**Joanie Dates a Banker**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

After the Casino party I once again foreswore alcohol and became a normal, proper girl. No more outrageous exhibitionism, and certainly no more promiscuity. My best friend Mary did the same. Instead we enjoyed our boyfriends, Mike for me, and Tony for Mary. To my surprise Mike seemed OK with this, and only gave me occasional pressure to go on display for other men, so to speak, and I was able to resist it. This is primarily due to not drinking.

I still had some issues with other boys on campus, since they had seen my exhibitionism at the Casino party, and once you see a girl in your class walking through the pretend casino topless and almost bottomless as well, I guess you do not forget it easily. So I got a lot of looks, and some rude and disrespectful comments, but they became less and less frequent with time. I also got some boys who wanted to date me, of course, envisioning no doubt a night of unbridled sex.

I was quite pleased with my life. I was surprised that Mike seemed happy too, but it was all for the better. OK, truth be told, I really did miss my former exhibitionist behavior. Indeed, I missed it a lot. While life was good, it was now fairly humdrum, too. Bit I did not want to deal with the consequences of that kind of behavior.

So I got into my schoolwork with a vengeance. I had always been a top student in high school and was in the honors bubble, and things came easily to me. In college however I had to pay more attention and to work. I was taking computer science (my major), a literature survey course, a philosophy course, a math course, and an economics class. I entered with advanced standing in math and computer science, so I was taking advanced classes in those subjects and they took a lot of work.

My specialty was studying how to defend computer systems from hackers. I really loved the subject. In the process, I became a pretty good hacker myself, and I could enter well-defended systems and not even leave a trace of my presence, unless I wanted to do so.

In some sense hacking into someone's personal computer and reading his files, intimate or not, and him never knowing I had been there, was a thrill very different and yet somehow related to the thrill of showing off forbidden parts of my body to strangers.

My college was an elite one, with a mixture of the children of rich parents, and smart but poor students. Mike's family was rich; mine was poor. For me, the difference between $100 and $200 was huge, more than 10 hours work at minimum wage. Not so for my boyfriend Mike, for example.

I am telling you all this because it is relevant to what comes next. In the late spring of my freshman year, after my 19th birthday, Mike took me once again to a nice restaurant. He applied some pressure on me to take a drink. He seemed to want me to do so more than he usually did, and I could tell something was up. So I obliged and ordered the cocktail specialty of the restaurant, which Mike assured me was delicious. It was indeed.

I was curious what was up, but did not inquire, just sat there smiling and trying to look pretty. Mike finally got around to it. He has a cousin, Philip, who is much older. Philip is 27. (Mike is 20, and I am 19, as I said.). Philip is a banker in New York City, and he has been invited to dinner at the home of his boss, a high executive of the bank.

"Well, that's nice for your cousin," I said. "He must be doing well."

"Yes, quite well. He has become fairly wealthy." Mike never said rich; he always used the word wealthy, or the terms "comfortable," or "well off." I was a country girl, and I used the word rich, and was proud to use it. I did not have the finesse to distinguish between the different types of rich. For me, rich was rich.

A long silence ensued. Finally I could not stand it anymore, and I said, "It's always nice to learn about your many and varied cousins, Mike, but is there a special reason you mention Philip to me now, for the first time?" I knew of course that there was, but what the reason was I could not imagine.

Mike was still silent, so I added, "Is he coming to visit, or something?" I was reminded of when his twin cousins Eric and Alex came, and I ended up having sex with both of them, something Mike arranged and wanted. I felt dirty afterwards, as if I had been pimped out. It had been of course strictly my decision to fuck each of them (both on the same night; the night of the Casino party, when I things got out of control), but still, I felt I had been manipulated into making that choice. Those days were over for me.

Mike finally spoke. "No, he's not coming to visit. He asked me a favor is all. But it is a big favor."

"Well, tell me about it then. Maybe I can give some helpful advice," I replied cheerfully.

"The favor involves you," Mike said in a low volume, as if he were ashamed of himself.

"Me?" I said somewhat incredulously. "How in heaven's name could I help a banker?"

"It's simple, actually. Philip works all the time and has not had any time for a social life. He has no friends outside of work, and certainly no girl friends," Mike began.

"Doesn't he have male needs? Your whole family seems to be oversexed," I replied, again remembering the twins, not to mention Mike's own large appetite for sex.

"There are working women for that. Very expensive ones," Mike replied with some hesitancy. Then he quickly added, "All the bankers use them."

"Oh," I replied. "Charming."

Then Mike broke down and spilled the beans. "Philip's boss wants him to bring his girlfriend. Philip does not think he can bring a call girl as his girl friend, but feels he must bring someone; someone who won't embarrass him. He needs someone with an education, who is a sweet woman, smart, pretty, and hopefully sexy, too."

"Sounds like a tall order if you ask me. You are asking me, right?"

"Yes," Mike replied.

"Well, I do not see why you're asking me. I have no idea how Philip can solve this problem, without doing the obvious thing: He needs to go out into the world and meet someone, and then fall for her, and she for him. Why can't he do that?"

"The dinner is in a week."

"Oh," I replied. "OK," I added, "now I am flummoxed. There is no way I can think of to help your cousin. He's in a spot where there is no escape."

"He's a banker, Joanie. Bankers find solutions. In this case his solution is fraud."

Amused, I chuckled, and then said, "Well, that does jive with my impression of bankers, all right. But what exactly do you mean by fraud?"

Mike sat up straight in his chair and looked me square in the eyes, and said, "He wants to take you as his date. He wants you to pretend to be his girlfriend."

There was a long silence. Then I got angry. "Mike how many of your cousins do you want me to fuck, anyway? Stop pimping me out!" I said, a bit too loud. Mike sank in his chair, embarrassed.

"Joanie you have this all wrong. It's not a set up. He will not come on to you but will treat you with respect, courtesy and gratitude. He gave me his word," Mike replied in his most reassuring tone.

Then he added, "You will be doing him, and hence also me, a huge favor. And you may even have fun and enjoy it. Plus you will get an all expenses paid trip to New York City, put up in a fancy hotel, and given a budget to buy fancy clothes to wear on the date. You can of course keep the clothes. Money is not an object here."

I had never been to New York City. I'm a small town girl from the countryside. Mike had taught me most of what I knew about the sophisticated life. And he was right: I did like the finer things in life. And it certainly would be exciting to go to New York City.

Then Mike almost ruined the deal when he added, "And in addition to all that, Philip says he'll give you $1,000 for your time and his gratitude for helping him out of a jam."

It was beginning to sound perilously close to prostitution, it seemed to me. Anyway that seemed to be all Philip knew about women, judging from Mike's comments. Give them enough money, and they're yours for the night.

I said, "That is a huge amount of money. He's going to want me to put out for that. No way. Forget about it. And by the way, I'm not your thousand dollar whore." I knew he called me that affectionately, to tease me. It also turned me on.

But this seemed like reality. And being a $1,000 whore in my fantasy life was a whole lot different than the prospect of being one in reality! The former was erotic for me; the latter was gross and disgusting.

"Joanie, you are taking this the wrong way. He will be completely above board. He'll be totally correct. He knows you are my girl friend and will respect that. He only needs you to act like his girlfriend, not to be his girlfriend," Mike said in a torrent or words.

"You mean the way your cousins the twins respected that I was your girl friend?" I said sarcastically.

Mike replied, "Look my love, if sex is what he wants, he can get it anytime. And he pays much more than $1,000. More like two to four thousand dollars a night with a call girl."

"So he wants me on the cheap, I guess, because I am a country college girl and not wise to the mean streets of New York City and its high priced call girls? Mike, you're making this worse with everything you say. Sorry Charlie, no deal."

"Please, Joanie. Philip really wants to go with you. He's heard my stories about you, and he's seen pictures of you and he says you are perfect," my stupid boyfriend said.

"Pictures? What pictures?" I replied.

Mike blushed and looked sheepish.

"THOSE pictures??" I replied. There were still pictures of me naked or worse, right after sex, and some even during sex with one, two, or three cocks inside me, that were still circulating among people who liked such things. I had destroyed the digital files, but some people had printed them out, and when they lost the digital files, they just scanned in the photos and had them digitally again. Some of the pictures were still circulating informally.

"Yes, possibly," Mike replied. I arched my eyebrows. "OK, yes, definitely, those pictures. But that's not the point!" Mike was getting desperate now, and I was enjoying tormenting him.

"OK, Mike, since you want this and I love you, I'll pretend to be his girlfriend. No sex. Absolutely none." Mike nodded. I continued, "Tell me what this will involve."

I was however quite nervous that his cousin, having seen the pictures and probably heard all about the exploits with me and the twin cousins, would have expectations of a slut who would put out easily. But I was determined to take control of my body, and not surrender it to alcohol as I had so often done before.

I had caved, with dreams of a night on the town in New York City dancing in my head. Mike explained to me all the details, and quite frankly, it did sound like I was going to have a fun time.

I wore my best clothes to travel to New York: a low cut sweater and my micro mini, with tights and heels. You could catch glimpses of my breasts via my sweater, since my bra pushed them together and up. But it did not give a slutty effect, just an appealing one. Lots of other women dressed like that all the time.

A few days later I was heading to New York for the first time in my young life. I admit it: I was very excited. When I arrived at the airport it was already dark out. There was a man waiting for me when I left the secure zone, holding a large card with my name on it.

I approached him, and he greeted me, took my overnight bag, and led me to his limousine. Then he drove me into Manhattan to my hotel. He stopped in front of it, and a doorman opened the door and took my bag from the chauffeur and escorted me to the check in desk. I gave my name, was told they had been expecting me, and then the porter took me to my room. I thanked him and gave him a $5 tip as Mike had told me to do. My head was swimming.

The room was bigger than my parents' living room, and much better furnished. It was on the 14th floor, and I went to the window to check out the view. The drapes were drawn for privacy. I laughed. I opened them and immediately across from me I looked directly at the windows of another skyscraper. I realized that hotels in NY are ideal for exhibitionists.

This made me more excited, even. The phone rang, and it was Philip, asking if I arrived OK, and if everything was satisfactory. I said a simple "Yes," trying to hide my awe and excitement. He said he was looking forward to meeting me; Mike had told him great things about me. I'll bet, I silently thought. No doubt he was looking at the compromising pictures of me as he spoke on the phone with me.

We agreed to meet for dinner the next night after his work to get to know each other. This would give me time during the day to use my generous sartorial budget to buy fancy clothes for the dinner with his boss, which was the night after next. I planned to go to Saks Fifth Avenue. I had already Google mapped it. I felt like an idiot, because I had not realized Saks Fifth Avenue is (of course!) on Fifth Avenue.

In the meantime, I was looking forward to undressing in front of the window. But I was just not in the mood. I knew what was missing: I changed from my sweater to a proper but flimsy blouse and undid one too many buttons. Okay, actually I had undone two too many buttons. I removed my tights, and headed down to the hotel bar.

I had never before seen such a beautiful bar. There was polished mahogany wood that seemed to extend for miles. I found an empty spot, and climbed up onto a stool despite my very short skirt, and the bartender came right over.

No doubt I flashed my panties while climbing up, but then I crossed my legs, retaining modesty. So as I sat on the bar stool with my long legs gracefully crossed, I must have appeared to be 75% leg, sexy and appealing.

"Do you have a specialty cocktail?" I inquired.

"Yes ma'am," the bartender replied. "We call it Sunset in the City." I did not even ask what was in it. I simply ordered one. A couple of minutes later it was in front of me.

A man was drinking next to me, and he struck up a conversation. Naïve country girl that I am, I was flattered by his attention. He bought me a second cocktail, and then a third. At one point I learned he was not staying at the hotel, but at a cheaper one (called instead "less expensive") down the street. He just liked the bar at this hotel better. I could see why. It was gorgeous, and the Sunset in the City cocktail was as delicious as it was deadly. I was already feeling a serious buzz after just one of them.

He said he had never even seen a room in the hotel, and somehow at some point I agreed to show him mine and we left the bar together. Now I know what you're thinking: How naïve could I be? Well you are completely right. I truly thought he only wanted to see my room. Let's agree that I can blame the alcohol, OK?

When we were both inside the room I took him over to the window to show him the view. He surprised me by pulling me towards him and kissing me. Yes, naïve! I was not sure what to do. I did not want to have a fight with this nice stranger I had just met, and cause a scene. So I took the easiest option and I kissed him back, and we held the kiss for a long time.

When we broke the kiss, he began to unbutton my blouse. We were standing in the window, and all I could think about was that people could see us clear as a bell from the skyscraper's windows that were facing us. As I fantasized about that, too much time elapsed, and my blouse was off and he was unhooking my bra, and then that was off, too.

I knew I was being undressed, but I was so drunk I seemed unaware that it was a man undressing me. All I was thinking about was that I was losing my clothes in front of the window, and I was getting aroused by the exhibitionist component.

All of a sudden I woke up from my drunk, dreamy state, and I realized what was going on, and where this was inevitably going. I pushed him away, and said no, please. This was going too fast for me. Perhaps we could we sit down and talk?

The room had a couch and an armchair, and I sat, bare breasted, in the armchair and James sat on the couch. I think he was surprised I did not cover myself up. But the chair was positioned such that you could see it if you looked through the window, and I liked that idea.

We talked for a while, and I told him about my studies in college and he told me he was a businessman from Pittsburgh, in town for business for just a few days. Tonight was his last night. I was the first person he had met on this trip that he liked.

He seemed nice enough, and I thought of the classic book Fear of Flying, by Erica Jong. Mike had given it to me to read. She had this great concept in the book of a "zipless fuck." I had memorized the quotation: "The zipless fuck is the purest thing there is, rarer than the unicorn and I have never had one."

I realized sex with James could be my first zipless fuck. A one time sexual experience, with no consequences. I did not have to tell anyone about it; no one would ever know. The idea made me wet.

I walked over to the couch, sat down next to him, and began to kiss him. We made out like teenagers (well, I am a teenager, after all!). He lovingly caressed my boobs, tweaked my nipples, and even sucked on my nipples a little. He did the max with what I had presented to him.

He asked me to stand up and he did too. I walked over to the window. He smiled and asked me to turn around. He had a commanding, masculine tone, and I was drunk and when I am, I like being ordered around by a man. I find it a turn on. So I did as he asked. He unzipped my skirt and pushed it down and it fell to the floor.

Now I was in the window with only my panties on. As I fantasized some more, I suddenly realized he was pulling down my panties, too. He took them off, but for once he did it slowly, inching them down my hips, giving me plenty of time to object and to stop him. But I did not, and I do not know why. I suspect it must have been all the booze, the zipless fuck idea, and the exhibitionist component, which at this point I was really into.

Now I knew exactly where this was going, anyone would have known. It was the moment of truth. Surprising myself, I dropped to my knees and unbuckled his pants and pulled them down. I was behaving as if in a trance, sort of an out of body experience. Ironic, I thought, because this was all about our two bodies, and nothing else.

I pulled off his briefs, too. He removed his shirt and tie. I took his cock in my mouth and sucked away. I had just enough presence to realize if I gave him a blowjob I could escape being fucked. Although I was not sure at this point that I wanted such an escape.

He stopped me long before he came, and walked me over to the bed and lay me down. I said no, by the window, please.

"Oh," he said, "It's like that, is it?"

"I like to be watched," I confessed, to my own surprise.

"Not a problem here," he said and he lay me down on the plush rug, in front of the window and gently spread my legs, feasting his eyes on my most intimate lady parts. "God, you are gorgeous," he said. I could tell he meant it. I loved it. His hard cock stuck out above me.

Then he said, "Stand up and lean against the window. We'll do it like that."

I liked this guy. He got me. So I did as he asked and stood up leaning against the window, my legs spread apart, and stuck two fingers in my cunt and groaned happily. He approached me, gently removed my fingers, and stuck a nice fat cock in their place.

His cock was warm and filled my cunt and was just what the booze told me I needed just then. I was in heaven. It occurred to me that I did not even know his last name. (His first name was James, I had learned at the bar.) He did not know my last name either, for that matter. Perfect for a zipless fuck.

He fucked me good, and I made a lot of noise, and that seemed to encourage him all the more. It was nice fucking anonymously in a hotel room; I could make all the noise I wanted. I was especially loud, hoping that people passing in the hall, or in the room adjacent, would hear me.

He turned me around crushing my boobs against the window and fucked me from behind. I loved being on display in the window. I had left all the lights in the room on, so we could be seen clear as a bell from the skyscraper facing my windows. God, it felt good.

I was surprised how long he could last when he surprised me again. He pulled out and told me to get on my hands and knees. I was expecting a doggy style fuck at this point, and that is my favorite position. My boobs were dangling beneath me and I was breathing heavily, and no doubt quite a sight. I hoped someone was watching.

He fucked me doggy style and I moaned in pleasure, calling his name and begging for more. Doggy style his cock touched places it did not go in the other positions. I sang out erotic groans as loud as I could manage. Suddenly he stopped. I thought he was going to pull out and squirt on my back.

Instead James took me in the ass. I was not psychologically prepared for that and it took me completely by surprise, raising the eroticism to a new level for me. For me being entered by surprise like that was highly erotic.

He took it slowly, filling me up with his cock to the maximum, even with just a little of his cock in me. I could watch him doing it via the reflection in the window. Little by little he pushed into me, and with each push I gave an involuntary gasp, and then a groan. My noises seemed to make his cock harder, or stiffer. Or maybe it just got fatter still. It's hard to tell when it's in your ass; asses are different than vaginas.

I actually thought he was going to split me open, but then suddenly my anus relaxed and dilated. I guess the part of my brain that controls my ass decided to play along. Once he was all the way in he began to pump in and out. I had been ass fucked before, but only once, and was not used to it. And this was definitely a bigger cock than the first time. I decided I liked it.

After a short time he exploded, emptying his load into my ass. He pulled out and led me to the bed. He further surprised me by reaching into his briefcase and taking out handcuffs, which he used to cuff me to the headboard.

He tied my feet to the bottom of the bed. I was not sure I liked this development, but I was very drunk and happy to lie down. I went along. His cum was leaking out of my ass onto the sheet of the bed. I could not move, so I had to lie there on the wet spot. Good thing I was so drunk.

Now I was immobilized, spread eagled on the bed. He climbed over me and positioned his cock so that I could suck it back to life. This was gross, it had just been in my ass, and smelled accordingly. He understood when I complained and he left to wash it off. He left me there tied up; I wasn't going anywhere.

I was no longer on display, since the curtains of the window by the bed were closed. He returned to the bed, but on the way he opened the curtains so that voyeurs in the building facing the windows could see the bed. I liked this guy!

I sucked him eagerly. Once he was good and hard again he climbed on me and fucked me long, really long, and hard. I was very turned on by my inability to move, and felt completely under his control. The constraints made me feel as if I had given up my will to him. It relieved me in some sense of all responsibility. I screamed in pleasure, and actually had one of my massive, rolling, vibrating orgasms.

I drifted off into a dazed sleep, profoundly used, with a post orgasmic laziness. I did not wake until the morning, the room filled with the daylight of the morning sun. I found myself no longer constrained and James had disappeared. I got up and walked around the room naked, gazed out the windows, and then went to the bureau and almost died. There on the top was $1,000 with a note from James. It said, "I never asked your price. I hope this is enough. You are wonderful. James."

I had just unwittingly turned my first trick. Now I truly was a $1,000 whore. I had an electric tingle encompass my entire body, and especially my cunt. This was a strange beginning to my time in New York, to say the least. I had to decide if I was grossed out and humiliated, or turned on. I was rooting for the former, but I knew it was both at once.

I took a long bath and thought about what I had done last night. I had not yet even met Mike's cousin Philip. What was wrong with me? What if James with no last name had given me an STD? He was clearly a man who used prostitutes, and ass fucked. I made a mental note to buy condoms. I was determined not to have any more sex in the city, but to quote my mother, "You never know."

After breakfast and dressing I went shopping. Saks Fifth Avenue threw me for a loop. It was the biggest store I had ever seen, and it was completely full of expensive, beautiful items. It even had a Cartier boutique on the ground floor, even if most of the rest of the ground floor was cosmetics and perfume, and of course expensive jewelry.

It had ten floors, two banks of multiple elevators, and also escalators. Fortunatley the employees were nice, competent, and helpful. I explained I what I was looking for, and the woman suggested I try the third floor. Up I went.

I found a nice sales person, Jane, in the Marni section and just honestly explained the weird situation I was in. I gave her my huge budget, Philip's charge account number, and told her I was in her hands.

A few hours later I left Saks looking spectacular. I had no idea a girl could look so sexy in fancy and non-revealing clothes. But I did. This must be how the rich girls create interest for rich men. Excuse me: I mean wealthy men. I realized that appearing sexy did not mean I had to flash forbidden body parts. No way I could be mistaken for a whore dressed like this. I liked it.

I also bought a few things for myself, and for those I paid cash. After all, I had "earned" $1,000 last night. At Saks however, a thousand dollars did not go very far, as it turned out.

The clothes draped my body, flowing around my curves. The fabric was soft, smooth, undulating. Everything was left to the imagination, with plenty of hints to help the imagination along. I began to wish I were rich and could afford always to dress like this.

I was ready for Philip. I also had a second outfit, even better, for the dinner with Philip's boss the next night. And Philip's Saks charge had paid for all of it. Nice.

Philip showed up right on time. He was tall and handsome. Debonair. He was wearing a fancy Italian suit (I learned later it was by Zegna), a soft blue shirt, and a tie with an abstract repeated motif. He was the type of man a girl could fall for at first sight. He smiled at me and handed me a single rose. I said thanks, and asked the concierge to keep it in a vase for me. After all, this was a full service hotel.

We walked down the street and entered the fanciest restaurant I had ever seen or even imagined. It served French cuisine. I was stunned, but Philip seemed completely at ease. At dinner he seemed very interested in me and asked me tons of questions about my classes, my interests, my background, and after a couple of hours he knew all about me. He never mentioned Mike, and neither did I.

I realized later that he was pumping me for information to make the fraud more believable. Then he said, "Is there anything you would like to know about me?"

Then we talked about him. He was married to his job, but had never been married to a woman. He used to have lots of interests, ranging from chess to sky diving, but he now no longer had time for them. He was a bit wistful when he explained that.

He asked me if I knew what private banking was. I had not when Mike told me that was what Philip did, but I had since devoured a lot of information about it I found on various Internet sites. Actually Philip was surprised and I could tell he was impressed with how much I knew. I am a quick study. He gave me a few insights that added to my knowledge.

We had polished off a fabulous cocktail and a bottle of delicious red wine, chateau something or other. I had a serious buzz, and I was beginning to like Philip too fast and too much. He walked me back to the hotel, and we went to the hotel bar to discuss the dinner the next night. He gave me a good briefing, as if I were one of his clients at the bank. It was getting late and Philip bid me good night.

I told him to wait a minute. "If I am your girlfriend, don't you think we should practice kissing? This should look authentic."

"Let's go to your room then," he said.

"No," I replied. "We can kiss goodbye in the lobby." I was scared of myself if we went to my room. I had consumed too much booze.

We compromised, and Philip walked me to the door of my room the way a gentlemen walks a girl to her door at the end of a first date. I said, "Thanks for a lovely evening, Philip."

Philip gently pulled me to him and gave me a sweet yet passionate kiss. I eagerly returned the kiss, and ran my hands through his hair, bent my knee and practically climbed up his body as we kissed. His leg was between my legs, touching my crotch and you know what's there. Our tongues found each other. I was out of control. I thigh felt the hardness of Philip's cock through our clothes. That's exactly what I was looking for.

When we broke the kiss, I airily said, "See you tomorrow evening for our big date. Good night, my Philip." He just stood there stunned as I entered my room and closed the door behind me. I imagined his cock was raging.

I heard a knock on the door. I opened it and Philip's arm reached in and he pulled me out of the room into the hall and he gave me another passionate kiss, holding me tight as if I otherwise might get away. I realized despite his age, his money, and his sophistication, I now had the upper hand. I returned the kiss, and the passion.

I could feel his cock throbbing, pushed against my stomach as we continued the kiss, and his hands were roaming around my body first massaging my ass, and then moving north until they focused on my breasts, which he fondled through my clothes. I was turned on, but finally broke the kiss. I managed to stay in control and did not invite him into my room.

Instead I said, "Now I can do a more convincing job of being your girlfriend tomorrow night." He just stood there dumb, unable to speak. He was agog. I said another good night, and entered my room again, closing the door.

I heard Philip's footsteps as he walked down the hall to the elevators. I went into my bathroom and closed the door and burst into laughter. I was truly having fun. Then I went to the window and slowly, ever so slowly removed my fancy, elegant, soft and smooth clothes, each time leaving the window to hang up carefully these beautiful and delicate creations of fabric. I repeated this little by little until I was naked and giving the window a full frontal.

I stood in front of the window remembering my sex at that very spot the night before with James. I was hooking and did not even know it! I got the giggles and couldn't stop until I started masturbating in front of the window. I began by stroking the sides of my labia until my pussy was soaking wet.

I continued by sticking my fingers in. Then I left and washed the cucumber I had bought that afternoon, and slowly stuck it in. It was cold and it felt jarring, but my warm cunt soon warmed it up and then it went in and out, in and out with alacrity. Somebody was getting a great show, I hoped. As I came close to having an orgasm, I moved to the bed since my knees were weak.

The next day I went to the top of the Empire State Building, went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and also to MOMA. I had a grilled cheese sandwich in a coffee shop, and wandered the streets of SoHo. I had a wonderful day, one from my dreams. I wore yoga pants and a low cut blouse with a push up bra. Nothing too risqué, but just enough so that a lot of men checked me out when they thought I would not notice. I could not wait until the evening and my date with Philip.

Philip was right on time, again. He had a limousine with a driver, and the driver took us to the Upper East Side. His boss lived on Park Avenue, in an apartment that was the entire floor of the building. It was bigger than my parents' house, and yet it was an apartment in the middle of New York! It was on a high floor and had a gorgeous view of the lights of Manhattan at night.

There were four couples at the dinner, counting Philip's boss and his wife. The other three couples were much older than Philip and I were, and the men were all executives. I think Philip was more intimidated than I was. We had assigned seats, and I was seated between two men, neither being Philip. One was his boss, Mr. Hardigan. He told me to call him Frank, so I did.

Frank asked what I did. I told him I was still in school, studying computer science. He seemed interested and asked what aspect of computer science. I told him I was specializing in defenses against hacking. Now he seemed truly interested as I realized before he had just been making polite small talk. We talked some about the problems of securing online bank accounts, and I think he liked what I said. At least he acted as I had.

I told him the weak spot was almost surely a link to the bank from a personal computer. I was careful not to add that probably his own computer provided the most vulnerability to the bank's system.

I had sipped the wine that was offered, but deliberately drank very little. I was acting, pretending to be Philip's girlfriend, and I needed my concentration. But after the meal we were served chocolates and cognac. I had never had cognac before and I quickly discovered I loved it, especially when accompanied by chocolates. The evening was almost over, so I had two (so did most everyone else), and I had a nice buzz.

Philip told me later Frank had been impressed with me. He told Philip he was also impressed with him, for landing such a pretty, talented, intelligent and sophisticated woman as myself. I burst out laughing, and after a long delay, Philip joined me in my mirth.

The driver took us to my hotel, and again Philip walked me to my door. Again he kissed me long and passionately, this time not just with lust but with affection. The same held for me as I kissed him back. He began to feel me up all over, through my clothes.

Philip broke the kiss and stepped back and looked at me. I smiled back. Then he removed the top of my outfit, letting it drop to the floor. We were in the hall, and now I was exposed, in my bra. I guess Mike had told him about my exhibitionism weakness, because any other girl would not have let him get this far in a pubic hotel hallway. Then he told me to turn around and unzipped my skirt and unhooked my bra, and before I knew it I was standing in front of him almost naked, in only my panties.

He fondled my boobs while he kissed me again. I broke the kiss and stepped back. "Philip, I am your cousin Mike's girlfriend," I said. Then I added, "I like you a lot, but this is all very confusing to me."

Next I lied and said, "I'm just not ready for this." In truth I was more than ready and wanted to take him into my room and let him do whatever he wanted to do to me. And do it in front of the window.

Philip got a strange look in his face. His voice became serious, almost stern. He had a deep, mellifluous voice that I found mesmerizing. He told me, "Joanie. Find your key now and open the door."

This seemed like a good idea so I did. I collected my clothes from the hallway floor and went in the room shutting the door. Philip's foot stopped it from shutting and he followed me in. "No, Philip, I said. I know I have no credibility saying this in front of you almost naked, but you need to go."

He grabbed me and kissed me, holding me tight with my naked breasts pushed against his tie. I kissed back in spite of myself. "Put away your clothes," he said, in the same commanding, deep bass voice. I complied.

"Now go stand in front of the window." I went to the window. "Face the street." I did, and now my back was to him, and I was once again showing my boobs to the windows across the street. "Clasp your hands behind your back." I unquestioningly obeyed.

As soon as my hands were clasped behind my back, he tied my wrists together with his necktie. The silk felt nice against my skin, but this was getting kinky. Nevertheless, I thought so far so good. I heard the soft click of his cell phone camera, and I groaned inwardly. "Turn and face me," the commanding voice said. Again I complied. "Smile." I did so, a beautiful and sincere smile, and then click, another picture.

"Get on your hands and knees," he said. He untied my hands. I did, and jiggled my boobs as they hung beneath me. I wiggled my ass suggestively. I heard yet another camera click. Then he tied up my hands again when I stood up.

"Now tell me you want me to pull down your panties," the deep bass and stern voice once again spoke. This was too much, and I stayed there smiling, my head turned to look up at him, but I was silent. "Tell me!" the voice repeated, now more insistent.

Instead I said, "Philip, no. You have your damn pictures of me. Now you have to go." He could tell I meant it, and his domination act vanished, and he asked if he could see me again.

I said, "Yes, you can." I gave him my cell phone number. I added, "If you leave now." Fortunately, he did leave. I relaxed once I was sure he was gone, but it took me some time to untie my hands. I kept his tie as a souvenir.

I went to the mini fridge and pulled out my cucumber. Then I went to the window, pulled down my panties, and used the cucumber to do what Philip had wanted to do. The skyscraper windows across the street got another nice show.

I returned to my college with my new clothes, over $1,000 in cash in my purse from Philip (I had spent the $1,000 I had "earned" fucking James in the window and tied up on my back in the huge hotel room bed). And I also returned with some amazing memories. I could not wait for another chance to return to New York.

I told Mike all that had happened. He was so turned on about my unwitting whoring story, that he took me home and fucked me as if his life depended on it. He asked about his cousin Philip. I had debated what to tell him, but decided to tell all, even the part about Philip being kinky and a dominatrix, although he was not particularly skilled at it.

Mike laughed. He had told him to try that. I was surprised Mike had figured out that would work with me. But Mike was like that: nothing got by him. I was surprised and angry Mike had coached Philip on how to seduce me. He was supposed to be my boyfriend, and I had told him no sex with Philip. The bastard.

Mike wanted to know if we had done the deed. I told him you do not ask your girlfriend such questions, but since I had already told him all the details about James with no last name, I told him the truth about Philip.

"That explains the pictures," Mike said.

"What?!!" I said loudly. We were post coital, naked in bed together. He grabbed his cell phone and showed me the pictures Philip had taken. "He sent them to you?" I said even more incredulously.

"Yes my love. You look beautiful and amazingly sexy in all three of them. Poor Philip must have had blue balls having to leave after seeing you like that."

"I can't believe he sent them to you," I said, in righteous indignation. "He did not even have my permission to take them! Blue balls will not be a problem compared to the black and blue balls he'll have if I ever see him again. Your family is so strange."

"Relax, Joanie," Mike said. "Look, this one of you wiggling your ass and jiggling your boobs in doggy fuck position is a short video. It's a really good one, too. I'll bet he masturbated all night to images of you."

"I'm sure he has quite a library of pictures of me, thanks to you," I remarked with anger in my voice. Mike stayed quiet, which I took as confirmation.

A few days later I ran into Mike walking home from the computer lab. "Joanie, can we talk? There's a problem." I was still mad at him for having coached Philip o how to seduce me, but I agreed to go to our favorite coffee house. Mike was buying, that's for sure.

Mike said, "My cousin Philip is in a bind, and it involves you."

"Me?? How could any problem the great and mighty Philip has involve little old me?" I replied in fake indignation.

"His boss took a shine both to you and to Philip, and invited him and a few others equivalent to him in the bank's hierarchy to a special event. It involves the possibility of a major promotion. He was told in no uncertain terms to bring his partner; they all have to," Mike explained.

I was highly amused. It looked like I was to get another free luxury trip to New York. But I played it cool. "I don't know, Mike. I don't want to end up having sex with all the men in your extended family. It's bad enough I've fucked your three roommates and your twin cousins. I'm becoming a sex doormat for all men connected to you. And you are arranging it, pimping me out. So no. I won't go."

Mike replied, remaining cool, "Philip is desperate. His boss cannot be refused. He's scared. He asked me if he should offer you money."

"Did he now?" I said, even more amused. "What did you say?"

"I negotiated for you. I knew you would refuse all money yourself. "

"You're damn right," I replied. Then I stayed silent. So did Mike.

Finally Mike broke the silence (I was sure as hell not going to break it) and he said, "I got $4,000 for you, plus expenses, and of course a clothing budget. He needs you to wear an evening gown. It has to be super fancy but also highly sexy."

"Does it now?" I said, more than a little intrigued. "Why highly sexy? I thought these people were bankers. All old white Protestant men without any sexual drive left, assuming they ever had one. Which is dubious. Mike, what's going on?"

"Philip himself doesn't know. He told me they have these events occasionally, but they are top secret and if anyone talks about them he or she gets fired. Then he gets blackballed for other jobs. His career is over."

"Philip told me that he can't find out. But it can't be too bad if all the people are dressed in evening clothes. Philip will be wearing a tuxedo," Mike explained, with the words rushing out of his mouth.

"When is all this supposed to happen?" I asked.

"You leave the day after tomorrow. Philip already bought you an airplane ticket. First class," Mike explained.

"He really is desperate! Tell him he should call me himself. He has my number," I replied, not confirming I would do it. But I had already decided to go. It sounded fun to me, and I was not afraid of those people. I had already hacked into both Philip's computer and Mr Hardigan's personal computer, too. From Hardigan's computer I was pretty sure I could get the keys to the bank had I wanted them. Nobody messes with Joanie Harley.

I had hacked both computers just to spy on both of them. Philip was just a standard workaholic man. I did notice he had the original video of my spectacular fuck at Susie's party during my winter vacation. I didn't want to leave a trace that I had spied, so I left the video alone, much as I wanted to delete it.

Philip had watched that particular video 73 times. I was impressed. It had not been erased because he did not get the video of our orgy with the virus I planted inside. Doubtless Mike had warned him. So Philip knew all about me, and had seen me get fucked on video.

He also doubtless knew about the revenge orgy I organized, and my indiscretion with the twin cousins, both on the same night. And Mike had coached him on how to get me in bed. He must think I am a major slut. A tramp. A disposable one-night fuck. Easy. Shit. This was just charming.

It was Mr. Hardigan's personal computer that surprised me. Hardigan had strange sexual tastes. He was into child pornography, and all sorts of voyeurism, I learned form checking out the web sites he had visited. He was too clever to download the pictures, which would be a crime. He had searched repeatedly the phrase "droit de seigneur." I had to look up its meaning: the "right" of a medieval feudal lord to have sexual intercourse with a vassal's bride on her wedding night, before the groom had a chance.

From all these items on Hardigan's computer, I figured there was going to have to be some serious sex for Philip to have a chance at the promotion. No doubt I, as his girl friend, would be involved in it. This worried me, big time. I did not know if I would do that for him should it actually come to pass, but for Philip to have a chance that I would do it, he would need to truly seduce me into falling for him, and in addition I would need to be seriously drunk.

I looked a long time through all of Hardigan's emails, texts, and everything else for some clue towards the plans for "the event," but came up empty. If a man does not leave a digital trail, hacking does not help. So the sex thing was only an inference, albeit a troubling one. Maybe I was wrong. Boy did I hope so.

Philip called two hours later and had to beg before I agreed to help him. "OK, I'll do it Philip, but no more sex, and no more taking of those pictures. Agreed?" Philip agreed immediately. A bit too quickly, if you ask me; I had wanted him to be seriously disappointed. Anyway, there was true relief in his voice. I packed my sexy clothes and my most seductive perfume. I planned to torture Philip to the best of my ability.

He had put me in the same hotel, and I had the same room, but one floor higher. I found out later his bank got a major discount at the hotel, which is doubtless why he chose it. He came to take me out for dinner and to explain. He told me what Mike had told me. But when I inquired as to what exactly was going on, he was more forthcoming.

"My boss, Mr. Hardigan, came to me from out of the blue a few days ago. He told me he was quite taken with you, and that we made a great couple. He congratulated me on my catch," Philip said.

"Well, that's nice," I said.

"There's more," Philip said, almost reluctantly. Then he seemed to lose his nerve and fell silent. I waited. He looked at the tablecloth as if it fascinated him.

Finally, I said, "Go on, Philip. Please." Then I gave him my best smile, and put my foot on his leg under the table. I had previously slipped my feet out of my high heels.

"Well, he asked me if I had any pictures of you he could see. I asked him you mean like a headshot, and he said no. He explained, without embarrassment, he wanted risqué pictures that boyfriends often take of their girlfriends."

"Shit, Philip, you didn't show him those?!"

"I had to do it, Joanie. He made it clear he would not take no for an answer," Philip replied, embarrassed and ashamed of himself. I knew why Philip showed him the pictures. It cemented the idea that I was really was his girlfriend. How else would he have such pictures? Well, he would if I were a slut. I hate myself, I thought.

"Philip, you don't "have" to do anything. You have free will. No wonder you need a fake girlfriend," I replied. "You are way too much of a creep for any self respecting girl to put up with you. Including this one, by the way. And also by the way, if you had not done that, and had not paid me money to help you, and had not been Mike's cousin, you'd have a good chance to get me into bed, you know. I fell hard for you."

I could not resist that last remark. I realized after having casually fucked both of Mike's twin cousins, which Philip surely knew about, I had little to no credibility. But I just could not resist.

Philip was getting nervous, and apologized over and over. I told him to relax and drink some wine. I had agreed to this, and I would keep my word. When we finished dinner, I had drunk a fair amount of alcohol (it was so delicious!), and I let Philip walk me to the door of my room. This time we kissed a long time, and he slipped off my top.

Next he unhooked my sexy bra and slid it off, all the time never breaking the kiss. My skirt was next, and more of a challenge, but he eventually got it off too, and now I was just in panties, right there in the hotel hallway for anyone to see. I was getting seriously aroused at this point. My cunt was soaking wet.

One man returning to his room did in fact see my near naked body and ogled me a long time while pretending to fumble for his key. My panties were all that was left on me, and Philip slowly, ever so slowly, inch by inch, pushed them down until he was holding me there, completely naked, right in the hotel hallway.

He stepped back to look at my naked and luscious body as I just stood there. The man was still pretending to look for his key as he checked out my boobs and my nether region in some detail. Philip then asked, still gawking at my body, if he could come into my room.

"Don't you mean cum in me, not my room," I teased. "Anyway, no, I want to save myself for tomorrow."

I bent over to gather up my clothes strewn about in the hall, and as I did so I noticed a discrete security camera. I hoped it was monitored.

As I was bent over, naked with my boobs dangling and gathering my clothes, Philip inserted a finger in my cunt. Startled, I froze. He began pumping his finger in and out. I was turned on first by our kiss, next by being naked in the hallway, and finally by the security camera seeing it all. So I kept the freeze and let him pump away.

The man at the neighboring room had stopped the pretense of looking for his key was just openly staring at us.

"Let's go inside your room," Philip said while pumping away. I stood up, forcing his fingers out of me.

"What part of "not tonight" did you not understand?" I said. And then with as much dignity as I could have stark naked, holding my clothes, and having just been fingered in the hotel hallway, I inserted the key and opened the door. As an afterthought I added, "Why don't you give me your Saks charge card? I need an evening gown."

Philip gave me the card, and then pulled me into him, held me tight, and kissed me as if his life depended on it (maybe it did, after all). I returned the kiss, still turned on by being naked and molested in a public space, and dropped the clothes.

I finally broke the kiss, stepped back and saw Philip's erection straining at his pants, and again bent over to get my clothes. Again Philip's fingers entered me, and I let them pump for a good long time until I was getting too turned on for my own good.

Our observer from the neighboring room was still there too, watching us, and stroking his cock through his pants. Once again I got up, threw my clothes into my room, and said "How about one more good night kiss, lover boy?"

I got the kiss and let his hands roam all over me, even if they had an idée fixe to go to my boobs. Men's hands always end up there, or in my snatch. I broke away and we both said until tomorrow, and I managed to close the door with Philip outside in the hallway.

This time I had packed a self-warming dildo, and quickly went to the window and gave the same windows of the facing building another one of my Joanie shows. I had an orgasm in about only three minutes, and collapsed to the floor, legs spread, boobs sweaty.

The next day I went again to Marni at Saks, and found Jane, the same saleswoman. She remembered me. I explained what I needed, practically quoting Mike and Philip. She asked me budget, and I told her I didn't care; I needed the perfect dress, no matter the price. That's a dangerous thing to say.

Jane said she had the perfect dress. "You'll love it almost as much as your man will. You will have to fight him off."

I laughed, thinking of last night at my hotel door, and said, "I already have to do that." She laughed, too.

She took me to Lanvin, and I ended up buying a $6,300 dress, before sales tax, which is 8.5% in New York. She offered to deliver it to a New Jersey address if I had one, but of course I did not. There is no tax on clothes in New Jersey. Anyway, I did not care about Philip's money. He had plenty.

The dress was made of the most luscious fabric I had ever seen, or touched. To have such a dress envelop my body would be a sensuous experience better than sex. The colors were muted, the pattern abstract, and the entire effect was one of extraordinary beauty. My first thought was: I am not worthy of such a dress.

I tried it on, and it seemed to be made precisely for my body. In particular, my body with longer legs. It fit like a glove. The top wrapped around my neck and the back did not exist. Two wide straps descended and met at my waist, where the skirt began. Each strap covered one breast, with nice glimpses of the flesh of my boobs from the sides. The skirt was long and went to the floor, but would not drag on the floor if I were in heels. I had worn high heels to the store and I put them on.

The dress fit my waist precisely, hugged my hips, and practically caressed my ass. Every womanly curve I had was emphasized by the dress. The straps that covered my boobs did not just float over them but rather the straps clung to them, outlining their shape.

In the dressing room I reached in and stimulated my nipples to make them hard. When they were hard, I stepped up and looked in the mirror. The dress clung to my nipples even revealing a bit the texture of them. This dress was a cloth seduction outfit.

Jane had told me to model without underwear and I did. I found out why. It was obvious it could not be worn with a conventional bra. Jane put me in front of a group of three mirrors, two of them at angles, so that I could easily see the back of the dress. The back went very low, and I do mean very low. I could see an entire half of the crack of my ass. Jane said, "You will need bikini panties, low riding ones, with this dress. A thong will show."

The dress was long, but it had a slit on one side all the way up to the hip. For a taller woman it might be OK, and the entire dress would have been more modest had I been a few inches taller. Much less of my ass would have been exposed, for example. But for me the slit was open all the way up to the small of my waist, giving my man (or anyone else), an occasional glimpse of the skin of my leg and my entire hip.

This made the dress highly revealing, but in a peek-a-boo sense. I realized I could not wear any panties without them showing. This was a dress that I would have to wear commando. But perhaps Jane knew something I did not when she offered to send for panties for me.

"Okay," I said to the offer of the right kind of panties. Jane made a call and 5 minutes later another saleswoman showed up with low riding bikini panties in exactly my size. These women really knew their trade! I tried on the panties under the dress, but it was as I had feared. You could see the panties at the top of the slit, and it ruined the effect.

"We could have the top of the slit sewed closed if you like. That way the panties won't show, and nobody will be able to tell," Jane offered. "I do not think it will hurt the flow of the dress," she added, as an afterthought.

The dress was perfect: elegant, sophisticated, and the fabric was divine. It was gorgeous. And it was hyper sexy in an understated way, offering peeks at my boobs, my ass, my entire leg and my hip, but discretely. Nothing was too revealing, and all the peeks were suggestive.

When I walked one could see snapshots of my entire leg all the way to my waist. I could envision an actress wearing this dress to a public event. It would be a crime to alter in any way such a work of art as was this dress.

"No alterations: I'll take it as it is. I'll just go commando," I said. Jane was happy; it was clear she thought that was the thing to do with this particular dress.

Jane told me, "Joanie, there is something I should warn you about. When you wear this dress and sit in a chair, be sure to sit on the middle of the back of the skirt part of the dress."

I said, "Okay, but why?"

"If you're not careful," Joan replied, "the dress could fall away from you revealing your entire left leg and hip. That is a lot of skin to show, especially in a setting where you would be wearing this dress; most women could not handle it."

"Good to know," I replied. "Thanks, Jane."

Jane said reflectively, "This dress is a hard one to sell. It's a shame because it is so beautiful, and you look dynamite in it. But the women who have the money to afford it don't have the body, and the women with the bodies don't have the money. You are the exception. To date, you are the only exception."

I said, "Also Jane, you need balls to wear this dress. Men have balls, but most women do not." Jane and I both giggled.

I replied, "Actually, I am not the lone woman with money, the right body, and balls. I'm missing the money part." I told her the whole story of Philip and the special event I was to wear this to in a few hours, and that I was paying with Philip's charge card. She told me I was lucky to have Philip, and lucky it did not need alterations, given that time frame.

The dress truly did not need a single alteration. Mr. Lanvin (or whoever the designer was) had made it with me in mind. I guess the designer wanted me to go commando. And who was I, just a backwoods country girl, to disobey such a talented and brilliant man?

When Philip came to pick me up that evening I told him I would meet him in the lobby. I wanted to make an entrance. When he saw me strolling across the lobby, his mouth fell open. Flashes of massive amounts of bare flesh were visible as I walked. It was obvious I was commando.

Actually, I didn't walk in that dress. I kind of glided. I gave him back his charge card. He was speechless and just stared at me. I was pleased. Clothes, a great body, and the courage to wear the clothes, make the girl.

"Joanie, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Your dress is beyond perfection. Thank you so much!" Philip exclaimed, and then he hugged me gently and lovingly. It was nice. I was getting tired of breast crunching hugs.

"Wait until your Saks bill arrives," I said, smiling. He smiled back.

"Would you like a drink before we go to the event? I think I need one myself," Philip said.

"I'll watch you drink," I said. I wanted to behave as befits the dress. But we went to such a stunning bar that I weakened and had the cocktail specialty of the bar. It was not as good as the hotel bar's drink, Sunset in the City, but it was nice, nevertheless. I got a little buzz from the one cocktail, but I was fine. Philip seemed to know all the best places in New York.

I tried an experiment at the bar. We sat on stools, and I deliberately sat the wrong way for the dress. Just as Jane had warned, the left side of the dress fell away along the line of the slit, revealing the entire left side of my body below the waist. My privates were in no danger of being revealed of course, but I has showing a huge amount of skin.

Philip noticed of course, as did every other man at the bar. The women did too, of course. It was not outrageous, more along the lines of a mild "wardrobe malfunction." In a show of what I call 'she's mine, guys, eat your hearts out,' Philip put his arm around me. I could get used to this.

Philip seemed very nervous. I could understand: a big promotion was in the offing if the evening went well, and it was more in my control than his. I liked him, and was determined to do my best to help him. Actually, I liked him a lot: Too much, perhaps, for my own good.

We left the bar and met our driver who had been waiting for us, and we drove to go to the special location of "the event." It was at a country club outside of the city, and it took us an hour to get there. I had no idea where we were.

The boss had apparently reserved the entire country club. For all I knew, he might have owned it. Little would have surprised me at this point. We were the next to last couple to arrive. When we entered every eye in the place went to me.

I admit it: modesty aside, I looked stunning in my heels and dress. I mean (again, modesty aside) I am somewhat of a knockout in the looks department, with my (I'm told) pretty face and perfect white teeth smile, and my perfect figure and all (although a tiny bit top heavy due to my boobs), but this evening it was mostly the effect of the dress, which made me look like the new replacement for Scarlet Johansson.

Jane had talked me into Christian Louboutin heels, which cost almost $1,000 a pair. Philip was going to have one hell of a Saks bill this month. Every woman there looked at me with envy in their eyes, and the men looked at me in pure awe, as if I were a work of art. And an artwork they wanted to possess.

There were 10 couples, including the three old couples forming the top brass: Mr. Hardigan and his two top lieutenants. So six men were competing with Philip for the promotion, assuming they promoted only one of them.

We all circulated and socialized, drinking wine or champagne, and making small talk. The men all wanted to talk with me, as an excuse to check me out up close, but I still managed to speak with most of the women. I discussed literature, philosophy, and computer security with the men. A college education goes a long way towards cocktail party small talk.

I liked most of the women, too, although with them I discussed mostly fashion and my shoes, as well as my dress. They wanted to know why I was not wearing any jewelry. I did not tell them it was because I did not have any jewelry that cost over $50. I should have bought a gold broach or something when I was turned loosed in Saks, I realized. Next time.

I went easy on the booze, and also realized that some of the men's "partners" were actually hookers. It was easy to tell. They looked great and sexy, but their heads were fairly empty. I saw now why Philip did not want to bring a hooker as his girlfriend; he was clever not to have done that.

After a while I circulated over to Philip and told him that at least three of the girls were call girls. Philip said, "I know. And one guy brought his cousin, and another his sister. The sister is a looker. (I knew exactly who he meant.) There's only one guy here who might actually have brought a girl friend." Then he quickly added, "I wish you were not Mike's girlfriend and were available. I am the envy of everyone tonight."

"If I were not Mike's girlfriend, you would never even have met me," I observed.

We continued to circulate for around an hour more, and then Mr. Hardigan clinked his glass and it got very quiet. "Now the interesting part of the evening begins," he said. Philip gave me a quick glance, but I just smiled my best smile in return.

Mr. Hardigan continued, "We have been evaluating your appearance and behavior tonight. Not just you, but also your partners. Let's proceed to the next room, where we have a sound system and where we had a catwalk designed. I would like the women to pretend this is a fashion show, and they are models, and one by one show us their evening attire," Mr. Hardigan continued.

All us girls exchanged looks. This was getting a bit strange, but seemed harmless enough. Nevertheless I had a premonition and quickly asked a waiter for a large glass of Scotch whiskey. He gave me a choice, and I asked for the oldest one he had.

I got a large glass of 30 year old Scotch whiskey. I knew enough to know that was Scotch I could not afford. There was something weird going on, and some of kind of tone in Mr. Hardigan's voice I could not place. But I knew I needed a strong buzz at this point. The whiskey glided down my throat. It was velvety smooth.

We filed in, and the music started, and then we lined up. I chose to be last in line, so I could learn from the others how best to walk a catwalk walk. Also it would give me more time to finish my Scotch.

We all walked the catwalk and we each got polite applause. One of the call girls (Billie Jo) had done this before, that was clear, and she was really good. She was the one I imitated. Probably she had been a model.

Maybe she still was a model, I mused, but earned extra money hiring out her body. I thought about my $1,000 trick I had inadvertently turned on my first trip out to see New York and to meet Philip. I got a little wet thinking about it. The Scotch was having its effect.

I did a decent job, or at least I thought I did. Some of the other girls just walked. They did not seem to understand there was a special way to walk a catwalk. For example you could never look down at your feet, or look down at all. You could not make eye contact with anyone. You just looked straight ahead with an empty stare, and no smile. I figured if this was a contest, I had taken second prize.

I flashed quite a bit of skin as I walked the catwalk. The men seemed mesmerized. Philip was beaming.

Mr. Hardigan rose again to speak. "Thank you, ladies. Now you do not need to participate in the next request. If you do not, then the party is over for you and your partner, and we wish to thank you very much for coming. Please pick up a gift bag on your way out." This got me worried.

There followed a long and awkward silence. The girls were looking at each other, and their partners. Everyone looked quizzical, and most looked scared. I'm sure I looked scared, too. Billie Jo was the only girl who did not look scared.

Finally Mr. Hardigan cleared his throat and broke the silence. "Ladies, we now ask you to do the same thing, walk the catwalk again, but without your dresses." There were some inadvertent gasps. "That is, in your underwear."

I raised my hand. College traditions die hard. Mr. Hardigan was amused, but he said, "Joanie, you have a question?"

"Yes, Frank, I do." I had remembered he had told me to call him Frank at the dinner a week ago. All the same, he seemed startled that I had done so this evening. "My gown does not allow the wearing of underclothes, due to the nature of the top and the high slit up the side. So I am naked underneath."

"I see," Mr. Hardigan said. He conferred with his two lieutenants. "Well then, we will skip this particular event." I could see relief in everyone's eyes. He added, "Instead we will continue to the third stage. Ladies, please now walk the catwalk nude."

The brief flash of relief I had seen vanished as fast as a subatomic particle in a vacuum. Everyone was startled and surprised. Mr. Hardigan added, "Ladies, you may wish to confer with your partners."

Philip and I caucused. I could see begging in his eyes. The big Scotch I had, plus the wine, the champagne, and the early cocktail before we came, and the lack of dinner, had rendered me drunk at this point, so I did not mind doing this, and in fact was eager to show these old men (and everyone else) my naked body. But I did my best not to let it show.

Philip was nervous, and I enjoyed tormenting him. Finally I told him, "Philip, I'll do this for you, but you will owe me. Big time." He exhaled, smiled at me, and kissed me gently on the lips.

Several of the girls were freaked out or grossed out, or too shy, but whatever their reasons, they refused categorically. To my surprise two of the refusals were call girls, and one was the only girl who might have been a true girlfriend. They and their partners had to leave. That left the sister, the cousin, Billie Jo, and me, and of course our men. The competition was down to those four men.

I suspected what the fourth event might entail, and I think I was again the only one thinking ahead. So I got another large glass of 30 year old Scotch. It was the only way I could face what was surely coming. Walking down the catwalk, only Billie Jo and I kept our cool. The others were so embarrassed and ashamed to be nude in this crude way, with everyone looking at them and the old men lusting for them, that one of them (the cousin) almost fell off the catwalk.

One girl, the sister, looked hot. She had a great body, as good or better than mine. She had a pretty face too. The only flaw was that she was truly not enjoying it, terribly embarrassed to be doing this in front of strangers and (perhaps especially) in front of her brother.

That kind of ruined what otherwise might have been a win for the sister. Unless, of course, you are a man who is into the kink of humiliating pretty women; in that case she did perfectly. I suspected that in fact that was exactly the kind of man Mr. Hardigan was.

So I figured I won this one, with Billie Jo a close second; else the sister did, depending on the parameters of reality in this surreal experience. One difference between Billie jo and me was that I cared, and Billie Jo clearly could not have cared less. She was undoubtedly going to ask for more money when this was over. Perhaps a lot more money.

Mr. Hardigan and his lieutenants applauded, more enthusiastically this time. He thanked us all. He then got up to speak. "For the fourth event, we will introduce a sexual element," he announced. I had seen this coming; apparently I was the only one to have done so, judging by the reaction of the others.

I had the advantage however of having roamed around inside Mr. Hardigan's personal computer. The really naughty stuff had been in a password protected file. This would stop most people, for example his wife, but it did not stop me.

My espionage had given me a good idea of his level of depravity. That's why I had fortified myself with about 10 ounces of exquisite Scotch whiskey. I as drunk enough now to face anything they threw at us.

"This involves your attitude about the common good, in the sense of sharing and service" he continued. This guy was a real pervert, I was thinking. Probably his two lieutenants were perverts, too. "Each one of you ladies will please choose one of us judges to publicly fuck," he continued, gesturing with his hands to encompass his two lieutenants and himself. "The men will wait in the other room, please. Before we begin, please confer with your partners."

What happened next surprised me. Even though she was a call girl, Billie Jo refused. Also the cousin refused. I had a heated discussion with Philip. I had said no sex, and I felt I was being manipulated, once again. And none of us girls had any desire to fuck "the judges," of that I was sure.

The sister surprised me by stepping forward. She said, "I will fuck him." She pointed to the youngest of the three judges. His name was Harry, but she did not know that or she had forgotten. He was the least ugly of the three.

Billie Jo and the cousin left the room, and now only Philip and I, the sister and her brother, and the three judges were left. The sister's brother stirred from his melancholy about pimping out his sister, and he left, leaving his sister standing there, naked, ready to prostitute herself for his career. What a bastard.

All eyes were on me. I did not know what to do. I hated thinking of myself as a prostitute, and the remaining men were possibly older than my father. They looked to be in their early 50s. I pretended to have a hard time deciding, and practically gulped down my Scotch. Then I remembered how turned on I got when I had prostituted myself with James, albeit unwittingly. I turned to look at Philip.

"Joanie I love you. You do not have to do this," Philip said. He added, "Let's go." If Philip had wanted me to do it, he could not have made a more brilliant move. It was just the right thing to say, and I stood up tall, naked and proud, and loudly proclaimed, "I'll fuck Frank."

Philip's face showed a mixture of surprise and horror. Then it changed to an expression of relief, and gratitude that apparently he mistook for love for me. He left the room, and so too did the lieutenant nobody had chosen. I was now alone with the sister, Harry, and Frank. I learned the name of the sister (Mary Ann) when Harry asked her name. So now we were all on a first name basis, which seemed appropriate given what we were about to do.

Frank led us to yet another room that had a single double bed. Mary Ann and I undressed the men. I tried to make it fun by suggesting to her that we both undress each man together, as a team effort. I could remove the shirt, she would remove his pants, I would pull down his shorts, that sort of thing. Soon the men too were naked. Neither man had an erection.

Then taking charge, I suggested Mary Ann and I lie on the bed and masturbate while the two men watched. Mary Ann liked this idea, anything to delay the fucking. We both lay down on the bed and I slowly stroked my labia. Mary Ann did the same when she saw me doing it, and after a short time we both began to finger ourselves.

Remembering my one girl on girl experience when a woman ate me out at the wet tee shirt contest, I surprised and shocked Mary Ann by reaching over with one hand, and caressing one of her gorgeous breasts. She stiffened and her breathing changed, but she did not stop me and she subsequently relaxed and gave my hand free reign.

My hand went all over her while my other hand was busy with my sex. Eventually, my other hand made it to Mary Ann's sex, too. I knew watching the girl on girl sex would get the men's libidos going.

She told me later that she realized she preferred sex with me to sex with those two creepy men. We kept it up until I moved over her and began cunnilingus. It did not take her long to have a screaming orgasm. I then sat up, my mouth dripping wet with her juices, and I looked at the two men. They both had full erections.

I lay back, spread my legs wide, wiggled my boobs and blew them air kisses. Mary Ann was smart and followed my lead. The two men climbed on top of us and began fucking away. They had the endurance of age, and it was becoming more boring than erotic. So halfway through I asked if they wanted to switch.

Mary Ann was shocked I suggested this and looked alarmed. Frank stopped pumping and looked at Harry. They apparently silently agreed, and they both pulled out. Soon Harry was pumping away in me, and Frank was pounding Mary Ann.

Harry than turned me over and entered me doggy style. I was finally getting into the sex, and it was better not seeing his creepy face. Frank did the same with Mary Ann. Mary Ann's face and my face were right next to each other, and as we turned our heads to confer with our eyes, I gave Mary Ann a gentle kiss.

It was so weird, for each of us, to be fucked by these creepy old men we did not really know, but sometimes kisses are more intimate than fucks. So we kissed more and more passionately while they nailed us, since a transient lesbian experience with a nice girl seemed preferable to concentrating on being fucked by an old creep.

They each pulled out, at approximately the same time, and squirted all over our backs. Then Frank called out the name George. George came in, together with Philip and Mary Ann's brother, who were both naked. Of course, Mary Ann's brother was also her date for the evening.

George left the room, and Mr. Hardigan told the two men please (!) to fuck their girlfriends. He was forcing them to have sloppy seconds, and to do it in front of Harry and Frank. And just forget about Mary Ann and me; we were just willing cunts to him.

At this point I relished the idea of fucking Philip, after enduring that creep Hardigan screw me, not to mention Harry. But I did think it was way too much to ask of us; after all I had tried hard to please them, and had succeeded, too. Now it should be over. We had done enough. We had done things that should never have even been asked of us, or anyone else for that matter.

Then I thought about the incest angle. I was curious what would happen: Would Steve really fuck his own sister? Mary Ann was brilliant. She spoke up and said, "Let's make it kinky, shall we? If everyone, including of course Joanie, is OK with it, I will fuck Philip and Joanie can fuck Steve." Apparently Steve was the name of her brother.

I was sure Hardigan would get into this, but perhaps he knew Mary Ann was Steve's sister and wanted to force some incest. I knew from my computer espionage that he employed private detectives to investigate his employees.

Given what I had seen on his computer, that would not have surprised me if he had realized they were brother and sister masquerading as boyfriend-girlfriend. He said, "No. All you need to do now is to fuck your boyfriend. Assuming he can get it up." I saw that both Philip's and Steve's dicks were limp. His last remark he said disdainfully.

Steve seemed unable to get an erection to fuck his sister. Mary Ann asked for a drink and inhaled an entire glass of Scotch, then asked for another. It was a pity she did not ask for the 30 year old one, although taste was not what she was after just then.

I did not know what to do to help. Then I just went over and began fellatio on Steve, Mr. Hardigan be damned. Mary Ann quickly followed my lead and began sucking Philip's cock.

It took a while, but Steve got a nice erection finally. Then I went to the bed and lay down, legs spread, and waited for Steve to mount me.. The fellatio had made me wet. It always does. Mary Ann did the same.

Mr. Hardigan intervened and led Philip to me, and he climbed on top of me and began fucking me for the first time. I was worried about Steve and Mary Ann, but as it turned out Philip was a great fuck, and I did like him a lot, and as for no sex, well that train had clearly left the station.

So I really got into fucking Philip, and even became noisy, even loud, as I urged him on, raising my back to meet his thrusts, pulling his head down and kissing him as he pounded me. At one point I wrapped my legs around him, pushing him into me as far as he could go. I began to claw his back with my fingernails as I moaned louder and louder.

Philip leaned back, breaking the hold my legs had on him, and then he raised both my legs straight into the air and stuck his cock forcefully all the way into me. Nobody before had ever done that with me, although I had seen it done once on a porn site. It was a damn good thing I was so limber.

This really put my cunt and his cock pistoning in and out on full display to our audience. It also stimulated my clit, and I groaned the groan of pleasure.

Philip fucked me hard, even very hard. I think he had been fantasizing about fucking me for too long, after seeing the pictures and the video, and hearing about my exploits from Mike and the twins. Now that he was finally doing it, he was truly into it a way that comes from a long time of lust and longing.

Philip lasted quite a while. We changed position at least three times, doing it doggy style and then with me on top. I sat facing Mr. Hardigan so that he had a nice view of my boobs bouncing around as I moved up and down on Philip's wonderful cock, and my moans, groans and cries of "Yes! Right there!" and the like added an extra dimension.

I was lost in reverie at this wonderful exhibitionist fuck and forgot about Mary Ann. But then I looked over when Philip was finishing me off in missionary position, and saw Steve fucking his sister. She had her eyes closed and was crying. Steve was staring at us, not her, and I suspect he was trying to pretend he was fucking me, instead. It was not an erotic fuck. Mary was not making noise, and not cooperating; she was just enduring the fuck.

Then it changed. Perhaps inspired by my noise, Mary Ann started to moan and groan and she called out "Oh yes. That's right, Steve. Right there. Again, harder!" The tears had stopped, and she told me later when we showered and washed the cum off our backs, stomachs and boobs, that she had suddenly gotten into the taboo of incest and it turned her on. That allowed her to enjoy the fuck from that point on.

Suddenly Mary Ann had an orgasm, something that did not happen to me with Philip, even if the sex was wonderful. She screamed in pleasure, and Steve, clearly surprised, got into it too, and began happily fucking his sister to his lustful content.

We all collapsed. Mr. Hardigan and Harry applauded, and then they both congratulated Philip and Steve on their promotions.

Philip and I left in his limousine (the driver had waited outside throughout "the event" at the country club), for the drive back to Manhattan. I was famished and told Philip. He said he knew just the place, it was open late, and nobody would care that we were dressed in formal attire. It had good food, too.

In the back seat of the limousine, Philip slipped his hand under the straps of my dress covering my bare boobs, and began to caress them. I got angry.

"Philip, was it not humiliating and degrading enough that I fucked your boss in public for your promotion, and then you let him order you to fuck me for sloppy seconds, also in public? All for a damned promotion, and I am not even your wife or your mistress. And now you are feeling me up in plain sight of your driver? My God, what a pig you are," I said a bit too loudly.

I continued my burst of anger, "I don't even know if you wanted to fuck me, or just did it for the promotion. You weren't hard, and Mary Ann had to suck you off to help you to get an erection. Do you realize how fucked up this all is? Do you?"

Philip of course immediately removed his hand. His face was red and he was speechless. Clearly he was not expecting this, since his attitude towards women was that they were all cunts, existing only for his primal needs. The piece of shit.

In reality I was mad at myself for having prostituted myself for no good reason. I was ashamed. On top of that, I felt even worse because while I was nauseated by the fuck with his boss, I really liked the fuck with Philip, and I did not want to have enjoyed it so much. I also enjoyed the sex with Mary Ann, for that matter, and I knew I had to work that out in my dyed-in-the-wool heterosexual mind.

Philip did not know what to do. He actually stuttered in my presence for the first time. But he apologized profusely and it was clear he was at a loss what to do, and also clear he felt awful now that he began to realize what I had done for his stupid promotion, and how he had in effect used me most basely.

But he is in fact handsome, has style, and fuck it, I liked him in spite of everything. Also he was a great fuck. I still wanted to know if he truly wanted me or if everything was all just to get his promotion. I guess affection is not always rational. Maybe it never is.

Well, he had the promotion now. Let's see what he does, I thought. I leaned over and kissed him on the lips, gently. He grabbed me and kissed me back eagerly, with passion. He did not break the kiss until we arrived at the late-night club, downtown in SoHo. Or maybe it was Tribeca. I guess we could have been anywhere, for all I knew.

He became an obsequious gentleman. We drank and danced at the club. I was all over him, and after an hour he discreetly slipped his hand into the slit in the skirt part of my dress, and he began to fondle my bare ass while we danced. I enjoyed this and did not stop him, and even made some moaning noises to encourage him.

His hand went lower on my ass until it was tickling my cunt. Still I did not stop him. He began to massage my mound, underneath my super expensive and gorgeous evening gown, right there on the dance floor. It was highly erotic. I said to him, "You can caress my boobs if you want. Sorry I yelled at you."

He whispered a thank you that was clearly heartfelt, and slipped his hand under the top of my dress. His fingers were wet and no doubt smelled of my sex. This was less subtle, and anyone who looked could tell he was massaging my boobs. Several other men noticed.

Since it was late at night, and most everyone there was drunk (including me), nobody seemed too outraged by our behavior. Then Philip did something I did not expect: he pushed the straps to the sides of my boobs, completely exposing them to the entire bar area. He then took away his hand so that my boob was in view of everyone, and bent over slightly to suck one of my nipples.

When he was done sucking on my nipple, he left my boob exposed and resumed dancing with me. I was so drunk, eroticized, and happy, I did nothing to cover it up with the dress again, and just left it exposed.

Our dinner arrived and we went to sit down. Just before we sat down Philip unhooked the strap that held up the dress, and it began to slide off my body. I grabbed it at the waist, and sat down now naked from the waist up.

When I sat, I did not pay attention to how I sat, since I was trying to keep on at least the bottom half of the dress on to cover me. It was not in that much danger of sliding off, due to the tight fit around my waist. I did have hips, after all. But in the hubbub, I sat in such a way that the entire left side of the dress fell away.

This meant the entire left side of my body was all flesh for all to see, from my ankle to my neck. Looking at me from the left side, I appeared to be naked. And of course it was my right side that faced the wall; my left side was visible to all.

Looking back, I cannot believe I did this, but I casually ate my meal in the restaurant naked from the waist up, and naked entirely on the left side of my body. My private parts were still covered by the dress. Nobody cared, and we got great service. The couple seated next to us studied us for some time, and then the man unbuttoned the blouse of his date. She let him.

Next he got up, moved behind her and unhooked her bra and slipped it off her as well. She reacted by stroking his hard cock through his pants. Now there were two of us eating topless, side by side. A lot of men stared at us. I was getting seriously aroused, even after that horrific earlier part of the evening.

It was clear to me that Mike had coached Philip on how to behave with me, and Philip had paid attention. But even Mike had never tried anything quite this brazen! Our wine came, an expensive bottle of red wine. The wine steward flamboyantly decanted it for us, which gave the other diners an excuse to watch, but everyone knew they were really watching the woman next to us (her name was Betsy I learned later when we struck up a conversation about nudity in public), and -especially- they were watching me.

The meal ended and it was after 3am, time to go back to my hotel. I hooked the straps and covered up my boobs, then stood up. I was shaky from being so drunk and began to fall. Philip caught me and as he did he pulled up the bottom of my long dress, exposing my private parts to anyone who was looking just then. In particular, it was clear I was not wearing panties.

I pushed his hands away and the dress fell back down, but then his hand slipped inside the slit and was once again on my bare ass. That was OK. As we walked out Philip was inching up my dress. I was too drunk to notice, as I was close to passing out. He got it all the way to my waist, and that must not have been easy, as there was a lot of fabric. So the entire restaurant could see my bare ass, and glimpses of my cunt.

I felt a cold breeze on my cunt as we left the restaurant and stepped out onto the sidewalk to find our limo, but I was scared if I looked down I might vomit. So I did not know my entire body below the waist was exposed. But I suspected it was.

The limo chauffeur was smiling a bemused smile as he opened the door for me. Probably there was nothing he had not already seen.

At the hotel Philip once again walked me to the room. I was no longer nauseated, and had regained my balance, so I was able to walk to the room too. At the door, he kissed me good night, and in what now seemed to be a tradition, he unhooked the straps of my dress, and gently slid it gracefully down my body to the floor.

Again I was naked in the hallway, and still kissing Philip. This time a couple returning drunk to their room saw me up close and personal, as their room was next door. The man just stared at me.

He said to the woman, "This must be some kind of New York thing. Come on, Betty, get with the program," and with that he took off her top and her bra as she giggled. Her pants came off next, and then Betty herself removed her panties. They kissed next to us, and the man began to finger Betty.

Then Betty broke away and said to me, "Can I borrow your date for a minute?" I just stood there, but she walked up to Philip and undressed him. I was surprised, to say the least. Not to be outdone, I undressed her date, too, whose name was Mitch. His cock was the size of Montana; I had never seen or imagined anything like that monster. He surprised me by grabbing me and kissing me, and while we kissed he stuck a finger in me.

That was too much, too fast, and I broke away, and pulled Philip from Betty who had her hand pumping Philip's cock at this point. I got the key out of my purse and invited Philip inside this time, and for the first time. Philip was in a state of shock.

I was waiting for him to say he had to be at work early and beg off. After all he had already fucked me, and he had his promotion. What more could he possibly get from me? Maybe he would like some new meat, and Betty seemed more than willing.

Instead he surprised me when he told me he would love to come in. I was already naked, and I walked over to the window as was my wont. Mitch and Betty invited us to their room "for a nightcap," but I politely declined for both of us.

Philip followed me. Betty had already assured he was also naked. He showed me how a cucumber or a dildo cannot compare to his warm, gorgeous cock, and he fucked me standing up at the window for a good, long time before we moved to the bed. While we fucked he caressed my boobs constantly and kissed my neck and blew in my ears. I told him to come inside me, and he did.

After the fuck, even though I was sloppy with his cum, he ate me out to an orgasm. Then he set his cell phone on video, placed it strategically, and as soon as he became hard again, turned me over. I pulled me up onto all fours and he entered me from behind. He fucked slowly at first, teasing me by pulling out, waiting a random amount of time, and then lunging deeply back in with great force. Each time he did this I gasped involuntarily, followed by loud moaning.

He began to stimulate my clit with his fingers as he pumped in and out, and then he began to screw me with a circular motion. At this point I was constantly noisy. Needless to say, all this intense activity led me to yet another orgasm, this was one of my big ones. I screamed so loudly when it came I was sure Betty and Mitch must have heard us. A few minutes later in fact I heard a loud orgasmic scream from their room. Mitch must have done a good job with Betty.

We fell into a deep sleep and a few hours later his Rolex watch rang, as it was time for him to go to work. I slept through the alarm but he woke me with his cock.

Despite having to go to work, he gave me a sleepy good morning fuck. I moaned appreciatively during the fuck, and this seemed to turn him on further. I actually felt his cock get harder while it was inside me.

At this point I decided either he was the horniest son of a bitch on earth, or he was truly into me. I smiled and could not stop smiling. After the fuck, we had a lovely and lingering kiss goodbye, and he quickly got dressed, stinking of sex, and went to his job.

I lay in bed, enjoying the idea that Philip was, in fact, really into me. I still was not sure and decided to wait to see if he followed up. Then my mind wandered in my happy, blissful state, and I began to relive my zipless fuck with James. Erica Jong had written they were as rare as unicorns. I decided I wanted another one. I had the prefect chance, too.

The hotel provided a terry cloth robe. I was naked, so I put it on and put my room key in its pocket. I grabbed an empty coffee cup the hotel provided next to a coffee machine. Then I went and knocked on the door of the room next door. A full minute later the door opened.

It was Mitch who opened the door; he was also in a robe. He saw me standing there in my robe, and he got a big smile. "We heard you last night," he said.

"We heard Betty ourselves," I replied. "My man has left for work." I did not know what else to say.

Betty yelled from inside the room, "Invite her in, Mitch!" In response, he gestured, still with his big smile, and I walked in.

"Our room is out of coffee for the little machine," I lied. "Could I trouble you for a cup?"

"You poor girl," Mitch replied. "We have quite a bit left over from room service. Betty, please pour her one, would you dear? Black or with milk? Please sit down and visit while you drink the coffee, won't you?"

"Thanks. You're very kind," I said and I moved to the couch. Betty was in bed, covered with the sheets for modesty. I strongly suspected that she was naked, and so was Mitch under his robe. Perhaps due to her nudity she was reluctant to leave the bed.

"Nice robes the hotel provides," Mitch said. "But I'm a bit warm under mine; would you mind if I opened it?" he said, addressing his question to me. "I am not dressed underneath, I'm afraid."

"Do as you please, Mitch," I replied. "After all, this is your room, not mine."

Mitch opened his robe and I got to see again his monster cock. Even though it was soft, it was still incredibly huge. I had heard talk about monster cocks and how great it was to be fucked my one, but I had never seen one. All the cocks I had seen were within one standard deviation of average, I would say, using a bit of knowledge from my college education. Mitch's cock was an outlier. Two or three standard deviations from the mean.

I licked my lips and realized I was staring at his member. I quickly apologized. Then I blurted out, to Betty, "Sorry, Betty, for staring at Mitch's cock. I've just never seen one like that." This of course was a completely inappropriate thing to say, even rude, but this was also an unusual situation. Then without thinking I added, "Do you ever share him?"

Betty got out of bed. She was naked, and dripping cum a little. She walked over to me with a cup of coffee, but changed her mind and pulled me up from the couch, untied my robe, and slipped it off me. Then she led me to the bed, lay me down, spread my legs, and began to eat me out. She had never said a word. I had not had the chance to warn her that I was still full with Philip's cum. She did not seem to care, or even notice.

She stopped for a minute to see if I was OK with what she was doing, and she explained, "Watching us will get Mitch hard again. Then you can experience his cock and see if you like it. It's not for everyone." Then she resumed eating me out. I closed my eyes and imagined it was Philip, or Mike, or even Mitch who was lapping at me.

Then I got into it, another girl on girl experience, kind of back to back, after I had done the same to Mary Ann just the previous evening. WTF. I wrapped my legs around Betty, pulling her head down onto my cunt as she ate me. When I had a small orgasm, she stopped and got up. I reached for her to try to kiss her, but she pulled away and quick as a wink Mitch was on top of me.

Without any warning he began to stick the monster inside me. He had to go slow, and my cunt had to expand to let it fit. It had to expand a lot. But it did not hurt, and I felt really filled up. Once he was all the way in, he pumped in and out. His technique was basic, I guess he felt being so well endowed, he did not need to try very hard.

It was a good fuck, and I showed my appreciation (and enthusiasm) with lots of loud moans, groans, and the like. It actually reached places other cocks had never reached. Why that is a good thing, or even if it is, I do not know. When I had my orgasm, I screamed loud, just like last night when Betty screamed. After I came, Mitch fucked me some more, finally pulling out and squirting cum onto my stomach. I really felt well fucked.

I lay there a while, recovering and whimpering, then got up, put my robe back on, thanked them for their hospitality, and returned to my room. There I took a long and hot bubble bath, amazed at what I had just done.

I think I thought the zipless fuck would help me lose this feeling I had about Philip. Instead it just ended up making the feeling more intense. I realized I liked Philip, but felt used by him, and I still had no idea if he really liked me, or just liked fucking me, using me, and showing me off in public, like his younger cousin Mike.

And I was a willing woman after all. It seemed to me now like I fucked anyone and everyone, and almost never seemed to be fully dressed around Mike's family. How did it come to this, I wondered.

I realized that a zipless fuck is a truly amazing experience, and I was thrilled I had done it and that I also had the monster cock experience, but I did not feel the glow I felt after Philip or Mike would fuck me.

I got dressed and left the hotel, exploring a bit more of New York before it was time to head to the airport for my flight home. I dressed in my usual suggestive way, but was still within the bounds of normal, if perhaps towards the edges.

When I returned to college later that day, Mike could not wait to hear what happened. I told him no. H should get the stories from Philip, or not at all. And I hoped to God he did not have any more cousins. I knew he would push me to get drunk and tell him what happened, and that I would succumb as I always do, but he was going to have to work for it, that was sure.

Anyway, I had fallen for Philip, and it was pointless to tell Mike that. It felt super weird to be in love with both Mike and his cousin Philip at the same time.

A few days later I got a card from Philip. I won't share what he wrote, but it was nice and quite dirty, and he enclosed a check for another $4,000. I wasted no time depositing it. That weekend had cost him $17,000 just for me: the airplane, the hotel, the clothes, and the $8,000 he had now given me. But he did, after all, get to fuck me in public, albeit shall we say, not under ideal circumstances, and to have his way with me repeatedly once we left "the event."

He got to expose my body in public, to fuck me in the window, and then repeatedly in bed. Perhaps most important and most reprehensible, he got to pimp me out to his bosses Frank and Harry. Not a bad list of achievements for Philip, considering I was his cousin's girlfriend.

I was also excited to get cards from Billie Jo, Mary Ann, and even one from Steve. I became friends with all three of them, and now, a couple of years later, Steve knows me in a carnal way, too. Mary Ann had prepped me by eating me out, just as Betty had done for Mitch, and then she stayed and watched Steve and me do it. Steve did her after he did me, and I got to watch.

It turns out Steve and Philip's bizarre promotions had long lasting effects. Billie Jo's modeling career took off, and I wrote to congratulate her when she had a fashion spread in Vogue.

What became of my relationships with my now concurrent lovers Mike and Philip is a tale all by itself. This one is already much too long.