**Joanie Goes to Europe**

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

At the end of my sophomore year I was 20, and I was still balancing the two loves of my life, Mike and Philip. Mike was 21 and finishing his junior year at the same college, and Philip was 28 and still doing private banking in New York City. Mike and Philip were cousins, and I had met Philip through Mike. They both knew about my love for the other.   
  
Mike seemed not to care; he was a serial philanderer by nature, and he seemed to want me to be promiscuous, too. He was also the one who pushed me, and pushed hard, to be an exhibitionist, something he had great success at doing. Mike had even initially coached his own cousins (the twins, and then Philip) on how to seduce me. His success rate was perfect.  
  
Philip was easier to describe: he was quite simply a banker. But he also seemed to enjoy degrading and humiliating women, especially those he cared for, such as me. As such he thoroughly enjoyed and enabled my exhibitionist tendencies.   
  
Honestly, I do not understand why Mike and Philip were both like that, and it is even more a puzzle to me as to why I was drawn to them and even loved them both. But to be honest, while I appreciated Mike's joyful acceptance of my promiscuity, I did not want to be that way, and I further did not enjoy at all, even the slightest, Mike's own rampant promiscuity. I got jealous.   
  
I also thought it was entirely reasonable to be jealous when he would sleep with other women, sometimes even right under my nose as if to flaunt it, such as his time with Gloria. So when it came time for summer plans once sophomore year ended, and I learned Mike was going to travel around Europe (his family is rich) and explore how girls in different countries of Europe differed in bed, and I was not included in these plans of course, I was angry.   
  
When I say I was angry, it is a bit of an understatement. I was furious. I went home to the small town in the county where I grew up, and joined my parents and my little sister Sarah who had just finished her freshman year at college. Sarah had set new records for being the school slut, as she kept me apprised blow-by-blow as she gave out sexual favors right and left. She was also now an accomplished exhibitionist, at least in part due to me. I had long ago given up being scandalized by her behavior. After all, who was I to talk?  
  
Sarah always wrote sexual details to me in letters, sent via the good old postal service. She had learned from me that digital security was an illusion and anything that she did not potentially want the entire world to know, had no place in the world of digital communication. This was the aspect of her behavior of which I was proud.   
  
Maybe it was some kind of physical law of the conservation of exhibitionist behavior within a family, but as Sarah became more and more active as an exhibitionist, I became less and less so, and had once again given up drinking. Well, mostly. I still drank when Philip would fly me out to NY for weekends of fun with him, which he did with some regularity. There I freely sinned and had a great time with Philip, including great sex, with every single visit.   
  
But now I was trapped at home in a small town at my parents' house, where I felt it was open season on Sarah and me, and all the boys were after us for the obvious reasons. Sarah wallowed in it, but I was not a happy camper.   
  
Two weeks after coming home, after I had landed a summer job updating the computers and servers at the local high school, I got an urgent message from Philip. A special messenger delivered it in person. It said, in toto, "Joanie, do you have a passport? If not get one right away. Pay extra for expedited service. We're going to France and Switzerland. First come to NY to buy a travel wardrobe. Tickets are waiting."  
  
Of course I did not have a passport. The only exotic place I had ever been to was New York, and that was due to Philip himself. So I went on the Internet to see how to get one, jumped through all the hoops, paid extra for expedited service, and two weeks later I was on a plane to New York with my passport in hand.   
  
I had to resign my summer job at the high school; I had done the full summer's work in only two weeks, anyway, since there was nothing to distract me. The school staff was amazed. They had no idea who they were dealing with.  
  
As usual, a limousine driver met me at the airport, and he drove me to the same elegant hotel Philip always used. I was given a room on the 15th floor facing a skyscraper, perfect for exhibitionists. I love New York. I was also given an envelope containing Philip's Saks Fifth Avenue charge card with detailed instructions regarding the clothes I would need.   
  
Inside the envelope I also found a gold American Express card in my own name, and a post-it note said the bills would go to Philip. I was instructed to buy some things that Saks does not sell, apparently. This was going to be fun. Turning a girl loose in New York, telling her to shop for expensive clothes and jewelry, and giving her charge accounts is a very nice benefit of dating a banker, I must say.   
  
I went to Saks and had a nice reunion with Jane, my saleswoman at the Marni counter who had once sold me a totally gorgeous and extremely sexy evening gown. I wore it the time I met Philip's boss, and was forced to fuck him, so that Philip could get a promotion. We had a lot of fun together buying my new wardrobe, to say the least. This time I visited the Cartier boutique and did some serious damage to Philip's bank account, I'm sure. Hey, I'm a girl who follows instructions.   
  
I got this solid gold bracelet that was shaped as if it were a curved nail. It reminded me of the story of the golden spike hammered into the last railroad tie connecting the two coasts, when the trains first became transcontinental. I was wearing a gorgeous and ridiculously expensive spoof of American history on my wrist.  
  
More realistically, though, I guess it was supposed to suggest sadomasochism in some sort of subtle and expensive way for the entertainment of the decadent rich. Perfect.  
  
Jane also told me where to get super fancy luggage for the trip, and where to buy a nice watch. She sent me to Tourneau, and I got a "pre-owned" fancy Swiss watch with not too many (I was supposed to buy things in good taste), but just the right amount of diamonds. Even being pre-owned, it cost a fortune.   
  
I got the watch in white gold instead of yellow gold, so as not to be too, too flashy. I also visited some jewelry stores on Madison Avenue. I discovered I had a weakness for rose gold. Who knew? I bought a new purse in Barney's and while there some new perfume, too.  
  
I of course got more shoes, and more stockings. Don't forget I am a woman.  
  
When Philip came to pick me up to go out to dinner that evening, I was done shopping and eager to wear one of my new outfits for him, which of course I did. I looked great and also (modesty aside) I looked hot.   
  
To my surprise he had his colleague Steve with him, and Steve actually now had a girlfriend; he no longer had to pass off his sister as his girlfriend. His girlfriend is very pretty, but not as pretty as his sister is, but then I am not sure anyone is. Steve's sister is amazingly beautiful, and pretty in a sexy way, too. But the new girlfriend has the huge added advantage of not being his sister! Her name is Odessa.   
  
"I hope you do not mind this is a surprise double date?" Philip said. I smiled. He continued, "Odessa and Steve are coming with us for the business part of our European trip."  
  
I should have known it was for business. With bankers it seems everything, all the time, is business. Even after a year of dating I still sometimes wonder if Philip loves me, or if I am just a needed part of his outfit as a successful banker, like a Hermes tie. It is not a reassuring feeling. I think my lingering insecurities about why Philip likes me explain why I still cling to Mike as a boyfriend, even if I think he is a skunk.   
  
We all four got into a waiting limo and went to an incredibly fancy and wonderful restaurant downtown, I think near Greenwich Village, but I still have trouble knowing just where I am in New York. It was of course wonderful, and yes, I drank the cocktail, had a second one, and had too much wine. I reached or perhaps exceeded my limit and so declined the cognacs the men had after the meal.  
  
I spoke to Odessa and we became fast friends. She was of Russian ancestry (which explained her name), but she was born and raised in Kansas. She had come to NY for work opportunities, and she had met Steve online, and they had been dating for a year. She already knew all about me, apparently Steve thought I walked on water and told her (without any details) that I had once helped his sister Mary Ann tremendously when she was in an awkward situation. I'll say it was awkward: she had been tricked into having to fuck her brother's boss and then to let her own brother fuck her, with his boss watching and drooling.   
  
But I did not tell Odessa any of that, of course, but just nodded and smiled, and changed the subject. She had a much better idea of what the trip was about, and explained some details to me. Now I understood better why I needed the clothes I had just bought.   
  
Odessa was taller than I am; most people are. I guess she was maybe 5'6" or perhaps 5'7". I am 5'4". She had a perfect figure, a round face, and lovely blonde hair, with large brown eyes. Her nose was a bit narrow and thin, but the whole effect was of a very pretty woman.   
  
After dinner we went to go dancing and drinking. I danced with both Steve and Philip since both asked me to dance at different times during the evening, but Odessa danced only with Steve. Philip placed his hands on my ass and caressed my ass as we danced, but I noticed Steve was the proper gentleman dancing with Odessa. Nothing was too risqué and I was happy about that.  
  
In the limo going back to the hotel, Philip began to act like his old self, unbuttoning a few buttons of my blouse, exposing quite a lot of boob. My bra covered minimal amounts of boob, so there was quite a lot of boob now on display, especially whenever I leaned forward. At the same time Steve was similarly exposing Odessa's breasts as much as her bra allowed.  
  
I was a bit surprised when Steve and Odessa joined us at the hotel bar. Odessa lived in NY and could not possibly be staying at the hotel. Odessa and I got a lot of looks from the other men at the bar, since our boobs were on display to a large extent. They were almost drooling over us.   
  
I was sitting between Philip and Steve, all of us on high stools. Steve was fondling my boobs and Philip had his hand up my dress inching its way up my thigh. I thought it was strange that Steve was feeling me up and not his girl friend. I looked over at Odessa and she was watching the action intently and squirming a bit, breathing a bit unevenly. I got up just as Philip's hand reached my panties covered cunt.   
  
I was again surprised when the three of them walked me to my room. I was disappointed, too, as I was primed for some nice sex in the window with Philip.  
  
Not knowing what to do, I invited them all into the room, and offered them all nightcaps from the mini bar. They all happily accepted, and Philip called room service for some after dinner treats to go with the drinks. He ordered a Brandy Alexander for me, one of my favorites after dinner cocktails.   
  
Steve produced some rope and a blindfold from his pockets, and proceeded to undress Odessa and tie her up. She was naked, tied to a chair. I was flabbergasted and left speechless. I just stared.  
  
Steve had arranged the chair so that it was facing the window and thus Odessa was on display, tied up in front of the window. Her legs were apart, giving us a nice view of her private area.  
  
Nobody had spoken yet. The room service arrived, and the waiter saw the naked back of Odessa, tied up in the chair. He could also see the reflection of her naked front via its reflection from the window. But I guess he had already seen everything, so he acted as if he barely noticed.   
  
When Philip offered me one of the nice treats room service had brought, I looked at him quizzically, but he just smiled. So I decided to go with the flow, and I smiled too. Philip then undressed me, and led me naked to the window, in front of Odessa.   
  
Philip stripped, and so too did Steve. Steve pulled the ropes tight around Odessa. Too tight I should think, as her skin was already red where the ropes constrained her. The men both sported nice erections. Steve put the blindfold on me. This was getting very strange, very fast, to say the least.   
  
Nobody had spoken. I was now standing in the window, Odessa was looking at me while she was tied up in the chair, and I was naked and blindfolded. Four hands began to grope me all over, ending of course with my boobs and my cunt. Fingers were going in and out of me, I was being kissed on the back of my neck and a finger was probing my ass.  
  
I began to moan. To my surprise, I heard an echo. It was Odessa moaning, too, it had to be. Someone lay me down and spread my legs. A nice warm and hard penis entered me and began to fuck me, hard. Odessa moaned, "Oh my god," and she was breathing heavily.   
  
The penis pulled out and a different one entered me. Well, variety is the spice of life, I guess. This was the first time Steve's cock had been inside me, I realized. I did not know if Steve's had been cock #1 or was cock #2, but it had to be one or the other.   
  
Philip or Steve's cock pulled out of me after around 5 minutes, and I was turned over onto my stomach. Someone slapped my ass, hard. The slap stung. It was repeated, over and over, and it began to seriously hurt, but amazingly I found it erotic. I was aroused beyond belief. The blows to my ass seemed as if they were sending electric currents directly to my clitoris.   
  
Odessa was moaning loudly and as the slaps continued she began to scream, "Stop! It hurts too much! But it feels so good. But it hurts!" She seemed to be channeling my feelings. It did in fact hurt too much. It did in fact feel good. My ass was really sore at this point.   
  
I had no idea what they were doing to Odessa, but then everything stopped. I was rolled over onto my back, and someone went down on me, eating me out. No one had cum in me or even on me, so I was not at all sloppy, just super turned on. I reached out to fondle whoever was eating me out and my hand found a boob.   
  
I reached up and removed the blindfold. Odessa had been untied and now was now giving me fabulous head. I closed my eyes and enjoyed it.  
  
Then we all reverted to good old-fashioned fucking, Philip on top of me, and Steve on top of Odessa. That was nice. After a good long time Philip exploded inside me; I had already cum before him. I lay there happily. I saw that Odessa and Steve had finished too.   
  
I never asked what was the kink that was going on. I figured if they wanted me to know, they would tell me at some point. Restraining my curiosity, knowing it would be satisfied eventually, or not, was something that endeared me to Philip, I strongly suspected.   
  
I did enjoy fucking with an audience of Steve and Odessa, as well as the anonymous voyeurs who were watching us from the higher floor of the skyscraper facing the windows of my room. I was not sure I liked the blindfold aspect; I'm the type of girl who wants to know exactly who it is who is ravishing her.   
  
Steve and Odessa left, and Philip spent the night, fucking me again quietly and lovingly. He never mentioned the spanking or what that was about, nor even asked if I had liked it. And we never discussed the restraints on Odessa and her experiencing vicariously, as though it were real, what was happening to me.   
  
OK, so Odessa was weird. She also seemed to be a nice person. I looked forward to getting to know her. Who was I, myself as strange as they come, to judge Odessa? That was not going to happen.   
  
Actually I came to think it was nice of Steve and Philip to try so hard to please her, although I did in fact think they could have given me a heads up first! Maybe surprising me was part of the kink for her? Maybe it was the kink for me (in fact it had worked, I have to admit)? I had too many questions.   
  
The very next night was our flight to Paris! To say I was excited would be a gross understatement. French was my fourth best subject in high school, after computer science, math, and English, but I was pretty good. I could not remember if Philip knew about my French skills. Anyway, I knew a lot about Paris and French culture as well as the language, but of course it was all book learning.   
  
We travelled business class, and the chairs reclined almost to flat. I had the window, and Philip was next to me on the aisle. We were served as much booze as we wanted, which was a sizable amount, had a nice meal (airplanes are limited as to just how good their food can be) and then the lights went out and we were expected to go to sleep.   
  
Philip whispered to me he had never fucked on an airplane. I looked at him with incredulity. "Are you nuts?" I said, diplomatically.   
  
He reached over and began to unbutton my blouse. I looked around nervously. The other passengers, except for Steve and Odessa, all had blindfolds on, and the flight attendants were leaving us alone to sleep. While I determined that, Philip had already removed my blouse and bra. I sat up and looked over at Odessa and she was already naked. Steve works fast! Odessa was blatantly naked; she was not even trying to be discrete.   
  
Well, I was not in her league, and I found myself being shy. But no matter, despite my repeated protests Philip was insistent and soon I too was naked. To my credit, it did take him quite a while to render me naked. Philip unzipped and started to mount me. "I'm not ready for that," I whispered. "I'm too freaked out. I'm not wet yet."  
  
To my surprise, Philip ignored me, and as he mounted me and started to enter me, he whispered back, "My cock will fix that." He then pushed into my dry cunt. It hurt at first, but Philip was right, I got wet quickly, and then he was fucking me gently so as not to be too totally obvious about it.   
  
But it was pretty obvious, that's for sure. You don't lie on top of a naked woman and move up and down unless something is going on. You don't need rocket science to understand that.  
  
Not so with Steve and Odessa when I had the chance to look over to them. Steve was pounding away and it was obvious they were fucking to anyone who did not have a blindfold on. I also heard soft moans from Odessa. Stupid! I thought. If I were a man nearby, I would take off my blindfold to see what was going on.   
  
Shortly after I thought that, one man sitting close to Odessa and Steve did take off his blindfold and openly stared at them going at it. Steve was oblivious as he pounded away, but Odessa underneath him looked directly at the man and smiled at him. I think she even winked! Then she closed her eyes and moaned again.   
  
As I observed all this, I was also quite well aware of what was happening to me, as Philip relentlessly fucked me and began also to play with my tits. I was now very turned on, not just by the fuck, but also by the exhibitionist insanity of the situation.   
  
I was grateful for the distraction of Odessa and Steve. I was hoping nobody would even notice us going at it, but watch the other fucking attraction of the evening. However I also hoped people would watch us. I had contradictory feelings.   
  
We were definitely noticed. I was embarrassed, ashamed, and turned on, all at once. The man in the seat next to us had removed his blindfold and was staring at us, with a face showing incredulity. I turned my head and looked him in the eye and smiled, following the example of Odessa. Then I closed my eyes and moaned softly. I kicked the blanket off of us, to give him a better show. He recovered from his shock, and smiled at me.

Having the man watching us helped me to loosen up and enjoy the fuck. The imagined horror of people seeing me naked and being fucked on the airplane was now replaced with the reality of it. Reality is always less frightening than the anticipation of it. In this case reality was also highly erotic.   
  
Philip was screwing me, moving his cock in a circular motion, something I love. His cock would caress one side of my cunt, and then the other, all the time rubbing my clit. I began to breathe unevenly and began to cooperate automatically, raising my body to meet his thrusts.   
  
Getting a bit brazen, (okay, hugely brazen) I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him further into me. Then he surprised me and shocked me. He raised himself up, grabbed my legs and pushed them up vertically. He then pounded me fast and hard.   
  
This was new for us. It strained how limber I was. All subtlety was gone; we looked like we were starring in a porn movie. There was no ambiguity: Anyone who looked our way knew I was being spectacularly fucked and would see I was naked underneath Philip.   
  
A few other men sitting behind us were now watching us, Odessa told me later. I expected a flight attendant to come over and tell us we would be arrested when the airplane landed. But the flight attendants were nowhere to be found.   
  
I was so amazed this was happening, that I lost control and let myself go. Seconds later I came. I think I even squirted, which I almost never do. But I'm not sure, because it I did it was drowned in the huge amount of jism that came seconds later.  
  
Philip unloaded into my cunt, groaning softly as he did so. His cock squirted several times, and while a girl cannot estimate quantity with any accuracy, I could tell there was a hell of a lot of his stuff charging into me, zooming up my vaginal canal.   
  
I gave a return groan, and he stayed on top of my naked body for a while. Everyone still had their blindfolds on except for the four of us, and our several voyeurs, so I gently pushed Philip off, and got up stark naked and walked that way to the restroom. I sat on the toilet for a while letting gravity dispose of some of Philip's cum.   
  
I had the presence of mind to bring the blanket with me. Airplane blankets, even in business class, are quite small. We hit turbulence and the "Return to Seat" sign lit up, and an announcement reminded us to fasten out seat belts. I knew the flight attendants would be out and about making sure everyone's seat belts were on. One knocked on the bathroom door urging me to return to my seat.   
  
When I left the bathroom I had no choice now but to return to my seat naked. Fortunately I am small, so I wrapped the airplane blanked around my boobs. It did not fall down low enough to cover all of my privates, so I looked like a porn star tease. But it was the best I could do.  
  
It did not occur to Philip to bring me my clothes. Or maybe it did, and he enjoyed my predicament; I don't know. I walked back to my seat, exposing my cum filled cunt to the entire business class cabin.  
  
Arriving at my seat, the plane lurched from the turbulence, and I was thrown, in all my naked glory, onto the man sitting next to us, one who had watched us fuck. The blanket had come untied and fallen off of me.   
  
He did not mind, and he got a nice handful of boob as he helped me to right myself and get into my seat. I sat down naked, fastened my seat belt "low and tight around my stomach," and then draped Philip's blanket over me, recovering a modicum of modesty.   
  
I leaned over and said to the voyeur, "Thank you for your help." As I did so, the blanket slid down exposing my boobs.  
  
He smiled at my exposed boobs and replied with a thick French accent, "Anytime, miss."  
  
The steward had seen my little show. He was behind me and I guess he enjoyed seeing my naked ass as I returned to my seat. I was glad we were flying Air France. If anyone could be blasé about what had just happened, it was the French.   
  
I looked over to Odessa, and she was smiling at me, also having covered her nudity with a blanket. She mouthed the words, "You go, girl." I smiled back. We were destined to become good friends.   
  
When I got back to my seat, fastened my seat belt over my naked body and then covered up with the blanket, I glanced at Philip and he was smiling from ear to ear. I guess he had enjoyed my little show and humiliation of trying to walk back from the john naked, covered only in the front with the pathetically small airline blanket. And when I fell onto our neighbor, I of course revealed all of myself, further titillating my lover. Philip was an ass.  
  
Nevertheless, when I later reviewed our airplane fuck in my mind, and my exhibitionist display of nudity to the entire business class cabin, I got super hot thinking about it. Mostly I thought about what I must have looked like when Philip put my legs straight up in the air. Quite a few men had seen me, since they had removed their blindfolds in order to fasten their seat belts.   
  
Gradually people resumed trying to sleep and the steward disappeared again, and then both Odessa and I, still naked, stood up and gradually dressed, stretching out the exhibitionist aspect. I put on my panties first, then my skirt, so that I was standing with my boobs hanging out for quite some time. Finally I put my bra on, then my blouse. I sat back down, fastened my seat belt, noticed Philip was hard again from watching my display, ignored it, and fell into a deep sleep.   
  
Two hours later a crappy breakfast was served, but I slept through it, and only awoke when the airplane landed. Then the excitement of being in Paris got my adrenaline pumping! My virgin passport was deflowered with its first immigrations stamp when I entered France, and Philip bought me my first French croissant and coffee right there in the airport. He gave me some Euros, too.   
  
In the line for passport control I noticed quite a few men from our business class cabin on the plane were checking me out. I even felt a stranger's hand rub my ass. I let it go, pretending not to notice, even though it was impossible not to notice. His hand was not subtle in its "caress," having pushed hard into the crack of my ass.  
  
After passport control, I felt as if I were jumping up and down with excitement, but outwardly I was cool, although I was constantly smiling. Ourl uggage came quickly. The taxi took us directly to one of the best hotels in all Paris, on the Avenue George V just off the Champs-Elysées. From one window I saw the Arc de Triomphe, and from another I saw the Eiffel Tower. I idly wondered in front of which one Philip would undress me?  
  
I still did not know in any detail why we were going to France. I did know it had something to do with the bank, and judging by the clothes I was supposed to have bought, and did in fact buy, I knew we would be going to some mighty fancy and formal events.  
  
Probably the events were the type where people brought their partners. Once again with Philip I did not know if I was really his love being whisked off to Paris, or just window dressing: Someone who was fun to show off, to humiliate, and to fuck. I did not really mind being shown off and did not mind at all fucking Philip since I was crazy about him, but I could do without the humiliation aspect.  
  
Basically I wanted to mean more to him than being a human analogy of a clothing accessory, something he had to have as part of playing his role at the bank.   
  
We took a nap to help with jet lag, and in the evening Steve and Philip took us to the Crazy Horse. This was a "revue" of totally gorgeous near naked dancing girls on the stage performing all sorts of dance numbers. It was very well done, and highly erotic, especially for the many men there. Not so much for Odessa and me. I did not understand why we were there.  
  
When the show ended, it became clear why we were there. Some men came over and ushered us off to the back. We entered into a special room with soft music and champagne, and men and women in various states of undress, and engaging in various degrees of sex.   
  
Two men were fucking one woman, and she was moaning and at times even screaming. I was mesmerized watching and I did not even notice that someone standing behind me was undressing me. I assumed it was Philip. It was not.   
  
Two strange men were undressing Odessa and she was becoming naked fast. I became naked soon after. I looked around and could not see either of Steve or Philip. Odessa was placed on a table, and men stood around her feeling her up and sticking their fingers in her. She never protested and began to moan.  
  
One wall was a huge mirror, reflecting all the action. As I watched Odessa and what was happening to her, I felt hands reaching from behind me and caressing my boobs. I tried to turn around to see who was doing it, but his strong arms prevented me from doing so.  
  
I did not like this. It was as if I was a sex toy in a room of horny and creepy men. I was abandoned by my date, and was in danger of being forced to have sex with strangers. Odessa might be into this, but I surely was not.   
  
I went to Odessa and said, "Come on, Odessa. I don't know what's going on, but I don't like this. Grab your clothes and we're out of here!"  
  
I began to pick up my clothes that were strewn about on the floor. As I bent over to get the last item a finger entered my cunt. Shocked, I quickly stood up and slapped the finger, giggled, and said "Bad finger." This was a mistake; I should have slapped his face, and should not have giggled. But I was nervous. Hell, I was scared.  
  
The man was naked with a big erection. Let's call him Man One. He smiled at me, and pulled me towards him, and kissed me gently. It was a nice kiss, but I was not into this whole scene. I pushed myself away from him, only to find as I backed out of his reach two new arms came around me, holding my boobs. Man Two held me firmly.  
  
Man One approached my now squirming but immobilized naked body. He slowly looked me up and down, licked his lips, and smiled. I'm sure my eyes showed panic. This apparently turned on Man One. He had a large knife that glistened in the dim light, and he held his fingers to his lips. I nodded in understanding. I was now terrified. Knives terrify me.  
  
Man Three came up to me, and he and Two led me over to a couch and lay me down. Man One and his knife followed. Two and Three held me down, Man One discarded his knife and climbed on top of me and positioned his big, hard cock to enter me. "No!!" I managed to scream at full voice.  
  
Startled, Man One froze. My reaction was clearly unexpected, and he stopped. He lost his erection, and the grips of Two and Three on me relaxed. I got back up and picked up my clothes. I could not find my underwear, but to hell with it, I thought. I just needed to get out of there!  
  
I saw that a man had climbed up on the table and was mounting Odessa. She was going to be gangbanged, that was clear. She had yet to speak, either in protest or acknowledgement. Nobody had spoken a word.   
  
I went again to Odessa and said, "I'm leaving now. Are you coming?"   
  
Odessa said, "Steve wants this. He's watching behind the mirror. So is Philip."  
  
I said, "Fuck them. Do you want it?"  
  
Odessa began to sob softly. "Come on," I said, and I pushed the man waiting to fuck her off the table, and helped to pull her up. My adrenaline was pumping, giving me more strength than I ever thought I could have. "Get your clothes and shoes. We're out of here!"  
  
Odessa and I left, naked, and dressed ourselves on Avenue George V with an appreciative crowd of men watching us. We then smiled and pushed past them and walked up to the hotel. Neither of us had found our underwear, but at least we were dressed.   
  
I was also a little turned on by the blatant display of my naked body on one of the most fancy streets of Paris. That it was unavoidable, unless I was willing to be raped, made it even more of a turn on. But I did not dwell on it. The whole experience was frightening. I did not know what was wrong with Philip, but I had serious doubts about him now. Too bad.  
  
We got the key to my room and left a note at the front desk for Philip that said, "Philip and Steve: Fuck You Both, and Go To Hell." I guessed that was clear enough.  
  
We then went to my room, put a Do Not Disturb sign on the door, locked and bolted it and put on the chain lock, and went to bed together in the large king size bed. Philip would have to bunk with Steve.  
  
The next morning Odessa borrowed some of my clothes. We dressed in my two sexiest outfits. I put on my sexiest perfume, a bit too much of it perhaps, and went to breakfast. We had a leisurely breakfast and read the morning International New York Times. I also read the French paper Le Figaro. They had a Russian paper too, and since Odessa had studied Russian in college, she enjoyed trying to read that.  
  
Steve and Philip found us, and we snubbed them. They looked scared. They needed us to be on display, to be their women for some banking event. They needed us to be smiling and fawning all over them. Their prospects did not look good. They asked to join us, and we shook our heads no. (I had already coached Odessa to do this.)  
  
But they're bankers, and for bankers money talks. So after we let them squirm and suffer for a while, Odessa and I took them jewelry shopping and hit them up for some major pieces. They had to pay for what they had done, and the way to get to a banker is through his bank account. We had fun, Odessa and I. I now had some major diamond jewelry. So did Odessa.  
  
The men, still in repentance mode, took us to the bar at the Bristol for cocktails at the end of our day spending their money on ourselves. Remembering the previous evening, and turning the knife a little, when I learned their signature cocktail was called "The Crazy Horse," I immediately ordered one. Odessa followed my lead.  
  
"OK, boys, now it's time to tell us what this trip is really about. No more surprises, I have had my fill." Odessa nodded in agreement.  
  
Steve began, while Philip studied the tablecloth. "Well girls, tomorrow Philip and I will go to a meeting of some of the top private bankers of the world. As you know, private banking caters to the very rich, and tries to make them even richer. Not surprisingly, they like that."  
  
Odessa said, "Yeah, yeah. Get to the good stuff."  
  
Steve, a little flustered, cleared his throat and said, "After the day of meetings, the bankers have a big party with their partners, and we all unwind. That's where you two come in."  
  
"No kidding, Sherlock," I said.   
  
Steve turned and looked at me, and then continued, "The party is formal, and we hope you will enjoy yourselves and socialize with the other bankers and their women."  
  
"Are there no women bankers?" I asked.   
  
Now Philip joined in. "Largely no, Joanie. Most of the rich who use private banking services are men. Most of the men are sexist and being a woman private banker I fear would not be a pleasant occupation. These men are often pigs."  
  
"I get the picture," I said. "And you want us to flirt with these pigs and be nice to them and their women. Or will they be call girls?"  
  
"Frankly, I don't know. But yes, please, please be nice," Philip said with some trepidation.  
  
"No worries, mate," I said, in my best Australian accent. "You are two are now forgiven and we are both still in love with you." I looked over at Odessa and she nodded vigorously in confirmation.   
  
"I should mention one other thing," Philip added. Steve looked sharply at him, and I saw fear in his eyes. Our table at the bar fell into a loud silence.   
  
I broke the spell by signaling the waiter and ordering another round of drinks. When they came quickly after, we all silently drank our drinks, and waited for Philip to spill the beans.   
  
Philip finally broke the silence. "There will also be some of our clients there, and clients of other bankers too. Some are billionaires and will be with their wives or mistresses. Others are not yet billionaires but are very rich men. They have strange tastes and are not accustomed to being turned down."  
  
Philip had never used the word rich before. He had always said wealthy, comfortable, or well to do. Now I knew what the word rich meant to him. The English language has lots of ways to say the same thing.  
  
Odessa was the first one to notice, while I was ruminating over Philip's use of the word rich. "What do you mean, exactly, by 'strange tastes'?" she asked.   
  
We had another long bout of silence. Finally Philip spoke, "Strange sexual tastes. Some of them like multiple partners in the same evening, and they like other people's women. They take a lot of Viagra. In particular, they like their bankers' women. I predict they will all want the two of you."  
  
The silence that ensued at our little table was deafening. First Philip pimped me out for his promotion, and now he was going to pimp me out just to keep his clients, or maybe win some from other men. I felt sick to my stomach.   
  
I realized last night at the rooms behind the Crazy Horse was simply a test to see just how wild Odessa and I could really be. It had not gone well for these two assholes, that was clear.  
  
My mind was racing. I broke the silence, saying, "I'm speaking only for me; Odessa may not agree. I am fine if you want me to be a prostitute to keep your clients or to land new clients, but if I am to be your whore, you will have to pay me. That's what you do with whores. And you will do it, and do it big time."  
  
Philip started to speak but I held up my hand. I continued, "I want 5% of the value of the business of every new client you land due in part to my body, and 2% of the business of each client you keep because of my body."  
  
Philip and Steve stared at me, stupefied. Odessa looked over to me in horror, no doubt for having spoken the unspoken truth.  
  
"You should have told me sooner," I continued. "Now we have very little time. I need to rush to buy a new dress for tonight, the one I already bought will not do. Philip, call the hotel and tell them to make me the latest possible appointment tonight with the coiffure; I need to have my hair washed and blown dry."  
  
"The party is tomorrow night, Joanie," Philip said.  
  
"Good. That gives me more time," I replied icily.   
  
Philip started to speak again. "Not yet, I'm not done," I said. "Philip, make me a list of all the new clients you want me to seduce for you, from the biggest fish on down, in descending order. I will also need to know the business of each one."  
  
"That's confidential, I can't..." Philip began to say. My palm went up again, right in his face, to stop him.   
  
"You don't understand. I don't care about how you invest their riches. I need to know the golden goose that lays the golden eggs they give you to invest. I need to go on the Internet and learn about their businesses, and I have precious little time to do this. Philip, also get the wifi code for our hotel room. Now there's no time to lose, I have to go to the Lanvin boutique before it closes today, to have some time for emergency alterations, if any are needed. What time is the party again?"  
  
"It starts at 8pm, tomorrow" Philip said meekly, "but we could arrive at 8:30pm, or even 9pm."  
  
"Ok. I'm off. Are you coming, Odessa?" I said. Odessa looked scared but she got up to come with me.  
  
"I'm coming too," Philip said. I'll call the hotel and make the arrangements, and I'll make the list for you while you choose your new dress." I said okay and we ended up all four going to Lanvin. I Google mapped the address, and the doorman got us a cab.   
  
"La boutique Lanvin," I told the cab driver, "aussi vite que possible." He took off.  
  
Philip said, "I did not know you spoke French, Joanie."  
  
"That because you're a moron. There is a lot you do not know about me. To you, I'm just a pretty girl you can whore out to advance your career. In reality I am a human being, with intelligence and a personality."

"You have no idea how thin the ice is that you're skating on. Tomorrow night I can make you rich, or I can ruin you. It's up to me."  
  
The rest of the taxi ride was silent. No one spoke a word. Odessa was beginning to look at me in awe and admiration. Philip was scared stiff. Steve was just along for the ride.   
  
Finally, Odessa spoke. "Joanie, you looked drop dead gorgeous in the gown you have, and sexy too. Why is it wrong?"  
  
I said, "You'll understand when you see the new one I'm getting."  
  
When we got to Lanvin I spoke to the woman, and I did so in French so the others would not understand. I explained it was an emergency, I was going to a formal affair tonight, but the dress I had brought, which was also by Lanvin, was all wrong. I pointed to it, since they had it on a mannequin.   
  
I explained I love the dress, but I need one that makes me look hyper sexy but completely unavailable. Not just the opposite of cheap, which could send the signal that I might be available at the right price, but simply not at all available. Unassailable. Out of reach, yet sexy. The men have to want me desperately, but know they cannot have me.  
  
Explaining all this taxed my French ability to the limit, but the saleswoman nodded. She complemented me on my French, too. But she answered me in near perfect, British-accented English. She said, "Let me think." Then she went into the back of the store, leaving us there.   
  
She returned with three dresses and led me to a changing room. All of them were perfect for what I wanted. Boy, this woman was good. I chose one that was the most amazing shade of green in the most velvety fabric that ever existed, I'm sure.   
  
The fabric was thin, you could almost see through it, making the dress light, almost floating. It had a bit of stretch to it, and consequently it hugged my body perfectly emphasizing every womanly curve I had. It clung to my breasts, separating them and outlining them exquisitely. It caressed my ass. I could not have worn it had I not had a perfect body. An advantage of being young, I thought.  
  
No skin showed. None. It had a high neck that rose almost to my chin, long sleeves, and went down to the floor. But you could see my bra and my panties through the fabric.   
  
The saleswoman said, "Try it on again with no underwear." I did. Oh My God this dress was perfect. My nipples slightly poked at the fabric, giving a hint of them, and more than a hint when they were hard. There were no lines anywhere. My boobs were outlined perfectly. The dress came in and clung to both my midriff and my waist and then clung gracefully to my hips.  
  
There was a small dark spot where my mound was, due to my artistically trimmed pubic hair. In the three-way mirror I saw that my ass was outlined perfectly, as it clung to both cheeks, and went in just a bit at my crack. It was better than being naked—it was sexier than nudity.  
  
The woman said, "I like the dark spot. It makes you even sexier. But if you want not to have it, I'm afraid you will have to wax away the hair, or to shave down there."  
  
I told her thanks, it's perfect. Does it need alterations? She said no that remarkably it fits me perfectly. She pointed out that the absence of the need for alteration is indeed a rare event. I thanked her. "It's perfect. I'll take it."  
  
We left the dressing area to meet the others. When they saw me in the dress they all gasped. Odessa said, "Now I understand! Joanie you are brilliant."  
  
Philip simply stared, and Steve said, "My God, Joanie, that dress was made for you. You look beautiful, stunning!"  
  
Philip was staring at the dark spot caused by my mound. He licked his lips. He said, "Wow," very quietly.   
  
I never asked the price of the dress, I just told Philip to pay. He told me later the dress cost almost $8,000. The saleswoman wrapped up the dress, and Philip and I grabbed a cab and raced back to the hotel. We left Steve and Odessa in Lanvin and the saleswoman went to work finding the perfect dress for Odessa, with the same conditions as I had gave her for me.   
  
I went to our room, went on line and worked frantically at my computer until it was time for my blow dry. I took a break for it, and then had room service back in the room while I continued to work frantically. I studied up on the biggest fish's golden gooses (he had several), and then used all my skills, all my magic, to hack into his personal computer.   
  
The man had left it turned on, and on line, in his hotel room, on a not very secure network. It was as if he were doing me a favor. It still wasn't easy, but it was doable. It took me a long time, but eventually I got in.  
  
I learned his inner most secrets, his wants and desires, and his fears. I knew his perversions, too. Rich men have dark secrets, that's for sure.   
  
For me, the hacking and learning the secrets of these men was the fun part. It was tinted however by knowing that I was expected to put out for them. I tried not to think about that, but it kept popping into my head.  
  
I next began on big fish number two. I continued until I finally stopped at 8pm the next day, applied the perfect perfume for the occasion, dressed in my new drop-dead Lanvin creation, and told Philip to take me to the hotel bar for a drink. I wore my golden nail bracelet and my brand new diamond encrusted gold broach, and my new gold dangle earrings that jingled when I walked. I called them my wind chime earrings.  
  
Every man at the hotel bar looked at me and some men stared. I ignored them all and told Philip the broad outlines of why I was doing what I was doing, and my plan for the evening. He was awe struck, and realized my brilliance. At least he is bright enough for that, I thought.  
  
You see, I knew the way to get to these men was to be completely unobtainable, but extremely desirable. It's all about desire and impossibility. These rich men want what they cannot have, and they want to have what everyone else wants. For tonight, I had to be the most desirable woman there, and to be completely unobtainable. I had to combine both: desire and impossibility, and also be the trophy everyone wanted.   
  
It was not enough to be the prettiest, nor the sexiest. Those girls are a dime a dozen. I had to be both of those, and also the smartest, someone he could talk to about what he loved the most in life, besides his money. It could not be about money, I had to entertain his mind. Then he would want me more than life itself. That, in essence, was my plan.  
  
And now I needed a buzz. I could not be a whore if I were sober. I could play the seduction part best sober, but sadly I knew I was going to have to deliver the sex, too. That part scared me, especially after what I had seen on the computer of the Big Fish.   
  
I needed courage, and booze gave it to me. Sadly, the cocktails at this hotel were expensive champagne and some fruit liqueur. Pathetic. So I ordered the oldest Scotch whiskey they had. That might do the trick.   
  
As I was sipping my whiskey, Steve and Odessa walked into the bar. Just as had happened when I walked into the bar earlier, it was as if time stopped. A hush enveloped the bar and it seemed like everyone stopped breathing at the shock of this gorgeous vision that was floating in.  
  
Odessa did not go for subtlety. She had on a bright red silk dress with both very large and fairly small oval cutouts. One of course was for her entire back, with just a strap of fabric at the bottom of her neck constituting the top boundary of the oval. The oval ended where the crack of her ass began.  
  
There was a large oval hole in the front, too. It revealed the entire inside sides of both of her boobs, almost exposing her nipples but stopping just short. You did get to see a fair amount of her areolas, since hers were large, but not her nipples. The cut out went almost to the bottom of her neck at the top and all the way down past her belly button in the front. It stopped just inches short of her vagina.  
  
There were also small cutouts on her sides. If you wanted to stick your hand inside her dress, you would have a large choice of ways to do it. All the rest was covered except for a small slit so that she could walk.   
  
Clearly she was also commando: there was no way to wear either a bra or panties with such a dress, without creating lines, or have parts of the panties actually visible. There were no lines. Like my dress, it clung to Odessa's body. It maximally showed her beautiful creamy white skin. It had to be one of the sexiest dresses on earth. It was the ultimate "fuck me dress."  
  
The fabric of Odessa's dress was similar to mine, having just a tad of stretch to it so that it hugged her body and also revealed every womanly curve she had. She had them all.  
  
Somehow her dress, while showing a large amount of skin and boob, but did not make her look cheap or available, just ultra desirable. I was jealous as all hell, but I knew for my purposes tonight, that was not the dress for me. But it sure was for Odessa!   
  
Steve and Odessa ordered the house cocktails at the hotel bar, champagne with what peach liqeur in it, and then the four of us got into a cab to go the party. Steve sat in the back in between us two girls, and he already had his hands under Odessa's dress. She just smiled and looked straight ahead. When we got out of the cab she whispered to me thanks for arranging the right clothes for us. She understood my plan.  
  
I had previously told Philip how to behave when he spoke with the Big Fish. I knew the Big Fish would get him alone to ask about me, and I told him to tell him I was not like that, and I was unavailable. I knew from my hacking research, the BF (as I called him; his actual name was Mark Harwood) would push hard to get me, and after some resistance Philip should advise him to get me drunk to have his best chance. Then the BF would ask for my biggest vulnerability, and after a while of more stalling, Philip would tell him I liked old cars. After a lot more pushing, Philip could admit I had a weakness for sexual bondage games.   
  
After I told Philip all this he was surprised, and said, "Joanie, I had no idea you like old cars and especially that you are into bondage!"  
  
I said, "I don't like old cars, and I'm not at all into bondage. This is how we land the BF. It's the BF who is into bondage. What do you think I was doing for hours on my computer? On his computer he has pictures of all the bound naked women that he has fucked, including his wife. Just trust me on this."  
  
The party was at an elegant private club on the right bank. From the outside it looked like another French government building, with massive cut-stone walls and two unmarked doors so large that when they both opened you could drive a car through them. One door was open and two guards were standing outside to keep out uninvited guests.  
  
We were ushered in. The place was gorgeous, with a cobble stone patio used to park a few fancy cars, and in the building beyond the courtyard we entered an elegant room dating back to before the French revolution, complete with a painted ceiling and gold leaf everywhere, or so it seemed. As we entered a booming voice announced us: Miss Joan Harley and Mr. Philip Wilson, of New York. We were each given glasses of champagne as we made our grand entrance.  
  
Right from the start I knew I had chosen the right dress, jewelry, and shoes. Every eye in the place was on me. I think my handsome lover Philip was almost completely ignored. In our sexist world it's all about the women, how they look and what they're wearing. In that sense, I was batting a thousand.   
  
I also chose the right perfume I silently thought, but that is for later. Even more impressive, the eyes lingered on me even as the next couple, Steve and Odessa, was announced. And that despite the fact that Odessa looked stunning.  
  
Odessa asked if she could cling to me during the party. I told her yes, please do. Both of us were nervous and scared. These were powerful men surrounding us, among the lost powerful men in the world. They were not the immature sex hungry college drunks I was used to fighting off, and they were not the New York masters of the universe that Odessa had learned to swat away with ease and grace. These men were a different type of animal. We were each not sure we knew how to deal with them.  
  
Philip and Steve stood by our sides, reinforcing that we were theirs. I was not sure they realized that these men did not care. Everyone was for them tonight, in their minds. They ruled the world, and could have what they wanted. You could see it in their eyes, and this is what frightened Odessa, and despite my bravado and cocky self-confidence, it also frightened me.   
  
I realized to play the part I knew I had to play, I needed all my wits and had to stay sober. I also knew I had to be drunk when the sex part came at the end. When to start drinking was something I had yet to figure out.   
  
Philip and Steve were whisking us around and introducing us to men. I already knew the faces of the four fishes Philip wanted to land. This was from their pictures on various web sites. They were older than their pictures, but surprisingly young, most of them in their 40s or early 50s, and more handsome as a rule than Philip's creepy boss, Mr. Hardigan.  
  
The lingua franca of the event was English, since the rich industrialists came from all over Europe, Japan, and Singapore, etc. I kept secret my ability with the French language.   
  
The BF, Mr. Harwood, was only 45, and reasonably good looking. I gave him and each of the other men a big smile, and I only spoke when spoken to. Mr. Harwood asked me banal questions, such as what I planned to do in Paris. I told him it was my first time in Paris, and I was curious about their network of underground pneumatic tubes they once used to aid the fast delivery of the mail. I did not elaborate and left him dumbfounded.  
  
I knew he was expecting a reply such as I wanted to see the Eiffel Tower, or to visit the Louvre, or to go shopping, or to enjoy an elegant French meal. Indeed, those things were exactly what I wanted to do. But I also knew that the answer I gave would intrigue him.   
  
I excused myself from Mr. Harwood, and Odessa and I left him dumbfounded and mingled with any other women we could find who were not surrounded by men. This gave us a limited choice, but we did not care.   
  
We enjoyed talking with the other women, and by doing so, nobody was pressuring us to drink. Every so often Philip or Steve would bring some rich guy over to meet us, and we would dazzle them with our looks. I dazzled the first five big fishes on Philip's lists. I enjoyed seeing them dazzled, not just by my looks, but also my aplomb and my original and provocative replies to their questions. My computer work was really paying off.  
  
Odessa was on display in her dress, and so was I. The difference was that Odessa's sexuality was up front and our there, whereas mine was a little subtler yet as such ultimately more seductive.   
  
Big fish number 4 quite discretely felt up my ass. He was clever and did it when we were near a wall, and my back was facing the wall. He did it in an erotic way, with his hand caressing the crack of my ass, giving my ass cheeks little squeezes, and at one point he fondled the back of my cunt from behind.   
  
While he did this I just smiled innocently and drank my drink. I did not react at all. He stopped, smiled at me, and then arranged it so he could do the same to Odessa. I gave a slight head movement to Odessa, warning her so that she could have the presence of mind not to react.  
  
With Odessa he slipped his hand through one of the ovals to caress her ass in the flesh, not through her dress. Odessa looked at me. I let him do this to her for a few minutes, and then I said to him, "Please excuse us both. I see Mrs. Harwood standing alone and we both want to meet her."   
  
Big Fish 3 just smiled at us as we walked away, wiggling our asses for him.  
  
Had I not been there, Odessa in her dress, jewelry, and perfume, and with her natural beauty, would have been the most seductive woman there. The two of us together became irresistible to the rich men.   
  
So they kept coming to us. We would frustrate them by introducing them to the women we were speaking with and then slipping away. It was just another aspect of my desire and impossibility strategy.  
  
Big Fishes numbers 2 and 4 came over together. They were both French. After some small talk they spoke to each other in French. They said something like this:  
  
Number 2: I've mentally undressed both of these bitches. They have bodies that will not quit!  
  
Number 4: I can't decide which one to fuck first.  
  
They said this right in front of us. So I said to them, in near perfect French, "Will you please excuse us gentlemen? I think our partners are looking for us." As Odessa and I left them standing there, horrified with embarrassment, I knew my shit eating smile was in grave danger of becoming laughter.   
  
After a couple of hours of this, Philip and Steve got Odessa and me alone, and they told us every man at the party wanted a chance with each of us, or better, both of us at once. They had narrowed it down to four, plus the Big Fish Harwood, making five in total. Were we game?   
  
I said, "I need to get drunk, and fast." Odessa agreed. They told us the four men and Harwood had gone to a private room and they would take us there when we were ready. Odessa and I quickly each downed a large glass of very old Scotch whiskey and I said, "Lay on, Macduff," and off we went.   
  
The four of us entered the well-lit room that was furnished in Louis-something style. A concession to modernity was two modern queen size beds. That made the purpose of this room pretty obvious.   
  
As planned when I saw the two double beds, I shot Philip a look and turned around and began to leave. Philip caught me by the arm and began to whisper something, as I was straining to get away. Then Mr. Harwood approached, smiling and offering me a drink; in the other hand he was carrying a small whip.  
  
I made a show of noticing the whip, relaxing, and then I smiled my flash of headlights smile at Mr. Harwood. "That looks like an interesting cocktail," I said, as Philip released my arm.  
  
"Thank you,' Harwood said. "I designed it myself. I call it "Liquid Silk."   
  
"I will be delighted to taste it, especially since you designed it yourself. I love original drinks,' I said. I tasted it, and then tasted it again. I was silent for a time.  
  
"Is it alright?" Harwood asked.  
  
"Oh yes," I quickly said, snapping out of my reverie. "It's delicious. I was trying to figure out what is in it. It's subtle, but please don't tell me."  
  
"I certainly will not tell you," he said. "It's a personal secret. But I'm pleased that you like it."  
  
I then took another taste, and beckoned him to come close and whispered in his ear with my sexiest whisper, and told him the recipe for the drink. I had of course found it when I hacked into his personal computer just before the party. He was flabbergasted. He pulled away and for the first time he looked at me as more than just a potential sexual conquest. He now saw me as a woman, and not just a sexually objectified woman.   
  
To Philip's credit, he saw the change that occurred in Harwood when I whispered the recipe in his ear. Philip did not know what I was whispering; he saw only the result. I had deliberately made a mistake, so my recipe was close to perfect, but not exactly perfect. I had said Triple Sec, when I knew it was Cointreau. My proportions however were perfect.  
  
When my cocktail glass was empty, Harwood returned with another. I gave him my best smile, accepted it, and mentioned he missed his calling as a bartender. Then I said as if I were reflecting, "But it's nice you have had so much success with pharmaceuticals." I added, "It looks as if your new experimental drug, Navaserum, could alter the landscape for Alzheimer's disease."

This was my surprise number three (after the pneumatic tubes and the cocktail recipe), as the development of the drug was top secret. I had a few more surprises prepared, but it now seemed clear I did not need them. Harwood was a hooked fish.  
  
Harwood was now visibly flustered. I glanced at Philip and his face showed awe and amusement. Harwood said, "Nobody knows about that. How did you...?"  
  
"A girl has to have her secrets," I told him, again giving him my best smile. "But Mr. Harwood, if you give me a few more of your wonderful cocktails, I'm sure you will be able to open me like a book." Given the context, this was a double entendre, and in that snese perhaps a sexually submissive thing to say.  
  
I had him now, in spades. "Please call me Mark. May I call you Joan?"  
  
"I prefer Joanie," I said. "I've always been Joanie. These really are delicious, Mark," I said, handing him my empty glass. I was beginning to get drunk. Finally; thank God, I thought. I need to be seriously drunk if I am to let him take me to bed.   
  
At this point I looked over at Odessa, and caught her eye. She had landed a big fish too, and he was already kissing her and had a hand inside her dress. I idly wondered which oval he had chosen to use as his opening.   
  
When the kiss broke she winked at me and smiled. Four more men had entered the room. That made 8 men plus the big fish. That was way too many men for only two women. What was going on? Steve and Philip had tricked us. Five was bad enough, but nine? All 9 of the men constituted exactly Philip's list of big fishes.  
  
Odessa's fish had pushed her dress off her boobs, exposing them, but he had no idea how to remove her dress since the zipper was hidden. Odessa then unzipped her own dress for him, and he peeled it off her luscious body. Since she too was commando, she quickly became nude.   
  
She was standing there nude in front of a room full of nine men, and Steve and Philip. Not only that but the room contained two double beds, removing all subtlety about the evening's entertainment. The women were just the two of us. Nine men, two women; I was not a happy camper. Odessa carefully folded her dress; she wanted to make sure it did not get harmed.  
  
The men all stood and admired Odessa, and I was impressed with Odessa's aplomb at not showing how freaked out she must have been to be a sexual target for eight men at the same time. I don't count Harwood: I was clearly his idée fixe for the evening. Mark came over to me with a new cocktail.   
  
I tore my eyes from Odessa and looked into his. We both knew where this was going. I thanked him for his cocktail with a nice smile on my lips, and then I saw he had the whip in his hand. I glanced at it, and gave him a bigger smile.   
  
He approached me and without saying a word, as I was sipping his cocktail, he slowly and carefully unzipped my dress. "What a beautiful dress," he said. "And you look even more beautiful while wearing it."  
  
"I love complements," I replied. "Thank you. Maybe I should stay in my dress?" My dress was now unzipped, and he was slowly lowering it from my shoulders. I pulled it back up, and smiled at him. I was not going to be so easy.   
  
"I'm drinking," I said. Mark nodded. He looked over at Odessa. She was now lying on the bed, and four men were crowded around her. They too had become naked. The men blocked my view somewhat, but it looked as if her breasts were being fondled, and fingers were in her cunt.   
  
She was smiling at the men, writhing just a bit on the bed. She gave very appearance of enjoying herself. I was impressed; I could not have done that. Maybe Odessa should have been an actress.  
  
Two men came into the room bearing handcuffs and other restraints, and attached them to the bed. I looked at Mark and raised an eyebrow. "Aren't you sweet," I said. "Is that to restrain the wild animal inside me?"   
  
"That is my fondest hope, you amazing and gorgeous creature," he replied. When he said that, I handed him my empty cocktail glass. I had downed four or five of his special cocktails and was now seriously drunk. I was as ready as I'd ever be.   
  
"What animal are you?" Harwood asked, playing with the metaphor.  
  
"Why, I thought it was obvious. I am a tigress. Quite a fierce one, I warn you," I replied never breaking my smile. Harwood's smile got bigger.   
  
Harwood again began to slip off my dress, and this time I just stood there smiling as he undressed me, giving no resistance. Soon it was revealed that I too was commando, but maybe that was obvious to him already.   
  
Some of the men crowding around Odessa stopped to watch Harwood undress me. I imagine watching the dress unpeel from my body was a sexy sight.  
  
Harwood stepped back to take in my body with his penetrating eyes, and I just smiled. He led me to the bed, and his two servants strapped me in. I was now helpless, completely constrained, naked, and with my legs spread. I was still smiling, although I was so scared at this point, it took a major effort to maintain the smile.   
  
Everybody was looking at me now, staring at my wide open cunt and my breasts sagging off to the sides of my chest a little. Any one of them, and probably all of them did, could imagine jumping on top of me and fucking my brains out. And of course I knew this. I could see it in their eyes. It was a terrifying sight, their eyes.  
  
Mr. Harwood, or Mark as he told me to call him, turned to one of the servants. "Get her ready for me," he said. This surprised me. The servant got on the bed with me and began to fondle and kiss my boobs, then he began to finger me ever so gently, and finally he began to eat me out. He had done this before, clearly, and was quite skilled.   
  
He never tried to kiss me.  
  
He avoided my clit and licked the sides of my labia, up and down. I discovered this was an extreme turn on for me. Then he gradually placed a finger at the entrance of my cunt but did not insert it, just tantalizingly teased me with the prospect of it entering me as he continued his magic with my labia.   
  
Then he raised his head a couple of inches and ever so gently blew on my cunt. This was driving me nuts. He licked me slowly up and down for a while, stuck his nose in my cunt and moved it around. Nobody had ever done these things to me, and I found them erotic. Basically it was a prolonged tease.   
  
Most of my lovers never had the patience, or perhaps the desire, to tease me in such a prolonged way. It's too bad, because a long tease leads to a high level of arousal. It certainly did in this case. Suddenly the servant thrust his finger deep inside me. I was intensely longing for something like that. I practically came right there. He then stopped.   
  
"She is ready," the servant said, in heavily accented English.   
  
The servant was fully dressed. As he was eating me, I thought: He has a nice body, hard and compact. I could not touch him though, due to the handcuffs.  
  
I could see Odessa if I turned my head, but I did not need to. I could hear her. Everyone could. She was moaning loudly as one of the fishes was fucking her hard. I did look and they were in missionary position. The ultimate domination position, I idly thought. Other men with erections were standing around her, waiting their turns.   
  
The man on top of Odessa was holding her arms down, making her at least partially helpless. But she was willing, that was clear. He was doing it just for the effect.  
  
While the servant was eating me out, I maintained a smile and stared at Harwood, never breaking eye contact. This went against my habit of closing my eyes while being eaten out and letting my imagination run wild. But I did not want to show any emotion. I was afraid if I did, my face would show disgust, because that is exactly what I felt.  
  
Next to him was another servant with a fancy camera, constantly taking pictures of me while the other servant made me "ready" for Harwood. I distracted myself trying to see if the camera was a Nikon, a Canon, or a Leica. It was a Leica as it turned out.   
  
However the body has a mind of its own, and the stimulation I received from this man's practiced technique eventually, and almost against my will, led to an orgasm when he finally and suddenly thrust his finger deep inside me. When I had it, it took me by surprise so that I gasped and shook just a little. It was enough, however, for Harwood to notice. He smiled. It was an evil, cruel and triumphant smile, although maybe I was over interpreting. I hoped I was.   
  
Now naked, bound, and having cum, the man with the Leica approached me closer and closer taking about one hundred pictures in shutter bursts. I knew the one that came out best would be in Harwood's folder of sexual conquests on his computer.  
  
Harwood then undressed and climbed onto the bed. I inwardly grimaced, but used all of my mental strength to keep smiling. Why wasn't the alcohol working? As he came near me, I said, "If it would not be too much trouble, could I have a Scotch whiskey chaser?"  
  
Harwood stood up, shot a look to one of the servants, and the man ran out of the room and almost immediately returned with two large Scotch whiskeys on the rocks. Harwood took one, but I had no hands available to take mine. He pointed to the restraints, and one of my arms was freed. I raised my head as much as I could and drank my Scotch together with Harwood.   
  
At this point two very attractive prostitutes entered and began to undress Steve and Philip. Philip shook his head and waved them away. Steve however succumbed to temptation, and while Odessa was being gangbanged to help his career, he was getting his rocks off with a prostitute. I don't know how Odessa felt about this, but if Philip had done that I would have killed him. Perhaps Philip knew that.  
  
I felt better after the Scotch and lay back down and my hand was promptly cuffed again. Harwood had lost his erection during this long interlude with the Scotch, so he placed his flaccid cock next to my mouth. I smiled at him but kept my mouth closed. He raised an eyebrow but did nothing.  
  
He got up off the bed, leaving me naked on display, tied to the bed with my legs spread wide. He went over to Odessa. She lay on the bed, legs splayed, with cum oozing out of both her cunt and her ass. Her hair was a mess, and there was cum on her stomach and on her breasts.   
  
The men had all finished with her, and she was clearly played out. He put his cock near her mouth, gently touched her cheek so that she opened her eyes, and she sucked and nursed his cock skillfully into a prominent erect state.  
  
He left her and returned to me, never said a word, lay down on top of me and brutally stuck it in. I was no longer wet, but at least I now felt drunk, and anyway I had recently discovered to my horror and surprise that I kind of liked rough sex.   
  
Being drunk helped a lot. I gasped involuntarily when he entered me and then began to moan in pleasure as the rough sex turned me on (and this was truly rough). I didn't even have to act. I opened my eyes and saw that all eyes were on me, even Steve's as he pounded the whore from behind. She too was making noise, but I knew she was acting. I was not.   
  
That I was bound and could not move made me feel dominated, and absolved me of any responsibility for what was being done to me. Bizarrely, this was liberating. I felt a new type of arousal, letting me relax and just enjoy the sex, independent of the pig who was giving it to me. Now I was really into it, to my great surprise.  
  
I rapidly became wet, and Hardigan knew it. I think it was a turn on for him that he made me wet with his rough sex. He didn't stop; he just pounded harder. He rose up off my body as he ravished me, propping himself up with his arms. He nodded to a servant, and the servant came over with some kind of electric prod.   
  
I fought back the fear and looked at the prod and then smiled up at Harwood. He smiled back, and this time his smile seemed genuine. For the moment at least, he had me. I was his, to do with as he pleased, and he knew it, and I knew it. Most importantly for him, he knew that I realized I was completely, and willingly, even-dare I say?-enthusiastically in his power. This is what turned him on.   
  
The servant touched me with the prod and I received an electric shock. My body jerked involuntarily, and I gasped. Then I gave a loud moan, and whispered to Harwood, "Faster. Harder. Deeper." He complied.   
  
I got another shock. I had the same reaction. I had been terrified, but again to my total surprise, I found the whole situation highly erotic. I was being roughly fucked, with all sorts of men watching (everyone was watching me; nobody was watching Steve and his whore), as well as Odessa, and the electric shocks were making me tingle and seemed to increase the sensations from Harwood's cock. Plus the restraints added another dimension. I had no idea I was this kinky.  
  
I began to moan loudly. My constrained body rose to meet his thrusts, as much as it could. I was straining at the restraints. I was sweating and my boobs were heaving. I was out of control.  
  
I had told Philip to mention bondage, because I knew from my hacking of Harwood's computer that it was the weakness of Harwood himself. All these rich men are into power and nothing else. Misogynistic power over a woman, another human being, was the ultimate power. The writings of the Marquis de Sade had explained that to me. (I had read Sade in my comparative literature class at college.) Harwood was no exception.  
  
I had arranged to be the ultimate trophy for Harwood: a beautiful, sexy, irresistible woman who was smart and knowledgeable enough to be a threat. Such women had to be dominated, to be humiliated.  
  
But now it turned out I was into all this. After the third electric shock, and more brutal fucking by Harwood, I was overcome by a huge, mega orgasm. I screamed to high heaven, shook and vibrated, and almost passed out. Harwood smiled at me and then plunged his cock in as deep as he could get it and unloaded his jism deep inside me. He then fell on top of me.  
  
"You are quite a woman," he whispered to me. "I've wanted a woman like you all my life." I smiled up at him, and gently kissed his chest, the only body part my lips could reach.  
  
Then Harwood whispered, "You are the equal of my wife. That's the highest complement I can give you."  
  
Smiling at him, I whispered, "Thank you." I did not dare speak in full voice, I don't know why.  
  
He got off of me and quickly got dressed. In parting he said, "We need to talk later about Navaserum."  
  
I thought the evening was over and fully expected that I would be released from my bondage. I was naïve. Harwood left the room with Philip, and I looked around for the servants who would release me, but they too were gone.  
  
All of the eight men who had gangbanged Odessa now sported erections anew and were looking at me with lust and supercilious smiles.   
  
I was immobilized. I was struck with terror. Philip had left the room and could not save me. One of the eight pigs was on top of Odessa, enjoying her for a second time. I realized this was her ninth fuck of the evening. Holy shit.   
  
Odessa could not save me. Steve was also gone. I was on my own. I was doomed.   
  
The men saw the terror in my eyes, and they seemed to like it. I think they even got off on my terror. One by one they each fucked me. Big Fish number 2 was the first to fuck me. He was a good fuck as it turns out, and I concentrated on the bondage element, that I was helpless and was being ravaged. I was not responsible.   
  
This worked a second time, and I got into the fuck and gave Number 2 a big macho ego boost with my reactions to his brutal treatment of me. It turns out misogynists who ravish bound women actually like it if the women enjoy the sex; all the more so if the woman being ravished were one of the two sexiest girls at the party.   
  
Next came Big Fish number 3. They were unwittingly keeping the order of Philip's list. I focused on the knowledge I was being gangbanged, something I never, ever thought I would like. But with the bondage, and everyone watching, almost drooling as they waited their turn, and the roughness of the misogynists, I discovered I was into it.   
  
This was needed, and reassuring, as I got fucked repeatedly. I had not cum with Big Fish number 2, but I sure did with number 3. Nobody in the room had any doubt I had cum; I was noisy and was not at all subtle.  
  
Big Fish number 5 went before number 4; I saw that was because Number 4 was having a second round with Odessa, her tenth fuck by my count. I was becoming played out. I did not think I could continue.  
  
I called out to Odessa and that woke her from her drunken stupor. She saw what was happening to me and she saved me. She undid my restraints and as soon as the man on top of me had squirted onto my face and my boobs, she helped me up. I spoke for the first time other than my call to Odessa. "That's enough boys. Maybe next time."   
  
Odessa and I cleaned up thoroughly in the restroom and put our dresses and shoes back on, and went off to look for our men. I gave Odessa a little talk. She was near tears, having been fucked my 8 men, and some of them fucked her twice. I told her it was now essential not to let it show. "Hold your head up and smile your best smile. I'll do the talking for both of us," I told her.   
  
We found Philip speaking with the Big Fish Harwood, and both men were smiling. I could tell Philip had landed him. I found out later he landed the top 4 on his list, all four of the men who had fucked me after Harwood finished. Steve got the rest of the big fishes, thanks to Odessa's talented cunt.   
  
Odessa and I came up to Philip and Harwood, all smiles. I said, "Odessa and I are tired. I'm sure you understand. But please stay and enjoy yourself, we'll take a cab back to the hotel."  
  
Philip nodded and kissed me. Mr. Harwood said, "It was a pleasure getting to know you. I look forward to speaking again with you soon." I just smiled. We hadn't done much speaking. We had gotten to know each other all right, but only in the biblical sense.  
  
The pleasure was mostly his, I thought to myself. But I did enjoy the fuck, I acknowledged to myself, and also learned something new about myself: In the right circumstances, I could enjoy bondage. I had survived a gangbang.   
  
These were insights about myself I did not need to know. I could have led a happy life never knowing I could enjoy bondage. But now I had done it, and I knew. Get over it, I told myself. Having the knowledge is good. I repeated that in my mind several times.   
  
We found Steve, and he too was landing a new fish as a client. He was also fine with us two girls returning to the hotel. We had done our part: we had fucked the potential new clients, and we were done for the night. I was disgusted.  
  
We took a cab to the hotel, and I led Odessa to the bar. We still looked spectacular, and everyone stopped talking to look at us as we descended the four steps into the bar area. We were two goddesses, alone, entering the hotel bar, dressed in about as fancy evening clothes as a woman could wear. We took a table at the back and ordered drinks. Then we discussed the evening.  
  
Odessa was traumatized by the gangbang that seemed never to end. Maybe traumatized is not the right word. Let's just say it affected her profoundly. I was not in much better shape myself.   
  
After all, I was only 20 years old (Odessa was 24), and this was a lot for my young brain to cope with. I was also exhausted by the Herculean effort I had made to create my plan and to execute it.  
  
I let Odessa cry and get it out of her system. Men came over to see if they could help, presumably by distracting and later seducing us, and I firmly sent them away. We talked for a long time and Odessa got it all out and finally stopped crying. She recovered.   
  
The poor girl really did love Steve, and she thought she would do anything for him. And apparently she did. She did in fact too much for him, and now her feelings for him were confused.

I was not sure exactly how she felt, but my feelings were clear. This kind of life with such disgusting people such as all the Big Fishes, and yes I must also include Steve and Philip who pimp out their women who love them just to advance their careers, was not for me. Give me philandering Mike over this any day of the week.   
  
I could not get around that Philip let this happen, and then left the room leaving me to the wolves, naked, strapped down and defenseless. It was only pure luck that I got into it. He must have known I would be gangbanged.   
  
Could he have thought I actually wanted that? Wanting it and ending up enjoying it after it is forced upon you are not the same thing. Could a man understand that? I had my doubts.   
  
Is it some kind of male fantasy that women enjoy being gangbanged by strangers who view them as conquests? What was wrong with him? Something, that was clear. I did not want the gangbang. I dreaded the gangbang, and I remember my terror when I was realized it was going to happen, and I was helpless to stop it. I will never forget that terror.   
  
Honesty forces me to admit I did enjoy it as it turned out, but still: It's the principle of the thing. But nothing is worth that moment of terror. Nothing.  
  
We again locked ourselves in our room. I left another note for the men, this time saying, "Your two beautiful women whom you used as whores for your own gain will not be seeing you tonight. You two pimps can go jerk off together."  
  
I took Odessa to my room, put out the Do Not Disturb sign, closed and locked the door, and bolted it. Then I said to Odessa, "Let's undress in the windows. Do you want to titillate the Eiffel Tower, or give a thrill to the Arc de Triomphe? Bear in mind that Freud would say the Eiffel tower is phallic, while the Arc de Triomphe is definitively not."   
  
Odessa giggled for the first time since our arrival in Paris. She got up to join me, slowly undressing in the window. She chose the Arc de Triomphe. She remarked that she had had her fill of phalluses.  
  
The next day I was furious with Philip. My anger seemed to grow as the shock of the whole experience wore off. I do not see how, if he loved me, he could have left me bound to a bed with my legs splayed, having just been roughly fucked and prod with something like a cattle prod, with a bunch of men in the room who had just gangbanged Odessa and would now gangbang me.   
  
That is what they did, until Odessa saved me. Still, I was taken by four of them before she could save me. Counting Harwood, I was fucked by five men. My cunt was seriously sore.  
  
The only possible conclusion was that I was just a piece of meat for Philip. To hell with him. I would have thought Odessa would think the same about Steve, but she did not act that way. At breakfast when Philip saw me, it was if he were looking at a glacier.  
  
Philip was not an idiot, although at times I wondered. He knew what he had done. I had tried so hard, and succeeded with four of the Big Fishes, especially Big Fish #1, and I had won my 5% cut. That was clear. Civility was no longer needed.   
  
Philip though did look handsome and debonair. He came over to me meekly to apologize. He begged forgiveness, and had a bouquet of flowers in his hands. The flowers were spectacular. It was not just a dozen roses, but a floral creation, the likes of which I had never seen before.  
  
It was clear he would do anything for me at this point to get me to warm up to at least room temperature, instead of being the icicle I presented to him. I was having none of it.   
  
After breakfast I returned to the hotel room and locked Philip out. I left the beautiful floral creation behind on the breakfast table. I was not being subtle.   
  
I was too upset to read the novel I had brought on the trip, and I was watching French daytime TV when there was a knock at my door. I ignored it. The knocking did not stop and I heard Odessa's voice. I muted the TV and went to the door, and Odessa said, "Joanie, it's Odessa. Please let me in."  
  
I unbolted the door and opened it wide for Odessa. She was alone. Good. "Come on in, Odessa," I said and gestured her inside. She entered and sat down.  
  
"Philip is in a state. He thinks you hate him," she said.  
  
"He's right. That's the first correct thought that has entered his pathetic head. Don't you just as well hate Steve? And by the way, Philip didn't send you here, did he?" I said.  
  
"I'm stranger than you think, Joanie." Odessa began. There was import to her voice. I sat down and gave her my full attention. "I know you are an exhibitionist. And I know you like sex and have quite a few partners. I know you're easy when you're drunk."   
  
"I also know that whole bondage thing was just an act. Basically, you are a fairly straightforward girl who likes sex and showing off her body from time to time. Great body too, by the way."  
  
"Thank you," I said. I did not say more, to let her continue. I could tell this was not easy for her.   
  
"I, on the other hand, am so strange sexually I do not understand it myself. For example, when I saw you bound to the bed last night and getting roughly fucked and with that horrible electric thing, I viscerally felt it happening to me."  
  
I looked at her in surprise, but also rapt attention.   
  
Odessa continued, "I was not so much into my own gangbang as I was into experiencing what was happening to you. It was thrilling to me. Don't get me wrong: I also enjoyed the gangbang. I know that is not your thing, but all those men wanting to have me, one after the other, turns me on. A lot."  
  
"It's the same with bondage. I long to be totally dominated, to be controlled and ravished and to be helpless while it is happening. But I am too afraid to try it. I am terrified of being helpless like you were."  
  
"I do somehow enjoy it vicariously, though, for example when it happened to you last night. Steve knows all this. That's why I'm not mad at him for his behavior last night," she continued. "In fact, I'm still crazy about him," Odessa said.   
  
"I really admire you, Joanie. Your courage, your take-charge attitude, your clever planning, and your ability to do what it takes, whatever it is. I wish I could be like you," she continued.   
  
"I should have told you all this earlier. I apologize," Odessa concluded, and then fell silent.   
  
I was silent too, absorbing all that she had said. It was a lot to absorb. Odessa was one sick puppy. But I liked her a lot, and I appreciated her honesty.   
  
I went over and gave her a hug. She turned and kissed me full on the lips, a very sexy kiss and full of affection. Her hands fondled my breasts while she kissed me. I broke the kiss.  
  
I said, "I'm sorry, Odessa. That's not really my thing. I enjoyed it when you went down on me back in New York, but that was a unique circumstance. I'm a committed hetero."  
  
"I understand, Joanie," she replied. "I myself am mostly hetero, too. Mostly."  
  
"I saw that last night," I said, and we both laughed. It was my first laugh since we got to Paris, I realized. We sat quietly for a while.  
  
Odessa broke the silence. "What are you going to do about Philip?" she asked.   
  
"I don't know," I replied. "It's awkward. I'm here on his nickel, stuck in Europe with him, and all I want to do is to kick him in the balls."  
  
"Maybe you should pretend, until you are safely home in the US?" Odessa offered.  
  
"That in fact may be the best strategy," I said. "How bad is he suffering? Is he truly worried, or just putting on an act?"  
  
"Oh, he's in bad shape. Steve told me in confidence, and Steve was not lying. I can always tell when he lies," Odessa said.   
  
"Good," I said. "Tell you what. Let's make them buy us some more clothes. Let's go have fun spending their money."  
  
"There's another thing, Joanie. Better you hear it from me. That asshole Harwood wants to have lunch with you, Philip, and Harwood's wife," Odessa added. She was nervous when she said it.   
  
I laughed loudly. "Oh, this is going to be fun. Bring him on!" I said. Then I fired up my computer. "A little more research to prepare for 'the lunch with assholes.' Want to stay while I get the lowdown?"  
  
"No, Steve is waiting for me. I'd better go," Odessa said and got up to leave.   
  
"OK, thanks for coming to me and calming me down," I said. "I also appreciate how open and honest you were with me just now."  
  
I stayed in the room until 11am, working furiously on my computer. I was frustrated by the security of Harwood's pharmaceutical company. I could not penetrate it. I was impressed. I had illusions about my hacking skills, but I got nowhere with this company's security. It was good.  
  
After a half hour of complete frustration, I had an epiphany. I realized I could hack into the company through the connection to it that Harwood himself had on his own computer. I was pleased with myself. Moreover, my plan actually worked. I was in!  
  
What I discovered however shook my world, and scared the shit out of me. I might have been better off without the knowledge. I would not have understood what I found had I not learned already, in my Statistics class, how to analyze data.   
  
But I had learned some stats, and I did understand. Then I smiled. I had Harwood. Revenge was in the offing, should I choose to use it. Were I to use it, it's possible I would be sacrificing my 5% commission, and that was a lot of money, especially for someone like me, a poor country girl. I faced some tough choices.  
  
I emerged rested, happy, and very well dressed to face the world, at 11am. I went down to the lobby and found Odessa and Steve sitting in the overstuffed chairs. I had told Odessa I was planning to go shopping at 11am, and apparently she had waited for me. I was glad. I was no longer mad at Steve, due to Odessa's explanation. I smiled sweetly at both of them.   
  
"I need to buy some new clothes before lunch," I announced.   
  
"Joanie, you look beautiful right now," Steve said.   
  
"Thank you monsieur," I said. "But if I am to lunch with Harwood, I need clothes that provide more of a defense, and also that impress his wife. What I'm wearing now is nice I agree, but too blatantly sexy. This is all about subtlety. And we don't have much time. Want to come?"  
  
Odessa jumped up. We hopped in a cab and I said, "St. Germain des Près, s'il vous plait." The cab sped off. Nobody had mentioned Philip. Steve was smart, and probably well briefed by Odessa. I did not even know where this lunch meeting was, but I figured Philip would find us and get me there in time. Anyway, that was his problem.   
  
I went to a few designer boutiques and found exactly what I wanted at Yves St. Laurent. There was the added benefit of the boutique facing the Eglise St. Sulpice, one of the great historic churches of Paris. It still had bullet holes in the stone from the revolution back in the 18th century. But I had no time to be a tourist.  
  
I wore the outfit out of the store, and asked the store to deliver the clothes I had worn to the store to my hotel. Fancy stores do stuff like that, I had learned. It also helps to be staying at one of the fanciest hotels of Paris, as we were.  
  
It was a different world from the world of Target that I had grown up with in my hometown. I charged everything to the gold American Express card Philip had given to me.   
  
Then we crossed to the right bank and went to Bulgari. There I bought a necklace that went perfectly with my YSL suit jacket, and again charged it. It had different colored gemstones set in gold.   
  
It was just as expensive as it was stunning. Good. Philip would pay for his acts with money, the bastard. I had already paid up front with sex, degradation, and humiliation.   
  
At Bulgari I also bought something I had always wanted. It was a large gold Maltese cross on a long gold chain. It was solid gold (18 carats) and it fell between my boobs, emphasizing my cleavage. I loved the sacrilege of drawing a man's attention to my cleavage with a beautiful religious symbol. It just seemed so perverse to me!  
  
My experience however was that no incentive or trickery was needed to draw a man's attention to my cleavage. Their eyes were relentlessly drawn there in any event, gold cross or no gold cross.   
  
It was not so strange I thought. The Catholic religion had always known if it could control even your sex life, it had total control over you. And if I transgressed, I could always confess and be forgiven. But the church had to know what I'd done, and knowledge is power. I was raised that way. The cross held tightly between my boobs was my own small personal rebellious act: my revenge.   
  
Under my YSL jacket I wore a scoop necked silk blouse with a push up bra, and the cross looked stunning, becoming partially lost inside my boobs. But with the jacket on, nobody besides me would know. After the YSL and the Bulgari purchases, I was beginning to wonder if Philip's card even had a credit limit!  
  
I went back to Steve and Odessa just as they were receiving a text from Philip with the coordinates of the restaurant for the lunch with assholes, as I thought of it. Steve put me in a cab and off I went, in my new clothes and jewelry.   
  
I also wore my Christian Louboutin high heels. I made a mental note to pick up another pair of them. I had never worn more comfortable high heels.  
  
The Yves St. Laurent outfit was within the rubric of a woman's business suit, even if it pushed at the boundaries. But it hugged my curves so well, and so suggestively, that if a woman actually wore it to a business meeting she would have all the men in the palm of her hand.   
  
The luscious fabric of the YSL suit hugged my boobs and outlined them, giving them a large emphasis but doing it in a subtle way. It was almost as if my body was hyper sexy in spite of my attempts to ignore that feature of it. This was genius, in a suit.   
  
I wished I could lose my bra, and let my boobs feel directly the unmediated caresses of the suit jacket, but I knew I had to wear a bra at a lunch such as this one.   
  
I made a stunning entrance to the lunch. I was a sight to see. Everyone in the restaurant looked at me as I entered alone. It was mostly the YSL suit. But the necklace worked its magic too. The host ushered me to the table, and Harwood and Philip stood to greet me.   
  
I shook Harwood's hand, and gave Philip a peck on the cheek. It was a kiss a middle-aged protestant woman would give to another such woman. It was devoid of sexuality, and devoid of emotion.  
  
I gave a big smile to Mrs. Harwood. She had to know her husband had fucked my brains out the night before, but she seemed not to care and gave me a big smile back. I wished I had been sitting next to her instead of between the two men.   
  
I had a funny thought. Maybe Mrs. Harwood was even happy her husband got his rocks off fucking some banker's woman, so he would not bother her with his perversions? I guessed she had long ago had her fill of them.  
  
The waiter came, and I ordered in French. The others ordered in English. This was a tiny power move, and it endeared me to the waiter. He paid a lot of attention to my needs. The men made small talk, and Mrs. Harwood chimed in from time to time, but I was silent and only smiled.   
  
Frustrated by my silence, finally Harwood looked at me, and said, "So, Joanie. Tell me about Navaserum." I knew of course this was coming, which is why I had spent so much time spying on his company this morning.  
  
"What do you mean, Mr. Harwood?" These were the first words I spoke at the lunch, other than the initial hellos when I arrived. "I understand it is being developed to treat Alzehimer's disease. Or is it Parkinson's? I forget."  
  
Harwood knew I had not forgot. "How did you happen to hear about it?" he said. "We have been keeping it under wraps."  
  
"Oh, you know how it is," I said, feigning a Marilyn Monroe sort of innocence. "A girl hears things. For example, you have my sympathy with the problems you are having with your clinical trials in Senegal. All those deaths must be quite a set back."  
  
Harwood almost choked on his wine and turned bright red in the face. His wife looked concerned. Philip looked confused. I could not see my own face, but I was trying to mimic Marilyn's Monroe's look of false naïve innocence. Harwood began to sputter.  
  
I said, looking at Philip, "This was a nice choice of restaurant. The vegetable puree is delicious." I turned my head towards Harwood's wife and continued, "Don't you agree, Mrs. Harwood?" I was the first person to speak directly to her at the lunch.  
  
"Why yes, Joanie. It is indeed." She paused a beat, and then said, "If you do not mind, tell me please, where did you get that beautiful necklace? It goes so well with your jacket. I've been admiring it all during lunch," Mrs. Harwood said.  
  
"Why thank you, that is so nice of you to notice. Philip bought it for me just this morning," I said, gently kicking Philip under the table. "It's from Bulgari."  
  
"I thought it was!" Mrs. Harwood said. "You never really know these days; the knockoffs are getting to be such good replicas it is hard to tell. But your necklace falls so beautifully and the stones are so lovely, I felt it must be the real thing."  
  
"Yes. Philip always insists on the best for me." I gave Philip another gentle kick under the table. "May I show you what else Philip got me?"  
  
"Oh yes, please!" Mrs. Harwood said with enthusiasm. Philip looked worried. He knew Bulgari was not cheap.  
  
I stood up and removed my jacket, revealing my blouse and a lot of boob, due to my push up bra. Then I slowly bent over letting the men look down my blouse to see all the boob my bra did not hide, and since the bra hid a minimal amount, that was most.   
  
The bra pushed my boobs together. They and were tightly embracing the cross between them, and in fact they hid from view the bottom half of the cross. I had chosen the length of the gold chain precisely to make that happen. I slowly, sexily, pulled the cross up, out from between my boobs.   
  
Both Harwood and Philip were mesmerized as I did this. Mrs. Harwood gave me an approving, and knowing smile. She knew all about her asshole of a husband, that was clear.   
  
She enjoyed watching me tease him. I think she admired my technique. If so, it was a big complement. I knew she was something else, when Harwood told me last night I was almost her equal.  
  
"It's beautiful my dear. Do you wear it religiously, or just because it's gorgeous?" Mrs. Harwood remarked.   
  
"It's complicated," I replied. It was important for us to keep talking, to shut Harwood out of the conversation.  
  
At this point Harwood was very frustrated. I had dropped a bombshell over the Senegal trials, and his wife's girl talk was preventing him from following up. Mrs. Harwood was well aware of all this, I could tell, and it seemed to me that she was enjoying frustrating the pig of a husband she had."  
  
In addition, I now looked super sexy, having gone from attractive but in a sterile sort of way, to very sexy, just by removing my jacket and pulling out my cross. I had planned the whole thing, of course, and it was working perfectly.   
  
I flamboyantly pushed the cross back down between my boobs. I had both Philip and Harwood in the palm of my hand.   
  
I knew Harwood wanted to throw me down and fuck me silly and then beat the information out of me, but that was hard to do in a high-end businessman's restaurant in the presence of his wife. I was actually safer with her present than I was with Philip being there. Not a good thought.   
  
I continued my answer to Mrs. Harwood by saying, "I was raised Catholic." I looked at Philip and said, "Sometimes I sin. Letting my breasts fondle the cross eases the guilt." I gave my Marilyn Monroe false innocence look. Mrs. Harwood barely managed to keep from laughing.   
  
Mrs. Harwood and I kept up girl banter for the rest of the lunch. We went off to the restrooms together and became fast friends, despite the age difference. Neither one of us liked Harwood; that was clear to me, and I think it was also clear to her. She realized I had let Harwood fuck me the previous night as a favor to my wimp /pimp of a boyfriend Philip. I hoped she was not too judgmental. Personally, I thought of myself as scum.

When we returned to the table, the men stood up for us again, and I quickly took Philip's seat, so that Mrs. Harwood and I could continue talking, now tête-à-tête. Harwood never did get the chance to try to find out how much I knew, or how I knew it, about the clinical trials in Senegal.  
  
I had an answer prepared, about a graduate student from Senegal whom I knew, and who had a relative in Senegal with Alzheimer's. The Senegalese are not stupid, even if I am sure Harwood dismissed the entire country, since it was poor and African. They had figured out what was going on with the clinical trials. But this was a fabrication and I was glad not to have to use it.   
  
Harwood had been faking the data. Too many people had died as a side effect of Navaserum, so it would never pass muster with the FDA. It was too bad, actually, because for those who did not die from it, it was fairly helpful. If it were approved based on fake data, and it got out that the data had been faked, and a significant number of people died from the drug, then the company, and Harwood himself, would be ruined.   
  
He was stupid. He had to know that eventually it would be clear people were dying from the drug. Then the company would be sued into oblivion. Why was he doing this? All of a sudden I had another epiphany and knew why he was doing it. Wow, this guy had no soul.   
  
He was going to leak the fake data at the right time, to goose up the stock price. Then he would sell a bunch of shares, and only after he had the money safely stashed in the Cayman Islands, would the data be corrected. Harwood liked the Cayman Islands as the place to do his financial skullduggery. I knew this from my computer espionage.  
  
There would be a well-paid Senegalese fall guy. Harwood would get tons richer. Philip would get more money to invest.  
  
He would have to do it cleverly, since it would be insider trading. But this is why we have Panama, the Cayman Islands, Luxembourg, and the like. And to be sure, he did not care who died from the drug in the process.  
  
Harwood was sweating. He was clearly under stress. This girl talk preventing my interrogation was torture to him. As we finished out desserts, and then our coffees, I looked at my watch. "Oh my!" I said. "I'm so sorry, I have to run. I have an appointment and I must leave now or I'll be late. Please carry on, though."  
  
I turned to Philip, "Have a cognac for me, darling." The "darling" was sarcastic, even caustic, and Philip knew it.   
  
Mrs. Harwood knew exactly what I was doing and it was clear that not only did she approve of it; she was enjoying seeing her husband suffer at my hand. I left the restaurant and a thoroughly confused Philip, and the doorman got me a taxi, and I told him "Parc Monceau," and we sped off.   
  
In the taxi I removed my bra, to the surprise of the driver. But he did not comment. I muttered something about it being uncomfortable. I needed a release after the trial of that lunch.   
  
The lunch had gone even better than I had hoped, but it had taxed me a lot, and I had a growing headache. I figured the calm of a Parisian park, along with a little harmless exhibitionism, would go a long way to restoring my equilibrium.  
  
The cross now hung between my bare breasts, caressing them with the bouncing of the cab over the Parisian cobblestone streets. I liked it. I had quietly pocketed some bread at the restaurant, and at the park I fed crumbs of the bread to the pigeons. I became very popular, very quickly, with the pigeons. I would bend over sometimes to feed them, giving anyone who cared a nice look at my entire boobs, nipples included, and the cross between them.   
  
A fair number of men strolling through the park or sitting on the benches seemed to enjoy my antics and several of them smiled at me. As I did this, Bob Dylan's old song "Quinn the Eskimo" kept running through my head. The people at the party the previous evening were the pigeons, and they were all going to run to me. I had the drug they needed, and it was my unavailable body.   
  
Happy and carefree after a bit of this, I went to the Arc de Triomphe and went to the top, and looked out over the grand avenues of the right bank. The wind whipped my blouse all over, and I enjoyed it flapping against my braless boobs.   
  
A handsome tourist, clearly also American, was near me, so I dropped my pen and bent over to pick it up, giving him a nice view of my boobs. I caught him looking and gave him a nice smile. He was a few years older than I was.  
  
His name was Mike, the name of my other boyfriend and true love, whom I now refer to as the philandering bastard. We left the Arc de Triomphe together and went to a matinee movie on the Champs Elysées. We sat in the back row.  
  
Just before the matinee, I took him to a café, saying I had to use the restroom. We went to the bar in order to be customers so that we would be authorized to use the restrooms. Standing at the counter, I ordered a "Calvados, double." This was a double shot of apple brandy from Normandy.   
  
My tourist Mike just ordered a coffee. The calvados, plus the copious amount of wine I had consumed at lunch, gave me the buzz I needed to do what I wanted to do with Mike. After the drink, we went to the theater.  
  
He was not like my Mike and did not try anything with me. I was disappointed. He actually watched the movie. After around 10 minutes, he tentatively reached over and held my hand. This is ridiculous, I thought.   
  
I leaned over and gave him a big kiss on his lips, open mouth, tongues intertwined, the works. That gave him an infusion of courage, and he kissed back and his hands finally moved to my breasts. He fondled them through my thin, silky blouse. This went on for quite a while.   
  
Then he decided to take a risk. I could see his brain working. He lifted up my blouse and slipped his hand under it. I smiled and so he moved his hand up and began to fondle my boobs. I sighed, and squirmed a little in my seat. I whispered, "Go for it," into his ear.  
  
He looked around nervously. We were alone in the back row and everyone was watching the movie. It was a good movie, I was sorry to be missing it. Then he pushed my blouse up to my neck and got an eyeful of my boobs and the Maltese cross. (The Bulgari necklace had long ago been stored in my purse.)  
  
I reached up and took my blouse off. This really surprised him, but then he smiled. He began to suck on my nipples. After what seemed a long time, he realized that I also had a body below the waist, and finally stuck his hands under my skirt. I had panty hose on, so I stood up, topless and with my boobs and my cross dangling about, and removed both my panty hose and my panties, and sat back down and kissed him passionately.   
  
Now emboldened after my brazen display, he pushed my skirt up around my waist and began to finger me. I was now naked except for the line of the skirt around my waist. This was a movie experience he was not going to forget. Nor was I.   
  
I reached over and unzipped his pants to let out his erect cock and I began to stroke it. This got his attention all right. He picked me up out of my seat. I am small and thin and don't weigh much, and he was quite muscular, so it seemed effortless when he did it.  
  
He sat me down on his lap facing him. My legs were wide apart as I straddled him, my skirt was bunched up around my waist, and I was naked above my waist. I kissed him as he played with my boobs. We did this for a while, and then he lifted me up and placed me down on his cock.  
  
My God, I had just met this guy at the top of the Arc de Triomphe an hour ago, and now we were fucking in a movie theater on the Champs Elysées. Wow. Several men turned around and saw us. Two of them got up and moved to the back row so they could watch us go at it full time. My boobs were bouncing around as was my cross as I myself bounced up and down on his cock. He was very strong.  
  
A nice looking man came over and sat in the seat next to us. I smiled at him as I bounced up and down on Mike's cock. He smiled at me, and reached for one of my boobs. He had trouble grabbing it since I was bouncing all around.   
  
I stopped bouncing an started fucking Mike in a circular motion that stimulated my clitoris nicely. This allowed the man next to me to fondle my boobs to his heart's content, which he did. He unzipped and let his erect cock out.  
  
I gave him somewhat of a hand job as I continued to fuck Mike. I was thoroughly enjoying myself.   
  
We went at it through a lot of noisy scenes in the movie. I think on the screen a war was going on. In the back row, though, it was all sex. I felt the tension gradually build, and then it hit: a really nice orgasmic release. It was exactly what I needed. Shortly thereafter Mike shot his load into me.   
  
I kept up with the hand job, and after a few more minutes the man next to me stood up and squirted his load onto my boobs.  
  
All done, Mike held me, pushing my boobs into his shirt and stroking my back and kissing my shoulders. It was nice. The other man smiled at me and without saying a word got up and returned to his seat. I noticed he had come with a date. I had no idea what he told her! Maybe he claimed he needed the bathroom and was constipated. Who knows?  
  
After a while of cuddling with Mike, I rose, let my skirt fall down, and quickly put my blouse back on. I pulled up my panties, but left my pantyhose off, and put them in my purse, next to the Bulgari necklace. The YSL suit jacket was there too, getting horribly wrinkled no doubt.   
  
Then I snuggled up to him and we watched the rest of the movie. After the movie we left  
  
the theater holding hands, and strolled together on the Champs-Elysées. I saw the man and his date leave the theater, and his date was not only pretty and sexy, she was hanging all over him. Why he needed my hand job, I have no idea. But men are like that.   
  
This anonymuos fuck in the movie theater was just what I needed, I realized, to deal with the betrayal of Philip, the gangbang, and the total humiliation I suffered at the hands of Harwood and the other rich misogynist creeps.   
  
I left my movie theater lover, and we kissed goodbye as I hailed a taxi. He was disappointed, having wanted to continue the sex in his hotel room, perhaps with his travelling buddy he said, but I went back alone to my own hotel. He wanted my name and how he could reach me back in the States. He got neither.  
  
At the hotel I found a frantic Philip who was worried sick about me. I just smiled, and said I'm fine. I had applied a lot of perfume in the taxi to hide the smell of sex.   
  
"I need to be alone for a while," I told Philip. "What you did was pretty low. How about I see you at dinner. Make a reservation somewhere and I'll meet you in the lobby at 8pm."   
  
Actually, I was feeling good. My movie theater fuck somehow seemed like revenge on Philip. It was nuts, because Philip clearly didn't care who fucked me, how many of them did, or how often they did it the previous night, so why should he care if I had seduced an innocent tourist into a matinee fuck?   
  
Somehow I knew he would think the two types of fucks were different. In his mind, it would be that one was business, while the other was cheating.   
  
Truth be told, I don't know what he thought. Mike never seemed to care if I slept around, and he and Philip were cut from the same cloth. But thinking he cared, and having betrayed him under that assumption, made me feel good just then. Indeed, it was precisely why I had seduced that innocent tourist.   
  
The rest of the French part of the trip was much less eventful. I indulged in some playful exhibitionism, and Philip and I played tourists in France, a great country to be a tourist in. My knowledge of French came in handy at times. There was no sex. Not even close. I was little Ms. Iceberg.  
  
Towards the end of the French part of the trip I let Philip seduce me again. He began to get happy after he had his way with me, and he took me to the beaches on the French Riviera on an impulse. There he pressured me into going topless, which was okay because a fair number of French women were also topless.   
  
Philip bought me a micro bikini to wear at the beach. The top just barely covered all of my areolas, and the bottom was so skimpy it barely covered my mound. When I went topless in that suit, I was practically naked. Hell, I was practically naked in that suit with the top on! The bottom tied together with strings, so if one pulled a string, it would fall off.  
  
One day while I was sun bathing topless, Philip pulled the string and removed my bottoms. I knew he would do that sooner or later. It was irresistible to someone like him. This was not cool: I was worried I'd be arrested. But as it turned out, nobody seemed to care. I lay there on the beach completely nude. I couldn't believe it. I became insanely wet.   
  
Men walked by and checked me out. All of me. One of them licked his lips and winked at me.   
  
When we left the beach, I put on my cover-up over my bikini. It was a soft blue and was transparent, so one could see my bikini and the rest of me easily right through it. As we walked back to the hotel, I got a lot of looks.   
  
It seems it is OK to be almost naked on the beach, and even as I discovered actually to be naked, but to parade around the town in a micro bikini with a transparent cover-up is some kind of exhibitionism. It's somehow sexier. I don't understand it, but I know it's true. Somehow it is context.  
  
When we entered the hotel elevator Philip removed the cover up, pulled the strings and my suit fell off. I was naked and quickly put the cover-up back on. But all of me was on display anyway. I had to walk virtually naked from the elevator to our room. Then he threw me on the bed and ravished me. We were back to normal and damn it, I was happy.  
  
I wrote out postcards to Odessa, who was still in Paris with Steve, and to my sister Sarah, and then fell into a blissful sleep. For Sarah I chose a postcard that showed women topless on the beach. She would doubtless connect the dots.  
  
I had forgiven Philip, finally. I had made him promise never to do anything like that again. I dreamed in my erotic sleep that we had run into Mike at the beach, accompanied by a topless tart, and I left Philip to have a three-way. Philip jerked off, alone in his hotel room. None of that happened, but I was ready to return to the States.  
  
I had forgotten that we were still going to Switzerland. I checked Facebook on my cell phone and discovered my other true love Mike was now sampling the girls of Switzerland. He had laid a French Swiss girl and an Italian Swiss girl, and was now going for a German Swiss girl in Zurich.   
  
We were about to go directly to Zurich. We would meet Steve and Odessa there. I idly wondered if I would run into Mike there, too. Zurich is not a big city, but it is big enough to make it unlikely I would see Mike. However the tourist parts of Zurich could not be that big, I thought to myself, and that increased the odd of running into Mike. Interesting times awaited me.  
  
I had never experienced Mike and Philip in the same place. Being in love with two men, themselves cousins, can get complicated, I thought to myself. On top of that, I was not sure either of them loved me in the way I wanted to be loved.   
  
What happened in Zurich is a story in and of itself.