**Joanie of Zurich**

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

*This is my 8th story about Joanie, Mike, and Philip. It follows the story "Joanie goes to Europe."*

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After our wild times in France, it was back to work for Philip, my banker lover, and we headed off to Zurich. Philip gave me the choice of the train or the airplane to Zurich. Even though France has high-speed trains, it would still take quite a while by train. I could imagine what Philip might try on the train, since he got me naked and fucked me openly, holding my legs straight up in the air, in the business class cabin on the plane over to Europe. So I chose the airplane; it was a short flight, and safer.  
  
The flight from Nice to Zurich is even faster than I thought, and there was no opportunity for Philip to humiliate me by undressing me in some way. That was true, up to a point. We had two seats together on the right side of the airplane, and Philip leaned over me to point out the snow-covered Alps as the plane flew over them. His arm brushed my boobs, of course: This is Philip we're talking about here.   
  
His hand went under my blouse, reached up my back and unclasped my bra, slid around to my front (still under my blouse), went under my now loose bra and began to play with my boobs. At this point I turned and smiled at him, and whispered, "That's enough, lover boy. Feel me up in Zurich, not now, OK?" Philip nodded, gave a couple of squeezes, and removed his hands. He did not however re-clasp my bra. So I excused myself and went to the bathroom and restored my bra to its proper state.   
  
In Zurich from the airport we took a train into town, and from the train station a taxi to our hotel. I guess it is one of the top hotels in Zurich, maybe in the world. It is called the Baur au Lac, and is just off the main street, the Bahnhofstrasse, that goes from the central train station down to the lake. There were lots of fancy cars in front of it, and I mean very fancy cars.  
  
Well, this is nice, I thought. Philip had to rush to some meeting. I went out and wandered around Zurich for a few hours, walking up and down the Bahnhofstrasse checking out all the stores. I gazed out at the lake for a long time, and wandered around the old town between the Bahnhofstrasse and the river, enjoying myself.  
  
The German Swiss women I saw made me realize this town was not friendly for exhibitionists. Their hair was pulled back, their skirts were all the exact proper length, and nobody even had a transparent top that revealed her bra. I was back in the US in the 1950s. The best I saw were some tight skirts, nicely displaying the women's curves of their behinds. The overall effect was one of extreme control. I began to feel sorry for Swiss men.   
  
I went back to my room, got my novel, and went out to the balcony to read it. The sun was warm and felt good on my skin, so I quickly changed to my micro bikini and went back out onto the balcony. No way I was going to sunbathe topless in this country! I was already way out there pushing the boundaries in my micro bikini.   
  
I was okay with this, however. I was satiated with exhibitionism and sexual depravity after the French part of the trip. I could use a rest. I was looking forward to Philip's return.  
  
When Philip got back he briefed me as to his plans. One that involved me was that we were both invited to a reception/party for bankers and their women the next night. We discussed the sartorial parameters, and I decided my YSL suit I had worn to my 'lunch with assholes' in Paris, together with my Bulgari necklace, would be perfect. So I did not need any more clothes.  
  
Philip disappeared for more work the next morning and I lazed around for a while. The in house telephone rang. I picked it up and the front desk said there is a woman here to see you and would I like them to send her up? Surprised and not knowing what was going on, I said yes, please do.  
  
I was wearing the micro bikini that covered almost nothing other than my nipples and my mound, so I threw on my cover-up over it. The cover-up is a pretty blue, but transparent, and one could see my bikini, and all of me, through it. Still, it was something.   
  
Five minutes later the doorbell of our room rang. I went to answer the door, and almost fainted. There stood my little sister Sarah. She is not really little, being only one year younger than I am (she is 19; I'm 20 years old), and she is two and a half inches taller than I am. (She never lets me forget the extra half-inch.)   
  
She is pretty, with a lovely figure and shapely legs, and long flowing blonde hair that curls at her shoulders. I call her little because I grew to my adult height by age 12. But unlike me, her growth spurts came when she was a teenager. So for most of our childhoods, I towered over her. Now she towers over me.   
  
Incredulous, I was left speechless, a rare event for me. "What? How? What's going on??"  
  
Sarah smiled and explained. Once I got my passport, Sarah decided she should get one too, and she did. She had saved up some money and also got some more money, mostly from our parents, and decided to come to Europe too, and to find me. She knew from my emails and Facebook that I was heading to Zurich, so she flew directly there.   
  
"But how did you find me within Zurich?" I asked.   
  
"Oh that was easy," Sarah replied. "I dressed in a sexy way and wandered around until I saw what had to be two bankers having coffee outdoors. I asked if they spoke English, they did, and if they could help me. I told them I was looking for you, and you were traveling with your fiancé, a banker named Philip Wilson, from New York, and were here in Zurich. But I lost your card saying which hotel you were at. I asked them where would a rich NY banker stay?"  
  
"Clever," I said. "Especially because I never told you at what hotel we were staying. I only just found out myself. And most important, I am definitely not Philip's fiancé! Anyway, then what happened?"  
  
"Oh, they were very nice. Klaus called his secretary and she called all the major hotels that bankers stay at, until one of them had a Philip Wilson, and here I am!"  
  
"Klaus?" I said. "Tell me about him."  
  
"Oh, he's great. He took off the afternoon and showed me all around Zurich, and then he invited me to his home for dinner and he actually cooked for the two of us. He's young, maybe early 30s, but not that good-looking; he has a beer belly and a weak chin."  
  
"You fucked him after the dinner, didn't you," I said, having no doubts.  
  
"You betcha, Sis! After all that, plus the dinner, it was hard not to fuck him. It's fun fucking someone who is not in college and drunk. You might relate to an exhibitionist moment we had. His roommate Stefan and girlfriend, who had some strange German name, walked in on us as we were doing it on his couch."   
  
"I was embarrassed and tried to cover up, but Klaus said no please don't, it was OK. So we just continued and they watched and they began their own thing. It was wild," Sarah said with some excitement in her voice as she relived it while telling me.  
  
Then she added, as an afterthought, "He is not an especially good fuck, however."  
  
Brightening up, she added, "Tomorrow he's taking me to a party. I need to buy a suit to wear to it."   
  
Of course the party Klaus invited Sarah to is the same one Philip and I were going to, and probably every other banker and wife/fiancé/mistress of Zurich were also going to attend.  
  
Sarah had been staring at my bikini. Philip had bought it for me when we went to the beaches in the south of France. The top was so small it was as if I were wearing pasties on my nipples, and the bottoms just barely covered my well trimmed mound. Sarah could not take her eyes off it.  
  
She asked if she could try on my bikini. It clearly intrigued her. I said sure, and I just took it off right there in front of her. I was then naked under my cover up once I removed it and gave it to her. But she's my sister, so it was not a problem.  
  
Sarah got naked and put on the suit. She looked as good in it as I did. Her breasts are a little bigger, and the top kept sliding off her nipples. This made us giggle. Also her mound is not as closely trimmed as mine is, so a fair amount of her pubic hair was showing. It is blonde, so it was not that much of an issue, I guess.  
  
Basically, Sarah looked naked in my bikini, as almost none of her was hidden from view. Good thing she has such a good body. If she ever wore it in public, she would basically be obscene.  
  
Seeing her in the suit, I realized how outrageous I must have looked in it when I paraded around in France. At least the top always kept my nipples covered, rather than sliding off them, as it tended to do with Sarah. It explained why I got so many looks when Philip forced me to wear it back from the beach, with only my transparent cover-up over it.   
  
Somehow seeing how obscene Sarah looked wearing it made me realize how obscene I must look in it, too. I do not know why I could only realize that when I saw someone else in the suit.  
  
While Sarah was undressing and then putting on my suit, my mind was dealing with her being there, a rather big surprise, to say the least. It was also trying to absorb how casually she had fucked a man she had met only hours earlier. Not that I had not done the same in Paris, taking mine to a movie theater and seducing him.   
  
Once I got over my shock over Sarah's behavior (well, I had done worse not that long ago), I recovered and was thrilled she was here. "I will finally get to meet Philip!" she squealed.   
  
Almost on cue, Philip walked in, looking handsome as always in his suit and tie. He was taken aback by the presence of my gorgeous, sexy, and near naked sister. I introduced them, and he was even more surprised. "This is unexpected," he said. That's Philip: a master of the understatement.   
  
Sarah was standing there in my micro bikini, revealing practically her entire body to Philip, and I was in fact revealing all of mine, since the cover up did nothing to hide my charms. But then, Philip is my lover; so it did not matter for me, even if it always turns him on to see my naked body. It certainly did matter for Sarah however. I acted as if things were normal, but Sarah was blushing, a bit embarrassed by being so much on display in front of my lover.  
  
Sarah modeled my bikini for Philip, flagrantly teasing him. Philip encouraged her to do so. She twirled around to give the full, 360 degrees view. She twirled quickly, and of course the top slid off her nipples, exposing them to Philip and me.   
  
She giggled in embarrassment and tried to get it back, just right. Philip was clearly enjoying her distress. So was Sarah: She was enjoying being on display for her sister's lover.   
  
Finally, Sarah got frustrated, and just removed the top. Now she had only the tiny micro bikini bottoms keeping her from being naked in front of Philip. I was annoyed, but Sarah was quite pleased with herself. Philip was clearly titillated.   
  
Changing the subject so to speak, I explained what Sarah had told me, leaving out the salacious details, although I had no doubt Philip knew exactly what happened. He knows his own peer group. While I was talking, Philip's gaze never left my sisters naked breasts.  
  
He does not know my sister, but he knows me, and how easy it is for men to get carnal knowledge of me, especially if I'm drunk. It's not a major intellectual leap to figure out what happened between Sarah and Klaus. Plus Philip's mind works in the gutter.  
  
I had not yet told Sarah about Odessa and Steve, who were also going to the party. Steve was Philip's colleague, and I had once sucked him into an erection so that he could fuck his sister and thereby get a promotion at his job.   
  
That's a long story, but the point is that after that, Steve and I bonded. I became good friends with Steve's new girlfriend Odessa too, during the Parisian part of our trip.   
  
I proposed we double date or even triple date to the party, and Philip happily agreed. He was drooling over Sarah, I could tell. Who would not, with her standing there in front of him topless and almost bottomless, too?   
  
He was also drooling over me, and could not decide where his eyes should rest. Sarah was enjoying watching Philip's reaction to her. His pants had a tent already, and it was getting bigger.  
  
I gave Sarah a tee shirt and she quickly covered herself. Her shapely, long legs were still on display.  
  
I made a mental note to tell him that he was not, under any circumstances, to molest my little sister. She was out of bounds for him, if not for everyone else (Sarah had become a slut, by her own description). Sometimes however when Philip agrees, he does not mean it, as I have learned the hard way. He would know however in this case I was serious.  
  
Sarah excused herself to get dressed in the bathroom, and while she did so I dressed in front of Philip. I let him choose my bra, and while doing so he felt up my boobs and kissed me with passion, probably imagining I was my sister while he did so.  
  
Philip offered to take us both out to dinner and of course we agreed. When we finished dinner we ordered cognacs. Sarah had never tasted cognac before and of course she liked it. While we drank, Philip asked Sarah where she was staying. He was planning for us to take her there.   
  
Sarah announced she had no place to stay. Her suitcase was in a locker at the train station.  
  
I looked at Philip. He seemed a bit annoyed, since he was clearly looking forward to some unbridled sex with me that evening, but he graciously offered to let her stay in our room. He called the hotel and they had someone put a rollaway bed in the room for her.   
  
Sarah was very grateful and showed it by giving him a kiss on the mouth. It became a lingering kiss, open mouth, tongues intertwined. My sister was making a play for my lover, right there in the restaurant. I was not pleased, but also curious as to how Philip would handle it.   
  
I found out a few hours later. We were in our king sized bed trying to sleep when Sarah crept into the bed, next to me. She whispered that she could not sleep; the cot was not comfortable. I let her stay.  
  
Now I was in-between my lover and my sister, and both she and I had flimsy nightgowns on; Sarah's was short and almost transparent, something that was not lost on Philip when we changed for bed earlier that evening.   
  
Ten minutes later I climbed over Philip to get up to use the bathroom. I let my cunt straddle his hip as he slept on his side. I rubbed my cunt on his hip a bit, and then continued to the john.  
  
I did my business there, and decided quietly to open the door only a crack to look into the room. One wall had a big mirror on it so I could see the bed by looking at it using its reflection in the mirror.   
  
Philip was kissing Sarah. He had pushed her nightgown up to her neck, exposing her entire body, and was fondling her breasts. She was trying to stop it, but her efforts seemed to me to be half hearted. I heard her say things like we should not be doing this, what about Joanie? Philip ignored her whispered protest and kept at it.   
  
She could have used her hands to push him away. She could have slapped him. She could have stood up and got out of bed and scolded him. She did none of these things.  
  
Having lost her pathetic attempt to behave decently, I saw her hand grope around for his cock, which of course was erect and throbbing and, I'm afraid, easy for her to find. Subtlety, thy name is not Philip. Finding his cock, she began to fondle it and to stroke it.   
  
I took off my nightshirt and walked back to the bed. I got into bed, spread my legs, and said to Philip with ice in my voice, "Hey, cheating lover boy. Pretend I am my sister and fuck me instead."  
  
Philip, not being the sharpest knife in the drawer, froze. He did not know what to do. Sarah solved his problem by saying, "Thanks, Joanie. I appreciate it." She then rolled over onto her side, presenting us with her backside. I could tell she was fingering herself.   
  
Philip climbed on top of me and stuck his cock into me. I was not wet, far from it. I was furious. But I recently discovered, the hard way, that I like rough sex, so I got into it for the sex. It did not hurt that much. Once Philip started really going at it, Sarah sat up and blatantly watched.   
  
Sarah could tell I was not really into having Philip fuck me right after what he had tried with her. It was more like I was enduring the fuck. Philip was slightly raised above me as we fucked, his arms propping himself up. Sarah slipped her hand between Philip and me, and caressed my breasts.   
  
I had experienced before some small and fleeting bouts of lesbian sex, and had once even lightly and briefly fingered my sister, when our two cousins Ramon and Carlos were visiting and I was trying to deal with the whole concept of incest.  
  
But Sarah and I had never really indulged in something like this before. I saw it more as an incestuous gesture by a loving sister, than as lesbian sex. But of course it was both. Seeing my positive reaction to her fondling of my boobs, Sarah forcibly pushed Philip off me, or more precisely she just rolled him off me and she took his place.  
  
Sarah laid on top of me, our cunts touching, and she kissed me. It was not a sisterly kiss. It was loving, passionate, and sexy, all at once. It was and remains the best kiss of my life, and I have been kissed by many a talented man.   
  
Philip was stunned by this incestuous display. Or maybe it was the lesbian display that got to him. I never asked him. He probably would not have known anyway. He would have said it was hot, and that level of analysis would have been enough for him.   
  
Sarah's kiss involved more than technique and passion. It involved the love that comes from having shared our lives together, being close and loving sisters. I now got very wet, amazingly turned on.   
  
Sarah reached down between our two cunts, hers on top of mine, and gently inserted her finger in me. She could tell I was now sopping wet, so she inserted two more fingers. She knew just what to do with them too, having doubtless practiced for years on herself. Nobody can finger a woman like another woman.   
  
Then with the back of her hand pushing on her own mound, she started humping me, using the weight of her body to give her three fingers an intense thrust. After only about five of these humps I had a rather noisy orgasm.   
  
Philip had watched the entire show, rather intensely, in a state of shock. His cock was throbbing, you could see the blue veins trying to burst out of his cock, it was so engorged with blood.   
  
Sarah then rolled off of me. She said, "She's ready for you Philip. Do your thing."  
  
I knew however that Philip was lusting for Sarah, doubtless all the more so after watching our incestuous and lesbian display. Men like watching girl on girl sex. Also, weirdness turns Philip on. And I knew at some point he was going to take Sarah, if she were to let him. And eventually she would let him; she wanted him.   
  
He was so aroused after our little show however, that he would have been thrilled to fuck me. Hell, he would have fucked any naked woman who happened to walk into our room just then. Actually, she would not have had to be naked, as long as he could get his cock into her cunt. Even her ass would have sufficed, perhaps especially so. He was like a dog, surrounded by bitches in heat.  
  
I said, "No. I'm happy and content. How about I watch the two of you go at it, if Sarah is willing? I know Philip is."  
  
Sarah looked at me. Then she looked at Philip. We were all naked and Philip's cock was clearly ready to go. Philip looked at Sarah with unbridled lust in his eyes. Sarah said, "I can't, Joanie. He's your lover."

I was really mad at Philip for having come on to my sister while all I did was go to the bathroom. So I said, "He's only one of my two lovers, Sis. Mike too is somewhere in Zurich. Too bad he's not here now to satisfy me. You can use Philip since Klaus is not here, either."  
  
Philip was too much in a state of male lust to understand how devastating my remarks were just then. Sarah got them all right. Philip was in a state that renders a man's intellect slightly lower than that of the dog I mentioned above, facing a bitch in heat.   
  
Sarah looked at me, startled. She began to say, "No, that's okay, thanks anyway," but before she could get the words out Philip was all over her. He was on top of her kissing her, and pushing her legs apart with his knees. She broke the kiss, straight-armed Philip off her, and sat up straight, saying, "Philip, aren't you even going to ask me if I want you to do this?"  
  
Taken aback, Philip said, "Oh. I just thought you did. I'm sorry. But I would love to enjoy you to the max if you're willing."  
  
Sarah looked at me, I nodded, but Sarah stayed seated and was lost in thought. "I'm not sure this is a good idea. Joanie and I are sisters," she said, "And you are Joanie's lover."  
  
Then I did something truly stupid. I was angry with Philip. I moved to the armchair and sat down, still naked and with my legs held tightly together, and said, "Thank you Sarah. You are very wise. Philip is a good fuck, and maybe you want to try that out."   
  
"Fucking a mature man is different than with college boys, you know. I'll bet you ten Swiss francs he is better in bed than Klaus, too." I added, just to get in a dig at Philip, "Besides, I have my other lover, Philip's cousin Mike."  
  
It was stupid, because Philip had never fucked another woman in front of me before. I had no idea even if he was unfaithful, although I assumed he was. I surely was unfaithful to him!   
  
Not only was Sarah another woman, she was my sister. It was too much. Sarah knew this, hence her reluctance. Philip was lost in hormone-fueled lust, hence his idiocy about not understanding.   
  
Sarah rose from the bed, naked and sexy as hell, and looked down at Philip. Her eyes went from his face to his cock, hard, erect, throbbing, and ready. She looked at me. Our eyes met and she looked deeply into mine. There was sadness detectable in her eyes.   
  
I knew she wanted to fuck Philip. She had wanted to meet him for over a year, and now that she had met him she wanted the full carnal experience. She had heard my stories about Philip in bed. But she loved me more than her wants. She was clearly torn. Everything was in my power: They would do the deed or not, it was up to me.   
  
I knew something else. Sex between Sarah and Philip was going to happen. I could tell they were both determined. The only issues were when, and if I was going to know about it up front, or learn it some brutal way when I least expected it. I decided the best time was now. Get it over with. No time like the present.   
  
I said, "I'm trying to decide if I should watch, or go down to the bar while you two go at it."  
  
Sarah begged me to stay. By doing so, she suddenly realized she had decided to let Philip fuck her. Philip figured out that much too. He has a brain when it helps him to get what he wants. Philip walked over to her, stood behind her, fondled her breasts and kissed the back of her neck.   
  
Then he led her to the bed, placed her down gently, spread her legs gently, and climbed on top of her. They began to kiss. Sarah began to squirm underneath him. He raised himself on his arms, and Sarah kissed his chest and played with his chest hairs. He suckled her nipple.  
  
Without warning Philip rose up higher and then plunged his cock into her. Sarah gasped and then they began to hump. I had forgotten how loud Sarah could be when she gets into a good fuck. And nobody knows better than I do that Philip is a good fuck. A very good fuck.  
  
Erotic as the scene was watching my sister get royally fucked, I would have found it more tolerable, even enjoyable, if it had been someone other than my Philip doing the deed. I felt sick to my stomach. I got up and threw on a blouse, a skirt, and shoes and left for the hotel bar.  
  
My blouse was slightly transparent, and without a bra it was scandalous in a place like Zurich and even more so in the hotel. My skirt was too short, especially since I was naked underneath it. I probably looked like a Swiss whore. Maybe Swiss whores looked more proper than I did just then? Who knew?  
  
I buttoned all the buttons on the blouse up to my neck, but it being transparent and all, it was a lost cause. But I could not face going back to the room for a different one, given what was going on in there.  
  
I took the elevator down to the lobby. There was a man in the elevator with me, and he stared at my boobs, plainly visible through my blouse. Not knowing how to handle this, I simply smiled at him. He returned the smile and kept staring at my boobs.  
  
At the street level there were a few stores. I went to a boutique, using the entrance from the hotel. I explained I had dressed due to an emergency but I needed a more appropriate blouse. The saleswoman readily agreed with me.   
  
I bought a blouse, a blouse that was proper, and charged it to my room, and of course wore it out of the store. The store told me it would send my transparent blouse up to my room, using the services of the hotel. The store did not sell bras, but at least my boobs were not clearly visible to everyone and anyone.  
  
In addition to the man who took the elevator down with me and stared at my boobs, there were a few men in the lobby who noticed my boobs before I was able to buy the new blouse. I kicked myself, because I was aroused by the men's clear interest.   
  
It's pretty easy to get men interested, when one walks around like that. Any woman could do it, it's not like I'm special. But still, it turned me on; especially so, because it was all by mistake.   
  
I went into the bar and ordered a Scotch whiskey. I drank it quickly and ordered a second.   
  
The man from the elevator who had been quite obviously enjoying looking at my boobs on the ride down approached me at the bar. My exhibitionism in the elevator, my drinking an entire Scotch whiskey in around two minutes, and my general demeanor of distress, gave the distinct impression something was seriously wrong.   
  
He asked if I were okay, and I thanked him for his concern, gave him one of my best smiles, and said, "No. I'm not okay. I saw something I should never have seen. But I will recover, do not fear."  
  
I think he realized it involved a man and some kind of betrayal, but of course he did not say anything to that effect. We made small talk for a while. Then he asked me if there is anything he could do to help?  
  
I said, "Yes. Could you kiss me and hold me?"  
  
Taken aback, he said, "Here, in the bar?"  
  
I said, "No silly. Take me somewhere more discrete." There was an alcove in the lobby I had in mind, and off we went. He did not want to take me to the alcove; he said he had a better place, and he took me to his room. That was a mistake, of course.  
  
His room had an even better view of the lake and the mountains behind it. We got into his room and he closed the door. We both just stood there. I was nervous, being alone in a strange man's hotel room, late at night, knowing he had seen my boobs through my blouse only a half hour ago. I looked at him and he held out his hand.  
  
I accepted his hand and he pulled me into him. He did not have to pull hard. He kissed me and held me, just as I had asked. We kissed a long time. Our kiss evolved into a sexy open mouth kiss. His hands went under my new blouse and found my braless boobs.  
  
It was decision time. How far would I let this go? I would have needed a couple more Scotch whiskeys to let things evolve to fruition. I decided to keep things above the waist. As I was having these thoughts I was enjoying his kisses and was distracted by their intensity, so I was unaware that he had quietly unzipped my skirt. He now quickly pushed it down to the floor, revealing that not only was I braless, I was also without panties.  
  
I reached down to pull my skirt back up, but he had gotten the wrong message by my lack of panties, and while I was bent over reaching for my skirt, he pushed me down onto the floor of the room. I was now naked except that my blouse was bunched up around my neck. He promptly got on top of me, trapping me beneath him, using the weight of his body.  
  
I don't know when he could have done this, but his pants were down and his erect cock was out to play. He must have done this too during the spectacular and long lasting kiss we shared.  
  
I calmly explained that I did not want this and would he please get off me. He did not. I started to push him off as best as I could. He ignored me however and instead pinned my arms onto the floor. He was much stronger than I am.   
  
He forced my legs apart and stuck his cock into my cunt. It was wet and inviting, due to his great kissing. Damn it. I was being fucked, and it even felt nice.  
  
I said, "No! Get off me. You cannot fuck me!"  
  
He looked at me puzzled, and then said, "Don't worry. I'll pay you more than your usual rate. I'll give you 500 Swiss Francs. You mouth may say no, but your body says yes."  
  
He thought I was a whore. "No!!" I screamed. "You don't understand. Get off me! Let me up!"  
  
He kept right on fucking me and said, "Okay, 1,000 francs." Strange thoughts sometimes flit through my head, at strange moments. I realized I did not even know what a Swiss franc is worth. (I later found out it is worth close to one US dollar.)   
  
I began to protest more urgently, and he took me completely by surprise when he hit me in the face with his closed fist. He had never stopping his pumping in and out of me. I was in a state of shock.   
  
I looked at him in horror. He was preparing to hit me again. The second time he punched my side, hard. I wondered if he had fractured one of my ribs. While he hit me, he never lost his rhythm and continued to fuck me.  
  
I was scared. The first hit was very hard. I was worried he broke my jaw. The second hit was in the ribs, and just as hard. I was trapped, being beaten and fucked. I said, "Okay, 1,000 Swiss francs it is. Stop hitting me!"  
  
He smiled, stopped hitting me and continued to fuck me. He said, "Deal," with a tone of voice as if it were one of his routine business transactions.  
  
Since I had no choice, I tried to make the most of things, and I began to return the fuck, and started kissing him. His whole mood changed, and he replaced the brutality of his fucking with a more gentle, even a bit of a loving fuck.   
  
I remembered I was the one who had picked up this man in the hotel bar, and he clearly wanted me, and that I had aroused his interest with my exhibitionist display of my boobs. Maybe my brain could turn it into a one-night stand, instead of what it clearly was?   
  
No, that wasn't working.  
  
I realized nevertheless that despite the change over him, and my own body's cooperation, I was still being fucked without my consent; even in spite of my telling him not to. These misogynist rich men think they can do what they want with women. They may be right, too.  
  
As I began to enjoy the fuck in spite of myself, I thought of Sarah and how naturally noisy she is when she fucks. I decided I could do that too. I only had to let myself verbalize the feelings that were already there.   
  
As I began to moan and say encouraging things, and then moan loudly, even at times very loudly, I could tell the animal on top of me was getting more and more into it.   
  
I could feel his cock penetrating deeper within me, now that my cunt was sopping wet and even more welcoming. He was pushing hard, even sweating a bit. I wondered if he would have a heart attack while fucking me; he looked in distress. I did not want that. Well maybe on some level I did.  
  
I need not have worried. I guess that's just the way this man is. It may be his genetic relation to pigs.   
  
He was getting ready to cum, I could tell. I did not want him to cum inside me. I could not bear the thought of his sperm swimming up inside me. I thought fast. I knew he would not listen to anything I said, nor do me any favors. I was just a whore to him, to do with as he pleases. I had to figure out something that would entice him not to cum in me.   
  
I said, "Please cum in mouth." He seemed to like that idea, and pulled out and then stroked himself a couple of times and stuck his cock in my mouth. It tasted of a mixture of his pre cum and my juices.   
  
He pumped in and out of my mouth a few times, and wanting this to end I did the best I could, sucking him and running my tongue all around his cock. I clawed his back with my fingernails. Apparently all that together did the trick: He squirted into my mouth, his cum hitting the back of my mouth. Even his ejaculation seemed violent.   
  
All done, he lay on top of me, and I made little happy sounds underneath him. I did not want to be hit again.   
  
I rubbed my jaw. I'm not sure why, maybe because I ended up being a great fuck, or maybe due to guilt from having hit me twice, and hard both times at that, but as he got off me he said, "You were great. I'm giving you 2,000 francs." Then he went to his wallet as I assembled myself, and gave me the 2,000. I put it in my purse.   
  
I gave him a kiss goodbye, which turned into quite a long kiss and some more breast fondling, but finally I got away from this animal. I had saved a little of his cum in my mouth and when we open mouth kissed, I transferred it to his mouth. I do not know if he realized it, or not.  
  
I needed a little time to think. I had not realized how dangerous it was to go to a bar in Zurich incorrectly dressed. Lesson learned; message received. It also fit with my idea that rich men are pigs.   
  
Chastened by the experience, I went back to the room. At least I was 2,000 francs richer. I had turned my first trick in Europe. I say that because I inadvertently had once turned a trick in a hotel in New York: I had picked up a man for some casual sex and he had thought I was a prostitute and the next day I awoke to find that he had paid me. So I had doubled my lifetime number of tricks. They were both inadvertent, and I guess that means something. Exactly what it means, I don't know.  
  
I stopped at the door to the room. I listened through the door. I guess Philip was taking Sarah a second time, since I heard her signature moans and "Oh my Gods," the same ones she had used when she was sequentially ravished by our cousins Carlos and Ramon. I could not deal with this. I was psychologically unable to enter the room.   
  
Fuck this, I thought, and went back downstairs to the bar. I found it closed for the night. I went to the lobby and sat in a chair. I was a sight: I had on no bra and no panties, my hair was not as it should be after my brutal sexual experience (was it rape? Was it just non-consent, whatever that is? I could not decide and preferred not to dwell on it). I kept my legs close together and sat still, so that my breasts would not jiggle.   
  
After some thought, I went to the desk. I asked if Steve and Odessa were staying in the hotel. Steve is a banking colleague and friend of Philip, and Odessa is his girl friend. They are in love, and I met Odessa for the first time this trip, during the French part of it, but we had become close.  
  
They were also staying at this hotel. I was saved. The clerk at the front desk refused to tell me their room, however. He also did not want to call them, because it was too late at night. He seemed quite firm.   
  
I realized he thought I might be a whore. Maybe he could tell I was not wearing a bra. Perhaps my breath smelled of cum. It probably smelled of Scotch whiskey at the least. He had not seen me before, because he was the late night shift for the hotel.   
  
I could not tell him I was a guest, since he might suggest I simply go back to my room and use some method to contact another guest at the hotel. I could not bear to return to my room; that was the whole point.  
  
I thought fast. I saw his nametag and addressed him by name. I told him Steve and Odessa were expecting me to ring them hours ago, and might be worried sick. I lied and told him Odessa was my sister. He clearly did not believe me, but it must have been clear I was in distress. After what I had been through that night, anyone would have been in distress.  
  
He rang them up and thank God Odessa answered the phone. I could hear just a bit where I was standing, and she sounded sleepy. The clerk told her that her sister Joanie was at the desk, and said that she needed to see her right away. I thanked God again when Odessa said, "Send her up right away, please."  
  
I went to her room and she opened the door as I approached it. She could tell in an instant something was very wrong. I told her my story and she held me tight. She lent me one of her nightgowns and I undressed and put it on.   
  
Odessa watched me carefully as I changed. I could tell she was admiring my body. Odessa had the strangest sexual proclivities of anyone I had ever met in my 20 years of life. I should qualify that, as I have only been sexually active for the last two years.   
  
Nevertheless one could say I had been very active. I am a slut. So when I say Odessa is the strangest, it means something. Anyway, I knew at a minimum Odessa was bisexual. I was not.  
  
Steve was fast asleep. "Don't worry about Steve," she whispered, "He fucked me four times tonight, once in the ass, and he is completely wasted. He could not get it up again if he wanted to. You are safe."  
  
"I've cum five times already this evening, thanks to that man's talented mouth and cock. Don't worry about me, either," she continued.   
  
I began quietly to cry, even sobbing a little, relieved I was finally safe. Odessa held me, and kissed my hair. I was so grateful for her comfort. She put her arm around me. Her other arm went to my thigh.   
  
"Are you full of cum?" she asked.   
  
"No, he squirted in my mouth. All the way to my throat."  
  
"I love when that happens," Odessa said.   
  
I quipped, "My girl, you love everything." We both began to giggle.   
  
I could not believe it. Odessa had already got me to giggle. At some points tonight I thought I would never laugh again. I was so grateful to her, and felt so loved and cared for. In a huge surprise even to me, I leaned over and kissed Odessa on the mouth.  
  
It was not that ridiculous, because the night before our trip to Europe Odessa had gone down on me in my NY hotel room. I was tricked into that at the time, but truth be told, I enjoyed it.   
  
Odessa kissed me back, and our kiss evolved into an open mouth kiss. Our tongues entwined. Odessa's nightgown that I was wearing tied with a string, and Odessa pulled the string and slipped it down. It fell down and bunched at my waist. Odessa stared at my naked boobs, admiring them.   
  
I pulled the string on Odessa's nightgown. She got up and her nightgown fell to the floor. She pulled me up, and my nightgown joined hers on the floor. She led me to the bed. She laid me down, next to the sleeping hulk of a man that was Steve, and she lay down on top of me, our cunts touching and rubbing together. She gently, sweetly, lovingly gave me a kiss.   
  
My hands reached up to caress her back. She caressed my face with her hands, lingering softly on my ears. Then she started to slide down my body, kissing my nipples and sucking them a bit, gently, first one and then the other. Her mouth drifted down my body, constantly kissing me. It got tantalizingly close to her goal.  
  
My breathing began to get heavy in anticipation of what was to come. She sat up, spread my legs, and began to stroke the fine hairs on the inside of my thighs. She was teasing me. Little by little she got closer to my cunt, and I began to squirm to force her fingers closer. Of course that did not work.

She took her time. She was not in a rush. I was, however, I needed release. She gave me a prolonged bout of the best teasing I had ever had.   
  
Mike and Philip were always in too much of a hurry to stick it in me, and all of my one night stands never even tried or cared about my pleasure; only my cousin Ramon had ever seemed to care, and even then it was only in order to seduce me into having incestuous sex with him. It worked, too.  
  
Finally when she stuck a finger in me, my release was overwhelming and I moaned loudly. Much too loudly, I was afraid I would wake Steve. Odessa sensed my fear, and she loudly said, "Don't worry about Steve. We won't wake him. He's out for the night."  
  
Odessa was good. After she fingered me, she stuck in two fingers, then three fingers. She began to message my cunt in a kind of circular motion. She really knew what she was doing. I learned later that it's called a corkscrew message.   
  
After around 15 minutes of this, she had my cunt relaxed and it expanded to such an extent that she managed to get her closed first inside my cunt.  
  
I had no idea that was even possible. Odessa has small, feminine hands, and I figured in theory it must be possible since babies will pop out of me at some point in the future I suppose, and babies' heads are much larger than is Odessa's fist. But I had not thought like that at the time, and I was truly surprised.   
  
Odessa began to fuck me with her first, pumping it in and out. I moaned. I gasped, inhaling air quickly and deeply. I moaned louder and louder and began to scream. I could have waked the dead.   
  
I did not however wake Steve. He was not dead after all, as I could tell from his even and regular breathing. My breathing however was erratic and out of control.   
  
I was writhing around on the bed. I screamed surprisingly loudly as I came, but Odessa did not stop. She continued to fist fuck me and seconds later I came again, and then a third time. I had heard about rolling orgasms, and now Odessa was giving them to me. I thought I would pass out in ecstasy.  
  
Finally Odessa stopped pumping, leaving her fist deep inside me. She opened her fist and wiggled her fingers all around, touching my cervix. Then she slowly, amazingly slowly, withdrew her arm, which was glistening with the juices from my vaginal canal.   
  
I was a wreck. My hair was a mess. My body was awash with my sweat. I was hoarse from the screaming. All of me was played out. I was happy with the calm that comes from total sexual satisfaction. Odessa looked down at the mass of pulp she had turned me into, smiled, leaned down, and kissed me.   
  
She laid on top of me again, our cunts touching. She whispered, "Shh. Go to sleep my little lover," and she reached over and closed my eyelids gently with her finger. We went to sleep that way; both naked, with her on top me, our cunts touching. I slept the sleep of the sexually exhausted and serene. Like Steve, sleeping naked next to me.   
  
The next morning I awoke when Steve reached over and caressed my breasts. His eyes were closed and he must have thought I was Odessa. While our boobs are similar, I am smaller, being a couple of inches shorter than she is. Odessa was sleeping next to me.   
  
I gently removed his hands and sat up. He opened his eyes, and was surprised to see me naked next to him in bed. Odessa whispered to me, "Please fuck him for me, Joanie. He took me four times last night and I need a rest."  
  
I think Steve overheard this, and he looked at me and smiled. Steve and I had never really fucked. I had sucked off his soft cock once so that he could fuck his sister and thereby get a promotion at his job (that's a long story), and his cock had tasted my cunt for around 5 minutes in New York the night before we left on this trip, but we had never really fucked to completion, so to speak.   
  
I did not know what to do. I was still a bit traumatized by being fucked as if I were a whore and roughly treated to say the least, traumatized by seeing Philip fuck my sister Sarah right in front of me until I left the room last night, and I had not yet worked through the most erotic experience of my young life being lesbian sex with Odessa last night.   
  
There is also the lesbian incestuous sex I had just had with my sister. Was I really as heterosexual as I had thought I was? Was that enough sex to last me for a good, long while? How much sex does a girl need, anyway?  
  
I had to deal with too many questions. Was I bisexual? I had never thought so. But last night with Odessa had been truly wonderful. What was I? Life is so confusing at times. But now was not the time to reflect on this or anything else, for that matter.   
  
A horny, handsome, hunk of a man had awaked to find me naked in his bed, next to him. He was a man I had feelings for. This was something I needed to deal with immediately.   
  
I stalled for time, getting up to use the bathroom. This was a good stall, since I did need to pee. So did Steve and he used it after me. God he had a great body as he walked to the john, his already hard cock leading the way.   
  
Odessa saw me looking at his cock. "He always wakes in that condition," she said. "I'm fucked every single fucking morning." She smiled at the thought.   
  
I knew what she meant. Mike and Philip also woke each morning hard and ready to go. I was just not as compliant as Odessa, often not letting them have me, just because their hormones are raging. But now Odessa had asked me to service Steve, and I owed her.   
  
Besides, I thought, I do like Steve. I like him a lot. He is also scum, and I could not believe he fucked his sister to get a promotion. Okay, it has since blossomed into a long running brother/sister romance incest thing, but is that really a good thing? I don't think so. But again, who am I to judge?  
  
Steve is not perfect; far from it. But neither is Philip, nor is Mike. Nor am I, for that matter. I still could not believe Philip left me in Paris completely bound up, naked, legs open, to be gangbanged by eight men. That is far from perfect. Indeed, it is very, very far from perfect. And last night he fucked my sister, at least twice. Steve looked like St. Francis of Assisi in comparison.   
  
While Steve used the bathroom, I told Odessa yes, he could fuck me, but only if she really wanted it. I did not want to come between them. She said she did, especially if she could watch. I knew she liked that, so I agreed.  
  
She surprised me by going to the bureau and getting handcuffs. She handcuffed my arms to the head of the bed. Then she got the ties from the bathrobes the hotel supplies. She spread my legs and tied my ankles to the foot of the bed.   
  
I was naked, spread-eagled and tied up. I had been like that at the gangbang in Paris. I did not like the association with that memory.  
  
But I trusted Odessa and Steve, so I was not too freaked out, and tried hard to think of it as erotic. Still, this was pretty kinky for me, and it aroused me in a scary sort of way. While she did this she was smiling at me.   
  
Odessa went over to the armchair facing the bed and sat down, still naked, her legs wide apart, and her fingers at her cunt. Steve emerged from the bathroom and saw me on the bed in all my bound and naked glory, legs spread and inviting. His cock instantly got hard. He glanced back at Odessa, saw her with her legs spread and her fingers in her cunt, and she smiled at him.   
  
He looked at me. I did not know what to do, so I did what I always do when I am at a loss: I smiled, one my better smiles. He dived for the bed, landing on me.  
  
I had the wind knocked out of me, but I regained it as Steve began lovingly to tongue my cunt. He knew what he was doing, and licked my labia up and down. I wondered idly if Odessa had told him that worked wonders for me. I groaned in pleasure. He looked at me, his face wet, and smiled. I want you to cum, he said.  
  
I closed my eyes and relaxed. It's strange to relax tied to the bed like that. But it also relieves you of any responsibility in some sense. You are bound; you could not get away. This is false of course, because if I said stop, Steve would stop. But one's mind does not think so rationally in such situations.  
  
The sensations were intense. He continued and then began to finger me as he licked me. Next it was with two fingers, and then three. My cunt was no longer dilated, and three was all that would fit.   
  
I was squirming; it felt so good, I strained at my bonds, and it reminded me that I was tied up and that led to a stronger arousal.   
  
Suddenly I took a sharp breath and screamed loudly at my orgasm, which overtook me with sudden ferocity. God, it felt nice. All I wanted was to lie there and wallow in my bliss maybe fall back asleep. But it was not to be.   
  
Steve crawled up my body and his cock touched my entrance. I breathed quicker in anticipation. He did not ease it in, oh no, he suddenly plunged it in with intense force. I came again, right then. Then he fucked me, and he fucked me good. At times he was slow and loving and at other times he fucked me hard. He had great staying power.  
  
I could actually feel the veins of his cock that were almost bursting out along the sides. I was getting stimulation from all directions.   
  
While all this was going on, Odessa was fingering herself frantically, staring at us, and moaning loudly. I knew from past experience with her that she was experiencing viscerally what Steve was doing to me. This was part of her strangeness.  
  
In the midst of all this, the doorbell to the room rang. Steve's cock froze in place inside me. Odessa grabbed a robe, but of course the belt was missing, since it was holding one of my feet in place.   
  
She carelessly closed the robe and held it together with her hand; quite a bit of boob was showing. She went to the door and opened it wide, exposing Steve's ass to whoever was there as he laid on top of me, his cock deep inside me.   
  
It was Philip and Sarah. They were worried about my disappearance and were wondering if I were there. "She sure is, Odessa said. "She's underneath Steve," and nodded her head toward the bed.   
  
"You must be her sister Sarah," she said, extending her hand to Sarah, which in turn let her robe fall open, exposing her charms to both of them, and anyone else who might have been in the hallway just then.  
  
Sarah took Odessa's proffered hand and walked over to the bed, seeing me tied and bound. As she approached, Steve raised himself a little, extended a hand, and said, "How do you do?" All the time he kept his hard, throbbing cock deep inside me.   
  
Sarah was clearly taken aback. She took Steve's hand and shook it, all the time with her eyes fixed on me. I looked at her coldly, with no smile, and started moving my hips up and down. Steve took the hint and resumed fucking me, grunting as he did so. Odessa was undressing Philip, who was looked to be in a state of shock.   
  
This left my sister Sarah the odd woman out. She watched Odessa get on her knees and take Philip's cock in her mouth. It got hard very quickly. Sarah went to the armchair, shrugged her shoulders, and sat down as if she were at the movies. Maybe in some sense she was.  
  
Steve shot his load on my stomach. He got up and went to the couch. Odessa took Philip's erection in hand and led him by his cock over to me. There I was, naked and spread-eagled on the bed, my stomach covered with Steve's cum, soaking wet from having just been fucked. I looked up at Philip icily.   
  
Odessa snuck behind Philip as he stared at me. She suddenly pushed Philip with all her strength on top of me on the bed. He landed with his cock near my cunt, and I whispered, "Go ahead, asshole." Philip, never one to understand nuance when it got in the way of sex, stuck it in me and fucked me with great enthusiasm. Damn if he didn't give me yet another orgasm.   
  
While Philip fucked me, Steve and Odessa together undressed my little sister Sarah, who must have thought she had entered the twilight zone. They got her on all fours on the floor, with Odessa underneath her. Odessa was licking her cunt, while Steve placed his cock at her asshole. I idly wondered if Sarah had ever taken a cock in her ass. She was only 19, but she claimed to be fucking her way through all the men at her college. Or so it seemed.   
  
Meanwhile I could see all this from my vantage point underneath Philip who was relentlessly fucking me. I saw he was crying as he did so. I guess he really must have been worried about me. And now he had me back, and I guessed my letting him fuck me (and yes, I did have a choice even though I was tied and bound; if I had said no Philip would have listened) meant I still loved him in his tiny little male mind. I did still love him, too, although God alone knows why.  
  
I decided to be nice when I saw the tears in Philip's eyes, and I let myself go. I raised my body to meet his thrusts and began to moan. I moaned softly and then heard Sarah moaning. That girl can moan! She had fallen down on top of Odessa who was still lapping at her cunt, and she was getting seriously ass fucked by Steve at the same time. What a sight we all were.  
  
Philip stopped fucking me long enough to untie my feet. I discovered why when he raised me legs straight up in the air as he had done once before on the airplane when we flew to France. The memory of that, plus the feel of his cock going as deep inside me as it ever had, pushed me over the edge and I came yet again.  
  
Philip kept drilling me. He lasted a long time, doubtless having already unloaded all of his cum inside my sister. But apparently he still had some left and shot into me, shaking with the intensity of his ejaculation. Shortly later Steve filled up Sarah's virgin asshole with cum, and collapsed on top of her.  
  
We all five cleaned up and went down to breakfast. This was a morning nobody would soon forget.   
  
The party that night was an elegant affair. I wore my Yves St. Laurent business suit that was sexy in an understated way. In spite of its sexiness, it was totally correct. The suit emphasized every curve my body had.  
  
Sarah had arranged for her date Klaus to help her to buy an outfit for the party. Her college clothes she had brought from the US were not appropriate. After breakfast she left to find Klaus. Odessa wore a nice outfit she had bought in Paris; it was sexy without the subtlety of my YSL suit.   
  
When we all met to go to the party, Sarah had that after sex flush she often gets, and I knew she had just let Klaus fuck her. I told her and she giggled. "Not just him," she whispered to me. "His roommate, too!" That was my little sister, all right.   
  
The party was a rather boring affair. I got myself good and drunk. A lot of men lusted after me, and especially Odessa. Both of us looked hot. We clung to each other and to Philip and Steve. Near the end of the party, a distinguished man rose up to speak and clinked his glass for silence. A hush fell over the room.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "I want to remind you ladies of our annual slave benefit auction. As many of you know, we ask some of the ladies to volunteer to be auctioned off to be slaves for 24 hours. The lucky person who purchases you for this time can do with you as he or she likes; they are of course forbidden to hurt you."   
  
"We raise a lot of money this way, and it goes to treat poverty in sub Saharan Africa. This year our concentration country is Cameroon," he concluded.  
  
I looked at Philip. He looked surprised. So did Steve. I guessed they did not know about these slave auctions.   
  
"Any of the ladies here who will volunteer to be slaves we will consider to be heroes," he continued. "We will also richly compensate you if you like; otherwise you can donate your compensation to the charity. Please take some time to discuss with your partners; we understand this is a big decision, and a lot of trust is needed."  
  
I could not imagine any woman being willing to be auctioned off as a slave, even for 24 hours. I was sure, given the proclivities of these rich men, that sex, humiliation, nudity and degradation would be involved for those poor girls. Why would anyone do it? They would have to be nuts, or masochists.  
  
"This is nuts," I said. "I can't imagine any of these highly proper, always correct Swiss women ever doing something like this."  
  
Odessa said, "Neither can I. Maybe if they were desperate immigrants and promised help for their families, they might do it. Otherwise, nobody would."   
  
The men agreed, but I had the feeling they knew something Odessa and I did not. I hate those feelings; mostly I hate them because they are usually right. I looked at Philip quizzically.   
  
Philip said, "Some of these people are much more strange than they outwardly appear. For example, Joanie, Harwood's wife looked like a proper and sweet middle-aged woman. But I heard that when she was young she was wild beyond one's imagination."  
  
Steve asked, "You mean she slept with lots of men?" I could tell when it came to sex, Steve was more interested.  
  
"Yes, of course," Philip answered. "But there was a hell of a lot more than that going on, from what I hear. Some kinky things: some very kinky, even twisted things."  
  
Remembering Harwood's time with me when he had me bound and used a cattle prod on me while he fucked me and then just left me there, still bound, to be gangbanged, I found it easy to believe that any woman who could fall in love with him had to be weird. She would have had to be very weird: totally messed up sexually.   
  
"And that's just one example," Philip added. "Rumor mills have many more," and then he listed several wives of some of the big men in banking internationally. Not that I recognized the men's names, but I could tell that Steve certainly did.   
  
Steve pressed Philip for details, which grossed me out. Fortunately though, either Philip did not know the details, or he had enough brains not to share then in front of Odessa and me.   
  
"Let's just say, the women of these men can outwardly look and act fit and proper, but looks can be deceiving," Philip concluded. Steve could not get more out of it, though he certainly tried. At one point Odessa looked at me and rolled her eyes. I smiled back.  
  
We sat there quietly discussing this strange turn of events, and drinking our after dinner drinks. Philip had introduced me to Armagnac, and I was trying to tell the difference between it and cognac. Odessa had cognac and we tasted each other's drink. At one point we started to giggle.   
  
During one of our giggling bouts Sarah walked over to our table. She said, "Joanie, can I speak with you?"  
  
I said, "Sure, little Sis. Pull up a chair and join us for a spell." She did just that. She looked troubled. "What's on your mind?"  
  
"I'll come right out with it, Joanie," she began. "This guy Klaus Schmidt is pressuring me to volunteer to be one of the slave girls."  
  
Odessa and I laughed. Sarah did not, so I stopped my laughing and said, "Joanie, you met Klaus 48 hours ago. Since you met him, you have had sex with everyone at this table, as well as with Klaus and let's not forget his roommate. Let's see: That's four men and two women. That's six people in 48 hours. Don't try to tell me you are so much in love with him you would do anything for him. If you say that, I will have you committed."  
  
Odessa added, "If he cares for you at all, he would not have suggested such a thing."  
  
I wondered idly how she could say that, after Paris. In Paris Steve and Philip had farmed us out to be gangbanged just to win clients. And Steve really did love her. As for Philip, I think he does love me, but he has a strange way of showing it. He loves me perhaps, but not in the way I want to be loved.   
  
"You don't understand," Sarah said and she began to cry. I held her hand and stroked it gently.   
  
"Something else is going on. What hold does he have on you?" I asked.

"I knew you would understand, big Sis. You are so smart." I just sat quietly. I knew Sarah would tell me when she was ready.  
  
We sat for a while. Sarah tried not to sob. Steve and Philip left, ostensibly to go to the men's room, but really I think just to give us privacy. Steve reached over and dragged Odessa with him.  
  
When we were alone at the table Sarah told me what was going on. Klaus would get a share of the profits; not all of the money would go to charity. They needed volunteers. All the wives who might have volunteered, and there were surprisingly many, had done this in previous years. New blood was needed. He wanted Sarah to be one of them. He also wanted me to do it. That surprised me. We had never even met.  
  
He thought, actually he was sure, a sister combination would bring a huge price. All the more so because even if our bodies were different (Sarah was taller than I, and had a slightly larger bust) we had near identical faces, so it was highly believable we were sisters. It was also true, but perhaps the truth does not matter?  
  
I wanted to jump in and start to say that was crazy, so what, tell him to go to hell, and lots of such things, but I kept quiet and let Sarah talk. It was not easy, but it was the smart move just then.   
  
Then Sarah told me what was really going on. It was blackmail. He knew things, bad things, about our parents' past. The files on my Dad's computer I had found showing our Mom taking on many men, making porn films, and letting a German shepherd fuck her, were apparently just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. There was drug trafficking, sabotage of the military during the anti-war years, accusations of promoting prostitution, the works. Mostly it was our father.   
  
I had not told Sarah about what I had found on Dad's computer, so of course she did not believe Klaus. Prepared for that, Klaus had brought materials with him to the dinner and showed them to her. She was in a state of shock. Klaus was threatening to make everything public, not just here in Zurich, but in our hometown, at Sarah's college, everywhere. She was in a corner.   
  
We talked a long time. Philip, Steve and Odessa came back and I waved them away. I consider myself a smart girl, but for the life of me I did not see a way out. Klaus was smart, Swiss, a banker, and he had the backing of some of the most powerful men in the world. They controlled everything, including the politicians and the police. We were two young and poor country girls with no resources. We were doomed.   
  
I signaled Philip he could return. I explained to him, giving no details, that Klaus was blackmailing both of us into volunteering to be slave girls. We would be auctioned off as the Harley Sisters. We had no choice, it was that bad. When it was over, I was going to destroy Klaus. I wished I could do it now, but there was no time.  
  
Philip knew of my computer skills. He saw what I had done with Harwood. He knew what I was capable of, and saw that it was not an empty threat. More accurately, he knew it was not an empty promise. I truly would do my damnedest to destroy Klaus, and there was a decent probability I would succeed. People who blackmail are usually dirty themselves.   
  
I told Philip I hoped he would forgive me for doing this, and still respect me and love me after. But I had no choice. Philip looked worried and concerned. He said nothing.  
  
Odessa said, "I would join you, Joanie, for solidarity, but I am just too scared. I really can't."  
  
"I know," I replied. "And you are right. You should stay out of this and please take care of my Philip." She nodded, almost crying.  
  
"I want to meet this asshole Klaus Schmidt," I said to Sarah. She silently led me to her table, where there were two men, and one other young woman, who was pretty and sexy. She smiled at us. I smiled back. Sarah looked at her feet, trying and failing to suppress her tears.  
  
I pulled up an extra chair and Sarah and we both sat down. The girl was named Megan. She was from Ireland and had come to Switzerland for a conference, fallen in love with the banker she was with, and had stayed here. Her lover wanted her to volunteer to be a slave girl too, and she was thinking about it. I did not know if she too was being blackmailed.  
  
"What do you think?" she asked both Sarah and me. Sarah was silent.  
  
"We have decided to do it," I said, coldly looking at Klaus. "We felt we had no choice." Megan was puzzled by this, but let it go.   
  
I saw Klaus send a text from his phone as soon as I said that we would do it.  
  
"Yes, I think it could be fun," Megan said.  
  
"Megan," I said, "Fun is not what it will be. It will be gruesome, and it will change you forever. You will hate men for a long time afterwards; especially you will hate bankers," I said this looking not at Klaus, but at Megan.  
  
"Well then, why are you doing it?" she said.   
  
"We feel that we have no choice."  
  
"I don't understand. But anyway, if you both are going to do it, I think I will, too," Megan said.  
  
I let it go at that. Megan was naïve, and possibly fairly stupid. I felt sorry for her, but now was not the time to try to talk her out of it. Since now was not the time, I realized there never would be a time. And who knows? Maybe Megan is so strange she would not mind what I knew was to come. No, not a chance of that, I realized.  
  
The details of what the sick misogynist minds of these rich narcissists would think up I cold not imagine, but I knew one thing: It would not be fun.   
  
Throughout our conversation, Klaus had been silent, and Sarah had been quietly sobbing. Finally Klaus spoke. "I'm glad you sisters have decided to volunteer. It's for such a good cause. And you know how bankers are: They like to give to charity, but only if they are richly compensated for doing so." He laughed, and Megan and her companion laughed too. Sarah and I did not.   
  
I said, "I know people donate their bodies to science and medicine. That's usually of course after they die. I did not realize until tonight that people donate their bodies to charity." I paused. "But as you say, Klaus, we will be donating our bodies to the amusement of rich bankers. Forgive me if I am not charmed."  
  
Klaus tried to recover the atmosphere of mirth and celebration. I did not let him. I said, "At first I wondered how, in only 48 hours, you could have come to hate my sister Sarah so much as to do this to her. Now I realize you do not hate her. You have so much contempt for women that you do not see us as people, only as ends to your means. Pretty and shapely ends, but just ends."   
  
When I said this, I could see the light bulb go on in Megan's brain. She was having second thoughts.   
  
I said, "Klaus, you are an ambitious, evil man. This will come back to haunt you." He laughed.   
  
Three large men, looking like thugs, approached the table. "Are you Megan, and the Harley sisters?" the leader of the thugs asked. I nodded. "Please come with us," he said in a tone that brooked no quarry.   
  
We got up, but Megan did not. "I changed my mind," she said.   
  
"Good for you, Megan," I said.  
  
Thug number one however said, "I'm afraid it's too late to do that, my dear. Please come with us."  
  
Megan looked at the man she thought loved her. He said, "You did say yes, Megan. They do not allow you to change your mind, I'm afraid."  
  
The men led us off to a different room, and we were left alone. Megan showed signs of fear leading to a meltdown. I did not have time to help Megan. I told Sarah we needed to use this time to discuss our strategy.  
  
Sarah told me, "Joanie, I've been lying to you. I'm not nearly the slut I've led you to believe I am. It's true Carlos and Ramon were my third and fourth fucks, but I was just trying to impress you when I fucked them. And I did fuck the Phillips boys, but you know why: it was blackmail."  
  
"They took turns with me, multiple times, out on those rocks. It fucked up my head. Since then I have been chaste. With Klaus, I was grateful for how nice he was to me, but it was a mistake to let him make me dinner in his apartment; he forced himself on me, I did not want it."  
  
She continued, "He also forced me to continue in front of his roommate and girlfriend. The sex with Steve and Philip is also somehow due to my fascination with you, and wanting to be like you. I did enjoy it, especially with Philip, and I'm sorry about that."  
  
"One thing is true, however," Sarah continued, "I discovered I am most definitely an exhibitionist, same as you."  
  
I took this in. "Well, you are in over your head now, Sarah. You need to do everything I say, OK? It will minimize the damage."  
  
Sarah agreed. I told her we needed to look sexy but in a reserved way. When we were auctioned off we should smile constantly, but do nothing sexual. "Just always smile," I said. "The main thing is, never show fear. Once you show fear, they have you, and you're toast. No fear, understood? These men get their rocks off on fear. I know these men."  
  
I told her about the party in Paris, and Harwood. I told her about my espionage, the gangbang, and the bondage. I told her how they gangbanged Odessa, too. Her eyes were wide with fear; she was incredulous. "Sarah," I said, "You are showing fear. Try to stop it. Smile at me."  
  
Sarah tried to smile. She could not. I told her to try again. The fourth time, she smiled. "Smile broader. Think of Klaus getting kicked in the balls," I said. She broke into a big smile when I said that. "Good. Keep it up, little Sis."  
  
Counting the three of us, there were seven women in the room. The thugs came back in. "Okay, ladies. We are ready for you. I am to tell you that you each will get 10% of the auction price you command, yours to keep. In the case of the Harley sisters, you will have to share it. Once you are auctioned, the 24 hours begins. We will immediately take you to the lucky man whose bid was successful. Please follow me."  
  
We were led to another room with a stage. The head rich banker was on the stage, and around 30 men were in chairs. They were clearly the bidders. He brought the first woman out. She was clearly nervous. She stood there and tried to smile. The bidding was in dollars, I guess since the men bidding were from everywhere. One of them looked to be an Arab sheik.   
  
All of us women were pretty and shapely. We were all in our 20s to early 30s. All of us were scared. The bidding for the first woman began at $10,000. Sarah whispered to me, "Ten thousand? That is a huge amount of money! What could they ask from her for so much money?"  
  
By the time Sarah's sentence was done, the bidding was up to $100,000. The auctioneer at this point asked the woman on stage to undress. She looked at him questioningly, then shrugged, and undressed down to her bra. He told her to continue, and with clear reluctance, shame and embarrassment, she continued until she was barefoot, in her bra and panties. She had a great body; that was clear.  
  
Then with her standing there in her underwear, the bidding escalated all the way to $225,000. Sarah looked at me in shock. The auctioneer asked her now to become naked and she refused. He shrugged, and the bidding stopped.   
  
An Arab sheik had won her, and she was led away. I could tell she was terrified to have been bought by an Arab sheik. I knew for example that Saudi Arabia was not a happy place for feminists. I guess everyone knows that.  
  
The next woman was Megan. She did eventually get naked and she went for $350,000. She seemed excited about her share ($35,000) as she was led away. She smiled at us. Good for her, I thought.  
  
The third, fourth and fifth women went for $250,000, $350,000, and $400,000. Sarah looked at me. Ten percent of $400,000 was $40,000. That was $20,000 for each of us, if we commanded that price.   
  
They had saved us for last. We were led to the stage. I had developed a strategy and had quickly briefed Sarah on it. Sarah had been practicing her smiling and did not let me down. We stood there smiling, acting as if we were happy to be there. I could feel the effect on the room. The men relaxed a bit, became less solemn and more jovial, seeing us smiling. It made us more desirable.   
  
It also made us prettier. Our mother had always said, a girl who smiles is a girl seen as pretty. Since we were being sold as a unit, the bidding began higher. They started at $100,000. I had coached Sarah, so thank goodness she did not show surprise. It quickly jumped to $200,000, then $400,000. Before long it was up to $800,000, and in danger of stalling.   
  
The auctioneer asked us to undress. I said, loudly so all could hear, "I assure all of you that we have all the lady parts you could want. We prefer to remain dressed, please."  
  
The auctioneer said, "Yes, Ms. Hartley. I am sure you do. Indeed, you look lovely, even beautiful." I smiled and curtsied when he said that. There was approving laughter from the men.  
  
"But it is our tradition, and I assure you that you will fetch a higher price, if you both agree. Remember, this is for charity."   
  
"Yes, very good then. In that case..." I said and I removed Sarah's suit jacket and blouse until she was only in her bra. I looked at her, and next she removed mine. I could tell the men liked this new idea of having sisters undress each other.   
  
"Excellent, lovely," the auctioneer said. "Please do continue." We did, and soon we were both standing only in bra and panties.   
  
The bidding resumed and soon we were up to $1.5 million before the bidding stalled again. The auctioneer asked if we were willing to continue. I looked at Sarah and removed her bra, and then I added a twist and fondled her breasts. She moaned in pleasure. This surprised everyone; there was even some applause.   
  
Sarah removed my bra, fondled my breasts, and gave me a lingering open mouth kiss, which turned me on. My exhibitionism had finally kicked in. We were doing this in front of a room full of rich, powerful men, who were now beginning to openly lust for us.   
  
As Sarah kissed me, I pulled her panties down, and she stepped out of them, never breaking the kiss. She then pulled mine down, too. We were now both naked on the stage, locked in a passionate embrace. We finally broke the kiss, and stood naked, waiting for the bidding to begin anew.  
  
The bidding began again and rose to $3million before it stalled. The auctioneer was going to stop the bidding, but I began to finger Sarah right there on the stage. She then stuck a finger in me, and there we were, naked on stage in front of 30 or 40 men, fingering each other.   
  
The auctioneer was speechless. He stood there and watched us for a while. Sarah and I began to kiss while fingering each other. After about 5 full minutes of this I began to become weak in the knees. Wanting to remain standing, I withdrew my fingers from Sarah's cunt and broke the kiss. I whispered to Sarah, "Bow with me and wiggle your boobs."  
  
We both bowed, and we both wiggled our boobs as they hung below us. We then stood up, both with big smiles. We were met with applause. There was no raucous cheering; these were serious men, not drunk fraternity brothers.   
  
The bidding resumed and we when it stalled again we did some more sexual things to each other. At one point I got on my knees and licked Sarah's cunt as she stood above me. We were finally sold into slavery for $4.5million. We would each get $225,000 for our efforts. Not bad, except that the nightmare was only just to begin.  
  
The winning bidder rose. He came up onto the stage. He took the microphone and said, "I am having a party tonight on my yacht. You are all invited, but there will be an entrance fee of $25,000. The money will go to charity, with a bit deducted for expenses. Please let my secretary know if you plan to come, for planning purposes. His secretary, about the prettiest and sexiest secretary one could imagine, stood up in the audience on cue.  
  
This was met with more applause. I tried to figure out what this might mean for Sarah and me. I had little time to think however, because we were led off, naked, to a waiting helicopter, and we were flown to his yacht on Lake Zurich, which had a heliport on it. I had no idea one could land a helicopter on a yacht. This was a big yacht.   
  
We flew together the winning bidder (he told us his name: Hans). He told us he had high hopes for us. He had bid a record amount for a slave, or in our case two slaves. He got on his phone and was dictating orders for the party. He wanted six bouquets of flowers, 100 of the top quality condoms (Sarah almost lost it when he said that), 25 of Zurich's prettiest call girls, and he wanted Megan, too.   
  
When I asked what the previous record had been for a 24-hour slave girl, Hans replied, "Oh, I guess around $1.5million." That was a huge price, but a lot less than our $4.5million, even if you figure into it there are two of us.  
  
You would think this new record would please me, but no, it just scared me. As Sarah had put it earlier, what could they possibly get from us, in 24 hours, to warrant such a price? I did now know, but it could not be good.  
  
He told the person on the other end of the phone to offer up to $700,000 for Megan. He actually got her for $600,000 we later learned. He explained to us, "I noticed you had become friends with her." That's all he said.   
  
At the boat, he said, "That was very erotic what you two did on stage. Were you acting?"   
  
Sarah said quickly, "Only in part."  
  
Hans said, "Well you did it well. Look, we do not have much time, and the two of you got me aroused. I bought you, so it is natural for me to be first. Would you like a drink before we begin?"  
  
I said, "I would like three." Hans looked at me. "I'm really much better in bed when I'm drunk." Hans nodded, understanding. He got me three Scotch whiskeys. The good stuff, too. Sarah followed my lead and we both got seriously drunk. Being small women, three large whiskeys will get us each reasonably drunk.  
  
Two servants came to us and then tied us, spread eagled, to two double beds. They tied up Sarah first. I got to see how she looked tied up like that. With her arms raised over her head her breasts were pulled up a bit, and instead of sagging a little off to the side, they were dead center on her breastbone. She looked sexy as hell. Then they did the same to me.  
  
This had a familiar feel to it. The servants left, and a man with a video camera entered. He set it up and then Hans entered. He presented his cock to my mouth and I got him hard. I could not use my hands, so it was all done with my mouth. In the process I got wet, thank God.   
  
While sucking him, I noticed that he had a nice cock. He was tall and muscular, and for a man his age, he was not bad looking. I tried to do a good job on his cock.  
  
I thought he was going to stick it in me, but instead he went to Sarah and presented his now hard cock to her mouth. She too could not use her hands of course, since we were both bound, hands and feet. But she too sucked him nicely and he seemed pleased.   
  
He stuck it in Sarah, and pumped away for a good five minutes. She pretended to enjoy it; I know her, and I could tell she was pretending. She smiled and sighed, but she did not give her special moan, her signature sound when she enjoys a good fuck.  
  
He pulled out and came back to me. I was no longer wet, so it was rough when he stuck it in. I think he liked that and he pumped away. I quickly became wet as he pumped, and he liked that all the more. I surmise it made him feel macho to make me wet with his cock. I wanted him to cum in me, to spare Sarah another round of this.   
  
I did everything I could to get him to cum, using every trick I knew (not that many, but still), but the man had staying power and pulled out before he came. As he pulled out I whined, "No! Stay inside me, please!"  
  
Hans smiled for the first time when I whined for him to stay, but he ignored me and went to Sarah. He fucked her for another good 10 minutes. Then he put on a condom, returned to me, and fucked me for what seemed like a very long time, finally blowing his load deep inside me.

I sighed and smiled after he squirted. It was a relief that it was over, but Hans took it as another sign of his masculine prowess.   
  
He lay on top of me as his dick went soft, and finally pulled out when he was still barely hard enough to pull his flaccid dick out together with his condom. I knew he did not want to make me sloppy, since he was going to offer our bodies to his guests.   
  
They were our bodies, and not his to offer. But he had bought us "into slavery" for $4.5million, and in the minds of Swiss bankers, we had no rights, especially not the right of refusal. Get used to it, Joanie, I silently told myself.   
  
Hans had never even kissed either one of us. He had not pawed at our breasts. He had not tasted our nipples. For him it was just fucking as conquest and the ultimate domination.  
  
"It's a real treat to fuck sisters," he said. "Has anyone else ever had the pleasure of fucking both of you at once?"  
  
"No," I said. "Does sequentially count?"  
  
"Yes," Hans said, his interest piqued. "Tell me about it, please."  
  
I was amused that he said please. We were his slaves, naked and bound, and he had just fucked both of us without even bothering to see if we were willing. And now he was saying please. Amazing.  
  
"Well, I guess the only time it's happened like that is with our cousins, Ramon and Carlos," I said, knowing he would like the incest angle. "However Sarah fucked my lover yesterday, so maybe you would count that, too?"  
  
"You two ladies are really something," Hans said. "I'm not sure I even want to share you." We both smiled at him.   
  
I said, "We won't tell if you don't. Let us go, and you can fuck us both tomorrow night and every other night we are in Zurich. In the mornings we will blow you to wake you up. We'll dance naked for you."   
  
"You have Megan and the prostitutes for the party. We will do our utmost to please you if you let us go now. How's that?" I concluded.  
  
"Tempting. Very tempting," Hans replied. "But alas, it would not be right. I have great plans for you tonight. You will have one hell of a time. It will be fun to watch."  
  
I did not like the sound of that. With that he got himself all properly dressed again, and left the room. He told the servants nobody is to go near the two of us without wearing a condom.   
  
We lay there alone in the room, both naked, bound and spread eagled on the two beds. After a while we drifted off to sleep. The gentle rocking of the yacht, and the soft, barely audible splash of the water along the side of the boat served as soporifics.   
  
We were on a boat on a lake and there was absolutely no chance someone was going to save us. We had to take whatever was coming.   
  
I did not blame this on Philip, but actually, I was rapidly becoming a big fan of not being the girlfriend of a banker. This was a life I did not want. These men were all monsters.  
  
Bound in our room, I awoke from my fitful nap when I heard the boom of the base of a sound system. I surmised the party had begun. If I strained I could hear voices and laughter, both men and women. The call girls, I thought to myself.   
  
I quickly gave Sarah instructions, warning her of what I thought was to come. Eight servants entered our room; they wheeled our beds into a large room where the music was blaring and people were mingling. The beds were turned vertically, so our bound, naked bodies were now on display for the entire room.   
  
I could see Sarah blush. We were not accustomed to be being naked in front of so many people. And not only were we naked, we were bound on a bed with our legs spread wide: a suggestive pose, to say the obvious.   
  
Some of the call girls were dressed; others were in various states of partial dress. A few were already topless. Megan was there, now fully dressed again and chatting happily to one of the pigs, as I thought of them.   
  
The music stopped and Hans took the stage. He asked Megan to come on stage, right in front of us, as if we were not there. He also invited a black man on stage.   
  
I recognized his face from the newspapers; he was a leader of a terrorist organization that kidnapped and raped women in central Africa, also killing their men. Even given my opinion of these men as bottom dwelling scum, I was nevertheless surprised he was a guest here.   
  
Then I thought: Why should I be surprised? Terrorist leaders need to put their money in banks, too. Who better to service them than the Swiss, who in the 1930s and 1940s provided banking services for the Nazis?  
  
Poor Megan was around 25 years old, and reasonably innocent and sweet. Her only crime was to have a boyfriend who was a banker and a friend and colleague of Klaus. Hans had two servants undress Megan in front of the crowd.   
  
My guess is that only a few men, all boyfriends in intimate situations, had ever before seen Megan naked. This is normal with most other women, I should think. It's us exhibitionists who are different.  
  
Megan was not prepared to be suddenly stripped naked in front of all of these men (and the call girls, too). It was clear she was panicked and did not know what to do. The servants were not bankers, and were capable of empathy. They smiled at her and were gentle and slow, giving her slightly more time to adjust mentally to the situation.   
  
Being slow in undressing her, plus her clear dismay, shame, and embarrassment, sexually aroused the men in the audience, I could tell. That they loved dominating women was clear to me.  
  
When Megan was naked with no place to hide, she tried to cover herself with her hands. This is a natural thing to do, but of course it was doomed. Hans signaled the servants, and they tied her hands behind her. Megan turned beet red and tried to turn around. She was prevented from doing that, too.  
  
Poor Megan. All her reactions were natural and normal, and were also doomed. Hans came on stage and handed her panties to the African man. He smelled them, and nodded.   
  
Megan looked alarmed, and she showed fear. I did not blame her; the man's eyes were the coldest eyes I had ever seen. They were eyes of death; there was no mercy in them. None. But still, she should not have shown fear.   
  
"Who wants to join for this cute little treat?" Hans announced. "You all know the rules." Of course this kind of young, terrified, modest woman appealed to these rich and powerful men, who wanted nothing more (besides more money and power) than to dominate other people in general, but especially women.   
  
Two men came up on the stage and gave some sort of special tokens to Hans. He smiled and took them. One of the men embraced Megan and kissed her. His hands were all over her.   
  
Megan was not stupid. This she understood. She reached down for his cock, right there on the stage in front of everyone. She pumped it a few times with her hand, as she kissed him.  
  
Then Hans pulled them apart, and the second man gave and received the same treatment. Megan seemed actually to be enjoying this part of the exhibitionist display. She was getting with the program. Good for her, I thought.  
  
The three men left with Megan. Ten or so minutes later I heard her scream. It was a blood-curdling scream. Hans ran off, and then reappeared, flustered, and announced, "Will the doctor come now? Quickly, please."   
  
I later learned Megan had been badly cut when she did not fellate the African man the way he liked it. Being a good Catholic girl (unlike Sarah and me, who had committed every sexual sin the Catholic church could imagine, it seemed), she had never sucked a cock before, and she did not know how. She knew how to give a hand job and how to fuck, that was clear. Her mistake was not to hide her teeth.   
  
If this had not been in Zurich, the terrorist chief would have killed her for that crime. I'm sure he has killed unfortunately women in Africa for just such a mistake. Indeed, I'm sure many women have died at his hand. As it was, he almost did kill her. Her scream saved her.   
  
This sobered us up pretty quickly and Sarah and I requested and received another large Scotch whiskey. Servants helped us to drink it, since we could not use our hands. As we were there, vertical and chained to our beds, men came on stage and gave tokens to Hans. Ten men came on stage.   
  
A man began to kiss me. Another began to kiss Sarah. Our breasts were fondled and our cunts were fingered. They all took turns. It was an orderly procedure. Bankers, especially these bankers, are an orderly bunch.   
  
Everyone else watched us, unless they were too busy with the whores of Zurich. We took no comfort in any of it.  
  
Then Hans said something to the servants, and our beds were made horizontal, still on the stage. The men were given condoms, and the music started again. With the crowd mingling in front of us, I turned my head to the side and saw that one of the call girls was now naked, and she was being fucked. She started sucking off another man as the one fucking her increased the tempo.   
  
The orgy had started. Man one climbed on top of me. As I had told Sarah, make the best of it, and try your damnedest to enjoy it. I said to Man One, whom I did not know at all, "I'm glad you're the first." I knew everyone not busy with a whore was watching Sarah and me get fucked.   
  
He seemed surprised by my words, but also pleased. He kissed me, and I kissed back with a little passion, forcing my tongue into his mouth. This too surprised him. Instead of just sticking it in me, he decided to make love and went down on me. He fondled my breasts lovingly, and only then, when I was good and wet, did he enter me. Moreover he gently fucked me, trying to please me.  
  
I gave very sign of enjoying the fuck, and was quite noisy, too, making him feel macho. I actually did get into it, especially because everyone was surprised I was not protesting or at least grimacing. Most of the crowd was watching us go at it. I do love an audience, and I had this one in the palms of my tightly bound hands.   
  
My pelvis rose to meet his thrusts, as much as the bonds would allow. I matched his every move. My breasts were heaving and became covered with small beads of sweat. I don't know what he paid to fuck me, but I tried hard to give him his money's worth.   
  
I later learned a token was worth $10,000. That was a lot of money to pay to fuck two sisters. I know it is sick, but I felt flattered and desired by someone paying that much just to fuck Sarah and me publicly.  
  
I could feel his cock inside me, filling me up. When his cock stimulated my clit, I cried out, "Oh yes, right there! Again!" My breathing became uneven.   
  
Next to me, as we had planned, Sarah was doing the same thing with her pig. She made him feel macho and as if he were the best fuck of her young life. She was so convincing, I thought maybe in fact he was? After all, she had just confessed to me she was not nearly as experienced as I had thought.   
  
Sarah was kissing his chest as he fucked her. He mauled her breasts and she said, "Oh yes. Just like that. I love it, you bastard. Fuck me harder!" I wanted to say, great job, Sarah. But of course I did not.   
  
We made every one of those ten men feel special. It was not easy. All ten men fucked both of us. When they were all done, I said to them, "Well guys, I hoped you enjoyed us." They smiled and applauded us.   
  
Sarah said, "Forgive us for not bowing. Try us another time, when we have some freedom of movement." Fortunately they all laughed. I was worried it was a mistake for her to have said that. Maybe they would indeed untie us and try us again! That did not happen, thank goodness.   
  
Each fuck lasted an average of 20 minutes, so we had now been fucked constantly for around three hours. My cunt was so sore if anyone had touched it I would have screamed.   
  
I figured 5 hours had elapsed. We had 19 hours to go. We were not going to make it. But of course we did make it. I can tell you a few more things about that day and night on the yacht; it is too painful to tell everything.   
  
At the end of the gangbang I had to pee. They untied me, and walked me over to one of the pigs. I had to squat over him and urinate onto his face. When I was done, I had to lie down, and he urinated onto my face. This was beyond gross. It took all my might, and all my will, to keep smiling during these two urinations. But I did, and that saved me.   
  
It was actually worse. When he peed on my face, two other men saw him doing it, and they added their own urine streams. I amused myself by studying closely how pee looks as it leaves a man's flaccid cock. One guy's pee came down on me with force; after a while, I slowly realized he was aiming for my mouth, so I opened it for him and caught a fair amount of his pee.  
  
The man loved this. He gave me a big smile, and then lay on top of me and gave me an open mouth kiss. I still had his pee in my mouth since I was not eager to swallow it, so I moved as much as possible into his mouth. He swallowed it. He liked that.  
  
When we were done, he looked at me with a look as if he were about to propose marriage. After all, I had just given him a good fuck (along with nine other men, and in public to boot), perhaps even a very good fuck judging by his reaction when he came inside me, and then I had acted as if I enjoyed him peeing into my mouth.   
  
How could he ever find a better woman? This man needed psychological help, and thank goodness that was not my job.  
  
The story about poop is even worse. I promised myself never to tell it, never even to think about it again. Trust me, I am doing you a favor by not relating it in all of its glory, so to speak. I will however tell you this much: I had to squat and to poop above a man's face while he was lying on his back below me. A piece of glass protected his face from the poop.   
  
These men has specialized perversions. The poop guy was different from the urine guy. Jesus Christ, I thought.   
  
It's what they did with my poop when I was done that I will spare you. I let them do it and smiled the whole time. Let's just say that some people are stranger than I could ever have imagined. That's their problem. It's not for me to judge. But of course I do indeed judge. How could I not?  
  
Having me squat and pee and later squat and poop above a man's face were new kinds of violations of my privacy. I had never even imagined such scatological perversions. I was horrified and humiliated, and also managed to give absolutely no sign of being so. I was proud of my accomplishment, because believe you me, it was a major accomplishment.   
  
After the massive gangbang, they untied us, moved the beds back to the small room, and they let us rest. We both fell asleep. A few hours later Hans came in and said the party is still going on. We will serve you breakfast, and then we would like you to go on stage again and do a strip tease. Your clothes are here, in the closet.   
  
I asked him how Megan was doing, and his face clouded over. He told me she had been sent to the hospital in Zurich but he had not yet heard. I asked had it been a serious wound, and he nodded yes, and said, "Quite." I did not push him for more information, and let it drop.   
  
He did add that the man who did it was no longer at the party or on his yacht. I noticed he did not say the man was under arrest. I learned later he had left the country after "the incident."  
  
For our breakfast we were served coffee, orange juice, yogurt, breakfast meat, muesli, and bread with butter or jam. I had coffee and a little yogurt. Sarah ate more; she was hungry. We both used the bathroom and tried to make ourselves presentable, and then we dressed. Fixing my hair was a challenge. While doing this we discussed strategy.   
  
I asked Sarah if she thought her cunt was okay to resume servicing these pigs. She said yes. I also asked what she had thought of the massive gangbang.   
  
Sarah said, "I know from college that all the boys want to fuck anyone wearing a skirt, and that probably I could get laid by a different guy every day of the week if I wanted. But still I was surprised so many men wanted to fuck me, especially one after the other. As you have said before, these are powerful and rich men; they are not drunken fraternity boys."  
  
"Are we that desirable, or are they just horny? Why us and not the call girls? I just have a lot of questions, actually."  
  
"Do you want my thoughts?" I asked. She said yes, and nodded vigorously.  
  
I said, "I think it's several things:  
  
1)We are young and pretty, but of course so are most call girls.  
  
2)We are precisely not call girls, but presumably the girlfriends of their colleagues: someone else's women, and they like that. It's like men who like to fuck the wives of their friends; it makes them feel powerful.  
  
3)They like to humiliate and degrade women; they are misogynists. The ones who are not do not pay $25,000 to come to a party like this one.   
  
4)And finally, we are sisters, and who ever gets the chance to fuck sisters back to back? It's a different matter why that is appealing to them. In any event probably it would have been even better if we had been identical twins. (I thought of our mother and our aunt, my mother's twin, and their sordid youth.) It would be better still if we had been three triplets."  
  
"Wow, Joanie. That's fast thinking. It makes sense. Thanks. Next question: How do we go about this strip tease. Any ideas?" I told her my plan. She liked it.   
  
Sarah asked one more question: "Why do they want us to do a strip tease? They have seen us completely naked, and ten of them have even already very publicly fucked each of us. Everyone got to watch, unless they were willingly distracted by fucking a whore."  
  
I said, "They've been here a long time, and it will help them to get aroused again. Lots of Viagra also helps, and I'm sure many of them are already in a Viagra-induced haze; but this works only after their libidos are stimulated. Plus it is degrading to us to have to entertain them that way, and they like it precisely because it's degrading. It reinscribes sexual objectification."  
  
Sarah said, "You learned all that in college, didn't you?" It was more of a statement than a question.   
  
I said, "Sarah, you should sign up for a feminist theory class."  
  
"You betcha," Sarah replied. "After this experience, how could I not?"  
  
Two servants came into the room to escort us to the stage. We smiled at the assembled men and they all cheered. We had become popular, as word of what good sports we were during the horrific gangbang, plus the scatological offenses, had spread. We could be humiliated, degraded, sexually objectified and cruelly used, and yet we were still smiling.   
  
Hans jumped up onto the stage. He said, "For your entertainment, the Harley sisters have graciously agreed to perform a strip tease. Start the music, please." Again I was amused by his choice of diction. Slaves do not agree; they are told.  
  
Hans did not have any bump and grind music. It was one of his few, perhaps his only, planning lapse for this party. I suggested music from the Rolling Stones, and fortunately he had that. It had a nice beat to it.   
  
As we planned, Sarah and I began to dance. We each pulled a man up onto the stage to dance with us. The servants kept other men from joining on stage. We told the men to slowly unbutton my, and unzip Sarah's, suit tops. Once we had removed them, the men were to stroke our boobs through our blouses. They were then to leave the stage.  
  
They did that, and we turned our backs to the crowd, and removed our suit tops. A servant ran out to take them; it was like he was a ball boy at a tennis match. We turned around and the men stroked our boobs through our blouses, and the other men cheered.   
  
We took a little bow and shooed the men off the stage. We each turned our back and slowly removed our blouses. Again a "ball boy" came to take our blouses off stage. I stopped him and kept him there. I grabbed his cock and stroked it through his pants, and asked him to remove Sarah's bra, but slowly, please.

He looked scared and looked over at Hans, who was standing just off stage. Hans nodded. As the ball boy began slowly to remove Sarah's bra, I motioned Hans, in my best come hither way, to come on stage to me.   
  
Hans entered the stage, and I did not have to explain. He simply began slowly, and very sexily, to remove my bra, too. Once we were topless, we sent the ball boy on his way. Hans could do what he wanted, of course, but he too left the stage. He copped a feel of my boobs and then too of Sarah's boobs before he left.  
  
We were now topless, and we both bowed deeply to the crowd, wiggling our boobs. Huge cheers erupted.   
  
As the music peaked, we both began to dance. Neither one of us really knew the dance of a strip tease artist, but we had both seen it done in porn videos. I had once actually performed a strip tease when I was a contestant at a wet tee shirt contest at a seedy bar. I won the contest, too.  
  
We did our best imitation of a real strip tease dance. Sarah liked to dance even more than I did, and she had talent. Probably we did a good job. We emphasized our hips, and thrust our pelvises out towards the audience. We tried to emphasize sex all the time. The men did not want ballet, after all.  
  
After our skirts came off, and yes the ball boy ran over and took them both away, the crowd was in a lather. All we had on now were panties. Mine were especially skimpy, since originally I had planned to seduce Philip using them after the reception. That seemed like a distant memory.  
  
As Sarah and I had agreed in advance, we delayed a long time before taking the final step. We danced around in a sexy way. At one point I danced over to Sarah, and we rubbed our panty clad cunts together, and fondled each other's boobs, all the while moving our hips around suggestively.   
  
I even tasted Sarah's nipples with my mouth. She returned the favor with mine.  
  
Another time we both bent over and wiggled our boobs. Then we turned around to face the wall and wiggled our panty-clad behinds.   
  
We acted out fucking motions with each other, as if I were wearing a strap-on dildo. Sarah made faces as if she were enjoying being fucked. The men had now let themselves go, the raucous cheering resembled drunken frat boys cheering on a stripper.   
  
We had broken down their button-down inhibitions. They were actually regressing to their teen years, behaving like happy college boys. I felt it was quite an achievement.  
  
We stopped dancing and I beckoned Hans to come over. I whispered in his ear, and he smiled. He signaled for the music to stop, and as we both stood there clad only in our panties, he announced, "The Harley sisters request two volunteers to come on stage to help them to remove the final article of clothing. Volunteers please raise your hands."  
  
Everyone's hand went up. Hans looked at me. I said my lucky number was 5. Sarah said hers was 7. Hans was quick, and understood. He counted the men ostentatiously until he got to 5. He said, "Joanie's lucky number is 5, so Jürgen you are the 5th man I counted and will you please come on stage. Sarah's lucky number is 7, and Jan you are number 7, so please too come on stage."  
  
Both men came on stage, smiling from ear to ear. Neither one was one of the ten men who had gangbanged us. I beckoned both of them to come over and told them my plan. Their smiles got broader. Sarah and I smiled back. The music resumed. Sarah and I began to dance.  
  
The men came over to us but as they got close we danced away. The men played along, never getting close to us enough to "help us" to remove our panties. The audience began to laugh, and they began to cheer the men on.   
  
Finally, the men teamed up. As I danced away from Jürgen, Jan positioned himself so that I "accidentally" danced right into him and he gave my panties a tug, and slipped them halfway down my hips. I wagged my finger at him, as if to say naughty boy.  
  
They tried the same trick, successfully of course, with Sarah. She also wagged her finger. By this time the crowd was ours, enjoying the show.  
  
This is what I loved. I longed to be desired by men. Now I had 30 or 40 of the richest and most powerful men in the world all cheering for me to become naked for them. It was a turn on for me, and I was flying high. No doubt the men watching also would have loved to jump on top of me me and fuck my brains out. They were consumed with desire for Sarah and me.  
  
For me, this is exhibitionism at its best. For Sarah, I just did not know. Was she enjoying it, was she embarrassed, humiliated, aroused? I glanced at her and she was of course always smiling, but I knew her, and I could tell the smiles were genuine. She too was into this. I was relieved.  
  
We both danced away from them, but as we did so we each slowly and dramatically lowered our panties until they were barely hanging onto our hips, in constant danger of slipping off, but nevertheless they tenaciously clung to our bodies. This was exasperating and thrilling to our audience who began to chant, "Take it off! Take it off," in classic fashion.  
  
I knew the longer we could delay and tease them, the better it would be when we finally became nude. We each began to bump and grind our hips as much as possible. The panties quivered tantalizingly, but remained barely on. At times I felt my pubic hair was the only source of friction keeping them on me.   
  
The chanting got louder. The demands to take it off were becoming more urgent.  
  
The two men dropped to their knees, and beckoned us to come to them. We danced suggestively over to them, clad only in our panties that were barely hanging on to us, and wiggled our breasts over their heads. We stood with our cunts in front of their faces.  
  
Our cunts were still protected by the panties.  
  
The two men had their hands behind their backs and pulled our panties down gradually, using only their teeth. While they did this I played with my boobs and, of course, smiled. The crowd went wild as we stepped out of them, and kicked them over to the ball boy.  
  
Sarah and I then stood before the crowd, both stark naked, right next to each other. We put our arms around each other. Facing the crowd, I stuck a finger in Sarah's cunt, and she returned the favor in my cunt. Our arms crossed in front of us.  
  
The fingers pumped a little and then we pulled them out and sniffed them, and then offered them to the two men, who were still kneeling close to our cunts. They both got to sniff the fingers of each of us.   
  
I then stepped away, beckoned for the microphone, and said, "I want each man to tell us whose cunt smells better. Sarah's or mine? Men, use your fingers to sample, please."  
  
I did not have to ask the two men twice. Each one fingered each of us, using their left hands for me and their right hands for Sarah. They fingered us a bit too long I should think, and I began to get seriously aroused. I finally pulled their fingers out and said, "Enough!" This brought laughter from the audience.  
  
They then stood and flamboyantly smelled each hand, one after the other. The first man, let's call him Man A, pronounced my smell as best. The second man, Man B, pronounced Sarah's smell as best. I then pulled Man A to me and kissed him passionately, and Sarah did the same with Man B.  
  
Both men resumed fingering us as we kissed. My knees were getting weak. I pulled out the fingers of Man A, and Sarah did the same with Man B. We resumed our exotic dancing, now stark naked, and the crowd was cheering wildly. The men stayed on stage.  
  
After a while I signaled to Sarah and together we loudly said, "Lick, boys. Lick!" They obliged and began to lick us. A hush fell over the crowd as they licked us, and then Hans came back on stage clapping, saying, "Bravo! Bravo, girls!" The applause was deafening.   
  
The men stopped their ministrations, leaving us highly aroused, and left the stage.  
  
We bowed deeply, held the bow, and wiggled our boobs. Then we turned around and bowed deeply to the wall, showing off our behinds and glimpses of our cunts, and again wiggled both our behinds and our boobs. Then we both scampered off the stage , boobs bouncing as we scampered, blowing kisses at the crowd.   
  
The music began again, and the prostitutes got a lot of action. It seemed every man there was hard after our show and wanted release. Almost every girl was taking on two men at once: One from behind and one in her mouth.  
  
Hans came over to us. "You two sisters are magnificent. No woman has ever seemed to enjoy this 24-hour event before. They mostly endure it; some not well at all. The two of you have entertained the men in new ways I've never before seen. I'm very glad you will each get over $200,000 dollars, your shares of the donation. You've earned it."  
  
I said, "Thank you, Hans."  
  
Sarah chimed in, "It is kind of you to say that. Thank you from me, too."  
  
We still had 10 hours left, however. Hans let us sleep for 8 hours. We really needed it at this point. The last two hours of the party were kind of special. Hans had us wear pasties over our nipples, and gave us the smallest possible covering of our mounds. We posed for pictures with each and every man there, including Hans and also the servants. While we posed, the men put their arms around us and felt us up.   
  
Some men mouthed our boobs and the pasties quickly came off, so from then on we posed bare breasted. Others also took off the coverings below and so from then on too, we posed nude, often with their fingers inside us.   
  
For one man, he had us kiss and hug each other, flattening our boobs against the other's boobs, and then he stuck his erect cock in my ass. His friend did the same for Sarah. We had a picture like that: Sarah and I standing face to face, our boobs touching, and men with their cocks buried in our asses.   
  
Inspired by this last picture, Hans came out with the illustrated Kama Sutra. The next ten men posed with us in various Kama Sutra poses. To do these we had to have their cocks inside us or in our mouths. Once again we were both glad we were limber!  
  
Men tried to take advantage of the situation and to fuck us this way, and they usually succeeded for more than a few pumps before Hans would get them to stop. We never stopped them; we only smiled. Nobody got to fuck us to completion during the picture session, thank God. We would not have lasted doing that some 30 times. Still, it was pretty erotic.   
  
The photographer got so turned on taking these pictures that at one point Hans had a prostitute come over and suck him off as he snapped away. He wanted one of us, probably both of us, and not the prostitute; but Hans was firm. We were only available for the men who had paid the $25,000 entrance fee. Business is business.   
  
Hans told us he would have a servant make us a DVD of all the pictures for us, one for each of us, to take with us as a souvenir. No doubt all the men at the party would get one, too. I did not relish the idea of these pictures getting on the Internet forever, since someone was bound to upload them. But I did not see what I could do about it.   
  
Steve and Philip did not come to the party, thank God, but the asshole Klaus Schmidt did. When it was his turn to pose, he wanted two pictures, one with his cock deep inside Sarah, and one with his cock deep inside me.   
  
I think he just wanted to put his cock in each of us. It was a big cock, too. He got away with quite a bit more than a few pumps while doing it. I was angry, but kept smiling. The camera was clicking away the entire time. A video was also being filmed, as he fucked us both.  
  
He got special treatment, since he was responsible for finding us and getting us to do this. But after a good while Hans stopped him nevertheless, thank goodness.   
  
Of course he had already fucked Sarah at least twice before the party, but I was a new conquest for him. I was glad he was not allowed to fuck me to completion. Probably he still considered me a conquest, nevertheless.   
  
Before this happened I had beckoned Hans over, ostensibly to ask him about the request of Klaus, and did he really get to have two pictures this way? I said to Hans, "Shouldn't that at the least cost Klaus a token?" Hans smiled. He became even more impressed with me, since I was looking after his pecuniary interests. The tokens each cost $10,000.   
  
Then I whispered to Hans, "What bank does Klaus work for? Sarah is curious about him." Hans told me. There was no reason for him not to tell me. It was a small private banking kind of bank, headquartered in Basel. Klaus had to surrender a token. He did.   
  
As I said, while posing Klaus fucked each of us for a couple of minutes while the camera clicked away. I did not think that was worth the $10,000 price of a token, but on the other hand who gets to taste the cunts of two sisters at the same time that way, and have pictures to whack off to forever after? I found out later there was also a movie.  
  
I had plans for Klaus. His future looked bleak. We'll get to that later; don't worry.  
  
We tried to make the photography session last as long as possible. When it was done, we were brought back to the stage fully dressed, and Klaus organized a drawing, a kind of sweepstakes. The winners were two men who came up to the stage.   
  
They undressed us until we were naked. We were no longer embarrassed to be rendered naked in front of the men. Nothing would have fazed us at that point. All we could think about was getting out of there. Since it was the last event, the men did not have to wear condoms, and they did not. We were told to get on all fours, and we did. The men then took us from behind, with everyone watching and cheering. We smiled throughout.  
  
Sarah became noisy. With her, it is natural. I love an audience and so it was natural for me to be noisy, too. Plus I did not want to be outdone by Sarah. Then to my surprise I had my very first orgasm of the 24-hour period, right there on the stage. It was not subtle, and everyone noticed. They cheered wildly and called out the man's name. Even I got embarrassed.   
  
The men shot their loads deep inside us. We then lay on the stage, legs apart, as Hans had asked us to, showing the audience our cunts with the white cum of the men visible at the entrances. On cue, we each stuck our fingers in and ostentatiously withdrew them covered with cum, and then licked them clean. Then we stood up, smiled, and took a deep bow, complete with boob wiggles.   
  
Hans led us off stage, told us to dress, and put us on the helicopter back to Zurich. He had a taxi waiting for us to take us to the hotel. In our purses, we each had cashier checks for $225,000. They were each in a plain, opaque envelope.   
  
I went to my room and filled the bathtub. I added bubbles, and got in. I had a long bath. When I finally got out, Sarah took an even longer bath. We dressed, went to the bar, and got seriously drunk. I explained to Philip I had to recover before anyone could even think about sex with me. He understood.  
  
The next day we took a taxi to the hospital to see Megan. She was out of intensive care. The African terrorist had stuck a knife in her back while she was sucking his cock, and the knife had punctured her lung. It would be a long recovery.   
  
She was happy to see us. She asked about the "party" and between the two of us, we told her the entire story, blow by blow. All she could say was, "Wow. For real?" I nodded. Megan added, "I would not have survived."  
  
I said, "If you had not screamed, you might not have survived."   
  
Megan nodded. "It was surreal. He is pure evil. I was face to face with the devil himself."  
  
Megan nervously asked if I thought she would have to testify at his trial. She was terrified of ever laying eyes on him again. I broke the news that he had left the country, he would never be punished for what he had done. Then remembering how Catholic Megan was, I added, "In this lifetime, in this world."  
  
We left Megan with the flowers and the teddy bear we had brought for her, and returned to the hotel. I told Philip I wanted to visit the offices of the bank where Klaus Schmidt worked. I wanted to see his desk. I thought to myself, I cannot believe I let that asshole's cock enter me and pump away for a few minutes. The thought disgusted me.   
  
Philip did not ask questions, but he helped me to gain access to the bank. I had dressed in a sexy way wearing a partially buttoned blouse and a highly revealing bra, as well as a very short skirt, and very high-heeled shoes. I looked hot and great, both to all of Philip, Steve, Sarah and Odessa.   
  
By flirting with various men (and I was already legendary after the party), playing with the remaining buttons and even unbuttoning a few more when I needed to get more cooperation, I finally got a man to lead me to Klaus' desk.   
  
Back at the hotel, I had used a program to find Klaus' password, by brute force. I learned to my relief that the program had worked.   
  
As we walked through the bank towards the desk of Klaus, I saw pictures of myself from the party on every single man's computer. I was naked in all of the pictures of course, and usually I was in various states of sexual activity.   
  
I looked good in most of the pictures, I thought; the defects I know about on my body, for example a dimple on my ass, were not visible. But it was disgusting that all these men could drool over pictures of me in such intimate situations.   
  
Each man apparently had his favorite picture of Sarah and his favorite picture of me displayed. I saw one where one of the pigs had his cock in me, and then another with his cock in Sarah. The two were bundled as one picture. That seemed to be a local favorite.  
  
One man had a picture of Megan, naked and covered in her own blood, being carried off to the helicopter. In the picture you could see her cunt, since her legs were spread from the way she was being carried. The knife had not been removed yet, and it was protruding from her back.  
  
There was cum visible in her cunt. If that particular man was into pictures like that, pictures of semi-conscious cut up naked women, he was, shall we say, not a nice person. I glared at him as I walked by. He smiled back.  
  
When I got to the desk of Klaus, I opened his computer with the password I had previously found, and I quietly inserted a USB drive and downloaded a program I had written for the occasion. I now could cook Klaus' goose easily, at my leisure.   
  
The program I downloaded gave me remote access to his computer any time I wanted. I pocketed the USB drive and left the bank, checking out all the pictures on the men's computers of Sarah and me as I briskly walked out.   
  
It would not be detected on the virus scans the banks used constantly, because it was my own creation, and therefore not in any library of known viruses. My techniques were highly original, and that was on purpose, just for that reason.  
  
Absolutely everyone had pictures of Sarah or me, except for that one guy who had the bleeding Megan, taken as she was losing consciousness.   
  
The pictures of Sarah and me were every one compromising and disgusting. Strangely though, I realized that nevertheless part of me liked it, and I actually got aroused to see so many men gazing at my naked body. Probably too some of them were beating off to fantasies about taking me.   
  
Well, here I was in the flesh, walking right past them. They stared at me: The flesh and blood version of their fantasies from the pictures on their computers. That's why I walked so fast.   
  
Back at the hotel, I told Philip I had to leave Zurich immediately. He knew why: He too had been shown the pictures, and he knew they had been widely diffused. He took Sarah and me to the airport and put us both on the next airplane to Paris. He said he would meet me there in three days.   
  
I told Philip I should be recovered by then, at least I hoped to be. (I knew with time the pictures would get old, and all these creeps would forget about them. Maybe they would replace them with pictures from next year's slave girls.) Philip smiled. I gave him a big and very sexy kiss. I was relieved when he returned the kiss. He told me he loved me.

Sitting one row behind Sarah and me on the airplane was none other than my other true love, Mike. I could not believe it. I used the occasion to introduce him to my "little" sister Sarah, and he began to drool over her, just as his cousin Philip had done before him.   
  
He in turn introduced us to the Swiss German girl Heidi (seriously, her name was Heidi) he had seduced in Zurich and who was coming with him to Paris. No doubt she was in for some unbridled sex and perhaps also some exhibitionism in Paris, a city perfect for both.  
  
I was dismayed when he told me he had heard about what Sarah and I had done for charity on Lake Zurich. I felt like sinking under my seat. He showed Heidi a few of the pictures of Sarah and me naked with the men in various sexual poses. Heidi looked at them, and looked at Sarah, then at me, then at the pictures. How did he get them so fast? Philip, I thought.   
  
"I can explain, " I said.  
  
"No, you can't," Heidi said. "Nobody could. And anyway there is no need. You look pretty and so hot! Jesus, I am wet sitting here looking at the pictures." Sarah smiled when she heard Heidi's remarks. I was dumbfounded. How did Mike find such a woman, and in Zurich, yet? The man has talent.   
  
Heidi said, "Mike had told me all about you, of course, and how amazing you are. I must say it is intimidating. And now I see why. I am surprised to see you looking so happy and carefree after what must have been an ordeal."  
  
Where does Mike find these amazing women? How does he do it?  
  
Back in Paris I spent all my time in my hotel room working at my computer. I took a little time out to have a mini orgy with Mike, Heidi, Sarah, and two friends of Mike he had learned via Facebook were in Paris just then. Sarah and I needed that, strangely enough. We needed to know we could still be sexual, and relate to men in the normal way.  
  
It began innocently enough. Mike, Heidi, Mike's two friends and I all went out to dinner at a nice French restaurant. We were in Paris after all. Mike made sure I was drunk, Sarah and Heidi too, and then we all went back to the large hotel room Sarah and I were staying in at our super fancy hotel on Avenue George V.  
  
We went ostensibly to watch a championship tennis game on our wide screen TV. But the conversation ended up being our times in Zurich, and Mike wanted us to tell his two friends and Heidi (and himself) what had happened. We gave the sanitized version.   
  
Sarah mentioned the strip tease and how I orchestrated it brilliantly. This was a mistake, since she did not know how diabolical Mike is. He got his two friends and Heidi to gang up on us and they all pressured and begged us for a re-enactment of it.   
  
We resisted a long time. Sarah also resisted, perhaps even more than did I. But we were drunk and malleable, and Mike won in the end.   
  
As it turned out, Sarah and I had fun reliving the strip tease we had performed on the yacht. Mike's two friends played the role of the two men whose teeth helped to take off our panties.   
  
Mike and Heidi played the role of the enthusiastic audience and they did it well. Mike was especially enthusiastic when he saw my sister finally stark naked. He was a bit too much so, at least for my taste.  
  
After the performance, we all watched a video of the original strip tease I had downloaded and copied from Klaus' hard drive. I had not even realized Hans was making a video. I should have known: the bastard. It was while we were watching the video that the orgy began. The boys were already hard from our live strip tease, anyway.   
  
Sarah would not let Mike fuck her. She had seen what happened to me when she let Philip fuck her, and she was not going to let that happen again. I tried hard to monopolize Mike, and did a fairly good job. It was wonderful to feel him inside me again. Nobody fucks me like Mike does.   
  
Sarah did a good job of keeping both herself and Heidi away from Mike. But in the end, and actually it was in Heidi's end, Mike fucked Heidi while I was recovering from the orgasm he had given me. Mike could not be contained, and after all, Heidi was his current girl. She was his "fille du jour," to create a new Parisian expression. In contrast, I was only his true love.  
  
This made me jealous of Heidi even more, and of course she was already totally jealous of me. What a strange situation! When Mike fucked Heidi in front of me, my jealously overtook me, so I went over to one of the friends Mike had brought over, and who had just finished fucking Sarah and nursed his dick back to life with my talented tongue.  
  
Ho took the not too subtle hint, and then fucked me, too. He was pretty excited, actually, to be fucking sisters back to back, and I could tell both Mike and the other friend were jealous.   
  
The other friend, now hard from watching us go at it, wanted a piece of me too, but I just smiled and would not let him do anything with me, beyond kissing and fondling my boobs. Oh yes, he also got to finger me a little. I should also include I sucked his cock until be came, and swallowed his cum. I was drunk. But he did not get to fuck me. That was my pathetic triumph of the evening.  
  
It worked, too. Mike was indeed jealous. I could tell.   
  
Energized by the release provided by the orgy, the next day I continued my computer work. I deleted all the evidence from Klaus' computer that he had about our parents. I was even able to trace where he had found the evidence, and when I was done with Klaus I planned to delete the evidence from his source.   
  
I knew it would not be easy to access police files. But Klaus had done it and he had done it quickly; he had them only 48 hours of meeting Sarah on the streets of Zurich! There had to be a trick. I would find it. Else, I would have to use my womanly charms again; maybe Sarah could help.  
  
Next I painstakingly framed Klaus for embezzlement of the bank's funds. That was a pretty horrible thing to do. I felt like scum. But forcing Sarah and me to have that amazingly horrific experience on the yacht, where we were bound and abused, humiliated, degraded and fucked into oblivion for 24 hours, was a crime in and of itself.   
  
It was simply one where nobody would ever be punished.   
  
Even the African terrorist who almost killed Megan with his knife was getting off without punishment. His only punishment was he had to leave the yacht before he could try anything on either Sarah or me.  
  
Framing Klaus was complicated, but I had it all worked out. I need not have bothered. I discovered to my delight that Klaus was already embezzling! He was clever, and he only embezzled small amounts, under the radar so to speak. He had his secret account in Luxembourg all set up, and that is where his stolen money went.  
  
All I had to do was to turn his already existing crime into one on a sufficiently large scale that it would be a noticeable blip on the bank's operational risk radar screens. My task was made easier than I thought it would be by Klaus' criminality. I was turning a low level criminal into an ambitious one.  
  
Next I deleted all the pictures he had from the party at the yacht. Finally, I used an anonymous email address and server to leak the news of Klaus' "embezzlement" to the bank's CEO. If he did nothing, I would next alert the Swiss banking authority.   
  
I browsed around inside Klaus' computer and decided to read his recent emails and also checked his Facebook site. I got a big surprise. Right after he had met Sarah and then manipulated her into having sex, I discovered some email exchanges between Klaus, Philip, and his cousin Mike, my other true love. What I learned was not pretty.  
  
All three had conspired to find evidence with which to blackmail Sarah, and especially me. Klaus wanted the money and needed to find willing women, not an easy task. Mike and Philip just seemed to like the idea that I would be sexually tortured. Sarah was collateral damage.   
  
It was only with the three of them working together, and in particular Philip pulling some political strings with corrupt politicians in my home town, that they were able to get the goods on my father so quickly.   
  
I was stunned. Stupefied would be a better term. I closed the computer, went out to the balcony, and stared unthinkingly out at Zurich. I had known Mike and Philip were strange, and that Mike (and perhaps Philip too) somehow enjoyed the idea of other men fucking me silly. They both enjoyed equally having me expose myself to other men, usually to strangers.   
  
But they had crossed a line. Big time. I was taught that all or at least almost all sins are forgivable. But I was not Jesus. Indeed, I was damned far from Jesus. I committed a lot of sins, and I do mean a lot, but they were all victimless. Often if anyone was the victim, it was me.  
  
I did not know how to cope with this news. I had to tell someone. There was nobody to tell. There was only my sister Sarah, and there was absolutely no way I could tell her. If I told Odessa, she would tell Steve, and Steve would tell Philip, and Philip would tell Mike.   
  
I did not want either Mike or Philip to know that I knew about their evil plot until I was ready to tell them. Actually I planned never to tell them; I would formulate other plans, I just did not yet know what the other plans would be.  
  
When I got back home, I could not even tell my best friend in college Mary, since her boyfriend Tony was a good friend of Mike. She would tell Tony, and he would tell Mike.   
  
Maybe I could tell Susie, my best friend from high school. But problems like this would be beyond their imagination. I wished I smoked cigarettes. Or took dope. Or something! All I knew how to do was to drink and have sex. No sex. But I could drink, that was clear. However with me, drink often led to sex. There was really nothing. Shit.  
  
Drinking it was.   
  
What I told Sarah was I had finished, and we should celebrate. She is my sister, and we are close, so she knew right away something was wrong. Perhaps very wrong. But she was smart enough to know not to push it, and just to be there for me. And she was.   
  
I took Sarah out for a night on the town. As I had planned before my discovery, we met up with Mike and Heidi, and went dancing. Sarah and I both got picked up by French men and had fun dancing.   
  
I was jealous of Heidi, and annoyed with Mike who was flaunting her in front of me, but I guess my getting so easily picked up at the dance hall was making him jealous, too. I hoped so. I wanted to punish Mike. Showing I was desirable to other men was not news to him, and if it punished him at all, it was totally insufficient. But just then, it was the only means available.  
  
Sarah and I had decided in advance not to take the two French men home. After the mini orgy we decided to be chaste for a while. Mike had worked his magic on Heidi however. Heidi, a proper Swiss girl before she met Mike, was dancing topless at the dance hall. When they slow danced, Mike's hands went down her pants. She let them.  
  
I let the French man do whatever he wanted with me, just to do it in front of Mike. I found out much later, back at college, that my hope had in fact not been in vain.   
  
Mike was jealous of every man I had ever been with! It turns out he was insecure about me, and about everything. He used his seduction of new women as a form of self-validation. He was one sick puppy.  
  
OK, I knew I had to cut back on the college psychology classes. My analyses were sophomoric. But still.   
  
Sarah followed my lead with our dancing French men. It took the French men a while before they realized just how much they could get away with. We were letting them get away with a lot: almost anything short of copulation on the dance floor.   
  
It was after Mike had spoken to them when they were getting us new drinks that the realization hit them of just how much they could do with us, right there in the open. I don't know what Mike told them, but it worked.  
  
Soon Sarah and I had our bras off, but our blouses still on. The dance hall was crowded and dark, so we were a bit protected from everyone seeing us. But men still noticed, nevertheless, especially after my French man unbuttoned my blouse practically all the way to my waist. It was pretty easy now to see my boobs, nipples and all.   
  
I was close to falling down drunk, and so upset over what I had found with my computer that I simply did not care. Sarah was a little, but only a little, more reserved than was I.  
  
When the French men danced with us, their hands went down our pants, too: first to our behinds, later to our cunts. Other men were looking at us as we got fingered on the dance floor, despite the crowd. Sarah's man even pusher her pants down to the point where they were barely covering her cunt, and exposing most of her bare ass.  
  
At one point, my guy raised my blouse exposing my boobs to everyone before I managed to pull it down. I fumbled around trying to push it down so that they were exposed that much longer. Then instead of slapping him, I kissed him. Seeing this, Sarah's guy exposed her boobs, too.   
  
Mike and my guy switched partners, and Mike danced with me, and he too pulled up my blouse and exposed my boobs. Heidi was already topless, so the French guy pulled down her pants and panties at the same time, so that she was flashing the room. Heidi blushed and pulled her pants back up and playfully slapped the man's hand. She pulled him into her and kissed him.   
  
He pulled Heidi's pants down to her knees while they kissed, and this second time she left them there as she tried to dance without falling over. He pulled her into him and began to finger her. She leaned into him and kissed him. Her blouse was above her boobs, and her entire ass and cunt were exposed as she kissed him.   
  
It was a wild evening. Sarah and I too had both been forced to flash the room at different times. Unlike Heidi however we kept it brief, quickly pulling our pants back up. The men could not believe their luck with these two American drunk and loose women they had found in the dance hall.   
  
Heidi was even more out there, all the more surprising since a few weeks ago she had been a conservative Swiss girl. At one point, her dancing partner (not Mike) had taken his cock out and stuck it into her cunt for a few seconds before she danced away from it.   
  
Our two French men were incredulous and disappointed however when we returned home without them. To compensate them, I sucked off my guy in a dark corner of the dance hall. I swallowed his cum. Sarah took her guy to the ladies room and she sucked him off there. That calmed them down somewhat.   
  
I'm pretty sure two men saw me sucking off my guy but they did nothing about it, just watched. That made me even wetter. A third man came over and stuck his hands down my pants and fondled my ass as I sucked off my French man. I let him. His finger entered my ass and I squirmed, then reached behind me and slapped his arm. Taking the hint, he withdrew it, and then walked away.   
  
Sarah though had more privacy with her guy, in the woman's room.  
  
Even though I was good and drunk (Mike had been sure to supervise my drinking so that I would surely be drunk) Sarah and I were just not ready to take two strangers to bed. Mike left the next day, and Heidi came to our hotel room to say goodbye before she returned to Zurich.   
  
Heidi told me I have a great guy, and he changed her life. I did not know until then what exactly Mike had told her about me in those terms, that is, that he was mine. In any event, she was right about Mike changing her life. He had changed mine too before her.   
  
Heidi hoped I was not angry with her about Mike, and that we would stay in touch. I said I was not angry, and I would like to stay in touch. We exchanged coordinates, and I told her please to let me know if any Zurich bankers who were on the yacht were arrested. I was curious after my time on the yacht.  
  
The next day Philip returned to Paris, and the rather spectacular reception that I had planned to greet his arrival in Paris I had killed. He still loved me, even after the events on the yacht. He even told me it was helping his career. He had no suspicion how much trouble he was in with me.  
  
The idea was that the man who could land a woman as spectacular as myself merits being a highly respected man. The behavior of Sarah and me on the yacht had made us legendary, and in a good way, in the twisted minds of bankers. After all, we had done all those amazing and horrifying sexual things "for charity" and been good sports about it.  
  
I even already had a nickname. I was known as "Joanie of Zurich." It was only days after the yacht and all its horrors, and already I was a legend in international banking circles. I did not know if "Joanie of Zurich" was akin to the name of a famous whore, or more something akin to Cleopatra of Egypt. Philip assured me it was the latter, but he had lost all credibility.   
  
Five weeks later I got a message from Heidi. Klaus had been arrested. Not because of the yacht, but because of embezzlement. He was facing prison time. I wrote back thanking her for the news.  
  
A few weeks later Heidi wrote again. This time it was about Hans, the host of the party. He had resigned from his bank. He too had embezzled. I had nothing to do with his being caught, other than starting the embezzlement investigation bandwagon rolling. It could not have happened to a more deserving man, in my opinion. I thanked Heidi enthusiastically.   
  
Sarah returned home. She dated both of the Phillips boys that summer, but would not fuck them. She did everything else, however. She also used them to help her indulge her new exhibitionist tendencies in creative and sometimes spectacular ways. They had no complaints.   
  
I can't resist relating one thing that Sarah told me about. She took both the Phillips boys to the park around dusk. Few people were around. She let the younger one, Jason, take off her blouse. She was not wearing a bra, so she was now topless in the park.  
  
The boys wanted more action than just to admire and fondle her boobs. They pressured Sarah. She resisted mightily. After a lot of pressure over an extended period, however, she finally ended up getting on her hands and knees, with her boobs hanging down, and sucked off Jason's older brother. Jason pushed up her skirt, pushed her panties aside, and fingered her to an orgasm. Then Jason's brother blew his load into Sarah's mouth. She swallowed most of it.  
  
Sarah kissed Jason and let his brother's cum mingle with Jason's saliva. She had Jason and his brother change places and she sucked off Jason while his brother fingered her. All this was done in the park, and apparently three men saw them and stood and watched.  
  
Sarah had noticed the men watching from the get go, but had not let on that she saw them. She had enjoyed being watched. Are we sisters or what?  
  
Sarah ended it when Jason's brother tried to replace his finger with his cock. He got his cock inside her, but then she stood up and socked him in the jaw. That ended it.   
  
The three men applauded when the show ended. Sarah bowed, and like she had done on the yacht, she wiggled her boobs and smiled at her audience. The Phillips boys were embarrassed and humiliated when they realized three men had watched them and they ran off, leaving her half dressed and alone. They were charming boys. Good riddance.  
  
This left Sarah alone, standing there topless. She went to one of the men and kissed him while he fondled her boobs. He had his cock out, since he had been stroking it while he watched her with the Phillips boys. She gave it a gentle squeeze, said goodnight and left, dressing herself slowly as she walked away.   
  
The men just stood there, stupefied, and watched her ass wiggle as she walked away. I told her it was a great story, and she kissed me. What happened after that between Sarah and me is private.

After my European trip I too returned home to my parents' house. I gave my mother and my father big hugs, and held them a long time, not letting them go. A few days later I took my mother out dancing in the nearby big city, and got her drunk.   
  
She told me some amazing things about her times with my Dad when they were young. A lot of what Klaus said was true. I had erased all digital traces of it, however, and there was no longer any evidence against them, anywhere. I discovered Klaus' tricks, and had used them to delete even the police files on my parents.   
  
I did not have Philip's political pull, so I used my hacking skills extensively.  
  
I got a minimum wage summer job, which seemed a silly thing to do with over $200,000 in the bank, but I wanted to keep busy and earn money, instead of fucking for it. I got a job at a carwash, drying the cars with special towels as they came out of the carwash machine. Other girls worked there too, and my high school friend Susie was one of them.   
  
Mondays were the slowest days for the carwash. This gave me an idea. I proposed to the manager that the girls wear bathing suits on Mondays: Bikinis, if the girls were willing. He liked the idea, and so did the girls.   
  
There was a bit of competition among us girls as to who could wear the skimpiest bikini.  
  
I chose a bikini that was especially brief. Another girl asked where I got it, and the next Monday she wore a similar one. Soon we all did. Men were getting even clean cars washed and business really boomed, but only on Mondays. All the men customers had fun ogling our bodies, and we had fun letting them ogle.   
  
After a few Mondays of this, I took it up a notch, and wore bikini bottoms, but a halter-top with no bra. I had organized this so that the other girls joined me. I had chosen one where the fabric became somewhat transparent when wet. So had Susie. It is easy to get wet "accidentally" at a carwash.  
  
We all got wet. At one point we even playfully pointed hoses at each other to ensure we were good and wet. The tops kept drying quickly, since it was a very hot summer day, so we had fun repeating getting ourselves wet, ostensibly to cool off.   
  
Our boobs were visible to various extents through our wet tops. My boobs were almost totally visible. The male customers went crazy. I recognized some assholes from the past, such as my friend Susie's older brother Adam, and the manager of the shoe store at the mall, Mr. Ebersmith. I had worked at the shoe store one winter vacation and had been manipulated into giving Mr. Ebersmith a blowjob.   
  
Susie was a little embarrassed to have her older brother Adam see her boobs through her wet top, but after the revenge orgy I had organized, when everyone had seen Susie naked and she had even fucked her own brother, I knew she could handle it.   
  
Those were bad memories, but they seemed long ago, and I enjoyed teasing those men who were my personal assholes, showing off to them what they could not have. They could never have any part of me. I also warned my co-workers about them. Most of the time we all stayed dry when their cars came though the carwash. But there were some mistakes.  
  
One day when we got off work at the carwash, I asked Susie to join me for a coffee – I needed some advice. Susie knew about Mike from our revenge orgy I organized, but she was surprised to learn about Philip.  
  
Susie told me, frankly and brutally, she thought both men were using me. She could not believe I would have anything to do with Philip after what happened in Paris, when he farmed me out to a gangbang in order to win clients.   
  
"Joanie, he does not love you," she said of Philip. "He does not even respect you. He is just using you." Then she had an epiphany. "You always talk about having sex in the hotel when you go to New York to see Philip. Have you never seen where he lives?" she asked.  
  
I had not realized it until that moment. I told her no, I never had. "Well then, maybe it would be good to find out what he's hiding. My guess: A wife, maybe a kid or two."  
  
This hit me like a thunderbolt. And if Philip were married, his cousin Mike must have known of course. After all, it was because of Mike that I first met Philip when he needed a girlfriend.   
  
And why did Philip need a girlfriend? Probably because his wife would not fuck his boss for him to get a promotion. He probably did not want even to ask her. Using me was putting it mildly! If this were true, it would devastate me; especially after all I had done for that son of a bitch.   
  
There was going to be hell to pay, but I had to do it carefully. But it would be done. Susie was a good friend. I thanked her profusely for her wisdom.  
  
I found a nice boy, Jake, and he dated me the rest of the summer. His car went through the carwash a lot. He did not get to fuck me, but he certainly did enjoy me in every other way known to men. We had a good time.   
  
Jake knew I had a weakness for exhibitionism, and he enjoyed exploiting it. He liked to arrange for me to have "wardrobe malfunctions." These were surprises for me. One time downtown, where there was a small pedestrian mall, we were walking hand in hand.   
  
Jake pulled my hand into an alley and told me to remove my bra. "Right now? Here?" I said with alarm in my voice.  
  
"Yes. Do it now," he said.   
  
I managed to unhook my bra and slip it off under my blouse. He then pulled me to him and kissed me, fondling my boobs through my blouse. While we were kissing he surreptitiously unbuttoned the third and fourth buttons of my blouse, so that only the second button was holding it together. (I never button the top button.)  
  
I knew he had done this, of course, but played along and pretended I was unaware. I was curious what his plan was, how he was going to use these unbuttoned buttons in order to expose me to others.   
  
I found out quickly. After our make-out session when we were in front of a group of stoned college age boys, he pulled me sharply to the side, ostensibly to see something, and managed to rip off the one remaining button in the process.   
  
My boobs were revealed to the entire group of boys, who were very surprised and all smiles. Jake quickly tried to cover up my boobs with his hands, but of course intentionally made things worse, making my blouse fall off my shoulders while trying to protect my modesty.  
  
I yelled at him to leave me alone, and I was now topless, exposed to everyone, and had to reach down to the ground to fetch my blouse and cover myself up, which of course I did.   
  
Enjoying the exhibitionism, I acted clumsy and in my rush to pick up my blouse, I dropped it. This was intentional of course, but I did a good job of making it look like I too was stoned, or maybe drunk, and therefore clumsy.   
  
One of the college boys grabbed it, picked it up, and offered it to me. All this prolonged my being topless. I thanked him and slowly put it on, buttoning the buttons slowly and tantalizingly from the bottom up. This maximized the time my boobs were on display. Still, after all that happened in Zurich, and Paris before it, this was nothing much.   
  
But I was not in those surreal contexts, and just then, in my hometown, it seemed like a big deal to me. Jake and the teenage boys laughed at my distress. They did not have the presence of mind to snap a picture, thank goodness. One boy told me I had nice boobs. How am I supposed to respond to that? Tell him thank you?  
  
I did notice the boys had erections; their pants were tenting. I smiled at them.  
  
Jake made up for it later by eating me out in a deserted part of the town park. That was fun. The risk of discovery heightened the eroticism for me.   
  
I was ready to go back to college when the summer ended. I was sue that Mike would try to get me to tell him the details of what happened on the yacht in Lake Zurich. He did not have to know about what happened in Paris. He would have to take me out to lots of nice places, and buy me lots of expensive drinks to get the full story.   
  
As I would get increasingly drunk the information would dribble out, and afterwards we would have great sex. I would enjoy him until I was ready to dump him. After Zurich, I knew the two of us had no future. That was my plan, anyway.  
  
The one thing I was careful to do was to take Sarah to our local bank, and we each opened an account and deposited $225,000. Nobody but us needed to know about that. And nobody did. I told her we had to declare the money as income on our taxes. It would be gambling income.  
  
I took some finance classes at college and learned how to invest the money. Sarah trusted me also to manage her money, and five years later we each had close to $400,000. Nobody ever learned about our money. We liked it that way.