**Joanie Goes to Odessa's NY Wedding**

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

*This story is intended to follow "Joanie of Zurich," which in turn follows "Joanie Goes to Europe."*

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
I returned to college for my junior year still in a bit of a state of shock. What I had endured in Paris and Zurich during the summer was unbelievable. Just to catch you up, I was in love with two men at once. The first was Mike, who was one year ahead of me in college.  
  
The second man was Philip. He was a banker in NY, specializing in private banking, which is providing special financial services to rich people within an investment bank context. We now know too that he arranges for his top clients to fuck his mistress. He is also Mike's cousin, and Mike had set me up to become Philip's lover, too. If you find this surprising, you can imagine how I felt.   
  
Mike had taken my virginity my freshman year and then manipulated me into being both an exhibitionist and a slut. I liked exhibitionism as it turns out, but I do not enjoy being such a slut. It hurts since I was raised as a good Catholic girl, and I was one, and a virgin, before I met Mike. I am now what we call a lapsed Catholic girl.   
  
What Mike had realized even before I did, the key to all my bad behavior is alcohol. When I am drunk I am a different person. I become an exhibitionist, and I am easy to manipulate into a man's bed. To fight this, I have forsworn alcohol several times, but Mike and Philip both have always managed successfully to sabotage me. They could succeed at this because for reasons I did not really understand, and still don't understand, I loved both of them.  
  
In Paris I had been farmed out to a gangbang in a bondage setting in order for Philip to win more clients. Somehow (and I cannot explain it) my anger subsided after a month or so and I gave up being angry with Philip for having used me so cruelly.   
  
But what happened subsequently in Zurich was even worse. There both my younger sister Sarah and I were blackmailed into agreeing to be sold into sexual slavery for 24 hours. What happened to us was brutal sexual exploitation to the extent that the horrors of Paris seemed tame.   
  
The main culprit who blackmailed us with information about the dubious past of our parents was a man called Klaus Schmidt, a Swiss banker. He is now under arrest for embezzlement, something I helped to arrange using my computer skills. (I am a computer science major, specializing in hacking, and especially in protection against hacking. The best way to prevent being hacked is to have a talented hacker on your side. I'm your girl for that.)  
  
Here is the bombshell: While hacking into Klaus' computer, I learned that Mike and Philip conspired with him to force my sister and me into sexual slavery. This ruined my love for each of them. There are some acts that are just not forgivable.   
  
I do not know why Mike and Philip behaved that way; I am sure they had their reasons. I cannot imagine what they might be, and frankly, I don't care. I'm sure money is behind it. Money and sadism are what drive Philip. I don't know what drives Mike, but the part of it I have seen is not nice.  
  
Indeed with them, as with most people, it all comes down to money; the details do not matter that much. I do however make it a policy never to let anyone know just how good I am at hacking into his or her private affairs. I think few things would freak people out more than that.   
  
Now I saw my task as figuring out a way to dump both of them brutally without revealing how I obtained my knowledge.   
  
I got an opportunity for the first step fairly quickly. When I returned to college, Mike expected to resume our relationship. He had no idea that I knew about his role in selling me into 24 hours of horrible sexual slavery.   
  
Mike does love me in spite of his misogyny and cruel ways of showing it. I love him, too, but am now determined no change and no longer to love him.   
  
For my plans to work, it was key for me to act normally so of course I agreed to go out with him when we both returned to college. It was easy to display my anger with him, since he had spent the summer pursuing his project of seeing how girls from different countries differed in bed, something that had made me angry and jealous, even though I was traveling with Philip and having astounding sexual escapades with him. Nobody ever said such feelings have to be rational.   
  
Mike took me clubbing and did his best to get me drunk. He also tried to get me partially undressed in public. He succeeded in getting me somewhat drunk, and got buttons of my blouse undone to the extent that my bra was clearly visible. Since my bra supported my boobs from underneath and left them mostly uncovered, this was fairly risqué.   
  
I did however manage to resist his attempts to show me off too much to strange men. Still, I was sorely tempted to let him. Exhibitionism remains to this day a serious weakness I have. Maybe it's my biggest weakness. There's a lot of competition for the honor of being my biggest weaknesses. I am not a moral person.   
  
I also managed at the same time to get Mike drunk, and that is what I was after. At the end of the evening we went to a 24-hour MacDonald's for coffee. In the quiet there we talked, and I casually asked him if Philip's wife was working, or not. I had no idea if Philip was even married, but I was suspicious because he had never invited me to his home. He always fucked me in my hotel rooms.   
  
Mike said, "No, she stopped working after the birth of their first child." After he said this, Mike realized quickly how he had been tricked into letting me know not only that Philip is married, but also that he has at least two children! Otherwise, why would he have said "first child?"  
  
I asked Mike, "Was Philip married when you asked me to pose as his girlfriend for his boss? You do know that was a set-up to get me to fuck his boss so that he could get a promotion, right?"  
  
Mike tried to change the subject, but I would not have it. I finally got him to admit it: Philip's wife had refused to do anything remotely related to those antics, and Mike had proposed me as a solution. He was the architect of my sexual degradation and humiliation, of the entire scheme.   
  
I was working on a MacDonald's coffee that Mike had bought me, and it found its way into Mike's face, followed by the most vicious slap across his face I could manage. "Fuck you, Mike," I said, in a moment that lacked all poetry. The coffee was no longer hot enough to burn his face. Too bad.   
  
I arose from the table at MacDonald's and staggered a bit due to the booze in my system as I went for the door. I was stranded, however, it being 3am and far from my apartment. I tried for Uber, but had no luck. Few Uber cars were cruising at that hour. A young Black man in MacDonald's had overheard and overlooked what happened and he offered to take me home. I accepted readily.   
  
He was really nice, and walked me to my door, waiting to see if I got into my apartment safely. He was handsome, too. I gave him a sloppy and drunk kiss, and thanked him profusely. I got his name, which is Mark.   
  
Mark said, "You are a lovely woman Joanie. And if I may add, you have lovely breasts."  
  
"Thank you Mark. Thanks too for the ride and being so sweet. As a reward, you want to see more of my boobs?" I replied.   
  
He said, "Sure. Who wouldn't?"  
  
Then to his shock I took off my blouse and my bra, right there outside on my doorstep.   
  
"Wow. Joanie you are something," Mark said as he fondled my boobs. "But you are drunk. I would like to see you again when you are sober." Then he kissed me again and left to return to his car. I stood there topless on my stoop and watched his car drive off.   
  
What a man, I thought. I realized Mark was one of the few gentlemen I had met while in college. I car drove by and his headlights lit me up, so I quickly opened the door and slipped back inside.   
  
The next morning I woke with a headache but knowing Mike was toast, and I had solved the Mike problem. Philip was a married man, a small little detail he had never told me. I had my reasons to end it with both of them, and now there was no need for them to know of my computer hacking. What I did not know yet was how to exact revenge. That would come, I knew, with patience. Fate had a way of presenting me with opportunities for revenge.   
  
I once again foreswore alcohol and led a chaste life my junior year in college, giving me lots of time to devote to my studies, and no more hangovers. Mike tried to seduce me a few times. It was hard to do, but I resisted all of his attempts. I was sexually frustrated but happy. He began to realize that he had crossed the Rubicon, and there was no going back. He had lost me.   
  
Then in the spring semester came the bombshell. Two friends I had made via my times with Philip were the lovely Odessa, a girl from Kansas who is a few years older than I am, and Steve, another private banker and friend and colleague of Philip. Indeed, I had even had fleeting sexual relations with both Odessa and Steve the past semester. Well, the bombshell was that the two of them were getting married.   
  
I was invited to the wedding, which is of course how I learned of it. Steve was a close friend of Philip (and doubtless had known all along Philip was married), so it was a lead pipe cinch both Philip and his wife would be at the wedding.   
  
Worse, Odessa told me that instead of a bachelor's party and a bachelorette party, they were going to combine them into one big party of sexual debauchery. She wanted my help to organize it. I did not want to do it, but Odessa begged me, and she is a friend. Indeed, she is a good friend.  
  
In place of the male strippers one sometimes hires for bachelorette parties, I got Mike and his three roommates. His roommates are named Steve, Tony, and John. This can be confusing with the two Steves, so I will call this one Roommate Steve. And instead of the prostitutes for the men, I got one a few girls I knew who liked sex, and who were not too particular about their partners.   
  
This also describes me, but there was no way I was going to do this. Two of them we met before in an earlier part of my college history: Gloria and Betty. I also asked my high school friend Connie, who goes to another school. To my surprise, all three girls agreed. Moreover Connie asked if she could bring a friend named Ginnie. Of course I said yes.   
  
Each girl was to get $5,000 "for expenses," plus free travel and a free hotel room in a fancy NYC hotel. That made it fairly easy for them to say yes. College students always need money, it seems, and everyone loves a free weekend in New York City. I hoped four girls would be enough. Odessa thought it would be.   
  
Odessa also invited my sister Sarah, as well as of course Steve's sister Mary Ann, who Steve had once fucked in front of me in order to get a promotion. Steve is far from perfect, to say the least, but Odessa loves him all the same.  
  
I bought some nice clothes for the party, and had to prepare myself to face Mike again, as well as Philip and his wife. I assumed I would meet his wife at the wedding, not at the debauchery party. But Philip would certainly be a guest at the party. I hoped my sister Sarah would steer clear of him. Philip had carnal knowledge of her from our time in Zurich.  
  
When the time came, I got to the site of the party early, to supervise things. It was in a ballroom of a fancy hotel in midtown. I looked nice, but not at all sexy. Okay, okay, I guess I always look at least a little sexy. After all, it is no secret I like sex and I have a near perfect body for it, with curves in all the right places. Sexual availability is in the eyes, and my eyes alone made me sexy.  
  
My clothes did reveal my shapely body, but no skin other than my neck, head, hands and legs. I had on beautiful jewelry I had forced Philip to buy me, including my gold Cartier nail bracelet, my Bulgari gemstone necklace, and my gold Maltese cross. The cross was under my clothes, falling in between my boobs, so only I knew it was there. It brought me luck. My hair was pulled back, giving me a cold bitch veneer, or at least so I hoped.  
  
The party began as a cocktail party, and the four men and four women to serve as entertainment were hidden in another room. We had free flowing liquor and small canapés, and the party resembled a bankers' cocktail party for the first hour or so. The bankers looked great, wearing suits and ties and they were well groomed, and their dates were the female equivalents.   
  
Then we put on rock and heavy metal and I told Philip to ask Odessa to dance to get things started.   
  
Philip did not know for sure what was going on between him and me. He had invited me several times to meet him in NY, but I always had an excuse. No doubt Mike had warned him that he had let slip Philip was married, and no doubt he also knew Mike and I were history, but his ability to fool himself concerning me was apparently boundless. Maybe he thought I did not mind being a mistress and would not care much that he was married. He probably hoped that. I guess he also hoped I had forgiven him his trespasses. Guess again, asshole.   
  
Since Philip was dancing with Odessa, the soon-to-be groom Steve asked me to dance. I happily agreed, and now that I was a little drunk, I danced sexily, at times grinding my pelvis up against Steve's cock, making it hard under his clothes. All the time I had a huge smile on my face.  
  
When we finished dancing after a few dances, I hugged Steve and then said how much I missed him, and gave his cock a nice little fondle through his clothes. I knew Odessa well enough to know that she would not mind and in fact would enjoy my antics, especially is she could watch them. That's how she is.   
  
Steve said, "I missed you too, Joanie my sweet." He smiled at me. Then I turned around and left him, walking to the bar. My dancing and my little show with Steve were purely to get in a dig at Philip. In contrast, Philip got nowhere with Odessa.   
  
It was then that they walked in. This was a surprise. With the music blaring away and most people dancing away the evening, in walked Philip's boss Mr. Hardigan and his wife. Even more amazing, Philip's biggest client, the billionaire Mr. Harwood and his amazing wife walked in with them. All four of them were in the their late 40s/early 50s, much older than the rest of the 20-something crowd already at the party.  
  
Both men had carnal knowledge of me, since I had fucked Philip's boss so that he could get a promotion, and I had fucked the billionaire Harwood so that he would become Philip's client. I was completely blindsided; I had not seen this coming. I should have. I was dumb.  
  
You would think that was a big enough surprise, but with the two couples was a stunning tall and blonde woman. Wow. She as gorgeous: tall, with blonde silken hair, smooth creamy skin, smallish boobs, a flat stomach, and lovely long legs. She would be a winner of any beauty contest. I tried to recover from my shock and wanted to think of a way to turn this unexpected development to my advantage.   
  
I looked over at Odessa, and she looked to be just as surprised to see these five people as I was.  
  
I quickly went over to Mrs. Harwood, whom I liked, and greeted her warmly. Her greeting was equally affectionate. She whispered to me that she and her husband and the Hardigans were up for some no holes barred sex. When would all that begin?   
  
I summoned up inner strength to recover from my shock, and I said, "How nice. It will start soon, I'm sure. Is the same true for the tall blonde with you?"  
  
"That is Philip's wife," Mrs. Harwood said. "Her name is Ursula. She has no idea what she is in for; she is disgustingly prim and proper. I brought her here as a present to you. Let's show the bitch how bankers' wives are supposed to behave, and get her sexually humiliated."  
  
Even though I knew Mrs. Harwood was something else, I was in a state of shock with the bile expressed. She had spit out the words. She continued, "I know the whole story of how you have been deceived, used and abused, by the way. In New York, Paris and Zurich. It's reprehensible. "  
  
Now I was sufficiently shocked that I just stood there stupefied. Mrs. Harwood giggled. Seeing how surprised and stunned I was, she added, "You would be amazed how much billionaires know. They make it their business to know all the angles, about everything."  
  
All I could do was to hug her, and say, "Thank you."  
  
"There's more," Mrs. Harwood said. "I've arranged for this to be a masked ball. I hope you do not mind, since I know you are an organizer. People are outside with costumes and Italian masks; they are very elegant, direct from the island of Murano, near Venice. No expense has been spared. If you act quickly, Philip might not realize his wife is here. Her name is Ursula, by the way."  
  
I got busy right away. I ushered people out in groups to be outfitted in costumes and made sure Ursula was in the first group. The costumes were very revealing for the women. I noticed Ursula's hesitancy to put hers on, but Mrs. Harwood quickly donned hers and insisted with Ursula do the same. You could see most of Ursula's boobs and a lot of her bare ass.  
  
Ursula was afraid not to agree, since she knew how important the Harwood's were to her husband. Mrs. Harwood took charge. She and I helped Ursula out in the costume. When she was done I could not tell it was Ursula behind the mask. I guess that's the idea.   
  
Ursula's outfit did not allow for a bra and had an amazingly short skirt with a hole cut out to show off her ass. So no panties, either. This was going to be fun. Then Mrs. Harwood tucked Ursula's smooth and silken telltale blonde hair underneath an equally attractive wig. Instantly she was a brunette. She still looked beautiful.  
  
After around 20 minutes everyone (including me) was in costume. I pushed the button I had arranged to signal to Mike and the boys to make their grand entrance. They came in and danced around on the stage. Then the girls, led by Gloria, entered and joined the boys on the stage, and the 8 of them began to dance with each other.  
  
The boys began to undress the girls, and the girls reciprocated, undressing the boys. They drew it out, teasing the audience, but after a while the eight of them were clad only in underwear. Mike and Gloria descended from the stage and Mike chose Odessa while Gloria chose Roommate Steve and they each began to undress them, being careful to leave on their masks.   
  
Things escalated. The rest of the entertainment descended from the stage, chose victims, and began to undress them, too. At this point Ursula tried to flee the party, but the Harwoods and the Hardigans together blocked her path. I signaled to Tony, who was the seducer par excellence, with Roman good looks and a smooth manner, and indicated he should go after Ursula.   
  
Even in costume, Tony could tell Ursula was gorgeous. She was also a little drunk, since Mrs. Harwood had taken her drinking before the party and insisted she drink. She had arranged with the bartender to give her especially strong cocktails.   
  
They actually drank a lot. Tony did his best to work his magic on her, and after a while (and some more drinking) he seemed to be succeeding. His progress however was torturously slow. But Tony is a determined guy, and likes a challenge. I knew he would succeed in the end. Maybe even in her end.   
  
My sister Sarah was at the party, and now she came up to me for the first time. After some hugs and greetings, she told me to be careful. "What do you mean?" I said.  
  
Sarah answered, "I overheard some of the bankers talking. They said it's likely Philip's mistress, "Joanie of Zurich" they called you, is here tonight, possibly with her sister Sarah."

"No shit?" I said. "They referred to me as 'Philip's mistress', and 'Joanie of Zurich'?"   
  
"Yes," Sarah said. "And they all want the two sister fuck experience. I guess their plan is to figure out who we are under our masks, and seduce each of us."  
  
"Good luck with that," I said. "Bankers are disgusting."  
  
"There's more," Sarah said.  
  
"Pray tell, little Sis," I replied.   
  
"They called us porn stars. One of the bankers said he must have watched the Zurich videos at least 100 times. He called tonight the opportunity of a lifetime," Sarah said, looking at me. "I think we should just go."  
  
"You should, for sure. I can't: I'm the key organizer. I'm doing it for Odessa."  
  
"Well, if you stay, then I stay," Sarah said. "We girls have to stick together."  
  
I wanted to kiss her, I was so grateful. I don't know if you have tried to kiss someone while wearing a glass Venetian mask. It can't be done.   
  
Meanwhile, the other guests got the orgy message, and men and women were pairing up and undressing each other. The party was working as planned. Mr. Hardigan and Mr. Harwood both found willing young friends of Odessa, and Mrs. Hardigan and Mrs. Harwood, older of course but still pretty, found two willing friends of the groom Steve.   
  
Mrs. Harwood waited until Tony had gotten Ursula undressed down to her panties before she stopped worrying about her seduction and went after her own young stud. Ursula had beautiful firm breasts, with just the right amount of bounce in them.   
  
Ursula seemed very drunk, and I felt sure none of this would have happened had she been sober. It also would not have happened were it not for Mrs. Harwood. That gave Ursula the excuse to run wild; it was for business.   
  
I'm not sure exactly who started the sex. I guess it was inevitable after the undressing. I think it might have been Gloria and the groom-to-be Steve who were the first. After a long session of passionate kissing and mutual fondling, Steve took Gloria from behind, and really nailed her. Once he saw that happen, Mike put the moves on Odessa, even though she was the bride-to-be, and was fucking her on the floor, missionary style. She looked to be enjoying it, and met his every thrust, smiling up at him.   
  
The two of them fucking opened the floodgate, and soon the party was an orgy with rampant fellatio and fucking. I did not participate, but instead drifted over to Tony and Ursula. Tony had not yet managed to get into her panties. This woman was a hard nut to crack!  
  
I decided to help. Ursula has luscious breasts, and I began to kiss them and gently suck at her nipples. I had to lift my Murano mask for my lips to be able to kiss and suckle at her breasts, but I made sure nobody could see my face.   
  
Ursula turned so red at the lesbian ministrations that I could see it through her mask. But she said nothing and did not try to stop me. She did not know who I was of course, not only because of my mask, but because she did not really know much about Philip and me. Or at least that is what I assumed.   
  
I learned much later from Odessa that she knew all about me. Instead of being jealous as most wives would be of the mistress of their husband, she was actually grateful. Their marriage had been in danger due to the pressure Philip was putting on her to fuck his boss, and she knew exactly how I had been set up to do it in her place.   
  
I don't know if she knew how much I saved her by what I did in Zurich. It was nice she thought of me that way, but the more distance I could put between the Wilson family and myself at this point, the better.  
  
Tony, bless his soul, saw Ursula's reaction to my ministrations. While I suckled at her tits, Tony continued to kiss her, but gradually slipped her panties down. She stepped out of them. This was all the help Tony needed, and I left the rest to him. He got John to come over, and soon he was pounding her from behind while she gave John a blowjob. The latter was not easy through her mask, she had to slightly life it up as I did with her boobs. John told me later given the constraints, she did a good job.  
  
Mrs. Harwood was right there too, and I'm sure Ursula felt that she had no choice. Then she succumbed to her primal needs herself.   
  
I got a huge smile from Mrs. Harwood while two men at once were fucking her: one in her ass, the other one doing it in the usual place. I could just imagine how wild she must have been when she was my age. She had to have been, if Harwood had fallen for her. He was a pervert in extremis.   
  
I looked for Philip. I could not find him. I systematically searched the entire room, but could not find him. It took a while.  
  
I went to the staging room and found him there. He was getting a blowjob from one of the waiters. Well, good for him. Who knew? Too bad he was clearly ashamed of his gay behavior. I heard a click behind me and turned around to find Mrs. Harwood with a camera. She whispered to me she also had some great shots of his wife getting it from Tony and John at the same time. I smiled at her and gave her another hug.  
  
She indicated for me to follow her, and I did. We found another room and then she kissed me passionately. I was not into this; I was not nearly drunk enough. She should have been a boy scout: she was prepared for anything. She produced a bottle of Scotch whiskey seemingly out of thin air.   
  
Mrs. Harwood and I proceeded to get plastered together, and then I could handle it and we had amazing lesbian sex. I'm not mentally into Lesbian sex, but if someone is performing cunnilingus and doing it expertly, well it's easy for me to get into that.  
  
She began by undressing me until I was naked. I returned the favor. Then she went down on me, the way only a woman can. When she also inserted fingers, I just lost it and had a violent, over the top orgasm.   
  
We rolled over and I went down on her in the same way she had done with me. That was much harder for me than letting her do me. Wanting to satisfy her, I used a trick Odessa had used on me in Zurich, using my body's weight to finger fuck her with great force. It was not long before she came, too. She told me it was her third time of the party.  
  
When I rolled off her onto my back, I saw we had an audience. Tony and John had gone looking for me and had been watching. "Been here long, boys?" I said. Tony smiled at me. "Long enough, Joanie. God the two of you are hot."   
  
Mrs. Harwood said, "Well, are you going to do something about it? Nobody, well no man that is, has fucked Joanie tonight."  
  
That was all Tony needed. He jumped on me and John jumped on Mrs. Harwood. Mrs. Harwood said, "Joanie, five dollars says I can get John to cum before Tony."  
  
"You're on," came my rapid reply. While the four of us went at it, Mike and Roommate Steve came in looking for Tony and John, and Gloria and Betty soon followed them. All four of them were quite surprised and just stood there, enjoying the show. Rather breathlessly, Tony told them of the bet, never missing a beat as he pumped in and out of me.   
  
The four of them began to bet among themselves. Mike and Gloria bet on Tony cumming first, while Steve and Betty bet on John. Both men seemed to last forever. But Mrs. Harwood knew a lot more tricks than I did, and eventually John shot his load into her and collapsed on top of her.  
  
The only trick I knew was squeezing my vaginal muscles to grip the man's cock. I had realized I could do that only recently, during the Zurich gangbang. Men seemed to love it.   
  
Betty gave Roommate Steve the high five and then embraced him and gave him an open mouth kiss for quite a while in celebration for winning the bet.   
  
Tony smiled and relaxed, allowing himself to explode inside me. After a brief recovery lying there on the floor, with cum oozing out of me, I got up and so did Mrs. Harwood. Both naked and recently ravished, we dressed ourselves and re-entered the party, being careful to don our masks.   
  
Some people were partially undressed. There were girls who were bottomless but still had their bras on, and men who were wearing only their shirts and nothing else. One guy was naked except he was wearing a tie. A naked woman had her hands tied behind her back with a man's silk tie holding them together. I can only guess what happened to her.  
  
When the party ended I said goodbye to the Harwoods and the Hardigans, and went back to my hotel room, completely exhausted. I collapsed onto my bed, and my cell phone dinged. Odessa had sent me a text thanking me for the party, and said it was the best party ever! She followed with a phone call, and told me that she ended up getting fucked by four different men, none of them being her fiancé Steve, who she was to marry the next day. She was happy. I was glad.   
  
Then she said that Philip was over the top upset when he learned Ursula was not only there, was but that she was publicly nailed by two men (I knew they were Tony and John). Worse, Ursula saw how Philip behaves when she is not there. The scene she saw part of was not pretty.  
  
I was happy, naked, exhausted, drunk and full of cum when my room phone rang. The front desk was calling. There was a man there who wanted to see me. He identified himself as Philip. I said, "Please tell him I am asleep and have no desire to see him or anyone else. Do not give him my room number. He is persona non grata for me."  
  
I wanted to say he can damn well replace me with his right hand, but of course I did not. Even I do not speak to a hotel employee that way.  
  
"Yes miss, I understand. I will take care of it," came the reply. I thanked him, hung up, and gazed out of the window at the facing skyscraper, quietly falling asleep.   
  
The wedding was the next day. I was filled with dread. Steve's sister Mary Ann was the maid of honor, and she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I live in a weird world, and Mary Ann and Steve have a brother/sister incest thing going, but hopefully that ended, or will end once Steve marries Odessa. My former lover Philip is Steve's best man, and my sister Sarah and I are bride maids.   
  
Odessa is of Russian extraction (hence the name) and is a blonde beauty born and raised in Kansas, and so the wedding is superficially traditional. But Odessa is one sick puppy from a sexual standpoint. This explains the dresses we bridesmaids are supposed to wear.   
  
Sarah, Mary Ann, and I all met in my hotel room the morning of the wedding to help each other into the dresses. They are undoubtedly the sexiest and most revealing bride maids dresses in history. I asked Odessa how we could wear these in a church. She told me she cleared it with the priest. I said, "Really? Does the priest really know how revealing these dresses are?"  
  
Odessa told me, "Yes. Mine is even more revealing. He's cool. He's gay, and his taste runs to underage boys. Steve has the goods on him, so we can do what we want."  
  
All I could say to that is, "Oh. Okay." Only a banker could blackmail a priest, and not care about the boys who get fucked up by him.  
  
The dresses were a lovely soft yellow in color, were backless of course, and had a plunging neckline. "Plunging" does not really do them justice. The dresses of Sarah and Mary Ann, who are each a few inches taller than I am, plunged down to below their navel, revealing their belly buttons and some skin below them. In my case the dress plunged to the pubic hairs above my cunt. I had to get waxed, and lost my "landing strip" in order to have no pubic hair showing with this dress.   
  
I also had to be careful how I sat, so as not to expose my cunt. Odessa, Sarah, Mary Ann and I are all four exhibitionists, though to different degrees. Odessa might be the most exhibitionist, and Mary Ann the least. I'm probably tied for second with my sister Sarah.   
  
We could not wear a bra with these dresses, and I could not even wear a thong. They did not really hug our boobs, either, so unless we were very careful, people could get flashes of boob constantly, at times even of our nipples. We vowed silently to be careful.   
  
When the three of us left the hotel, walking across the lobby, everyone froze to stare at us. People just do not dress like this in public. This was going to be quite a wedding. Philip and his wife would be there, with Philip leering at me no doubt, and I expected the church to be packed with bankers, since word had gotten out that "Joanie of Zurich and her sister" were in the wedding party.   
  
The leering would be in overdrive, that's for sure.  
  
The Swiss bankers had porn videos made when we were sold into sexual slavery for 24 hours in Zurich; they were popular with bankers. Now they could see us in the flesh. And thanks to Odessa there would be lots of flesh to see.  
  
I had developed a strategy to deal with Philip and all the bankers. I figured the dress would be a big help. I shared my strategy with my sister Sarah, and she liked it. We got to the wedding without incident; it was a nice Catholic church on the upper west side of Manhattan.   
  
Odessa was radiant. Her dress was certainly over the top, and at various times she revealed, in one way or another, her entire body, other than the parts a micro bikini would cover. She is really a piece of work. Steve apparently liked what she was doing, too, because he never stopped smiling, right through his solemn statement, "I do." Good for them, I thought.   
  
The wedding was lovely. The fireworks would begin no doubt at the after party. There were no wardrobe malfunctions at the wedding, and I was glad. Even though I am a lapsed Catholic, I still have a certain reverence for the sacred parts of a church.   
  
The reception was held in the ballroom of the Harvard Club, in midtown. Steve had gone to Harvard, and as an alum, he could join the exclusive club. We all piled into taxis and went there.   
  
It was open bar, and even though I am not drinking these days, given the situation of a roomful of bankers lusting after Sarah and me, not to mention the awkwardness of being the mistress (actually the former mistress, but Philip did not know that yet) of Philip, with both him and his wife being there, was scary. So I had a Scotch whiskey. They pour a generous Scotch at the Harvard Club.  
  
I immediately put my plan into action. I found a handsome banker and started up a conversation. I quickly realized he was a jerk, not right for the part. Plan B: I found the girlfriend of another banker. I told her I wanted to meet a banker who was not a friend of Philip Wilson. Did she know of one?  
  
She told me about Joshua Sims. She said he hated Philip, and the feeling was mutual. Then I asked if he had come to the party alone, and she said yes. She pointed him out, and I went over and introduced myself. We made small talk for a while, and I'm sure he was wondering who I was, why I was there, and especially why, given my sexy outfit, I was speaking with him.   
  
It took a while to explain who I was and why I needed a male protector. He recognized me as being Joanie of Zurich, enough to ruin the effort. But he hated Philip, was unattached at the party, and those two things were paramount. Once I told him I was Philip's former mistress, but Philip did not know that yet, he was all in.   
  
To show he had possession of me, he put his arm around me. I told him lower, and he understood: my dress exposed my entire back and was open over much of ass, too. He put his hand on my bare ass, letting a finger fall into the crack. Everyone could see that, including of course Philip.  
  
When the dancing began we moved to the dance floor and were dancing to the beat. Sarah and a man who had picked her up joined us. Mary Ann and her date joined us, too. We all danced in a clutch. It was fast dance music and we were all six gyrating around. That's when the wardrobe malfunctions began.   
  
Mary Ann had the biggest boobs of the three of us, and one of her boobs broke free at one point. She did not realize it, and then the other boob escaped as well. Sarah told her, and she said, "What the hell?" and fixed her dress.  
  
The second wardrobe malfunction was with Sarah, and again, her boobs broke free. Before Sarah even realized it, Mary Ann's boobs broke free a second time. They were both dancing with exposed boobs, and plenty of men were enjoying it. I signaled them by tapping my boobs, and they both restored their dresses to the factory settings.  
  
The third time Mary Ann's boobs broke free, she gave up and pulled her date off the dance floor. They returned when a slow song came on, and then the men all pulled us girls up hard against their bodies.   
  
This was the moment I had waited for. I explained my plan to Joshua, and he smiled broadly in agreement. He played his part well. Joshua was great. We "accidentally" danced over close to Philip and his wife, who were also dancing, and then Joshua put me in front of him so that his arms went around me from behind, and I was facing Philip. Remember, the front of the dress went down to the top of my cunt; this was obvious to everyone.  
  
I remembered standing facing the audience on the dais in the Church, with my cunt only millimeters from being on display. This thought got me aroused.  
  
Joshua stuck his hand down the front of my dress, and began to finger me, right there on the dance floor, with my front facing Philip's face, and the back of his wife. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the fingering. Joshua managed to pull the dress down a bit (the fabric had some give in it), exposing at least half my cunt to anyone who was looking, and Philip was looking intensely at Joshua fingering my cunt.  
  
I did not know this, because my eyes were closed. Joshua whispered to me, "Now." This was my clue to begin softly moaning, and I promptly did. It was not hard, Joshua was really good at fingering a girl, and I was actually enjoying it. The exhibitionist element was fantastic.   
  
I had not thought of that beforehand, I was concentrating on tormenting Philip, but of course after a short bit I realized I had to be on display not just to Philip but perhaps to a significant part of the wedding guest list. My eyes were closed because I did not want Philip to realize I knew he was there.   
  
Joshua then turned me sideways, so that Philip could see his hand in my cunt, fingering away, and his hand on my ass, at the same time. He then began to finger my asshole, too. He pulled again on my dress, and the fabric stretched a little more, so that Philip could plainly tell I was being fingered front and back at the same time.   
  
I moaned some more. At this point one of the bankers asked to cut in on Joshua. In a break with protocol, he told him he would ask the lady. My eyes flashed open, and I recognized one of the bankers we had overheard the night before, hoping to meet Joanie of Zurich.  
  
My being Joanie of Zurich was Philip's handiwork, as I knew from my hacking of Klaus Schmidt's computer and having read his email and Facebook messages. So it seemed appropriate. Plus, it would have been rude for Joshua or me to refuse such a request at a wedding reception, and I did not want to spoil things for Odessa.  
  
His name was Samuel, and he pulled me into him. I guess he had been watching me being fingered and having my cunt exposed, because his cock was hard. My dress had returned to its original state, and I was relieved, since I was not sure that would happen. So my cunt was still highly accessible, but not exposed to view.   
  
Samuel put his arm around me as we danced, and placed his hand at the small of my back. He whispered in my ear, "You're Joanie of Zurich, aren't you?"  
  
"Yes," I confessed.   
  
"I have a picture of you on my computer's desktop screen."  
  
"I'm sure you do," I said with an edge in my voice.   
  
"I think you are beautiful, and I am thrilled not just to meet you but to hold you in my arms."  
  
"We're only dancing, Samuel," I said. "Let's not get carried away here. Thanks for the complement; you're handsome yourself."

"Can I cop a feel, please?" he asked, sounding pathetic, like a little boy.   
  
I could not believe this. Who would ask such a thing? But then, I thought, my dress was outrageous; not my fault, but he did not know that. And I had just allowed a man to finger me and expose some of my cunt right in front of him. How prim and proper could I b, after all?   
  
He sounded so vulnerable and sweet, if completely offensive, asking his question, my tone softened.   
  
"Dance me over to where Philip Wilson is looking at us, and when he is, you can discretely feel up my boobs," I said.  
  
"But aren't you his mistress?" he asked, apparently worried Philip might be annoyed.  
  
"It's OK. Philip is a pervert, and he likes to watch me get handled by other men. He enjoys the show." I said, cynically. It may in fact be true, but I was desperately hoping it was not.   
  
Samuel did as I ordered. These bankers are good at following orders! But I thought he would slip his hands under the straps covering my boobs. Instead he pushed them aside, exposing them to everyone, and then massaged my boobs for all to see. I guess he does not understand the word discrete. At least Philip had a bird's eye view. I was angry, but it also got me aroused.   
  
Then he went out of bounds, and imitated what Joshua had done, pulling down my dress, exposing my cunt, and fingering me. I pulled away from him, said "Thanks for the dance," turned around and headed towards the bar.  
  
Samuel then grabbed for my dress so as not let me go, and it fell off me into his hand, leaving me naked in high heels. Everyone stopped still and stared at me. I smiled and grabbed my dress from Samuel, slapped his face, and Sarah and Mary Ann rushed over to me to help to hide my nudity and to help me put the dress back on.   
  
I got the giggles, and often the giggles are contagious, and Sarah and Mary Ann caught the giggles, ad the three of us giggled over to the bar. Joshua met me there. I figured being rendered naked in the middle of the party was enough of a humiliation to justify leaving it early, so I bid the girls goodbye and left the Harvard Club, asking the doorman to hail me a taxi. He got me one in seconds.   
  
Joshua opened the door of the taxi for me. "May I join you?" he asked.   
  
"Sure, if we are heading in the same direction, why not? Were are you going?" I answered.  
  
"To your hotel," came the reply.   
  
I said, "Sure, hop in then." I told the driver the name of the hotel and off we went. Then it occurred to me. "How do you know which hotel I'm at?"  
  
"Oh, I didn't until now," Joshua said. "I'd love to buy you a drink at the hotel bar, if you would allow me. Your hotel has a nice bar."  
  
"Yes, I know. That would be fine." I needed another drink, anyway, after having been naked in front of the entire party.   
  
Joshua and I went directly to the bar, me still wearing the outrageous dress of course. I ordered their special cocktail, called Sunset in the City. I love that cocktail. He ordered the same. He then said, "I'm sorry about what happened with you and Samuel. Everything was going so well until then. I must say, too, I enjoyed everything, if you know what I mean. I am attracted to you."  
  
I said, "Thank you, Joshua. Yu have talented fingers, and I enjoyed it, too."  
  
"Do you think it had the desired effect on Philip?" he asked.   
  
"I hope so," I said. "I also hope it was not undone by Samuel accidentally rendering me naked."  
  
"I hope not too." Joshua agreed. "I cannot believe what a beautiful body you have. It is perfection itself. You know, this may not be the time or place, but I would love to kiss you, Joanie."  
  
I ordered another Sunset in the City. Joshua did, too. "The time will be after we finish our drinks," I said. "You're right, this is not the place. You can kiss me at the door to my room, okay?"  
  
Joshua answered with a big smile. I took my time with my second drink, thinking things over. I was beginning to like Joshua. I reminded myself to be careful, but I had already had too much to drink, and my slutty nature had emerged from the depths where I had buried it. Shit, I thought. This was followed by a resigned oh, well.  
  
We made small talk at the bar. Joshua told me while I was dancing with Samuel my sister Sarah had told Joshua I was an exhibitionist, and then she winked. I realized she was trying to help him seduce me. I think she thought I needed some sex. Maybe she was right.   
  
Joshua would have a moron not to realized I was an exhibitionist after I told him to finger me publicly at the party, but Sarah was just trying to help.  
  
Joshua also wanted to know what was going on with Philip. I told him a small part of the truth. Philip had neglected to tell me he was married, and I would have nothing more to do with him, and had been using him, Joshua, as a means to torment him.  
  
"Well, I'm really glad you chose me to help you to torture Philip." Joshua said. "I had, and am still having, a ton of fun with you. You're the first girl I've met whom I've liked in several years, already."  
  
I said, "Don't get too carried away, my sweet man. We've only know each other a few hours, and I am off bankers."  
  
I told him it was time for the kiss. Joshua helped me off the stool at the bar, a delicate maneuver with the dress, and despite my best efforts to remain proper, I ended up flashing my cunt to several nearby men at the bar. This got me aroused. Them too, I suspect.   
  
At the door to my room, I turned my back to the door, faced Joshua, and said, "Goodnight, Joshua. Thank you for all you did tonight." Joshua leaned forward and gave me a sweet, gentle kiss. I loved it. I pulled him into me and gave him a much more passionate, open mouth kiss. Our tongues met and the kiss lasted a long time.   
  
Joshua broke the kiss, and said, "Let's pretend Philip is watching," and then he stuck his hand down the front of my dress and began to finger me. I let him do it, and I moaned. Then he moved the straps off my shoulders, and the dress gradually slid off my body. We never broke the kiss, and he never stopped fingering me.  
  
Now I was naked in the hotel hallway, being fingered and moaning. Thrilling as this was, it made me nervous. I broke the kiss, and fumbled around for my key card, opened the door and pulled Joshua into my room. Then I undressed him, and took him to the window. I had previously of course opened the drapes, and all the lights were on.   
  
I fell to my knees and took his cock into my mouth. It was already hard. Joshua told me later it been hard nonstop since our dancing together. I got him to cum in my mouth in a near record 3 minutes. Then he pushed me to the floor, still in the window, and he performed cunnilingus on me, eating me out delicately and then furiously. Like some of the songs Ike and Tina Turner used to put over, he began softly but ended up being rough and hard.   
  
As he ate me, he stuck a finger in me. I gasped when he did that, and he inserted a second finger, all the time lapping at my clitoris. His other hand went to my boob to play with it, as well. I moaned quite loudly.  
  
Soon it happened. Joshua gave me an orgasm and I screamed. I don't know exactly what I screamed. It's hard to describe. The best I can do is that it was a blend between a groan and a high-pitched screech. But one thing is for sure: It was loud. It was even very loud.  
  
The room contiguous probably heard me, if anyone was there. Another window overlooked the bed. I had opened its curtains, too. I looked at Joshua's cock and it was hard again. I took his hand and led him to the bed. He followed like a puppy dog. His face had a silly smile on it.  
  
I was about to get on the bed when the room phone rang. I picked it up, and it was the front desk, saying that a woman named Sarah was down in the lobby with three other people, and the four of them would like to come up. I put him on hold while I checked with Joshua, and he said okay, so I said yes, please send them up.  
  
The hotel provides two terrycloth robes for the room and we threw them on. Sarah and Mary Ann and the two men they were with entered the room. They were not surprised by our state of undress. I told them we were about to go to bed. They laughed. "Don't let us stop you," Sarah said. Mary Ann nodded assent.   
  
I slowly untied Joshua's robe, and he still had his erection, bless his soul. He untied mine and slipped it off me. I could see that the other two men were watching intently. Sarah brought things down to earth by asking if she could use the minibar? I said, "We can do better. Call the hotel bar and ask for six Sunset in the City drinks to be sent up. They're great."  
  
Then I removed Joshua's robe but kept mine on and we both got on the bed. He put me on all fours, facing the others, and then positioned himself behind me. He flipped up my robe, exposing my ass to the group. He stuck his finger in my cunt, I guess to check that I was still wet. I was, and he stuck his cock into me, quickly plunging it all the way in.   
  
I love being entered from behind; cocks hit different places when that happens. It felt so nice, I moaned loudly.   
  
Since we were putting on a show for our friends, actually I gasped when he plunged it in, and then began to moan as he pumped in and out, fucking me nicely. Sarah took off her ridiculous bride maid's dress, and undressed her date. He was already hard from having been watching our little show, and she took his cock in her hand and led him by the cock to be right in front of me. My face was at cock height, and he stuck his cock in my mouth.   
  
Now I was getting it from both ends. May Ann and her date also got naked, and then the doorbell rang. Sarah answered it naked, and the bellboy came in with the tray of six cocktails. He kept looking at Joshua and me fucking, and me sucking Sarah's date. He could not pull his eyes away. He came close to spilling the drinks. Finally he put the tray of drinks on the table.   
  
Sarah got in front of him, and she stood naked, her boobs jiggling. She was blocking his view of us, but giving him plenty of her to look at. She thanked him for the delivery, signed the form, tipped him a few dollars, and kissed him while fondling his hard cock through his pants. Then she led him to the door and gently pushed him into the hallway.  
  
Once he was gone everyone laughed except Joshua and me. Joshua was lost in his own world pounding into me with his cock, and I was moaning too loudly to be able to laugh.  
  
Then Sarah said, "Stop Josh. Don't squirt in my sister. Save yourself for the game I am going to propose!"  
  
Josh ignored her and kept pumping in and out of my cunt. But I decided to heed Sarah, so after a minute or two more of pleasure, I moved away from him so that he had to stop.  
  
Joshua and I had to catch our breath. My cunt was engorged with blood. It was swollen. I was so turned on it was remarkable. Once we recovered, Sarah began. "We're going to play truth or dare, OK?" Everyone nodded, smiling.   
  
"I'll begin," Sarah began, and she looked at Mary Ann's date. "Truth or dare?" He chose truth. Sarah asked him how many women he had laid during since January 1, not counting whores.  
  
She was smart to add that last caveat. Most of these bankers routinely fulfilled their sexual needs with call girls.   
  
He said, "Well, not counting call girls, unless you count the Christmas party, it's none, I guess."  
  
Of course we had to ask what happened at the Christmas party, but he refused, saying he answered the question truthfully. Then it was his turn, and he looked directly at me and said, "Truth or dare, Joanie?" I chose dare. He told me I had to walk, slowly, dressed only in a short tee shirt, to the ice machine and get some ice. Then I was to put a cube of ice in my cunt and walk slowly back to the room. No bra, and no panties, were allowed. He had to approve the tee shirt.  
  
That would certainly put me on display to anyone who might come back to a room on this floor. Then I remembered the ice machines were only on the even numbered floors, and this one was odd.   
  
I said, "But the ice machines are on the floor below or above, not on this floor."  
  
He said, "I know. You'll need to take the elevator. I would not recommend the stairs alone. You never know whom you'll run into. Now get a move on!"  
  
I shrugged, bouncing my boobs, and headed to the door. I removed a tee shirt out of my carry-on and slipped it on. He said, "No Joanie. That won't do."  
  
"It's the only one I brought," I replied.  
  
"Do you have a scissors?"  
  
"Just a nail scissors."  
  
He told me to give him the scissors and he put the tee shirt on me and proceeded to cut it up while I wore it. I was scared his hand would slip and cut me, so I was not paying attention to what he actually cut, as long as it was not my skin. When he finished he had transformed the tee shirt into the most provocative tee shirt I had ever seen.   
  
It was now a bit short, and my bare cunt was showing, and quite a bit of my naked ass. It was now sleeveless like a wife beater shirt and if you stood to the side you could see most of my tits. He also had made it scoop necked so even if you looked straight on you could see most of my tits. When I moved, all was revealed. Basically I looked more obscene than if I had been nude. Or at least that's the way I felt.   
  
Well, it was a dare, so I drank another swig of my Sunset in the City cocktail for courage, and began my journey to the ice machine.  
  
He followed and stood just outside the door, watching me walk to the elevator. "Slow down!" he called out after me. I slowed down.  
  
I got lucky and the elevator was empty. I went to the ice machine, got a bucket, and placed a cube in my cunt and grimaced at its cold. Then I went back to the elevator, carrying the bucket of ice in front of me. When an elevator came, there was a couple in it. I joined them, and they were shocked, it was clear.   
  
I said, "Long story," and got off at the next floor. I'm sure at one point they saw my nipples, and the man openly stared at my cunt, until his partner admonished him, saying, "Burt, you have a date, remember?" I wondered if they saw the steady tiny stream of ice water leaving my cunt and dribbling down my legs.   
  
The man stared after me, keeping his finger on the door open button and leaning out to watch we walk slowly, naked, towards my room, my ass on display as my tee shirt rose and fell with my steps. I emphasized the natural wiggle in my walk for his benefit. His date yelled at him again, and he let the elevator door close and continue on its tasks.   
  
When I got to the room, Mary Ann's date was waiting for me just outside, and kissed me and stuck his finger in my cunt, feeling the coldness of the almost completely melted ice cube. He told me to insert another one. I obeyed.   
  
He told me to get on my knees and suck his cock, right there in the hallway. I like being dominated by a strong masculine voice when I'm drunk, so I complied, even though he was Mary Ann's date.   
  
The elevator stopped at our floor, and he got spooked when faced with the real prospect of strangers seeing him getting a blowjob in the hallway. He stopped me and we returned to the room. I kept the obscene tee shirt on.  
  
It was my turn for truth or dare, and I chose Joshua. He chose truth. I said, "Tell us why you and Philip hate each other, Joshua. We can't wait to hear!"  
  
There was silence for a good two or three minutes, as everyone looked at Joshua, who was clearly debating things in his mind.   
  
"I can't do that," Joshua said. "I'm sorry."  
  
I was devastated. I had been planning to hear his story. Shit, I had just fucked him-he owed me! I said, "Shit, Joshua. I just walked and got ice wearing only this tee shirt. I walked back with an ice cube in my cunt. If I can do that, you can do this."  
  
After a brief pause, I added, "If you still want a chance to shoot your cum deep inside me, ever, you had better tell us now."  
  
This was a tad aggressive, and Sarah quietly made a gesture with her hand as if it had burned, indicating my reaction was too strong, and inappropriate.   
  
"Okay," Joshua began, sighing deeply. "It's humiliating, is all. There's a lot to tell, but I'll cut to the chase. Philip's wife was my wife before she was Philip's."  
  
The room suddenly became quiet. "They had an affair, and I knew nothing of it. She did not want to divorce me or lose me, she was just a bit wild is all. But Philip wanted her. So Philip arranged things so that she hated me, and we got divorced."  
  
The silence persisted as we waited for Joshua to continue. But he did not; apparently he was done. I was not going to touch this, but finally Sarah broke the silence when she said, "Tell us how Philip arranged things, Joshua." She said it in a soft, feminine and sweet voice.   
  
Joshua continued, "Philip arranged for one of their more spectacular sex sessions to be secretly filmed, by a professional who used high quality hidden video cameras, or when appropriate, a telephoto lens. He got them fucking in my bed, in the park, on the beach, behind the dumpsters on West 16th Street, and more. He got them fucking the usual way, in strange positions, and with Philip taking her in the ass.  
  
"The quality of the video was top of the line. It was as if it were made in a Hollywood film studio. I have no idea how he did this without Ursula finding out, but he did, he must have hired truly top talent. And Ursula had no idea, of that I'm sure.  
  
"As I said, she was a little wild. He also got her taking on two guys at once, and neither one was Philip, nor I. He also got her with another woman. You get the idea."  
  
All of us got the idea.  
  
Joshua continued, "You're probably thinking he showed it to me. He did not. Instead he had the guy make a video compiling all the scenes. He clearly had a professional do it, and it was very well done.   
  
"Three days before the party, he posted it on a secret web site, and gave all the private bankers a link to the video from an anonymous email account. It was a protected site, and it could not be downloaded. "  
  
I knew that was not true. A good computer science undergraduate could have done it. I certainly could have, but I'm not a good student; I'm a great student, modesty aside. But that's beside the point.   
  
Joshua was not done. "He used their private emails to bypass the bank's security. I was included. Nobody knew Philip had done it. It was untraceable. But also everyone knew Philip had done it. It is so completely his style.   
  
"Everyone that is except my wife. Philip convinced her I had done it. I had spied on them, made the video, and distributed it to humiliate both of them.   
  
"But in reality of course it was I who was totally humiliated, since she was my wife and I had no idea. I was blindsided. I also loved her, and my heart was broken. When it became public, instead of crawling back to me, her true love, begging forgiveness, she came home the next day with a lawyer and divorce papers.   
  
"Philip had arranged the lawyer for her; he's a talented lawyer, if anyone here ever needs one. I never had a chance.  
  
"As a postscript, and this is for Joanie, Ursula refused to fuck his boss for him, and told him to get his mistress to do it. Yes, she knew he had a mistress. His mistress refused, too.   
  
"It was Ursula's idea for Philip to ask his cousin Mike to find a college girl who Philip could seduce. He was frantic: he only had a week. But she was adamant. She has become a bitter, nasty person. She is no longer the woman I loved and married. That's Philip's doing. Midas had the golden touch. Philip has the touch of misery."  
  
Joshua walked over to the table and took up his Sex and the City cocktail and drank it down. He said, "These are good. Want to order some more?"  
  
That was the end of the Truth or Dare game. We were all pretty quiet. His last remark left me completely devastated. I did not know what to do at this point. It was late and the hotel bar was closed.

I was lost in thought. Philip's wife and his mistress had both refused to do for Philip what I did on only our second weekend together. This said something about my sexual nature, and me as a woman, and it was not good. I had to do some serious self-examination, that was clear. Why am I so strange? I was on the precipice of entering a deep funk.  
  
Mary Ann came to the rescue. She said, "Let's all get dressed. I know a nightclub downtown that's open late. Their cocktails might not be as good as a Sunset in the City, but I think they're good.   
  
There were six of us, so we took two cabs. The mood began to brighten with the change of scenery. I was still reeling from Joshua's story about Philip and his wife. I was reconciling it with what I knew about Philip. I was still on the brink of a funk. I do know that my sister Sarah shares to some extent my proclivities towards wild behavior (to put it mildly. Perhaps my Mom was even more sexually extreme when she was our age. I have some evidence to that effect. Perhaps I could hide behind genetics?  
  
I had been blinded by my love for him, but I now realized that he is truly an awful person. Of course, I already knew that from what he done to me in Paris and especially Zurich where he roped in my sister for sexual subjugation as well as me. Putting this together with Joshua's story, I had independent confirmation of a man capable of deeds beyond belief.   
  
His wife Ursula did not come out smelling like a rose, either. And my first love Mike is a bottom dweller, that's for sure. My judgment in men is perfect: Perfectly bad.  
  
I felt bad for Joshua. But I also felt close to him for having the courage to tell that story to all of us. Mostly I felt sick to my stomach for having been so naïve and having allowed myself to be so cruelly used, and even, at times, enjoying being cruelly used. That's the part that upset me the most.   
  
Memories change with time. The brain filters out the bad parts and keeps the good parts. The memory of pain fades, but not so much those of pleasure. At least that's how it is with me. I liked that so many men desired me. I knew it was not really I, it was just lust and a need to subjugate and abuse women, and it was horrible, but damn it, it turned me on. I could not help it; it just did.  
  
I never wanted to do anything like that again, but now that I have, a tiny part of me is glad that I did. I experienced something most women are happy never to have to experience.   
  
But I have done it, I know about it now, and there are aspects of it that arouse me. I am aroused now as I remember some details, such as being tied to the bed, arms and legs spread and immobilized, and facing nine men in Paris who wanted to ravish me. Five of them got to do it, too, before I escaped.   
  
I loved the look of lust in their eyes for me. They were hard for me. They wanted me. It's awful, and embarrassing, but I like that. For me, that look in their eyes before they took me is more important than the sex itself. I wonder if that's true for other girls? I have no idea how to ask such a question, so probably I'll never know.   
  
I rationalized the shame of letting myself be used, by thinking about all the sexual facts I had learned about myself. I already knew from Mike that I am an exhibitionist and a slut if I drink, but I learned from Philip that I like a dominating man, rough sex, and can even handle a gangbang or two. I can tolerate bondage. I'm pretty sure sadism and masochism are out! Boy is that a low standard for a girl.   
  
Most girls go through life never knowing what their reactions would be, for example, to a gangbang. There is no reason on earth why a girl should have to know that. Most-almost all-girls go through life innocent of all these perversions, and whether or not they would like them. That's probably not such a bad way to spend and to enjoy one's life.   
  
Speaking of enjoyment, I enjoyed dancing with Joshua at the nightclub, and we all had more to drink. I was getting very drunk, and so were Sarah and Mary Ann.   
  
At one point, Mary Ann came over to me and asked, "Is it hot in here?" I said yes, and she said, "Here, let me help you, Joanie," and she removed my top. I was now only in a bra above the waist. I stood up and removed her top in revenge. She just giggled, and I began to giggle, too.  
  
We teamed up and went over to Sarah, giggling. Sarah looked at us with surprise in her eyes, and I somehow managed to giggle out, "We were hot." Then Mary Ann removed Sarah's top, too. Sarah simply smiled. What a sister I have! We began to compare bras.   
  
I said, "We need an independent judge." They both agreed. We could not agree on who it should be, since we all wanted our own guy. Sarah suggested the bartender. So we all went over to him, and stood side-by-side facing the bar. We were still all giggling.   
  
Sarah said, "Hey, barkeep. Please settle a dispute. Who has the best bra?" She shook her boobs. Not to be outdone Mary Ann and I shook our boobs, too.  
  
"Sorry girls. I only judge boobs, not clothes. Come back when you're topless," The bartender said, neatly avoiding the possibility of offending the two of us he did not pick. I'm sure he expected that to close the issue.  
  
We went away disappointed, but caucused together. I'm not sure who suggested it, but it was not I. We returned to the bar. Sarah said, "Okay Mr. Barkeep, you can judge our boobs." She said, "On three, girls: One, two, three." We all removed our bras at once. Then we all three wiggled our boobs. They wiggled a lot more this time, no longer being constrained by our bras.   
  
It is not easy to render a bartender speechless. They have seen everything. But he was flummoxed, and just stood there. Finally he recovered, and said, "Ladies, these are three of the best sets of boobs I have ever seen. I could not possibly choose one. Maybe I should take you all three home with me and I can do a detailed study."  
  
He was joking of course, but I was ready to go! Mary Ann said however, "Sorry barkeep, we have dates," and she pointed to the three men who were standing together a distance away but watching us, and they were clearly amused.   
  
The bartender was enjoying this, and I think, relieved we were there with dates. He then said, "How about you all three stand up on the bar, and we'll let everyone at the club vote on your boobs?"  
  
I don't know if he was serious or not. I suspect not. But we caucused and decided to do it. I was the most reluctant, which should tell you something about the moods of Sarah and Mary Ann just then. Also, I was without panties.  
  
I knew there was no contest: Mary Ann's boobs were perfection itself.   
  
That would be remarkable, if it were not that her whole body, from her hair to her face, to her cheekbones, her shoulder blades, her soft and feminine skin, her flat tummy, her adorable belly button and her long and shapely legs were not only the equal of her breasts, but perhaps even better. I know from my logic class at college that one cannot improve upon perfection, so Mary Ann's breasts had to be the best in the world.   
  
Sarah climbed onto the bar first. Quite a few people noticed this gorgeous young thing topless on the bar. I climbed up next, saving Mary Ann and the best for last. The bartender helped me up, and as he did his hand "accidentally" found my cunt under my short skirt (I had no panties on). He quickly stuck a finger in it, too. I ignored it, I was that drunk.   
  
When I realized what he had done, I started to look down at him, but got dizzy from the booze, so instead looked straight ahead, out at the dancing crowd. His hand stroked my leg as it left my cunt. He also helped Mary Ann to climb up and he managed to get a handful of her right boob. She ignored it, too.  
  
When our dates saw what was happening, they migrated over to the bar to get a bird's eye view in reverse, looking up underneath our skirts.  
  
The bartender killed the music in mid song (a good one, too) to make the announcement, that he requests the crowd to choose who has the best boobs of the three women standing on the bar. This will settle a dispute. He added, "The stakes are high, ladies and gentlemen. The winner will get free drinks for an hour."  
  
A cheer went up from the crowd, and when it died down the bartender said, "Can I have a volunteer to distribute the ballots?" a woman jumped up to volunteer, and he gave her a pile of blank index cars and a box of pens. "Okay," he said, "Take it away girls."  
  
Cell phones were flashing throughout the room.  
  
Sarah went first. "I'm Sarah, everyone." Then she wiggled her boobs. There was a big cheer for Sarah. I went next and followed her lead, and Mary Ann was last. The woman volunteer collected the cards, and the bartender went over them, making piles.   
  
The bartender said, "Well everyone, it was a close contest, but Mary Ann wins by a nipple!"   
  
Everyone laughed, and Mary Ann got off the bar, followed by Sarah. I was too drunk to get off the bar safely. I was already flashing a bunch of men who could look up my short skirt and see my bare cunt, just by standing on the bar. I would have flashed even more men if I had tried to kneel down on the bar to get off it.   
  
The bartender helped me, but at one point I fell into him, with my bare boobs pressed against his chest. My inadvertent flashing due to not wearing panties had already aroused me. My cunt was wet with my juices.   
  
The barkeep had arranged things I think so that I fell on his hands, which "inadvertently" pushed my skirt up around my waist, giving him quite a show, as well as anyone else who could see behind the bar. I was basically naked except the line around my waist the skirt made, and of course my high heeled shoes.  
  
I could get away with it, I figured, since I was drunk as shit.  
  
He moved his hand and he fingered me for a minute or so. I was now seriously turned on, but I managed to ignore it again, to push my skirt back down, and then I idiotically apologized for falling on him and even more idiotically thanked him for his help. He gave me his best cocktail, on the house.   
  
He sniffed his fingers, made a soft sound that could have been a yum, and he said, "How about a little kiss, sweet pea?"   
  
I said, "No, I only give big kisses, hunky barkeep," and I put my arms around his neck and kissed him gently. He kissed back, and opened his mouth. I opened mine, and he pressed an erection against me. After a couple of minutes I broke the kiss, and said, "Wow, thanks," and gave the outline of his hard cock in his pants a little stroke, and winked at him.  
  
Then I walked over to Joshua and rejoined the group. When finally we all left the bar, we three girls were still topless, and we hailed three cabs that way. By the way girls: It's really easy in NY to find cabs if you hail them topless. Joshua and I went to my hotel, and I put my blouse on in the cab, leaving my bra in my purse. I could not enter my hotel topless. There are limits.   
  
I thought it was nice of Joshua to see me back to my hotel, and I said goodnight to him in the cab, and thanked him for a lovely evening. He got out too however, and he paid off the cab. He said he'd walk me to my door. I knew where this was going.  
  
At my room door I said goodnight again, and kissed him. He's not Philip so he did not undress me while we kissed. When the kiss ended he said, "You know, Joanie, when we were playing truth or dare earlier, you said..."  
  
I said "Shh," and put my finger to my lips making the shush gesture. Then I opened the room door, pulled him in after me, and kissed him again, this time really meaning it. I turned on all the lights and brought him to the window. I said, "Undress me. Do it slowly."  
  
Joshua said, "But everyone across the street will see us."  
  
I said, "If they don't like it, they don't have to look."  
  
He said, "Okay, that makes sense. And he undressed me slowly. He kissed my shoulders once they were bare. My bra was still in my purse, so they became bare right away. He turned me around and slobbered on my boobs, sucking on my nipples. They he unzipped my mini skirt, and slipped it off and immediately began to finger me. I leaned in to kiss him while he fingered me.   
  
I pulled away and quickly rendered him naked. He pushed me down to the floor, spread my legs and proceeded to eat me out. It felt wonderful. He knew what he was doing. Probably Ursula taught him, during her wild period. Anyway, he was good. I relaxed and enjoyed it. Yum, I thought.   
  
He stopped when I was on the verge of cumming. I had felt it building in my loins. But I knew why he had stopped, and I was right: He reared up and plunged his cock deep inside me. I was so primed for this! He did the same moves he had done earlier before we went to the nightclub, and once again I loved them all.   
  
It took a while, but I finally came with a noisy orgasm. Yes, I screamed, and possibly the nearby rooms heard it, too. I hope they did. I know men love it when they get you to scream when you orgasm, but that's not why I did it. It just popped out of me. This man was good in bed! Or more correctly, he was good on the rug in front of the window.   
  
He fucked me a long time, and after he blew his load we moved to the bed. I opened the curtains intended to give the bed privacy, so that it had none. We had one more fuck before we fell asleep; I rode him cowgirl style, just to please the voyeurs, if there were any. Afterwards I was exhausted.   
  
He spent the night, and he fucked me in the morning. He stood me up against the window, all naked with my boobs flattened by the window panes, and took me standing up, from behind. He had to get me to stand on a small stool he had found in the bathroom, since I am so short, so that his cock had an easy entrance. I enjoyed the sex, and especially being so brazenly and deliberately on display.   
  
I'll never know if any voyeurs got to see it, but there were so many windows that could see me in the skyscraper across the street, I'm fairly sure somebody did. That thought helped me quickly reach a climax, and yes, I screamed again. I think I needed it, as sort of a post wedding cleansing, strange as that may seem.  
  
I showered after the morning fuck and when I was shampooing my hair he entered the shower. My eyes were closed as a precaution from getting soap in them, and I became aware of his presence only when he began to soap up my boobs.   
  
He made sure my private area was well washed. One could even say very well washed. I opened my eyes, smiled, and took some shampoo from my hair and massaged his cock with the shampoo. It had been soft, exhausted no doubt from all the sex, but boy in my soapy hands did it quickly spring back to life!   
  
He put me on all fours, right there in the shower with the water coming down, and he took me from behind. We had a super soapy fuck. I liked the feel of the falling water on my back while we did the deed. We knees hurt a little at the end.   
  
Neither of us came, so we rinsed off the soap, especially the shampoo in my hair, dried ourselves quickly, and returned to the bed, and fucked until checkout time. I came twice during that fuck! I had to blow dry my hair before we could leave. I am a girl, you know. My cunt was truly sore at this point, and his penis looked red and raw.   
  
"How can I see you again?" he asked, as he stood next to me after I had checked out in the lobby. "I don't want to ask Philip for your coordinates!"  
  
"I'm sorry Joshua, but I will not date bankers." I said, with a mixture of sadness, anger, and disgust in my voice. "I know we just fucked each other senseless, and I loved every minute of it. You're good in bed. I like you a lot in the 24 hours I've known you, and during the five times we fucked during these past 24 hours. But you're a banker.   
  
"After Philip, Paris and Zurich -- hell, you have even seen some of it because the Swiss bankers made a widely distributed porno starring me, and without my consent—these are just an entire group of people I never want to see again. And that's your world, the world you work in and live in.   
  
"I'm sorry about this, but I'm not going to change my mind."  
  
Joshua was smart enough not to argue that he was not at all like that, that Philip's group of bankers was different, and stuff like that. It may even be true, but I was having none of it, and he realized that.   
  
Probably though, he was in fact one of them. After all, the initial reason he was drawn to me was that he became infatuated with his imagination of me after watching the Swiss porno of me getting gangbanged, doing a strip tease, and fucking for an audience. That is not the ideal way to attract a man. Nor is it a good beginning for a relationship.  
  
I wanted to ask him if the real flesh and blood me was better than the fantasy version, or just different. I hoped I was not disappointing! Did I fuck him as well as he had fantasized? I certainly did it enough times with him!   
  
Or was it enough just to be able to fuck his fantasy girl? And to fuck her repeatedly. even standing up in the window. Reality can never match fantasy. But it does come with more powerful orgasms; at least it does in my case.  
  
He looked sad, but I knew he would get over it. As Mike once said, bankers always find a solution. That's what they do. He nodded, and then we kissed one final time. The doorman opened the door of my taxi, and it sped off to La Guardia airport. I had quite a weekend, to say the least, and I survived it. I felt my life was finally beginning.