**Joanie Goes Undercover**

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

*This story makes some references to "Joanie of Zurich," and will make more sense if you can read that story and also "Joanie joins the workforce" before this one.*

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It was day 92 of my boring job. Actually it was not really boring. It was, I'd say, horribly boring. I liked my old job much better, when we stopped an organized hacking attack on the store credit card database. I felt good about that. I had accomplished something.   
  
Now I was on loan to the city government, and I was securing teacher's exams on their computers. I felt my talents were going to waste. So I was ripe for the picking when the two FBI agents entered the building, asking for me.   
  
Of course they were directed right to me. No big deal, the FBI is sent out to interview friends and family when someone requests a security clearance, and if you work in hacking prevention, it happens a lot. The FBI, CIA, and NSA employ a lot of people like myself, and they all need security clearances.   
  
So I felt unthreatened and friendly, and I greeted the two agents with a smile. They identified thenselves as Agent Charles, and Agent Nash. I said "Really? Your name is Nash?" Well, as it turns out, you don't joke with these people. It's a pity, really.   
  
They took me for a coffee, but it's hard to have privacy in a Manhattan coffee shop, so instead we went to a bar where men meet their mistresses. Lots of privacy there. You betcha.   
  
They asked what I wanted. They were paying, so I ordered the house cocktail. I love cocktails. They each had Perrier, with a slice of lime for Charles, and lemon for Nash. Boy, that's precision.   
  
I wanted to say, "Really? Lime doesn't cut it for you, Nash?" but I figured I had already screwed up with his name, so I kept silent and smiled. I figured they would tell me who needed a clearance in their own way, in their own time. Anyway, this was more interesting than my job!  
  
Charles was the alpha agent, and he began the conversation. He said, "Joanie, we know a lot about you." This was unexpected.   
  
"You do?" I said nervously.   
  
"Oh yes. We know everything, including all sorts of details about your love life."  
  
"Really?" I said.   
  
"Oh yes, really," Charles replied. "For example, we know for now you are not dating, after you gangbanged your team at your last job. We also know about Mike and his cousins the twins, that you had incest with your own two cousins, and we know especially about what happened in Paris and Zurich. Philip Wilson is a person of great interest to us."  
  
I was a bit shocked, to put it mildly. To have two government agents know such intimate details about my love life and even what sexual acts I was performing was, there is no other way I can think of to put it, creepy. I was way too surprised to speak.   
  
"You probably have a lot of thoughts roaming around in your mind right now, along the lines of who are these people, what right do we have, and the like. We do not do this sort of thing routinely, and we do not enjoy it. In your case, it is all due to your relationship with Philip Wilson. You might be thinking this is about Philip getting a security clearance," Charles said. There it is, I thought. "Well, it's not. It's about you."  
  
"Me?" I said.  
  
"Yes," Charles replied. We intend to ask you for your help. It's for the good of the country. We know, regardless of your politics, which personally I disagree with, that you are a patriot. We are counting on your patriotism.   
  
"You're serious?"  
  
"Oh yes, quite definitely so," Charles said. "You have a unique combination of skills for the task we have in mind. It is an important task, affecting the security of this great nation of ours."  
  
I wanted to say again, "You're not serious," or "Is this a prank?" or "Can you stop with the clichés about our country?" but they looked so serious, I did not dare. Instead I just said, "Okay, you have my attention. What is this about, exactly?"  
  
"The short of it is, we have reason to believe certain banks are laundering money for criminal organizations, including international terrorists, and rogue states, in violation of a whole battery of laws and statutes. But we need hard evidence," Charles said.   
  
Nash spoke for the first time. "The primary bank suspect is the First National Bank of the Continent. We know that you know about this bank." It is the bank my former lover Philip Wilson works at, so of course I know a lot about it. They knew that, too.  
  
"We also know you were the mistress of Philip Wilson, an executive of that bank, and that you had a one time sexual relation with its CEO, a Mr. Hardigan. Do you deny that?"  
  
"No, sadly, that's true. I truly do not know how, or why, you know about Hardigan. My relationship with Philip Wilson is over. It's dead and buried. It's buried deep, too, at least six feet."  
  
"We know."  
  
I was intrigued. "Okay, I'm impressed, and I confess completely freaked out, with your level of knowledge. Indeed, I'm very impressed. I must say I'm not surprised the bank is dirty; Hardigan is a shady character. But I still don't understand what you want with me. I don't like banks and I positively hate bankers. I do realize it must be something big, since you have gone to a lot of trouble to research me. At least I hope it was a lot of trouble! If it was easy, then I am even more freaked out. I am neither flattered nor grateful for your having done that, by the way."  
  
Charles and Nash caucused, whispering to each other. At the end, Nash said to Charles, "We have to tell her." Charles nodded, but clearly reluctantly.   
  
Nash said, "You have probably wondered what Philip Wilson and his cousin Mark had to gain by blackmailing you into volunteering to be sold into sexual slavery for 24 hours, along with your sister, right?"  
  
I was horrified. "You know about that, too?" I almost screamed. They got nervous when I raised my voice. "Are you perverts, or something?"   
  
"We probably are, but this has nothing to do with our sexual tastes, I assure you,' Nash calmly continued. "You are known in banking circles as "Joanie of Zurich." Pornographic pictures and videos of you from those 24 hours in Zurich are widely circulated among bankers and we are aware you know about that, too. We know that, too. It can work for us."  
  
I sat there humiliated. I am sure they had seen them themselves, and watched me smiling through a gangbang, watched me smile while performing a strip tease, and watch me get fucked in front of an audience, and saw pictures of me posing nude, sometimes with a cock inside one of several holes, so to speak, with all sorts of different Swiss bankers. This was much worse than just having seen me naked, obviously. They were probably undressing me in their minds as we conversed.  
  
"Work for you HOW?" I was losing my patience. "Please start making sense."  
  
"After your spectacular success on that boat on Lake Zurich," Nash continued, "Mr. Wilson, due to his status as your lover, was inducted into the International Swiss Bankers Club. This was earned in part through your performance. This makes him one of the most powerful bankers in the world, and therefore one of the most powerful men in the world. There are no women in The Club, as the cognoscenti know it. It is a worldwide secret network of bankers. It is a heaven sent package for paranoid conspiracy freaks; in this case they are right."  
  
"Nothing happens in international banking circles without The Club knowing about it, and approving it. Every time they are defied, the offender dies, and often his family members die, too.   
  
"They do not die gangster style. It's always subtle. Often it's a heart attack, or undiagnosed diabetes leading to a hypoglycemic death, or sometimes it's a deadly virus. A few times it was a car crash due to drunken driving. But everyone knows it was due to The Club. Consequently, The Club is not defied anymore.   
  
"The club permits money laundering for drugs, bank transfers to terrorists, the avoidance of restrictions on sovereign states that are embargoed, and sabotage of countries or organizations (such as corporations) that do not bend to its will. More banal, it is engaged in massive tax evasion. Your former lover Mr. Wilson has risen rapidly to a position of extraordinary power within The Club. We consider him to be one of the most dangerous men in America right now.  
  
"We want you to spy on him. We want you to get close to him again, and plant software on his computer, similar to what you did to Klaus Schmidt, in Zurich. Nice work, by the way. We admired what you did, from afar of course. In return for taking this job on, we can offer you lots of money and the gratitude of your nation and the free world."  
  
"If you succeed, we expect the President of the US will wish to meet you and to thank you personally. I need to say up front, alas, that this task involves considerable risk. Taking on Philip Wilson involves taking on The Club, and they take revenge. Their tentacles spread far and wide.   
  
Nash had finished his piece, and silence ensued. After quite a while, I said, "You're asking me to have sex again with that piece of shit?" Yes, after all that, that sentence is what I took away from it. I overlooked the part about assuming a mortal risk from a sinister international and powerful organization.   
  
"You did tell your sister, after all, that he is good in bed," Charles said.  
  
"Jesus Christ!" I said. "How in God's name would you know that?"  
  
"Joanie, there is little we don't know," Nash said.   
  
"I believe that! But then why do you need me? You're doing just fine knowing everything as it is! When was the last time I masturbated?"  
  
"Joanie, you are getting carried away," Nash said. "It's not like that."  
  
"When was it?" I was almost whispering now. But I was whispering with complete ferocity in my voice.   
  
"Well, as far as we know, it was at 6:10 this morning, before you got out of bed. You used your fingers and a vibrator. You had two orgasms. Happy?"  
  
"Mortified, I'm mortified. You guys are scary. You will shut down your cameras in my bedroom and my apartment, for that matter. If not, I will find them, wherever they are. I'll not have you watching me like that."  
  
"If you agree to help us, sure, we will."  
  
"How did I look?" I could not help myself from asking. I blushed as I asked.  
  
"You were under the covers, I'm told. But looking at you now, Ms. Hartley, I'd say you looked spectacular. You are a beautiful and sexy woman," Nash remarked.   
  
"Thank you," I said. Then it hit me again. "You've seen the videos from Zurich, haven't you?" It was more of an accusation than a question. Again, the videos include scenes of my getting gangbanged by ten men, doing a strip tease on stage, and fucking a man in front of an audience.   
  
There's more, but those are the highlights. Obviously, they're not my doing, but I don't know how to stop them from circulating among horny, perverted men. Or women, who the f—k knows?  
  
"I've had a crush on you ever since I first saw them. Charles and I have watched them at least 50 times," Nash said. Then he added, a bit too quickly, "looking for clues, of course."  
  
"Of course," I said, with a smirk. "I am so humiliated, and embarrassed. It's not easy speaking with you, knowing you've seen me like that, you know." They nodded. We were silent for a while.  
  
Then I added, I just couldn't resist, "I was hot, wasn't I?"  
  
"Yes indeed. And you still are today, even as we speak with you, I'm pleased to say," Charles added.   
  
"Thank you," I said. "Okay, tell me what you want me to do to help you. Tell me all of it. Now. Then I'll decide."  
  
The two men complied. We were there for an hour. Here is an extremely abridged summary. I was to become once again Philip's mistress. They would place me in his bank, and eventually he would find out I was there, in data security, and look me up. I would pretend to fall for him all over again. They were sure he would fall for me. Apparently he still pined for me. I liked that thought. However I did not pine for him, no way, no how. No sir. But doth the lady protest too much? I thought to myself. God, I hope not.  
  
I was then to plant some special software on his computers, both at his office and especially at his home. I was to do the same for Hardigan, the bank's CEO, if the opportunity presented itself. I asked about his friend (and my friend now, too) Steve, and happily they said he was clean. So far. They knew about our friendship, and what happened at his wedding with my friend Odessa. I wondered if there was anything about my sex life or about me that they did not know?   
  
When they were done I said, "This is not a routine request. I don't think the FBI usually asks women to seduce men for them, does it? And I doubt you make such detailed studies of a woman's sex life. At least I hope you do not, I hope you only did it in my case, and I am by the way, completely outraged by what you have done. You're not FBI. That is, unless you are taking orders directly from the ghost of J. Edgar Hoover himself. "  
  
Charles and Nash pulled out their FBI ID's. They looked authentic, but what do I know? They could be well done fakes. "Thank you. But I still think you're not the FBI."  
  
"What do you think, Joanie? I assure you we are FBI."   
  
"Since you ask, my guess is that you are CIA, NSA, or Treasury, or perhaps some super secret task force," I said. "But you'll probably have to kill me if you tell me, right?"  
  
They both laughed. Nash said, "You're even quicker than we thought. You're right about it all: We're not FBI, it's just our cover. We would never kill you, of course, but we also cannot tell you what we are. The FBI badges are indeed genuine. Our agency gives us good cover. Please behave as though we are indeed FBI however."  
  
I agreed, perhaps too quickly, to do their dirty work. I would get well paid, and I could take some real revenge on Philip if this worked out the way I wanted. I had a lot of latitude, so I could develop my own strategy. The men arranged my leave from my job, and I went home to think things through.  
  
I ignored their warning of mortal risk. That was a stupid thing to ignore, I know.   
  
The first thing I did was to find their bleeping cameras lurking about my apartment. There were three in each room. They had been very cleverly hid. For a while I thought there were only two in the kitchen; after all, it's a small room. But I did not give up and finally found the third, hidden in my coffee thermos! They all use Bluetooth of course, or more generally radio frequency (RF) technology, so there were no wires to give their presence away. Class 1 Bluetooth has a range of 300 feet or so, giving the possibility of the receiver being in a neighbor's apartment.   
  
On a hunch, I checked the toaster. I found a fourth. This wrecked my theory that there were three cameras per room, so I began the search all over again. I stopped when I located the 20th camera. That's 20 cameras for a 3-room apartment plus a bathroom. I had thought I got them all when I found 12. Why did they need such overkill? And did they really need to film me on the toilet, and in the shower? Was I to have no privacy at all?  
  
It's true I am an exhibitionist, and I did get a little aroused when I thought about all the pervs at the FBI or whatever secret government agency they worked for watching me masturbate, or take a shower, or walk around the apartment naked, but it should have been on my terms! It is not open season to spy on me and know every intimate detail of my existence! Correction: Apparently it is open season on me!  
  
I took precautions. Every single time I left my apartment I arranged it so that I would know if someone had entered the apartment in my absence. If it looked like someone had, then I would do another search for cameras. One time after I discovered someone had entered my apartment I did a search and I found 20 new cameras hidden about. The bastards. I bought a blue tooth jammer and installed it.  
  
I first tried the usual tricks, turning the lights out at night and using a flashlight to scan every detail, looking for reflections of light from the tiny spy cameras lens. This worked fairly well, but some still escaped my detection. I always put my cell phone in a closed drawer in case they used the cell phone's camera to spy on me. Long ago I had taped over my laptop's camera.   
  
I bought a high-end professional-quality hidden camera detector, using the latest RF technology. It was not cheap, but I have money. My new detector used lasers. Hey, I worked in security now; I wanted these bastards to know with whom they were dealing.  
  
I'm sure they still had spy cameras I had not found. It's a losing battle when you're fighting the FBI. Since I don't know what they really are, from now on I'm going to refer to them as the FBI, as they themselves suggested I do. Anyway, knowledge is power. Knowing someone was watching, I changed my behavior.   
  
Well, somewhat: I still masturbated, of course. They were not going to deny me that. I just did it in performance mode, and often treated the voyeurs across the street, too. Actually, I found my solo sex was better this way.  
  
I baked some pies and visited my neighbors, introducing myself, hoping they would invite me in so I could see if they had the blue tooth receptive computer. It could be, and probably was the case, that they did not even know they did. All but one set of neighbors invited me in. I found nothing. I learned nothing.   
  
I realized the range of blue tooth is short, assuming that was what they were using. Best case, it was 300 feet. That meant they had to have a computer and relay hidden somewhere close, rebroadcasting the signal. About three months ago I had bought a new window box air conditioner for the kitchen. I asked a gay male friend to come over and help me with it. We had to take it apart and ruin it to find the computer and relay, but there it was, inside the unit. Clever little bastards, these agency men.   
  
I had asked the gay male friend, since if I asked one of my hetero male friends, I might have been pressured into sex. Everyone thinks I am easy to get into bed. But it's not true: it's only when I'm drunk. So there might have been some misunderstandings, and I did not want that. It was too big a cost of asking for help.   
  
My gay male friend I took out for a nice lunch in the West Village. I wore revealing clothes. Gay or not, he was still a man, and he enjoyed my display, I could tell.   
  
I taped over the camera on my computer in case they were using that. I bought infrared binoculars, and that evening I stripped naked and paraded around the apartment windows.   
  
I found one neighbor had a telescope pointed at my window. Two others used their own binoculars. I put down mine, waved and smiled at them, and gave them one final show, using my dildo. Then I closed my blinds on my bedroom window, basically permanently. One or all of them could be colleagues of Charles and Nash, and I had been spied on enough. Most likely, though, they were just harmless peeping Toms.  
  
I thought about the irony. If I had known they were innocent neighbor voyeurs, I would have been titillated and happy. After all, why be an exhibitionist if there are never voyeurs? But now that was ruined, since I could not tell if they were innocent neighbors or creepy government spies. Too bad, but I would survive.   
  
There were other windows, too. I left the blinds up for those windows. I just needed a space where I could be private when I felt the need. And that was my bedroom.   
  
That weekend I went on a shopping spree, at the government's expense. I needed just the right kind of clothes if I were to be working at a bank. It would be quickly learned that "Joanie of Zurich" was working at the bank, and every man working there would want to find an excuse to check me out in the flesh, even the gay ones. That was for certain. And there were around 1,500 men working in that one building in Manhattan!

I went to Saks, directly to my favorite sales woman in the Marni section. She was named Jane and she greeted me like a long lost friend. I felt as if she were a friend. I explained to her that Philip was now my ex, and I hated him. She nodded: been there.  
  
But I needed to seduce him anyway, for reasons I could not explain. This surprised her, but she is a New Yorker, and nothing shocks a New Yorker. So I needed sexy, seductive outfits, that were nevertheless acceptable for a bank employee to wear. I wondered if such things even existed.   
  
Jane was amused. Apparently nobody had ever asked for something like that before. She congratulated me on my banking job. I felt I needed to explain, so I told her in elliptical terms that I was "Joanie of Zurich," and there were "compromising videos" of me circulating in banking circles.   
  
She asked if Philip was responsible for that? I said in some sense, yes, he was. I had to be very vague, but Jane got the picture.   
  
"Is that why he is your ex?"  
  
"Essentially, yes," I replied. Jane remarked that she understood, and good riddance.   
  
Then Jane added, "I guess, that is. Now you need to seduce him? You don't have to explain that."  
  
"Thanks," I said. "It might be easy to seduce him, actually, like trying to convince water to flow downhill. But I just don't know. He probably has a new mistress by now, and of course he has his wife. Two mistresses might be too much to handle, but probably not for him. He has all the scruples of Bernie Madoff."  
  
"He just keeps getting better and better," Jane said, giggling now.   
  
"Yeah," I said, feeling disgust at my memory of him. Then I was quiet. Jane was thinking.   
  
"Well Joanie, what you need to do is to wear expensive clothes that are tailored to emphasize the curves of a woman's body. Mostly that's suits, with a nicely cut jacket, and a mid thigh tight skirt. And then, if you want, you can go super sexy with the blouse, since the jacket will hide it, mostly. When you need to, you can remove the jacket and get a dramatic effect with the revealing blouse," Jane said.   
  
Jane added, "I assume Philip is a boobs man?"  
  
"Jane," I said, "There is no part of a woman's body that man does not crave. He is a sex fiend. He also likes to show off his women to other men, and sexually humiliate them."  
  
"Whoa, Joanie. That's too much information. Are you sure you want to seduce him again? It's not my place to say this, but maybe he should just remain your ex?" Jane said. She had concern in her eyes.   
  
I laughed. "I don't want to seduce him at all. I know this sounds weird, but I have to. I can't explain it. You want too much information again?"  
  
"Try me," Jane said.  
  
"The one thing that is not bad is, he's a great fuck." I could not believe I said "fuck" to Jane. I could just as easily said something like, "He is wonderful in bed." Why didn't I? Maybe I was too stressed. Fortunately though she was not offended and laughed loudly.  
  
"Okay girl," she said, "You stay put here. I'll be back in 10 minutes with a selection of outfits for you to try on. Marni has a few, but I know of some others too in the other designers' boutiques, and I'll go round them up."  
  
The government ended up buying me six suits and ten blouses. I spent around fifteen kilo dollars of taxpayer money in Saks for my outfits that morning. Jane came through, she always does. Every suit was perfect for my needs, each in its own way. No pants suits, Jane wanted me to show off my legs. She also got me several pairs of wonderful high heels; not too high, so they were easy to walk in, but high enough to make my legs look nice and sexy.   
  
The high heels were also nice because I am so damned short. But the best part was the blouses. They all fell over my breasts in different ways, each one sexier than the one before, each fitting me perfectly, as if I had been in the designer's mind. A couple were diaphanous, so if I wore the right kind of sexy bra then the effect when I removed my suit jacket would be electric.   
  
One blouse was perfect to wear braless. It had essentially no back, and open sides giving great glimpses of the sides of my boobs.  
  
I was so lucky to have Jane! Charles and Nash had given me a credit card, so I charged every outfit to it, and also all of my new shoes. I bought some great bra and panties sets, in case my clothes ever came off; best to be prepared. I bought some new leather purses – one purse alone cost four thousand dollars. I was getting dizzy from the prices I was paying.   
  
I had my fancy jewelry I had bought long ago using Philip's money, but I decided what the hell: Saks has a Cartier boutique, so I bought myself a Cartier tank watch, and a bejeweled ring.   
  
I got gold dangle earrings from another jewelry boutique at Saks. I had a huge choice of wonderful perfumes, and picked out a few scents that were very musky and sexy, but not so overpowering that I would smell up the entire office at the bank. Now all I needed was some luxury condoms. Saks does not sell those! I actually had to leave Saks to get those.  
  
I was ready to go to work.   
  
Monday I began my job at the bank's security department. Bob from my previous job had given me a great reference, and Charles and Nash had arranged other references. So I received a warm welcome by the team of ten men and three women. The women in particular were thrilled to have another woman with them, and we all hit it off right away.   
  
To my delight it took a full two weeks for someone to realize I was "Joanie of Zurich," and working right there in the building, on the 10th floor. A security precaution was not to send our security group any email, but everyone in the bank ignored it. Until now, that is. Now they hand delivered the documents. The head of security was thrilled, even if mystified by the sudden and uniform change of behavior.  
  
I knew of course the hand deliveries were really just an excuse to see me in the flesh. How often does one get to see a "porn star," simply by taking an elevator to the 10th floor? It was clear every single one of the men (and they were all men) were checking me out when they arrived with their documents.  
  
A side effect was that the horny men also checked out the other three women. The women did not know why there was this sudden change, but they are human, and they enjoyed it. I suggested they start wearing skirts, instead of always wearing pants suits, as if they were Hillary Clinton clones, or something.  
  
They began to wear skirts, and soon they had fairly active social lives. The four of us girls talked about it. The three women had never heard of "Joanie of Zurich," and I did not enlighten them. But the point is, the atmosphere in our department became joyful and happy. It became a lovely place to work.   
  
Four weeks had gone by before the news of my presence filtered up into the executive suites and Philip learned I was working on the 10th floor of the same bank. I was impressed it took that long. I was glad it did: Those were four very happy weeks.   
  
Philip came down from Mt. Olympus (our group's name for the 22nd floor where the executives worked), ostensibly to speak to our boss, Colin. They sequestered themselves in Colin's office, and when Philip came out he quickly left. We never spoke, and I never even looked at Philip. It was possible for him to think I did not know he had come to the 10th floor, even if I was highly aware constantly that he was there.  
  
The next day there was a sealed envelope with my name of it, written in pen. It was in Philip's handwriting, which was clear to me. I went to the bathroom and opened it. It was very simple and said,  
  
"Nice to see you, Joanie. You look gorgeous. Please be so kind as to meet me at our favorite restaurant tonight, at 8pm. No need to reply: If you choose not to come, I do not mind eating alone. I still love you, Philip"  
  
My best friend of the three women was named Susie. I showed her the note. She arched an eyebrow. I told her Philip is my ex boy friend; I was his mistress and did not know he was married. He's still married and has children, and probably he has a new mistress. He always has one. Then she arched both eyebrows.   
  
"What are you going to do?" she asked.  
  
"I don't know. What would you do?"  
  
"Is it Philip Wilson, from Mt. Olympus?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Wow, he's the most handsome man at the bank. Rich as Croesus, too. Old money as well as the new, I hear. Do you still love him?"  
  
I said, "Yes, I guess so. But I hate him more."  
  
"Wow, tough call," Susie said.   
  
"You got that right," I said. I added, "Plus, I doubt he still loves me. I'm not sure he ever loved me. What he loves is my body, and controlling me, since I'm a smart woman. He's a misogynist. I was often in his spell when we were together."  
  
"Truth be told, I am not even sure he is capable of loving a woman,' I added, and then I shut up.  
  
Susie surprised me. She said, "Don't go." She saw I was a little disappointed when she said that, and then she quickly added, "No man can be that bad. Probably you are overreacting. We all hate our ex's. That's why they're ex. But we all still care for them, too. We're all a bundle of contradictions, aren't we? Is there really any harm to meet him in a restaurant?"  
  
"You don't know him," I said. "The man is dangerous. He casts spells over me, and I become within his power or something." Then I paused to think, and added, "But that's the way I used to be. I was young back then, only 20 years old. I'm older and stronger now. Six years of growing up might be enough to withstand his pull on me. Maybe you are right. Maybe I'll go!"  
  
I think Susie was a bit overwhelmed with everything I said. "People are complicated," she muttered, and then we both went back to work. The bank was under attack. Again.   
  
That evening I wore one of my work suits and a spectacular blouse and bra, both hidden under my suit jacket. Even without the special effects of my blouse, I looked great in my suit. The skirt hugged my ass in a sexy way. Every curve I had was emphasized. And I have all of the curves a woman is supposed to have. Flagging a taxi and therefore raising my arm so that my skirt rose a little, practically every man walking by checked me out. I felt a warm glow.  
  
I was ten minutes late arriving to "our" restaurant, a cozy, little, and quite romantic French restaurant in midtown. Philip was already there drinking a cocktail as I was ushered to his table. I knew I was in trouble when he rose to greet me and kissed me right on the lips, opening his mouth. My body memory bypassed my brain and responded, and our tongues mingled. This was not an auspicious beginning, and all my plans were falling apart as Philip recast his spell over me.  
  
I collected myself as we sat down, Philip smiling at me and looking handsome and debonair. I had forgot just how good he looks. Also he looked at me with a combination of love and lust in his eyes. It was as if the last 6 years had never happened; we were right away back in love. I was not pleased.  
  
My cocktail arrived and I eagerly sipped at it. I did not know what to say to Philip, so I was quiet. He was forced to break the ice. "It's been a long time, Joanie. I've missed you. I was worried you would not come. I'm glad you did. "  
  
"Your wife Ursula and your mistress du jour are not enough for you, Philip?" I said. I was trying for no warmth in my voice, but failing.   
  
"I deserve that," he said. "I should have told you I was married, back then."  
  
"Yes, you should have. I am not a home wrecker."  
  
"Well, our home is not wrecked. Ursula knows I have mistresses, and she knew about you from the get go. I'm honest with her."  
  
"I'm glad to hear that. In contrast, you have never been honest with me. I was only 20 then, but I am not a trivial person, you know. I learn. I know just what a bastard you were in Zurich." That was a dangerous thing for me to say. But it did have an effect. A big one.  
  
Philip did not know how much, or what, I knew. But clearly I knew something. I could see his brain working, wondering how I had figured things out. Maybe he thought I was bluffing.   
  
Philip is not dumb; far from it. He knew I worked in the electronic security department, which meant I had to have advanced computer skills. He would put two and two together before long.   
  
The waiter approached, putting an end to both of our lost-in-thought musings. I smiled sweetly and lovingly at Philip as I asked what he was ordering. That was my plan, to act like that, but I was annoyed at how easy and natural it was for me to do it.   
  
Philip ordered a beef dish, and I had branzino with vegetables. It is so sex role for the woman to have fish and the man to have steak. But that is what we both wanted, so what can you do?  
  
This created a dilemma with the wine color. Philip never orders by the glass, always wanting to get me drunk. He was gracious and decided to order a white wine, but one substantial enough to hold up to beef. I knew about wine, unlike when he first knew me and I was not even 21 yet, so I suggested a white St. Joseph. Both Philip and the waiter were impressed.   
  
"That's what we'll have then. I did not even know St. Joseph came in white," Philip said. The waiter said, "Excellent choice, Madame," in a gorgeous French accent. I love this restaurant. All sorts of good memories of my meals with Philip from 6 years earlier came flooding back. My resistance to Philip was melting. I fought myself to stop it from melting away. I would not be that easy!  
  
But of course I was in fact way too easy. After my third glass of wine I was a happy drunk, and I rose and took off my jacket. The effect on Philip was even better than I could have hoped for. I wish Jane of Saks could have seen it, or even my new friend Susie. His mouth fell open, as he looked at the hints of my luscious boobs the blouse afforded. He could see my gold Maltese cross dangling in my cleavage. I had bought the cross at Bulgari in Paris using his charge card lo these six years ago.   
  
As intended, the Maltese cross drew his eyes directly to my cleavage. I was undertaking a classy seduction, which was clear. I was wearing the perfect shade of lipstick, and had on my most seductive perfume scent. I had kicked off my heels, and I touched his leg with my bare foot.   
  
This startled him and then he smiled. He reached across the table and took my hand, and caressed my fingers. I let him do it, of course. The waiter returned to ask about dessert when Philip had lost his soul in my eyes. The waiter saw us staring at each other like two people very much in love, and he smiled.   
  
Philip ordered something chocolate, and I ordered no dessert, but instead a glass of Bas Armagnac, again impressing both the waiter and Philip with my knowledge. The restaurant actually had a choice, and I asked if they had one made from folle blanche grapes. This outclassed Philip, but not the waiter, who said, "Why yes, Madame, we do. And it is our best Bas Armagnac in my opinion. An excellent choice, I must say."  
  
Philip then asked for a glass, too. He ate his chocolate dessert while I sipped my Armagnac and then we both drank together, just looking at each other and speaking with our eyes, not our mouths.   
  
When we left the restaurant, I asked Philip to get me a cab. He offered to walk me home, but I said I'm not ready for him to know where I live. He smiled. "I already know, Joanie. It's in your personnel file."  
  
Seeing the alarm on my face, he said, "How about for old times I walk you back to our usual hotel? You can easily get a cab from the hotel." I nodded.  
  
When we got to the hotel, Philip pulled me inside. I thought maybe he wanted to use the hotel lobby's restroom, but he went to the check in desk and got a room. "You can kiss me goodnight at the door to my room," he said.   
  
I'll spare you the details. We spent the night together fucking our brains out. Age has not diminished his talents at fucking; he is still a great fuck. He figured (correctly) I was still an exhibitionist, so we did it in the window. At one point I was collapsed on the floor, exhausted after three successive orgasms, naked with his cum inside me, when there was a knock on the door.   
  
Philip quickly opened the door wide, exposing me in my naked glory to the waiter, who was bringing some midnight snacks and more alcohol Philip had ordered. Still up to his old tricks, I thought. I smiled at the waiter, that was my style, but I was angry. Our first date, and I was still a slut, and Philip was still trying (and succeeding) to humiliate me.   
  
Well, we were both hooked on each other. On our next date, two days later, Philip took me to the movies, and taking a page from his cousin Mike, he undressed me in the back row of the theater, so that I was naked from the waist up. Somehow it's different when that happens and the woman is 26, as I was, not just 19. When you're 19 it's fun and risky. When you're 26, it's just humiliating. I wanted to resist him, but I just could not. It's the spell.  
  
One weekend, we flew off to Martinique, just for the weekend! There he had me go topless, and wear a string bikini. That was okay, it's a French island, and lots of women were topless at the beach. But we stayed late at the beach, and I had to walk back to the hotel in my string bikini.   
  
On the way back to the hotel, we stopped in a nightclub. I was the only woman in the club wearing a bikini. All the men who never gave me a second look at the beach where bikini clad women were a dime a dozen, were now checking me out in some detail. It's amazing how context can change things.   
  
At one point as we danced, Philip pulled the string, and my top fell off. Now I was topless in a room full of drunken men and I was clothed in only a bikini bottom. One more pull, and I would be naked. Philip was enjoying my predicament.   
  
It got worse. During a slow dance, Philip pushed my bikini bottom to the side and began to finger me. Even worse, your topless slutty narrator just let him do it. I was turned on beyond belief. Plus we were on an island far away from anyone I knew. And, of course, Philip had gotten me drunk. It's always easy to get me drunk, but he had bought me cocktails and my stomach was empty, since we had skipped dinner.  
  
All this made me a shameless slut. Men were watching, and then one of them asked to cut in. Philip looked at me. I shrugged a "Why not?" kind of shrug. The new man smelled of cigarettes and beer, a combination I find sexy. I was almost naked in public, and aroused by that, by the man's smell, by his strong and masculine grip on me, and from Philip's talented fingers.  
  
I was shocked when the new man put his fingers where Philip's had been! I pulled back a bit, but my new dancing partner just kissed me. Now he was kissing me and fingering me on the dance floor. Slut that I am when I am drunk, to my shame I kissed back, and did not escape his fingers.   
  
He was holding me close to him with his left hand while his right hand was in my snatch, and then he released me in order to play with my nipples, while he fingered me and kissed me. I could have just walked away at this point, but I did not.  
  
I was losing it, and I began to moan quietly through our kiss. I did not even know that as his hand went to my nipples, it passed by the string of my bikini bottoms, and pulled it.   
  
My bottoms were now loose, barely clinging to me, held to me only by friction. Another man cut in on this guy who was reluctant to give me up, but tradition rules, and he surrendered me to his friend. My bottoms fell off but I still did not notice. I did not even notice this man's cock was out of his trousers.   
  
He pulled me to him with his arms, even though the music was now for a fast dance. He of course put his fingers where Philip's and the other man's had been, and he caressed my naked boobs. I was unaware, but I was dancing with him naked, in a room full of drunken men. I did however realize that everyone must now know three successive men had fingered me without the slightest complaint from me. This was high-risk behavior. Where was Philip??

I looked around the room, scared, as the man's fingers, plus being on such brazen display, were driving me close to orgasm. If I came, a massive gangbang was sure to follow. The man withdrew his fingers, and I exhaled in relief. Then he stuck his cock in me. Whoa! I could not believe this! I was naked, being fucked in a nightclub on the dance floor in plain sight.   
  
Polite to a fault, I began to say, "No thank you, no fucking, please," but it came out incoherently since I moaned while saying it. It felt so good to have his cock inside me: this was the ultimate exhibitionist experience, but it was just too dangerous. The risk however turned me on in the extreme. I loved the feel of his cock as it began to pump inside me. I knew the entire room was watching.  
  
I was too scared. I looked frantically around, but all I saw was a room full of men enjoying the show. No Philip. The man continued to fuck me. Lots of men were watching, perhaps waiting their turns. I was in sexual bliss and my brain was screaming at me to get out of there, now!  
  
Then another woman emerged from the crowd around me, and she was roughly pushed to the small open area around us: Me, and the man fucking me. We were still standing up while we pretended to dance. This woman was also naked, and the man who had pushed her harshly to the center, now lay her down and spread her legs. Men backed off to give them room.  
  
He climbed on her and stuck his cock in and began to fuck her. She lay there with her eyes closed and seemed to be into it. Eyes went to them, and I used the distraction to disengage suddenly, surprising the man which is the only reason I was able to get away, and tried to run out of there.   
  
I know watching a panicked woman run, when she is naked and has just been fucked, is a comical site for a man to see. They probably found my distress, combined with my nudity, also sexy. All the men surrounding me looked highly amused, and this panicked me more.   
  
There was no place to run, I was surrounded by men, most of them leering at my naked, aroused body. I was in a total panic. Finally Philip magically appeared from the crowd, took my hand, and calmly led me out of the club. All the while I was having a panic attack, and could not catch my breath.   
  
I was not going back to look for my bikini, and we walked back to the hotel with me naked. Fortunately it was not far. I entered the lobby naked, and just walked right through it to the elevators. A man who rode the elevator with us told me I looked nice this evening, and despite his sarcastic attempt at humor, I simply said, "Thank you."  
  
We got to the room and I yelled at Philip. "Where were you?!"   
  
"I was enjoying the show, just like everyone else there. I left for a minute, to buy the club's security footage of you, and just then you let the man fuck you. I was pissed I missed that. I'll have to watch it on video. God, Joanie, you are as hot as you have ever been!"  
  
I did not know what to do. Why I left Philip came flooding back. Who needs this? Well, perhaps it is I who do. I'm one sick puppy; Philip just opens the cage and lets out the puppy. I want the puppy back in its cage! I became anxious to get the software from Charles and Nash into Philip's computers. I wanted to return to my normal, boring life. I began to cry.  
  
When I'm happy, Philip fucks me. I enjoy it. When I'm sad, Philip fucks me. It distracts me and sometimes it helps. When I sob, as I was doing just then, Philip goes out of his way to fuck me.   
  
Fucking is his solution and response to everything. We fucked a long time. When he recovered his erection (with some help from my mouth), he took me in the ass. It worked, too. I felt better.   
  
It wouldn't kill the man to try a little cunnilingus every once in a while; or to try talking with the aim to comfort me. I could give him a thousand blowjobs and it simply would not occur to him to go down on me. I would not ask him for it either; I do not ask for sex. Good thing he's such a great fuck.  
  
Susie wanted to know everything. I told her how I melted on our first date at the romantic French restaurant. When I told her about Martinique and going topless on the beach, she gave me a high five. Then I told her about being naked and publicly fucked in the Martinique nightclub, and she gasped. "Joanie, I can't believe you did that! I have fantasies like that, but no way I could ever really do it. Are you jiving me?"  
  
"I really did it, Susie. I totally lose it sometimes when I'm drunk. I'm actually a well-behaved, moral person sober. But it's like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide. I am a different person when drunk," I replied.   
  
"Philip is something else," she said. "I need to meet this man." This was my chance. I had the USB drive. I was ready.   
  
"If you do one thing for me, you can meet him now," I said. "I need for him to be distracted, so I can look at his computer. Don't ask why, I just do. Would you seduce him for me?"  
  
"What?!? You're not serious, Joanie."  
  
"Yes, I am. I will tell him I've brought him a present, it being Susie from the 10th floor. Then I'll go to his computer and put on some bump and grind music I have on this USB drive. You do a strip tease for him, while I pretend to be fiddling with the music, but actually checking something on his computer," I said.   
  
"Just like that, you want me to strip for a stranger? At my place of work? Won't he then try to, try to, you know...?" Susie said.  
  
"Yes, he probably will. After a minute or two I'll join you in the strip tease, and then he can choose which of us he wants to, as you put it, you know..." I said, teasing her a little. "This is one of your fantasies, remember? You told me this one. Well, we can act it out together. Why not?"   
  
"He'll choose you to do it with, I'm sure." Susie seemed sad at that idea, not relieved.   
  
"Don't be so sure. Men are programmed to want to fuck every pretty girl they can. I'm told evolution makes them that way. I just think they're all skunks," I said, cheerfully. "He's already fucked me, a lot. You'll represent a new conquest. Men like him thrive on that."  
  
"I'll have him call Mr. Hardigan. He can do me, if you want," I added.  
  
"Jesus, Joanie. You're something else! Hardigan's good looking, sure, but he's ancient. And he's the CEO!"   
  
"I don't want to involve him. I just will if that's what it takes. For you to, you know.."  
  
Susie thought for a minute. She looked at her watch. Checked her iPhone. Adjusted her clothes. Then she said, "When we do start?"  
  
"Does now work for you?"  
  
Susie nodded and we left for the elevators. As we rode up to Mt. Olympus, also known as the 22nd floor, Susie said she had butterflies in her stomach. I told her that I had told Philip yesterday I was going to bring him a surprise today.   
  
My plan worked perfectly. Susie was much better at a strip tease than I thought she would be. She was really sexy. The music helped, I'm sure. I realized there was no need to involve Hardigan. I uploaded the virus to Philip's computer while he was watching Susie, and then quickly joined Susie making it a two-girl show.  
  
I had told Susie my plan. When I joined, she was down to bra and panties, and as we danced around, gyrating our bodies in sexy maneuvers, she undressed me, and I kissed her from time to time. She kissed me back. I was surprised, and it felt nice.   
  
Then we took our bras off together, and also together we slowly, very slowly, lowered our panties. The music ended, but I had put it on a loop, so it restarted. When we were both naked, we began to stroke our boobs, tweak our nipples, and finger ourselves.   
  
I gave Philip a lap dance while Susie writhed around in front of him, fingering herself. Susie got on the floor, went on all fours, and wiggled her ass at Philip, her large boobs hanging down, and her legs spread so that she could look down at him through her legs. She blew him air kisses.   
  
I finished my lap dance, and Susie gave Philip one, too. I was in a great mood, because I had done my task with the USB drive. I went over to Philip and stuck my tongue down his throat as Susie stimulated his cock through his pants by wriggling her naked ass. His cock was rock hard.   
  
Susie got off him and we opened his pants and belt and took off his clothes below the waist. Then we got on all fours, both of us naked, and pointed our asses right at him. We each put post-its on our asses, saying, "Choose me!" which fluttered a bit as we wiggled our asses. We just sat there, waiting to see what Philip would do. We looked at each other and giggled.   
  
As we were giggling, Susie suddenly gasped. Philip had made his choice, and was beginning to fuck her. He really went to town, too! Susie had told me she was, like me, not naturally vocal during sex, but I had told her that if Philip chose her, she should moan and do stuff like that.   
  
She was not making any noise, just smiling as Philip fucked her, so I mouthed the word moan to her. Then she remembered and began to moan. She did a good job, but I could tell it was artificial and forced.   
  
She told me later that Philip's cock grew as she began to moan. His fucking got better, too. Later when she fucked someone else, she tried moaning, and the same thing happened. She said I changed her life. So I gave her some more tips, too.   
  
As Philip was fucking Susie, and I was still on all fours with my post-it on my ass, Mr. Hardigan, the bank's CEO, walked in with papers for Philip. I had previously fucked Hardigan to help Philip get a promotion. That was six years ago. Hardigan put the papers on Philip's desk, stripped, and entered me and began to fuck me. He never said a word. Nor did I.  
  
I was glad about this, because I needed to sabotage Hardigan's computer, too. So I needed him to be interested in me again. I pretended to enjoy his fuck, and I began to moan too. Susie looked shocked, but most of her attention was going to Philip's cock pummeling her.   
  
Philip pulled out, flipped Susie onto her back, and began fucking her missionary style. When he did that, he noticed Hardigan fucking me! I could see the shock on his face.  
  
Philip looked at me, and if one could shrug with one's face alone, that's what I did. Hardigan then flipped me onto my back and a few minutes later unloaded into me. I leaned up and kissed him, a force of will on my part. He said, "Well, this was a pleasant surprise. Nice to see you again, Joanie. And it is especially nice to fuck you again. I did not ask permission; I trust you did not mind?"  
  
I said nothing; I just smiled at him, which he took for assent. Philip was still fucking away at Susie, and he actually gave her an orgasm. She forgot my advice to scream, but it was obvious to all of us when she came. This got Philip going even more, he loves to make women cum. I guess it feeds his macho personality. A couple of minutes more and he unloaded him cum into her.   
  
We both lay on the floor, Susie satiated, and me pretending to be. Philip and Hardigan got dressed, and began discussing work, as we two wenches lay naked on the floor. We had served our purpose. They were done with us.   
  
Actually they were not quite. Philip said to both of us, I'm keeping your bras and panties, as mementos of this wonderful surprise. You can both work the rest of the day without them, I'm sure.   
  
Philip went back to speaking with Hardigan. We slowly got dressed, and now of course we were commando under our clothes. And we were both leaking cum, with no panties to stop it from dribbling down our legs.   
  
We looked at each other. It would be obvious to anyone we were both braless. The trail of cum on our legs was less obvious, but certainly noticeable. Mt. Olympus had no ladies room: the idea of a female executive in a bank being ridiculous. The secretaries on the 22nd floor could just use the ladies on the 21st floor; they should be grateful it was only one floor down.   
  
We used the men's room anyway. After all, we had just fucked two executives; we had earned it. We sat on the toilets a while, letting gravity help the cum to drain from our cunts, and then we both stuffed Kleenex up our cunts to absorb some more of it, and of course wiped down our legs, removing the cum already there.   
  
We left the "executive washroom" and took the elevators down to the 10th floor, our boobs jiggling away. We both looked at each other and giggled. Just before we left the elevator Susie said, "Philip really is a great fuck. Thank you, Joanie."  
  
"My pleasure," I said. "Hardigan, in contrast, is a pig."  
  
"They're both pigs, Joanie. Philip is just a talented pig, is all. I am so exited to have lived out my fantasy. What a gift you just gave me! Now I want to live out some more fantasies."  
  
Susie told me another of her fantasies. "Want to join me, tonight? I could not do it if you were not there. I'm not sure I can do it even with you there!" she said.   
  
"Sure," I said. "Philip is with his wife tonight. I'm free to have fun. Two fantasies in one day: impressive."  
  
We met up at a bar near work at 6pm. I asked what fantasy Susie wanted to live out tonight. She was embarrassed and shy, so I started guessing. "Is it sex outside, in a park?" I asked. Susie looked horrified and said no. "Is it flashing?" No. "Going commando and wearing see through clothes when the light is right?" No. "Two men at a time?" No. "A gangbang?" No.   
  
She was a little slow to say no to some of my examples, so I figured those were in fact fantasies she had, but she was not ready, if she ever would be, to act them out. Most women never act out their fantasies, and would be horrified to do so, especially gangbangs. I think most women have gangbang fantasies. How could we not?   
  
In return, most men think of their girl being gangbanged when they have their own private fantasies. It does not mean they want it to happen! They're just fantasies, like Harry Potter novels.   
  
I thought of one more. "Is it that you want to be a whore for one night, and sell your body?" This time Susie slowly nodded her head. She was blushing, and looked at her feet. I figure that's a common fantasy, too.  
  
I told her the story of when I turned a trick inadvertently. I thought I was just picking up a man in my hotel bar and that we had a "zipless fuck." But he spent the night, left in the morning before I woke, and left me $1,000 saying he had forgot to ask my price, and he hoped it was enough.   
  
Susie was flabbergasted. "Joanie, you never cease to amaze me," she gushed. "Could we do exactly that?"  
  
"We can try. I've never tried to pick up a man for whoring explicitly. But it happened again, in Zurich," and I told her that story, too.   
  
Susie said, "Really? Philip fucked your little sister, right in front of you? What a creep! No wonder you were freaked. My God. I can't believe your sister fucked him, either! Holy crap. Joanie, you have had some hard shocks, that's for sure."  
  
I had to agree about the hard shocks. That was not why I told her the story, of course, I was telling it to explain my distress and my consequent behavior that led me to be mistaken for a whore. But I was glad she took away from the story outrage over what Philip did. I realized more than ever why I had been in such distress.   
  
We went to the usual hotel that Philip always put me at when I was 20 and his mistress. The clerk at the check in looked me up and saw that I used to be a regular there, and he said, "Welcome back, Ms. Hartley. The usual room?"  
  
I said, "Yes, please. But two beds if you have a room like that. And the First National rate please."  
  
"Of course," he said, and he gave us two key cards. I could tell Susie was in awe. I explained by telling her Philip always put me here when I came to New York for our marathon weekend fuck sessions. I did not regale her with some of the wild things I did in that very hotel. Instead I focused on how reassuringly familiar the hotel was. It gave me a warm feeling. It even smelled the same.   
  
We went shopping for outfits at Saks, then to dinner, and then to a bar but not the one at the hotel, to talk and to get a little buzz. We were still dressed in our work clothes. Our "fuck me now" outfits were with us too, still in the Saks bags.   
  
Nevertheless even in our work clothes, two men hit on us. I looked at Susie, she looked at me, and the two men offered to buy us another round. We invited them to join us at our table. The two men could not believe their luck. Looking around the bar, I saw that we were the two best-looking women in the bar by at least a country mile, even in our work clothes.   
  
The men were nervous, but we were both relaxed and confident. We asked the men what they did for a living. One was a store manager, and the other managed a bank branch. They were sweet, and seemed a bit shy to be in the presence of two women such as us.   
  
I took a gamble. After an hour chatting with them, and them buying us more and more drinks, I explained we had to go. They were disappointed and wanted to know why.   
  
I said, "It's a long story, but we have to go to fulfill a dare."  
  
The alpha male, Aaron, said, "Oh cool. What's the dare?"   
  
Susie picked up the thread and said, "We have to go to a hotel bar and pretend to be whores. Then we have to be whores for one night."  
  
The men were clearly shocked. The other one, Ben, said, "Seriously? That's one hell of a dare. Are you going to do it?"  
  
I said, "Damn right we are. Want to tag along to the bar and watch us do it?"  
  
Aaron got the idea I hoped he would, and said, "How much do you plan to charge?"   
  
I said, "I read about it. We'll charge the going rate: $100 for a blowjob, $200 for a fuck, $300 for both, and $1,000 for an entire night, and for that amount of money, the man, or woman, would get to enjoy both of us." Susie looked at me in horror.  
  
"Can you wait a minute while Ben and I confer?" Aaron asked.  
  
"Sure," I said. They left the table to caucus. I said quietly to Susie, "It looks like either Aaron alone, or both of them, will want to be our Johns. Are you okay with this?"  
  
Susie, shuddered, and then nodded, looking down. Then her head came back up. She gave me a big smile. "Joanie, you are so amazingly wonderful! Thank you so much! I am wet already if you know what I mean."  
  
"I do," I said. "I am soaking down there. I'm also pretty drunk after all these drinks the men bought us."  
  
Susie said, "Me too. Otherwise I could not do this."  
  
The men returned. Aaron said, "We want to be your clients, if you agree. I need to stop at an ATM, but we'll take the $1,000 option. Each of us. Any discount for both of us taking you on?"  
  
"No, I'm sorry boys. If we are going to do both of you, we need $1,000 each. As incentive, it's no holes barred for an entire night," I said. Susie shuddered again.   
  
"Deal," Ben said. "Let's go!"   
  
We all four left, stopped at an ATM and both men withdrew quite a bit of cash, and we continued on to the hotel. I took them to the hotel bar; I needed to be even more drunk to go through with this. So did Susie.   
  
The men bought us each a Sunset in the City cocktail, and drank one for themselves. I was a little surprised: they both seemed as nervous as we were. We chatted some more, drinking our drinks; I bought some snacks and some more drinks and asked them to be brought up to our room.  
  
We all four went up. We entered the room and I turned on all the lights, and turned around and kissed Aaron. Susie followed my lead and kissed Ben. When we were done, Ben went to close the curtains, but I stopped them. "But people can see us," he said.  
  
"I for one kind of like that idea," I said. Clearly Ben did not, and I am not sure Susie was that enthusiastic.   
  
But Aaron said, "Cool. You are quite a woman, Joanie."  
  
I said, "Thanks. How about another kiss?"  
  
As Aaron kissed me he removed my suit jacket. He kept kissing me and unbuttoned my blouse. He broke the kiss and removed my blouse, then my bra. I just smiled at him. He was clearly amazed at how easy I was. I reminded him I was a whore for the night, not just a sweet woman he met. I quickly added I was that too, it was only this one time Susie and I were whores.

Ben was just openly staring at my boobs. Susie was still fully dressed; feeling ignored she began to undress Ben, cooing as she did so. That snapped him out of his paralysis over my nudity above the waist. Susie is quite a pretty woman, and she has a great body, as I saw earlier when Philip fucked her. She knows how to fuck, too, that much was obvious to me.   
  
Rather quickly the men rendered us naked. We began to undress them when the room doorbell rang. "That must be our drinks," I said to everyone. I slipped my blouse on, buttoned one button, and it barely extended down to cover my privates, and dressed like that I opened the door. The bellhop put our drinks down, staring at Susie who was standing there naked, and I tipped him and gently ushered him out of the room with my hand at his back.  
  
When he left, both men applauded. Then Susie and I stopped them by kissing them again. Their hands were all over us, feeling us up. Aaron began to caress my private region, and I encouraged him by moaning slightly. I broke away from him and finished undressing him, and he again removed my blouse.   
  
His cock was raging and rock hard. It was not too big, so I was able to swallow all of it. I gave him a really great blowjob and he lasted a long time. Finally he stopped me before he came. "I want to fuck you," he said.   
  
I looked over at Susie and she was blowing Ben. She was really good! I could learn from her. But then Aaron was leading me to one of the two beds. I said "How about in front of the window?"  
  
Aaron smiled, and without answering he led me to the window and lay me down on the floor, and quickly entered me, taking me in missionary position. I wondered as he fucked me if real whores ever enjoyed being fucked by a stranger as much as I was doing just then. I was so turned on by turning my first trick that I knew at the time was a trick, that I was in constant risk of having a premature orgasm. Then I thought: What a strange concept. I'll just call it a fast orgasm.  
  
In addition, Aaron was a good fuck! He was actually trying to please me, not just get his rocks off. Well, that too, for sure, but both are possible if one is a good fuck. He even took a finger and began to rub my clit as he fucked me. Nobody had ever done that before. He then flipped me over and took me from behind as I was on my hands and knees.  
  
I saw that Susie and Ben, both naked, were sitting and watching us fuck. Susie was playing with Ben's cock as he stared at his friend doing me. I imagined they would fuck as soon as our show was over. I turned out to be right, of course.  
  
But we were not over yet. I was losing it, I was so turned on, and I began to moan. Like most men, if not all men, Aaron really liked that and I imagined him smiling as he continued to screw me, his action that had engendered my moaning. I was getting close, I could tell.  
  
My breathing changed, and my boobs began to sweat. I began to groan as well as to moan. I said, "Oh my God, Aaron, you are so good! Oh yes, just like that. Again, do it again! Whatever you do, don't stop!" Aaron did not stop, and I lost it. Aaron, Ben, Susie and maybe everyone else within a reasonable distance from our room heard my orgasm scream, I was so loud. It's a cross between a screech and a groan. I collapsed on my stomach; the orgasm was so powerful, I was whimpering.   
  
But Aaron was not done, and he casually flipped me over as it I were a child's stuffed animal toy. Then he took me in missionary position. I kept moaning as he continued to fuck me, it felt so good. Still he did not cum, but I did not care, I was carried away to some secret special place by the pleasure his cock was giving me.   
  
As I was building toward massive orgasm number two, he pulled out and groaning loudly he squirted onto me. His ejaculation was so powerful the stream passed over my body and my boobs and went straight to my mouth. Seeing it coming I opened my mouth and caught a little bit of it. I swallowed it and licked my lips. Then I just lay there. I was spent.  
  
Inspired, Ben put Susie on all fours and did her that way. He did not last nearly as long as Aaron did, but Susie came early in the fucking, she was so turned on. She did not remember to moan, but she did say at one point, "Oh Ben, you feel so wonderful. Having your cock in me is sending me to heaven," and then she groaned. I could tell this was thrilling to Ben.   
  
Even though Ben did not last long, it was long enough for Aaron. He was hard again. It was if he were worried we would change our minds, he was so eager to fuck me. Now he behaved the same way towards Susie. I think the idea of fucking two women in one night was exciting to him.  
  
I did not know if Susie had ever fucked two men the same night. I did not think so, because that too was one of her fantasies. So when Aaron's erect cock approached Susie, followed by Aaron himself of course, her eyes became wide. Nevertheless she sighed happily when he stuck his cock in her as she lay on her back. She had spread her legs for him, welcoming him in.  
  
He gave her just as good a fuck, maybe even better, than he had given me, and lasted a good long time. She must have cum three times. Meanwhile my mouth was licking Ben's cock clean and nursing it back to life. It did not take long. He was watching Aaron and Susie go at it as I licked and sucked his cock. I imagine he was thinking that he had just fucked Susie, and now she was doing his friend. Clearly he had never known women like us before.   
  
When he was hard, he wasted no time fucking me. He was not as good as Aaron even if his cock was bigger, but it was an enjoyable fuck. When he finally finished, we were all four a bit drained. The tension was gone; the men now believed we are going to put out as promised. Hell, we already had. So we took a break and turned our attention to the delicious new cocktails and the yummy snacks the waiter had brought.  
  
Susie looked relaxed and happy. She and I put on the room's two robes the hotel provides, but the boys remained nude. We sat around and talked. My robe opened a bit when I sat, giving the boys peaks at my boobs. Even though I had been nude and they had both just fucked me, they seemed titillated by getting free peaks under my robe.   
  
Susie noticed, too, and she shifted her position so that her robe fell partially open in the same way. This too was not lost on the boys.   
  
"Since you do dares," Aaron said while looking at me, "I dare you to go get ice with your robe open, wearing nothing else."  
  
Susie looked at him in shock. Seeing her expression, I said, "Sure. But since we are whores for a day, that will cost you." I saw that Aaron half expected that, and he asked how much. I said, "Another one hundred."  
  
Aaron smiled, and said, "Okay, but for that much, give me the robe, and I'll walk with you."  
  
"But then I'll be nude," I said.   
  
"Yes," Aaron said, smiling. "Let's make it then $150."  
  
I pretended to think. Then I said, "Can I wear panties, at least? You're asking a lot."   
  
Aaron said, "You can wear them to the ice machine. Back, no panties. Deal?"  
  
I pretended to be reluctant, but I was already wet thinking about it. "Deal, if you make it $200," I said. Aaron quickly added $200 to the pile of money on the bureau, before I could change my mind.   
  
Susie said, "I can't believe this! You're really going to do that, Joanie?"  
  
I said, "I'm a whore, remember, Susie? It's $200 more. What do I care? Live the part, I say."  
  
Aaron said, "Let's go!" He wanted to do this before I changed my mind. I pulled on my panties and Aaron practically dragged me out of the room. Ben left too, so he could watch just outside the door. Then he remembered he was nude, turned red and came back in. Susie stayed in the room. She used the occasion to order another round of drinks to be brought up.  
  
I was not lucky. We ran into three people as we walked, and I was wearing only panties. The two men stared unabashedly, and one of them whistled at me after I walked past him. Aaron was smiling from ear to ear. The one woman we found gasped, and then smiled and said, "You go, girl." I did not understand that, but at least it was not hostile.   
  
Aaron began to paw my boobs as we walked. I let him. We got to the ice machine, filled our bucket with ice, and Aaron reminded me to remove my panties. Being a good girl, I did. I held the ice bucket in front of my privates, my only chance of the tiniest gesture towards modesty. Aaron fondled my ass as we walked.   
  
As we walked he said, "No holes barred, you said. Your asshole is a hole."  
  
"That it is, lover boy. And it's yours if you want it. You paid for it. That's why I asked for extra butter when I ordered the snacks, just in case you thought that way," I replied. Aaron smiled.   
  
"I was impressed you fucked both of us, and so did Susie," he said.   
  
"You fucked both of us, too, lover boy. And you paid to do it," I said. I slipped my hand under his robe and fondled his ass too. "Two can play at your game."  
  
"You two are amazing girls," he said. "I've never known anyone remotely like you," he said.   
  
I left that one alone, and said, "We're back at the room," and we entered to applause from Ben and Susie. They were sitting on the couch. Ben had a finger inside Susie, and Susie was stroking Ben's hard cock.   
  
Aaron went to the tray and got some butter, and he spread it all over my ass crack and inside my asshole. He put me on all fours, and eased his cock into my asshole. I groaned. The beginning of an ass fuck is never easy for me. My asshole is very tight, and it takes time to dilate.   
  
Aaron eased it in, stopping for me to adjust, then eased in a little more. I was glad he was taking it slow. After a solid minute he had the whole thing inside my ass. Even though his cock is on the small side, my ass felt really full. It always does. He slowly began to pump.  
  
Ben took some pictures of Aaron with his cock in my ass, and then he took the remaining butter and greased up Susie. She looked scared. If I remember right, this was going to be her first time for anal. She looked at me, and I mouthed the words, "Don't worry." I'm sure that had no effect at all. She looked terrified.   
  
Nevertheless Ben slowly got his whole cock inside her ass, and then began pumping away, and she smiled at me. I smiled back, which was easy to do, since Aaron was giving me a great ass fuck. I told him too, saying, "Oh lover, that feels good. You feel so good inside me. Don't ever stop." Then I groaned.   
  
Encouraged, Aaron reached down and began fingering my clit as he ass fucked me. I thought about what a slut I was. We had just met these two guys! And they were paying for this, too. I was not just a slut but for this one day, I was a whore, too! I knew I was not really a whore, even if they were paying for it. Probably for the four of us, this was just fun role-playing.  
  
Maybe it was like when little kids play house. This was the adult version. The X rated adult version. But shit: they paid for it, and call me traditional, but that makes Susie and me whores! I could feel it building now. These sleazy thoughts, plus what Aaron was doing to my clit, and to a much lesser extent the ass fucking, were all driving me closer and closer.   
  
Then it happened. I actually had an orgasm while ass fucking. I never thought that would happen. Before the few times I had gotten into it because it was so naughty, so dirty, the ultimate "not a good girl" thing to do. That and being a slut. I had being a slut mastered. I actually was a slut; all I had to was to drink to see how much of a slut I am. And now I was cumming while being ass fucked. Jesus.   
  
I don't know what was going on in Susie's mind, but the girl was moaning! Now is the time she chooses to moan? For an ass fuck? I had things to learn from her. Aaron did not pull out and shot his load right into my asshole. A few minutes later Ben pulled out of Susie, and she turned around with her mouth open, gave him a few sucks and he shot his load down her throat. She swallowed it all. I knew she had never done that, either.   
  
But mostly I was amazed she had sucked his cock when it had come from right out of her ass. I could never have done that! Hadn't she thought of what was on his cock, from deep inside her colon? Boy, she was something else. The boys thought so, too, and were praising her to the heavens. She blushed.  
  
Susie said, "Ben, that was amazing. I loved it you amazing man. Thank you." I couldn't believe it: Susie had just been ass fucked, and was thanking Ben for having done her. I could never have done that, either.   
  
We all took a break. I told Aaron to go wash off his cock, and he did. The men had come three times and were getting spent. I was, too. I turned on the TV.  
  
Susie was now raring to go. She told me privately that she wanted a double penetration. She had gone off the deep end! I told her to put a lid on it, and she did, when she realized she was the only one. I told her to stay cool; we would no doubt get nailed again in the morning.   
  
I was right of course. In the morning the booze had mostly worn off, and Susie was no longer off the deep end. Instead we just let each man fuck us, side by side, lying on the bed. They decided they had got their money's worth, and more.   
  
They switched girls, and Ben fucked me and Aaron fucked Susie. So they each had two girls in the morning, too, and of course two different men fucked us each.  
  
Aaron and Ben got dressed, and so did Susie and I, back in our work clothes. We never did open the Saks bags. Both men wanted to see us again. Susie and I looked at each other.  
  
I said, "If we agree to see you, we will not be the same women. We'll no longer be whores, and we will not be sluts and easy to lay. This was a special case. We will be women and if you want a relationship, we are both willing to work on that. But if you just want to fuck us both and orgy with us, you will have to wait until we're whores again, and that may never happen. I for one am returning back to my normal self, as of now."  
  
Susie said, "Last night I did things I never thought myself capable of doing. Ben, you took my anal virginity. Aaron I can't believe I fucked you right after Ben fucked me. I do not plan on ever doing that again, even if I enjoyed myself immensely. That's not who I am. This was a one-time thing. You can date me, either one of you, but you will have to win me to fuck me again, and that may never happen. No guarantees."  
  
Aaron said, "You got me girls. After tasting this time with you, I desperately want to repeat it. But if you give me your phone number, or email, or Facebook, or even your last names, I would love to stay in contact."  
  
Ben said, "Susie, you are the woman for me. It would be an honor to take you to the movies. It's not just the sex. I really like you a lot. Don't get me wrong: If you ever let me fuck you again, I will be the happiest man there is."  
  
We gave them our emails, and our names, and we all kissed goodbye. We both gave them sexy kisses. After all, we had just spent the night fucking them. They left happy and we each left $1,000 richer. Plus, I had the extra $200. We waited until check out time, discussing what happened and reliving it and giggling away. Susie was immensely grateful to me. But hey, I had fun, too.   
  
Now it was back to reality. I still had to plant a bug in Philip's home computer. I had never even been to his home. I was going to need help. I said to Susie, "Since you are so grateful, maybe you would be willing to help with me with another task I have? It involves Philip?"  
  
We checked out of the hotel and went to lunch. I treated her, using some of my $200 for having walked to the ice machine and back in states of undress. I told her my plan. She agreed! I was on Cloud Nine. I was nervous, too, would it work?  
  
I went home and began to try to crack the password on Philip's laptop. I needed it to plant the virus on that computer, too. I already had taken care of his office computer, when Susie distracted him in his office with her striptease. I failed to crack the password, I'm not used to failing.   
  
I left the signal on my Facebook page that meant I needed to meet Charles and Nash. I got a telephone call from an anonymous phone where a computer-generated voice said, "Bryant Park, one hour."   
  
It was evening and the sun was setting. I threw on clothes and took the subway, and waited in a 24 hour Starbucks until the right time. Charles quickly found me, which was nice because the park was dark and a bit scary. He said, "What's the problem?" I told him.   
  
Charles said, "Of course you failed, Joanie. There is no password; it's a fingerprint identification."  
  
I found that reassuring. My skills were not failing; I was just stupid, not having thought of that. "Which finger?" I asked. Charles was surprised.   
  
He looked at his iPad a bit and then said, "Index finger, right hand."   
  
I said, "Thanks. I need a kit so that I can get an impression of his fingerprint and use it to gain access. They do that in spy movies, I assume for you guys it's routine?"  
  
"Right you are. You'll have it tomorrow at the latest. It will be on your nightstand in your apartment."  
  
"You know that freaks me out you guys going in and out of my apartment. Going to plant more cameras, too?"  
  
"Already done. Nice job finding them, by the way. Sorry Joanie, we have to do it. Orders from on high."  
  
"I know, I know. You're just following orders. Ever heard of the Nurembourg trials?" I was not letting them off easy.   
  
"Hardly comparable, Joanie. You need a reality check."  
  
"It's the principle, you cretin."  
  
"Anything else, Joanie?" Charles was changing the subject.  
  
"You do know you have access now to Philip's work computer, right? The bug is planted."  
  
"Yes. We are most grateful. Great job, and fast, too. Way to go, Joanie. You have our thanks. Now I have to go."  
  
"Okay," I said, "You're welcome," but he was already gone. How'd he disappear so fast like that? These guys were scary.  
  
I went to a bar to unwind. Three men hit on me, but I was not in the mood. A woman hit on me, too, but I was not in the mood for that, either. I just wanted to left alone, to drink, and to think. By the time I got home, the kit was on my night table along with a note. It said, "How about a little show, sweetheart?"  
  
I smiled. I was now a web cam girl for spooks, whether I wanted to be or not. So I did a strip tease for my neighbors, knowing the spooks were my real audience. I got out my self-heating dildo and went to town. It was great, but a real cock is better. On the other hand, with a dildo, I did not have to deal with the man attached to the cock.   
  
I talked to the walls, knowing the spooks were listening. "How do you like this? Want me to caress my boobs?" I decided they did, and I did. "Want to pretend this dildo is your cock?" I spread my legs wide and blew air kisses at the wall. I teased myself with my fingers, making myself good and wet.   
  
"Are you ready to fuck me, Mr. Spook sir?" I said to my walls. Then I took the dildo and pushed it in, groaning and then moaning while I shoved it in and out, in and out, in and out. I did this until I came. Then I went to bed, and went to sleep in the nude.   
  
The next morning I checked Philip's work computer to find his next work trip. It was to Las Vegas next week. Perfect! At work that day I told Susie we were going to Las Vegas next week, for that little project I told her about. She immediately got excited. "I have a fantasy involving Vegas," she said.   
  
"Susie, you fantasize a lot! But if it's feasible, sure, I'll help." She told me, sotto voce, her fantasy. I smiled. "We can do that, girl. And this is it: I'm calling in that favor you agreed to, during our trip to Las Vegas."  
  
"You got it, Joanie. God, I'm so excited! I've never been to Vegas before."  
  
"Me neither. It should be an experience. I'll get us tickets and hotel reservations," I said, and we got back to work. I got permission for us to take a mini holiday in Vegas from our boss. He was fine with it. If only he knew. If they all only knew.

That done, I turned my attention to Hardigan, the CEO and permanent resident of Mt. Olympus. That would be gravy for Charles and Nash; they had made clear that Philip was the most important pawn in this bizarre chess game. I knew Hardigan's interest was piqued, after he got a surprise fuck with me. I needed to use that.   
  
I was thinking of how to solve the Hardigan problem when a messenger came to me with a sealed envelope. It was Hardigan, up on Mt. Olympus. He wanted to discuss bank security with me. Could I please come to the 22nd floor at my earliest convenience? Translation: Hardigan was horny, and wanted to bang me again.   
  
I showed the note to Susie. "Want me to come with you?" she said.   
  
"Only if you want to; all he wants is to get his rocks off, I would assume," I said.  
  
"I've never done a CEO before," Susie said dreamily. I thought, Really Susie? Hardigan? He makes me want to puke. But I said nothing and just smiled. Different strokes for different folks, and all that. If Susie wanted to stroke Hardigan's cock, I could deal with that. Cool. More power to her and better her than me, unless he'll do us both. Yes, of course he will. Shit.   
  
Wait. He's old; maybe he won't be able to get it up for a second fuck. He probably popped a Viagra when he sent me the summons. We'd better go before he kicks the bucket. So once again we got in the elevator and headed up to Mt. Olympus. Just like with Philip, I used Hardigan's computer to get the music going (and quietly planted the virus) while Susie did a strip tease. Just like Philip, he chose to fuck Susie, the new meat. Works for me!  
  
As I was sitting there dressed again and watching them fuck, super pleased this had been so easy, some executive I had never seen before entered Hardigan's office. He sat on Hardigan's couch next to me, and joined me watching the show. Then he said, "You're Joanie of Zurich, aren't you." It was not really a question.  
  
"Strip for me, bitch," he said.  
  
"I beg your pardon? I work in the bank, in security. You cannot talk to me that way; it's antediluvian," I replied, resisting spitting in his face.   
  
Hardigan looked over and said, "Joanie, please take care of my colleague. I'll be forever grateful if you do. You know what my gratitude means, I hope."  
  
I did not. But I quickly figured there was no way out. I needed to stay on the good side of Hardigan if I were to get to his personal laptop, too. I took my clothes off, although without entertainment value as Susie had done for Hardigan. "What's your name?" I asked. I figured I should know the names of men I was forced to fuck.   
  
"You can call me Neil. It's short for Neanderthal. You'll find I'm a pretty good antediluvian fuck, as well. No match for your talents; you are a legend, you know." As near as I can tell, this was an attempt at self-effacing humor and apology, combined with what his Neanderthal brain thought was a complement. I decided to take it.  
  
"Nice to meet you, Neil. I'm Joanie, as you know." I was down to my bra and panties. I removed them, and I was naked before him.   
  
"Please get started while I undress," the Neanderthal said. I began to masturbate. I was totally not in the mood, but I desperately wanted to get wet before my antediluvian fuck. It wasn't working. No matter what I did, I was dry as a stone.   
  
I looked at Hardigan and Susie. She was moaning, and Hardigan was clearly thrilled. Neil was also excited that he was going to get to nail Joanie of Zurich. Apparently I was every banker's dream girl. I was beginning to realize Hardigan invited me up as a favor to Neil so he could fuck me, and getting to fuck Susie was a surprise bonus for him. No wonder he was so happy.   
  
"I can't get wet, Neil. I don't know why. I'm sorry. Do you want to eat me first? That always works," I said, almost pleading.   
  
"That's okay. You'll get wet once we're fucking. It's all part of the antediluvian program." He lay me down, spread my legs, and plunged right into my desert dry cunt. I groaned with pain from the rough sex. Often pain is pleasure in the right circumstances; these were not the right circumstance. Pain was pain.   
  
But my body decided to override my brain, and he was right: As we fucked, I became wet. I kept telling myself I had never fucked a Neanderthal before, and the idea of cross species sex I found quite erotic. Since Neanderthals have been extinct for thousands of years, no other woman could claim that she did this, other than me. I enjoyed this ridiculous fantasy, and it allowed me to get into the fuck.   
  
I said, as he pounded me viciously, "Mmm. You're my first Neanderthal fuck. It's really hot to fuck an extinct species. I like the way Neanderthals fuck." Just then he plunged in really deep. I said, "Wow. Do that again. You're right: Antediluvian fucks are great!" Then I began to moan. I was really enjoying the fuck now.   
  
Neil said, "God, Joanie, you are truly one good fuck. Christ you're good. I can't believe I'm fucking you." He sounded like an excited little boy. He was a super powerful and rich executive asshole, but just then, he was an excited adolescent getting to fuck the girl of his dreams.   
  
"Cum inside me, lover," I said. First, I like when they do that. Second, I wanted to be a sloppy mess, so that Hardigan would not want seconds with me. I could not believe that he and Susie were still going at it.   
  
She was now fucking him cowgirl style, and yelled, "Wah hoo, cowboy! Stick it up me! Yes, like that. "Oh yes. Wow. Again. Harder!" Hardigan was sweating underneath her, but clearly having one of the best fucks of his perverted life.   
  
The think about Susie is that she looks so wholesome and innocent, as if she is curious but naïve where men are concerned. It's just not true, she has lots of experience with men and a mind so filthy it makes mine look like that of St. Francis.  
  
The Neanderthal shot his load inside me, and I began to think about little hybrid babies: half human, half Neanderthal. I did not know what the theory was: Did Neanderthals and humans actually have interspecies sex, and little half-breed children? I seemed to remember I had read somewhere that they did, some 50,000 years ago. Maybe Neil was a descendant? It would not surprise me. Clearly I was enjoying the metaphor.   
  
I got dressed, and waited for Susie and Hardigan to finish. I did not have a long wait, and Susie collapsed on the floor. Even Hardigan did not bounce back up, and lay there with her, fondling her boobs in an after sex blissful state. Neil had already left the office, smiling and leering at my body as I got dressed.   
  
Susie and I returned to the 10th floor, and I began to map out our Las Vegas strategy in some detail. I also updated my Facebook status, giving the prearranged message that told Charles and Nash that I had gotten to Hardigan's computer. I knew Charles and Nash would be pleased.   
  
We got to Las Vegas three days before Philip was scheduled to arrive. I figured we could have some girl time, some fun, before we surprised Philip with our presence. We were of course staying at the same hotel (one of the nicest ones) that Philip was staying at. I had arranged that.  
  
I had forgotten to pack a swimsuit. We checked in, then went to the hotel store, and each bought swimsuits. The choice was limited, and I did not like the way I looked in the two-piece swimsuits, so I bought a one piece. It showed off all my curves, and that was enough. Susie had brought a bikini, so she was set.  
  
I went to our room and changed and went directly to the pool. We walked through the casino in our swimsuits first, to see if men would notice, and boy, did they! Most of their eyes went to Susie; I was okay with that. Then we continued directly to the pool. We spent around an hour in the sun, then we each took a dip, and I told Susie I needed to unwind after the long flight and get a drink. She joined me at the pool bar.  
  
The cocktails were uninteresting, so we went to the main bar at the hotel, and it had a more serious bartender. We looked normal in our swimwear at the pool, but we looked provocative at the hotel bar. I guess context makes a big difference. I asked the barkeep if he had a special cocktail, and of course he did. We each had one. It was good, and quite strong. I decided one was enough!  
  
We left, carrying our drinks, and returned to the pool. A lot of eyes followed our asses as we left the bar. We went back to our chaise lounges and settled in. I could tell quite a few men were checking us out, but they left us alone. It was restful. Even though it was late in the day, around 4pm, we were both getting too hot, and decided to take a swim.   
  
I had been a diver in high school, which was a long time ago. I kept it up a bit however, so I was not completely rusty, and just for fun I went on the board. It had the right spring, so I did a one and half twist and entered the water perfectly. I had not planned on it but boy did that get everyone's attention. Susie was flabbergasted.   
  
"Joanie, you are full of surprises," she said as she swam over to me.   
  
"My Dad called me his little fish when I was little," I said. "I was always in the water."  
  
I had not realized that this would give shy young men a reason to approach us. Two of them took immediate advantage of it. They had the unimaginative names of Josh and Jake, but they seemed nice. Josh began, swimming over and saying, "Nice dive. I'd give it a 9.5." I giggled.   
  
Jake added, "Are you in training for something?"  
  
I said, "No, Susie here and I are just on vacation and trying to unwind. Work makes me tense, you know?"  
  
We all shook hands above the water, and had a very pleasant conversation. The men were here for a convention, which had just ended, and they had to fly back to Chicago the next day. Perfect, I thought. They'll be gone and out of the way before Philip even arrives. When they found out we worked at First National Bank of the Continent, usually referred to as simply First National, they got excited, because they worked at an allied bank in Chicago.   
  
It wasn't long before they invited us to dinner, and after Susie and I caucused, we accepted with pleasure. We told them we wanted to see a show, but we could do that the next night, it would be more fun to spend the evening with them.  
  
We took in some more sun, then went to our room and showered, and got ready for dinner. We discussed what to wear.  
  
"Where are we taking this with Josh and Jake?" I asked Susie.   
  
"What do you mean?" she said.  
  
"Well we can have a fun evening with them, thank them, kiss them goodnight, and that's the end of them. That's one extreme. The other extreme is to have a blow out orgy with them. There are plenty of options in between those two, too. What we decide should influence how we dress, don't you think?"  
  
"Good point, " Susie said. "I vote for somewhere in the middle. I would not mind some serious petting, and letting them undress me above the waist for example, but we just met them; I'm not ready to go to bed with them."  
  
"That sounds good. Susie, please do not let me drink too much, okay? I become a slut, and I mean a real slut, when I drink too much. I think both men are cute, sweet, and fun, but I don't want to be such a slut. You understand?"  
  
Susie said, "Yes, yes I do. I have a similar problem with alcohol, as you doubtless have already noticed. If I were always sober, probably by now two men would have taken me to bed. With alcohol, it's more like 20. Actually it may be quite a few more than 20. Even saying this, I am full of shame. So, good friend, could you watch me, too?"  
  
We were ready. Our clothes were revealing and suggestive, but not outlandish. I wore a diaphanous see through bra, and matching panties, but a nice, simple boat necked dress, with a belt at the waist so my curves came through. Susie wore a dress that zippered down the front, and she unzipped quite a bit of it.  
  
"You might want to zip it up a little, Susie."  
  
"Joanie, I'm in Vegas. I know nobody here but you. Loosen up."  
  
"You got it, girl," I said. We left our room to find the men at the meeting point. There they were, both in suits and ties, and both looked great. I love it when men dress up. It made me feel special. Josh even wore aftershave. Josh took my hand, and Jake took Susie's hand, and we went to an Italian style restaurant at the hotel.   
  
I was nervous for some reason, so I ordered a cocktail. So did the men. Susie looked uncertain, and ordered nothing. But when the drinks came and she tasted mine, she quickly ordered one, too. The men ordered a wonderful Italian red wine from Sicily. The four of us went through it quickly (that happens when the wine is so good), and we still had food left, so they ordered another one. We drank that through dessert and ended up finishing the bottle.   
  
Two bottles and four people comes to a half bottle per person. We also had the cocktail. Susie and I are females, and on top of that we do not weigh much, so the inevitable happened, and we were both drunk.   
  
After dinner the men proposed we tour the world. They wanted to show us the Eiffel Tower and walk along the canals of Venice. You can do that in Las Vegas. It was only when I rose from the table that I realized how drunk I was. I told Susie, and she said, "I am, too."   
  
We went for a long walk, and at a romantic spot, Josh gently pulled me into him, took my face in his hands, and gave me a sweet kiss. I kissed back enthusiastically. Soon we were standing by the canal kissing passionately. I looked for Susie and she was kissing Jake just as passionately, as his hands went all over her backside.   
  
Josh said, "Follow me," and he took my hand. He led me away from the canal and found a relatively private spot where someone was unlikely to stumble onto us. Jake and Susie had followed, too. We all started making out much more seriously. After a bit Josh unzipped the back of my dress, and Jake unzipped Susie's dress all the way, and then he gently pushed it open, revealing her pretty bra and panties set.   
  
Neither one of us complained, and just kept kissing. Jake began to fondle Susie's boobs, which were still covered by her bra. Susie removed her bra and put it in her purse. Josh reached behind me and unhooked my bra. He then pushed my dress off my shoulders and removed my bra, too. I put it in my purse.   
  
At this point I said, "Maybe we should return to the hotel, get some drinks, and take them up to our room?" Everyone agreed, and we both got zipped back up, now with boobs free to move about. Susie's dress was zipped up only to slight above her waist, so it was really easy to see her boobs, even her nipples if she moved slightly wrong.   
  
She let it be. I let her get too drunk, I thought to myself. I did not know that my zipper was only half zipped, too. However my zipper is in the back of my dress, so it did not matter much.  
  
Walking back to the room required walking through the casino, and plenty of men got to see parts of Susie's boobs. At one point she made a false step and swayed, revealing her entire boob to several lucky men who had the good fortune of being in the right spot at the right time.   
  
We got drinks and took them back to our room, and a few minutes later our dresses were off. So were our stockings, so once again we were down to our panties. I put on some music, and to change the subject from undressing us, I asked Josh to dance. Susie did the same with Jake.   
  
It did not take Josh long to stick his hands under my panties and on my ass. I took them out, stopped the music, stepped back and said, "Listen boys: We are almost naked and you are both fully dressed. Get with the program, we'll watch."  
  
The men were all smiles, and undressed down to their briefs. It was fun to watch them do it. I started the music again, and Josh danced with me and kissed me as we danced. That was nice. I looked over at Susie and was a bit shocked to see that she was now naked: Jake had pushed down her panties. As I looked, Susie dropped to her knees, yanked off Jake's briefs, and found a nice, hard cock and began a blowjob. Susie gives amazing blowjobs.   
  
So much for not drinking too much, and petting above the waist.   
  
This was the girl who did not want an orgy. Josh looked at me expectantly. I was just not in the mood. So I led him over to Susie, put her on all fours as she continued to suck, and pointed Josh towards her luscious cunt. He smiled, got on the floor and began to lick her. She moaned, so he continued, and after a few minutes he got on his knees, grabbed her hips and held her steady, and then abruptly stuck his cock in her.  
  
Susie was startled, to say the least. She almost jumped, but then she sighed. She turned her head back to face him, smiled, and said, "Nice cock, Josh." They fucked in earnest, as Susie never missed a trick blowing Jake. I masturbated and watched.  
  
Susie gives great head, and Jake was the first to blow his load. He shot right into Susie's mouth and she swallowed it all. Josh kept fucking her, but eventually he squirted his load too, pulling out at the last instance and squirting onto her back. Then they joined Jake, lying on the floor. Susie was smiling.   
  
Jake was the first to recover his erection, and Susie whispered something to him. Next she whispered something to Josh. Both nodded. I was curious, but said nothing. Jake was hard after Susie's whisper. Both men took us girls to the bed and lay us side by side. They flipped a coin, and Josh climbed on me, Jake on Susie. They both entered us and started to fuck us. Josh leaned forward and kissed me as he took me. I kissed back.   
  
The dancing music I had started when we entered the room was still playing, and when the first song ended, the men switched girls. I was really surprised by this, and surprised that I just let them do it. Now Jake was fucking me. The next song ended and they switched again. I figured out what Susie had whispered.  
  
I got into it and began to moan. Hearing me moan reminded Susie, and she began to moan, too. My orgasm was building when the song ended. Josh pulled out at exactly the wrong time! Damn it. I was losing track of who was fucking me, and I no longer cared. It started to build again, and I was hoping the song would not end. "Don't leave me," I sobbed to whoever was on top of me. "I need to cum. Please don't stop fucking me!"  
  
It was Josh who was fucking me. "Don't worry, Joanie. I won't stop. I'll fuck you till morning." That was it: his words drove me over the top and I had a screaming orgasm. He shot his load deep inside me a few minutes later.  
  
Jake pounded away at Susie for another solid five minutes, and close to the end she finally came, too. Then Jake let loose, deep inside her, as well. We all collapsed.   
  
"You're Joanie of Zurich, aren't you?" Josh said. My heart sank. "I just realized it. Hey Jake, we just fucked Joanie of Zurich. Can you believe it? I've watched the videos of you at least 20 times."  
  
"That's all?" Jake said. "I've watched them maybe 100 times!"  
  
Then, thinking Susie might feel left out, Jake said, "Susie, that was the best blowjob in history. My God girl, you are something else. And your cunt is so sweet. I know it's just the sex talking, but I feel as if I am in love with you."  
  
"Thanks, Jake. Yes, it's the sex talking. But if you come to New York, look me up. I like you too; I generally only fuck men I like."  
  
I was grateful Susie was changing the subject. The men said they would find a reason to come to NY. I figured they would. The way men think, why not go to NY and spend a weekend in bed with two hot women? I for one was not going to be just a weekend recreational fuck for these two men. Susie can do what she wants, but Joanie of Zurich is not giving our her address or telephone. And I did not.   
  
The men got dressed, at least enough to get to their rooms, and we walked them to our door, both of us still naked. We kissed them each a long time with the door to our room open, which surprised them, and then we went into the hallway, stark naked and dripping cum, and waved after them, blowing them kisses, as they walked away. That was a sight they would not forget.

I guess to make sure he would not forget, Josh turned around and snapped a cell phone picture of us standing in the hallway naked, waving goodbye. We were both too drunk to care. Now Josh had some kind of proof he had fucked Joanie of Zurich; I am sure everyone at his bank would know by tomorrow. My heart sank.   
  
"Let's get dressed and go down to the casino, get free drinks while we gamble a little, what do you say?" I said to Susie as I pulled on my panties, and my dress, leaving off my bra.  
  
"Works for me," she said, and put her dress back on zipping it half way up, again leaving off her bra.   
  
I zipped her zipper up to ¾. It still looked sexy and risqué, just not obscene. "Haven't you had enough sex for one night?" I asked her.  
  
"Joanie, I'm in Vegas!" came the reply. I groaned inside. We headed down to the casino. We smelled a bit of sex. I was nervous people might think we were prostitutes.   
  
We headed to the craps table, and we were the only women at it. When it was Susie's turn to roll the dice, she leaned far forward over the table, revealing her boobs to everyone, nipples and all. She rolled a seven. She won. The men around her cheered. She rolled again, and again her boobs were on display. She won again. She won three more times and by then every man there had memorized her gorgeous boobs, nipples and all. Finally she lost, and it was my turn to roll.  
  
As I too leaned forward to roll the dice, Susie unzipped the back of my dress down all the way, so that people from behind could see my panty-covered ass. The front billowed out as I rolled, and everyone could now also see my boobs in their glorious entirety, nipples and all. I won.  
  
It was the moment of truth. I looked at Susie, glaring, and she just giggled. Giggles are contagious, and I giggled, too. Then I rolled, giving everyone another good look at my boobs. I leaned to the right, and my dress slipped off my shoulder. I was so drunk I did not notice. Only my left shoulder and further south my belt, were still holding my dress on me. It stayed like that, as I won five more times. I finally lost and passed on the dice. All the men groaned when I lost.   
  
I suspect the groans did not come from my losing the roll, but from the fact that I had to pass the dice, and they would no longer get free looks at my boobs.   
  
I collected my winnings, and turned to Susie, and she was making out right there in the Casino with a stranger who had his hands inside her dress all over her boobs. He began to pull on her zipper and I rushed over and said, "No!" Startled, he looked up at me and smiled. His friend came over, grabbed me and kissed me, to my shock and surprise.  
  
I was way too drunk, tried feebly to push him away, but this man was a pillar of muscle. I ended up returning his kiss. While kissing me he slipped my dress off my left shoulder too, and it fell to my waist; only my belt was keeping my dress from falling off completely. Now my boobs were completely exposed, and he quickly covered them with his hands, caressing them and tweaking and rubbing my nipples.   
  
I summoned my inner strength and pushed him away even with all his muscle. I quickly put my dress back on my shoulders. I tried to reach around to my zipper, but could not do it. I looked at Susie, and her man now had his hands inside her panties and was fingering her while he kissed her. We were in the Casino lobby for Peet's sake! I went to her and said, "Susie, you are out of control. I'm taking you to our room."  
  
I led her away, zipping up her dress as I went. The men followed along like puppy dogs. This was going to be a problem. We got to our room and I began to tell the men no, when Susie invited them in. Really? "Susie, do you even know the names of these men you just invited into our room? I can't do this. I say no!"  
  
"Well, Joanie, give us an hour," Susie said. Then she looked at the two men, giggled and said, "Maybe two hours."  
  
I said, "You're nuts. Zip me up first, and I turned my back to her. One of the men came to me and said, "Allow me," and he took my zipper, and completely unzipped me. He stripped off my dress, ripping it with the violence he used to pull it off me. He pushed down my panties to my ankles, right there in the hallway. Then he grabbed my hands and pulled me into the room. All this happened in seconds, so fast that my drunken reflexes were much too slow to have stopped any of it.   
  
I was naked. My panties and dress were still in the hallway. The man spoke, "Susie is very generous to offer herself to both of us, but I want you, too."  
  
"And what if I don't want you?" I said, standing there naked with my hands on my hips.  
  
"How can I get you to change your mind?"   
  
"Well for one, I don't know you. I don't even know your name. For another, my dress and panties are in the hallway, since you just undressed me by force. You even ripped my dress, you asshole. I think you are shit out of luck, mister. And if you try to rape me, I will protest to the full extent of the law."  
  
"How about $1,000 cash. Might that help?"  
  
I cold not believe it; he was treating me like a whore. I slapped him. Probably it was comical, a drunk, naked woman slapping him, her boobs jiggling about. Anyway, his friend began to laugh.  
  
"Well then, how about $2,000, in cash?"  
  
Susie shocked me again, and she said, "Make that $4,000 and you can have both of us!"  
  
He said, "Honey, I know I can have you. You've already offered yourself implicitly to both of us." I had to admit he had a point. His friend was fingering Susie as we spoke. "But it's her I want," he said, pointing at me.  
  
"Well, you are shit out of luck. Nobody is going to have me. Now get out, or I'll call hotel security," I said. It was perhaps that statement that got me raped. The man picked me up, threw me on the bed, hit me on the jaw with his fist, forced my legs apart, and stuck his prick inside me. He held down my arms and got between my legs. All of this was lightning fast.  
  
Susie screamed. I was hitting him as hard as I could. I tried to get his eyes to stick my fingers in his eyes, but could not.  
  
He said, calmly with ice in his veins, "Shut up and cooperate or I will mess up your face so bad nobody will know you." Then he hit me again.   
  
"Okay, you win," I said. The rape was not too bad. I was sloppy with the cum of Josh inside me, so it did not hurt too much. But the rape killed the erotic mood of Susie. She kicked the other man out, hitting him as he left. Then she started screaming at the rapist to get off me, hitting me on the back. I was crying.   
  
My mind had sort of left my body, and I was wondering what is wrong with me? I am now 26 and this is my second rape? Most women are never raped, and now I'm being raped a second time? I was thinking this even as he pumped his fucking cock in and out of me.   
  
The rapist reared up, and with his arm he threw Susie across the room. She crashed into the bed and crumpled up onto the floor. Then Hotel Security came. Someone had heard my screams.   
  
They caught the bastard while he was still raping me. They saw Susie, naked, unconscious on the floor. I was hysterical and still screaming. A doctor appeared. He gave me a sedative, and then he attended to Susie. Smelling salts brought her back to consciousness. The hotel cop had brought in my dress and panties. He saw that the dress was ripped, but the panties were still okay.   
  
The rapist was handcuffed and led away. I was placed on the bed, under the covers, and fell asleep from the sedative combined with all the booze. The cop asked Susie if she wanted to press charges. They talked a long time, and eventually the cop talked Susie out of pressing charges.   
  
Rape at the hotel was not good for business. He said the rapist "would be dealt with harshly." One could only imagine what the future might hold for that bastard. People who ran casinos were not known for being nice guys.  
  
When I woke up from my sedated sleep I was groggy and fuzzy headed. My first thought was: Where am I? My second thought was: Why I am naked? Then the answers came flooding back to my brain. My third thought was: Where is Susie?   
  
I got out of bed, pulled on the terry cloth robe the hotel provides, and walked around the room. I found a note telling me the police had taken Susie to the hospital, and that the rapist was under arrest. Rapist? That was the memory trigger I needed, and everything came flooding back to me.   
  
I called the hospital and asked about Susie. They put me through to her. Apparently she had received a concussion, and was being kept there 24 hours for observation. I guess the concussion was pretty severe.  
  
I gave her sympathy, ordered some breakfast with extra coffee, and when it came I ate it and became lost in thought. All my careful plans were now destroyed. I was on my own with Philip. And apparently I had really slept! It was now the day of Philip's arrival.   
  
Shit. I sat there for a long time thinking. Then I went downstairs to the lobby. I was still hungry; I had slept through a couple of meal times. I had a second breakfast, this time not just bread, but ham and eggs too. Some Las Vegas restaurants offer breakfast 24 hours a day. I finally came up with a plan to deal with Philip.  
  
I went to the front desk and asked if he had checked in. He had. They could not tell me his room due to security, but they offered to ring his room for me. I declined and thanked them. I knew what to do. I bought a paper and sat in the lobby and read it for a while. My patience was rewarded when I saw Philip descend into the lobby and head for the craps tables. He is so predictable.   
  
I waited a few minutes, flagged down a waitress, and got a Diet Coke. I walked over to the craps table, and took a place, waiting my turn, looking at my phone. I let Philip see me first. Philip collected his winnings and went over to me. "Hi Joanie. What brings you to Las Vegas?"  
  
"Hi Philip," I said. I did not act surprised. Rather I tried to sound like it was the most natural thing in the world. "I was looking for you."  
  
"You were?" there was genuine surprise in Philip's voice. "Why? How did you know I was here? What is going on?"  
  
"In brief," I replied, "I'm here on vacation with my friend Susie Gaines. She met with an accident and is in the hospital. Nothing serious, she should be released tomorrow. But it ruined the holiday, that's for sure. Now I need a computer with the bank's secure access, and I discovered you were here. I am hoping you brought such a computer with you and that I can use if for a few, say five, minutes?"  
  
Philip looked blank, confused. I said, "Susie Gaines. You fucked her in your office after she did a strip tease for you. Jesus Philip, are you that casual about who you fuck? She sure as shit remembers who fucks her!"  
  
"Your computer does not have secure access? You work in security," Philip said, ignoring my reprimand.   
  
"Only executives can have it on their personal machines. You know that, I trust. It was your edict! I'm not an executive, as you know. Yet." I could not resist adding the yet. Let him think I'm ambitious. Actually I am, just not for this particular bank, or any bank for that matter.   
  
"Okay, Joanie. We can work something out," he said. I did not like the sound of that.   
  
I said, "Thank you. Can I use it as soon as possible?"  
  
"First, I want to you to get in a bikini and head out to the pool."  
  
"I don't have a bikini, only a one piece. What do you mean, 'first?'"  
  
Ignoring my question, he said, "Buy one."  
  
"I tried. The hotel store only has two-piece suits, no bikinis. This is a family hotel, Philip."  
  
"I hate to rock your world and to force you to do this, but you may actually have to leave the hotel and go to a proper store. Meet me poolside in your bikini in one hour. Don't be late." Philip turned his back to me and walked away. He really did belong on Mt. Olympus.  
  
One hour later I was poolside in a bikini. It was very tiny, too. Nobody else was dressed like me and I felt every man's eyes at the pool were checking me out. I felt that way because they were. It was creepy and exciting at the same time, if that makes any sense. Philip was talking to someone, so I snuck up behind him and said "Boo!"  
  
He jumped a little. "Nice to see you Joanie," he said while checking out my entire body, head to toe. "This man has been telling me you did a spectacular dive into the pool yesterday." The man nodded vigorously. "I want you to do an even more spectacular dive now, that is your second task. There is only one more after this."  
  
"Okay, but I'll have to change into my one piece. I can't dive in a bikini," I said.   
  
"Today you can," Philip replied. "And you will. Now."  
  
"But there might be a wardrobe malfunction. Nobody dives in a bikini. Sometimes a two-piece is OK, if it is constructed properly," I said.   
  
"Now, do it now. That's chance we'll have to take," he said with a gleam in his eye.  
  
Of course I had never in my life tried to dive with a bikini on, but common sense said it was a stupid thing to do. I hoped I was wrong about the wardrobe malfunctions. To hope is all I could do.   
  
"Yesterday I did a one and half twist. Today I can offer you a 1½ somersault with a double twist, or a back somersault with a 1½ twist . Your choice." There was ice in my voice.  
  
"Which is harder?"  
  
"They are both very hard. Try them yourself, you'll see." I could see Philip was not enjoying my attitude, so I toned it down.   
  
"Yesterday I did a forward somersault with a twist off a 1 meter board, which has a 1.9 rating. Today I propose a forward 1½ somersault with two twists, and that has a 2.6 rating. Alternatively today I could do a back somersault with 1½ twists, and that has a 2.3 rating. There are much harder dives, but these two dives push the limits of my skill as it is. Does that clarify things for you, Lord Philip?" The Lord Philip snarky dig might have been overdoing it a bit, but I was plenty annoyed.   
  
When I do a hard dive, I have to enter what I call the zone. I give my entire concentration to the dive, and the rest of the world is shut out. I got on the board and stood on it until my concentration was total. I tested again the spring of the board. I knew all eyes poolside were on me, and not just due to my tiny bikini. They wanted to see the dive.   
  
I jumped on the board, rose in the air, and did a perfect somersault plus a double twist, entering the water smoothly, with practically no splash. It was a spectacular dive, one of my best ever. When my head emerged I was smiling, and the entire poolside was applauding. I swam to the stairs and climbed out of the pool, shaking the water from my hair, and I heard people gasping and saw them pointing at me.   
  
I looked at the pool and saw both pieces of my bikini floating in the water. I was standing there naked. Damn Philip. He was laughing. I was so embarrassed that I immediately crouched and tried to cover myself with my hands.   
  
I decided to make the power move. I walked the length of the pool back to the board, holding my head high, parading my nudity to everyone poolside. I climbed onto the 1 meter board and stood on it stark naked. I don't shave my privates, so the hair down there was all wet and inviting looking.   
  
I entered the zone, concentrated, and did the hardest dive of my life: it was the first time ever that I did a forward 1½ somersault with 3 twists! And I did it from a 3 meter board! That dive has a 3.0 rating. I entered the water smoothly and without a splash.   
  
I was now back in the pool, so I collected the two pieces of my bikini, went under water and put them back on. Still holding my breath I swam underwater to where Philip was standing, and splashed as fiercely as I could, dousing him with water. His suit got chlorinated water all over it. He was no longer laughing, but he was lost in admiration of my stark naked dive.  
  
As I emerged from the pool, everyone applauded me, and the applause continued for a long time, with shouts of bravo, encore, and the like. I did not know if they were applauding my dive, or my classy behavior when confronted with my spectacular wardrobe malfunction. Maybe it was for both.  
  
Every man there was smiling at me, if only for having enjoyed my dismaying display of my entire body. I wanted to push Philip into the pool and completely ruin his suit, but I wanted to plant the virus on his computer even more.  
  
"Happy?" I said. "What is the third and final task, you bastard?"  
  
"Oh, I'm very happy," Philip said, laughing again as he remembered my humiliation at being rendered naked by my dive. "Let's go to your room, I want you to undress, let me do a few things with you, and then you can dress and use my computer. Follow me."  
  
I knew what that meant. He was going to get his jollies using my body. Well, that's not new, I thought. If you go back six and seven years, I've probably fucked him a hundred times or more; what's one more time? He led me through the casino and every single man checked me out in my wet bikini. He wanted to humiliate me, but actually I found it more erotic than humiliating. That's just who I am.   
  
In the room, I stripped off my bikini and dried myself with a towel. I used the hair dryer on my hair. He told me to go to the window. I did, and stood there naked, legs apart as he instructed, giving everyone poolside a good look at my body. Again. All they had to do was to look up at the second floor windows. He then came up behind me and stuck his fingers in my snatch. I moaned.  
  
"Jesus, Joanie, you're already ready for me," he said. I nodded. He quickly took his pants off. I turned around and sucked his cock, trying to imitate Susie's wonderful technique. Judging by his reaction, I did a good job. He pulled out of my mouth, pushed me against the window, flattening my boobs against it, and then stuck his cock into me.   
  
It was hard to do; I am so much shorter than he is. He got a stool from the bathroom and he had me stand on it. Then he went to town. It was a noisy fuck, as I moaned and made some exclamations of the "Oh my God," variety. I came twice, the whole situation was too erotic, and as you know by now, Philip is a great fuck.   
  
When it was over I turned around and kissed him passionately. I said, "You bastard. I hate the way I cannot resist you. I want to resist you, you know. With all my heart, and all my soul, I want to resist you. You're bad for me. But I just cannot do it, damn it."  
  
Philip smiled. "Model some outfits for me. The sexiest ones you have with you. I'll choose one, and then we can go to my room and you can use my computer for five minutes. I'll finger you while you use it, unless you want to give me another blowjob. Your blowjobs have really improved, Joanie."  
  
"For us intellectuals, you cretin, we never stop learning," I said. "I was only 20 when I last gave you a blowjob. There have been other men since. A girl learns."  
  
"I don't doubt that, for a second," he said.  
  
While I was changing, he snapped pictures of me. First he posed me naked, sitting in the overstuffed chair. I saw that it was a great picture when I looked at it. My boobs were drooping just a little against my chest. My legs were together, but the promise they would part for him when he came towards me was somehow in the picture, in my body language and in my face, I guess. The picture captured that.  
  
In another nice one I was naked except for panties; then just in bra and panties, then only in my skirt without a bra, and with a bra and skirt. You get the idea.   
  
Finally Philip said, "That outfit is perfect. Let's go." Philip had chosen a low riding skirt and a halter top with no bra. Since the halter-top was also made f gauzy, diaphanous material, one could see my entire boobs, right through it.   
  
I would have thought it sexier to wear a more opaque halter-top, where one just sees the outline of the shape of my boobs and the nipples poking at it. But subtlety, thy name is not Philip.

He took me to his computer, logged me in and left the room for 10 minutes to turn an errand. This made my task easy. I couldn't believe it, but it worked! I used his computer and planted the virus. I was so happy.  
  
When he returned he walked over to me and removed my halter-top. He took off my low riding skirt, and pulled off my panties. Then he kissed me a long time.   
  
I did my best afterwards to give him a blowjob he will never forget. He actually screamed when he shot his cum into my mouth. There was not that much of it, since he had earlier pumped a huge amount into my cunt. I easily swallowed all of it.   
  
I'll bet he never does forget it, and I hope he wishes he still had my talented lips and luscious body to play with and entertain him. He never will again. At least, not when I'm sober. Well, that's what I thought at the moment. I'm still naïve, I guess.  
  
I liked the idea of giving him a blowjob when in my mind I was secretly blowing him off.  
  
The next day I collected Susie at the hospital and the two of us went to the airport and took the next flight back to New York. We did not have much of a holiday, but at least I got the job done.   
  
Only one more task remained: Hardigan's personal computer. This meant I had to keep working at the bank, and Philip of course remained, lurking on the 22nd floor. But that's a story all by itself; I discovered he was not at all through with me, and I both shudder and get wet remembering what happened with him.  
  
As for what happened with Charles and Nash once they had used me to do their dirty work, is startling, and was unexpected, at least by me. Suffice it to say they wanted their piece of the ass of Joanie of Zurich too, like everyone else, it seems. I'll have to be drunk to put that one down on paper, that's for sure.   
  
My naked diving display also made some kind of history. Some asshole captured it on video, and it can still be found on internet porn sites even today.  
  
The whole experience of trying to help, at great personal and sexual cost, the forces that keep our country safe, makes me wonder which is worse: a dirty bank enabling rampant criminality world wide, or a dirty government of the most powerful nation on earth?   
  
But most of all, knowing what I learned by the time this was done, I realize someone has to bring down The Club. And it sure ain't going to be some alphabet city acronym agency of our government.  
  
Nobody will, unless it is I. As the Jewish philosopher Hillel the Elder once said, "If I am not for myself, who is for me? And if I am only for myself, what am I? And if not now, when?" The first part I could see applying to me; the next phrase to Philip. The last phrase I had to listen to.  
  
It might be best to leave the story of what happened next untold.