**Sinful**

by Altan

**Sinful (part 1)**

The day Tom won the Big Game, his life changed. Wouldn’t your life change when you suddenly would win over $100,000,000? Of course it would!

Tom wasn’t stupid, though. He knew his life would never be the same, but he wasn’t going to ruin it. No, not Tom. The first thing he did was stepping into the office of one of the big accounting firms in town.

“I won the Big Game,” he said to the girl behind the counter, “and I need someone to take care of it.”

Within minutes, he was taken to the office of one of the managing partners. He looked the elderly gentleman straight in the eyes.

“What is your commission?” he asked.

The accountant started talking about investment strategies and tax options, but Tom interrupted him.

“I am about to give you control over more than one hundred million dollars,” he said, “and I am going to make it easy. At the end of each year, you will receive one percent of whatever the ending balance is. In return, you guys take care of everything. We can work the details out later. I will come back tomorrow with my lawyer, and you will have a contract ready that I can understand and that my lawyer will OK. If not, I will go next door.”

“One more thing,” he added as he started to turn to the door. “I want an account representative who is pretty and not prude.”

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The next day, Tom returned to the accountant firm followed by two attractive brunets. Within seconds, a tall dark-skinned business woman approached him.

“Hi, I’m Sarah,” she introduced herself. “I will be your rep. Will you please follow me to my office?”

While she led them to a bare office, Tom examined her from behind. She must be almost six feet tall, with long, slender legs that she showed off below the short skirt.

She motioned them to sit while she asked, “Can I get you something to drink? Coffee, soda, something stronger?”

“Coffee will be fine, thank you,” Tom replied. “Black, please.”

His company also ordered and moments later Sarah came back with a tray that obviously had been prepared in advance. She put the tray down on the low coffee table and started poring the cups.

Tom looked at the full breasts that were hanging loose in her jacket. He was imagining touching their soft, warm flesh, slowly kneading them. He could almost feel the nipple hardening, the tension rising.

With a start, he realized that she was handing him his coffee, and quickly accepted it. A moment later, Sarah was handing out copies of the contract and then sat down herself. While the lawyers examined the paperwork, Sarah asked him what he intended to do with his money.

Tom smiled. “I don’t quite know,” he said, “but I do know what I will do until I figure that out.”

“And what is that?”

“I’m going to buy a nice house with some land around it, and I’m going to put a fence around it. At the gate will be a sign that reads ‘Clothing optional. Enter at your own risk.’ And I will get a bunch of servants with many beautiful girls among them.”

“And then?” Sarah asked.

“I’ll have parties,” he said. “Wild parties. I don’t know what yet, but I’ll think of something.”

Sarah smiled. “I may have some ideas there if you ever need them,” she said while she un-crossed her legs. She parted them slightly, allowing Tom to follow the curve of her upper thigh even further.

“You do?” he asked, feeling his excitement rise.

“Huh-huh,” she answered, parting her legs some more.

“I can see you are not prude,” he volunteered.

“Nope,” she said, and spread her legs really apart. To his surprise, Tom found that she was not wearing panties either. In fact, she had just a thin line of pubic hair on her otherwise bald pussy.

One of the brunettes looked up from the documents she was studying. She looked at Tom, then at Sarah.

“Is it me, or is it hot in here?” she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she started opening the buttons of the white shirt she was wearing, and didn’t stop until all the buttons were undone.

“Gina,” the other brunette asked, “what do you make of section three-fourteen?”

Gina returned to her paperwork while Tom looked at her small, almost childish breast that was now exposed. He had made a similar remark about prudeness at the lawyer’s office and it seemed to have worked too. He wished he had taken more time to get to know his two lawyers, Gina and Carla, before heading over to the accountancy firm.

Meanwhile, Sarah had gotten up and walked over to Gina.

“Which section do you mean?” she asked, pointing to a sheet Gina was studying. “This one?”

In pointing, Sarah’s arm brushed Gina’s exposed breast, and Gina looked up in surprise. When she saw Sarah smiling down at her, she smiled back.

“Yes, that is the one,” she answered.

Sarah looked down closer at the document. After a second, Gina let her free hand slide up Sarah’s leg to her pussy. Slowly, she began massaging her clit.

Now it was Sarah’s turn to let out a small gasp of surprise. She looked back at Gina, who now had a big grin on her face.

While he was watching the scene unfold, Tom suddenly felt a hand in his pant. He looked to his other side and saw that Carla had put the papers away and was looking at him intently.

“You like this?” she asked.

This was too much for Tom. The excitement had been building all morning, and now he was quickly coming to a climax. When Carla opened his pants and took his member in her mouth, he couldn’t hold back any longer and shot off his load right there. She quickly swallowed twice, then continued licking him clean.

“I guess you do,” she whispered.

Later, Tom would have only a faint recollection of the rest of the meeting. He knew Gina and Sarah must have both come shortly after he did, and after that they wrapped the meeting up quickly. The lawyers took the contract proposal with them and left a message later that day that the contract looked good. The next day, Tom returned the signed copy.

**Sinful (part 2)**

Tom’s life changed the day he won the Big Game. He never really expected to win, but of course he had dreamed about it, and his dreams had been practical. So the first thing Tom did was hire a lawyer and an accountant.

Over night he had become a star customer of the most prestigious accounting firm in town. Now he was coming in for his second appointment. After discussing the contract yesterday, he was now ready to work out his financial plans.

He went up the elevator to the fourteenth floor and entered through the glass doors. The girl behind the counter recognized him.

“Sarah will be right here,” the receptionist said. Sarah was his account representative. He had met her the day before and she had proved to be much more than a good accountant. He was looking forward to getting to know her better.

Within a few moments, Sarah entered the lobby. Tom looked appreciative as she approached him. She was a tall woman with long legs and a taut body. She was wearing a short-sleeve white shirt and a tight beige skirt. Although not transparent, the shirt material was thin enough to show the outline of her firm breasts. It was obvious that she was not wearing a bra and the hard points of her nipples were bouncing deliciously as she moved.

She held out her hand and welcomed him with a warm smile.

“I have reserved the conference room,” she said. “That gives us more room to work than my office.”

He followed her through what seemed a maze or corridors to one of the conference rooms at the front of the building. The view from the fourteenth floor was breathtaking, as the office was at the edge of the downtown business district and there were no other tall buildings in sight.

When he turned back, a tray with refreshments had appeared and Sarah had spread out her paperwork. Tom sat down and looked at her.

“Where do we start?” he asked.

She looked up and smiled.

“Let me close the door first,” she said, and started to rise.

“Can we leave the door open, please?” Tom asked, “I don’t like the feeling of, you know, being locked in.”

That was of course a blatant lie. It wasn’t the idea of being locked in that had crossed Tom’s mind, but the thought of where this meeting might lead and how exciting it would be if someone would happen to see some of that.

“Unfortunately, we have a rule that doors must be closed when we are meeting with a client,” she answered. “My boss would be angry if I would leave the door open.”

Tom was about to say that it wasn’t that big a deal, when he realized that her eyes were actually begging him to make a scene. This surprised Tom, he had never before been able to guess what a woman wanted. He decided to gamble that his hunch was right. After all, he didn’t really have anything to loose.

“I’m sorry,” he said, “but I’ll have to go somewhere else then. I just can’t be in a meeting with a closed door.”

She managed to look doubtful. “Well, if you insist...”

“Oh yes, I definitely insist,” Tom stressed. “That door will have to be open.”

“In that case, I guess the client is king. Now, what exactly can I do for you?”

They started discussing the financial details. While Sarah was explaining the tax implications of winning the lottery, she absent mindedly played with a button on her shirt. Soon, that button sprung open and her fingers were playing with the next one.

After a while, Tom stretched and said, “let’s take a break for a moment.” He walked over to the windows to look out.

“How far can you see from here,” he asked, turning around.

Sarah had turned her chair and sat leaning back, watching him. She had put her left foot on her right knee, exposing her pussy.

“What are you thinking,” Tom asked when he saw her looking at him.

“Talking about money turns me on,” she said, “that’s why I became an accountant. Talking about lots of money...”

“Turns you on big time,” Tom finished for her.

She smiled.

“Well, let’s get some more coffee and discuss some more money then.”

Sarah got up and left the room to get a new pot of coffee. When she came back, Tom saw that she hadn’t closed any of the buttons of her shirt. Her jiggling breasts had become very visible.

He reached up and softly stroke her breasts when she leaned over him to pour him a fresh cup of coffee. Softly, he pinched the hard nipples until he noticed the coffee overflowing his cup.

“Oops,” she said, “I got distracted for a moment.” Deftly, she got a napkin and cleaned up the spill, then sat back down opposite him.

“I wonder,” he said, slowly sipping the hot coffee, “does the dress code over here allow you to dress like this?”

“Oh no, it doesn’t,” Sarah answered. “I got special dispensation. Employees handling important clients often get a note in their personnel file relaxing certain rules. In fact, I had to sign a statement saying that I was aware that this account would require extraordinary duties, that I was aware I could refuse this assignment at any time and that such refusal would not affect my career perspectives, and so on, and so on.”

“Oh.” Tom thought for a moment.

“If I would ask you to take your clothes off, would you do that?” he continued.

“Would you insist?” she asked.

“No.”

“If I said to my boss you had insisted, would you tell on me?”

This surprised Tom. Again, she seemed to be pleading with him.

“Well, no, I guess not,” he answered hesitantly.

She got up, slowly undid the last of the buttons of her shirt and dropped it to the floor. Next, she opened the zipper of her skirt and dropped that too. Then she sat down again.

Tom’s mouth had fallen open and he was trying to get a grip on himself. If this was what being rich looked like, he didn’t mind at all!

Sarah was sitting opposite him, elbows on the table, resting her chin on her hands, waiting.

“Boy, I think I can use something stronger than coffee,” he exclaimed.

“Whiskey?” she asked and when he nodded she got up, walked out of the room still naked, and got back a minute later with a glass and a bottle.

“I had to get this from the president’s office,” she apologized while she filled his glass. “They don’t keep any of the strong stuff in the kitchen.”

Tom took a big gulp of the golden liquid and felt the warmth spreading inside him. His racing heart started to calm down and he tried to concentrate on money matters. It wasn’t easy, but Sarah seemed to think being naked was the most natural thing in the world. That helped.

They were almost done anyway. The biggest issue was taxes, or rather, how to avoid paying too much of them. Without planning, he would hardly get fifty million out of the jackpot advertised at over one hundred fifty million, she explained. He had expected taxes to hit in, but not that hard. With Sarah’s help, he could expect to keep more than 80 million. A comfortable amount.

The accounting firm would manage the investments and would provide him with the cash and credit he would need. One of the first things Tom wanted to do with his new wealth is buy a house, then have it furnished and hire the staff to take care of it. Sarah would work closely together with him to make this whole process go smooth.

Finally, they got up and Sarah walked around the table. Tom took her hand, then pulled her close and kissed her. She pressed her body at his and kissed him back—eagerly.

With his free hand he fondled her warm, soft breast. He stroke the outside, then the inside, letting his fingers draw closer and closer circles around the nipple. The moment his fingers touched the nipple, he felt her body shudder. He squeezed it, a little bit at first, then harder. It felt like a small pebble, so hard had it become. She continued to press herself close to him, shaking with delight.

They held the embrace for minutes. From the corner of his eyes he saw people walking by in the corridor outside, and he wondered what they must be thinking. They probably had never seen anything like that before in the meeting room.

Finally, they broke the embrace. They were both panting, and Sarah was still shaking a bit.

“You will be back tomorrow then, to sign the papers?” she whispered, looking him straight in the eyes. “Or I can come over to your place?”

“No, here is fine,” Tom answered, thinking about the people around them. “I’ll be here tomorrow morning, before I go to the realtor.”

She smiled her radiant smile, then said, “Let me show you out.”

Naked as she was, she walked along the cubicles and through the corridors. There were people everywhere trying not to stare. Many looked away or pretended to look right through them. Some of the men could not hide a smile.

It seemed to Tom that they took a longer way back to the elevators, but maybe his excited state that just made it seem longer. The receptionist politely said “Goodnight, sir!” when they passed. She nodded at them, then continued with her work as if she had naked women parade by every day.

Finally, the elevator arrived. Sarah threw him one last smile when he got in, then the doors closed and Tom was alone again.

He almost forgot to leave the elevator at the parking level. Once in his car, he thought back at the meeting and wondered if it all had been a dream. Did she really walk stark naked through the office with him? Had there really been all the promise in that kiss that he thought there was?

And the biggest question of them all—was she just trying to please him to earn her bonus, or was there more to it? Or, in other words, was she being a whore or not?

Slowly it dawned on Tom that there really wasn’t any difference. He had been taught to think of prostitution as something bad, something wrong. But was there any difference between Sarah taking her clothes off because she wanted his money, or because she wanted to make the client happy, or because she wanted to make him happy? Nobody forced her to do anything, she made her choices because she believed them to be the right thing to do.

Was there really a difference between a prostitute, who sold the services of her body for money, and a carpenter, who sold the services of his hands for money, and a manager, who sold the services of his mind for money? Why was prostitution wrong? He really couldn’t remember...

**Sinful (part 3)**

Tom’s life changed the day he won the Big Game. It was now almost a week ago and he could barely imagine how boring his life had been before the Event.

Tom’s thirty-second birthday was coming up and he had been ready to celebrate with his friends. None of them were real friends, really. He had had a few girlfriends but no lasting relationships. Basically, he was alone, and had started to get used to it.

Now he was suddenly rich, and he knew he could have all the “friends” he wanted. But he also knew that many of those so-called friends would be there only for the money. He had been thinking about this dilemma all week, without coming any closer to a solution.

Meanwhile, he knew there were a few things he always wanted to do, and now was the chance to do it. One of them was to have a big house and have wild parties. He had always regretted not to have lived in the sixties and seventies, not to have had sex parties in college or done other wild things. Maybe he just was never invited to any of that, but that would change now.

And to his surprise, this had already started. These last few days, women had been taking off their clothes for him, and he hadn’t quite known what to do about it. His accountant, for instance, Sarah. Yesterday she had walked him through a crowded office stark naked. He had masturbated with that image in his head as soon as he got to his car, and two more times after he got home. He would be seeing her again in a few moments and was wondering what surprise she would have in store for him today.

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He felt his dick rise when he entered the elevator. He had decided that, if she could walk around naked, he could walk around without underwear, even though he knew the bulge in his pants would be very visible. His penis pressing at the fabric felt strained and exciting at the same time.

The receptionist glanced at his pants, her eyes widening for a moment, but quickly recovered her professional smile. She was young, maybe barely 20, but already had that demeanor as if nothing could upset her. She had sat there yesterday when a naked Sarah walked him to the elevator, and hadn’t moved a muscle.

“Sarah asked me to tell you that she is making the last copies of the paperwork right now,” the receptionist announced. “She will be with you in a moment. Her assistant, Lucy, will escort you to the conference room.”

That was new, Tom hadn’t heard about an assistant to Sarah before. In fact, he had the suspicion that Sarah hadn’t been much more than an assistant herself before she got to be his accountant. She seemed to know what she was doing, though.

Another attractive girl entered the lobby and held out her hand.

“Hi, I’m Lucy, Sarah’s new assistant,” she said. “Actually, I’m still in college and just got this job for the summer. I offered to help out with your paperwork.”

I wonder why she volunteered, Tom thought, while he shook her hand. She was short but thin, very thin. She was wearing a brand new denim mini skirt and a T-shirt with a large dolphin printed on it.

He tried to find evidence of a bra when he followed her to the conference room, but didn’t see any.

“You want the door open, right?” she asked.

He remembered his veined insistence, yesterday, on not closing the door and quickly agreed.

Lucy offered him coffee, then sat down opposite him.

Tom was trying to imagine what she would look, walking through the office naked, when Sarah came in. She was wearing a summer dress today, wide and flowing. The two narrow straps were all that covered her shoulder. He realized that her breasts were only barely covered by the thin material of the dress. She was obviously not wearing a bra, but Tom hadn’t expected one.

“Hi Tom,” she said and briefly kissed him, then sat down next to Lucy. She put a pile of paper on the table. “This is what we’ll have to go through today.”

“All right, show me” he responded.

Sarah pushed the first sheet of paper towards him, leaning over the table. She started explaining the form, but instead of looking at the paper, Tom found himself focussing on the two breasts that were hanging in front of him. After a moment, he looked up at her face.

“I’m sorry, what were you saying?” he asked.

“Am I distracting you?”

“Delightfully so,” he agreed. “I hope you are not in any hurry?”

“I have all the time in the world,” she smiled, and patiently explained the form again. This time, Tom managed to pay enough attention to understand the form and agree with it.

“OK, where do I sign?” he asked.

“Lucy, can you get Tom a pen?” Sarah asked her assistant, who walked around the table to hand Tom one of the company’s engraved pens. She then pointed out the signature line on the document.

While she was pointing, Tom found himself looking through the short sleeve into her T-shirt, right at her right breast. He swallowed, then signed.

Form after form followed, with Sarah explaining the purpose and Lucy pointing out the signature line. Each time, Tom got to look inside her shirt, and he felt his excitement grow.

By the time they were halfway through the pile, he asked Lucy, “aren’t you getting tired standing there?” He moved his chair back a bit.

Without hesitation, Lucy spread her legs and sat down in his lap, one leg on each side. She weighed almost nothing as she leaned her body towards him. He could smell her hair and the trace of perfume she was wearing.

He put his left arm around Lucy’s belly while Sarah explained the next form. Slowly, he slid his hand under her T-shirt and let it move upwards. When it reached the small hump of her firm breast, she giggled and said, “this sure is more fun than delivering the mail!”

He softly kept fondling her breast while scanning and signing more papers. After a few minutes, Lucy said, “I seem to be sitting on some kind of a bump, you think can we do something about that?”

Tom felt himself get red as he realized what bump Lucy was talking about. She didn’t wait for his answer, though, but got up and opened his zipper. His penis jumped out, standing almost straight up.

As if it was the most natural thing in the world, Lucy sat down again, carefully sliding over him. Tom felt his heart almost skip a beat as he felt himself entering her.

After a few moments, Lucy started moving her hips slowly, providing enough movement to stimulate his excitement even further.

Sarah put away the form she was explaining and looked at them.

“You two seem to be having all the fun,” she said. “Lucy, leave something for me, will you?”

She got up, walked around the table, and stood in front of Tom. She grabbed his free hand and put it over her pubic area. He started massaging her clitoris through the thin material of the summer dress.

Immediately, he could feel her wetness through the dress. He saw her smiling, and realized that was exactly what she had intended.

“Everybody will see,” she whispered. “Everybody will see the wet spot, and know where it came from. They will think I’m such a slut!”

Using the hand that was now sliding in and out of her, Tom pulled her even closer. Then he started licking and sucking her nipples through her dress, creating two more wet spots.

“Oh, yes,” she moaned, and leaned closer. Within seconds, he could feel her come. Keeping up his rubbing and sucking, he felt her juices soaking her dress, and knew there would be a huge stain at the front.

Meanwhile, Lucy had intensified her efforts as well, and Tom felt the blood flowing to his already hard dick. He could feel it grow even more inside her, and he could feel the surge starting to build in his groin. His hips were now undulating in Lucy’s rhythm, and he started to loose focus.

When Sarah slumped down on the table, exhausted for the moment, Tom started using both his hands to massage Lucy’s small breasts. He had the familiar feeling of the sperm getting ready to go. He knew that with all the masturbating he had done lately, it would only be a small amount of liquid he would be able to produce, but it was coming.

“Harder, squeeze harder,” Lucy moaned as she pressed his hands closer to her breasts and moved faster and faster in his lap.

Tom squeezed the delicate young breasts as hard as he dared and tried to keep up with her movements. Just as he thought he couldn’t go faster anymore, she arched her back and he knew she was ready.

The feeling of the girl coming in his lap was all he needed to push him over the edge. He felt the fluid squeezing from his loin through his erect penis, felt the pressure wave moving through and bursting out of the top into Lucy. He pushed a few more times, then let go, exhausted.

Lucy was still panting, but got up from his lap and took off her T-shirt. Now for the first time he could see her perky breasts, see how they were tanned all over.

“I want to have stains on my clothes too,” she said, as the started to clean Tom and herself with the shirt.

“What is it with you girls,” Tom asked, looking at the two beautiful women he had just had sex with. “Are you all maniacs or something?”

Sarah’s face turned serious, and she looked straight at him.

“I’ve spend five years of my life, working sixty hours a week or more in a stuffy office, surrounded by stuffy people, shuffling stuffy papers,” she said. “All that time, I was made to feel I was nothing. Nobody knew my name, it was always ‘Hey, you there.’ Now, they know me, and they look at me.”

“You know,” she continued thoughtful, “I wasn’t going anywhere here. Now I might still not be going anywhere, but at least I’m having a ball on the way.” She grinned at the thought.

Tom just nodded and didn’t answer. He could understand that feeling only too well.

It took a few minutes before they all got their strength back and started on the remaining documents. When they were done, Lucy put all of Tom’s copies in a binder and handed it to him.

“That’s it,” Sarah said. “You’re ready to go. You should get a new, unlimited, credit card in the mail in a few days, and meanwhile you won’t have to worry about maxing out on your old one. Is there anything else you need?”

“Nothing I can think of,” Tom answered. “And if I do, I’ll call. Or I come by the office, if that is O.K.”

“Please come by,” Sarah said, grinning. “I’ll tell my boss we can expect you any moment.”

Tom smiled too. They would keep making people notice them, he was certain of that. He would soon have to think of an excuse to come over.

They walked with him through the office to the elevator. Just like the day before, people were doing their best not to notice anything. But the big, wet, crumpled spot in Sarah’s dress was difficult to overlook, and the wet stains on Lucy’s T-shirt were just as obvious. It was as if they were shouting they had just had sex, and were proud of it.

Just thinking about it made Tom’s excitement rise again, and he knew he was looking as conspicuous as they were. But that didn’t bother him, it just added to the excitement.

He kissed both women goodbye when the elevator came. When the doors closed, he shook his head. What would be next, he wondered. What would be next...

**Sinful (part 4)**

Tom’s life changed the day he won the Big Game. Who would have thought a week ago that he would be buying a house today?

After signing all the paperwork at his accountant’s office this morning, he walked into one of the bigger local real estate offices. He had chosen this realtor mainly because he had seen their name under many of the highest priced houses in last week’s Real Estate section of the newspaper.

“I would like to talk to the manager here,” he introduced himself to the receptionist. “Tell him I want to buy a multi-million dollar house, I’m sure he will have time.”

The receptionist looked doubtful but picked up the phone anyway.

“A young gentleman here to see you, sir,” Tom overheard her saying. “He says he wants to buy a multi-million dollar house.”

A moment of silence, then “Yes, sir,” and “yes, immediately,” after which she put down the receiver.

“Mr. Hammerston will see you in his office,” she announced. “Follow me, please.”

The office was in the back of the building. Tom looked around for attractive associates while he followed the receptionist. Most of the women looked older, but there was one young girl he saw, with blond hair and pretty big boobs. She looked up when they passed and smiled pleasantly at him.

“Jim,” the manager introduced himself, holding out his hand. “You must be the guy who won the big game. Heard a lot about you.”

“You did?” Tom asked surprised. “On TV?” He hadn’t known he was such a celebrity.

“No, not on TV. I was playing golf with my friend Jonathan last night, he is the president of an accounting firm here in town, and he told me all about this new client of his.”

“Oh,” Tom said, smiling.

“Seems like you stirred up things there.”

“I did?” Tom asked innocently.

“Having one of the associates walk around naked? A pretty one as well, I’m told? What do you think?”

Jim now had a big grin on his face. “Do you know that when word got out about that stunt, Jonathan got dozens of applications from people asking for a transfer to his office? And before the day was over, at least five women had volunteered to help out with your account.”

“They did? Wow,” Tom exclaimed. “Why would they do that?”

“What do I know? But yes, you sure created some excitement there. Are you planning to do the same thing here?”

“Well, I don’t know,” Tom stuttered. “I didn’t plan any of this, it just like, you know, happened.”

“Too bad,” Jim responded. “We can use some excitement around here. But anyway, what can I do for you?”

Putting his mind back to business, Tom explained he wanted to buy a house, kind of secluded, where people wouldn’t have to worry about keeping their clothes on, and where he could throw “wild parties.”

“Hmm, I see what you mean,” Jim said, when Tom finished. “At least, I think I do.

“Now, it seems there are two ways we can take it from here. I can ask Debbie to show you some houses. You may have seen her in the office. She is young, blond, and I’m sure she’ll do whatever it takes to earn her percentage.

“Or I could take you out myself. I may not be young and blond, but I think I might be a lot better at understanding what you want and finding the right house for you.”

“Hey, I’m not here for sex,” Tom responded. “What happened at the accountants is wonderful, and I loved every second of it, but that is not what I set out to do. I’d rather take experienced advice than an easy pussy, if you don’t mind me being blunt.” And after a moment’s thought, he added, “but don’t tell that to your accountant friend. The girls there use me as an excuse for their naughty games, and I don’t want to spoil their fun.”

“My lips are sealed, sir. Well, in that case, let’s go.”

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Jim collected a pile of listings from his secretary and Tom followed him to the realtor’s red Explorer.

“When we look at these houses,” Jim explained as he started the car, “just tell me what you think. What you like about them, and what not. The more you tell me, the better I understand what you want. Don’t hold anything back.”

The first house was a suburban mansion on an acre of grassland. “The house is nice,” Tom said, after walking through it, “but it is all open. I can’t walk around naked here, I would get arrested.”

The second house was in the woods, on a five-acre wooded lot. It had an indoor swimming pool, lots of rooms, and was very secluded.

“Much better,” Tom commented. “I just wish there was some grass around the house. There is almost nothing you can do outside.”

The third house had a large lawn, and a nine-foot high stone fence around it. Nobody would be able to look over that fence.

“This one definitely has potential. Just, you know, with that fence, it is almost like a prison. I know, I said before that that other house was too open. But I don’t need a wall like that, I only want to prevent people from accidentally seeing what is going on. If someone wants to look, by all means, let them.”

They had lunch in a small diner and then went on for many more houses. Jim seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of energy.

Finally, he announced, “this will be the last house. And from what you have said, it might be the best one yet.”

They entered through a gate onto a lane with old trees on both sides. The lane widened onto a large lawn, in the middle of which sat a big mansion. Behind the house, the lawn gently sloped down to a lake. A wooden pier went out into the lake.

The lake was about half a mile wide and two miles long. On the other side, less than a mile away, was a small town.

Tom took one look and knew this was perfect. The immediate neighborhood of the house was deserted, but he was sure people in the town would spy on the mansion. Specially when they knew the kind of things that would be going on. The house itself was large enough to entertain many people.

“Can I borrow your cell phone for a moment,” he asked Jim, then dialed his accountant’s office and spoke with Sarah.

“Listen, can you possibly come over here?” he asked. “I’m looking at this house, and I love it, but I want a second opinion. You’re the only one I can think of to call right now.”

“No problem,” Sarah said, and he handed the phone to Jim to give her directions.

“She should be here in about forty-five minutes,” Jim observed. “Meanwhile, shall we look inside?”

He opened the door with the key from the keybox and followed Tom into the house. They were standing in a large foyer with hardwood floors, looking at large glass doors leading to the living area. An open staircase at the right led to the second floor. On the left was a bathroom and a coat room.

“I have to explain,” Jim said, “that this house was custom built for a man and woman only a few years ago. They didn’t have any children and liked to entertain a lot. Unfortunately, they are now divorcing, and have to sell the house to split the assets. He moved out last month, she left just a few days ago.”

“Hardwood floors in most of the house,” he continued, “and independent climate control in each room. The house is wired with high-speed voice and data networks, and is ready for wireless networking.”

They went up the stairs to start with the bedrooms.

“The main bedrooms are on the right side of the house, each with their own bathroom. The rooms on the left are simpler and share a bathroom in the hallway. These rooms were used for live-in servants but can of course also be used as guest rooms, office, and so on. All rooms have cable TV and computer network access.”

“The master bedroom and bath are on the back of the house, which is the east side. Shall we start there?”

They entered the master bedroom, which was huge. The long wall of the room consisted of full-size glass windows and sliding doors, opening up to a balcony which ran along the whole back of the house. The hardwood floor of the hallway had given way to a soft carpet that would be a pleasure to walk on with bare feet.

When they entered the master bath, Tom’s jaw dropped. The bathroom was almost as large as the bedroom, and it was light! In most houses, bathrooms are hidden in the inside of the house. This bathroom had the same sliding doors opening onto the balcony, and windows on the side to let even more light in. It had an openness, an exposure that immediately appealed to him. He would be able to take a hot bath and breath fresh air at the same time. In the summer, he would be walking from the bathroom straight onto the balcony, without having to think about drying off or getting dressed.

Jim watched Tom’s expression and knew immediately the house was as good as sold. If this bedroom didn’t do it, the room downstairs would give the last push. The rest would only be a formality.

“The tile floor in the bathroom is of course automatically kept at a pleasant temperature, warm in the winter and cool in the summer,” he mentioned.

“Of course,” Tom responded, hardly taking in the comment.

After the master bedroom, the other bedrooms seemed simple. There were three large bedrooms, two at the front of the house and one next to the master bedroom in the back. Each of these bedrooms had their own private bathroom and ample closet space. On the other side of the house, the five simpler rooms were still comfortable.

They went out onto the balcony, overlooking the back yard and the lake. Tom could make out the people moving in the town at the other side, and knew that with good binoculars or a telescope they would be able to see everything. In his mind, he imagined the house and garden filled with people wearing next to nothing, and how they would soon be the subject of scandalous talk in the city.

Looking down, he saw the swimming pool that seemed to go all the way into the house.

“Indoor / outdoor pool,” Jim confirmed. “In the winter, the outdoor part can be closed off and you have a smaller indoor pool. In the summer, the partition is removed and you have a large pool.”

A car horn sounded and they hurried back to the front door. Two scantly clad young girls were standing there, waiting to be let into the house. They were Sarah and Lucy from the accounting office.

“I hope you don’t mind me bringing Lucy along,” Sarah said. “I thought you might want a third opinion as well.”

Looking at the women, Jim understood what his accountant friend had meant when he said they were remarkable. Sarah was a tall dark woman who wore her almost transparent summer dress without any trace of shame. Her firm breast were clearly visible through the thin material and even her neatly shaven pussy was unmistakable. Lucy was short and very thin. She was wearing a tiny denim mini skirt and a loose top that was barely long enough to cover her nipples. She too didn’t seemed to be the least concerned about the amount of skin she was showing.

“Just in time, ladies,” he managed to say, “We are just about to look at the first floor.”

“You should see the master bathroom,” Tom interrupted. “It’s great. It is more than great, it is fantastic!”

Jim smiled and let them through the foyer to the living room. On the right they walked through the family room, the office and the library. The library had built-in shelves on three of the walls and an old-fashioned ladder on wheels to reach the top shelves.

Then they returned to the living room and went to the other side, the dining room and behind it the kitchen.

Finally, they stopped at a door that was closed.

“I think you’ll like this room,” Jim said mysteriously. “Supposedly, the previous owners kept it locked whenever they had guests. From what I’ve heard, you will keep it open, thought.”

Slowly he opened the door.

At first, Tom didn’t see anything special about the room, except that the carpet seemed to be thick and soft.

He took a step into the room and felt his foot sink into the floor. He stumbled and fell head first into the room.

It didn’t hurt.

In fact, it was as if he had fallen on a soft bed.

The others had seen Tom bounce when he fell, and they all looked at Jim.

“This room,” the realtor said gravely, trying to hold back a big grin, “is one big bed. The floor is a huge, custom-made mattress. The special cover is soft and cool to the touch. Try it.”

Sarah took a careful step into the room, then kicked off her shoes and jumped. Lucy took off her shoes too and followed her boss. She landed with her legs spread, leaving Jim to look at her delicious pussy.

They all laughed. A bed the size of a whole room!

“Oh, this is sinful!” Lucy cried. “This is just too much!”

Tom tried to get up and walk over to Sarah, but she pushed him and he fell back. She then started to crawl away and he followed her on his hands and knees.

Lucy meanwhile had seen the lust in Jim’s eyes when he looked at her wide spread legs. She pulled him down onto the bed.

“Guys,” she called, “if this is a bed, you’ll have to try it before you buy.” With that, she sat down on Jim’s legs and started to undo his pants. Quickly, she pulled out his hard dick and started stroking it.

That was all the encouragement Jim needed. He got up, pushed Lucy on her back, and spread her legs. “I’ll show you the bed,” he said, as he pinned her down and moved inside her.

Tom was still pursuing Sarah. The bouncing mattress made crawling the best way to go, but he couldn’t go very fast. Finally, he lurched forward and grabbed her dress.

The thin material of the dress ripped as Sarah got away and she laughed at him. Again Tom pursued, ripping off another piece of clothing. Finally, he got hold of her foot and held on to it. For a moment, she dragged him over the “floor,” then she gave in and he pulled her towards him.

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Half an hour later, the four emerged from the “bed-room.” They all looked rumpled. The rips in Sarah’s dress made her look even more indecent than before.

Jim continued the tour of the house through the lower level. He showed them the pool that was half inside the house and half outside, the wet play room, the sauna, the bar, and the other rooms. Finally, they walked out from the basement towards the lake. On one of the benches on the pier they sat down.

“I’m sold,” Tom said, looking at Sarah and Jim. “You guys work it out.”

While his accountant and realtor were going over the details, Tom leaned back and closed his eyes. He was suddenly feeling tired, very tired. So many things had happened in so short a time, so many changes.

Lucy sat down beside him and leaned her head on his shoulder. He put an arm around her.

“You are really going to live her?” she asked quietly.

“I guess so,” he said, trying to imagine it. “It doesn’t seem quite real yet, but I guess it will be soon.”

“It is a big house for one person.”

“Yep.”

He looked at her.

“Are you trying to say something?”

She just smiled but didn’t say anything. Tom thought for a moment.

“You’re welcome, if you want to,” he said. “Actually, you said you are in college, right?”

She nodded.

“How many years?”

“I’ll be a sophomore next year, so three more years.”

“How would you want a job as a part-time personal assistant? I’ll need a lot of help the next few weeks, setting things up here, but by the time school starts again, ten or fifteen hours a week should do it. You could live here, take care of things, go to college, and make some money at the same time.”

“Could I bring friends over? Boy friends?”

“Sure, if they are not embarrassed. I don’t want to hire you as my personal prostitute but as a personal assistant. I really mean that. The fun stuff would be optional,” he added with a grin.

“I love it,” she said. “When can I move in?”

He nodded at Sarah and Jim, who were wrapping up their discussion. “Ask them.”

“I’ll have some sanity checks done,” Sarah told Tom when she walked over. “You know, title search, that kind of thing. Assuming that doesn’t turn up any skeletons, you should be able to move here in about a week. How are you going to call this place?”

“Call it?”

“A mansion like this should have a name,” Sarah explained. “It used to be called ‘Terra Mia,’ but that doesn’t seem to be appropriate.”

“No, that’s not it,” Tom agreed. “I want something more, you know, what was the word Lucy used in the mattress room?”

The all thought for a moment. “Sinful?” Jim asked.

“Exactly. It has just the right naughty ring to it.”

Everybody looked at him expectantly.

“That is how you will call the house?” Sarah asked finally. “Sinful?”

Tom looked surprised.

“That is not quite what I meant, but hey, why not? I like it. If people ask me where I live, I’ll tell them, ‘I live at Sinful.’”

“Great. Now you should start thinking about furnishing the place. Jim mentioned an interior decorator he thought you might like.”

“Sounds good,” Tom said. “Lucy, can you get the details and set up an appointment? Lucy’s my new assistant,” he explained.

Sarah raised her eyebrows for a moment, then smiled. “She’s good,” she said. “I’ll miss her, but this will be more interesting for her than working at a stuffy accountants office.”

Tom thought he detected a hint of jealousy.

“Hey, you’re still my accountant,” he said. “And you can come over as often as you want to discuss financial stuff, investment strategies, whatever.”

She laughed.

“I will,” she said. “Don’t worry, I will.”