**The Hard Body Shop Clerk**

by[**dlsloan**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=789450&page=submissions)©

**THURSDAY MORNING**  
  
Thursday. That meant it was time for Cori Banks' most revealing outfit of the week. And that was saying something, considering what she had worn and would wear the rest of the week. Monday it was a backless red mini-dress that barely covered her thong-divided ass and revealed ample cleavage. Tuesday was a little blue tube top and some matching blue hot pants. Wednesday had been a mini-skirt with a thong underneath and a tiny crop-top sweater (with no bra, of course). She already knew tomorrow would Daisy Duke day. For Saturday, she would be instructed to wear a wildcard outfit, which could be anything the staff chose for her.  
  
At 22 years old, Cori had been dressing like this every day for work for the past two years. Those who didn't know better might have guessed she was a stripper or call girl. Far from it. Cori worked at an auto body and modification shop called "The Hard Body Shop." Two years ago, her hiring — which prompted the name change from Ben's Body Shop — saved the shop, bringing in countless new business. That wasn't easy to do in little Darien, Georgia, and its population of just over 30,000.  
  
But Cori, who would never consider herself a slut or do anything she wasn't comfortable doing, had agreed to come in and help keep the books along with providing customer service and doing some advertising. How could she help draw business? By putting her incredible body on display in tantalizing outfits for any customers to ogle at.  
  
Ben, the 28-year-old shop owner, and his three mechanics, John, Ty and Chad, had developed a weekly wordrobe and dress code for Cori,. This included some general rules such as no bras and mandatory heels every day, and a list of specific attire for each day of the week. Every Thursday was bathing suit thong day, her most revealing outfit of all.  
  
She didn't wear the same outfit every week. On the contrary, she never wore the same outfit from one week to the next, unless specifically requested by someone at the shop. Otherwise, she was required to have a different minidress every Monday, hot pants on Tuesday, etc. from what she wore the week before. For this reason, she had at least a dozen variations of her daily outfits.  
  
Of the bikini thongs, she had three times that many. This was a favorite of all the guys at the shop, as well as the customers, and they were constantly buying her new ones to wear for them. In fact, they bought all her clothes at the shop. Her wardrobe budget was nearly as large as her $25,000 salary. Under normal circumstances, this wouldn't be much of a living, but Cori had almost no expenses to speak of. Plus, she earned bonuses that supplemented her income nicely. She was far from rich, but making ends meet wasn't a problem.  
  
The shop provided her a small, fully-furnished townhouse next to the shop. It was rent-free and she had only to pay her utilities and cable. The shop also gave her a free lease on a red convertible Corvette, which had the company logo — a sexy profile of Cori herself — on the side, a front license plate that read "Hottie" and a back plate that read "Hard Body." Again, all she had to pay for was gas.  
  
Her benefits included full medical, dental and vision coverage. She even had free use of a gym (which was located in a separate room behind the shop), and a tanning bed. The shop paid for her lunch every day as well.  
  
And, of course, all her clothes were paid for by the shop, except for whatever she chose to wear on her own time, which she had little of since the publicity had really picked up. It seemed like everyone wanted a piece of her time and usually a piece of her. Fortunately, her body was committed only to the four guys at the shop, and even their privileges were restricted to a certain number of times per week. Cori was no slut. She knew it and so did the guys she worked with. She was a key part of the shop and the guys were not only her co-workers, but also her best friends. They respected her, treated her very well and she was happy to please them visually and physically in return.  
  
She hoped they would like today's outfit, and, after putting it on, was sure they would. Cori wasn't conceited about anything, including her looks, but she knew guys found her attractive and why.  
  
She was 5-6, 120 pounds and had an incredible — all natural — 36C-22-34 body. She had natural, golden blonde hair just past her shoulders. Often, she'd wear it in a ponytail. She had blue eyes, a pert nose, full lips, a pretty white smile and small dimples.  
  
As pretty as her face was, however, it was all about that magnificent body. A hard body, as the guys liked to call it. Her breasts were very full, round and firm, sitting high on her chest with no signs of sagging and no need for a bra, except to conceal her long, rubbery nipples which were extremely sensitive and seemed to be erect — or at least partially so — all the time.  
  
She had a firm, round, bubble-butt of an ass and a tight little pussy with juicy thick lips and light blonde hair carefully trimmed into a tiny "landing strip".Her legs were very long, and shapely with athletic thighs and slender calves and ankles.  
  
She had a naturally golden brown complexion enhanced by frequent tanning. She had only subtle, very small tan lines as she generally sunbathed nude. When she didn't she wore only the skimpiest of string bikinis. She had a small red heart tattooed on her left ass cheek and a pierced navel with a small gold ring in it.  
  
A cheerleader, tennis player and gymnast in high school, Cori was in even better shape now. She worked out most every day and concentrated her workouts on enhancing the most desirable parts of her body.  
  
Today's thong swimsuit did a pretty good job of bringing out her highlights as well. It was a gold one-piece, but oh, how little that piece covered. Two thin gold bands — about the width of a ribbon on a package — connected behind her neck and dropped down over her breasts. The strips were barely wide enough to cover her nipples, let alone the rest of her healthy breasts. More than three-fourths of her breasts were left exposed by the tiny suit.  
  
The thin bands of gold cloth connected to a thin gold string at her hips. This string — about the width of a shoelace — went high up on her hips, ,then plunged toward her crotch. There, it came together at a little triangle of fabric that managed to cover all of her pubic hair. The string re-emerged on her backside in the form of a thong separating her perfect ass cheeks and then separating into the two pieces that rode over her hips. Her back was completely bare, except for the thin loop of string wrapped around her neck connecting to the thin strips of fabric covering her nipples.  
  
Cori looked at herself in the full-length mirror, carefully adjusting the suit. She noticed that the crotch was barely wide enough to cover both pussy lips. It would be hard to keep her pussy completely covered by the thin strip of fabric. Of course, she didn't think anyone would complain if she was unsuccessful.  
  
The suit was so tight that the straps touching her nipples didn't touch her skin again until they connected to the hip string. Every movement threatened to pop her tits right out of the tight material.  
  
In addition to the amazing small, form-fitting suit, Cori wore a pair gorgeous pumps with tiny straps around her ankles. The gold color of the suit and shoes played perfectly off her golden brown skin.  
  
When she first started at the shop, Cori had been a bit apprehensive about these outfits. But since the whole attractive girl strategy had been her idea, she could hardly balk at it. She was surprised that after only a couple of days, her anxiety was completely gone. She didn't feel uncomfortable in these revealing outfits at all. While she didn't get off on showing off, she did appreciate the attention everyone paid to her and took pleasure in providing her co-workers and customers with a pleasing view. She felt it was her duty and her way of contributing to her workplace.  
  
She took great pride in her work and believed in the growth and value of the shop. Everything she did was with the intention of helping the shop, its workers and its customers. If they benefited, her rewards would come, too. She had always been a team player, and that was her attitude here. It just so happened her role was sweet and sexy clerk girl. It was a role she found she could play well and made her feel valuable to the shop. She knew she was needed, wanted, liked, respected and appreciated here, and that made her feel good.  
  
So, it was with no apprehension or ego, but with plenty of pride that Cori made final adjustments on her suit, checked her hair and makeup and headed off to work. Since her townhouse was literally in the lot next to the shop, Cori enjoyed the luxury of walking to work every morning. Her hours were from 9 to 4 Monday through Friday and from 8 to noon on Saturday. The guys split their shifts, two working each day from 7 to 3 and the other two working from 10 to 6. Three of the four worked from 7 to noon on Saturday, each taking every fourth Saturday off.  
  
This week, Ben and Chad had the early shift and were, of course, both already hard at work when she arrived. Chad was working on a car in the garage while Ben was talking to a customer — Cori recognized the man in his 50s, but couldn't remember his name — near the front desk. Their conversation stopped and heads turned as Cori walked in.  
  
She was used to this sort of reaction when she entered a room dressed like this, but smiled and glanced down shyly, letting them know she was flattered at their speechless reaction.  
  
"Wow! Good morning, Cori," Ben said. "Great outfit today. Turn around and give us a good look."  
  
"Good morning," Cori responded, spinning around slowly at Ben's request. "Thanks. I like it. This is the one John ordered out of that catalog a couple weeks ago. It just came in the mail yesterday."  
  
"Yeah, he's got good taste," Ben said, staring at the way the ribbon-like suit wrapped around her curvy body like she was some sort of package waiting to be opened. "What do you think, Mr. Bell?"  
  
Bell — Jeff Bell — that was his name, Cori remembered. He had been in a few times before, but was not one of the regulars. She remembered the man's daughter, Sue or Sally, something like that, had been a couple years ahead of her in school.  
  
"One of your mechanics picked this out?" Mr. Bell asked, obviously approving of Cori's attire. "I think I owe that man a beer. Make that a case."  
  
"Old John doesn't drink, but I'm sure he'll be glad to hear you approve. We aim to please here. Isn't that right, Cori?  
  
"Sure is!" Cori said. "Good morning, Mr. Bell. How's your car?"  
  
"Not too bad," he said. "Just a couple of dings in the side from some kids hitting it with a baseball. Shoulda brought it in a long time ago, but I kept putting it off. Looks like I picked a good day to finally do it."  
  
"You're right, Mr. Bell, but I'd say every day's a good day around here," Ben said. "Chad should have your car done in about an hour. You're welcome to wait here or come back and pick it up later."  
  
Mr. Bell, his eyes still fixed on Cori, didn't hesitate, "I think I'll wait here."  
  
Ben laughed and Cori smiled. Most customers made the same choice. "I thought you might say that," Ben said. "Cori, make sure Mr. Bell is comfortable, will you please?"  
  
"Of course," Cori said. Ben went back to the garage to check on Chad and, more importantly, to give Mr. Bell some one-on-one time with Cori. "Mr. Bell, why don't you come have a seat?" She took him by the arm, purposely letting his hand brush against her thigh, and led him to the lounge area.  
  
Without a doubt, The Hard Body Shop had the nicest waiting area of any garage in the state, possibly the country. It was a huge room, open and connected to the front desk area, but it was set off and decorated to look like a man's fantasy den. Foremost among the amenities were two leather sofas, four leather recliners and a 52-inch wide screen TV mounted on the wall. A large area rug rested in the middle of the furniture and there was a one of those fake-flame fireplaces under the TV. Just off to the side of the TV/seating area was a pool table, a dart board and a small kitchenette which featured cold beverages and snacks, including chips and pretzels.  
  
On the wood-paneled walls were three large framed prints of male fantasy. One was a picture of a Pamela Anderson in high heels, shredded cutoffs and a white tank top tied tightly at her clearly fake breasts bent over the hood of a sports car. On another wall was a print of Tyra Banks, wearing nothing but a LA Lakers jersey, which was just long enough — or too long, depending on how you looked at it — and a pair of black stillettos. She was standing at center court, with her hand on her hips, the arena dark except for a spotlight on her and her bulging cleavage and amazing legs. The third framed poster was of Anna Kournikova in a pair of short, skin tight white shorts, white tennis shoes and a tight yellow halter top. Her hair was in a pony tail and her dark tan skin glistened with sweat.  
  
Surrounding these large prints were literally hundreds of smaller frames, some 8x10 and some 5x7, with images of other babes. All of the images were "R" rated -- skimpy and revealing clothing, but no actual nudity. Publicity images of porn stars such as Racquel Darrian, Jenna Jameson, Kobe Tai, Anna Malle, Tori Welles, Ginger Lynn, Amber Lynn, Teri Weigel and several others adorned one section. Another section included famous models, such as Kathy Ireland, Claudia Schiffer, Elle MacPherson, Heidi Klum, Gieselle Bundchen, Yamila Diaz, Shaune Bagwell, Cheryl Tiegs, Christie Brinkley, Tyra Banks, Rachel Hunter, Bo Derek, Katie Price, Brooke Richards, Stacy Williams, Rebecca Romijn, Brooke Burke, Paris Hilton, Ali Landry, etc.  
  
Another section was devoted to TV and movie stars, such as Jennifer Aniston, Alyssa Milano, Charlize Theron, Farrah Fawcett, Cheryl Ladd, Catherine Bach, Pamela Anderson, Shannon Elizabeth, Heather Locklear, Heather Thomas, Halle Berry, Vanessa Angel, Phoebe Cates, Sarah Michelle Gellar, Leah Remini, Jennifer Lopez, Elizabeth Berkeley, Deborah Shelton, Nikki Cox, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Denise Richards, Carmen Electra, etc.  
  
Still another section included musical stars such as Britney Spears, Shania Twain, Christina Aguilera, Faith Hill, Gwen Stefani, Mariah Carey, Toni Braxton, Beyonce Knowles, Jessica Simpson, etc.  
  
Another section consisted of Playboy centerfolds. The names weren't all famous, but the faces, bodies and images certainly were. There was a sports and fitness section, including images Summer Sanders, Anna Kournikova, Suzy Favor, Jenny Finch, Stacey Kiebler, Trish Stratus, Cori Nadine, Dena Doster, Kiana Tom, Tylene Buck and dozens of pro and college cheerleaders. More anonymous babes were depicted in various outfits, including bathing suits, lingerie, mini-dresses, short skirts and cutoff shorts.  
  
Finally, one section was devoted to pictures of Cori in her many different outfits. Some of these were from her calendars, but some were never reproduced anywhere else . They were photos of her with some of the customers, sometimes with their arms around her, sometimes with her sitting on their laps, etc. These and the other photos were the subject of much conversation among both the staff and the customers.  
  
A large coffee table sat in the middle of the seating area and was filled with men's-interest magazines and catalogs. There were car and sports magazines, the daily newspaper, Playboy and Playboy special issues, Maxim, Stuff, FHM, Victoria's Secret catalog, Frederick's of Hollywood catalog, etc.  
  
Along with the TV was an impressive collection of tapes, including Sports Illustrated Swimsuit diaries, Victoria's Secret fashion shows, cheerleader calendar diaries, Playboy Playmate videos, etc Cori made sure one of these was playing at all times, unless there was a game or other shows people wanted to watch instead. On the rare occasion children or women were in the shop, Cori would switch to regular TV.  
  
Cori sat Mr. Bell down in one of the leather recliners and handed him the latest Playboy "Girls of Summer" special issue and offered him a drink. He asked for some coffee and a danish and watched with great interest as Cori turned and walked away. The Playboy in his lap and the Victoria's Secret special on TV couldn't distract him from the site of Cori's delectable ass and perfect legs in motion.  
  
Mr. Bell was happily married and would never dream of cheating on his wife, which was probably one of the reasons he wasn't a regular here. But he sure didn't mind taking a look at a hottie like Cori and was damned if he wasn't going to get an eyeful before he left.  
  
He certainly got that as Cori bent over at the waist — she did this without even thinking about it any more — to pick up the danish off the table. With her legs ever so slightly apart, Mr. Bell got a great view of the thin material struggling to conceal her tender pussy lips. What he felt wasn't lust or temptation to cheat on his wife, but merely genuine appreciation for the near-perfection of her body. There was no harm in that.  
  
Staying bent over, Cori twisted to pour out a cup of coffee. In all, Mr. Bell was treated to a good 30 seconds of Cori bent over in front of him. Finally, she picked up the danish and the coffee and turned to bring them to him. Her breast jiggled slightly as she gave him broad, genuine smile and walked briskly back toward him.  
  
"Thank you," he said, accepting the breakfast from her and returning her smile.  
  
"Of course," she said. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" It was an innocent question, but Cori knew most men didn't think of it that way. Mr. Bell was no different, as a variety of images of exactly what Cori could do for him flashed through his head.  
  
"No thanks, I think I'm fine," Mr. Bell said.  
  
"Good. Mind if I join you?" Cori asked.  
  
"Of course not," Mr. Bell said.  
  
Cori grabbed a bottled water and sat down on an ottoman, which she wheeled over by Mr. Bell's chair. As always, she was conscious of the way she displayed her body. She sat with her legs spread, providing ample view of her thinly covered pussy. Her long legs were on display, and her golden fuck-me heels sparkled from the sun coming through the windows. She leaned forward slightly, pushing her breasts together and amplifying her already impressive cleavage. Her hands were at her sides, resting on the edge of the ottoman.  
  
"I'm sorry, Mr. Bell," Cori said, sipping her water and fidgeting with the straps of her bathing suit, "but I forget where you work."  
  
"I'm a chiropractor. My office isn't here in town -- it's over in Taylor, about 30 miles from here. That's why you don't see me around much."  
  
"Oh yeah," Cori said. "I knew that. So I bet you get asked all the time about people with sore backs and stuff, huh?"  
  
"Sure, but I don't mind, really," Mr. Bell said, hoping that this was leading to Cori asking for some chiropractic work. He would love to get his hands on her, even if only to crack her back.  
  
"Well, I've been having this little bit of stiffness in my lower back lately," Cori said. "Ben says he thinks it's from working out too hard. Could that be it?"  
  
"Sure, it could be," Mr. Bell said Yeah, right, he thought to himself. Like there's any chance her back hurts from anything other than trying to stand up straight with those big knockers. "It could just be the way you're sleeping on it or even just a little strain from lifting something, especially since I notice you like to bend at the waist instead of the knees."  
  
"Hmm, well, is there anything you'd suggest for the next time it flares up? Should I come see you?"  
  
"You're welcome to come in any time," Mr. Bell said, adding to himself, by all means, come in and I'll check you out very thoroughly. "Or, if you'd like, I could take a look at it now and maybe show you some stretching exercises you can try."

"Really!?" Cori feigned surprise. "That'd be great. But I hate to impose."  
  
"No problem at all," he assured her. "Why don't you lay down on the pool table where we can stretch you out?"  
  
It was far from Cori's first time on the table. Many times she was asked to climb aboard in order to dance for customers or perform for her co-workers. And on many an occasion she had been bent over the table and fucked by her co-workers in some of their after-hours sessions. There would be no fucking this time, but Cori knew there was going to be plenty of touching and she wanted to make sure Mr. Bell knew that was all right. The shop placed no restrictions on customers touching Cori in "non-violent" manners so long as she had no problem with it. The regulars knew Cori's basic ground-rules, which the shop supported fully.  
  
Cori accepted light touching anywhere on her body, such as a hand on her thigh or an arm around her waist. She also allowed occasional light grabbing or pinching of her ass and fondling of her breasts, so long as it didn't threaten to leave marks. Anything harsh enough to leave a mark for more than a second or two was strictly off limits, including the staff. If she was going to be showing off 95% of her body every day — or 98% like she was today — it wouldn't do to have bruises and red marks left by overly aggressive hands. Most of the customers understood and agreed with this and very seldom were there any problems.  
  
Mr. Bell certainly wasn't looking to cause trouble, either, but he was quite anxious to lay his hands on this hottie. She climbed on the pool table, crawling on her hands and knees to the center of the table. Mr. Bell's view — featuring Cori's delectable ass — was breathtaking.  
  
"Where exactly have you been having the pain?" he asked.  
  
"Right here," she pointed to a spot very low on her back. "It doesn't hurt bad. It just seems to tighten up sometimes."  
  
"All right," Mr. Bell said. "Go ahead and lay down flat on your stomach."  
  
Of course, with a pair of 36C's, Cori couldn't lay flat, but she did her best. She folded her arms under her head and spread her legs slightly. Her bubble ass, basically bare with the thong tucked securely between her cheeks, protruded nicely, the curve accentuated by the dip in the small of her back and her long, lean legs.  
  
Standing next to the table, Mr. Bell put his hands on her lower back, touching the point where she said it hurt. "OK, you say the pain usually comes from here?" he asked, lightly touching her soft skin. "Does it hurt when I touch it?"  
  
"Not a bit."  
  
Mr. Bell proceeded to rub her lower back, probing with his finger tips, feeling for tightness. Of course her back is tight, he thought, everything on this girl is tight, including her clothes. His probing fingers discovered no problems, but it wasn't for a lack of searching. She didn't really need any treatment, but there was no chance he was going to pass up this opportunity.  
  
"I'd say you have just a little muscle tightness, nothing serious," he said. "But to be safe, I'd like to do a couple other simple examinations, just to make sure."  
  
"Oh, that would be great," Cori said. "It won't hurt will it?"  
  
"Not at all, unless you really do have some muscle or spine damage," he said. "Now, if you please, roll over on her back and bring your knees up so your feet are flat on the table."  
  
Cori did so, and Mr. Bell noticed she had to hold her bathing suit straps in place against her nipples. The fabric was stretched so taut over her breasts that Mr. Bell expected the thin straps to snap like rubber bands. Unfortunately, they held, but he still got an ample closeup of her oh-so-firm breasts. They were so large, he had initially assumed they were fake, but their natural roundness and firmness made him think they might actually be real. Which would make them all the more impressive.  
  
"Forgive me for asking, but are your breasts real?" Mr. Bell asked.  
  
"No problem. Yeah, they're all me. Nothing fake. Do you think I need implants?"  
  
"Oh no, not at all. I think they're pretty much perfect now. I was just curious. Extra-large fake breasts can lead to back problems sometimes, you know. But I don't think that's a problem for you at all. Don't change a thing."  
  
Just then, the phone rang. Cori sat up to get it, but saw Ben walking out of the garage, motioning for her to stay put while he picked it up. When he hung up the phone, he came over to the table.  
  
"What are you two up to?" he asked, smiling. "Some form of pool I don't know about?"  
  
"No," Cori grinned. "Mr. Bell's helping me with my sore back." She winked quickly, letting Ben know to play along, even though she had never complained of a sore back.  
  
"Well that sure is nice of you, Mr. Bell," Ben said. "So how bad of shape is she in?"  
  
"Oh, she's in magnificent shape. She just has a bit of stiffness in her back. I was just about to check for more serious damage, but I think I have a few stretching exercises I can show her that should clear it up."  
  
"Good. She's very flexible. She can put her legs behind her head or do the splits, so don't be too easy on her."  
  
"Good tip," Mr. Bell smiled, already thinking of the positions he could put her nubile body in. He had to see it. "Really, she can put her legs behind her head?"  
  
"Sure. Go ahead and show him, Cori."  
  
Locking her eyes on Mr. Bell's and smiling, Cori lifted her legs up over her shoulders, then, leaning her head forward, locked them in behind her neck. They pushed at the sides of her breasts, squeezing them together. One of her straps slipped off her nipple. She reached to put it back, but Ben stepped in before she could.  
  
"Here, let me help you with that," he said. He lifted both straps as high as he could — which wasn't far, due to how tight they were — giving Mr. Bell a few seconds to look at her dark nipples before replacing the straps over them.  
  
"Mr. Bell," Ben said, pointing to Cori's fully exposed crotch. "Would you mind helping her with her suit. It seems to be pulled up a bit tight." Sure enough, the thin strap of cloth covering her pussy was pulled so taut that it had slipped in between her puffy pussy lips.  
  
"Oh, certainly," Mr. Bell said, with a seriousness that made it sound like she had an open wound and he had to stop the bleeding. As he reached out, he found that his hands were actually trembling with excitement. He gripped the fabric where it emerged from her pussy lips. It was loosest here and he could get his fingers under it. Gently and very slowly he pulled up, sliding his fingers under the fabric and, as a fortunate result, between her velvety-soft pussy lips as he went. When he had the entire stretch of cloth out of her pussy, he pulled up on it as high as he could. This had to cause the thong to really dig into her ass, but he wanted to get a good look at her bare pussy before he covered it back up.  
  
When he finally placed the suit back over her pussy lips, Mr. Bell lightly patted her twat . looked up and said, "All better?"  
  
"Yes, thank you," Cori smiled.  
  
"Well," Mr. Bell said, admiring Cori's total package, contorted like a pretzel, tits, ass and pussy on full display, "I guess you really can put your legs behind your head. Very impressive."  
  
"Thanks. We did a poster like this once, didn't we, Ben?" Cori asked.  
  
"Oh yeah. It's in the calendar this year too," Ben said. "Tell you what, Mr. Bell, since you've been so helpful with Cori, how about a free copy of this year's calendar?"  
  
"That would be great," he said. "I guess I better go about earning it. Cori, why don't you go ahead and put your legs back down and I'll continue my examination."  
  
Mr. Bell was disappointed to have to tell Cori to put her legs back down, but the disappointment didn't last long. He got to play with her body some more, now. He told her to keep her knees bent, shoes flat on the table. "OK, now keep your shoulder blades flat against the table — Ben, you might want to help her — and I'm going to push her knees to the side. This will twist you back and waist and should tell us if there's any discomfort."  
  
Ben held Cori's bare shoulders against the table while Mr. Bell twisted her legs, knees together, first to one side, then the other. He pushed her knees to the table, twisting her body at the waist. As he did so, he ran his hands along her thighs and ass, enjoying the feel of her warm, soft skin. Her tan, like her body, was flawless and her skin was so soft and smooth he wondered if she bathed in lotion every night.  
  
"Does that hurt at all?" he asked, holding her legs against the table and staring at her gorgeous ass.  
  
"No."  
  
"Good. Now roll over onto your hands and knees, please."  
  
Cori did, and her heavy breasts, aided by gravity, strained more than ever against their flimsy restraints. Her ass wiggled invitingly as she positioned herself on the table. Mr. Bell directed her through a series of moves.  
  
"Now, put your head all the way down on the table ... yeah, that's it ... and now lift one leg and kick it straight out behind you ... perfect ... now the other ... OK, relax. Did any of that hurt?"  
  
"Not at all. But now my suit's riding up again. Would you mind?" Cori asked, still on her hands and knees and wiggling her ass.  
  
"Certainly!" Mr. Bell said. "Pesky little thing, isn't it?" This time, he approached from the rear, gripping her thong just above her ass crack and pulling on it slowly. First, he pulled up on it, further wedging it into her pussy. Then he let the stretchy material snap back between her ass cheeks and pulled it slowly out of her pussy. Like before, he pulled it away long enough to take a good look before carefully laying it back over her lips. Again, he patted her twat gently, letting her know he was done.  
  
"Thanks! Well, what do you think about my back?"  
  
"You can get it up now," Mr. Bell said. "I think it's fine. Just a minor strain. Stand up and I'll show you a couple stretches you can do that should help it. If you forget to do them, I'm sure your co-workers and customers will be eager to remind you.  
  
"First, put your feet and knees together and bend over straight at the waist. Good, now grab your ankles and hold that pose for 30 seconds. You'll feel a stretching in your back. That's what we want." Both Mr. Bell and Ben stood back and admired the view for the full 30 seconds. "Now, do the same thing, only with your feet spread just a little past shoulder width. No a little wider. That's it. Good. Now hold that for 30 seconds." Ben gave Mr. Bell the thumbs-up sign.  
  
"Yeah, Cori," Ben said. "I definitely think you should do these exercises every day."  
  
"Well, actually, she should do them at least three times a day," Mr. Bell said. "And more than that couldn't hurt. This next one is good too. Go ahead and cross your legs, then bend over at the waist, grab your ankles and hold for 30 seconds. Excellent! Still no pain right?"  
  
"Right," Cori said. These stretches were no problem for her at all. She stretched every day before and after her workout and she was very flexible. "No pain at all."  
  
"OK, now go ahead and show me how you can do the splits." Cori, demonstrating her amazing athleticism and flexibility, promptly dropped to the floor, legs fully spread. "Wow, impressive!" Mr. Bell noticed that her suit had again scrunched up between her pussy lips. He didn't wait for her to ask for help this time. He simply stepped forward, crouched down and took matters into his own hands, pulling the suit back into place and, of course, fondling her velvety pussy in the process.  
  
"Now, put your hands on your lower back and twist as far as you can, both to your left and right sides, keeping your legs split," Mr. Bell instructed, noting how this put not only her pussy on display, but how putting her hands behind her back forced her tits to stick out even more prominently than usual. "Now, lean forward, stretch your arms out in front of you and lean forward as far as you can with your legs still spread. That's it. Touch your forward to the carpet if you can. Excellent!" The men stood behind Cori to get a good view of her ass in the position.  
  
"All right, you can stand up," Mr. Bell said, again adjusting Cori's suit for her — both on her tits and pussy — as she stood up. "If you do those exercises at least three times a day, every day, that should help."  
  
"Great! Thank you so much," Cori said, giving him a quick peck on the cheek and a hug, squeezing her tits against him. "I feel better already."  
  
Just then Chad came out to tell Mr. Bell his car was ready. "All done, Mr. Bell," he said. Then he noticed Cori for the first time that morning. "Wow, nice outfit, Cori. I'd say that's about a 95!"  
  
"You think?" Cori smile. "It is pretty skimpy."  
  
"What's a 95?" Mr. Bell asked.  
  
"Oh, that's how we rate Cori's outfits for skimpiness," Chad explained. "A 95 means that 95 percent of her body is exposed. That would be a record, I think. She's usually around 75 or 80 percent in her skirts and tank tops."  
  
"Well, if you rate them for how she looks in them, this one's a 10," Mr. Bell said.  
  
Everyone seemed to agree on that, including John and Ty, who came walking in.  
  
"Definitely a record," John said, clearly proud of his selection. "Top that, Ty."  
  
"Well, it will be fun trying, won't it, Cori?" Ty said. "We'll have to look through the catalogs and see what we can find."  
  
Cori took a couple of photos with Mr. Bell before he left and Ben promised to send him an 8x10 (to his office of course) as well as adding Mr. Bell to the wall at the shop. Mr. Bell drove off with his calendar in hand and a huge smile on his face. How many repair shops left their customers feeling that good after forking over $600? Not many, and that's why Cori was so valuable to the shop. A sexy outfit and a few harmless poses had made Mr. Bell's day and, because she understood what this was all about, Cori felt nothing but pride in herself and her role.  
  
Ben was also proud of her, but moreover, her little stretching exercise with Mr. Bell had left him quite horny. He hadn't used one of his nights with Cori last night, so he was more than ready for some action.  
  
"You fellas know what you need to do back there?" he asked the guys. They, of course, knew what he meant and told him to go ahead — they had plenty of cars to work on and John would watch the front desk.  
  
Ben took Cori by the hand and led her to his office and closed the door. This wasn't at all unusual. The guys were each allowed a certain number of sexual encounters with Cori each week. Being the owner, of course, Ben had the most, being assured of 5-10 per week. John, the senior mechanic, had her 3-5 times per week and Ty and Chad had her 2-3 times each. The guys were not permitted to exceed their allotment. To help ration out everyone's time, they came up with a weekly schedule for each night. A full night — which could begin as soon as work ended and last until morning — counted as two on each man's weekly allotment, whether they had sex with her one time or six times during the night.  
  
The guys were flexible on their nights and would frequently trade to accommodate one another's schedule, but in general, Ben took Cori on Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays, accounting for six of his 10 weekly encounters. John took Mondays and Thursdays, leaving him with just one other time during the week. Ty and Chad alternated Saturday nights and Wednesday nights, each taking one additional turn sometime during the week.  
  
On these nights, the guys could basically do whatever they chose with Cori. Sometimes, they wanted to go on "dates", taking her to eat, or to a movie or a game. Sometimes, they stayed in all night. Sometimes, they went to her place, sometimes to their own and sometimes to a hotel.  
  
The men generally used their non-nightly encounters for at-work or right-after-work sex. Ben was spending one of his four "floating fucks", as the guys called them,, now.  
  
Cori, of course, willingly followed him into his office, ready to please him as was her job. She knew this would probably be a quick one — they usually were at work. Ben was a sweet guy, but when he got horny, he was very focused on getting off and gave in fully to his animal instincts. He could come across sounding rough and dominant when he got like this, but Cori had learned long ago that in no way did he look down on her. Taking control and being aggressive helped him get off, and there was nothing more to it than that.  
  
That's what he did here. He took control. He wasn't interested in small talk or kissing and hugging. He wanted to fuck his hot-as-hell shop clerk. After closing the door, he started barking orders and unzipping his pants.  
  
"Show me what you learned from, Mr. Bell," he said gruffly. "Bend over and grab your ankles. That's it, show me that hot little ass. Do you know how bad he wanted to fuck you? I bet he jacked off on his way home just thinking about what a slut you are."  
  
Cori didn't say a word. She wasn't a bit scared; Ben would never harm her and she knew he didn't consider her a slut. But she knew that this little power play was like a fantasy to him. She was very important in that fantasy, of course, but her role didn't call for any speaking parts right now. She was supposed to do whatever he told her to and speak only if told to.  
  
"Spread those legs like you did for Mr. Bell. That's it, show me that pussy, too." He stood behind her now and pulled up on her thong until it tightened and slipped between her pussy lips again. "Oh dear, your pussy's showing again! Let me help you with that, you naughty slut." He was see-sawing the thong back and forth across her clit now. Cori displayed her incredible balance, holding her position without wavering.  
  
"Your pussy's wet. You liked it when he touched you, didn't you. Yeah, you liked that and that's why you kept losing your thong in your cunt. You naughty little slut," Ben was talking through clenched teeth now, his hard cock rubbing against her soft thigh as he played with her thong. "Put your hands on the coffee table and let's do this right."  
  
She had to stand up and take two steps to get to the coffee table in front of his desk. She bent over at the waist again, legs spread, and place her hands on the coffee table, which was at about knee height. This position — which she'd been in many times before — succeeded in keeping her ass at a nice, high level while also allowing her tits to be fondled. Ben got behind her and snapped her thong to the side of her puffy pussy. A moment later, all seven, thick inches of his cock were buried in her pussy. He leaned over her and pulled the straps away from her tits. He gave them a good squeeze, tweaking both rubbery nipples, before putting his hands on her hips and beginning to give her a good, hard fuck.  
  
He pounded away at her pussy as he had done so many times before. Always, he was impressed by the tightness and elasticity of her pussy, as well as how hot and wet it got for him every time. It was a rare woman who could be ready to go anytime, anywhere.  
  
That was one of the things Ben loved about Cori, and he knew that he did love her. No, not in a marrying sort of way, but in a very close friend sort of way. He thought of their relationship as if he was fucking his best friend's little sister. He liked her, protected her and took care of her, but there was nothing wrong with being hot for her too.  
  
The fucking was hard and fast, but far from brutal. He buried his cock to the hilt with every long, hard thrust, never slowing his furious pace until, at last, he spewed a gushing load of thick cream into her accepting pussy, which continued to squeeze his cock for every drop until he pulled out. Then, without needing to be told, Cori turned around, dropped to her knees and cleaned his cock with her mouth. All of the guys like for her to do this, of course, but Ben was the only one who insisted upon it. Not once had he fucked her without her cleaning his cock when he was done.

"Whew, I needed that one!" Ben said, stuffing his cock back in his pants. "Thanks, babe. Wow, you really do look hot in that suit. John's in for a good time tonight, especially since he picked that one out."  
  
"I hope he likes it," Cori said, putting her suit back in place. "He was so excited when he picked it out."  
  
"I saw his face when he came in, he likes it," Ben assured her. "Well, get cleaned up. I'll watch the front desk until you get back."  
  
A few minutes later, after a quick but thorough cleanup, Cori came back out to the front, looking as hot and fresh as when she first walked out of her townhouse that morning. Ben and John were both at the front desk while Ty and Chad were in the back, working on a pair of cars.  
  
"So do you like your suit, John?" Cori asked, rubbing up next to him.  
  
"I sure do. Better than I even imagined," he said, putting his arm around her bare shoulders. "But I do have one suggestion."  
  
"Really? What is it?"  
  
"Baby oil," John said. "I think you'd look absolutely amazing all oiled up in that suit."  
  
"It would probably slide right off her," Ben laughed.  
  
"All the more reason to give it a try, huh?" John smiled, and produced a large bottle of baby oil from under the register. "What do you think, Cori?"  
  
"Let's try it!" she smiled. "Want to give me a hand — or two?"  
  
"Of course," John said, wiggling his fingers.  
  
"I better get back to that Chrysler," Ben said, walking toward the garage. "Have fun!"  
  
"All right, why don't you have a seat on that stool and we'll get started," John said.  
  
Of all the guys at the shop, John was probably the sweetest and most protective of Cori. He was sort of like a father-figure to her, though not in a sick incestual way. Of course, the fact that he had dated her mother long before Cori was born had been the cause of a bit of uneasiness at first, but Cori had long ago cured John of any guilt about fucking her. He was by no means a dirty old man. Sure, he liked to fuck Cori and never shied away from his opportunities, but he was also respectful of her and all women. He often gave Cori advice and was her shoulder to lean on. Cori loved him, too, and repaid his kindness by allowing him to have his way with her and live out every older man's fantasy — fucking a hot young babe less than half his age.  
  
Cori always like her evenings with John. She liked all the guys, as a matter of fact, and loved them each in their own way. Ben, of course, had a couple of different sides. Sometimes he wanted to romance a bit, and other times he simply got down to business. Either way, he enjoyed talking dirty and being in control.  
  
Ty, who was probably her best friend and the guy she had the most in common with, liked to role play and take Cori out in public. He had a very active imagination and Cori was always happy to live out his fantasies with him. He also had the biggest cock of all of them at a full, very thick 10 and a half inches, and made a genuine effort to pleasure her as well as himself.  
  
Chad had the smallest cock, though it was still a respectable six inches, the same length as John's. But John's was significantly thicker than Chad's. But Chad was perhaps the horniest of all the men, which was saying something. He also was the kinkiest and talked the dirtiest. He loved porn and sex toys. He was a lot of fun — a party kind of guy — who Cori loved for his playfulness. He was not someone she could take very seriously and, though she knew he would protect her, was the one she felt least close to. He was the only one she didn't think she'd be friends with if they didn't work together.  
  
Though she trusted them all, John was the one she trusted the most, even more than Ben and Ty. She wasn't all that attracted to him physically, of course, but he had a nice body for his age and no trouble getting a hard-on. He was the least adventurous of the guys when it came to sex, but Cori had taught him a lot of new tricks and helped him give in to his natural instincts. So, while he still held back sometimes in fear of hurting her, he was now much more apt to "fuck the shit out of her", make her deep throat him or even fuck her ass. Cori found it fun to tease him and drag the wild beast out of him. She considered it a personal victory to get him to call her a bitch or a slut while he was fucking her. That just wasn't in his nature and it was fun to see it when he let himself go.  
  
She could tell he was feeling particularly frisky today and knew the suit had a lot to do with it. She gladly yielded to him as he poured oil on his hands, then began rubbing her neck and shoulders. She was sitting on a backless stool behind the counter and John was standing next to her with the bottle of oil on the counter.  
  
"Oh, that looks good already," he said, staring at her skin, which now glistened where he had rubbed the oil on it. The oil made her tan appear even darker and her skin feel even smoother and softer. He worked behind her neck and then down her back, gently coating her with oil. He stopped when he reached the spaghetti straps on her hips and came around to the front.  
  
One by one, he rubbed down her arms and shoulders, then he moved to her chest. Instead of pouring the oil in his hands first, he now poured a generous amount over her cleavage, letting it run between her breasts, down her stomach and in between her thighs. It began to seep into the suit, making it darker and vaguely transparent, her dark nipples becoming more noticeable through the fabric.  
  
"Oooh, that's kind of cold," Cori giggled.  
  
"I can see that," John said, noting the rise in her nipples. "Let me warm it up for you."  
  
He lifted the strap off one breast and held it with his left hand while he rubbed the oil all over her breast with his right. He copied the procedure on the other breast, thoroughly coating both breasts in oil before replacing the straps over her nipples.  
  
"Go ahead and stand up," John told her. She did, and oil began streaming down her thighs to her calves, dripping onto the floor. He knelt down in front of her and rubbed the oil all over her flat stomach, then poured more on, thoroughly drenching the tiny thong covering her pussy. He worked this in, too, lifting the material first to one side of her pussy, then the other, while he rubbed oil all over, including into her pussy lips. Her pussy glistened with moisture, looking more inviting than ever. He replaced the cloth over her pussy and admired the way her cameltoe was defined by the soaked, elastic fabric.  
  
He poured another generous amount of oil on her ass, then lovingly rubbed it all over and in between her ass cheeks, pulling the thong out of the way in order to reach every square inch. By now, the bottle was three-fourths empty and there was more than enough of it running down her legs that he didn't have to pour any more. He rubbed all over both legs, making sure she was covered completely. He even had her remove her shoes and rubbed oil on her feet before she put the sexy heels back on. He finished by dabbing a bit of oil on her forehead and cheeks.  
  
She was officially covered from head to toe in baby oil and very little else. She looked sleek and sexy, her body glistening, tan and moist. "That's perfect," John whispered, in awe of his own handiwork. "Walk around and let me take a good look, please."  
  
Of course Cori was happy to oblige. She walked out from behind the desk and back and forth across the entrance area, spinning around to give him a good view of all sides. They had done a lot of things to her body over the years, but she could never recall being thoroughly covered in oil like this — at least not when she wasn't tanning by the pool or on the beach. She was surprised at how slippery her shoes now were, her feet sliding around in them. And, even though it had seemed like a joke at the time, she found that her suit, despite being tight enough to snap at any moment, really did slide around on her body now and felt like it could slip right off.  
  
"Amazing," John said again. Cori was flattered by his genuine appreciation of her beauty. "I think the guys need to see this. There's nothing going on up here. Let's go show 'em."  
  
Cori followed him through the swinging double doors into the garage, where Ben, Chad and Ty were all hard at work. "Hey guys," John yelled over the sounds of equipment and loud rock music, "check this out."  
  
All three men looked up from their work, then put down their tools and came over for a closer look. They had never seen Cori quite like this before.  
  
"Damn, that's hot, John!" Chad said, slapping John on the back and looking at Cori admiringly.  
  
"I didn't think you could top the suit, but you sure did," Ben added, laughing. "Has it slipped off yet?"  
  
"Not quite, but there's still hope," John laughed.  
  
"Shit, Cori, I can't believe I'm saying this, but I don't know if you've ever looked better," Ty said, wide-eyed. "And that's saying something."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said, spinning around again to give everyone a good look. They all touched her oily skin, laughing at how slick she was.  
  
"Damn, Cori, you're going to make a mess wherever you sit," Ben laughed, clearly not caring if she stained every piece of furniture in the store so long as she looked this good. "And John, you might need to order another of those suits. I think this one might fall apart from all that oil. Or at least be stained."  
  
"Don't worry," John said. "I'm going to order about 50 more of these. I'm going to get every color you can think of, and I'm going to get a couple that are a size smaller, just to see what happens."  
  
"Go right ahead," Ben said. "Place the order today, if you like. That way a new one will probably be here by next week."  
  
John went off to place the order, using the company credit card, of course, and Cori went back to her post at the front desk. She cleaned up the oil on the floor, then placed a towel over her chair and sat down.  
  
It was now almost 11 a.m. and it would soon be lunch time. Usually, Cori walked down to the diner three blocks down to get the guys their lunch and bring it back. Sometimes, they had her go to a fast-food place or order pizza. She thought about walking to the diner today and wondered how in the world she'd be able to keep the suit from slipping off her breasts and/or pussy. She didn't mind being scantily clad in public, and had many times had to be conscious of short skirts with no underwear or drastically low-cut tops that cut down to her nipples. But she'd never really worn something quite so revealing as this in public, and certainly not with the very real possibility of it falling off entirely.  
  
Harry, the 58-year-old mailman who weighed nearly 300 pounds, came through the door bringing the day's mail. As always, this was the highlight of his day. He loved to deliver to the shop every day and see what the beautiful Cori was wearing. She automatically stood up to greet him, letting take a good look from head to toe. She noticed his eyes bulge a bit when he noticed that her body was covered by oil.  
  
"Good morning, Cori," he said. "Great outfit today. Mind if I...?"  
  
Before he could get the words out, Cori was already leaning across the counter top, poking her tits out at him. His question was the same every day, and so was her response. He wanted to squeeze her tits, and, of course, she let him. He never put his hands inside her clothes, but today it was hard not to. When he squeezed her right tit, the cloth slid right across her nipple and over her round breast, snapping against her side.  
  
"Sorry," he said, nonetheless groping her bare breast and nipple for several seconds before replacing the strap. "Well, thanks. Have a nice day!" Harry said, turning to leave. He took one last glance, then walked away, his day made by one minute of pure joy. Of all the routes in town, he was sure he had the best. Hell, there was a waiting list to fill in for him on his days off. It was all because of Cori at the Hard Body Shop.

**THURSDAY AFTERNOON**

As usual, the morning went by fast and before Cori knew it, it was lunch time. The guys gave her their orders from the diner and she called them in. Fifteen minutes later, she left to go pick them up.  
  
The diner was three blocks down and on the other side of the street. To get to it, she passed several small stores and offices as well as a barber shop. Every day, she saw men standing at the big glass windows, watching for her to make her daily lunchtime trip. Today, there was also a small crew doing some road work, and they stopped to whistle and cheer as she walked by. She smiled and waved back, but didn't stop.  
  
Her suit was slipping and sliding, but so far staying in place sufficiently enough. She walked into Daddy's Diner where Jack "Daddy" Collins was waiting for her at the counter. Like so many men in the town, he looked forward to his daily glimpse of Cori. Obviously, today's appearance didn't disappoint him in the least.  
  
He was in his late 40s and had owned the diner for 20 years. It was called "Daddy's Diner" because that's what his daughter — who was the same age as Cori — had named it when she was a kid. To this day, his daughter Tammy was one of Cori's best friends. They had even roomed together during their brief time in college. That's when Jack had really started to notice what a hottie Cori was becoming.  
  
As always, the diner was full of men, who were both enjoying a good lunch and waiting to see Cori. Normally, they would just greet her and thank her for stopping by, but today they all gave her a standing ovation. A few snapped photos and a couple held camcorders. Cori smiled, waved to everyone and said hello. She accepted their attention not as some sort of objectification, but as flattery and was truly humbled by their reaction.  
  
"Great outfit today, Cori," Jack smiled, handing her two bags of food. Cori didn't have to pay — they had an account set up with the diner and paid monthly for their lunches. Cori gave a last wave, turned and then, as a way of thanking everyone, bent over at the waist, pretending to adjust her shoes, then walked out to a second standing ovation.  
  
After she left, Barry Jarvis, a skinny 30-year-old with stringy brown hair, ran to the window and watched her walk down the street. Very few people liked Barry. He bounced from job to job, was believed to be on drugs and had a knack for saying crude comments. This latter trait prompted him to say, "Damn, I'm tired of just looking. One of these days I'm just going to take that bitch, tie her up and make her my whore."  
  
"You do and Ben and the boys will kill you," Jack growled. "And then I'll kill you. Leave her alone, Jarvis. Understand? Now get your ass out of here."  
  
Jarvis flipped him off and walked out, starting to follow in the same direction as Cori, then apparently thinking better of it and heading the opposite way. Jack and the rest of the guys were happy to see him go. Jarvis was a troublemaker and the sort of guy who might do something stupid. Jack had warned Tammy about staying clear of Jarvis many times, and now he would have to worry about Cori as well.  
  
To Jack, Cori was a like a local treasure — the sort of thing you put on a sign as people drove into town because you wanted everyone to know how proud you were to be that person's hometown. It wasn't just because Cori was the hottest woman he'd ever seen. He'd known her since she was a child and knew what a great, honest, humble, intelligent and caring person she was. All those things made her all the more sexy, as far as Jack was concerned, and worth protecting from men like Jarvis.  
  
Jack picked up the phone and called Ben, just to let him know what Jarvis had said and to be on the lookout. Jack knew at least one of the guys from the shop was with Cori at almost all times, but he wanted to make sure they knew what Jarvis might be thinking.  
  
Ben thanked him and assured him they would be on the lookout. This wasn't the first time some jerk had made somewhat threatening comments about Cori, so Ben wasn't shocked. But he always took these threats seriously and understood that Cori was a potential target.  
  
Cori, who of course was completely unaware of Jarvis' comments, had a relatively uneventful walk back to the shop. The construction crew gave her another round of applause and there was a near traffic accident as she crossed the street — an out-of-towner stopped to gawk and nearly got sideswiped by a delivery van. The oil was very slowly beginning to dry up a bit, reducing the slippage in her suit. She was still very slick and sleek looking, her skin glistening brightly in the warm September sun.  
  
She walked into the shop right behind the FedEx delivery man, Bob, who, as he always did, greeted her with a light pinch on the ass followed by two firm squeezes on her tits. This time, he found his hands covered in oil and didn't complain a bit, using a shop towel to dry them off as he left. "Thanks Cori! Have a great afternoon."  
  
Cori distributed the sandwiches, chips and cookies from the diner, keeping a tuna salad sandwich and a bag of chips for herself. Ben brought out cans of pop from the back for everyone and they sat around their small lunch table in the break room, which was just behind the front counter.  
  
They all sat around and talked while they ate. Ben told them all about Jarvis. He didn't see any reason to try and hide it from Cori. She understood these things and was mature enough to handle it. Sure it bothered her a little, but she wasn't scared of a punk like Jarvis. Still, it was good to know to be on the lookout.  
  
As always, each of the guys vowed to protect her. Then talked turned to more pleasant things, such as Cori's new suit and lube job.  
  
"We're going to have to order more of that oil," Chad said. "I think that should become part of her regular attire."  
  
"I'm way ahead of you," John said. "I ordered us two cases. I also ordered 12 more of those suits — some different colors and such. Plus, Cori, I got two that are a size smaller than that one. I know it's tight, but do you mind at least trying it?"  
  
"Of course not," Cori said. "I don't know if a size smaller will fit without snapping, but I'll sure try it for you."  
  
"Thanks. You're starting to dry up a bit. We'll put some more oil on you this afternoon before the 4 o'clock crowd comes in," John said.  
  
At around 4 o'clock every day, about a dozen men — sometimes more, sometimes less — came in and sat around the shop. They didn't have any work that needed to be done. They had just sort of adopted the shop as their after work hangout, sort of like a barber shop. They played pool, watched TV, drank a few beers and, of course, checked out Cori's daily attire. Ben was friends with most of the guys and welcomed them every day. He called them the Irregulars, partly because they were such an odd group. There were two retired guys in their 70s — old friends of Ben's dad — who came in, and the rest ranged in age from 40 to 65. They talked sports, women, cars and politics. They were also the guys who would come in and watch big games at the shop after hours, Ben always happy to let them in.  
  
Naturally, they all looked at and touch Cori, but they treated her like one of the group, often inviting her to join them for a beer or to play some pool. Of course, the game often ended with Cori sprawled on the table in various seductive poses. But it was all harmless fun and part of the daily routine at the shop. They would be happy to see her new suit and oil-slicked body.  
  
The afternoon went by quickly. A couple of customers came by to pick up their cars and naturally enjoyed Cori's new look, which she proudly displayed for them by doing a lot of unnecessary bending and stretching as she compiled their bills and receipts. She had long ago mastered the techniques of curving her body and posing in the right ways to best display her tits, ass, legs or whatever she wanted to show off.

At about three-thirty, John decided Cori needed a second dose of oil and lubed her up again. It took about half as much oil this time as the first, but he made sure she was well covered and sufficiently slick and glistening from head to toe and all points in between.  
  
At about a quarter before four, Chester and Gordon, the two retirees, showed up. As always, Cori went up to them and gave them kiss on the cheek. Normally, she gave them a hug too, but this time she was careful to keep her oily body from staining their clothes.  
  
Sweet gentlemen they were, they both asked permission before touching her.  
  
"You know you don't have to ask," Cori said, holding her arms over her head, giving them access to all the areas they wanted to reach. They wasted no more time before groping her breasts and squeezing her ass. Oil oozed out between their fingers and the smiled at each other, sharing their enjoyment of her hard body. How many 70-year-old men got to look at a girl like this, let alone touch her? They loved her and treated with the respect and kindness they would show a member of their own family. But they also gladly accepted the opportunity to feel young again by interacting with this fun, sweet, gorgeous 22-year-old babe.  
  
"Boy, I sure wish I was 40 years younger," Chester said. "We'd have a lot of fun, you and I, Ms. Cori."  
  
"I'm sure we would," Cori said. The three of them had this same conversation every day.  
  
"40! Hell, I'd settle for 20. I was still a tiger in my 50s," Gordon said as he tweaked her nipples through the suit.  
  
"Well, if you boys ever feel frisky, you let me know and we'll turn back the clock a bit," Cori said.  
  
They all laughed, knowing nothing more than this groping and sexual conversation would ever occur. The men, ever respectful of her and her body, soon finished their playful touching and took their customary places in two of the large recliners. Cori brought them both a beer and they sat back and relaxed, waiting for the rest of the Irregulars to arrive.  
  
Most of the other guys worked together at the local printing shop — the same one that printed Cori's calendars and posters — and filed in shortly after 4. Cori greeted them all, letting each cop a feel while she twirled and modeled for them. Soon, everyone was comfortable, drinking, laughing, playing pool and commending John on his fine work with the skimpy suit and tantalizing oil.  
  
"This outfit definitely needs to be a poster," Carl said. Carl was an outgoing 40-year-old African American who was built like a spark plug. He was always one of the most jovial members of the Irregulars. "Hell, you could do a whole calendar with just this one outfit. What do you say, Ben?"  
  
"I like it, Carl" Ben said. "I always like your suggestions. John ordered several more of these suits and a couple of cases of baby oil, so I think we can make it happen. You better do a good job printing it for us though."  
  
"Always, always," Carl said. "That's one job we never screw up. Got to do that body justice, you know."  
  
"She's a work of art, that's for sure," Ben agreed. "Look at that."  
  
Cori was telling the guys about Mr. Bell and demonstrating the stretching exercises he had taught her. As Ben pointed, she was bent over at the waist, legs together and hands gripping the gold straps of her heels wrapped around her ankles. She held this pose for far more than 30 seconds, letting the men look and comment at their leisure. A few reached out to squeeze her ass, but most stood back and enjoyed the view.  
  
"He also said this would help," Cori said, spreading her legs past shoulder width and keeping her hands on her ankles. This brought a smattering of applause and cheers from the small crowd, who agreed that this exercise was probably even a bit more beneficial than the first one. That sentiment became unanimous when the slippery thong once again snaked in between her pussy lips.  
  
"If there's such a thing as reincarnation," Carl said to the group, "I want to come back as a thong!" Everyone laughed and wholeheartedly agreed, seeing absolutely no absurdity in envying the life of a simple strip of cloth.  
  
Without adjusting her suit, Cori then did the splits exercises, her pussy lips now completely engulfing the thong, which managed to cover only her engorged clit. Her nipples were still covered, straining against the top of the suit, but her glistening breasts bulged out on all sides, jiggling invitingly as she leaned forward and touched her forehead to the floor.  
  
Then, she brought the house down by rolling on her back and putting her legs behind her head. With the thong actually acting to spread her pussy lips, her twat was even more exposed than if she had been naked. Every time she'd start to put her legs down, the guys would beg her for just a little longer. She stayed like that for five minutes before finally getting up. John immediately came over and once again re-positioned her thong to cover her pussy. He received a mock chorus of boos and a lot of hearty slaps on the back.  
  
Having entertained the Irregulars, Cori went to the front desk to take care of a customer who was dropping off his car and to finish up some paperwork before the end of the day. In addition to her modeling and entertaining types of duties, Cori was genuinely a very skilled and efficient office worker. She handled the accounting, billing and filing with ease and accuracy. She monitored inventory , took care of the payroll and insurance enrollments. Even if she was unattractive and fully dressed, she would have brought tremendous value to the shop. Her 36c-22-34 perfectly shaped body was a bonus, and, in reality, a life-saver for the once-struggling shop.  
  
As was often the case, Ben and Chad didn't leave at five when their shift technically ended. They cleaned up and changed and joined the Irregulars for some beers and pool. Around 6 — after the Irregulars had a couple of beers in them — they requested another stretching show from Cori. She obliged, of course, but only after Chad added a third coat of baby oil to her supple skin. John and Ty were in the back working this time, so when Cori finished with her legs behind her head and her thong inside her pussy, everyone else volunteered to remove the thong for her. Gordon, being the oldest member of the Irregulars, was given the honor and proudly set about his work.  
  
The thong was wedged so tightly inside her that he had to spread her pussy lips with one hand and use his other hand to insert his index finger inside her. Encouraged by the crowd, he inserted it up to the knuckle — much deeper than he really needed to — and extracted the soaked, stretchy fabric, placing it back over her puffy lips.  
  
For the second time that afternoon, Cori elicited cheers and some disbelieving groans when she put Gordon's finger in her mouth and sucked it clean. Gordon feinted having a heart attack, then sat back down, smiling from ear to ear.  
  
Everyone hung out until 7, when John and Ty finished their shifts.  
  
"Party's over, fellas," John said as he walked out of the locker area, having cleaned up and changed into a pair of khakis and a nice button down shirt. "Miss Cori and I have a date, so, if you guys don't mind, we're out of here."  
  
Everyone said good night and took a final, longing look at Cori as she walked out the door, arm-in-arm with John, who carried another full bottle of oil in his other hand. To a man, they were all jealous, knowing what kind of evening John was in for.

**THURSDAY EVENING**

Normally, John liked to stay in with Cori. She would cook for him and they would have sex once or twice before bed, then once more in the morning before work. John tended to be fairly routine in terms of his sexual activities, but Cori was slowly bringing him out of it. She had only recently persuaded him to fuck her ass, which he loved, of course. Perhaps it was a bit of that newfound wild-side combined with the sheer excitement created by Cori's outfit that led John to want to take her out and show her off. He wanted to make sure everyone saw her with him and knew that he was going to fuck her.  
  
He suggested they go to Marlins', which was one of only two "up-scale" restaurants in Darien. Marlins' was best known for its seafood, but also had fine steak, salad and pasta dishes. It was also a favorite of the guys at the shop because the Marlins' staff was very accommodating when it came to Cori. They never questioned her attire and accommodated almost any special requests, including dark, outñof-the way tables. This time, however, John decided he wante d to be out in the open, where everyone could see Cori.  
  
"Sounds great to me," Cori said. "Do you want me to go home and shower and change, or go like this?"  
  
"I want you to stay just the way you are," John said. "You always look great, Cori, but I've got to tell you, you've never looked better than you do right now."  
  
"Thank you!" Cori was genuinely touched and leaned in to kiss John on the cheek. "You're so sweet. We're going to have so much fun tonight. I'm completely yours. We can do any thing and every thing you want."  
  
"I'm not sure I'm young enough or have enough energy to do every thing I want," John said, "but we're going to have fun trying! Now, I don't know about you, but I'm hungry."  
  
John opened his car door for Cori and put a large beach towel over the seat to keep the oil off it. The drive to the restaurant, which sat out of town about 3 miles, right off the interstate, took only about 10 minutes.  
  
Even though it was still early in the evening, John was glad to see the parking lot was full and a large crowd of people was standing just inside the door, waiting for a table. John let Cori off at the door, then went to park the car. Normally, Cori was not at all shy about her wearing her skimpy attire in public, particularly at this restaurant, which she had been to many times. But the oil, the slipping of her bathing suit and its truly miniscule size made her only slightly apprehensive about the spectacle she knew she was. Overall, though, she was completely calm, poised and gorgeous as she walked toward the door.  
  
Naturally, her arrival had already prompted a stir inside the restaurant and a couple of men waiting for tables rushed to open the door for her. She smiled, thanked them and walked in, acting is if she didn't notice the ogling eyes and the murmurs from the crowd. This wasn't the shop, and not everyone here had seen her before. Some came from out of town or off the interstate. And not everyone approved of her attire. Still, most of the people were local, had seen her before and were not surprised.  
  
There was very little open area to stand, and Cori found herself in the middle of the crowd, barely able to move without bumping into someone. Naturally, several of the men seemed to be bumping into her on purpose, and she felt a few small gropes and touches on her ass.  
  
A few moments later, John came in and was given a warm greeting of approval from many of the men standing near the front. He nodded a greeting, then took Cori by the arm and made his way to the front desk. There, he found Drake, one of the head waiters. Drake had taken care of Cori and her dates many times and was pleased to see them approach.  
  
"John, good to see you," he said, extending his hand. John quickly slipped a $20 bill into the hand shake. "And Ms. Cori, may I say you look even more sensational than usual. Can I get you your usual table in the back, John?"  
  
"No thanks, Drake," John said. "I agree that Cori looks especially nice this evening and I think the rest of the restaurant might enjoy the opportunity to see her while they dine. Is there a more visible table that might be free?"  
  
"I think we can accommodate you, sir. Give me just a moment, please, and I'll arrange it," Drake walked away, tucking the bill into his pocket. In addition to the nice tips, the Hard Body Shop helped the restaurant by allowing Cori to appear in their advertising from time to time. In return, the restaurant always accommodated Cori and the guys and handled any complaints about Cori's attire quickly and discreetly. So, if John and Cori wanted a front and center table, Drake was going to provide it. And he was also going to provide the service himself. He wanted to make sure they were taken care of, not disturbed and he hoped to get an eyeful of Cori and another fat tip while he was at it.  
  
Drake was in his late 30s, very tall and lean with dark hair and handsome face. He wore a dark suit and light blue tie. He took his job seriously and was very professional. He knew he could probably make more money in a large city like Atlanta, but he liked this small town and had lived her for almost five years now. He liked his little house and the small community. And, of course, he liked Cori and her friends from the garage.  
  
He noticed a couple leaving from one of the tables in the center of the main dining room and immediately swooped in. He motioned for a one of the busboys to clean it, then went back to show Cori and John to their table. They would be right in the middle of the main dining room, visible to almost everyone in the room. People on the second floor would be able to see through the clear railing and look right down on Cori while they ate.  
  
"Come right this way," Drake said, extending his arm to Cori, who looped her elbow around his. Guests like Cori and John did not have to worry about waiting lists like the rest of the crowd.  
  
After seating Cori, much to the delight of all of the men in the restaurant, Drake pulled John aside and mentioned that he could provide a bit of spot lighting on the table, if John so desired. John agreed that might be nice and joined Cori at the table.  
  
In the dim dining room, Cori was still the center of attention, but her skin didn't glisten in the lack of light and it was hard for most people to get a really good look. That changed when Drake flipped a couple of switches and bathed Cori in soft, direct light. It wasn't exactly a spotlight — the whole table and even John were caught in the glare — but it was a nice, attractive light, not too harsh for Cori's eyes. She was now clearly illuminated in the otherwise dark dining area, her skin glistening in the light, her nearly nude body on display for all to see an enjoy while they dined.  
  
Cori was surprised that John had asked for all of this, but certainly did not mind it. On the contrary, she was glad to see John taking charge and doing with her what he wanted. If that meant putting her on display for all to see, that was fine with her. Whatever made him happy. She decided to play along with it even more than usual, and to really put on a show, letting John know she was completely comfortable with this whole thing. She also understood that part of this fantasy for him was the need to make it clear to everyone that he was fucking this hot piece of ass and that after dinner he intended to use her body to pleasure himself any way he pleased. John was a on a rare power trip, and Cori was ready to help him live out his fantasy completely.  
  
She began by arching her back and squirming in her towel-covered seat, contorting her body and giving the paying customers as well as John a nice little show.  
  
John gave Drake the thumbs up as the tall waiter returned with water and a bottle of wine. He also brought them a complementary appetizer of shrimp cocktail.  
  
"What would you like to eat this evening?" Drake asked Cori.  
  
"I'm really in the mood for something salty and creamy!" she beamed, looking at John with her best slutty face. "And I intend to get it after dinner. For now, I'll take the Cobb salad, please."  
  
"Excellent choice," Drake said, turning to John. "And for you, sir?"  
  
"Well, I'm in the mood for something hot and juicy," he said, playing along with Cori's game. "But I'll have her later. For now, I'll have grilled chicken pasta and a side salad."  
  
After Drake left, John looked around and noticed all the people looking at them as they talked in hushed tones over their dinners. He was sure some were complaining about her inappropriate attire or about her "sugar daddy," but he was also sure every man in the place wanted to trade spots with him and every woman secretly wanted to look as hot as Cori.  
  
As people came in to be seated at their tables, the waiters made sure they walked by John and Cori and were given every opportunity to appreciate the view only a gorgeous, scantily-clad woman can provide.  
  
Cori put on a show the entire time, striking vaious attractive poses and flirting openly with John. She rubbed his hands with hers and slipped her shoes off and rubbed her feet up his legs and into his crotch, where she found a welcome bulge.  
  
She got up once to use the restroom, turning heads with every step, particularly when, on her way back, she bent over at the waist to pick up her napkin before sitting back down. Half of the restaurant got a good look at her ass and pussy while the other half saw an incredible display of perfectly formed cleavage. John noticed a smattering of applause as Cori took her seat again.  
  
She even ate in a sexy way. Her mouth did things to her cherry tomatoes that nearly brought grown men to their knees. John, who had seen it and felt it all before, still nearly came in his pants just watching her tease and taste that tomatoe with her lips and tongue before finally biting into and then making a show of swallowing it. He suddenly knew he couldn't wait until they got home to fuck her. He had to have her now.  
  
John signalled for Drake, who came over quickly. "Drake," John said, slipping the man another $20, "we could use a bit of privacy for a few minutes. We'll return to the table to finish our meals after that. Is there somewhere we can go for a few minutes alone?"  
  
"Of course, sir," Drake said, smoothly accepting the money and once again extending his arm to Cori. "I'll have them keep your food warm. Right this way, please."  
  
Drake led them out of the dining area, causing quite a stir among the other guests, who discussed Cori's attire and fantastic body, as well as the fact that the couple wasn't done eating yet. Where could they be going?  
  
Drake led them through the crowd of people by the front door — several of whom took advantage of the chance to grope Cori's ass — and down a short hallway to Mr. Cornett's office — Mr. Marlin Cornett, the owner of Marlins and a very important man in Darien. One of the richest men in the town, he was a member of the city council and served on the board of education. He carried a lot of power.  
  
Drake knocked on his door, waited until Mr. Cornett told him to come in, then poked his head in. He was not surprised to see Missy, one of the hostesses, buttoning up her white blouse. It was well known that Mr. Cornett liked to fool around with the hostesses and hired only very pretty ones. Missy was 18 with long, dark hair, average size tits but a cute face and great ass. Given that her skirt, hose and heels all seemed in place, Drake guessed Mr. Cornett had been feeling up her tits while she gave him a blowjob. He noticed Missy wiping at something at the corner of her mouth and then reaching for her lipstick and was pretty sure he was right.  
  
"Mr. Cornett," Drake said. "One of our guests has a special request and I thought you might be willing to surrender the use of your office for a few minutes."  
  
"What guest?" Mr. Cornett asked.  
  
"Miss Cori and her date, sir," Drake answered.  
  
"Oh, well, please, show them in," Mr. Cornett said, standing up and walking around the edge of his large desk to greet his guests. "Missy, thanks for your help. Now, you best be getting back to work. Come see me again after we close to give me a full report on the evening's business. Oh, and if Holly or Staci are working tonight, bring them too."  
  
"Of course, Mr. Cornett," Missy said. She smiled at John and Cori as she walked out, still adjusting her blouse and fixing her makeup.

Drake showed John and Cori into the office and Mr. Cornett greeted them warmly, shaking their hands and openly admiring Cori's body. "Sure I can't convince you to come work for me?" Mr. Cornett said, half-jokingly. He always joked with her about switching jobs, but it was clear he would hire her in a second.  
  
"No, thank you, Mr. Cornett," Cori smiled. "I love my job."  
  
"Well, I wouldn't want to be the one to break that up, then," Mr. Cornett said. "So, Drake says you two need to use my office?"  
  
"That would be great," John said. "Just for a few minutes. We just have a few matters to discuss in private."  
  
"Oh, yes, I understand those private conversations," Mr. Cornett said, eyeing Cori's tits. "Well, you two take as long as you need and feel free to hold your discussions wherever you like. Feel free to use the couch, chair, desk or conference table if you like. Drake, are we taking care of their food?"  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
"All right, then. Let's leave them alone."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Cornett," John said and closed the door behind them.  
  
Mr. Cornett walked briskly down the hall and down a narrow stairwell, Drake close behind him. They came to a small room which contained a bank of six monitors connected to the security cameras stationed around the restaurant. There was one for the parking lot, one for the front waiting area, one for the kitchen, two for the dining area and one for Mr. Cornett's office. This one, of course, was the one they were interested in. There was no volume, but they could see everything they wanted to see.  
  
They saw that John had wasted no time. Cori was on kneeling in front of him, balanced on her heels. The straps covering her tits were now pushed to the side, revealing her naked breasts and erect nipples. John was leaning against the desk, his hard cock pointed at Cori's face while he played with her tits.  
  
Drake and Cornett were just in time to see Cori take his thick cock into her mouth and groaned in appreciation as she took his entire length on the first stroke. Her hands were on his thighs, using him to help her keep her balance. His hands were on the back of her head, pushing and pulling her mouth back-and-forth on his cock. A very experienced cock-sucker, Cori was relaxed, her head and neck moving easily whichever way John wanted, her lips and tongue constantly working their magic on his cock.  
  
For Cori, giving John blowjobs was always a fun challenge. Even though his cock was only about average in length at just over six inches, it was much thicker than most cocks. Only Ty, whose long cock was also very thick, was more difficult to suck than John. His cock stretched her mouth and throat wide and she had to concentrate on keeping her teeth off his shaft.  
  
John fucked her face hard, stabbing his cock down her throat repeatedly, making her lips touch his balls before pulling back out and thrusting again. John had, of course, received hundreds of blowjobs from Cori over the last two years, but he never tired of the feeling of her soft lips, warm tongue and willing throat. Normally, he came in her mouth and watched her swallow every drop, but tonight, he had a better, naughtier idea.  
  
He didn't know why he was feeling this way, but there was nothing that he wanted to see more than Cori, her face covered in cum, sitting in the middle of the restaurant eating her dinner. He knew the other guys had all done this with her at one time or another and really enjoyed the experience, but he had always been hesitant, not wanting to degrade or embarrass her. But for whatever reason, whether he didn't think she'd be embarrassed or he just didn't care, he was determined to send her back out there with a face full of cum.  
  
He looked down at her and she was looking up at him, eyes smiling, telling him there was no place she'd rather be.  
  
"Will you do something for me?" he asked, grunting between words as he pumped in and out of her mouth. She blinked at him, letting him know the answer was, of course, yes. "Good. I want you to wear my cum on your face back out into the dining room. Got it? So close your mouth and your eyes when I cum. For once, I don't want you to swallow."  
  
John thrust as deep as he could into her mouth and ground her face in his crotch, rubbing her chin with his balls. He felt he was about to cum and pulled out. Cori closed her eyes and mouth as he started stroking his cock over her face.  
  
"Pucker up," he ordered. She pursed her lips and he smacked his steel-hard rod against them. With a loud groan, he finally unleashed his wad. The first surge caught the underside of her nose, quickly filling her nostrils and spilling out over her upper lip like a milk mustache.  
  
John hadn't had an orgasm since Monday night — his last date night with Cori — and his three-day supply of cum was potent and overflowing. Ty and Ben were renowned for their massive loads, but John was holding his own with this one. He aimed the next shot right between her eyes and scored a direct hit, splattering it against her face and watching it ooze over her eyelids and stick in her eyebrows and eyelashes.  
  
His last two major shots creamed both cheeks, some of the cum even dripping into her ears and dribbling down the sides of her neck. He finished by coaxing the last of the cum out on her lips and chin, coating them in gooey, sticky cream.  
  
Instead of having her lick him clean like he normally wood, he gripped the bands of her swimsuit and used them to wipe off his cock before putting them back in place over her tits.  
  
Cori finally opened her eyes and mouth, smiling as she tried to keep the cum from dripping into her eyes. A large glob of it was strung between her left eyebrow and left eyelash. She breathed through her mouth as her nostrils were still plugged with cum. She did her best to keep all of the cum on her face, twisting and tilting her head to keep it from dripping off. The white cum was very visible against her darkly tanned skin and shone brightly in the lights of the office. John hoped the spotlights would have a similar effect in the dining room.  
  
While John pulled his pants back up, Cori looked at herself in the mirror, amazed at the amount of coverage John had managed. He had great control at aiming his cum.  
  
"Wow, John," she said. "You've been storing up. That's a lot of cum."  
  
"Yeah, that was great," John said, suddenly wondering if he was right to do this. "But if you don't want to go out there like that, you can wash it off. It's OK."  
  
"No way," Cori said. "I'm proud to wear your cum. I'm your cum slut tonight, I'm proud of it and I want everyone out there to know it. Come on, let's go while it's still fresh and shiny. It's so white and thick. No way people will be able to miss this."  
  
Cori made sure she was back inside her suit, as well as she could be, and they started out of the office. Drake and Mr. Cornett, who sprinted back upstairs after watching John wipe his cock on Cori's suit, met them in the hallway that led back to the waiting area.  
  
"Ahh, perfect timing," Mr. Cornett said. "I trust your meeting went well?"  
  
"Couldn't have been better," John beamed, letting Cori pass in front of him and stand face-to-face with Mr. Cornett. He could actually smell John's cum on her face. He had never dared try anything this bold with any of his employees, but he was sure tempted now. He made no effort to hide his interest in Cori's cum facial, looking closely at how the cum was sticking to her eyebrows and eyelids and had formed the telltale cum mustache.  
  
"Looks like you pretty well covered everything you needed to cover," Mr. Cornett acknowledged. "I'm glad it was a successful meeting. Would you care to have Drake return you to your table and the rest of your meal?"  
  
"Yes, that would be great."  
  
"Will the lady be needing a napkin?" Drake asked.  
  
"No, thanks. I'm just fine," Cori said. "Lead the way."  
  
She followed Drake, head held high, through the crowd and back to the dining room. The stares were more evident than ever now, the comments louder and bolder. "Look at her face! She's got cum all over her! He creamed her!" She just smiled and kept on walking, beaming with pride. Following behind, John also beamed with pride, happy to see the reactions as people realized what he had done and just how much cum he had produced.  
  
They returned to their table to a smattering of applause, which turned to gasps and giggles as people realized what was on Cori's face. "Guess she wanted to order off the menu!" someone said, drawing several chuckles. Drake brought out their meals and fresh drinks. "Hey, you're supposed to put the dressing on the salad, not on her face!" another jokester said. John and Cori laughed along with them as they ate their meals.  
  
John noticed that the white cum showed up very brightly — almost fluorescent — against her dark skin in the spotlight. Because it was so white and thick and she was covered with so much oil, it dried very slowly on her skin, instead oozing about on her face. She kept as much of it on her face as she could, but one large strand made it down her chin and was about to fall off. She caught it with her spoon and scooped it into her mouth. Most everyone saw it and watched in fascination as she swished it about in her mouth before looking John dead in the eyes and swallowing. She licked her lips for show.  
  
They finished their meal with the crowd watching every bite, but otherwise peacefully. Drake took very good care of them and gave them each a free small dish of ice cream for dessert. John handed Drake another $20 as they left, once again squeezing through the crowd by the front door. Many of these newcomers hadn't seen Cori's outfit or face, but quickly took in the bizarre and beautiful site, remembering every detail to tell their friends.  
  
Cori waited by the front door while John went to get the car and pick her up. The cool evening breeze blew against her face, actually blowing some of the cum off her nose and into her mouth, which of course she didn't mind. She got in the car and John thanked her for the display, then told her to eat the rest of the cum.  
  
Using her fingers, she scooped fingerfuls into her mouth, devouring the sticky cum. She actually never really liked the taste of cum, but had certainly grown accustomed to it. While she never craved it, she didn't despise it any more. And, she enjoyed the reactions she got from the guys when she ate it and swallowed it. That made the slightly unpleasant taste more than worth putting up with and that's why it was so easy for her to look like she was enjoying it, even though she didn't like the taste.  
  
It took her several minutes to get her face reasonably clean, and by that time John had driven back to his house. They pulled in the driveway and John noticed his neighbor, Tom Richards, outside doing some yardwork in the quickly fading evening light. Tom was about John's age and had lived with his wife next door to John for the past five or six years. Tom, of course, had seen Cori with John several times and was not surprised — or disappointed — to see her get out of his car.  
  
"Hello neighbor!" Tom called out, walking over to get a better look at Cori. "Hi, Cori. Good to see you again. I've been hearing about this outfit of yours all day today. I'm glad I get to see it in the flesh, as they say."  
  
"Hi Mr. Richards," Cori replied. "A lot of people seem to like this suit. What do you think?" She twirled around, showing him the whole incredible package.  
  
"I'd say it's one of the best I've ever seen you wear," Tom said, leering at her with lust in his eyes. "Man, I don't mind saying I'm more than a little jealous, John. Do her good for all us old guys, will you?"  
  
"You bet," John said, taking Cori by the arm and leading her into the house. John's house was fairly large for a single man, with a big living room, large-screen TV and leather sectional couch. He had three bedrooms, one of which he had converted into a small office.  
  
John went into the garage and came back with a large black tarp. He spread this out on the living room floor, completely covering it. Then, he dumped half of the bottle of baby oil right in the middle. He let it spread around, then told Cori to lay down in the middle and roll around in the oil. She laughed and said, "You're being extra creative tonight, John-boy. I love it!" She laid down on the tarp and began rolling around in the oil, letting a fresh coat add that extra shine and glisten to her skin.  
  
John, who had stripped down to just his boxers, kneeled over her with the baby oil and poured the remainder slowly over her writhing body. When the bottle was empty, he told her to lay still on her back and he proceeded to run his hands all over her — both inside and outside her suit. He stuck an oil-soaked finger in her pussy, which was delightfully warm and tight. But the lubrication and her natural juices made it easy to slide his finger in and out, so he gradually added more, not stopping until four fingers were jammed inside her, rubbing her pussy walls while his thumb massaged her clit and his other hand toyed with her firm tits.  
  
She was writhing on the oil-slicked tarp, clearly responding to his touch. He heard her breathing grow short and raspy and felt her pussy begin to spasm and knew she was nearing orgasm. This wasn't all that surprising, as she tended to cum fairly quickly. He continued to massage her twat all the way through her orgasm, then told her to turn over.  
  
She did and he again rubbed every inch of her, spending plenty of time, of course, on her perfect ass. He spread her ass cheeks and saw the thong diligently hanging on, trying in vain to cover her asshole and pussy. He pulled it out of the way and began rubbing his oily hands inside her ass.  
  
When she was sufficiently lubed, he stuck one oily finger inside her, working it gently into her ass. With his other hand, he scooped up a handful of oil that had puddled on the tarp and poured it into her asshole. This lubrication allowed him to drive two more fingers into her ass, both coating the lining with oil and stretching and relaxing her ass.  
  
Soon, he could wait no longer and, believing her ass was properly prepped, ordered her onto her knees, head down, ass up. He stroked his cock, coating it with oil as well, then, holding her ass cheeks apart with both hands, plowed his thick cock into her ass. Thanks to the lubrication, he slid into the extremely tight hole fairly easily and was soon pumping her ass with almost as much force and gusto as he would her pussy.  
  
Cori, who never thought she would like anal sex before the shop guys had introduced her to it, found that she actually enjoyed it most of the time, though there were times she wasn't really in the mood and found it somewhat painful. This wasn't one of those times. Thoroughly lubricated and fresh off a massive orgasm, she was ready to take it up the ass. She loved the feeling of fullness that John's thick organ gave her and squealed with delight when he slapped her ass.  
  
"That's it, big John," she cooed, "make me your fucking slut. Make me your hot little ass-whore. Fuck me like the naughty little bitch I am!"  
  
She knew this kind of dirty talked turned John on and said it, hoping to encourage him to say the same sort of things to her. Often times, he hesitated, concerned about hurting her feelings. But tonight he was hornier than he had been in a long time and in just the right mood to say what was on his mind.  
  
"Yeah, take that big cock, right up your ass," he said. "You're such a hot little bitch. I'm going to fuck you all night!"  
  
"Oh yes, fuck me all night," Cori groaned. "Use me any way you want to."  
  
"You like wearing my cum, didn't you slut?" John said, not waiting for an answer. "Everyone in that restaurant knew what was on your face and where it came from. Yeah, I'm going to fuck you real good, my hot little cum slut."  
  
"Oh yeah, I love wearing your cum," Cori said. "It feels so good and I feel like such a pretty slut. I'd love to take a bath in your cum, soak me in it like this oil."  
  
John studied her perfect body as he fucked her and pictured it covered in white, thick cum. This image put him over the top. He pulled out of her ass and pumped another thick, sticky load all over her ass cheeks and down the middle of her back. The slippery oil made it slide right off into a milky, oil puddle on the tarp.  
  
John told Cori to go upstairs and take a shower while he cleaned up. He put the tarp in the backyard to let it dry. He'd wash it off with the hose tomorrow and have it ready for use again in the future. He threw out the empty bottle of oil and threw Cori's cum and oil soak suit into the washer. Then went upstairs to join Cori in the shower. They soaped and lathered each other, cleaning each other thoroughly.  
  
When they got out, John put on his robe and a pair of boxers. With her suit in the washer, Cori had nothing to wear. Of course, she could have worn something of John's but he told her just to stay naked for now, except, of course, for her heels, which she put back on.  
  
If many ways, her body was even more beautiful without the form-fitting bathing suit and oil. There was nothing fake about her curves, incredible fitness or natural beauty. Sure, the makeup, tan and heels helped, but none were integral parts of her attractiveness.  
  
Watching her from behind as she walked carefully on those high heels down the steps, John was overwhelmed with pride and joy at the fact that he was lucky enough to be fucking such an amazing woman. And to have her completely at his disposal, ready to please him in any way, was more than he could ever have imagined possible.  
  
Despite the fact that he had already showed her off at the restaurant and fucked her twice, his desire was far from quenched. Generally, he was much more low-key than this, but tonight, thanks to Cori, he felt like he was 20 years old again.  
  
He was dying to show her off some more, but didn't really want to go out anywhere. Plus, her suit wasn't done washing and drying yet and she had no other clothes there. They could get away with doing a lot of things with Cori in this town, but parading her around totally naked would not be allowed, even though John guessed more than half of the residents — including the mayor — would have no complaints.  
  
"Want to have a drink out back?" John asked. "Seems like a nice evening."  
  
"Sure," Cori said. "Do you have something I can put on?"  
  
"No," John said. "I think it's warm enough you won't need anything, don't you?"  
  
"Of course," Cori smiled, realizing John was anxious to push things and put her outside naked. It was dark out, of course, but still there was something about being nude outside that seemed daring and adventurous, even to Cori, who was certainly used to public exposure. "Whatever you say, John."  
  
John had a small deck built off the back of his house. . It was just large enough for a small table, three chairs and a grill. It had a railing all the way around it and five steps down to the ground. The deck overlooked his small back yard, which had no privacy fence. Only the neighbor directly behind him had a fence. The ones to the left and the right had no fence either. John and Cori walked out on the deck, each sipping on their bottles of beer.  
  
It was dark out and no neighbors were in sight. Cori sat down, but John went back inside long enough to turn on the outside light, which shone down directly on the deck. Now, anyone happening to look would certainly be able to see that Cori was nude.  
  
She sat in one of the cushioned deck chairs with John sitting next to her. John was amazed at how she could go from looking so hot and slutty one minute to so gorgeous and elegant the next. Many women were one or the other, but few could pull off both looks so easily. And to look elegant and graceful while nude was even more impressive.

They sat and chatted for several minutes, talking about work, dinner and the show they had put on for the other patrons. Cori admitted that wearing his cum in public had really gotten her juices flowing and probably contributed to her rapid orgasm from his fingers in the living room. She also admitted that the oil was a fun addition to the mix and really helped during the anal sex. They weren't talking loudly, but loud enough that any of their neighbors would have been able to overhear their x-rated conversation with little effort.  
  
It was a warm night, but there was a cool breeze which hardened Cori's nipples to full erection. Her long legs were crossed and she was leaning back, relaxing and sipping her beer. John, in his robe, was also relaxed, resting for his next go-round and waiting to see if anyone might happen to pop outside and see them.  
  
On cue, Tom Richards walked out his back door, smoking a cigar. He noticed the light on the deck and looked over, instantly noticing Cori's exposed state. With his wife out of town, he didn't hesitate to start walking their way to get a closer look.  
  
"Hello, neighbors," he said, approaching the invisible lines between the two yards.  
  
"Hey, Tom," John waved. "Come on over and join us for a drink, if you like. Wife's out of town, right?"  
  
"Yep," Tom answered, silently accepting John's invitation as he crossed into John's yard and approached the deck, making no effort to hide his interest in Cori. "So I'm sure she won't mind if I have a drink with you folks and enjoy this nice evening."  
  
"Well, have a seat right there next to Cori and I'll grab you a beer," John said. "Cori's bathing suit is in the washer — actually, I'll put it in the dryer while I'm inside — so you don't mind that she's naked, do you?"  
  
"No, not at all," Tom said. "Wouldn't have her any other way."  
  
They all laughed and John went inside to put the suit in the dryer and get Tom's beer.  
  
"So, you two had a nice evening?" Tom said. He was staring directly at Cori's tits and it wasn't entirely clear whether he was referring to them or Cori and John. Cori assumed the latter and said, "Oh yes. John and I always have a good time, and tonight has been especially fun."  
  
"Really? What have you been doing?"  
  
"Well, do you want the short version — we had dinner, sex, more dinner, then came here and had more sex and a shower — or do you want the juicy details?" Cori teased. She was still sitting back in her chair, legs crossed, arms folded under her ample breasts.  
  
"Give me the details," Tom chuckled, trying to hide his excitement. He felt like a 12-year-old boy flipping through his father's Playboy for the first time.  
  
"Well, it started with dinner at Marlin's," Cori said. "You saw the bathing suit I had on earlier, right? Well, I was wearing that and about two bottles worth of baby oil. It was all I could do to keep that suit on, I was so slippery..."  
  
John came back out just as Cori was wrapping up the story.  
  
"... and then he flipped me over and fucked me really hard in the ass."  
  
"What's going on?" John said. Cori, still calm and relaxed, nipples erect and legs crossed, was in pretty much the same position he had left her in. But Tom was on the edge of his seat, eyes wide, mouth slightly open, hanging on Cori's every word and movement.  
  
"I was just telling Mr. Richards about our evening," Cori smiled. "He said he wanted details. I didn't think you'd mind."  
  
"Not at all," John said, handing Tom his beer. "What do you think, Tom?"  
  
"I'm happily married," Tom said. "But I think you're the luckiest bastard on the face of the earth. "  
  
"I think you're probably right," John said, smiling at Cori. "So tell me Tom, if you were in my shoes, what would you do with Cori next?"  
  
Tom smiled a devilish grin, as if imagining all the things he'd like to do with and to Cori. Of course, she had just told him that John had done two of those things already. Old Tom always had been and always would be a tit man, and one thing he knew he would like to do is wrap Cori's big, firm knockers around his cock and give her a good titty-fuck.  
  
"Well, since you've already had her mouth and ass tonight and gave her a good finger-fuck in the pussy," Tom said excitedly, his breathing shallow and rapid, "I think I'd lube up her tits with some of that baby oil and give her a good titty-fuck."  
  
Cori smiled and John exclaimed, "Sounds like a great idea to me. Then what? Would you cum on her tits or on her face or in her mouth?"  
  
"I'd cum all over those big titties," Tom was clearly in his fantasy world now, gazing at Cori's chest, "and then I'd make her lick it all off and swallow every drop."  
  
"Wow," John said. "That's quite a fantasy. Starting to get me all worked up again. Hey Tom, you got any baby oil? We're all out."  
  
"Yeah, I think we do, why?"  
  
"Well, I liked your idea enough I think I'd like to try it," John said. "Care to watch, you know, to make sure I do it right?"  
  
"Oh yeah, I think I'd like that. I'll go get the oil."  
  
Tom half-jogged over to his house, hunched over trying to hide his erection. He came back a few minutes later with the baby oil, his erection still standing firm.  
  
By then, John and Cori had brought out a thick comforter and a couple pillows. After moving the table out of the way, they spread the comforter out on the deck and Cori lay down in the middle of it, propping a pillow under her head. Her legs were spread, each high-heeled foot resting on one of the deck chairs.  
  
Any of the neighbors looking out their windows were seeing quite a show. The thought of this made John's cock swell, and he was ready to fuck his darling Cori for the third time that evening.  
  
"Care to do the honors?" he asked Tom, motioning to the bottle of lotion.  
  
"Well, I don't know. I am happily married, like I said," Tom looked longingly at Cori, the thought of rubbing all over those tits bringing him to the verge of orgasm. "But then rubbing a little oil on someone isn't adultery. It's just friendly, neighborly, right?"  
  
"I think so," John said. Cori agreed and Tom knelt down next to her. Holding the bottle over her chest, he squirted oil all over her tits, which he was amazed to see didn't sag or droop off to the sides of her body, but sat firmly and proudly atop her chest, as if held there by some invisible push-up bra. The oil drizzled over her erect nipples like chocolate syrup on a cherry-topped sundae.  
  
He set the bottle down and began rubbing the oil in, kneading her amazing breasts with his strong, trembling hands. "Man, I can't believe these are real. They're perfect," he said.  
  
Cori didn't respond. Her eyes were half closed and she was lightly licking her lips, letting the feeling of Mr. Richards rough hands on her tits stimulate her. The excitement of doing this outdoors and being completely exposed further excited her. Her breasts had always been extremely sensitive, and Mr. Richards' ministrations were getting to her. Her breathing grew shallower, her nipples harder and her pussy wetter.  
  
John decided to add his fingers to the mixture and plugged one, then two into her pussy, again using his thumb to tend to her swelling clit. Tom heard the soft "squish" as John's fingers entered Cori's moist tunnel and turned his head to take a look. His hands never left those perfect tits, but his attention was now equally divided between admiring those knockers and watching her pussy take two, then three and finally four fingers.  
  
A quite, calm night filled with the sounds of chirping crickets now also heard the gentle, passion-filled moans of a horny 22-year-old babe in the throes of mounting orgasm, brought on by the hands of two men more than twice her age. Cori was arching her back, wriggling her hips, tossing her head and flailing her legs in the air, her body responding eagerly to the continuing stimulation. She didn't talk, only moaned, her mind entering a trance-like state, not thinking, only reacting and giving in to the pleasure.  
  
"Oh my God, she's going to cum," Tom said, stunned. "Oh damn, she's hot!"  
  
"Yeah, she's cumming all right," John said. "Don't stop. Keep squeezing her tits and pinching her nipples. She loves that. When I say so, grab both her nipples and pull straight up on them. Don't twist, just pull. Got it?"  
  
"Got it. Damn, her pussy looks hot."  
  
"It is. She's burning up in there. She gets so hot and wet when she cums. Look, she's getting close."  
  
Both men watched Cori's face, noticing her lips parting, her tongue licking at them, her eyes fluttering, her nostrils flaring. Her entire body broke out in a sweat, again making her golden-tanned skin glisten in the pale light of the deck lamp as droplets of water beaded up all over her body, except for her oil-soaked breasts. She was panting now, nearing a massive orgasm.  
  
"Now!" John said. "Pull those nipples." He watched Tom grab both nipples and pull straight up on them, pinching them tightly between his thumb and forefinger. At the same time, John grabbed her swollen clit, squeezing and pulling on it. It was sensory overload, and Cori shook and climaxed violently, her body shuddering and trembling. "Let go," John said. Both men removed their hands and sat back and watched Cori's body continue to tremble and shake, her breath coming in ragged rasps.  
  
"Amazing!" Tom whispered in awe and admiration. "Absolutely amazing."  
  
Cori's orgasm racked her nubile body for about 30 more seconds before she finally began to settle down, her breathing gradually returning to normal, her hips and shoulder blades coming to a rest on the comforter.  
  
"I don't think I can wait anymore," John said, opening his robe to reveal his throbbing cock. He straddled Cori's chest and placed his cock between her tits. "Can I have some more oil, please?" he asked. Tom handed him the bottle and John poured some out over his cock and her tits.  
  
Cori's eyes fluttered open and she smiled. "Ready to fuck me some more, big boy?"  
  
"Oh yeah," John groaned, sliding his oil-covered cock between her oil covered tits. She pushed them together, wrapping his cock in her tit meat like a pig in a blanket. Tom sat back and watched, occasionally touching his throbbing hard on through his pants.  
  
"You can beat off, you know," Cori said. "Beating off isn't adultery."  
  
"Here?"  
  
"Sure. If you want to," Cori said. "You can cum on my tits, too, if you want."  
  
Tom had his cock out in a flash, stroking it with his oil-slicked hands, watching as John fucked Cori's mountainous, glistening tits. She pursed her lips and licked and kissed at the head of his cock as it pumped between her tits.  
  
John decided he wanted more of that and straddled her face, forcing his cock down her willing throat. Tom watched amazed at how she was able to swallow his entire shaft, her nostrils again flaring as she breathed deeply through her nose, her airway otherwise cut off by John's bulging cock.  
  
After two orgasms, John had more staying power now and fucked Cori's throat for several minutes, occasionally looking around to see if anyone was watching. He thought he saw movement in one of the neighboring windows, but it was dark inside the window and he couldn't tell for sure if they were being watched or not. Just the thought of it, though, turned him on.  
  
Tom, of course, was watching intently, trying not to pull on his cock too much, trying to make this magical moment last as long as possible. It had been a long time since he had an orgasm, but his hand didn't feel near as good as Cori's tits or mouth, so he was able to match John's longevity.  
  
When he was nearing his climax, John pulled his cock out of Cori's mouth and straddled her rib cage again, slapping his wet cock between her tits. Again she folded her tits around it and held them in place as he fucked her tits. A few powerful strokes later, he was ready to cum. He backed off slightly and pointed his cock at her tits, spraying them with several powerful jets of thick, creamy cum. There was near as much in this load as in the previous two, of course, but it was still a healthy amount that gave her darkly tanned tits a white-capped mountain sort of look.  
  
John stuck his cock back in Cori's mouth, letting her clean him off before he backed out of the way and let Tom finish. Tom had held off as long as he could and now squatted over Cori, aiming his cock at her tits. His first blast was so powerful that it bounced off her chest and splashed across her neck, giving her a pearl necklace look.  
  
It had been a long time since Tom had been this worked up and an even longer time since his last orgasm, so he had a bountiful load stored up. Squirt by gigantic squirt, he coated her tits in cum cream. Soon, instead of dark mounds with bits of white on them, they were two large white volleyballs with only a trace of the smooth dark skin that was hidden underneath the blanket of white cum.  
  
He so badly wanted to have her clean his cock with her mouth, too, but remembered he was happily married and figured he had pushed the bounds of jacking off as far as he dared. He stood back and admired Cori's cum-covered chest and neck, quite pleased with his handiwork and anxious to see her clean it up.  
  
Cori, though, wasn't one to rush through these types of things. She lay still for a few moments, letting the men enjoy the site. Then, dreamily, she sat up and leaned her back against the rail on the fence. Slowly, she lifted her left breast to her mouth, then stuck out her tongue as far as she could, and lapped up a tongue-full of cum. This drew groans from both men, who eagerly watched her twirl the cum with her tongue before swallowing it with a naughty look of satisfaction on her face and a gleam in her eye.  
  
Cori continued her playful consumption of the copious amounts of cum for the next 15 minutes, entertaining the men who watched wide-eyed, sipping on the fresh beers John had gotten for them. She cleaned off as much as she could with the attractive tit-to-mouth method, then resorted to scooping up cum with her fingers and feeding it to herself.  
  
She found it interesting that, even though she didn't particularly care for the taste of any man's cum, she still found the act of eating cum to be fun and enjoyable. She guessed it was because she enjoyed pleasing the men, and they seemed always loved it when she tasted and swallowed their cream. So, the less-than-satisfying taste became secondary to the pleasure she gained from putting on a show and pleasing her men. Cori loved to please, and she had been blessed with the body to do it very well.  
  
"I've never seen anything like that before," Tom marveled, talking to John. "Fuck, she's the hottest bitch I've ever seen."  
  
"Oh yeah," John agreed. "She's one of a kind. Gorgeous like a model, sweet like the girl next door, naughty like a hot little slut and sexy like a high-priced call girl. Every man has a fantasy, and she can become any one of them. I've never seen another woman who can pull that off."  
  
"You're making me blush," Cori smiled. "Thank you guys for making me cum."  
  
"No, thank you," Tom said, genuinely appreciative. "It was all my pleasure, believe me."  
  
Having cleaned the cum off her tits, Cori got up and joined the men at the table, washing down two loads of cum with a nice cold beer. The cool breeze had significantly dropped the temperature outside and the cooling night air on Cori's sweaty body quickly chilled her and tiny goose bumps began popping up all over her magnificent body and her nipples again hardened. She shivered slightly and John noticed.  
  
"Yeah, it's getting cold out here. We better go inside," John said.  
  
"I better get home," Tom said. "Thank you for a great time."  
  
"Anytime, neighbor," John said.  
  
"Good night, Mr. Richards," Cori cooed, blowing him a kiss as he returned to his house.  
  
She took John by the arm and they went inside. Cori went to the bathroom and washed off her breasts and neck, fixed her lipstick and freshened up before joining John in the bedroom. He had her swimsuit, now washed and dried and remarkably stain-free, and she asked him if he wanted her to put it on.  
  
"No, not now," John said. "Let's go to bed. You can just sleep naked."  
  
John climbed into bed wearing only his boxers, and Cori joined him, enjoying the slick feel of the soft satin sheets on her smooth skin, caressing her tender thighs and further stimulating her already erect nipples.  
  
She rolled over, putting her arm across John's body, resting her head and left breast on his chest and her left thigh in between his legs. They talked for a while about the fun-filled day and about how much Tom had enjoyed the evening. Cori felt John begin to harden against her thigh and wondered if he could possibly have another one in him tonight, but instead he fell asleep. Cori rolled off of him, then cuddled up next to him and fell asleep as well.

**FRIDAY MORNING**

Cori woke up first, looking at the clock and seeing that it was about 7 a.m. She had two hours before she had to be at work and John had three. She noticed that John, like most men, had a healthy morning hard-on and decided to give him a friendly wake-up. Carefully pulling back the covers, she gently opened the fly to his boxers, letting his hard-on stand free. Then, she slowly lowered her mouth onto his cock, gently licking and sucking the head, all the while looking at his face to see how long it would take to wake him up.  
  
It didn't take long, and John certainly woke up with a smile on his face. How many men his age — or any age for that matter — got to wake up to a gorgeous 22-year-old blonde, nude, sucking on his cock? John put his hands on the back of her head, signaling for her to deep throat him, which she did without further coaxing.  
  
Still groggy, John laid his head back and let Cori bring him around with a long, slow blowjob. They had plenty of time, and neither of them were in a rush. Cori had learned long ago not to use her hands when giving a blowjob -- they only got in the way of the lips and tongue -- and instead used her fingers to tickle his balls while her mouth performed its magic. Her tongue danced around his cock while she applied maximum suction, her cheeks hollowing as if she was trying to suck the head right off his cock.  
  
She moved her mouth very slowly up and down his shaft, never breaking contact between her tongue and his cock. She was working much more slowly than in cases like at the restaurant last night, where John had face-fucked her very fast and hard. This was a slow, sensual blowjob, deep and thorough, providing maximum pleasure. Cori's cock-sucking skills were being used to their fullest extent, and John was reaping the benefits.  
  
By now, John was wide awake, fully aroused and ready for what he really wanted and had not had yet during this overnight date — Cori's tight, juicy pussy. He told Cori this and, with one last loud pop, she pulled her lips off his cock and straddled him. Naturally, the cock-sucking had excited her more than enough to get her pussy wet and she was well-lubed and ready for his cock.  
  
Looking him in seductively right in the eye, she slowly lowered her hips, brushing her pussy against his rigid cock, teasing it with her tender, moist pussy lips and soft strip of blonde pussy hair. She felt his cock head part her lips, then quickly raised her hips, smiling at him as if to say, "not so fast, big boy."  
  
She continued this tease three or four more times, each time dipping a little bit further down, taking more of his cock in her pussy. Finally, John feigned being tired of the tease and grabbed her hips and pushed her all the way down on his cock.  
  
"What's the matter," Cori grinned. "Couldn't wait for it?"  
  
"Nope," John grinned back. "It's been hours since I fucked you and days since I fucked that pussy. How could I possibly be expected to hold out any longer? I have been pussy-deprived for far too long."

"Oh, you poor thing," Cori puffed out her lower lip. "How can I ever make it up to you?"  
  
"You're doing a good job so far," John grunted, forcing his cock all the way into her. "Just ride it long, slow and hard. Don't rush it, baby."  
  
"You got it, babe," Cori said, and began writhing atop him, grinding her hips slowly in small circles, occasionally bouncing up and down, constantly squeezing his cock with her well-conditioned pussy walls.  
  
For the most part, she took it slow and easy, keeping his cock stuffed up her pussy, grinding it and slowing rising up and down. Every few minutes, she'd pick up the pace and bounce frantically atop him, making her tits bounce and her thighs slap against his. Then, she'd slow down again, her twat resuming its gentle massage of his cock.  
  
John alternated between fondling her breasts and her ass, taking full advantage of the opportunity to do both. He liked lightly slapping at the outsides of both her breasts, making them smack together, jiggling and bobbing. This certainly didn' hurt her, but it sure was fun to watch and feel.  
  
All the tit play and slow grinding eventually drove Cori to another piercing, body-rattling orgasm. She slowed momentarily, sitting straight up above John as her body spasmed and her pussy creamed. Her nostrils flared and her lips parted as she gasped and panted. Her nipples were hard and sweat dripped lightly between her heaving tits. John took in every second of this beautiful sight silently, trying to avoid disrupting one of the most incredible moments — Cori cumming.  
  
Regaining her composure, Cori resumed the slow, determined pace for nearly 20 more minutes before John finally reached the boiling point. Sensing this, Cori picked up her pace accordingly. She leaned forward, pressing her chest against his, and began humping back and forth on his throbbing shaft. He grabbed her ass and pulled her back and forth, slapping gently at her firm ass cheeks, encouraging her to ride him on home.  
  
"Come on, Cori," he grunted, humping his cock into her as hard and fast as he could, feeling he balls slap against her soft flesh. "Ride it, bitch!"  
  
"Yeah, call me names and fuck me hard," Cori groaned, feeling another orgasm approaching quickly. "Make me your little slut."  
  
"Oh, you're my slut all right," he grunted. "My horny fucking, hot bitch of a cum slut."  
  
John was spewing out dirty talk and Cori was cumming again, her body limp as John rutted vigorously into her, lifting her body into the air repeatedly and letting her tits slam back against his chest. For the fourth time in the past twelve hours his cock erupted, sending a flood of creamy cum into her sucking, spasming pussy. They came at the same time, then lay together, their bodies sweaty and limp.  
  
Eventually, Cori slid down his body and finished her job, sucking and licking his cock clean and swallowing another mouthful of pussy and cock juice. She rested in the bed while John showered and dressed for the day. Then, he gave her the white thong swimsuit and she put it and her high-heels back on in preparation for John to take her home. She still had ample time to shower, get dressed and get to work.  
  
They both walked out to the car, smiling, happy, well-rested and well-fucked. Tom happened to be heading to his car at the same time and waved and thanked them again for one of the best nights of his life and suggested they do it again soon — providing his wife didn't know about it, of course. Even though it wasn't adultery, she probably wouldn't approve of him jacking off on a 22-year-old babe while she was being fucked by another man. Cori and John laughed and agreed it might be better to keep it quiet, but to do it again soon.  
  
John drove Cori home, sad that his one date night for the week was over but very happy and content with how it went. Plus, he'd be seeing her again in a few hours and would have the opportunity to fuck her again in just a few days, with Monday being his next date night. As he looked over and saw her perfect body straining against her suit, he already couldn't wait.  
  
He walked her to her door, looked around the house to make sure everything was clear and there were no signs of Jarvis, then gave her a kiss, thanked her and told her he'd see her in a little while.  
  
Cori watched him leave, then headed upstairs to take a shower and prepare for her day. She slipped out of the tiny swimsuit and hung it up next to her dozens of other suits in her giant walk-in closet. After showering, she sat down and rubbed her skin thoroughly with lotion. Even though it had absorbed plenty of moisture yesterday with the baby oil, she was always very conscious of keeping her skin looking and feeling smooth and soft. She knew that was very important in her overall appearance, even though her tits, ass and legs got most of the attention. Her perfect, evenly-tanned skin was a big part of her overall attractiveness.  
  
She then applied her makeup, which was always minimal other than her lipstick. The guys liked it when she wore bright red lipstick; many times she had been requested to give them kisses with wet lipstick, so as to leave a lip signature.  
  
After fixing her hair, she went to the closet to select today's outfit. It was Friday, which meant Daisy Duke day — short, tight denim cutoffs and some sort of skimpy top. Cori was too young to have seen Dukes of Hazzard in its prime, but had seen re-runs and understood Daisy Duke's presence as an American-male fantasy. Every Friday, it was Cori's job to try to bring that fantasy to life in the form of a blonde, somewhat bustier Daisy Duke.  
  
She had an assortment of tight cutoffs and skimpy tops to choose from. First, she slid into a cute, school-bus-yellow thong that was a bit wider in the crotch than yesterday's swimsuit, but still showed ample amounts of skin and cameltoe. When she wore skirts or dresses, the guys often requested she wear no panties. But with the shorts, the thong allowed the guys to order her to remove her shorts if they so chose.  
  
After the thong, she slid on a pair of cutoff jeans that really had originally been a pair of her jeans. The guys had done the cutting themselves. While she was wearing the skin-tight jeans, they had drawn a pattern around her thighs and ass outlining exactly where they wanted to cut to reveal as much as possible.  
  
The resulting, custom-fit shorts were tailored specifically to Cori's body. The top of the shorts rested on her hips, a few inches below her navel , low enough that the top two or three inches of the bright yellow thong were easily visible. On her ass, the cutoffs were form-fitting, of course, and had been cut so as to reveal the bottom third of her tan ass cheeks. In the front, the legs were cut very short, roughly even with her crotch. On the sides, they were cut high on her hips and had triangular notches cut out of each side, revealing even more of her tan thighs. Overall, the small band of denim was only a few inches wide and cut to fit and look like a pair of hot pants.  
  
For the top, Cori had many more options. She could go with anything skimpy. Usually, she opted for some sort of crop top,, halter top or tube top, but occasionally she would select a half sweater or bikini top. All were acceptable and variety and creativity were generally encouraged by the guys. There had been no specific requests for today's top, so she was at liberty to choose her own.  
  
She thought about a tube top — the guys always enjoyed slipping it under or over her tits — but then decided to go with an oldie but a goody. It was a very thin, tiny white tank top that originally was only big enough to come to her belly button. But again, the guys had opted to modify this particular garment and had cropped it less than inch below where her rigid nipples tented the thin fabric. This, of course, left nearly the entire bottom half of her breasts exposed. They had also exaggerated the low scoop neck so that the top quarter of her breasts stuck out the top of the tank top. The scoop on the sides of the tank top was wide enough the sides of her breasts were completely exposed. Overall, nearly two-thirds of her breasts were exposed, with only the nipples and surrounding area covered.  
  
The cotton tank top was very thin, her dark skin and darker nipples only thinly veiled. It was also very tight, clearly struggling to stretch far enough to extend past her nipples, and holding on so snugly that the nipples almost acted like anchor points, keeping the shirt from snapping up around her neck.  
  
If the shirt had done so, it would have joined the bright yellow choker which she put around her neck, fitting snugly and amplifying the slenderness of her neck. As she so often did, Cori completed the look with a pair of high heels. To match her thong and choker, she selected a pair of bright yellow pumps that made her calves look fantastic.  
  
With a glance at the clock, she realized she had time to eat a quick breakfast and quickly consumed a granola bar, a banana and a glass of orange juice. One final check in the mirror, a quick-fix of the lipstick and she was off to work.  
  
Ben and Chad were both already there. Ben was in the back working on a car and Chad was up front, covering the desk this time. He also, as it turned out, was waiting for her. He had one fuck left this week (the other two had been used on his Wednesday night date) and he intended to use it first thing this morning.  
  
"Good morning, Cori," he smiled as she walked in. "Great outfit."  
  
"Thanks, Chad," she smiled. "How are you today?"  
  
"Horny as hell," he grinned. "I woke up with a raging hard-on just thinking about you, all oiled up in that piece of floss yesterday. Ben said we could use his office. Come on."  
  
Cori quickly set her purse on her desk, then took Chad's hand and followed him into the familiar office/fuck parlor. This wasn't at all unusual for Chad, who was by far the most impulsive, horniest and most aggressive of the group. When he wanted to fuck, pretty much nothing got in the way and nothing but his own pleasure mattered. He was the gruffest, crudest and dirtiest-minded of the bunch.  
  
Sometimes, Cori was turned off by him, but she had to admit that other times his rough, dirty style turned her on, especially when he talked dirty to her. He always liked to be in control and she willingly played the submissive role to his liking. He had a girlfriend currently attending college in Florida (she didn't know that Chad got to fuck Cori) and Cori often wonderedif he was as dominant with her. She suspected he wasn't and that this was his way of unleashing that side of his personality. He had never hurt her or abused her in any way, and as long as things stayed that way, she'd gladly please him just like the other guys. When he wasn't horny, Chad could be very sweet and kind, though quieter and generally less friendly than the others. Right now, he clearly wasn't in a mood to chat about movies or the weather.  
  
Cori turned to close the door behind them, and by the time she turned around, Chad had his work pants halfway down his legs and his cock was already fully stiff, poking through his briefs. When he was this ready, Cori knew to expect a very hard, very fast fuck. The only question now was how he wanted her. She knew he would tell her.  
  
"Lose the shorts, slut," he barked. "Leave everything else on."  
  
Cori quickly unsnapped and unzipped her shorts and wriggled out of them. By now, Chad's pants and briefs were wadded up on the floor next to his shoes. He stood there in his socks and work shirt, stroking his hard-on while he stared at her.  
  
"Bring that hot little ass over her," he said gruffly. She thought he might want anal sex, as he often did, and she hoped not. If he didn't take time to lube her up, it could be painful. And he didn't seem patient enough right now to take the time to properly lube her. When she got to him, he pulled her into him and kissed her hard on the mouth, running his hands up under he tank top and squeezing her oversized melons. She felt his cock poking against her stomach and felt the sticky pre-cum oozing out of the head onto her belly.  
  
"Get on the table and spread your legs, bitch," he growled, breaking their kiss and pushing her toward the small, rectangular, four-person conference table that sat in the corner of the room. Realizing he meant business, Cori quickly walked to the table and sat on the edge. Then she scooted herself back until the backs of her knees were at the edge of the table, laid back and spread her legs wide, displaying her red-thong-covered pussy for him. She was very happy he wanted her pussy instead of her ass.  
  
He approached her, cock in hand, with a wicked, lusty gleam in his eye. "I need some pussy," he said, grabbing her legs and sliding her toward him until her ass was on the edge of the table. She wrapped her legs around him and he grabbed the thong between her legs and pushed it to the side of her pussy. He quickly dipped two fingers inside her, apparently making sure she was wet enough. Though she wasn't fully lubricated, Cori's pussy was warming up fast and Chad clearly decided she was ready enough.  
  
He quickly pulled out his fingers and replaced them with his cock in one long, hard thrust that didn't stop until all six inches were comfortably inside her warm twat.  
  
"Oh yeah, good hot pussy," Chad groaned. "That's what I need. I need to fuck your hot little cunt, you slutty bitch."  
  
"Yeah, fuck me good and hard with that big cock," Cori responded, knowing how he liked that dirty talk. All the guys did, but Chad even more so than the others. "Bang my pussy until I can't even walk."  
  
"Yeah, you're going to have to crawl out of her, bitch," Chad was really hammering away , his hands on her hips, pulling him hard against him with each violent thrust. "You'll be crawling around on your hands and knees, showing off your ass like the whore you are."  
  
Not surprisingly, Chad didn't last very long at all until his orgasm hit. "I'm going to flood your cunt, you slut," he grunted as he released a torrential-sized load into her waiting pussy. He kept slamming in and out of her for several seconds after his orgasm before pulling his semi-flaccid cock out.  
  
"Clean it, slut," he said, holding it out for her. Cori quickly dropped off the table and onto her knees, taking his sloppy cock in her mouth, licking and sucking it clean. Much to her surprise, instead of going completely limp, his cock began to harden again already. Before she could react, he put his hands on the back of her head and stuffed his rigid cock down her throat.  
  
This was all very unusual for many reasons. First, of course, was the fact that his recovery time was unheard of. Chad always had the ability to recover the fastest and fuck the most of all the guys, but never had he done anything like this. Second was the fact that he was now on his way to his second fuck of the morning, which would put him over his week's limit. This was something the guys simply didn't do. It was a clear understanding among each of them and Cori that they would never take advantage of her or their privileges due to the fact that it would be unfair to her and to each other.  
  
Cori was thinking all of this as Chad's cock filled her throat, but she was also thinking that this was not the time to try to stop him. He was determined and nothing was going to prevent him from fucking her again. So, she did what she always did and gave him the best blowjob she could. When he felt her tongue and lips go into action, including full licking and suction services, Chad groaned and began ramming his cock into her faster and faster.  
  
"That's it cum-slut," he said through gritted teeth. "Didn't get enough the first time did you? No, you need more cum, don't you, bitch? Yeah, nasty little cum slut. I'm just going to skull fuck you. Make you gag on my cock then swallow my cum. How's that sound?"  
  
Cori mumbled something that she meant to sound like "yummy" and kept sucking, focusing on her breathing and keeping her tongue moving. She didn't have to worry about gagging — she had learned to control that reflex without evening thinking about it shortly after she began working at the shop and giving daily blowjobs. She did have to focus on breathing, though, because Chad's cock was pistoning in and out so deeply that it was blocking her airway. She breathed deeply when he pulled his cock out and slapped it against her face several times before shoving it back down her throat.  
  
He lasted much longer this time than the first time, but his frantic pace still brought about a quick climax. After about 10 minutes of intense skull-fucking, his cock unleashed a second load of cum, dumping it down her throat and filling her mouth. She swallowed it all and once again, upon his command, licked and sucked him clean. This time, his cock didn't respond and they brought the session to an end.  
  
"Thanks, Cori, I really needed that," Chad said, his head finally clearing and his demeanor returning to normal.  
  
"I can tell," Cori said, laughing lightly. "I've never seen you quite so ... energetic."  
  
"Yeah, sorry about that second one," Chad said. "It surprised me too. I know I went over the limit. Do you think I should tell the guys?"  
  
"Oh no," Cori said. "I don't think that's necessary. It's not like it's ever happened before. You obviously needed it and it's my job to provide it. Let's forget it about it this time and keep it as our little secret. Just remember that I can't be doing that all the time."  
  
"No, of course not," Chad said. "I would never ask you to. Thanks for understanding. You're just so damn hot I couldn't help myself."  
  
"Thanks. I can't wait until next week. If you're that revved up again, we could set some sort of record," Cori laughed. Chad laughed too and they put their clothes, Cori wriggling her hips to squeeze back into the cutoffs.  
  
Chad went back out to the garage while Cori went to the restroom to freshen up before beginning her work day. It wasn't even 9:30 and she had already been fucked three times and had two orgasms — her encounters with Chad had been way too quick and sudden for her to come close to a third. Cori had a feeling this was going to be a crazy day. Boy, was she ever right.  
  
The next couple of hours were ordinary enough. Ben came out to talk to her a bit and of course inspect her outfit, which he approved of. He said he was looking forward to their date that night and mentioned that they might try to leave a bit early to catch an early movie.  
  
John and Ty came in at 10 and also inspected and approved of her outfit and John spent 15 minutes relating the previous night's escapades at the restaurant and at his house. It was routine for the guys to share at least some of the details of their dates, as they found they liked to share ideas and experiences. There was never any jealousy or competition; after all, they each got their fair share of opportunities. Cori always joined in and got to add her own details and commentary.  
  
They all got a kick out of the neighbor jacking off on Cori and thought that might be a good way to give their special customers a treat without actually letting them fuck Cori. Cori, of course, said it was fine with her as long as it was in a controlled and safe environment.  
  
A couple of different customers — semi-regulars — came in, dropped off their cars and spent an appropriate amount of time ogling Cori, but overall things were normal until about 11 when Troy and Steve, a pair of 17-year-old local high school students who were out of school because of some parent-teacher conference, stopped in with Troy's old Buick Le Sabre. He wanted to add tinted windows. Both boys were a frequent customer, though not big spenders, and were familiar with Cori and, like every other guy in school, obsessed with her. They both also happened to be budding artists who had sold some drawings and even painted a mural downtown.

When they saw Cori's outfit, they immediately had some artistic suggestions for how to improve it. Ben and Ty were all ears.  
  
"Well, you guys did a great job cutting down the shirt and jeans to fit her body," Troy pointed out. The four men were standing around Cori,, who stood with feet apart, hands on hips, ready for inspection and instruction. "But while you had your scissors out, you could also have cut some slits and holes in them — you know, kind of like jeans with the holes in the knees and stuff."  
  
"Yeah," Ben said, patting Cori's ass, "there is a bit too much coverage here on her ass. I think we'd all like to see a bit more of this hot ass. What do you say, you guys want to do the honors? We'll get you some scissors."  
  
"Sure," Steve said. "But you know, Troy, I had another idea. You know how a lot of the girls in school wear those shirts that say 'juicy' or 'bootylicious' on them? Well, we could spell something when we make the cuts."  
  
"Yeah, that's a good idea," Troy said. "What do you guys think?"  
  
"Fine with me," Ben said. "Any suggestions on what it should say?"  
  
"How about we cut 'SEX' into the shirt and 'TOY' into the shorts," Ty suggested.  
  
"That's good," Ben said. "You guys up for it?"  
  
"Of course," Troy said. "Some scissors and an exacto knife would be great."  
  
"And maybe some masking tape or something, so we can kind of map it out before we cut," Steve added.  
  
Ty brought them the necessary materials and the boys set to work while Ben and Ty watched and John and Chad worked on their car. First, they worked on her shorts. They had Cori bend over the back of a chair, keeping her legs straight, while they mapped out the best places to make the cuts. Using thin strips of masking tape, the spelled out "TOY" across her buttocks, making the letters tall enough that they extended within a quarter inch of the top and bottom edges of her shorts and wide enough that they covered her ass from left to right. Their cuts would leave only thin strips of denim covering her ass in a sort of spider web type design.  
  
Both boys were visibly excited, their hands shaking and crotches bulging as they laid their hands on their ultimate fantasy for the first time.  
  
"Pretty hot to the touch, isn't she fellas?" Ben chuckled, noticing their excitement. "How's she compare with the high school girls?"  
  
"Shit, no comparison," Troy said. "None of them are like her."  
  
"Get much action over there?" Ty asked.  
  
"Sure, some," Troy said. "I've gone out with this chick from the tennis team a few times. She's got great legs and she can really suck cock, but she won't swallow. And, she's got no tits. Flat as a pancake"  
  
"Well, at least you get some head," Steve said. "The girl I've been dating has nice tits that she lets me play with a lot. But we've only had sex twice and she won't suck my cock."  
  
"That's a shame," Ben said. "But at least you're getting some, right? So, what do you think of Cori's ass, anyway? You're getting a great view of it right now."  
  
"Hottest fucking thing I've ever seen," Troy said without hesitating. He was fidgeting with the tape now, moving it slightly just to have an excuse to keep touching her. More than once, their hands had touched the bare portion of her ass and they had stared openly at the gap between her thighs that gave them a direct view of her barely covered pussy. Troy desperately wanted to reach out and touch it and squeeze it, but contented himself with feeling up her incredibly tight, firm ass. Steve, naturally, took the same liberties.  
  
"I agree," Ben said. "Could look at that ass all day, couldn't you? Well, boys, I like your artwork there. What do you say, want to work on the top now? "  
  
The thought of groping Cori's huge, firm titties was almost more than the boys could bear, but the readily agreed they were ready to move on. If they had to give up the view of her ass, there was no better way to substitute it than with a close-up look at those knockers.  
  
Cori, who had remained silent and oh-so-willing compliant during all of this, stood up and turned around. Upon the boys' instructions, she put her hands behind her back on the chair and, keeping her legs straight, arched her back, effectively sticking out her chest. The boys took a few seconds to enjoy the view before finally pulling off strips of tape and setting about their job of spelling out "SEX" across Cori's skimpy tank top. Finding enough fabric to cut into without actually slicing the top in two was difficult, but the boys were diligent in their efforts, applying and moving and rearranging the tape — all the while squeezing her breasts and occasionally tweaking her nipples — to get it just right.  
  
"Fucking-A," Steve said in awe. "I've never seen real tits this big before. I can't believe they're not plastic."  
  
"Those are the real things, boys," Ty assured them. "Biggest natural titties I've ever seen that didn't sag or look fat. Perfect tits, I'd say."  
  
"Shit yeah," Troy agreed. He couldn't have hidden the erection in his jeans if he tried, so he didn't. He wasn't the least bit ashamed to be aroused by Cori; why fight the impossible?  
  
Cori herself was a bit aroused by the eager, curious hands and her nipples were fully erect, much to the boys' delight. They were amazed and thrilled that she just stood there while they fondled and ogled her, never once showing any signs of wishing they would stop or of being in the least bit annoyed. If anything, it seemed to them she was enjoying it.  
  
When Ben, Ty, Steve and Troy agreed that the lettering was just right on both tops and bottoms, Ben told the boys to cut away. First, Cori wriggled out of her cutoffs and handed them to Steve, who first admired her in her red-hot thong before going to work with the knife and scissors. Then she removed her top and handed it to Troy, who likewise admired her bare breasts for several minutes before beginning his work.  
  
"Cori, you better go to the break room for a few minutes while these boys work," Ben said. "I think you might be too much distraction right now. Plus, we don't need any of the town stuffies walking in while you have your top off anyway."  
  
Cori, now in only heels and a thong, strode off to the break room, both boys' eyes tracking her every step, jaws dropped open as they watched her ass in motion. Once she was gone, the budding artists went to work, conscious of two things: 1) making their artwork look neat, because they were genuinely proud of their craft and 2) making the letters as large and the lines as thick as they could without completely shredding either garment.  
  
When they were finished, they told Ben and he summoned Cori back out into the office. This time, the boys were treated to the sight of her jiggling breasts as she approached them, dark nipples still fully erect. Troy handed her the flimsy tank top, which was now little more than a rag filled with holes and tears.  
  
"Thanks!" she beamed at him, acting as if he had just given her the greatest gift in the world. She quickly lifted it over her head — the boys enjoyed the lifting motion of her tits as she did this — and put it on.  
  
The bottom edge still fit snugly under her nipples and the neckline still plunged deeply into her cleavage, but little else about the top was the same. Had the top hung loosely on her, it would have looked like it had been run over by a lawn mower and all that was left was a tattered, ripped piece of flimsy cloth. But since it fit so tightly, the fabric was stretched to its maximum and the cuts and tears were magnified. With her dark skin showing through the holes, it was quite easy to make out the word "SEX" across her chest.  
  
The creative boys had sliced the letter "S" over her right breast so that the bottom of the letter passed right over her nipple. They had measured it so carefully that the cut actually stopped about a quarter of an inch before it reached her nipple and resumed about a quarter of an inch past it. As a result, her nipple was covered, but if her shirt shifted as little as half an inch either way, her nipple would be poking right through the rip.  
  
The covering of her left nipple was just as precarious. They had cut the bottom legs of the "X" so that they stood on either side of her nipple. In the middle, the "E" was cut in thick ribbons, similar to the muscle shirts Hulk Hogan liked to rip apart. Her bulging cleavage strained against and through these small openings. It looked like one deep breath could rip the shirt in two.  
  
The boys were clearly pleased with their work and Ben and Ty congratulated them on a fine job. Ben, for fun, approached Cori and twisted her tank top a bit to the side. Sure enough, both nipples popped out of the tears in the shirt. He gave them both a gentle squeeze, then put the shirt back in place with a nod of approval to the boys for their creative thinking.  
  
"Great work guys," he said. "Let's see how the shorts turned out."  
  
Steve handed Cori the modified shorts and she again wriggled into them. The guys all watched from behind, admiring the way her hips rocked and rolled as she squirmed into the skin-tight denim. Once she pulled them into place and snapped the button, they got their first good look at "TOY" written across her ass. The result was no less impressive than the "SEX" written across her tits.  
  
Again, because the shorts were so tight, the cuts and tears were stretched to their maximum, making it easy to read the word on her ass, her dark, smooth skin forming the letters. Because there was a little bit more fabric to work with here than on the tank top, the boys had made the letters in block format, very large and wide.  
  
The "T" was carved out over the left ass cheek and the "Y" covered the right. Less than half the original covering remained on both cheeks. In the middle, the "O" provided a healthy view of her ass crack and the thong pulled tightly between her cheeks.  
  
Ty approached her and put his finger in the "T". The tear was about the width of his finger tip, so he traced each letter with his finger, tickling the sensitive skin on her ass.  
  
"Excellent job guys," Ty said. "I thought it was a pretty hot outfit to begin with, but you guys made it even better. Good work."  
  
"Yeah, so good I think they deserve a reward," Ben said. "How about I give you half-price on that window tinting?"  
  
"Really?" Troy asked. "That would be awesome. Thanks, man."  
  
"No problem," Ben said. "Steve, bring your car in sometime and we'll give you the same deal, if you like."  
  
While the boys celebrated their good fortune, Ben quietly pulled Cori aside. After a brief conversation, Cori nodded and Ben said, "Cori has a favor she would like to ask of you guys, if you don't mind."  
  
"Sure, anything," Troy said, unable to imagine what he could possibly do for this goddess.  
  
"Guys," she began, with her head bowed and her hands folded in front of her, making her look shy and sheepish, "I hate to ask, but, well, you're both so cute and sweet that Iwas wondering if you would mind letting me taste your ... um, well, you know — your cum."  
  
The boys' jaws dropped and eyes bugged out. Cori expected this, of course, but acted like she thought they were offended. "I know, I know," she said, "you both have girlfriends. That's why I don't want you to fuck me. Just jack off and let me taste your cum. Pleeeease!" She batted her eyelashes at them and looked down, as if embarrassed.  
  
"Shit yeah," Troy said. "You can taste my cum. In fact, forget my girlfriend, I'd love to fuck you."  
  
"Me, too," Steve agreed.  
  
"Now fellas, that's mighty nice of you," Ben said. "But you better not cheat on those girlfriends of yours. Now, I think Cori will be satisfied with a couple loads of cum to fill that little tummy of hers. Cori, why don't you go into the break room and get ready."  
  
Cori turned and headed back into the break room, closing the door behind her. Ben then talked to the boys and laid down the ground rules.  
  
"All right fellas," he said. "Here's the deal. You can touch her breasts, ass and pussy with your hands, but not your cocks. She can touch your cocks with her hands only. You can jerk off on her or whatever — just don't cum on her hair or on her clothes. Anywhere else is fair game. And, unlike those snooty girlfriends of yours, yes, she will swallow your cum. Any questions?"  
  
"No sir!" they both chimed in.  
  
"Then go have some fun. Just don't get rough or try to fuck her. That will get you thrown out of here forever. We like you guys and appreciate your help with the clothes, so play by the rules, have some fun and maybe you'll get to do it again sometime. Now go on."  
  
Steve and Troy assured him they wouldn't take advantage of the situation and practically sprinted toward the break room. When they went in, they found her sprawled out on the table, wearing nothing but her choker, her heels and a big "come-fuck-me" smile. Her torn and tattered clothes lay in a heap on the floor.  
  
The boys stood on either side of the table, just staring at her naked body, which somehow looked soft, smooth and firm all at once. Her curves were amazing, but natural. Her skin was flawless and free of tan lines. Her nipples were hard and her lips moist and red after a fresh application of lipstick.  
  
"So, it's OK to touch you?" Troy asked.  
  
"Sure, I'm all yours, boys," Cori said. "Touch me anywhere you want. Just be gentle. Now, you've seen all of me. Don't you have something to show me?"  
  
The boys needed no further invitation to drop their pants and shorts and show her their throbbing cocks. If they had any misgivings about being naked in the same room, they were washed away by the euphoric feeling of being in the same room with a naked Cori. She quickly appraised both cocks, noticing that Steve's was the thicker and longer of the two, but that both were nice, serviceable sizes.  
  
As soon as he got his pants off, Troy reached for Cori's breasts, taking them both in his hands and squeezing them, amazed by their size and firmness. Seeing that Troy was already enjoying himself, Steve quickly joined in and went straight for the pot of gold. He gently spread her thighs and she lifted her knees up to give him a better angle. He cupped her puffy pussy in his hand, gently squeezing the soft mound of pleasure, delighting in its velvety softness and inviting warmth.  
  
Both boys were too excited, too focused on her body, to even speak, other than muttering "Damn" and "unbelievable" and "fucking hot" under their breaths. After a few minutes, they traded places, each getting plenty of opportunity to feel up her tits and pussy. Their cocks were hard and dribbling pre-cum and occasionally they took one hand off her to stroke themselves.  
  
Cori, ever compliant and nubile, kept her back arched and legs spread, allowing them total access to her body. After being tentative at first, they soon got up the nerve to stick their fingers in her pussy and took turns finger-fucking her and rubbing her clit. They nearly lost it when she started getting very wet and her clit swelled. If they had know what they were doing, they could have brought her to orgasm.  
  
They rolled her over and played with her ass and pussy, which still could have worked if they had kept the manipulation of her clit, but they spent too much time stuffing their fingers inside her without really massaging or stimulating the right areas. It still felt good and she wriggled her ass in appreciation, but her budding orgasm had subsided considerably.  
  
The boys, on the other hand, were getting much closer to theirs. The temptation to stroke their cocks was getting stronger, yet they hated to take their hands off this hot piece of ass. As was so often the case, Cori solved the problem by reaching back and taking both cocks in her soft hands. Both cocks jumped in her hands as she first grabbed them and the boys moved closer, making it easier for her to stroke them.  
  
Cori was no hand-job expert like she was at cocksucking -- the guys didn't have much reason to ask for a hand-job when they could have her mouth, ass, pussy or tits any time they wanted -- but her soft hands knew how to stroke their cocks well enough to bring them on the verge of cumming in just a few strokes.  
  
Cori rolled back over on her back and sat up, where she could stroke a bit more in earnest and in rhythm. Pre-cum was all over their cocks and her hands. She stopped stroking for a moment and focused on their cum-filled balls, tickling and stroking them. She sensed that Troy was going to cum first and, looking him in the eye, asked, "Can I taste your cum?"  
  
"Oh yeah," he said. "Should I cum on her tits and let you lick it off?"  
  
"If you want," she said. "Or you can just give it to me straight in the mouth."  
  
"Really? Ben said we couldn't put our cocks in your mouth."  
  
"Well, he doesn't really have to know, does he?" There was a gleam in her eye and a naughty smile on her face. Really, she wasn't supposed to suck their cocks, but she knew Ben wouldn't mind. "I just prefer to drink straight from the straw, so to speak, if it's all right with you, of course."  
  
"Of course," Troy said. He was trembling with excitement now. He was about to get a blowjob from the hottest babe in the state. And she wanted to swallow his cum.  
  
Cori hopped off the table and squatted in front of him like a catcher. She put her hands on his thighs and he stepped forward, putting his cock to her lips. Never before had his cock felt so hard, so ready to explode.  
  
Her lips touched the head of his cock, her tongue extending to caress the underside of his shaft. It was literally all he could do not to shoot right there, but he was determined to last at least long enough to feel her mouth around his cock. He didn't have to wait long. Cori understood his urgency and quickly bobbed her lips down the length of his shaft. She expected him to put his hands on her head and ram his cock to the hilt — that's what the guys usually did at this point — but Troy was clearly still hesitant to do to much and let Cori do the work.  
  
As she knew it would, his orgasm came almost immediately. She took him all the way into her throat, he groaned, she backed off and the first spurt of his cum coated the roof of her mouth. Cori had been with the older guys for so long, she had forgotten how virile teenage boys were. She was quickly reminded as Troy fired spurt after spurt into her mouth. His cum was thick, almost jelly-like, and quickly filled her mouth. The pro she was, Cori held it all there, not swallowing or spilling a drop.  
  
When Troy finally finished, she pulled away from his cock then, making sure both he and Steve were watching, opened her mouth to show them the copious amounts of cum inside. Holding their gaze, she closed her mouth, swallowed twice, then re-opened it to show that all the cum was now gone and well on its way to her tummy.  
  
Her instinct was to clean Troy's glistening, semi-erect cock for him, but that would have to wait. Steve had held out absolutely as long as he could and now approached Cori, cock sticking straight up. She licked her lips and then wrapped them around his throbbing head. Again, she deep-throated him quickly. She had barely reached the base of his shaft when he started cumming. She lost the first shot, as it went down her throat before she could react. But she quickly recovered and caught the rest of his cum in her mouth. His load was every bit as thick and bountiful as Troy's.  
  
In neither case did she enjoy the taste, but genuinely felt bad for these boys whose girlfriends refused to suck their cocks and swallow their cum. Wasn't that what being a girlfriend was all about? Cori believe any guy who treated a woman with respect deserved to have his cock sucked and cum swallowed at least once a week. It was really a small price for any girl to pay a man she cared about.  
  
Just as she had done with Troy, Cori waited until he was finished filling her mouth, showed him the full mouthful, then swallowed, sending his sperm flowing into her belly. She wondered briefly how many of the little swimmers she had ingested or served as a receptacle for over the last two years.

"Fuck, that was so fucking hot!" Troy said, still holding his flaccid cock.  
  
"I'll say," Steve agreed. "She swallowed every drop!"  
  
"Hey, we're not done yet," Cori smiled. She waited for the boys' puzzled expression, then said, "Now, it's cleanup time. Bring me those cocks and let me wash them for you."  
  
Rather than wait for them to come to her, she then crawled on her hands and knees to them and, beginning with Troy, bathed their cocks with her lips and tongue. The boys high-fived as they watched her enthusiastically licking and sucking their soft cocks and balls.  
  
"I'm going to teach Mary to do this," Troy vowed.  
  
"Yeah, right," Steve said. "You'll be lucky to get in her pants again. Uptight bitch. Man, what I wouldn't give for Sally to suck my cock like this."  
  
"Well, we'll never get blown by anyone like this again."  
  
"Sure you will," Cori said, backing up and standing up, signalling that her job was done. "There are lots of girls out there who love to suck cock. You're great guys. You'll get plenty of blowjobs."  
  
"Well, most girls won't swallow everything like that. That was awesome!" Steve said.  
  
"My pleasure," Cori said. "Any girl should be proud to swallow your cum."  
  
Cori told the boys to get dressed and go check on their car while she got cleaned up. There was a bathroom in the breakroom and she did a quick cleanup of herself now. She wiped her pussy, which was sticky with her own juices, and brushed her hair. She rinsed with some mouthwash and applied some fresh lipstick — she had left a fair amount of it on both cocks. Then she squeezed back into her tight clothes — thong, shorts and tank top — and walked her "SEX TOY" ass back out into the shop.  
  
Ben was talking to the boys, who were jabbering excitedly and thanking him profusely — both for Cori and the car, which Ben told them would be ready on Monday. He invited them to come in after school then and say hi to Cori. They assured him they would and left, smiling and already counting the hours until they would see her again.  
  
"You sucked them, didn't you ," Ben asked Cori after they had left.

**FRIDAY AFTERNOON**

After lunch, Cori set about doing some of the paperwork that seemed to pile up so quickly while she was involved in her many sexual escapades. Both she and Ben fully understood that her sexual duties were top priority, so there was seldom any stress over the paperwork. Still, Cori considered herself a very responsible professional and took pride in keeping up with the bills, inventory and payroll as best she could.  
  
Other than the mail and FedEx guys coming in to drop off packages and get their daily tit-squeeze, Cori was relatively uninterrupted for the next couple of hours and by 3 had put a significant dent in her stack of paperwork. The guys were all busy in the back of the shop. John and Chad had already had their Cori fix for the day, Ty was gearing up for a big Saturday night with her and Ben's balls were aching as he thought about all the things he was going to do to her tonight. He tended to be a bit wilder and more adventurous on Friday nights than any of his other date nights and had some unique ideas for tonight.  
  
But now it was tanning and workout time for Cori and Ben came out to relieve her at the front desk. There was no set schedule, but in general the guys tried to allow Cori time to workout and tan four times per week. She was usually able to do this on Saturday afternoons and at sometime on Sunday, leaving only a couple other times during the week. Cori had reminded Ben that she hadn't worked out in a couple days and he had agreed to free up some time Friday afternoon.  
  
With Ben at the desk and no patrons in the shop yet, Cori went to the tanning room first. There, she stripped down completely nude and lay on the tanning bed for 15 minutes, just enough to maintain her already perfectly dark, golden tan.  
  
Then, she put her clothes back on — she had workout clothes at work, but often times the guys preferred her to work out in the outfit of the day, and that was the case today — and went into the gym. By now, Ty, John and Ben were sitting around on the benches, ready to watch her. Chad was watching the front desk, expecting the arrival of Chester, Gordon and the rest of the Irregulars. They would be happy to see that Cori was working out — that was always a very popular show.  
  
For Ty, John and Ben, it was easy to see why. With loud, fast music blaring through the gym, Cori began her workout with some stretching. This, of course, involved a lot of bending over, arching her back and generally contorting her body in ways men fantasized about. The guys sat on the bench, enjoying the show they had seen hundreds of times but never tired of.  
  
Still wearing her heels, choker, cutoffs and tank top, Cori the Sex Toy then began doing a bit of light weight work. She did a few exercises meant to tone her arms, then moved on to some of the leg machines. Ben stopped her and told her to take off her thong and then put her shorts back on. She complied, handing him her thong for safe keeping.  
  
She sat down at a machine designed to work her outer thighs and hips. With her legs together, she had to force them apart in order to lift the weights. She did three sets of 25 on this machine, the guys carefully positioning themselves for a good view each time her golden thighs pushed apart. The tiny cutoffs rode up high in her crotch and low on her belly and squeezed tightly against her pussy. The narrow band of denim wasn't wide enough to cover her twat, so at least a portion of one pussy lip or the other was always on display.  
  
She moved to another machine upon which she had to lay down on her stomach, then do curls with her legs. In this position, her ass was poised high in the air, her shorts hugging her hips and failing to cover large portions of her ass and pussy. The guys all gathered around, watching closely and helping her count out the reps.  
  
By the time the Irregulars started filtering in, Cori had completed her weight work and was on the treadmill. For this, Ben allowed her to put her tennis shoes on, not wanting to risk a broken ankle. She was still wearing her cutoffs, tank top and choker and her body glistened all over with a fine sheen of sweat. The moisture was quickly soaking the ribbons of cloth that formed her tank top, making it even more transparent and her dark, erect nipples even more visible.  
  
When most of the Irregulars were there and gathered around, Cori picked up the pace, breaking into a jog. The resulting bouncing of her breasts was mesmerizing. They were so firm, there was no flopping around, just consistent, solid bouncing and jiggling. More than once, her shirt shifted enough that one or both of her nipples poked through the tears. And with each stride, her tiny shirt flipped up enough to provide brief glimpses of her naked tits.  
  
The view from behind was also quite intriguing, the rhythmic swinging of her hips and shake of her ass a welcome sight to everyone in attendance. The guys watched and talked and sipped their beers while Cori bounded along, seemingly in time to the rocking music.  
  
So far, this was an ordinary workout. Cori was doing her normal routine and the guys were watching and reacting as they normally did. But as had been the case all day, things started turning a little wilder than usual. Maybe it was because it was Friday. Maybe it was the gorgeous, sunny weather. Maybe it was because she was wearing clothes that said "SEX TOY" and they were taking that to heart and playing with her. Whatever it was, every guy she had encountered today seemed a little extra excited, like someone had jolted them with a bit of electricity, heightening their senses and removing their inhibitions.  
  
It all started when she finished her 20-minute run and went to one of the benches to start doing her ab work — sit-ups, crunches, etc. With her knees up and feet together on the bench, she started doing sit-ups. Ben sat down at the end of the bench to hold her feet and keep them from flying up. Each time she sat up, her face came within inches of his.  
  
"Come on, Cori," Ben encouraged her, counting her reps. "Come all the way up. You're stopping short. Go all the way. Don't stop until your lips touch mine." He rested his chin on her knees and puckered his lips. Each time she sat up, she gave him a kiss before going back down.  
  
"Damn, Ben, I'd have her kissing more than my lips," Gary, a 44-year-old factory supervisor, said, drawing a lusty laugh from the crowd. Everyone agreed, of course, but they were shocked when Ben actually went ahead and dropped his trousers. Kneeling on the bench, he put his cock between her knees.  
  
"All right, all the way up," Ben said. "Don't stop until it's all the way in." Cori did a double-take, as if to say "Are you serious? We've never done this in front of everyone like this before." But she saw from the look in his face and the hardness of his cock that he was very serious. So, of course, she did what he wanted. She sat up, opened her luscious lips and kept leaning forward until her lips reached the base of his cock. Then, slowly, she retreated until her back was flat on the bench.  
  
The guys erupted in cheers and whoops and demanded she do some more.  
  
"How many have you done so far?" Ben asked.  
  
"27"  
  
"And you usually do 200, right?"  
  
"Yep," Cori smiled, proud of her flat stomach that she worked so hard to maintain.  
  
"Well, I guess that leaves 173 to go, doesn't it?"  
  
"Sure does," Cori said, and the guys cheered again.  
  
The men gleefully counted off each rep as Cori kept up a steady pace. By number 50, Ben's cock glistened with pre-cum and by 75 he was on the verge of grabbing her and face-fucking her right then and there. Knowing his only "Cori conquests" left for the week would be used up with his date tonight, he stepped aside and motioned for Ty to take his place. Ty, John and Chad had all already used up their conquests for the week as well, with the exception for Ty's date night on Saturday, so none of them could go all the way here. But there was no rule saying they couldn't still have a bit of fun and get their dicks wet without cumming.  
  
There was a time when Cori had been unable to deep-throat Ty's 10-incher, but lots of intense practice had paid off and Cori could now do it with little more effort than with any of the others. Still it was an impressive site to see that much thick, dark cock disappear into such a captivating mouth, then slowly re-emerge, slick with spit, inch by inch.  
  
Ty lasted up to 150 sit-ups, but then felt his balls begin to tighten and churn and knew he better step away. John took over, stuffing his thick shaft into Cori's mouth 50 times until she had finally completed 200 sit-ups. She sat still for a moment while the guys gave her a round of applause and some whistles, then moved on to her next exercise.  
  
After their erections subsided, John, Ben and Ty all put their pants back on and watch intently as Cori began her deep knee bends. She did these while holding a bar over her shoulders for weight and balance. Again, someone from the crowd had a suggestion.  
  
"You know," Bart, a heavy-set man in his mid-fifties said through his full beard. "It's a shame to waste all that effort and not give her something to squat on."  
  
"What do you suggest?" Ben asked.  
  
"Well, my cock, of course," Bart replied.  
  
"Sorry, bud, can't let you do that," Ben said. "But would you settle for a finger or two?"  
  
"Fuck yeah," Bart said. "I'd love to dip my fingers in that juicy twat."  
  
"And I think we'd all like to see that," Ben said, getting the instant approval of the crowd. "Go ahead, Bart, dip your fingers in there and tell everyone how good that feels."  
  
Cori waited until Bart got into position, holding his hand between her thighs, his middle finger extended. When he was ready, she pulled the crotch of her jeans to one side and squatted down. Her pussy, which was moist from all the cock-sucking and heated exercise, easily split open to take his thick, hairy finger.  
  
As he felt her soft, velvety flesh surround his digit, Bart let out a long, loud hoot and proclaimed it the tightest, hottest pussy he'd ever felt — and he had felt plenty, he assured them. They didn't believe the latter but they sure believed the former and looked on excitedly as she continued her squats. Encouraged by the crowd, Bart added a second finger, then a third, to her exercise, proudly reporting that she was getting hotter and wetter with each repetition. Sure enough, by the time she had finished 50 squats, Cori's pussy was burning up, her juices flowing and her clit throbbing. Her erect nipples ached for attention and she had an urge to lay down in the middle of the floor and tell someone — anyone — to ravish her hungry body.  
  
Instead, she thanked Bart for his assistance with her exercise and kissed him on the cheek. Then, she went over to exercise bike. This was one of those sleek, thin bikes made for spinning classes and vigorous workouts. Cori liked to ride it for about 15 minutes as kind of a way to get her heart rate back up after the treadmill walking/jogging.  
  
She got on, but by now everyone had the same idea. Gary, who had suggested the cock-sucking sit-ups, was given the honor of having Cori sit on his hand while she rode the bike. When she lowered her crotch to the seat, he pushed the denim crotch band aside and instantly thrust two fingers inside her and began rubbing her clit with his thumb.  
  
"Bart's right," he told everyone, "hottest fucking pussy I've ever felt. Damn, this bitch is on fire!"  
  
Never had any of her workouts included this sort of thing, but Cori was beginning to think they should. Her pussy really was on fire and she loved the feel of his fingers in and around her pussy. She was pumping her legs and leaning forward, riding the bike at her standard speed. In this position, her heavy breasts, aided by gravity, tugged against the overmatched, overstuffed tank top, her cleavage all but spilling out the top.  
  
As was her routine on the bike, at the three-minute mark she stood up on the pedals for a one-minute sprint. When she did this, Gary took advantage of the increased mobility for his hand and started driving his fingers — four of them now — in and out of her in a vigorous fucking motion. It was all Cori could do to focus on pedaling. There was so much distraction from the guys and especially from Gary and her pussy. What she really wanted to do was stop pedaling and let him finger-bang her, but she kept going, sitting back down after the minute sprint was over, again riding Gary's fingers.  
  
So it went, every three minutes Cori would stand, Gary would finger-bang her as hard and fast as he could, then they would both slow back down, working steadily toward the end of the exercise. Cori's pussy was sopping wet now and the bicycle seat was stained dark from her thick fluid. If someone had grabbed her tits right then, Cori knew she would have cum. Instead, she kept riding, ever on the verge of a massive orgasm, until finally the 15 minutes were over.  
  
When she got off the bike, her skin sparkled with sweat, glistening almost as it had yesterday when coated in the baby oil. Her nipples were rock hard and everyone knew her pussy was hot and wet. She was a vision of pure sex and every man in the room ached to fuck her, but no one — because of their strict rules — could.  
  
Normally, Cori finished her workout with some light, calm stretching as she cooled down while the guys just watched. Today, she had plenty of helping hands, the stretching was intense and it resulted in anything but a cool-down.  
  
The Irregulars, who normally were very respectful of all the rules and deferred to Ben and the staff before doing anything with Cori, were all but demanding an equal opportunity to touch her and feel her hot pussy. After consulting briefly with John, Ty and Chad, who had now abandoned the front desk and come back to join the party, told everyone to line up. They would each get a turn to help Cori with her stretching exercises.  
  
There were now an even dozen Irregulars there, and they lined up by age, youngest to oldest. As she went through each stretching exercise, Cori would tell one or two of the guys what to do. For instance, to stretch her arms and back, she stood with her back straight and had one guy pull back on her arms. While he did this, the next guy in line played with her protruding breasts, focusing his attention on those aching nipples. Then, they switched places. Each guy then finger-banged her red-hot pussy for a few seconds before stepping aside to let the next guys take their turn.  
  
The guys had truly turned Cori into their sex toy for the afternoon, fondling her and finger-fucking her as they pleased. But in all the commotion and taking turns, none of the attention on Cori's pussy was ever long enough or sustained enough until the final stretch, which was administered by the elder statesmen, Gordon and Chester.  
  
Gently they eased themselves down on to the on either side of Cori, who was laying flat on her back in the middle of the mat.  
  
"What do you need us to do, Cori?" Chester asked.  
  
"All right, Gordon, you hold my right leg down and Chester, you pull my left leg up and back. Just go slow and steady and keep my legs straight."  
  
With Gordon holding down her right leg, Chester took her left ankle and lifted her leg straight back, keeping a hand on her knee to keep the leg straight.  
  
"Keep going, slowly, that's it," Cori said, feeling the welcome burn in the back of her thigh. "Just a little more. OK. Hold it there."  
  
"Gordon, you know what to do," Ben said. Sure enough, Gordon, using his legs to hold her leg down, slipped her denim shorts aside and jammed two fingers into her pussy. At the same time, Chester used his free hand to grope her tits, toying with those firm nipples. Cori moaned in pleasure as the men three times her age groped and fondled her, playing with her like a kid with a puppy. She was the ultimate toy for grown up boys.  
  
After a few minutes, they switched legs, Gordon holding her right leg back and playing with her tits while Chester finger-banged her twat and held her left leg down. Cori, her pussy on the verge of explosion now, then told them to hold both legs back over her head, stretching her thighs and back. The position also completely exposed her cunt, which was aching for more attention and the ultimate release.  
  
Ben now stepped in and held Cori's ankles over head.  
  
"You guys both deserve to finish her off," he said. "You don't mind sharing, do you?"  
  
"Not at all," Chester grinned, sliding two fingers inside her. Sitting on the other side of her, Gordon also slid two fingers into her pussy. They each them pulled back the walls of her pussy, opening it wide and getting a good look inside her velvety pink tunnel. They held it open while each of the guys came by and took a good look deep inside Cori, then let it snap back shut, impressed by her pussy's tightness and elasticity.  
  
Her clit was throbbing now and Gordon devoted his attention to it with one and her tits with the other. Chester slipped four fingers into her pussy and began finger-banging her again. With her legs back and pussy so wet, it was easy to slide his fingers in and out of her. Encouraged by her moans and the guys' cheers, he pumped harder and harder, slamming her pussy as fast and deep as he could.  
  
Cori was now demonstrating her classic pre-orgasm signs. Her eyes were two-thirds closed, her lips were parted and she was panting, her nostrils flaring. Her body was tense all over, her nipples and clit were so hard they ached. Her body broke out in a fresh sheen of sweat and her legs and tummy were trembling.  
  
She had never been put in a position like this in front of such a large group of men before, but she sure didn't seem to be minding it. She had lost all sense of where she was and what she was doing. She was terrific at giving into her urges and letting her body do what it needed to do. She blocked everything else out, focused on the pleasure-giving hands and came in a violent, trembling orgasm that was obvious to everyone present.

She let out two quick, raspy, high-pitched gasps, then her body went completely limp. She was spent. Between the workout and the high-energy orgasm, she was completely wiped out. Ben put her legs back down and Gordon and Chester wiped the pussy cream off their hands and onto her sweat-soaked tank top, each giving her tits a last firm squeeze before slowly standing back up.  
  
Cori lay on the mat, curled up, her eyes closed and a smile on her face. Ben thought she was about to fall asleep. He helped her to her feet and she thanked everyone for their help during her workout and her orgasm.  
  
"Thank you guys so much," she said, looking disheveled but beautiful. "I really appreciate the helping ... hands. You guys are the best."  
  
They gave her another round of applause, then she stumbled off to take a shower. Ben told the guys he had to duck out for a second and walked briskly out the door. He came back about 10 minutes later carrying a small duffel bag. He went back into the shower room where Cori was just drying off.  
  
"Here," he said. "Didn't think you'd want to put those sweaty clothes back on. Just put on what's in the bag — nothing else. This is what you'll wear for our date tonight. Take your time getting ready."  
  
Cori, still tired from a sex-filled day, did just that. She dried and brushed her hair, put on fresh lipstick and rubbed lotion on her skin. Just sitting and relaxing started bringing her energy back. She was in incredible shape and seldom struggled to find energy for whatever the guys asked of her. There was no danger she would be too tired to perform for Ben tonight.  
  
She opened the duffel bag and took out the clothes, replacing them with her Daisy Duke outfit. The new outfit was also quite skimpy. It consisted of a pair of black pumps, white bobbi socks with lace around the ankles, a black mini-skirt, a black bikini top and a black choker. Cori wasn't surprised to see that there was no bra, no thong or panties in the bag.  
  
She had worn this skirt many times before, sometimes with a thong, sometimes without. It was very short, of course, and was pleated, hanging loosely off her hips, ending just at the bottom curve of her ass cheeks. Because it was loose instead of the tight style she wore so often, it flipped up when she walked and, being so short, revealed more than just a hint of her ass with every step. And if she bent over, ass and pussy were there for anyone fortunate enough to be standing behind her.  
  
The bikini top was made mostly out black fishnet. It tied around her back and neck with tiny black white spaghetti straps that contrasted nicely with her dark skin. Her nipples were covered by two small circles of black cloth, each about an inch in diameter. Everything else was the black fishnet, which naturally covered very little of her breasts.  
  
It was a very sexy, somewhat formal outfit compared to the more casual and playful Daisy Duke/Sex Toy attire she had been wearing. This was the sort of outfit that hinted he might be taking her out for a nice dinner or to a show.  
  
When she was finished dressing, she checked herself in the mirror and then grabbed the duffel bag and walked back out into the shop. Cleaned up and fresh off an invigorating workout and mind-blowing orgasm, she felt lively and energetic now. She was ready for whatever Ben had in mind for the evening and was anxious to please him.  
  
For his part, Ben was anxious to get on with the date. Cori's show had him worked up and ready to go. It was now almost 5 and informed the Irregulars and his staff that he and Cori were leaving a bit early. Of course, no one complained a bit.  
  
Cori came out and twirled around, showing off her outfit to everyone, then waved goodbye as Ben took her by the arm and led her out the door.

**FRIDAY EVENING (PART 1 — THE MALL)**

"Dinner or shopping first?" Ben asked her. This was the first time he had told her what they would be doing tonight.  
  
"What kind of shopping?" she asked.  
  
"Probably to the mall. We need to find an outfit for you to wear to work tomorrow. The guys want to see you in something new and unique."  
  
"Sounds like fun. I'm not really hungry yet," Cori said, "so how about we shop first?"  
  
"Works for me," Ben said, opening the car door for her and watching her thighs and ass as she got in the car. He knew he couldn't wait much longer to fuck her — this outfit was too hot and her workout had gotten him too excited. He got in the car, looked her up and down lustily and reached over and untied the bikini string around her neck. The top was still tied around her back, but no longer could contain her breasts, which forced their way out into the open air. No one was walking by, but anyone who was would have had a clear view of her breasts through the untinted car windows.  
  
"I know you're not hungry yet, but how about an appetizer to hold you over?" Ben asked with a thick, lusty voice.  
  
"Sure, what did you have in mind?" Cori knew he wanted sex, but really wasn't sure how and where.  
  
"I've got a nice double-serving of thick, salty, creamy cum warming up for you," he said. "All you have to do is suck it out and swallow it."  
  
"Mmm, sounds yummy," Cori said. "Has it been cooking long?"  
  
"A couple days," Ben said. "So it's nice and thick and creamy. You'll love it running between your teeth, into your gums and down your throat. You'll probably want another helping or two later on."  
  
"I'm sure I will," Cori said. "Can I have some now while you drive us to the mall?"  
  
"Be my guest," Ben said, unzipping his pants and pulling out his cock for her. "You suck and I'll drive. It takes about 20 minutes to get out there, so use your time — and tongue — wisely. I would advise powerful suction, deep insertion into your throat and lots of tongue."  
  
"Good advice," Cori said, leaning over to begin her familiar task. Ben started the car and headed off toward the mall. He had received enough blowjobs while driving that he had learned how to maintain his focus on driving, even when a babe like Cori was gorging herself on his cock. By the time they reached the first intersection, she already had his entire shaft in her mouth and throat and was bobbing her head up and down in long, deep strokes, her tongue coating the underside of his cock and rolling around on the soft, swollen head.  
  
Paul and Phil, twin brothers who were part of the Irregulars, pulled up next to them in a pickup truck which sat high enough that they could look down and see Cori's head bobbing up and down on Ben's cock. They honked and pointed, giving him the thumbs up. Ben returned the signal, but Cori, ever vigilant about her cock-sucking tasks, never looked up or slowed down. She had worked up a steady rhythm now and his spit-slickened cock was sliding easily in and out of her throat.  
  
She kept this up, with Ben's encouragement, while they drove out on the short expressway that led to the mall, which was located just off the interstate, between Darien and two other small towns.  
  
"That's it, suck that cock," Ben coaxed her on. "Take it all the way down your throat, you little cum slut. Keep sucking, your appetizer is on its way. It's all hot and warm for you, just the way bitches like you like it. Come on, come and get it, you hot fucking slut."  
  
He was getting closer and closer to cumming, and when they got off the interstate and came to a stop light about a half-mile from the mall, he put both hands on the back of her head and held her down, his cock all the way in her throat. She didn't try to struggle or keep bobbing up and down, but just held his cock in her mouth, sucking and licking while he thrust his hips, fucking her throat.  
  
This deep, urgent thrusting finally brought about his orgasm and he began spilling his seed into her mouth and throat in long, gooey spurts that coated her mouth and throat with a thick, milky film. As he had said, she felt it gush between her teeth and into her gums, the overflow threatening to seep out between her lips. She tightened her suction into a near-vacuum seal around his cock, keeping every drop in her mouth, just like she had been trained to do.  
  
"Soup's on, slut!" Ben had cried when his first blast of cum basted her tonsils. "Dig in and eat up, bitch. Suck out all that cum. Chew it up and swallow it. Eat it, slut, eat it."  
  
She did, swallowing and sucking as quickly as she could. He stopped cumming just as the light turned green and he returned to his senses well enough to navigate safely into the parking lot. He deliberately parked next to an SUV filled with high school kids — three guys and three girls. They were just piling out of the SUV when Ben pulled up. They immediately noticed Cori's head, still bobbing up and down in his lap, milking out the last drops of his cum and cleaning off his softening cock and balls.  
  
The teens all gathered around, the boys clearly excited to watch this, the girls interested but pretending to be shocked and offended. Ben didn't recognize any of them and guessed they weren't from Darien, and therefore might not be familiar with the legend of Cori. He smiled at them, pointed down at Cori then shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "I couldn't stop her if I wanted to."  
  
Finally, Cori finished her cleaning chores and sat up, licking her lips. It was then that she noticed her audience for the first time and she quickly pulled up her top and tied it around her neck. She wasn't really embarrassed, though. She was just doing her job and there was no shame in that, especially when it was a job well done.  
  
They got out of the car, the teens' eyes and mouths wide, now shocked not at Cori's blowjob, but at her stunning outfit. The boys marveled as she stepped out of the car, her long, tan legs looking so perfect and inviting, that tiny skirt promising a rich reward for any man lucky enough to journey up those soft thighs.  
  
"Hi, guys," Ben said, breaking the ice. "Sorry if we offended you there. We got a little carried away on the way here."  
  
"No problem, man," one of the boys said. "I can see why it would be hard to wait until you got her home. Why don't wear clothes like that, Jill?" the boy asked a tall, thin, flat-chested but long-legged girl next to him. She was wearing jeans and a loose t-shirt.  
  
She didn't bother to answer him, turning up her nose and starting to walk toward the entrance with the other two girls. The three boys lagged behind, walking slowly with Ben and Cori. Ben noticed a quarter laying in the lot and asked Cori to pick it up. Naturally, she bent over at the waist and slowly picked up the quarter. The three boys were speechless as they got an unobstructed view of her ass and pussy.  
  
"Not bad, huh boys?" Ben asked. He was clearly proud to be with Cori. "Imagine getting to sink your cock into that whenever you want to. And she's all natural, nothing fake about her, boys. She's the perfect babe, wouldn't you say?" Cori stood up and handed him the quarter, then they continued their stroll toward the mall, now about 30 feet behind the girls. The guys let Cori walk a few feet in front of them, admiring the sway of her ass and the way her skirt kept flipping up.  
  
"Ever fuck her ass?" one of the boys asked.  
  
"Oh yeah," Ben said. "Think I'd let a piece like that go to waste? Besides, she loves it, don't you, babe?"  
  
"The harder the better," Cori smiled. She was playing along with Ben's game and playing up the naughty, slutty sex babe role. "And it's really good when you spank me, then stick your cock in my mouth and cum on my face."  
  
One of the boys feigned a heart attack, the mere thought of doing that with any girl — let alone Cori — obviously almost too much for him to bear.  
  
"You ever, you know, share her?" one of the boys asked, obviously hoping his lucky day would get even better.  
  
"Afraid not, bud," Ben said. "Look, she's too good to let anyone else have. Now, I think it's only fair guys like you get to at least see what you're missing. But that — he pointed at her — is all mine. Look all you want, but leave the touching to me."  
  
They reached the mall entrance where the girls — looking quite perturbed and jealous — were waiting impatiently. Ben held the door for them and they entered, followed by their boys, who reluctantly said good-bye to Cori and walked away toward the food court.  
  
As they entered the mall, Cori created quite a stir. All eyes turned toward her, some approving, some lusty, some critical and some just in shock. Cori, of course, acted as if there was nothing unusual and as if she didn't even notice the clamor. Ben also acted indifferent, but occasionally gave knowing nods and winks as he passed by jealous guys who both congratulated and loathed Ben in one tell-tale look.  
  
No one approached the pair as they made their way through the food court, but all heads turned as they walked by. There was plenty of commentary, as well, some loud, some crude, some very complimentary, but no one said anything directly to either of them.  
  
"Where to first?" Cori asked. "What sort of outfit are we looking for?"  
  
"Actually, I have nothing in particular in mind," Ben conceded. "We're looking for something unique, different. It can be anything really, even something we have to have customized to fit you. So, I guess we can stop at almost any of the clothing stores and see if we get any ideas. Of course, we can stop at the lingerie store, too. If you have any suggestions, feel free to pass them along. I think you know what we like by now."  
  
Indeed Cori did. And, she had to admit, many times she liked the outfits herself. The one she was wearing right now, for example, was very revealing, sure, but it was also comfortable and flattering. This, she told herself, was the sort of attire women would wear if they weren't so modest about showing off their bodies. Some of the other outfits were so tight or restricting that she didn't particularly like them, but none had been anywhere near unbearable so far. At first, she had not liked the thongs they dressed her in so often, but over time she had grown quite accustomed to them and didn't mind them in the least, though going panty-less like she was now was still more comfortable.  
  
They stopped first at one of the concession stands in the food court and got a Cherry Coke to share — Cori needed something to wash the cum taste out of her mouth. Then they stopped at a sports apparel store, where they had purchased some clothes for her before. The store had a wide variety of workout clothes, athletic wear and swimsuits. The manager, whom Ben only knew as Bull, had helped them out many times before and was happy to see them come in his store. A stocky, bald man with thick muscles, Bull was in his mid-50s and clearly enjoyed working out and lifting weights. He also liked girls half his age with big tits and leered lustily at Cori as she walked toward him. A "friend" of the shop, he had his picture taken with her several times and had been given copies of her calendars and posters, many of which adorned his office.  
  
Cori and Ben neither one liked the man all that much. He was a little too gruff and crude for this setting and clearly had little respect for Cori as anything but a sex object. He talked down to her and was the sort of man who almost certainly would mistreat his women. But he tended to give them great deals on clothes, so they kept coming back and being as nice to him as they could be.  
  
"Great to see you," Bull said, smiling a broad, almost-evil grin. He shook Ben's hand, but just leered at Cori. "You're tits are looking bigger than ever, babe."  
  
"Thanks," Cori smiled, pretending this was some sort of compliment, which, in Bull's twisted world, it probably was.  
  
"So, you need some new thongs or shorts?" Bull asked Ben.  
  
"Oh, we're not looking for anything in particular," Ben said. "Just something different, you know. Something revealing and sexy, of course."  
  
"I swear," Bull said, "I don't understand why you bother. If I had this slut, she'd have no use for clothes. Don't need clothes to fuck, do you babe?"  
  
"No, sir," Cori said. "I guess not."  
  
"Nope, if I had her, she'd wear nothing at all — except my cum, of course," Bull chuckled as if this was a funny joke that they should all laugh at. Ben and Cori were far from prudish —hell, she just gave him a blowjob in the parking lot — but Bull was far too crude in casual conversation for their tastes. "But, I guess if you do have to wear something, what you've got on there is pretty good." Without asking, he reached out and flipped up her skirt, confirming for himself that she had no panties on. "Yeah, at least you have easy access," he said to Ben.  
  
"Yeah, well that's what we're looking for," Ben said. "Something sexy with easy access. Aside from total nudity, do you have any other suggestions?"  
  
"Oh sure," Bull said. "One popular thing among the sluts these days are these NBA jerseys." He led them to a rack of brightly colored mesh tank tops. "They wear them as dresses. If you get them too big, they're pretty loose and really don't show much. But if you get them a few sizes too small, they're really tight. It would make those tits pop out the top and sides and it would be short enough to come down just past her ass. Keep the panties off and you've got easy access so you can give her the ol' slam dunk any time you want." Bud was chuckling again at his own crude joke.  
  
Ben picked one out for Cori to try on. He might get it for her, but it wasn't what he was looking for. "What else you got?"  
  
"We've got some new swimsuits over here," Bull said. "The usual thongs, of course, and bikinis. If you need to stock up, I can give you a good deal. As far as something different, though, I might recommend this." He held up a suit that was more string than anything else. "This is about as close to being naked as you can get without getting arrested. Tits, ass and pussy hanging out all over the fucking place." After looking at it for a minute, Ben and Cori realized it was the same model she had just worn yesterday.  
  
"That's a great suit," Ben agreed. "But we already have some of those. She just wore one yesterday, as a matter of fact."  
  
"Sorry I missed that," Bull said. "Well, that's really about it. Like I said, I can give you a deal on shorts, t-shirts and thongs if you want to stock up."  
  
Ben did end up buying the jersey — it really did accentuate her tits nicely — and a couple thongs and crop tops. She could always use these things and it was good business to keep dealing with Bull. He gave them 50 percent off, asking for nothing in return but some more posters and calendars whenever they did new ones. Of course, Ben also gave Bull a discount anytime he needed work done on his car, but that was it. He wouldn't dream of letting a man like Bull have some "bonus" time with Cori, even though he suspected that's what Bull was always angling for.  
  
They left the store and moved in, pretending not to notice the stares and comments as they walked through the crowded mall. They stopped in a few other clothing stores, picking up a nice pair of hot pants in one, but were having little luck before they finally came to the lingerie store. While most of the items here were designed to be sexy in a romantic sort of way, they did have a few items that were racier, naughtier and much more suited to the tastes of Cori and Ben.  
  
Beverly, the store manager who was in her mid-40s and had worked with Ben and Cori before, greeted them with a genuinely friendly smile. Unlike many women, she was not judgmental about Cori and, honestly, enjoyed working with them, especially since money never seemed to be an object. Ben explained how he was looking for something unique, aside from the usual thongs, panties, stockings and garters — which were all very nice — and asked if she had something a bit more exotic.  
  
"I think I have a few things you might like," Beverly said. "I actually keep some things in the back. Believe it or not, even a store like this can be accused of being too sexual. So, some of the quote-unquote fetish items I keep in the back for special customers who request it. I think a couple of them might be what you're looking for. Wait here."

Cori and Ben looked around for a few minutes while Beverly went into the back room. Ben selected a couple of crotchless thong panties, some stockings and a garter belt. Again, Cori already had these things, but she could always use more and this was good business, the kind that got them special treatment from people like Beverly.  
  
The first item Beverly brought out was a catsuit. Cori had a couple catsuits, but not many, and none quite like this. She went into the dressing room and Ben went with her — another perk of doing good business. She quickly stripped out of her clothes — with Ben's helping hands , of course — and pulled on the catsuit. It was tight, but not skin tight. It was made out of black leather that was shiny and molded to her curves. It extended from her neck, which it encircled like a turtleneck sweater, to her wrists and ankles. All that was left exposed were her feet, hands and head.  
  
What was so unique about the suit, however, was it's creative use of snaps and buttons. Over each breast were three smaller silver buttons in a vertical line. The middle button was located directly over the nipple and, when unbuttoned, created an opening about an inch in diameter, through which erect nipples would easily poke through and be available for viewing, pinching and sucking as desired. The top and bottom buttons kept the rest of the breast concealed, but when undone, the leather could be pulled apart enough for the entire breast to be exposed. The tight leather than snapped back around the base of the breast, pushing it out further and giving it an huge round balloon shape.  
  
A similar series of buttons ran vertically along her crotch. Undoing these three exposed the pussy, making it available for viewing, tasting or any sort of insertions. Ben and Cori experimented with each of these options, Ben even dipping his finger into Cori's pussy to make sure there was ample room to fuck her without taking off the suit.  
  
They agreed that it was a very nice, sexy outfit, quite different from most of her far-more-flesh-bearing attire. Ben helped Cori wiggle out of the suit and left her naked in the dressing room while he went back out to visit with Beverly.  
  
"It's great," he told her. "But it's a little too loose. I want it extra tight. If you have one a size smaller, we'll take it."  
  
"Oh sure, that's no problem," Beverly said, pleased with this already lucrative sale. "I'll get it for you. In the meantime, here's another one I thought you might like."  
  
Ben took the newest garment back into the dressing room and gave it to Cori to put on. Another woman was just getting out of an adjoining room and was shocked to see Ben going into one of the rooms. She didn't say a word, but Ben had the feeling she didn't like the idea of a man being back there. Of course, he didn't really care. He was standing in a room next to a hot naked babe who had recently swallowed his cum and now was going to dress sexy for him. His life was pretty good at the moment, so caring what someone else thought wasn't high on his list.  
  
This newest outfit was sort of like a catsuit as well in that it was a one-piece bodysuit. But it didn't cover head to toe like the other one did. This one was made of a silver spandex-like material — only softer — and was sleeveless. This one hugged her body all over. More flexible and thinner than the leather, the suit molded to her pussy, wrapping around her pussy lips, her cameltoe clearly outlined by the suit. Likewise, the spandex wrapped around her hard nipples, doing nothing to constrain them or minimize their appearance.  
  
The top of the suit simply wrapped around her body, just above her breasts and below her armpits. There were no sleeves and her shoulders and neck were left bare. It would take less than a second to yank the top down and let her tits pop out, which Ben did a couple times, just to make sure it would work all right.  
  
In the back, the material didn't come together all the way. Instead, it had to be laced up, sort of like a corset. Since the laces ran in criss-cross fashion all the way down to her ass-crack, the easiest access to her pussy would be obtained by simply untying the laces and pulling the suit down past her waist. It wasn't nearly as simple as a skirt with no panties or a catsuit with a button, but it still wouldn't take long to get to her magical pot of gold.  
  
Ben fondled her pussy through the thin material and liked the fact that he could push the tip of his finger into her pussy through the fabric. He could actually feel her heat and moisture. The fabric was pleasant to the touch and accentuated her already magnetic body. Cori, who found the suit quite comfortable, was glad when Ben said he would buy two of these — the silver one she was wearing and a white one, if they had one.  
  
Ben helped Cori peel the suit off and again left her naked while he went back out to give Beverly the good news. She assured him they had the suit in white and would be happy to package it up for him. She gave him one more outfit that she thought might be perfect for the delectable Ms. Cori.  
  
"She is delectable, isn't she?" Ben smiled.  
  
"Yes," Beverly admitted, "she is amazing. She could be model or a movie star. It makes me proud to know that she likes our clothes. She must look incredible in them."  
  
"She does," Ben assured her. "Thank you so much for your help. We'll try this on and be right out."  
  
Ben gave the outfit to Cori. So far, Beverly was two-for-two with her selections and he was anxious to see what else she had for them. Besides, playing dress-up with Cori was a lot of fun —kind of like having a real-life Barbie doll — and turning him on in a hurry.  
  
This newest outfit consisted of a pair of skin-tight black latex stockings that stopped about mid-thigh. There was a pair of black leather hot pants that fit snugly and rode up high on her thighs and low on her belly. The shorts were connected by a zipper that ran from the top of the waist band in front down through the crotch all the way to the top of the waist band in back. Unzipping it all the way separated the shorts into two pieces. The top, made of black lycra, was a skimpy tube top that could also be separated by a zipper running from top to bottom in between her breasts. Two simple tugs on a zipper could leave her naked except for the pair of latex stockings. Ben immediately decided this was a must-have as well.  
  
He helped Cori out of it, fondling her breasts and ass as he did so, telling her how hot she looked in all these outfits.  
  
"So which one do you want me to wear tomorrow?" she asked, standing still while Ben put her skirt and top back on her.  
  
"I don't know," he said honestly. "I like them all and they're all different. Which do you think the guys would like the most?"  
  
"Well, everyone's been in kind of a kinky mood lately and I think the first black catsuit with the buttons was the kinkiest. Personally, the silver one was the most comfortable and probably my favorite, so I'd say one of those two."  
  
"I agree," Ben said. "I'm leaning toward the black one too, but we can make a final decision later. Let's go ahead and pay for these and then go get some new fuck-me shoes to go with your new outfits."  
  
"All set?" Beverly asked as they came out of the dressing area. She already had their other selections package d up and ready to go. She quickly added the latest outfit and gave them their total — which she knocked $100 off of just as a way of saying thanks. She also gave them a $75 gift certificate good for their next visit, which she hoped would be soon.  
  
Ben and Cori thanked her and walked out, Ben toting three bags now filled with various sexy outfits. Fortunately, they were all small and skimpy, so the bags were not at all heavy or cumbersome.  
  
Right next to the lingerie shop was a shoe store that catered to women's shoes and included some rather exotic and erotic footware. Again, Ben had brought Cori here before and was greeted warmly by Russ Chalmers, the store manager. Russ was a kind, fidgety fellow in his early 40s. He had bright red hair and a pale complexion.  
  
"Great to see you two," he said, shaking both their hands and welcoming them in. "I'd like you to meet my nephew, Gerald, who is helping me around the store now."  
  
Gerald, who had never before had the pleasure of meeting or seeing Cori, came over to them, his eyes bugging out and jaw dropping. Gerald was 18 years old, a bit taller and skinnier that his father, but equally fidgety. He seemed shy, had a bit of acne and a long nose with a bump in it that made it look like it had been broken at some point. Gerald was stunned by Cori. To him, she looked like sex personified, which wasn't a bad description.  
  
Gerald, who was a virgin, was always nervous around girls, particularly ones as gorgeous as Cori. He approached her slowly and extended his hand nervously, "Nice to meet you," he said in a shaky voice, trying hard not to stare at her chest.  
  
"Nice to meet you too," Cori smiled. "My name's Cori and this is my friend and boss, Ben." Gerald shook hands with Ben, but his eyes never left Cori. He wasn't trying to be rude or stare, but he couldn't help it. How many times had he jacked off looking at pictures of girls like her in Playboy or one of the dirtier magazines, like Hustler or Taboo? He felt a stirring in his groin and was afraid he was going to sprout a woody right here. How embarrassing would that be?  
  
"Gerald, I'm going to be helping Cori and Ben look for some special items," Russ said. "Would you mind watching the counter and staying by the phone?"  
  
"Sure thing, Dad," Gerald said, happy he wasn't being sent back into the stock room. He'd be able to stay out in the store where he could keep staring at Cori. And behind the safety of the counter, no one would know if he got a hard-on.  
  
At this point, neither Gerald nor his dad knew that Cori was wearing no panties. But they knew they could see lots of leg and ass and that her fishnet-covered tits were all but bare, so they had plenty to look at it without looking up her skirt.  
  
The phone rang, so Gerald scurried behind the counter to answer it while Russ invited Ben and Cori to look around. Ben figured they at least needed silver, white and black shoes or boots to match their three latest outfits. And, of course, he would consider anything else that caught his eye. The guys all agreed that the right heels or boots could make all the difference in an outfit, even though most of the time they weren't looking at her feet.  
  
Cori, of course, already had a wide selection of shoes, but new outfits called for new shoes, even if they were similar to ones she already owned. Besides, Ben was really enjoying playing dress-up and showing off his personal Barbie. They selected three different styles of heels in silver. One pair was a pair of ordinary pumps, another was a pair of slim stillettos and the third featured a strap around the ankle.  
  
Cori sat down to try them on, removing her black heels and bobbi socks. Normally, Russ would allow the customer to just try on their own shoes, but Cori was no ordinary customer. He knelt down to slide one of the pumps onto her foot. "There, why don't you try ..." he stopped in mid-sentence when he looked up and saw her bare pussy under her skirt. She had been in before, but never had he gotten to see her pussy — she had always worn shorts or thongs before. This was an unexpected and much-appreciated treat.  
  
"What did you say, Mr. Chalmers?" Cori asked, pretending she didn't know what had stopped him. She moved her thighs slightly further apart, giving him a better view. Of course, she acted like she was unaware that he could see under her obscenely short skirt.  
  
"Oh, I was just saying that you could walk around and see how those felt," Russ said, somewhat regaining his composure, though his eyes were wide and transfixed on the beautiful sight between her thighs.  
  
Slowly, Cori stood up with Russ still kneeling at her feet. He wanted to just stick his head under her skirt, but he tried to be nonchalant, casually looking up at her, first catching her eye, then quickly glancing under her skirt. She walked back and forth, swinging her hips and purposely bouncing her skirt to show off her ass.  
  
All of this caught Gerald's attention. He couldn't tell if she had panties on or not, but he knew if she did, it had to be a thong. He stared at her bouncing tits and long legs as she approached, then gazed at her perfect ass as she walked away. His cock hardened in his khakis and he was thankful no one could see. There was nothing he could do to stop it.  
  
He looked at her ass intently, trying to discern whether or not she had on anything underneath that skirt. He couldn't tell for sure, at least not until Cori bent over at the waist, pretending to be looking at the shoes and deciding if she liked the way they looked. Gerald's cock leapt as he got a clear look at her juicy pussy lips, nestled warmly between her tender, tan thighs. He felt pre-cum starting to ooze out of his cock as he studied her mound, with its tiny tuft of blonde hair barely visible atop the peachy folds of her labia.  
  
Gerald groaned involuntarily and Cori, still bent over, looked back over her shoulder, catching him staring at her ass. She just smiled, winked and stood up. Gerald nearly came in his pants. Cori walked back over and said the shoes didn't seem to fit quite right — a bit too loose in the heel. She tried on the other two pairs of silver shoes, giving Russ the same close-up view each time and bending over for Gerald each time. Both naturally fidgety, father and son were both excited and nervous now, uncomfortable around such a beautiful girl who was relentlessly flashing and teasing them.  
  
After Cori and Ben selected one of the silver shoes — the slim stillettos — they then picked out three more pairs of black ones, including a pair of thigh-high leather boots that zipped up the side.  
  
"Gerald, why don't you help the lady on with her shoes this time," Russ suggested, thinking he was doing his son a favor by putting him closer to her and that pussy. He didn't realize his son had a raging hard-on and could barely walk.  
  
"Uhh, sure," Gerald said. He tried hunching over to hide his erection as he walked around the desk, but he had a large cock and the bulge in his pants was obvious to everyone.  
  
"Ahh, to be young and virile," Ben said, trying to ease the young man's embarrassment. "Stand up and be proud. Nothing wrong with a good, strong erection, is there Cori?"  
  
"Not at all," Cori said, looking at the boys' crotch and smiling in an approving manner. "I happen to love erections. Don't be shy. Come over her and help me with these shoes."  
  
Gerald straightened up, not hiding his bulging crotch as he came over to Cori. She remained standing while he knelt down with the first pair of shoes and slipped them on to her feet, his nervous hands fumbling, his curious eyes glancing repeatedly up her skirt.  
  
Cori caught Ben's eye, raised her eyebrow and he nodded. Cori continued her teasing parade for the next half hour, finally selecting four different pairs of shoes and a pair of boots. Russ totaled the purchase, deducting 25 percent, which was a great deal. He was surprised by Ben's reaction.  
  
"Wow, that's a lot of money," Ben said. "I'm not sure I can afford that. Any way we can bring that price down a bit?"  
  
"Well," the nervous Russ began, "I've already reduced the price. I'm not sure I can go much lower. I..."  
  
"Oh, I know you've given us the best price," Ben interrupted. "You always do. That's why we always come back. No, I was thinking maybe there was something we could do for you to, you know, sort of offset the cost. Kind of a trade."  
  
"Well, what did you have in mind?" Russ asked. "We usually deal strictly in cash purchases. I'm not sure we can do a trade."  
  
"Even if Ms. Cori were to be made available to you and your son for the next 30 minutes?" Ben asked. "She's very eager to show her appreciation for your generosity."  
  
"Oh, well, you mean ...?"  
  
"What I mean," Ben said, "is that Cori will go with you two back into your office or whatever. She will give you both blowjobs and you can cum on her face or in her mouth. You can't fuck her ass or pussy or cum anywhere else on her. I will watch the front here and make sure no one robs you or anything. If Cori were to do that, how much would the shoes cost then?"  
  
"Absolutely free!" Gerald interrupted. "Come on, Dad. That's a great deal!"  
  
"I agree," Russ said. "Are you sure? I thought you had set rules about that stuff?"  
  
"We do," Ben said. "But Cori and I have been feeling very generous today. And we like you guys a lot and we really could use a deal on the shoes. So, if it's agreeable to everyone..."  
  
"It is!" Gerald said, taking Cori's hand. "Come on, Cori, I'll show you the way."  
  
Moments later, Russ and Gerald were standing on either side of Cori, who was kneeling between them. Both men had their pants off and hard-ons pointed directly at her.  
  
"I.. I'm a virgin," Gerald stammered, his voice quavering with excitement. "I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do."  
  
"Don't worry," Cori smiled. "I love virgins. Makes me feel special to be your first. Tell you what, why don't you watch your dad and maybe you can pick up a few pointers as we go along. You do know your way around a girl's mouth, don't you Mr. Chalmers?"  
  
"Absolutely!" Russ said. He was barely more controlled than his son and, his wife long gone, had probably gone nearly as long without getting laid. But he had been around the block before and was very ready to take the trip again. He found that putting himself in the teacher's role for his son made him feel in control and calmed him down and cleared his thoughts, the first of which was, why the hell was Cori still dressed? He sure as hell didn't think he'd get a better chance than this to see her naked. "But I think it would be best if you took off your clothes first. Don't want to get anything on them, now do we?"  
  
"Sure don't," Cori said, untying her top and tossing it to the floor. She stood up to remove her skirt and kicked it aside, but left her shoes, socks and choker on per Russ' instruction. Still standing, she stood with her hands behind her back while Russ instructed his son on the fine art of feeling up a woman's tits.  
  
"The first thing to remember is that these are here for your enjoyment," Russ said, looking at his son and putting both hands on Cori's tits. "They are for you to play with. Now, they are sensitive, so you must be careful not to hurt her and, if you do it right, you can stimulate her. See here how her nipples are erect? She's excited and likes the way I'm touching them and rubbing them with my fingers, isn't that right Cori?"  
  
"Oh yeah," Cori said sincerely. "I love the way that feels. My nipples are so hard, I love it when you squeeze them and pull on them a little bit. It makes me so hot — all over. Feel my pussy, Gerald. Feel how hot it is."  
  
His hand shaking, Gerald put his hands between her thighs and felt the heat from her pussy before he even touched the soft, sensitive skin. When his finger tip touched her pussy lips, his cock lurched again, excited at the heat and moistness of her velvety labia. He was not only seeing a naked woman in person for the first time, he was also touching a pussy for the first time. He was about to explode.  
  
"That's it, son," Russ said, watching Gerald's fingers slide along Cori's pussy lips. "Go ahead and slide your fingers right between those lips. Be gentle, but forceful. You'll feel a bit of resistance, but just keep going. You'll slide right in."  
  
Cori bent her knees slightly and spread her thighs, making herself more available to him. Gerald followed his father's instructions and pressed his fingers between those perfect, puffy lips. Sure enough, with just a bit of pressure, her pussy opened up and his fingers slid easily inside her, instantly warmed by a tunnel of moist heat.

Cori, her eyes closed, licked her lips and moaned. She was genuinely turned on now, the father-son combination doing a good job of manipulating her tits and pussy. And there really was something very exciting about being the first sexual encounter for Gerald. She wanted to make it special for him and that made her even more excited. Cori's juice were flowing thickly now, coating Gerald's pumping fingers.  
  
"Let's switch places," Russ said. "Go ahead and play with her tits." Gerald pulled his fingers out of Cori's snatch and Russ quickly replaced them with his own. "Nice and juicy," he said. "Just go ahead and lick that off your fingers. I bet her cream's real sweet."  
  
Tentatively, Gerald put his fingers in his mouth and tasted Cori's sweet nectar. "Very sweet," he assured his dad. He moved his hands to her breasts and played with her swollen nipples, just like his father had showed him. He had never touched a woman's breast before, but he knew instinctively that these were extraordinary tits and that not every woman was so fortunate to have such large, firm, natural breasts with such perfectly dark, erect nipples. He might never touch breasts like these again, so he enjoyed this while it lasted.  
  
He enjoyed it so much that pre-cum was now leaking out of his cock in significant amounts and his cum-filled balls ached to empty themselves, preferably either in her or on her. Cori was enjoying this too, but any chance of enjoying her own orgasm ended when Russ removed his fingers from her pussy and declared it was time for him to show Gerald how to fuck a woman's mouth.  
  
Gerald stepped back and watched, holding his cock but not stroking it, trying to hold out as long as possible. Russ, whose cock was also leaking pre-cum, stood over Cori who was now on her knees in front of him. He held his cock to her lips and she stuck out her tongue and tasted him, letting the pre-cum form a long, thick line from his cock to her lips. Gerald stood slack-jawed and wide-eyed, unable to believe what he was seeing.  
  
If all this wasn't weird enough, it was his father — long-since divorced — of all people who was now stuffing his cock into this incredible babe's mouth, all the while explaining to Gerald the apparently fine art of receiving a blowjob.  
  
"Now, it's important to give her time to get used to having your cock in her mouth," Russ was huffing now, out of breath with excitement. "Give her a moment to suck on your cock and kiss and taste it like she's doing now — oh yeah, that's a good girl — then let her know it's time to deep throat you.  
  
"You do that by putting your hands on the back or side of her head, like this, and shoving your cock into her throat, like this. Now, a lot of girls will gag a little bit at this point. Cori doesn't, of course, because she's used to do this and, I must say, quite an expert cock-sucker. If a girl gags on your cock, back off a bit, then shove it back in. Don't give up. All girls are natural cock-suckers and eventually they all get the hang of deep-throating if you make them keep trying."  
  
As he was giving this lecture, Russ was now exploring Cori's tonsils with his cock. He had his hands on the back of her head and his cock was buried balls-deep into her face. Never once did Cori attempt to pull away and never did she stop sucking and stroking his cock with her tongue.  
  
"Now, in addition to getting your dick sucked," Russ said, suddenly pulling his cock out of her mouth, "there are other fun things you can do when receiving a blowjob. It is good to do these things when you're close to cumming, like I just was, but don't want to yet. See, by pulling my cock out of her mouth, I'm settling back down a little. While I'm waiting for it to subside, I can have some fun by slapping my cock against her face."  
  
Russ took his rigid throbber and started smacking Cori's cheeks and lips and nose with it, not hard enough to leave a mark or really hurt, but plenty hard enough to make a loud smacking noise and to sting a bit with each strike.  
  
"You can also spank her tongue," Russ continued, demonstrating this procedure as Cori obliging stuck out her tongue.  
  
"Does any of that hurt her?" Gerald asked.  
  
"Not at all," Russ answered for Cori. "Sluts like this are made for you to play with. A little cock-slapping never hurts them. Most of them like it anyway."  
  
Gerald was amazed. Not just at what he was seeing, but in the way his father was acting. Normally he was so shy and jittery and he had seemed as flustered by Cori and her naked pussy as Gerald was, but now he seemed excited, sure, but very much in control. He seemed dominant, larger than life somehow, more manly than Gerald had ever seen him. And why shouldn't he seem all-powerful? He had a lava-hot babe less than half his age, naked at his feet, offering her mouth and breasts to him as means of pleasure and release. He was living every man's dream, and he was living it large.  
  
Plus, Russ seemed to be relishing the role of instructor, demonstrating techniques and positions like those fitness instructors on TV. Gerald could just envision his father watching him fuck Cori, yelling, "Just five more reps, come on, push it right down her throat! Good. Now let's work on our squat thrusts. Feel the burn!"  
  
In reality, Russ was explaining his theory on blowjobs.  
  
"Now that I've calmed down a bit, I'm ready to put my cock back in her mouth," Russ said. "Now it's important to note that there are two primary ways to receive a blowjob. One way is to let the girl do the work. The benefits of this plan, as you can see from Miss Cori here, is the abundance of attention you receive from her lips and tongue. Notice how she keeps her head moving and changes her pace, slow then fast. And notice how she is always licking and sucking. Now Cori is exceptionally good at this, but any girl should be able to give you a satisfactory blowjob with a similar technique.  
  
"The primary drawbacks to this style," Russ said, clearly enjoying every little thing Cori's talented mouth was doing to him, "is that some girls will insist on trying to use their hands to stroke your cock while they suck on the head. This is a cheap and easy way out and you should never allow it. Make her get you off with her mouth. It comes natural to her and it feels better for you. Now, you'll notice that Cori doesn't even try to use her hands. She has been well-trained and I'm guessing that she now actually prefers not to use her hands. Is that right, Cori?" She nodded her head as she sucked, bobbing his cock up and down.  
  
"Another drawback to this technique is that the girl probably will not voluntarily deep throat you. Again, Cori is an exception, as you can see, but most girls need to be told or made to deep throat you. You shouldn't have to even ask. They should know that is part of their job and should do it voluntarily.  
  
"Now, the other form of blowjob is the type where you take control. Again, this starts by putting your hands on the back of her head, the sides of her face or grabbing her hair. Or you can simply be on top of her, straddling her face. In any of these instances, her job is to keep her mouth and throat open, lick and suck as much as possible. She should not gag and should not attempt to pull away from you."  
  
Russ had Cori's head in his hands and was forcing her face back and forth on his cock, making her deep throat him over and over.  
  
"In this method, which some people call face or skull fucking, the benefit is that you get to control the tempo and how deeply you thrust your cock. The downside is that you get a little less tongue and suction action, generally speaking, because the bitch is just trying to breathe and not choke. You also occasionally will have a girl who hasn't learned to deep throat and is resistant to try. Again, it is important to be persistent and train her to do her job."  
  
Russ was now slamming his cock in and out of Cori's throat, banging his balls against her chin. He had one hand on her bottom jaw and the other on top of her head, just forcing her mouth back and forth on his shaft.  
  
"Now when you're ready to cum," Russ said through gritted teeth, "most of the time you can cum anywhere you want — in her mouth, on her tongue, on her face, on her tits, on her ass, on her pussy. They should be honored to be receiving your cum and anxious to swallow it or wear it as you desire. Isn't that right, Cori?"  
  
He stopped skull-fucking her long enough for her to bob her head his, then stabbed the back of her throat again with shocking force.  
  
"Now, since Cori is kind of on loan to us and doing us a favor here, the polite thing to do is ask her if it's OK to cum in a certain place. Normally, you don't need to ask your girl — she is your cum receptacle and should gladly accept it wherever you deposit it. If you ever have a girl who wants to spit out your cum, all you have to do is plug her nose like this. Then, she has to swallow if she wants to breath. It might seem cruel, but girls just have to be trained to do things the right way — like a kid learning how to multiply and do fractions. It's hard, but it's for their own good. So,you shouldn't have to ask, but since this is a special circumstance, I will ask Miss Cori if it is all right if I cum in her mouth."  
  
Again he stopped long enough for Cori to bob her head, then went back to throat-fucking her. "Now, when you cum in a girl's mouth, you can do it while your skull-fucking her and dump it straight down her gullet without her even tasting it. Personally, I like to make sure she tastes it, then watch her swallow it. That's why I'm going to pull back so that the head of my cock is in her mouth against her tongue. Then, I'm going to instruct Cori to catch and suck out every drop, but not to swallow until I tell her. Understood, Cori?" She nodded, keeping her lips sealed tightly around his cock.  
  
"Good, because here it cums, you hot little slut!" Russ' cock began spewing giant wads of bitter, thick cum. Cori could tell he hadn't had an orgasm in a long time, not only because of the large amounts of cum now spattering her taste buds, but also because it had a slimy consistency and tasted stale and bitter, like it had been stored in his balls far too long. Poor man, she thought, wondering why he didn't at least beat off from time to time. Despite the taste, she was happy to accept his cum, knowing that she was bringing him great pleasure and doing something that obviously had not been done for him in a long time.  
  
Russ' commentary ceased for the few seconds he was busy showering her tongue with his thick spunk, but resumed long before his cock shriveled and wilted.  
  
"That's it, slut," he coached her now. "Suck it all out and hold it in your mouth." When he was sure the last of his cum was out, he pulled out of her mouth and stepped back. "All right, you might think her job's done now, but it's not. First, she gets a treat for her hard work and I like to let a girl enjoy her treat. So, Cori, go ahead and swish that cum around in your mouth, let it flow through your teeth and gums and swirl it with your tongue. When you're ready, open your mouth, show me the cum, then close your mouth and swallow it. Got it?"  
  
Cori nodded again and made a show of swishing the load of cum around in her mouth, using her tongue to push it between her teeth and squish it up under her gums. She opened her mouth and showed them both. They could see a large wad of yellowish-white sitting on her tongue while other streams of cum hung from her gums, teeth and the roof of her mouth. It reminded Gerald of when he would open his mouth when it was full of toothpaste, seeing how it clinged to and covered everything.  
  
"You may swallow now," Russ said after examining her mouth for several seconds. Cori closed her mouth and swallowed once, then ran her tongue all around her teeth and gums, collecting another load in the back of her throat before swallowing again. There goes cum load No. 547,000 into my stomach, Cori thought, amusing herself briefly with the thankful thought that at least cum wasn't fattening or high in cholesterol.  
  
"Now that she's enjoyed her treat, it's time for her to finish her job," Russ informed Gerald. He stepped up to Cori and, without being asked or told, she took his flaccid cock in her mouth and dutifully licked and sucked it clean, several times running her tongue over the opening in his cock-head to make sure no stray drops of cum got away.  
  
"A blowjob isn't over until the girl cleans your cock thoroughly," Russ explained. "Again, this should be done with no hands. She should lick every inch of your cock and balls and continue to suck on it even though it's soft. By sucking on it, she makes sure she's gotten all of the cum out. It's sort of like quality control and cleaning up your desk at the end of the day, all rolled into one job. She should continue to clean your cock until you tell her to stop, and she should offer to give you another blowjob anytime you want. Now, I won't expect this of Cori, since this is in trade for shoes, but a girlfriend or fuck partner should make such an offer. All right, that's enough, Cori. You were fantastic. Thank you."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Chalmers," Cori smiled. "That was great. You're a very good teacher."  
  
"Let's hope so. What do you say, Gerald, ready to show us what you learned?"  
  
Without answering, Gerald stepped up and offered his cock to Cori. She looked up at him and smiled, then went to work. She half-expected him to cum the second her lips touched his cock, but he showed remarkable control for his first time with a woman and so much stimulation already. His cock leapt when it first touched her tongue and he moaned, but he managed to keep his cum in his heavy balls for now.  
  
Cori gave him the full treatment of licking and sucking and head-bobbing for about a minute and was sure he was about to cum.  
  
"Don't cum yet," Russ said in a gentle, coaching voice, clearly trying to calm his son's fiery enthusiasm. "Pull out and take a step back. That's it. Relax. Close your eyes and don't even look at her. Take a deep breath. There, now, can you hold off long enough to skull-fuck her? It would be good for you to experience what that feels like. But I'll warn you, you'll probably cum pretty fast. Remember, to cum in her mouth, just pull back a bit and let her hold the head of your cock with her lips. She'll catch your cum and hold it until you're done, then swallow it. Got it?"  
  
Gerald, his eyes still closed as he tried to think about anything but cumming, nodded.  
  
"Good. Then shove your cock down her throat and make her your cum slut."  
  
Gerald's eyes snapped open and he took one quick step forward. Cori barely opened her mouth in time as he grabbed her head in both hands and slammed his cock straight into her mouth and down her throat. She was surprised by the force of his thrust and a bit shocked by his strength. Despite his skinny frame, he was very strong and had a thick, rigid cock that was now mercilessly pounding the back of her throat. She felt his heavy balls hitting against her chin and noticed that they seemed to thud more than slap. They were dense and large and round and she was sure they were filled to the brim with cum.  
  
She braced herself for a large load, but still was not prepared for what Gerald's cock unleashed. Just like his dad said, he pulled back just before he came, keeping the head of his cock between her soft, sucking lips. Then, he released the torrent that was his first load ever into a woman and she thought for a moment that she might drown in cum.  
  
As the first of his load shot out of the end of his cock and hit the back of Cori's throat with the force of a power hose at a car wash, Gerald let out a loud, anguished grunt. It reminded Cori of the sound made by an Olympic weight lifter hoisting a pair of huge barbells over his head. Normally, Cori had no time catching and holding cum in her mouth, but his load was so massive, she had to concentrate on not swallowing and not opening her mouth.  
  
He continued to pump wad after wad of cum into her, quickly filling up every available inch of space in her mouth. Her cheeks were puffed out as if she was holding her breath, but instead she was holding cum. She understood that he was young and virile and that this was his first time, but she didn't anticipate this large of a load. He must not have beat off in several weeks, she thought.  
  
Not only massive, his load was also very thick and viscous, reminding Cori of warm pudding. Her mouth was completely filled and he was still cumming. She was either going to have to swallow or let it spill out between her lips. In her valiant efforts to keep all of it in, she actually discovered a third option, which was the cum —finding no room in any other direction — actually went up and started flooding her nasal passages. She felt it oozing down her nostrils like when you laughed so hard milk came out your nose.  
  
The problem was that now she really could not breathe, she really could drown in his cum. Fortunately, he finally finished spurting wads of cum and pulled his cock out of her mouth. The extra room created by the cock's removal allowed her to regain control. She didn't waste time swishing it around in her mouth — after all, her gums and teeth and everything else were already coated — but she did open her mouth to show them the amazing amount of cum she had stored in there.  
  
Then, just as the first of the cum began to ooze out of her nostrils and into view, she swallowed one massive load, feeling the warmth travel down her chest and into her tummy. Russ and Gerald watched, momentarily speechless, as they watched this amazing girl repeatedly wipe her tongue around in her mouth and swallow, trying to transport every bit of the bitter, salty fluid into her belly.  
  
She coughed a bit and the cum began dripping out of her nose. She stuck out her tongue to catch it, pulled it into her mouth and swallowed.  
  
"Look at that," Russ grinned. "I told you all girls are cum sluts at heart. See, she's even eating the cum right out of her nose. You've been storing up, haven't you, son? Don't you ever beat off?"  
  
"It's been a while," Gerald admitted. "I'm glad I saved it — I think she likes it."  
  
Still coughing and sputtering, Cori fell to her hands and knees, still trying to clear her passages and catch her breath. Though quick, the pair's skull fucking had been very forceful and managing their immense loads had proved to be a legitimate challenge. As if there was any doubt, Cori was certain she had earned her free shoes.  
  
"Are you all right?" Gerald asked, the nice boy returning now that his lust had been drawn out and consumed by Cori.  
  
"Yeah," she said. "Sorry, I just needed a second to catch my breath. My goodness! You had a lot of stuff in those balls. But it sure was yummy! Now, let me clean you off."  
  
Like a cat, she crawled to him on her hands and knees, then cleaned his cock and balls with long, wet licks from her tongue and gentle sucking on the head of his cock. She was not surprised that her efforts extracted several more drops of cum from his semi-erect cock and she saw his balls churning, already working on producing more semen.  
  
"You're going to make some girl very happy someday," Cori said when she was finished and had begun to dress.  
  
"Really?" Gerald asked, genuinely surprised to hear her say that since girls never seemed to pay much attention to him.  
  
"Definitely," Cori said. "I know you haven't had much luck with girls yet, but the first time a girl takes the time to notice how sweet you are, how strong you are, how big your cock is and how much cum you carry around in those big balls of yours, she's going to fall completely for you. Trust me, she'll be begging you to fuck her and train her to be your sex toy. Remember what your dad told you about not settling for less than you deserve."

"All right," Gerald said. "Thank you so much, Cori."  
  
"My pleasure," she said. "Thank you both for the shoes. Is there somewhere I can clean up a bit?"  
  
After Cori cleaned up and everyone was dressed, they headed back out to find Ben standing at the counter, minding the store. He greeted them with a smile. "Wow, that must have been some serious negotiating going on in there," he said. "I could hear you guys all the way out here. I trust everyone is happy with the agreements we have reached?"  
  
"Absolutely," Russ said. "The shoes are yours to take and we welcome you back any time. We understand if you don't always want to make the same deal, but will be happy to negotiate with you any time."  
  
They left the store carrying several bulky bags now, including all her new shoes and clothes. Cori was thirsty for something to wash the cum taste out of her mouth, so they bought another soda before leaving the mall.  
  
"Well, Cori, I owe you some money," Ben said as they got in the car.  
  
"Why?" she asked.  
  
"Well, you had to give four blowjobs today to non-staff members. You aren't supposed to have to do that."  
  
"I didn't mind," Cori said. "I know those were exceptions. It's OK."  
  
"I appreciate your willingness to do those things, especially since I know you're not crazy about the taste of cum," Ben said. "It really does help with customer relations and marketing. So, you've earned a bonus. I don't want you to think that a few bucks makes up for it — you're not a hooker and we all know that. So please don't be offended when I give you this. It's not a reflection on your worth or anything like that, just a thank you for all you did today and all you do every day."  
  
He handed her five $100 bills and Cori graciously accepted the money. "Bet you think you're going to get lucky tonight now, huh?" she joked. They laughed and joked like the old friends they were the rest of the way to the restaurant.

**FRIDAY EVENING (PART 2 — THE BAR & HOME)**

Without a doubt, Ben and Cori had the most complex relationship of any of the group. To Chad, Cori was a fuck toy and, though they got along all right, she wouldn't consider themselves close friends —he had a girlfriend, for crying out loud. John was like a father figure Cori so desperately wanted to please and make proud. Ty was like a best friend who was fun to hang out with — she and Ty had almost as much not having sex as they did having it. Sure, he enjoyed his time fucking her and did it as often as he could, but he was also nice and fun-loving.  
  
Ben, on the other hand, was a combination of a lot of things to Cori. He was like a big brother, but he was also a boss and the only guy in the group she would consider boyfriend material. As her employer and "big brother", she knew he felt a tremendous responsibility to protect her and make sure she was treated with respect. At the same time, he was a man with physical needs and desires. Further, he was a businessman who needed Cori to do certain things to maintain a high profit level.  
  
Torn in all these directions, Ben could one night be kind, sweet and romantic, the next night be laid back , the next night fun-loving an the next night ready for more serious, intense sex. Fortunately, he had Cori three nights a week, so he could afford to go in cycles. Tonight, he was horny and rambunctious and, as a result, had employed Cori as his sex toy for the evening. No doubt, there would be some hard fucking as the night continued. But by Sunday night, he was liable to be mellowed out and ready for a nice quiet evening in with gentle lovemaking, almost like a married couple might do.  
  
Since she understood him so well, Ben's moodiness never strained their relationship. She knew when he needed someone to be caring and loving and when he needed her to be a sex-crazed slut and she was happy to be both for him. It was a complex relationship, all right, but a good one and a fun one that Cori believed would last long past her days as a sex toy.  
  
But a sex toy was all she was to Ben tonight and he was in a very horny, very naughty mood. He wanted to fuck her so many times, so many ways and he wanted to show her off some more. Since it was getting late — about 9 p.m. now — he suggested they go to Bailey's, a local bar and grill. By this time on a Friday night, it was sure to be crowded with people blowing off steam after a hard work week. What better treat for them than to an hour or two of Cori ogling? In her high heels and bobbi socks, tiny skirt with no panties and barely-there bikini top, she was perfectly attired and ready to be put on display.  
  
When they pulled in, the parking lot was full and Ben had to park at the back end of the lot. They got out of the car and noticed that the wind had picked up and it was starting to rain lightly — the forecasters had been right about an impending storm after all. Instantly, the wind flipped up Cori's skirt, revealing her pussy and ass to anyone fortunate enough to be in view of her.  
  
Cori knew better than to try to push the skirt down — Ben would have told her to leave it alone. So, she walked in completely on display and with Ben's hand firmly on her ass cheek, much to the delight of a crowd of men standing around a pickup truck, apparently preparing to leave and head off to their next bar or party. They whistled and cheered and made crude, drunken comments, none of which surprised or disturbed Cori. She had heard it all before. She knew Ben liked to see her on display in public like this and that he would protect her if anyone got out of hand. Of course, no one did and they entered the bar without incident.  
  
They had been here many times before, so there wasn't a big shock reaction when they came in. But all heads still turned, anxious to check out Cori and her skimpy outfit of the day. The guy to girl ratio was about 3-to-1 in the bar, so at least 75 percent of the patrons were quite happy to see her. Most of the girls — who otherwise would have been considered scantily clad if not compared to Cori — were jealous of her and unhappy to see her. They came to this bar specifically to pick up men, knowing there were more men than women. They didn't like the guys to be distracted by Cori and hated it when they showed much more interest in her.  
  
Two women who weren't disappointed to see Cori, however, were her dear friends Tammy (whose dad ran the diner) and Gina, who waved to Ben and Cori and motioned for them to join their table. Gina, Tammy and Cori had been best friends since high school and they were still close now. Tammy and Gina knew all about Cori's job and the many duties that came with it. Cori told them everything. They understood and supported her and defended her against those who called Cori a slut or a whore.  
  
Tammy and Gina, who were roommates, were both fairly attractive girls in their own right. Gina was short and curvy with dark hair. She was only about 5-2, so her 34C breasts looked extra large on her small frame. She had an average face and she was carrying a few extra pounds on her hips and thighs, but most guys certainly found her attractive enough to date, if for no other reason than to get a shot at those tits.  
  
Tammy was much taller, with light brown hair. She was nearly 6 feet tall with long legs, which she liked to show off — though not nearly as brazenly as Cori would. She had a flat chest and a slightly oversized nose, but was again a better --than average looking girl.  
  
Tammy was wearing low heels, a denim mini skirt (with regular panties underneath), and a silky red blouse (with a bra). Gina had on a pair of tight jeans, pumps, and a tight white cotton blouse (with a bra) that accentuated her large breasts. Both girls dressed to show off their best assets, but neither wore anything remotely slutty or excessively revealing.  
  
They were sitting alone at a table, having drinks bough t for them by would-be suitors at the bar. They each jumped down off their stools to hug Cori and Ben, whom they were also friends with, then urged them to join them.  
  
"Wow, Cori, you look great tonight," Gina said, admiring Cori's skimpy attire. Even though Gina didn't want to dress like Cori, she respected Cori's right to do so and admired her ability to do it without embarrassment or shame. "So, how many times have you fucked our dear friend tonight?" she asked Ben.  
  
"Just once so far," he smiled. "But the night's still young."  
  
"So what have you two been up to so far?" Tammy asked as they all climbed back up on their stools and sat down.  
  
"We've been shopping," Cori said. "We went to the mall and bought a bunch of new outfits and shoes."  
  
"Well, we didn't buy the shoes," Ben said. "Cori worked a special deal and got about $500 worth of shoes for free."  
  
"Really?" Gina asked. "How'd you do that?"  
  
"Oh, I gave the manager and his son blowjobs," Cori said nonchalantly. "I've swallowed so much cum today, I shouldn't even be hungry, but I'm starving!" They all laughed and Cori reflected on how thankful she was that her friends stuck by her and never judged her for her actions or attire. In fact, they often went shopping with her and helped her pick out news clothes for work. "I'm serious," she continued as they all laughed. "The son almost drowned me. I had cum shooting out of my nose!"  
  
The waitress, who was always friendly to them — mostly because the owner told her to and Ben always tipped well —came by and took their order and then quickly returned with a fresh round of beers. They drank and ate and chatted for the next hour, just like any other group of friends might. Other patrons enjoyed the sight of Cori's bare thighs, completely exposed as she sat on the stool, and nearly bare breasts, but no one bothered them.  
  
The food wasn't great, but edible and the company was fine. Ben and Cori always had a good time hanging out with Gina and Tammy. Cori told them all about her last couple of days, including the thong, the oil, the Sex Toy outfit and the extreme workout. They listened intently, always interested but never shocked by her stories any more. They liked living vicariously through her and hearing about her outrageous experiences.  
  
More than once, Ben had wondered how difficult it would be to get these two girls into a four-way orgy, but he had never broached the subject. He was so happy with his relationship with Cori and she was so good at helping him bring all of his other fantasies to life that he hated to jeopardize the deal they had. Cori was easy to get along with and seldom got offended, but she was very protective of her great friends and Ben understood and respected that. He wouldn't rule out the possibility of bringing another girl or two in the mix at some time down the line, but he doubted that Tammy or Gina would ever be involved.  
  
Still, the images of a three-way, of cum coming out of Cori's nose and his current view of Cori's amazing body were all conspiring to stoke the fire in his loins. Ben was getting hornier by the second, a feeling he enjoyed and liked to let build up until he couldn't contain himself any more. Yes, when the time came he would be fucking Miss Cori very hard and very often tonight. He didn't have to work tomorrow, so he intended to stay up all night. He'd let her sleep some, but wake her up every time he was ready to fuck again. He hoped to nail her at least five or six more times before he had to let her go to work in the morning. Two more times in each hole would be a good goal.  
  
His fantasy was broken up when a large, muscular man with Italian features approached the table and, speaking in a New York accent, said, "Nice harem you got yourself here," he was speaking to Ben. It was obvious this guy wasn't from around here. "How much for the blonde bitch with the big tits?" he asked, nodding toward Cori.  
  
"Oh, she's not a prostitute," Ben responded calmly despite the man's offensive approach. "None of these girls are. They're just friends of mine." This wasn't the first time someone had mistaken Cori for a prostitute and Ben had learned to deal with such matters calmly, avoiding conflict and sending the guys on there way. This guy was different. He was drunk, he was huge and he was obviously intent on fucking Cori one way or another.  
  
"Friends,huh?" he grunted. "Bitches are for fucking, not being friends with. Now, she sure looks like a cheap call-girl slut to me, so just give me the price and let's do this deal. And don't give me no bullshit about extra for anal sex either. I want a straight rate for one hour of fucking. And yes, I want to fuck her more than once."  
  
"Sir, I'm sorry," Ben said, standing up now to position himself between the man and the girls, "but you're mistaken. Yeah, she might be dressed kind of slut, but none of these girls are available to have sex with you or anyone else for any price. Got it?"  
  
"Well, I think you misunderstand me, buddy," the man said, glaring at Ben now, clearly angry. "I intend to get laid and that slut right there is going to be my bitch. I'm willing to pay a fair price, so stop fucking around and name your price before I get angry."  
  
"Listen friend," Ben said, "either you walk away now or you get thrown out of this bar. Which is going to be?"  
  
The man took a couple steps as if to walk away, then wheeled around and grabbed Cori's arm, pulling her off the stool. She fell on the floor and he reached down and pulled her by her tits back up to her feet, ripping her top clean off. He fondled her naked breasts as he started dragging her toward the door. "Come on bitch," he growled. "I'll give you $10 for an hour, how about that? Pretty good money for a whore like you."  
  
Ben dove at the guy, pushing him off Cori and driving him to the floor. A few of Ben's friends joined the fray, helping corral the larger man, dragging him to the door and throwing him out. They watched until the man got in his car and drove away.  
  
"Are you all right, Cori?" Ben asked, genuinely concerned for her well-being. "Did he hurt you?"  
  
"Oh, my tits hurt a little," Cori said, carefully putting her top back on with Gina's help. "I'm all right. What an asshole!"  
  
"I'll say," Ben said. "Sorry about that. I thought he was leaving. I should have never let him touch you."  
  
"No problem," Cori said. "Thanks for stopping him."  
  
"You were great," Tammy said to Ben. "That guy was huge. I'm so glad Cori has you to protect her. Can you imagine what a guy like that would do if he could."  
  
"Probably a lot of the same things I'm going to do," Ben smiled, feeling the mood lighten a bit, "but he probably wouldn't be quite as nice about it. What do you say, Cori, want to have one more drink and then go fuck for about 8 hours straight?"  
  
"Sure," Cori smiled, rubbing her chest but feeling better already. The violent grab and pull on her top had snapped a couple of the fishnet strings and forced the mesh material to dig into her sensitive tit flesh. It was the sort of sting that stayed for a little while, but would wear off in the next hour or so. She was just glad he didn't seriously injure her.  
  
The waitress brought over a round of beers, compliments of the house, and they slowly wound down from the excitement of the brief attack and skirmish. The girls got Cori laughing again, talking about her other "near-death" experience of the day — her virtual drowning at the feet of Gerald. Cori relaxed and Ben's anger quickly turned back to building lust, his balls churning as he again pictured Cori with cum leaking out of her nose.  
  
At the risk of insighting another unwanted attack, Ben told Cori to get up and walk around a bit — flaunt her stuff. He wanted to watch her being watched, being ogled and lusted after. He wanted to see the other guys stare and drool, wanting her so badly but know ing she belonged to Ben. Cori knew exactly what Ben wanted her to do and hopped off the stool.  
  
She began by walking over the bar. She leaned over the counter — displaying her ass and pussy to everyone in the bar — practically sticking her tits in the bartender's face.  
  
"Can I get some nuts for our table, please?"  
  
"Of course you can, Miss Cori," he said, smiling and resisting the urge to bury his face in her cleavage. "Hold on just a second. Don't move, I'll be right back."  
  
"Yeah, don't move," Cori heard a voice behind her. It was the man sitting on the stool to her right, who was now unabashedly leaning over, his face inches from her ass. He was staring intently between her thighs, studying her tender pussy lips. "On second thought, you could back up just a bit and spread your thighs a few more inches if you'd like. Hey Bud, don't hurry back with those nuts!"  
  
Cori actually obliged the man, arching her back a bit more, thrusting her ass closer to the man's face. She also widened her stance, given an even less obstructed view of her twat. The man sitting to her left also leaned over to take in the show, and several others crowded around to take a good long look at her perfect back side.  
  
The guys were so close behind her she could actually feel their breath on her ass. One of the guys blew out a big breath and she felt the warm air tickling the hairs of her pussy.  
  
"Her pussy smells almost as good as it looks," one of the guys said.  
  
"I bet it tastes even better," the other man responded.  
  
"Well stick out your tongue and find out!" one of the men in the crowd behind her shouted. Cori half expected the guy to do it, and he might have, but Bud reappeared with a bowl of nuts, which he slid across the bar to Cori. She stood back up and turned to go back to her table.  
  
"Damn you, Bud!" one of the guys said, only half-jokingly. "When did you get so fast?"  
  
"Sorry fellas," Bud replied, chuckling. "Just doing my job."  
  
Cori weaved her way through the crowd of horny guys, who openly ogled her body and commented on its magnificence. Cori returned to the table with the nuts, pleased to see Ben's broad smile, then asked him for a quarter for the juke box. He handed her one, and she purposely dropped it, giving her an excuse to bend over at the waist — slowly — and pick it up.  
  
Cori strode to the juke box, putting as much bounce in her stop and sway in her hips as she could. She again made a show of bending over to look through the song titles and drew a large crowd of gawkers before finally settling on one — "Cherry Pie" by Warrant. It wasn't a great song, but it was a sexy one. As soon as it came on, Cori began dancing, kicking her legs and grinding her ass, moving her body with grace and sensuality. It was a dirty dance, to say the least, as she shook her hips like Shakira, gyrated like Britney,Spears swung her ass like Kylie Minogue, posed liked Mariah Carey and dressed like Christina Aguilera. What a fantastic music video her dance would have made. Of course, with her bare ass and pussy frequently visible under her skirt, not even MTV would have dared shown it.  
  
By the time the song was over, she was covered in a light sheen of sweat that somehow made her all the more alluring. Roughly two dozen men were standing around her, watching what amounted to a free striptease. They cheered and whistled when she was done, and she responded with a flamboyant bow, once again bending over to expose her ass and pussy.  
  
She once again squeezed through the crowd, heading back to the table. This time, more than a few hands "accidentally" brushed against her breasts or ass or flipped up her skirt. She didn't mind because she knew Ben liked this part of the show. When she got back to the table, Ben was standing up. She noticed a bulge in his pants and knew he was ready to go.  
  
"Ladies," Ben said, talking to Gina and Tammy, "it's been great seeing you tonight. I wish we could stay, but I have a lot of things I have to do ... to Cori. So, we're going to head out. You two have fun and don't get in any trouble."  
  
"OK, Ben, see ya," Tammy said. "Be good to her, now."  
  
"Will we see you Sunday, Cori?" Gina asked. They often got together on Sundays, which were Cori's day off. She was generally free from around 8 a.m. Sunday morning, when Ty's time ended, to around 8 p.m. Sunday night, when Ben's time started. She used this time to get some much needed alone time or hang out with her friends.

"Probably. Can I call you Sunday morning?"  
  
"Sure. See you then," Cori said with a wave.  
  
Ben and Cori walked out with all eyes following them and most eyes focused on Cori's swaying ass cheeks, one of which Ben cupped firmly, his hand under her skirt.  
  
As soon as they got in the car, Ben instructed her to take off her top and to begin sucking his cock. Cori quickly removed her top, not at all concerned that anyone could see her tits at night, and began unbuttoning his pants as he drove out of the parking lot. His cock was about halfway erect when she pulled it out and quickly stiffened to full size once she began licking and sucking on it.  
  
"You looked so fucking hot in there," Ben told her. "You should see how the other guys look at you. They want to fuck you so bad and they are so jealous because they know I get to do all the things they can only dream of while they're jacking off. Damn, you're so good at that. Yeah, suck it real hard, like a big popsicle. I'm going to fuck you so hard when we get home. I don't have to work tomorrow, so we can go all night. Yeah, just keep sucking just like that. We're almost home babe. When we get there, I'll fuck you real good."  
  
Ben kept the commentary going and Cori maintained her place, lips firmly wrapped around his cock. She kept this up for the full 20 minutes until they reached Ben's house, a nice two-story home built on a 5-acre lot on the outskirts of town. He had a fenced-in backyard and an in-ground swimming pool and hot tub.  
  
As soon as they pulled in the driveway, they jumped out of the car and ran inside, Cori's bare tits and Ben's exposed cock getting soaked by the driving rain.  
  
"Basement," Ben said as soon as they got in the door. Cori led the way down the stairs into the finished basement that Ben had turned into a rec room, similar to the customer lounge at the shop. He had a sofa, a love seat, a recliner, a wide-screen TV, a stereo and a pool table.  
  
The walls were adorned with various framed posters of women. Three were of Cori. In one, she was wearing a tight white tank top, denim shorts, high heels and was drenched from head to toe. She was posed on a chair, her legs spread wide and her back arched, the see-through shirt doing nothing to hide her erect nipples. In another, she was wearing heels and a thong bikini and was bent over at the waist, grabbing her ankles. The picture was taken from behind, of course. In the third poster, she was naked, on her hands and knees, looking for all the world like she was ready to take it doggy style or up the ass. The picture was taken from the side and she was looking at the camera, licking her lips suggestively.  
  
There were six other full-size posters in the room. One was of Kathy Ireland, Ben's all-time favorite swimsuit model, showing off her stunning eyes and remarkable all-over tan in a bright yellow bikini. Another featured porn star Racquel Darrian, who was posed in a blue mini-dress, showing off her amazing legs and cone-shaped breasts.  
  
On another wall, supermodel Tyra Banks was framed, wearing a tiny halter top that pushed her enormous breasts out the top, barely covering her mouth-watering nipples. Next to her was a poster of adult model Katie Price (a.k.a. Jordan), wearing a skimpy pair of athletic shorts and a flimsy excuse for a tank top. Her huge breasts, tiny waist and perfect legs were all well displayed.  
  
The last two posters featured wrestling diva Stacey Kiebler, her long legs oiled up and looking amazing in heels and a string bikini, and fitness model Dena Doster, her fantastic tan, shapely thighs and round breasts shown off in a stunning silver bikini.  
  
Though none of the posters were pornographic, they were all very sexy and suggestive and designed, of course, for further stimulation. Right now, Ben needed no extra help. He had a raging hard-on, his balls were tight and he desperately wanted Cori's hot little ass.  
  
He laid down on the leather sofa and Cori, upon Ben's instructions, got on top of him in a 69 position.  
  
"Suck it some more," he said. "Get it good and wet. Slobber all over it. When it's lubed up good, I'm going to fuck your ass."  
  
Cori sucked and slobbered, trying to make his cock as wet as possible. She liked anal sex sometimes, but it was important to have lubrication. If he wasn't going to use any KY jelly, then she wanted as much of her slobber and his pre-cum lining her ass as possible.  
  
Ben aided the situation by eating and fingering her pussy, which rapidly grew moist, then sopping wet. Using his fingers, he transferred as much of this natural lubricant to her ass as he could, dipping his fingers first in her cunt, then in her ass. Gradually, the tight shute grew looser and wetter. It happened none too soon, as Ben couldn't wait much longer.  
  
"On your hands and knees, ass up, head on the floor," Ben grunted, jabbing his cock to the back of her throat one last time. She scrambled off the couch and on to the soft, thick carpet. She put her head on the ground, arched her back and spread her thighs, giving him the best shot at her ass.  
  
He took his position behind her and flipped her skirt up on her back. He surprised her by first slamming his cock in her pussy. He pumped several times, coating his cock in her juices. While he did this, he spread her firm ass cheeks with his hands and inserted first one, then two fingers, then three into her ass. Holding them there for a few seconds while he fucked her pussy, he waited until she got used to the feeling and relaxed. Then, he pulled out his fingers, pleased to see her asshole staying open. He pulled his slippery cock out of her pussy and stuffed the head into her asshole before it closed.  
  
Cori moaned as she felt him stuff his cock into her, inch by inch. Though she had grown accustomed to the feeling and had learned to enjoy a good reaming from time to time, the initial insertion was always uncomfortable and sometimes painful. She concentrated on keeping her ass up, legs spread and muscles as relaxed as she could, doing everything she could to ease the entry.  
  
Horny as he was, Ben was still very aware of Cori's comfort and took his time. His caring for her outweighed his powerful urge to slam his cock into her full-force and rip her ass apart. Slowly but determinedly he inched his cock into her. He was reminded of a common nature channel image of a snake pushing its way into a tiny rat-hole — slow but powerful, driven by internal need and desire.  
  
Cori whimpered a couple of times, soft, cute gasps of breath that reminded Ben of a kitten or puppy and made her all the more desirable to him. He would never, ever hurt her, but he sure would bang the shit out of her. He kept pressing forward until he was finally all the way inside her, his balls nestled against her wet, puffy pussy lips. He remained still for a moment, watching her gain control of her breathing and letting her wriggle her hips into a more comfortable position.  
  
"You OK?" he asked.  
  
"Yeah," Cori said softly. "Can you please start slow?"  
  
"Of course," Ben said. "Nice and slow and deep. How's that sound?"  
  
"Good," Cori said. "Thanks."  
  
Ben began slowly, just as she requested, pulling back a few inches, then pushing back into the hilt. He did this slowly several times, each time backing out a bit further and then thrusting a bit harder and a bit faster. Gradually, he worked into a steady rhythm and, when she seemed to be more comfortable, he began fucking her with the same steady pace he would her pussy. The combination of her spit, her pussy juice and his pre-cum provided enough lubrication to allow him to begin to slide in and out of her easily and painlessly.  
  
"Yeah, now we're cooking," Ben said, picking up the pace even more. "Feel my balls slapping your pussy? Yeah, you like that don't you?" Actually, Cori liked it very much. It was one of her favorite parts of being ass-fucked. She also liked the feeling of fullness and the surrender of being taken and used in a completely raw, animalistic sort of way.  
  
"Hold your ass cheeks apart for me," Ben said. Cori knew what this meant. She reached back, her face still mashed in the carpet, and held her ass cheeks apart for him. This freed his hands, which he used to begin lightly slapping her ass cheeks. "Yeah, you like that spanking, don't you, naughty bitch? This is what happens to naughty girls. They get spanked and fucked in the ass."  
  
Ben pulled his cock out of her ass for a moment, turned on by the site of her round hole staying open, waiting for him to return. He did with renewed vigor, slamming balls-deep into her again and again. Alternately, he spanked her ass cheeks, careful not to hit hard enough to hurt her or leave any more than a small red mark.  
  
"Yeah, you were shaking that ass all over the bar, weren't you slut?" Ben said, enjoying the opportunity to talk dirty. "You were practically begging for me to fuck your ass, weren't you? Well, is this everything you were hoping for, you slut. A nice big cock up your tight little ass, balls slapping against your pussy, getting your ass spanked. Yeah, you love this, don't you, bitch? Take that big cock all the way, slut. Damn, your ass is fucking hot. I'm going to cum in your ass, bitch. That's what you wanted, right? An ass-full of cock and cum?"  
  
Moments later, Ben delivered on his promise, pumping her bowels full of his spunk. Cori was glad it happened pretty quickly. While she had learned to enjoy a good ass fuck, she liked them to be quick. She could have marathon fuck sessions with her mouth or pussy — and had many times — but found that anal sex stopped being enjoyable for her after about 10 or 15 minutes, especially when minimal lube was being used as it was this time.  
  
There was plenty of lube now, though, as her ass overflowed with white, jelly-like cum. As he pulled his cock out, a long stream of cum followed, spilling out and running down her crotch and into the welcoming crevice between her pussy lips. Ben pulled her lips apart, letting the cum run out of one hole and into the other.  
  
"Oh, that was so good, Cori," Ben said. "I had been wanting a piece of your ass all day. It was worth the wait."  
  
"You know it's yours any time you want it," Cori said, slowly standing up, her legs a bit shaky from the rough reaming her ass had just taken. "Shall I go clean up?"  
  
"Sure, I'll wash up upstairs and meet you back down here in a few," Ben said. "Oh, and just go ahead and take off your clothes. We're in for the rest of the night, so there's no reason to keep you all covered up. Just leave the heels and choker on."  
  
Cori went to the bathroom in the basement, while Ben went upstairs. Normally, Cori would have cleaned off Ben's cock for him, but only Chad ever required her to clean his cock after anal sex. The others, being more aware of Cori's feelings and health, cleaned themselves.  
  
Cori took her time cleaning up, washing her ass and pussy and fixing her lipstick. She rinsed her mouth with mouthwash and brushed through her hair. As requested, she removed her top and skirt and came out of the bathroom wearing only her heels and that sexy choker wrapped around her slender neck.  
  
Ben was sitting on the couch, waiting for her to join him. He was wearing a pair of silk boxers and nothing else. He had poured two glasses of wine and had turned the TV on to a baseball game.  
  
She curled up on the couch next to him, snuggling in against him as he put his arm around her. Aside from the nudity and the fact that he had just fucked her ass, they might have been any couple snuggling on the couch, sipping wine and watching a game. That didn't last long.  
  
With her soft skin and firm, warm body pressed against him, semi-erect nipples and tender thighs touching his skin, Ben found it impossible not to touch her, kiss her and play with her. Soon, his arm around her bare shoulder led to his hand on her bare breast, which then led to his fingers on her quickly hardening nipple.  
  
He kissed her gently on the lips, then on her neck and finally took one long nipple into his mouth. Cori's nipples were very sensitive and she felt shivers of pleasure ripple through her as his soft lips sucked and nibbled on her nipple. Having had two orgasms this evening, he was now in no rush. Gently, he sucked on both nipples, squeezing her breasts and listening to her slightly more intense breathing.  
  
He loved to watch her cum and he hoped that this nipple play would lead in the right direction. It usually did. He felt her body begin to respond as he continued his gentle touching and kissing. He ran his fingers over her flat, firm belly and lightly touched her thighs. He pulled her into his lap, putting her tits in his face. He continued to kiss and caress them gently, happy to feel her nipples get so hard and pleased by her body language as she leaned into him.  
  
There was no dirty talk this time. This was a more sensual, erotic encounter, somehow made more intense by their silence. The only sounds were Cori's adorable gasps and whimpers as Ben slowly stoked her fire. That fire was spreading quickly from the tips of her nipples, through her breasts and down toward her loins.  
  
With one hand on one breast and his mouth on the other breast, Ben gently touched her between her thighs, lightly teasing the sensitive skin on the inside of her thighs. She gasped and spread her thighs slightly, giving him room to explore further and find her pussy. He cupped her mound gently in his hand, feeling the heat radiate through his palm. She was getting hot, all right, and he relished the idea of watching her cum.  
  
Wordlessly, he turned her body sideways in his lap, then laid her down on her back across his lap, positioning her so that her head lay on a pillow, her back rested on one thigh and her ass on the other. In this position, her face was in easy view and her tits and pussy were both well within reach. To further expose her pussy to his probing fingers, he lifted her right leg and put it on the left side of his head, resting it on the back of the couch. He then put her left foot on the floor, spreading her thighs wide.  
  
Cori closed her eyes and threw her hands back over her head, letting him do as he pleased to her body — all of which felt very good to her. With strong, experienced hands that knew their way around her body, Ben touched and teased his toy. He squeezed her breasts again and rubbed her nipples, making sure they were still at maximum arousal. Then he trailed his fingers lightly over her belly, watching her flinch and tremble as he tantalized delicate nerve endings.  
  
Light caresses on her hips and thighs led him closer to her pussy once again. He slid his fingers through the narrow tract of well-trimmed blonde hair on her mound, following the thin line straight to her pussy lips. Warm and moist, they split readily to allow his middle finger to slide up and down between them. He didn't insert any fingers, just kept sliding them back and forth between her lips and over her clit, which now swelled up into an ultra-sensitive hot button. He teased it mercilessly but gently, rubbing back and forth across it, then around, occasionally trapping it between two fingers and squeezing softly.  
  
With nipples and clit all erect, pussy hot and juicy and legs spread wantonly, Cori was the picture of sex. Ben hadn't built back up to another erection yet, but watching and playing with Cori was bringing him back quickly. There would certainly be more sex for him later. Right now, it was about pleasuring Cori and making her cum. While his fingers danced and played all around her pussy, never yet venturing inside, he intently watched her face. Her eyes were closed and she frequently licked her red, slightly parted lips. Her nostrils weren't doing their telltale flaring yet, but he expected it soon.  
  
They both maintained their silence, focusing on the other sensations. Cori began rolling her hips in small circles, the desire building slow and steady between her thighs. Ben took his time, continuing to tease her clit and pussy lips, occasionally tweaking her breasts or tickling her belly, but never entering her pussy. She was very wet now, and extremely hot.  
  
She began lurching, slightly at first, then more aggressively, signaling that she wanted fingers or something — anything — in her pussy. Naturally, Ben denied her that pleasure for several more minutes, knowing that the longer he did so, the more desperate her desire and, hopefully, the more intense her orgasm.  
  
Soon, Cori's writhing became so earnest that she could no longer keep her left foot on the floor. Ben picked it up and pushed it back by her head. She took the hint and pinned it behind her shoulder. Now, both legs were up and spread wide, leaving her twat obscenely exposed as if she were position to do the old bicycle kick exercise. Ben fought the urge to slap at the puffy pussy lips that now glistened, moist and hot right in front of his face.  
  
Despite her urgent thrusts and demanding whimpers, he still did not enter her pussy. He continued to massage it, using both hands to stimulate her lips and clit. She was practically humping the air now, but still he did not part those juicy lips. He continued to play with his sex toy, patiently watching her writhe in excruciating ecstasy, thrusting her hips, arching her back, whimpering and moaning and licking her lips. Finally, he saw those nostrils flare and felt her body tremble and he knew the time was right.  
  
Slowly this time, he inserted one finger into her steaming snatch. His other hand continued to massage her clit in slow, agonizing circles. He pumped his finger slowly in and out of her despite her attempts to speed him up by humping frantically against his hand. He did appease her slightly by adding a second finger, but still did not pick up the pace with either hand. Her moans were filled with frustration now, but also intense pleasure. She was getting closer and closer to a massive orgasm.  
  
Her breath was coming in short gasps and she began playing with her own nipples. Ben gave her a third finger in her pussy and pinched her clit. Her belly twitched and her entire body shivered and trembled as her orgasm rocked through her. Ben kept playing with his cumming toy, never letting up, and no sooner did her orgasm subside than she was on the verge of another.  
  
"Pleeeasse!" she begged, breaking their silence with just one word. Ben gave in, added a fourth finger and began finger-fucking her at a much faster pace. He continued to play with her clit and held on to her pussy through a second body-rocking orgasm. Her hips kept pumping, she kept moaning and it was clear she wasn't done. Ben gladly kept going, playing with tits, clit and pussy as she spasmed through three more orgasms over the next 10 minutes. Finally, after orgasm number five, her body collapsed, exhausted and very satisfied. Only then did Ben remove his fingers and let her put her legs back down.  
  
By this time, there was a small pool of her juices on the leather couch and her body was again covered in a light sweat. And, Ben was ready for his own round number 3 to begin. Smiling and laughing, he handed Cori her wine.  
  
"Wow, that was something else," he said, watching her take a sip. "You needed that as much as I did earlier."  
  
"Oh, that felt so good," Cori said. "Thank you!"  
  
"You're welcome, baby," Ben said. "My pleasure. I love to watch you cum. Turns me on — as you can see."  
  
Sure enough, she looked at his crotch and saw that his cock was now about half-erect. "Hmm, what can we do about that?" she teased. "How about you give me a minute in the bathroom, then I'll be right back to discuss the various ways we can address this problem."  
  
While Cori cleaned up, Ben cleaned the couch, then waited anxiously for her return. As soon as Cori came out of the bathroom, Ben told her to bring her bikini top with her. Cori was a bit puzzled by this, but picked it up and brought it back to the couch.

"All right," Ben said, "here's the deal. The game is in the fifth inning, which means it should last about another hour or so. You are going to suck my cock for the remainder of the game — slow and steady. Every time the pitcher throws a ball, you will deep throat me and stay all the way down until the next he throws a strike. When he throws a strike, you will suck the head of my cock.  
  
"Because I want to last as long as possible, you will not bob up and down like you normally might. Just suck the head or hold the entire shaft in your mouth. During commercials, you can sit up and rest your jaws and get something to drink. I will sit her on the couch and you will lay across me with your head in my lap. Any questions so far?"  
  
"I don't think so," Cori said. "Oh wait, what's the bikini top for? Do you want me to put it back on?"  
  
"No, I've got another idea for it," Ben said. "I know you know not to use your hands while sucking cock, but over the course of an hour or so you might forget. So, to make sure you don't make that mistake, I'm going to tie your hands behind your back. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"  
  
"Of course not," Cori said. "Whatever you think is best. Just don't tie them too tight, please."  
  
"No problem," Ben said. Cori turned her back to him and Ben wrapped her wrists together in the tiny fishnet top, then used the thin straps to tie a loose but firm knot that would easily hold her until he was done. "There, does that feel all right? Not too tight?"  
  
"Feels fine," Cori said. "Thank you."  
  
Ben sat back down and pulled his cock through the opening in his boxers. Cori hopped on the couch and laid down on her stomach, her head in his lap.  
  
"All right, it's 10:05 p.m. and the game is in the bottom of the fifth inning, one out," Ben said. "Let's see if we can make it to the end of the game. All right, here's the pitch — strike one. Play ball!"  
  
Cori immediately went to work, taking the head of his cock into her mouth. He was still only semi-erect, but she felt his cock harden as her lips and tongue began their well-choreographed dance on his mushroom head.  
  
"Ball!" Ben said. Cori immediately dropped down, taking his entire cock into her mouth. She held it there, not moving her head at all, stimulating him only with suction, her fluttering tongue and the warmth of her throat. "Ball two!" She stayed where she was, breathing comfortably through her nose. It was far easier to hold a cock in your throat for a long period of time than to take a vigorous throat fucking. When a guy was slamming his cock into your throat as hard as he could time after time, it could become hard to breathe and the gag impulse was stronger. Relatively speaking, this was easy for a pro like Cori.  
  
Ben, thoroughly enjoying both the game and the service being provided by Cori, sat back and sipped his wine, occasionally looking down to watch his cock disappear into his sex toy's mouth or to check out her ass, but mostly watching the game, which was tied 3-3 between the Braves and Dodgers. Ben was a pretty big Braves fan, as were most people in this town. The first batter — the Braves' cleanup man — finally drew a walk, meaning Cori kept his cock in her throat during the time it took the batter to walk to first, the catcher to come out to the mound to talk to the pitcher and the next batter to step in the box. The first pitch was another ball and Ben's cock remained deep inside its new home.  
  
Having cum twice tonight already, Ben was in no rush to get off again. He had very good staying power and was confident that, with Cori's help, he could maintain his erection but hold off his orgasm for at least most of the rest of the game, at which point he hoped to drill her pussy — the only orifice he had not cum inside yet today.  
  
After the inning ended, Ben let Cori up to catch her breath and relax her jaws. He gave her some wine and then went upstairs to get some cold beer and some chips. He had no end table downstairs, so when the game resumed, he put Cori's prone body to further use. He pulled her bound hands up into the small of her back and set the bowl of chips on one ass cheek and the bowl of dip on the other. He held the beer he was drinking and put a second cold beer in her bound hands.  
  
The talented Miss Cori now seemed to be performing some sort of carnival act: "Come See The Incredible Sex Toy Serve Dinner With Both Hands Tied Behind Her Back And Her Face Filled With Cock!"  
  
Ben wasn't into ridiculously kinky stuff — that was Chad's territory — but on occasion he loved to tie Cori up in some sort of light bondage. She was in no pain or discomfort now, but he loved the sight of her hands bound behind her back. He supposed it was something to do with having the power to do what he wanted to her and her submitting to him, but it was a power he would never abuse. He wouldn't hurt her, but acting out the controlling fantasy was a major turn on. He liked sometimes to spread her legs and tie them to the bedposts or to tie her tits in soft scarves. He knew Chad got a bit wilder — too wild as far as Ben was concerned, but Cori assured him he had never hurt her — but light and seductive bondage worked just fine for Ben.  
  
He also liked to fool around with toys from time to time and, since they were in no hurry, he decided to have some more fun. What good was a sex toy if you didn't play with her? He had two strings upon which were tied four balls, designed specifically to be inserted into pussy or ass. Since he had two, double penetration made perfect sense.  
  
While she continued her mouth exercises based on balls and strikes, he inserted the string with the thicker balls into her pussy, watching each of the balls pop inside her elastic snatch. The balls were large — about the size of golf balls — and filled her cunt nicely. When all four were inside, only about an inch of string was visible outside her pussy lips. It was knotted and had a loop in it to grab and pull out the balls.  
  
The balls on the other string were just slightly smaller and he dipped these in some of his leftover wine to lubricate them. He poked them one by one into her ass until only the small tab of string was sticking out. He thought of her holes filled with those balls and was dying to see her try to walk.  
  
At the next half-inning, he removed the chips, dip and beer from her body and asked her to go to the bathroom and retrieve her skirt for him. She stood up, her hands still tied behind her back, the two bits of string hanging out of her ass and pussy, and walked as naturally as possible across the room toward the bathroom. She heard Ben chuckle as she had to assume an exaggerated bowlegged stride to accommodate the cargo she was carrying in her ass and pussy. She made it to the bathroom without incident, but wasn't sure how to pick up the skirt with bound hands.  
  
"Bend over at the waist and pick it up with your teeth," Ben instructed, sensing her indecision. As she bent over, he saw a metallic gold ball straining against her pussy lips and a silver one tucked just inside her asshole. To bend over far enough to pick up the skirt, she had to spread her legs out far to the side, keeping them straight, sort of like a giraffe bending over for a drink of water. With the metallic balls straining at her orifices, she presented quite a view.  
  
She managed to grasp the skirt in her teeth and slowly stood back up, smiling and chuckling at herself, realizing how ridiculous she had to look. Ben was laughing, too, clearly enjoying the show and finding humor in her awkward movements. She was in no pain, so there was nothing sick or twisted about his enjoyment; it was funny, and they both knew it.  
  
She returned with the skirt and Ben took it from her mouth. She realized he had just wanted to watch her walk, so she was a little surprised when he actually had a purpose for the skirt. He put it over her head, then had to stretch it to squeeze over her shoulders and then her breasts. Right under her breasts, he let the elastic go and hug her tight around the rib cage. This served two purposes: 1) it propped up her already firm tits even more, pushing them out and 2) it pinned her upper arms against her back. It was more about the look than any kind of actual restraint, but Ben liked what he saw.  
  
The game came back on and they hurried back into positions, Cori sucking gently on his cock-head after the first pitch came in for a strike. It was now the top of the seventh inning and they had been at this for a little over 30 minutes. Feeling Cori's tongue explore his pee-hole, looking at her unique bondage and thinking about the jumble of balls inside her was making it harder for Ben to hold out. He wasn't sure he could make it to the end of the game.  
  
"No break this half-inning," Ben said. "It's the seventh-inning stretch, so we need to do some stretching." Cori didn't answer, just kept sucking. When the inning was over, Ben told her what to do.  
  
"Stick my cock in the side of your mouth," he said. "I want to see it inside your cheek." She did as instructed and he thrust upward, the head of his cock pushing against the inside of her cheek. "Yeah, it's stretch time — let's see how far we can stretch your cheeks." Ben started fucking her cheek, ramming his cock in and out very fast and hard. Cori just relaxed her mouth and neck and let him use her mouth as he desired. He put his hand on her throat, not choking her, but holding her in place, running his fingers around and under her choker. He shoved his cock down her throat and felt her throat react to the intrusion.  
  
Ben was about to lose control when the game came back on and a strike was called. He let go of Cori's neck and she resumed her position on his cock-head, no bobbing, just licking and sucking. He did his best to focus on the game, trying not to think about what she was doing to him, but of course not wanting her to stop, either. The game, fortunately, was still tied and the Braves were mounting a rally, so it did hold his interest just enough to keep him on the verge instead of past it.  
  
The Braves' rally died and the game was still tied, heading to the eighth inning. It was now 11 and Cori was still going strong, nearly an hour into the blowjob. In between innings, Ben moved around to the other end of the couch so that he was sitting with her legs on his lap. She was still face down, hands and arms bound behind her.  
  
"Spread your legs a bit, babe," he said. "I think you have something stuck in your pretty pussy. Let me try to get it out for you."  
  
Cori spread her thighs, giving him an unobstructed view and pathway to her twat. Ben grabbed the string and pulled slowly on it, feeling the resistance as her pussy involuntarily hugged the balls inside her. He saw her lips spread open and the first ball begin to emerge. With a final tug, it popped out of her pussy with a soft, wet pop and, despite coming fresh off multiple orgasms, Cori gasped as she felt a fresh new volt of pleasure.  
  
He continued pulling steadily as the second, third and finally fourth balls popped out of her pussy, which was now slick with fresh juices. The game began again before they could get to the balls in her ass, so Ben resumed his position, putting his cock back in her mouth. The Braves brought in a reliever who was throwing nothing but strikes, so Cori spent virtually the entire inning working over Ben's cock head. It was a quick, three-up, three-down inning, and Ben went back to work on the balls in Cori's ass.  
  
He had to pull a little firmer with these, her tight ass having a vice-like grip on the lucky spheres. When the first one popped out, Ben studied the way her asshole stayed open in a cute round O, affording him a look inside her where he could see the next ball ready to drop down the chute. He also noticed that her pussy was glistening with moisture now and leaking tiny drops of viscous fluid. He pulled the remaining balls out of her ass, each making a gushy, popping sound, then jammed his cock back in her mouth as the game resumed in the bottom of the eighth inning.  
  
This was another quick, strike-filled inning, which was helping Ben's staying power. Sure, Cori's tongue-work on his cock-head was great, but it was the deep-throating that really pushed him to the edge quickly. When the inning was over, he sat back down between her legs and picked up the larger balls which had only minutes early had the good fortune to be residing within her tender pussy walls. The balls were slick with her juices and he easily popped two back inside her cunt. Then, to her surprise, he pushed the other two sufficiently lubed balls into her ass. He had to push both ends of the string inside her — one end in each hole, so the only "handle" to remove the balls was a half-inch of string that was stretched between her asshole and pussy.  
  
The game came back on for the ninth inning, and Ben left Cori's holes filled like this while he sat back down, putting his face back in his lap.  
  
"I just love baseball, don't you?" he said, holding the back of her head while she took him all the way down her throat after the pitcher threw a ball in the dirt. She mumbled something meant to sound like "Hmm, mmm" but it was hard to even mumble with eight inches of cock lodged in your throat. "It's an American tradition — baseball, apple pie and getting your cock sucked. That's what life's all about."  
  
Ben sounded very contented and he was. How much better could he really have it than he did right now? A major babe, bound, naked and at his disposal, a big-screen TV tuned to the game, a cold beer in his hand — life really was good. He reached down between her legs and stuck his finger in her pussy, feeling the hard metal balls inside her. He pushed on them, removing the slack from the string and pushing them deeper inside her. Then, he did the same with the balls in her ass. She squirmed in apparent appreciation and kept on sucking. She had been sucking his cock for about an hour and a half now and showed no signs of fatigue or reduction in blowjob quality.  
  
The top of the ninth was a long inning as the Dodgers loaded the bases, including two walks, before finally going down without scoring a run. The game moved to the bottom of the ninth, still tied.  
  
Cori, who was also still tied, sat up in between innings and Ben gave her a sip of beer. Then he laid her back down and resumed playing with her ass and pussy, driving fingers into both holes and then spinning the balls inside her. Cori twitched and thrashed, driven crazy by the feeling of all that movement inside her. Just as the game came back on, Ben yanked all four balls out of her in a quick succession of sticky pops.  
  
"This could be the last inning," he said. "In baseball, they say play each game like it could be your last. Well, I want you to suck my cock like it could be your last. You've been great the whole game, but I want your absolute best effort for this last half inning."  
  
Cori gave him that, for sure. Her jaws were aching now, but nothing was going to keep her from pleasuring him. The Dodgers' pitchers added to her pain and his pleasure by walking three of the first four batters. The multitude of balls and seemingly endless catcher-pitcher-manager conferences required her to deep-throat him for roughly 12 of the first 15 minutes of the inning. She didn't bob her head, just as Ben requested, but he was now putting his hands on the back of her head and thrusting his cock into her. They weren't the long, hammering strokes he sometimes used in skull-fucking her, but they were still very deep and powerful and a strain on her aching jaws and raw throat. He was punctuating each thrust with chanting cheers for the Braves during their rally.  
  
"Come ... on ... Braves ... get ... a ... hit ... here ... now ... ... hurry ... up ... so ... I ... can ... fuck ... my ... sex ... toy ... cum ... slut ... bitch ..."  
  
As if aware of his waning restraint and respectful of the hot pussy waiting for him, the Braves came through for Ben, getting a base-hit to drive in the winning run. It was now 11:45, more than an hour and a half after Cori had started sucking Ben's cock.  
  
"Great job, babe," Ben said. "Let celebrate."  
  
He pulled his cock out of Cori's mouth and pulled her — still bound — onto his lap. She spread her legs and straddled him and he leaned forward to suck on her tits. He put his hands around her waist and lifted her on to his cock, pushing down on her hips and driving his cock into her pussy. He let her sit and grind on him for a few minutes while he preoccupied himself with her tits, but soon his desire took over. He began lifting her tight cunt up and down on his stiff rod, thrusting his hips into her.  
  
Unable to balance herself with her hands, Cori clamped tight around him with her thighs and hung on for a very bumpy ride. He was practically throwing her up and down on his cock, the skin of their thighs smacking together with each thrust. After nearly two hours of build-up, Ben didn't last long in Cori's juicy snatch, blasting the velvety hole with his third load of jism of the night.  
  
"Strike three, batter's out," Ben joked as his cock softened and Cori slid off him. She slid to her knees on the floor and dutifully cleaned his cock, which was covered with her juices and his own semen. When she was done, Ben removed the skirt, untied her hands and sent her off to clean up.  
  
It was beginning to get late and Cori had to work tomorrow, so Ben decided to let her go to bed. But he was far from done with her for the night. He wanted at least one more time in each hole.  
  
"Go on up and get some rest," he told Cori. "I will be up later and will probably wake you up. I have a lot of energy tonight."  
  
"I noticed," Cori chuckled. "Wake me up any time you want."  
  
"I will. So sleep naked and be ready," Ben said. "I expect it to be an all-nighter."  
  
"Sounds good," Cori said before giving him a kiss goodnight and heading upstairs to bed. She kicked off her shoes and removed her choker before laying down on the soft satin sheets completely nude. She was exhausted from the days' many activities and quickly fell asleep.  
  
Ben stayed downstairs, watching TV. He flipped around the channels, watching sports, music videos and a few minutes of a movie on one of the adult channels. They were showing a movie featuring Jenna Jameson performing her amazing tricks, somehow looking innocent and like the dirtiest bitch on the planet, all at the same time. The combination of rest and this visual stimulation — plus the knowledge that his sex toy was nude upstairs, ready for him — brought about another hard-on for Ben around 1 a.m.  
  
Cori had been asleep for about an hour when Ben entered the bedroom, quietly approaching the bed and gently pulling back the covers. Cori was curled into a cute little ball. She looked so sweet and angelic, a faint smile on her lips. Ben noticed that even in her sleep, her nipples were half-erect.  
  
Ben slid into bed next to her and, still asleep, she nuzzled herself against him. Her nipples rubbed against his chest and her soft thighs felt silky smooth against his cock. Ben kept a bottle of lubricant in the nightstand and pulled it out. He rubbed some on his cock, then rolled Cori over onto her. She awoke and started to roll over to face him, but he stopped her.  
  
"Stay there," he said in a low voice, almost a whisper. "I want it this way." He spread her ass cheeks with his fingers and poured a few drops of the lubricant on her asshole. He used his fingers to push it inside her and begin to loosen up her tight rear channel.  
  
Cori was still half asleep when Ben mounted her, lifting her ass up and pushing her head into the pillow. She woke up quickly when all eight inches of his cock drove into her ass. "Oh yeah, got to fuck my sleeping beauty. Got to fuck her in the ass," Ben said, talking more to himself than her. "She likes it good and hard in the ass, the fucking slut. Yeah, what a hot little ass."

Ben gave it to her good and hard and Cori, still somewhat dazed and groggy and very tired, did her best to arch her back and wiggle her ass in conjunction with his thrusts. There was really nothing in this for her this time — she was just his sex toy, his plaything, his cum receptacle. And she was happy to be all those things for him. She was also happy when he came, dumping another load in her ass. A few minutes later, she was ready to go back to sleep.  
  
But after cleaning up, Ben returned with a soft scarf.  
  
"You looked so good tied up tonight, I'd like to tie your wrists to the bed," he said. "Do you think you can sleep like that?"  
  
"I'm sure I can," she said. "I'm really sleepy."  
  
He tied her wrists together to the headboard, the soft material holding her firm without putting her in any undue discomfort, and left her alone. He returned about an hour and a half later — it was now around 3 a.m. — and found her sleeping soundly once again. He pulled the covers down just far enough to reveal her huge breasts and watched her sleep for several minutes, studying the rise and fall of her tits as she breathed.  
  
Finally, his cock rock-hard, he climbed on the bed and woke her up by patting her face lightly with his cock. "Wake up, baby," he whispered, "time to suck some cock." Before she could speak, he straddled her face and slapped his cock between her lips. As soon as she was fully awake, he drove his cock all the way into her throat and proceeded to throat-fuck her, holding her neck and head in his hands and forcing his cock in and out of her mouth.  
  
"Yeah, nothing like a good throat fuck in the middle of the night," he said in a soft, raspy voice. "You know, some people wake up and want a midnight snack or go sleepwalking. Me, I need a good cock-sucking. Lucky for me I have my own sex toy tied up naked in my bed, ready to give me one any time I want."  
  
In his usual style, he was narrating this to no one in particular, the words serving only to add to his excitement and fantasy and bring him to an even stronger climax. When he came, it felt great, but his load size had diminished drastically from his first few fucks of the evening. Still, he gave Cori a respectable amount to swallow as she enjoyed her own midnight snack. After she cleaned his cock, he left her laying there, still tied up, cum drying on her lips and chin, and let her go back to sleep.  
  
Ben went back downstairs, but returned at about 5 a.m. This time, he woke Cori up by pulling her legs up and binding her ankles — spread out to both sides — to the headboard as well. Cori woke up immediately, of course, and asked him what he had in mind this time.  
  
"Pussy," he said. "I've had your ass twice, your mouth twice and your pussy once tonight. So, I owe you one in the pussy. I'm going to spread your legs wide, fuck you really hard in that tight honey pot, then let you go back to sleep until I'm ready again."  
  
"You do have a lot of energy tonight," Cori said. "Well, clearly I'm helpless and totally at your mercy, so come get what you want. I'm your sex toy, so play with me and ride me hard."  
  
Ben appreciated the encouragement, but didn't need it, as he quickly slammed his cock up her widely exposed cunt and began hammering away in a frenzy of lust and power. Cori could do little with her body to encourage him — her arms and legs being secured to the bed assured that — so she played the helpless victim, surrendering herself to be a pleasure source for her master and a receptacle for his spunk. He was fucking her so hard, her head, protected by a pillow, was banging rhythmically into the headboard and her tits were bouncing and slapping together.  
  
He was holding onto her narrow waist — his hands nearly encircling her — and slapping her wet pussy against his cock. He was drilling her as hard as he ever had and, due to his numerous orgasms already, lasting longer than he normally would at this pace. It was a frantic, almost brutal pace that he maintained for nearly 15 minutes. By then, her legs and hips were beginning to ache and her neck was getting sore from the repeated jarring against the headboard. She was urging him on with dirty talk, but his balls were simply drained and it was taking time to muster another load. It didn't bother Ben any; he was thoroughly enjoying this and wasn't anxious for it to end.  
  
Finally, after a little over 20 furious minutes, Ben's cock spewed a few short blasts of cream into Cori's well-fucked twat. Exhausted, he lay on top of her bound and spread body a few minutes before removing his cock and putting it in her mouth for cleaning. When her work was done, Ben untied both her wrists and ankles.  
  
Sleepy, exhausted and thoroughly fucked, Cori staggered to the bathroom, her shaky legs barely able to carry her. Being in fantastic shape, though, and certainly used to repeated sexual escapades, Cori gradually regained her strength and was walking much better when she came out of the bathroom. Still, she understood where the idea of being fucked so hard you can't walk came from.  
  
She lay back down in bed and Ben kissed her on the cheek, telling her to get some rest. She assumed he was done with her for the night — after all, it was now 5:30, he had fucked her six times already and she desperately needed sleep and rest before going to work in a few hours. Ben still wasn't ready to sleep and left her alone. Two hours later, he was back, waking her up yet again, his hard cock pointed at her face. "Another blowjob," he said, matter-of-factly.  
  
He sat back in the bed, hands behind his head, and watched her go to work. She knew this wouldn't be a quick one, so she spent plenty of time licking his shaft and balls and sucking on the head, in addition to giving him the occasional deep-throating he loved so much. Fifteen minutes of her sucking and licking finally led him to put his hands on the back of her head and drive his cock into the back of her mouth. He fucked her face hard, but not nearly as roughly as he had before, and eventually gave her another little sip of sperm.  
  
It was now 8 and Cori had to go home and get ready for work. She had had some long nights with the guys before, but this was probably the longest. She was going to have to go to work, then go on her date with Ty. She knew how much he looked forward to his one night a week with her and hoped she could have enough energy to make it good for him. Her long hours in the gym usually came through for her in these situations, but Ben — fucking her seven times himself, plus the two blowjobs in the mall and all the excitement and dancing in the bar — had totally worn her out and left her with only about three hours of very interrupted sleep.  
  
It wasn't unheard of, but what Ben did next had only happened a couple other times in the last two years. He told Cori he was going to give her the day off work so she could get some sleep and be ready for Ty.  
  
"I know I've worn you out," Ben said. "I want to take you home so you can get some rest. Ty can pick you up after work and by then I'm sure you'll be ready for him. I don't mind giving you the day off, but the guys will need someone to answer the phones. Do you think Gina or Tammy might be willing?"  
  
"I'll give them a call," Cori said. She called and both Tammy and Gina agreed to help out. Ben said he'd pay them each $200 to cover Cori's shift. Of course, they didn't need to dress like Cori or have sex with anyone. They just needed to be courteous to the customers and answer the phones.  
  
Ben called John, who was working this morning with Ty, and told him what was going on. Both men understood, of course, and despite being disappointed they wouldn't get to see Cori's special Saturday outfit, Ty was happy she would be well-rested for him. He himself had a big day and night planned for her.

**SATURDAY MORNING/AFTERNOON**

Ben drove Cori home and she immediately went to bed and fell sound asleep. Ben also went home and slept soundly the rest of the morning while Gina and Tammy headed to the shop to cover for Cori.  
  
Even though they didn't have to, the girls decided to give the guys a little taste of what they were missing. Gina wore a tight halter top that showed off her nice rack and Tammy wore a mini-skirt, showing off her long legs. Neither girl was a match for Cori and neither was dressed near as skimpy as Cori would have been, but they were still better-than-average-looking girls in smaller-than-average outfits. John and Ty very much appreciated the effort and were happy to see the polite, friendly girls.  
  
They exchanged hugs and greetings, then discussed what must have transpired to lead to this.  
  
"They must have had quite a time last night," John said.  
  
"We saw them at the bar," Tammy said. "Ben said he had only fucked her once at that point, so they must have gotten really busy after that. He acted like he was really horny and told her to show off and stuff."  
  
"Yeah, when Ben gets revved up, he can get pretty wild," Ty said. "He said he wanted an all-nighter and I guess he got one. I might do that myself tonight."  
  
"What are you going to do with Cori tonight?" Gina asked.  
  
"I'm taking her to the University of Georgia football game. They play at 7 tonight. I'm going to pick her up after work and drive down. We should get there around 5 and tailgate for a couple hours before the game with some of my friends. Then, we'll probably get a hotel in Atlanta and stay there tonight. I'll have her a little past my allotted time in the morning, but she and Ben both said it was OK with them."  
  
"Sounds like fun," Tammy said. "Got a special outfit picked out for her?"  
  
"Of course," Ty said, his eyes twinkling as he smiled. "She's going to look great and be in the spirit of the game. Wanna see?"  
  
They all did, of course, so Ty went out to his car and came back with a duffel bag in which he had clothes for himself to change into and Cori's game-day attire. First, he showed them a bright red mesh football jersey that had been cut short with "Georgia" written in white letters across the front. On the back, where the player's name normally would go, it said "Hot 'N Wet". As he held it up, Gina noticed something wrong.  
  
"It's cute," she said. "But it's kind of small, isn't it?"  
  
"Not for 10-to-12-year-old boys," Ty chuckled. "It's a youth size. We've bought these sizes for her before and they usually fit just right — just barely over her tits, you know."  
  
"Is that mesh see-through?" Tammy asked.  
  
"Mostly," Ty said. "It's made to be worn over pads or a t-shirt, so the holes in the mesh are very large. I might widen a couple of them so her nipples can stick through, too."  
  
"Definitely," John said, approving. "Have some scissors along so you can cut the bottom off shorter or the neckline deeper if you need to." He was talking analytically, like a doctor instructing a patient on their medications.  
  
"What else does she get to wear?" Gina wanted to know.  
  
"Not much," Ty smiled. He held up a pair of tiny white cotton athletic shorts that would undoubtedly fit her ass tightly and show lots of thigh, ass and cameltoe. They had a simple drawstring and elastic waistband and the stretchy fabric was clearly made to hug the body tightly. On the back of the shorts, in red letters silk-screened across the ass, were the words "tight end" — a clear double meaning regarding her perfect ass and the fact that she would be dressed in football-themed attire. On the front left leg, made to look like a label, were the words "Property of Ty Athletics."  
  
"Nice," John said, feeling the soft, thin fabric and imagining how it would adhere to her body, wrapping around those ass cheeks and puffy pussy lips. "Anything underneath?"  
  
"Yeah," Ty said almost reluctantly, holding up a bright red thong. "I think I'm going to let her wear this for at least part of the day. I figure I can have her wear either just the shorts or just the thong if I want. Plus, it will show up really well through the shorts."  
  
"Yeah, I'd play around with it and see what looks best," John agreed. "Might look even hotter with that on that without it."  
  
"That's all she gets to wear?" Tammy asked. She had seen Cori's skimpy outfits before, of course, but it was still hard to imagine her friend somehow squeezing her curvy, athletic body into these tiny garments.  
  
"Of course not," Ty said. "She gets to wear these." He held up a pair of bright red pumps that matched the color of her thong and jersey. They had spaghetti thin bands that wrapped around the ankles, too. "And this," he said, holding up a red choker that would look great wrapped around her slender neck. "And this," he said, showing them a small red hair band that he would use to have her tie her pretty hair into an athletic-friendly pony tail, which not only looked cute, but also made a nice handle during a blowjob or doggy style fucking.  
  
"All that?" John said in a mock voice. "Might as well put her in a parka!"  
  
Everyone laughed, agreeing that Ty had picked out a very skimpy, sexy outfit. John wished he would get to see Cori in it and Tammy and Gina were intrigued to see what their friend would be wearing and thankful they didn't have to wear it themselves. Especially not out in public to a sporting event that would draw more than 70,000 people.  
  
Ty, clearly excited about his upcoming date with Cori, proceeded through his day happily, joking with John and the girls, who themselves playfully teased and flirted with the customers, not nearly to the level Cori would, but to the satisfaction of the customers nonetheless. Meanwhile, Cori was sleeping soundly, getting much-needed rest.  
  
She was still asleep when Ty came to pick her up at about 2:30 in the afternoon. So exhausted when she got home, Cori had simply stripped off her clothes and climbed into bed naked. This was certainly not a disappointment to Ty, who woke her by gently saying her name and tapping her shoulder. When she sat up, the covers slid down, revealing her perky naked breasts.  
  
"Hey Ty," she said sleepily, but with a smile. "I'm sorry if I overslept. Is it time for our date?"  
  
"You're fine," Ty said. "We've got plenty of time. Why don't you hop in the shower. I've got your clothes here." He indicated a bag sitting on the floor next to him. "How do you feel?"  
  
"Fine," Cori assured him, climbing out of bed, happy to that her legs felt strong and completely re-energized as she stood up. "I just needed some sleep. Ben kept me up almost all night."  
  
"So I hear," Ty chuckled. "You had the boss all worked up, didn't you?"  
  
"Something did," Cori said. "How did Tammy and Gina work out?"  
  
"Just fine," Ty said. "They're really nice. They even dressed kind of sexy in your honor. They also liked the outfit I picked out for you for today. Although I don't think either one of them would be willing to wear it."  
  
"Well, I'm glad it went well," Cori said. "I'll jump in the shower and then you can show me this great outfit you've got for me. Do you think we can grab something to eat on the way to the game? I'm starving!"  
  
"Of course," Ty said. "We'll grab a sandwich on the way."  
  
Cori showered and Ty packed an overnight bag for her, grabbing a few items out of her closet for after the game at the hotel. He got done just in time to watch her dry off, which was always an interesting site.  
  
"So, want to help me get dressed?" Cori asked. Ty pulled out the thong first, kneeling down in front of her. Daintily, she stepped into the leg openings and he pulled it up her long, smooth legs, over her thighs and finally, over her hips. Turning her around, he adjusted the butt-cheek strap, making sure it was centered and deeply embedded in her tight crack. Then, he turned her around to face him and carefully adjusted the tiny pocket in front to cover her mound and fit tightly against her pussy lips. When he was satisfied that it looked right, he picked the white shorts out of the bag and showed her the back, where it said "Tight End."  
  
"Cute," she laughed. "But I have a feeling you're going to turn me into a wide receiver before the day's over."  
  
Again, she stepped into them and he pulled them up, quite pleased to see that they were very tight, indeed. They clung to her like saran wrap, riding high on her tan thighs and ass cheeks and low on her hips. The beautifully designed shorts left ample amounts of skin and thong showing and the words "Tight End" never looked better or more true, spread across her oh-so-tight ass.  
  
While he was still kneeling, Ty took out the red pumps and placed them on her feet, fastening the straps around her ankles. Slowly, he let his eyes trail from her feet all the way up her legs to her thighs, waist and naked breasts. It was a good day to be alive, Ty decided.  
  
"Bend over a second and let me take a look," he said. Cori assumed her familiar position, turning her back to him and bending over at the waist, touching her hands to her ankles. It was a welcome and familiar site for Ty, who ran his hands up the backs of her thighs and over the bare skin of her lower ass cheeks. He stuffed his hands inside her shorts, feeling her ass and happy to feel how tight the fabric was squeezing against his hands. He noticed that the crotch band of the shorts was little wider than the thong and afforded a nice view of some of her pink pussy flesh peeking out the sides.  
  
"Yes, I think that will do just fine," Ty said, motioning for Cori to stand back up. "Let's see if the top works as well." He pulled the youth-sized red jersey out of the bag and showed her the back with "Hot 'N Wet" written on it.  
  
"You're making promises I'm not sure my body can keep," Cori smiled. "Tight end? Hot 'N Wet? If you say so."  
  
"Oh, I definitely say so," Ty grinned. "I thought about putting "Hottest Babe on the Planet" on there, but it wouldn't fit. But I did add a special label. You like?"  
  
He showed her the "Property of Ty" label and she laughed, "That's right, stud, and if anyone asks, that's what I'll tell them. I belong to you." Music to Ty's ears.  
  
He put the jersey over her head and arms. He would have let it fall from there, but it was far too tight for that. At first, he was worried it wouldn't fit over her breasts at all, but with some tugging and pulling, he finally managed to stuff just enough of her tits inside the red mesh to more or less cover her nipples. Everything below her nipples was open to the public.  
  
Seeing how tight it was, he realized the only way to ensure it stayed down was to anchor it somehow. Naturally, he stretched two holes in the mesh just wide enough to force her erect nipples through. The nipples, which stuck out nearly half-an-inch, served as solid anchor points, holding the straining top in place.  
  
From a distance or at a glance, the dark pink nipples wouldn't stand out against the red jersey, but anyone close by who bothered to look for more than a second — and fleeting glances were rare around Cori — would certainly see the rubbery tips poking through.  
  
"Does that hurt?" Ty asked, genuinely concerned, noticing how tightly the mesh squeezed around her nipples. He loved the way it looked, but he didn't want to hurt her.  
  
"Not a bit," Cori assured him, touched that he had asked.  
  
"Good, because that looks smokin' hot!" Ty said. "But if starts hurting, let me know. In the car, you can probably tuck them inside and not worry if your top flies up. But you'll need to keep it down at the game."  
  
"No problem," Cori said.  
  
Ty put the red choker around her neck and gave her the red tie to put in her hair once it was dry. Now fully — so to speak — dressed, Cori finished drying her hair and applying her makeup, which consisted primarily of bright red lipstick, and then put her hair in a ponytail as requested. It was a very sexy look, Cori had to admit, and she was certain she would as usual be the center of attention — this time in a very large crowd. She wasn't a bit nervous. She was used to it.

Actually, she was looking forward to this. She always enjoyed her dates with Ty and fully expected another fun day. Sure, he'd fuck her a lot — he only got her one night a week, so she could hardly blame him for making the most of his time. Chad was the same way. Plus, Ty's huge cock generally serviced her quite well and was a pleasure to suck, ride or whatever.  
  
When she was ready, she finished packing a few essentials in her overnight bag and they were on their way. Ty drove a large SUV, which provided plenty of comfort for a 2-hour drive. They stopped on the way out of town at a fast-food drive-thru and picked up a couple of burgers. Even greasy fast food tasted good to Cori, who had worked up quite an appetite.  
  
She sat back in the passenger seat, relaxing and eating. As predicted, her top wasn't up to the challenge of containing her breasts without help from her nipples poking through the mesh holes. With the jersey sitting atop her breasts, Cori's nipples were completely exposed and the seat belt strap went right between her breasts, sitting on top of the right and plunging below the left.  
  
The windows on the SUV were tinted, so no one could see her, unless of course Ty told her to roll down her window, which he had done in similar situations before. For now he was content to sit back and enjoy the ride and his own private view. He was biding his time until they had both finished eating, but was eager to have her give him a blowjob while they drove. He watched her sucking the straw and nibbling the fries and his cock lurched at the promise that it would soon be enjoying the inside of her mouth as well.  
  
Ty asked Cori about her night with Ben and, as usual, she gladly gave him all the juicy details, including the father-son tag-team that resulted in cum shooting out of her nose and the baseball game blowjob. Ty took great interest in all of this, of course, being particularly interested in the images of cum running out of her nose and of her being bound while Ben fucked her. Ty had a gone several days without an orgasm now and was getting very horny. He felt his cock grow stiff inside his gym shorts, creating a huge bulge which Cori quickly noticed.  
  
"As soon as you finish eating..." Ty started to say.  
  
"I'm done," Cori said, interrupting him as she swallowed her last bite of food. She quickly undid her seat belt, took a last sip of her pop and dropped down onto the carpeted floor of the SUV. Settling in between the seats, she sat up on her knees and reached for Ty's shorts. "This is what you wanted me to take care of, right?" she grinned mischievously and squeezed his cock through his shorts.  
  
"Oh yeah," he groaned, excited just by her touch. "It's been too long."  
  
"Well, let me have a look. I bet I can make things all better." She unbuttoned and unzipped his shorts, pulling them down far enough to make sure the zipper didn't threaten his cock or balls. She took a quick glance out the windshield and asked, "Smooth sailing?"  
  
"Smooth sailing," Ty assured her. "It's all nice straight, smooth interstate for a while. Suck away, baby. Deep, with lots of sucking and licking, please."  
  
"Coming right up, sir," Cori chirped and bent down to do what she did best. His cock was 90 percent erect when she started, and 100 percent after its first trip past her tonsils. Ty knew there weren't many girls who would or could deep throat a 10-inch monster like his, and he felt fortunate to have such a willing and talented companion in Cori.  
  
And oh, how talented she was. She had the amazing ability to ingest his entire cock, all the while sucking with remarkable force and licking with perfect touch and precision. She was giving Ty this full treatment now, while he steamed down the highway at more than 70 miles per hour. He was driving with his left hand and had his right hand on the back of Cori's head, his hand cupping her ponytail. He wasn't really pushing her down — she was doing fine on her own — but it was nice to have control in hand.  
  
More than any of the other guys, Ty loved to have his balls licked and sucked. Knowing this, Cori pulled off his cock and paid attention to his balls for a while, sucking the meaty orbs into her mouth. Their dense weight told her what she already suspected — they were full and ready to be unloaded.  
  
She took his cock back in her mouth and performed a nice little trick she had perfected, deep-throating him and licking his balls at the same time. Ty groaned and started humping up off the seat, stroking his cock with her tongue and throat. He held her head firmly in place now and she knew he wouldn't let up until he was done. She kept giving him her unique full service until she felt his first blast of cum splatter against the back of throat and slide into her stomach. He pulled back and filled her mouth with the rest of his gigantic load. Cori knew he wouldn't want her to swallow any more until he could watch.  
  
It was a massive load, but didn't threaten to repeat the nose incident. She held it all in her mouth, tasting his salty, bitter spunk as it coated her tongue and oozed between her teeth and gums. She was just about to pull off his cock and show him her mouthful of cum when she felt a jerk of the wheel and heard Ty say, "Shit! Police. Hurry up, babe. I have to pull over."  
  
He pulled the car over quickly, pulling his shorts back up but not having time to zip them. Cori got up and climbed back in her seat, quickly fastening her seat belt. Just then, the SUV lurched to a stop, causing Cori to gasp as the seat belt bit into her tender breast. A glob of cum spilled out of her mouth, dribbling down her chin and onto her red jersey. She quickly swallowed what was left in her mouth and pulled her top down to cover her breasts. She had neither the time nor the desire to poke her nipples through to hold it down, so she held the bottom of the shirt down with one hand.  
  
She started to reach up and wipe the cum off her chin, but the officer was already at the window. Cori looked at Ty, who seemed pretty normal except for the fact that his shorts were unzipped. He had managed to fasten them at least, so it wasn't terribly noticeable.  
  
"Hello, officer," Ty said. "Sorry I was swerving a bit back there."  
  
"Just need to see your license and registration," Officer Reed said. He was a large man who looked to be in his late 40s or early 50s. He was well over 6 feet tall and had to weigh about 300 pounds. He had a big barrel chest and silver gray hair. He was wearing mirrored sunglasses that hid his eyes, so Cori couldn't tell if he had noticed her, was looking at her or had noticed Ty's pants.  
  
"Headin' to the football game?" he asked Ty.  
  
"Yes sir," Ty said, handing him the requested documents. "I know it's not a good idea, but we were in a hurry so we ate lunch in the car. I went to set my drink down and swerved a couple times. I guess that's why you pulled me over."  
  
"Yes sir," Reed said. "A lot of people like to drink on game days. You haven't been drinking, have you?"  
  
"No sir."  
  
"How about your friend there? Miss, have you been drinking?"  
  
Just pop and cum, officer, she thought, but said, "No sir." She couldn't tell for sure, but she felt like he was ogling her as he spoke to her.  
  
"What's that on your chin?" he asked.  
  
"Oh, I'm just a sloppy eater," Cori said, wiping the cum off with her finger and licking it clean.  
  
"Yeah, I have that problem too," the officer said. "Looks like you got some on your shirt, too." Cori thanked him for pointing it out and wiped her shirt clean with a napkin.  
  
"Sir, not to be impolite," Reed said to Ty, "but your pants are unzipped."  
  
"Oh gosh," Ty acted surprised, "I didn't realize that. That's embarrassing." He zipped them up, laughing.  
  
"So, are you sticking with your story that you were distracted while eating?" Reed asked.  
  
"That's what happened," Ty said matter-of-factly.  
  
"Oh, I believe she was eating," Reed said. "But I don't think you were. I think she was giving you a blowjob. That's right, isn't it? Actually, before you answer, understand that I saw your pants unzipped and your girlfriend had cum on her chin and shirt — I know cum when I see it, so don't try to claim it was something else. And, quite frankly, if you weren't fucking a hot bitch like her, I'd be even more apt to arrest you. I can't fault you for sticking your cock inside her any chance you get."  
  
Ty and Cori were stunned first by the officer's accusation, then his explicit language. They neither one spoke for a few seconds, until Ty finally admitted, "You're right, officer. She was giving me a blowjob. I swerved because I only had one hand on the wheel and I was looking down to watch her. Do you have to take us in or do we get a ticket?"  
  
"Well, I guess that all depends," Reed said, removing his glasses and showing cold gray eyes that seemed to pierce right through Cori's frail clothing. "If you agree to some, shall we say investigating, I'll let you go with no ticket or arrest, assuming, of course, that I don't find any other evidence of illegal activity."  
  
"You won't," Ty said. "What kind of investigating did you have in mind?"  
  
"Well, I'll have to give you both sobriety tests and I'll need to search your vehicle ... and both of you, of course."  
  
"That sounds like a lot," Ty said hesitantly.  
  
"Either that a trip to the department," Reed said bluntly.  
  
Ty looked at Cori, who looked nervous but shrugged as if to say, "what other choice do we have?" She was glad Ty was there. She always felt safe with him.  
  
Turning back to the officer, Ty asked, "Can I have a word with you, officer?"  
  
"Sure," Reed said, stepping back to give Ty room to step out of the SUV. "What's it going to be?" he asked as Ty walked him toward the back of the car, out of earshot of Cori.  
  
"Look, you're not the first guy who's wanted to get a close-up look at her," Ty said, "and you can tell by the way I make her dress that I don't mind you looking. But I won't stand by and let her be hurt, so I need to know what you plan to do."  
  
"Don't worry, I am not going to hurt her," Reed said. "But you're right, I do intend to get a closer look. I want to see those tits and that ass and pussy. I want to squeeze her tits and stick my fingers in her cunt. And I want to jack off on her face or — if you'll agree to it — in her mouth. I won't hurt her or you and, when we're all done, I'll give you a police escort to the game and a set of handcuffs for you to use on her if you like. That straightforward enough for you?"  
  
"Yeah," Ty said. "I appreciate your honesty, officer. Cori and I will cooperate with your search. And you can cum in her mouth. She'll swallow it, if you like."  
  
"Deal," Reed said, shaking Ty's hand. "Well, since we're out in the open with it, we can skip the charade of doing any sobriety test or search on you or your vehicle. I just need her for the next 20 minutes or so, then we'll be on our way. You may oversee, of course, to make sure she is not harmed."  
  
They walked around to Cori's side of the SUV and Ty opened the door, telling her to get out. Reed's eyes locked on her long legs as she stepped out of the car, stunned by her unblemished beauty. But Reed wasn't a man who appreciated beauty — he used it. He was a dirty, vulgar man who had abused his power for years. He got off on having the power and of making attractive women do as he instructed. It was their submission to him as much as their beautiful bodies that turned him on.  
  
"The officer needs to do a few things, then he's going to give us an escort to the game," Ty explained to her, nodding to let her know it would be OK and to play along. "He's going to ask you to do some things and I'm going to watch. He's assured me that no one will be hurt and that we won't have to go to jail."  
  
"OK," Cori said, more nervous after Ty's less-than-ringing endorsement of Officer Reed. He was clearly unnerved by the man and doing his best to try to help her remain calm.  
  
"Hello, Slut," Reed said, with an evil, lewd grin. "I know you're names Cori or Cornhole or Cunt or something like that, but I'll just call you Slut."  
  
"All right," Cori said, her voice actually trembling a bit. She had seen a lot in the last couple of years and didn't get nervous or scared often, but there was something evil about this man. "Whatever you want, sir."  
  
"What I want, Slut, is to see you walk this line," Reed said, indicating a white line on the edge of the pull-off. "And don't pretend you don't know how to shake that ass. Walk like a fashion model, one foot right in front of the other. Make those hips move and that ass shake for me, Slut."  
  
Still holding the bottom of her shirt down, Cori turned and began walking away from the men, doing the high-stepping, ass-wiggling model walk to perfection. Several cars slowed down and honked, but, with the officer present, none dared to stop or yell.  
  
"That's a tight end, all right," Reed said lustily, referring to the writing on Cori's ass. "All right, turn around and come back now, Slut!" he yelled to her.  
  
Cori turned around and walked back, her bouncy step creating an eye-popping jiggle in her breasts. "Hands at your sides, Slut!" Reed yelled. Cori complied and immediately her tits bounced free of the overmatched jersey. More honks and hard-breaking cars ensued. Cori was a walking traffic hazard.  
  
"All right, wiggle on back here before you cause an accident, Slut," Reed said. Cori returned to him immediately, no longer making any effort to conceal her breasts or her erect nipples. Ty looked tense, uncomfortable, but remained silent for now, observing.  
  
"Nice knockers, Slut," Reed said. "Those nipples are so long and hard, I could take you in for carrying a lethal weapon. Now turn around and bend over and touch your toes. I need to test your balance some more, make sure you're not some dumb drunk bitch."  
  
Cori turned around and bent over in front of him. Her tight white shorts rode up on her ass and in her crotch, outlining a beautiful sight for Reed. He wanted more. "Take off the shorts, Slut."  
  
Without standing up, Cori hooked her thumbs in her shorts and pulled them down, having to wriggle her hips and legs to get them off her hips and ass. She pulled them all the way down, then stepped out of them and handed them to Ty.  
  
"Keep those legs straight, Slut!" Reed barked. "Now spread them a little wider and show me that pretty cunt." Cori spread her legs a bit wider, exposing her ass and portions of her pink labia that the thong simply did not cover.  
  
"Oh hell," Reed said, "I can't see anything like this. I'm going to have to do a cavity search. Get in the back of the SUV, Slut."  
  
Ty opened the back door and Cori climbed in, Reed close behind. Ty closed the door and hopped in the passenger side front seat. With a quickness Ty would have never guessed the large cop had, Reed had Cori's wrists handcuffed behind her back by the time Ty closed the front door.  
  
"Are those really necessary," Ty asked.  
  
"Probably not, but I like them," Reed said. "Just a subtle reminder to everyone here as to who is in charge. Plus, there's nothing like the sight of a tied up bitch, is there?" He didn't wait for a response. He began his examination by roughly kneading her tits, rolling her nipples with the palm of his hands and mashing her breasts together. "Nice rack, Slut," he said. "Impressive for no implants. Stick some silicone in these babies and she'd fall right over, wouldn't she, bud?" he said to Ty. Again, he didn't wait for a response.  
  
"Yes sir, nice big titties, bitch," he said, giving both breasts a final slap. "But I'm more interested in your cunt." He pushed her back and, without her arms to catch her, she hit her head lightly against the opposite door. "Guess you're not so top heavy after all," Reed laughed.  
  
He pushed her legs apart and cupped her twat in the firm grip of his palm, giving it a solid squeeze. "Hot, all right," he said, referring to the message on her shorts. "Now, let's see about the wet." He pulled aside her thong and spread her pussy lips with his fat fingers. His thick middle finger explored her tender opening and, thankfully, her juices had been flowed enough during the blowjob on Ty to provide lubrication.  
  
"Wet, too," Reed acknowledged. "Well, you're hot, wet and have a tight end, so I guess I can't arrest your for false advertising." He was the only one who laughed at his little joke. "Well, I better make sure you don't have any weapons or drugs stashed away up in there," he said. "Just relax, this won't hurt a bit."  
  
Reed spread her pussy as he stuffed four fingers inside, driving them deep into her snatch. "Pretty fucking tight," he said, sounding impressed. "I was going to stick my whole hand inside you, but I promised your friend here I wouldn't hurt you. I might not seem like the nicest guy in the world, but I'm a man of my word. So, before I fist-fuck you, I want to know if it's all right with you, Slut."  
  
Cori looked tentatively at Ty, who shrugged his shoulders and shook his head no, as if to say, "It's OK to say no, but it's up to you." Cori looked back at the scary, dangerous man who had pulled them over, handcuffed her and now had four fingers stuffed inside her. She felt very vulnerable and afraid for both herself and Ty. She decided she could handle a fist-fuck — she'd had them before — so long as he didn't get too rough, which was very questionable.  
  
"It's OK," she said. "Just not too rough, please?"  
  
"Yeah, sure, not too rough," Reed said, grinning lewdly. "The Slut says not too rough. That's funny. Here you go, Slut. Open up and take it all up your cunt." He rammed his full fist inside her, not stopping until his wrist was inside her pussy lips. "Hmm, I don't feel any foreign objects in there. Let me try with my other hand." He removed his right hand and slid his left fist into her pussy, pumping it back and forth a few times. "Fits like a glove," he said. He actually was opening and closing his fist inside her, flexing his fingers and running them along the walls of her vagina.  
  
As Cori squirmed uncomfortably, Reed fumbled with his zipper with his free hand, eventually pulling out a short, thick cock that had pre-cum dribbling from its tip. He stroked his cock with one hand while he pumped her pussy with the other. Once he started stroking his cock, he was close to cumming. He pulled his hand out of her pussy, which Ty knew would snap back to its usual tightness thanks to amazing elasticity, and moved up by her head. Reed put his pussy-cream coated fingers in Cori's mouth — all five of them at once — and jammed his hand in her face, making her lick them and taste herself.  
  
"Keep your mouth open, Slut," he instructed, pulling his hand out of her mouth and pointing his cock at her face. After a couple more jerks on his cock, he fired his burning jism into her open mouth, peppering her tongue with several powerful blasts of his bitter-tasting seed. "Hold it in your mouth and enjoy the taste, Slut," Reed said, now slapping his shriveling cock against her cheeks. "Yeah, you like that, don't you, bitch? Lots of cum in your mouth, a big cock slapping your face. Nasty slut. Go ahead and swallow, Slut. Eat that cum."  
  
Cori did, then opened her mouth again, showing him that it was all gone. "Good job, Slut," Reed said, patting her tits, then turning her around and undoing her cuffs. He handed the cuffs and key to Ty. "Enjoy, bud," he said. "My work is done here. I think it's all right to let you off with a warning. Now, like I said, I'm a man of my word. So, follow me and I'll have you to the game in no time."  
  
Reed climbed out of the SUV and headed back to his cruiser. "Are you all right?" Ty asked Cori, clearly concerned and relieved that Reed was gone.  
  
"Yeah, I'm all right," Cori said. "Asshole wasn't as rough as I think he likes to be." She put her thong back in place, pulled her top back down and Ty handed her the white shorts, which she also put back on before climbing back into the front seat. She strapped herself in, then took a long drink of her Coke, washing away Reed's nasty taste.

Reed pulled out onto the highway, lights flashing, and Ty followed. They cruised along at better than 80 miles per hour, traffic clearing out of their way. They arrived at the stadium in no time. Ty gave Reed the thumbs up and, with a subtle wave, Reed took off in search, no doubt, of his next victim. Ty was certain Reed wouldn't be able to pass up the many young, nubile opportunities available to him on a college campus.  
  
Ty and Cori put Reed out of their minds, found a parking space and set their thoughts on enjoying each other and a good college football game.

**SATURDAY EVENING (AT THE GAME)**

"So, where are we supposed to meet your friends?" Cori asked as they got out of the SUV. Immediately, heads turned and whistles and cat-calls could be heard from the throng of people milling around the outside of the stadium. There were plenty of gorgeous, sexily dressed babes scampering around on this southern campus, but none quite as gorgeous or quite as scantily clad as Cori. Her nipples were once again poking through her mesh jersey, holding it in place over her tits. Her tight ass wiggled fantastically in the white shorts, her ass cheeks split by the red thong.  
  
"They're supposed to be near Gate J, tailgating in the parking lot," Ty said. "They're just a few of my old college and high school buddies. They said they'd have lots of food and beer. We've got two hours until kickoff, so we have plenty of time to hang out with them."  
  
"I can't wait to meet them," Cori said.  
  
"And I can't wait until they get a look at you. They'll never believe you're with me. I didn't date that often in high school or college, either one. They won't believe a babe like you is hanging out with me."  
  
"Well, I'm proud to," Cori said. "They'll be able to see that, I promise. I bet I can make them jealous."  
  
"I'm sure you can," Ty said.  
  
"Do they know I'm coming with you?"  
  
"No. They think it's just a guy thing today. 'No women allowed' was the rule. But, I think they'll make an exception when they see you."  
  
"Oh, look at that, how cute!" Cori said, pointing to a stand where people were lined up, getting temporary tattoos applied to their faces. They were tattoos of the team's mascot, a bulldog in red, white and black colors.  
  
"Want one?" Ty asked. "Come on, let's go." They went over to the stand and waited in line behind about a half dozen other people, mostly kids or college girls. Everyone took note of Cori, of course, but nothing was said until she reached the front of the line. There, a young man — presumably a college student — greeted her, eyes and mouth both wide open.  
  
"Wow," he said, unable to contain himself. "Uhh, I mean, hi, would you like a tattoo?  
  
"Sure," Cori said, "but can I get it somewhere besides my face?"  
  
"No problem," he said, his imagination running wild with thoughts of where he would like to put a tattoo on her. "Where do you want it?"  
  
"Here," Cori said, turning around and sticking her ass out. "I'd like one on my hip." She pulled her shorts down a few more precious inches, revealing still more perfect tan skin.  
  
"Of course," he said, "but aren't you worried no one will see it?"  
  
"Oh, they'll see it," Ty said, handing over a $5 for the tattoo.  
  
"No, sir," the guy said, "believe me, this one's my pleasure. It's on the house."  
  
"Thanks," Ty said. "Seeing as how you're an expert, don't you think the tattoo would look better a little further down than that? Like maybe down here?" Ty dug his hand inside Cori's shorts, indicating a spot in the middle of her ass cheek.  
  
"Oh yes," the guy said. "The lower the better, I think."  
  
"Well, Cori, you heard the expert," Ty said. "Pull down those shorts and let him do his work."  
  
Wriggling her hips in oh-so-sexy fashion, Cori peeled her shorts over her taut, round ass and revealed both dark, fleshy ass cheeks to the appreciative crowd. The temporary tattoo took only a few seconds to apply, but the guy took his sweet time while he eyed the thong-covered pouch of her pussy, clearly visible between her lean thighs. He'd seen plenty of babes on this college campus, but never one this hot, this daring or this sexy. He dabbed the tattoo into place, then reluctantly told her he was done. He watched the best ass he had ever seen slide back inside its shorts, then walk away.  
  
Ignoring the groans from the onlookers, Cori and Ty kept on moving, looking for his friends. They found them easily, right where they had said they would be. Ty saw them first and pointed them out to Cori. She quickly counted 10 guys — all black — gathered around a van. The back doors were open and they had a table set up with all kinds of food and drinks. They were sitting around in lawn and camping chairs, laughing and joking loudly.  
  
One of them caught sight of Ty, then Cori, and let out a yell, "There he is fellas! And look what he's got with him!"  
  
Hoots and hollers followed, all friendly, excited to see both Ty and his hot, nearly nude blonde companion. They jumped up to shake his hand and slap him on the back and welcomed Cori with open arms — literally — each giving her a hug, feeling up her tits and slender waist in the process.  
  
"Damn, Ty, you old dog, when did you start dating women this fine?" said Gerald, a tall slender man who was wearing a standard issue Georgia Bulldog jersey and a black baseball cap. "Shit, she's hot!"  
  
"Thank you," Cori smiled.  
  
"Yeah, she's hot all right," Ty said, "but you know I always have hot women."  
  
"Whatever," Shaun, a handsome, model-looking type, said. "Hanging on your wall, maybe, but never on your arm. You dated your right hand and Hustler all through college."  
  
Everyone laughed and encouraged Cori and Ty to grab some food and drinks. They filled plates with wings, brats and chips and each grabbed a beer before sitting down in two of the camping chairs.  
  
"Don't they arrest you for dressing like that with your nipples hanging out?" Bobby, a bulky guy who looked like he might have played football once, but had since put on about 20 pounds of flab. "Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining. Be fine with me if you walked around naked."  
  
"Well, we've already had our run-in with the law today," Ty said, proceeding to tell them about their encounter with the cop, including the strip search but leaving out the fist-fucking and jacking off.  
  
"Shit, that's messed up," Gerald said. "I'm glad you made it all right."  
  
"Well, Miss Cori," Sammy, a distinguished looking man with a sweater and khakis on, said, "you may dress any way you like around us. We don't know how you got mixed up with Ty, but for our sake and his, we're glad you did."  
  
"Thank you, Sammy," Cori said. "You guys are all so nice. I know you weren't expecting me to come. I really appreciate you letting me crash your party. I just couldn't stand to be away from Ty for a whole day."  
  
"Really?" one of the guys asked. "You're talking about Ty, right?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori said, rubbing Ty's thigh now. "I'm a young, energetic woman. Ty's the only guy I've found who can keep up with me and keep me ... um ... satisfied. I can't go a whole day without his, you know. Besides, I love football."  
  
"So you don't mind dressing like this for him?"  
  
"Not at all," Cori said. "I like dressing like this — makes me feel sexy. And if he likes it, I'm happy."  
  
"You look pretty happy right now," Gerald said. "Those nips are rock hard."  
  
"They're always like that," Ty said proudly. "If she had fake tits, I'd say they filled them with Viagra instead of silicone."  
  
"You mean those tits are real?  
  
"Oh yeah," Ty said. "She all natural, except sometimes she uses a tanning bed instead of sunbathing. Everything else is the real deal, right Cori."  
  
"That's right," Cori said, devouring a chicken wing, purposely teasing the meat with her lips and tongue before biting, chewing and swallowing it. "Never been operated on in my life."  
  
"Damn, you sure make eating chicken look sexy,"said James, a wiry-looking man with a handsome mustache and bright smile.  
  
"I bet she can suck the chrome off a trailer hitch," one guys said.  
  
"Or a golf ball through a garden hose," another added.  
  
"Or your balls right through your dick," a third said, causing an eruption of laughter and high fives.  
  
"I suck whatever Ty tells me too, as hard as he tells me," Cori said, in a steamy, matter-of-fact fashion that implicated her sincerity. "I was born with a gift," she shrugged, "it would be a waste not to use it, right."  
  
"Damn straight, girl!" Gerald shouted. "If you were born with the power of suction, you better fucking use it to bring joy and happiness to the world!"  
  
"That's why I tell her to dress like that, too," Ty said. "Cock-sucking isn't her only gift. Look at that body. It would be a shame to keep it to myself or hide it under a bunch of clothes. Show it off and make the world a more beautiful, happier place, I say."  
  
"Hey, can I get a picture taken with her?" Shaun asked.  
  
"Sure," Ty said. "Anyone else want a picture?"  
  
Naturally, everyone did, and Ty happily used their cameras, snapping photos of Cori with his friends. They put her in a variety of poses and positions, all sexy, but nothing she hadn't done before. There were the kisses on the cheeks, the heads against her chest or ass, the shots bending over or arching her back, and, of course, kneeling in front of the guys as is preparing to show them how she could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch. Cori was happy to serve as their fantasy model, giving them each a chance to think of her as their very own sex toy. Of course, today she was Ty's exclusive toy and he was choosing to play with her in front of 70,000 people.  
  
By the time they finished eating, drinking and taking pictures, it was almost game time. They packed everything up in the van and then headed inside the staidum. The man taking tickets looked Cori up and down, both suspiciously and appreciatively, his eyes popping even more when he noticed her bare nipples poking through her jersey. He smiled at Ty and said, "Thank you, sir. Enjoy the game."  
  
Once they were inside, an usher rushed to show them to their seats. Being polite, he let Cori go first up the steps, then followed right behind until they reached their row. The usher got a great view of her "Tight End" right in his face, but the magical moment was far too short as they were only 10 rows up at about the 40-yard-line.  
  
They all had tickets together in a block, four seats side-by-side in three consecutive rows. They had Ty and Cori sit in the middle two seats of the middle row, so that Shaun and Gerald sat beside them, four guys sat in front of them and four sat in back.  
  
The seats were all in the middle of the rows, meaning they had to squeeze past the already seated fans. There were about half a dozen people between them and their seats, including three guys who reminded Ty of the Larry, Darrell, Darrell brothers from the old "Newhart" show. They didn't have a full set of teeth between them, probably hadn't bathed in a couple days and reeked of alcohol. Ty just hoped they were happy drunks. Angry, violent drunk rednecks could be a problem — especially when eight 11 black guys showed up with one very sexy white girl who looked like she was dressed to please, which she was.  
  
The other three people were two men and a woman. The men were preppy looking white men in their 50s or 60s who looked like lawyers or businessmen. The woman was much younger — probably close to Cori's age, maybe a year or two younger — and was quite attractive in a tight white t-shirt (with a bra) and some cutoff denim shorts and white tennis shoes. She was cute with dimples, dark brown hair, small but perky tits and nicely tanned thighs. At first, Ty assumed she was the daughter — or even granddaughter — of one of the men she was sitting between. But then Ty noticed they both had their hands on her thighs and guessed this was no family setting. He figured she was either a paid escort — although she was dressed relatively conservatively — or else this was a kind of sugar-daddy sort of situation. Ty didn't know, but he assumed they would receive little hassle from this trio.  
  
Sure enough, the rednecks were loud, crude and ignorant, making several insulting comments that they seemed to think were clever. They giggled like junior high boys when they first saw Cori standing next to them on the stairs, then tried to get some sort of response from her. Of course, Cori had seen and heard it all before. She was flustered by guys like the jerk in the bar last night or the cop today, not drunk jerks like these. She didn't even respond when the first man, looking up at her jutting tits before she walked in front of him, said, "Hello, Hot 'n Wet." Apparently, he thought it was funny to try to call her by the name on the jersey.  
  
She turned and began sidestepping down the aisle in front of them, her ass naturally in their faces. "No, you mean hello 'Tight End,'" the second jerk joked. Frankly, Cori was stunned they could read the words, so their feeble attempts at humor were not surprising. The third guy actually opened his mouth and chomped his sparse teeth as if wishing to take a bite out of Cori's admittedly appetizing ass.  
  
Flanked by Gerald and Ty with Shaun trailing, Cori kept moving and soon had her ass in front of one of the sugar-daddies. He took in an eyeful of Cori's ass, licking his lips and, Ty noticed, squeezing his own sex toy's thigh a bit tighter.  
  
Ty nodded at the man, who nodded back as if to say, "I like yours too." The girl didn't care about Cori's body, of course, but paid attention to her outfit, stunned by its skimpiness. The other sugar-daddy spoke to Ty, saying, "Nice outfit."  
  
"Thanks," Ty said. "I can't take much credit, though. She's the one who makes it look good."  
  
"True," the man said, as Gerald, Cori, Ty and Shaun slid into their seats. "Still, I'd like to get this one," he patted the brunette's slender thigh, "in outfits like that."  
  
"Why don't you?" Ty asked.  
  
"She's a little shy about things like that."  
  
"But we're working on that, aren't we?" the other man said, leaning over the girl to join in the conversation. She just nodded silently in response.  
  
"How long have you three been together?" Ty asked, not sure how else to phrase it.  
  
"Oh, just about a month. She started working in our law firm as an intern and needed some money for college — she's a sophomore right now. We are helping her with her finances and will help her with her law school applications when the time comes. She's paying us back in her own special ways."  
  
"She's shy in public, but you should see her in a hotel room. She's a sex-crazed, 19-year-old animal."  
  
"I bet,"Ty said, acknowledging that the girl did indeed have a nice body, though she was no match for Cori, not even in the legs, which were clearly this girl's strong suit. "Don't worry, she'll get over the shyness."  
  
"How long did it take her? My name's Gil, by the way. He's Al and this hot little thing is Ashley." They all shook hands and Ty introduced himself and Cori.  
  
"It took me a couple weeks to get used to dressing like this," Cori answered their question. "At first, it's a little awkward, but then you get used to it and it's no big deal."  
  
"How long has she been with all you guys?" Gil asked.  
  
"Oh, she's just with me," Ty said. "These are just some of my friends. Cori and I been together for about two years."  
  
"Well, I can see you're a very lucky man," Gil said. "Care to offer any suggestions on some clothing options for Ashley here? Seems like you're pretty creative in what you do with Cori."  
  
"Sure,"Ty said. "I'm no expert or anything, but I can tell you what I like. My co-workers and I have her wear a different outfit to work every day — Monday is for mini-dresses, Thursday is for thongs, and so forth. Then, we just try to pick out outfits that accentuate her body as much as possible. We focus on her strongest attributes — her tits, her ass, her legs and her tan — and dress her accordingly."  
  
"We are crazy about Ashley's legs, ass and stomach," Al said.  
  
"We might pay for her to get a boob job — she'd look great with some 38DD's, don't you think?" Gil interjected.  
  
"In the meantime," Al continued, "what would you recommend to accentuate her legs and ass?"  
  
"High heels, for sure," Ty said. "Cori wears them almost every day, with almost every outfit. She's got over 100 pair, all styles and colors and all at least four inches high.  
  
"Thongs are another great thing," Ty continued. "Cori either wears thongs or no panties at all. Then the other stuff is all according to what you like and are in the mood for. We like her legs bare, so we seldom put her in stockings and garters, but some guys love that. We go with short skirts, cutoff jeans, hot pants, that sort of stuff. We usually buy things a size or two too small. We know it's right if we can see the bottom part of her ass cheeks."  
  
"Stand up, Ashley," Gil said, and Ashley stood up. "I know this is a pretty standard outfit, but what would you change on her?"  
  
"Well, first off, she's got really nice tits, even if they are a little small, so you can show them off more, even if you don't get the implants," Ty said. "I'd lose the bra — let those nipples show through. Also, you say she has a nice belly. Go with halter tops or crop tops or tube tops — things like that — to show that off.  
  
"I see what you mean about her legs and ass — very nice," Ty said. "I like the cutoffs, but I'd buy them about two sizes smaller. They'll be tighter and shorter that way, and I think you'll like the difference. And like I said, heels for sure. I don't care about fashion or what goes with what, I just want to show off Cori's body as much as possible. Keep that in mind and you'll do fine."  
  
Ashley looked a Ty with disdain, clearly displeased that he was making these suggestions which her sugar-daddies would no doubt implement. Better get used to it, babe, Ty thought, either you'll give these guys what they want or they'll bail on you the next time a hot little thing walks into the office asking for help.  
  
Ty was glad Cori never gave them that sort of attitude. She knew her role, embraced it and had long ago gained their respect and admiration as a result. They didn't look down on her because she dressed this way willingly, they had an even great appreciation for her as both a co-worker and a friend. At the same time, not every woman was cut out for this sort of thing, and though Ashley had the body, he wasn't sure she had the attitude. Maybe she was a hell-cat in the bedroom and a good-looker, but it took more than that to be a good sex toy for a long period of time like Cori.  
  
The difference, Ty thought, was that Cori wasn't using the guys at the shop and they weren't using her. Everyone got along well, respected one another and everyone benefited. But these men didn't respect Ashley and she didn't respect them. It was nothing more than high-priced prostitution in Ty's opinion.  
  
"Thanks for the tips,"Gil said. "Hopefully a year from now we'll see you here and they'll both be dressed like Cori."  
  
The teams took the field for the kickoff and they all stood up to watch the start of the game. Cori felt a pinch on her ass and turned around to see Bones, one of Ty's friends who was very fat and had to weigh close to 350 pounds, smiling at her. Ty had let the guys know they could feel free to cop a feel or two, so Cori just smiled back, letting him know she was fine with it.  
  
After the first couple of plays, everyone sat down and Ty put his hand on the inside of Cori's thigh, occasionally brushing his fingertips across her crotch. When Georgia scored midway through the first quarter, they all jumped up and Ty gave Cori a big hug, grabbing her ass firmly in his hands and picking her up. She wrapped her legs around him and he bounced her up and down in a fucking motion as they all yelled and cheered. Her tits bounced free of the jersey. With Ty holding her ass, he told her to lean back and offer her naked tits to each of the guys in the row behind them.

They took full advantage, nearly ripping her top completely off before Ty pulled her back and they sat back down. Cori pulled her jersey back into place while Ty once again stuffed his hand between her smooth, warm thighs.  
  
A few minutes later, Georgia intercepted a pass and scored again. This time, the guys noticed a lot of the students were celebrating by holding one of their classmates up, then throwing them up in the air and then catching them. They were thrown up in the air once for every point scored — currently 14. They decided to do this with Cori.  
  
When they first picked her up, the crowd in their area buzzed, getting a good look at the nearly perfect, nearly naked girl. When the 11 black men started tossing her in the air, the view got even better. Cori's jersey was flopping up, her bare breasts jiggling with amazing firmness. Her long legs were spread wide enough to offer a nice view of her crotch. The guys had a firm grasp on her ankles and wrists and any free hands groped her ass or tits.  
  
The crowd around them counted out the reps and the guys in their row begged for them to pass her down. "Next time," Ty promised.  
  
The game settled into a series of punts until late in the second quarter when Georgia scored again, giving the Bulldogs a 21-7 lead. They guys immediately hoisted Cori in the air, and, as promised passed her down the row to Gil, Al and Larry, Darryl and Darryl. They flipped Cori onto her stomach, then threw her in the air, concentrating much more on groping her tits and pussy than on counting. Only when others in the crowd chanted to see her tits did they flip her back over, again causing her jersey to fly up and tits to bounce free for all to see.  
  
When they set her back down, the rednecks began groping her even more aggressively and had her shorts down to her knees before Ty and Shaun could pull her away. By then, many in the crowd had seen her pretty red thong and the bulldog tattoo. When Ty started pulling up her shorts, they chanted, "thong, thong, thong, thong..." until he relented, pulled her shorts off and sat her back down next to him wearing only her heels, thong and cut-off mesh jersey with her nipples poking out.  
  
Gil and Al were clearly feeling horny now and wanted to get their sex toy into the act — not trying to upstage Cori, but to join in. They bought a large bottle of ice-cold water and told Ashley to take off her bra. Reluctantly, she reached under her shirt and removed her plain white bra. Then, she drew in a sharp breath as Gil dumped the ice cold water on her chest. Instantly, the white t-shirt was soaked and her rubbery nipples perked up. Her tits weren't near as large as Cori's and neither were her nipples, but they were still nicely sized and shaped and a welcome sight to any heterosexual man.  
  
Ashley started to put her hands over her chest, but Gil and Al grabbed both wrists and held them at her sides, watching in delight as her shirt became more transparent and her nipples grew harder.  
  
Cori felt for the girl, who clearly was uncomfortable with this. At the same time, she had agreed to be a sex toy, so it was hard to feel too sorry for her. Cori just knew that Ty and the other guys would never knowingly embarrass her. Of course, she wasn't easily embarrassed, as evidenced by her comfort level in her current attire, but if she was, she was sure the guys would respect that. Al and Gil didn't respect Ashley, and that was a shame.  
  
They hoisted her on their shoulders and showed her wet t-shirt to the crowd, then set her down and passed her to Shaun and the boys, who weren't about to pass up the opportunity to fondle another set of firm knockers. Then they handed her off to the rednecks, who squeezed and groped her tits and ass without shame or mercy. Gil and Al just laughed and talked about how they were going to have fun double-teaming their sex toy tonight.  
  
At halftime, a pair of security guards came to warn them to keep the girls' tops on, but it was clear they were being told to say that and really didn't want to enforce it. Ty and Gil promised to keep things under control, then led their toys down the stairs to get refreshments and go to the bathroom. Ashley followed Cori to the ladies' room, shocked that Cori could walk around nearly naked with all the hoots and hollers and stares and act completely natural. Herself, Ashley hated having her tits exposed by the wet t-shirt and had an urge to leave. But she knew she couldn't, so instead she stuck close to Cori, glad to have the company and relative protection.  
  
In the restroom, they both received hateful glares and jealous comments, but Ashley followed Cori's lead of ignoring as much of it as possible. Cori talked quietly to Ashley, asking her where she was from and how she had met Gil and Al and how she liked being with the two men. Ashley said it was OK, but told her how rough and rude they were to her sometimes and how they wanted her to dress more like a slut. Cori told her not to do anything she wasn't comfortable with, but also to relax a bit more and understand that the guys expected a lot in return for their money and that the actual sex was only a part of it.  
  
"It's about letting them live out a fantasy," Cori said. "You are their fantasy. It's an honor. It's flattering. So try to embrace it and enjoy it if you can. They'll probably treat you better if you do. But if you can't or if they still don't respect you, you should get out and find another way to get to law school."  
  
The girls rejoined Ty, Al and Gil near the concession stand, where they had purchased beer and hot dogs for everyone. Gil also held another bottle of water, which Ashley was certain wouldn't be used for drinking.  
  
To start the second half, Ty had Cori sit on his lap, her bare ass digging into his crotch with the promise of good things to come after the game. The game started getting close in the second half and Ty really did want to calm things down a bit. He didn't particularly like or trust the rednecks or Gil and Al. So, he held on to Cori, let his buddies feel her up occasionally and they laughed and cheered and had fun watching a great college football game.  
  
Al and Gil and the rednecks, on the other hand, got increasingly wilder and braver with the leggy Ashley. They kept her shirt soaked throughout the second half, letting the chill of the night air keep her nipples rock hard and easily visible. They had her open her mouth while they poured beer down her throat and stuffed hot dogs and fingers into her mouth. Midway through the fourth quarter, one of the rednecks grabbed her shirt and ripped it off, then started going for her shorts. The security guards came and escorted Gil, Al, Ashley and the rednecks out of the stadium.  
  
They promptly went to a motel, where the five men proceeded to fuck Ashley's mouth, pussy and ass throughout the night. By morning, her pretty brunette hair was matted with cum and her pussy and ass had been fucked raw.  
  
Cori, on the other hand, continued to have a great time at the game with her 11 escorts. During the fourth quarter, Ty let each of the other guys enjoy having Cori sit on their laps. They each got to play with her tits, squeeze her waist and feel her firm ass and soft thighs in their laps. They all cheered raucously as Georgia pulled out a close win, then headed for the exits.  
  
As they left the stadium, Cori hugged and kissed each of Ty's friends, thanking them for accepting her company and being such gentlemen. They all said goodbye and Ty and Cori headed back to the SUV. Cori was still wearing only the thong, heels and mesh jersey while Ty carried her shorts.  
  
It was dark now, of course, and they were both tired and hungry from the long day. Ty was also extremely horny and ready to explore every inch of Cori's nubile body, inside and out.  
  
They drove to Atlanta, about an hour away, and went to one of the posh downtown hotels. Ty let the valet park his SUV while he guided Cori — with her shorts now back on in a small display of modesty — into the gorgeous, marble-floored hotel lobby, a porter trailing behind with their bags in hand and Cori's ass in sight.  
  
The man at the desk didn't know quite what to make of Ty and Cori coming into his upscale hotel, but he was happy to give them a room, particularly when Ty was willing to pay for one of the high-rate suites upstairs. The porter, a chatty, friendly man in his early 20s, led them to the elevator and punched the button for the 42nd floor. His name tag read Chuck. He had light brown hair, thin glasses and a lean body built by his morning runs. He was talking to them about the game and trying his best not to stare at Cori too much.  
  
As soon as the doors closed, Ty interrupted him and said, "Hey bud, thanks for your help. I'm not trying to get off cheap here, but I want to offer you a non-monetary tip — Cori?" Upon his cue, Cori dropped her shorts, once again stripping to her thong.  
  
"I think we can work something out," the wide-eyed porter said.  
  
"Well, how about you get to feel her tits and ass right now, then when we get into the room she takes off her thong and jersey for you. Would that be a sufficient tip? If not, I'll be happy to give you the appropriate cash instead."  
  
"Yes sir!" Chuck said. "That would be fine by me."  
  
Cori stepped toward him, putting her hands behind her back, inviting him to reach for her tits. He did so, hesitantly at first, then squeezed them firmly and tweaked her hard nipples. He was in the process of squeezing her ass when the elevator finally stopped. They got off, Chuck carrying their bags as well as Cori's shorts as he led them down the hall to their suite.  
  
It was a gorgeous suite that had a large couch, a large easy chair , a desk and office chair, a coffee table, a fireplace, a bar and kitchen area, a king-size bed, a hot tub and a balcony with two chairs and a great view of the city. Chuck carried their bags into the bedroom, then came back into the living room where Cori was waiting for him.  
  
"Have a seat," she said in her most seductive voice, motioning toward the overstuffed easy chair. He sat down in the chair and she followed right behind him, straddling him by putting her knees on the arms. Looking him in the eye, she peeled off her jersey. Now she was wearing only her heels and thong. Chuck cupped her breasts and rubbed his palms across her rubbery nipples.  
  
Cori arched her back and spread her thighs, opening her body to him. He played with her tits while frequently eyeing the inviting mound between her thighs. His cock was hard and throbbing inside the dark uniform pants.  
  
"You can move the thong out of your way," Ty told him. "Or she'll take it off if you want."  
  
Chuck reached between Cori's inviting thighs and pulled the thong to the side, getting his first good look at her moist pussy lips and the narrow patch of light pubic hair that had been shaved into a landing strip. "You can touch it, too," Ty assured him. "Rub her clit or put your fingers inside her if you want."  
  
Chuck slid two fingers along her moist slit and Cori, her head still back and back arched, moaned lightly, partly because it felt good and partly to let him know it was OK to continue. Of course, the wetness and heat of her pussy were also telling signals, and Chuck proceeded without hesitation.  
  
He rubbed her hot mound, feeling her clit respond as he slid it between her fingers. A few drops of pussy juice began to trickle along her thighs as she ground her twat against his hand. Chuck slipped two fingers into her, noticing how her tight pussy instantly contracted around the welcome invaders.  
  
"Damn, she's so hot!" Chuck said.  
  
"Want to see her cum?" Ty asked.  
  
"Fuck yeah," Chuck said.  
  
"Then get up and let me sit there," Ty said. Legs trembling, Cori stood up to let Chuck get out of the chair. Ty, having shed his clothes too now, took his place, his hard cock jutting obscenely straight up in the air, it's 10 inches looking powerful, thick and dangerously massive. "Turn around, Cori," Ty said. She did, facing away from him. He pulled her into his lap and quickly spread her legs with his own. With his hands around her narrow waist, he picked her up and dropped her sizzling cunt directly onto his rock-hard cock.  
  
She wriggled her hips a little to get him all inside her, but clearly her elastic, juicy pussy had no trouble accepting his mighty member. Ty was right, this was one of Cori's favorite positions and, with his fat cock reaming her twat, she was sure to reach a quick and massive orgasm.  
  
Chuck watched wide-eyed as Ty plowed his 10-incher into her, splitting her open with his impressive prick. He had his hands around her waist and was lifting her up and down on his cock, going balls-deep with every thrust. Cori's eyes were closed, her lips were parted, her nostrils were flaring, her nipples were harder than erasers, her pussy was leaking its cream and she was moaning and panting. Her body was limp, being totally dominated and controlled by Ty's strong hands and even more powerful cock. She surrendered to him, focusing on enjoying the ride aboard what was still the biggest cock she had ever encountered.  
  
Ty thrust powerfully into her, making her entire body jerk and shak with the impact of each thrust as he reamed her pussy. Ty put a hand around her neck and pulled her back against his chest. He then spread her legs as far as they would go, propping them up on the arms of the chair so that she was basically doing the splits. This seemed to put Cori over the edge. Her breath became shorter, her moans louder and her body trembled. Her orgasm was long and powerful, her body shaking both from the force of Ty's fucking and the equally dominant force of her own orgasm. Her pussy contracted and creamed his cock with its thick warm juice.  
  
She finally went limp, the orgasm passing like a wave, but moments later, another wave hit and she was cumming again, even more powerfully than the first time. Chuck had never seen anything like this and his cock was screaming for attention inside his pants. As if reading his mind, Ty said, "You can jack off if you want."  
  
Ty made Cori stand up, which she did with wobbly, colt-like legs and walk around to the side of the chair. "Bend over the arm and suck my cock," he instructed. "Chuck's going to whack off while he plays with your pussy and watches you deep throat me."  
  
"She can deep throat you?" Chuck asked.  
  
"Show him, Cori."  
  
She did, of course, and then, loving the way it felt, Ty put both hands on the back of Cori's hand and drove her mouth down on his shaft as he pounded her throat with several hard, fast thrusts. Chuck couldn't believe Cori wasn't gagging, but she wasn't. Chuck now had his cock out and was stroking it steadily.  
  
"Her pussy's still hot," Ty grunted. "Stick your fingers in there and see if you can coax another orgasm out of her."  
  
Chuck stood beside Cori, one hand between her legs and one hand on his cock. His eyes alternated between the great view he had of her ass as she bent over at the waist and the great view he had of her head being driven up and down on Ty's thick, long cock.  
  
Just as Ty had said it would be, Cori's pussy was still on fire. After seeing it split by Ty's monstrous cock, Chuck was not at all shy about stuffing her cunt with four fingers while massaging her throbbing clit with his thumb. She didn't stop her work on Ty's cock — she couldn't even if she wanted to, not with Ty's vice grip on her head — but spread her legs a bit wider, a not-so-subtle invitation for Chuck to proceed with his handiwork.  
  
His cock was touching her ass cheek as he jerked off. On impulse, he slapped it against her ass once and Ty encouraged him to do it more. "Yeah, spank her with your cock. Cum all over her ass if you want, bud. Or you can cum in her face or on her tits. She'll even swallow it for you if you want."  
  
"I'd like that," Chuck said. "I'm almost ready to cum."  
  
"Cori, get on your knees and open your mouth for our friend," Ty said, letting her up finally. She took a deep breath, then dropped to her knees and put her head back, opening her mouth wide, inviting him to shoot his cum into her. After a few quick strokes, that just what Chuck did. He had just fucked a chick he had met at a bar last night, so his load wasn't unusually large, but he was still a virile young man and his load was a good mouthful. Cori, as she had been trained to do, waited until he finished before closing her mouth and swallowing.  
  
The look on Chuck's face was all the thanks she needed as she turned her attention back to Ty. He had her bend over the arm of the chair again, this time standing behind her and drilling her pussy with deep, powerful, rutting thrusts that actually lifted her off her feet.  
  
Ty was by far the strongest of the guys at the shop, and his power was evident in the way he fucked. He was always good to Cori, but he also always fucked her harder and deeper than anyone else. Most of the time — including this one — she really liked his style of fucking. His power and animalistic style turned her on, and she liked the way he took control and used her body any way he desired. Sometimes, she felt like a rag doll in his grasp.  
  
Now, she became a very wet, sticky rag doll as Ty pulled out of her pussy and launched a stream of jism across her back. The powerful first blasts landed at the base of her neck and by the time he was done, there was a long line of cum down her spine and pool of it on her ass cheeks, soaking into the waist band of her thong. When he was done, he slid back into the chair, putting her head back in his lap. She licked and sucked him clean, of course, swallowing the few remaining drops of cum she was able to milk out of him.  
  
"Well, was that a sufficient tip, or do I owe you?" Ty asked, his cock still planted firmly in Cori's mouth, pressing against her cheek.  
  
"Hell, no, you don't owe me anything," Chuck said. "I owe you. Is there anything you need?"  
  
"Well, I'm pretty hungry, how about you, babe?" Ty asked. Cori mumbled an "hmm-mmm" with Ty's cock in her mouth. "Could you maybe arrange for some room service for us?"  
  
"Sure, no problem," Chuck said. "Don't worry about ordering or anything. I'll take care of it."  
  
"Thanks," Ty said. Chuck left with Cori still cleaning Ty's cock.  
  
"Go take a shower, babe," Ty said. "Don't bother putting anything on except your heels when you're done."  
  
Just as Cori was drying off from her shower, there was a knock at the door and a male voice announced, "Room service."  
  
"Hey Cori, put your heels on and answer the door," Ty said, his eyes gleaming.  
  
With her hair still dripping and beads of water still showing on her tanned skin, Cori slipped on her shoes and headed toward the door. Typically, her nipples were erect, hardened moreso by the chill of the air on her wet body. She opened the door, standing in the doorway in all her glory. Two guys — both in the early 20s like Chuck — were waiting with two carts. Their jaws dropped at the site of Cori standing naked and wet in front of them.  
  
"Come on in guys," Cori said, stepping aside so they could wheel the carts in.  
  
"Wow," Ty said. "He really sent us a lot of food. Bring it on in over here by the couch." The guys wheeled the carts in, glancing back at Cori who followed them into the living area where Ty waited, wearing a pair of boxers and a white robe with the hotel's logo embroidered on the chest.  
  
"Go ahead and stare at her, fellas," Ty said. "It's all right. Cori, come here and let's see what all we have to eat here." They examined the various plates and trays, finding shrimp cocktail, two deluxe salads, grilled chicken, fruits and veggies, a plate of fries, nachos and a whole assortment of desserts. Bottles of wine, water and juice were also on ice. "How much is all this?" Ty asked.  
  
"On the house, sir," one of the guys answered as he carefully studied Cori's ass. "Courtesy of Chuck. He said to give you guys the works and take care of anything you needed."

"That's great," Ty said. "Thanks, fellas. I've got a little tip for you both. I'm going to give it to Cori and then you can take it from her. All right, bend over, Cori." Cori did and Ty inserted a small, folded up plastic baggie into her pussy. He pushed it in as far as he could, then Cori went to the first guy and bent over. "Reach in and grab it," Ty said. "It's in pretty deep, so really dig up in there."  
  
The guy eased two fingers into her slowly — not because he was hesitant, but because he wanted to relish every second of this. Cori wasn't wet, but quickly became that way as her pussy warmed to its newest visitors.  
  
"You might be able to reach deeper with four fingers," Ty suggested. "And if you use your thumb to rub that little clitty, she might wiggle around a little and shake that money right out."  
  
The guy did everything Ty suggested, plugging her twat with four fingers and rubbing her clit with his thumb. This did inspire a positive response from Cori, who thrust her hips back against his hand, helping him drive his fingers deeper into her. When he was knuckles-deep, he felt the bag and pinched it between his fingertips. Slowly, he pulled it out, constantly rubbing her clit as he did so.  
  
When he pulled the bag out, he found a $10 bill inside . Cori went back to Ty, who inserted the second bag into her pussy, again pushing it in as deep as he could — after all, it wasn't the money but the thrill of retrieving it that was the real tip. The second guy got quite a thrill, indeed, copying the actions of his co-worker — tour fingers in, thumb on the clit. Cori was really wet and hot now, though not yet close to an orgasm when the second guy retrieved his tip.  
  
Ty thanked the guys again, and they both left, smelling their fingers with bulges in their pants, $10 in their pockets and a helluva story to tell.  
  
"Whew, I'm so horny tonight!" Cori said. "I almost came again!"  
  
"Well, let's take it on home then," Ty said. He laid her down on the couch, spread her legs and buried his face in her steaming pussy. All of the guys ate her out from time to time, but Ty did it the most frequently. Cori figured it had to do with the fact that he was the one generally most concerned with her pleasure and satisfaction.  
  
He was very good at eating pussy and Cori loved the way his tongue danced on her clit. He added his four pumping fingers to her pussy, and soon she was rocking through her third and fourth orgasms of the night. Afterward, they both rested and gorged themselves on the feast Chuck had sent to them.  
  
Next, they headed to the hot tub, both sitting in it completely nude. They sat back and relaxed, sipping wine and discussing the events of the day, from the crazy cop to the rowdy fans to the appreciative hotel staff.  
  
"Well, I'm way ahead of you in orgasms tonight," Cori said. "So whenever you're ready, I'm all yours. We can even the score ... any way you want. I saw have some lotion in my bag."  
  
Ty realized Cori was telling him it was OK for him to fuck her ass. Even though she had never turned him down on this, he knew she was a bit sensitive to his large cock in her ass. Because he cared for her so much, he was often hesitant to request anal sex because he knew she wouldn't say no, even if she wasn't feeling up to it. Now, Cori was subtly giving him the go ahead.  
  
They got out of the hot tub and quickly dried off. Cori went off to get the lotion while Ty checked out the view from the balcony. It was dark, of course, and with the light behind him, he knew people down on the straight or in any of the adjacent buildings would be able to see his shadow. He wondered if they could tell he had a hard-on. The thought made him harder.  
  
When Cori came back with the lotion, Ty said, "Let's do it here on the balcony."  
  
"All right," Cori said. "Where do you want me?"  
  
"I'd like to bend you over the railing and let your tits hang over, but I'd be afraid you'd fall. So ..."  
  
"Well, you could just tie me to the railing or something if that's you want," Cori interjected. "Then I won't fall."  
  
"Really? You'd be OK with that?"  
  
"Sure. You know I don't mind being tied up. I've got some fishnet stockings in my bag you could use."  
  
Ty retrieved the stockings — and the cops' handcuffs — and went about preparing his toy for her anal probe. The balcony was surrounded by a stone railing that came up to Cori's navel, when she was in her heels. It had hand-carved stone pillars which were anchored into the floor and supported the railing, which was plenty wide enough to sit on.  
  
Cori rested her elbows on the smooth stone surface and spread her legs in a wide, straight-legged stance. Ty then tied each ankle to one of the pillars, thus assuring he could not push her over the edge.  
  
"That should hold you," he said. "Now, I know this has nothing to do with you falling over, but how about you put your hands behind your back and I put these handcuffs on you."  
  
It wasn't phrased as a question and Cori didn't take it as one. She simply put her hands behind her back as instructed, letting Ty cuff her wrists together.  
  
"Wow, what a view," Ty said, stepping back to look at her. "And the skyline's not bad either." Cori giggled at Ty's joke and he took a few more moments to admire the sight of this babe. She was standing there naked except for her heels, her ankles tied to the posts, her hands tied behind her back and her tits dangling in mid-air, 43 stories off the ground.  
  
Ty rubbed some of the lotion on his rigid cock, lubing it up, then poured some on her ass. With his fingers, he began working the lube inside her asshole and stretching her rectum in preparation for his cock.  
  
"Ready?" Ty asked, spreading her cheeks with his strong hands and pointing his cock at her asshole.  
  
"Yeah," Cori said.  
  
"Are you sure this is all right?" Ty asked, ever the gentleman. "You know I can't promise to be gentle once I get going."  
  
"It's all right," Cori assured him. "I'm ready. Don't hold back on my account. I'm your dirty slut and I deserve this. Ram that big cock up my ass and make me your bitch. Bang the shit out of me!"  
  
Ty was gentle at first, slowly inserting the head of his cock into the tight, tender ring of her asshole. With cock and hole both well lubed, it took only a bit of insistent pushing to pop the head inside the ring. Then, the steady penetrating force of his powerful cock slowly split her open as he advanced inch by inch.  
  
Cori breathed in short, quick breaths, sort of like a woman having a baby, as she focused on relaxing her body — and her ass in particular — and letting his cock take control. Ty's massive organ was so thick and long, it was like someone sticking their hand inside a puppet. Cori was the puppet and Ty's cock was the hand that gave her life and controlled her every move. In this position, Cori's body was truly no longer her own — it belonged to Ty and his cock.  
  
Normally, Ty would ask if she was OK as he went, but Cori had made it perfectly clear that this was what she wanted, so, even though he was starting slow, he had already switched into self-satisfaction mode. He knew Cori didn't get off on being ass-fucked most of the time, so this was all about him and his pleasure. So long as she didn't mind, that was just fine with him.  
  
Ty would never do anything to intentionally hurt Cori. He loved and respected her. But he also loved fucking her and never felt guilty about using her body for his own pleasure. As he saw it, Cori was like a great athlete or musician who had been given a gift to share with the world. Cori had been given the gift of a body designed for pleasure — both visual and physical — and it was her duty to use that gift to dispense as much pleasure as she could. Because Ty believed this — knew it, in fact — he considered himself fortunate, true, but also just in putting Cori's body to use in whatever way he wanted.  
  
That was his thought as, with his cock halfway into her ass, he thought, "to hell with this slow stuff. I'm going to do what she wants and bang the shit out of her." With that, he slammed the remaining half into her tight rectum, imbedding all 10 inches of his cock inside her and mashing his balls against her pussy lips. Cori, a bit surprised by the sudden thrust, grunted as if she'd had the wind knocked out of her, but issued no complaints or indications of pain. The lubrication was sufficient, so there really was no significant pain — just the discomfort of having what felt like a telephone pole jammed up her ass.  
  
Ty enjoyed the feel of her warm, tight ass wrapped so tightly around his cock, then began fucking her in long, pounding thrusts. He grabbed her bound wrists with one hand and her hip with the other, using these handles to give him more leverage, putting even more power behind his strokes. Her bound ankles and the restraining wall kept Cori more or less motionless, meaning that her ass cheeks and pussy lips were forced to bear the full brunt of his body as he slammed into her time and time again.  
  
Even with the lubrication, the friction caused by her tightness and his furious pace was setting her ass and his cock on fire. Her erect nipples were being rubbed mercilessly by the stone railing as her body rocked back and forth. She started to rise up a bit to give them some relief, but Ty put his hand between her shoulder blades and grunted, "Stay down." Obviously, he was enjoying his current angle of entry and didn't want to change it. She stayed down, enduring the somewhat enjoyable, somewhat painful abuse of her tits. The fucking was similar — a somewhat uncomfortable, somewhat enjoyable abuse of her ass.  
  
For Ty, on the other hand, there was only joy and ecstasy as he reamed out the tight, tender ass of his gorgeous fuck toy. He was maintaining a frantic pace and lunging absolutely as hard as he could, trying to drive his cock deeper and deeper into her, as if boring a hole through the center of the earth. I wish my cock was three feet long,his lust-filled brain thought. Out loud he said, "Yeah, I'm going to bang the shit out of you all right. Make you my little bitch. My fucking bitch in heat. Hot little cum slut. Take that big cock, you bitch. Take it all the way into your fucking stomach. I'm going to ream you out so good, you're going to thank me for it and beg me to do it again. That's it, take it all, bitch, take it all."  
  
Cori didn't respond, just grunted and moaned in the soft, feminine way she knew he liked. "Yeah, you like that, don't you bitch? You like being stuffed up the ass by that big cock, don't you, you little cock whore? I'm gonna stretch that tight little ass out and make you my bitch, you naughty slut. I'm going to white-wash your guts with my cum."  
  
But Ty was not close to cumming yet. He had amazing staying power — always had — and demonstrated it now. He fucked her so long, so hard and with such intensity that twice he had to stop and add more lubrication. Both times, he plugged her ass with his fingers, keeping it open and ready for his cock's imminent return. He continued to fuck his bound bitch for half an hour.  
  
As always, Cori was amazed by his strength and energy. He simply never slowed down and some would describe his frantic, driving thrusts as downright brutal. Cori didn't mind, though. She admired his power and it turned her on. It felt especially good when he was hammering away at her pussy like that, but it was impressive — though uncomfortable — in her mouth and ass as well.  
  
Ty maintained his torrid pace right up until he climaxed. "Here it comes, bitch," he growled as he released his load, which was diminished by his previous two efforts, but was still enough to make her guts all wet and sticky. Even after he was done cumming, he continued thrusting into her, his cock still almost fully erect. He finally pulled it out and slapped it against her ass cheeks a few times. Quickly, his demeanor returned to warm, sweet Ty.  
  
"That was awesome, Cori," he said. "Damn, I love fucking your ass. Didn't hurt too much, did it?"  
  
"I'm fine," Cori assured him, looking over her shoulder and noticing that his cock was still hard. "Told you I was ready."  
  
"You sure were," Ty smiled. "Now stay right where you are. I'll be right back." He left her there, still bent over and tied and handcuffed with thick wads of cum starting to dribble slowly out of her ass and down between her pussy lips. He went inside and washed his cock, then came back sipping on a beer. Cori turned as he offered her the beer, putting it to her lips and pouring a little into her mouth for her. She felt something brush against her stomach and looked down, noticing that his cock was still rock hard. She quickly understood that she would probably be tied up for a while longer, and found the prospect exciting.  
  
"As you can see," Ty said, nodding toward his cock, "I really like you tied up like this. So, I'm going to leave you tied up a while longer and drill that hot little cunt of yours. Just thought I'd let you know."  
  
Cori liked that he wasn't asking her permission. He was just telling her what he was going to do, plain and simple. Sensing the return to his lusty personality, Cori returned to her own slutty and submissive role. "Couldn't stop if you I wanted to," Cori said. "Go ahead and do it good and hard. Make me your slut again. Keep using me. Fill all my holes with that fat cock. Rip me apart and use me. Treat me like the cum-slut bitch whore I am."  
  
"Consider it done, bitch," Ty said, stepping behind her and pointing his cock at her crotch. He put the head of his cock inside her pussy, found it to be sufficiently moist, and rammed all 10 inches home once again. While the same organ stuffed into her ass or throat could be more than a little uncomfortable, Cori loved the feeling of Ty's cock filling and stretching her pussy. His powerful, battering thrusts were welcome any time in Cori's cunt, and she ground her twat against him as much as her restraints would allow.  
  
Ty hammered away with reckless abandon. Knowing she enjoyed this and that he could not hurt her, he was free to slam away at her cunt as hard, deep and fast as he could. He was grunting and breathing hard. Sweat dripped from his face and down his chest. He was nowhere near cumming, and, with no need to stop for extra lubrication, never slowed for even an instant. He maintained his furious drilling of her pussy even as she climaxed two more times. None of the guys made Cori cum harder or more often than Ty, and he had proven that now six times today.  
  
Weak from what was now more than an hour of virtually non-stop fucking, not to mention the two body-racking orgasms, Cori was limp and barely able to keep her legs straight. But Ty, ever strong and powerful, held her up, pinning her against the rail with his hips and arms. Alternately, he used her hips, her waist, her tits, her bound hands or even her hair as handles to provide leverage as he sought to somehow go deeper and harder with each mighty thrust.  
  
After nearly half an hour of this torrid pace, Ty suddenly stopped and pulled his still rigid cock out of her. He hadn't cum yet, and Cori wondered what was going on. Ty staggered into the room, returning with another beer and two dildos. After giving Cori a much-needed drink, he lubed up one 8-inch dildo and inserted a little over six inches of it into her ass. Then, he took a 10-inch dildo and fed it to her pussy. Leaving both stuffed inside her, he sat underneath her, reached up and poured the remaining beer down her ass. It flowed over her round ass cheeks, down through the crevice of her pussy and then into his waiting, open mouth. The cold beer tingled against Cori's sensitive skin, tickling her pussy and throbbing clit.  
  
Ty drank it all, then rose up to lick the remnants off her pink, puffy twat. He sucked and licked and drank the sweet combination of beer and pussy juice, jabbing his tongue around the dildo inside her and sucking on her clit. Cori couldn't believe it, but she was on the verge of another orgasm. Ty pulled the dildo out of her pussy and replaced it with four fingers. He nibbled and sucked mercilessly on her clit, which actually hurt and ached with pleasure and hyper-sensitivity. It was so sensitivity, Cori wanted to pull away, but restrained as she was, her clit was his captive.  
  
He finger-banged her and tortured her clit until he heard her gasping and whimpering again, then he got up, removing his hand from her twat. He jammed his cock back inside her and felt her cunt spasm with an incredible seventh orgasm.  
  
"Like that, don't you, bitch?" he grunted. "Can't get enough of that big cock, can you? Oh, and you like that one up your ass, too, don't you?" He began jerking the dildo back and forth a few inches, trying to match the rhythm of his own cock-thrusts. "Fucking cock-slut with your holes all filled. Damn, you tasted good, too. I might just eat and fuck you all night. How's that sound, you hot little sex toy bitch slut?"  
  
"Yeah... all night ... whore," Cori stammered, barely able to speak as he ravaged her weakened body. "Slutty whore ... fuck me ... ream me ... split...open."  
  
"I'll split you open, all right, bitch," Ty growled. "I'll split you open and fuck you from your cunt to your throat and back again. I'm going to fill you up twice — once with my cock, then with my cum. Hope you don't mind having lots of little sperm swimming around inside you. Because they're cumming up fast."  
  
He smacked her ass three times, then yanked the dildo out of her. Cori came an eighth time. As her cunt spasmed, Ty's cock finally exploded, spewing his load deep into her pussy, coating the velvety walls with thick, milky white cum.  
  
Finally, after more than an hour of being tied up and relentlessly fucked, Cori was untied. Instinctively, she dropped to her knees and cleaned Ty's cock with her lips and tongue, then collapsed in exhaustion on the floor of the balcony. Ty bent down, picked her up and carried his spent playmate back into the room. He laid her down on the bed, then called the front desk and asked for Chuck. A few moments later, the friendly bellhop knocked on the door.  
  
"Hi Chuck," Ty said. "Thank you very much for the feast."  
  
"My pleasure, sir," Chuck said. "I hope you liked it Is there something I can do for you?"  
  
"Yes, I have a couple of favors to ask. First, I imagine the pool is closed — what is it midnight?"  
  
"It's about 12:30, sir," Chuck said. "The pool closed at 10."  
  
"Well, I was hoping maybe you could let us take a little dip anyway."  
  
"I can probably manage that sir," Chuck said. "What else?"  
  
"Follow me," Ty said, leading Chuck into the bedroom where Cori was sprawled out on her back, naked except for her heels. Only half-awake, her body was limp and she was clearly exhausted. Cum was still leaking out of both her pussy and her ass. "I think she might have a little trouble walking," Ty said. "Is there anyway you can get a wheelchair up here or something?"  
  
"Sorry, we don't have any wheelchairs," Chuck said. "We could use one of the luggage carts or food carts, maybe."  
  
"That's all right," Ty said. "I'll just carry her. You don't mind giving me a hand do you? I have to put some clothes on her and then we can take her down to the pool."  
  
"Sure," Chuck said. "What can I do to help?"  
  
"She has a swimsuit in her bag over there. Go ahead and bring that over here."  
  
At first, Chuck couldn't find the swimsuit in her bag, but soon realized that what he mistook for a shoestring or hair ribbon was actually the suit. It was the tiniest string bikini he had ever seen. It looked big enough for a Barbie doll at best and reminded him more of dental floss than clothing.  
  
He handed the bright yellow bikini to Ty, who now had Cori sitting up on the bed. She still looked only half-awake. Together, Ty and Chuck put the bikini on her, tying the spaghetti strap strings loosely for quick and easy removal if they so chose. The suit was several sizes too small and covered less than a third of her breasts. On the bottom half, it was a thong with the thin string separating not only her ass cheeks, but also her pussy lips. The only true fabric was a patch of cloth covering her pubic mound.

Chuck, who had enjoyed the pleasure of feeling Cori up and jerking off in her mouth before, again found himself aroused by his proximity to this gorgeous babe. He loved running his hands all over her, free to pinch and squeeze wherever he liked. Neither Cori nor Ty were about to voice objection.  
  
Once Cori was dressed, Ty put her over his shoulder in a fireman's carry, her ass sticking out for all the world to see. Chuck took the liberty of adjusting the thong's position between her pussy lips, then held the door open as they left the room. Late at night, the hallway was empty on this floor and so was the elevator. However, it stopped a couple floors later and four middle-aged, well-dressed men got in. Ty pegged them for businessmen in town for a convention and heading out for a late night drink or trip to the strip club. They were sure happy to see Cori.  
  
"Damn, look at that, Dutch," one man said, getting on the elevator and staring at Cori's ass. "Sir, it looks like your girlfriend has had a bit too much to drink."  
  
"She's fine," Ty smiled. "Just a bit worn out, if you know what I mean."  
  
"Oh, worn out," one man said. "Well, I wouldn't mind wearing that out myself. Shit, that's a nice piece of ass. What did you do, fuck her until she was unconscious?"  
  
"Pretty much," Ty said. "I'm going to let her get a bit of rest, then fuck her some more. Going to be an all-nighter tonight."  
  
"That's the kind of girl we need to find, boys," one of the men said.  
  
"Where are you going?" Ty asked.  
  
"Strip clubs. If we can't get any pussy, at least we can look at it up close."  
  
The elevator doors opened and the men went on their way, wishing Ty luck in his endeavors. Chuck led Ty past the curious and stunned female clerk at the front desk, and down the hall to the pool. He unlocked the door and led them inside, locking the door behind them. Ty sat Cori in one of the lounge chairs next to the pool and Chuck helped him remove her shoes.  
  
"Any chance of anyone coming in here?" Ty asked.  
  
"Shouldn't be," Chuck said. "Guests wouldn't be able to get in. Sometimes some of the staff will swim after hours, but I doubt anyone will come in this late."  
  
"Then would you like to do the honors of taking off her suit?"  
  
"Hell yeah," Chuck said. "Is she all right? She's been unconscious for a while now."  
  
"She's fine," Ty said. "She's just worn out. A friend of mine fucked her all night last night, and I've been fucking her pretty hard for the past hour. She'll snap out of it after a nice dip in the pool. She's in amazing shape; she'll bounce back and be perky as ever in a few minutes. Might as well be naked when she does, right?"  
  
"Right!" Chuck said, grabbing for the string holding her top on. Quickly, he pulled the string and pulled the garment away from her tits. He then untied the strings on her hips, and in seconds she was completely naked. When he turned around, Chuck saw that Ty was already in the pool.  
  
"Oh yeah," Ty said. "Nice, heated pool. Feels great. Now just bring her over here and hand her to me."  
  
Chuck wasn't as strong as Ty, but he had little difficulty picking up Cori's light, limp body and carrying her in his arms over to the edge of the pool. He gave her twat a firm squeeze as Ty took her into his arms. Ty gently eased her into the pool, pleased to hear her soft, feminine moan as the warm water touched her soft skin.

**SUNDAY**

Since it was Sunday and his time was technically up, Ty let Cori sleep on the way back to Darien. Normally, however, Cori had no dress requirements on Sundays, but for the ride home, Ty had her wear only heels and her string bikini. Even if he wasn't going to fuck her any more, he could still enjoy the scenery on the drive home. Even as she slept, he would reach over and pull her top aside to reveal her tits or pull her thong aside to expose her pussy. Cori was so tired she slept through everything.  
  
She slept for a couple more hours after he dropped her off, then got up, showered and called Gina and Tammy to see if they wanted to spend the afternoon with her. They came over and spent a couple hours sunbathing with Cori in the backyard. Tammy and Gina had long ago gotten used to the site of their friend sunbathing in the nude, since no tan lines were permitted by her employers/co-workers. For their part, Tammy and Gina wore bikinis and the three girls lounged in the backyard, sipping homemade margaritas and chatting about the events in their lives.  
  
As much as Cori loved her job, she also loved and desperately needed these times when she could relax and be a somewhat normal woman — nude sunbathing being one of the few exceptions. They went to the gym and worked out together for an hour — all wearing standard, non-slutty workout attire — then went back to Cori's place and had a nice, relaxing cookout. Cori was so comfortable wearing a pair of baggy shorts, regular cotton panties, flat-soled sandals, a bra and a loose-fitting t-shirt. She wore no makeup and her hair fell freely around her shoulders. Even without the clothes or makeup, she was still drop-dead gorgeous. Her beauty, like her body, was all natural.  
  
Even though she had a date with Ben tonight, Sundays were different. Unless he had special plans, he generally let her have free time until around 10 p.m. So, Cori and the girls capped off the evening by taking in a movie. Since she was going straight to Ben's after the movie, Cori put on an outfit she thought he would appreciate. He seldom requested specific attire for Sunday evenings, but she knew to dress in appropriately revealing clothing — maybe not as extreme as some of her outfits, but sexy nonetheless.  
  
She wore white tennis shoes with no socks, a pair of tight yellow athletic shorts made of cotton and a black thong. She also wore a light grey crop top that left her belly bare but sufficiently covered her tits. She wore a bra to the movie, but removed it before going to see Ben. She had on cherry red lipstick and her hair was in a ponytail. She looked cute and sexy, but not any more scantily dressed than many other women her age. She also took a bag with some heels and lingerie in it, just in case Ben got into a different kind of mood.  
  
He didn't. Ben was horny when she arrived and promptly gave her a hard, doggie-style fuck, taking only enough time to pull her shorts down around her ankles and tug her thong to the side before bending her over the back of the couch. He let her sleep naked and fucked her only twice more the rest of the night, requesting one blowjob before bed and another first thing in the morning. In between, Cori got her first full night's sleep in the past couple days and awoke feeling completely refreshed and ready for the week ahead.

**MONDAY**

Monday meant a mini-dress. Cori had dozens to choose from, but not one was close to the proper size. They were all so tiny as to show off lots of cleavage and ass while hugging every curve of her body. She never wore a bra with them, of course, but she usually at least started the day with a thong. Oftentimes, however, the guys had her remove it and spend the day pantyless, showing off her pussy with every turn or bend.  
  
Cori wore a bright red one on this day, with matching red heels, a red choker, red lipstick and a red thong. It was a red-hot look for a red-hot babe. Everyone, including the customers, took a good look and Cori gave them what they wanted. She bent over frequently, crossed her legs, arched her back and licked her lips — all the things that drove the guys even crazier.  
  
Since John had her tonight and Ben and Ty had just finished marathon fuck sessions with her over the weekend, only Chad fucked her during the day. Shortly before lunch, he took her into Ben's office and bent her over the desk. He tore her thong away violently, actually ripping it in two. Chad could be a bit aggressive at times, but this was worse than usual and Cori was caught off guard and a bit uncomfortable with him. He fucked her very hard and very fast, lasting only a few minutes before dumping his load inside her. He slapped her ass, then slapped her face with his cock before letting her clean him off. Many times the guys did these things, but it was always with an air of fun, playful and harmless. Something about Chad's attitude told Cori he was a little angry about something. Hopefully, fucking her had eased some of his tension.  
  
Cori spent the rest of the day without her ripped and useless thong, which no one complained about one bit. Cori got the guys' lunch and worked out for everyone in the afternoon. That night, she cooked dinner for John and turned her body over to the sweet, older man. She gave him a blowjob and he came all over her salad. She ate it with no other salad dressing, then licked the plate to make sure she didn't miss a drop.  
  
After dinner, Cori voiced her concerns about Chad to John.  
  
"Oh, I know what it is," John said in his calm, fatherly tone. "He turned in his resignation. He's moving to Florida to be with his girlfriend. Apparently he thinks she's been cheating on him. Anyway, Friday is his last day. I think he's mad that he has to go and mad at his girlfriend. He said he's staying for his last date with you Saturday night, then leave on Sunday."  
  
"Wow, I had no idea," Cori said. "No wonder. Poor guy. Well, I'll make sure his last date is a good one, if I can."  
  
John proceeded to have a good night, exploring Cori inside and out, probing her, pussy and mouth with his cock and fingers. Once again, she made him feel half his age and his tender touch brought her to two rousing orgasms. They both got a good night's sleep and entered Tuesday well-fucked and well-rested.

**TUESDAY**

Tuesday meant hot pants and a tub top. After giving John his usual morning blowjob and taking a shower, Cori packed her ass into a pair of skin-tight, black hot pants with a silver thong that peeked out over the top band of her shorts. The tube top was also silver and made of a thin, stretchy material that wrapped itself around her erect nipples like tin foil. The top tied in bow in the back. Black high heels, red lipstick and a red choker completed the outfit.  
  
Cori went the whole day without any fucking her. Ty was saving up for his date night Wednesday night, Ben had date night tonight, John had just completed date night and Chad had already used his one "floating fuck" for the week. But even though there was no fucking, it didn't mean Cori wasn't the center of attention in an excitement-filled day.  
  
Not only were people excited to see Cori so well displayed, but they were also fired up because tonight was the first game of the fall flag-football season. The shop had a team for almost every season — basketball, softball, flag-football, golf and even bowling. For each team, the guys in the shop all either played or coached (John was at an age where he preferred the sidelines), and recruited some of their friends to fill out the roster. For the flag-football team, they had a squad of eight guys (six could play at a time), and John coached. For each team, Cori was the designated cheerleader/mascot/secret weapon (her "distractions" often gave her team the winning edge).  
  
All of the teams had similar names and logos. The football team was called the Hard Body Tight Ends and their jerseys featured a logo depicting a cartoon Cori, bent over a football as if to hike it, showing off her ass in high heels and a thong. Cori had posed for a local artist who had drawn this and the other team logos at a cost of one blowjob per logo.  
  
The basketball team, called The Hard Body Ballers, had a logo featuring a cartoon Cori holding two basketballs in front of her oversized chest. The softball team, The Hard Body Knockers, had a logo of Cori leaning over, bracing her hands on a bat, wearing heels and a baseball-style jersey with cleavage spilling out the top. The bowling team, The Hard Body Splits, had a logo of Cori doing the splits with a ball rolling toward her legs. The golf team,, The Hard Body Strokes, had a logo of Cori laying down with a ball balanced on her tits like a tee. The shop sold t-shirts, sweatshirts and jerseys depicting these various team names and logos and had developed quite a fan following.  
  
The football team had lost in the semifinals of last year's county tournament and the guys were excited about making a run at the title this year. They were also excited because they had managed to acquire some actual professional and college cheerleader uniforms, which they had since modified for their purposes. Cori was going to look amazing in them.  
  
Through various contacts and just plain persistence, the guys had managed to get uniforms from, among others, the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders, the Oakland Raiderettes, the Philadelphia Eagle cheerleaders, the LA Laker Girls and the USC Song Girls. Widely regarded as some of the hottest cheerleader groups, these outfits were already quite sexy and revealing. The guys, though, had added their own touches and were anxious to see Cori in them. For tonight's opener, they planned to put her in a modified USC Song Girl uniform, which promised to be a team and fan favorite.  
  
Immediately after work, Ben and John took Cori into Ben's office and gave her the new uniform to try on. They were more than happy to help her strip out of her hot pants and tube top. They let her keep the thong on, then added a short, pleated white skirt, trimmed in gold and burgundy, the colors of both USC and The Hard Body Tight Ends' jerseys. The skirt was very short — several inches shorter than the standard USC Song Girl length; every time Cori twisted and twirled, her ass and panties would be visible for all to see.  
  
The USC Song Girls were famous for their tight white sweaters that rose to reveal their navels when they waved their pom-poms. The guys improved on this design by simply having the sleeveless sweater cut off right below Cori's bountiful tits. They were covered, yes, but just barely. And with no bra on, there was ever-present nipple action and the constant possibility of a stray breast popping out from underneath its cover. Instead of "USC" across the chest, Cori's sweater read "Hard Body."  
  
True to cheerleader style, they had her put on red lipstick and put her hair in a ponytail. They also allowed her to wear white tennis shoes rather than her usual high heels. It wasn't the most revealing outfit Cori had ever had to wear by any means, but it was still very revealing and played to every man's fantasy about cheerleaders. Cori, of course, would act that out even more with her jumping and bending and dancing that would show off every perfect curve.  
  
"Perfect," John said. "Every guy wants to fuck a cheerleader. Too bad every cheerleader isn't built and dressed like this. You're every man's fantasy come to life."  
  
Ben squeezed Cori's breasts through the tight, then sweater. He loved the unique combination of the soft fabric and her firm breasts and hard nipples — soft and hard all at once, just like her body.  
  
"I think the guys will like this," Ben agreed. "I think a pep rally is in order, don't you?"  
  
John agreed and Cori knew this pep rally would be far more about her than about the football team. It was her duty, like any good cheerleader, to inspire and raise the spirits of the team and the fans. Cori seldom failed at anything, and she was determined to be a good cheerleader, no matter what it took to please and fire up her team and their fans.  
  
Of course, big firm tits, a skimpy cheerleader outfit, a tiny thong, long tan legs and sexy blonde hair were more than enough to fire up any red-blooded male, but Cori wanted to make sure. She bounded out of the office, doing handsprings across the front lobby as Ty cranked up a rousing hip-hop CD. The Irregulars were crowded around, drinking beers and cheering her on. They saw just enough with each flip to realize her ass was bare. Was she wearing a thong or was she naked under her skirt?  
  
Cori finished her opening display by doing a full splits and raising her pom-poms straight over her head. The effect raised her breasts even more on her chest and pulled them closer together. Her long legs were fully exposed, her skirt just barely concealing the answer to the thong or no thong question.  
  
"Go Hard Body!" Cori cheered as the music came to an end. She waved her pom-poms and her tits bobbled on her chest like a pair of overfilled water balloons, ready to burst. She stood up as John, the coach of the team, stepped forward to speak.  
  
"Now, with action like that, how could anyone not like football?" John asked. "Tonight is our first game of the year. Last year, we narrowly lost a chance to win the championship. This year, we've rededicated ourselves to going all the way.  
  
"Ben has been working on his long passes, Ty is quicker than he's ever been and Chad is still going to be one of the top defenders in this league. Cori's outfits are going to be smaller and sexier than ever before, and I think we all agree that she's never looked better.  
  
"With a strong team and great cheerleader, we are counting on you guys to support us and give us the best, loudest fans in the league.  
  
"At Hard Body, we work hard, play hard — we don't lots of things hard, don't we Cori?" John paused for effect for Cori gave a devilish smile and the crowd cheered. "Now, we need you guys to cheer hard and take us over the top. Now, I know it's not always easy for you all to come to the games, but Cori here is totally committed to helping the team any way she can. She wants to keep you guys fired up and excited about the team. So, she's offering a little incentive.  
  
"After every game, one of you will have the distinct pleasure of receiving a full-fledged, down-the-throat, suck-your-balls-dry blowjob from Cori." John waited until the guys quieted down before continuing. "At the end of the game, everyone in attendance will get their names put in a hat. Using her teeth, Cori will pull one name out, then present the prize either before or during the post-game happy hour. She will be unavailable after the happy hour, as she will be on her date night with Ben."  
  
There were high-fives and whistles all around. These guys had never before been given the opportunity to do more than look at and occasionally touch Cori. Having the chance to stick their cocks in her was about the best news they had ever heard.  
  
"Now, counting the playoffs, there are 12 games if we win the whole thing," John continued. "Obviously, if you all show up every game, not everyone will win. So, you can only win once during the season. However, we want to be sure you keep, ahem, coming even if you've already won, so Cori has offered another incentive.  
  
"At the end of the season, everyone who has missed no more than one game will be entered in a grand prize drawing. Why don't you show them the prizes, Cori." Cori turned around, bent over and flipped up her little skirt. She put her hands on her ankles while John yanked her thong out of her ass and from in between her pussy lips, pulling it aside.  
  
"Pussy!" someone yelled.  
  
"Yes," John said, holding her twat lips open so they could all get a good look. "In addition to another blowjob, the winner gets to fuck her pussy."  
  
The guys all celebrated some more, then someone said, "Not that that's not enough, but didn't you say 'prizes'?"  
  
"That's right," John said. "Because the winner also gets a shot at this." He gripped Cori's ass cheeks and spread them apart, revealing her tight, puckered asshole. The guys were now beside themselves with lust and excitement. They were in a frenzy and, had John and the guys not been there, surely would have gangbanged Cori.  
  
John let Cori stand back up and said, "Now, I think we all agree that's a prize worth playing for. So, I expect to see and hear you all there tonight and every week. Remember, one of you will be getting the blowjob of your life tonight."

Everyone left to head to the park, excited about the game, the contest and, of course, about watching Cori. Cori rode with Chad, John, Ty and Ben in the company van. John drove with Ben, Ty and Chad all sitting next to each other in the back. Cori was in full "pre-game motivation" mode for the 15-minute drive to the park. She was on her knees in front of the three guys, sucking their cocks. So long as none of them came, this would not count as one of their "fucks" of the week. This was a just a little pre-game stimulation, intended not to bring about orgasm, just some fun and excitement — a little oral encouragement from their biggest — and hottest — fan.  
  
She went back and forth between the three impressive cocks, sucking each for a few moments before moving on to the next. She was careful to make sure all three received the same amount of attention and she licked, sucked and deep-throated them all.  
  
"Guess I'm not the only one who likes to go deep," Chad chuckled, putting his hand on the back of her head and driving his cock into the back of her throat. "Come on bitch, eat my cock. Swallow it, you fucking slut."  
  
"Hey, take it easy," Ty said, noticing that Chad was a little too aggressive in his pounding of Cori's throat and a little too angry in his tone. "She's on our side, remember?"  
  
"She's all yours, bud," Chad said, letting Cori up. She quickly moved over and swallowed Ty's enormous cock without missing a beat.  
  
When they arrived at the park, the guys each took a few moments to let their cocks go limp, then climbed out of the van and began warming up for the game. Cori fixed her hair and lipstick, then bounced out of the van and went over to the small set of bleachers where The Irregulars had already gathered, waiting for the game to start. They welcomed Cori with a combination of genuine friendliness and burning lust. They had all always dreamed of fucking her, but now, for the first time, they knew it could actually happen. There wasn't one of them — not even the 60-year-olds — who wasn't imagining what it would be like to feel her mouth around their cock.  
  
Cori talked to them all for a little while, then sat down in the grass next to the bleachers to stretch — and to tease them even more. She went through a very thorough stretching routine that included many of the usual positions, such as bending over at the waist (which she did facing away from the guys so they could study her ass), doing splits, arching her back, etc. By the time she was done, the other team and the hired rec officials had also taken note and were studying her every move.  
  
This was also part of The Hard Body plan. Distracting the other team and possibly influencing the officials were both potentially huge benefits to Cori's presence. On more than one occasion, Cori had forced a dropped pass by flaunting her considerable assets to an opposing player. And who knew how many calls had gone in favor of Hard Body by officials wishing to keep Cori happy so she would jump up and down. Hard Body had a good team without Cori, but John figured she was good for an extra win or two per year.  
  
Once the game started, Hard Body was all business, the Irregulars were very rowdy and Cori was in non-stop motion. She danced, jumped, twisted, twirled and gyrated from beginning to end. As expected, her display helped a couple of early breaks go Hard Body's way, and the guys too care of the rest, winning by three scores.  
  
After the game, Cori gave each of the guys a congratulatory kiss. Then, it was time for the drawing. There were 22 Irregulars on hand, and they each put their name on a slip of paper. To add to the fun, Ben had Cori remove her thong and the pouch of this tiny piece of fabric was used to hold the paper in lieu of a hat.  
  
Closing her eyes and baring her teeth, Cori buried her face in her own thong, digging out a single piece of paper with her talented lips. John read the name of the winner, "Sam!"  
  
Everyone groaned, disappointed for themselves, then cheered and slapped Sam on the back. Sam was a favorite among The Irregulars, and most of the guys were genuinely happy for him. A gentle, soft-spoken man, Sam was in his late 40s, but looked 10 years older. He was short — just 5'7" — and weighed over 300 pounds. A lifelong bachelor, Sam had had very few dates and even fewer blowjobs — none that he hadn't paid for.  
  
Sam was as dimwitted as he was friendly. He was a good ol' country boy with very little education, a thick accent and an infectious belly laugh. He was all smiles now as he stepped out of the bleachers and accepted a congratulatory kiss from Cori.  
  
"Meet you at the bar in about 45 minutes, Sam," John said, shaking his hand. "Take good care of her, enjoy yourself and bring her back when you're done."  
  
"Got it," Sam said. Everyone got in their cars and headed for the happy hour celebration while Sam led Cori to his SUV. They both climbed in the back and Sam unfastened his pants before he sat down. Cori knelt in front of him and pulled his pants down the rest of the way and was greeted by a short, thick cock that was already full erect at a little over 5 inches. Despite being short, this fat cock was going to be a mouthful.  
  
"You are so gorgeous," Sam said.  
  
"Thank you. You're sweet," Cori smiled.  
  
"Would you mind if I touched you a little before you, uh, you know?"  
  
"Not at all. How about if I just sit in your lap for a little while and you can touch whatever you want," Cori said. "Do you want me to take anything off?"  
  
"Just your skirt," Sam said, breathing heavy now. Cori slipped off her skirt, then sat her thong-split ass in Sam's lap. He was a bit tentative at first, but she assured him again that it was all right, and then his hands were all over her. They squeezed her firm tits through her sweater, then pushed up underneath it to get a handle on the real things. Sam was breathing hard through his mouth, nearly slobbering, staring intently at her body. He squeezed harder, mashing her erect nipples. Cori issued no complaint.  
  
She was well aware that, unless he won the grand prize at the end of the year, this was Sam's one chance to do something he had wanted to do for a long time. She was flattered and quite willing to subject her body to this sweet, chubby man's desires. Without being conceited, she allowed herself to believe she was probably by far the most attractive woman he had ever been with, and that made it all the more enjoyable to please him.  
  
He ran his hands down her sides, then across the thong straps on her hips. Her skin was so smooth and warm in his course hands. He slipped one hand inside her thong, rubbing across her neatly trimmed bush. The other hand dipped between her thighs and stuffed the thong between her juicy twat lips. He pulled it back and forth a few times across her clit before pulling it out and pushing it to the side. Within seconds, he had three meaty fingers jammed inside her, finger-banging the hottest cunt he'd ever come in contact with.  
  
"You are so hot, Cori," he said. "I beat off every night thinking about you."  
  
"Well, you don't have to beat off tonight," Cori said. "Whenever you're ready, my mouth and throat are all yours. But take your time and enjoy this. I'm your horny little slut to do with as you please. There's no rush."  
  
"Thanks, Cori. You're the best," Sam said. Then, playing along with Cori's suggested role play, Sam said, "Now, you little slut, lay back and spread those legs for me." Cori lay down on the seat and flopped one leg over the back and put her other foot on the floor. Her thighs were spread, her thong was pushed aside and he had full view and access to her pussy. He grabbed her thong, pulled it down her long legs and tossed it aside.  
  
"Take off your sweater," he said, sliding between her legs and re-inserting three fingers into her wet snatch. Cori removed her Hard Body top, leaving her naked except for her heels. Sam played with her like this for a few minutes, driving a fourth finger inside her while diddling her clit with his thumb. But he wanted to play with her tits, which were hard to reach in this position. So, he dragged her on her back across his lap, putting both tits and pussy within easy reach.  
  
While one hand finger-banged her cunt — brining about a noticeable amount of lubrication and arousal from Cori — the other mauled and manhandled her tits and the rock-hard nipples that stuck out like lightning rods on top of a skyscraper. Cori, who was indeed enjoying the finger fucking, played up her response, moaning and licking her lips and arching her back excessively. Even if he knew she was faking to some degree, he had to appreciate the show and the effort.  
  
He certainly appreciated her body, too, and would like to have continued exploring and playing with it all night, but his cock betrayed him. He knew he couldn't wait much longer and he ached to feel her mouth on his cock.  
  
"Suck me, slut," he said, pulling his hand out of her cunt. "Get on the floor, on your knees and worship my cock. Suck it, you fucking bitch. Choke on it and swallow it. You know you've wanted it for a long time. Well, today's your lucky day. Come and get it, slut."  
  
Sam had to spread his thick thighs wide to give Cori room to get to his short, throbbing cock. Never one to shirk her responsibilities, Cori buried her head between his sweaty thighs and gave his cock a tantalizing, shaft-long lick. She licked the pre-cum on the tip of his cock head and made a show of tasting and swallowing it.  
  
"Mmm, if it's that good already, I can't wait for the main course," she purred.  
  
"Well, come and get it. I got a full meal, complete with dessert for you. Eat up, bitch."  
  
Cori giggled, opened her mouth wide and swallowed all of his short, fat cock. Sam groaned and thrust his hips, wedging his cock deeper into her mouth. It wasn't long enough to explore much of her throat, but it was quite thick and almost completely filled Cori's mouth.  
  
That didn't slow her down a bit. She gave him the full licking and sucking treatment. Cori didn't know how to give a bad blowjob. She licked and sucked his sweaty balls and made a meal of his cock. It was fast-food, though, as Sam lasted only a few minutes before putting his hands on the back of her head and emptying an impressive load into her mouth. As was routine, Cori collected it all in her mouth, then made sure he was watching before she swallowed. He groaned in appreciation.  
  
She cleaned him off thoroughly while he made jokes about her "going back for seconds." When they were done, he thanked her profusely for the greatest experience of his life. Cori was touched by his sweetness and felt great about bringing such joy to this gentle man.  
  
They dressed and drove off to join the rest of the crew waiting for them at the bar. Much like winning a game, part of the joy of the blowjob was the opportunity to brag about it, which Sam did, relating every detail to his long-time cohorts.  
  
"I swear, she swallowed all of it," he said. "Didn't you, Cori?"  
  
"I sure did," Cori beamed. "Good to the last drop!"  
  
This brought a round of groans and hollers from the guys, who all couldn't wait for their next chance to bag the team cheerleader. The plan to raise team spirit and morale had definitely worked.  
  
They hung out at the bar for an hour or so before Ben took Cori home. He used his personal sex toy once in each hole before they both fell asleep.

**WEDNESDAY**

Ben and Cori both overslept and barely had time for a quick pussy fuck before Ben took Cori home to get ready for work. She showered and dressed quickly in her required Wednesday attire: a mini skirt and crop top. The mini skirt was black and very short and tight. She wore a pink thong underneath it. The crop top was hot pink and cut so as to leave the bottoms of her breasts sticking out. With no bra, her hard nipples were plainly evident through the tight fabric. She also wore a pink choker, black heels and white bobbi socks.  
  
When she arrived at work, John greeted her with a hard-on and promptly directed her to the office where he used his only "floating fuck" for the week. He removed her thong and fucked her pussy vigorously for several minutes before blowing his load down her throat. At John's instruction, Cori didn't put the thong on the rest of the day.  
  
Everyone was in good spirits all day, happy about the first football game and the success of the contest. They were also, as always, buoyed by the presence of Cori in one of her typically spectacular outfits.  
  
Cori made everyone's day at Daddy's Diner, flashing a broad smile and wet pussy for the crowd before strolling out with the gang's lunch. She never noticed Jarvis' blue pickup circling the block, driving slowly up behind her several times as he watched and stared. If she had, she would have noticed his lusting eyes and his wicked grin as he spoke anxiously on his cell phone.  
  
"Yeah, man, I'm watching her right now," he was saying. "Her ass is about to fall out of that skirt. Man, I want to pull over and grab her right now ... yeah, yeah, I know. I'll wait until Saturday. But you better come through, man, or else I'll not only get my money back, but I'll also blab about you all over town and you'll be in jail ... all right, all right, just wanted to give you f air warning. I trust you, but I'm just telling you, don't let me down."  
  
The person on the other end of the phone hung up and Jarvis, realizing that Cori was almost back to the shop, turned off, careful not to avoid too much suspicion. His cock was rock hard and he was pretty sure it would stay that way until he finally fucked Cori. He knew one thing: he hadn't whacked off in two weeks, ever since this plan came up. He wanted to be as horny and have as much cum stored up as possible. He planned to give it all to Cori.  
  
Unaware of Jarvis' devious plan, Cori returned happily to the shop where she joined the boys for lunch. The afternoon was relatively uneventful and evening brought about Cori's date night with Ty. Apparently, Ty had done little but think about Cori's hot ass and how much fun it had been to fuck the other night.  
  
They didn't bother going out to eat or to a movie or anything. They went to his place, ordered a pizza and then Ty, unable to wait any longer, prepped his toy for another anal invasion. He sat on the couch with a bottle of lube. Cori, naked now except for her heels, rubbed the oil on his cock while he poured and pushed lube into her ass. When she was ready, he pulled her on top of him, her back to him as they sat on the couch.  
  
He spread her ass cheeks with his hands and pointed his meaty cock at her puckered hole, splitting it open and skewering her tender body with his mighty prong. She squealed and he moaned as all 10 inches once again found their home inside her bowels.  
  
"Ride it, babe," he said. Cori, with her shoes flat on the floor, began raising herself up and down on his cock, impaling herself on it. "Yeah, that's it. Jump up and down on it. Ream yourself, bitch." Cori didn't jump up and down, but Ty, who was very strong, did put his hands around her waist and lifted her off her feet. He'd lift her entirely off his cock, then drop her — with her asshole still spread wide — right back on top of him, driving his shaft all the way in, balls deep. Cori was being ripped apart and loving it. Even though it hurt a little, she loved being controlled and used this way by Ty, who she knew had no intention of hurting her in any way. She trusted him completely, and that's why she was able to enjoy what otherwise would have been a brutally powerful fucking.  
  
Five minutes after Ty had filled her ass with boiling hot cum, the pizza man arrived. Ty sent Cori to the door naked — his more than generous tip to the pizza man. Ty was much more gentle with Cori the rest of the night, fucking her pussy twice — once on top and once doggie style — and mouth once. After a good night's rest, he was ready for another dip in Cori's ass and, bending her over the back of a kitchen chair, pounded her as hard as he could for 20 minutes before giving her a semen enema.  
  
"When did you become such an ass man?" Cori asked as he drove her home. "I'm not complaining; you can fuck me any way you want. I'm just curious."  
  
"I don't know," Ty said. "I guess I always liked it, but the session on the balcony the other night just turned something loose. I just love the way it feels, literally banging the shit out of you, owning and impaling you. I won't hurt you, ever, but I sure do like feeling powerful and in total control of you. I guess knowing I can pound your ass any time I want gives me that feeling."  
  
"Well, my ass is yours," Cori said. "I usually don't like anal that much, but something about the way you do it is great. I guess I like the feeling of riding something so power, in some ways controlling it and yet knowing you could rip me in half with your cock."  
  
"Since we both like it, I think we'll keep doing it every couple days," Ty said.

**THURSDAY MORNING**

It was thong Thusday and Cori, knowing how much the guys appreciated last week's thong swimsuit, wore another one just like it today. Well, not exactly like it. As promised, John had ordered different colors and even smaller sizes. This one could have been mailed in a standard business envelope.  
  
What there was of it was cherry red and Cori wore matching cherry red heels and lipstick. This one was so small and so tight, there was nothing Cori could do to keep it from dividing her pussy lips. In the end, the suit really only covered three things — her nipples and her clit. The rest of her pussy lips, her ass and about 98 percent of her tits were totally bare. Man, the tan lines this would leave, Cori mused.  
  
She remembered how much the guys had liked seeing her oiled up last week and decided to apply the first coat herself, slathering her body in baby oil. She looked at herself in the mirror, noticing how the oil made her skin glisten and look that much softer and darker. She looked sexy, sleek and ever-so-exposed. She wasn't sure she'd be able to keep the suit on, but as revealing as it was, she doubted it much mattered if it was on or not.  
  
Not that bookkeeping, filing and answering phones ever dominated her day, but Cori spent even less time than usual on these daily office tasks. So enamored was everyone with her attire — or lack thereof — that Cori spent her entire day being ogled, fondled and fucked. Of course, those were her top three job duties, so she prioritized her work accordingly.  
  
"Damn, that's even hotter than last week," Ben said when Cori strolled in. She was aware of the suit rubbing across her swollen clit with each stride. "Let me get a good look. Turn around. Yeah ... nice thong. Bend over. Legs a little wider. Yeah, very nice." Ben pulled the thong out of her ass and pussy, impressed by how snug it was. The suit was fully taut and seemed on the verge of snapping at any moment. He dipped his finger inside her pussy, pleased to find it as moist and slick as her exterior skin.  
  
"There's nothing better than a girl who's slick and wet inside and out," Ben said approvingly. "Stand back up and turn around." Cori did, facing him again now. Her dark, oiled breasts looked good enough to eat; if they were the main course, her golden thighs and the treasure held between them would have made a sweet dessert. He gave the thong a good tug to make sure it was properly wedged back between her pussy lips.  
  
"Does that rub on your clit?" he asked.  
  
"Yeah," Cori said. "It rubs on my clit and on my tits. It doesn't hurt, but it makes them all really hard. I think my pussy will probably be wet all day because of that."  
  
"Glad to hear it," Ben said, "because I plan to have some of that pussy in a little while. I've got several floating fucks left, you know. We might just have to take a few extra coffee breaks today."

"Well, you know where to find me," Cori smiled. She turned, wiggling her ass for him as she walked around behind the counter. Moments later, John came out of the back and Cori repeated the show for him. John was delighted by the suit he had ordered and anxious for his Thursday night date with Cori.  
  
"You and me all night tonight," he smiled. "Did you get a good night's sleep?"  
  
"Yeah, I slept great," Cori said. "I almost didn't have time to give Ty a blowjob this morning before we came to work."  
  
"Well, don't plan on lots of sleep tonight," John said.  
  
"All right," Cori said. "I'm ready, willing and able!"  
  
"Well, that's music to my ears!" a loud voice boomed from the door as a large man entered the shop. Cori recognized him instantly as Vern Holman, a powerful local attorney whose family owned half of the county. He was far and away the front-runner in the upcoming mayoral election. Holman was in his mid-40s, but looked older. He had jet black hair that he dyed to keep the gray out, a big round nose and a wide mouth that matched his powerful voice. He was 6-6 and weighed nearly 300 pounds. He had a larger-than-life personality to match his large body. He was dressed in a flashy, pinstriped suit, carried a cane and wore black alligator-skin shoes. He was accompanied by a slender man in his mid-30s who carried a briefcase and was also dressed in a suit, albeit a much cheaper one.  
  
"Hello Mr. Holman," Ben said, coming out of the back and stepping forward to shake his hand. Mr. Holman had never even been to the shop before, but everyone knew who he was. He wasn't the sort of man who spent his own time getting his car fixed. He had people to handle such menial tasks. "What can we do for you today?"  
  
"Well, my car doesn't need to be fixed, if that's what you're asking," the powerful voice boomed. "I've heard a lot about this pretty little filly over here and figured it was about time I took a look for myself. I can certainly see what all the fuss is about. She's as hot as a firecracker on the 4th of July. Cops or the holier-than-thoughs ever give you any trouble about her walking around like that?"  
  
"Oh, we get a few complaints now and then," Ben said. "But the cops refuse to issue an indecent exposure citation. They say anything that looks that good could never be considered indecent."  
  
"Can't say I disagree," Holman said. "What's your name, little lady?" he said, extending his hand to Cori. She was impressed that he looked her squarely in the eye.  
  
"Cori," she responded. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Holman."  
  
"Pleasure's all mine," he said, now allowing his eyes to trail up and down her tan, curvy, oil-slicked body. "This is my associate, Mr. Tanner. We were wondering if you and your boss here might be able to have a private discussion."  
  
"Of course," Ben said. "We can use my office."  
  
Ben led them Mr. Holman and Cori into his office where they sat around the small, four-person conference table.  
  
"Coffee and Danish, Mr. Holman, Mr. Tanner?" Cori asked.  
  
"That sounds nice, thank you. Cream and sugar, please."  
  
"I like mine black, please," Tanner said, speaking for the first time.  
  
Cori went back into the lounge area and brought back their coffee and Danish. She made another trip to bring the same for Ben and grabbed bottled water for herself.  
  
"No Danish for you, I see," Holman said, eyeing Cori and smiling knowingly.  
  
"No sir," Cori said. "I had breakfast before I came to work." She lied, unless you considered a mouthful of cum breakfast. Actually, Cori didn't starve herself because she was naturally thin and worked out enough to maintain her figure, but she did try to watch what she ate, ever mindful of her job's weight requirements. Ben had never hassled her about her weight or anything else about her appearance. She just understood that she was expected to maintain her body to the best of her ability, within reason, for the added pleasure of her co-workers and customers. But if she had felt like eating a Danish, she would have and Ben would never have said a word.  
  
"Well, Ben — may I call you Ben?" Holman asked. Ben assured him he could. "Well, Ben, as you might know, I am running for the open mayoral seat being vacated by our dear friend Bart Chalmers."  
  
"From what I hear, you've all but got it locked up," Ben said.  
  
"I hope you're right," Holman said. "But it is my experience that it just when you're feeling most comfortable that you're most vulnerable. I think I need to make one last push, and I think you and this hot little lady here can help get us there."  
  
"Oh, with all due respect, we try not to get caught up in politics, Mr. Holman," Ben said.  
  
"I understand," Holman said. "You've got a nice business here, very successful. No need to take sides in a political fight. I totally understand and respect your position. However, as mayor, I would have a lot of power in this town and could make life very comfortable for you indeed. I own a lot of land and buildings — newer ones in better locations. They can be rented or sold very cheaply. I also would have the power to contract all city vehicle repairs and maintenance to the shop of my choice. A very large contract, indeed, I assure you. Does any of that interest you at all?"  
  
"I'll admit I'm intrigued," Ben said. "I'm still inclined to say no, but what exactly did you have in mind? I don't see how our shop can really help you in a political race."  
  
"It's very simple, really," Holman said. "Am I correct in assuming that the presence of Cori has not only benefited your morale but your bottom line as well?"  
  
"Oh yes," Ben said. "It's fair to say she saved our business."  
  
"That's because sex sells, my friend," Holman said. "Especially when it is presented in such a perfect, sweet but sexy, accessible — at least to the eye — package. Every man fantasizes about the girl next door, the supermodel cheerleader and — pardon the expression — the slut. You have successfully marketed Cori as a mixture of all three. That is a credit to both you and her and I have to admit I'm very impressed."  
  
"Thank you," Ben said. "It has worked well for us, but isn't selling sex a little risky for a political campaign?"  
  
"Could be," Holman admitted, "but it's a risk I'm willing to take. Over the next few weeks before the election, I'm really going to be targeting the male vote. I have several events and advertising opportunities coming up that cater almost exclusively to men. I believe Cori's presence can help me in those events without tarnishing my overall image. I understand that Mr. German at the paper is a trusted client of yours and thus would not be likely to print any scandalous pictures or scathing editorials."  
  
"That's true," Ben said. "He did a feature story on Cori about a year ago. As most people do, he fell in love with her instantly. I can't imagine him doing anything to make Cori — or anyone around her — look bad."  
  
"That's what I hear, too," Holman said, glancing at Tanner. "So, I believe Cori's presence will attract far more voters than it will turn away. It's a risk, yes, but one I'm willing to take if you are."  
  
"What exactly would Cori have to do? She has a lot of responsibilities with us, basically 24 hours a day."  
  
"I suspected as much," Holman said. "I understand working here comes with some very nice perks. I don't wish to infringe on those, um, benefits any more than necessary. I would require her presence at various functions — let's say 10 — over the next eight weeks leading up to the election. And I would require her to be available for a few photo and video shoots for advertising purposes. I would imagine it would work out to something like 8 to 10 hours per week over the next two months.  
  
"At the events — political parties, speeches, dinners and the like — I would ask Cori to dress in specifically revealing attire, much as you do now. Generally, she would be my 'first lady' for the evening, if you will, and accompany me as my date. She would be required to be an ambassador for my campaign, mingling with the crowd and reminding them to vote for me. I think we can all agree that Cori would get their attention better than any of us ever could. In the print and TV ads, which would run in male-dominated media, the general concept is for Cori to be dressed in some sort of tight t-shirt or halter top and to urge voters to vote for Holman and Brown — my vice-mayor candidate — 'a winning pair.' It's cheesy and sexist, I know, but all you have to do is look at strip clubs, Maxim and 'Baywatch' to know that cheesy and sexy are very popular with a large percentage of the population."  
  
"Well, I see you've given this a lot of thought," Ben said. "Can you give me more details or assurances as to what would be in it for us?"  
  
"Certainly," Holman said. "Mr. Tanner, will you please show him our proposal."  
  
Tanner pulled out a neatly typed document on thick parchment that outline exactly what Cori, Ben and the The Hard Body Shop would receive in exchange for Cori's services.  
  
"As you'll see, there are two levels to your reimbursement," Holman said. "The first is what you receive, win or lose. It includes an invitation to you or any member of your staff to be present at any of the functions Cori attends so that you may monitor the situation and also do a bit of advertising. I can't actively advertise for you, but each of these functions has promoting sponsors. You would be listed as a promoting sponsor at no cost. You would also be allowed to distribute coupons or buttons or flyers or whatever as promotional pieces. I just can't have my name on any of it, which I'm sure you understand.  
  
"You would also receive $5,000 as reimbursement for Cori's time and any inconveniences that might result. I admit, the package is much more attractive if we win. In that case, you receive the above items plus the cities vehicle maintenance contract, which we assure will be no less than $750,000 annually and will be in effect for as long as either I or Mr. Brown are in office.  
  
"You will also be given first choice of location if you decide to move. The values of all my properties are listed on the second sheet there and, as the contract states, you would have the opportunity to rent or purchase any of those properties at one-half of the listed value. Any financing would be done at a very friendly rate of 2 percent."  
  
"You certainly put together an attractive proposal," Ben said.  
  
"I believe your commodity is equally attractive," Holman said, nodding toward Cori.  
  
"What's this line here: 'Special services bonus of $10,000?'" Ben asked.  
  
"Ahh, that is a delicate manner to discuss and I trust that you will not take offense. Regardless of your reaction to that clause, the first two parts of the offer remain on the table. This is a totally separate and, I must say, personal matter.  
  
"I, as you know, am a bachelor and happy to be so. Thanks much more to my wealth and standing in the community than any sort of charm or looks, I have been fortunate to have my share of attractive female acquaintances. I've had strippers, former beauty queens and debutantes, but none have ever come close to this young lady right here. I would be honored to have the opportunity to partake of her body at or during some of these special appearances. For that privilege, I would be willing to pay $10,000 for you to do with as you like. Again, you or someone from your staff would be close enough by to be sure that I did not take unwarranted advantage of the agreement. "  
  
"Well, this is certainly an interesting proposal, Mr. Holman," Ben said. "I'm going to have to discuss this with my staff and Cori. How soon do you need an answer?"  
  
"End of the day if possible," Holman said. "There's a fundraising dinner I'm speaking at on Monday at the lodge. That would be Cori's first appearance. We would also want to proceed with the advertising campaigns next week."  
  
"Fair enough," Ben said. "I'll call you by the end of the day."  
  
"Mr. Tanner, please give him my card and the tentative appearance schedule. Please note that this schedule is only tentative and is subject to change. All changes will, of course, be passed by you for approval."  
  
"Understood," Ben said.  
  
"Thank you both very much for your time," Holman said, standing up, signaling the end of the meeting. "I look forward to your response."  
  
"Thanks," Ben said. "Either way, we wish you the best of luck in the election."  
  
Cori showed the men out to the front door, then returned to Ben's office where he was waiting to speak with her.  
  
"Well, what do you think about all that?" Ben asked. "Be honest. Don't feel obligated to do anything you're not comfortable with."  
  
"Normally I'd say no," Cori said, sitting down on Ben's lap, "but it's a great offer. I mean, that's a lot of money for the shop if he wins."  
  
"True, but it's not your responsibility to earn it for us."  
  
"Sure it is. It's my job to do anything I can to help the shop," Cori said. "As long as one of you guys are there, I think it will be fine. Do you think everyone would be all right with the reduced dating time?"  
  
"We'd have to talk about that too," Ben said. "Of course, Chad's leaving, so you'll only have three of us to deal with until we hire his replacement."  
  
"If everyone else is all right with it, I think it's worth the gamble. Even if he loses, we still do all right. And if he wins..."  
  
"What about the 'special services?'" Ben asked.  
  
"That's 100 percent your call," Cori said. "You know I will do it if you ask and be glad to help make the money. And if you decide you don't want to, I respect that too."  
  
"If we did it," Ben said, "that $10,000 would be used to send you and your friends on a on a week vacation to some island paradise."  
  
"Really?" Cori asked. "Wow! Thanks!"  
  
"So I think we agree that this is worth pitching to the other guys?" Ben asked.  
  
"Definitely," Cori said. "Let's see what they think."  
  
"We'll meet at lunch to talk it over."  
  
"Sounds good," Cori started to get up, but Ben grabbed her thong and pulled her back down on his lap.  
  
"While I've got you here..." he said, unzipping his pants. "Lay down."  
  
Cori lay down on the conference table and Ben stood between her legs, which she clamped around his waist. He pushed her thong aside and slipped his cock into her juicy twat. It was moist and hot, just as she had promised it would be. Ben drove his cock in and out of her for a few minutes, then picked her up off the table. He held her around the waist while she kept her strong legs locked around his waist and her arms around his neck. She held herself upright while Ben impaled her on his urgently erect shaft.  
  
Her oiled skin made her slippery, but he put his hands on her ass and succeeded in lifting her up and down on his cock. With gravity's aid, he slammed balls-deep into her each time, stuffing her cunt with his pulsing member. She buried her face in his chest, clinging to him and focusing all her attention on his pleasure-giving cock. She came just seconds before he did, both of them creaming each other as they panted, struggling to regain their breath.  
  
Somehow during that flurry of activity, Cori's swimsuit managed to not to snap. After cleaning first Ben, then herself, she carefully put the micro-fibers back in their strategic places and returned to the front desk. By now, Ty and Chad were also at work and anxious to look over Cori's skimpiest of outfits. They put her through the usual bending, turning and twisting poses, looking at her and the suit from every angle.  
  
Since much of her oil had come off on the table and on Ben, they decided she needed a fresh coat and lathered it on her, rubbing their hands over every inch of her body.  
  
"Man, this is the best oil change I've ever done," Ty said, getting a chuckle from the guys.  
  
"I already topped off her fluids," Ben said, "so you can keep your dipsticks in your pants. She's been lubed up inside already." More laughs, including a cute giggle from Cori.  
  
Everyone seemed to be in a good mood, even Chad, who had been grumpy all week. At lunchtime, Cori created her usual stir walking to the diner and bringing back lunch. Jarvis was nowhere around this time, but had he been, he would have seen her suit slip completely off her tits twice. The combination of the tightness of the suit and the slippery oil made it virtually impossible to keep in place. And the constant rubbing across her clit was driving her crazy. It was like she had an itch that only a big hard cock could scratch.  
  
When she returned with the meals, Chad manned the front desk while everyone else met in the break room and Ben explained the proposal from Holman. John and Ty listened intently, shaking their heads at first at the mention of the hours Cori would be away from them. But when Ben described the contract and building, they were left with mouths wide open, unable to comprehend how much this could change their business and their lives.  
  
"Wow," John said. "That's quite an offer. What do you think about all this, Cori?"  
  
"I already told Ben that I am happy to do whatever you all think is best for the shop. I trust you all and know that you have the shop's and my best interests at heart. My main concern is whether or not you all will be all right with some cut backs in our dating time."  
  
"Yeah, that part stinks," Ty said.  
  
"Yeah, but as I mentioned to Cori, Chad's leaving, which means there's an extra night in the week. We can use that night as a filler for anyone who gets short-changed on another night. It might take some schedule juggling, but I think we can make it work if we really want to do this."  
  
"I think it's too good an offer to pass up," John said.  
  
"I agree," Ty said. "I want to keep an eye on this guy, but I think we should do it."  
  
"OK," Ben said. "Then I'll tell you about the secondary proposal. Holman would also like to have sexual privileges with Cori and has offered to pay $10,000. Cori has already said she's willing so long as one of us is nearby. I'll go ahead and tell you what I think. I think we should have her do it. It will strengthen the deal and give us long-term leverage with a very powerful man. I also think we should take the $10,000 and send Cori, Tammy and Gina on a week-long vacation to some tropical paradise when this is all over."  
  
"I couldn't agree more," Ty said. "She deserves the trip."  
  
"I'm fine with it as long as Cori is," John said. "And I agree with Ty — let's keep an eye on this guy and make sure he treats her right. You'll let us know if he does anything out of line, won't you Cori? He may be powerful, but this contract doesn't give him the right to do anything he wants with you. Understand?"  
  
"Got it," Cori said. "Thanks for the concern. I'll take care of myself and I'll let you know if anything doesn't feel right."  
  
That settled, everyone went back to work, except Ty, just a few hours removed from his date night with Cori, decided he wanted a little dessert and pulled Cori into Ben's office.  
  
"I can't believe I need this again already, but you look so fucking hot in that outfit," Ty said. "And all oiled up like that ..."  
  
"No problem," Cori said. "That's what I'm here for."  
  
"Well, I know we usually don't go this route at work, but I really want a piece of that ass again," Ty said. "You've already got plenty of lube."  
  
"My ass is yours!" Cori said. "Where do you want me?"  
  
"On the floor on your knees and elbows. I want your ass sticking up in the air and your titties hanging down." Cori assumed the requested position and Ty moved the few constraining pieces of fabric out of the way. He spread her ass cheeks wide and slowly but forcefully inserted his cock deep into her rectum. He was actually standing up on his feet, bending his knees. This gave him great leverage and power as he drilled straight down into her ass, the full weight of his body behind each gut-splitting thrust.

He spanked her ass and grunted loud enough that Chad and a couple of customers in the lobby could hear. Of course, they all knew Ty was fucking her, so they weren't shocked. But it was still funny and arousing to hear. There wasn't one of them who didn't want to change places with Ty that very second.  
  
Ty rutted into Cori's ass for about 15 fast-paced minutes before blasting her intestines with yet another shot of his semen. Cori put aside thoughts of where his cock had just been and licked him clean before ducking into the bathroom to freshen up before returning to work. She might as well not have bothered, since about half an hour later, Ben escorted back into her office for his second session of the day.  
  
Cori's ass was still a little sore, so she was glad when he asked for a blowjob. He sat back in his chair, leaning back with his hands behind his head while Cori knelt between his legs and serviced him. Only when he was close to cumming did he put his hands on the back of her head, stand up and drive his cock down her throat. He dumped his spunk on her tongue and watched her swallow it with lusty pride.  
  
Cori had now been fucked four times today — twice each by Ty and Ben — and it was only 2 p.m.! But Ty had now used his allotment for the week, John would use his last tonight on their date, Ben would doubtless save his last floater for Friday or Saturday and Chad had no floaters left. So, the last couple hours of the work day would almost surely be fuck-free, giving Cori a bit of time to relax before her date with John.  
  
Well, maybe relax wasn't the right word. The Irregulars began rolling in around 3 and again agreed that the oil and thong combination was about as good as it got. As such, they requested and received an impressive display of stretching exercises and model like poses, complete with John snapping pictures with the shop's very expensive, high-end 35mm camera. He would no doubt scan some of these to put on the web site.  
  
The Irregulars loved it, because they were basically in total control of Cori. They would shout out pose suggestions and she would accommodate every one.  
  
"Bend over the pool table! Yeah, now put one leg up on it!"  
  
"Climb up on it and do the splits!"  
  
"Now lay on your back and put your legs behind your head!"  
  
"Spread your legs and put the 8-ball on your pussy!"  
  
"Pull the thong between your pussy lips! Now reach inside it and play with your pussy!"  
  
"Lick your nipples! Pinch 'em!"  
  
"Lick your lips. Suck on this lollipop!"  
  
"Pour more oil on! Rub it on your legs!"  
  
Everyone had an idea and shared it. The modeling session went on for over an hour until Ben had to stop it and called Cori into his office. A third fuck session?! She couldn't believe it. But it wasn't. Ben wanted Cori to be in the office when he called to accept Holman's offer. Holman, naturally, was very pleased indeed. He requested some time with Cori on Friday to meet with his tailor and have a gown made for the banquet at the lodge on Monday. Ben agreed to let her meet with him first thing Friday morning. John would take her to Holman's office and accompany them to the tailor.

**THURSDAY EVENING**

But first, John had a big date night planned with Cori. "What are we doing tonight," Cori asked as they left the shop for the evening. John had instructed her to keep her spaghetti-strap suit on and had given her a fresh layer of oil before they left.  
  
"We're having a cookout at my place," John said. "A neighborhood cookout, that is."  
  
"Neighborhood? Are you going to show me off, big John?"  
  
"You know it. Everybody is coming over around 7. That give us about an hour to start getting everything ready — and maybe play around a little bit."  
  
"Sounds good. How many people are coming?"  
  
"About a dozen neighbors," John said. "Just some buddies coming over for some steaks and beer and a little eye candy."  
  
"Sounds like fun," Cori said. "So do you want your eye candy to be sweet and wholesome or hot and spicy?"  
  
"I want you to be a sweet, naïve tease. You'll be dressed like you are now, of course, and I'm going to give you a face full of cum to wear for a while too. But I want you to act like you don't even realize it's there or understand why everyone is looking at you. In fact, I want you to act like you don't even realize that they are staring at you. But, of course, you'll be bending and arching your back — the usual things to show off."  
  
"I think I get it," Cori said. "So you're going to give me a face full of cum first?"  
  
"That's right. As soon as we get home and get everything set up. I think I've got a pretty big load saved up for you. Should look really good on that cute face of yours."  
  
As soon as they got to John's house, they arranged furniture on the deck, set out steaks, chicken, hot dogs and hamburgers for the grill, filled a cooler with beer, water and pop and put out chips, cheese and veggies. John looked at his watch and figured they had about 20 minutes before the first guests would arrive. That should be perfect. He wanted the cum to be fresh, thick and white on her face when his guests first saw her.  
  
"Let's step inside for a minute," John said. He led her into the kitchen, bent her over the backs of one of the chairs and drove his thick cock deep into her wet snatch. After a few minutes of hard cunt-pounding, he knew he was close to cumming and pulled out of her. He waited a few seconds for his orgasm to subside, then instructed her to sit in the chair and suck his cock. John figured he had another 10 minutes before anyone would show up, so he let Cori slowly lick and suck him, gradually bringing him back to the verge of orgasm. He was just ramming his cock down her throat when he heard a knock at the door.  
  
"Just a minute!" he yelled, then pulled his cock out of her mouth and sprayed every inch of her face with his thick spunk. The creamy white fluid was matted to her forehead, clung to her eyelashes, dripped from her nose, clung to her cheeks and made a home on her lips and chin. She looked like someone had smashed a cream pie in her face.  
  
Cori knew not to wipe it away as John tucked his cock back into his pants and hurriedly went to open the door. The Troyer brothers, Bud, Jack and Tucker, came in. They were all in their 50s and lived close to one another in the neighborhood.  
  
"What took you so long?" Bud asked. "And why are you sweating?"  
  
"You boys remember Cori, don't you?" John said, shaking their hands and leading them through the living room to the kitchen where Cori was sitting at the table, waiting for them.  
  
"How could we forget?" Jack said. "Hottest girl in the state. Is she here?"  
  
Just then, they stepped into the kitchen and the men were greeted by the site of Cori rising to meet them. They all noticed her suit, of course, and her oiled, tanned, well-displayed body, but to a man they were drawn to the telltale emissions covering her face.  
  
"You dirty dog!" Bud said, jabbing John in the ribs.  
  
"Nice work, my friend," Tucker said. "That's a full facial there!"  
  
"Damn, you look good, Cori," Jack said.  
  
"Thanks," Cori said. "Good to see you guys. You haven't been by the shop in a while."  
  
"We'll have to change that," Jack said. He was surprised that Cori was making no effort to clean her face or even acknowledge that globs of cum were plastered to her face.  
  
"Come on fellas, let's head out back to the deck. The rest of the gang should be coming soon," John said. Sure enough eight more men showed up in the next 10 minutes. All had seen Cori before, but only Tom Richards, the next-door neighbor, had ever had the privilege of seeing her like this.  
  
While John cooked on the grill, Cori served as hostess, bending over to pick up drinks out of the cooler and walking back and forth across the deck, serving them to the guys. When everyone had been served and had the opportunity to see her up close, John said, "Hey, Cori, what's that on your face? Did you forget to eat my cum again?"  
  
Quickly picking up on his message, Cori ran her finger across her cheek, scooping up a wad of cum. She held it up in front of her face, acting surprised to see it there. "Oh silly me, I guess I missed some," she said, sticking her finger in her mouth and slowly sucking it clean, pumping her finger back and forth in her mouth for effect. She pretended not to notice the groans and cheers and whistles from her admiring crowd as she proceeded to wipe her face clean, licking every drop off her fingers and, of course, swallowing.  
  
"Damn, I need to jack off," Buster, a particularly crude 30-year-old said loudly before letting out a loud belch.  
  
"I haven't been laid in a month," another man said. "I'm about to cream my pants right now."  
  
"Hey fellas," John said, struck by an idea. "If some of you are serious about jacking off, I bet Cori would like to eat your cum. Why don't you jack off in this bowl and then she can have a little treat with her dinner?"  
  
"You mean she'd eat all of our cum?"  
  
"Sure, she loves it," John said. "Can't you tell?"  
  
"Well, hell, I'm not going to deprive that pretty little filly of anything," Chet, who was in his late 50s, said. "If she wants some cum, by golly I'll give her a belly full."  
  
"That's the spirit," John said. "Cori, why don't you take Chet into the bedroom and provide a little encouragement while he prepares his little treat for you."  
  
Cori took Chet by the wrist and pulled him into the house and into the master bedroom, which was on the first floor. Cori lay down on the bed, setting the bowl on the dresser. Chet unzipped his pants and pulled out his already erect cock and began gently stroking it as he stood over Cori. She went into full sex kitten mode, rolling around on the bed, squeezing her tits, arching her back, spreading her thighs, rolling onto her stomach and sticking her ass in the air, licking her lips, etc. It was like an x-rated version of Billy Idol's "Rock the Cradle of Love" video. Chet's eyes never left her nubile body and his hand never left his cock, which was oozing pre-cum.  
  
"Did you know my daughter used to babysit you?" Chet asked.  
  
"Yeah," Cori said. "I remember her."  
  
"Bet you never thought you'd be drinking her old man's cum when you grew up, did you? Well, that's exactly what you're going to do, you little bitch.  
  
"Now play with the thong. Rub it across your pussy and your clit. Hump it, you nasty little slut. Jam your fingers in there. You wish ol' John would let me fuck you, don't you, slut? You wish we could all fuck you, gang bang you like the cum-slut whore you are."  
  
"Oh yes," Cori said, now finger-banging her pussy with two fingers. "I wish you could fuck me. I want your cock and your cum so bad. I'm such a naughty slut!"  
  
"Well, then here you go," Chet said, aiming his cock at the bowl and splattering it with several shots of thick, yellowish cum that had clearly been percolating in his seldom-used balls for quite some time. "That's been aging for a while. It's like fine wine. It should taste better with age. Enjoy it, slut."  
  
Chet zipped up and walked out, only to be replaced by two more guys holding their cocks. They also ordered Cori to perform for them and put her through a variety of gyrations. By the time they were spraying their spunk into the bowl, Cori was on her knees, her head on a pillow with three fingers stuffed in her pussy and two in her ass.  
  
Those two guys left and two more came in. And so it went until all 12 men had made their contributions to the bowl. Even John added his spunk, coming in and drilling Cori in the cunt for a few minutes before dropping his second load of the night into the waiting bowl. A few guys came back for second go-rounds, and by the time they were all done, 18 loads of cum were mixing in the bowl, millions of sperm swimming around together, just waiting to be put inside some attractive young woman's body.  
  
Cori re-adjusted her suit, washed her pussy- and ass-tainted hands and took the bowl back outside to her admiring crowd.  
  
"Looks like steak sauce to me," John said, looking at the bowl of thick white cream. "Why don't you sit down, eat your steak and dip each bite into the bowl?"  
  
"Sounds good," Cori said, taking a seat at the patio table. All eyes were on her and everyone grew quiet as Cori sliced her first bite of steak and dipped into the bowl of cum.  
  
"That steak's pretty dry," one of the guys said. "Better get lots of sauce on it."  
  
Cori took his advice and dunked the meat all the way in. It came out looking like a glazed donut. Like a piece of mozzarella cheese on a pizza, a long strand of cum extended from her fork to the bowl as she put the first bite to her lips. Cori sunk her teeth into the meat, letting the cum squish around her teeth and gums. She took her time chewing the meat, pretending to be savoring the flavor before finally swallowing it and preparing for her next bite. Everyone thought this was about the best show they had ever seen.  
  
"Mmmm, scrumptious!" Cori said, licking her lips and dunking the next piece of meat in the cum-sauce. "You guys should bottle this stuff."  
  
"We'll bottle it and you'll be our official taste-tester," one guy said.  
  
"Taste-tester, hell," another said. "She'll do all the milking, if you know what I mean. She can milk my balls dry any time."  
  
"Well, I thought mine were dry, but I do believe they're filling back up again."  
  
"Feel free to add more to her bowl," John said. "She has a big appetite. She never seems to get quite enough cum. I guarantee she won't let a drop go to waste."  
  
No one made a move, however, until Cori had finished off every bite of her steak. By that point, some of the guys couldn't wait any longer. There was still a little pool of cum in the bottom of the bowl, but after Cori entertained them through 10 more jerk-offs — the volume of each noticeably smaller this time around — there was more than enough cum for the guys to have some fun with. This time, they gave her a bowl of fresh strawberries and watched, delighted, as Cori dipped the strawberries into the cum and bit into them.  
  
When the cum was almost all gone, one of the guys told her to lick the bowl. Never one to disappoint, Cori put her face in the bowl and licked it totally clean. She now had more than 20 loads of cum in her belly containing of thousands of swimming sperm.  
  
"Whew, that was great!" Chet said. "You put every other cum slut I've ever seen to shame. Stop by next week and I'll have a bunch more of that stuff bottled up for you."  
  
"Yeah," another guy said. "How about we all jack off into bowls or jars or whatever all week, then dump it all together and see how much we got next week. I bet we can have 10 times as much if we try. What do you say, John?"  
  
"Fine by me," John said. "I don't want any more guys here next week, but if you know anyone else who might want to contribute anyway, go ahead. We'll send them a picture or invite them to the next one or something. The more cum the merrier."  
  
With the cum fiesta over, the guys decided to work off some of their dinner by playing a little two-hand touch football. Of course, Cori was still a major part of the fun. While the guys split into teams of 6, Cori was dubbed "all-time offense." This meant she played for whichever team had the ball. For both teams, her primary responsibility was to hike the ball, then go out to try to catch a pass.  
  
No one cared how she played, of course, they just wanted to create the best ways to look at and feel up this amazing young woman. Everyone took turns playing quarterback, who had the best view on the field play after play. In order to hike the ball, Cori bent over it at the waist, keeping her legs straight and spread at about shoulder width, allowing room to snap the ball between her legs to the quarterback. As each guy took his turn at quarterback, he first stood back and admired the view of her ass and pussy, absurdly split by the thong. Then, he would step forward and enjoy a few glorious seconds of groping, squeezing and pinching her ass, rubbing her pussy and dipping his fingers into her snatch before finally hiking the ball.  
  
As soon as the ball was hiked, Cori, who was naturally a very fine athlete, would then run as well as she could in heels and try to get open for a pass. She was open every time because the defenders wanted her to catch the ball. As soon as she caught it, they would all swarm around her, placing both hands on her to make the tackle. Naturally, most of the hands seemed to find their way to her breasts or her ass or even between her legs. Cori was the star of the game in every conceivable way.  
  
When the game was over, they all sat back down and enjoyed a couple more beers. Cori sat in John's lap and the older man openly played with and fondled his playmate in front of his envious guests. As he rubbed her pussy and squeezed her tits, the thought suddenly occurred to him that he would love to make her cum in front of all them, right here on his deck. He and Tom Richards had successfully gotten her off last week. Just the idea of making her get off in front of all these men made his cock stir yet again.  
  
Usually, Cori was pretty easy to get heated up. But in front of this many people, John wasn't sure how quickly she would come around. It was going to be fun, either way. He never let Cori know that he was intending to do more than play with her, but he began by putting his knees inside hers, then spreading both their legs as wide as he could. Everyone had a great view of Cori's pussy as he pulled the thong aside and began rubbing her hard, rubbery clit. Cori enjoyed the feeling but wasn't really getting aroused yet. She was just sitting there, sipping her beer, looking pretty while the guys talked about guy stuff and, occasionally, her. John continued talking to his friends, not revealing his true intentions for Cori's body.  
  
As usual, Cori's pussy was already wet, so John wasted no time driving two fingers into her snatch. Now, he was finger-fucking her and playing with her clit. He was going slowly, deliberately. To all the guys watching, it appeared to be nonchalant diddling, but as the heat and sensitivity grew, to Cori it felt very intense indeed.  
  
She felt the stirring in her loins and wondered if John was doing this on purpose. She glanced back at him, but he seemed to be paying no attention to her whatsoever, just absently stroking and poking her pussy. But he was maintaining a very slow, purposeful rhythm that, intentional or not, was stoking her fire.  
  
"Well, all I'll say is Holman better do something about the roads around here," Tom Richards was saying. Cori realized they were talking about the shop's new partner, the mayoral hopeful, and tried to focus on what they were saying. It could be important when it came time for her to help the mayor campaign. But John's fingers were driving her crazy. She was trying not to let anyone notice, but with all eyes on her most of the time, it was going to be difficult.  
  
"He seems like a decent enough guy," John said, referring to Holman. "I think he's smart and fair, at least for a politician. I think if we give him a chance, he'll do all right."  
  
"I hear he really likes the ladies," one of the guys said. "He's a bachelor, you know. I hear he likes to go to Atlanta and hit the strip clubs and escort services."  
  
"I'm sure he can afford it," John said. "The man's got some money."  
  
"Speaking of money, have you guys seen that rich bitch Paris Hilton?" Chet asked. "Damn, that slut has some great legs."  
  
"Oh yeah," Jack said. "And she wears those fuck-me heels all the time, too. If you didn't know better, you'd think she made her money as a hooker or porn star."  
  
"Well, I wouldn't mind being that dude in that internet movie with her," Tucker added. "I haven't seen it, but I hear she's quite a cocksucker."  
  
While all this was going on, John noticed Cori's pussy growing hotter and wetter. Her nipples were hard, her clit was at attention and she seemed to be breathing a bit harder. She wasn't letting on that he was getting to her, but he knew her body well, and it was not lying to him. She was very turned on and quickly losing control.

"Well, she's a hottie all right," John said, referring to Paris Hilton, "but I don't think she holds a candle to Cori. The only place she's even close is with those legs. But they're a little too skinny. She has no ass and no tits, and I think we'll all agree Cori is very well-proportioned in those areas. And as far as cock-sucking, well, I've never had the pleasure of a Paris Hilton blowjob, but given the choice between one blowjob from Cori and 10 from Paris Hilton, I'd take the one every time."  
  
"What do you think of Paris Hilton, Cori?"  
  
Cori was caught off guard. She had barely been able to focus on the guys' conversation. Something about Paris Hilton having nice legs. She tried to speak, but all that came out was a gasp, then a soft whimper as a tremor ran through her over-stimulated body.  
  
"By golly, I believe she's going to cum!" Jack laughed. "Look at that, fellas!"  
  
Cori looked at Jack, but was unable to respond. She knew she had been discovered and couldn't hide it anymore. She gave in to uncontrollable desires and began humping John's fingers and grinding her clit against his hand. Her breath began coming in raspy gasp and her eyes glazed over. Her nipples were pointed out straight and hard and she was arching her back, leaning back against John's chest.  
  
With both of John's hands working away at her pussy, she put her own hands to her breasts to touch and tease her nipples.  
  
"Hey Jack, Tucker, how about giving the lady a hand with her tits," John said. "I'd do it myself, but my hands are full of pussy right now."  
  
The brothers hopped out of their chairs, eagerly approaching John and the girl writhing on top of him. "Happy to help," Jack said. "What do you need us to do?"  
  
"Just squeeze and play with her tits," John said. "Pinch her nipples a little, but not too hard. Hell, give them a lick if you don't mind a little baby oil on your tongue." Cori's body still glistened with oil, but most of the excess had come off while she rolled around on the bed and then played football. Now she was just soft, shiny and a little slick.  
  
Everyone was gathered around now as John jabbed three fingers into her with increasing force and pace, never taking his other hand off her clit. The brothers had a field day with her tits, licking and sucking the erect nipples, pinching them, squeezing her full breasts and even lightly slapping them, making them bounce and jiggle.  
  
"Look at that bitch go," Chet said. "Fucking little slut is on fire. She's going to pass out if she doesn't cum soon."  
  
"John, does she always put on this much of a show when she cums?"  
  
"Well, usually there aren't this many people watching, " John said, "but, yeah, otherwise, this is about normal. Sometimes I'd rather watch her cum than cum myself."  
  
"I can see why," Jack said, slapping her breast and watching it bounce in response.  
  
Cori started gyrating and bucking her hips frantically. She was moaning in her sexy, whimpering style and, sure enough, her nostrils began to flare. John knew all the signs very well and knew she was very close. Without skipping a beat, he poked a fourth finger into pussy and lightly pinched her clit between his thumb and forefinger.  
  
"Squeeze her tits hard, boys," John instructed. Both guys used both hands to squeeze her firm, meaty tits and held on tight as Cori bucked and writhed and finally climaxed. Her body shook and spasmed until she was done, then she slumped in John's lap.  
  
"Holy shit!" Jack said. "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen."  
  
"You ain't see nothing yet," John said, pulling his fingers from Cori's pussy. He stood up, holding her in his arms. She was completely limp, still breathing hard, her nipples still erect. "Once she gets going like this, she can cum over and over and over again. Chet, care to do the honors?"  
  
"Hell yeah! Bring that little bitch over here."  
  
John handed Cori to Chet, who instantly began fondling her all over. He laid her on her back across his lap and dug four fingers into her snatch, just as John had done.  
  
"She's fucking on fire!" he said.  
  
"Yeah, just keep that fire burning and she'll start wiggling all over again," John said. "Any volunteers to help with the tits?"  
  
Naturally, everyone wanted to help, but two lucky guys were the first to claim possession of a tit and began kneading them like big balls of dough. Just as John assured, Cori's body soon came back to life, her hips churning and back arching again. Her eyes opened halfway, dully looking at the guys manipulating her body. Her pussy, which had never cooled off, was really beginning to cook.  
  
"If she gets any hotter, I'm going to burn myself," Chet chuckled. He was finger-banging her harder and faster than John had done and was more mashing than rubbing her clit. Cori was thrashing about in total abandon. To help hold her down, one guy grabbed her ankles and held them while another guy grabbed and held her wrists. She was completely stretched out, exposed and being stimulated by what felt like dozens of prying, caressing, squeezing and invading fingers.  
  
"Pump her good, Chet," one of the guys said. "Make that bitch cum again."  
  
"Keep squeezing those titties, guys," Chet said. "I think she's getting close."  
  
"Pinch her clit," John suggested. "That usually puts her over the edge."  
  
Chet took John's advice, roughly smashing Cori's clit between his thumb and finger. She shrieked in a combination of pain and ecstasy, then rocked through another body-trembling orgasm. Sweat now matted her hair and ran between her breasts, while pussy juice trickled down her thighs. She was a well-fucked mess, and there was still more to come.  
  
"Who wants to go for round three?" John asked, handing Cori to Tom Richards, who would have the honor of finger-banging her this time. Four more volunteers stepped forward, two holding her tits and the other two holding her wrists and ankles.  
  
"Shit, you weren't kidding, Chet," Tom said. "Her pussy is on fire. Give me some ice."  
  
John brought him a cup of ice and Tom picked up a cube and stuck it inside Cori's sizzling cunt. "I think it's going to take a lot more than one," he laughed, proceeding to push two more inside her. The sudden chill snapped Cori out of her stupor and she attempted to sit up and get the offending cubes out of her pussy. But the constraining hands held her down.  
  
"Whoa, where you going, slut?" the guy holding her ankles said. "Just lie back and cum some more. We're not done with you yet, bitch."  
  
Cori's smoldering pussy quickly began melting the ice and water began running out of her snatch. After the initial cold, the ice cubes inside her actually felt good. It felt even better when Tom added three fingers to her pussy, pushing the ice cubes even deeper inside her. The guys realized there was no reason to stop with her pussy and quickly applied ice cubes to her clit and nipples. The cold made them ache with hyper-sensitivity and she squirmed in discomfort and ecstasy. It was like being tickled too long — it felt so good it hurt.  
  
The pleasure assault continued with the guys going through the entire cup of ice and starting a second. Cori's pussy melted cube after cube, but the heat never subsided. She was on fire and seemingly nothing could cool her down.  
  
The guys removed all the ice cubes but continued to stimulate her clit, pussy and tits with their fingers. Tom was ravaging her cunt with four fingers while the other guys were teasing her nipples mercilessly. Cori was whimpering and bucking and begging for release.  
  
"I think she's going to have a seizure if she doesn't cum soon," Chet observed. "Do that thing with the clit, Tom."  
  
"I've got a better idea," Tom said. He removed his hand from her pussy and picked up two ice cubes. With one in each hand, he pinched her clit between the two cubes. She bucked and writhed, her third orgasm starting in her pussy and ripping through her nubile body. The guys stood back and watched her tits bounce and jiggle as she spasmed and came in a captivating series of jerks of twists.  
  
"Those are better moves than I've ever seen in a porno or a strip club," one of the guys observed. "What an amazing body!"  
  
"Well, the fun's not over fellas," John said, picking Cori up out of Tom's arms. "I believe a couple of you haven't had the pleasure yet, and I'm quite certain she's got at least one more orgasm in her."  
  
He handed her to Paul, a heavyset construction worker in his mid-40s. He was the strong, silent type and he had huge, thick, very powerful hands that promised to do wonderfully exciting things to her delicate pussy. "Have at it, my friend," John said.  
  
Again, four other guys stepped forward to handle the wrists, ankles and tits. But Paul gave them different instructions in this time. She was on her back in Paul's lap, but they lifted her legs and put them up over her head. There was still a guy assigned to manipulating each tit, but now there was only one guy handling the wrists and ankles. The fourth guy now was in charge of her ass, while Paul maintained custody of her pussy and clit.  
  
"All right guys," Paul said, "let's make this one the best one yet for this hot little slut. Fellas, tweak those nipples and squeeze those tits, but don't bruise 'em. Slim, hold on tight to those arms and legs — keep 'em out of the way. Meeks, I want you to squeeze her ass, spank it a little, but not too hard. And, I think since her ass is so hot, maybe we should try some ice inside there, too."  
  
John brought over a large bowl filled with ice. Meeks, an electrician in his mid-30s, squatted down next to Cori's ass. Meeks grabbed two handfuls of well-rounded, tanned and toned ass, enjoying the feeling of her smooth skin on those firm globes. Meanwhile, Paul was taking full advantage of his opportunities with her pussy. After rubbing her moist pussy lips for a while, he used both hands to spread her pussy wide open. He hooked a finger inside each pussy lip and pulled her cunt open, revealing her hot, pink fuck tunnel.  
  
"Look fellas," he said. "I can see all the way to her stomach." Meeks did the same thing with her ass, opening the dark hole as wide as he could. Cori bucked her hips in discomfort as the men gave her a crude but thorough physical, but the four men maintained full control of her body. Their explorations were just beginning.  
  
"Here, let me try something. I saw this on a porno once," Paul said. "Hold that asshole open, Meeks." Meeks kept it open and Paul kept Cori's pussy open with his left hand. Then, he inserted his thick middle finger into Cori's ass and poked upward from the inside until he could see the outline of his finger denting the tender pink walls of her pussy. Cori squealed and squirmed, but Paul only drove his finger into her flesh harder.  
  
"Better keep her quiet," Paul said, noticing a few neighborhood lights turning on.  
  
"I'll handle that," John said. He replaced Slim holding Cori's ankles and wrists and straddled Cori's face. He stuffed his cock into her mouth. His balls were squished up against her nose, making it tough for Cori to breath. "This will keep her quiet for you. Now, go ahead fellas. Make her cum again. Slim, why don't you handle her clit while Paul plays with her ass and pussy." John didn't fuck her throat really, mostly just standing there, holding her legs and arms and keeping her mouth gagged with his cock. Naturally, the feel of her warm, wet tongue on his cock kept him good and hard, but he wasn't concerned about cumming right now. He wanted to watch Cori get off again.  
  
Slim knelt down next to Meeks and pinched Cori's hard clit between his fingertips. Meeks was still holding her ass wide open and Paul was still using those incredibly large, powerful hands to poke and pull at her openings. Still holding her cunt open, he instructed Slim to drop an ice cube in. Then another. Cori shivered and trembled.  
  
"Now put two in her ass," Paul said. Meeks held her ass open and Slim dropped two cubes into her ass. Then both Paul and Meeks let go, letting her orifices snap shut, trapping the cubes inside her.  
  
Paul rubbed and stroked her pussy while Slim maintained his grip on her clit and Meeks rubbed and lightly spanked her ass. The other two guys continued to squeeze and bounce her tits and John kept his cock lodged in her throat. There was barely an inch of Cori's body that had been left unattended.  
  
The ice cubes inside her were driving her crazy. The intense cold was uncomfortable, yet somehow pleasurable. And the massaging, probing hands were extremely pleasurable. Even the familiar scent of John's balls and the taste of his cock was a turn-on. Never had so many men spent so much time pleasuring her like this.  
  
Just as Cori continued to be worked into a frenzy, so did the guys. They got progressively more aggressive and adventurous, their inhibitions about exploring and playing with her body completely gone. They still respected her and John and wouldn't hurt her or try to engage in actual intercourse, but they knew now that just about anything else was fair game. They were having as much fun making her cum as she was getting off.  
  
"Hey, guys, check this out," Paul said. He spread her pussy open again and reached four fingers deep inside her, bringing out the half-melted cubes. "John, she's been slobbering on your cock for a while now. How about we give her a little thirst-quencher?"  
  
John understood and removed his cock from Cori's mouth. "Keep that mouth open, sweetheart," Paul said. He put both of the ice cubes in her mouth. "That's it," he said, "slurp that pussy juice right off there. Feel it run down your throat. Swallow it and mix it with that belly full of cum."  
  
Cori sucked on the ice, tasting traces of her own pussy as the ice melted and the liquid ran down her throat. As she finished swallowing the last of it, she felt Paul spreading her ass cheeks and pulling her asshole back open. Just as he had done with her pussy, he delved his fingers inside her, scooped out the ice cubes and held them over her mouth.  
  
"Now, are you ready to show us just how nasty you are, bitch?" he said. "Open up and taste your own ass." She opened her mouth and he dropped both cubes, which only seconds before had been deep inside her rectum, into her wet and willing mouth. Cori was so horny, so rabid with lust and rattled by her multiple orgasms that she would have submitted to almost anything. She didn't hesitate at all to suck on the cubes, tasting her own ass while the guys told her what a dirty slut she was. They spoke in such excited, respectful tones that she couldn't help but be flattered, even though she knew she should probably be ashamed or disgusted.  
  
"Yeah, that's it, eat it, slut," Paul said. "How's that ass taste, you nasty little bitch?"  
  
"What a fucking nasty, hot little whore," Meeks said, quickly stuffing two more ice cubes into her pussy, then two more into her ass. "Warm these up, bitch, then we'll feed them to you, too!"  
  
"Damn, she's got cum, pussy juice and her own ass juice in her belly now," Slim marveled. "I bet she'd swallow my piss and shit if I wanted."  
  
"None of that," John interjected. "Cori's a lady and should be treated with respect." He paused, then to show he wasn't too serious or angry, added, "a hot, fucking slut of a lady, true, but a lady just the same." Everyone laughed but at the same time agreed that Cori was far above any such disgusting or deviant behavior. She might dress slutty, but she was a classy girl who everyone liked and respected; nothing was making them happier than to see her cumming and in a perpetual state of ecstasy.  
  
After a few minutes when melting ice began to drizzle out of her ass and cunt, Paul again reached inside her to retrieve the ice and place it in her mouth. "Lick it up, slut," he instructed. Paul then slammed his huge hand back inside her cunt, which was still burning hot, the ice having had very little cooling effect. Meeks held her ass open again and Paul inserted two fingers into her ass. He could feel his fingers stroking her pussy through the thin wall separating her asshole and her vagina.  
  
The double penetration caused Cori to gasp and moan, even with the melting ice cubes still in her mouth. "Better give those ice cubes a cock chaser," Paul laughed. John pushed his thick, erect cock back into her mouth, feeling the cool ice cubes slide against his shaft before finally slipping down her throat. As before, his primary intention was to keep her quiet, not to receive a blowjob. But in her frenzied state, Cori began sucking and slurping on his cock in earnest. It was far from her best blowjob technique, but so intense was her desire and desperation that it seemed like she was drawing life-giving air or nutrition from his cock. Never before had she sucked him quite so hungrily. John couldn't keep his balls from churning up a fresh batch of cum, and he didn't want to. If she wanted his cum so bad, he'd gladly give it to her.  
  
John started aiding Cori's rabid efforts by pushing his cock deeper and deeper into her throat, giving her face a good hard fuck as his balls slapped and mashed against her nose and eyes. This seemed to excite everyone else, as well. Paul kept manhandling her twat and ass with his powerful hands and Slim and the other guys were twisting, squeezing and tugging on her nipples and clit.  
  
Cori came with less warning and even more intensity than before. She spasmed and bucked and Paul just kept hammering away at her holes while Slim teased her throbbing clit.  
  
"There she goes, boys!" Paul yelled.  
  
"Don't stop," John instructed. "Keep going. See how long you can keep her cumming."  
  
They never let up, and Cori's orgasm lasted for nearly a minute. As her spasms subsided, John put the capper on, filling the mouth of the girl more than 30 years his younger with another hot load of warm, sticky spunk. Cori hungrily swallowed it all and kept sucking his cock until it finally fell limply out her mouth. John let go of her legs and Cori sprawled limply across Paul's lap. Paul gently rubbed and cupped her pussy as it gradually stopped convulsing.  
  
"She's still on fire, boys," Paul said. "Reckon she's got more in her, John?"  
  
"I think so," John said. "Let's break out the heavy artillery. Keep her warmed up — I'll be right back!"  
  
Paul and Meeks kept rubbing Cori all over, focusing, of course, on the most fun areas — her pussy, ass, tits and thighs. She wasn't squirming or convulsing at the moment, but her nipples were still rock hard, her clit was still at attention and her pussy was still hot and dripping. The hot blonde sex toy was far from done, and the guys intended to make her keep cumming harder and longer until she had nothing left to give.  
  
John returned moments later carrying a duffel bag filled with a variety of lotions and sex toys. There were dildos of varying sizes, including some monstrously large ones, vibrators, butt plugs, ball gags, anal beads and balls, leather straps, handcuffs, and more.  
  
"Shit, where did you get all this stuff?" Paul asked.  
  
"You'd be amazed at the deals you can get at the porn shops when you walk in with a 22-year-old blonde wearing nothing but a thong," John said. "They just start handing you things for her to try right there in the store. Well, once you've had a 12-inch dildo up a girl's cunt, you can't hardly re-sell it, now can you? So, we go in, try a few things, put on a little show for the clerk and any lucky customers, then walk out with lots of almost free stuff. So, I've built up quite a collection. Dig in fellas. She likes all of this stuff, so don't be shy. Try whatever you want and let's get her off a few more times."  
  
"I would love to shove this up her ass," Paul said. He was holding one of the firm, rubber dildos that was 12-inches long and as thick as his wrist.  
  
"Go for it," John said. "Lube it up and shove it in up there."

"How about some of these in her cunt?" Tom said. He had a string of large metal balls meant for insertion into ass or pussy. They had smaller metal balls inside them that made them feel like they were vibrating.  
  
"Go right ahead," John said.  
  
"How about the ball gag to keep her quiet?" Buck asked.  
  
"Strap it on," John said.  
  
"She doesn't mind the nipple clamps?" Slim asked.  
  
"Nope. Snap 'em on there. She'll squirm, but she loves it," John said.  
  
"She's getting a little dry," Jack said. "Mind if Tucker, Chet and I rub her down with some more oil?"  
  
"Not at all," John said. "We're outdoors. Make as big a mess as you like."  
  
They decided it would be best to do the oil first, so they laid Cori down on her stomach on the deck and dumped an entire bottle of oil onto her back. Then, Jack, Tucker and Chet rubbed it all over. They focused on her ass and between her thighs, of course, pouring and massaging massive amounts of slippery oil between her ass cheeks and into her asshole. They turned her over and dumped another bottle onto her tits and stomach. She was even more fun to play with turned this way, and each of the three guys was given his fair share of time to fondle her tits and pussy. There were copious amounts of oil coating every inch of her body, particularly her tits, her firm thighs and soft, pink pussy lips.  
  
Oil-soaked fingers eagerly invaded her ass and pussy repeatedly, lubricating and stimulating her at the same time. Oil was literally dripping off her and collecting in pools on the deck or oozing through the spaces between the boards. Cori, who was still wearing her heels and with her stretched and soaked suit still clinging hopelessly to her body — long since pulled away from the areas it was designed to cover — rolled and squirmed in pleasure as the warm, strong hands massaged and probed her body.  
  
"This bitch just never cools off," Jack said as he dug into her pussy with three fingers. "If this cunt was any hotter I'd need thermal gloves to keep from getting burned."  
  
"Well then step back and let the big guns handle her," Paul said, stepping up with the 12-inch long dildo. "I think you boys have had your fun. Time to give this slut a good hard reaming right up the ass."  
  
Jack and the other guys reluctantly moved aside and made way for the guys with the toys. They made Cori get on her knees and elbows on the deck, then each took their positions. They agreed that her extreme arousal, combined with the extreme nature of these toys, might cause her to get a little loud, so the ball gag went in first. Buck put the bright blue ball in her mouth, wedging it behind her teeth and strapping it tightly in place around her head.  
  
"Bitch'll be quiet now," Buck said. "She can't scream, so make her cream."  
  
"This is going to be all about feeling," John said. "So let's give her a blindfold, too." He peeled off the oil-soaked bathing suit, wadded it into a thin, makeshift rope and wrapped it around her head, covering her eyes. Blindfolded and gagged, she was even more at the mercy than ever. The idea made cocks hard and her pussy flutter.  
  
"Slim, if those nipples get any harder, they're going to cut someone or at least poke somebody's eye out," Paul said. "Slap those nipple clamps on her and let's see how she likes it."  
  
Slim reached below Cori and gave her left tit a big squeeze, then a slap to make it jiggle. He gripped her nipple between his thumb and forefinger and pulled straight down, further exaggerating the length of her erect nipples. With it fully erect and extended, he opened the clamp, then released it, snapping the tight jaws shut on her sensitive tit-bud. Cori immediately began shaking and twisting in obvious discomfort, trying to shake the painful attachment free.  
  
"She's like a bucking bronco," Chet said. "Good luck getting that other one on her, pardner."  
  
"No problem," Slim said. "You just have to know how to break wild fillies like this." He reached underneath her, grabbed the clip and twisted it slightly. "Stop moving and I stop twisting," he said in a soft, soothing voice. Cori stopped, but her body was trembling and her nostrils flared as she struggled to catch her breath through her nose. "Good girl," Slim said soothingly, sounding as if he were talking to an obedient dog. He reached for her other nipple, grabbed it, extended it and snapped the clip in place. "There you go, bitch, try to shake those off. Put on a good show for us."  
  
Cori did just that, but to her it was no show. The clips were very uncomfortable, biting into her ultra-sensitive nipples. She wiggled back and forth, shaking her tits, knocking them against each other hoping to dislodge one of the clips, even for just a few seconds of relief. But all her contortions were fruitless, except for the guys, who gathered great pleasure from watching her tits jiggle and bounce and slap wetly into each other.  
  
Finally, the pain numbed a bit and Cori resigned herself to the fact that the clamps weren't coming off. She calmed down and dropped her head in fatigue, breathing deeply through her nose to catch her breath.  
  
"Next up, pussy balls!" Tom exclaimed. He held up the string of balls to the cheers of the crowd, then knelt down behind Cori and began rubbing the balls one at a time through her oily snatch, coating them in thick, slippery mixture of oil and pussy juice. There were four balls on the string. Two were small — about the size of a super ball. One was about the size of a golf ball and the last one was ridiculously large, nearly the size of a billiard ball. Naturally, Tom decided the largest one should go in first.  
  
Even with its immense size, the massive amounts of lubrication on both the ball and Cori allowed it to slip inside her welcoming pussy with amazingly little resistance. Cori, however, certainly felt the intruding object as it stretched her pussy walls, the feeling of a full cunt pleasing her despite the slightly painful discomfort of being stretched so widely. Tom pushed the ball into her as deeply as he could with his finger.  
  
"Here, use this," Paul said, holding out a very long, thin dildo.  
  
Tom took it and pushed it inside Cori, using the end to push the ball deep inside her womb. By this point, the second and third balls had pushed up against her pussy lips and Tom had inserted them as well, letting nothing prevent maximum penetration of the first ball. Cori was whimpering faintly and her belly was heaving up and down as she struggled to deal with the blindfold, ball gag, nipple clamps and invading balls. It was a lot even for a girl as physically fit and sexually experienced as her to handle.  
  
When the big ball would go no further, Tom stuffed the other three balls in as far and deep as they could go until only the small white string was left hanging out of her pussy lips. Eyeing her erect clit, Tom took the end of the string, pulled it taut and looped the end of it over the pink button. The oily pussy lips closed shut around all four balls and the string, leaving Cori's love tunnel filled to near capacity with hard, slippery metal balls that jiggled and vibrated maddeningly inside her.  
  
"I bet those balls would jingle like wind chimes," Tom said. "Why don't you wag your ass like a bitch-dog and see? Play some cunt-ry music for us, Cori."  
  
Cori responded by shaking her ass back and forth. Sure enough, the balls started jiggling and clinking lightly inside her. Tom started snapping his fingers in mock-rhythm to the music. "Now that's a hit song if I ever heard it!" he said.  
  
"That's an instrument I want to learn how to play," Paul said, nodding toward Cori's quivering ass and pussy. "Well, boys, I think it's time for the bid daddy to make his grand entrance — right up that hot little ass."  
  
Paul replaced Tom, kneeling behind Cori, wielding the massive dildo. "Lube me up, Chet." Chet dumped a healthy dose of oil onto the dildo and Paul pulled Cori's firm buns apart, once again revealing her tight, puckered asshole, glistening with moisture. He placed both thumbs inside the puckered ring and stretched her apart. Even with his powerful hands, her ass was so tight he had difficulty pulling her open wide enough to accommodate the oversized dildo. He pumped four fingers in and out of her ass for a few moments, loosening her up a bit more, then pressed the head of the dildo against her asshole and began pushing.  
  
The force of his thrust knocked Cori forward, so Slim and Chet grabbed hold of the slippery babe on both sides and held her steady so Paul could proceed. With another shove, the first two inches disappeared inside her ass. If she could have, Cori would have screamed and her eyes would have been bugged out in shock at the size of the invading rubbery rod. But gagged, blindfolded and held in place, Cori could do nothing but take it, which she knew to be her duty, her job, her purpose for being there.  
  
"Shit, she has one tight little ass," Paul said, grunting as he continued to push the dildo. He found that giving it a little corkscrew action helped drive it. He now had six inches inside her — still six more to go. "You sure she can take all 12 inches?" Paul asked John.  
  
"Oh yeah," John said. "I've never put that in her ass before, but Ty fucks her balls-deep up the ass all the time. His cock's not as thick as thing, but it's almost as long. She can take it and, once you get it in there and she relaxes a little bit, she'll love it. Go ahead and ram it in there. You know I'd never do anything to hurt her, so believe me, it's all right."  
  
"If you insist," Paul said. With one mighty heave, he rammed the remainder of the dildo into her, stopping only when the flat, wide base smashed flush against the opening to her ass. Even the ball gag couldn't completely stifle Cori's scream and gasp.  
  
"Easy, babe," Slim said softly, again sounding as if he were trying to calm a wild horse. He gently stroked her hair and shoulders. "Just relax. Relax. It's all in now. You're fine. It's going to start feeling so good when you start cumming again. Just relax and let us do the work." Cori calmed down noticeably, reacting to Slim's reassuring voice and gradually adjusting to the feeling of utter fullness in both her pussy and her ass. "That's it, babe," Slim said. "You know you were made for this, don't you? You know hot little sluts with amazing bodies like yours are designed for this, right? So just relax and do what comes natural to horny bitches like you."  
  
"Good job, Slim," Chet said. "What are you, the fuckin' 'Slut Whisperer'?"  
  
"Something like that, " Slim laughed. "Look, she fucks and cums like a wild animal, doesn't she? We call her a bitch, which is a female dog. We call her a wild filly, which is a female horse. If we call her an animal and she acts like an animal, why shouldn't I talk to her like one? Makes sense, if you think about it."  
  
"I had no idea you were so deep," Chet laughed. "But enough philosophy. Let's get this filly-bitch-slut off. Slim, how are those titties doing?"  
  
"Good question. In all the excitement, I almost forgot to check." Slim reached underneath her and batted at the outside of both her breasts, knocking them into each other in a loud, wet smack. It sounded painful but wasn't, except for the burning numbness in her clamped nipples. Slim, of course, did not forget about them either, tugging gently on both clips, pulling them upward toward her chin. "I know that hurts, slut," he whispered in her ear, "but it hurts so good, doesn't it? It's OK to enjoy it. We all know you're a slutty whore. That's why we like you so much."  
  
Cori's back was curved in an exaggerated arch in response to Slim tugging on her nipples. As a result, her ass was stuck high in the air, the telltale black plug snuggled up against her rectum and the single piece of white string snaking out of her cunt, looped over her clit. Tom reached for her clit and began rubbing it back and forth. Then he took the string and used it to pull on her clit and wiggle it from side to side between her snug pussy lips.  
  
Cori started rotating her hips in small circles, enjoying the direct stimulation of her clit. Her ass and pussy burned with desire and a hint of pain. Her nipples ached, mostly from the clips, but also from her rapidly increasing arousal. Maybe it was the blindfold heightening her senses or maybe it was the hyper-stimulation of her most sensitive body parts or maybe it was a combination, but Cori felt like she was on fire and needed sexual release worse than she'd ever felt. How she could be having such intense feelings on the heels of so many orgasms already, she didn't know. All she knew was she wanted to start cumming again and never stop. She was disappointed when she felt Tom remove the string from her clit.  
  
"Hey fellas," Tom said, tugging lightly on the string, "I think I caught something."  
  
"Watcha fishin' for?" Paul asked.  
  
"Cunt-fish and Rainbow twat," Tom said, busting out laughing. The whole group laughed at Tom's play on words.  
  
"Well, reel it in and see what you got," Paul said. "Looks to me like you might have landed a tight, wet octo-pussy." More laughter. Cori was genuinely glad the guys were enjoying this. Sure, it was a strain on her, but it was her job to entertain them and make them happy. Plus, she was receiving countless orgasms in return, so she had no complaints. Actually, the dirty talk and fun at her expense was a major turn on.  
  
Tom pulled on the string and the first, smallest ball appeared between Cori's soft, swollen pussy lips. Paul knelt down to get a closer view and to play with Cori's clit. With a firm tug, the first ball oozed out of her cunt, looking slick and shiny, covered in oil and a fresh coat of the pussy cream that Cori was producing in copious amounts. Cori trembled with excitement as the second ball distended her pussy lips, then popped free. The two largest balls were still stuffed deep inside her, but Tom gradually pulled them out, reeling them in like game fish, firm but patient. Meanwhile, Cori was squirming around, like a bass — or ass — trying to wriggle off a hook.  
  
"Hold on!" Chet said. "Don't let that bitch get away, Tom. Reel that cunt in!"  
  
Tom saw the golf-ball sized ball approaching Cori's pussy opening and stopped pulling. She continued wriggling, expecting to feel the sweet release of the ball popping out of her pussy. But Tom was pulling no more.  
  
"You're on your own now, Ms. Banks," Tom said. "I've done enough. My arms hurt. It's up to you to push it out from here. Use those strong pussy muscles and squeeze it out."  
  
Cori gave a frustrated snort through her nose, but immediately began focusing on pushing the ball out of her pussy. Through lots of exercise and a naturally gifted body, Cori had developed a very tight, strong pussy that squeezed firmly around cocks and fingers and snapped back from any stretching with amazing elasticity. She relied on these muscles to squeeze and slowly push the ball out of her twat. It went slowly until it teetered halfway in and out of her, then, with a final push, it popped out and Tom caught it on the fly.  
  
"Nice catch!" Paul said, slapping Tom on the back. "One down, three to go."  
  
Cori's pussy had momentum now and the next two balls popped out fairly quickly and easily, pulling the large, last ball steadily down her pussy chute until it, too, was pushing against the tight gates of her twat.  
  
"Come on, bitch, don't stop now," Tom encouraged her. "Use that tight, wet cunt and push it on out of there." Cori grunted and strained through her ball gag, her face red from exertion, sweat and oil dripping off her amazing body. The ball pushed against her pussy lips, spreading them open, but as it was about a fourth of the way out, Cori seemed to run out of energy.  
  
"Slim, I think she needs a little encouragement," Paul said. "I'll handle this end. You do that one. Hold on to her, boys, she's liable to buck a bit." Paul grabbed the base of the dildo lodged in her ass and pulled it about half way out of her ass. At the same time, Slim gripped both nipple clamps and Chet and Buck held her slippery body as best they could. "Everybody ready?" Paul asked. "Now!"  
  
As he said now, Paul rammed the dildo back into her ass, all the way to the hilt. Slim jerked up on the nipple clams, pulling her tits up toward her chin. Tom joined in with a hearty slap on her ass. Paul pulled the dildo back out, then rammed it back in. It was a powerful, deep ass fucking that was completely reaming her out. Sharp jolts of pain shot through Cori's nipples while her ass burned despite the ample lubrication.  
  
"Come on, bitch, pop it out!" Paul grunted, expending a good deal of effort churning the dildo in and out of her ass. "Pop it out, then we're going to make you cum."  
  
Driven by pure animal desire plus a blind hope that popping the ball of out of her pussy would bring an end to the ravaging of her ass and tits, Cori focused all effort on her pussy and squeezed with all her might. The ball moved slowly at first, then squirted out, flying into Tom's waiting hands. Paul jammed the dildo back in to the hilt and left it there, while Slim removed the torturous nipple clamps.  
  
"Nice job, Cori," Paul said. "Now, as promised, it's time for you to cum again." With that, he put his entire fist into her pussy, still gaping from the balls, and began fist-fucking her with long, deep thrust of his thick hand. Slim tended to her tender, abused nipples, now hypersensitive and very responsive to a soft touch. Slim rolled them between his fingers, gently rubbing them. The sudden switch from pain to pleasure in her tits was maddening ecstasy. The fist and dildo still lodged in her pussy and ass were more than a little uncomfortable, but the feeling of immense fullness was so unique, it was strangely comforting and very stimulating. Cori found herself humping against Paul's fist, wanting him to go deeper, harder.  
  
Things just kept getting better when Tom began fiddling with her aroused clit. He rubbed it and pinched it, making it harder as it throbbed with desire.  
  
Cori was desperate for release now. Sensing this, John ordered all hands on deck. Now, in addition to Slims hands on her nipples, another pair of hands — Buck's — were massaging her breasts with firm but pleasing squeezes. Paul removed the dildo from her ass and his fist from her pussy. He then planted both hands on her ass and squeezed and rubbed it.  
  
Tom played with her clit and Chet rain his hands up and down her sweet, tender thighs. After intense — even painful — stimulation of her body, the men were now being gentle, tender and attentive to her needs and desires. The hyperstimulation finally sent her over the top and Cori began trembling, her legs wobbling as she creamed yet again. The men held her up, never relenting from their sensual massages, extending her orgasm as long as they could. Cori was in ecstasy. John removed the ball gag, letting her breath easier and catch her breath. She was still blindfolded, heightening her other senses as orgasm after orgasm racked her nubile body.  
  
When Cori was finally spent, her body went limp and the men laid her gently on her back on the deck. They removed the blindfold and let her lay there, basking in the afterglow, her body attempting to recover from extreme highs and lows it had endured.  
  
"Well, gentlemen, I hate to say this," John said, "but it's getting late and I still have some fucking to do. So, if you don't mind, let's break it up and we'll do it again next week."  
  
"Sure thing, man," Paul said. "But are you sure you can fuck her any more tonight? I think she's had about all she can take."  
  
"Oh, she can take more, believe me," John said. "I figure at least once more in each hole ought to get me through the evening."  
  
"Well, have at it," Chet said. "Thanks John, that was the best show I've seen in a long time."  
  
"My pleasure," John said. "Happy to have you guys over. Remember to bring lots of cum with you next week. And any toys or anything like that. We'll just make this a weekly thing."

Everyone agreed that was a great idea and left, shaking John's hand and taking one last look at the prone, oil-covered Cori before filing out.  
  
John followed them to the front door, then took out a large sheet of plastic and spread it over his living room floor. Then he went back outside, scooped Cori up in his arms and carried her inside, laying her oily, still limp body on the sheet.  
  
"I'll be right back, fuck toy," he said. He went back outside, gathered up the sex toys and brought them all back in, laying them next to her on the sheet. "Come on, Cori. Let's play. Sit up here and suck my cock."  
  
Cori, still smiling from her multiple orgasms, got up on her hands and knees and eagerly gobbled up his cock. She quickly worked her mouth down on his shaft, taking him balls deep and deep throating him the way she knew he liked it. She bobbed her head up and down on him and occasionally licked his balls. Meanwhile, John dumped yet another half a bottle of baby oil on her back, letting it run down her sides to her hanging breasts and down her back, between her firm ass cheeks and tender thighs.  
  
Staying power wasn't going to be a problem this time for John, so he let Cori pleasure him with her mouth and tongue for several minutes before pushing her away and instructing her to lay on her back and put her legs over her head. Cori did this without hesitation, readily presenting her ass and pussy to him.  
  
John rubbed his cock between her pussy lips, lubing it with oil and her juices, then aimed it at her puckered but oh-so-recently reamed asshole. His cock head speared through the opening and he felt the tight, familiar warmth of her ass envelope his cock. He entered her more easily than usual, thanks to the copious amounts of lubrication. Probably the giant dildo had helped loosen her up a little bit too, but John was pleased to find her ass as tight and pleasant as ever. For her part, Cori was happy to have something smaller than a baseball bat reaming her out. John's thick cock felt relatively small and much more pleasurable compared to the massive dildo.  
  
"Oh, yeah, that's so good," John groaned in absolute pleasure, continuing to slide his fat cock into her until he felt his balls touch the round globes of her ass. Holding his cock completely inside her, he hooked his thumbs inside her exposed pussy and pulled the lips apart, revealing her soft, pink interior. "Shit, that's so hot." Cori smiled up at him, proud that she could provide so much pleasure to him.  
  
Picking up Cori's soaked, tiny swimsuit, John wadded it up and held it against her snatch. He poked it between her pussy lips, stuffing it into her hot hole. All the while, his motionless cock throbbed inside her red-hot ass. He kept poking and stuffing the swimsuit into her cunt until it was all inside her, the juicy twat laps snapped snuggly back shut.  
  
"Who needs an overnight bag?" John joked. "You can just carry your clothes in there. I think that should be the test as to whether or not your clothes are skimpy enough. If we can't fit them in your cunt, there's too much material."  
  
Cori smiled lustily at him and giggled. "That would probably look funny at the mall — me stuffing clothes up my pussy."  
  
"No funnier than you with cum shooting out of your nose like it did at the mall," John said, slowly beginning to fuck her ass while he rubbed her pussy. "Damn, I wish I would have seen that."  
  
"Me too," Cori said. "I wish it would have been your cum. I want to be so full of your cum that it runs out of my ears and eyes and the pores in my skin!" Cori was suddenly very lusty, humping her ass against his cock, her pussy against his hand.  
  
"You nasty little cum slut," John grinned, picking up the pace as he drilled her ass. "Isn't that belly full of cum enough for you?"  
  
"Not nearly enough," Cori smiled devilishly. "Give me more!"  
  
"Oh, I've got more," John said. He was fucking her so hard that his balls were making a loud, wet slapping noise against her ass. "The only question is where to put it. So many options. I love the way it looks on your face. I love to watch you eat it. Or, I could just spray it all over your tits or fill your ass or pussy with it. What do you think?"  
  
"Oh yeah, that's so good," Cori was saying in response to John's powerful fucking and the way he was playing with her stuffed pussy. "Cum anywhere you want. I'm your receptacle. Fill me up or cover me with it. I'll take it any way I can get it."  
  
"You bet your sweet, hot little ass you will," John said. At times like this, John wished he could just stay hard forever. He didn't really want to cum yet. He just wanted to keep fucking her while he stared at her amazing, oil-covered body and cute, smiling face. With his cock buried to the hilt in her tight ass and his pussy bared for his inspection, it was the sort of moment you would like to freeze in time forever. But Cori was simply too hot and even a mature man like John was unable to contain his lust. Pulling out, he sprayed several jets of hot sticky cum across her tits and belly, imagining that cum was indeed oozing out of her pores as she had asked for. "Is that what you wanted, you little slut?"  
  
"Oh yeah," Cori smiled. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"  
  
"You're welcome, cum slut," John said. "Now finish the job." He let her legs down and straddled her face, dipping his cock — which seconds ago had been balls-deep in her ass — into her waiting mouth. She licked her own juices, his cum and the oil from his cock, milking all of it until he was clean and his cock was soft. John pulled his cock out of her mouth and replaced it with his balls, which he dipped into her mouth like dunking a donut in a cup of coffee. She greedily licked and sucked them as well, knowing the stimulation would help produce another full, juicy load for later on.  
  
When John backed away, he looked at Cori. She was laying on her back, nude except for her shoes. She was covered in oil and cum. He knelt between her legs and spread her juicy twat. He hooked his finger into her cunt and slowly pulled out the tiny swimsuit, which was completely soaked in sweat, cum, oil and pussy juice. It would make a perfect gag for later, he thought.  
  
"Time to clean you up, you dirty, naughty girl," John laughed. He rolled her up in the plastic sheet and carried her upstairs to the master bathroom. He laid her on the floor and turned on the hot water and dumped in a generous amount of bubble bath. When the bath was ready, he gently put her in. He brought her a drink and left her alone for the next hour.  
  
Cori cleaned herself from head to toe, washing away all the oil and cum and sweat. She washed her hair and then laid back and relaxed, letting the hot, soapy water soothe her tired, well-fucked and spent body. She was sore, sure, but also very happy and content. How could she not be after so many wonderfully intense orgasms? Plus, she knew she had pleased every one of those men, and that alone was satisfaction enough for her. The orgasms were an extremely nice bonus.  
  
John spent the hour cleaning up the mess from downstairs and then taking a hot shower in the guest bathroom. He then put on only a pair of boxers and went back upstairs with a drink, a plate of fruit and the bag full of sex toys. He put the toys next to the bed and then went in to check on Cori. He found the gorgeous blonde laying back in the tub, her eyes half-closed as she sipped her water and played lazily with the bubbles floating all around her. Again, he found himself wishing this could be a permanent, everyday thing. He knew he was fortunate to have her twice a week, but he couldn't help wishing she was his full-time, live-in fuck toy.  
  
"Hey sexy," he said, offering her some of the fruit. She took a couple strawberries and chunks of pineapple. "How are you feeling?"  
  
"Great," Cori cooed.  
  
"Sore at all?" John asked. "I hope the boys weren't too rough with you."  
  
"My ass hurts a little," Cori admitted, "but my pussy and mouth feel fine. My nipples are really sensitive right now, but they don't really hurt. I feel fine. Really I do."  
  
"Good," John said. "You know I would never intentionally hurt you. But I'm not just saying things when I say that you are made for this. You are. You have the perfect body, Cori. You're designed for sex, for pleasing men. And you're in such fantastic shape, you can outlast any man and go on and on for hours, day after day. You're like a world-class athlete, and I say that out of respect and admiration. And maybe a little lust." John smiled.  
  
"Thanks, John," Cori said, again finding herself touched by the older man's sincerity. He was so sweet at times, yet had become so forceful lately during their fuck sessions. She liked the dual personality very much. "I'm happy to please you and the other guys. Makes me feel good knowing I can make you happy. Is there anything I can do to make you happy now?" she asked, looking at John's crotch.  
  
"In a few minutes," John said. "But relax for now. You've earned a rest and I need one too." He sat down on a chair next to the tub, facing Cori, and ate a piece of orange.  
  
"So tell me, what was the best part out of all that out there?" John asked. "Was it the dildo, the balls, the nipple clamps, the blindfold, the gag, the finger-fucking, the cum-eating? What really did it for you? You got off so many times. It was beautiful to watch."  
  
"I guess it was a combination of all of it," Cori said. "Mostly, I liked all the attention and knowing that everyone was having fun. It made me feel so special to know everyone wanted to make me feel good. And the balls in my pussy felt reeeallly good."  
  
"Yeah, I knew you liked that," John smiled.  
  
"I also liked the blindfold and gag," Cori admitted. "Sometimes I like the controlled, helpless feeling, as long as I know I'm safe."  
  
"Well, I'm glad you feel that way," John said, "because sometimes I like the feeling of being in control and I want to be in control now. I won't hurt you, of course, but I am going to be dominant and verbally abusive."  
  
"Ooh, OK," Cori grinned.  
  
"You'll call me Cockmaster," John said.  
  
"Yes, Cockmaster."  
  
"I will call you slut, bitch, whore, cunt or whatever else I want."  
  
"Yes, Cockmaster."  
  
"You will get out of the tub and dry your hair. You will put lots of red lipstick and your other makeup. You will put your hair in a ponytail."  
  
"Yes Cockmaster."  
  
"You will come wear only your heels."  
  
"Yes Cockmaster."  
  
"Get out of the tub and prepare yourself for me, slut."  
  
"Yes Cockmaster." Cori stood up, water and soap bubbles dripping from her perfect body. John handed her a towel and left the room. He came back a moment later carrying the sweat, cum and oil soaked bathing suit.  
  
"Put this back in your cunt, Cunt," John said.  
  
"Yes Cockmaster." Cori took the suit from him and, putting one leg up on the side of the tub, gently spread her pussy lips and stuffed the suit back inside her warm snatch.  
  
"You will play with your clit and your pussy," John said. "You will be very wet and your nipples will be fully erect before you come to please me."  
  
"Yes Cockmaster."  
  
"Take your time and do a good job, cum slut. Your Cockmaster will be waiting for you in the bedroom."  
  
"Yes Cockmaster."  
  
Cori followed John's instructions to the letter, including playing with her pussy. She was excited from the day's events and by John's current attitude, so it took very little stimulation to get her juices flowing once again. Within minutes, she had saturated the poor flimsy swimsuit with her pussy juice once again.  
  
When she was done drying her hair and applying her makeup, Cori put on her heels. With a last check in the mirror, she gave her already erect nipples an extra tweak, then walked out to meet her awaiting master. John was sitting in a large, heavily cushioned chair watching a pornographic video on TV. Cori glanced at the screen and saw an obscenely busty young woman with her hands tied behind her back being skull-fucked by two men who were taking turns abusing her throat. John, who watched completely naked, was sporting an impressive hard on while calmly sipping a glass of wine. After he was sure Cori had seen the video, he turned it off and turned his attention to her.  
  
"Very nice, slut," John said. "I see your nipples are hard and juices are running down your thighs. You are, indeed, a naughty little cum slut, aren't you, bitch?"  
  
"Yes, Cockmaster," Cori said, in a soft voice that she felt conveyed her submission to him. "I am your slut, here to serve and please you in any and every way."  
  
"Good answer," John said. "Did you bring me your swimsuit?"  
  
"Yes, Cockmaster. Would you like me to give it to you?"  
  
"Not yet. I'm sure it's very happy where it is. Start by sucking me, whore. You saw the girl on the tape. Do it like that. Hands behind your back and don't stop until my cock is down your throat and my balls are on your chin."  
  
"Yes, Cockmaster." Cori obediently knelt between his legs and wasted no time dropping her mouth onto his cock. He put his hands on the back of her head and drove his cock into the back of her throat. Cori never gagged on his cock before, but she thought it would fit the theme of their little role play if she did it now. She saw the girl on the tape do it and realized what a feeling of size and power it must be for a man to make a girl gag on his cock. Cori allowed herself to gag as John's cock slammed into the back of her throat.  
  
"That's it, bitch," John grunted. "Gag on that big cock. Choke on it." He pinched her nose. "Can you breathe, slut?" Cori shook her head no. "Good. Suck it good, bitch, and maybe I'll let you breathe."  
  
Cori and John both knew there was no chance of him actually choking her or preventing her from getting a breath, but John was loving the fantasy and Cori was happy to act it out for him. Cori pretended to gag again and John let her up, holding onto her nose. Cori gasped for breath through her mouth.  
  
"Do you want to breathe?" John asked.  
  
"Yes, Cockmaster," Cori gasped, acting more out of breath than she really was.  
  
"Then get back on my cock and suck it right, you fucking little bitch." He unplugged her nose and rammed his cock back into her throat. Cori again exaggerated the gagging and choking, trusting her instincts that this is what John wanted. She was right.  
  
"Fucking whore, can't even suck cock right," John said in mock disgust as he pushed her mouth off his cock. "Get on the bed, bitch. On your hands and knees. Spread your legs and show me that hot cunt."  
  
Cori scrambled onto the bed and John climbed on after her, positioning himself between her legs. He smacked her ass once, then reached for her pussy.  
  
"Got a little present for me here, slut?"  
  
"Yes, Cockmaster."  
  
John pushed his fingers inside her dripping snatch and felt the soggy swimsuit. Slowly, delighting in the sight of it coming out of her cunt, he pulled it out and put it to his nose.  
  
"Hmm, smells like fresh-squeezed pussy," he said. "Here, want to smell your own cunt, you nasty bitch?" He reached forward and smothered her face with the wet, odorous material. Then, pulling it taught, he pulled it against her mouth. "Open up, slut. You're going to eat your own twat juice."  
  
Cori opened her mouth and John pulled it between her lips, lodging it between her teeth. He pulled back hard, forcing her head back. "Put your hands behind your back, slut." Cori did, leaning forward to rest her head on the bed. John took the ends of the suit and tied them around her wrists. Now, she was in effect gagging herself, her hands securely tied behind her back, pulling the swimsuit taut in her mouth.  
  
She tasted the slightly sweet, salty taste of her own fluids, mixed with oil and a few shots of sperm, no doubt. Any revulsion she felt from knowing where the suit had been was cancelled out by the sheer excitement of being so wanton, so dirty and so submissive to her much older "Cockmaster".  
  
With her legs still spread wide, John put his hands on her hips and guided his rock-hard cock toward her snatch, which was nearly dripping with pussy cream. His cock parted the familiar twat lips and sank smoothly into her hot cunt. Once he was fully inside her, he grabbed her bound wrists with one hand, keeping his other hand on her hip. He began fucking her in hard, deep strokes, using her bound hands as leverage. As he pulled back on them, the gag was forced deeper into her mouth and her head was snapped back. Her tits stuck out even more prominently than usual and provided added visual stimulation for John.  
  
"That's it, you little whore," John said. "Take that big cock up your cunt while you gag on that nasty, slimy gag. Taste my cum and your own pussy juice, you naughty slut."  
  
Cori mumbled something unintelligible in response, but John was certain if he could have heard it, it would have been something like, "Yes, take me, Cockmaster. Make me your little slut and bang my juicy cunt like the horny whore I am." At least that's what he chose to believe, and, given Cori's inherent desire to please, he was probably right on track.  
  
John hammered into her perfect pussy with relentless speed and power, thrusting as deep as he could with every stroke. It all felt so good, his only regret was that his cock wasn't 4 feet long. He wanted to stick it in her pussy and watch it come out of her mouth. While he knew it was impossible, it didn't stop him from trying — reach for the stars; you never know how close you might come.  
  
With maximum penetration in mind, John grabbed Cori's ponytail with his right hand, keeping his left firmly locked on her bound hands. The tugging on both her hair and the gag in her mouth jerked Cori's head back and curved her upper torso into an exaggerated curve, her backed arched to its fullest extent, her tits virtually popping off her chest. She was forced back against his thrusting cock, which hammered away at her pussy at a furious, relentless pace. John loved the site of his thighs slapping against her firm ass and wished he had a third hand to give that naughty ass a proper spanking. But he wasn't about to let go. He had her right where he wanted and he was going to milk this for all it was worth — and as long as he could hold his cum back.  
  
John saw the strain in Cori's neck and back and would have worried that he was hurting her except that he felt her ass pushing back against him, her pussy tightening as she climaxed for what must have been the 100th time that day.  
  
"That's it, cum you little whore," John said. "Cum for your Cockmaster. Show me how much you love my cock!" Cori responded with a high-pitched, nasal squeal that John chose to interpret as her undying loyalty to his cock and he unloaded yet another fresh serving of his hot spunk into her always willing snatch. "Take all that cum, you slut. Take it right up your cunt!"  
  
John continued hammering away long after his cock was done creaming, not letting go of her hair or hands until his cock finally softened and reluctantly slipped out of her. Cori fell face first into the mattress when John let go, her ass sticking straight in the air. John wished his cock could get hard again so he could fuck her ass pipe again, but knowing this wasn't possible, he settled for giving her a few playful but firm slaps on the ass, chuckling with sheer delight as he did so. How many men ever enjoyed such pleasure even once in their lives? He got to do it several times a week, and he was 54 years old!  
  
Suddenly, he felt his age — very tired. He rolled Cori over onto her side and undid her bound hands and gagged mouth. "That was excellent, Cockmaster!" she gasped. "Did I please my Cockmaster?"  
  
"You were perfect, Cori," John said, using her name to let her know she could drop the 'Cockmaster' role-play. "I wish I could keep playing, but I'm exhausted and I'm guessing you are too."  
  
"Very," Cori said.

"Then let's get some sleep," John said. "You've got your first day with the mayor to be tomorrow. I have to call him in the morning and see where he wants you to be. Do you have something you can wear or do we need to stop by your house in the morning?"  
  
"Yeah, I have my cutoffs and tube top — the usual Friday uniform," Cori said. "I hope that will be OK for Mr. Holman."  
  
"He's crazy if it's not," John said. Cori noted again how sweet this man was an curled up next to him as they fell asleep in a gentle embrace.

**FRIDAY MORNING**  
  
On Friday morning the John called Holman while Cori got dressed in her Daisy Duke attire. Holman instructed that she meet him at the local TV station -- there was only one in town, as most of their programming came out of Atlanta. They were going to shoot a commercial there with Cori endorsing Holman for mayor.  
  
On the way there, Cori, looking to John as her father-figure and mentor, asked him for some advice. "John," she said, "I know I said I'd take the $10,000 from Holman and let him do what he wants, but I don't think I really want to. Do you think it's OK for me to change my mind? I mean, I fuck so much and act so slutty sometimes, do I really have a good reason to say no? It's good money, but I just don't want to do it for some reason."  
  
"Then absolutely don't," John said. "We'll all stand behind you on this. In fact, I'll tell Holman myself when we get there, just to make sure there is no confusion."  
  
"Thanks," Cori smiled. "That makes me feel a lot better."  
  
Holman didn't take the news well, having already been informed that Cori had accepted the offer. "You should learn to make a decision and stick with it, young lady," he lectured. "If you make a promise, you need to keep it."  
  
"Are you saying you don't want Cori's help?" John said, taking Cori's hand and starting toward the door.  
  
"No, no," Holman said quickly. "I'm just a little disappointed in you, Cori. But you look fantastic and I think this is going to be a great commercial. The plan's still on -- you do your job, I win and the shop prospers."  
  
"Sounds good," Cori said. "Put me to work."  
  
John stood off to the side while Cori and Holman filmed their commercials. They had Cori reaching high above her head and pulling a fake pair off a fake tree limb. The camera focused directly on her perky tits and jutting nipples, which strained against her tiny white tank top. Holding the pear in front of tits with both hands, she then smiled at the camera and said, "take it from a girl who knows something about great pairs, vote for Holman and Brown." Then Holman came into the picture, put his arm around Cori's exposed waist and said, "as your mayor, I promise to make sure Darien stacks up with the best small towns in the state."  
  
It was cheesy and cheap, but it mattered only that Cori was in the picture. Her presence would mean hundreds or maybe thousands of votes from people who were either on the fence or weren't planning to vote at all.  
  
After the shoot, they went to the tailor to have her measured for a gown for Monday's dinner. Holman insisted that Cori ride in the back seat of his town car with him while John followed in his car.  
  
As they sat in the backseat, Holman put his hand on Cori's bare thigh and gently rubbed it. "You look spectacular today, Cori," Holman said. "Nice job on the commercial."  
  
"Thank you, sir," Cori said, batting her eyes at him, trying hard to win him over and make him forget that she wasn't going to sleep with him.  
  
"I'm very disappointed about our arrangement being limited," Holman said. "It kind of makes this all awkward. I mean, if I touch your tits are you going to balk? Where do we draw the line?"  
  
"Well, sir," Cori said, "if you don't mind, I'd like to suggest a similar arrangement to what we have with our customers. You can look and touch, but nothing too hard and no sex. I really appreciate you being such a gentleman about this."  
  
"I see," Holman said. "So, I could lift your top and squeeze your tits and we'd have no issue?"  
  
"That's right."  
  
Holman lifted her top and filled both hands with the best tits he had ever seen -- high praise considering his extensive sampling of strippers, call girls, sorority chicks and wannabe models. He had seen some marvelous plastic surgery, but these beat them all with no enhancements.  
  
"And a finger in your pussy?" he asked.  
  
"It's yours to feel," Cori smiled, leaning back and sticking her tits out for him.  
  
"Well, this isn't such a bad deal," Holman said, keeping one hand on her tits and shoving the other insider her tight shorts. "Too bad we can't seal it, though. Doesn't seem like a girl willing to do all this would be so high and mighty as to say my cock's not good enough for her slutty pussy. But whatever."  
  
Cori hated his tone and disliked him more each minute. "I'm sorry you feel that way, sir," Cori said. "But I appreciate you respecting my wishes." Men like Holman were why Cori appreciated her co-workers so much. Holman had no respect for her at all. She didn't mind acting like a slut for the guys who did treat her well and respect her. But for a guy like Holman, well, just feeling his hands on her nearly made her ill. She was starting to regret this whole arrangement. It's for the good of the shop, she kept telling herself.  
  
"Come on, slut," Holman said when they got to the shop. "Time to get you all dressed up."  
  
The tailor turned out to be Holman's twin sister, Verna. She didn't look anything like her brother, however. She was tall like him, with dark hair, but she was really quite attractive and Cori guessed she was quite the hottie not so long ago. Verna eyed Cori up and down, nodded to her brother and wasted no time in making Cori strip right in front of all of them while she took measurements. The way she looked at Cori and kept copping feels, it was obvious that she was either lesbian or bi. While Cori had no problem with that -- she and Gina had a few fun times every now and then -- Holman's sister had the same effect on her that Holman did.  
  
"Any suggestions, sis?" Holman asked Verna.  
  
"I'm thinking something skin tight," Verna said, "with slits up the sides to her waist, and backless."  
  
"Yeah," Holman said. "Can you do one where the belly is cut out too, so you can see her navel?"  
  
"Sure," Verna said. "Are you going to have her on stage?"  
  
"Yes," Holman said. "Why?"  
  
"Well, if we use a sheer material and you tell them to backlight her with the spotlight, it will be like she's naked up there. They'll be able to see her nipples and her panties or whatever she has on underneath it."  
  
"I like the sound of that," Holman said.  
  
"OK," Verna said. "I'll take care of it."  
  
"Make sure it's tight," Holman said. "If she gets a goose bump, I want people to be able to see it."  
  
"Got it," Verna smiled as she tweaked Cori's nipple. "We'll make sure you can see these things from a mile away. Any chance there might be a post-party celebration I could attend?" She licked her lips lewdly.  
  
"Afraid not," Holman said. "Apparently, not all desk workers need $10,000."  
  
"I see," Verna smirked. "Well, she will someday, I bet. When she does, bring her to me, will you brother, dear?"  
  
"Of course," Holman said. "Anything for my sister."  
  
Cori nearly threw up, but managed to stomach the thought of a threesome with Holman and his sister long enough to make it outside and get some fresh air. She was so glad when Holman said they were done for the day and she was able to get in the car with John and head back to the shop.  
  
"Let's just get this election over with and you out of that man's life," John said. "At least one of you will definitely be with you at all these events. I don't trust that man or his sister."

**FRIDAY AFTERNOON**  
  
John and Cori filled Ben in on the morning events when the got back to the shop. "We'll keep an eye on it," Ben said. "If it gets too crazy, we'll pull out. I don't care how powerful he thinks he is."  
  
"Thanks, Ben," Cori said. "You don't know how much I appreciate that."  
  
"No, but I'm sure you'll show me later," Ben said, chuckling.  
  
"Why not now?" Cori gave a fake pout.  
  
"Because now you're going to take Chad to lunch and not come back the rest of the day. It's his last day and, unless you really have an objection to it, I'd like to waive his allotment restrictions and just let him enjoy one last day with you before he goes to Florida."  
  
"Sounds good to me," Cori said. She decided this wasn't a good time to mention Chad's extra aggression lately. Besides, it wasn't like she was scared of him. He had caught her off guard, but she still trusted him. It would be an honor to send him off in style.  
  
"Good," Ben said. "I'll go tell him. Tell him we'll see him tomorrow before he goes."  
  
"Will do," Cori said.  
  
She saw Ben and Chad talking, Chad nodding and smiling and shaking Ben's hand. It was a nice gesture on Ben's part to give Chad this day. Cori was determined to make sure she lived up to his expectations.  
  
Chad was practically running out of the back, smiling at her as he grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her along behind him. He was in a hurry, no doubt about it. As soon as they got in the car, he leered over at her, "this is going to be so much fun!"  
  
"You bet!" Cori said, matching his enthusiasm as best she could.  
  
Chad just nodded and pulled out his cell phone. "Hey, it's me. Yeah, I got off early today. You ready? Yeah, no reason to wait, right? Still 500, right? Good. 10 minutes."  
  
Cori had no idea what that was all about and didn't ask. 10 minutes later, she wished she would have. If she had, she might have jumped out of the moving car. Instead, by the time she figured it out, it was too late.  
  
Chad was flying down an old country road -- more of a path than a road, really. He didn't answer her questions about where they were going. He was quiet, serious, but excited.  
  
They pulled up next to an old shack that was tucked back in behind a clump of trees, practically invisible from the path. She looked at Chad then back at the shack. Her heart sank when she saw Jarvis come hopping out the front door. He was naked and stroking his cock. His big grin showed off his scraggly teeth -- half of which were missing -- and he looked like he hadn't bathed in days. "Woo-hoo!" he was yelling. "My bitch is here!"  
  
"What the hell is going on?" Cori demanded, looking nervously at Jarvis, who was stroking his cock and leering at her.  
  
"Your dream come true, babe!" Jarvis screamed. "Come to daddy!"  
  
"Hold on," Chad said. "You owe me something, don't you?"  
  
"Oh yeah, oh yeah," Jarvis said. He was jumping around like a madman and Cori wondered what kind of drug he was on today. "Here you go!" Jarvis through a wad of bills at Chad and then grabbed hold of Cori while Chad bent to scoop up the money off the ground. He counted it carefully while Jarvis squeezed Cori's tits and she squirmed, trying to wriggle away.  
  
"It's all here," Chad said. "Now go put some fucking clothes on and let's go."  
  
"Where are we going?" Cori demanded as Jarvis hopped back into his shack.  
  
"We're going to Florida," Chad said. "I'm moving, remember? Well, it's a long drive. I needed some company and some money. You're providing the company and Jarvis is providing the money. We'll all drive down together, have a little fun, and then Jarvis will drive you back. That's why we're going to take his van."  
  
"What about your car?" Cori asked.  
  
"Ty's going to sell it for me and use the money to send my stuff down with a moving company."  
  
"Does Ty know about this? About Jarvis?" Cori asked.  
  
"Of course not," Chad laughed. "Do you think those paranoid peckers would let you out of their sight for this long? They have no idea. But, by the time they figure it out, we'll be long gone. And with no one to say, "Don't fuck her this way or that way", "don't fuck her too much," "blah, blah, blah", we're finally going to have some real fun. I wish I didn't have to share you with Jarvis, but money is money. You understand."  
  
"No," Cori said. "I don't. I'm leaving, Chad. You're on your own." Cori started to walk back down the path, but Chad quickly grabbed her from behind and dragged her back toward the shack.  
  
"Don't think so, bitch," Chad said. "You, me and Jarvis are hitting the road. Don't worry, you don't have to drive. All you have to do is what you've been doing every day -- look hot, do what you're told and fuck like nympho slut."  
  
"How long will we be gone?" Cori asked.  
  
"Well, we're not in any hurry, if that's what you're worried about. We'll stop at a motel tonight, then drive the rest of the way tomorrow. You'll be on your way back tomorrow night. How long it takes to get back is totally up to Jarvis."  
  
"You're going to leave me alone with him?" Cori asked.  
  
"No choice," Chad laughed. "Now, let's go."  
  
Jarvis came out of the house dressed in a t-shirt and jeans. He was smiling ear to ear. He leered at Cori, dressed for show as always in her skin tight cutoffs which came up halfway on her ass cheeks and several inches below her belly button. Her white mesh tube top was stretched to the max, unable to hide the telltale bumps of her erect nipples nor contain the bulging cleavage spilling out the top. Her white stilettos showed off her incredible legs, so tan and lean and athletic. Her pink thong peeked out above the top of her cutoffs and it was obvious she wore no bra. Her hair was in a pony tail and her red lipstick made her mouth all the more irresistible. Jarvis just licked his lips and grinned.  
  
"You drive first," Chad said to Jarvis. "Cori is going to start working on giving me a proper sendoff."  
  
Jarvis climbed into the driver's seat while Chad pushed Cori in on the passenger side and followed her in. It was an industrial type van with solid panels on the sides. There were no windows except two small ones in the back and the ones on the passenger and driver doors. The seats in front were bucket seats. In the back was a removable bench seat and behind it was an open area for hauling. Cori noted that there was a mattress laying back there and didn't need to be told what that was for.  
  
Chad sat in the passenger seat and instructed Cori to sit in his lap. She sat sideways on his lap, facing Jarvis, who just stared between her tan thighs at the forbidden treasure that was now closer to being in his grasp than ever. He licked his lips again and started the van. It was an old model that had seen better days. Its shocks were worn and the van bounced over the rough path toward the main road. Cori's tits jiggled uncontrollably. Chad, his eyes inches from them, just stared while Jarvis giggled with glee. Cori started to reach for her top, which was sliding down, but Chad grabbed her hands and put them behind her back, a silent signal to let it be.  
  
They reached the smooth main road before her top was defeated by the jiggling melons, so Chad simply reached up and pulled the tube top down under her breasts, letting them bounce free and clear.  
  
"What do you think, Jarv?" Chad said, cupping her tits. "Best tits you've ever seen?"  
  
"Hell yeah," Jarvis said. "Fucking perfect."  
  
"Yeah, they are," Chad agreed. "I'm going to miss these things. They're so fun to play with. You can bounce them, squeeze 'em, smash them together, pull them up by the nipples, slap 'em, suck 'em, lick 'em, bite 'em." Chad demonstrated each way to play with Cori's tits as he talked, like some sort of x-rated show and tell. "And, of course, fucking them's the best. But I'll get to the later. Right now, it's time to fuck something else."  
  
Chad unbuttoned Cori's shorts and hastily tugged them down her legs before tossing them into the back of the van. "Now we're really getting somewhere," Chad said, cupping her thong-covered pussy mound. "This is what you really want, isn't it Jarv?"  
  
"Hell yeah," Jarvis said. He took a good look while Chad pulled the thong between Cori's puffy pink pussy lips.  
  
"The perfect cum receptacle," Chad proclaimed. "Look at that. Mmmm. See how it's getting wet? This little pussy is always like that. I swear, it's ready for cock 24 hours a day." He pulled the thong to the side and slid a finger into her. "And look at that clit. All pink and hard and throbbing. I tell you, a couple good licks and she'll be begging for it. Ain't that right, Cori?"  
  
Cori didn't say anything, glaring at him out of the corner of her eye. She was mad at Chad, mad at Jarvis and mad at herself for actually responding to Chad's touch. She was getting turned on despite herself.  
  
"Be pissed if you want, bitch," Chad said, "but you know it's true. You know you're going to cum when I fuck you and you're going to cum again when Jarvis fucks you. You think your pussy's made of gold because that's what John and Ben tell you all the time. I agree that it's mighty fine, but it's still a pussy meant for pleasing cock. Any cock. So believe that you're better than me and Jarvis if you want. Believe that you're not a slut if you want. Just keep telling yourself that while you're cumming over and over again."  
  
Cori really did believe that she wasn't a slut, though she didn't consider herself better than anyone else. Chad's words still stung, though, because it showed her that he never respected her as much as she thought he did. Did John, Ben and Ty view her the same way? She always thought she had their respect, that they admired and appreciated her, but was she wrong? Did they think she was a slut who was good for nothing but sex, too? No way, she told herself, this was Chad's issue, not hers and not theirs. She made up her mind in that moment to play along with Chad and Jarvis as best she could. She'd act like a slut, let herself cum and do everything she could to please them. That might keep her from getting hurt ... or worse. And it would buy her time. She had to trust that the other guys really did care about her and would save her if she gave them a chance.  
  
"You're right," Cori said. "I do want to cum and I want you to fuck me and make me cum over and over again. And I want you," she looked at Jarvis, "to watch and think about how good it's going to be to finally put your cock in me. Oh, I want to cum so bad, please Chad, fuck me good."  
  
"See, what did I tell you," Chad said to Jarvis. "All right, slut, you want cock, you got it." Chad pulled his cock out of his pants and quickly slid Cori onto it, burying his shaft inside her. She grunted as he filled her and started lifting her up and down, making her ride him. "Put your legs over the arms," Chad said. Cori easily spread her legs, lifting them over both arms of the bucket seat. Chad grabbed them and pulled them further back and wider apart. As a result, Jarvis had a great view of Cori's hot pussy and the thick cock that was pounding away inside it.  
  
"We're coming up on the interstate," Jarvis said. "Do you want to stop somewhere and finish her first?"  
  
"Hell no," Chad said, grunting as he thrust deeper and deeper into her. "Keep on going. If anyone wants to look in, let them enjoy the show. It's not like she's shy." Chad stopped pumping long enough to lean forward and roll down his window, then lifted Cori's foot -- still wearing her stilettos -- out the window. "That should get there attention," Chad said.  
  
Sure enough, they passed an SUV and the elderly driver caught a glimpse of Cori's bouncing foot, then took a second look and saw her bare tits bouncing up and down, her body writhing. He couldn't see her pussy, but it was obvious what was happening. Chad just looked over and gave the man a thumb's up, then lightly slapped Cori's tits, making them bounce even harder. The man smiled and made a squeezing motion with his hands and Chad complied, giving Cori's tits a hard squeeze, then tugging on the nipples, stretching them out obscenely.  
  
Jarvis sped ahead and soon they were next to a semi truck. The trucker looked down and saw Cori's long bare leg, then her bare tits and finally that cock pistoning in and out of her pussy, with the pink thong still tucked to the side. He tooted his horn and Chad again gave the thumb's up sign. He brought Cori's leg inside and twisted her around so that she was facing the passenger door. "Lean out and show him your tits," Chad said, putting his hand between her shoulder blades and pushing her torso toward the window. Cori thrust our her chest until she felt the rush of air directly across her nipples, the speed of the van making her tits jiggle and bounce against each other in the breeze. They drove like this for about a half a mile until Jarvis spotted a cop up ahead in the median. Chad pulled Cori back inside, just to be safe.

"Enough show time, anyway," Chad grunted. "I need to blow my wad. Get on the floor." Cori slid between his legs and knelt on the dirty floor of the van. Chad pointed his cock at her face and stuffed it between her lips, inside her cheek, then down her throat. A moment later, he pulled back out and started stroking his cock with one hand and holding her head with the other. Cum started firing out in hard, thick blasts, painting her face in creamy streaks of white. It spilled down her forehead, into her eyelashes. More coated her upper lip, threatening to be inhaled into her flaring nostrils. Some seeped into her mouth and she welcomed it with her tongue, tasting and swallowing without hesitation.  
  
"That's what I'm talking about!" Jarvis yelled. "Drown her in that shit!"  
  
"Show him what you do with all that, Cori," Chad said. Cori got up off the floor and sat in Chad's lap, facing Jarvis. Cum was now dripping down her cheeks and falling onto her breasts. Scooping it up with her fingers, she licked up and swallowed as much as she could, never taking her eyes off Jarvis as she did so. The message was clear: Yes, I'll swallow your cum, too.  
  
"Hot damn!" Jarvis yelled, jumping up and down in the driver's seat and pounding his hand on the steering wheel. "Can I take my turn now, Chad?"  
  
"I don't see why not," Chad shrugged. "You paid for it, fair and square. Stop at the next rest area and we'll switch. In the meantime, Cori can get you warmed up with that tongue of hers."  
  
Cori tried to hide her disdain at the thought of going down on Jarvis and focused instead on the tasks at hand. Get him off, keep both guys happy, get out of this mess as soon as possible before things turned violent. She figured as long as she was pleasing them, that would give her enough control to keep them from getting too far out of line. She knew Jarvis did drugs and was borderline crazy and Chad's once-dormant mean streak was threatening to take over his personality. She wanted to make sure Chad had no reason to be angry and that the only thing Jarvis was getting high on was sex with her. As distasteful as the idea might be, the alternative was too frightening. At least this way, she was playing to her strengths, doing what she did best and whether it was a false sense of security or not, it was something to hold onto.  
  
She scooted across the van floor to the side of Jarvis' seat and quickly unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock. Much like him, it was long and skinny. She stroked it a couple times with her hand, then put her mouth to use. "Oh yeah!" Jarvis yelled, again pounding on the steering wheel. "Wheee! Suck that cock, bitch. Suck it good for all Jarv! Know you've had your eyes on my cock for a long time. Now's your chance. Eat up!"  
  
If Jarvis hadn't been yammering away, Cori thought she could have blocked out of her mind who she was blowing, but the idiot wouldn't shut up. Still, her practiced tongue performed its dance with as much skill -- if not as much desire -- as it would have for any of her co-workers and Jarvis certainly wasn't complaining. She could feel him nearing his climax when she heard Chad proclaim, "Rest area, 1 mile."  
  
"Can't wait that long," Jarvis said. He put on hand on the back of her head and began filling her mouth with his cum. She slurped and swallowed quickly, trying hard not to let any of it spill lest Jarvis or Chad find a mess reason enough for complaint. "Swallow it all, you hard-body slut," Jarvis taunted as he steered the van toward the off ramp.  
  
By the time they parked, Cori had cleaned him thoroughly and was looking up at a gleeful Jarvis, happy to see that he was smiling. She glanced at Chad, who also seemed pleased. Quickly, Cori's mind turned toward getting rescued. Maybe she could find help here at the rest stop.  
  
"Can I get dressed and use the restroom," Cori asked Chad.  
  
"Of course," Chad said. "Do you still want to switch, Jarvis?"  
  
"Yeah," he said. "In five minutes, I'll be ready. I want that pussy. In the back seat on the mattress. Just you and me, Cori."  
  
"Sounds good!" Cori said, trying hard to sound like she couldn't wait. "Please tell me you'll make me cum."  
  
"Oh yeah," Jarvis said. "You'll cum all right."  
  
"Then let's hurry up," Cori said, getting dressed quickly. "I'm horny as hell. You guys have had your turn, I haven't"  
  
They all went in to use the restroom, Cori's amazing body and skimpy clothes drawing stares and comments from nearly everyone, some in appreciation, others in disgust. She hurried into the restroom and began asking everyone she saw if they had a cell phone she could use. Finally, a nice girl about her age let her borrow her phone and Cori quickly called the shop. Ben answered and she spewed out exactly what had happened. Not that she expected otherwise, but she was happy to hear the concern and anger in Ben's voice. That told her all she needed to know about whether or not he cared.  
  
"All right," Ben said. "You're going to have to keep going with them for now. Ty and I are on our way. I'll have my cell phone. John will be here waiting for your call. You call as soon as you get a chance -- when you stop again or whatever -- and let us know where you are. Don't worry, Cori, they won't hurt you and we'll be there soon. Just play along and give them what they want."  
  
"I will," Cori said. "They said they want to find a motel soon, so I'll try to find a way to call when we get there. I hope you can get here before morning. I don't know what Chad will want to do before he leaves and I'm terrified of what Jarvis will do after he goes."  
  
"I hear you," Ben said. "Just be careful. We're coming."  
  
Cori gave the phone back and quickly cleaned up, then hurried back out to the van where both men were waiting. "What took so long?" Chad demanded.  
  
"I just fucked both of you. There's a little cleanup involved," Cori smiled. "I want to be clean and fresh for you. Remember, Jarvis here has never had the pleasure before."  
  
"That's right," Jarvis said. "But that's about to change." He opened the back of the van and helped Cori climb in, noting the number of people watching as he climbed in behind her, flopping down on the old mattress. He put his arm around shoulder, gave her breast a squeeze and waved as Chad closed the door. Before they were out of the parking lot, Jarvis already had her naked except for her heels and was letting his hands and eyes roam freely over her body. He finally was in possession of what he had lusted after for so long and he planned to enjoy every second of it. Sure, his plan was to kidnap her and keep her forever after they got rid of Chad, but he knew it was a risky plan. If it didn't work, he at least wanted to have this moment to remember.  
  
He had her lay on her back while he covered every inch from her tits to her pussy with his hands and tongue. Then he rolled her over and watched her tight ass jiggle as he slapped it a couple times. He forced her legs apart and cupped her pussy, dipping his fingers inside it. "Oh yes," Cori hissed as she humped back against his fingers, wanting to make sure he thought she was into it. "Make me cum, baby."  
  
"You got it," Jarvis chuckled. "Up on your knees, slut."  
  
Cori got on her knees, keeping her head near the floor to keep her center of gravity low and help hold herself steady in the moving van. Jarvis sat beside her, his right hand playing with her pussy, his left hand feeling up her tits. He spread her pussy lips and put two fingers inside her, finger-fucking her hard, using his thumb to rub her clit. "Chad says you like having your clit rubbed," Jarvis said. "How's this?"  
  
"Oh, that's so good," Cori moaned, rocking slightly. It really did feel pretty good and her wet pussy was rapidly heating up. Her clit began to throb and her nipples ached so good from his tormenting fingers. She rocked back and forth, trying to block out Jarvis' child-like giggles and focus on the four fingers that now filled her and the one thumb that was pressing that sensitive button. She started to moan and thrust against him, urging him to finger-bang her.  
  
"She's cumming, Chad!" Jarvis yelled toward the front. "The slut is really cumming!"  
  
"I told you," Chad yelled back. "Now fuck her hard and she'll keep right on cumming, over and over again. It's the best sex you'll ever have with that pussy spasming and creaming all over your cock. Fuck her now!"  
  
Jarvis scrambled to his knees, pulled down his pants and plowed into her now dripping snatch. He thrust forward, not stopping until his balls slapped against her and his hands were back on her tits, using them as handles to pull himself back and forth. He fucked her as hard as he could, banging into her with all the power his scrawny ass could muster. Cori braced herself, keeping her pussy aligned with his cock and pushing back against him, a silent signal to keep it up.  
  
"Oh shit," she said, grunting as Jarvis hammered away. "Oh yes, baby, keep that up, keep it up! I'm cumming!" Cori did indeed cum again, then again, before Jarvis ran out of steam turned her over, splattering her tits and lips with his second load in less than 45 minutes. This had without a doubt been the best hour of his life.  
  
Cori collapsed in a wet, spent heap and Jarvis just laughed. "Come on, babe," he said, grabbing her arm. "Let's get in the back seat where we can talk to Chad and enjoy a little touch and feel time while we rest up." He pushed her over into the back seat and then followed her, plopping down next to her. He sat with his back against the passenger wall of the van, propped his legs up on the seat and then pulled Cori onto his lap.  
  
"Well, look at the happy couple," Chad grinned, looking at them over his shoulder. "Are you getting your money's worth, Jarv?"  
  
"Worth every penny! Damn, I can't believe you guys got to do this every day. Lucky, selfish bastards."  
  
"Hey, don't blame me," Chad said. "Ben and John are the ones who came up with the whole plan. Ty and I just got to enjoy the ride from time to time."  
  
Jarvis' hands were in constant motion, squeezing and group all over Cori's magnificent body. With this kind of stimulation, it wouldn't take long for him to be ready again.  
  
"So, do you fuck her ass too?" Jarvis asked.  
  
"Of course," Chad said. "You can too. Nothing's off limits. You paid for full access, my friend." Jarvis stuck his hand between Cori's ass cheeks, imagining how it would feel to split her open there with his cock. The tingling in his loins told him it wouldn't be long before he was ready to find out.  
  
About 15 minutes later, Cori had wet his cock with her mouth and was on her hands and knees on the back seat. She gripped a seat belt strap to help keep from losing her balance while Jarvis took his position behind her and spread her ass cheeks. He was surprised at how easily his wet cock slid into her ass and wasted no time in sinking all 6 inches into her. He started fucking slowly, then gradually picked up the pace, getting used to the different feel as he fucked a woman's ass for the first time. Cori was grunting right along with him, pushing her ass against him, trying to help him to a third climax. Her efforts were rewarded after about 10 minutes when she felt his hot wax coating her insides and his cock grow flaccid once more.  
  
"Make her clean you," Chad said.  
  
Cori didn't wait for Jarvis to repeat the instruction. She simply spun around and licked his cock clean from balls to shaft to head. "Damn straight," Jarvis said. "Now that's my kind of woman. Take it up the ass, clean you up and thank you for it afterwards. You're welcome, slut." He patted her condescendingly on the head.  
  
It was starting to get late and Chad suggested they stop for the night. He was ready for another round with Cori, too. They found a motel that seemed quiet, if not particularly clean. Cori knew she had to take a chance.  
  
"I can probably get the room for free if you guys want me to," Cori suggested.  
  
"Really?" Jarvis said. "How?"  
  
"How do you think, idiot?" Chad said. "She's going to shake her tits and ass at him and, if need be, suck his cock. Sure, what the hell. Get us a free room, slut. We'll wait here."  
  
Cori scrambled out of the van, thankful that Chad and Jarvis were dumb enough to trust her at this point. She wasn't surprised, really. They were neither one all that bright and they both thought their cocks were so great that she wanted them more than they wanted her. Silly boys.  
  
The clerk at the motel was a young guy, probably in his late teens or early 20s. He was tall and heavy with thick, meaty fingers and a greasy smile that sent shivers up Cori's spine. "I need to get a room and to use your phone," Cori said.  
  
The guy looked her up and down, eyeing those big tits and bare legs. "Sure thing, honey," he said. "We don't usually rent by the hour, but in your case I'll make an exception. Be nice to me, and I'll cut you a real sweet deal."  
  
"What will it take to use your phone and get a free room?"  
  
"Free blowjob," he said matter-of-factly. Cori guessed it wasn't the first time he had made this deal.  
  
"Deal," Cori said.  
  
"Blowjob first," he said. "And you better swallow."  
  
"Of course," Cori said. What was it with men and swallowing? "Where?"  
  
"Right here," he said, pointing to the counter. "I have to stay here in case someone else comes in. Just kneel down there. No one will see you."  
  
"OK," Cori said. Sure enough, she just had his cock out and hard and had established a good rhythm when she heard the bell ring and someone come in.  
  
"Hey man," it was Chad's voice, "that's my bitch down there. You're giving us a free room, right?"  
  
"As long as she swallows," the guy said.  
  
"She will," Chad said. "Do you mind if I go ahead and get the key so I don't have to wait in the van."  
  
"Sure," the guy said, sliding Chad a key. "Room 14. I'll have her back to you in a few. You can stay tomorrow night too, same deal if you want."  
  
"We'll be leaving in the morning, but thanks anyway, bud."  
  
"Seems like a nice guy," the clerk said to Cori after Chad left.  
  
"Mmm-hmmm," Cori mumbled through his cock.  
  
"Damn, you're good," the clerk said. "Stuff like this happens about once or twice a month, but you're much hotter than most of the bitches. Of course, hot or not, I'm never one to turn down a blowjob. But you're a fucking pro. Damn, I'm going to cum already!"  
  
Cori braced herself as the guy started spurting steaming, slimy seed into her mouth. She sucked and swallowed in perfect rhythm, rubbing his balls with her fingers, milking him for all he had.  
  
"Whew, that was nice, babe," the guy said, stuffing his cock back in his pants. "Come back in about an hour and do that again, would ya? If you do, I'll upgrade you to our luxury suite. It ain't exactly luxurious, but it's got the newest furniture and a bigger TV. I'll throw in some beer and snacks, if you like."  
  
"Sorry," Cori said. "I really need to make that call and then get to my ... uh ... boyfriend. He'll be waiting for me and he doesn't like to wait."  
  
"Well, he shouldn't mind," the clerk said. "You're worth the wait. But whatever. The phone's right over there."  
  
Cori thanked him and quickly went over to the phone, glancing out the window to see if Chad or Jarvis was watching. She didn't see either of them, but still felt uneasy.  
  
"Any chance there's a phone in the back I could use?"  
  
"Sure -- really needs to be private, huh? Well, tell you what, take off your top and leave it up here with me. Then you can go back in the office and use the phone there."  
  
Cori didn't bother asking why she had to take off her top to use the phone. She simply did it, let him get a good look at her perfect tits, didn't flinch when he touched them and smiled politely when he nodded toward the back.  
  
"Keep the door open," he said, "and stay where I can see you." Cori nodded and quickly picked up the phone, dialing the shop. John picked up on the first ring. Cori quickly gave him their location -- highway, exit number, the name of the motel and the room number. John read it all back to her, then assured her that help was on the way.  
  
"I talked to them about 20 minutes ago and I don't think they're that far behind you. Hang in there for another hour or two and they'll get you out. OK?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori said, "I think I'll be OK. Thanks, John. See you soon."  
  
Cori hung up and started walking back toward the clerk. "Give me a little bounce, huh?" the guy said, leering at her tits. Cori jumped up and down four or five times, making her tits bounce up and down and slap into each other, not stopping until the guy nodded and handed her top to her.  
  
"Thank you," Cori said, slipping it on quickly and heading toward the door.  
  
"If that guy doesn't get you off, come back up and I'll take care of you," the guy smiled. Cori just waved and walked out, briskly heading toward the room, wanting to make sure Chad and Jarvis didn't get to impatient. When she opened the door, Jarvis was laying on the bed, naked, his hard cock in his hand. She didn't see Chad.  
  
"Hey babe," Jarvis smiled. "Come on in. It's party time!"  
  
"Where's Chad?" Cori said, closing the door. She acted like she was turning the lock, but actually left it unlocked.  
  
"He went out to get some grub," Jarvis grinned. "Just you and me for now, babe. Come on." He reached for her and pulled her toward him, sitting up in the bed so her bare belly was at eye level.  
  
"Strip for me, bitch," he said. He flipped on the clock radio by the bed and some old 80s rock music started playing. Cori wasn't sure if it was Warrant or Skid Row, she got them mixed up. Anyway, she started swaying to the music, rolling her hips, licking her lips, bending, stretching, twisting in every suggestive way she knew turned men on. She dropped to the floor and slinked like a cat on her hands and knees. She bounced on the other bed and rolled around as if she was in the throws of an orgasm, humping her hips and grinding them. She peeled off her shorts first, flirting with Jarvis as she did, looking him in the eyes, teasing him as she pull them part way down to show off her thong, then yank them back up. Eventually, they were laying in the corner of the room along with her top and her thong as she danced nude for Jarvis, her high heels the only thing she still wore as she gave him private show most men would have killed for.  
  
Jarvis cheered and whistled throughout, then, after a couple songs, he pulled her onto the bed and then sat on top of her, straddling her chest. His hard cock rubbed against her breasts as he quickly bound her wrists together with a lether strap. He pushed her toward the headboard and then fastened the other end of the strap to the back of the headboard.  
  
"This isn't necessary," Cori said. "You know I'll fuck you without this."  
  
"I know," Jarvis said. "But I just like to see you tied up. Something tells me it's not your first time, anyway." He chuckled crudely. "Hmm, tits, mouth, pussy, ass -- it's all looks so good. What should I try first?"  
  
"Anything you want," Cori purred.  
  
"I haven't fucked your tits yet," Jarvis said, straddling her again. "Let's start there." He wrapped her big jugs around his cock and started sliding back and forth. Cori hoped he would just do that and maybe cum on her face or tits and be done with it. Then, before he was ready for round two, either Chad would be back or, better yet, Ty and Ben would be there. Unfortunately, Jarvis was just getting warmed up. When his cock was raging hard, he straddled her face and started slapping her cheeks with his cock, rubbing it against her nose and pressing it into her throat. He dunked his cock in her mouth for a few minutes, then pulled out, turned her over and entered her ass. He was fucking her mercilessly, pounding away, slapping her ass and calling her every name in the book when the door slammed open.

Everything happened in an instant. Ty tackled Jarvis and slammed him against the wall. It was a mismatch and the fight was over before it started, ending with Jarvis knocked out cold. Ben was by Cori's side, frantically undoing her bonds and helping her up. Ty picked up her clothes and handed them to her.  
  
"Are you OK?" Ben asked.  
  
"Yeah, I'm all right," Cori said. "Things hadn't gotten too rough yet, but I'm afraid they were heading that way. If you hadn't gotten here when you did ..." Her voice trailed off and Ben and Ty both hugged her.  
  
"Where's Chad?" Ty asked, smacking his fist. "I have a message for him too."  
  
"I don't know," Cori said. "While I was calling John, Jarvis said he went to get something to eat."  
  
Ty and Ben looked at each other, then Ty moved toward the bathroom. "Oh, shit," he said. Chad was there in the bathtub, tied up and unconscious. When they determined he was still alive, they guessed that Jarvis had surprised him, knocked him over the head, intending maybe to kill him or to simply steal Cori and take her away. Either way, they had interrupted both men's plans and Ty and Ben decided to send them another message. They loaded both guys in the back of their SUV -- both tied up and unconscious -- while Cori checked out.  
  
They left Jarvis and Chad naked and stranded in the woods, their mouths gagged and hands bound behind them. There feet were unbound, so they could walk to get help, but they would have to do so naked. It would be humiliating and infuriating for them and they would know they could never report it. Ty scrawled two notes to never come back or else and tied them to both men's privates.  
  
Cori slept in the back seat of the SUV all the way home while Ty and Ben thanked their lucky stars that they had managed to save their Hard Body Clerk.

**SUNDAY NIGHT**  
  
After Cori's violent abduction and rescue, Ben gave her the weekend off -- no work, no dates. He and Ty and John checked on her frequently, calling to make sure she was OK, sending food and flowers to her. Every action re-affirmed their affection for Cori and their desire to let her know that they weren't like Chad -- and certainly not like Jarvis. Ben even told Cori that the deal with Holman was off. They didn't trust him and his sister and weren't about to put Cori in danger again. Cori felt so fortunate to have not one, but three men who cared about her so much.  
  
She wanted to thank them, so she took it upon herself to call Holman. She explained to him a little bit of what happened and why Ben had pulled the deal. It seemed to take some of the anger out of Holman, as he began to understand and respect Ben's decision.  
  
"I know I can't do the rest of the campaign," Cori said, "but I really would like to help the shop get that contract with the city. Do you think we can work something out without Ben knowing?"  
  
"I think so," Holman said. "How about you come over here for dinner tonight? Tell Ben you're visiting a friend or something so he won't worry. You spend the night here and I think I can find it in my heart to forgive old Ben."  
  
"Really?" Cori said. "OK. I'll be over around 7. I have to be at work in the morning at 8. Is that OK?"  
  
"That's fine," Holman said. "Just don't expect any sleep."  
  
Cori dreaded going to see Holman, but she was doing this for the guys who really cared about her, so that made it OK. She knew she wouldn't always be this attractive to men, that she wouldn't always be able to help them as much as she wanted. This was her chance to do something big.  
  
Cori showed up at Holman's right on time, wearing high heels, a black wrap-around mini-skirt, a black thong, black thigh-high stockings and a florescent orange mesh top like strippers wore these days. She had a bag with her Monday morning outfit in the car, just in case she didn't get a chance to go home before she went to work.  
  
"Very nice, Cori," Holman nodded in approval as he let her in, staring first at her tits, then her ass as she passed by him into his mansion of a house.  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Holman," Cori said. She was surprised to see him wearing slacks, a button down shirt and a tie. Didn't these business guys ever relax? "I really appreciate this."  
  
"The pleasure will be all mine," Holman said, licking his lips.  
  
"This is a beautiful house," Cori said, looking up at the huge entryway. This house was worth millions, she knew.  
  
"Thank you. You'll see the house later if there's time. Right now, I'd like to show you the back yard." Holman put his arm around her slender waist and led her through the great entryway, down a long hallway and out a sliding glass door that led to a double-layered deck overlooking a in-ground pool. On one corner of the deck was a huge hot tub.  
  
"Beautiful," Cori said admiringly.  
  
"Yes, you are," Holman said, lifting her skirt and squeezing her ass. "Now, strip and get in." He nodded toward the hot tub. Cori quickly peeled off her clothes and Holman did likewise. She noted his cock was long and thick, much like his body. She stepped gingerly into the hot water, her tits jiggling as she stepped down into the foamy water and took a seat. Holman followed her, his cock half-erect, his eyes focused squarely on her tits. He sat next to her and pulled her on top of him. He began squeezing and sucking her tits, filling his mouth with as much tit-meat as he could.  
  
She felt him harden against her thigh and he lifted her up, lowering her onto his erect shaft. "Ride me," he whispered into her ear. "Fuck yourself with that big cock."  
  
With her knees on the bench on both sides of him, Cori began rocking and grinding on what she had to admit was a very nice, meaty cock. She put her arms around his neck and raised herself up and down while he resumed playing with her tits. The warm water sloshed around as Cori's amazing hips rocked and rolled and grinded, seemingly going three different directions at the same time. Her pussy was responding to the big cock, too, gotting hotter and adding some of its own viscous lubricant to the hot, frothy water.  
  
She expected him to cum right away the first time, but he showed good staying power and she kept riding, harder and faster. Her ass cheeks were slamming into his thighs now and she was arching her back, filling her snatch with his cock while giving him a face full of tits at the same time. He grabbed her ass and started helping her ride up and down, forcing her to pick up the pace even more. Her pussy was on fire now and yearned for release. She ground her hips again and let out a squeal of delight.  
  
"Yeah, baby," Holman encouraged her. "Keep it up. Ride that big cock. Make yourself cum. Cum for me, Cori."  
  
"Oh, yes," Cori squealed. "Mr. Holman, you're going to make me cum. Oh, Mr. Holman!" Cori buried her face in his chest and rocked her hips as fast as she could while the orgasm coursed through her body.  
  
Feeling her perfect hard body tremble as she came again and again, Holman was unable to hold back any longer. His cock fired bullets of thick cum wads into her slurping cunt, their juices mixing in a molten pool of lust deep inside Cori's velvety vagina.  
  
When they were done, Cori basically fell off him, laying back in the hot water, her tits sticking out like two big pointy bouys.  
  
"Now that's the way to get things started!" Holman celebrated. "This is gonna be one helluva night, girl. You tell that pussy to get ready, because it's got a whole lot more cumming to do before daylight."  
  
Holman got out of the hot tub and began drying himself with a towel. He helped Cori out of the tub and handed her a towel as well. Holman put his slacks, shirt and tie back on while Cori donned her skirt, thigh-highs, mesh top, thong and heels.  
  
"Do you mind if I ask why you are so dressed up?" Cori asked. "I mean, you look nice, but ..."  
  
"I've got a meeting," Holman said with a shrug of his shoulders.  
  
"Now?" Cori asked. She hoped so. That might mean an hour or two when she wouldn't be at his service.  
  
"Yeah," Holman said. "Now."  
  
"Oh, well, what do you want me to do?"  
  
"Entertain," Holman smiled. "You're going to entertain, my dear."  
  
"Oh, do I need to wear something else?"  
  
"No, you're fine just like that," Holman said. "You look like a stripper and that's just what you're going to do. I have my advisory team for my campaign coming over. They should already be waiting for us, in fact. Anyway, there are six of them in all, four men and two women. You're going to start by doing a strip tease -- I just happen to have a stripper pole -- and then you're going to give them each a lap dance. Got it?"  
  
"Yes sir," Cori said.  
  
"They won't fuck you," Holman said, "but they can touch all they want. Understood?"  
  
"Yes sir," Cori nodded.  
  
Holman led her back into the house, veering down a large corridor that led to a pair of large oak double doors. He opened them simultaneously and went in first, "Ladies and gentlemen, may I present to you the one and only Ms. Cori Banks."  
  
Cori followed him into the room and saw that it was a combination office and den. It had an huge oak desk and board table on one side of the room and two leather sofas, two leather chairs, a leather love seat, a fireplace and, yes, a stripper pole on a wood platform on the other side of the room. Cori saw the six people Holman mentioned seated around the table, all staring at her. She recognized his associate, Mr. Tanner, and his sister, Verna the tailor. Two of the other men -- Harold and Stan -- appeared to be in their 50s, both in good shape with graying hair. The other, named Victor, was younger, probably in his early 30s with broad shoulders and huge biceps. The other woman -- Sandy -- was in her mid 30s and very attractive in a classy, businesswoman sort of way. She had short hair, an athletic build and perfect teeth. Everyone was dressed for business despite it being 8 p.m. on a Sunday.  
  
"Cori is going to provide our entertainment after the meeting," Holman explained. "In the meantime, she'll be loosening up over there." Holman sent Cori toward the stripper pole with a pat on the ass, whispering in her ear, "Make it look good, slut. We'll be watching."  
  
Cori spent the next 20 minutes going through an r-rated stretching routine, including bending over at the waist and grabbing her ankles, putting her legs behind her head and laying flat on her stomach and arching her back as far as she could. She heard occasional comments from the other side of the room, but never looked over. She knew they were watching her every move. It was actually kind of funny to hear one of the guys saying something like, "we have to go door to door and hand out these flyers. Then we... good God! ... uh, what was I saying?"  
  
She had just started repeating some of the same stretches when she heard Holman say, "All right, good work people. Meeting adjourned. Now, to thank you all for all your hard work, I'd like to invite you to stay for the next half hour or so while Cori entertains us as only she can. Please, join me over there for the show."  
  
They all walked toward Cori and took seats in the various couches and chairs provided, all turned to face the stripper platform. Holman turned down the lights, turned on a spotlight on the small stage and cranked up a driving rock song. Cori knew she was on. She climbed on the stage and began a slow, sensual dance, twisting her hips to the beat, running her hands up and down her body, pulling at her clothes, rubbing her private areas. She let her skirt drop to the floor and kicked it to Sandy.  
  
Cori knelt down and spread her knees apart, flashing her pussy as she tugged at the thong, rubbing it across her pussy lips. She squeezed her tits and peeled off her top. She licked one nipple, then the other, hefting those giant tits toward her perfect red lips. She squeezed her tits together, then bent over at the waist and wiggled her hips, making her tits slap into each other. She dropped into a full splits and again sucked her nipples while everyone enjoyed the view of her nearly naked pussy. She raised one leg straight up in the air and slowly peeled off her stockings, following with the other leg. She kicked off her stilettos long enough to take the stockings off, then put them right back on.  
  
She stood up and turned her back to them, giving them a good look at her ass as she resumed her playful dance, now teasing them by pulling the thong part way off, then pulling it back up between her ass and pussy. Finally, she pulled it down, bending over as she did so. She faced them as she held the thong to her nose, making a show of inhaling her own aroma. She smiled and put the thong back between her legs, first rubbing it across her pussy lips, then actually spreading her pussy and inserting the thong until only a tiny piece of fabric hung out. She danced and twirled, pulling herself up on the pole and spreading her legs wide. She wrapped her tits around the pole and she even flipped herself upside down, letting those breasts hang down, bouncing to the beat.  
  
As the second song was about to end, Cori stood facing the crowd, opened her legs and pulled out the thong at a tantalizing pace. Finally, she again smelled it, then smiled and tossed it to Stan, who wouldn't have given it up for a million dollars.  
  
Holman himself signaled the end of the show by turning off the music and turning on the lights. Everyone applauded. Cori began to gather her clothes, but Holman stopped her.  
  
"Hold on," he said. "The private dances are still to come. Anyone object to Cori giving you lap dances naked?"  
  
There were no objections and Holman quickly settled the matter of pecking order by drawing numbers. Verna was first, followed by Harold, Mr. Tanner, Stan, Sandy and Victor. Holman left himself out of the draw. He would go last, of course.  
  
"I don't know about you all," Holman said, "but I want to keep watching the show. Any objections to doing the lap dances out here where we can all watch?"  
  
Again, everyone agreed. Holman turned down the lights once again, turned up the music and pointed the small spotlight at Verna's chair. His sister was sitting there in a business suit, a big smile on her face as the object of her desire approached. Verna patted her lap, indicating Cori should take a seat. Cori, who had a few experimental encounters with Tammy and Gina, had never given a lap dance to a woman before, but guessed correctly that Verna wanted pretty much the same show the guys did -- only with less focus on the crotch rubbing. Cori spread her legs, cupped her breasts, rubbed her tits across Verna's face, bent over in front of her, slid up and down her body. Since this wasn't some strict strip club, Verna freely groped and grabbed at Cori, touching everywhere, pinching her ass, fingering her pussy, even sticking out her tongue to lick Cori's nipples.  
  
Cori found herself getting aroused as she moved from Verna to Harold, who's cock was already hard. Cori ground on that rigid dick for two songs, rubbing it with her ass, pussy and tits and even sucking him through his pants. He unzipped his pants and she sucked him through his briefs, which were moist with pre-cum. She swore he was about to blow his load when it was time to move to Mr. Tanner.  
  
Tanner immediately inserted his finger in her pussy and spent most of his time finger-banging her while she did her best to keep moving and dancing. She wanted just to grind down and let him really finger fuck and make her cum, but she was aware of the other eyes on her and tried to keep up the show. She was very wet, now, and aching for another orgasm. With four more dances still to go, she didn't think she could get through without cumming.  
  
Stan had his pants open before she even got to him and, at his encouragement, she spent considerable time grinding her pussy against his brief-covered cock, her juices and his soaking into that cotton fabric together.  
  
Sandy, who was bi-sexual, was clearly a tit woman. She played with Cori's big knockers the whole time Cori was dancing for her. She made her jump up and down so she could watch them bounce, and she carefully tasted and teased both nipples with a soft tongue and tantatlizingly sharp teeth. Cori's nipples ached with desire.  
  
Victor made them ache more, roughly pulling on them and squeezing her tits. Cori didn't know if he meant to be that rough or if he was just so big and strong that he didn't realize how much force he was using. Either way, he was a very powerful man with a powerful erection that Cori knew could bring her to climax with a few well-placed thrusts. Alas, the dance ended with no relief, only heightened desire.  
  
With everyone in the room now on the verge of climax but frustrated by a lack of release, Cori moved on to Holman, who didn't hold himself back. When Cori climbed on his lap, he promptly stuck his cock in her pussy and started banging away while she rocked her hips to the beat of the music. Everyone gathered around, clapping and cheering as Cori rode that big thick cock for the second time since her arrival at Holman's house.  
  
She came almost instantly, drawing a round of applause as her unmistakeable cries and trembling body told everyone what was happening. Holman just smiled, gave a thumbs up to his party guests and pushed Cori's limp body onto the floor. He was on her in an instant, pushing her legs over her head where Verna dutifully held them while he roughly entered her glistening cunt. He filled her with powerful thrusts that drove her across the floor while she writhed, humping back at him, cumming again and again.  
  
Holman finished by pulling out and yelling, "face or tits?" Face was the overwhelming favorite -- argued only by Sandy's vote for tits -- and Holman straddled her face, firing his steaming load at her. He covered her lips and chin, then stepped back and said, "cover the rest of it, boys."  
  
Stan, Victor, Tanner and Harold each stepped forward and started jacking their cocks. They squeezed her tits some more or stuck their fingers in her pussy for added inspiration before one by one dousing her face with their thick, ropey loads. By the time they were done, her eyes were covered, her nostrils were clogged with semen, her hair was matted with wads of spunk and it even clung to her ears and eyelashes.  
  
Cori was about to wipe enough away to look up when she felt two tongues on her. Verna and Sandy were on their hands and knees, licking up the cum, collecting it with their tongues and holding it in their mouths. When Cori was mostly clean, Sandy held Cori's mouth open while Verna spat her share of the semen into Cori's mouth. Sandy followed suit and they all watched as Cori swallowed it all. She looked around, not surprised to see that Holman was there holding a video camera and Tanner was holding a digital camera. They had filmed and photographed the whole thing.  
  
"Cori," Holman said, "I know I said you wouldn't fuck anyone but me, but I think these ladies deserve a little something, don't you? I mean, it's not fair that they're the only ones who haven't cum yet, don't you think?"  
  
Cori just nodded and began kissing both Verna and Sandy. They both took off their clothes and Cori sucked their nipples and fondled their pussies, then licked both pussies until both women climaxed in screaming, creaming orgasms that drowned out the applause coming from the men.  
  
In just about an hour, Cori had inspired seven orgasms while experiencing three of her own. She was exhausted, laying in the middle of the floor, her body wet with perspiration, semen and pussy juice. Her hair was still matted with the cum that the women couldn't get out and her nipples were still erect with extreme stimulation.  
  
She got up slowly and helped see everyone to the door, then turned back, glad that it was down to just her and Holman for the rest of the night. He showed her to the bathroom and left her alone for 30 minutes to relax and clean up while he prepared for the rest of the evening. He drank a bottle of water to replenish his fluids and snacked on fruit and crackers to regain his energy. This was a once in a lifetime night and Holman had no intention of running out of steam anytime soon, "steam" being the operative word, he chuckled to himself.  
  
"That was quite a performance," Holman complimented her as she emerged from the bathroom. She was now wearing only her heels and a white terry cloth towel that she had wrapped around her.  
  
"Thank you," Cori said. "I had fun."  
  
"I could tell," Holman smiled devilishly. "I love to watch you cum. And I love the way you look with cum all over and your body all hot and sweaty. So, with that in mind, I thought we could spend some time in the sauna."  
  
"Of course," Cori said. "Whatever you say, sir."  
  
Holman led her to his private exercise room which included an assortment of weights, a treadmill, an exercise bike and a few other pieces of equipment. Attached to it was his private sauna. They both stripped and stepped into the sauna. Holman sat down on the small wooden bench and inserted a dildo in her pussy. He then had her sit on his lap while he played with her tits and they talked about the cum bath she had taken.  
  
Soon, they were both sweating, their bodies glistening. Holman put his hand between her legs and stroked her clit, using his other hand to gently fuck her with the dildo. She squirmed a bit and her ass cheeks brushed against his cock, which was beginning to stiffen once again. He pulled the dildo, slick with her pussy juice, out of her twat and gently inserted it into her ass.  
  
"Do you like it up the ass?" Holman asked, stroking her pussy once more.  
  
"Yes, sir," Cori said.  
  
"Good, because that's where this big cock is going next," Holman said. He took his hard cock and poked it between her thighs, slapping it against her pussy lips, the impact making a wet, smacking sound. Sweat was running down her breasts now, a drop clinging to her nipple. Holman squeezed those big tits together, watching the sweat pour down her cleavage and over her smooth belly. What a gorgeous babe, he thought.

He picked her up and pulled the dildo out of her ass, then sat her down, facing away from him, his cock simply filling the gaping void left by the dildo. "Oh yeah, right up the ass!" Holman grunted, pulling her onto his lap until he was balls deep in her sweat-slickened asshole. He let her sit there for a moment, relishing the feel of her tight rectum sleeved around his cock. She squirmed, trying to get comfortable, but he simply started pushing her up and down on his cock, his hands on her ass, lifting her firm, light body up and down with increasing speed.  
  
She grunted as his cock entered her tightest hole repeatedly, his thrusts becoming stronger, deeper, quicker. He stood up and bent her over. She put her hands against the wall to hold herself up and he used her hips to provide the leverage to pound her ass with all his might. He was hammering away at it now, giving it to her as hard and fast as he could. She was moaning and grunting and telling him to do it harder.  
  
When he was about to cum, Holman pulled out, spun her around and fired every thing he had at her sweat-soaked tits, mixing his cum with her sweat in a creamy cocktail that Cori happily licked up and swallowed. She then dropped to her knees and cleaned every inch of the cock that had just ravaged her asshole.  
  
They cleaned off by taking a dip in the pool, then prepared for bed. Cori gave him one of her patented blowjobs, swallowing his cum, and then Holman drifted off to sleep. Cori lay in bed, thinking about how all she would probably have to do is fuck him one more time in the morning and that would be it. She'd be done with Holman, done with Chad, done with Jarvis. It would be just her and her three men and their fat new city contract.  
  
Cori awoke to a light shining in her face. The room was dark otherwise, but some sort of flashlight was shining in her eyes. She couldn't see, but started to get up when a hand pushed on her forehead, holding her to the bed. She squinted, but still couldn't see. Her eyes slowly adjusted and she saw something moving in the shadows. It quickly became clear that it was a cock being stroked and it was pointed right at her face. The light was coming from just above and behind, and Cori realized it was a video camera with a light mounted above it. Someone was jacking off on her and someone else was taping it.  
  
"Close your eyes and pretend you're still asleep," she recognized Holman's voice and followed his instructions. With her eyes closed, she felt his cock rub across her forehead, nose, cheeks and lips, but she remained motionless as if sound asleep. Holman kept stroking his cock and soon she felt his sticky spunk splashing against her face, the first big wad hitting her cheek and the next smacking her temple and running across her eyelid. She felt some on her lips and nose, but remained motionless.  
  
"Did you get it?" Holman asked.  
  
"Got it," it was Verna's voice.  
  
The lights came on in the room and camera shut off. "You can get up," Holman said. "Go ahead and lick that up."  
  
Cori sat up and cleaned her face, eating his latest load. She smiled at Verna and said hello. She noted that it was 3 a.m.  
  
"Verna's an amateur photographer and movie maker," Holman explained. "So, I asked her to come back and film a couple scenes. You got enough sleep, right?"  
  
"Sure," Cori said, lying.  
  
"Good, because we've only got a few hours left. Have you ever masturbated on camera before? You're going to now. I've got two dildos and a vibrator. I want you to play with yourself and make yourself cum. Then, after you do, I'll jump in and fuck you again. You'll just keep cumming and Verna will film it all. Got it?"  
  
"Got it," Cori said.  
  
"Just lay back there and have fun," Holman said. "Verna might direct you a little, but otherwise, just go with what feels good."  
  
Cori lay back and started rubbing her pussy and squeezing her nipples. She put one dildo in her mouth to get it wet, then gently inserted the tip into her pussy. Men always wanted to shove it all the way in when they fucked her with a dildo, but she worked just an inch or two in, focusing on her labia and clit, stimulation them with the dildo. The she started working on her nipples with the vibrator, making them grow hard and erect, then she used it on her clit. She removed the dildo and inserted two fingers into her pussy, rubbing and caressing herself, making her pussy hot and moist.  
  
"Dildo in the ass," Verna said. Cori followed instructions and put the moistened dildo in her ass. "Turn over and let us see it from the back." Cori rolled onto her stomach, sitting up on her knees with her head still down on the pillow. "Lick your fingers." Cori licked the pussy juice from her fingers as if she was sucking a cock, letting her pursed lips linger around her finger. "Suck on your tits." Cori lifted first her left, then her right tit into her mouth, sucking on her hard nipples. "Do whatever you need to do to make yourself cum."  
  
Cori rolled back onto her back, closed her eyes and put both hands on her pussy. One hand worked her clit while the other spread her labia and massaged the tender tissue just inside her opening. She arched her back and raised her hips as if her pussy were searching blindly for a cock to grind against. She rubbed her clit furiously and pinched her nipples. She jammed three fingers into her cunt and hammered away. She put her feet on the bed and lifted her ass high off the bed, raising her pussy to meet the jamming fingers. She writhed and bucked and came hard, thrashing around on the bed before finally collapsing in heap.  
  
That's when Holman entered the scene, jumping on the bed, spreading her legs and spearing her dripping pussy with his hard cock. He threw her legs over his shoulders and pounded her limp body with the force and energy of a hormone-overdosed teenager. He pulled out just in time for the money shot, firing away at her face once more, giving the camera a good shot of his cum drizzling her nose and lips. Cori wearily licked the sticky gunk from her fingers and face, then drifted off to sleep once more.  
  
She awoke again with a start. She didn't know how long it had been, but she guessed not long. Verna and Holman were still there and her face was still sticky with cum. Holman was wiping it off with a warm wash cloth, which is what woke her up. Verna handed her the orange mesh top, black mini skirt and the rest of her earlier outfit.  
  
"Put all this on," Verna instructed. "We're going to do a nice show-and-tell scene. Don't worry, all you have to do is exactly what you do all the time -- look sexy."  
  
Cori put on her outfit and then all three of them went downstairs to the spacious living room. Holman and Cori sat on the couch while Verna set up her cameras. She had one on a tri-pod and another she held by hand. When she was ready, she took Cori into the kitchen and instructed her to walk into the living room. Verna stayed right behind Cori, aiming her camera up the hard-bodied blonde's tiny skirt, focused on that black thong and the perfect sway of her hips and ass as she walked.  
  
When Cori got into the living room, Holman took her hand and put his arm around her, looking directly into the tri-pod. "Hello again everyone," he began, "I'm Vern Holman and I'm running for mayor of Darien. I come to you today to explain to you how I plan to make Darien a better community for all of us. Here to help me demonstrate is my very able-bodied assistant, Cori Banks. Today, Cori is here representing the tow of Darien. Let me explain.  
  
"Like Cori, Darien is beautiful. We have rolling hills" -- he turned Cori around and flipped up her skirt, showing off her ass cupped -- "fertile valleys" -- he bent her over and rubbed his hand over her pussy mound -- "and a great view of the mountains" -- he turned her around and cupped her breasts. "Like Cori, we need to show this off. We need to let everyone see what Darien has to offer. Let me show you what I mean. Cori has great tits, a fantastic ass and a pussy to die for. Would you know it if she was all covered in long bulky sweaters and loose sweat pants? No. So, she wears see-through tops, skimpy skirts, tight shorts, thongs and high heels. She shows it off. She's proud of it. As your next mayor, I want to show off all that Darien has to offer.  
  
"Now, it's one thing to look the part, it's another thing to produce. Darien needs to show it can be a leader in this state as a resource for both agricultural and manufacturing. In other words, we can't just look pretty, we need to fuck like a pro, too, right Cori?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Cori smiled.  
  
"Cori will demonstrate for us again." Holman stripped her skirt and thong down her legs, leaving her in the mesh top and high heels. "First, we'll probably have to start by kissing up to some of the big companies to convince them to let us manufacture their products." Cori dropped to her knees and Holman stuffed his cock in her mouth. "We might have to do this for a while, but we must never stop until they tell us to. When they're ready, we'll stand up," -- Cori stood up -- "and we'll bend over and take it any way they want to give it to us." She bent over and Holman sunk his cock into her pussy.  
  
"They'll work us hard," -- he was pounding away, swatting her ass -- "but if we work hard too, we'll get some big rewards." He kept fucking her pussy for the next 10 minutes until she again came. He pushed her away and sat down on the couch. "See, big payoff, right Cori?"  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm," was all she could say as she caught her breath.  
  
"Now, we'll have to show our appreciation" -- Cori came over and he sat her on his lap -- "and do whatever they say." He picked her up, facing away from him toward the camera, and sank his cock into her tight ass. "But in the end, I think we'll all find that Darien can be a pretty attractive and fun place for others to come in and see." He spread her legs with his hands until she took the hint and did the splits on his lap, his cock buried balls-deep in her ass, her pussy wet and pink and on display for the cameras which zoomed in for tight close-ups. Holman lifted her up and down several times, then pushed her off onto the floor. She turned around and he stuck his cock back in her mouth, filling her throat with a load of cum.  
  
"I can deliver the goods," Holman said, turning Cori's face to look at the camera. She showed the cum on her tongue, then swallowed it, again showing her tongue to demonstrate that the cum was gone. "I'm Vern Holman, your next mayor, cumming soon."  
  
"Cut," Verna yelled. "That was great!"  
  
Cori glanced at the clock. 7:00 a.m. She needed to be getting ready for work.  
  
"All right, Cori," Holman said. "You've done your job. You've been fantastic. Why don't you go get ready for work. When the time comes, the shop will get the city contract."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Holman," Cori said. "I can't tell you how much this means to me."  
  
"I think you showed me pretty well," Holman chuckled. "If you ever need anything at all, Cori, I can assure you we can work something out."  
  
"Thank you, sir."  
  
An hour later, Cori was back at work. No more Holman, Chad or Jarvis. Just Ben, John and Ty, her true buddies.

**EPILOGUE**  
  
Six months later, having been elected as Darien's new mayor, Vern Holman announced that the Hard Body Shop had been awarded the city's service and maintenance contract. Ben was shocked, since he still didn't know about Cori's secret night with Holman and thought Holman still held a grudge. They all celebrated as Ben took Cori, Ty and John out to dinner. Chad and Jarvis had never been heard from since that fateful night and Ben had elected not to replace Chad until he found the right person, someone he knew he could trust not only with the shop, but also with Cori.  
  
Things had returned to normal right away. Cori stuck to her daily apparel schedules, the guys all split Chad's date night -- taking turns from one week to the next -- and Cori continued to entertain and flirt with the faithful customers.  
  
It was a great life, which is why it was so hard for Cori to make her announcement at the celebratory dinner that night. She was dressed for their pleasure, as usual, wearing a skin-tight black mini dress with the top cut low to reveal her bra-less cleavage, an oval cut out to reveal her belly button, and slits up the sides to show off her thighs. She wore no panties and her black stilettos and black fishnet thigh-highs showed off her legs perfectly.  
  
Ben had actually fucked her in the parking lot before they came in and the top of her dark dress was stained with tell-tale globs of gooey white spunk which Ben told her not to wipe or lick off.  
  
"I hate to say this on a night when we're supposed to be celebrating," Cori said, "but I have to leave the shop."  
  
All three men stopped eating instantly, their mouths dropping in stunned silence. "My step-dad is pretty sick and, as you know, my mom won't have anything to do with him. So, he's got no one to take care of him. He's living in San Diego now and I told him I'd come help him. I'm leaving tomorrow. I should have told you sooner, but I hated to and this all happened so fast."  
  
"How long will you be gone?" Ben asked.  
  
"I have no idea," Cori said. "He could get better in a few weeks or be sick for a long time. I don't know. It's weird, we've never been that close. I mean, he didn't marry my mom until I was in high school, but he was always nice to me. What happened between him and my mom was her fault, not his. I just hate to think of him sick and alone."  
  
"We understand," John said. "You go do what you have to do for as long as you need to. You know we'll be here waiting for you whenever you can come back."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said, "I appreciate that. You guys are the best. You're my family and I'm going to miss you so much. I already talked to Tammy and Gina and they have agreed to fill in for me until you guys find a full-time replacement."  
  
They all went to Ben's house after dinner and Cori gave them each a farewell blowjob and Ben took her to the airport the next morning. As the plane took off, Cori looked down, realizing that there was a good chance she wouldn't be back to Darien any time soon. A new chapter was about to begin for her. It would start with just a few clothes, some small-town experiences, a few thousand dollars and one very hot, hard body. She hoped it would be enough.  
  
THE END