**The Hard Body Clerk's New Beginning**

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

**CHAPTER ONE: HEADING WEST ... WITH A HITCH**

Cori Banks looked out the window of the jet, watching her past life in little Darien, Georgia, and her job at the Hard Body Shop slip away. She hoped to get back someday soon. She loved her co-workers, Ben, John and Ty, with whom she had developed a unique working relationship. She had worn sexy clothes for them and fucked them all on a regular basis. Other than the sex, they treated her like a family member -- always caring for her, protecting her, making her feel special. They were like family and she missed them already.

But her real family -- her step-dad -- needed her now. He was living just outside San Diego, a far cry from Georgia. He was sick and needed someone to care for him. Cori's mother had left him long ago and Cori had never forgiven her. Even though Cori was 15 before he met and married her mother, she always got along well with Norm. They were never particularly close -- she was so busy with cheerleading and gymnastics and he was busy with his restaurant -- that they never spent lots of time together, but he was always nice and Cori had developed an affection for him. He was certainly more of a father than her real dad. Still Cori, now 22, hadn't seen him for three years, since he moved to San Diego after the divorce.

She knew he ran a truck stop with a partner somewhere around San Diego, but that was about it. She hadn't heard from him in over a year, then out of the blue, she got a call from Chuck, his business partner. Her 62-year-old step-dad had suffered a moderate stroke. He was going to be all right, but he had lost some movement in his right side and struggled to get around. Cori knew he was alone with no family other than her and her cheating mother. He had no one to help him run errands, do chores, change clothes or bathe. And his truck stop was hurting and he had neither the ability or the means to help. Even though he wasn't flesh and blood, Cori's heart went out to him. She felt for him and knew it was up to her to help. It was a tough decision to make to leave Georgia, but she had no choice. She couldn't live with herself if she didn't go.

In some ways, Cori was looking forward to it. The last two years of her life had been mostly about sex. Cori liked it and was good at it and, well, she was made for it. She was 5-6, 120 pounds with an all-natural 36C-22-34 body. She had natural blonde hair just past her shoulders, blue eyes, a pert nose, full lips and a pretty white smile. She was what the guys liked to call a hard body -- firm and fit all over. Those big breasts sat up high on her chest and seemed to defy gravity with or without a bra. She had long, rubbery nipples that were quite sensitive and usually at least semi-erect. Her firm ass was perfectly round and tight and her pussy was a moist slice of perfection, with puffy pink lips and a carefully trimmed blonde tuft of hair. She had magnificent legs that were toned from hours of exercise. She had a deep, healthy looking all-over tan. She had a pierced navel and a tiny red heart tattooed on her left ass cheek.

This fantastic body had been put to the test many times, as she often was fucked anywhere from 3 to 10 times a day. Her fitness, flexibility and stamina were essential to keeping up with the high demand on her body. So, in a way, she was looking forward to a break from some of that. She wouldn't have to have sex all the time or even look sexy. What a change of pace that would be.

Even dressed in normal clothes, Cori could turn heads. But, of course, her attire at the Hard Body Shop had been anything but normal. Thongs, bikinis, hot pants, lingerie and the like comprised her wardrobe. She seldom wore anything else. She hadn't realized how comfortable she had become in those clothes until she went to pack for San Diego and realized she had almost no "normal" attire left.

Not knowing how long she'd be gone or what she might need, she had decided to take most of it. The only panties she had were thongs or bikini panties and she had just one pair of tennis shoes -- everything else was high heels. She had no bras whatsoever (the guys had burned them all during a cookout one night). She had no long pants -- seldom needed them in Georgia and probably wouldn't in San Diego either. All of her shorts were extremely short and extremely tight -- the guys always bought clothes for her that were at least one or two sizes too small. She had no standard blouses or sweaters. She had an ample assortment of tube tops, crop tops, halter tops, low cut blouses and half-sweaters. All of her dresses were minis, often backless or with huge slits up the sides. Her skirts were also minis. She had plenty of thigh-high stockings and a wardrobe full of lingerie and catsuits. She had some fantasy outfits, like French maid, schoolgirl and cheerleader costumes. She had tons of bikinis and skimpy workout clothes.

She knew she probably wouldn't wear most of this stuff in San Diego, but since it was all she had and none of it took up much room, she packed a wide assortment in two bags with plans to normalize her wardrobe once she reached San Diego. Ben was going to send out some of her bulkier items -- like her immense assortment of heels -- separately. But Cori hoped she wouldn't need most of it. It would be fun to shop for some new clothes.

Cori had settled on some red heels, daisy duke shorts and a white tank top for her trip but was thinking about her shopping spree when the pilot came over the intercom. "May I have your attention please. We are experiencing some mechanical problems and are going to have to land in Houston. There is no reason for alarm. But we wanted to make you aware of this unscheduled stop and apologize for the inconvenience."

Cori didn't really mind that much. She was comfortable and relaxed. The plane was only half full and she had a row to herself. It was quiet and peaceful. Again, a nice change.

They landed in Houston about 20 minutes later and about 30 minutes after that the pilot instructed everyone that they would have to get off the plane. "Sorry," the captain said, "but it turns out some repairs are needed. We will re-route you on another flight as soon as possible."

Cori got off and went to the ticket counter. The next flight to San Diego was already full and there wouldn't be another one until tomorrow. "But," the man at the counter said, dropping his eyes to her slender waist, "I'll be happy to set you up with a place to stay tonight. Free, if you don't mind a little company." Cori was so disgusted she walked away. To hell with the airlines. She'd rent a car instead.

She knew she sent off a sexy, slutty vibe with her body and the way she dressed, so she understood why men were often aggressive in their advances toward her. That wasn't generally the case inside the little town of Darien where everyone knew everyone and Cori's position at the shop was understood -- if not always approved of. But she wasn't in Darien anymore and Cori's hard body and sexy little outfit had men stopping just to watch her walk. Frustrated at the delays and leering eyes, she moved quickly through the airport, her bags slung over her shoulders, her tits jiggling, her ass swaying oh-so-invitingly back and forth as her long legs and high heels strode out confidently. She was talking the talk in her head, but her body was certainly walking a different walk. If it looks like a slut and walks like a slut...Cori thought in her head. Well, she knew otherwise, even if they didn't.

Regardless of what anyone thought, sex figured to be the last thing she was involved in from now on. She'd dress normal, take care of her step-dad and get a normal job. It wouldn't be easy, but Cori thought the change would be good for her nonetheless.

Trying to save money, she rented the smallest, cheapest compact car they had and toted her bags out to the lot. It was about 6 o'clock and Cori figured she could drive for another two or three hours before stopping for the night and finishing her drive tomorrow. That was the plan. An hour later, the plan changed again.

The car sputtered, lurched and the engine went dead. Cori steered it safely to the side of the road, coasting to a stop. Steam started to roll out from under the hood and Cori knew she was in trouble. The last sign had said 34 miles to the next town. The last exit had been at least five miles back. Walking anywhere wasn't an option.

It was desolate stretch of highway. There was nothing but flat, open land all around. Very few cars were on the road so Cori did the only thing she could think to do. She stood in front of the car and held out her thumb, not that it mattered. Her tits, ass and legs were already sticking out, more than enough of a signal to any male passerby.

One car with what appeared to be a family passed her, but the next did not. It was an old pickup truck. There were two guys inside.

"Holy shit," the passenger exclaimed as they got close enough to see Cori alongside the road. "Look at that!"

"It's our lucky day!" the driver said, slamming on the breaks and pulling over.

"Hey babe, need a ride?" the passenger called out his window.

"Um, yeah, I guess so," Cori said, standing back away from the truck. "Do you know how to fix my car?"

"Afraid not, honey, but we can give you a lift."

Cori was very reluctant. She had a very bad experience with a couple guys back in Georgia just before she left. They had abducted her and were somewhat violent toward her before she managed to get away. She had been lucky then. She didn't want to go through it again. But what choice did she have? Refuse the ride and be stuck out here all night? What if the next guy was worse? She debated, then opened the trunk and pulled out her bags. The guy in passenger side jumped out and took them, throwing them in the back of the truck.

He motioned for Cori to get in first, watching her ass closely as she stepped into the high truck and slid across the bench-style seat next to the driver.

"I'm Jake," the driver said, extending his hand. Cori judged him to be in his early 40s with an average build, light brown hair and a weathered look that suggested he worked outside a lot. "He's Roy." Roy, the passenger, was probably about the same age and very stocky with a beer belly and stringy brown hair.

"I'm Cori," she said, giving them both her friendliest smile. "Thank you so much for picking me up. I've had the worst luck today." She quickly told them about the flight and now her car.

"Well, I'm glad we could help," Jake said, glancing down at Cori's tan thighs.

Cori asked them to take her to the next town and drop her off at a motel. She'd get some dinner, some rest and figure out the travel situation tomorrow.

"Sure," Jake said. "Glad to do it."

"You know," Roy said, "you're lucky we came along. There are a lot of bad people out there, just looking to take advantage of someone like you. A traveler. No one knows you're here. Take your money. Do bad things to you. Yep, mighty lucky indeed."

"I know," Cori said. "I'm so thankful."

"Really," Roy said, leering at her. "Are you really thankful, Cori? Because you're not really showing it so far."

"What do you mean?" Cori was suddenly nervous, feeling this going badly already.

"I mean, if you were really grateful, you'd show us those big tits and give me a blowjob."

"What, wait," Cori sputtered. "I just asked for a simple ride. No money, nothing. I don't owe you anything."

"Oh, I think you do," Jake said, putting his hand on her thigh.

"Let me out, please," Cori said.

"Now, what kind of gentlemen would we be if we let a poor, helpless girl like you stranded on the side of the road? I don't how they do things in Georgia, but around here, we're have a sense of honor. In fact, I think we should take her all the way to San Diego, don't you, Roy?"

"Definitely, all the way," Roy said, putting his hand on her other thigh.

"You'd really take me the whole way there?" Cori said.

"Sure," Jake said. "Now, if we do that, don't you think you could show us some appreciation?"

"Well, I wish I could repay you some other way."

"Nope, don't want money or anything else. Just some friendly entertainment and companionship. Seems like a good deal to me," Roy said. "We'll pay for motels and food and gas. You just be real friendly and we'll call it even."

"Real friendly," Jake said, squeezing her thigh. "You know all about being real friendly to guys, don't you sweet thing?"

"I don't know," Cori said. "I ... uh, guess so. Is that really the only way we can do this? Can't you just drop me off at the next town? I'll take off my top for you."

"But you'd still be stranded tomorrow," Jake said. "No, this is the only way to make sure you get there safely. It's our duty to help you. All we ask is for a little show of appreciation in return."

Cori's mind spun, trying to think of a way out. On one hand, if she tried to run or get away, they'd probably just rape her and leave her stranded or kill her. On the other hand, if she went along with it and gave them what they wanted, Cori believed they probably would take her all the way to San Diego. What might happen then, she didn't know, but it sounded better than the alternative.

"OK," Cori said. "I'll do it. Just, please, nothing too rough, OK? Don't hurt me and I'll be a good girl for you."

"Now that sounds like the deal of the day," Roy chuckled. Wasting no time, he reached for Cori, feeling her breasts in his chubby hands. "Damn! These are nice! I can see why you don't need a bra. They're real too, aren't they?"

"Yes," Cori said.

"You gotta feel these, man," Roy said, cupping them and holding them up toward Jake. Roy took the wheel while Jake turned and grabbed a quick handful of Cori's bountiful boobs.

"Get that fucking shirt off her," Jake said, taking the wheel back.

Roy quickly tugged the tank top over Cori's head and both men anxiously watched her breasts bobble into view. Her nipples were partially erect and Roy immediately began fondling them, pinching them to feel their rubbery texture, tweaking them to make them even harder.

"Holy shit," he kept saying. "Great tits, man. Fuckin' great tits."

"Shake 'em for us, bitch," Jake said. Roy stopped playing with them for a second and Cori started twisting her torso back and forth, making her breasts shake and wobble, bouncing into each other with loud smacks. "Bounce up and down," Jake instructed. Cori kept twisting but added the bouncing component Jake wanted, raising herself up off the seat, making her jiggling tits bounce up and down and side to side all at once. Roy looked like a sucker trying to keep up with the ball in a shell game as his eyes and head bounced in unison with Cori's tits. Cori could tell that Jake was the brains of this duo.

The shake show came to an end when Roy, unable to contain himself any longer, lunged forward and grabbed her around the waist and buried his face in her tits. He was even kissing them. Just slobbering and licking and rubbing the nipples across his forehead. Soon, his hands made the inevitable trip from her breasts to her hips to her thighs. He jammed his hands between her thighs as she accommodated by spreading her legs. He cupped her pussy through her shorts, then slid a finger under the crotch band and inside her thong, feeling that juicy warmth for the first time.

"Oh, you gotta feel this," Roy said, drawing in a deep breath as he finally pulled away from her boobs. He gripped Cori's shorts and roughly dragged them over her hips and off her long legs. He lifted her right leg onto his lap, sticking her foot out the window. Now, her pussy was exposed with only a thin red thong left to try to provide some modesty. Roy quickly flipped it to the side of her pussy lips and held her pussy open with both hands, giving Jake a free shot. Keeping on hand on the wheel, Jake dug two fingers into Cori's snatch, rubbing roughly over her exposed clit and squeezing her pussy as if trying to squeeze the juice out of an orange.

"This is going to be the best trip we ever had," Jake said to Roy. "You spotted her first, why don't you go ahead and take the first turn. Then, we'll pull over and switch."

Roy didn't need to be asked twice. He quickly removed the thong and hung it over the rearview mirror. He pulled Cori's leg back inside the truck and lifted her onto his lap. He kept one hand between her thighs, diddling her pussy, while the other tugged at his zipper. He raised his hips and pushed his pants down to his knees and dropped Cori back on his lap, his erect 6-inch cock sticking up between her slender thighs. Her skin was so soft, he almost came just from that contact, but he took a couple deep breaths to calm himself down, then lifted her back up. "Stick it in, bitch," he said. Cori put her hands between her legs and grabbed his thick shaft. It wasn't a huge cock in terms of length, but the girth was impressive. It was thick, meaty and solid. In spite of the circumstances, Cori felt her pussy -- as if it had a mind of it's own -- welcome his cock, ready to be filled.

Roy lowered her slowly until she had it lined up properly and he felt his head pop into her oh-so-wet pussy. Then, he dropped her the rest of the way, letting her fall onto his cock, her own weight driving his 6 inches into her. "Oh shit!" Roy yelled. He put his hands on her hips and pressed her down on him, lifting his thighs off the seat as he tried to get as much of himself inside of her as possible.

"Fuck that cunt!" Jake yelled, hitting the horn repeatedly as they sped down the open road. "Drill it deep, man, drill it deep!"

Roy lifted Cori off his cock, holding her sweet pussy a tantalizing couple off inches from his now very erect, very interested cock. He slowly lowered her back on to him, pulling down on her hips once more to make sure he got full penetration.

"This bitch must be some kind of prude," Roy grunted. "Or else she's got a boyfriend with a tiny dick, because this is one tight pussy!" Cori's mind was racing at the sudden turn of events -- from leaving Georgia to plane problems to car problems to this -- but she had to smile as Roy's grossly inaccurate statement. She had been fucked several times daily, often by cocks considerably larger than Roy's. The only truth to his statement was that she did, indeed, still have a remarkably tight pussy. She didn't know why, but she knew every guy commented on it, so it had to be true. Perhaps it was because she kept herself in such good shape. Maybe it was because she exercised her pussy muscles. And maybe she was just a freak of nature, genetically engineered to be the perfect fuck machine. Regardless, Cori was very proud of her tight, hard body and appreciated compliments, even from creepy guys like Roy.

"She's not a virgin, is she?" Jake said hopefully.

"No," Roy said, "But she sure hasn't had much of this. Guess this trip is going to be a real pussy, I mean, eye-opener, for you, huh bitch?"

"Yeah," Cori panted, putting her hands on the dash board to brace herself as Roy continued to slide her up and down on his shaft. "Teach me everything you know, just don't be too rough."

"For a bitch who doesn't know much about fucking, you sure dress like a slut," Jake said. "At first I thought you were a hooker. Come on, Roy, fuck that little whore!"

Roy was picking up the pace now, reaching around to grab Cori's tits as he drove his cock into the depths of her pussy time and time again. He was surprised he was lasting this long, but he wasn't complaining. Every second was pure pleasure. He didn't want it to end, but when it did, he pulled out and shot his wad straight up in the air, most of it landing on the underside of Cori's tits and on her belly.

"Didn't want you to have to have sloppy seconds," Roy said to Jake, "and I couldn't hold back long enough to make her suck it."

"Thanks," Jake said. "My turn." He quickly guided the car to the side of the road and hopped out. He and Roy switched places and a minute later, they were back on the road, Roy behind the while and Cori once again mounted on top of a cock. Jake's was a little larger, almost as thick but nearly two inches longer. He was strong and showed it off by lifting Cori until only the head of his cock was inside her, then spinning her halfway around so she faced him.

"Spin cycle!" Roy laughed. "Spin that bitch like a top. Make that pussy dance for you."

After a few hard cock strokes and a couple tugs on her tits, Jake spun her again so that she was facing away from him. Cori's long, flexible legs quickly bent and swung around his torso to accommodate the spins, making it a fairly smooth transition each time. He continued to bounce her up and down as he spun her around on his cock, enjoying the various views of her body that this constant motion afforded. He wasn't able to last particularly long either and soon spewed his load all over her ass and back.

"Whew!" Jake said, admiring his work splattered across Cori's golden tanned skin. "I needed that! Next time, you little bitch, I'll be able to fuck you real good."

"Me fuck you long time!" Roy chortled.

"Might even make you cum," Jake said. "Bet a guy's never made you cum before, huh?"

"No," Cori said, lying but telling them what she knew they wanted to hear. "Do you think you can do it?"

"Fuck yeah," Jake said. "I'll have that pussy of yours whistling a tune by the time I'm done playing it. This is your lucky day. You're going to get fucked better than you ever have before. You liked my big cock, didn't you?"

"Yes," Cori said meekly. "Is that bad?"

"Very," Roy said lustily. "You're very bad. Very naughty. But you like being a naughty whore, don't you? I bet you can't wait for me to fuck your ass or to swallow my cum, can you? I bet you masturbate every night dreaming of guys like us. Well, you're dream has come true, babe. Hard cock day and night. You'll be a nympho slut by the time we get to San Diego. You'll be needing cock all the time and you can thank us."

"Thank you," Cori said. "I do like being... naughty. My step-dad would be so ashamed. Please don't tell him when we get there."

"Now why would we go and tell someone something that is obvious to everyone but you?" Jake said, a little too cruelly, Cori thought. "Anyone can tell just be looking at your body, looking at how you dress that you're a slutty little whore."

Ben, John and Ty would never have said anything so mean to her. Sure, they called her a slut and a whore from time to time, but that was either joking or in the heat of the moment when dirty talk was just another way to enhance the experience. Cori was realizing just how much those guys had protected her and how unique their respect and appreciation of her was. They used her for their pleasure, but it was never cruel or demeaning -- except for Chad, but that was a different story. Chad would have fit in well with these guys, Cori thought, a chilling notion that sent a shiver up her spine. Chad had abducted and abused her shortly before her departure from Georgia and it had been a harrowing, nearly deadly encounter. She still couldn't tell if these guys were to be feared or not, but she wasn't taking any chances. She was going to play along as best she could and try to keep them happy.

They let her sit naked between them for the next hour or so. They randomly played with her tits and pussy while the cum dried all over her body. It was getting dark and Cori wondered if they would stop soon. She needed to pee, was hungry and wanted to sleep.

"We're getting low on gas," Roy announced. "Better stop soon." A few miles later, they found an exit with a lone gas station. The bright lights from the station shown out brilliantly through the late evening gloom. They pulled up to the pump and Cori asked if she could get dressed and go to the restroom.

"Tank top and thong only," Jake declared.

"But..." Cori started to protest.

"Shut up," Jake spat interrupted. "There's no one around except the clerk. He probably makes $5 an hour, so I think he deserves a little show for the trouble, don't you? Quit acting like you don't like showing off that little ass of yours. Keep complaining and I'll make you go in naked and fuck the clerk."

"OK," Cori said. "No shorts, just the thong."

"I thought you'd see it my way," Jake nodded. Just then, a car pulled up to the pump next to them and a young guy, probably in his late teens, stepped out. Jake had an idea. "Before you pee, pump the gas and wash the windshield."

"What?"

"You heard me. Pump the gas and clean the windshield. If you're not going to pay for the gas, the least you can do is put it in the fucking truck."

"Of course," Cori nodded, climbing over him and hopping down out of the truck. The jump made her tits bounce and the guy in the car immediately took notice. He glanced at Roy and Jake, who smiled and nodded, letting him know it was OK to look all he wanted.

Cori walked around the truck, her heels clicking on the pavement, her ass shaking brazenly, both cheeks bare and separated by that tiny thong. She smiled at the guy and said hello, making no effort to conceal herself. This wasn't all that uncomfortable for Cori. She had long ago lost any inhibitions related to walking around in skimpy clothes, having done it all the time at the shop and all around town.

She grabbed the handle and started pumping the gas, letting the pump run while she retrieved the squeegee for the windshield. The big truck was wide and high off the ground, making it difficult for her to reach. She had to stretch as far as she could, bending over the hood in her heels. Using one hand to balance and the other to clean the windshield, she could do nothing about the thong creeping up between her pussy lips. She could do nothing to hide the dried cum on her back now glistening in the pale light. She could do nothing about her nipples hardening and poking through her tank top. Her body was her best asset and her own worst enemy.

The guy in the car had stopped even pretending to look away and now stood just a few feet away, staring at her openly displayed pussy. Jake and Roy were both out of the truck, also admiring the great view.

"You know, my windshield is pretty dirty too," the guy said.

"Really? Cori'd be glad to clean it for you," Jake said.

"Sure," Cori nodded. "I'm just finished here anyway." She walked toward the car, squeegee in hand, conscious of all eyes on her swaying ass and jiggling tits.

"Hold on," Jake said, stopping her in her tracks. "I think there's a better way for you to do that. Bend over."

He took the squeegee from her as she bent over. Roy quickly pulled her thong down and Jake handed the squeegee to their lucky new friend. "I think that handle would just about fit, don't you?"

The guy understood immediately and grinned. "Absolutely."

Roy pulled Cori's pussy lips apart while the stranger dipped the squeegee handle in the bucket of washer fluid, then aimed the dripping rubber shaft between her legs. Cori grunted as the thick, stiff handle entered her, but Roy held her steady until a good five or six inches was lodged securely in her tight hole. Jake and Roy lifted Cori onto the hood of the car and she knelt with her ass pointing toward the windshield. They stood on both sides of the car, watching her while the stranger got in his car and watched the action from the driver's seat.

"Wash it good, up and down, side to side," Jake instructed. Cori shook her little ass and hips, humping and thrusting in all directions, doing her best to cover the windshield. She kicked off her heels and turned onto her back, spreading her legs and humping toward the guy's face as she pushed the squeegee to the top of the windshield. Jake and Roy grabbed both feet and spread her legs so that she was doing the splits across the hood.

Cori felt like an x-rated Tawny Kittaen in that Whitesnake video, bumping and writhing on the guy's car. She squeezed her pussy hard around the rubber shaft, partly to make sure it didn't fall out and partly to make sure that she didn't accidentally shove it in further.

"You missed a spot over here," Roy chided, pointing to a perfectly clean place in the lower corner. "It's going to take a little bit of elbow ... I mean, pussy grease to get it clean." Cori shifted her hips to apply the squeegee to the indicated spot and started thrusting her hips, pushing the squeegee against the windshield. "Harder," Roy demanded. She arched her back until the only points of contact with the car were the back of her head and her as she stuck her tits out and thrust her crotch lewdly.

She closed her eyes and grinded as hard as she could. She heard everyone cheering and kept it up until, suddenly, she felt water being dumped on her head. She stopped and looked up. There was a fourth man -- clearly the store clerk with his uniform and name tag -- standing next to her, dumping bottles of water over her head and chest, soaking her thin white tank top.

When he had joined the party, Cori wasn't exactly sure, but clearly he was a welcome addition by the guys, who all picked up bottles of water and started dumping them on her. Jake grabbed the squeegee, mercifully pulling it out of her and tossing it aside. She lay back on the hood of the car, spread eagle as they doused her water. Her tank top was useless at this point, soaked and thin and transparent, it clung to her dark nipples like Saran wrap.

"Water bath now, cum bath later!" Jake shouted. He grabbed her shirt and tore it over her head, then pulled her off the hood. "Now, look what you've done to this nice guy's car," he scolded her. "You got it all wet. Don't you think the least you can do is dry it off?"

"Of course," Cori said. "I'm sorry." She got some paper towels and turned to dry off the car, assuming they wanted her to bend and stretch again.

"Hold on," the clerk said suddenly. "I have something that will work better." For a middle-aged man at least 50 pounds overweight, he moved quickly, jogging inside the store and promptly returning with a roll of duct tape and some sham cloths.

Jake got it immediately and they quickly placed a sham over each breast, securing them both with wide bands of duct tape. They cut another sham into three small pieces, putting one each on her ass cheeks and over her pussy.

"Well, what are you waiting for," Jake demanded. "Start drying it off."

Cori hopped back onto to the hood of the car, laying down to press her tits against the hood. She slid and squirmed and twisted all over the car, doing her best to dry it with the few small scraps of fabric strapped to her body.

"Hey, you're going to scratch it all up," the driver said, pissing Cori off. Who did he think he was? First, he wanted her to do all this and now he was worried about his fucking paint job? "Lay still, slut. Let's do this right. Spread your arms and legs."

Cori lay flat on the hood, spreading her arms and legs as best she could from corner to corner. The guys then took up positions at each corner, each grabbing the wrist or ankle nearest to them. Then, working in unison, they slid her back and forth, up and down on the hood, pushing and pulling at her, each eyeing the deliciously perfect body displayed before them. They were all hard, ready to fuck her, determined to make her wear their cum. Cori's smooth, wet skin glistened in the light as she slid easily over the hood, her rubbery nipples putting up the only real resistance as they kept getting caught in the seems of the hood.

Cori had no control right now. She was at their mercy. They tossed her around like a rag doll, sliding her from one corner to the other. Soon, they started getting more aggressive, slapping her ass or groping her crotch. They flipped her onto her back and tore off all the shams, leaving her wet and naked.

The driver pulled his cock out and started stroking it. Just masturbate on me, Cori thought. No gang bang, please.

"We can't do this here," the clerk said. "It's always slow here, but still, someone else could come by. And once I get started, I don't want to have to stop."

"Where then?" Jake demanded.

"Behind the counter. It's enclosed in glass with a door. We can put her behind there. If anyone comes, we just keep her on the floor out of sight."

"Sounds good," Jake said. "Let's go."

He grabbed Cori's wrist and dragged her toward the store when they all were stopped in their tracks by flashing lights. Thank god, Cori thought. Sure enough, it was a deputy sheriff speeding toward them. He saw Cori and it was too late to run.

"What's going on, Howard?" the sheriff's deputy said to the clerk as he jumped out of the car and started toward Cori, his gun drawn.

"Nothing, Thomas," Howard said, holding out his palms. "We were just having a little fun with this nice young lady. She needed to go to the bathroom, so we were showing her the way. Just being gentlemen."

"Gentlemen, right," Deputy Thomas Vere said. "Looks to me like a gang rape in progress."

"You can't rape the willing," Jake said.

"Are you saying she willingly is doing this?"

"Yes, officer," Jake said. "I apologize for the indecent conduct, but she's a bit of an exhibitionist and, well, frankly a nymphomaniac. We were driving along and all the sudden she started screaming about how she wanted to be gang banged. Call me weak, but I find it hard to say no to her."

"I can understand that," the deputy said, taking in a good eyeful of Cori's gorgeous, naked, wet body. "Ma'am, is this all true?"

Cori didn't answer immediately. Her mind was racing. She didn't know if she could trust him or not. Tell him the truth and what would happen? If he joined in, it would be worse. They might kill her for telling on them. Lie and say it was all true and he might just let them have their way. She took a chance and blurted out, "No, they made me do all this. My car broke down and they picked me up and made me fuck them. And they were taking me inside to rape me. Please help me."

"You lying bitch," Jake spat.

"Let her go," the deputy said, pointing his gun at Jake. Yes! Cori thought. Jake let go and she ran to her rescuer.

"Grab your things and get in the car," he told her, "I'm going to get you out of here."

Cori ran to the truck, grabbed her bags and threw them in the squad car. She put her heels and thong and soaked tank top back on and jumped in the car. "Good night, gentlemen," the deputy said, dropping his gun and getting in the car.

"Aren't you going to arrest them?" Cori said.

"Now, I know those guys," the deputy said. "While I believe they might have been taking advantage of you, I don't know the whole story. And I'm not going to ruin their lives with some wish-washy rape charge. You're safe in here, you'll never see them again, no harm done. Why make it worse with arrests and trials?"

"Because they hurt me and they might hurt someone else," Cori demanded.

"You don't look hurt to me," the deputy said. "You look fine. Mighty fine."

"Fine, whatever," Cori said, disgusted. "Look, there's a rest stop. Can we please stop? I have to pee and I want to put on some dry clothes."

"Sure thing, miss," the deputy said. He pulled into the rest stop which had just two semis and one other car sitting in the parking lot. She jumped out and grabbed one of her bags, scampering to the bathroom.

Cori's mind was racing. She was mad at the deputy for not arresting them, but so thankful to have been rescued. He'd take her somewhere safe and tomorrow she could arrange for another car or flight and be back on track.

She dried and cleaned herself off quickly, then dug around in her bag for a new outfit. She wanted something not too revealing, but that simply wasn't possible. She settled for a a pink thong, a pair of tiny white-with-pink-trim terry cloth shorts that left several inches of thong visible at the top of her ass crack and several inches of butt cheek exposed on the bottom. Across the ass the words "Hard Body" had been stitched on in pink letters, a personalized gift from John, Cori remembered. On top, she wore a matching white-with-pink-trim terry cloth tube top. It was only about three inches wide, so several inches of the tops and bottoms of her breasts were visible. The tube top was so tight that it stretched across her tits, her nipples acting like tent posts as it went from one to the other without making any skin contact in between.

Cori knew this was a skimpy outfit, but she dressed like this every day -- and usually skimpier -- she really didn't think much about it sending a bad message. She thought it was cute and showed off her body nicely. Her pink heels were a nice complement, too.

But what Cori thought was cute and borderline acceptable, the deputy found downright slutty and incredibly sexy. His eyes popped and jaw dropped as she came walking back toward the car. Anyone watching would have assumed he had arrested a hooker. A very hot, high-priced one. He had been attracted to her before, of course, with her dark wet skin and amazing curves, but then he viewed her with sympathy, as a victim. Now, she was guilty of being sinfully hot.

"Better?" he said, trying to maintain his professional distance.

"Yes, thank you so much," Cori said. "I feel so much better now."

They got in the car and got back on the highway. "So, can you just take me to a hotel or something?" Cori asked. "I'll stay there tonight, then rent a car or get a new flight tomorrow."

"Sure," the deputy said. "It's about 10 miles to the next town. There's not much there, but there is a little motel with a diner in it. You can stay there."

"That will be perfect," Cori said.

"So, is this how you always dress?" the deputy asked.

"Well, I guess so. Why, what do you mean?" Cori asked.

"It's a little suggestive don't you think? I mean, if I saw you on the side of the road, dressed like that, I'd probably think you were looking for some action too."

"Well, this is just how I dress," Cori said. "It's not illegal."

"It makes it hard to believe you're a victim," the deputy said.

"But I am a victim!" Cori demanded.

"Really?" the deputy said. "Suppose I said I had an uncle who owns a private jet. Suppose I said he could fly you to San Diego tomorrow. Suppose I said you could stay at my house tonight, free. And suppose I said all you had to do to get all that was to let me have a little fun."

"You can't do all that," Cori said.

"Yes, I can," the deputy said. "So, what do you say? Are you such a prude that you turn down the answer to all your problems because you want to stick to your high morals? Or are you really a slutty nympho at heart, willing to trade your body for whatever you need or want? I know which way I'm betting. What do you say?"

"I don't know," Cori said. "I'm not a slut."

"All evidence to the contrary," the deputy sneered. "Look, I can drop you off and leave you on your own if that's what you want. I'm not going to beg you for it and I'm not going to rape you. Either way, it's your choice."

"A favor for a favor, huh?" Cori asked, thinking about the expense of a hotel and another car or flight. "No rough stuff?"

"Depends on what you consider rough, I suppose. I make no promises except that you won't be harmed and I will have you in San Diego by this time tomorrow. But this is a huge favor I'm offering, so don't think flashing a little T&A and giving me a handjob is going to be enough. I'll get my money's worth."

"I understand," Cori said, biting her lip. "It's a fair offer. I just don't know."

"Well, decide quick," the deputy said. "The motel is right over there. My house is about a five miles on down the road. Either way, it's time to make a choice."

"Your uncle will fly me for free?"

"I didn't say that. But I think he'd probably wave the charges for the same kind of deal."

"Fuck you tonight and him tomorrow and I'm there. No money?"

"That's right."

"OK," Cori said shrugging her shoulders, resigned to her fate. "I'll do it."

"Great!" the deputy said. He picked up his radio and told them he was sick and going home for the night. Then he flipped on the lights and siren and covered the last five miles at nearly 100 miles per hour.

Five minutes later and for the next 10 hours, Cori was handcuffed to the bed as the deputy alternated between fucking her ass, her pussy and her mouth. He didn't hurt her, but he was rough at times, jamming his cock forcefully down her throat or lifting her off the bed with his thrusts as he slammed her ass. He was fucking this babe, not making love to her. His aim was to milk as much pleasure from her as he could in the limited time he had her. In between sessions, he gave her water and fruit and treated her well.

Around 8 a.m., the deputy rolled off her and picked up the phone. He explained the situation to his uncle, who readily agreed based on the deputy's strong recommendations that she was worth the time and expense. Of course, to his rich oil-tycoon uncle, no expense was too great. If it only cost a quick jaunt in his luxury private jet to have some uninhibited sex with a babe less than half his age, well, that was a no-brainer.

The deputy fucked her again, spraying his cum across her face for the third time, then told her it was time to get ready to go. "Can I take a shower, please?" Cori asked.

"Sorry, no time," he said. "Just put your clothes back on, you look fine."

Cori put the terry cloth outfit back on, aware of the cum sticking to not only her face, but also the inside of her thighs, her ass cheeks, her bare belly and her tits. The deputy had been very thorough, to say the least. The terry cloth clung to those sticky spots as if held there by glue. She knew the dried cum had to be visible on her face as well. She wasn't uncomfortable wearing cum at all -- she'd done it many times -- but she wondered what others thought of her when they saw it. Did they realize what it was? Did they think she was a whore? Well, if I'm a whore, at least I'm getting paid well for it, she thought as the deputy dropped her off at his uncle's private runway.

The older man was gray-haired and distinguished, waiting patiently for his prize to arrive. He was in his late 50s, but thanks to his immense wealth and the personal training that afforded, he was in great shape. He often dated gold-digging, starstruck girls Cori's age or a little older and had little trouble keeping up with them most of the time. He did keep some pills handy for those all-night sessions and, after hearing his nephew's description of Cori, had popped one in preparation for her.

He was delighted when she stepped out of the car, her long legs and big, perky tits instantly drawing his cock's undivided attention. He noticed the cum on her face and chided his nephew, "Is that any way to treat a lady?"

"No sir."

"No sir is right," he laughed, "You cum on her face EVERY time, not just once or twice!'

"That's right," the deputy laughed. "I spilled a bunch on her tits and ass, but you're right, it looks best on her face."

"Kids," the old man, said shaking his head and looking at Cori, "they just learn the hard way, don't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"So, you and old Mr. Dennis are going to have some fun," the old man said. "Don't worry, Cori, I treat my women with respect."

"Thank you, sir," Cori said, "Your nephew did as well."

"Good," he said, "I'm glad to hear that. Just because you're a hot little slut with a body to kill for doesn't mean we shouldn't be civil, right? I mean, it takes a real man to be a gentlemen with your cock down some bitch's throat. And I assure you that I'm a real man."

"I can see that," Cori said, nodding toward his bulging crotch.

"Kind of makes your mouth water, doesn't it?" he said with a gleam in his eye.

"Yes, sir!" Cori giggled. The guy was kind of funny. If she was going to suck his cock anyway, might as well have some fun with it.

"Well, I know you're anxious to get to your step-father and I'm anxious to get to your sweet little pussy, so let's get going, shall we?" He motioned for her to go up the steps to get in the jet and he followed closely behind, his nose practically in her crotch the whole way. Cori couldn't believe it when she got to the top of the steps where the pilot and a flight attendant greeted her with an indifference that hinted they had seen her type board with the old man before. Cori was taken aback by the luxury of the private jet. It looked like more like a VIP room at some exclusive club than a jet. It had big, plush leather seats, a leather couch, a bar and subtle lighting that gave it the feel of a plush den.

"Wow," was all Cori could say.

"Wow," the old man repeated, though he wasn't looking at the furniture. His eyes were fixed squarely on Cori's perfect ass. "Hard body is right!" He was reading the words on her ass. The pilot subtly nodded his agreement and the flight attendant just rolled her eyes and smiled.

The pilot said they'd be ready to go in five minutes and the flight attendant brought them both a glass of wine. Cori took a few sips while the old man fondled her breasts, then felt between her thighs.

"I've had many a pretty young lady on board this jet," he said, "but none prettier than you. You're stunning."

"Thank you, sir."

"Normally, I'd like to talk to you a bit and get to know you a little, but we don't have much time and, frankly, I don't care about any of that other stuff. I want to fuck your brains out, you little slut. I may be old, but when I get going, I can still bang it pretty good. So, why don't you just slip off those little shorts and we'll get down to business."

Cori stood up and bent over at the waist as she gave her hips a little wiggle and tugged the shorts down her long legs. "Thong too?" she asked. "Hell yes!" The thong followed the same tantalizing path down those legs, with the old man's eyes darting from them up to the tasty little pussy that now stared at him with those thick, chewable lips just inches from his mouth.

He didn't enjoy the view for long, choosing instead to pull her back onto his lap, stabbing his cock into her juicy twat as she rode him, reverse cowgirl style. He reached around yanked her tube top down and grabbing two handfuls of big, firm tits.

"We're going to hit some turbulence here," the captain announced.

"Yes!" the man grunted. "Good work, Johnny. Keep hitting that turbulence. I'll keep hitting this."

Indeed, the turbulence added a bit of excitement as Cori jiggled and bounced on top of him, thrown from side to side and up and down as the jet powered through the rough air. She flopped around like a rag doll and the old man just held on for the ride of his life, his cock dancing and prancing in that most-perfect of pussies, holding back his rush of cum as long as he could. When he could wait no longer, he proved true to his word by pushing her to the floor and splattering her face with his thick, yellowish wad.

Thanks to the drugs and the kind of inspiration only a 22-year-old busty blonde can provide, he managed to get it up two more times, staking claims to her mouth and ass before dumping two more loads on her face. Unlike his nephew, however, he was a bit more of a gentleman.

"You may wash up now," the old man said as they prepared to land. "You should look nice for your step-father. I hope he gets better. Here's my card. If you ever need a ride, please don't hesitate to call me. Unlike my cock, my rates don't go up."

"Thank you, sir," Cori said. "You and your nephew saved me. I can't thank you enough."

**CHAPTER TWO: LENDING A HAND**

Cori left the jet and carried her bags through the airport. She hadn't told anyone she was coming, so no one was there to pick her up. She went to the front of the airport and, not surprisingly, had no trouble hailing a cab.

"You a porn star or something?" the cabbie asked as she got in.

"No, why, do I look like someone?"

"You look like you should be a porn star," the guy said, staring at her tits in the mirror. "Damn, you're a fine piece of ass. Dressed liked that? You're not a hooker or dancer or anything?"

"No, sir," Cori smiled, a little surprised by his directness. "I'm just a clerk at an auto body shop. I'm here to visit my step-father. He's sick. Can you please take me to the Sunny Day Regional Rehab Center?"

"Of course," he said. "What happened to him?"

"Stroke," she said. "He's been there for a week because he can't take care of himself. I'm going to take him home and take care of him until he gets better."

"He's a lucky man," the cabbie said. "You're as sweet as you are hot. You got a boyfriend? I'd love to take you out sometime."

Cori was actually tempted. She couldn't remember the last time a guy had asked her on a real date. Of course, at the shop her dates with the guys were all pre-scheduled. And so far on her trip, no one had said anything about dates. They just wanted to fuck. The cabbie probably did too, but at least he was trying to be civil.

"Thank you, I'm flattered," Cori said. "But right now I have to take care of my step-dad. But if you have a card or something, I'll be happy to call you if I get settled and have time."

The cabbie gave her his number, knowing she'd probably never call, but impressed nonetheless by her obvious kindness.

"Do you need a ride for your father to his house?" the cabbie asked when they got to the rehab facility.

"Well, yes, I suppose so," Cori said, "but I don't know how long it will take to get him checked out. I don't want to make you wait."

"No problem," the cabbie said. "I'll wait, no charge. Take your time."

"Thank you so much!" Cori said. "You're the nicest person I've met since I left Georgia."

Cori bounded into the hospital, her long legs carrying her quickly as her heels clicked along the pavement. The cabbie watched every step. As the saying goes, he hated to see her leave, but he loved watching her go.

As Cori would soon discover -- much to her delight -- in sunny San Diego with the beach and all that meant, skimpy clothing wasn't all that unusual. There were hot girls walking around in little skirts and bikini tops all the time. So, while any many would certainly take notice of her extra short "Hard Body" shorts, her visible thong, her long legs, her big tits and her barely visible nipples, it wasn't like she was scandalous. She was just hot, maybe a little slutty, but not entirely inappropriate. What a welcome change!

So, there was surprisingly little buzz when she walked into the center and approached the front desk. A friendly woman took her name and directed her to a room on the third floor where she'd find her step-dad. She got off the elevator and found the room, knocking once on the open door and poking her head inside the room.

Her step-dad looked very much like she remembered him. A little older, yes, but still tall and stout with a firm jaw and darkly tanned features which gave his skin a worn but distinguished look. He was sound asleep, but she was happy to see that he wasn't hooked up to any IV's or beeping machines. She quietly stepped in to use his restroom and, when she came out, his eyes were open, surprised to see her.

"Oh my, Cori!" he said, sitting up in bed. She noted that he used only his left hand to push himself up while his right hand remained motionless at his side. She knew sometimes that affected the facial muscles too, but his mouth seemed to be working fine. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to get you out of here!" Cori said, stepping forward to give him a hug, pressing her big tits against his chest.

"It's so good to see you," Norm said as Cori stepped back. His eyes looked her up and down, trying not to stare too long at his step-daughter's amazing body. "You look great."

"Thanks," Cori said. "You look pretty good yourself. You sure don't look too sick."

"Well, I am," he said, nodding toward his right arm. "I can hardly move my right arm or leg."

"I'm so sorry," Cori said, sitting on the bed, her tight shorts riding up even further on her thigh, her cameltoe clearly outlined and just inches from her step-father's fingers. "How do you feel otherwise?"

"Old," Norm frowned. "Not being able to do anything for yourself makes you feel old. I feel useless."

"You're not useless," Cori said in her bright, perky voice. "You're just recovering. You're going to get better and I'm going to help."

"Thanks, Kitten," Norm said, using his pet name for her. It had started when he called her CT (her middle name was Tamara), which evolved to Cat which became Kit or Kitten. She always called him Pap. "I appreciate you coming to see me, but they say I'll be here for a while."

"How long?" Cori frowned.

"Well, until I can take care of myself."

"You don't have to," Cori brightened up. "That's what I'm here for."

"I don't think you understand, Kit," Norm said. "I need lots of help. I struggle to feed myself, get dressed, shower."

"I understand," Cori said. "I want to help you with all that. You'll be happier at home, won't you?"

"Well, yeah, but I can't ask you to do all that."

"You didn't," Cori said. "I'm offering. No, I'm insisting. Now, please, I have a cab outside. Can we get you checked out?"

"I don't know," Norm said.

"I'll find out," Cori stood up and walked briskly out of the room. Norm found it impossible not to stare at her ass as she left. He had always thought she had grown into a beautiful young woman by the time she was 18 and from time to time he'd catch himself taking an extra peek at her tight little ass or those tits which had bloomed so nicely, but he never took it any further. He didn't want to ogle his own step-daughter right in front of her mother. But things were different now, weren't they? Her mother was out of the picture, Cori was here and looking better than ever, a fully grown woman. They weren't blood relatives. Was it really so bad for him to be checking her out, to be turned on by her dark tan, her magnificent curves, that incredible smile? Well, it didn't matter, he'd never have a chance to do anything with a babe like her anyway. He was old and breaking down. But, if she was going to take care of him, at least she'd be nice to look at.

Cori came back a few minutes later with a doctor and nurse in tow. The doc was blatantly staring at Cori's ass until he caught Norm looking at him, then pretended to look at some papers on his clipboard.

"Doctor Morton says you can go!" Cori said, excitedly.

"Really?"

"Yeah," the doctor spoke up. "You're still at risk, of course, for another stroke, but not a substantial one. With your medication, you should be fine. We'll want to see you back in my office in a week to monitor your progress, but otherwise, we were just keeping you here to help with your rehabilitation. If your step-daughter is going to be around, she can certainly help you. The important things are to do your exercises, rest as much as you can otherwise and keep your stress level down. It's just going to take time."

The nurse gave him a release form to sign and Cori packed up his bag. The nurse wheeled him out to the front door and Cori pointed to the cab. "That's our ride right there," she said. She and the nurse helped Norm into the cab, then Cori ran around and got in the other side.

"Hello, sir," the cabbie said, adjusting his mirror to get a good view of Cori's tits. "I hope you're feeling better. You have a very nice daughter. You must be very proud."

"I am. Thank you." He gave him the address and slumped back in his seat, exhausted.

"Oh, Pap," Cori stuck out her lower lip, pouting, "I wish you felt better. We're going to get you home and let you get some rest."

Cori didn't tell him anything about her trip or give him any details about the unique nature of her job back in Georgia. She just said she missed her friends but loved the west coast already and couldn't wait to see more of it.

When they got to the house, Cori paid the nice cabbie, tipping him a little extra after he helped take their bags in the house. The boxes Ben had shipped from Georgia were already there, too, and he helped move those inside as well.

"Well, this is it," Norm said, indicating his modest home. He was gripping a walker, dragging his numb right leg while Cori supported his left arm, helping to move the walker in unison with his right hand.

The house was smaller than Cori expected. She knew he wasn't rich and that the cost of living was probably high out here, though, so she didn't give it much thought. There was a living room/dining room combo with a small dining table, a coffee table, a sectional couch and a recliner. The kitchen was small but modern and a narrow hallway led to the two bedrooms -- Norm's master suite and the small guest room where Cori would stay. There was a nice pool in the back and a privacy fence around the small back yard.

"Sorry there's not much room here," Norm said, sounding ashamed of his house as he indicated Cori's guest room. It had only a small twin bed, a dresser and a old computer desk with a small TV sitting on it. There was a half-bath next to it. "You'll have to shower in my bathroom," Norm explained.

"That's fine," Cori said, ever perky. "I love it. This will be great. It's a really nice place."

"It's crappy and you know it," Norm smiled weakly, "but thanks for pretending otherwise."

In addition to the walker, the rehab center had provided them with a motorized wheelchair, which Norm would probably need to get around the house most of the time, and a cane, which he would hopefully graduate to as his body recovered over time. "You look tired," Cori said. "Why don't we put in bed and you take a nap? I'll make some dinner and we can eat when you wake up."

She helped Norm to the bed and he just let his body fall over into it. As she reached over to help move his legs, Norm was treated to an up-close view of her tight ass, her cheeks hanging out the bottom of the shorts. He could just make out the pink thong that split her ass cheeks and wondered if it had crept between her pussy lips as well or if it was hugging snugly against them in a cute little pink pouch. Either way, it was something he really wanted to see. If she had been on his left side, he might well have gone for it, but she was on his right and he simply couldn't move his hand, no matter how much he wanted to. It made him frustrated, angry.

"Fuck it all anyway," he muttered.

"What?" Cori asked, standing and turning toward him.

"Nothing," he frowned.

"Come on," Cori said, sitting that pretty ass next to him. "I know it hasn't been easy and it must be frustrating not being able to do what you want, but you'll get there. It will be all right."

"Easy for you to say. Everything's always sunny in your little world, isn't it?"

Cori was taken aback. He never snapped at her like this before. Had she done something to make him mad? Did he not want her there? Was he taking his anger at her mother out on her? No matter, she wasn't about to tell him that, no, sunny was hardly how she would describe abductions and near-rapes. She just meekly said, "Sorry, Pap, I was just trying to cheer you up. If you'd rather I not be here, I can go back to Georgia. I'm sorry."

"No, Kit," he said shaking his head, suddenly resenting his brashness. "I don't want you to go. I'm happy you're here. I just think you'd be better off going. I have more problems than just my health."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, my truck stop was hurting before this and now..." he trailed off. "And this house ... I'm way behind on the mortgage and the bank is getting impatient. Now all these medical bills ... it's just frustrating. I've worked hard all my life and now I have nothing to show for it but an empty bank account and a failing body."

"Well, you're not a failure," Cori assured him. "You're a good man and you're going to get back on your feet -- physically and financially. And I'll help you. I have a little money and I can work. Maybe after dinner we can look at your bills and see where I need to pitch in first."

"I can't ask you to spend your own money on me," he shook his head.

"I'm insisting," Cori said. "We might not be officially family, but other than my friends back home, you're all I've got and I'm about all you have. We better take care of each other. So, forget about all that stuff and get some rest. I'm just going to unpack and then see what I can find in the kitchen."

Norm watched her walk out of the room, drawn to her ass once again. He tried not to think about it, but it was impossible not to. Even in his weakened state, his cock rose slowly to life. He imagined stripping Cori's clothes off and squeezing those big breasts and fingering her pussy. He dared to let his thoughts drift toward ways that he could take advantage of his current situation to at least see a bit more of her amazing body and maybe even trick her into letting him get a few touches. The more he thought about it, the more he liked the idea. She was so sweet, he hated to take advantage of her like that, but hell, he was getting older and who knew how much longer he had left. He deserved to have a little harmless fun, didn't he? It wasn't like he was going to fuck her or anything, just have some fun. He fell asleep with a hard-on and a smile, the first time he'd smiled in months.

That hard-on was still there two hours later when Cori woke him up, gently touching his shoulder. She had noticed the hard-on, of course, but acted like she didn't. Why embarrass him? Besides, hard-ons during sleep were normal, she knew. "Pap, wake up," Cori smiled that sweet smile of hers.

He slowly opened his eyes, happy to see that she hadn't changed out of her scandalous pink-and-white terry cloth outfit. Her dark nipples were pointed straight at his face. "Hey, Kitten," he smiled, feeling his hard-on and wondering if Cori had noticed. He hoped so.

"It's time to eat," Cori said. Norm wanted to suggest she start with a nice big piece of sausage, but pushed the thought out of his mind. This is like soft-core porn, he told himself. Look a little, see what you want, but don't go too far. His right hand had been his sole partner since the divorce -- hell, most of the time before it, too -- and, though he had the desire, he told himself he had no intention of breaking that string with his step-daughter. While she was sexy as hell, he always knew her to be a good girl, sweet and caring to a fault. One false step might drive her away and he didn't want that. He needed her help, both physically and financially and the nice view was a definite bonus. No doubt, he decided, it was better to look but not touch.

That thought was seriously challenged a few seconds later when Cori was helping him up. First, her left breast rubbed against his arm as she helped him stand up. It felt every bit as firm as it looked and he felt her rubbery nipple scrape across his arm. Then, as she bent to adjust his wheelchair, her left hip brushed against his rigid cock. The realization of how close his cock was to paydirt at that point -- just inches from two of her very desirable cum receptacle holes -- made his cock flinch. Cori felt it, but pretended not to notice, quickly stepping aside and helping her poor step-dad into the chair.

Cori walked ahead of him toward the kitchen as Norm motored behind in his chair. In the small house, it was a short walk from the bedroom to the kitchen, but Norm enjoyed every step. Cori's ass was at eye level and it's tight, rhythmic swaying had him entranced. He imagined her sweet pussy lips, moist and pink, squeezed together inside that little thong. He licked his lips at the thought of what it might taste like. Her mother wasn't very sexual with him -- he didn't know about the jerk she left him for -- but she did have a sweet pussy. Cori didn't inherit much of her personality from her mother and her tits were considerably larger, her face much cuter, but if she had to inherit something, she could do worse than her mom's sweet cunt.

"Hungry, huh?" Cori interrupted his thoughts. He was startled, embarrassed at first, feeling he had somehow divulged his lusty fantasies. Then he realized he was licking his lips and she had innocently assumed he was hungry for food -- not her pussy.

"Yeah," he grinned, positioning the chair at the table and eyeing the grilled chicken and vegetables meal Cori had prepared. It did look good. Her mom wasn't much of a cook, but maybe this was another area where they differed.

Sure enough, it was a fine meal and Norm really was hungry. He set aside his thoughts of tits and pussy for a few minutes and his erection faded even though he had only to look across the table for a great view of Cori's impressive rack.

They talked casually, catching up a bit on the last few years and then turned to discussing what Norm needed from Cori. "I hate to ask," he said truthfully, "but I do need a lot done."

"That's why I'm here," Cori said. "Tomorrow we can look at the bills. What else do you need me to do?"

"Well, if you can keep cooking, do the laundry, grocery shopping and maybe clean a little. I never did clean much and I'm sure the place could use some work -- vacuuming, dusting and all that. The yard will need to be mowed and trimmed and I'm going to need at least some help bathing and dressing. I hope that doesn't make you too uncomfortable."

"Not at all," Cori assured him, even though the thought of seeing her step-dad naked did seem weird. She wasn't about to tell him that. It was hard enough for him to swallow his pride and ask for help. She wasn't about to make him feel like she was uncomfortable about anything. If she treated it like no big deal, that's what it would be.

"Oh, and you're going to laugh," he said, "but can you take me to get a haircut tonight? My hair is driving me nuts!"

"Sure," Cori laughed. "But I can cut it for you if you like."

"Oh, I didn't know you cut hair. That would be fine."

Cori quickly cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher, bending over at the waist as she did so. Norm felt his cock stir at the sight of her long, tan legs, those sexy heels and those short shorts riding up on her ass cheeks. She was like a picture in a magazine brought to life and placed literally in front of his eyes.

When she was done, she put down an old sheet and placed the wheelchair on it. She started with the hair in the back and he was surprised to find even the touch of her hands on his head arousing. A few times, her heavy tits brushed against the back of his neck and he felt her hardened nipples poking against him. He held his hands in his lap, covering his erection, which sprang to life when she came around to the side and one big boob filled his vision while she trimmed around his ears. Moments later, he could see nothing but terry cloth and cleavage as she stood in front of him, both round mammaries bobbling just inches from his eyes. He smiled to himself at the thought of having his eyes poked out by those pointy nipples.

While Norm was enjoying the show, Cori was oblivious to what she was doing to him. She had displayed her body so openly for so long, she had long ago lost her modesty. It didn't occur to her that her tits were in his face or that she might be exposing too much to him. She was aware of those types of things when she was trying to tease the guys where she worked -- she'd bend over certain ways, walk a certain way, etc. and she knew how to push their buttons. But she was doing none of that here -- at least not intentionally.

She finished cutting his hair and quickly cleaned up the mess. "Would you like a bath or shower before you go to bed?" Cori asked.

"Yeah, I think a bath would feel good," Norm said. "Are you sure you don't mind?"

"Of course not," Cori smiled. Norm smiled too, then tried not to think about it, quietly willing his cock to lay back down, which it reluctantly did.

Cori went to run the water while Norm did what he could to disrobe. Using his one good arm, he managed to pull his shirt off, but he was struggling with his shorts, working them down slowly. Cori saw his difficulty and quickly moved in to help, tugging his shorts and underwear down, careful not to look at his cock. She helped him scoot out of the chair and onto the edge of the tub and together they lowered him into the warm water.

Anyone watching the two of them would have laughed. Cori was obviously trying not to look at her step-father's penis for fear of embarrassing him in an already awkward situation and he was trying not to look at her tits, which were so tantalizingly close to his face, for fear of making her uncomfortable with an erection. Despite their virtuous efforts, it was a losing battle.

Cori washed his hair, pouring water over his head with a pitcher. As she did, the water splashed, gradually drenching her terry cloth top. By the time she was done, it was soaked and virtually transparent, the fabric heavy now and slipping down her firm breasts. Norm avoided the delicious site at first, but chose to steal a glance when she reached up to turn on some more hot water to warm up the bath. He was stunned at what he saw, her wet tits overpowering that poor little top, threatening to rip it to shreds. His cock lurched and it was all over. Moments later, his cock sprang to life.

With the bubbles in the water and her own avoiding gaze, Cori didn't notice the erection until she began bathing him.

"I can probably do some of this," Norm protested, reaching for the wash cloth.

"Nonsense," Cori said. "You need to relax. Let me do this. Remember, the doctor said lots of rest and low stress. You'll do your rehab exercises to get stronger, but bathing yourself isn't one of them."

She ran the wash cloth over his chest, then leaned him back against the tub as she ran the cloth under the water between his legs. She intended to casually wipe over the area and draw as little attention to it as possible. But she couldn't help but pause when she felt the firm shaft against her wrist. She consciously avoided his gaze and wrapped the cloth around his cock, intending to clean it while acting as if all were normal. As she rubbed it, though, she felt it jerk in her hand and she wondered how long it had been since he'd had sex. He had that erection earlier when she woke him up, too. Maybe he needed a release. Poor man, she thought.

"Kitten, I'm..." Norm started to apologize, but she looked at him and put her fingers to her lips, quieting him.

"It's OK," she said softly. "Let me help you. Just relax."

Norm told himself he shouldn't be doing this, but his cock clearly had other ideas and, apparently, his step-daughter did as well. Two votes to one, he thought. He settled back, allowing himself to gaze openly at Cori's tits now, concentrating on those impressive orbs, trying to will the top to fall off with his mind.

While the top clung stubbornly, molded to her nipples, it was ample visual stimulation when combined with the work of Cori's talented fingers. Her dainty hands were soft but surprisingly strong and tugged with just the right amount of force and a moderate pace. She gazed into his eyes, but his remained locked on her tits. She thought he was ashamed to look at her. That was partly true, but mostly he just wanted to see that amazing rack.

She discarded the wash cloth and reached under the water with her soft, wet hands, letting the soapy water serve as a lubricant while she stroked her step-dad's cock. She was impressed by it, she had to admit. It wasn't overly large -- probably about six inches, she guessed, an average size -- but it was very solid and thicker than most cocks. She wouldn't have expected such a solid hard-on given his age and current condition.

The splashing water was a bit of a barrier, so Cori let a bit of the water out of the tub until the top of his cock was protruding from the water. Then she resumed stroking his cock with one hand and began stroking his balls with the other. She used long, firm strokes that told Norm she had either done this before or was just a natural. Either way, it was terrific. Her fingers practically danced across his veiny shaft, stimulating the head and teasing his balls.

The whole thing took only a few minutes as Norm didn't even attempt to stop the inevitable. His cock erupted with the force of man half his age, directing several long, ropey jets of thick white cum directly at his step-daughter's chest. The first blast landed just above her tits, quickly leaking down her chest between her cleavage. One by one, the remaining globs splattered against her already soaked top as he grunted and groaned from the sheer pleasure of release.

Cori kept stroking, never pausing to wipe the cum off her chest or acting like she was anxious to stop. Norm looked at her and she responded with a beautiful, genuine smile. She was a giving person and she wanted to help her step-dad. Whether it was making him dinner, bathing him or jacking him off, if it helped him, that made her happy. She truly believed it was better to give than receive and giving him such pleasure made her day.

"I'm so sorry, Kitten," Norm said, looking down and shaking his head even as she milked the remaining few drops from his softening cock.

"Don't apologize!" Cori exclaimed, acting shocked that he would even think such a thing. "You're a man. It's completely natural. Nothing to be ashamed of at all."

"But you're my step-daughter," he said.

"So?" she said. "It's not like we had sex. Besides, we're not blood relatives anyway. There's nothing wrong with what we just did. You needed it and I'm just glad I was able to help. How long's it been since you've had sex?"

"I don't know," he said, chuckling. "Years."

"Really?"

"Oh yeah," he said. "Pretty pathetic, huh?"

"No," Cori said. "Not at all. You just deserve so much more than my mom ever gave you. I'm so sorry you had to go through all that. Maybe when you start feeling better, we can find you someone new."

"Yeah, right," he said. "I'm a little old for that."

"Old," Cori said, playfully splashing him with water. "You're just getting started. We'll find you one of those hot little beach bunnies and we'll see how old you feel. You'll wear her out, old man!"

Norm couldn't believe it. He had just lusted after his step-daughter, cum on her tits and somehow, she managed to not only make him feeling guilty, but actually feel better about himself. What an amazing girl Cori was.

She helped him out of the tub and into some boxers to sleep in. Now, they neither one were as shy about touching and looking. Norm still didn't feel it was appropriate to make an advance on her, but he wasn't so shy about looking at her tits or staring at her ass. He studied the cum that had collected in a pool atop the valley of her cleavage and noted where his other cum blasts were beginning to stain her top. He couldn't believe she was so oblivious to the sticky substance on her. Most women would have frantically washed it off, then thrown the top in the washer, cursing that he had ruined it.

"Hard body," he said, noting the words on the back of her shorts. "Do they sell clothing at that shop you work at?"

"No," Cori smiled. "One of the guys bought me this outfit as a gift. I probably shouldn't be wearing this. It's a little revealing. It's my fault you got all excited. I'm so sorry. I'm going to buy some new clothes as soon as I get a chance."

"No, no," Norm said a little too quickly. "It's not your fault at all. I love this outfit. You look so cute. Don't waste your money on new clothes. Sorry to say, but we'll probably need it for something else. I'm sure whatever you brought with you will be fine."

"I don't know," Cori said, suddenly feeling like opening up to him. "I have some pretty, um, revealing stuff. It's just that, well, the guys at the shop liked it. It seemed like it was good for business and morale and I really didn't mind. Most of the guys appreciated it and were, you know, nice about it."

Norm was angry at first. A bunch of men ogling and taking advantage of his sweet step-daughter pissed him off. Not that he could blame them, though. They certainly had good taste.

Sensing his anger, Cori soothed him, "It was my decision, Pap. They never forced me to do anything I didn't want to. It was a little awkward at first, but once I got used to it, it was fun. They were real gentlemen, Pap, I swear."

"Are you sure, Kitten?"

"Yes," she smiled.

"What kind of things did they make you wear?"

Cori proceeded to tell him how they had a schedule for her and every day was a different outfit -- mini-dress Mondays, tube-top Tuesdays, etc.

"And they paid for all this?"

"Every penny," Cori smiled. "So, the good news is I have plenty of clothes. The bad news is, I don't have hardly anything that would be considered normal attire. I don't want to make you uncomfortable or embarrass you in front of your friends, so let me just take $50 and I'll go to a thrift store and get some sweats and t-shirts and stuff like that. It won't cost much at all."

Norm hadn't thought about his friends reaction to Cori. The thought of parading her around in front of other people should have made him sick, but instead it was making him horny all over again. He absolutely had to make her wear her keep wearing skimpy clothes for him.

"No, Kitten," he protested. "You don't have to apologize for anything. You wear what you want, I don't care what anyone else thinks."

"Are you sure, Pap?"

"Absolutely," he said.

"Thanks, Pap," she said. "Look, I know it's early for you, but I'm still getting used to the time change and I'm exhausted. Do you mind if I go to bed?"

"Not at all," he said. "If you would, just help me get into bed and give me the remote control for my TV. I'll be fine."

Cori helped him in bed, then kissed him gently on the cheek. Once again, he watched her ass sway as she walked out of the room.

Cori was exhausted and went right to bed. She didn't bother to try to find anything to sleep in -- she simply shucked off her clothes and climbed nude under the covers. She thought about her step-dad. She worried about his health and his finances. She felt sad for him and wondered how long it had been since he'd had sex. He'd certainly been aroused by her earlier. She'd have to be more careful. He said she could wear what she wanted, but maybe it would be better if she stuck to her original plan to be less exposed. It was clear now that she was going to be here and she wanted to make sure things didn't get awkward. He was a sweet man who didn't deserve any undue stress.

For his part, Norm was feeling anything but stressed. Cori's arrival had given him a new lease on life, at least for one day. She had jacked him off and man, did she look good doing it. He couldn't wait to see her again. He didn't dare to imagine further sexual encounters with her, but just found himself looking forward to tomorrow for the first time in a long time. In his sleep, his inhibitions faded and he dreamt about various sexual couplings with his gorgeous step-daughter.

**Chapter Three: California Creamin'**

Norm woke up with his step-daughter knocking on the door and entering his room. He had another hard-on and thought Cori might offer to take care of it for him again, but she pretended not to notice.

Wow, Cori, thought to herself, for a guy in his condition, he sure isn't having any problems sexually. She thought about offering another handjob, but thought better of it. She wasn't sure how he felt about their relationship and didn't want to make him feel awkward. For her part, a little handjob now and then was no big deal if it would help him feel better. It could be relaxing for him. But if it made him nervous considering her age and their relationship, then that could adversely affect his health. Better to take it slow and offer only if the erections persisted.

Cori was wearing a little pink and white terry cloth robe that matched the outfit she had on last night. Norm was pretty sure she had nothing on underneath it even though the robe barely covered her tits and was so short that it stopped just past her ass cheeks. She bent over a bit as she made his bed after helping him into his chair and he saw that he was wrong. While he was certain she was wearing no bra, he now saw that she had on a pair of white bikini panties that contrasted perfectly with the nicely tanned skin of her ass.

After breakfast, Cori took a shower in the only full bathroom in the house -- the one in Norm's bedroom. The shower was a stand alone unit with a marbled glass door on it. Norm heard the water running and pictured Cori stepping in, her nude body all wet, soft and firm, round and flat in all the right places. He imagined the water running over her breasts, between her thighs, over her ass, down those long legs. If the real picture was half as good as the one in his head, he had to see it.

He wheeled his chair over to the door and opened it just a crack, counting on the sound of the water and the fact that anyone turned to face the water would have their back to the door to prevent any detection. He peered through the small crack and saw that Cori was indeed turned away from the door. She didn't know he was watching. The marbled glass made it hard to see anything clearly, but gave him enough of a look to know that he wanted to see more. He thought of a plan. It was deceitful and mean, but he was sure it would work.

He went back to the hallway outside the bedroom and lowered himself to the floor, pushing his chair a few feet away. As soon as he heard the water stop running, he started yelling, "Cori, help! Hey, Cori!"

"What's the matter?" Cori's yelled, concerned.

"I fell!"

"I'm coming! Are you all right?"

As he predicted, she hadn't taken time to dry off, let alone put on any clothes. She came sprinting out of the bathroom, her skin still glistening, water dripping off her golden body. It was hard for him not to smile at the sight, but he had to pretend to be hurt as he lay there.

She rushed to his side. "Are you all right? What happened?" She put her hands on his side, touching him gently, not wanting to hurt him. Her breasts hung over him, water dripping from her long nipples. For the first time, he could see her pussy. It was beautiful! Mostly shaven, she had a neatly trimmed patch of golden hair on her mound leading to what appeared to be an utterly edible pair of pink pussy lips. Norm had to be careful not to look for more than a second or two as she hovered over him.

"I'm fine," he grunted. "I think. I thought I could walk a little. Guess I was wrong."

"I guess so!" Cori laughed, relieved that he seemed to be unhurt. "Let me help you get back in the chair. Hold still and I'll bring it over."

She stood up and he looked up just in time to get a great view of her pussy. It looked so soft and inviting! She hurried back with the chair and helped him back in, paying no attention to his erection. She was so concerned with his safety, she never gave it a second thought.

"Thank you," he sighed. "I'm so sorry."

"Don't be sorry," she said. "I'm just glad you're OK. Guess you're going to have to start listening to me and let me do things around here. You're going to get better, but don't rush it, OK?"

"OK," he said. He hung his head as if ashamed, but actually he was watching a drop of water as it ran down her flat stomach, over that golden mound and right between her pussy lips. He wondered if she felt it tickle as it slid over her clit. He took a last glance before she retrieved her robe and put it back on.

"All right," she said. "If you're OK, I'm going to get dressed. Then we can get started on some of those projects you had."

"Actually," Norm said, his chest tightening, knowing his next words could make Cori mad or wary of his intentions, "could I pick something out for you to wear?"

"You really want to?" Cori asked. "Why?"

"I, well," he stumbled, then, angered at her for asking the question, blurted, "because I'm 62 years old and I deserve a little something good in my life. If that's getting to look at you in some skimpy clothes, well, that doesn't seem like to much to ask for someone who's been a good person, an honest businessman and has always had women leave me for jerks. I know it's wrong with you being so sweet and my step-daughter and 40 years younger than me. You're just here to help. But dammit, I want to have some fun. And I think I deserve it. And since you obviously didn't mind dressing that way for those guys you worked with, well, I thought maybe you would dress that way for me. But I guess that was too much to ask. Why don't you just take that little ass of yours and go back home? I've got nothing much left to live for anyway, so let me die in peace."

"Hey," Cori said quickly, holding up her hands. "Slow down. I didn't say I wouldn't do it. I'm sorry. I just wanted to be sure we had everything out in the open, here. The last thing I want to do is make you uncomfortable. I'm here to help in any way I can. I'm sorry my mom and other women treated you wrong; you deserve better. I can't change that, but I will do my best to make you happy, within reason. I think we should draw the line at what we did last night, but if that helps, I'll do that for you any time. You have a lot to live for and we can find you a woman who will see what a good man you are. Your business will get back on track. You'll see."

"Well," Norm shook his head, looking away, delighted at Cori's response but pretending to still be angry.

"Come on," Cori pleaded. "Help me pick something out to wear." She took his hand and helped him out of the chair, putting his arm around her waist to lean on her for support. She walked him slowly into her bedroom and eased him onto the edge of the bed facing her closet.

"OK," she said, smiling at him and opening the door. "Anything particular you had in mind? Dresses? Skirts? Shorts? Tube tops? Halter tops? Swimsuits? Lingerie? I've got just about everything in here."

"Wow," Norm said, nodding his head and unable to hide his smile. "They sure did buy you a lot of stuff. Well, I like fishnets and mesh stuff. You got anything like that?"

"All types," Cori smiled. "How about something like this? She pulled out an orange mesh top with matching orange hot pants. It would look hot, but the mesh was tight and not too revealing. At least her nipples wouldn't poke through any holes.

"Nice," Norm nodded. "How about that one?" Cori followed his finger to a light blue fishnet outfit with a tiny skirt that was far more risqué. She hesitated, then reached for it.

"This one?"

"Yeah, I'd like to see that one."

"OK," Cori said. "What else?"

"Got heels?"

"Of course."

"Then put all that on and let me see."

"What about a tube top under the top?" Cori suggested, knowing her breasts wouldn't be covered at all by the inch-wide openings in the fishnet.

"No, I don't think so," Norm gave her a devilish grin. "It's hot here, you know, better if you let things air out."

"I see," Cori smiled. "All right. Well, let me help you back out to the living room and ..."

"No, I'll watch," Norm said. It was a statement, not a question. He sensed he had a bit of an upper hand and he wanted to set the standard as high as possible while Cori was still reeling from his outburst. Once she had time to think things through, she might draw the line somewhere else. But if could establish precedent now, the fashion show, dressing and undressing could be a featured part of every day.

From Cori's perspective, it wasn't that big of a request. He'd already seen her naked a few minutes ago and he was going to see her half-naked all the time, now. So, she just shook her head and smiled, undoing her robe and tossing it on to the bed. She picked up the thong first and quickly pulled it up her long legs, pulling it into place between her ass cheeks and carefully placing it over her pussy. She looked at Norm and saw him staring intently at her crotch, taking in every delicious detail.

She turned, letting him get a nice view of the backside as she stepped into the tiny blue skirt. The skirt was not fishnet. It was made of light cotton and was cut into two small rectangular panels that served more as loin cloths than a skirt. One panel covered about half of her ass and the other dangled teasingly over her pussy. Both attached to a narrow waist band that she pulled up to the top of her ass crack. It was a light, flimsy piece of clothing that served strictly to tease and entice rather than to actually conceal anything. With every turn or move, the little flaps would flip up, revealing glimpses of her bare skin and thong. On the sides, her legs were bare all the way to the waist band, offering a nice profile of her curved ass and firm thighs. If someone wanted to, say, cop a feel of her ass, he'd have the option of going under the skirt or right through the side. It was a garment designed for easy access.

Cori then put on top. It was cut like a crop top with straps over her shoulders and around the back. It hung fairly loosely with the netting wrapping around her breasts, conforming to their shape. It extended only about a half an inch past her nipples, which poked right through the wide openings. Cori attempted to position some of the fabric over her nipples, but it was no use. The strands of fabric were far too thin, the openings were far too wide and, the looseness of the top prevented it from staying in place. No matter what she did, her nipples would be exposed.

"Outstanding," Norm said as she twirled, letting him get the full picture. "Now just add the heels and I think that will do it."

Cori bent over to dig in her closet, looking for her shoes while Norm looked at the perfect picture of her ass and pussy. "I can't find my blue ones," Cori said. "Will these work?" She held up a pair of clear stilettos and Norm just nodded his approval. She put them on and walked back and forth across the room, modeling for him.

"That will work," Norm smiled.

"I haven't seen too much of that smile since I've been here," Cori smiled back. "But I like to see it. Now, where should we start? Cleaning? Bills? Errands? Remember, we need to do your exercises twice a day."

"Well, I've got a little extra energy I need to burn off right now," Norm said, nodding toward his erect penis, "so, why don't we do some exercises, then maybe sit down and take a look at the bills."

"Sounds good," Cori said. "Now, they showed me what you've been doing, but said we could try some other things so long as it got you up and moving. We just need to work on that right arm and leg. Everything else seems to be working pretty good." She glanced at his crotch, then winked at him, stepping forward to help him out of the bed. She guided him to the living room, helping him to the couch.

She put a five-pound weight in his left hand and they started doing curls. He had no problem with his left hand, but on the right side he could only bring his arm up about half way. Cori helped him the rest of the way, completing the curling motion.

"That's good," Cori said, encouraging him. But she could tell he was getting angry. She remembered that Norm was one of those guys who seldom got angry, but when he did, it came on fast and was intense. The doctors had warned her to watch his stress level, which was part of the reason she had been hesitant at first to be sexual with him. But seeing his need for relief before the handjob last night, she knew that had been a stress reliever instead of a stress inducer. Anger, on the other hand, was not. Encouragement didn't seem to be helping, especially when he showed that he had even less strength and movement in his right leg. She saw his face turning red, his determined grimace turning to a frown.

Thinking quickly, Cori turned to the only thing that had brought him happiness since she'd been here -- her body. "Here, let's try this," Cori said. She stood up in front of him, her back to him. She bent over at the waist and picked up his right foot. Slowly, she raised it up and down. She was straddling his right leg and remained bent over as she counted the reps. "We'll do three sets of 10," Cori said.

It was a good thing Norm wasn't being relied on to count. His mind was elsewhere, lost in the valley between her legs, his mind picturing her thong being pulled away, her pussy lips spread, his cock penetrating her over and over again. His anger shrank as his cock grew. Emboldened by their previous discussion, he reached out with his left hand and grabbed a handful of her ass cheek. Cori stood up and turned around quickly, acting surprised, but she only smiled when she saw Norm grinning back at her. There was no sign of anger any more. Ahh, the power of pussy, Cori thought. Then she had an idea.

"All right, tough guy," she taunted. "If you think that's fun, let's see you do it with your right hand."

"Why should I when I can do it with my left?" Norm challenged. "What's the incentive?"

"What do you want it to be?"

"I get to put one finger inside you with my left hand for every time I can touch you with my right."

"Inside me?" Cori asked. "I don't know, Pap. I think that's going past our line, don't you?"

"Fuck the line," Norm said. "Do you know how long it's been since I've had my hands on a pussy? Especially a 22-year-old pussy? Stop being a tease and let me touch it. The faster I get better, the faster you go home. It's a win-win."

Cori wasn't crazy about the idea, but she was willing to do anything to help him get better. If letting him dip his fingers a few times would give him the incentive he needed, it seemed like an odd but small price to pay.

"OK," Cori grinned. "You're on old man. Personally, I don't think you can do it anyway, so I think you're going to have to be satisfied with looking, because you won't be getting your hands on this pussy today." She taunted him, smiling and rubbing her hand between her legs for added effect.

"You little tease," Norm sneered. "Bend over and give me a target."

Cori resumed her position, straddling his leg and helping him with his leg lifts. She locked her knees and bent over a little farther than before, making sure her ass was high in the air, her pussy waving in front of his face. She kept looking back, for two reasons. One, to keep teasing him with her come-hither looks and, two, to make sure he didn't cheat and use his left arm to lift his right. But Norm's efforts were honest and inspired. It was slow and painful as he grunted and tried to focus his thoughts on his reluctant arm rather than her apparently very willing pussy.

Slowly, he willed his arm toward her waiting ass, extending his fingers to the fullest, hoping for even the slightest touch of her delicate skin. He yelled triumphantly when he finally put his right hand on her ass cheek. The numbness in his hand prevented him from fully appreciating the soft warmth of her finely shaped ass and he couldn't clench his fist to get a good squeeze, but the primary objective had been achieved.

Cori jumped up and cheered as he slowly lowered his arm, grinning broadly as he watched her tits bounce up and down. "You better bend back over," he leered, "because I'm going for two, now!"

"No way," Cori teased. "You can't do two! You better be happy with what you got. Which finger do you want to get wet?"

The suggestion of her wetness caused yet another surge in his pants and Norm's right arm jerked a couple of inches back up again. The second time was actually easier than the first, but number three was a struggle and he was exhausted after that.

"Three's great!" Cori squealed, giving him a hug. "When do you want your reward?"

"Right now," he said, focusing his eyes between her legs. "Is it wet?"

"A little," Cori confessed. She didn't tell him that she was pretty much always wet, always ready. Ever since her days at the Hard Body Shop, her body had seemingly adapted to its call as a round-the-clock sex object. She might be called upon to perform at any time, so her body had conditioned itself to be ready at all times. Her sensitive nipples were almost always at least half-erect and her pussy was perpetually warm and moist. She couldn't explain it, she just knew that was the case.

"Got ya all wet just thinking about it, didn't it?" Norm teased. "You sure aren't a prude like your mother, are you Kitten? I don't think her pussy got wet once during our marriage. She was always stone cold. Show me how hot you are."

Cori sat down next to him on the couch and lay back against arm rest, putting one foot on the back of the couch and the other on the floor. She lifted the front flap of her skirt so that only a tiny strip of cloth now separated her pussy from her step-father's hand. She was spread wide for him, presenting his well-earned prize.

"Hot damn," Norm muttered under his breath, trying to soak in every detail before giving in to his urge to finger-fuck his step-daughter. He gently ran his left hand up the inside of her thigh then cupped her pussy, immediately feeling its warmth against his palm. How long had it been since he'd had his hands on a pussy like this? Hell, he'd never had his hands on a pussy like this, he told himself.

He grabbed the thong and immediately pulled it away from her body, getting a good look at the treasure barely hidden beneath. Her pussy was pink and plump and moist. He wanted to taste it, then fuck the ever-loving shit out of it. He could do neither. Not yet. Instead, he let the thong snap back down and then he pulled it up, forcing it to rub across her clit as it dug between her lips. She rocked her hips in response, letting her clit be stimulated by the thong. He looked up and saw that her eyes were closed. She was leaning back, enjoying it. Reward, hell, he thought, she wanted this all along.

He tore the thong to the side and cupped her pussy again, this time completely unobstructed. He squeezed it, half expecting juice to squirt out of that hot little peach. He used his fingers to splay her lips apart and took a look at that delicious opening and her budding clit. "Wow," he said. "Gorgeous." "Thanks," she whispered back.

He couldn't wait any longer, poking his index finger into her, finding her to be even warmer and wetter than expected. Her pussy welcomed his finger, squeezing tight around it while at the same time seeming to pull it further into her. This was just too good for only one finger to enjoy, so Norm added his middle and ring fingers to the party, pushing them all the way inside her, then spreading them out, exploring her thoroughly. She moaned a little and he looked up to see his step-daughter with her head back, her lips parted, her nostrils flaring slightly. Impossibly, her nipples were longer and harder than before. She's getting off on this, he thought.

Rather than risk her feeling guilty or changing her mind, Norm remained quiet, simply focusing on the task at hand, which, in this case, was finger-fucking her until she came. Man, how he wanted to see her cum. He continued rubbing and penetrating her pussy, feeling the temperature rise and the watching the fluids begin to ooze out of her. She started lifting her hips a bit, humping up and down, urging him to finger-bang her. He realized there was no reason to stop at three fingers now, so he added a fourth. When she just moaned and squealed instead of protesting, he decided to go all the way.

His full hand worked inside her until her pussy snapped shut around his wrist. What an amazing feeling! Her cunt had kidnapped his hand and wasn't going to give it back until it was done using it. So he kept pushing and poking and fist-fucking her, giving it to her harder and deeper as her moans grew louder and louder.

Cori couldn't believe this was happening. How could she let this happen? How could she be getting off on this? Was she really that horny? I guess when you fuck and cum several times a day, she thought, this is the result. She didn't know the reason and didn't care. She needed this. She needed to cum. She needed his fingers, his hand, hell -- his whole fucking arm -- to fill her up and get her off. She didn't care about the taboo relationship or what he might think of her. She just wanted to cream. And she did. Again and again. And Again. It was a triple climax as powerful as Cori could remember. Certainly she had been fucked better many times, but for whatever reason, she had one of the best orgasms she ever had.

She lay panting, basking in the feeling even after Norm pulled his dripping hand out of her. She heard him chuckling and was glad he had enjoyed it too. She should have been embarrassed to cum so hard, so fast in front of him like that, but for some reason she wasn't. She gave guys 10 times the pleasure she received from them, so if a good handjob got her off, she deserved it, even if it was at the hand of her step-father who was 40 years her senior. She sat up after a few minutes, not at all surprised to see Norm with his hard cock in his hand, lightly rubbing it.

"Guess the least I can do is return the favor, huh?" Cori said. She pushed him back on the couch and sat between his legs, holding his cock in her hand. "Just lay back, relax and enjoy it like I did," Cori said sweetly.

He had a bit of pre-cum on his cock, but not enough for proper lubrication. "We need some lube," Cori said, looking around.

"There's some lotion over ...." Norm turned to point, but stopped suddenly when he felt Cori supplying her own lube. He looked down and saw his gorgeous step-daughter hunched over his cock, gently licking up and down his shaft with her tongue, coating it with saliva. She never sucked his cock in her mouth, but Norm's cock twitched at the touch of her soft tongue and he waited breathlessly, hoping she'd go all the way down on him.

To his dismay, she stopped and used her saliva to resume the handjob. She didn't say a word or acknowledge what she had just done. Norm appreciated it, but he was also frustrated. What a little tease! She could lick him but not suck him? Well, maybe some other time. For now, his cock was rock hard and her stroke was perfect. He laid back but instead of closing his eyes, he focused squarely on Cori's jiggling tits with those hard nipples poking through the netted top.

Surprisingly, he held off for several minutes and soon Cori needed to supply some more lube. "Better add a little more spit," Cori smiled, leaning over. Norm saw his chance. He grabbed her by the back of her head with his good left hand and pushed her face toward his crotch. "What..." Cori asked, but before she could say anymore, her mouth was filled with his cock.

"No more teasing, Kitten," Norm scolded. "If you can lick it, you can suck it. Blow me, you little slut." Cori put up no resistance, but Norm held her firm nonetheless, grabbing a handful of her lovely golden hair to make sure she didn't try to twist away. Cori did anything but. She was surprised by Norm's bold, dominant move, but this was hardly an unusual situation for her and she had no trouble blocking everything out and focusing on her task -- giving the absolute best blowjob she could.

Sucking cock was actually a source of pride for Cori. She knew she was good at it and she liked to practice and perfect her techniques. She knew to guys, there was probably no such thing as a bad blowjob, but it was easy to tell from their reactions that hers were better than most. She attributed that to the fact that she was willing to use her mouth any way possible to provide pleasure. She deep-throated and gagged if that's what turned them on, she made her tongue move like a Riverdancer's legs if that's what they wanted, she poked cocks against the inside of her cheeks or slapped them against her soft lips if it made them happy, she sucked hard enough on both cock and balls to make her cheeks hollow out as if drawing an extremely thick milkshake through a straw. She had perfected each technique, which made her a great all-around cocksucker. Add to that the fact that she would willingly catch any load on her face or in her hair or swallow every drop like a kitten lapping up milk and she provided the ultimate blowjob experience for every man lucky enough to experience her talents.

She put all this expertise, skill and desire to please into her work now, trying a little bit of everything to see what Norm liked the most. Responding to his aggressive hold, she began by deep-throating him, feeling the soft head of his cock rub against the back of her throat. He moaned and humped his hips, thrusting powerfully for a man of his age and condition. He tired quickly, though, and when he relaxed, Cori backed off and began applying her tongue-twister techniques to his rigid shaft while she bobbed her head up and down on him.

Norm had never felt anything so good. He'd had a few blowjobs in his day, of course, but they were never this good. Usually it was a lot of sucking on the head and jerking with the hand. But Cori, his own sweet step-daughter, was displaying skills that hinted at more than a little practice. She wasn't using her hands -- it was all lips and mouth and throat -- and her ability to tease, suck and massage him all at once made it feel almost like his first blowjob. It was amazing. He maintained his grip on her head, watching her golden hair bounce as she bobbed up and down, maintaining a deliberate steady pace. She reminded him of a marathon runner and he suspected that, like a marathoner, she could keep doing this for hours.

He wanted to make it last that long, but it was all he could do to make it this far. When she pulled his cock out and slapped it against her tongue while she looked him in the eye, he thought he was going to lose it. When she stuffed him back in her mouth and into the side of her cheek, he did. He saw his cock pushing against her soft cheek and he thrust with all his might as if to puncture a hole in her cheek and drive his cock right through. He loved watching it force her cheek out, making her look like a squirrel storing away nuts for winter. He finally reached his climax and started spurting away. He removed his hand from the back of her head, expecting her to pull back or to at least spit it out. Much to his surprise and delight, she never backed off. She kept sucking. Then swallowing! Then sucking some more. She wasn't dodging it. She wasn't spitting it out. She was ingesting every drop and doing her absolute best to milk his cock for more. What a fantastic slut!

As Norm watched Cori lick him dry and clean up every last drop, grinning the whole time, he knew he had her. She was his now to use any way he pleased. He could manipulate her in so many ways now. He could make her feel sorry for him. He could make her feel guilty about her mom. He could shame her by reminding her of her inappropriate dress and slutty actions. Hell, based on what he just saw, he might not have to manipulate her at all any more. She might be begging him to fuck her. All he knew was that he had lots of options and they all resulted in his cock inside Cori. And as long as that was the result, he didn't really care how he got there.

But more than fucking Cori, he wanted everyone else to know he was fucking Cori. He wanted the neighbors, his friends, anyone and everyone to see what an amazing babe he had landed. Not only that, but he wanted them to see that she was totally subservient to him, putting all of her considerable resources to use to please him. No shame, no humiliation, nothing could overpower her desire to serve and please him. He wanted so desperately to make that happen. He was sure he could trick her into almost anything now, but taking that next step and making it public, well, that might be a tough task. It's one thing for a girl to act like a slut in the privacy of her home but to do it for all the world to see was another story.

Of course, he told himself, Cori had displayed herself every day at her old job. But that was in a small town, same people every day. This was San Diego. Crowds. Traffic. New people coming and going. That meant new reactions every time. How would Cori respond to that? He couldn't wait to find out.

All of these thoughts passed rapidly through Norm's head as he enjoyed the lasting high of a powerful orgasm and watched Cori carefully pull his shorts back up, gently tucking his cock inside. Then she stood up and adjusted her thong to cover her pussy, which was still wet and slick from her own orgasm.

"That was fantastic, Kitten," Norm said. "Where did you learn to suck cock like that?"

Cori was embarrassed, realizing now that her proficiency had probably given away more about her past. If he didn't already know, though, he was surely suspecting something. So, Cori told him.

"Well, Pap, please don't judge me, but those guys I worked with ... well, I didn't just dress up sexy for them to bring in customers. I also had dates with them every night."

"I see," Pap said, showing no emotion. Yesterday, this news would have angered him. Not now. He saw Cori in a whole new light. She wasn't a young girl who needed a father figure for protection and guidance. She was a young woman with amazing sex appeal who needed to be used for that very purpose as much as possible. He was indebted to the guys at the Hard Body Shop for recognizing that and bringing it out of her. Plus, they had obviously done a fantastic job of teaching her the finer points of cocksucking. He wondered what else they had taught her. "So, you had sex with them every day?"

"Yes," Cori said.

"And did you just give blowjobs or did you do more."

"I did more," Cori admitted. She actually felt good telling him this. It was like there were no secrets between them now. "Pretty much whatever they wanted. I mean, within reason, they never hurt me or made me do something I didn't want to do. I guess that's why I didn't mind, you know. It didn't feel like they were taking advantage of me. It felt like they cared about me, protected me and took care of me. In return, I made them feel good."

"Well, Kitten," Norm said. "I'm sure you think I'm mad or disappointed, but I'm not. I'm proud of you for being yourself. You're a very sexy young woman and you've not shied away from that. You've embraced it. And, along the way, you've used it to help you in your career. How could I be mad about that?"

"Thanks, Pap!" Cori said, feeling good about herself. "I'm so glad you're not disappointed in me. People always assume I'm a slut. Maybe I am. I mean, I pretty much fit the definition, I guess. But I don't feel like one, you know. I don't let anyone -- strangers at least -- treat me like one unless it's in some sort of role play or something like that. Does that make sense?"

"It sure does, Kitten," Norm said, grinning. This was getting better by the second. All he had to do was convince her that he didn't think she was a slut and he could make her do almost anything. She wasn't stupid by any means, but she was so sweet, so trusting of those she cared about that she was easy to take advantage of. He should have felt guilty about that, but hell, look at her, how could you not want to take advantage of that body? "You're not a slut, sweetheart. Sorry about calling you one before. I just like dirty talk sometimes, you know."

"Oh, I know," Cori said. "I do too. I like being called a slut and a bitch when I'm having sex. It makes it so intense sometimes."

"Good, because I can't promise I won't call you those things from time to time," Norm said. "Just know that I love and respect you."

"I guess that means this wasn't our last, um, session," Cori giggled.

"Hell no," Norm said. "I can't stop now. Stress relief, muscle rehab -- what better exercise to get me back on my feet? Now that you know I'm OK with it and I know you aren't creeped out by doing it with your step-dad, I'm ready to have some fun."

Cori was thrilled to see him smiling and lively. Seeing that change in his personality, that improvement in his movement, how could she be anything but pleased and proud of what she had done? And if a little sex could keep him happy and on that path to a full recovery, well, it was her duty to provide it.

That afternoon, Norm took a nap and Cori tended to the stack of bills, paying everything in full but dismayed that most of her savings were now shot. With more medical bills certainly on the way and Norm's failing business, it was going to be tight very soon. It was a good thing she hadn't wasted money on new clothes. Norm wouldn't have wanted her to wear them anyway, so it was all for the best, she reasoned. She'd have to find out more about his truck stop and how much money they could expect to have coming in.

When Norm woke up, Cori said she'd make dinner, but she needed to go to the grocery store to buy some things.

"I'll go with you and show you where to go," Norm said.

"OK, I better put on something else, don't you think?"

As much as Norm wanted to say no and make her flash her tits to San Diego, he knew this outfit went too far. Still, he wanted to make sure she was nicely displayed and insisted on helping her pick out a different outfit. Up until this point, he had focused a lot on her magnificent tits, but the girl had amazing legs and an incredible ass, too. He wanted to make sure whatever outfit he chose made that point loud and clear. Also, there were a lot of big fake boobs bouncing around San Diego, so it wasn't the size of Cori's breasts that he wanted to flaunt as much as the shape, firmness and those terrific nipples.

With these thoughts in mind, Norm joined Cori in sifting through her closet. He was turned on by every tiny garment he saw, but it was what appeared to be a simple white sweater that caught his eye. Upon a second look, it wasn't so simple. The material was soft and stretchy, like most sweaters, but unlike a typical sweater, this one was sleeveless and strapless. It would have to be tight and be held up only by her breasts. He liked that idea.

"Put this on," he said. It was a subtle change in his tone, but he was no longer asking, he was telling. If Cori noticed, she didn't let on. She started to take off her top and Norm added, "you can go ahead and take off your skirt and thong, too. This is going to be a whole new outfit."

Cori stripped completely and put the sweater on over her head. She was glad that he was being sensible about his clothes choices here. While going braless with a strapless, skin tight sweater was hardly modest, this was far removed from the virtual toplessness she had displayed all day. Though sexy, a tight white sweater was certainly an acceptable choice for the supermarket.

Norm watched the garment stretch around Cori's curves, happy to see that it was extremely tight and that the shape of not only her breasts, but also her nipples was clearly outlined. He hadn't selected a bottom piece to the outfit, but soon realized he didn't need one. The sweater was actually intended to be a mini-dress and came down about half way on her ass. If it had been the proper size, it probably would have come down past her ass and, though short, would have had the intended fit. But, since this was clearly a couple sizes too small and with Cori's large breasts and round ass challenging the limits of the tiny garment, it was far too short -- unless you wanted to show off her ass and legs. Perfect! Man, those guys at the Hard Body Shop really knew what they were doing.

While they had often made Cori wear this sweater with nothing underneath, she didn't expect Norm to have the same idea. "So, what do you want me to wear with this? A mini-skirt? Some shorts?"

"Nope, just this," Norm said. He held up tiny red thong.

"That's it?" Cori frowned. "But this sweater is too short."

"That's why you're wearing a thong," Norm grinned. "If it was four inches longer, you wouldn't wear any panties at all."

Cori clamped her mouth and put on the thong, a little concerned now about a public appearance in a new city dressed like this.

"Now put these on," Norm held out a pair of silky white thigh-high stockings which Cori rolled up her long tan legs, smoothing the elastic tops around her sleek thighs. He gave her a pair of candy-red stilettos next. "See, these match your thong. It's all color coordinated. Got any candy-red lipstick?" Cori did, adding that and then putting her hair in a ponytail at Norm's request.

"Fantastic," Norm said, admiring his prize. "You're going to turn some heads, that's for sure."

"Thanks," Cori said.

"Bend over a second," Norm said. "I want to see how this looks before we put you on display." Cori bent over and Norm watched the sweater ride up as her fleshy tan buns came into full view, split nicely down the middle by the red thong. Her pussy pouch was framed nicely by her tan thighs and the white stockings. He thought about dropping the trip to the supermarket, ordering pizza and just fucking that little pussy right now. But no, he knew he had to pace himself. He had only so much energy at this point and his cock was trying to convince him he was a much younger, healthier man. He'd wait until they got home.

Cori drove Norm's SUV to the supermarket. It was an older model with a lot of miles on it. It still ran fine, but the ride was a little rough. Watching Cori's tits jiggle up and down, Norm was glad he hadn't had the shocks replaced. "I bet that sweater's a little hot on a day like this," he said. "Here, I'll let you cool off a bit." He reached over and tugged her top down below her breasts. Cori just laughed and kept both hands on the wheel. Norm then pointed the vents at her and turned the air on full blast. Within seconds, her nipples went from semi-erect to painfully rigid. When they pulled into the parking lot of the supermarket, Cori pulled her top back up over her tits, but the rush of cold air had created exactly the look Norm was looking for. Her headlights, as they say, were on high beam.

Cori helped Norm into his wheelchair. She offered to push, but Norm didn't want to miss the show, so he said he'd control it with the motor instead. Riding along just behind her, Norm had an eye-level view of her ass as well as a great vantage point to watch people's reaction to her. Pretty girls dressed in revealing attire wasn't new here, so few did more than glance initially. But it was the second, long, leering looks that told Norm he had achieved the desired effect. They were noticing that Cori was more than just pretty. She was stunning. They were noticing that she had more than nice breasts, they were perfectly shaped and her nipples were sticking up and out as if straining to be freed from their constraints. They were noticing that her sweater was more than sweater and that her ass was hanging out the back. They were noticing that her legs were long, tan and slender.

They were noticing that, among all the hot girls around, Cori was simply a little bit hotter. And, he was sure, they were noticing that she was accompanied by a man three times her age. They no doubt assumed the truth which was that he was her father -- or step-father -- so Norm decided he needed to make it clear that this relationship was very sexual. As they passed by other guys, he would make eye contact and point to her ass and give a thumbs up sign. Or he'd point to her and then his groin and nod with a big grin on his face. Most of the guys just smiled back, nodding, not sure what to think. Some raised their eyebrows with questioning looks as if to say, "Really? You and her?" Norm loved it!

After a few minutes in the store, Cori's headlights dimmed slightly. They were still quite noticeable, but Norm wanted them to really stand out. He ushered her to the frozen foods and said. "I think I'd like some ice cream." Cori opened the freezer door to get some, but each time she'd reach for a flavor, he'd stop her and tell her to reach for a different kind. He had her bending over to reach ones on the bottom, then standing on her tiptoes for the ones on top. Every move displayed her body in a different way, showcasing her ass or her legs. A crowd of about half a dozen men were now circling around the area, pretending to be shopping while stealing glances at the perky 22-year-old blonde being shown off by the 62-year-old man in the wheelchair.

Norm noticed the crowd and, as Cori would turn away to reach for something else, he'd turn to them and smile, pointing at her bare ass or motioning toward her impressive rack. He was letting them know he was doing this on purpose. A couple of the guys started discreetly snapping pictures or shooting video with their cell phone cameras.

One guy -- a chubby college student -- got particularly close, his mouth agape and Norm motioned for him to come over. Cori started to stand up, but Norm shot her down. "Stay right there, Cori," he said. "Don't stand up or look back until I tell you to."

Cori, as was her nature, obeyed. She knew he was up to something, but she trusted him. He wouldn't let her be hurt, so let him show her off if he wanted.

"Go ahead and grab it," Norm said to the kid, nodding to Cori's ass. "You know you want to."

"Really?" the guy sputtered, his hands trembling.

"Yes," Norm said. "She loves it. Go ahead."

The guy didn't waste a second, immediately turning and grabbing the hottest ass he'd ever seen. "How's that feel?" Norm asked.

"Damn, she's hot!" the kid said. "Her ass is so tight!"

"Slap it," Norm said. The guy smacked her ass lightly, watching the buns jiggle. "Now, touch that pussy."

The guy looked around nervously, noticing that his fellow gawkers were doing a great job of distracting other shoppers, either blocking their view or engaging them in conversations. He didn't have long, probably, but he had a few seconds. Grabbing the thong in his left hand, he pulled it away from her pussy and ran his fingers along the cleft of her pussy. It was so wet!

"Damn," he said, quickly pulling away and turning back around before someone saw him. "She's fucking wet."

"Told you she loved it," Norm said. "Thanks, my friend. Cori, turn around and lick your cunt juice off this nice man's fingers, please."

Cori, straightened up slowly, surprised that her step-father had taken this extra step. In just a few short hours, the line had moved from handjob to blowjob to public display and now, it seemed, to actually letting other men touch her. This day was getting crazier by the second and Cori realized she had lost control. In her haste and desire to make Norm happy, she had let things go way too far. But there was no turning back now, was there? Try to stop it now and he'd just get angry again, then depressed. And it would be all her fault. What choice did a loving step-daughter have but to live with her mistake and obey her step-father?

She stood up, turned around and looked at her finger-buddy for the first time. He just grinned and held up his hand, showing her his moist fingers. Looking around at the crowd of onlookers, Cori gently put his fingers in her mouth and licked her own juices off him.

"Imagine that on your cock," Norm said to the guy. "Let me tell you, there's nothing better in the world."

"You're a lucky man," the kid said. "Anytime you need a little help, um, satisfying her, you just give me a call."

"You betcha," Norm said. Then he turned back to Cori. "I want vanilla."

Cori put the ice cream in the buggy. She was back on high beam thanks to the frozen coolers and everyone in the area saw it. Norm just pumped his fist in the air behind her, celebrating his accomplishment.

Cori was worried about what had just happened, but calmed herself, telling herself that he was just having fun. He was like a teenage boy, hormones raging, acting silly. He'd been through so much, he deserved to be a little immature, Cori thought. And if he enjoyed the fantasy of showing her off, well, she'd have to suck it up and play along.

When a guy asked her which kind of melons to buy, she innocently replied, "The firmer the better." When Norm told her to get some meat from the deli, she coyly asked for "a pound of sausage," careful to emphasize the word sausage and make sure that everyone around her heard her. What she didn't see was Norm sitting behind her, pointing at his crotch and mouthing the words to everyone, "I've got her meat right here!" then raising his left hand and pretending to slap her ass.

When two giggly teen boys came up and asked her where the milk was while staring right at her chest, she politely said, "there are some big jugs right over there."

She knew this game well and she played it perfectly. It seemed silly to her, men acting like little boys, giggling and laughing as if they were pulling one over on her. But Norm didn't let anyone else touch her, so she thought maybe he was regretting that too. If that was the case, she could put up with the other stuff. It was actually kind of fun to be shown off sometimes when she felt safe and in control. The disapproving looks of some of the other women in the store didn't matter to her so long as she was safe and Norm was happy.

And Norm was definitely happy. He loved showing her off even more than he thought he would. All of the other guys were so jealous, so amazed. She was so gorgeous, so damn sexy and she was all his. He wanted to invite them all to come and squeeze her tits and ass, to feel how hard her body was, how firm and yet so soft where it counted. He wanted to spread her out right there in the middle of the store and pull her pussy lips apart so everyone could get a good look at the tasty twat he planned to make his later tonight. He wanted to do all that, but he knew he had probably already done too much. He wondered if the store cameras had caught any of it, if anyone had filed a complaint. The last thing they needed now was an arrest for public indecency. Plus, Cori seemed to tense up for a bit after the ice cream incident, so he thought maybe he better back off. Oh, there would come a time when he'd spread her wide for the world to see, but it was going to take a little time. He just had to keep pushing her in that direction, testing her, stretching the boundaries before shattering them. Oh yes, the time would come.

They finished picking out their food and other essentials -- including three supersize bottles of baby oil as Norm pictured Cori covered in the stuff, all slippery and glistening -- and checked out. Norm had Cori buy a pack of lollipops in the checkout lane and told her to eat one. She immediately opened the pack and popped one in her mouth. Never had sucking a lollipop gained so much attention. Norm saw at least 20 guys leaning and craning their necks, trying to watch Cori work on the lollipop as they walked oh-so-slowly toward the exit. Cori played along well, using her lips and tongue to suck on the round red candy ball, then even stuffing it into the side of her cheek and pumping it back and forth. Norm gave the awed onlookers a final thumbs up as he wheeled out of the store.

When they got to the car, Cori helped Norm out of his wheelchair and into the car. Norm looked over her shoulder and noticed a group of young college guys checking Cori out from a few yards away. He decided to give them an even better show. Norm had his hands on Cori's waist for support as he took the couple of steps from the chair to the car. Getting a grip on the tight sweater, he pretended to fall on his bad leg, pulling her sweater down in the process. Out popped her tits, pokey nipples and all. The guys cheered as Cori hurriedly helped Norm up.

Her concern was totally with him. This was one time when he really did fool her. She thought he had fallen and was scared that he was hurt. She paid no attention to her bared chest or the horny guys who were watching. She helped him up and into the car and Norm flashed a grin and a thumbs up to the audience, letting them know he had done it on purpose just for them.

As soon as he was in his seat, Cori pulled her top up and hurried around to the driver's side, ignoring but not offended by the catcalls that followed. Amazingly, she had kept the lollipop in her mouth the entire time and was still sucking away as they pulled out of the lot.

As excited as he was by the whole turn of events, Norm was also touched by Cori's pure heart. She had no hidden agenda. She had no false pride. She wanted only to take care of him and make him happy. She was sweet and he should feel guilty about taking advantage of her. Oddly, though, he didn't. All his life Norm had been a good guy. He'd done the right things, been fair, honest and law-abiding. He was a good friend and good citizen. He'd never treated women with anything but respect. And he respected Cori as much as any person he had ever met. So why was he doing this? Because he could? Because he felt like he deserved it? Because it just felt so damn good to be bad for once? He didn't know, but he glanced at Cori's bare thigh, pictured her again covered in baby oil and any doubts went out the window. He was going to fuck her tonight. And tomorrow. And the next day. And he wasn't going to feel the least bit guilty about it.

**CHAPTER FOUR: HERE KITTY, KITTY**

After dinner that night, Cori again helped Norm with a bath. When she was kneeling down next to him, he acted like he slipped a bit in the tub, resulting in a splash that soaked the front of her sweater and made it nearly transparent. It also made it that much heavier and tighter and it began sliding down over her breasts inch by inch until the top band was resting atop her nipples, which held it up like two nails supporting a wall-hanging. Norm wanted to lean over and chew a hole through that sweater and then gnaw on her tits, but he resisted.

His cock was hard and he made no efforts to conceal it. "Want a hand with that?" Cori asked, reaching between his legs. Norm pushed her hand away with his left arm.

"Nope, not like that," Norm said.

"Oh, you want another blowjob, huh?" Cori grinned.

"Yes, but not now," Norm said. "You know what I really want." He glanced between her legs. "You've been teasing me with that little pussy of yours since you got here. Well, it's time for the teasing to end."

"I see," Cori said. This didn't really surprise her, but she would have felt a little more comfortable keeping it at the level of teasing, handjobs and blowjobs. To her, this was more intimate, carried a little more meaning. "Do you think you're up to it after that fall tonight?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" he said, thrusting his erection even further out of the water. "You're going to have do most of the work, but I'm sure you've ridden one of these before."

"Yes," Cori said. "It's one of my favorite positions."

"Good," Norm said, "because I imagine it will take some time before I can try many other ones. But in the meantime feel free to hop on board any time you feel like."

"You're silly, Pap," Cori giggled. "Here, let's get you out of there and into bed."

"I was thinking more like out of here and into you," Norm leered.

"You know if that's what you want, you can have it," Cori said, helping him stand up and then drying him off while he balanced himself against the wall. "I haven't said no to anything you've asked for yet, have I?"

"Nope, and so long as you keep it that way, we're going to have lots of fun," Norm said.

He was excited, happy, looking forward to the future. Cori smiled to herself. Norm's change in attitude was all that affirmation she needed. She knew now, that no matter what someone else might think, she was doing the right thing.

Minutes later, Cori eased Norm into bed, laying him on his back. He was naked, his cock obscenely erect, his left hand groping her ass. "Would you like me to put on something more suitable for bedtime," Cori asked innocently, nodding toward her soaked sweater dress.

"Sure," Norm grinned. "I trust you. You know what I like."

Cori made a show of walking out of the room, shaking her ass along the way for him. It took her only a few minutes to strip, freshen her makeup and perfume and put on some black thigh-high stockings, a black g-string, a sheer black half-top that was very low cut and sleeveless, held up by a strap that tied behind her neck. It extended to about halfway between her tits and her navel, hugging her narrow waist tightly. She added some black heels for show, but expected she'd be out of them shortly. She let her hair down, checked herself in the mirror one more time, and started a slow, sexy walk back toward the bedroom.

When she got to the doorway, Norm stopped her in her tracks. "Let me get a good look," he said. "Turn around. Bend over. Nice." He examined his prize from all angles, then commanded, "Crawl to me, bitch."

"Crawl?" Cori asked."

"You heard me, Kitten," Norm said, "Crawl over here and climb into bed. I've got something I want to give you." He wagged his cock back and forth.

"Mmmm," Cori said, dropping to her hands and knees and crawling slowly toward him. Her heavy breasts strained at the tight top and the g-string dug deeper into her crevices with each movement. "Like this?" she asked innocently, looking up at him.

"I'm not sure," Norm teased. "Turn around and try it again." Cori spun around in the opposite direction, making sure her ass was pointed directly at him as she sensuously crawled back toward the door, then turned around and made her way back toward him again, maintaining eye contact the whole way.

"Climb up here," Norm said. Cori kicked off her shoes and scrambled onto the bed. "Hop on," Norm said, nodding toward his crotch.

"Hold on," Cori smiled. "Don't you want me to get rid of this?" she tugged at her little g-string.

"Of course," Norm growled. "Give it here."

Cori peeled it out of her ass and pussy and down her long legs, handing him what amounted to little more than a piece of thread. Already, it had marinated in her juices long enough to smell like pussy. Norm held it to his nose, inhaling her aroma.

"Hot and wet," he nodded. "Judging by these, you're ready. So stop stalling and hop on. I need some pussy."

Cori waited no longer, quickly straddling him and lowering her pussy to meet his rigid cock. She brushed her pussy lips against his shaft a couple times, then, rose up to line herself up, and dropped directly onto his cock, lowering herself steadily until his entire cock was inside her.

Norm's cock jerked and he had to fight to keep from cumming already. With some deep breaths he calmed himself and focused on enjoying the view as Cori began a slow, steady ride, gently rising and lowering as if trying to massage his cock with her pussy. It was slow, sensual and hot as hell. Norm managed to get his right hand as far as her creamy thigh but his left hand more than made up for any shortcomings. He grabbed the neckline of her top and yanked it down, exposing her breasts which squeezed out through the narrow opening and were mashed together by the skin-tight top. This worked out perfectly, as he was able to fondle both nipples at the same time.

Norm was ecstatic. She was gorgeous and riding him like a pro. Her pussy was magnificent – even better than he expected and he loved the fact that she was getting into it too. Her wet pussy and hard nipples – not to mention the sexy outfit and crawling on the floor – told him this was fun for her too. Fucking slut, he thought, gleefully. Man, how could things go from so bad to so good in one day? The only answer, of course, was Cori. He wanted desperately to hold off and enjoy this ride all night, but she was just too hot, too good. Well, if he couldn't go all night, he could sure make sure she was fucked good and hard.

"Faster, bitch," he said. "Come on, giddy up, Cori! Ride me, ride me, ride me!" His left hand was cupping her right ass cheek now, using the strength he did have to help her go up and down faster and higher. She didn't really need the help, though. Cori was in outstanding shape and put her body in high gear, thrusting and humping with all her might. Her tits were a blur, shaking and jiggling all over, moving as one thanks to the opening of the tight top squeezing them together. She was sweating now, bumping and grinding as hard as she could. She moaned and gasped openly, not trying to hide her arousal or her effort. She was putting everything she had into this.

Norm watched the amazing young woman who he used to think of as his sweet, innocent step-daughter. He watched her performing like a wanton nympho, a sex goddess, not only before his very eyes, but aboard his very cock. It was better than any dream he could have imagined, better than any fantasy he ever had.

He erupted inside her with a furious thrust of his hips, shooting his wad deep inside her. He coated her moist pussy walls with thick gobs of sticky spunk as she slowed from a gallop to a trot, gently rising and falling on him, milking him with her pussy until his cock reluctantly went soft. She rolled off him and lay next to him on the bed. She had already caught her breath and moaned softly. She hadn't cum, but she was still basking in the after-glow of a rousing romp.

"Damn, that was amazing," Norm said. "You're unbelievable."

"Thanks," Cori smiled. "You did pretty well yourself. I thought you were an old man."

"Hell, I'll show you old," Norm said. "Have that pussy ready because in 20 minutes, it's going for another ride."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Cori said. "You should rest now. Don't worry, I'll be back here in the morning."

"Back?" Norm said. "You're not going anywhere. You're sleeping right here with me. I may need some attention in the middle of the night. And I'm definitely going to need it in 20 minutes." Norm groped between her thighs with his left hand, diddling her juicy twat, feeling the moist cauldron of her juices and his mixed together in her steamy slit. "Damn," he said again. "I had no idea you had turned into such a hot bitch."

Cori could see by the look in his eyes and the tone of his voice that he wasn't going to sleep anytime soon. So, she decided to do a 180 on him. "All right, old-timer," she taunted. "If you think you can get it up again, I've got a wager for you. I bet you can't get it up again in less than 30 minutes."

"You're on," Norm said. "What do I win?"

"I'll serve you breakfast in bed and wear anything you want while I do it," Cori said. Hell, that would be the case anyway, Norm thought, but what the hell. He'd play along.

"And what if you win?" Norm said. "If I win, you rest for one whole day. No sex, no exercise, just bed rest."

"Hmmm," Norm grunted, not liking the sound of that at all. It was a slight risk, but he looked at the wet dream sitting in front of him and decided he needed her once more before bed, no matter what. "You're on."

"Wait," Cori said. "We need some ground rules. You can't touch yourself or me."

"Well, I need some sort of stimulation," Norm said.

"Like what?"

"You perform for me – do whatever I tell you. I can't touch you, but you can't say no to my requests. If you do, the deal's off."

"Fair enough," Cori said. "Are you ready to start?"

"Not yet," Norm said. "Do you have any sex toys in that big box they sent you?"

"Yeah," Cori said. "I've got some dildos and vibrators. Maybe a butt plug."

"Get them," Norm said. "The clock starts when you get back."

Cori went to get the toys from her bedroom and Norm went as fast as he could on his walker to his medicine cabinet. He popped one of the little blue pills he had leftover from a prescription he had gotten filled over a year ago in anticipation of a date. The date hadn't worked out, but he was glad now that he hadn't wasted the pills on a lesser piece of ass. He had tried one just for fun one time and knew it worked – at least it did pre-stroke. He supposed he shouldn't be taking this in his condition, but he didn't really care. If it was his time to go, what better way than with six inches buried inside Cori?

He was half way back to the bed when Cori returned. "What are you doing?" she asked. "Just had to pee," he said. "Oooh, nice selection." He took quick stock of the goodies Cori had brought back with her. There were three dildos, all 10 inches or larger, two vibrators, a butt plug and two strings of anal beads. "You've used all that before?"

"Yeah," Cori said. "The guys liked it sometimes, you know."

"I bet they did," Norm said, carefully easing back into the bed with Cori's help.

"All right, time starts now, old man," Cori said. "You've got 30 minutes to get some lead back in that pencil."

"Then quit wasting time and show me how you fuck yourself with one of those dildos. And take that fucking sweater off and put your heels back on."

Cori took off the sweater, leaving herself nude except for the heels which she put back on. She sat in a wide chair in the corner, facing Norm and throwing her legs over the arms. She selected one of the dildos and pulled her pussy lips apart with one hand, guiding the thick dildo gently inside her. Still very moist, her cunt offered little resistant and she pushed it about half way in, then started fucking herself with it with long, slow strokes.

"Deeper and faster," Norm ordered. "All the way in, all the way out as fast as you can."

Cori obliged, ramming the full 10 inches inside her, then pulling it all the way out. Norm got a good look at her pussy remaining open for a just a second, like a baby bird opening its mouth, ready for more food. Before the tight lips could snap shut, Cori drove the dildo back inside, slapping it in so hard that she hit her pussy mound with the heel of her hand. She kept this up for a few minutes, then pulled it out at Norm's request.

"Shove it up your ass," he said. "All the way and leave it in."

Cori shifted her hips a bit and pulled her legs up against her chest, exposing her tight asshole. The dildo was sufficiently soaked with pussy juices but still went in slow and hard. Norm could tell that her asshole was quite tight. He was sure the guys had fucked it many times, but it still seemed like it was in need of a good stretching. If only he had a 12 inch monster cock to do it with! Still, his six incher would fill her up just fine.

Gradually, she worked the whole dildo inside her, not stopping until it was all the way to the base. Back in her days at the shop, Cori had been slow to embrace the pleasure of anal fucking. It was uncomfortable and sometimes painful, but the guys had seemed to enjoy it so much that she hated to say no – and she knew if she had, they would have respected that wish. That's just how they were with her. But she had kept letting them try it and gradually grew to not only tolerate it, but enjoy it. Once she learned how to relax her hard body and accept the cock or dildo or whatever was penetrating her, she started appreciating the feeling of being completely filled. There was certainly something enjoyable about having a guys balls slapping against your pussy while he pounded away at your ass. Plus, there was the taboo aspect. It was a dirty, utterly submissive act and that turned her on even more. Her attitude toward anal sex had changed so much that she had actually had orgasms from a good ass fuck. While she would always take a good pussy pounding first, she no longer even flinched at the notion of having her ass drilled.

So, it was no act when Cori squirmed in the chair, humping her hips a bit, enjoying the feel of a 10-inch dildo in her ass. She was so horny. She wanted to touch her clit, but waited for further instruction from Norm. Her body didn't belong to her right now; it was his to command and direct.

"Stick some of those balls up your pussy," Norm said. He was staring at her intently, eyes locked on the area between her wide-spread legs, studying her ass and pussy, thinking of all the things he wanted to watch her do.

Cori picked up one of the strands of silver medal balls – this one had three balls on it, separated by about four inches of string. She inserted the largest ball first, pushing it inside her slowly as her pussy gave it a juicy kiss and slurped it inside. The next two balls followed easily and Norm pictured the first, largest ball stretching her inside, pushing against those walls, separated from the dildo in her ass only by a few thin layers of tissue. He wondered if she could feel them rubbing together inside her, if she could feel the balls jostling around.

"Now, get up and walk across the room," Norm said. Cori got up and moved slowly across the room, taking small, gingerly steps while she clamped her ass and pussy to make sure everything stayed in place.

"Jump up and down," Norm said.

Cori turned to face him and began bouncing up and down on her tip toes. "I said jump," Norm said. "Higher." She jumped several inches off the ground, careful about landing on her heels. Her tits bounced and jiggled and Norm was treated to a symphony of tit meat slapping together and the balls jingling inside her pussy. It was music to his ears.

He told her to stop after a few minutes. "Do the splits on the ottoman," he said, nodding toward the flat leather mini-couch at the foot of the bed. Cori just grinned as she climbed on the furniture. She had been around plenty of kinky guys and done plenty of kinky things, but she was surprised at her step-dad's devious mind. She thought of him as straight-laced and pretty normal. Obviously, her opinion had changed drastically the last couple of days, but other than the supermarket trip, he hadn't been all that wild. She could see now, though, that she had opened up a side of him that she had never seen and that, maybe, he had never shown anyone. She could see the wheels turning in his head as he studied her body and wondered what he was thinking of next. She had expected simple dancing or playing with her tits when this little bet had started. Then had come the sex toys, then the walking and jumping and now the splits, displaying herself obscenely for him. What would he demand next? And why was this making her so horny?

Norm certainly noticed Cori's arousal. Her nipples were on full alert, her face was flushed and her pussy was smoldering. She knelt on the ottoman and then slowly spread her long legs out to both sides, propping her stilettos on the foot of the bed and pointing her pussy directly at his face. Other than the little white piece of string poking out between her lips, there was no way to tell that she had three balls stuffed inside her. She spread her legs as far as she could, actually lifting them in the air so that the only points of contact were her shoes on the bed and her pussy lips on the ottoman. Norm was both impressed and greatly turned on by her flexibility as well as her fitness to hold the position for several minutes without even flinching. Her hands were behind her back, proudly displaying her tits with her nipples pointed right at his eyes. She sat, unmoving except for the occasional trickle of sweat from all the jumping or a drop of juice escaping her pussy lips. That cunt's staining my furniture, Norm thought, sure that anyone who knew where the stain came from would pay a mint for the worn out ottoman if he ever wanted to sell it.

"Pull the balls out," he said finally. "One by one, slow and easy. When they're all out, put them all in your mouth and suck your cunt juice off them." Norm glanced at the clock on the wall and noticed 20 minutes had elapsed. He still had 10 more minutes, which he was sure was going to be plenty of time.

Teasingly, she ran her hand over her pussy mound, running her fingers through her tiny strip of blonde pussy hair, then slid her index finger into the little loop of string. She gave it a gentle tug and immediately her pussy lips began to spread as the first ball – the smallest one – had been resting just inside her snatch. It oozed out slowly at first, then popped out onto the ottoman. Norm was glad to see it was slick with her thick juice. Cori continued pulling, tugging upward to rub the string across her clit, which was tingling now, a trigger itching to be squeezed.

The second ball soon bounced out on the ottoman next to the first and all that remained was the largest ball. Norm watched intently as it lodged between her pussy lips, then squeezed through amid a small spray of cunt cream. Damn, she's soaking wet, Norm thought, happy to see that a little kinky foreplay and exhibitionism seemed to suit his step-daughter's sexual urges just fine. He wondered just how far she had been before. How kinky had she gotten? How much did she like? Did she have a limit? If so, what was it? He thought it would be awful fun to find out. Whether or not he'd be so cruel as to push her past that limit or not, he didn't know. He'd make that decision if and when the time came.

Cori followed directions well and picked up all three balls. She moved them quickly toward her mouth, but not before a few more precious drops of pussy juice fell on to the ottoman. She stuck the large one in her mouth first. It was still warm from simmering in her pussy for the past 10 minutes and the juices oozed over her tongue and down her throat. It was far from the first time Cori had tasted her own pussy. She neither liked nor disliked the taste. But it was always exciting, both to her and to the guy watching. That's what made it fun to do. She spit out the large ball and replaced it with the two smaller balls, fitting both in her mouth at the same time, each one filling a cheek. Norm could help but picture a cock down her throat and two testicles stuffed inside her cheeks.

Norm told her to take the balls out of her mouth and asked her, "Do you want to cum?"

"Oh, yes," Cori said.

"Then say it."

"I want to cum so bad," Cori said.

"Then fuck yourself until you cum," Norm said. "And tell me exactly what you're doing the whole time."

"Uhh, OK," Cori said. She kept her legs spread since he hadn't told her not to and reached for her pussy. "I'm touching my pussy," Cori said, running her fingers between her slick pussy lips. "I'm rubbing my clit."

"Is it hard?" Norm asked.

"Yes, very," Cori said. "My clit is hard and I want to rub it until I cum."

"What else do you want to do?"

"I want to stuff my fingers inside my pussy..."

"Cunt," Norm interjected.

"...inside my cunt," Cori continued.

"How many?"

"Three. No four." Cori rubbed her clit with her left hand and filled her pussy with four fingers from her right.

"Can you feel the dildo in your ass?"

"Yes, oh, yes. It's so big. It's got me filled up. I can feel it with my fingers in my pussy. Oh, shit, that feels so good."

"Cum for me. Now. Cum!" Norm yelled.

Cori squealed and her fingers flew across her clit, rubbing furiously as she did indeed climax, humping her hand and soaking the ottoman with her leaking juices. She closed her eyes for a moment to enjoy the feeling, then opened them quickly when Norm said, "Do you want to cum again?"

Cori looked at him questioningly, then noticed his hard cock pointing straight up. He nodded toward it and she quickly scrambled over the end of the bed, impaling herself on his cock. She rode him hard now, thrashing around on him, driving herself to another orgasm before slumping in near exhaustion. She was wet and worn out, yet still a six-inch cock inside her pussy was demanding service and a 10-inch dildo in her ass was testing her limits.

"Your pussy needs a break," Norm laughed. "Pull that fucking dildo out of your ass and stick my cock up there instead."

Cori started to pull the dildo out of her ass, but Norm stopped her. "Turn around so I can see it." Cori spun around so she was facing the foot of the bed, then leaned forward on her left elbow, reaching back with her right hand to slowly pull the dildo out of her ass. It had been inside her for 15 to 20 minutes, so when she pulled it out, her asshole remained open, forming a perfect "O" and Norm thought it was just the right size for his cock.

Cori sat back up, still facing away from him and slid down on top of his cock, which was slick and easily slid inside her already well-stretched ass. "Oh yeah," Norm said. Straight-laced Norm had never fucked a woman in the ass, and just a few seconds in he was already kicking himself for missing out on what was surely one of life's great joys. How tight! How hot! Damn, it felt good.

"Ride it, Kitten," he said, gently smacking her ass. "All the way up and all the way down."

He watched the gorgeous blonde follow his instructions, raising and lowering her smooth, tan ass cheeks up and down as she rode him with all her might. She landed with a thud each time and grunted like one of those hot women's tennis players trying to hit the ball especially hard. Cori definitely wasn't one of those girls who laid there like a dead fish or rode a cock by squirming around a little. When the time came, she fucked with everything she had.

Thanks to his orgasm just 30 minutes earlier, Norm's staying power was much better this time, even with all the exciting foreplay and now his first true piece of ass ever. He didn't have to focus on not cumming too quickly; he just laid back and enjoyed the view, the ride, the feel of a young woman's tight ass wrapped around his cock – it was a full sensory experience and he soaked it in for several minutes before finally shooting a smaller but still significant wad of cum into her ass.

"You win," Cori gasped, rolling off of him after he was done. He didn't tell her too, but certainly didn't complain when she knelt over him and licked his cock and balls clean. Obviously, the idea that it was just in her ass didn't bother her at all. Interesting, Norm thought. He was learning more and more about her every minute, it seemed.

"What do you want for breakfast?" she asked, laying beside him. Her skin glistened with sweat, her nipples were still fully erect.

"I'll tell you in the morning," Norm said. "Now, as much as I know you want more of this," he nodded toward his cock, "I'm a sick man and I need my rest. Thanks to you, I don't have to clean up. But you go ahead and clean up, but you're sleeping here. Nude."

"All right," Cori said. A few minutes later, she kicked off her shoes and curled up next to him under the thin sheet, her breasts pressed against his side. She fell asleep almost instantly and Norm chuckled to himself. Rode hard and put away wet, he thought. My little bitch is going to sleep good tonight.

**CHAPTER FIVE: BREAKFAST TACO**

Norm slept well himself and woke up the next morning the way every man should be allowed to start his day -- with a naked, hard-bodied babe curled up next to him. Norm studied her perfect body in the pale morning light, reminding himself that all that good stuff -- those tits, that pussy, that ass, those legs -- was his for the taking now. It was hard to believe. He imagined he understood how lottery winners felt now. One day, you're struggling to make ends meet, working two jobs and the next you don't have a financial worry. It had to be hard to remember that money was no longer an object.

Likewise, Norm had to remind himself that he had hit the babe lottery. Not only was she gorgeous, but so far she was willing to do anything and everything and, even if she wasn't, he had some blackmail and guilt options he could resort to. He had to remind himself that he didn't have to be a "good guy" any more. He didn't have to be normal and plain. Discretion and taboo were no longer objects. If he had a thought or an urge, there was really nothing -- unless it was illegal -- to keep him from doing it. What freedom!

He smiled as he thought about all this and knew what he wanted for breakfast. He used his good left hand and started tugging on her nipples, gently at first, then harder until she woke up. "Hey, Kitten," he said softly. "Time to get up. Pap's hungry. I worked up an appetite last night."

"I'll say," Cori said, groggily. She made no effort to pull away from his hand, which continued to torment her nipples. For Cori, this was nothing new -- ever since she started working at the Hard Body Shop, her body was a sex object from the moment she woke up until the moment she closed her eyes. She hadn't expected that lifestyle to follow her to San Diego, but it had. That, she decided, wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

"Did you decide what you want?" Cori asked.

"Oh, I know what I want," Norm chuckled as he squeezed her breast. "But first I want to eat breakfast. A taco."

"What?" Cori asked. "Tacos for breakfast?

"Not like you're thinking," Norm said. "No, you've heard of breakfast burritos, right? Well, this is sort of like that. Look, just get whatever fruit we have -- bananas, strawberries, grapes, oranges ... and don't slice any of them up. Bring a gallon of milk and a bowl, too. If we have any fruit dip, bring that. Oh, and if we have any Fruit Loops or Cheerios, that would be good too."

"OK," Cori said. "What do you want me to wear?"

"Do you have any tank tops?"

"Sure."

"Good. Just a tank top and some heels. Nothing else."

"OK," Cori picked up her heels beside the bed and scooted off to her bedroom. She came back a moment later wearing a thin, cream-colored tank top that must have come out of the girls clothes department. It was ridiculously small on her, stopping three inches shy of her belly button while the scoop neckline dipped to mid-breast. It was skin tight. She wore a set of bright red pumps with them. "How's this?" she asked, turning around in the doorway to give him the full picture.

"Perfect," Norm said, eyeing his prize.

"Thanks," Cori said. She hurried off to prepare the breakfast Norm had requested, returning about 10 minutes later with a tray filled with fresh fruits they had purchased yesterday, a gallon of milk and a box of Cheerios.

"Sorry," Cori said, setting the tray across Norm's lap, "no fruit dip. And don't we need tortillas or taco shells or something if we're going to make tacos? I don't think we have any."

"Oh yes we do," Norm grinned.

"Oh, where?" Cori asked. "I'll go get them."

"They're already here," Norm said. "You've got a nice little taco shell right between your legs there. All we have to do is stuff it."

"Oh," Cori said. "I see. Well, what would you like in your taco?"

"How about some strawberries and grapes," Norm said, eyeing the selection.

"Coming right up," Cori said. "Would you like them separate or together?"

"Mix them all together," Norm said. "About three strawberries and four or five grapes. Yeah, that's it. Just spread your lips, uh, I mean, taco shell open, and stuff them in there."

One by one, Cori stuffed the strawberries and grapes inside her pussy until she had the first serving ready for him. "And now?" she asked.

"Now you feed me," Norm said. "Just put that taco up to my mouth."

Cori climbed on the bed and straddled his face, lowering her pussy toward his mouth. He stretched out his tongue and tasted her sweet nectar. Oh, so sweet! He spread her pussy lips with his tongue and was instantly rewarded with a grape dropping into his mouth. He proceeded to munch on a fine meal of pussy lips, clit, grapes and strawberries for the next few minutes, taking his time to enjoy every delicious bite. He swirled his tongue inside her, feeling for hidden fruits -- forbidden fruits, some might say, he joked to himself -- and drawing them into his mouth.

For her part, Cori was enjoying this too. She loved a good pussy licking and Norm was doing a fine job. She hoped he wanted seconds.

"Mmm, you sure cook up a nice breakfast, Kitten," Norm said as he chomped on the last strawberry. "And that special sauce of yours is better than fruit dip any day."

"Can I get you some more?" Cori asked.

"Yeah, I think I want a banana this time. Just peel it and shove it all the way in there. Yeah, that's right. All the way. Try not to break it off. Good job. Now, come feed me."

Cori again straddled his face, this time with a banana sticking partly out of her pussy. Norm didn't hurry to get it out, either. He took his sweet time, nibbling away at small bites. He'd chew off a little piece and stick in his cheek while he resumed chewing on her lips and clit. Cori was getting so wet. Norm knew he was getting to her already, the little slut. Well, he'd happily eat food out of her cunt all day if it made her happy, because it sure tasted good to him.

By the time the banana was gone, Cori was officially in heat. Her pussy was on fire, her nipples ready to rip through her top. Norm had her pull her top down so her tits popped out through the neckline. He licked a Cheerio and stuck it on her nipple, then did the same to the other. "Feed me," he instructed again.

Cori leaned over him, sticking her left breast in his face. He sucked her tit, the Cheerio and as much of her breast as he could into his mouth, chomping down as if to take a bite. He sucked the Cheerio off and swallowed it while he sucked on her tit. He did the same to the right breast while she placed a new piece of cereal on her left nipple. Back and forth he went, devouring her tits for the next several minutes, gnawing on them hungrily. He noticed she was now rubbing her bare pussy on his chest, feeling her warmth and wetness as she continued to stoke her fire.

"You seem to enjoy cooking," Norm teased.

"Almost as much as you enjoy eating," Cori teased back.

"I bet you're getting hungry too," Norm said.

"Mmm-hmm," Cori responded, licking her lips, expecting him to order a blowjob next.

"Well, why don't you pour yourself some milk?"

"Hmmm? OK," Cori said, surprised. "You want me to eat cereal?"

"No, just milk in a bowl. Put it on the floor over there where I can see you. Now, get down on your knees and slurp it up, Kitten."

Cori was surprised by Norm's request and she didn't surprise easily. But she just knew he was going to have her suck him off. Maybe he still would, but this was different. It was a little degrading, but damn it was sexy!

"Like this?" she asked, now bent over the bowl, her ass pointed toward him.

"Yes, but turn a little bit so I can see you drinking it."

Cori turned so that he could see her lapping at the milk. This also gave him a nice profile of her tits hanging down and her long, golden legs stretched out behind her. "Nice," Norm said. "Lap it up, my little pussy cat."

She licked and lapped at the milk until nearly half the bowl was gone. Then Norm ordered her to her feet. "Fix yourself a plate of fruit." Cori arranged some fruit on a plate and awaited further orders.

"Too bad we don't have any fruit dip," Norm shook his head. "I guess I'll have to give you some of mine. Suck me, but when I tell you, pull away. Got it?"

Cori understood exactly what he had in mind. She gulped down his cock and sucked and gobbled his meat until he was ready to cum. "Pull back," Norm said. "Now, jerk it off all over your plate." Cori held her plate in one hand and his cock in the other, expertly tugging on it for the last few strokes to take him over the edge. She anticipated well and had good aim, dousing her plate with a generous layer of cum. Instead of sucking him dry as she normally would, she wiped him clean with a piece of bread.

"Who needs jelly?" she asked, taking a big bite. Norm nodded his approval and told her to eat the rest of her plate. Cori was hungry and horny, so it wasn't difficult for her to act like a cum-hungry slut, but she certainly played it up more, holding a strawberry over her lips until a strand of cum dripped off or licking the cum off a grape and showing him her cum-covered tongue and then swallowing. There was an art to making eating sexy and Cori had mastered it.

She topped it off by licking the plate clean and then grinning at him with cum dripping from her nose.

"I'm still a little hungry," Norm said. "There's one more banana. Why don't you feed it to me -- with a nice shot of cunt cream to wash it down."

Thrilled that he apparently hadn't forgotten her needs, Cori quickly peeled the banana, stuffed it into her pussy and re-positioned herself over his face. He once again ate slowly, focusing even more attention on her pussy lips and clit. By the time the banana was half gone, Cori was all the way there, humping his face, clutching her tits and serving up a nice helping of bananas and cream, a la Cori.

Unlike last night when she had been exhausted, this time Cori was invigorated by her good night's sleep and sexy start to the day. She jumped out of bed. "That was great! Now, what are we going to do today, Pap?"

"I'm glad you're so energetic," Norm said. "We need to do some housework and run some errands. Go take your shower and I'll find something good for you to wear."

**CHAPTER SIX: THREE-RING CIRCUS**

By early afternoon, Cori had completed the household chores Norm needed done. She had vacuumed, dusted, washed dishes, done two loads of laundry and cleaned the bathrooms. She refused to let Norm help, despite his offers to lend a hand. Of course, where he wanted to lend a hand most was on her body, because she was doing all this work in a very enticing outfit that he had selected for her.

It was a one-piece sheer black body suit that fit like a standard one-piece swimsuit – two straps over the shoulders, tight, form-fitting, high on the hips, backless with a deep scoop neckline. Like all her clothes, it was too small and fit her extra snugly. It was made of a stretchy material, similar to stockings, and molded nicely to her body. Because of its tightness, as she stretched and strained and moved about, the material inevitably crept into her ass crack, creating the look of a thong. When she tried to pull it out, Norm told her to keep it right where it was.

The sheer material made for nice nipple and pussy viewing and Norm found himself wondering how long she'd have to wear it before those erect nipples just sliced right through. It seemed like it was about to happen at any moment.

Along with this form-fitting top, she wore a black garter belt around her left thigh, white bobbie socks and black pumps. He tied a frilly white apron around her waist, making her look like a French maid turned extra naughty.

While Cori didn't allow Norm to work, she did allow him to supervise. Norm had little interest in how she cleaned as long as she was properly positioned for each task. So, even though it might be easier to wipe of the table, for example, by walking around it, it was much more entertaining for Cori to bend over the table and reach across it, lifting one long leg in the air as she extended as far as she could to reach the opposite side of the table. Whether or not she reached it, Norm had no clue. His eyes were focused squarely on her ass and on the pussy that was now staring back at him. The hyper-stretched fabric did its best, but was only able to cover about half of each pussy lip, leaving a nice amount of pink flesh bare for Norm's enjoyment.

When she vacuumed, Norm had her put the end of the nozzle over her breast. When she tried to pull it away the fabric ripped and Cori's nipple extended obscenely, pulled up and away from her breast by the powerful vacuum. "It doesn't really hurt," Cori said, "but it sure feels funny."

"Good. Do it on the other breast then," Norm said. By the time Cori was done vacuuming, the carpet might not have been much cleaner, but the damages inflicted on her bodysuit were a much better contribution to Norm's living conditions. The suit was ripped away from her breasts, leaving two jagged tears around both tits, separated by a thin strip of material that hung on stubbornly between them. And when he had her "vacuum her own carpet", the suction had torn a slit just above her pussy, letting her tuft of blonde hair stick out from between her legs.

When she cleaned the bathrooms and the kitchen floor, Cori did it on her hands and knees. The more she had to reach and move, the more her body suit ripped away in the weakened areas, soon opening a slit all the way through the crotch.

For the dusting, Norm had her put her hands behind her back and he strapped a feather duster between her tits, tying it behind her back with a piece of white rope. Cori had to wipe off the TV screen, the end tables, the coffee table, the window sills, etc. by rubbing her tits over them. Norm employed the same technique to have her do the windows, spraying the window cleaner on, then wrapping paper towels around her chest. She rubbed her tits up and down and side to side, using her hard nipples to clean in the corners.

A few folks walking by did a double-take when the spotted Cori doing the large front windows, but with the glare of the sun on the windows, it was hard to see exactly what was going on. Norm wanted to take her outside and have her clean out there. Anyone walking by would surely see it all then. But that would have to wait for another day. It was time for lunch and he still had something else he wanted to do today.

"Everything looks great," Norm said as Cori stepped back from cleaning the last window. "And the house doest too." They both laughed. "You've done enough cleaning for today. Let's have some lunch."

After lunch, Cori insisted on Norm doing some exercises and suggested they try the pool, where the low resistance might give him more mobility. "All right," Norm said. "Put on some sort of bikini. With a thong."

"Got it," Cori said. She started to remove her body suit, but Norm insisted on doing it himself. With his good left hand, he eagerly tore away at the existing holes, ripping down from each breast, then up from her crotch. He literally ripped it off her, piece by piece, until only a few pieces hung from her tanned body in tatters.

"It was good while it lasted," Norm said. "We'll buy you another one sometime. I liked that a lot."

"Oh, I've got more," Cori said. "In all different colors, too. You can rip one off me in bed tonight, if you want."

"I might just do that," Norm said, picturing his cock tearing through her clothes, unstoppable on its mission to penetrate whatever hole he was after at the time. "Now get that hot pussy of yours in a bikini and let's get wet."

Norm was a bit disappointed in Cori's choice. Yes, it was too small and yes it was a thong and yes she looked spectacular, but it didn't match the "scandalous" tone he had been trying to set. It was a beautiful red bikini, but it was little more revealing or outrageous than you would see any day at the beach. The material was rubbery and, though tight, didn't outline her nipples well, flattening them more than highlighting them. And while the thong did its job of splitting her ass, it emerged from her crotch in a wide panel that easily covered her pussy lips and mound. This outfit offered little hope for a nipple slip or a flash of pussy. It was OK, but not up to the high standards he already had for her. Frankly, he was disappointed the guys back in Georgia had ever picked this out for her.

"Which one of the guys bought you this?" Norm said. He hoped his lack of praise for her outfit would send the message.

"Oh, I bought this one myself," Cori said. "Do you like it?"

"You're beautiful as always," Norm said, "but I'm not surprised this was your selection. It's a little more conservative than I'd choose."

"Oh, well, I can change," Cori said, flustered that she had disappointed him.

"No, it's not necessary," Norm said. "After a quick workout, we need to run an errand and you'll have to change for that anyway. So this is fine for now."

Cori tried adjusting the suit to reveal more of her best assets, but it was so tight there was little she could do with it. She could kick herself. She should have gone with something hotter, skimpier. She'd know better next time.

Norm was pleased that Cori seemed to take his lack of enthusiasm for her attire to heart. He hoped that would mean she would go even further to please him next time, take even more risks. He'd find out soon enough.

As Cori helped him with his exercises in the pool, she commented on what a nice back yard Norm had. "I like your back yard, too," he said, sounding like a teenager. She laughed nonetheless. "No really, it's nice," she said. "We should hang out here more often. If you had a deck, we could grill out and eat dinner out here."

"Yeah, I'd love to have a deck," Norm agreed. "It's pretty expensive, though."

"I bet," Cori said. "One of these day, maybe. With that privacy fence, you could sunbathe nude out here if you wanted to."

Norm had an image of Cori, stretched out on deck, covered in suntan lotion, nude, her nipples pointed at the sky, her thighs slightly spread to let the sun's warm rays beam down on her pussy. It was a compelling image and Norm decided he had to have a deck right away. And he thought he knew how to get one.

When they went back inside, Norm allowed Cori to pick out her own clothes for an errand run – anxious to see how much she would compensate for the bikini faux pas. While she was doing that, he called his doctor, then made another quick call to a friend of a friend. By the time Cori was ready to go, Norm had arranged for a deck to be installed tomorrow. He didn't tell Cori. He wanted it to be a surprise. A really big surprise.

"OK, how's this?" Cori asked, twirling around. "More to your liking, I trust, sir."

"Yes, indeed," Norm said, slapping his left hand against his left thigh in applause. "That's how you do it, Kitten!"

Looking for just this sort of reaction, Cori had pulled out a real showstopper that the guys at the shop had always especially liked. It was an extreme modification of the classic schoolgirl outfit that so many guys fantasized about. But, true to form, the guys at the shop had been more creative, more daring with their selection.

First, Cori played up the schoolgirl image by putting her hair in a ponytail with a big red ribbon, exaggerated red blush on her cheeks and glistening candy-red lipstick. She twirled a sucker in her mouth and Norm saw that she had several more tucked away in her purse.

The top was cut like one of those sweater tops that had become so fashionable where there are long sleeves, but then the top only comes down over the breasts. Most women wore a top like that over something else. Cori, of course, did not. In traditional schoolgirl style, her top was made of white cotton. It had long sleeves, but at the shoulder, where the sleeves ended, so did most of the garment. At her armpit, the sleeve connected with what could best be described as a white scarf. This wrapped around her back like a tube top and was tied in the front in a big bow right between her breasts. The two breast panels came across the middle of her tits, covering the nipples but leaving the tops and bottoms of her breasts exposed. One quick tug on the bow would expose them completely, but the way her nipples poked out the sweater material, pulling off the top was hardly necessary to appreciate their shape and color.

As if that wasn't hot enough, along the slope of her right breast bright red letters stood out brilliantly from the white fabric, spelling "I hope you grade" and over her left breast, "on the curve", with a red outline of a pair of lips at the end of it.

Her belly was bare except for the dangling gold chain in her navel. Her skirt was traditional schoolgirl in the sense that it was pleated with a red-and-black plaid pattern. The white g-string she wore underneath was untraditional, as was the fact that you could plainly see that g-string. That's because the skirt was 1) scandalously short, little more than 5 inches from top to bottom, thus revealing her pussy mound in the front and about two-thirds of her ass in the back, and 2) was slit on both sides all the way to the waist band.

She wore white thigh-high stockings and red heels with straps around the ankles. She was a prettier picture than Norm could even have dreamed of. She was a fantasy girl in a fantasy outfit, and yet she was all real.

"Where are we going, anyway," Cori asked as she helped him into the car.

"First, we have to go the pharmacy," Norm said.

"Why?"

"My doctor prescribed some pills to help me sleep," Norm said.

"I didn't realize you were having trouble," Cori frowned.

"Oh, it's no big deal. But he assured me these would help me sleep very well."

Norm was telling the truth – at least partly. He had asked the doctor's aid for sleeping pills and also for a Viagra prescription. He didn't know if the doc would OK that or not, but he'd find out when he got to the pharmacy. If not, he had enough to last a few more days, which would give him time to figure something else out.

"You go to the pharmacy at the mall?" Cori asked when he told her to pull into the mall parking lot.

"Not usually, but this one is closest to where we're going next, so I asked them to call it in here."

Cori started looking for parking spots near the entrance, but Norm had other ideas. "Let's park in the back," he said. "It will be easier to get out that way." It would also mean more time for her to be exposed, he thought. He figured she probably was on to his motive, but so long as she complied, he didn't care.

Of course Cori knew what he was doing and she smiled to herself. "Well, you don't dress like this to stay hidden away," she thought. She wasn't conceited about her looks at all, but she knew she was attractive, of course, and had long ago adopted the, "if you've got it, flaunt it" mantra. While she wasn't dumb or incapable of accomplishing things by using her mind, her body was far and away her best asset. If she didn't use that to her advantage, wouldn't that be dumb? That, along with her desire to please and serve, had been her justification for working at the shop. In this case, she was really gaining nothing financially or career-wise by showing off in public. This was all about Norm – his pleasure, his health, his fantasies. His smiles and praise were all the reward she was looking for. The pussy-lickings and orgasms weren't a bad bonus, though, she mused.

She helped Norm into his wheelchair and they started toward the entrance. Out this far, there were few cars, but very quickly heads started to turn as they crossed over the access road and reached the interior ring of parking. Here, the lot was more than half full and there were plenty of people coming and going. Norm once again was beside Cori, just a couple feet behind her where he could keep a good eye on her ass and on the reactions of the people in the lot.

As always, there were the women giving the displeased, disgusted looks, the women giving the jealous, "why can't I have a body like" that looks, the married guys giving the "I want to look but my wife is watching" glances, the single guys drooling and the teenagers laughing and pointing, trying to act cool but unable to control their hormones. Cori was used to all this, Norm was not. So while Cori was able to walk straight ahead as if she had blinders on, Norm's head was on a swivel, looking at the people on the right, then in front, then at Cori's ass, then the people on the left, then at Cori's pussy peeking out between her legs and so on. It was stimulation overload and he loved it. He gave thumbs up signals to the guys nodding their approval, smiled like a used car salesman at the disapproving women and sneered protectively at the teens giggling at his step-daughter.

He had purposely had Cori park on the opposite side of the mall from the drug store, adding that much more exposure time. Once inside, the interest level rose significantly. Now, not only were there heads turning, but there were also comments and people turning to follow them. Again, Cori had been through this type of thing before. But even for her, it was uncomfortable. There were too many eyes, too many hands, too many comments and too many different personality types out there. Her appearance naturally elicited strong responses – whether positive or negative – from almost everyone. That was the fun of it, but also the scary part too.

It was hurtful to hear the "slut" and "trashy whore" comments from strangers when they practically spat it at her like venom. It was scary to see the guys who followed silently, lurking along the wall, not getting too close, not joking around with anyone else, just staring. It was creepy. Much less harmful were the guys who followed along loudly, joking and taking pictures with their camera phones. They were just having fun and as long as the occasional ass and tit gropings didn't get out of hand, it wasn't a big deal. Of course, with the guys at the shop, she had always felt safe, protected. While she trusted Norm, she didn't trust him near as much as she did those guys – not yet. And she feared that he couldn't defend her if he had to. That made her nervous. But she tried not to show it, knowing that if she remained bold, confident and continued on her path, most likely nothing would happen.

For his part, Norm was loving it. He had no worries about things getting out of control – not because he was sure they wouldn't, but because he was simply intent on soaking it all in. He listened to every cat-call, angered by a few and laughing at some:

"I give you an A+!"

"Grade-A hottie!"

"Let me give you an oral exam!"

"Look, she's the vali-DICK-torian!"

Some of it was comical, some childish and Norm loved it. He felt like a celebrity parading around his trophy wife. He occasionally groped her ass or flipped up her skirt, doing his best to make sure everyone knew she belonged to him. She helped sell that point by smiling and winking at him, kissing him on the cheek and, at one point, even stopping to slowly pull out her lollipop, sit on his lap and give him a hug and a French kiss. Then she stuck out her tongue and licked all over the sucker before sliding it slowly back into her mouth.

"Get it, grandpa!"

"Hit that thing, Pops!"

"Let me tap that and I'll let you watch, gramps!"

Once they reached the drug store, Norm said, "don't go anywhere guys, we'll be right back." Inside the store, it was much calmer, though the pharmacist nearly dropped a bottle of pills when he saw them approach. Cori stood back and pretended to be reaching for something on the bottom shelf, bending over to give the guy a good look while he rang up Norm's order.

The pharmacist mouthed "really?" to Norm when he handed him the Viagra and then glanced at Cori.

"Yes sir," Norm said proudly.

"Any time you need a refill, just call me," the pharmacist whispered. "Just promise you'll bring her in and I'll give you all you need for free."

Norm quickly stuffed the bag in the side pocket of his wheelchair before Cori saw that he had more than one order. He didn't want her to know about the Viagra.

In the short time they were in the drug store, the crowd had grown both in size and in aggressiveness. As soon as they came out into the concourse, about a dozen guys swarmed around them. Hands reached for Cori and guys stepped in front of them, impeding their progress. One guy grabbed her bow and yanked it, untying it and exposing her breasts. Norm rammed the guy with his wheelchair and Cori quickly retied the top. But the brief glimpse of her naked tits bobbing freely had stoked the fire.

One guy grabbed her wrist and she felt two hands – she wasn't sure if they were from the same guy or two different ones – shoot under her skirt, one managing to give her pussy a quick, firm squeeze while the other grabbed the g-string and started to pull it off.

"Hey," Cori snapped, spinning quickly and slapping the hand on her pussy away. Despite the groping hands, Cori was very fit, her long legs were lean and toned, but also strong. She kicked quickly at the guy tugging on her g-string, digging her heel into his gut and pushing him back. She felt an arm grab her around the waist and yank her back. She started to yell, but was relieved when she landed squarely on Norm's lap. He had grabbed her with his left arm and pulled her away from the horny throng and into his lap. Still, they were surrounded.

She had landed on Norm facing toward him and away from the crowd, and to keep her weight off him, she had spread her legs out to rest on the arm rests. This caused her g-string to dig into her ass and pussy even deeper as the position forced her to stick her butt up and out. As short as her skirt was, she was now basically showing off her asshole and pussy to the world, and more than one brave hand reached in to dip in a finger as they slowly picked up speed and moved through the crowd.

Cori hugged Norm around his neck, her breasts pressed against his cheek as he pushed the surprisingly powerful wheelchair to top speed. It certainly wasn't fast, but once they found an opening, they were able to maintain some space between them and the throng by swerving back and forth. Norm had already showed that he would run into them and, while a truly determined attacker certainly could have stopped them or simply yanked Cori out of his lap, it was enough of a deterrent to keep them at bay. Since they were out in the open now instead of concealed by a crowd, any attacker would be visible to everyone.

Cori squirmed in Norm's lap to look back and keep an eye out behind them. She felt his erection poking against her ass cheek, but paid little attention. She was focused on getting out of there, which they did. They hit the doors as someone, unaware of the situation, was coming in and politely held the door open for them. Soon they were motoring back out into the parking lot.

Most of the guys just watched, wishing she would come back while a few of the hardcore guys followed them into the lot. Cori quickly helped Norm into the car, put the chair away and squealed out of the lot as one guy grabbed his crotch and yelled inaudibly. There's at least one in every crowd, she thought, shaking her head.

"Thanks, Pap," Cori said. "That was a great idea to ride out of there like that. That was starting to get a little scary."

She expected an apology from Norm for putting her in that situation. That's what Ben, John or Ty would have done – of course, Ty would have kicked some serious ass in that mall too. But Norm wasn't one of those guys, a fact Cori was becoming more and more aware of.

"No problem, Kitten," Norm said simply. "You can repay me later."

"Sure, Pap," Cori said, confused that he sounded like she had actually disappointed him somehow. What had she done wrong? Was she supposed to just let them strip her? Rape her? Besides, he was the one who rammed the guy and then pulled her into his lap. She was confused – which is exactly how Norm wanted it. He was playing mind games with her. He wanted her to be confused, disoriented, unsure of what he wanted or expected from her. He knew now that the last thing she wanted to do was disappoint him. He was the furthest thing from disappointed with her, but he couldn't let her know that. Not all the time. She had to be a little uncomfortable and on edge in order to be susceptible to some of the things he had in mind. Like their next stop, for instance.

"OK, what's this mystery destination," Cori asked cheerily, trying to brighten the mood back up. She just hoped it wasn't another crowded venue. She had had enough of that for one day.

"Right there," Norm said. He was pointing to a hole-in-the-wall tattoo parlor/piercing shop just down the road from the mall.

"The tattoo place?" Cori asked.

"Yep. I like that heart on your ass, but we're not getting any tattoos today," Norm said. "Today, you're getting three piercings."

"I already have three," Cori frowned, unhappy with where this was going. "My ears and my belly button."

"Now think about it," Norm said, "you use jewelry to show yourself off, right. Now, do you really think guys are looking at your ears? I'll admit, that flat tummy of yours is damn sexy, so I'll give you that. But still, don't you think it makes sense to dress up where it really counts?"

"You mean my nipples?" Cori asked.

"Yep. And your clit," Norm said.

"But the guys at the shop said it was OK if I didn't," Cori said. "I didn't want them."

"Well, we're not at the shop and I'm not one of those guys," Norm said. "I'm your step-father who helped raise you, got cheated on by your mother and screwed over in the divorce settlement. I'm not asking if you want these piercings, I'm telling you that you're going to get them."

It was a bold statement – his authority had been implied up until now, but not verbalized to this extent. Would she submit? Would she balk? Would she be on a plane back to Georgia tomorrow? It was a small risk, but Norm was confident that he had played her right.

"Yes, sir," Cori said softly. She was surprised by his tone. She had denied him nothing so far. Why did he sound so demanding? With her guys at the Shop, there had always been a level of give and take. She gave the vast majority of the time, but they almost always asked permission for special requests first and gave her the option to do what she wanted. Norm didn't seem to be letting her have options. She reminded herself that he was sick, no doubt afraid about the future, lonely and more bitter than she had realized initially. She thought briefly about saying, screw it, I'm going back to Georgia, but knew she'd feel guilty before the plane left the ground, especially if anything happened to him. After the skimpy outfits, blowjobs and sex, a couple piercings was an odd place to draw the line, she decided. Her guard was up now, but she just put on her best smile and said, "If that's what you want, I'll do it."

Victory! Norm shouted to himself internally. It wasn't much in the grand scheme of things – a couple of piercings was far less to ask than what she had just done in the mall. But there was no doubt the tone of their relationship had just taken another turn toward master and submissive. Oh, this was getting more fun by the second.

"Put another lollipop in your mouth," Norm said before they got out of the car. She had lost her first one somewhere in the scrum at the mall.

Cori unwrapped a bright red sucker and gave it her best blowjob techniques – carefully licking over it like the head of a cock, circling her tongue around it, popping it between her puckered red lips, then stabbing it inside her cheeks, pulling it out with a strand of saliva hanging perilously between her tongue and the red ball.

"That's it," Norm said, rubbing his crotch. "Damn, that's so fucking hot."

"Thanks," Cori grinned. She brightened up at his words of praise. Man, he really had her on an emotional roller coaster.

"All right, keep doing that while he's piercing you," Norm said. "Now, get me out of here."

Cori helped Norm out of the car and into his chair and they wheeled into the tattoo parlor. There was no one inside except a heavily tattooed guy who looked to be in his mid to late 20s. He was a Samoan, they learned, named Ricky. He was large – well over 250 pounds – broad-chested with bulky arms. He used to play football in college, he explained.

"Well, Ricky," Norm said, "Cori here needs a few piercings. Can you help us out?"

Ricky looked her up and down, taking in all the great sites. He had seen his share of hotties in her before, getting tattoos on their cleavage, their ass or their thigh. He had pierced big fake tits many times and a few clits, too. She was hotter than most, for sure, but he wasn't floored by her like most guys. Still, seeing that her navel and ears were pierced, he was certainly hoping that nipples or clit were on the agenda. Just because he'd seen it before didn't mean he didn't want to see it again – especially with a bitch this hot.

"I'm sure I can," Ricky said. "What did you have in mind?"

"Nipples and the hood of her clit," Norm said quickly.

"Good choice," Ricky nodded. "Any thing particular you want to put in them? Rings? Studs? Diamonds?"

"Gold rings," Norm said.

"I like these," Cori said, holding up some small hoop rings.

"All right, Kitten," Norm said. "But I also want three of those bars that stick through with the little buds on the ends."

"Sure thing," Ricky said, motioning Cori to a chair. "All right, can you take your top off please?" His eyes darting a little with anticipation.

Cori pulled the bow and let the sides fall away as her firm tits popped into full view. Her nipples were already most of the way erect, standing out hard and rubbery, nicely placed atop her cone-shaped knockers.

"Now, I want to make sure you understand that, due to where these piercings are, I will have to do some touching that might otherwise be considered inappropriate," Ricky said, fully intending to do even more touching that was necessary. He had seen lots of tits in his days, but these stood up with any he'd ever seen. They were unnaturally firm and perfectly shaped despite being real. The lack of tan lines and those hard nipples were an added bonus.

"Of course," Cori said.

"Touch whatever you need to," Norm said. He was off to the side and, with Cori looking away, winked at Ricky, letting him know that touching was indeed encouraged. Cori certainly sent out a similar vibe, showing no shyness at having her breasts exposed to this stranger, calmly performing the damndest blowjob on a piece of candy Ricky had ever seen. Fuck, this girl was definitely hotter than the average babe who came in here. They usually all tried to act cool and like it was no big deal, but when it got down to it, were at least a little nervous about having a stranger grope them and pierce them with a needle. This babe showed no signs of any inhibitions. In fact, if her nipples were any indication, she was enjoying it.

"Looks like you're enjoying that sucker," Ricky said as he gathered the tools he needed for the job.

"Mmm-hmm," Cori moaned around the candy.

"Those are what she practices with," Norm said. "As you can see, practice makes perfect."

"I bet it does," Ricky said, understanding exactly what Norm meant. "Well, your nipples seem like they're already ready," he continued, taking out some gauze and dousing it with rubbing alcohol. "But I still need to clean them and it helps to make sure they're erect as possible."

"Oh, they get harder," Norm chirped. "Just pull on them or twist them a little. They're very sensitive."

Ricky wasn't all that surprised to realize that Norm had a sexual relationship with this babe. It wasn't that rare in these parts to see sugar daddies and their beach bunny playthings. He didn't really understand why a girl like Cori would settle for someone like Norm, but money was a powerful force. Little did he know that Norm had very little money and that Cori was no gold digger.

Regardless of the reason she was here, Ricky was more than happy to play with this slut's tits if that's what the old man wanted to see. Setting the alcohol swab aside on a sterile metal tray, he took both nipples between his fingers and began twisting them back and forth. The old man just grinned and Cori kept sucking away on her lollipop, wriggling slightly in her seat. So, Ricky pulled on them a little, then rubbed the tips with his fingers. Sure enough, the rubbery nubs grew harder and longer.

He had no reason to, but it was obvious there would be no objections, so Ricky grabbed both breasts in his hands and gave them a good hard squeeze before pronouncing her nipples ready to be pierced.

"Excellent work," Norm nodded. "You're a true artist."

"Thanks," Ricky said. "It's days like this I really love my job. You've got a very beautiful woman here, sir."

"I agree," Norm said. "I'm very luck to have her. I wish every man could be so lucky, which is why I like to at least let other guys enjoy the view a little. It seems a shame to have her hide that body, don't you think?"

"Absolutely," Ricky said.

While the guys discussed the community benefits of scantily clad young babes, Cori relaxed, taking it all in. She felt so proud, hearing them talk about her in such a nice way. Some people would claim they were objectifying women, but to her, it was all out of respect and appreciation. She was proud they found beauty in her appearance, that her body brought pleasure to their day. It was a rare gift, she felt, to have such an impact and she felt lucky to be in such a position. Hearing Norm talk about how proud he was of her, she forgot all about her reservations about his mood, his intentions and the piercings. She wasn't afraid of the piercings at all. She just had never wanted one. She always considered herself to have a natural beauty and, rightly or wrongly, had disdained much in the way of jewelry, tattoos, piercings, makeup, etc. Not that women who used those things were wrong, it just wasn't for her and she was lucky enough not to need it.

Plus, she supposed, by saying that she didn't want nipple or clit rings, that was her one small symbolic way of reminding herself and the guys at the shop that, no matter how much they used her body, it still belonged to her and she had final say-so over what she did and didn't do. For a brief period today, she felt like she was surrendering that control to Norm. But now, seeing the joy and pride in his eyes, she softened and realized that the old man just needed some pleasure. She sensed he didn't really know what he wanted or how to ask for it and probably, knowing her mother, had been controlled in previous relationships. This was a way for him to control at least one thing in his life. While Cori was too strong-willed and respected herself too much to totally submit to anyone, she was willing to play along to some degree if it made him happy. She hoped that by doing so, she'd show him that he didn't have to order her around or play mind games with her. She was happy to help him and serve him and fulfill at least most of his requests.

These thoughts danced in her head as she watched Ricky finish her left nipple and insert the gold ring. "The other one needs a refresher," Norm said, referring to her right nipple. "Cori, lick on it a little and get it ready for Ricky, would you please?"

See, he was so polite now, Cori thought. Asking her to do something for him. Of course she'd lick her tits for him. She pulled out the lollipop and lifted her heavy breast to her mouth, sucking her nipple between her lips, rubbing her tongue across the tip, making it harden again. Ricky and Norm watched, wide-eyed, mouths slightly open, nearly ready to drool.

"How's that?" Cori said, letting the breast fall, jiggling back into place, the wet nipple glistening with saliva now.

"Perfect," Ricky said. "I'll just dry it off." He rubbed it with a dry piece of gauze, once again pulling and twisting it before prepping it with alcohol. When he was done, Norm slapped his left hand on his knee in appreciation of the finished products: two firm, C-cup breasts with hard nipples and shiny gold rings stuck in them.

"Shake 'em a little," Norm said. Cori wiggled in her seat, making her tits sway back and forth, slapping lightly against one another.

"What do you think, Ricky?" Norm asked. "You're the professional here."

"I think they look fantastic," Ricky said honestly. "I think you're going to be very happy with those."

"I'm sure," Norm said.

"Now, are we ready to do the clit or do you need a break?" Ricky asked Cori.

"I'm fine," Cori said cheerily. "You're doing a great job. Thank you so much." She started to tie her top back together, but Norm motioned for her not to and she stopped.

"OK," Ricky said. "I just need you to remove your panties and then I'll recline this seat a little more for a better angle."

"Actually," Norm spoke up, "I believe if you flip her skirt up you'll see that you don't have to remove anything." Ricky flipped the skirt up and saw that the old man was right. The g-string was so tiny that he had only to move the strap about an inch to expose her clit. The string rode up between her pussy lips and Ricky wanted to rub it back and forth and make her really squirm.

"I see," he said. "Yes, we can do it just like this."

"Cori, are you wet?" Norm teased. "Ricky, is my little slut wet already? Stick your finger in and find out."

Ricky raised his eyebrows questioningly, but saw that Norm was serious. Never one to look a gift babe in the mouth, Ricky spread her lips and inserted his middle finger, sliding it into her wet pussy. "Yes, she's wet all right," Ricky announced. "Hot too. Looks like you have a sexually aroused young lady here, sir."

"Looks like," Norm grinned. "I bet by the time you snap that gold ring in her cunt, she's going to be ready to burst."

"Probably," Ricky chuckled. "I guess we'll find out. You know, I usually don't do it this way for obvious reasons, but if it's all right with you , I can get much better access to her clit if I can keep a couple fingers inside her."

"That's fine," Norm said. "Do what you have to do. Cori's fine, aren't you babe?"

"Yeah," she smiled. "This is a lot more fun than I thought it would be."

"Good," Ricky said. He pushed his middle, ring and pinky fingers inside her, pressing up with his fingers to push her pussy out from the inside, forcing her clit higher up where he pinched it between his thumb and forefinger. He did all this with his left hand while he used his right hand to do the actual piercing. Of course, this really did nothing to make the clit hood more accessible or easier to pierce, but a flimsy excuse was all he needed to justify sticking three fingers in her and leaving them there.

He was deliberately very slow, enjoying the sights of naked pussy and bare tits, not to mention the feel of a velvety smooth, smoldering, moist twat wrapped around his fingers. He rubbed her pussy from the inside and her clit from the outside, watching her squirm, leaving damp pussy marks on the leather seat.

"Hold off on the piercing for a second," Norm said, nodding toward Cori. Ricky looked up and saw that she had her head back, eyes closed and was rubbing her sides and her tits with her hands. Ricky took the cue and continued playing with her pussy, rubbing it inside and out, teasing her clit and exploring her as far as his fingers would reach. She arched her back and ground her hips.

"Cum, Cori," Norm said softly.

"Cum, Cori," Ricky added intently. He had seen a lot of stuff in this shop, but this was a first.

Just then, the door jingled and two bikers came in. They looked like the biker stereotype, middle-aged with leathery skin, dark beards and leather vests and riding pants. Norm turned to them and smiled, putting a finger to his lips to indicate to be quiet. "Shhh," he whispered. "Come on in, she's just about to pop one off. It's usually a pretty good show."

"Hot damn," one guy said.

"How much for a turn?" the other asked.

"She's not for sale," Norm said evenly. "Just for show."

"Fair enough, old man," the second guy said, slapping him on the back. Both bikers stepped closer, getting a good look at all that Cori had to offer and was openly displaying for them and anyone else lucky enough to walk through the doors.

Norm studied his step-daughter. Already he was learning to read the signs of her impending orgasms. He watched how her hips moved, her hands caressed and squeezed her tits – carefully avoiding the now hyper-sensitive nipples -- her breathing shallowed and her nostrils flared. When he thought the moment was right, he said, "Now, Ricky."

Ricky pierced her clit and, on cue, Cori screamed, not in pain, but in ecstasy. As she almost always did, Cori came hard, her whole body responding to the sensory overload, the waves of pleasure emanating from her pussy and rolling back and forth over her body. She gave into the pleasure and rode the wave like no woman Norm had ever seen.

Cori slumped in the chair, slowly opening her eyes as the four men in the room applauded, her step-dad leading the cheers as he slapped his knee. He looked so proud. That look meant so much to Cori.

"How much do we owe you, Ricky?" Norm asked.

Ricky was still staring at Cori's glistening pussy, the gold ring now dangling from her clit. "Oh, uh, you know, that was so awesome, I'm only going to charge you half. If you let me take a couple of pictures with her, it's free."

"No harm in a couple pictures," Norm chuckled. "What did you have in mind?"

"One with just us standing together," Ricky said, thinking quickly, staring at Cori as he pictured the images. "One of her kissing me. One of her bending over in front of me, flipping up her skirt. One of me holding her tits. One of my with my fingers in her pussy. And one with my cock in front of her face like she's getting ready to suck it."

"Wow, you came up with that list pretty fast," Norm said. "All right, it's a deal."

Ricky said he had a camera in the back and went to get it.

One of the bikers operated the camera while Norm directed and Cori, well, she gave the guys another show. She put her clothes all back on to start with, but gradually stripped throughout the modeling session. Her top was off by the time Ricky was squeezing her tits and by the time she was pretending to prepare to suck his cock, the other biker was holding her top, skirt and thong as she knelt nearly nude – only her heels and stockings still on, along with that pretty red bow in her hair and those shiny rings – in front of him.

"Purse your lips like you're going to give it a big kiss," Norm directed. The biker snapped the photo. "Good, now stick out your tongue like you're going to lick it. Perfect. Now, hold his cock up and stick out your tongue like you're going to lick his balls."

When Ricky felt Cori's soft hand on him, his cock lurched in her hand and he thought he might shoot his wad all over her right there. Now that would be a nice picture, he thought. "Hey," he said, "how about a picture with my cock in her mouth. She doesn't have to suck it. Just hold it in her mouth for the picture. I promise I won't try to stick it in too far or cum in her mouth."

"That's a lot to ask," Norm said. "Cori's no whore."

"I understand, sir," Ricky said quickly. "She's just so ... wow. I just want a picture to remember this day by."

"I'm afraid that's too much to ask," Norm said. Cori was pleasantly surprised. She figured he'd say yes, but he was drawing the line. He was willing to show her off, but not share her. That was good to know. At least, that's what she thought until Norm continued. "What can you offer in return?"

"Name your price," Ricky said.

'One of those collars," Norm said, pointing at a display behind the counter. There was a row of leather chokers in various colors with rhinestone, silver or gold lettering on them. They said things like "Slut", "Sexy", "Cum Slut", "I Love to Fuck", "I Swallow", "Sex Toy", "Bitch", "Pussy", "Whore", "I Love Cock", "I Love Cum" etc.

"Sure," Ricky said. "Pick whichever one you want."

"Deal," Norm said. "Cori, I believe the man just bought himself a picture. How about one with just the head in and then one with it jabbing the side of her cheek so you can really tell it's in there?"

"Yeah!" Ricky said.

Cori was a little disappointed, but she didn't know why. Ben and Ty and John had all shared her at times back in Georgia. Ben had offered her oral services to a shop owner and his son in exchange for some new shoes. John had offered her up to his friends and neighbors during a cookout. Maybe the difference was that she knew if she had said no to them, they would have respected that and stopped things right there. Norm never asked her if she wanted to or not and she got the feeling he didn't care about her opinion in the matter. It wasn't a big deal. It wasn't actual sex, just simulated. And Ricky had been really nice to her. Heck, he helped her have an orgasm. The least she could do was give him a decent picture in return.

Cori opened her mouth, parting those moist red lips and offering the oral trifecta – two soft lips and a wet tongue – to him. As instructed, Ricky put just the head of his cock inside her. He didn't expect her to do anything but hold it there, so it was too his extreme delight that she flicked her tongue back and forth across the head while the biker took several pictures on the digital camera.

"Shit, that feels great," Ricky said.

"Stick it in her cheek," Norm said. Cori turned her head a bit to the side and Ricky punched forward with his cock, embedding it in her soft cheek, feeling her tongue wrap around his shaft. Damn, if this bitch didn't stop, he was going to break his promise and cum right in her mouth. Fortunately, the biker took some quick photos and Ricky pulled out reluctantly. Cori found herself following his movement for a second with her mouth, her eyes half lidded in lust. When Ricky pulled out, a long string of pre-cum and saliva arched downward betweeen her reaching tongue and the tip of his dick. "I guess finishing the job is out of the question," he asked Norm.

"Yep, afraid so," Norm said, eyes glued to his kneeling little slut. "She's very special to me, as you might imagine, and I can't just go around letting everyone fuck her. I like to share her beauty with the world, but some things are for me and me alone."

"Well, I can respect that," the biker holding Cori's clothes said. "But can we get the same deal Ricky got?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you like those collars, right? You want more than one? We'll buy every fucking one of them for her if we can get the same set of pictures with us in them instead."

Norm didn't think twice. He really wanted the collars and he really wanted to keep showing Cori off. He was loving every second of it. "Deal," he said. Cori put her clothes back on and went through the same basic poses two more times, once with each biker, allowing both to put their cocks in her mouth. One guy modified the bending over pose, peeling her thong off and having her stuff it in her mouth while he stood behind her and lifted his hand, pretending to be in the act of spanking her ass. It was a great photo.

When they were done, all four men were very happy and very horny. Cori had worked them all into a fever pitch. Ricky was still slowly stroking his cock through his shorts while he watched Cori display herself for the bikers. He knew he'd have to go to the bathroom and jerk off once they left.

"All right," Norm said. "If you guys aren't in too big of a hurry, Cori would like to put on one more show for you." Cori looked at him blankly, wondering what else he could possibly have in store for her.

"You see, every day about this time, my schoolgirl here gets hungry for a snack," Norm lied, and I just happened to bring it along. He pulled out his hard cock, which pointed straight in the air. No Viagra needed this time, he thought. "Since she has to drive, I can't feed her in the car, so she'll have to eat here. You're welcome to watch if you want."

Norm motioned Cori over to him. "Crawl," he said. Cori, already on her knees from the last photo, dropped on all fours, her bare tits swaying as she slowly crawled toward him across the dirty shop floor.

"Give me the one that says 'I Swallow'," Norm said to Ricky, referring to the chokers. Ricky brought it over – it was candy red to match her ribbon – and Norm told him to put it on her.

"Take as many pictures as you have left on that camera," Norm said to Ricky. "You can just put them all on disks for us before we leave, right?"

"Right."

"Good. Lots of pictures then," Norm said. "Any angle you want." Norm nodded to Cori to begin and, to the hoots and cheers of her onlookers, she engulfed her step-dad's cock once more. "Show them how you do it," Norm encouraged.

Cori showed them all right. She sucked him hard at first, barely moving her head, letting her tongue and lips work him over. Her hollowed cheeks and his un-rehearsed grunts told them how hard she was sucking.

Then, she started bobbing her head, quickly picking up the pace, taking him deeper with each stroke until she was deep-throating him. With his cock all the way in her mouth and down her throat, she stopped once more, letting Ricky take some pictures and everyone appreciate the sight of a beautiful girl with her face stuffed full of cock. Then, just when they assumed that part of the show was over, she opened her mouth a bit wider, extended her tongue and licked his balls. That move received cheers from all three guys and Cori looked up at Norm, who was soaking it all in. Again, she saw the pride in his face and smiled to herself.

She couldn't see them, but all three guys were stroking their cocks as they watched the show. Ricky was taking tons of pictures, from above, below, the side – trying to catch every angle of this magnificent blowjob.

Cori used her teasing and pacing techniques to milk Norm slowly, knowing he wanted this one to last a while. Finally, when he was ready to cum, he said, "Just catch it, don't swallow until I tell you." Cori winked at him to let him know she understood and he began spurting thick cream into her mouth.

"Lap it up, babe," one guy said.

"Suck him dry!" said Ricky.

Cori sucked hard, drawing every drop of semen out of him that she could, but never swallowing nor permitting any to seep out of her mouth. She didn't take her mouth off him until he told her to. "Show them, Kitten," he said.

Cori turned around on her knees and faced her audience, making sure they were all looking before she opened her mouth and showed them the coating of white cum on her tongue, some of it dangling from her teeth and gums. Ricky snapped pictures with one hand and stroked himself with the other.

'Got 'em?" Norm asked him. "Make sure you get the 'I Swallow' in the picture."

"Got it," Ricky said.

"Swallow, Cori," Norm's instruction was terse, an order. She did, opening her mouth to show them all a dry, clean tongue as they cheered once more.

Before she started to get dressed, Norm said, "I think you've made our friends quite uncomfortable." He nodded toward their erections. "Don't you think before we leave we should do something about that, since they've been so kind?"

"Hell yes!" one of the bikers said.

"Well, uh..." Cori stammered. She really didn't want this to turn into a gang bang.

"I think it would be nice if you used your hands to help them," Norm said. "And we don't want to mess up Ricky's shop, so you could just catch your cum with your clothes."

"Yes sir," Cori said. She was actually enthusiastic in her response, not because she was anxious to give handjobs but because she had feared she was going to told to give a lot more than than. Again, Norm had played her like a fiddle. By implying one thing and then making her do another, he actually had her so eager to please that she was tugging at the guys' pants, trying to get at their cocks.

"Get dressed first," Norm said. Cori quickly put her little top, g-string and skirt back on and soon she was kneeling before both bikers, a cock in each hand while Ricky took more pictures. Her nipples, somewhat visible before through the sweater were now even harder, and you could easily glimpse the gold showing through the little gaps. "Better wet them down a little," Norm said. Cori didn't suck the shafts, but licked them up and down, wetting them until her hands slid easily over their slick cocks.

She tugged on them and played gently with their balls. She looked up at them, licking her lips and wiggled around to make her tits dance for them inside her little top. They came almost in unison, the first firing his seed at her left breast, splattering the "on the curve" lettering and the red lipstick image. The other guy did the same with her right breast, connecting just above the "I hope you grade" lettering, his first blast missing the target altogether and catching her just under her chin, running down her neck and across the 'I Swallow' choker, coating a long stretch down to the top of her right tit in thick cum. .

"Let me see," Norm said.

Cori stood up and turned around, showing him. The cum stood out brilliant white against the red lettering on her shirt, but appeared more yellowish against the white fabric. He wished she was wearing black so it would really show up.

"Good," Norm said. "Ricky, your turn." Ricky handed the camera to one of the bikers and Cori licked his shaft and balls, then started stroking him. When Ricky was about to cum, he said, "stand up and turn around. Now bend over." Cori did, wondering what he had in mind. He wasn't going to try to fuck her, was he? The next thing she knew, she felt a warm glob land in the middle of her back and she knew he was cumming on her. When she felt no more on her skin, she correctly assumed that he had spilled the remainder of his load on her skirt. The big Samoan's balls had been swelling up since Cori came in an hour ago, and he had a considerable amount of jizz to dish out. His cum pooled into a large film that oozed down slowly from Cori's back onto to her skirt, and it showed up very well against the dark, checkered fabric.

"One more photo of the hunters with their trophy?" Norm asked.

"I've got an idea," one of the bikers said. "She'd look great on our bikes out there, and we could stand next to her. The cum would really show up in the sunlight."

"Great idea," Norm said.

They went outside and had Cori straddle one of the motorcycles. The bikers stood on either side of her as they took pictures, pointing to the cum-stained shirt. Cori put her finger in her mouth, sucking on it innocently as if to say, "what did I do?"

Ricky's picture was even better. To display his conquest, he had her bend over the bike and he stood behind her, pointing to the thick globs of white cum that stood out brilliantly in the bright afternoon sun. There was a large oval-shaped glob that was oozing down the middle of one of the pleats, which was acting like a funnel directing it right toward her exposed ass crack. Cori held her pose, licking her lips seductively, while the guys watched the slow advance of the white cream, anticipating its landing on her naked ass like a kid waiting for the ketchup to drop onto a hot dog. Finally, the cum landed with a barely audible splat just to the left of her ass crack. Ricky beamed with pride, pointing at her cum-dripping ass to let everyone viewing the picture know the white sauce belonged to him.

With the photo session finally over, Ricky ran inside and quickly downloaded the pictures, making copies on disk for everyone.

As they left, Norm said, "Hey you guys should stop by the truck stop on Route 8 sometime. I own it. I'll take care of you."

'Thanks," Ricky said. "Will she be there, too?"

Norm just looked at Cori and shrugged, "You never know." But already, the ideas for how to make the restaurant a success again were percolating in his head.

**CHAPTER SEVEN: ALL HANDS ON DECK**

Neither Cori nor Norm talked much about the rings or the sexy pictures that night. On the way home, Norm had simply said, "That was fun" and "You were fantastic" and those words of praise were enough for Cori. She was pleased he had controlled the situation in the tattoo parlor throughout, had saved her at the mall and, even though he hadn't asked her approval of certain acts, at least hadn't let things get out of hand – at least not by her standards. Handjobs and public displays had been part of Cori's daily life for a long time now.

In her mind, Norm had earned some trust today and she felt he now had more respect for her and was truly proud of her. She felt good that their relationship had taken some major strides.

Norm also thought the relationship had taken major strides. In his view, Cori had totally submitted to him. He had more control now than ever before and, with his confidence oozing, he was determined to take it another step further tomorrow. That's when he'd get his precious deck. Cori still didn't know and didn't need to. She'd find out soon enough, he chuckled to himself.

The next morning, Norm announced that, because Cori had been so good yesterday and because she had done so much already – paying bills, cleaning house, running errands – that he wanted her to just relax and enjoy a day off.

"Why don't you get some sun by the pool today?" Norm suggested. "You haven't really even enjoyed the San Diego weather yet."

"Well," Cori said. "I should do some work, but it would be nice to take a couple hours if you're sure you don't mind."

"Not at all," Norm said. "I insist. All I ask is that I select your attire."

"Of course," Cori said. "I do try to keep from getting any tan lines, though."

"I know," Norm said. "We'll have to choose carefully then, won't we?"

Norm's choice was a gold sling-style suit. She had several different variations of this sling suit and Cori told him that the guys at the Shop used to call them 95's.

"Why?" Norm asked.

'They figured they showed off at least 95 percent of my body," Cori laughed.

"Well, I'd say it will be more like 98," Norm said, once again impressed by the wardrobe assembled by his fellow Cori bangers.

The suit consisted of nothing more than a gold string about the thickness of a typical spaghetti strap. It went over the shoulders and across the breasts, veering together at the crotch where it joined into one string that went between her pussy lips and into her ass like a thong. From the ass, it went straight up the back, splitting in two just between the shoulder blades. At no point – not even over the breasts or the pussy – did the thickness increase. And, it was a couple sizes too small, so it was stretched across her body, only making contact at the pussy, ass, tits and shoulders. Everywhere else, it was pulled taut a few inches away from her skin.

"Amazing," Norm said when he saw her in it. "Absolutely amazing. No need to worry about tan lines with that."

"Nope," Cori agreed.

"Do you have any safety pins," Norm asked.

"Sure," Cori said. "With all the modifications the guys did to my outfits, I was using them all the time to hold things together." Cori went to her room and came back a moment later with a handful of safety pins.

"Now, I just want to change one thing," Norm said. Taking a pair of scissors, he snipped the two strings that forked out toward her breasts from just above her pussy and the single strand that ran below her pussy to her ass. Then, he trimmed about an inch off each end, making the suit that much smaller.

"What did you do that for?" Cori asked. She wasn't mad, just confused.

"You'll see. Clip three safety pins in your clit ring and two in each of your nipple rings," Norm directed. Cori did as told. She had small safety pins and the thin wires fit easily inside the rings. "Now, attach the strings to the safety pins.

"Really?" Cori asked. "Will they reach?"

"Oh yeah," Norm said. "Plenty of length"

Cori had to pull hard, feeling the thong dig into her ass, just to get the string to reach one of the safety pins. Nimbly, she clipped the pin through the string, the new strain of the taut strap pulling her clit down. When she connected the strings that went toward her breasts to the appropriate safety pins, there were now three strings, all pulling her clit in different directions. Norm cut and shortened the strings below and above her breasts as well, forcing her to attach them to the safety pins as well. The tug of the cords provided constant stimulation to her nipples, forcing them to remain fully erect.

"Hmm," Cori said, looking down at herself. The suit was so taut that it pulled the safety pins and rings away from her body, making her clit poke out from it's protective hood and her nipples stick out even more dramatically than normal. It was incredibly tight and ridiculously revealing, obscenely emphasizing and displaying her most private parts. She was more exposed this way, she realized, than she would be if she were completely nude.

"Now do you see why you needed those piercings?" Norm asked. "That looks fantastic."

"Thank you," Cori said, moving gently to test the suit's pull on her most sensitive areas. She found it to be not at all painful and more than a little exciting as her nipples and clit were being exposed and pulled at the same time.

"Come on, I'll help you with your suntan lotion," Norm grinned. He wheeled out the back door behind her, watching her ass sway too and fro the whole time. She was wearing matching gold heels with little straps around the ankles. The straps were so tiny and her skin was already so tan that he was sure there wouldn't be a noticeable mark left. He wanted to put one of those collars on her, but that could wait.

Cori settled into a lounge chair, carefully adjusting the seat so that she could lay nearly flat on her back, her head only slightly elevated above the rest of her body. As she lay down, her body stretched to its full height, she felt a firm tug on the strings running between her nipples and her clit. She looked down and saw her fleshy button sticking out, the pink flesh looking engorged and raw. "It's going to bake in this sun," she thought, wondering what a sunburned clit would feel like. She imagined it wouldn't feel good.

Cori started to put some tanning lotion on her arms, but Norm stopped her. "That's my job."

"But I can reach some areas," Cori said.

"But I want to reach ALL areas," Norm grinned.

"OK, dirty old man," Cori teased. "But you have to use your right hand at least part of the time."

"You just don't let up, do you," Norm laughed. If complying with her silly rehab requests allowed Cori to feel like she was maintaining some sort of control, that was fine with Norm. Yesterday had clearly marked a turning point and today was going to be a complete change of pace for her. If he manipulated her enough to believe that this was all her idea and was her way of serving him, well so much the better. He was going to have his fun today one way or the other, but having her angry or hurt didn't really appeal to him. He just wanted her to be hot, exposed, displayed and played with. If she liked it – or at least didn't hate it – that was good enough for him.

"All right, you win," he sighed, gradually moving his right arm toward her. He was starting to feel quite a bit more strength in it, but he didn't let Cori know that. The sympathy/sense of duty angle was still a valuable ace in the hole in making sure she not only stuck around, but continued to satisfy his sexual desires as well. He wanted to be in control, but he wasn't above playing the feeble old man routine again if this attempt failed. To borrow a phrase, he was quickly learning that there was more than one way to this Kitten's skin.

Drawn in by that golden skin, so soft, pure and warm, Norm forgot about his psychological analysis of the situation and gave in to the pleasure of rubbing his hands on his step-daughter's perfect body. He started with the arms. In all the excitement over her tits, ass, pussy and legs, it was easy to overlook the other stunning parts of her, but he took note now of her long, slender yet toned arms. She had long, delicate fingers which he already knew were quite adept at stroking a cock.

He admired her slender neck, lean, model-pretty face and soft blonde hair. Her pretty red lips were so kissable – and fuckable. He spent several minutes covering and re-covering her tits, using his right hand to lift or move the spaghetti straps while his left hand rubbed down her breasts like a baker making up loaves of bread. He kneaded and caressed and rubbed until they were slick with lotion, glistening in the sun. Had the ring/safety pin combo not held the straps in place, the top of the suit surely would have slid right off her slippery breasts.

He would have been reluctant to move on, but her flat stomach was next and he enjoyed the feel of that soft skin wrapped around firm abs that were just barely outlined – not too defined, but enough to show just how fit she was. He imagined if he had full control of his hands that he could wrap them around that narrow little waist and have his fingers touch. He couldn't really, of course, but it sure looked like it. He flicked her gold naval piercing playfully, then moved on.

He looked up and saw that Cori had her eyes closed. She was awake, however, enjoying the slow, sensual massage. All sex and sex toy talk aside, Norm knew she really had earned some relaxation. She had been so good – so VERY good – since she got here. It had only been a few days and already he didn't know what he'd do without her. Well, let her relax now. If things went as planned, she would be very busy this afternoon.

He ran his left hand over the bare skin at the top of her pubic mound, slowly delving down into the small patch of thick blonde bush. He casually applied lotion to her inner thighs with his right hand while his left hand had the pleasure of coating her clit and pussy lips. He studied her exposed clit closely, noting the way the ring pierced the pink, puffy flesh and how it was pulled taut by the straps going in three different directions. He thought of it as a raw, exposed nerve, touching it gently, rubbing lotion on it, watching her squirm, knowing that just this slight touch was bringing unbearable pleasure to her.

Cori parted her legs just a little wider, making sure Norm had access to her clit and pussy, which he meticulously covered in lotion. They remained silent, except for an occasional "damn you're hot" grunt of appreciation from Norm or "that feels so good" moan from Cori, both lost in their own thoughts, enjoying this most intimate and sensual routine.

Norm stroked her sleek thighs, working his way down to her slender ankles. He undid the straps on her ankles and slid her shoes off long enough to rub her feet, taking note of her long toes before putting her heels back on, wrapping the straps back around her ankles.

'Turn over," he said softly, not wanting to break the mood. He lowered the chair back and Cori slowly, carefully rolled over, trying not to put too much additional strain on the strings pulling at her body. Pressing her breasts against the chair back gave them a little slack and she actually found laying on her stomach more comfortable.

Norm was instantly drawn to the sight of the string emerging from her ass, elevated from her body by several inches before it made contact again just below her neck. He plucked it and chuckled when the taut string actually made a light sound. He knew that had to send vibrations through her clit and nipples and her squirming told him it probably felt good. He plucked it a couple more times, musing that he needed just five more girls to have his own six-string.

He gave up the concert for the time being and focused once more on coating her body in glistening lotion, starting with the backs of her legs and moving up, giving extra attention to that ass that jutted out so nice and round, a firm base that served so many purposes – supporting those long legs, counter-balancing those big tits and framing her delectable fuck holes. Her ass cheeks were tan, smooth and perfectly shaped thanks to long hours of exercise and great genes; Norm remembered that her mom had an excellent ass as well.

He rubbed the small of her back and between her shoulder blades, the back of her neck and the backs of her arms. If he had been able, he wasn't sure he wouldn't have mounted her from behind right then and there for she was perfectly positioned for a good reaming, but he was liable to break something just getting out of the chair. When he got better, he told himself, no positions would be off limits.

"There, you're all set," Norm said.

"Mmm, that was great," Cori said, rolling back over onto her back, adjusting the chair back so that she was sitting up slightly. "I feel so relaxed now. You have great hands."

"Yeah, your hands are what I like about you too," Norm chuckled, lightly tapping her breasts. "I'd look at them all the time if you didn't have all this other stuff to look at."

Cori just laughed. She was relaxed, giggly and feeling good. Just what Norm wanted. "How about I fix you a drink?" Norm offered. "Do you like piña coladas?"

"Mmm-hmm," Cori said.

"Coming right up." Norm wheeled back into the house and looked at her through the glass in the back door. He looked around the yard, not sure whether to curse or be thankful for his privacy fence right now. As nice as the privacy was, how fun it would be for her to be on display for the whole neighborhood. There weren't a lot of two story homes in the neighborhood, either, but the lucky few would see a great show if they happened to look out their window.

Speaking of the show, this was the key to the whole thing. He mixed up her drink and added two – twice the recommended dosage – of the powerful, prescription sleeping pills. From experience, he knew just one would knock you out for a while. He figured two wouldn't be dangerous but would have her out for at least 5 or 6 hours. She would have to be out cold, too, because otherwise she'd never be able to sleep through what he had in mind. Oh, if this worked, things would be different when she woke up. Her reaction wouldn't change the outcome of today's events, but it would determine his next move in their relationship.

Norm rejoined her and they sipped their drinks slowly. An hour later, she was sound asleep. "Better make sure," Norm said, glancing at his watch and seeing that his guests should be arriving in about 20 minutes.

Norm carefully slid his hand under the spaghetti strap and squeezed her breast. Nothing. He pinched her nipple. Nothing. Harder. Still nothing. He twisted and pulled it using the strings attached to the nipple ring. No movement from his sleeping beauty.

He put his hand between her legs and rubbed her pussy. He plucked the strings holding her clit, watching the little bud vibrate back and forth like a little hummingbird's wings. He put one, then, two, then four fingers inside her, then finger-banged her hard for 15 seconds. She never stirred, though he was quite happy to find that her pussy certainly wasn't asleep on the job. It was as hot and wet and welcoming as ever. Yes, this was working out perfectly.

He wheeled into the house and came back moments later with the final pieces for his display. He had a set of five small gold chains. They were thin – about the thickness of a women's necklace – and meant to be decorative rather than binding. But they would also be symbolic. Norm didn't quite understand why he wanted them on her, but he did. He guessed it was to demonstrate to others his control and her willingness to be bound and naked for him if that's what he wanted. So, he attached one to the ankle strap of each stiletto, snapping the other ends to the legs on the chair. He did the same with her wrists, wrapping the gold chains around them loosely and attaching them to the arms on the chair. Finally, he placed the choker that said "Cum Slut" on her slender neck and attached one end of the extra long fifth and final chain to it and ran the chain through the slats in the chair back, bringing it up between her legs and attaching it to the safety pin below her clit, which was now the central connector piece for three spaghetti straps and a metal chain.

In each case, there was ample slack in the chains that Cori would have free range of motion. She would be able to sit up or even stand if she wanted. Norm had no desire to put her in pain or restrict her movements. These chains implied bondage more than actually supplying it. Image, in this case, was everything.

He checked the time and saw that he had about five more minutes. He took his digital camera and took about a dozen photos of Cori, getting tight shots of the rings protruding from her breasts and pussy as well as nice shots of his gorgeous step-daughter, tanning, nearly nude, her body all slick and glistening and tan in the warm sun. Yes, he could get used to looking at this scenery every day while sitting on his deck.

He just started back into the house when he the doorbell rang. He wheeled as quickly as he could to the door and opened it. The man at the doorway was tall with peppery gray hair that somehow didn't make him look old. Maybe that was because he looked like a younger man otherwise – steel gray eyes, tanned, taut skin with a shadow of beard, tall and lean but muscular. He looked every bit like the ex-Army sergeant he was. His name was Crisp. Norm wasn't sure if that was a first name or last name – it was the only name by which he had ever heard him referred to.

Norm didn't really know him. He had met him once at the restaurant. Crisp, who was actually 40 years old, was a friend of one of the regulars at the truck stop, which is how Norm had known to call him. After retiring from the Army, Crisp had started a deck and fencing company a few years ago and his company was renowned for its quality service and fine craftsmanship. True to his military background, Crisp ran a tight ship and his workers knew very well that to be late for an appointment, lazy on the job or shoddy in their work was unacceptable. For that reason, he kept his workforce small and was hands-on in the daily projects. They were more expensive than many of the other contractors, but much more highly regarded.

But one thing Norm knew about Crisp was that, as rigid and organized in his professional life as he was, he was completely the opposite on his own time. Ed, Crisp's buddy who was a regular at the truck stop, often told stories about he and Crisp and his work crew hitting the strip clubs after work. They would stay there for hours, Crisp buying drinks and lap dances for everyone before invariably leaving with one of the hotter pole dancers. Apparently, he had two or three favorites at each club and they just rotated from one night to the next. Crisp's parties were also legendary. He'd hire a dozen or more call girls or strippers and pay them well enough that they stayed all night, servicing and entertaining Crisp and his men on demand.

It was this kernel of information that sparked Norm's idea. He wanted to show Cori off. He wanted a new deck. When he told Crisp about his step-daughter and made his proposal, Crisp had been skeptical. Despite his love and appreciation for good pussy, he wasn't one to mix business with pleasure and he wasn't one to do jobs for free. Still, his imagination had been piqued by Norm's idea and he decided it was worth a shot.

"Hey Norm," Crisp said, extending his hand. Norm shrugged, indicating he couldn't use his right hand but extended his left. He thought Crisp probably let up, but it still felt like his hand was being crushed by the powerful man. "Good to see you again. Ed told me about your stroke. You doin' all right?"

"Yeah, getting better every day," Norm smiled. "Cori's really helping me."

"So, where is she?" Crisp said, ready to get down to business. "She better be as hot as you said or you'll be paying. I'll give you a discount, but free means more than good-looking or cute. She better be fucking hot. I'm talking model pretty with a world-class body."

"She's all that and more," Norm said confidently. He motioned for Crisp and his men to come in. As Crisp had indicated on the phone, he had five men with him. Like Crisp, they were all dressed in light gray t-shirts with the "Crisp Crew" logo on the chest and their names embroidered underneath, tan work pants and work boots. Their shirts were all tucked in, their clothes clean and wrinkle free. Crisp certainly ran his unit with military precision, Norm thought.

Crisp introduced the guys, all by last name. Benson was the oldest of the group at 55. He was a balding man, a burly former construction worker with hairy arms, a barrel chest, deep voice and commanding presence. It was obvious that he was the unofficial right-hand man and a guy who would make the others toe the line as quickly as Crisp would.

Cruz was in his mid-20s, a Latino with a determined face and chiseled body. All of Crisp's men were in great shape, but Cruz was the most impressive, his body rippling under his t-shirt.

Waters was a tall, slender black man in his 30s. He had powerful legs and narrow waist that suggested a track background. Cho was Asian, average height and build, in his 40s though he looked much younger. He had a wiry yet muscular body.

Finally, Sanders was the youngest of the group at just 22. He was a 6-4 black man built like a tree trunk. He had been a fullback on his college football, having just recently graduated.

Glancing at the group, Norm wondered if he had overplayed his hand. Cori was hot, yes, but these guys were used to hot women. They had the looks and – backed by Crisp's generous spending – resources to bed almost any woman they wanted. Was Cori special enough for these guys, or would they think she was just another babe? He turned to lead them to the back door, saw his nearly nude, slumbering step-daughter through the window and erased all doubts. She was a vision of pure beauty and sex. No man would find her ordinary.

He led them to the door and escorted them onto the small patio that would soon be replaced by his deck. The men fanned out, surrounding Cori, taking in the sight.

"What do you think?" Norm asked, grinning. "Will she do?"

Crisp showed no emotion, but studied the faces of his men, eyebrows raised, looking for their non-verbal answers. His visual survey told him what he expected, "She'll do," Crisp said. "But let me ask you, why do you want to share her?"

"Well," Norm said, "I like to show her off, you know, let other guys look but not touch..."

"We're going to touch, though, right?" Crisp interjected. "That's the deal."

"Oh, right," Norm said, shaking his head. "Yes, that's the deal. I'm willing to let you guys have, um, access to her in exchange for the deck."

"And she's OK with it?" Crisp frowned, noting her obvious drugged state and bondage.

"Yep," Norm said, launching into the partially accurate story he had prepared, knowing his motives would be challenged by not only Crisp, but Cori as well. "Well, she will be. See, Cori moved her just a few days ago to help me after my stroke. As you can see, she's a very healthy, very sexual young woman. She has needs. I do my best to serve them – every chance I get! But back in Georgia, she actually had four boyfriends who liked her so much, they actually were willing to share her with each other.

"So, she had four cocks – all younger than mine, and larger, too, probably – servicing her every day. Even when I was younger I couldn't compete with that, though I would love to have tried. Anyway, you guys are sort of a present to her."

Norm noticed the guys nodding as they studied her and listened to him, realizing that they were going to get to fuck this babe.

"Then why the drugs and bondage?" Crisp pressed.

"You're a surprise," Norm said. "See, regardless of what you might think of a girl with four boyfriends who also fucks her step-dad, she's not a whore. She's just a very giving girl who thinks it's her life mission to please men. Given the body she has, I can't argue with her. She's made for pleasure.

"Anyway, even if she was horny and frustrated that I couldn't fill her needs, she would never complain, never go seek the company of someone else. She would find you guys attractive, but out of respect for me, she wouldn't take action. So, I'm putting her in a spot where the action will already be started before she wakes up. I'm willing to bet she'll be so pleased with the deck and so ready to fuck – though she might not admit it – that she'll be anxious to pay you back."

"And won't she bad mad at you?"

"Not if you guys give her the fucking I think you will," Norm said. "She cums hard, man, and over and over again. You get her off a few times and she'll be thanking me. And let me tell you, no one thanks you like Cori."

"You still haven't explained the bonds," Crisp said.

"Well, you'll note they're not tight at all," Norm said. "They're not intended to restrict her, just to keep her from running off when she wakes up before I have a chance to explain. Once she sees the whole picture, Cori is a very understanding and accommodating girl."

"All right," Crisp said, apparently satisfied with his answers. Norm noticed that Crisp had done all the talking for his men thus far. "What are the parameters again?"

"Right now, while you're working, Cori will be out here, on display. She's sort of intended to be motivation and inspiration," Norm said. "Consider this the appetizer. You can touch her, take pictures, whatever, but the main course comes after you're done. Assuming I'm satisfied with your work, we'll have a cookout for you. Cori will serve and entertain. Then, four men will receive personal lap dances that, I assure you, will not leave you disappointed.

"Then, two lucky guys will get the honor of an extended fuck session. Crisp will be one," Norm explained to the group, sharing the outline he had given Crisp over the phone, "and one of you will be the other. That will be determined by draw. In order to be in the drawing, you have to work hard, to the satisfaction of Mr. Crisp. If he deems your effort worthy, you'll be in the drawing. Given your reputations, I expect all of you to qualify. Mr. Crisp and the winner will have one hour with Cori to do whatever they wish. The only stipulation is that I be allowed to watch."

"Sound good, gentlemen?" Crisp asked. They all nodded.

"Oh, just one more thing," Norm said. "Just don't hurt her. No hitting or slapping unless you want to give her ass a little smack or something. No spitting on her or pulling her hair or anything like that. And you can talk dirty to her -- she likes it – but take it easy on the name-calling, please. It might sound weird, but the more respect you show her, the more she'll pay you back as a hot little cum slut, just like her collar says."

"Fair enough," Crisp said. "I assure you, if anyone steps out of line, they'll have to answer to me. They won't be in the drawing and they won't have a job."

"That's good enough for me," Norm said. "She should be out for the next several hours."

"All right, gentlemen," Crisp said, "Let's get to work."

The guys threw open the fence gate and carefully picked up Cori's chair and moved her over by the edge of the pool. Four went to work tearing up the old patio while the other two started hauling in the wood and tools to assemble the deck. Norm was impressed with how efficient they were. They moved in precision, like a well-drilled team, with little wasted effort. They were clearly pros at their jobs and took very seriously what many might think of as a ho-hum manual labor job. Still, they were human, and stole more than one glance over at their prize.

Norm himself watched her as much as the guys. Her long legs, tan skin and glistening, hard body never got tired on the eyes. Not until the old patio was broken up and hauled away and the frame was in place for the new deck did they take a break. They had coolers filled with beer and water and each took a beer, giving one to Norm as well, as they all sat down on the edge of the pool and in the grass next to Cori, who still was totally unconscious.

"Well, hell," Crisp said, taking a swig of his beer, then setting it aside. "Let's see what Miss Cum Slut has to offer." He kneeled next to the chair and ran his hands up her smooth sides, up to her breasts, cupping them. "Mmm. Real," he nodded. "Don't usually see them this firm when they're real. Nice size too." His review of her body was almost analytical. "Nice body. Hard. She works out, I can tell. Let's see what we have down here." His hand dipped between her thighs, rubbing over her pussy lips. He spread the outer labia and ran his fingers along the moist crease. "Excellent," he said, and Norm guessed it was a word the man didn't toss around lightly. "She always this hot and wet?"

"All the time," Norm nodded. "And her nipples are always hard, even when she doesn't have the rings in. I'm telling you, she's ready to go 24 hours a day. I would love to, but I just can't keep up."

"That's a good problem to have," Benson spoke, leaning forward to feel Cori's tits. "What are these, C cup?"

"Yeah," Norm said.

"Really nice," Benson nodded, tweaking one of her erect nipples. "Don't get me wrong, I got nothing against a good set of fake tits, but too many women get them too damn big. Give me a nice firm, natural set like these any day."

"Hah," Waters laughed. "You say that, but you were the first one to stick your head between that stripper's E cups the other night."

"Well, these are a helluva lot better than those floppy things. Feel for yourself," Benson said, handing the boobs over to the black man.

Soon, all of the guys were feeling Cori up, exploring her tits and pussy, admiring her well-toned and beautifully displayed body. These pussy connoisseurs were duly impressed. "I love the rings, man," Sanders, the youngest of the crew, said.

"Just had them put in yesterday," Norm said. "Special treat for you all."

"Nice touch," Sanders said. He flicked the dual strings leading from her pussy to her tits, watching her nipples and clit vibrate in unison as he strummed her cords.

"Play it, Hendrix," Cho chirped.

"Before you get back to work," Norm interjected, "she probably should be flipped over to get some sun on her ass. Would you guys mind doing that for me?"

They unclipped the chains on her ankles and feet to keep them from tangling. Even though one of the guys could have lifted the light Cori all by himself, they were all eager to have their hands on her, four guys grabbing her legs and arms while the other two helped keep the chains and chair straight. They laid her down gently, all eyes immediately drawn to her high, rounded, firm ass, split so nicely by the spaghetti strap.

"She doesn't look too comfortable like this," Crisp said, gently squeezing one ass cheek while Benson grabbed the other. "Her damn tits are getting squished. How about we prop her up a bit? It will get some more sun on her ass and inside her thighs, too."

Norm nodded his agreement. A cardboard box filled with Styrofoam served as a perfect support. They placed it under Cori's belly, letting her head and tits hang over one end while her ass was prominently sticking in the air and her long legs stretched behind her on the chair. They clipped the chains on her wrists to the front of the chair.

"Her cunt needs some sun," Crisp said, motioning his men to spread her legs. They did, pulling them apart as far as they could off the sides of the chair. They wrapped one end of the chain around a ladder rung in the pool and the other around one of the deck posts.

"Yeah, that will get some sun up in there," Crisp said, rubbing her exposed pussy. He rubbed his cock through his trousers. "You put any tanning lotion on her recently?"

"No," Norm said. "Be my guest." He offered a bottle of lotion to Crisp, but the big man just grinned and pulled out his cock.

"I carry my own brand," Crisp said. He mounted the back of the chair and put his cock between Cori's ass cheeks, wrapping her flesh around his cock like a hot dog in a bun. Crisp's cock was a little larger than average, around 7 inches, but Norm was most impressed by the man's steely hardness. It was as rigid as a metal rod and Norm half expected the man to whip it out and start hammering nails with it later.

"Mind if I get a little preview," Crisp asked, showing Norm the proper respect.

"Not at all," Norm smile. "I think you've earned it. I recommend just a quick sample, though. Save some for later."

"Thanks," Crisp grunted. He unclipped the bottom string connected to her clit and pressed his hard cock head against her pussy lips. As they always did, they yielded happily to the pressure of a hard cock, sucking it into her willing pussy which, operating with a mind of its own, didn't seem to care if Cori was conscious or not. Crisp drove his rod straight into her pussy until he was balls deep. He stopped then, enjoying the feel of her tight cunt around his shaft. "That's some prime pussy, all right," he nodded, giving her ass a gentle slap. He thrust in an out hard and fast half a dozen times, then pulled out and poked his wet cock up her ass. Though it was obviously tighter and less lubricated than her pussy, he took no longer to bury himself inside her. Had she been awake, the violent thrust probably would have hurt, but in her unconscious state, there was no pain. Norm wondered if she'd be able to tell that she had been penetrated when she woke up.

Crisp test drove her ass for about 30 seconds, then pulled out and got off the chair before he overstepped his bounds any further. Kneeling alongside the chair, he reconnected the back of the thong to her clit and stuck his cock under the thong emerging from her ass, stabbing upward and pulling it even more taut. Norm thought he might rip the thing, but Crisp relented, shifting sideways and jabbing at the side of her breast with this thick rod. He thrust several times, stabbing at her tits, knocking one against the other, making them sway back and forth like two giant pendulums.

"These things are heavy," he said, exaggerating his thrusts to let them know how hard it was to move Cori's heavy, firm tits using only his cock.

He moved around to front, pulling her head up to waist level and rubbing his cock over her cheeks and lips, then wrapping it in her golden hair. "Soon enough, babe, you'll be gagging on this big thing."

Norm looked around and noted that all of the other guys were stroking their cocks now too. Sanders seemed to have the largest – a 10-incher that looked like a cop's night stick. Norm joined the crowd, stroking himself as well. He kept stroking as he watched Crisp walk back around behind his step-daughter, putting three fingers in her pussy while stroking his cock with the other hand. Seconds later, Crisp fired several blasts of thick, white cum all over her ass, thoroughly dousing her left cheek and covering nearly half of her right.

"Missed a spot," Benson said as Crisp stepped aside. Benson too rubbed his cock against her ass, then dipped it into her pussy for a few hard strokes before dumping his load on Cori's right ass cheek. Cho fucked her pussy hard for a full minute before Crisp told him to stop. He pulled our reluctantly and fired his load right at her pussy, coating her exposed clit, cum dripping from her gold ring. Waters, Sanders and Cruz each took their turns as well, sampling her pussy and then firing their loads on her back and legs. Norm decided a second coat on her ass was necessary, splattering his load across both cheeks.

When they were all done, Cruz stepped forward with a trowel you would normally use to smooth concrete and proceed to gently spread the cum all over Cori's back, ass and legs.

"Drink lots of water and work on building up another load, gentlemen," Crisp said. "She'll need some more on her front this afternoon. It will take a lot of jizz to cover those tits."

The men went back to work, occasionally looking over at Cori's hanging tits and obscenely spread ass. "Hey Norm," Crisp yelled. "Got any dildos? Her cunt looks hungry."

"It's always hungry," Norm smiled. He went inside and found some toys in Cori's stash. "Her ass is hungry, too," he said. He slid a pink butt plug into her ass and drilled a 10-inch flesh-colored dildo into her pussy. "Want this too?" he asked. He held up a red ball gag. Crisp gave him a thumbs up and Norm slid the strap around Cori's head, parting her lips and inserting the ball.

Now, bound in a doggy style position with dildos and plugs in her holes, a ball gag in her mouth, chains on her legs and wrists, rings in her clit and nipples and giant white globs of white cum shimmering all over her back and dripping from her pussy, Norm knew this was worthy of some photos. He took pictures from various angles, getting close ups of the cum on her ass and even caught a glob hanging from her clit ring just before it dropped onto the chair. "I'll have copies of a disk made for all you," Norm said. "Just please don't put them all over the Internet. I like showing her off, but only when I'm there to see it."

Norm went inside to order some food from one of the local sub shops and when he came back out, he noticed Cho was next to Cori, tape measure in hand.

"What's going on?" Norm asked, not the least bit concerned that Cho was doing anything inappropriate.

"Just taking a few measurements," Cho said. "If you don't mind, Crisp gave me approval to work on a couple special projects for you."

"Sure," Norm said. "What did you have in mind?"

"Well, I think we all like the way she's displayed there and I figured with this deck, you might like her that way more often. So, I was going to build you a permanent display stand. You'll be able to bend her over it any time and I'm going to put two small posts out to the side that you can use to spread her legs if you want. We can put a pad on it to make it more comfortable for her if you want her that way for long periods of time."

"Sounds great!" Norm said, delighted at the thought of custom-built Cori-display stands.

"And, you may know that we have some experience with strip clubs," Cho said. "Well, one of the owners is a good friend of ours and he's hooking us up with his supplier of stripper poles. They're going to deliver two and we'll install one out here between your awning and the deck and another in your bedroom."

"That's super!" Norm said. These guys were thinking of things he never dreamed of. Obviously, they felt they were getting their money's worth out of the deal, going above and beyond like this. His instincts had been right – Cori was that special.

A while later, they broke for lunch. Cruz sat with his legs under Cori's chair and used her ass as a table, eating his sandwich with one hand and rubbing her pussy with the other. "Man, she's a juicy little thing," Cruz said. "Did you lube her up?" he asked Norm.

"No," Norm said. "That's all-natural pussy cream. Tastes great, too."

"Really?" Cruz said. "I usually like to let the bitches do the eating, if you know what I'm saying. But if you say so, let's see." He tore off piece of bread from his sandwich and dipped it between her pussy lips, letting the bread soak up her juices. Then he popped it in his mouth. "Mmm," he nodded. "That's fucking sweet! Tastes like candy. I've never tasted a pussy that good before."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Waters said. "You never eat pussy anyway. Now me, I love to chew on a good snatch. Gets them so fucking hot, they fuck you twice as good. Let me be the judge of how this bitch tastes."

Waters knelt behind her and licked up and down her slit with his long tongue. When he didn't come up for air for about a minute, everyone knew what his review would be. "As good as I've ever tasted," he confirmed, licking his lips. "She's as sweet as she is juicy."

"Well, all I know is her ass is baked," Crisp said, "and I want to squeeze out another wad. So let's flip her over and play with those tits for a while."

Moments later, Cori was back on her back, flat against the chair, her big breasts standing magnificently atop her chest. "Titty-fucking's OK, right," Crisp asked Norm.

"Sure thing," Norm said.

"All right fellas," Crisp said. "We don't have time to stand around and gawk. We'll take turns. You guys get back to work. When I'm done, one of you gets next shot. Let's cover her good, fellas. This sun is hot today."

Crisp sat on her stomach and wrapped her tits around his cock. He poked his rigid throbber forward, pushing through the smooth flesh, his cock sliding easily over her silky, lotion-covered skin. He removed the ball gag and put his hand on top of her head and tilted it down, aiming his cock at her mouth. He pushed just far enough to part her lips and have them wrap around his cock head with every thrust until finally he spurted a load equal in size to his first, splattering her forehead, nose and right cheek.

"Part of her face is done," Crisp said, zipping his pants and going back to work. "Finish it off, Cruz."

Cruz took his place on Cori, also titty-fucking her, playing with her nipples and pulling on the rings until he coated the rest of her face as well as her neck. "Next!" he called.

The others followed, drenching her flat tummy, pussy mound, thighs and even her feet. Out of respect for the next guy, they all avoided her tits. Just in time, a delivery guy showed up with the stripper poles.

"Hey, wanna jack off?" Cho asked him, leading him into the back and showing him Cori's cum-covered body. "She needs some on her tits to keep from getting a sunburn."

"Really?" the guy asked. He was just a kid, probably still in high school or doing a summer college job.

"Really," Cho said.

"Fuck yeah, I'll do it." He straddled the chair and jerked on his cock, just the sight of Cori's amazing body enough to make the chubby youngster hard. When Cho told him he could touch her if he wanted, the kid started jizzing just at the thought of it, spraying a sizable load across her knockers.

"Thanks," Cho said, signing the delivery form, "she needed that."

Norm wanted to add his own load, but even with all the excitement, he wasn't up to it. Nonetheless, she was well-covered, globs of cum hanging from her nipples, the straps running from her tits to her pussy and even off the ends of her toes. The cum, mixed with the oily suntan lotion made for a thick, glossy slick coating all over Cori's body.

The "Cum Slut" sign around her neck couldn't have been more accurate.

About an hour later, Cori started to stir. It was a little earlier than Norm expected, but he had only been guessing anyway. Besides, he was anxious for her to wake up and start interacting with these guys. As fun as it was to see her immobile and unconscious, nothing compared to seeing Cori in motion.

"Guys!" Norm yelled, holding up his hand to get their attention. They put down their tools and looked over at Cori, seeing her arms moving a little, her head turning from one side to the other. Their plaything was waking up. They all circled around her and Norm wheeled up next to her.

"Good morning, Kitten," he said softly into her ear. "Did you have a good cat nap?"

Cori tried to open her eyes, but something seemed to be holding them shut. She heard some chuckling and assumed it was Norm, but then she realized there was more than one voice, coming from more than one direction. She was disoriented and sluggish and felt like she had been asleep for days. Slowly, her mind cleared, but still she couldn't open her eyes. She went to rub them with her hands, but something restrained them just inches from her face. Starting to panic now, she started to move her legs and tried to sit up, but soon felt the restraints holding her back.

Vaguely, she was aware of an odd feeling on her skin. The oil was there, yes, but it felt thick and heavy in spots. Weird. What was going on?

"What...?" she started to ask, in a high-pitched voice that demonstrated her growing anxiety.

"Easy, Kitten," Norm said, nodding toward the guys to keep quiet. "You're fine. Just be quiet and still for a minute and let me explain. You've been so good to me, I wanted to get you a gift. I know you miss your friends in Georgia and that I can't satisfy all your needs, so I brought in some guys you might like.

"They are already here and are building a beautiful deck for us. When they're done, we're going to thank them with a nice cookout."

"Where are they?" Cori asked, her voice even but firm. She considered herself a good sport, but she felt completely out of control and blindsided. "Have they seen me like this? Why am I tied to the chair?"

"I gave you a sleeping pill," Norm said calmly. "I wanted to help you relax. I guess it worked too well and you really fell asleep hard. Anyway, I was afraid you'd be scared by the guys when you woke up and would run away, so I put these chains on you to keep you from hurting yourself. As you can tell, they're not too tight. I didn't want to hurt you.

"The guys are all here and they're looking at you right now," Norm continued. "They were kind enough to help me put some very strong sunscreen on you and have been perfect gentlemen, I assure you."

"Why can't I open my eyes," Cori demanded.

She heard laughter from the men, who no longer tried to quiet themselves since Norm had let the cat out of the bag. "Well," Norm couldn't keep from chuckling himself, "some of that special sunscreen seems to have plastered your eyes shut. Here, I'll undo your wrists and you can wipe it off."

"It's edible, too!" Cruz chimed in, getting a big laugh.

Her arms free, Cori wiped away the sticky goo from her right eye looked at it, blinking slowly as her eyes adjusted to the light. "Recognize that?" Sanders asked. "I think you've seen it before."

Indeed she had. Cori realized it was cum. A big, thick white glob of it. Norm had let them cum on her while she was asleep? What was going on here? What else had they done to her?

"Go ahead and eat it," Norm said. "Like he said, it's edible."

Cori had no clothes to wipe it on and she just wanted to get rid of it, clear her other eye and get out of this chair. So, figuring the fastest way to get rid of it was indeed to lick it off, she stuck her finger in her mouth, instantly recognizing the taste of salty cum.

"I think that was mine," Benson said proudly as the guys all watched her swallow the cum.

"The other one's definitely mine," Crisp said, his authoritative voice commanding attention. "Go ahead, Cori, eat my cum off your other eye too."

Cori complied, filling her mouth with two fingerfuls of Crisp's cum, swallowing it quickly. With her vision finally cleared, Cori looked up at the men surrounding her, feeling naked, vulnerable, used and ... very impressed. Wow, Norm had gone all out to bring in some very attractive men. She didn't appreciate his methods, but she had to admit that her pussy could use a good drilling from one of these guys. But all six? What was Norm thinking?

"Hi guys," Cori said, smiling at them. She looked at her body and saw the tell-tale white globs all over it and understood what had happened. "Uh, thanks, I guess, for the sunscreen."

"You're very welcome, Cori," Crisp said, stepping forward and introducing himself and his men. "It was our honor and duty to help a damsel in distress."

"Thanks," Cori said. "Oh, this deck looks amazing!"

"Glad you like it," Crisp said again. The guys were undoing Cori's chains, helping her to her feet to get a better look at their work. "We've been assured that you would show us your appreciation for our hard work."

Cori glanced at Norm, who just smiled at her, and she began to see his game. He was trying to repay her by giving her a deck and, bless his heart, he didn't feel he could satisfy her needs so he was offering her what amounted to a stud service. She was very impressed by his generosity and caring. Most men would have wanted to keep her to themselves, but not good ol' Norm. He wanted her to be happy and figured some good hard cocks might do the trick. Well, she hardly needed six cocks, but who was she to look a gift horse in the mouth? Especially a well-hung one? If he was willing to do so much for her, the least she could do was play along and appreciate the gift. It would hurt his feelings if she did otherwise.

"Of course I will," Cori grinned, giving a fake innocent pout and putting her finger to her lips. "Whatever did you boys have in mind?"

"I think from the cum all over your body you have a pretty good idea what's on our minds," Crisp said. "The question is, my dear, can you handle it?"

"Um, well, I don't know, but I'll try," Cori said. "What exactly do I have to do?"

"Well, you're going to serve and entertain us during dinner," Norm said, nodding toward the stripper pole. "Then, you're giving private, full-service lap dances to four of these guys. I'm sure you know what I mean by full service." Cori nodded. "Then, Crisp and one of the other guys get one hour to do whatever they want with you while we all watch."

"Wow," Cori said. "Good thing I got so much sleep! So, who's the other guy besides Crisp?"

"Any ideas yet?" Norm asked Crisp.

"They've all worked hard and qualify," Crisp said, "but instead of a drawing, I had something else in mind. How about a little marksmanship competition?"

"Whatever you want is fine with me," Norm said. "But I hope you're not talking about guns."

"No guns, but these weapons are cocked," Crisp said, grabbing his crotch and chuckling. "We assign different point values to parts of her body – anything on the face, including hair, is 5 points, tits, pussy and ass are three and everywhere else is 1. Each different glob or puddle of cum is counting separately. If he hits her twice in the same spot and it all runs together, it only counts as one. So, they have to spray it around to get maximum point value."

"Won't everyone just aim for the face and have the same score?" Norm asked.

"I doubt it," Crisp said, "because they're going to be four feet away from her. They should be able to hit her with at least their first couple shots, but aim and accuracy will be tough, especially with this little bit of breeze we have here. The guy who can cum the most with the longest reach and greatest accuracy will win."

"I like it," Norm said. "Any questions, Cori?"

"No sir," Cori said. "Just tell me where to go."

"Kneel down right there," Crisp said, pointing to the spot where the pool edging met the grass. "We'll measure four feet and that's where the guy has to shoot from. Now, they might need a little help along the way, but once they're ready to fire, they have to step back. If they aren't behind the line in time, it doesn't count."

"We'll have to make sure you're in the same place for each guy," Crisp said. "So I'm going to put a post in the ground here and tie you to it." Cruz helped him dig a quick hole and they put a wood post in the ground. Cori knelt with her back against the post and they secured her arms and legs around it with twine.

Crisp toyed with Cori's nipples for a few minutes, making sure they were fully erect, then measured off four feet from them since they represented the point of her body that was extended out the furthest. He drove another post into the ground to mark the spot. "This is your launching pad, gentlemen," Norm announced. "We'll go in order of age. Benson, that means you're up first."

Benson stepped forward, unzipping his fly and striding right up to Cori. "Suck it a little, if you please," he said politely but firmly. It took Cori's skilled mouth only a few seconds to take him from semi-erect to full on hard-on. He reached down and squeezed her nipples, fondling the rings and safety pins, getting a bird's eye view of her bobbing head flanked by her perfectly formed tits. He put his hand on the back of her head and gave a few hard thrusts deep into her throat. "Yeah, that's good, babe," he said. "Choke on that big thing."

As a very experienced deep-throater, Cori had no trouble handling his average-size cock in her throat, but obliged his demands by pretending to gag a little bit, sputtering and coughing while he rammed his cock into her face. That seemed to be his trigger and he abruptly stepped back, just getting behind the post as his first bolt of semen shot forth from his cock. It was well aimed, seeming to be going right toward her forehead, but it fell at the last minute, landing instead just above her left breast. His next shot nailed her right breast and his third just barely made it, splattering against her thigh. The rest spilled out on the grass.

"7 points," Crisp announced

Cho was next and he wasted little time stepping forward. His cock was already hard when he put it against Cori's lips and told her what to do. "Just suck the head real good," he said softly. "That's it." Cori's lips had encircled the mushroom head of his cock, sucking it in and out of her mouth while her tongue danced across the top and teased the sensitive area on the underside of the head. Most guys wanted to deep throat, it seemed, but Cori always thought this type of blowjob was where her skills were best displayed. Somehow, she was able to sense what guys wanted her to do without being told. She knew when to suck, when to lick, when to suck harder, when to pull the cock out and lick up and down the shaft. It was a gift, really, though hardly one you could put on your résumé.

After a few minutes of her special oral attention, Cho was ready and he stepped back. He held his cock out confidently, stroking it slowly, bending his knees and trying to aim his penis at the right trajectory. Finally, he fired his first shot in a high, long arc that came down right on Cori's nose and spilled across her lips. The next shot followed the same arc, catching her right shoulder. The next one caught the bottom of her left breast and the last shot to make contact landed just below her navel.

"10 points," Crisp said, nodding. "Very impressive." He wiped the cum of Cori's nose and lips with a rag as the tall, slender Waters stepped forward.

His cock was the largest so far, a full 7 inches that he quickly imbedded in Cori's mouth and throat. "Just suck and lick," he said. He fucked her mouth with long, slow strokes, pushing forward until his balls touched her chin, then pulling back until she was kissing his head. She sucked hard as he entered her and then danced her tongue all over his shaft, wrapping it around the veiny flesh or flicking it along the underside of his head as he pulled back. Suck and lick, suck and lick. It was a steady rhythm that Waters maintained for several minutes before he finally announced he was ready and stepped behind the line, pumping his cock like a kid priming one of those super-soaker water guns.

His shots flew straight and hard, the first landing on top of her head, clinging to her blonde hair. The next appeared to be headed for her nose, but a wind gust pushed it aside and it flew past her ear. He hit her pussy with the next shot and her thigh after that for a 9 point total. "Fucking wind," he said disgustedly, knowing he would have had 14 points and the lead.

"There's always some wind with a blowjob," Cho taunted, happy to still be in the lead.

The muscular Cruz was next. His muscles rippling, he pulled out his cock which was very thick and looked every bit as powerful as the rest of his body. True to his aggressive nature, he jabbed his cock into the side of Cori's mouth, switching it from one side to the other, watching his cock push her cheeks out. He pulled his cock out and fed his balls to her. "Put them both in your mouth," he instructed. She licked and sucked them separately, then slurped them both in her mouth. Apparently, that was what he needed and he pushed her head back as he stepped behind the line. He jerked his cock hard and fast, tugging on it feverishly. He didn't seem to be aiming, just firing, but he was on target. The first shot hit her right eye and the second drilled in her in the left cheek. He also nailed her left nipple and landed his last shot right on her pussy mound.

"Nicely done," Crisp said, again cleaning off Cori's face. "16 points. You're far and away the leader so far. Sanders, you get the last shot."

The big former football player held his 10-inch throbber in front of Cori's face menacingly, rubbing it across her nose and cheeks. He rubbed the head across her eyelids while she licked on his balls. "You want me to win," he said to her, "don't you, little slut? You want me to win so you can get more of this big cock. Probably the biggest cock you've ever seen, huh bitch? Well, suck it real good for me now and then I'm going to plaster your pretty face with all I have."

He offered his cock to her and she sucked it into her mouth, straining to deep throat him. She succeeded, of course, and he stood confidently in front of her, hands behind his back, thrusting his hips firmly into her face. "I could do this all day," he bragged, "but I guess we better get the show on the road."

He stepped back and fired away. As promised, he connected with her face on the first three shots, covering her nose, lips and one cheek for a quick 15 points. But the next shot was blown wide and his last one landed just below her tits. "16 points," Crisp said. "It's a tie."

"Guess they both get to join you," Norm said, anticipating the question before it was asked. "They earned it."

"Fine with me," Crisp said. "Congratulations, Cruz, Sanders, you both win."

"So, how much more do you have to do?" Norm asked.

"We should be done in about another hour," Crisp said, untying Cori from the post.

"Good," Norm said. "While they finish up, why don't you clean up, Cori?"

"OK," Cori stood up and started toward the house.

"No, wait," Norm said. "Let me get a look at you." He studied his step-daughter from head to toe. She was a mess. Cum clung to almost every body part, some if it dried and crusty, some of it mixing with her suntan lotion and oozing across her tan skin. He laughed and said, "You're an absolute mess. I don't want all that in my house. You just cleaned. Jump in the pool first."

Cori kicked off her shoes and, with all eyes on her, did a perfect dive into the pool. She kicked to the surface and looked back at her crowd, pushing her hair out her eyes. They applauded and went back to work while she rubbed her hands over her body, helping the cool water wash away the several layers of cum and lotion that coated her skin. She felt the gentle waves pushing and pulling on her rings and pins. In all the excitement – she went from waking up to sucking cock and catching cum in what seemed like a matter of minutes – she hadn't really thought about how much she was being stimulated. Now, however, she was certainly noticing. The cool water combined with the rings and pins to make her nipples achingly hard. And every swish of the water flowed across her exposed clit, which was signaling her that it was definitely ready for some attention.

The guys at the shop had put her in a few situations like this before – she remembered a cookout at John's that had resulted in her being shared and enjoyed by many of John's neighbors. But these types of events had been few and far between. Usually it was public displays and one-on-one fucking. That's what she usually preferred. It allowed her to feel like a real girlfriend instead of a slut. It allowed her to have a close relationship with the men in her life. Group things took away from that and she generally would prefer to avoid them. So, it was odd to her that she found herself really looking forward to the rest of the evening. She didn't know if it was being so overwhelmed by Norm's thoughtfulness and generosity, the impressive group of guys and their hard cocks or the constant exposure and stimulation of her body, but whatever it was, she was ready.

She got out of the pool and Norm ushered her inside. "Now that you're not disgusting," he said, "take a shower and really clean up. I'll pick out a good outfit for you to entertain our guests in."

**CHAPTER EIGHT: DIRTY DANCING**

Cori and Norm emerged from the house to find that the guys had finished the deck, cleaned up their tools and had changed into their swimsuits. They were all swimming in the pool, cooling off from their hard day's work.

"Well, you guys do amazing work," Norm said. "Thank you so much. You guys enjoy the pool and we'll start preparing your dinner. By the way, do you approve of Cori's attire for the evening?"

He had her turn around slowly, letting them get a good look from all sides. She was wearing a hot pink wraparound lycra skirt that Norm had made her pull up to just under her belly button. The effect was that the bottom of the narrow skirt came only to the midway point of her ass cheeks and to the very tops of her thighs. Beneath the skirt she wore a matching hot pink g-string that went between her ass cheeks with a triangle of fabric covering her pussy mound. On top, she was wearing a white lycra tank top with a deep, rounded neckline that revealed ample amounts of her cleavage. Her hard nipples, still being stimulated by the gold rings, stuck out sharply, their rigid shape clearly evident through the fabric.

She also wore clear stiletto heels and a rhinestone choker that said "I Love Cocks." Her golden hair was down and she wore pink lipstick that made her lips look even fuller and more moist than usual.

A couple of the guys whistled their approval, but Crisp jumped out of the pool and went over to her. "This is nice," he said, "but may I make a couple modifications?"

"Of course," Norm said. "This is your show. You call the shots. Remember, lap dances for Waters, Benson and Cho first, then you, Cruz and Sanders get all-access for an hour."

"Got it." Without another word, Crisp yanked Cori's top down so that her tits stuck out through the top opening of the tank top. The tank's straps over her shoulders made the top press against the bottoms of her breasts, forcing them to sit up even higher and stick out even further than usual.

"Nice touch," Norm acknowledged.

Crisp grabbed a box-cutter from the tool kit and, gripping the bottom of Cori's skirt on one side, sliced a semicircle up to the top band of the skirt just above her ass crack and then down to the bottom on the back of her other thigh. He did the same on the front, the result being two huge sections cut out of the front and back of the skirt, leaving her g-string covered ass and pussy completely exposed.

"Big improvement," Norm said.

Crisp slapped Cori's bare ass and said, "Go on, now, babe. I'm getting very hungry."

Cori and Norm prepared a feast for their guests, complete with big, juicy steaks, ribs, grilled vegetables, salads, rolls, ice cream, two pies and a cake. They furnished beer and wine and Cori pushed the dining room table out onto the deck and set six chairs around it. Norm would be in his wheelchair and she would be serving, so she didn't need a seat.

Cori couldn't help but notice the guys as they got out of the pool and gathered around the table. They were all wet and shirtless, wearing only their swimsuits, revealing their broad, muscular chests and arms, their rippled abs. She was impressed. She loved her guys at the shop, but these guys were superior in terms of looks and condition.

She served all of them, bringing over slabs of meat and setting dishes of vegetables and rolls on the table. Enjoying their prize for the evening, the guys openly groped her as she leaned over the table or walked past. They grabbed her tits, pulling on the hard nipples and they playfully slapped at her ass. From time to time, a hand would dig between her thighs, exploring her hot twat for a few seconds before pinching her ass and sending her on her way to get another beer.

The beer was all in a cooler next to the table and to get it, Cori would bend over slowly at the waist, her legs straight, her ass sticking high in the air while she dug through the ice, trying to find the coldest beer at the bottom of the cooler. No wonder every time someone asked for another beer, the others applauded. It was a show-stopping performance every time.

"What are you gonna eat, sweet thing?" Benson asked as Cori brought him another steak. He put his hand on her ass and dug his fingers roughly between her thighs.

"Well, the food's all yours," Norm said. "But she'll eat whatever you want to feed her."

"Really?" Benson said, raising an eyebrow. "She likes to be fed, huh? Do you like steak sweetheart?"

"Yes," Cori said.

"Well, here you go." Benson held out a small piece of steak between his fingers and when Cori opened her mouth he put the meat and two fingers inside her mouth. Taking the cue, Cori sucked the meat out of his hand and then licked and sucked on his fingers, teasing them the same way she would a cock. Only when he pulled his fingers away did she chew and swallow the meat. "Damn," Benson said, rapidly tugging down his swimsuit.

"Here," he said, "have another piece." He put a small piece of steak on top of his cock head and offered it to here. She knelt down, looked up at him and moved in, taking his cock and the meat into her mouth in one smooth motion. She sucked on the meat and his cock, drawing the juices from the steak and letting them trickle down her throat while Benson's juices percolated in preparation for their own journey down Cori's gullet. She sucked him for a few seconds, then pulled back.

"Hey, where are you going, babe?" Benson said.

"Meat's gone," Cori smiled, turning and walking away toward the grill. The guys loved it, laughing and making jokes at Benson about how he didn't have enough meat for her. Benson laughed right along, taking the ribbing good-naturedly.

"Well, at least I had some to give her," Benson laughed, "while the rest of you sat around chewing your own meat."

"We'll see about that," Cruz said, standing up and dropping his shorts. He dipped his cock in a glass of wine. "Are you thirsty, Cori?"

"Parched," Cori smiled, turning back around and dropping to her hands and knees. She crawled toward him slowly, panting "water, water" like many a movie scene with a character crawling through the desert.

"Here's your oasis," Cruz said, wagging his cock at her. It was wet with wine and glistened in the fading sunlight. Cori stopped just in front of him, looked around the table, making eye contact with everyone there, winking at Norm, then slurped Cruz's cock into her mouth with the gusto of a hungry dog chomping on a treat. She quickly licked the wine from his cock and kept right on sucking until he pulled out. "Better get you a refill, you thirsty slut," Cruz said. He poured more wine on his cock, then aimed it back at her face. He repeated this three more times until he was on the verge of cumming, then decided he better stop and wait for his hour of fun later.

Before Cori could stand up, Waters announced it was time for desert. She crawled over to him and he presented her with a pair of big round balls that he had completely covered in icing from the cake.

"Mmmm, my favorite!" Cori squealed. "I love frosted chocolate balls!" She stuck her tongue out and lapped at the icing, noting how the man's cock twitched at the slightest contact from her tongue on his balls. She dipped her head between his legs and came at his balls from below, putting her tongue at the base and licking a clean stripe all the way to the base of his cock. Then, she sucked each ball into her mouth separately, removing large chunks of icing which clung to her lips like three-day-old cum. She paid special attention to the base of his balls where she knew it was very sensitive. She felt his hard cock rubbing against her face, the soft head pushing against her forehead or eyelid or even sliding through her hair.

When she finished licking his balls, she looked up and Waters was smiling, holding a cherry plucked from one of the pies. He dropped it on top of his cock, all the way down at the base and just nodded. She knew what to do and started working his cock into her mouth, letting inch after inch pass into her throat as she steadily closed in on the juicy cherry. "She's bobbing for cherries, boys," Waters announced, looking down, always excited to see his cock disappearing into the mouth of some hot babe. Of course, not many deep-throated so well, so willingly, but there was no stopping this slut. She just kept going deeper and deeper, even holding his cock in her mouth while she sucked the cherry in and swallowed it.

He nearly shot his load right there, but pushed her away, wanting to hold on until the festivities after dinner. "All right, is everyone done eating?" Crisp asked.

"What's the matter, skip, got a hot date?" Sanders asked.

"As a matter of fact, I do," Crisp said, squeezing Cori's breasts. "Now, I believe you boys are going to warm her up for me. I'm getting a little warm already, so I suggest you get on with it."

Norm started a CD that included a mixture of high-energy hip-hop, sultry R&B and slammin' rock 'n roll. Cori took her place on the raised stage in the corner of the deck, grabbing a hold of the stripper pole and twirling around it a couple times to get the feel of it. It felt sturdy and ready for action.

She had no routine, but she leapt into it with gusto, spinning around the pole, climbing up it, hanging upside down, wrapping her tits around it and licking it up and down like a giant cock -- all more or less in time to the music.

The sun was all the way down now and Norm looked around the neighborhood, trying to see if anyone was looking out their windows. He didn't see anyone, but again, most of the houses were single-stories. He knew his neighbors had to at least be hearing the noise. He hoped they wouldn't get any complaints about noise.

As Cori's routine continued, she completely discarded her top and stripped off what was left of her skirt. She teased her pussy -- and the guys -- by rubbing her g-string back and forth between her legs and grinding her cunt against it before kissing it and tossing it to Crisp.

Now she danced with only her heels on, her long hair flowing around her, her tits remarkably firm and steady, jiggling and bouncing in unison. Norm tossed her a bottle of baby oil and she proceeded to pour it over her body, starting between her breasts and letting it cascade over her knockers, across her flat stomach, between her thighs and down those long legs. She stood with her legs straight and bent halfway over, her ass pointed to the guys. Looking over her shoulder, she dumped a third of the bottle on her ass, covering both cheeks and the inviting area in between.

She tossed the bottle aside and lay on the deck, rubbing the oil all over her body until she was completely covered, slick and shiny and very well lubricated. "I think it's time for a lap dance," Benson said. Like the other guys, he was sitting in a wooden Adirondack chair with a reclined back and wide arm rests.

Cori approached him, eyes glazed over, a smoky, sultry look on her face now. She was no longer a shy, innocent schoolgirl or a playful, naïve tease. She was in full character as a hot, lusty sex toy who knew exactly what she was doing, what she wanted and how she was going to get it. It was that ability to change personas that made Cori so unique. Norm was amazed at the transformation. She deserved an Oscar, not because she could role play, but because she could make you believe she was exactly the way she was acting. He wasn't sure who the real Cori was -- innocent babe, friendly tease, naughty exhibitionist or cum-loving slut -- but he was beginning to think the real Cori was actually all of them rolled into one. She was too convincing in each role not to be.

Right now she was working hard to convince Benson that he needed to cum. And it was working. He had removed his swimsuit and she was now laying naked across him, her oil-slicked body rubbing up and down on his, her hard nipples poking against his chest, her legs rubbing against he cock. She was writhing and moving with the musical beat, but she had stopped hearing the music a long time ago. She was lost in her own world, a world of movement, touching, firm hands, firmer penises and wet, needy pussy. She had completely lost all sense of inhibition. She was no longer trying to put on a show. She just wanted to please and be pleased. She wanted to build each of them up until they could stand it no longer, then she wanted them to fuck her with the same kind of fury and passion she felt deep within her.

She felt Benson's hard cock sliding around between her thighs and she wanted him inside her. She shifted her hips and spread her thighs a little wider, then slithered in his lap until she felt his cock slip inside her. He was so hard and she was so wet that it was almost accidental, but once he was inside her, there was no turning back. He grunted and grabbed her hips, thrusting himself into her while she pressed hard against him, straining to keep as much of his cock inside her as she could.

There were comments like "Work that pussy, old man," or "Save a piece of that for me," but Cori was blocking it all out. The world consisted of nothing but her body and his cock right now and she was using it and playing it for all it was worth. She was wriggling her hips, twisting and pushing, working his dick into different areas, scratching various itches, priming herself for a massive orgasm. It didn't cum, however, as Benson, despite his best efforts, was unable to hold out any longer.

"Not in her pussy," Crisp yelled at the last minute. "Don't want no sloppy seconds --- or sixths."

Trying hard to obey his boss, Benson pushed Cori off him roughly. The combination of his push and her slick body sent her sliding off the chair and onto the lawn. Benson jumped up and stood over her, pumping his cock until jets of stringy white jism spurted out, landing on her chest and stomach, sliding off her oil-slicked body and dribbling onto the grass.

A round of applause followed, but Cori was still in her zone, still on fire, ready to cum. She got on her hands and knees, looking hungrily at the circle of cocks around her, glancing only at the faces long enough to select her next target. Waters. She knew the older black man was one of the lap dance recipients. She didn't ask his permission, but slowly crawled toward him, pulling herself up on his chair and sliding on top of him.

"Suck it first," Waters said, pushing the top of her head and sliding her down his body. She sucked and licked with a fervor even she seldom demonstrated. She wanted his cock to be so hard, like a big beam of steel driving into her. When he was about to that point, Waters grabbed her hair and pulled her back up his body until she was straddling his shaft. She drove her hips down, taking his cock into her and riding him hard. She ground her hips against him and moved in small, fast circles. She put her hand between her legs and pressed against her clit while Waters squeezed her tits like a pair of stress balls.

"Split her open!" Sanders cheered.

"Mash those tits!" Cruz said.

Cori heard none of this, but when Norm spoke up, her pussy exploded. "Please make her cum," he said. How sweet! She thought for a millisecond before she felt the electricity course through her clit and pussy walls, traveling through her body, resulting in a slight but telling tremble.

"Oh, she's cumming all right!" Waters said, hammering his cock into her pussy which was now clutching and tightening around him like never before as sweet cream spilled from between her legs, flowing down his cock and over his balls.

Apparently, this was all too much for Cho, who could wait no longer. He came over and stuck his cock into Cori's panting mouth, forcing it down her throat. She was still cumming as two cocks now filled her trembling body. She flared her nostrils and breathed through her nose, trying to catch her breath as she slowly came back to earth.

"Dude, I need to cum," she heard Waters say. It was like he was in a different room, underwater. He sounded so distant. But his cock was so near. She almost screamed in anguish when it was pulled from her hungry pussy and she was pushed to the ground. "Kneel down, slut," she heard him say. She knelt in front of him and opened her mouth willingly as he put his cock inside her. It was only then that she was aware Cho had moved off to side. She caught a glimpse of him stroking his cock.

Waters stretched her throat with his cock, pumping her face a few times before filling her mouth with his salty load. "Don't spit or swallow," she heard Cho say. She held the cum in her mouth and a moment later, one cock was pulled away and another -- Cho's -- was inserted. He came instantly, adding his load to Waters', testing the limits of her ability to hold it all in. But hold it she did, not losing a drop.

"Show us," Cho said, stepping back. Cori opened her mouth and slowly turned on her knees, showing them all the massive mouthful of cum that coated her tongue, stuck to the insides of her cheeks and oozed between her teeth. "Good. Now swallow every fucking drop."

It was an unnecessary command as Cori would have had it no other way. She swallowed eagerly, happy to take the full double-serving into her belly. Now, fresh off a hard orgasm and with a belly full of cum, she was temporarily satisfied. But she turned and saw Cruz, Sanders and Crisp stroking their cocks and looking at her with the eyes of predators and she felt her pussy tingle in anticipation.

"Got something for me, boys?" she asked. There was no teasing in her voice this time. It was sultry, sexy, daring. Not waiting for an answer, she stood up and, without looking back, walked over to the stand Cho had built for her, studying it. It was basically a wooden bench that was about eight inches wide and was waist high. In front of the bench, was a padded step, which could be left there or moved away, depending on the desired position. When Cori knelt down on the step, she was at the perfect height to be bend over the bench. So, in effect, she could be bent over it in a standing position without the step or in a doggie-style position with it. There were wooden pegs positioned all around the bench, each with holes drilled in them for easy attachment of any ropes, chains or other bondage devices.

"So, are we gonna use this thing or what?" she asked.

Crisp just chuckled and said, "Fuck yeah, we're going to use it and every inch of you, my dear. Now, get your little cunt ready for the fuck of its life."

Crisp pushed the step aside and pushed Cori forward over the edge of the bench so that her tits hung freely over the other side. "Bring me that cushion or we're going to rub the skin right off her," Crisp said, pointing to one of the cushions on the outdoor chairs. Cruz brought it over and they laid it under Cori's belly, protecting her soft skin from the wood.

Cho's ingenious design included several movable pieces of wood, one of which was a large, round pillar rising about four inches above the bench near one end. Crisp lifted Cori's legs and instructed Cruz to put the pillar under her hips. "Slide it up against the bench," he instructed. When Crisp let Cori's legs down, he spread them wide over the sides of the pillar, letting her feet dangle. Her ass and pussy were now sticking straight up in the air, her torso angled downward, laying across the bench. Cori started to slide forward, so Crisp and Sanders secured her ankles to two of the pegs with bungee cords, snapping the clips at the end of the cords around the heels of her stilettos. The cords would allow her enough movement to be pushed back and forth while being fucked and preventing her from sliding forward over the bench.

Next, Crisp used Cori's g-string to tie her wrists behind her back. Now, her head and tits were hanging over one end of the platform that supported her mid-section. Then, six inches higher up, her ass and pussy were elevated and spread across the pillar while her legs hung straight over the sides, the stilettos several inches from the deck surface. The baby oil on her dark skin glistened in the night sky and her body trembled with anticipation.

"Get comfortable," Crisp said, "because you're probably going to be in that position for the next hour. Start the clock, Norm."

Norm took note of the time and told the guys to enjoy themselves. Sanders and Cruz hung back, eager to have at their prize but knowing full well that Crisp would be calling the shots. "I'm going to start back here," Crisp said, stepping between Cori's legs and grabbing her ass, which met him perfectly at crotch height. "You two do whatever you want with the rest of her. No cumming in her asshole or pussy. Mouth only or anywhere on her body. Don't worry, you'll both get your turns back here, too."

Both guys watched as Crisp rubbed his supremely erect cock against Cori's pussy, teasing her exposed clit with his cock head. He stabbed at the ring in her clit and wiggled it back and forth with his cock. Already, she was moaning, the stimulation on her already hyper-sensitive and aroused pussy driving her crazy.

Norm was watching with particular fascination. He couldn't believe how well his plan had come together. He had Cori thinking he was the greatest guy in the world because he had given her the gift of six studs and deck. He had the guys thinking he was the luckiest bastard in the world because he had the hottest little nympho in the planet and they were all grateful for his generosity in sharing her with them.

Little did they know that none of this was for them. He wanted the deck, yes, but more than anything he wanted to show Cori off. He wanted these guys who fucked hot babes every day to see that he had something better than they could ever have -- unless he gave it to them. He wanted to feel the power of being able to control Cori, not only her body, but her mind. He was making her act like a total slut and she didn't even realize it. Given permission to be a slut without guilt, Cori had played right along. After all, to reject the guys would have been rejecting Norm's generosity, something he knew she would never do. So, in order to appear grateful, she had to fuck, right? And just like that, he had removed the guilt, the inhibition and given her free rein to be the wanton, sexual being that she was clearly made to be with a body that was chiseled out of every man's dreams.

And, oh, what a show she was putting on. Norm loved it! He watched Crisp getting ready to fuck his step-daughter. He remembered thinking the man's cock was hard enough to drive a nail. What would it do to her tender little pussy? He couldn't wait to see.

"You need this, don't you, darling?" Crisp teased, slapping his cock against her ass.

"Oooh, yes," Cori said, "Yes, please, I do need it."

"Well, being the gentlemen I am..." Crisp said, thrusting his penis into her pussy, driving his hips upward, trying to lift her off the bench. He grabbed her hips and began fucking her pussy with furious intensity. It was obvious he didn't intend to hold his wad for an hour. On the contrary, he was getting off as quickly as possible, wanting to make sure he had time to reload one more time. Normally, this would have done him for the night, but Cori looked so amazing and felt so incredible, he thought he just might have one more go at her before the night was over.

Even though they had free rein to do as they pleased, Sanders and Cruz just watched the powerful fucking, playing with Cori's tits, tugging on her nipple rings, wagging their cocks menacingly in her face and enjoying the show. Cori just hung on for the ride. Being bound as she was, she had no control over the situation and, for once, she was fine with that. She was completely willing to give in and just take all they could give her, which right now included as hard a fucking as she could remember. It was violent, but not angry or hurtful. Crisp was sheer power and he pounded away at her twat with the force and determination of a battering ram.

The brute force of his thrusts, with his veiny cock mashing her clit against the wood pillar underneath her, had her on the verge of orgasm when he pulled his hard rod out of her and, with surprising calmness, walked around in front of her. Gently pulling her head up by her hair, he stroked his cock a few last times, then began firing away. Given the number of orgasms the guys had already had, Cori was surprised by the volume of his load as blast after blast splattered across her face, dripping over her eyelids, seeping around her nostrils and leaking between her lips.

"How's that for starters?" Crisp asked her, letting her head drop back down as cum dripped off her face onto the deck below. Cori was too weak to answer. The fierce fucking had left her drained and hornier than ever, desperate for release.

There to save the day were Sanders and Cruz. Sanders quickly took his place behind her and when she felt the thick 10-incher enter her, she knew it wouldn't be long before she came. Cruz picked her head back up and stuffed his cock into her mouth, holding the back of her head as he forced it down her willing throat.

"I see why you can't keep up with her," Crisp said to Norm as they watched the show. "No man can. She's a fucking nympho. Look at her! She needs more cock than any one man can give. I fucked her as hard as I could and she still needs more."

Norm couldn't have been prouder at this moment. Now these guys knew intimately what a first-class piece of ass he had in his bed every night.

Much like Crisp, Cruz was anxious to squeeze out his first load and rev up for as many more as he could muster in 60 minutes. And with Cori using her skills to suck and lick his shaft and head while he throat-fucked her, it wasn't hard to reach the climax quickly. Like Crisp, Cruz stepped back and, holding her head up, blasted her face with his sticky load, the first shots splashing over her ear and into her hair.

Just then, they heard someone knocking at the fence gate and Norm quickly wheeled over. Sanders wasn't about to be stopped now, so he kept fucking that sweet cunt and the guys just kept watching the show while Norm slid open the gate.

"Good evening, sir," a uniformed police officer said, looking at Norm, then trying to look past him at the crowd of people in the backyard. At this point, he couldn't see exactly what was happening. "Are you the owner of this house?"

"Yes sir," Norm said, surprising himself with the calmness of his voice.

"We've received some complaints about noise and a woman screaming," the officer said. "May I come in and look around?"

"Of course," Norm said, knowing there was no stopping the man. It was 50-50, he figured. Either the guy would be disgusted and fine them for some noise ordinance -- he didn't think they were breaking any other laws -- or he'd be a true man's man, understand the situation and let it go. "Come on in, Officer Barnes," Norm said, reading the man's badge. He moved his wheelchair back to let the officer in.

Barnes entered the backyard and as soon as he got to the corner of the house, he saw the beautiful young woman, strapped to some sort of pornographic sawhorse, with a guy standing behind her, fucking the holy shit out of her.

"What the hell?" he said, stepping closer. "Are you bastards raping that poor girl?"

"Hardly," Norm laughed. "She's loving every second of it. She's a bit of an exhibitionist, so she doesn't mind us watching."

"Why's she tied up?"

"To keep her from falling over," Norm said. Barnes noted the slant of the device and realized it made sense. He was going to ask about her hands being tied, but his concentration was thrown off when Cori let out a high-pitched squeal that was about the sexiest noise he had ever heard.

"Are you OK ma'am?" Barnes said, stepping closer, inside the circle of onlookers. His hand was on his gun, ready to draw. If this was actually a gang rape, these were some cool customers. They weren't flinching a bit, which made him nervous.

"Yes, Officer," Cori panted. Sanders was really plowing into her, imagining himself stretching her pussy permanently, ruining her for any man with a cock smaller than his. "I'm fine, thank you."

"You're not being forced to do anything you don't want to do?"

"No sir," Cori gasped.

Crisp motioned to one of the chairs and Barnes sat down, taking a ring side seat for the rest of the show. Sanders kept reaming out her pussy, driving his cock into her at different angles, pushing roughly against the sides of her cunt walls. The rough, uneven thrusts rubbed Cori's clit across the smooth wood surface, her clit ring catching against the little knots and ruts in the wood, each little snag working to yank her clit in a different direction. The intense stimulation was almost too much and Cori wasn't sure she was going to be able to cum after all. It felt so good it hurt.

Thankfully, as he neared his climax, Sanders gave up the frantic, all-around-town fucking and resorted to hard, firm, straight thrusts. The steady rhythm and the feeling of an utterly full cunt finally drove Cori over the edge and she squealed and yelped like a puppy, cumming in waves of pleasure, each spasm punctuated by a high-pitched grunt that would be universally recognized as an expression of a young woman in pure ecstasy.

"I guess that's the noise folks are complaining about," Officer Barnes said, shaking his head. "Fuck, that's the sweetest noise in the world."

Sanders pulled out of Cori's limp, sweat and baby-oil soaked body and added a third coat of cum to her face, clogging both nostrils and leaving her head hanging over the side as she gasped for breath.

"I agree," Norm said. "There's no law against a girl having an orgasm, is there?"

"Hell no," the officer said. "And the day there is, that's the day I give up my badge. No, there's no problem here. Just try to keep the noise down. I assume this party is going to be going on for a while?"

"Yes," Norm said. "I think she's going to be ready for more in a few minutes."

"I'm sure," Barnes said. "Well, the next time she's ready to cum, maybe just put something in her mouth to keep her quiet."

"We've got a ball gag that should do the trick," Norm said.

"And a whole bunch of cocks!" Sanders added, laughing.

"Well, that should do it," Barnes said.

"Thank you, Officer," Norm said. "We appreciate it. Would you like a turn? I think Cori would be most appreciative of you stopping by to check on her."

"Mmm," Barnes said, clearly torn between what his mind and his cock were telling him to do. "I better not. Too many ways for an officer to get in trouble these days. But I could probably jack off real quick. Only thing is, I don't want any evidence left behind, if you know what I mean. Would it be too much to ask to have her maybe swallow it?"

"Hell no," Norm laughed. "Half her diet is cum. Go ahead, she won't spill a drop, I promise."

Barnes stepped forward and pulled his cock out of his fly, pointing it at Cori's cum covered face. He was so aroused by the show and her appearance -- those big tits hanging down, those long legs stretched to the sides, her round ass sticking high in the air, her dark skin glistening with baby oil -- that he came with just a few quick tugs on his dick. As soon as he started to cum, he pulled her head up and stuffed his cock into her mouth, filling her with a prodigious load that suggested he had been storing up for a while.

Already recovered from the powerful orgasm that had racked her body and the brutal reaming of her pussy, Cori happily licked the officers shaft, sucking the cum out of his cock, draining his balls and swallowing every drop.

"Thanks, ma'am," Barnes said, zipping his fly and turning to leave. "Thank you gentlemen. Enjoy your evening and just try to keep the noise down. I'll tell the neighbors that everything is under control."

Barnes left and Norm re-started the clock, announcing that 30 minutes remained. Crisp and Cruz both stepped forward. This time, Crisp stood in front of her and Cruz took up his post between her legs. Cruz dipped his cock into her well-fucked pussy, finding it to be remarkably hot and wet inside. He wondered if he could make her cum again and, having just shot one load, started with a slow, steady pace, gradually working his penis deeper and deeper inside her. Cori rocked back and forth slowly, the bungee cords stretching and contracting in time with Cruz's thrusts.

Meanwhile, Crisp rubbed his cock all over Cori's face, using the head like a spoon to scoop up globs of cum and shovel them into her mouth. He pressed the head against her nostrils, allowing her to blow the cum out of her nose and let it slide down into her mouth. He wrapped his shaft in her hair, rubbing the cum that clung there on his cock and then transferring that to her mouth as well. Finally, her face relatively clear and his dick throbbing, Crisp filled her throat once more, slamming into her until his balls were pressed against her chin.

Cori looked like she was being skewered with cocks drilling into her from both ends. Cori was filled with cock, her body pushed and pulled back and forth by the competing thrusts. Unable to move or respond in any way, she focused on making her pussy a snug fit for Cruz and in using her tongue to provide as much stimulation as possible for Crisp.

Crisp finished first, picking up a cup and spilling his seed into it. When Cruz stepped away from her pussy, ready to blow, Crisp handed him the cup and Cruz added his sperm to the mix.

Now that the coast was clear, Sanders jumped behind her and rubbed his cock along the back of her leg, lubing it with the baby oil. Then, he roughly spread her ass cheeks and drove his large cock into her tightest hole. He was reaming her good, with deep, fast thrusts, his fat cock testing her limits.

He slapped her ass and reached between her legs to pinch her clit, which was now raw and engorged. She was moaning again and Crisp taunted her, "Can you cum with a cock up your ass, you little slut? Does a good ass-reaming get you off? Come on, babe, cum with that big dick in your ass."

Hearing the moans and seeing the flared nostrils and parted lips, Norm realized that Cori was indeed getting close to an orgasm. "Better put that gag in her," he said. Crisp quickly put the ball gag in her mouth.

"There you go slut," he said. "Scream all you want. Show us how much you love cock. Cum with that cock in your ass."

Sanders grabbed the back of Cori's "I Love Cocks" collar, using it as a handle to gain even more leverage. He pulled Cori's head back, the collar digging into her throat as he hammered away. His balls were slapping against her pussy, teasing her clit and she came suddenly and violently as if the inability to let it out with a good scream or moan made her body tremble and shake all that much more.

She was still cumming when Sanders pulled out and dumped a shot of cum into the cup. Cori's wet, hard body hung limply, glistening in the pale outdoor lighting. "Times' up," Norm said.

Instead of anyone jumping up to untie Cori, they all sat down and enjoyed a beer as they unwound, enjoying the view of their well-fucked sex toy so beautifully displayed for them. This view beat even the best sunset over the ocean all to hell. Cori just lay there, eyes closed, basking in the glow of multiple orgasms, resting her totally spent body and listening to the guys talk about her

"That's one hell of a bitch you've got there," Crisp said to Norm. "You're a lucky bastard. I bet you wake up with a big ol' smile every day."

"Hell yes," Norm said proudly. He chose his words carefully, sensing that Cori was listening. He wanted to make sure he reiterated that this had been a good deed, and decided to throw in a little guilt along with it. "She's the best thing that's happened to me in a long time. I just wish I could get out of this chair and pleasure her the way she needs it. You guys saw her. She needs a good hard one every now and then."

"Every now and then?" Crisp scoffed. "From what I saw, she needs one about every 15 minutes. No man can keep up with that slut. She's amazing. I think she'll give you plenty of inspiration to make a fast recovery."

"Well, I just want to thank you guys for doing this for me," Norm said. "She's done nothing but give of herself since she's been here and I just wanted to repay her. Thanks to you guys, I think I made her happy tonight. I hope so, anyway. I'm just worried that when I do get better, she'll move back to Georgia. I'm not sure what I'd do without her."

"I don't know about all that," Benson said. "But I wouldn't worry about next week or next month. With this girl, definitely live for the moment because I guarantee you, my friend, that it doesn't get any better than her. So, make every minute with her count."

"Good advice," Norm nodded.

"So, when you gonna nail that ass again anyway?" Sanders asked.

"Well, I was thinking I would when you guys finished, but I'm pretty worn out," Norm admitted. "This day has taken more out of me than I expected."

"Yeah, well she took more out me than I expected too," Cruz joked. "You want a piece of that before bed, old man, and we'll give it to you. All you gotta do is enjoy the ride."

"Can't pass up an offer like that," Norm said. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well, how about we get you in the pool where you can lean against the side," Cruz started. "Then, we'll mount her on your cock and she'll ride you home."

"I'm not sure she's riding anything else tonight, boys," Waters said. "I think we fucked the life out of her for a while."

"No problem," Cruz said. "We can lift her up and down. She provides the cunt. He provides the cock and we provide the friction power."

"It's the least we can do for him," Cho agreed, nodding toward Norm.

Cho and Cruz helped Norm into the pool while the others unbound Cori, tossed aside her shoes and, each grabbing a limb, carried her limp body to the pool and handed her to Cruz and Cho. Soon, everyone was in the pool and Cori was coming out of her cum-induced stupor, asking what was going on.

"It's been about 20 minutes, we figure that cunt of yours is long overdue for another cock. And we know you want to show Norm how much you appreciate everything he's done for you," Crisp said tersely.

"Ooh, yes," Cori said, brightening up. "Thank you so much, Pap!" She wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. She hugged her back, his cock hard now, pressed against the back of her thigh. Cori squirmed in his arms, pressing her tits against him, struggling to hold herself up. She was weak and exhausted in sore in the best possible way. "Guys, I'm a little worn out. Could you help me?" she asked, batting her eyes as if that was necessary to convince them.

Cruz grabbed a hold of her on one side and Cho manned the other. With hands on her hips and buttocks, they lifted her until she was poised over his cock, then pushed her down. Sanders ducked under the waist deep water, nudging her hips forward, then down, guiding her onto Norm's cock. They let her fall until Norm was fully inside her, then started slowly lifting her up and down. Cori focused what little energy she had left on making her pussy muscles tight around his shaft and whimpered softly as her pussy was filled once more on this fuck-filled day.

"Just tell us if you want to go faster or slower," Cho said to Norm.

"Feels great so far," Norm said.

"Somebody stick her tit in his mouth," Crisp said. Sanders followed orders, grabbing Cori's right breast, squeezing it as he pushed her torso forward. Norm opened his mouth and sucked on her nipple, catching the ring in his tongue and pulling on it. He nibbled on her tit and buried his face between her firm breasts.

"Faster fellas," he said when he finally came up for air.

"Time to pound that twat, huh?" Cruz laughed. He and Cho worked in unison, doubling their pace, slamming Cori down hard on Norm's cock, then picking her up until she was nearly off it. Water splashed all around and Cori's tits bounced enthusiastically in Norm's face. Norm felt his cum rising and knew he was ready to blast off.

"Push her down all the way and hold her," he grunted. The pushed her down all the way on his cock and then pressed her breasts against his chest. She clutched him with all her might, holding on as Norm exploded inside her, sending several powerful blasts deep into her tight snatch.

The men all cheered Norm as they let Cori fall back into the water, washing the cum and oil off her body. She floated happily, feeling well-fucked, loved and satisfied that she had pleased her step-dad.

The guys lifted Norm and Cori out of the pool, drying them both off and carrying them into the bedroom. They put Norm down on his back and then lay Cori, who seemed incapable of movement at this point, face down on top of him.

"Sweet dreams, old man," Crisp said, giving Cori's bare ass a final slap. "Sleep fast, because I think you're going to like that view when you wake up."

Crisp and his crew left and Norm and Cori fell asleep almost instantly, her laying on top of him, her still-hard nipples press against his chest. Norm had sweet dreams all right, but nothing that compared to the reality of this day.

**CHAPTER NINE: ESCAPE PLAN**

Cori woke up the next morning in exactly the same position she had fallen asleep in -- laying nude, sprawled across Norm's naked body. But there was one difference, now she had Norm's cock in her pussy. The old man had woken up to the best view imaginable -- a gorgeous 22-year-old blonde laying naked on top of him with her pierced nipples poking into him and her warm thighs pressed against his crotch.

Naturally, he woke up with a hard-on and decided to give his step-daughter a hearty wake up fuck. He shifted his hips and used his good hand to pull her leg to the side in order to spread her open. He squirmed and shifted until his cock was rubbing against her pussy, then he used his hand to stuff it inside. Because of the angle, he was only about half way inside her, using his hand on her ass to move her around and provide a little bit of friction. After only a few seconds of this, she woke up, groggy and sore.

"What..."

"Shut up and ride," Norm said. His tone was terse, almost angry. Cori had a headache and her body ached all over. She felt mildly sick to her stomach and now, to add to it, he was fucking her and angry at her all at the same time. What was the matter?

She gave him a quizzical look, rubbing her eyes as she sat up and mounted him fully, instantly starting to grind and rock her hips, giving him exactly what he wanted even if she herself was far from in the mood. As many a man had told her, her body was built for sex 24/7, whether she felt like it or not. As if to back that statement up, she felt her nipples hardening and her pussy heating up as her body went from sleep mode to fuck mode in a matter of seconds.

She rode him dutifully if without passion. Norm noticed that something seemed different about her this morning, but thought little of it. He had a full-fledged slutty whore at his disposal now. If last night hadn't proved that, he didn't know what would. Who cared what mood his little bitch was in as long as she was looking good and following orders?

He fucked her as hard as he could under the circumstances. There was no tenderness. No slowing down. No light touches on the stomach or caresses of the breasts. He slapped at her sore breasts, making them bobble up and down. He dug his thumb roughly against her clit and pulled on the pussy ring, yanking it toward him. He smacked her ass with his good hand and told her again to "shut up and ride."

Cori had felt uneasy from time to time since she'd been here, but never more so than now. Something was definitely wrong. Either she had changed or Norm had, but she suddenly felt little love for him. She found herself not wanting to be around him, let alone riding his cock. What was going on?

She ground her hips against him and tried to get him off quickly, which she did as he pushed down on her hips and came inside her. "Bet you needed that," Norm taunted meanly. "It had been at least 7 hours since you'd had a good shot of cum. Probably about to go through withdrawals, weren't ya?"

"What's the matter with you?" Cori said, climbing off and starting toward the bathroom.

"Me?" Norm laughed. "Looks like you're the one who woke up in a bad mood. What's the matter, pissed off because the guys didn't spend the night to gang bang you again today?"

"Fuck you," Cori said, putting her head down to hide her tears as she stalked off to the bathroom and closed the door.

"You already did," Norm laughed. Man, I've turned into a major asshole, he thought. No, he thought again, after years of holding back, you're finally doing and saying what you wanted to do all your life. Fuck that bitch if she that she was better than he was. He hasd let her mom walk all over him and where had that gotten him? He looked at this as payback -- finally he was charge and getting the pussy he deserved all along. He got himself out of bed and went off to get some breakfast.

Cori looked at herself in the mirror, surprised to see the "I Love Cocks" collar still around her neck. She had been wearing it so long, she had forgotten it was there. Frowning, she took it off and threw it in the trash can. Then, remembering that she did in fact love cocks and that it was kind of a fun little accessory under the right circumstances, she bent down and picked it up, laying it on sink.

She looked at herself in the mirror again and her sadness and confusion turned to anger. She was angry at herself for letting them treat her like a whore yesterday. She had enjoyed a lot of it, yes, but it had been counter to everything she had established with her guys in Georgia. They had complete access to her there, but she always had their respect and control over her own decisions. Yesterday, there had been respect, no control and so, she realized, she had given in and made the most of a bad situation. Because of her eternally positive outlook, she had managed to convince herself that it was all in good fun and that she was doing it for Norm.

Now, a day later and with a clear head and very sore body, she realized that she would never have put herself in that situation willingly. She knew and so did Norm. That's why he had drugged her. A sleeping pill, he had said, but now she had her doubts. And she understood now that the chains weren't for her protection and the guys weren't for her pleasure. If she had balked, he would have let them rape her anyway to get his kicks and his precious deck.

It was all so clear to her now. All of it, except why. Why was he doing this? She would have been willing to please him almost any way he wanted and would have been happy to do so. Wasn't that enough? What was driving him to act like this? And, she realized, did this mean she had to leave? She hated him right now, but she also knew that if she left now and anything happened to him, she'd hate herself. She was getting a pretty good dose of that already this morning and it didn't feel good.

Cori liked being active, positive, cheery. Today, she felt melancholy, depressed, sleepy and extremely sore. None of what made her the bubbly burst of pure sex was present today -- except for her flawless body, of course, which never took a day off.

She got in the shower, letting the hot stream sooth her aching muscles. The bruises all over her body told the story -- the guys hadn't hurt her, per se, but they sure had been rough. Her health and well-being hadn't been first and foremost in their minds. John, Ben and Ty would never have treated her that roughly for such an extended period of time.

Cori's hand rubbed over the nipple rings and she seethed in anger. Against her better judgment, she had let him do this to her. She should have known then, when he didn't respect her wishes, that things were going down the wrong road. She had given in to please him and look where it had gotten her. She removed the nipple rings and clit ring and set them on the side of the tub. Norm would probably be mad, but she didn't really care. She realized now that he had been working her, using his disability, her mother and her kindness against her. Well, that stops now, she told herself.

As the warm water cascaded over her, she thought about her strategy for dealing with Norm. One thing was for sure, his cock had seen her pussy for the last time in a while. And she would wear what she damn well pleased. If he wanted her help, she'd give it to him, but only on her terms. She'd help him rehab, cook, clean, run errands. Two weeks, she told herself. In two weeks, he's either going to be self-sufficient or I'm hiring someone to come take care of him. If I have to send him money, I will, but in two weeks, I'm outta here.

Her new plan settled, Cori emerged confident and determined. She dressed in the most conservative and comfortable clothes she had. She put on a pair of gray, athletic-style cotton shorts with a drawstring and notches cut in the legs. They were quite short and tight, but not nearly as much as most of her shorts. Her ass cheeks were almost completely covered and there was only a hint of the white t-back thong sticking out above the waistband. On top she wore a red cotton tank top that scooped low enough to show plenty of cleavage, but otherwise covered most of her breasts and actually extended almost to her belly button. By Cori's standards, this was about as conservative as it got. She wore no heels and only a hint of makeup.

When she walked into the kitchen, she found Norm at the table, reading the paper. He looked at her and frowned.

"What the hell is that supposed to be?" Norm asked, nodding toward her outfit. "I thought we had an understanding about how you should dress. Come on, I'll pick something out for you, you stupid slut."

Stupid slut? When did this all start? Cori was pissed now. She was not stupid and, while she admitted she had acted like a complete slut yesterday, she knew in her heart that she wasn't. Half the men in America might think otherwise, but her opinion was the only one that mattered.

"I'm not stupid and I'm not a slut," Cori said, keeping her voice calm and level. "I'm just saying enough. I know you've been manipulating me all along and it's my fault for letting you do it. But I hope you had your fun yesterday, because it stops now."

"Whatever," Norm said, shaking his head. His mind was racing. How had she figured it out? How could he turn this back around before it was too late. Stay on the attack. Wear her down, he told himself. For the first time, he made a mistake in judging: deep down she knows she's a slut, he thought, I just have to make her understand that. "Seems like you were the one having fun yesterday. How many times did that little cunt of yours cream? Huh? Six, eight times? You loved every second of it and it's only because you think you're too good to be a slut that you're trying to convince yourself otherwise. You know it and I know it. All I'm asking is that you act like it. Quit trying to be something you're not." Cori put her head down and Norm thought he had her. "Now, be a good piece of ass and go back in there and put on something that Pappy can enjoy looking at. I thought you might like to go back to the mall today and let those guys do whatever they want to with you."

Cori looked up. But instead of defeated, she looked determined, angry. "It's not going to work," she said flatly. "You think you can degrade me and con me into doing things, but not anymore. I don't feel sorry for you anymore. I don't feel guilty about my mom anymore and I don't feel like doing anything to help you feel good anymore. You're a sick, bitter man and I realize now there's nothing I can do about that. Now, if you want, I will stay for two more weeks and help you with your rehab and your finances. But the sex stops now. And I'll wear what I want. I'm going to the store today to get some decent clothes. And I'll sleep in my own room tonight.

"You can take that or leave it," she continued. "But that's the deal. No exceptions, no negotiations."

"Hmm, you're smarter than I thought," Norm nodded, grinning. "You have more guts than I thought too. That's good. Sure, I'll play along. Dress how you want. Sleep by yourself. That all sounds good to you now, but I know your little cunt gets hungry. It needs to be fed and I'm guessing that by this time tomorrow, you'll be begging me for some cock. You can deny all you want that you're a cock-hungry slut, but I know better. But for today, sure, if you want to be a normal, good girl, we can play that way. But when you're on your knees inhaling my cock, I promise not to tell you I told you so."

"We have a deal then," Cori said, choosing not to respond to his taunts. That was his way of getting to her. At least it had been. Now that she knew his game, she wouldn't fall for it again. "So, what do you want for breakfast?"

After breakfast, Cori left Norm to take a nap while she went to buy her own clothes. How long had it been since she'd shopped for normal clothes? She couldn't remember, but it was so much fun. She found shirts that actually fit without showing off any nipples or cleavage. She bought real bras and regular cotton panties and briefs. She brought normal length shorts and, gasp!, even pants! She even bought a one-piece bathing suit that was the right size and a pair of sandals and a pair of tennis shoes. No more heels! It was a liberating day and she finished it by treating herself to a big juicy hamburger, fries and a shake -- foods she seldom allowed herself to indulge in while trying to maintain her perfectly toned and shaped body.

Before she got home, Cori stopped at a gas station and changed into some of her new clothes, putting on a pair of white cotton panties, blue jeans, her tennis shoes, a white bra and a gray t-shirt that was actually long enough to tuck into her jeans. This would really show Norm she meant business.

While Cori was gone, Norm did take a nap, then woke up, angry and desperate. He was mad at himself for pushing Cori too far. Now, the best thing that had ever happened to him was about to go away. He wanted to repair the situation, but he knew that by showing his true colors, she would never trust him again. She had shown more pride and strength than he had expected and he knew she would never willingly fuck him again. He held out little hope now that she was actually a nympho slut who would be begging for cock by tomorrow. His initial thoughts about her a few days ago had been correct -- she was a remarkable young woman who wasn't to be taken for granted or taken advantage of. He had done both.

He wasn't sure how he was going to change things around, but he'd play along with her today and try to get a better read on what she was thinking. He might have to go without any of that fine pussy for a few days, which would be torture, but best to let her cool off and her pussy heat up before he tried pushing again. He wasn't confident it would work, but it was the only semblance of a plan he had.

When she came back, virtually covered from head to toe and beaming like she had never been happier, Norm knew it was going to be an uphill battle. But he put on his best happy face. "Hi, Kitten," he said. "I'm sorry about this morning. I was way out of line. I'm glad you went shopping and got some more comfortable clothes. Whatever makes you happy is fine with me. No more sex stuff, I promise."

Cori just said thank you and took her bags to her room. She liked what he said, but didn't believe he meant a word of it. If he had his way, she knew she'd be tied to the bed with dildos in her ass and pussy and his or some other guy's cock in her mouth.

"I called the doctor and told him I thought you were getting better," Cori said as she came back into the living room. "He wants to see you today. He also asked if your sleeping pills and Viagra were working all right. Where are they?"

Norm hung his head. "In my nightstand."

Cori went into the bedroom, found the pills and flushed them all down the toilet. "You won't be drugging me or your dick either one any more," she said, giving him a cold stare.

"I know, I know," Norm said, holding up his hands. "I'm sorry. I was wrong. I wish we could go back and start over, but I got carried away. I never had a chance to be with someone like you before and I just didn't know how to act. It's no excuse, just the truth."

Cori just smirked, shaking her head. What a bunch of bullshit. "Whatever," she said. "I'll help you get in the shower and get dressed. Then we need to go see the doctor. After that, maybe we can have dinner at the truck stop tonight and talk to your partner about what's going on there. I want you back on your feet physically and financially as soon as possible -- we've got two weeks."

"All right," Norm said. For the first time, there was no sexual tension as she helped him undress, shower and dress. He didn't even attempt to cop a clumsy feel or brush his arm against her breasts. He didn't even say a word when he saw the nipple and pussy rings laying on the side of the tub. The message was clear.

After a thorough diagnosis, the doctor confirmed what Norm had been trying to hide from Cori -- he was much better than he had been letting on. He had about 60 percent strength back in his arm and 50 percent in his leg. A couple more weeks and he should be fully mobile. Even now, he should be able to bathe and dress himself. Norm hung his head again as Cori just looked at him and glared.

She didn't say a word to him as they drove to the restaurant and Norm didn't try to break the ice. Things were getting worse for him by the minute.

They got to the truck stop and, as his business partner Chuck had been telling him, it was virtually deserted. Only a handful of truckers were inside and no locals. In their heyday, Chuck and Norm had built this restaurant into one of those places that even the locals liked, the food was great and it had the character of a good greasy spoon. In a short time, though, things had fallen apart. Other chains had opened up nearby, and even the truckers who stopped to fill up often went across the road to get a good steak or some quality Mexican food. Chuck and Norm had been slow to respond, thinking their business loss was only temporary. Now, it appeared permanent and probably fatal to the business.

Chuck was inside when they got there and sat down with them at a table. He looked to be 10 years younger than Norm, a tall, slender man with olive skin, graying hair and a large, hooked nose. After asking about Norm's health and introducing himself to Cori -- their only previous conversation had been when he called to tell her about Norm's stroke -- they ordered some food and got down to business. Cori, filled now with confidence and determined to wrap up her business in San Diego as soon as possible, took control of the meeting.

"All right," she said. "I can see this place isn't doing well. Is it worth trying to save or would it be easier to sell to some chain?"

"It would be easier to sell," Chuck conceded, trying not to look at the pretty young woman's breasts. Not knowing that she usually was flaunting them much more than this, he found her appearance absolutely delightful. Anyone could see that she had large, firm tits under that shirt and her shapely ass looked nice and round. She was a naturally pretty girl and wasn't easy to look away from. He wondered what she'd look like in a bikini on the beach. "The only problem is that we were stupid and took out a huge loan when things started going bad. We thought if we put in some new booths, a fresh coat of paint, some new flooring and a new sign, we'd be back on top. Turns out, that had nothing to do with it. If we sold, we'd barely have enough to cover the loan, let alone have anything to live off of. We have to find a way to make at least some money and pay back some of that loan before we sell."

"OK," Cori said, recalling what she could from her college business classes. "Then how can we get people to come in here. Most of your customers are men, I take it?"

"Yes," Chuck nodded.

"Do you advertise?"

"We've got a couple billboards, but that's about it."

"These guys all talk on their radios all the time," Cori said, thinking out loud. "The first thing we have to do is win back the truckers. They're your core demographic. And the best way to get them is by word of mouth. We need to create an experience they really enjoy and want to tell their buddies about. From the prices on the menu, I think we're already offering pretty good value. That's obviously not enough."

Cori knew the simple, quick answer for how to draw guys in was, of course, pretty women. The problem was, she didn't want to do that -- for a number of reasons. One, she wasn't going to be here long enough to do something like she did at the Body Shop -- she could draw them in for a few days, but once she was gone, the customers would be too. Two, she didn't want to give Norm the satisfaction of seeing her dress and act like a slut again -- in his mind at least that would be validation that he was right about her.

we start on Monday. If it goes right, by the end of the week, you'll have them lining up at the door."

"You're not talking about prostitution, are you?" Chuck asked. "I don't want to do anything illegal."

"Nope," Cori said. "It will all be legal -- though morally questionable and highly offensive to some. You just won't be able to allow minors in here."

"Sounds perfect," Norm grinned.

"So, what do you need us to do while you're finding the girls?" Chuck asked.

"I'll work on a new menu," Cori said. "I won't change the actual food items, just how they're named, described and served. I'll give you a draft and you can get them printed. Also, get an electrician in here and get them to tone down this lighting a bit -- we want it light enough to see but a little darker for the right mood. You might want to consider getting the windows tinted, too."

"This is going to cost a lot," Chuck frowned.

"She knows what she's talking about," Norm said firmly. "She's a very bright young lady, don't you think?"

"Very," Chuck nodded. "All right, what do we have to lose?"

They agreed on a base hourly wage and clothing allowance for the girls which would include a payment up front on Saturday night for the girls who completed the training. They would be expected to go shopping on Sunday with Cori for the proper attire.

When they were finished with the meeting, Chuck let Cori use his office to work on the menu while he and Norm made phone calls to begin the renovation of the restaurant. Cori lost herself in her work, enjoying the rush of actually using her brain and creativity for a change. Norm had stifled that and now that she was channeling her energy into it, show found it exhilarating. The afternoon flew by as she pounded on the keyboard. Before she knew it, it was 7 p.m. Norm came in to ask if she was hungry and they reconvened at their table for a meeting over dinner.

Before she sat down, Cori asked, "Can the height of these tables be adjusted?"

"What do you mean?" Chuck asked.

Cori stood up against the table, which hit her at mid-thigh. "I'm about average height for the girls we'll have in here," Cori said. "They'll be wearing heels, too, so add another three or four inches. We want the table to come to about here." She made a line across her lower abdomen, just under her belly button.

"Why?" Chuck asked. He still wasn't getting the full picture.

"So when they bend over to take an order or serve the food," Cori said, bending at the waist, keeping her legs straight, "they will make a very nice presentation. Especially in something like a halter top and mini skirt."

Even with her t-shirt and regular bra on, Cori looked great bent over like this with her heavy tits hovering just above the table. She looked over her shoulder at the table behind her, which happened to have a couple of customers in it, two guys who were checking out her ass. "And this will please not only her customers, but also those at other tables as well."

"I get it," Chuck said, grinning. "Very nice. Yes, we'll either figure out a way to raise these or get some new ones."

"Good," Cori said, sliding into the booth next to Chuck. She didn't want to sit next to Norm, who faced them from the other side of the table.

"I like the way you think," Chuck said. "You're right, Norm, she's very bright. What else do you have?"

"We need a better sound system," Cori said. "You want to have some music playing in here -- not too loud. It's not a night club. But loud enough that the girls can here it. Give them something to move to. Play lots of different types of music, but all of it with a good, quick beat."

"Makes sense," Norm said, making a note to make some calls about a sound system.

"We need some new pictures," Cori continued. "We're basically turning this into a theme restaurant -- the girls, the food, the music -- it will all be sexy. So, let's get some pictures of girls in bikinis and sexy outfits on the walls. No nudity -- but close. Make sure they're always smiling, having fun, happy to be half-naked."

"Got it," Norm said.

"Good," Cori continued. "We need to get a new sign."

"Why?" Chuck asked.

"Because we're changing the name to the "Haulin' Tail Truck Stop" and this is our new logo." She showed them a printout of a cartoon-drawn, very curvy girl in heels, cutoff shorts and a crop top standing on the side of the rode, her thumb, tits and ass sticking out as she looked over her shoulder, smiling and winking.

"That's perfect!" Norm said, delighted.

"Put that on the sign and the menus," Cori said. "We need to get t-shirts printed up by next week, too -- little white tank tops for the girls, big full shirts for the rest of the staff and customers. Eventually, you'll want to print this logo on cigarette lighters, matchbooks, playing cards, hats -- anything you can think of. Make this place a destination instead of just a stop in the road."

"This is great," Chuck said, frantically jotting down notes.

"For the menu," Cori said, "we will still serve everything you have always had, but we're going to spice it up. For instance, instead of an open-face roast beef sandwich, it's now a 'Wide Open and Creamy.' When guys order it, they'll have fun saying, 'bring me something wide open and creamy'. All sandwiches will be called 'Split Tails' -- you know, like buns split down the middle. So a hamburger would be a 'Split Tail with Juicy Beef.' And instead or rare, medium or well done, the waitress will ask how they would 'like their meat handled.' The options will be 'ridden raw', 'licked and stroked' or 'drained dry.' You can imagine the fun they can have with that. The idea is to make it easy for the guys to flirt with the girls and let them know that it's OK to have some fun, make crude jokes and stuff. And the girls will have to be willing to give it right back to them. 'Oh, did I drain your meat dry enough?'" she mimicked.

"I love it," Chuck said, "but you don't think this will get out of hand?"

"That's what the security will be for," Cori said. "You need three guys inside and two outside at all times. They need to kick out anyone a waitress signals, no questions asked. The girls will know that a little pinch on the ass or hand on the thigh is acceptable, but no touching the tits, ass or pussy, no snapping or tearing clothes. It will happen, but if we act swiftly and decisively when it does, it won't happen often. And if it does happen often, you'll end up losing your girls. I know the rule is the customer is always right, but in this case you have to show the girls you have their backs at all times. If you do, they'll trust you and do a good job and you'll make lots of money."

By the time they left, Cori was certain her plan would be a hit -- she just had to find the right girls. It wouldn't be easy in such a short time. Plus, she was used to selling to men -- which was very easy. Girls wouldn't be impressed by her looks. Intimidated or jealous, maybe, but not impressed. Wearing a full night shirt and panties, she went to bed pondering how and where to find the girls. They needed extraordinarily beautiful girls to do this right. There were plenty here, but how many could she get?

All the talking and thinking about this had gotten her a little turned on and she noticed that her nipples were tingling against the cotton night shirt and her pussy was gently asking for some attention. She reached between her legs, slowly stroking herself as she drifted off to sleep.

She woke up in middle of the night, perspiring. Her hand was still between her thighs, now wet and sticky, her panties soaked with pussy juice. She realized she had been dreaming about the guys back in Georgia and it hit home just how much she missed them. Obviously, her pussy missed them too. Well, Norm might have been right about one thing -- she was ready for some cock again, but she wasn't about to go begging for his or anyone else's. She found one of the dildos in her drawer and settled back into bed, creaming the sheets twice.

As she lay back and tried to go back to sleep, Cori reflected on how much she was changing. It wasn't just because she could have an orgasm without a man's touch, but because she was acting and thinking differently, more clearly, more confidently, Cori realized that she was becoming more independent. She found herself wanting to be bolder, to try new things, to see what she could really do, not only with her body, but with her mind as well. Any man who didn't respect her mind would be cast aside, much like Norm. Any man who realized that she was more than T and A would be the recipient of all the amazing gifts she had to offer.

Suddenly, she felt like she had millions of options. She had assumed she'd go back to Georgia when she left her. Obviously, she missed her boys very much and would be happy to be back there. But part of her wanted to see what else was out there. What else could she do? She thought about going back to school. Or what about getting an office job, maybe with an advertising firm? Or what about starting her own business? Maybe a restaurant or a clothing store? Her mind was still racing when the sun came up. She got out bed, ready to tackle the day, focused on getting the job done over these next few days and then getting on with her life.

**CHAPTER 10: THE PLAN IN ACTION**

She ate breakfast before Norm was even up, leaving a plate for him. As she ate, she mulled over what type of girls she needed to find. Aside from the obvious -- young and beautiful -- they also needed to be energetic, willing to work hard, creative and fun-loving. They had to be strong-willed enough to give and take with some horny, hard-working, hard-living men, yet diplomatic enough to not overreact when they went too far. It wasn't going to be easy. She thought about strippers, but the ones who enjoyed that were making more than she could offer and the ones who didn't probably would be too jaded about men to have the right attitude for this job.

She thought about models, but reminded herself that waiting tables was hard work that wouldn't pay nearly as well as a good model would make. There was more to this job than just looking pretty.

She kept coming back to fun-loving, energetic, smart, creative. Yes, she was going to be able to offer decent money, but a girl just looking to make money offer her looks could do better as a model, stripper or call girl. She needed girls who wanted to have fun with it. College girls seemed like the best option. She knew there were several campuses in the city and mapped out a plan. She figured she needed 10 girls to start and guessed at least half would quit after the shopping trip. It was one thing to hear what you had to do and another entirely to start doing it. So, her goal was to find 20 girls who not only wanted to do it, but also met her own high standards for appearance and demeanor. She didn't want to waste time with girls who weren't going to do it right. That was her plan to start, but who knew, she might have to resort to trolling for hookers if she didn't' have any luck.

Cori knew she had a great business model in mind, but finding girls -- the right girls -- was the whole key to making it work. She also knew that word of mouth was going to be the ticket to get the guys in the door, so she called the Tony, the cab driver she had met on her first day in San Diego, and asked him for a favor -- actually, there would be two, but the second would come later.

"I don't know if you remember me, but you gave me your number and you helped me pick up my step-father from the hospital," Cori started.

"Of course I remember you," Tony said, thinking, 'how could anyone forget her? "You were so hot I thought you had to be a porn star. How's your step-father?"

"Much better, thank you," Cori said, reminded of Tony's odd combination of seeming like a genuinely nice guy while also being quite blunt about his attraction to her. "Listen, I know I owe you a favor more than the other way around, but I still don't know many people here and need some help."

"Sure, what is it?"

"I need to run some errands and get around to several different places today," Cori said. "I'm going to need to cover a lot of ground quickly and I don't know the area at all yet. Any chance that date you asked me for could be preceded by a day of driving around the city?"

"Actually, I'm off today," Tony said, "so it would be no problem at all. I'll pick you up in 30 minutes. It's going to be hot today, so you might want to wear something that's, you know, appropriately cool."

"Of course," Cori said. "Thank you for the reminder. You're so sweet."

She went to the closet to find something suitable. She would have thought that the new her would have been reluctant to break out in her old "slutty" clothes, but on the contrary, she found herself almost looking forward to it. Her new clothes were more comfortable and she was glad to have them, but a little dress up was fun too. She just wished she could get into a relationship where a little bit of both -- some slutty, some normal -- would be acceptable. Even her friends in Georgia had been very reluctant to allow her to wear "normal" clothes in their presence. Of course, they were splitting her time and services four ways, so it was somewhat understandable. Norm's demands, on the other hand, had been unrealistic. She hoped Tony would be there before Norm woke up -- she didn't want him to see her dressed in anything revealing.

And while it didn't match some of the scandalous outfits she had worn in the past, this attire was definitely sexy. It was a basic black mini dress -- with a few special touches courtesy of her friends at The Hard Body Shop. The dress itself was very light, tight and strapless. Two sizes too small, it was sexy enough, but hardly up to their standards. So, they had taken her to a seamstress who had made the necessary adjustments, shortening the dress so that if she pulled it up high enough to cover her nipples, it would come down just far enough to cover her pussy -- if she was standing straight. If she pulled it down even a fraction, one or both of her nipples would pop free. If she bent over, her ass, which hung halfway out as it was, would be completely bared. Making matters that much more revealing, they had requested large oval sections be taken out of each side and over her belly so that her belly button would be bare along with her sides from hip to armpit. As a result, if she moved a certain way, anyone standing beside her might be granted a free peek at her breasts through the side of the dress.

The clingy fabric molded to her curves, outlining her breasts, nipples and hips. Naturally, she never wore a bra under it and a black thong was really the only way to go. Black heels with straps around the ankles completed the look -- one she felt would help draw Tony's approval and assistance, some attention on campus and, of course, be a suitable outfit for whatever kind of date Tony had in mind.

She wrote Norm a quick note and waited outside for Tony, who showed up just a few minutes later. She didn't have to read his face to tell if he liked the outfit or not. "Wow, you look amazing," Tony said. "That's the hottest dress I've ever seen."

"Thanks," Cori said, sliding into the seat of his car, an old Camaro that he had obviously either fixed up or taken very good care of. "Thank you so much for doing this."

"No problem," Tony said, his eyes devouring her. "I'm sure you'll make it up to me somehow. So, where are we going?"

Cori explained the situation and that she needed to find young, attractive women to help at the truck stop. Tony agreed that campuses would be a good place to start and promptly drove to the nearest one. As they entered the campus area, there were several small speed bumps. His mind firmly on Cori's breasts, Tony hit the first one at a full 25 miles per hour -- not fast, but enough to cause a good jolt. His eyes shot to Cori's chest and he saw those big orbs jerk up in unison, then slam down. The top of the dress was so tight that it was basically hooked over those long nipples, which were barely hanging on.

Her breasts were still jiggling when he hit the next one and as they slammed over the hump, her dressed snapped down hard against her rib cage as her breasts emerged triumphantly from their constraints, flopping up with such force that they nearly smacked her in the face. She grabbed the dress and stuffed her tits back inside as quickly as possible, but not before Tony had a good long look.

"Sorry about that," Cori said, feigning embarrassment. "I guess I don't fit into this dress quite as well as I used to."

"I'd say it fits you perfectly," Tony said, pulling into a parking space near one of the quads. There were dozens of students walking around, some hurrying to a class, others strolling slowly, some playing volleyball and Frisbee and football, some studying in the grass. There were plenty of exercisers too, joggers and bikers riding around on the paths. If he didn't have Cori in the car with him, Tony most certainly would have been admiring the view as a good portion of the students were indeed very attractive young women. But his half-naked Cori had them all beat.

He waited in the car while she went out to recruit. He watched her ass intently as she moved across the lot and approached the quad. Not only was she gorgeous and sexy as hell with the way she walked, but he also admired her confidence and determination as she prepared to approach complete strangers with a most unusual proposition.

Cori smiled to herself as she walked toward the campus, knowing she had given Tony exactly what he wanted -- at least so far -- and that he would definitely be prepared to do anything to help her today. And, unless he turned into a complete jerk, she would absolutely show him her appreciation later. But now it was time to start thinking like a guy and look for the right girls to train.

Thinking like a guy came pretty natural to her these days, at least in terms of figuring out what guys liked to look at. All the specialized outfits, modeling sessions with bizarre poses and endless variety of sexual positions had taught her a great deal about what turned a guy on. She didn't always understand why they thought or acted the way they did, but she at least had learned to anticipate what they would like.

She scanned across the quad, not knowing exactly what she was looking for -- until she saw a brunette walking down the sidewalk who immediately caught her eye. If you just heard that she was wearing jeans, pumps and a tank top, you might not get excited. But it was obvious at one glance that this girl knew how to work her body. The jeans weren't all that revealing, of course, but they were exceptionally tight, molded to an ass that Cori herself admired, wondering how she kept it so firm and round. The way she walked, head high, chest out, told Cori she was confident, sexy. Her breasts looked to be firm and round and about average size. Her dark hair hung down to her shoulder blades.

"Well, she certainly looks good enough and isn't afraid to flaunt it," Cori said to herself, stepping forward as the girl approached. "Excuse me, can I talk to you for a second?"

"Sure," the girl stopped, smiling at Cori, checking out her unique, oh-so-revealing dress. "Quite a dress you have there." It didn't sound like a compliment, but it didn't have a judgmental tone either.

"Thanks," Cori said. "A little skimpy, I know, but the guys like it."

"Oh, the things we do for guys," the girl nodded. "I can barely fit in these jeans anymore, but my boyfriend used to beg me to wear them. He's history now, but I still wear them. Doesn't make much sense, does it?"

"I'm Cori. I just wanted to ask you if you'd be interested in a really good paying job with flexible hours."

"Maybe," the girl said. "I'm Brandy."

"Nice to meet you, Brandy. Look, I'll get straight to it. My step-father is part owner of a truck stop restaurant. He's been sick and he and his partner are failing in their business. I know how to help them, but I need help from girls like you."

"What do you mean?" Brandy said. "Girls like me?"

"Pretty girls who are friendly, flirty and don't mind, you know, showing off a little bit."

"I'm no stripper," Brandy said, "I don't want to work in some topless bar."

"No, no," Cori said. "This would be more like Hooters -- sexy outfits, serving food, no sex or anything. Just a little teasing to help get the customers in and make them want to come back. And, I'm sure you can imagine, they would tip well too. I know it's a lot to ask, which is why we're offering great base pay, a clothing allowance and you get to keep all of your tips."

"100 percent?"

"Yes," Cori said. "And you'll be totally safe -- at least five security guys at all times."

"Sounds fishy," Brandy said.

"I understand," Cori said, handing her a card. "I'd be skeptical too. Look, just come to the truck stop Saturday at 9. You'll get $30 and a free meal just for showing up and listening to more of the proposal. If you like it, great. If not, you can leave and never look back."

"All right," Brandy said. "I'll think about it." She took the card and walked off, her ass wiggling back and forth in those tight jeans. Cori looked around and saw several guys looking at her, but several others following Brandy as she walked off. Yes, she would be a good one to get.

Over the next hour, Cori handed out another 15 invitations. She talked to many more girls than that, but some weren't interested and some she wasn't interested in hiring because of their attitude -- too snobby, too shy, too naïve. She didn't need any of that. She had worn the dress for Tony but found it to be a good measuring tool. The girls that gave her disapproving looks and made snide comments were clearly wrong and she didn't waste her time on them.

Of course, she had to wade through the usual dreck of guys hitting on her. She didn't mind the ones who stared or made comments as they passed by -- that was all in good fun. But the ones that came over and leered at her or put their arms around her were not only annoying, but blocking her view. She would chase them off by nodding toward the car and Tony, who would wave and nod as they moved off.

By the time Cori got back to the car, Tony was sitting on the hood, drinking a Coke. He handed one to Cori as well and she took it gratefully, leaning against the car.

"Looks like a tough job," Tony said. "How many more do you have to get?"

"As many as I can," Cori said. "Thanks for the Coke and for helping with the guys."

"Happy to help," Tony said. "It would look more convincing if you'd give me a kiss." He leaned toward her and she kissed him on the mouth while he put his hand on her breast and gave it a firm squeeze before reaching down to pinch her ass cheek just below the bottom of the dress.

"That ought to do it," Cori grinned.

He took her to two more campuses and she handed out a total of 52 invitations during the course of the day. She hoped that would be enough. If half showed up, that would be 26 and if she could get 10-12 of them to stay on, that would be great. The good news was that there was such a multitude of attractive young women that Cori felt very confident that men would be pleased with any of the 52 she convinced to take the job.

"OK, we're done," Cori said, sliding back into the car, her skirt hiking up as she bent her long legs and sat down. "Again, thank you so much for all this."

"Any time," Tony said, his eyes on Cori's bare thighs. He had been watching her and fantasizing about finally having her all day. Now, with the chores over, he was about to burst. "Look, I think I know how you're going to repay me -- at least I hope so. And I know this isn't hardly romantic, but right now, I'm horny as hell. Now, I won't make you do it, but if you were going to be willing to fuck me at the end of our date tonight, I'm just asking for a quick blowjob right now. Then, we'll have a nice dinner and whatever."

Cori was again surprised by Tony's directness. Even guys who knew they were going to fuck her were seldom this direct. It certainly could have been insulting, but she found it refreshing and interesting. This man knew what he wanted and he got right to the point. And dressed the way she was, it was easy to see why he'd be so presumptuous. Still, she decided to play with him a little. She was curious to see how he'd react.

"Wow," Cori said, jerking her head back. "What kind of girl do you think I am? Do you think I'm some kind of whore? Look, I know I dress a little revealing, but that's no reason to think I'm going to blow you on demand."

"True," Tony said calmly. "It's not. And if you don't want to, I won't make you. But I'm not going to play games with you either. You wanted some help today and you got it because I wanted to help you. Now, I want you. It's up to you to decide if you want to help me or not. If you do, I'll tell you exactly what I want. If you don't, I'll take you home. I want to make it clear that you owe me nothing. Don't justify fucking me by saying you owed me. You don't. If you fuck me, do it because you want to."

Wow, again, Cori thought. This is one strange guy. He's giving me an out, leaving the decision all up to me. She was used to guys trying to take the guilt out of it for her. "Well, you owe me because you have this great job." "You owe me because your mom was a bitch to me." Whatever. But here this guy, who she really did owe, wanted nothing that she wasn't willing to give of her own volition. Cori had always taken the bait from guys, justifying her actions to herself by saying, well, I didn't have much choice, or, it was the nice thing to do. That had been her plan with Tony. Now, with that crutch knocked away, she was forced to face the hard truth -- did she really want to fuck this guy she barely knew or not. She was surprised at how easily the answer came to her.

"I want to," Cori said. "I want you to tell me what you want."

"Like I said, I need a blowjob right here, right now," Tony said. There was no hint of surprise or victory in his voice. "I want you to swallow every inch, I want you to suck it as hard as you can and I want you to swallow every last drop. Any questions?"

"What if someone sees us?" Cori asked. "We're right in the middle of the parking lot. I mean, look, there are students walking around all over the place."

"I'm counting on them seeing us," Tony said, again amazingly calm, especially given the immense hard-on she saw tenting his pants now. "But you pay no attention. You're to be focused on one thing and one thing only." He pulled his cock out of his pants and waved the thick, veiny thing for her. "If you focus on this, everything else will take care of itself." He continued waving it back and forth, slowly brandishing it in front of her eyes as if trying to hypnotize her with it.

Cori leaned over and, for the next 15 minutes, did what she does better than anything else and arguably better than anyone else. She never once looked up, never thought about doing anything but her absolute best for his solid piece of meat. She wasn't thanking him or repaying him. She was giving a great blowjob because she loved to do it -- to be nice, to give to others, to please others. Tony had given his time and transportation to her out of the goodness of his heart -- no strings attached. Wanted, but not attached. Now, she was giving him her mouth, her tongue, her lips and her throat out of her own generosity and caring.

She heard him moan several times and heard him lower the window, talking to someone who was obviously looking in, just inches from the action, no doubt watching ever move of Cori's mouth. "Looks like you're having a good day, dude," came the young man's voice.

"Definitely," Tony said. "Every man needs at least one of these a day, don't you think?"

"No doubt. The world would be a lot better place if every guy got a daily blowjob. Doesn't seem like that much to ask, really? Damn, she's really going after it."

"Yeah," Tony said, gently patting the back of Cori's head. "She's had a lot of practice, if you know what I mean. I'm lucky, she just can't get enough of it. I always offer to fuck her pussy or let her jerk me off, but no, nine times out of 10 she wants it in her throat."

"Fuck, no way. Dudes, get over her, you gotta see this bitch."

In some foggy part of her brain, she registered the sound of shuffling feet and a lot of "holy shits" and "fucks" being expressed. Tony was telling them what a hot piece of ass she was and she was certainly backing up everything he said, both in appearance and action.

"Does she ever come up for breath?" one guy asked.

"Not until she's done swallowing," Tony said.

"She swallows? Fuck, that's hot."

"Never misses a drop," Tony boasted. "And when she does, she'll lick it off anything -- the ground, the furniture, hell, even the toilet seat."

"No fucking way. You're full of shit."

"I don't care if you believe me or not," Tony said.

"Well, hell, I believe you," another guy said. "If you can get a bitch this hot to dress like that and deep throat you in public, I'm willing to believe about anything you say."

"Would you believe she can cum just by giving a blowjob?"

"Fuck no."

"Well, watch and see for yourself."

Tony reached down and snapped the top of her dress down, letting her tits hang down so that her hardened nipples brushed against the leather seat. He then grabbed the bottom of her dress and yanked it up, revealing the little thong and other wise bare ass cheeks. Guys were surrounding the car now, watching through all available window space now. Tony was surprised that none tried to cop a feel. But they were all respectful, not wanting to spoil Tony's fun or the show.

Tony grabbed her thong and pulled it up, yanking the fabric so that he knew it was burying itself in her pussy, rubbing across her clit.

"No fair if you fuck her with her panties," someone yelled.

"Just giving her something to think about," Tony replied, letting go of the thong, which snapped against her ass with an audible slap. "I won't touch her again, except with my cock in her mouth, of course. You'll see. She'll cum before I do."

"Hell no," one guy said.

"I'll bet you she does," another said. Soon, everyone was making bets, yelling and shouting. All the while, Tony talked calmly, his deep voice resonating in her ear. It was if his voice and his cock were combining to block out all other noises. The voices in the background were nothing more than dim white noise.

"You're doing great," Tony said gently. "You look fantastic and this feels great. Your nipples are so hard. Can you feel them rubbing across the seat?" She could, and it felt great. "I pulled your thong up. Can you feel it pressing against your clit? Your pussy lips are wrapped around it like a tight, pink taco. So hot and wet. Can you feel it?" She could indeed. "Your ass is exposed. Can you feel the breeze on your ass cheeks? Can you feel the hot sun coming through the sunroof? Does it feel hot on your ass?" It did.

"My cock is all the way in your mouth now. It's throbbing. I'm so close to cumming. Can you feel it pulsing?" She could "That's what you're doing to me. You're so amazing. You're making me throb. Did you know you could do that?" She did. And she loved it. "Later, I'll fuck your little pussy for you. Maybe your ass too. Can you imagine this cock spreading you open, driving up into you, pounding you over and over. Relentless. All. Night. Long." She was imagining it right now. She felt the tingle in her pussy and the jolts of electricity tracing across her aroused nipples. She felt the warmth of the sun on her ass, the soft fabric of the thong pressed against her clit. She felt the power of his cock. It's throbbing, pulsing, driving power. She smelled his musk and sensed the rising of his cum. His words had painted the picture and now she was inside it, living it. She felt the eyes on her and spread her legs a little wider, offering a better view to those behind her.

And what they saw was a pussy that was undeniably wet. They saw hips that were churning now, grinding as if against an invisible cock.

"Dude, she needs it back here," one guy said, starting to open the door.

"Don't even think about it," Tony said. His deep voice and dark eyes made him look and sound dangerous. The guy backed off, closing the door.

If you had asked Cori about it 15 minutes later, she wouldn't have remembered that. She was in a trance-like state now. Maybe Tony had hypnotized her with his cock and baritone voice. She was oblivious to everything but his cock and her pussy and her nipples. She was entering the throws of an orgasm and didn't even know it. Tony and the guys sure did.

"See, the nostrils?" Tony said. He was talking to the guys now. "I bet her pussy's dripping, right?"

"Hell yeah," one guy with a proper view reported.

"See the nipples?" Tony said again, nodding toward Cori's aching buds. "She's going to cum fellas. Hope you made the right bet."

"She's faking," someone yelled. "Any bitch can fake."

"Believe what you want," Tony said.

"Fuck, she ain't faking," someone else said. "Look, he's right. The nostrils, the nipples, that fucking cunt. Hell, she's practically humping the air. I can smell her! If this bitch blows, it's no fucking act."

While that argument ensued, Tony again turned his voice toward the beauty in his lap. "Feel it all now, Cori. Feel the leather on your nipples. Feel the satin on your clit. Feel the sun and wind on your ass. Feel my balls on your chin. Feel my cock on your tongue and in your throat. Feel the cum rising out of my balls, oozing out of my cock and onto your tongue. Feel it slide between your teeth and under your tongue. Feel it coat your throat and surround your tonsils on its way down. Feel your pussy ache for a shot of the same jizz. Feel it beg for release. Feel it cum, Cori. Cum."

Cori was little more than a puppet, controlled not by hand or force, but simply by a throbbing magic wand and a hypnotizing voice. She did cum. Her body jerking in those sharp, unmistakable convulsions that rippled along her belly and made her arch her back.

"She's cumming!" one guy yelled. Others quickly concurred, making comments about how hot that was and what a slut she was for cumming so easily. Only a few -- obviously those who had bet against her -- still tried in vain to claim it was fake, but even they eventually relented, unable to argue against what their eyes had just seen.

The show, of course, continued, as Tony reveled in making Cori cum and displaying her for everyone. All the while, he was enjoying his world-class blowjob, which was about to come to an end. There was only so much a man could take and he had reached his limit. He blew his wad into her mouth and she swallowed diligently, hungrily, just as promised.

Only when he was done did she lift her head and sit up, looking around at the horny crowd of guys staring at her, lust in their eyes. They were clapping and cheering and wishing they could take a turn. The guys near the passenger side now had access to reach in and cop a feel, grabbing at her arm and breast, pinching her nipple.

"Knock it off," Tony said, hitting the window button for the passenger side. The guys pulled their hands back reluctantly to avoid getting them pinched. "Gentlemen," Tony nodded to the slowly retreating crowd as he started the car and backed up.

"How did you know I'd cum?" Cori asked, pulling her top back up and plucking the thong out from between her pussy lips.

"I didn't," Tony admitted, "but I had a feeling. I figured if you thought cumming would make me feel good, you'd want to do it and give in to whatever inhibitions would normally hold you back, especially in public."

Although Cori had played the naïve, ditzy routine many times, she knew she wasn't dumb. She had never felt dumb around any of the guys at the shop or even Norm, despite his efforts to belittle her. But now, this guy had her feeling like a moron. How could he understand so much about her in such a short time? He seemed to know things about her she didn't know about herself. He had a quiet confidence which she supposed was why he was so direct.

She looked at him now as if seeing him for the first time. There was nothing about him that was striking ... except for that deep voice and those dark eyes. He had dark hair and was of Hispanic descent. He looked to be in his 30s and was average in height and weight -- a little pudge around the middle, but nothing excessive. His cock was average in both width and length. He had an average job and an average name. Yet nothing about this man was average. He was dark, mysterious and intelligent. And that, not his average body, made him sexy as hell to her.

"You don't think that was wrong of me to do, do you?" Cori asked, surprised at herself for caring what this guy thought of her. She had always been able to tell herself that she wasn't a slut no matter what others thought and she believed that. But now, she actually feared he would call her that. For some reason, his judgment of her would way more than that of 100 others.

"What, blowing me in public?" Tony scoffed. "Hell no. I think it was cool as hell. Don't let anyone ever judge you for that. You're better than all of them, Cori. You're not a slut. You're not a whore. You're just an insanely gorgeous babe who was put on this planet to please. You have the body and the spirit for it. Don't let anyone take that away. You're afraid I don't respect you, but you couldn't be further from the truth."

"Thank you," Cori said, genuinely touched. If this guy was giving her a snow job to set her up for another public banging, it was working. She was ready to spread eagle in the middle of the road for him if that's what he wanted.

"It's hard for a woman to be sexy and independent and professional and whatever the hell else she's supposed to be in this day and age," Tony continued. "But you're all of that. Now, what I want to do the rest of the evening is this. I want to take you home and cook you dinner while you prance around in nothing but your heels and your thong. Then, I'll spend the rest of the night fucking you in as many different ways as I can, capped by a morning blowjob before I take you home."

"OK," was all Cori could say.

"Do you need to check on your step-father first?"

"Oh, shoot, yeah," Cori said. "I better call him."

"Use my phone," Tony said, handing her his cell. She dialed the number and Norm picked up. He was angry, but trying to hide it, still holding out pathetic hope of one day fucking her again.

"Where have you been?"

"Recruiting," Cori said.

"But the car's still here. Who are you with?"

"A friend," Cori said.

"Well, did you forget about me? I need help. I haven't had a bath yet and I would like a decent meal tonight."

"That's your fault," Cori said, angry that he was laying a guilt trip on her. "I know you can take care of yourself now. And if you don't want to cook, there's money on the coffee table. Order a pizza. I'll see you tomorrow."

She hung up the phone before he could answer and nodded to Tony. "I'm yours for the night, sir."

"I know," Tony said, sound every bit like a man who did, indeed, know what he wanted and how to get it. He didn't sound surprised or giddy or excited -- it was like he knew it was going to happen all along.

Cori tried to hide his surprise when they got to his apartment. She had pictured a small, dark place in an old building with smelly carpet and creaky floors. But from the outside of the building and the nice part of town, she could tell it was going to be much nicer. A doorman actually held the door open for them, trying to maintain his stoic expression while glancing at Cori's half-naked, fully-fuckable body.

Cori noticed the men exchange glances and was prepared for Tony to drop something and ask her to bend over for the doorman or something like that -- happened all the time. But once again, Tony surprised her with his brashness. "Sorry, Bud, but I don't have tip money on hand right now. But I'll save her panties for you," Tony said, never breaking stride. Instead, as they walked through the foyer, he simply pulled Cori's dress up and gave her thong a quick tug, nodding to the doorman. Cori looked back and saw the expressionless doorman nod back.

"Have you done this before?" Cori asked.

"Nope," Tony said. "But I saw how he was looking at you. He'll like the panties. We should make sure to put plenty of pussy juice on them for him."

"But what if I want to wear my panties home tomorrow?" Cori asked, teasingly.

"Tough break," Tony said, chuckling, "just be glad I didn't promise him your dress."

He escorted her on to the elevator and already had his hands inside her dress, groping her tits before the door closed. "Push 21," he said. Cori did, noting that it was the top floor in the building. When the doors opened, he put her dress back over her tits and led her across the hall and into his plush apartment. It had a sunken living room with a couch, love seat and recliner, a formal dining room, a large kitchen, a master bedroom with a balcony and hot tub, two more bedrooms and an office.

"How do you afford this place?" Cori asked.

"You mean, on a cabbie's pay?" Tony asked.

"I didn't mean it that way, but yeah, I guess that's what I'm asking," Cori said. "Sorry, if I offended you."

"Not at all," Tony said. "A cabbie is a fine profession. My father was a cabbie and so were my uncles. But I'm not a cabbie. I own the company."

"What...oh, well, what were you doing in the cab at the airport that day?"

"We had a couple drivers call in sick," Tony said. "Sometimes when that happens, I fill in. I don't mind it and it shows the guys I don't put myself above them. It earns their respect."

Cori was impressed. She liked Tony a lot. She found herself really looking forward to the rest of the evening. Tony was too, apparently, as he asked Cori to remove her dress. He put on some music and told her to "feel free to dance" while he made dinner. Cori remembered Tony's script -- dancing, dinner and lots of fucking -- and was happy to play her role. She moved her hips sensuously to the slow songs, then jerked and hopped and bounced, making her ass and tits shake provocatively to the fast ones. She danced across the kitchen floor, rubbed up against him and shook her tits and ass in his face. She did the splits then crawled across the floor, making her ass twitch to the hard beats.

She performed for him for 20 minutes and he enjoyed every minute of the show as he prepared salads, grilled vegetables and chicken. He turned the music down and she helped him set the table and poured glasses of wine for them both.

"Shall I dress for dinner?" Cori asked, nodding toward her discarded dress.

"You already are," Tony said, squeezing her breasts. "You have lovely eyes, but I'd rather stare at these for the next half hour."

"That's fine," Cori laughed. "I stopped fighting that battle a long time ago."

They sat down and ate and talked. Cori told him a little bit about the shop back in Georgia, focusing on her friends there and how the shop had grown so much by selling a little T&A. She talked about doing the same sort of thing at the restaurant. She left out the details about fucking all her co-workers in Georgia or her step-father here. Tony listened intently but, true to his word, his eyes seldom strayed to her face, staying locked on her mesmerizing tits most of the time. His eyes followed them as the bobbled up and down with her movements. And, when she wasn't moving enough, he'd reach over with the handle of his knife and tap them on the underside, setting them into bouncing motion once again.

"So," he said as Cori finished telling him her plan for the restaurant, "after you get all these girls trained and the restaurant back on its feet, then what? You sound like you don't want to stay with your step-dad."

"No," Cori said, explaining her self-imposed deadline for leaving. "I'm not sure where to go next. I miss Georgia terribly, but I like the weather here so much. I would love to go back to school and learn how to run my own company. Or, I'd like to work in a professional office maybe learning about marketing or business or something. What do you think? Any suggestions?"

"Nope," Tony said honestly. "I might think of something later, but right now I'm so horny I can't think straight. All I'll say is that you should do whatever you want and not let anyone stop you just because you're sexy. I think so far you've used your sexuality to do a lot, but it also stops you from getting any further ahead. At the end of the day, do you think your friends at the shop thought of you as a brilliant marketer or a hot piece of ass they wanted to fuck? Do you think they gave you credit for turning them around because of your brains or your body?"

"I... I'm not sure," Cori said. The guys had always respected her, she knew that. But did they really feel like she could have made a difference if she wasn't the hottest girl in the county? She wasn't sure there was any way to know that for sure.

"Look, I'm not saying they used you or anything," Tony said, taking her wrist and leading her toward the living room. "I'm just saying they could have. Or that they might not have appreciated your mind while you were walking around in a thong."

"And you do?" Cori smiled, looking at Tony who was staring at her tiny thong.

"Hell no," Tony said, "Right now you could be a mindless, senseless, dense bimbo and I would feel pretty much the same way. But at least I'm honest. And, in about 20 minutes, I'll go back to caring what you have to say -- at least for a few minutes. My mind respects you. My cock ... well, he's a little less caring about what you think or say."

Cori knew when to shut up. Tony's cock was controlling his actions now. He had that lusty gleam in his eye as he pushed her down on the couch and spread her legs, tossing one over the back and pushing the other over her head and holding it there firmly with his hand. With his other hand he jerked her thong to the side and ran his fingers roughly over her pussy, confirming its wetness before he began sliding his cock inside her with a steady determination and sheer lust in his eyes.

While his cock was average size, Cori was impressed by its firmness -- it was steely hard and pulsating with desire. He didn't give her the ultra hard banging so many guys preferred, but he didn't go the wimpy route either, going slow to try to impress her with his staying power. He maintained a steady pace with firm, straight strokes, hesitating for a beat with each penetration before retracting and plowing back again. It wasn't the size of his cock or his ability to stimulate her clit -- he was ordinary in those areas -- but it was his intensity that turned Cori on. He didn't seem angry or violent, but powerful and determined and completely in control of not only her, but himself as well. Because of that, Cori found herself giving herself totally to him, letting him take her and use her as he pleased, happy to be of service. She came seconds before he did, her release mixing with his torrent of cum in a sexy cocktail deep inside her.

He sat back on the couch, looking at her spread legs and wet pussy, admiring his work. "Now, you were saying something about careers or something?" he said, only half-joking. "My head's clear for the moment, so I can listen now. But make it quick. I'm already thinking about what I'm going to do next."

Cori was too, but she didn't go there. Instead, she tried to pick his brain some more. "I'm just confused," Cori said. "I feel like there are new things out there I should be doing, but I don't want to leave Norm or the shop back in Georgia in a bind."

"When's the last time you had a vacation?" Tony asked.

"Well, I guess this sort of is. And Ben took me to Orlando for four days about a year ago," Cori said.

"No, I mean, by yourself with no responsibilities to anyone else," Tony said. "It's not a vacation when you're with your boss on a business trip or taking care of your ailing step-dad."

"Well, then I can't remember."

"It seems to me you've spent so much time taking care of everyone else that you don't do enough to take care of yourself," Tony said. "Don't get me wrong, physically, you definitely take care of yourself -- like no other woman I've ever seen. But I'm talking about mentally, emotionally. Take some time for yourself. Get away from everyone and then I bet you'll figure out what you want to do next."

Cori found herself nodding. "You're right," she said. "I do need to be a little more selfish. Do what I want to do. I'm going to do it! No more little miss do anything to please everyone."

"Hold on," Tony laughed, "I was kinda counting on you keeping that 'do anything to please' attitude for at least the rest of the night."

"Don't worry," Cori laughed. "This has been the best night I've had in a long time. I'm not going anywhere and you're still running the show."

About 15 minutes later, the show continued with Cori on her hands and knees on the living room carpet and Tony giving her ass a major reaming. Remembering his promise to Bud, the doorman and stuffed her thong inside her pussy and left them there until it was thoroughly soaked with pussy juice. They capped off the evening an hour later with a sensual cowgirl ride in the bed and Tony woke up the next morning with his cock in between Cori's soft lips as her tongue playfully lapped at his head.

After they showered, Cori put her dress back on, minus the thong. She started to tuck it inside her purse, but Tony stopped her.

"Carry it in your hand," he said. "And not all wadded up. Loop one finger in the crotch and let it hang down so everyone can see it."

This was hardly the most embarrassing public display Cori had been asked to perform, but its effect was noticeable when another man joined them on the elevator. His eyes naturally roamed over Cori's body, lingering at the usual places, but also at the thong dangling from her fingertips. He looked at her bare thighs and glanced at Tony with a knowing smile that said, "Nice, no panties."

When the elevator opened, Tony motioned for Cori to go first. As she did, he flipped up her dress, letting the man see that, indeed, she was wearing nothing underneath. Cori didn't stop, but proceeded into the lobby, pulling her dress back down as she went, striding confidently up to the door man and smiling seductively. "Here you go, Bud," she said, holding up the thong to his face. "I think this is what you wanted -- or at least it's been where you want to be. You can smell it and Tony can tell you all about it."

Tony winked at Bud as he escorted out the door. Bud just grinned, took a whiff of the thong and stuffed it into his pants pocket.

On the way home, Cori reminded Tony that the new and improved restaurant was going to be unveiled in a week. "Tell your drivers to send as many guys as they can our way. They won't be disappointed."

"What's in it for me?" Tony asked, grinning.

"I don't know," Cori frowned. "I mean, with being selfish and all, I guess you'll just have to do it out of the goodness of your heart. Of course, I suppose I could start being selfish after I leave town..."

Tony pulled the top of her dress down and squeezed her breasts. "Yes, after you leave town, please."

**CHAPTER 11: SLUTS IN TRAINING**

On Saturday evening, Cori went to the truck stop to meet with and train the girls she had recruited. Norm and Chuck were there as well, along with 24 of the girls Cori had invited. While Cori hadn't requested the girls wear anything specific, she was impressed to see that most had bought into the general concept she had laid out for them by dressing in some fairly provocative attire. As she scanned the room, she saw lots of cleavage, skirts, shorts and heels. She glanced at Norm and Chuck, who clearly were enjoying having a restaurant filled with young, pretty co-eds. The girls were enjoying a buffet spread as fulfillment of Cori's promise for a free meal.

Cori herself was wearing black heels with straps around her ankles, a tiny yellow pleated mini skirt that only covered about half her ass, a black thong that was visible above the skirt and a black tube top that was little more than a band about three inches wide across her nipples, leaving ample breast visible both above and below the material. She wore bright red lipstick and had her hair in a ponytail.

She asked every to sit down and keep eating while started the meeting by introducing Norm and Chuck and explaining a little about her vision for changing the restaurant. She told them about the Haulin' Tail name and showed them a poster of the logo. Most of the girls laughed or nodded, but a few frowned.

"Now, before I show you the menu and teach you how to take the orders and serve the customers, I want to remind you that you are free to leave if this is not for you," Cori said. No one got up, so she continued, "OK. I want to start by asking each of you to stand up and introduce yourself. But, instead of knowing where you're from, I want to hear your favorite sexual position and something kinky about yourself."

There was a rumbling among the girls, which Cori expected. She brought them to a halt by saying, "I'll start. I'm Cori Banks and I like any position, but doggy style is probably my favorite. My kinky thing is that I do like anal sex and I love to swallow cum."

Three girls got up and left. 21 left. Cori didn't acknowledge them, but continued. "I know this is uncomfortable, but I want to stress to you that it's essential. Dressed the way we expect you to dress, guys are going to want to talk about sex with you. If you can't do that freely and openly, this is the wrong job for you. They want to hear you talk about your love for sucking cock or how much you like being on top. You're all beautiful young women and it's clear that we've all been fucked before. So, let's put the silliness and shame aside and talk openly about it. Brandy, want to get us started?"

Cori purposely picked the brunette with the fantastic ass because she had immediately liked her and felt confident she was anything but shy about her sexuality. Her clothes backed that up. Brandy was wearing a pair of tight white booty shorts that accentuated her amazing ass, a black thong, heels and a t-shirt cropped off just below her breasts.

"Sure," Brandy smiled and stood up. "I'm Brandy and I prefer to be on top, but most guys like to do it doggy style with me because they say my ass is my best feature. My kinky thing is that I like threesomes with two guys."

"Great," Cori said, smiling and nodding to Brandy, thanking her with her eyes. They went on around the room, the gorgeous co-eds standing up one by one and sharing some of their dirtiest thoughts. Two more girls left when their turns came up, and they were down to 19. Still, Cori was pleased with the number, with the open attitude of the remaining girls, and with the wide range of beauty they possessed -- big tits, long legs, tight asses -- they all had their specialties. Some were redheads, some blonde, some brunette as well as Asian, African-American and Hispanic. It was a great mix with something to please every man.

"OK," Cori said, when all the girls had introduced themselves. "Now..."

"Hold on," Norm said, "we didn't get our turn." Before Cori could stop him, he continued. "I'm Norm and my favorite sexual position is sitting here just like you see me with a woman on her knees, blowing me. And my kinky thing is that I'd gladly pay any of you double to go in my office with me for a while."

The girls groaned and two more left. Cori wanted to stop them, but realized that her crude father-in-law had actually provided a good test. That was exactly the sort of talk the girls could expect from some of the customers. As much as she hated to admit it, if they couldn't deal with jerks like Norm, they wouldn't last long.

"Disgusting, right ladies?" Cori nodded. "Well, that's exactly the sort of thing you might here from your customers. We hope and think that most will be decent guys, but you're going to run into some macho jerks from time to time, so you better be able to deal with it. Thank you, Norm, you did a great job."

She played it off like he had been acting, letting him off the hook for the time being so that the girls didn't think their boss was a horny pervert. They'd probably find that out soon enough, but she wanted to have them on board first. "Chuck, anything you want to add?"

"Yeah, I'm Chuck," he said, standing up. "Of course, I like sex like the next man and will take pretty much any position I can get anytime, I suppose nothing beats a good blowjob. My kinky thing is that I like long legs. But I really want to say that I respect each and every one of you and assure you that neither Norm nor myself nor any of the other staff members will treat you with anything but respect. We will have several security personnel here at all times, both inside and outside the restaurant to ensure your safety. We're selling a sexy atmosphere, yes, but not sex or violence against women. I just want you to know that we're committed to maintaining that line between fun and inappropriate behavior and appreciate your willingness to take a chance with us."

Cori's jaw dropped, stunned by Chuck's eloquent speech. He came across as kind, decent, honest and professional. He made it clear that this was about business, not sex. He said everything she wished Norm had said and realized in that moment just how ashamed of her step-father she had become.

"Well said, Chuck," Cori said. "All right, ladies, if you'll take a look at your packets, you'll see a dress code has been outlined. I see most of you already have the general idea, and I appreciate that. There are always exceptions, but those are to be determined by on one other than me, Chuck or Norm. Unless we say otherwise, you should always adhere to these guidelines."

Cori went over the list with them, which included no bras, heels at all times, thongs at all times, short skirts or booty shorts, bare thighs (thigh-high stockings were OK), tube tops, halter tops, crop tops, bikini tops, etc.

"A good rule of thumb for knowing if your mini skirt or shorts are too big is that the top of your thong should always be visible. One, guys like to know you're wearing a thong and two, this ensures that you're not covering too much skin. Any questions?"

"How do we pay for all this?"

"We're going to give you a monthly clothing allowance and tomorrow, I'll take all of you shopping to get enough clothes to at least get you through the first couple of weeks."

"What if guys try to, you know, grab you and stuff?"

"Good question. This is a bit of a gray area," Cori said. "The basic rule is that if they are inappropriate, you signal security and they will be escorted out, no questions asked, no discussions. However, I want to encourage you to be tolerant of the occasional pinch on the butt or hand on the thigh. I'm not saying let them pull your clothes off or pinch your nipples -- but if they're not doing it too hard or too often, try to cut them slack. But that's your judgment to make."

"What if they offer you money for sex?"

"Turn them down and warn them nicely that it's illegal and that they don't want to be thrown out, do they? We're not in the business of prostitution or even stripping, ladies, and we won't tolerate it from our customers or you. If we learn of any of you participating in anything like that, you will be fired."

"What if they expose themselves?"

"Signal security. They will be escorted out immediately. That can't be tolerated; we're going to be on thin ice in terms of food and health regulation as it is."

Cori was impressed by the quality of questions the girls were asking and their attentiveness to her answers. She had 17 left and they all seemed to get what was going on.

"Next, the menu," Cori said. "You'll find a draft of it in your packets. You'll see some interesting names. As you can see, they're not exactly g-rated. They are this way to serve as a fun icebreaker to encourage the customers to be able to talk to you about sex. You will encourage that further by your approach and your response. Norm and Chuck are going to pose as customers and I'll demonstrate what I'm talking about."

Norm and Chuck took seats in a booth and Cori approached them with a quick, perky walk that had her ass shaking and tits jiggling. When she reached the table, she put her hands on her hips and introduced herself.

"Hi, I'm Cori," she said in a high, chirpy voice. "Welcome to Haulin' Tail. See anything you like?"

The double-meaning was obvious as the guys took their eyes from their menu to her body.

"Absolutley," Norm said. She could tell he wasn't acting, but ignored him.

"Great!" She took out her pad and bent over at the waist, keeping her legs straight and letting her breasts hang just above the table top. Her cleavage was in clear view for the guys and her ass and legs were on display for anyone lucky enough to be behind her. "What can I get for you?"

"It's already here!" Norm chuckled.

"I'll have the Big Rack with Twat and Spicy sauce, the Big Load potato and a salad with Creamy Coed dressing."

"And to drink?"

"Iced tea."

"What cup size, sir? C, D or Double D?"

"Double D, of course," Chuck smiled.

Cori stood up and addressed the girls. "OK, he just ordered a rack of ribs with our hot sauce, a loaded baked potato, a salad with ranch dressing and an extra large iced tea. Study your menus this week. You're going to need to know what these items are and to be able to explain them to your customers."

"Why the cup size question?" someone shouted.

"Because we can charge more for the larger cup and nine guys out of 10 are going to say Double D just because they think it's fun.

"Now," Cori continued, "always repeat the order to the customer. This ensures you have it right, of course, but more importantly, they want to hear you saying those words. Don't rush through it or mumble it. Say 'twat' loud and clear. Watch." She bent back over the table and addressed Chuck.

"OK, you wanted the Big Rack with Twat and Spicy sauce -- that's my favorite too. So sweet isn't it? The Big Load potato -- you know, I love those, but they're so big it's hard to swallow it all sometimes. But I do just because I hate to waste anything so yummy. And the salad with Creamy Coed dressing. I could eat Creamy Coed all day, couldn't you? Oh, and let's see, a Double D iced tea. You must be thirsty. I'll see if I can just bring you a big jug."

Cori stood back up and was dismayed to see three girls leaving. Down to 14. But she was happy that the other girls were laughing and smiling. They enjoyed the silly, immature flirting that Cori had just demonstrated and realized it could be fun. "Any questions?" Cori asked. She repeated the exercise with Norm and then took her place back in front of the room.

"Do we always have to bend over like that?" someone asked.

"Every single time," Cori nodded. "That's not optional. A couple other things you should know. We're going to have music in here all the time. It won't be too loud to hear, but it will be loud enough. Use that to put rhythm in your walk. Make it sexy. Dance from time to time. Let them see you having a good time and see that you're not shy about showing off for them.

"Also, we will have lollipops by the wait station at all times. Consider using them frequently -- guys love to watch you suck on those things. Plus, since you're never wearing bras, you should remember your nipples. Tweak them or rub a little ice on them -- get them hard and let them poke out. Your tips will double if you do. Last but not least, bring lipstick with you every night. Before you give them the check, kiss it and leave a big lip print on there. Again, this is not optional."

Cori had each of the girls practice taking orders from each other and walked around, monitoring their progress. Most of them were good and two -- Brandy and Hailey, a cute blonde girl with an impressive rack -- were fantastic. They had a knack for the sexy banter and were practically pros at the sexy walks and poses. Cori decided to make them team leaders and broke the rest of the girls into two teams. "Brandy and Hailey are your leaders," Cori said. "One of them and I will be here every night. If you have questions, see them or me. If you have security issues, signal security first, then tell us. Understood?"

The girls all nodded. "OK, we'll meet here tomorrow at noon," Cori said. "We're going to be buying lots of clothes, but everything must be approved and purchased by either me, Brandy or Hailey." She dismissed the girls except for Brandy and Hailey, who she asked to stay.

"OK, you two were terrific," Cori said. "Everyone else is going to get the same pay, but I want to give you an extra weekly bonus of $500 to take on the added responsibility. In order to earn that money, though, I'm counting on you to be not only good servers, but also good trainers. We can't settle for lackluster girls. They need to be on all the time. If they're not, I expect you to be able to kick them in the tail and, if they're still not responding, tell me. I think you both see how much money this could be for all of us and I assure you that, if you do your jobs well, you'll take home more than your share."

The next day, they all met back at the truck stop and Cori was glad to see all 14 girls return. A fleet of five taxis from Tony's company carried them all to the mall. Cori rode in Tony's cab, sitting up front while Hailey and Brandy rode in back.

Cori wore a white tank top, no bra, and tight gray running shorts with white socks and tennis shoes. Tony eyed her hungrily, but knew not to press his luck. He also stole more than a few glances at the hotties in the back seat, trying to steer his mind away from the idea of four-way with these three babes before he got too distracted and wrecked the car.

When the got to the mall, Cori instructed Hailey and Brandy to get the girls started. "I'll find you in about 30 minutes," Cori said. "I need to take care of something real quick and then I'll be there." Cori didn't care if they guessed what she was taking care of or not, hardly waiting for them to get out of the car before she ducked down and began pulling Tony's cock out of his pants.

"Well, well, what happened to Miss Selfish?" he asked, smiling and carefully pulling away from entrance. He found a spot far away from the other cars and stopped the car. By then, Cori had his cock out and was stroking it.

"Hey, if you don't want it..." Cori teased. She wrapped her lips around the head of his cock and started sucking earnestly.

"Whew, that's good," Tony said. "You did a great job picking your girls. Very pretty group. Think the rest of my drivers can get this same kind of thank you?"

"Nope," Cori said, lifting her head momentarily. "Not from me or them. This is a special deal for you only. But if you want to bring them to the restaurant for our opening, we'll give them a free meal and I'll wait on them personally."

"Sounds like a deal to me," Tony said, pushing her back down on his cock. "Figured out where you're going on vacation yet?" He didn't take his hand off her head, so she didn't try to raise up and answer. "I would recommend something tropical and not too touristy. Maybe the Caribbean." Cori nodded gently as she sucked, trying to tell him that she had been thinking the same thing.

"You know," he continued, "one of the options after your vacation is to come back and stay with me. You can do whatever you want. Go to school. Start your own business. Work at mine or get a job somewhere else. Or just walk around all day in a thong and heels. Damn, I'd like that. Forget what I said about being selfish. Just serve me for the rest of my life."

Cori wanted to tell him that his offer was much better than he probably thought, but no, it was time for her to move on. Maybe someday she'd come back to him. But not now. She wanted to say all that, but her thoughts were interrupted by a series of hot, thick blasts of cum into her mouth, which she happily swallowed.

"Give me a lift back to the entrance?" she asked.

"Nope," Tony grinned. "I want to watch you walk."

Cori just shook her head, "Never get enough, can you?" She got out of the car and pulled her gray athletic shorts up and rolled down the top. Now, her bottom spilled out the bottom end of the legs and the soft cotton fit snugly around her ass cheeks and conformed to the outline of her pussy lips. She walked slowly, making her ass sway nicely for him. After she was about 100 feet away, she heard the car start and she thought he had his fill and was coming to pick her up. Nope, he puttered forward but stayed 20 feet or so behind her, close enough to have a nice view. Understanding his game, Cori opened her purse and fumbled for her lipstick, purposely dumping several items all over the parking lot in front of her. She went to each item one-by-one, bending over at the waist and picking it up, knowing that Tony's eyes were transfixed on her ass the whole time.

When she finally retrieved everything, she stood up and made a show of putting on fresh red lipstick and blowing him a kiss before proceeding to the entrance. Tony finally drove on, planning to watch a ball game at a nearby sports bar with his other drivers before coming back to pick up the girls at the appointed time.

Having flashbacks of her horrific mall trip with Norm, Cori quickly ducked into a restroom and adjusted her clothing. She was still sexy with her bra-free nipples stabbing against her tight tank top -- there was nothing she could do about that -- but no longer were her shorts threatening to squeeze between her ass cheeks and she also washed off a bit of cum that had somehow escaped her suction and dribbled down her chin.

Satisfied that her appearance wasn't likely to be gang-rape inducing, she went off in search of her prize pupils, many of whom she quickly found in one of the dozens of women's clothing stores all over the mall.

She noted that Brandy seemed to be taking charge, suggesting outfit combinations and ways to accentuate that particular girl's physical assets. Cori liked the way Brandy was handling things and let her go, only jumping in occasionally to offer a suggestion on a size -- "Go a size smaller with that" -- or way to wear it -- "pull it down a little more -- cleavage is good."

Deciding that Brandy's group was on the right track, she tracked down Hailey and her girls, who were trying on shoes. Hailey herself had picked out a great pair of stilettos and was helping Amber, a perky redhead with small, firm tits and unbelievable legs, with a pair of heels with a wrap-around strap on the ankle.

"I love 'em!" Amber exclaimed, "but they're so expensive."

"Price isn't an option today, ladies," Cori interjected. "If we want to present our restaurant as a first-class place with first-class atmosphere, you need to dress first-class. We want to look hot and sexy and a little slutty, but not cheap. Those shoes are amazing on you with your legs. Get at least two pair -- and if they have multi colors, get all you can."

"Really?" Amber said.

"Absolutely," Cori said. "Same goes for the rest of you. Don't look at the prices, look at how it makes you look."

Five nights later, they were all looking extremely good as the Haulin' Tail Truck Stop officially re-opened. Anticipating big crowds and large learning curves for the girls, Cori had scheduled them all to be there for both Friday and Saturday. The girls were dressed magnificently in heels, halter tops, mini skirts -- the whole package. Brandy wore a pair of booty shorts that managed to cover only half her magnificent ass, while Hailey complemented her ample tits with a terry cloth tube top the size of a wash cloth. Amber's strapped heels and miniscule skirt drew every eye to her legs. Yes, the girls understood how this worked.

Wanting to set the tone for her workers and show she was just as willing to show off as they were, Cori had picked a scandalous outfit consisting of black heels, a fluorescent green thong and a black mesh tube top. That was it. Pussy lips, ass cheeks, nipples -- they were all on display depending on how she moved and what angle the lucky observer happened to have. Cori didn't care. She wanted this night to be huge. She wanted the guys to love it, tell their friends. She needed this weekend to make a big splash so she could leave knowing the restaurant was back on solid footing.

She noted a few of the girls approached their tables -- filled, as requested, thanks to the support and marketing by Tony's drivers -- nervously, but most were following their training very well. The cabbies occupied two private tables in the back. Those were the only two tables Cori was serving; she wanted to be able to observe the girls the rest of the time. She saw Brandy dangling her cleavage for a table full of ogling guys, one of whom copped a feel of her ass as she walked away. Cori held her breath, anxious to see how Brandy reacted. It was one thing to tell the girls this would happen, it was another for it to actually occur. If Brandy handled it poorly or quit, Cori's work with the other girls would be cut out for her. To her relief, Brandy never even looked back, but continued onward to her next table as if nothing had happened.

"Thank you guys so much for your help in getting so many people here tonight," Cori said, addressing one of her two tables. "Everything is on the house tonight, so whatever you want I'll get for you."

"Whatever I want?" one guy teased.

"So long as it's on the menu," Cori said, smiling and leaning over the table as she had trained the other girls to do.

The guy reached behind her and put his menu against her ass. "It's on the menu," he said.

"Cute," Cori acknowledged, gently smacking his hand away. "What do you want ... besides that? Something to drink?"

"Sure, how about a couple jugs ... uh, I mean pitchers of beer," one guy said, his eyes locked on Cori's hanging rack.

"Of course," Cori said. "I'll bring you guys two big, full jugs. How about appetizers? Our Baby Got Back ribs are really juicy."

"Sure are," came the predictable response. "Bring us some of those and some nachos."

"All right," Cori said. "I'm going to hop over and take care of these guys, then I'll get your drinks out to you."

"Oh yes, please hop!"

"Really?" Cori hadn't meant anything by her choice of words, but obviously the image of her hopping appealed to her customers. She wasn't one to disappoint. "Well, all right."

The table was only a few feet away, but Cori took small hops to prolong the show, jumping up and down four times from one table to the other. Her tits bobbled fantastically, nearly spilling over the top of the mesh tube top each time, but her hardened nipples poked through the holes just under the top band and served as unintended anchors, holding the top in place. Of course, with her nipples poking through the mesh fabric, there was still precious little left to the imagination.

The guys at both tables whooped and cheered as she bounced and jiggled in all the right places before stopping at the end of the second table, introducing herself and again leaning over to take orders. As she bent over, her ass was perfectly in view for the lucky customers at the first table, who watched in awe and licked their lips, fighting the temptation to go over and squeeze her pussy. The fluorescent green thong stood out brilliantly, outlining the perfect curves of her ass and snuggly cupping the soft mound of pure pleasure just visible between her legs.

"I just want to come back in my second life as her thong," one guy said, shaking his head in amazement as she walked away to get their orders.

Cori brought back two pitchers of beer for each table and began pouring the drinks. As she poured, the beer naturally foamed up, prompting one of the guys to make a sophomoric crack, "you sure give good head."

Cori put on her best innocent face and said, "That's so weird. You're not the first guy who's told me that."

The table roared with laughter and one man said, "Tony sure thinks so!"

Cori's double-take -- this time genuine, not playful -- eliminated any doubts in their heads that Tony had told them the truth. Cori realized she had given it away and tried to play it off with the ditzy blonde response she knew would get a laugh, "Hmm, but I've never served him a beer. I wonder how he knows?"

She smiled as the guys whooped in appreciation of her good-natured response to their ribbing. She had played it off well, but in truth, she was a little hurt that Tony had told them. Why, she didn't know. She had been the trophy of just about every guy she'd ever been with, so she didn't know why she thought Tony should be different. She certainly hadn't asked him to be quiet about it. She was just surprised. It didn't seem in his nature to be the bragging type. Of course, she had blown him in front of half the campus, so it was hardly realistic to think word wouldn't get around. Maybe Tony wasn't even the guy who told them. Who cared, right?

"Where is Tony?" Cori asked, trying to sound like she didn't care.

"Said he wasn't sure if he could make it tonight," one of the guys said.

'Oh?" Cori said, trying to hide her disappointment.

"Yeah, so you might as well hang out with me when you get off. And then I'll make sure you get off again."

It was a crude joke, but Cori smiled at him politely and said teasingly, "Now that's quite an offer. But can you back it up?"

"Only one way to find out."

"True," Cori said. "Guess I'll just have to live without knowing the answer." She spun, sticking her ass out for a moment before walking away, looking over her shoulder and winking as the guys groaned and laughed at how Cori had so playfully turned their friend down.

Even though she was disappointed that Tony might not be coming, Cori was having fun. She hated to admit it, but this was her element. She liked teasing the guys, being creative, showing off and having harmless fun. It reminded her a lot of the body shop and she felt a sting of regret at having ever left. Then she felt another sting -- this one on her ass as hand first slapped then pinched it as she walked by. She turned to see who it was -- ready to tell them to take it easy. Then she saw who it was -- Crisp. He was standing behind her, grinning. His whole crew stood behind him, nodding and eye-fucking her up and down.

"Good to see you again," Crisp leered. "I see you dressed for the occasion. What say we have a little reunion pool party after we shut down?"

"What? We?" Cori said. Normally calm and cool, she was angry and getting a little scared.

"Yeah, your step-dad called and said he might need a little extra security tonight and tomorrow, being the grand re-opening and all," Crisp said. "So, of course, we obliged an old friend."

"What did he promise you?" Cori said. "Because I'm not doing that again."

"He didn't promise anything, sweetness," Crisp said. "He just said there'd be lots of hot pussy here and any benefits we got after hours was ours to acquire. I have a feeling you'll change your mind before the night's over, but if not, I see plenty of other cunts here that will do the job." His eyes followed Brandy, walking by in her hot pants. "You got a sweet pussy all right, but don't go around thinking it's the only one. You don't want to share, fine. I promise you I'll be fucking someone tonight."

"Yeah, yourself," was the best line Cori could come up with and she twirled and walked away, not surprised to hear chuckling in the background. How could her step-dad be so stupid? Hiring those morons as security? Then she realized it wasn't stupidity, it was cruelty, pure and simple. He was bitter about not being able to fuck her anymore and he knew how he felt about those guys. Just bringing them here tonight was his way of sticking it to her one more time -- the only way he could.

Well, Cori wasn't about to let Norm or Crisp ruin her evening. She had been having fun up until then and the night was a huge success. She had proven she could put together a successful business plan. She felt empowered and vindicated. Having done what she set out to do, she could leave very soon -- with a completely clear conscience. Life was good even if Tony didn't show and Crisp did.

The rest of the evening went extremely well. Crisp kept his hands -- though not his eyes -- to himself and the tips and beer flowed freely. The girls all handled themselves like pros and Cori's only disappointment ended when Tony showed up right at closing time.

"Sorry I couldn't make it sooner," he said. "I talked to a couple of the guys and they said it was great and that the place was packed."

"Yep," Cori beamed. "It was even better than I expected. Thank you so much for your help."

"You're welcome," Tony said. "Need a ride home?"

"Sure, but I need to help clean up and I want to talk to Brandy and Hailey for a minute."

She got him a beer and he waited at the bar while they finished cleaning up. Cori noticed Crisp eye-fucking her as usual, then saw Tony watching too. He saw how Crisp looked at her and she felt better, knowing Tony would have her back if Crisp tried to make a move.

By the time she was ready to go, only Cori, Crisp and Tony remained. Norm had invited everyone else to the house for pool party, so the other girls were already there, no doubt trying to avoid the advances of Crisp's thugs. Crisp had "volunteered" to stay behind as the last security guy to make sure everyone got out OK.

As they walked toward the door, he reached for Cori's top and gave her breasts a squeeze. "Been wanting to grab those all night," he said as she slapped his hand away.

"Hey, hands off, asshole," Tony said. Crisp turned to him, grinning.

"What, you here to protect your bitch?"

"She's not my bitch," Tony said. "But she's not yours either."

"Guess you weren't at her house the other night," Crisp chuckled. "You were everybody's bitch that night, weren't you, you sweet little cunt? Don't waste your time, buddy, this slut ain't worth it."

"She's not a slut," Tony said. "Come on, Cori, let's go."

He tried to lead her away, but she came to an abrupt halt when Crisp grabbed her thong from behind and jerked her away from Tony, yanking the fabric deep inside her pussy.

"Not a slut, huh? Look how's she's dressed! Come on, bitch, blow me and prove to this guy just what a cum-hungry whore you are."

Cori tried to wriggle away, but his grip on her thong was firm and he quickly grabbed her mesh top with the other hand, pulling her to him. She twisted and the top ripped, causing her to lurch forward. Despite his grip and far superior strength, Crisp was caught off guard and lost his balance momentarily. It was just enough for Tony to step in and drive his should into the bigger man's chest, trying to jar loose his grip on Cori.

They all fell down in a heap, Cori rolling away as Tony landed on Crisp's arm, forcing him to let go. Crisp reacted just as quickly, landing a solid punch across Tony's left cheek, then kneeing him the stomach.

Cori wanted to help him, but Crisp started getting up, his focus once again on her. She turned to run, hoping to buy time for herself and lead him away from Tony, but Crisp was more athletic than she bargained for. He dove, his outstretched fingers just catching the top of her thong and ripping it down over her ass as he dragged her to the floor. In an instant he was on her, ripping her clothes off and jerking his cock out of his pants. Cori slapped him across the face and tried to look for Tony, but was blocked by the big man's powerful body, which now pushed her back on the cold floor.

She didn't know if Tony was conscious or not. She hoped he wasn't dead. Obviously, he was incapable of helping her right now as Crisp tore into her exposed pussy, fucking her with pent up anger and aggression, drawing upon a rage that Cori neither understood nor had provoked. Still, her pussy was paying the price for whatever set him off. "Told you I'd get some good pussy before the night was over," he taunted, not even breathing hard despite the exertion of the fight and now the vigorous fucking. "This is just a warm up, bitch. It's going to be a looong night."

Cori wanted to fight back, but was powerless against him. She was afraid if she clawed or bit, it wouldn't be enough to make him stop and would only make him angrier. A skillet to the back of the head, however, was more than enough to make him stop. That's what hit him a moment before he collapsed on top of Cori, his hard cock still embedded in her. She wriggled from underneath him as Tony stood over him, holding the skillet in his hand.

"Are you OK?" he asked, helping her up.

"Now," she said. "Are you?"

"I'm fine. Sorry, I blacked out for minute," he said shaking his head. "Let's get out of here before he wakes up."

They ran to Tony's car, Cori naked except for her shoes. Her torn and tattered clothes weren't worth trying to salvage. Tony's cheek was bleeding and he winced in obvious pain that suggested he may have broken a rib in the fight.

"I can't go home," Cori said, noting that Crisp's men were there. "Just take me to your place, if that's OK."

"Normally, I'd say that was fine," Tony said, struggling to smile, "but I'm afraid I can't."

"Oh," Cori frowned. The car was chilly and her nipples were achingly hard. Her pussy hurt from Crisp's assault and her body ached all over. She was cold, scared, sore and now, apparently alone.

"Crisp ruined my plan, but reach in the glove compartment," he said. She did, pulling out an envelope with her name on it. Inside was an plane ticket to St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands and a brochure for a resort.

"What's this?" Cori asked.

"Your vacation," Tony said. "10 days in St. Thomas, all paid for. You're leaving in about 2 hours."

"But, I haven't packed, I don't have a passport, I'm naked," Cori said.

"We'll make do," Tony said. "You don't need a passport. But you can't go back to the house. Too dangerous. Stores are closed at this hour, so I guess we'll have to get resourceful. There's a convenience mart right before you get to the airport. They sell a bunch of souvenir stuff. I'll go in and get you something to wear and then you can buy whatever you need in St. Thomas. There's $1,000 in the envelope, so that should buy a couple swim suits or whatever you want."

"I'll repay you," Cori said, still trying to wrap her head around the idea that in a few hours she could not only be out of San Diego, but out of the country.

"You did the other night," Tony said. "I was planning to accept one more blowjob as a thank you, but under the circumstances, I don't think I could perform and I wouldn't expect you to. I'm so sorry he did that to you."

"I'm fine," Cori said, gently touching his bloodied cheek. "I think you took the worst of it."

Tony bought her a white t-shirt that said "California Girl" and a pair of yellow cotton athletic shorts that said "San Diego" on the leg. "Sorry, they don't sell any underwear in there," he said.

"That's OK," Cori said. "Thank you so much."

Tony dropped her off at the airport. They parted with a quick kiss and he watched her walk off, carrying only her purse, her ticket and the body of a goddess.

He wanted to go with her and make love to her for 10 days straight, but he knew she needed some time to herself. He hoped she'd come back someday, but he knew chances were that he'd seen the last of Cori Banks.

Cori felt odd, walking through the airport late at night, wearing the odd outfit of heels, a cheap t-shirt which, though plenty loose, still was unable to hide her hardened nipples, and athletic shorts. How odd she must look to everyone, ready to go to St. Thomas with no carry on bag, no husband or boyfriend. Just herself. She was surprised to find that she really liked the sound of that.