**The Hard Body's Continuing Education**

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**CHAPTER 1: PARADISE HAS ITS PRICE**  
  
Cori Banks thought she'd fall asleep right away on the flight from San Diego to St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands. Why shouldn't she? She had just survived a busy opening night at her step-father's restaurant, a vicious rape attempt and subsequent fight, followed by a hasty retreat. She had escaped sore but relatively unharmed thanks to Tony, her hero, who had not only saved her, but also paid for this 10-day vacation.  
  
Thanks to her attacker, she had been stripped of her clothes and had been too scared to go home and pack her things. So, she wore only what Tony had bought her at a convenience store -- a thin, white "California Girl" t-shirt, yellow athletic shorts and a pair of black heels, which were the only part of her evening attire that had survived Crisp's attack.  
  
She had no underwear, no personal belongings of any kind, no bags -- nothing except the clothes she was wearing and $1,000 in an envelope -- again, courtesy of Tony.  
  
She should have been exhausted -- and she was -- but she couldn't sleep. The whirlwind of the past 8 hours had her mind racing. Now, she was going from all that to nothing but peace and quiet for 10 days in a luxurious island resort. Wow, did she ever need a rest. "Especially my mouth and pussy," Cori mused, her eyes half-closed as she lounged in her seat. She was lucky. She had a row to herself. No interruptions, no awkward conversations, just quiet time to think.  
  
Even though her current attire was far more conservative than she normally wore -- OK, the hardened nipples poking through the thin shirt, the lack of any underwear and the fuck-me heels were still hotter than your average woman's daily wear -- Cori was still a knockout. At 22 years old, she was in her prime physically, a hard-bodied stunner with a phenomenal, all-natural 36C-22-34 body. She was 5-6, 120 pounds with golden blonde hair which she wore just past her shoulders or in a ponytail. She had blue eyes, a pert nose, soft full lips and just a hint of dimples when she smiled, which was often.  
  
Her breasts were very full, round and firm, sitting high on her chest and every guy she had ever met or dated appreciated her long, rubbery nipples which were extremely sensitive and seemed to be erect — or at least partially so — all the time. Even now, those hard buds were rubbing against the inside of her soft t-shirt, denting it noticeably. She had a firm, round, bubble-butt of an ass and a tight little pussy with juicy thick lips and light blonde hair carefully trimmed into a tiny "landing strip". Her legs were long, and shapely with athletic thighs and slender calves and ankles.  
  
She had a naturally golden brown complexion enhanced by frequent tanning. She had only subtle, very small tan lines as she generally sunbathed nude. When she didn't, she wore only the skimpiest of string bikinis. She had a small red heart tattooed on her left ass cheek and a pierced navel with a small gold ring in it.  
  
That body had been both a blessing and curse for her. She found that it opened many doors and opportunities, such as her position as a receptionist at the Hard Body Shop back in Georgia. She was overpaid significantly because of her looks and her willingness to fuck each of the four male employees on staff. She had loved those guys and missed the three guys who were still there dearly. But that same body -- and her willingness to display it so much -- had provoked several unwanted attacks and had even led her ailing stepfather to take advantage of her. It was because of him that she had moved to San Diego, trying to help him. Instead, he had used her and allowed her to be used by others.  
  
It seemed like her body either made men like her former co-workers or Tony overly generous or insanely and dangerously violent. She needed some middle ground. Maybe, just maybe, 10 days in St. Thomas would provide not only the rest she needed, but also a chance to clear her mind. For the first time in who knows how long, she was going to put herself first. She didn't even know where she was going after her vacation was over -- back to Georgia? Back to Tony in San Diego? Who knew? It was both scary and exciting.  
  
When Cori finally did fall asleep, she dreamt of warm beaches, sun and the beautiful blue ocean. She didn't wake up until the plane was ready to land. Cori sat up, excited, looking out the window at the beautiful paradise that would be her home for the next 10 days.  
  
As Tony had promised, there was a shuttle waiting for her and other new arrivals, ready to take them to the resort. All of the arriving guests at the resort were greeted personally by an attendant who helped verify their check-in and escorted them to their room. Cori was greeted by Gerald, whose dark skin contrasted brilliantly with his stark white uniform, which consisted of a button down shirt and knee-length shorts. He was short -- about 5-7 -- with a well-toned but wiry build, shaved head and a friendly, smiling face marred by a deep scar on the left side of his face. Cori guessed him to be in his early 20s, like her.  
  
"You're all set, Miss Banks," he grinned politely at her as he finished checking her in on the computer. He had a slight island accent, indicative of the fact that he was a local. "May I take your bags? I will escort you to your room."  
  
"I don't have any bags," Cori shrugged.  
  
"No bags? Were your items shipped ahead or lost by the airline? I can help track them for you..."  
  
"No," Cori interrupted, smiling. "It's a long story, but I have no bags, period. I'll need to buy some clothes and other items. Is there a store here at the resort where I can get what I need for tonight? I'll do some sightseeing tomorrow and do some more shopping then."  
  
"Of course, ma'am," Gerald said. "There is a market here where you can pick up toiletries and some snacks. There is also a surf shop with swimwear and a souvenir shop with t-shirts, shorts and things like that. You may charge any purchases to your room if you like. Would you like me to take you there now, or would you prefer to see your room first?"  
  
"Let's go to the room first, please," Cori said.  
  
"Of course, ma'am," Gerald said, nodding toward a golf cart. "Your room is in one of our hillside suites. Please allow me to take you in the golf cart." He stole a quick glance at her long legs as she walked toward the cart, her heels clicking on the smooth pavement. He had seen many beautiful women come through the resort, dressed in all sorts of revealing ways, so Cori's appearance, though appreciated, was no cause for ogling. He maintained his professional demeanor while admiring her swaying ass, catching up to hold her hand as she stepped up into the cart. As she did so, he caught site of her hardened nipples pressed against her t-shirt, struck by the fact that she wasn't wearing a bikini top or bra underneath.  
  
While Gerald enjoyed her landscape, Cori checked out the resort. Looking over her shoulder as they drove up the hill, she saw two gorgeous pools, beautifully landscaped grounds with brilliant green grass and gorgeous flowers everywhere, all of it overlooking the blue ocean waters and white sandy beach. Her first purchase, she realized, would need to be a bathing suit if she wanted to take advantage of that pool tonight. It was already late afternoon, so she figured a quick shopping trip, dinner and a dip in the pool would be about it for her first day in paradise.  
  
The room itself was very nice. It had a balcony overlooking the grounds, a king-size bed, Jacuzzi tub and stand-alone shower. There was a small desk, a chair, small love seat and a small TV set. The room even had a small refrigerator and microwave for convenience.  
  
"Is the room to your liking, ma'am?" Gerald asked.  
  
"It's beautiful," Cori said.  
  
"Would you like a ride back down to the shops?" Gerald asked. "Or is there something I can get for you until you have a chance to do your own shopping?"  
  
"Oh, no thank you," Cori said. "But I will take you up on that ride." As they rode back down, she asked Gerald, "So, I know this might sound like an odd question since I'm vacationing here, but I was given this trip as a gift and didn't have a chance to do any research. What is there to do here?"  
  
"Oh, very much, ma'am," Gerald said. "We have much shopping, snorkeling, an aquarium, scuba diving, fishing, boat cruises, hiking, golf, tennis, dance clubs. If you'd like, I can put together a proposed schedule of activities for you and then make any reservations you like for the activities you want to do."  
  
"That would be so nice," Cori said.  
  
"Will you be dining with us tonight?"  
  
"I guess so," Cori said.  
  
"Excellent. I'll have it for you at dinner. Here's the surf shop. I believe you'll find a nice selection of swimwear here. The market and souvenir shops are both just on the other side of the tennis courts."  
  
"I see them," Cori said. "Thank you so much, Gerald. You've been extremely helpful."  
  
She went inside the surf shop and, as Gerald had mentioned, there was a wide assortment of swimwear to choose from. As she was looking, she noticed three men come in the door; they were all older -- 40s, she guessed -- their collared shirts, khaki shorts and expensive sunglasses telling Cori that they probably had money.  
  
Cori didn't give them a second thought until she heard one say to the other, "Hottie, 10 o'clock." Great, here comes the cheesy pick-up line, Cori thought. They had no idea how uninterested she was in finding a man on this trip. She had no dislike for men; in fact, despite the actions of a few, she loved men. But this trip was about her and her alone. Her rest. Her relaxation. Clearing her mind and figuring out her life. She didn't need some horny guy in a mid-life crisis screwing things up.  
  
"Might I suggest this one?" one of the guys said, approaching her and holding up a skimpy string bikini. "I think you would look terrific in it."  
  
Cori looked up at him. He was tall -- about 6-4 with thinning light brown hair that had turned gray on the sides. He was handsome, she had to admit, but had leering eyes and a used-car-dealer smile that turned her off instantly.  
  
"Thanks," Cori nodded, not smiling. "I'm doing just fine."  
  
"Oh, you're fine all right," the man said. "But you'd be doing better if you had dinner with me tonight. You're here alone, right? I saw you get off the plane by yourself. A pretty girl like you shouldn't be alone on vacation. My name's Sam Clayton. Let me buy you dinner tonight. And breakfast tomorrow."  
  
Cori kept her eyes trained on the clothes in front of her, careful to avoid the shark-like grin. She almost puked at the breakfast comment and thought sure she'd hurl if she looked at this jerk.  
  
"I'm sorry," she said. "I appreciate the offer, but I already have plans for dinner. And, no offense, but I'm really looking forward to enjoying my vacation ... alone."  
  
"Ouch! Shot down!" she heard one of Sam's buddies cackle from a few feet away. 40-year-old frat boys, she thought. They probably had a bet on who got to nail her first. Well, sorry, boys, but no winners this time around.  
  
"Well, at least let me buy your swimsuit for you," Sam said, not giving up. "All I ask is that I get to see you model it for me."  
  
"Sorry," Cori said again, "but no thanks." She took two suits and walked briskly toward the dressing room, doing her best to ignore them as they commented on her legs and ass as she walked away.  
  
"Can I help you try those on?" Sam called out, laughing. "Damn, she's hot!" he said, spinning around to his friends who were already halfway out the door.  
  
"Too bad that's as close as you're going to get to that," one of the guys taunted him.  
  
"Oh yeah, we'll see. I bet she's here for at least a week. That gives me time. Double the bet, gentlemen. I'll have her before the end of the week."  
  
"Hey, rape doesn't count," one sad.  
  
"Neither does paying her," the other added.  
  
"I know," Sam said. "Trust me, I'm going to fuck her and she's going to ask for it."  
  
"Why her? I mean, yeah, she's hot, but look at all the babes around here. There's pussy everywhere you look."  
  
"Yeah, and 95 percent of them are here with other guys. Plus, you gotta admit, she's about as hot as it gets. Except there's something wrong with her face.  
  
"Her face? I think her face is perfect. Besides, with a body like that, who cares about her face?"  
  
"No, no, it's like there's something missing," Sam said.  
  
"I don't get it. Something missing on her face?"  
  
"Yeah, my cum!" Sam laughed heartily at his own joke and they walked off to the bar, a trio of very wealthy, over-aged frat boys who always got what they wanted.  
  
Most of this conversation took place outside of the shop, so Cori didn't hear it. She thought she had seen Sam for the first and last time. At least that's what she hoped. She tried on several swimsuits, picking out two that she charged to the room. She made a mental note to call Tony and tell him that she'd pay him back for the extra room charges.  
  
She then went to the souvenir shop and bought a couple of tank tops, a halter top, a tube top, a few pairs of shorts, some sunglasses and some sandals. At the market she picked up a toothbrush, hair brush, suntan lotion, lipstick and some bottled water to keep in her room. The only thing she was really missing now was some underwear and maybe a nice dress if she wanted to go out to the clubs some evening. She could find all that tomorrow.  
  
Fortunately, she saw no signs of Sam or his cohorts at either store, but was quite happy to see Gerald as she came out of the market, her arms full of bags. "Need some help?" he asked.  
  
"Would you mind?"  
  
"Not at all, ma'am," he said, rushing over to her and taking all of the bags.  
  
"You don't have to take them all," Cori laughed.  
  
"My pleasure, ma'am."  
  
"Well, thank you," Cori smiled. "But please stop calling me ma'am. I'm Cori."  
  
"Nice to meet you, Cori," Gerald smiled. "I'm sorry, but I don't have a cart right now. We can wait for one or we can walk."  
  
"Walking's fine," Cori said. "But I insist on carrying something." She took two of the smaller bags and they started down the smooth path which gradually snaked up toward her room.  
  
"So, did you find everything you need?" Gerald asked.  
  
"Most of it. I'll get the rest tomorrow. I might need your help finding some good shopping spots."  
  
"I knew you wanted to shop tomorrow, so I already have that on your schedule for tomorrow along with a list of recommended stops. I can have a taxi waiting for you whenever you like."  
  
"You're amazing," Cori said, truly impressed. "How long have you been working here?"  
  
"10 years."  
  
"10? You don't look old enough for that. How old are you?"  
  
"20," Gerald said.  
  
"You started working here when you were 10?"  
  
"Yes," Gerald said. "My mom worked here as a maid and I came with her to help. Then, I moved into the kitchen, then janitorial, then grounds crew. I've been in customer service for about a year now."  
  
"Well, you're great at it," Cori said. "Why did you start working so young? What about school? Does your mom still work here?"  
  
"No, my mother is sick and my older sister has a young baby," Gerald said. "I started working when I was 10 to help make extra money for our family and there's always been a need, so I never went back to school."  
  
"I'm sorry," Cori said.  
  
"No, really, it's fine," Gerald said, smiling. "They pay me well here and I am treated well. I have plenty of money to take care of my family. We are not rich, but we're OK. We're happy and I really like my job."  
  
"Good," Cori smiled. She handed him a $20 bill after he put her bags on the desk in her room.  
  
"No, that is too much," Gerald said.  
  
"I never tipped you earlier and you can consider this a pre-tip for when you bring me my agenda this evening at dinner."  
  
"Well, thank you, Cori," Gerald said. "It's a pleasure to have you here. I hope you enjoy your stay."  
  
"If everyone's as sweet as you, I'm sure I will. I'm going to change clothes and relax a little bit, but I'll see you in about an hour."  
  
"I look forward to it," Gerald smiled and left the room.  
  
Cori flopped down on the bed, closed her eyes and listened to the sweet sound of silence. She thought about Gerald and how sweet he was. She had no physical attraction to him, but she had a good sense of character and could tell that he was a genuinely nice guy. She was glad she had met him. He would be a pleasant person to talk to without having to worry about him wanting to intrude on her overall desire for a quiet, peaceful vacation.  
  
After about 15 minutes of pure relaxation, she took a shower, then dressed in a gold colored bikini. It had small cups that covered about half her breasts and a small triangle that covered her pussy mound. The rest consisted of string so thin it could be more aptly be described as thread. It connected the two bra cups and tied around her neck and her back. Below, the string tied at her hips and widened only slightly as it plunged between her ass cheeks, which were both left bare. It was a very revealing bikini, but, contrary to her usual circumstances, Cori didn't wear it to tease or please anyone. She simply had become very accustomed to skimpy clothing and found herself comfortable in it. She was proud of her body and was willing to show it off under the right circumstances. Finally, she had a killer tan with minimal tan lines to speak of -- bikinis like the ones she had purchased would allow her to maintain that look. Besides, Cori had seen plenty of women already walking around in thongs and similarly revealing outfits. Hers would hardly stand out as any sexier than the rest.  
  
She pulled on a pair of white cotton athletic shorts, the kind with the notch cut out on the outside of the thigh, but wore nothing else over her bikini top. She put on her new sandals, which were tan, open-toed with a short heel on them. She put on fresh lipstick and put her hair in a pony tail that would be easier to keep from getting wet if she decided to take a dip in the pool after dinner.  
  
She walked down the gentle incline to the main part of the resort, enjoying the manicured lawns, beautiful flowers and trees and the great view of the ocean. What a magnificent place to be! Her smile quickly wiped away, however, as she approached the restaurant. It was an open-air dining area under a roof but no walls. It was located in the space between the pool and the beach, the tables adorned by candles, soft music piping through the overhead speakers. It was a lovely setting, marred only by the three men Cori had encountered earlier. They were sitting at the bar, hitting on every woman that walked by and berating the bartender for anything they could think of. What jerks, she thought. Seeing how they treated everyone else made her feel better only in that she assumed they hadn't singled her out and thus, wouldn't be any more apt to disrupt her meal than anyone else's.  
  
She seated herself at a table off to the side and out of their direct line of sight. A waitress promptly brought her a drink and menu and Cori asked her to please let Gerald know she was there whenever he had time to talk to her. She had just ordered a shrimp salad when she heard the commotion. It was coming from the bar and, no surprise, the three jerks were in the middle of it. The surprise was that poor Gerald was the most recent target of their abuse.  
  
He was picking himself up off the floor and Cori quickly surmised that he had collided with one of the men -- not Sam, but one of the others. He was one of those guys who you couldn't tell how old he was because he had completely white hair, but the face of a much younger man. Because of the age of the other two guys, Cori had guessed him to be in his mid 40s to early 50s, but who knew? Apparently, his name was Miles Crawford -- or Crawford Miles -- because the other guys were referring to him either as "Miles" or "Crawford" with comments like, "are you going to take that from him, Miles?" and "I don't think he knows who you are, Crawford."

Miles was righting his large, stocky frame after apparently stumbling against a bar stool. Cori hadn't seen the collision, but there was no doubt in her mind that Miles, either drunk or acting stupid or both, had crashed into Gerald -- either intentionally or not -- and knocked her new friend over. Now, Gerald was being berated by the angry trio, who had been looking for trouble -- either in the form of a fight or pussy -- all day.  
  
"Watch where you're going, asshole!" Miles shouted, pointing his finger at Gerald, who was already apologizing profusely and reaching out to help Miles up. Miles slapped his hand away and raised his fist as if to hit Gerald, who quickly backpedaled, palms up.  
  
"He's scared of you," the man whose name Cori didn't know yet said.  
  
"He oughta be," Miles sneered. "Watch out, you piece of shit, or I'll make the right side of your face look as bad as the left." He was referring to Gerald's scar, a particularly mean and hurtful comment that enraged Cori. Gerald, on the other hand, showed great restraint and retreated, assuring the men that their drinks for the evening were on the house. Cori knew full well that he, Gerald, would most likely have to cover the cost of those drinks -- which would probably be more than his pay for the day. Her heart ached for him while her guts seethed with anger toward the men at the bar. How could people be so cruel?  
  
Gerald made his way toward her, quickly shaking off the encounter and putting a smile on his face. Cori realized that would be short-lived. Miles, Sam and the other guy were all watching Gerald -- and had spotted Cori. Now they were both in the cross-hairs.  
  
"Are you OK?" Cori asked as Gerald greeted her and sat down at her table. "Those guys are jerks."  
  
"I'm fine," Gerald assured her with a dismissive wave of his hand. "I deal with those types all the time."  
  
"Well, they don't have a right to treat people like that."  
  
"They have enough money, no one stops them," Gerald said. "Those three come here all the time. Always causing trouble -- nothing serious, just being rude and loud. And we get complaints about them harassing women."  
  
"Been there," Cori nodded.  
  
"Already?" Gerald said. "I'm so sorry."  
  
"No problem, I deal with those types all the time, too," she grinned, using his words. "So, what do you have for me?"  
  
Gerald handed her a packet of papers, the top one of which was a detailed itinerary for things she might want to do each day during her stay.  
  
"Now, you're on vacation, so do what you want," Gerald said. "These are just suggestions. If there's anything you want to do, just let me know and I can make the arrangements for you -- tickets, reservations, transportation and so forth."  
  
"You're the best!" Cori said. "I think I want to sleep in tomorrow. Can I have a taxi around 10 to take me into town to go shopping?"  
  
"You got it. I'll let you enjoy your dinner now," Gerald said, starting to stand up.  
  
"No, stay," Cori said, nodding behind him to the three men now approaching.  
  
"Hey, Sam, he's putting the moves on your girl," Miles said, walking up behind Gerald and pulling up a chair next to Cori's table.  
  
"Back off, bud, this babe's already spoken for," Sam said, also sitting down.  
  
"I'm not your girl," Cori said. "I thought I made that clear earlier."  
  
"Well, I've found that big-titted blondes like you generally don't know what the hell you're talking about," Sam said coarsely, "so forgive me for assuming that you meant the opposite of what you said. You sure look like you're ready for some male companionship to me." He nodded toward her mostly bare tits.  
  
"She is," the third man said, also pulling up a chair. He was the most distinguished looking and quietest of the group so far. He had short, dark hair, barely longer than a military cut. He had strong features, a dark tan and grey eyes that sparkled behind a pair of wire-rimmed eyeglasses. "She's just not looking for companionship from you, my friend. Looks like she prefers our friend Gerry instead."  
  
"Him?" Sam chortled. "Over me? That'll be the day, Jonesy."  
  
"Look, will you just please leave me alone," Cori asked as politely and sternly as she could. "I'm sure you're all very nice, but I came here to get away and relax, so please let me do that."  
  
"Sex is very relaxing," Miles said matter-of-factly. "What do you say? A nice massage, maybe a little wine, a little 69? It's OK, sweets. No one's going to tell your daddy or your boyfriend or whoever. It's just you and me and fucking the way it ought to be."  
  
"I believe the lady asked you gentlemen to leave," Gerald said, standing up. "My job is to make sure everyone is happy here and I think you're making her unhappy, so I respectfully ask that you please respect her privacy."  
  
"And I ask that you mind your own fucking business," Sam said.  
  
Cori sensed that things were going to get worse before they got better. She had visions of Gerald getting beat up and who knows what happening to her. She was so angry she was ready to attack. But, thinking quickly, she did the best she could to get them out of immediate trouble.  
  
"Look, guys," she said, standing up quickly, her breasts jiggling, "the truth is that Gerald and I are actually together. I didn't say anything before because he's working right now and it's important for him to remain professional in his service to the clients. But you left me no choice. I am already spoken for, so please, leave us alone."  
  
"Told ya!" the man Sam had called Jones said.  
  
"I don't buy it," Sam said.  
  
"Me either," Miles agreed. "Prove it. Kiss him."  
  
Knowing that any hesitation would fuel the fire, Cori wasted no time leaning over and kissing Gerald square on the mouth. It was a slow, sensual kiss, her tongue teasing his.  
  
"Sure doesn't look like the first time that's happened," Jones said.  
  
Cori nuzzled his neck and nibbled on his ear, whispering "follow my lead."  
  
"Satisfied?" Cori said, leaning back. "I hope you are, because I'm not. Come on honey," she took Gerald's hand and stood up. "I think I'm going to skip straight to dessert." She licked her lips seductively and planted another kiss on his cheek, peeking to make sure they were watching. "Grab my ass," she whispered. Gerald slid his hand down her back, running his fingers over her firmly rounded ass cheeks.  
  
"Have a good evening, gentlemen," Cori cooed, "I know I will." She led Gerald away, doing a slow, sexy walk, accentuating the sway of her ass cheeks for them while Gerald kept her right cheek firmly in his grasp.  
  
"Well, hell," Sam grunted. "I still don't buy it."  
  
"Admit it, you lost the bet," Miles said. "He's going to bang that bitch all night and you're going to have calluses on your hands -- and $1,000 less in your pocket. Pay up."  
  
"Not yet," Sam said. "Not until this trip is over."  
  
As they made their way back up the hill, Gerald began apologizing and started to remove his hand from her ass.  
  
"Not yet," Cori said. "They might be watching or even following. And don't apologize. It's their fault, not yours. They were on me this afternoon already. You had nothing to do with it. In fact, you probably saved me. Thank you so much for standing up for me."  
  
"Thank you for getting me out of their without a fight," Gerald laughed. "I'll call and have your food brought to your room. It's probably best if you stay away from there for tonight."  
  
"Oh, I will. I'm staying in for the night. Tomorrow will be a new day. I think they'll leave us alone now. Guys like that aren't used to being rejected, so the last thing they want to do is come back for more. If they're as rich as you say, they'll find plenty of women willing to hop in bed with them."  
  
"I hope so," Gerald said. "But if they cause you more problems, let me know."  
  
When they got to her room, she gave him a peck on the cheek and said good night, looking around to make sure no one was watching. Seeing no one, she went inside and Gerald started back down the hill. Neither ever saw Sam and Miles hiding in the bushes.  
  
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The next day started as planned. Cori slept until 9, showered and dressed in a tight light blue lycra halter top and matching tight, lycra shorts with her low-heeled sandals and hair once again in a ponytail. She made her way down the hill, grabbing a banana and a muffin from the breakfast bar and waving hello to Gerald, who was helping another guest but indicated that her cab was waiting for her, pointing to the front lobby of the hotel.  
  
Cori nodded and found her cab, asking the driver to take her to one of the shopping areas Gerald had indicated. She then focused on the other papers that Gerald had given her, eating her breakfast and lost in thought as she planned out her day. She didn't notice the cabbie checking her out in his mirror, admiring the way her nipples poked out against the halter top, pushing earnestly against the skin-tight fabric.  
  
He dropped her off a few minutes later and lingered a few minutes, enjoying the sway of her tight ass as she walked away.  
  
Cori spent almost the whole day shopping, buying some thong panties and a couple of nice dresses. She hadn't planned to buy much else, but the prices were so cheap that she also picked up a pair of heels and a couple more swimsuits and shorts. Her money was going a long way here, thank goodness.  
  
When she got back to the hotel, she was disappointed that another man -- Thomas -- was there to help her with her bags. She knew Gerald had other people to take care of besides her, but she wanted to talk to him about yesterday and make sure he was OK.  
  
"Mr. Rudin wants to see you as soon as you're ready ma'am," Thomas said abruptly as he drove her up to her room in one of the golf carts.  
  
"Who's Mr. Rudin?" Cori asked.  
  
"He's the director of this resort, ma'am."  
  
"What does he want?"  
  
"I don't know, ma'am."  
  
Cori frowned, afraid this was bad news. Had something happened to her family back home? Was there something wrong with her account? She didn't know, but her gut churned as her mind processed the possibilities.  
  
After Cori had unloaded her bags and freshened up, Thomas drove her back down the hill to the main office. It was early evening now, still very warm, but pleasant.  
  
She walked into the office and a receptionist escorted her into a large office that was surrounded by windows on three sides, offering gorgeous views of the grounds, pool and beach. A large wooden desk sat against the far wall with two chairs in front of it. A conference table filled up the rest of the room. Cori stood at the window, looking out at the beach, unable to believe she had been here a full day already and had yet to dip her toes in the ocean.  
  
"Hello, you must be Ms. Banks," a deep voice said. Cori turned to see a large man with a round face and barrel chest entering the office. He was wearing a suit looked to be of Asian descent. His friendly voice held no hint of an accent. He appeared to be in his mid 50s and in excellent health despite his size.  
  
"Mr. Rudin?" Cori asked, extending her hand.  
  
"Yes, pleasure to meet you, Ms. Banks," he said.  
  
"Please, call me Cori. You have a beautiful office."  
  
"Thank you," Rudin said, motioning her toward a chair while he sat down behind his desk.  
  
"So, they said you wanted to see me?" Cori asked.  
  
"Yes," Rudin said. "I understand there was a bit of an altercation yesterday involving you, a few fellow guests and one of our staff."  
  
"Well, sort of," Cori said, not sure what he had heard. She was more than willing to file a complaint against those jerks if that's what he wanted.  
  
"I've heard from Gerald and Misters Jones, Crawford and Clayton already," Rudin said, "and I think I understand what happened. I want you to understand that I don't think any of this was your fault."  
  
"Thank you," Cori said. "They were being very rude to Gerald. And I want to commend him on being very professional and really helping me out."  
  
"I understand," Rudin said. "That's why it's going to be very hard for me to fire Gerald."  
  
"Fire Gerald? Why? He didn't do anything wrong."  
  
"I agree," Rudin said. "In fact, I'm very proud of him. Despite what you might assume about me, I'm actually a very fair and decent person. I care about my employees and support them whenever I can. However, those three men are extremely powerful. And while I don't buy their version of the story -- that Gerald attacked them and you offered to have sex with them for money -- for one second, I have to take action. They demanded that Gerald be fired and Gerald admitted that he was involved in an altercation with them. They also said -- and he admitted -- that he touched you, uh, in an inappropriate place."  
  
"Yes, but..."  
  
"You don't have to say it," Rudin said. "I know. But it doesn't change the fact that my hands are tied. I have no choice. I just wanted to let you know that you had nothing do with Gerald being fired, that these men have assured me they will leave you alone and that your meals for the rest of your stay will be complimentary as a token of our sincere apology to you."  
  
"There has to be another option," Cori said. She was on the verge of tears. "Gerald didn't do anything wrong. I made him touch me. I made him protect me. It's my fault, not his. He needs this job. He loves it. He told me. Please, isn't there some way he can keep it?"  
  
"Look, I like Gerald as much as you. But if I don't fire him, I'm gone. Clayton's on our board, for crying out loud. Those guys come here three, four times a year. I can't afford to tick them off. If you have any suggestions, I'm game, but if not, I'll do everything I can to help Gerald land on his feet."  
  
"Wait," Cori said. "I think I know a way." Damn, she thought to herself. Not again. But what choice did she have? She couldn't let Gerald pay for her problems. Not when she knew what those guys really wanted. "They want me, Mr. Rudin."  
  
"Look, Cori, you don't need to do this..."  
  
"Yes, I do. Will you help me set up some boundaries with them? Maybe sign a contract or something? I just want it written and signed somewhere that Gerald won't lose his job. If they sign that, I'll give them what they want."  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Yes. Call them, please."  
  
Rudin sent Thomas to find the men while he and Cori set about drawing up a list of boundaries. "They're only here for three more days," Rudin said, "so once they're gone, you'll still have a week to enjoy yourself. I'll see to it that you're upgraded to first class for everything, including your flight home."  
  
Cori was impressed by Rudin. While she wished he'd stand up to these jerks, she admitted that she didn't know his situation. Maybe he couldn't afford to lose his job anymore than Gerald could. Regardless, he was being kind to both her and Gerald and she appreciated it. He was the most powerful ally she had, and she'd need all the help she could get. Rudin informed her that Sam Clayton owned a construction company, Miles Crawford was the CEO of a major bank chain and Victor Jones owned a software company. All three were millionaires who had gone to college together. Frat brothers, they had maintained their friendships -- and healthy competition -- throughout the years, meeting up in St. Thomas four times per year for some manly rest and relaxation. They were all married to trophy wives, but made little effort to hide their frequent infidelities.  
  
"We don't like them much," Rudin said, "but as you might imagine, our company does."  
  
"I understand," Cori said, realizing that she had misread them. These weren't the type of guys who backed away when they were rejected. These were the type of men who weren't rejected. Now that she understood that, she knew that the only way to deal with them was to give them what they wanted. They got off on power and control and being able to show off their cars, houses, women, etc. If she played along with that, she was confident she could save Gerald's job without putting herself in too much danger.  
  
That's why she wanted to do the contracts and guidelines up front. These men dealt with contracts and rules and negotiations on a daily basis. She hoped they would respect and abide by the rules if they were allowed to negotiate them themselves.  
  
Half an hour later, the five of them were sitting around the conference table. Rudin started it off, "Gentlemen, I've explained the situation to Ms. Banks and she has a solution she would like to offer. A compromise, really. I must say it is an extremely generous and selfless offer and I trust that you gentlemen will treat her with the respect she deserves. Ms. Banks?"  
  
"OK," Cori said, taking a deep breath. "We all know Gerald doesn't deserve to be fired. I know I embarrassed you yesterday and I apologize for that. I take full responsibility. I'm willing to accept the consequences if you'll drop the complaint against Gerald."  
  
"Interesting," Sam nodded, impressed by her approach. She clearly wasn't the dumb, big-titted blonde he had assumed her to be. "What did you have in mind?"  
  
"You mentioned that you would like to have dinner with me," Cori said directly to Sam. "I would be happy to accompany each of you to a dinner. I understand you have three days left here, so one dinner with each of you?"  
  
Sam chuckled. "There are no recorders on in here, are there?" he asked Rudin, who shook his head no. "Good, then let's skip the dinner and get to what we're really talking about. Are you willing to have sex with us in order to keep Gerald's job?"  
  
"There are stipulations," Cori said sighed, "but the short answer is, yes."  
  
"Well, that's a good start," Miles said. "But what makes you think you're in a position to set boundaries."  
  
"I'm not," Cori said, bowing to their power position. "Ultimately, you guys have the final say. But out of respect for me, I'm asking for a few things that I hope you will consider."  
  
"Shoot," Jones said.  
  
"First, you each get one day with me. No multiple partners. Just one-on-one. Second, no hitting or anything rough like that."  
  
"Agree so far," Sam said, noting that she hadn't ruled out bondage. His cohorts nodded.  
  
"Third, no anal and no swallowing," Cori had purposely put these together, knowing they'd demand one or the other. She was hoping for swallowing.  
  
"Swallowing," Sam and Victor said in unison. Miles said anal, but deferred to the 2-to-1 vote.  
  
"We'll do no anal, but you have to swallow," Sam said. Cori sighed and bit her bottom lip, as if this was a potential deal breaker, then nodded silently. She hoped her little act let the guys think they had just one a major victory against her.  
  
"Fourth, no public sex."  
  
"Whoa," Sam said.  
  
"Yeah," Miles chimed in. Cori knew this would be a tough one. These guys would want to show her off. Truth was, she was willing to be showed off if they just wouldn't humiliate her by making her suck them off in front of a crowd. She hoped that would be their counter-offer.  
  
"How about this," Victor said. "No public sex, but you wear what we tell you to and do what we tell you. You know, not sex, but maybe some public nudity, flashing."  
  
Victory! Cori thought, but she maintained her poker face, appearing to mull this over as well. "What about if I just wear what you want me to in your room?"  
  
"Not good enough," Sam said.  
  
"OK," Cori said. "I'll wear whatever you want ... in public too. But no sex."  
  
"Deal."  
  
"Fifth, you guys never bother Gerald again and he gets a $10,000 bonus -- from you three -- and you pay for his classes at trade school."  
  
"Hmm, now you're asking a little much, aren't you?" Sam said. "I mean, you're pretty, but you're saying you're a $3,000 a day hooker."  
  
"No, I'm not," Cori said. "Frankly, I don't understand why you guys don't just find someone else. You're rich and attractive. I'm sure you can find plenty of women. But, the truth is that Gerald and his family need this and, regardless of what you think, he deserves it. I know $10,000 is nothing to you, but it's a new life for him. I know I'm not worth that much, but I'm asking you as a favor. Write it off on your taxes, put it in your philanthropic newsletters, nominate each other for man of the year, I don't care. Just do something nice. I promise, if you do, I will be as good for you as I can be."

The three men exchanged glances, then Sam nodded. "You got it. $5,000 now and the other $5,000 after you deliver. So you better be good."  
  
"All you have to do is sign this," Cori said.  
  
"I'm not signing anything about sex," Miles said. "You'll just have to take my word that I'll abide by these guidelines."  
  
"I do," Cori said. "This contract is only about Gerald. That you are paying him a $10,000 bonus and up to $5,000 more for tuition at trade school. And you will guarantee his job, plus a 10 percent raise -- for the next 10 years. There is no mention of me or sex anywhere in there. It simply states that you're rewarding him for his years of exemplary service."  
  
Since Cori and Rudin had written it up in less than 30 minutes, it was a very short, basic document and took little time for the men to read and sign. Rudin even wrote them a receipt for the $5,000 received and updated statement showing they still owed $5,000 on their "pledge".  
  
"So," Cori said, "I guess we can start tomorrow morning. Who's first?"  
  
"I'm sure we all want to be," Miles said. "How do you want to decide it? Rock, paper, scissors?"  
  
"No, let's do something fun," Sam said. "We've signed the contract, the least she can do is show us her tits. We'll each write down on a piece of paper how big we think they are and whoever guesses write -- measurement and cup size -- wins."  
  
"Let's do it," Victor grinned, already staring at Cori's chest in anticipation.  
  
Cori just shook her head and grinned. She had to hand it to them, they were creative. She could have quibbled over the contract not taking effect until tomorrow, but what was the point? They were going to be seeing a lot more than her tits soon enough. She shrugged her shoulders and stood up. "OK," she said, "I can tell you guys are going to be a handful these next three days."  
  
She untied the halter top from around her neck and pulled it down below her tits. "No, those are going to be handful!" Victor exclaimed, his eyes dancing as he studied her. They were all impressed by the firmness of her breasts, their perfect shape, the dark rubbery nipples poking out so invitingly.  
  
"Hmm, I need to see them in action," Miles said. "Jump up and down a little bit, please."  
  
Cori shook her head and grinned, "If I give you an inch, you're going to take a mile, aren't you?"  
  
"I'm going to give you a lot of inches!" Miles laughed. Cori did too and started hopping up and down, giving the men the tit show they wanted. Her breasts jiggled at first, then started bouncing higher, in unison. "Side to side!" Miles said. Cori stopped jumping and immediately started shaking her chest from side to side, her breasts slapping happily against each other.  
  
"Let's see how they fit in your hands," Victor said. "Cup them for us. Squeeze them together."  
  
Cori was used to taking direction like this and followed orders perfectly. She cupped and squeezed her breasts, tweaking the nipples for them without waiting for the request she knew would come. She wasn't surprised either when they told her to lick her nipples, which she did, slowly, one at a time.  
  
"OK," she said suddenly, smiling and pulling the top back up and tying it around her neck, "show's over. Time to make your guesses." She was playing with them, teasing them the way she knew they wanted her to.  
  
"Oh, you get to say when the show's over?" Sam mocked. "OK, well enjoy that power today, babe, because for the next three days, we'll be making all the decisions. And that little show will be going on all night if I want it to."  
  
"Of course," Cori smiled, "you're the boss. Tomorrow. Today, I still get to say how much you get to see. Now, if you want to see more tomorrow, you better come up with a good guess."  
  
Cori wrote down her bra size -- 36C -- and gave it to Rudin. The men all wrote their guesses and initialed their papers, sliding them to Rudin, who read the results.  
  
"Victor guessed 38D, Miles said 36D and Sam said 36C," Rudin announced. "The correct size is 36C. Sam, you win."  
  
Sam grinned, "Come to my room at 8 a.m. wearing a bikini and heels, please."  
  
"I'll see you then," Cori smiled at them and walked out of the room, wondering how in the world it had come to this again. She should have been disappointed, nervous even. But she wasn't. She felt great that she had done something to help someone else. If ever she dared to think of her beauty as a curse again, she'd try to remember this moment, this feeling. Three days of T&A was a small price to pay for a man's dignity and future.  
  
"Pay up, bastards," Sam said, grinning as the men rose slowly, still a little surprised at this unusual meeting. They had watched longingly as Cori walked away, each imagining what he was going to do that piece of ass. Now they were smiling, knowing it was going to happen. "I told you it was just a matter of time."  
  
"You also told us you wouldn't have to pay for it," Victor chided.  
  
"I'm not paying her a cent," Sam said. "Didn't you hear, our friend Gerald gets every penny in appreciation for his hard work. Legally, Cori is my slut out of the goodness of her sweet little cunt. Ah, I love a girl who willing to put out for a good cause. Gives me that warm fuzzy feeling while I'm spraying my cum on her face, ya know."  
  
"Gentlemen, thank you for your time," Rudin interrupted, escorting them to the door. "Please, do treat her with some respect. It took a lot of courage for her to do this. I know you want to have your fun and will do so. I know I have little control here, but I would consider it a personal favor if you honored her guidelines."  
  
"Don't worry," Sam smiled, "If pussy is good to me, I'm good to it. We'll wear her out, but we won't hurt her." He was already planning his day with Cori. So much to do, so little time, he chuckled.

**CHAPTER 2: FISHING FOR TAIL**  
  
Cori got up at 7 the next morning, showered and dressed in a red bikini that her old friend John back at the Body Shop in Georgia would have called a "nub rub". She had never heard anyone but John use the term, but it was just one of his many good-old-boy sayings. When she asked him what it meant, he had explained, "Well, sweet thing, about the only thing that scrap of fabric is covering are your nipples and your clit -- your three nubs. And it's so damn tight, it's gotta be rubbing something."  
  
Well, regardless of what you called it, Cori knew that a bikini like this was guaranteed to please any man. While this suit was different from the one John had seen months ago, the concept was the same. The top consisted of two rubbery little pieces that reminded Cori of scraps from a busted balloon. Each piece was just one inch from top to bottom and about three inches wide -- just enough to cover her nipples and little else. They were connected by angel-hair thin versions of spaghetti straps running from breast to breast, then tying around her back between her should blades. No strap went around her neck. The tautness of the straps and the firmness of her breasts were more than enough to hold her C cup tits high on her chest.  
  
The bottoms were no more modest. The same angel-hair straps snaked between her ass cheeks, dove between her legs and came out the front, rising from her mound and tying high on her hips. The only covering was a slice of fabric that ran from the base of her pussy slit to the top of her blonde landing strip. It was just wide enough to cover her pussy lips and was far too tight to even attempt to conceal their puffy shape.  
  
She matched the red suit with a pair of red stilettos which strapped around her ankles. She put her hair in a ponytail, tying it with a red bow and applied some candy-red lipstick. That was the extent of her preparation. Cori's natural beauty did the rest. She didn't need any more makeup or hair products. She didn't need any jewelry -- although she was wearing her belly button ring as usual -- and she didn't need any fake push-up bras. She knew she was lucky in that respect -- but, as she had come to realize, never looking "normal" could also be a curse.  
  
But Cori didn't feel like this was one of those cursed moments. Cori found herself energized and oddly excited about the coming events. No, contrary to what every guy seemed to think, she wasn't a cock-crazy slut who just couldn't get enough. She wasn't feeling horny at all and Sam certainly didn't attract her. She was excited because she felt like she had a purpose for what she was doing. There was no shame in it because the ends justified the means. Gerald's job was saved and his future was enriched.  
  
As she strolled slowly across the beautifully manicured grounds, aware of the eyes of the early-morning joggers and maintenance crew following her seductive moves, she reflected on how important it was to her to be of service to others. She loved to please. Many people did and were rewarded in their jobs as social workers, teachers, etc. Cori would love to do that, too, but it just so happened that time and time again, the way people wanted service from her was through scenarios just like this. Her beautiful, incredible hard body was built for sexual performance and visual pleasure. She wasn't ashamed of that one bit.  
  
With that pep talk still going strong in her head, she knocked confidently on Sam's door, standing with her hands behind her back, thrusting her tits out, her legs shoulder-width apart -- fully on display for him. No, Sam didn't deserve this, but Gerald did.  
  
"Well, hello my beautiful pet," Sam said, letting his eyes roam over her body hungrily. He was wearing only a white terry-cloth robe and had clearly been awake for a while, anxious for his morning treat.  
  
"Good morning," Cori said in cheery voice, trying to convey to him that she wasn't scared or intimidated or reluctant about what she was doing. Guys like this got off on control, she knew, but he wasn't the physically dominating type. She knew he would get his kick by playing mind games with her, trying to keep her off balance, make her feel uncomfortable and vulnerable, ultimately submitting to her big strong man who would protect her, make her feel all safe and warm -- and then fuck the holy shit out of her, for which she would be eternally grateful, of course.  
  
Just being around him for a few minutes in the meeting yesterday had given Cori a good read on him. He was arrogant, smart and felt like he could get away with anything. That made him dangerous is a unique way, but Cori was confident that if she played along with him and was convincing in her role -- including giving great sex -- he would stay true to his word not to hurt her or Gerald.  
  
After addressing Sam, Cori made no move to enter his suite, remaining outside the door while he looked her up and down lustily. Smiling, he turned around and started back into the suite. Cori followed, but Sam quickly stopped her.  
  
"Ah, ah," he said shaking his finger as he turned back around to face her. "This is a topless suite."  
  
"Excuse me?" Cori asked, not sure what he was saying.  
  
"It's topless," Sam said again. "I don't allow any woman in her with her top on. Not even the maids. Take off your top and hang it on one of the hooks right there outside the door. Then, you may enter."  
  
Cori reached behind her and deftly untied the bow hold her top in place, letting it fall into her hands. She carefully hung it on an empty hook, noting that there were a couple of other bikini tops hanging on other hooks. Leftovers from previous conquests, no doubt. He probably kept them as trophies. Realizing she was exposed outside, she peeked over her shoulder to see if anyone could see her. There was a man jogging by, but she didn't think he saw anything. She entered the suite and closed the door behind her.  
  
"That was your one and only warning regarding the topless rule, so I suggest you remember to respect my house rules before you enter again," Sam said coldly, trying too hard to sound tough.  
  
"Of course, sir," Cori said, stopping just inside the door, hands clasped behind her back, feet together, stomach in, chest out. Stimulated by the tight suit, cool morning air and the excitement of what was happening, her nipples were fully hardened and poked out like twin pencil erasers, angled slightly toward the ceiling.  
  
"What do you think of my place?" Sam asked, waving his arm.  
  
"It's absolutely gorgeous," Cori answered honestly. It was a luxurious place. Granite-topped bar. Hardwood floors throughout. Leather furniture. Elegant fixtures and artwork. It was a high-priced bachelor pad ... for a married man.  
  
"I purchased it 12 years ago," Sam said. "Miles and Victor have suites in this part of the resort too. We come here every couple of months."  
  
"You've done a lovely job decorating," Cori nodded.  
  
"I only buy the best," Sam said matter-of-factly. "In everything I do, I have the best. I'm wealthy, smart and I never settle for second rate. My cars, my houses, my jets, my clothes, my lawyers ... all top of the line."  
  
"With all your money, you could have almost any woman you want," Cori said. "Why did you go to all the trouble of getting me?"  
  
"Because you're the hottest babe I've seen at this resort in 6 months," Sam said. "And I choose my women the same way I choose everything else. Only the best."  
  
'What if I had said no?"  
  
"You did," Sam reminded her. "And yet here you are, your top off, nipples hard and I bet that pussy is good and wet for me. Never forget, my pet, I get what I want. Always. You saying no the other day only delayed the inevitable. Don't feel bad. You're not the first and you won't be the last piece of ass to be outsmarted by me. I admit, you're no fool, and I'm impressed. Usually, I find that hotness and tit size are directly disproportional to intelligence. You're a rare and welcome exception. But don't think for a minute you can outsmart me. At the end of the day, we both know you have the cunt and tits and I have the money and brains. And I can use what I have to get what you have any time I want. And that, my dear slut, is why you were destined to end up sucking my cock the moment I laid eyes on you."  
  
Cori was silent for a moment, not sure how to respond. He was so blunt and arrogant, and yet Cori could tell he believed and meant every word he said. The awkward moment of silence was broken when Cori saw movement out of the corner of her eye. She turned to see two women coming down the narrow hallway out of the bedroom. As they came into the living room, she could see that they were twins. They were both dark-haired, tanned with small, taut bodies. They appeared to be about Cori's age -- early 20s, maybe college girls. They were both wearing tennis shoes and loose mini skirts and they were both topless. They had small, pert breasts with dark rubbery nipples. Their small, perky bodies and cute faces made Cori suspect they were cheerleaders or dancers.  
  
If they were surprised to see her, they didn't show it. They smiled at her and said hello and waved to Sam as they walked out the door. Cori realized that the other bikini tops she had seen outside belonged to them.  
  
"Cleaning crew?" Cori asked, grinning to let him know she knew they weren't.  
  
"Far from it," Sam smirked. "Dirtiest little sluts you've ever seen. Twins, as you noticed, and they actually ate each other out while I fucked them. They rolled around in a bottle of baby oil and were slick as can be. They just kept licking twat and I fucked them every way I could think of. Ever had a guy fuck your ass and then put it in your mouth?" Cori nodded. "Well, I took a step further with these bitches. I fucked one in the ass, then the other girl's mouth, then that girl's ass and then her sister's mouth. They fucking loved it. Nasty little sluts. I came in one bitch's ass and the other girl sucked out the cum, then spit it in her sister's mouth. Bet you've never done anything like that, have you?"  
  
"No," Cori said, honestly. "And I don't plan to."  
  
"Little higher class, huh? Better looking, a higher quality piece of tail," he nodded. "I'll treat you accordingly. Don't worry, I already showered, too. You won't be tasting any skank juice."  
  
"If you thought they were so skanky, why did you fuck them? I thought you only used the best -- in cars, houses and women," Cori challenged him.  
  
"I do. They were the best twins I saw yesterday," Sam smirked. "And sometimes, one pussy just ain't enough."  
  
"Well, one's all I have, sorry," Cori laughed.  
  
"That will do," Sam nodded. "Well, that bed is completely unusable right now, so we'll do our business right here." He sat in a chair at the dining table and opened his robe, letting his cock bounce out, thick and hard. Obviously, he hadn't fucked the twins since last night. Or, he was using some special pills. Either way, he was rock hard and ready. "Come here," he said.  
  
Cori walked over to him, doing a slow, sensual walk, hands on her hips, breasts jutting out proudly, letting him take in the full picture. When she got in front of him, he leaned forward on the edge of the chair and put his hands around her narrow waist. He put his nose against her bikini bottoms and breathed in, inhaling her sent. He sat back and cupped her pussy, squeezing it gently, then harder, feeling the moist heat of the soft flesh. "Didn't waste any money on extra fabric, did they?" he teased, pulling the suit up even tighter against her snatch.  
  
With a flick of his finger, he popped the strap to the side and let his fingers caress her bare pussy lips. He found them to be moist, soft and very warm. He rubbed them for a few moments, then told her to turn around. He made her bend over and show him her ass. He spanked both cheeks lightly, watching them jiggle, noting their firmness.  
  
"Quite the hard body, aren't you?" he asked.  
  
"I've been called that before," Cori admitted.  
  
He squeezed her butt cheeks and ran his hands inside her thighs, again teasing her pussy.  
  
"Turn around and kneel down," he instructed. Cori did, bringing her to face-level with his six-inch cock. She licked her lips, ready to perform.  
  
"Hungry, are you, my little cock whore?" Sam teased.  
  
"Mmm," Cori moaned, licking her lips some more, now teasing him.  
  
"Close your mouth." Cori did and he leaned forward, rubbing his cock all over her face. He brushed it against the sides of her nose and over her eyebrows, poked at her soft cheeks and rubbed it against her tightly closed lips. He turned her head and rubbed it up her neck, across her ear and wrapped her hair around the head. He turned her back toward him and lifted his cock against his belly and pressed his balls under her nose.  
  
"Breath in deep," he said. She did and he pushed his balls even harder against her, blocking her nostrils and forcing her to breathe through her mouth. She had to admit, he smelled clean. "Lick 'em."  
  
Cori lifted her head and began lapping her tongue along the underside of his hairy balls. She flicked her tongue along the curves as if trying to roll them into her mouth. Eventually, she sucked them into her mouth while he slapped his hard cock gently against her nose and forehead.  
  
Finally, he pointed his cock at her mouth. "Show me what you got," he said it as if this was some sort of audition or job interview. It was a small statement, but Cori got the message. This was a man who got blowjobs from hot babes every day. He wasn't going to be impressed by an average suck job. He was a connoisseur with high standards. If she wanted to impress him, it was time for her best effort.  
  
Well, cock sucking was something Cori never did half-way. She was proud of the fact that she was good at it. She remembered hearing a boyfriend of hers bragging about what a good blowjob she gave him to his friends. Her friends thought that was awful of him to do, but she was proud of it, flattered. She wouldn't have been any happier if he had complimented her hair or her shoes. If you were good at something -- no matter what it was -- Cori thought you should be proud of it. Well, if Sam demanded the best, she was the cocksucker for him.  
  
Some guys wanted you to deep throat them right away, but she figured him for a man who enjoyed the finer things -- including blowjobs -- and liked to take his time to savor them. So, she started slow, focusing all of her attention on the head of his cock. She had her hands behind her back as she usually did when she sucked cock. The guys at the shop had trained her long ago that when they wanted a blowjob, they didn't want her trying to get away with a glorified handjob, using her hands more than her mouth. She realized that another benefit of this for the guys was that there was really no way to keep them from driving their cocks all the way down her throat any time they wanted to. With her hands on their cocks or thighs or balls, she had some control. With her hands behind her back, she was signaling complete submission, offering her tongue, lips, mouth and throat to be used as they pleased. She had never met a man who preferred it any other way and she did it without even thinking now. Giving a blowjob with her hands behind her back was as natural as breathing or walking for her.  
  
She had her lips wrapped around his cockhead, making a show of sucking on it and licking it like a big lollipop, knowing that he was watching her mouth work on him. She teased his pee-hole and rubbed her tongue along the ultra-sensitive underside of his head. She curled her tongue around his head and pursed her lips, sucking gently, wrapping it in layers of ultimate soft, warm wetness. She felt his cock flex and saw his balls jump slightly and knew she was getting to him. Soon, he'd probably have his hands on the back of her head, forcing her to take him all the way before shooting a big load in her mouth. That's what she expected, but she was quickly learning not to try to predict what Sam Clayton would do.  
  
"That's excellent, Cori," he said. She could tell he was genuinely impressed. "You're very skilled. I'm sure you can deep throat as well." Cori nodded and opened her mouth wide to take him all the way in. "But not now. Right now I want you to lay down on this table."  
  
Cori looked up at him, saw he was serious, and stood up, climbing on the large oak dining room table. "Slide right in the middle," Sam said, moving chairs out of the way while Cori positioned herself flat on her back on the table. She was looking up at a ceiling fan with blades made to look like big palm fronds. "Good," Sam said. He grabbed her right foot and looped one end of a white scarf around her ankle, tying it just tight enough to keep it from slipping off. Then, he did the same with a separate white scarf on her left ankle.  
  
Alarms were going off in Cori's head -- was this guy going to tie her up and have his way with her all day? She had said no rough stuff. Before she could speak, though, Sam seemed to read her mind. "Don't worry, this isn't going to be rough. These scarves shouldn't get too tight, but if they do, let me know."  
  
"OK," Cori said, taking a deep breath that forced her tits to rise like twin volcanoes emerging from the ocean.  
  
Sam climbed on the table, his cock still hard, waving around like a sword. He picked up her right leg by the scarf and raised it up until it was sticking up at a 45 degree angle from the table. He looped the other end of the scarf around the base of one of the fan blades. He did the same with the other leg, using a different fan blade so that her legs were spread slightly. Cori worried what would happen if he turned the fan on, but figured the motor couldn't be that powerful and even her modest weight would be too much strain. Still...  
  
She expected Sam to drop on top of her and fuck her, but instead, he jumped off the table, walked around to her head, turning it toward him and sticking his cock in her mouth, jabbing it against the inside of her cheek for about 5 or 6 thrusts, then pulling out. "Just needed a little priming," Sam said. "Now, play with yourself."  
  
Cori looked over and saw him standing next to the table, his cock in his hand, gently stroking it as he looked at her lewdly displayed body. Put in this awkward position, she had to sit up just enough to lift her should blades off the table in order to reach her pussy. It was like doing a little crunch, and she did plenty every day to keep her abs tight. The action pushed her tits together, squishing them into her rib cage.  
  
She pushed aside her bikini bottoms with her right hand and started working on her moist pussy. She was bracing herself with her left elbow, but Sam barked, "arms and hands off the table." Cori had strong abs, but how could she hold herself up for an extended period of time? She grabbed at the straps on her hips with her left hand, finding success at first, but eventually the bow came untied. She switched hands, putting two fingers of her left hand in her pussy, holding herself up with the straps on her right side, until those strings also gave way. Sam walked around to the end of the table and grabbed the bikini bottoms, pulling them the rest of the way off.  
  
"Spread your pussy," he said. She reached both hands between her legs and pulled at the soft pussy lips, spreading herself for him. Again, what she thought was going to happen didn't. No tongue or finger or cock touched her pussy next. Instead, it was her bikini bottom, being stuff up inside of her. He pushed it further and further. "Let go," he said. She did and her pussy went shut. "Not a hint of it in sight," he said, nodding as if she had done a great job.  
  
Just then there was a knock on the door. Cori froze, but Sam admonished her, "keep playing with yourself." She kept both hands on her crotch holding herself up by stabbing fingers inside herself or holding the insides of her thighs. She leaned over and watched Sam go to the door, completely naked, and open the door for two maids who came in, their big bare tits jiggling. They were both fairly young -- under 30 at least -- with dark, smooth skin that suggested to Cori they were probably locals. Apparently seeing another naked women with her feet tied to the ceiling fan wasn't an unusual sight, for they hardly seemed surprised to see her. They both acknowledged her, saying hello and Cori said hello back, finding it hysterical to be having a conversation with two topless women in this situation. How bizarre!

"Ladies, this is Cori," Sam said, his hard cock bobbing as he walked over to the table to join them. Cori still had both hands on her pussy, holding herself up and playing with her increasingly wet snatch, just as she had been ordered to do. "Cori, this is Lola and Juanita. They work for the resort, but were hand-picked -- and fucked -- by me to be my personal maids. They also clean for Miles and Victor. They understand and appreciate our, um, unique activities and are remarkably loyal and discreet. As you can see, they both are quite beautiful as well."  
  
"Yes, they are," Cori's breath was short, the strain of her position taking its toll, despite her fantastic conditioning. The fan blades moved back and forth as Cori struggled to hold her pose.  
  
"Ladies," Sam said, "my beautiful pet here has been quite a good sport this morning. However, as you can see, show's growing tired and increasingly horny. Won't you please relieve her for me? Cori, you may lay back. Lola and Juanita will tend to you now."  
  
Cori laid back and soon felt two soft tongues go to work. She didn't know which was which, but one of the women was between her legs, licking her pussy while the other sucked on her nipples. Cori had had very few lesbian encounters despite her intense sex life. She simply wasn't attracted to other women that way, but she wasn't repulsed by the idea, either. If it made her man happy to see her with another woman, well, Cori was willing to oblige. Clearly, she had no choice this time, but the way that tongue was dancing on her clit, she would have signed up for this regardless of Sam's wishes. Then, her pussy lips were being spread and the tongue danced inside. Cori felt her bikini bottoms being moved, then pulled and realized that one of these women had the bottoms in her mouth and was pulling it out, inch by inch.  
  
The intensity of the situation got to Cori quickly and she moaned and bucked her hips, frustrated that her bonds limited her movements. Still, they didn't limit the power of her orgasm, which ripped through her in powerful jolts of pleasure as the bikini bottoms were pulled all the way out. When it was over, she went limp, her legs still suspended by the scarves, her nipples harder than ever, a wet spot staining the table between her legs.  
  
"That's enough, ladies," Sam said coolly. "Thank you. Please start in the bedroom. It's quite messy in there. Please discard the sheets and replace them with a new set of silk ones, please. Also, please be sure to disinfect this table after we leave."  
  
"Yes, sir," one of the women said. They departed, leaving Sam to deal with his prize, who lay sprawled out for him, pussy wet, nipples hard, her body damp with perspiration and limp from exertion and exhaustion. Oh, it had been less than an hour and already he had broken her down from a witty, confident woman to a worn out, gorgeous plaything drooling from both the mouth and pussy.  
  
"Felt good, huh," Sam said, standing at the end of the table, rubbing his cock on the top of her head, feeling the softness of her hair.  
  
"Yes," Cori moaned.  
  
"Lick my balls," Sam said. He climbed up on the table and straddled her chest, pulling his cock up against his belly and offering his balls to her. She lifted her head and licked them again, sucking them into her mouth one at a time. He was jacking his cock quickly now and Cori knew he was finally on the verge. Even when he came, however, he was still under control. He pointed his cock at her face, told her to close her mouth and eyes and quietly painted her face with his cum. His blasts were short, controlled and his aim was good. Clearly, he had done this before. Given his orgy from the night before, his volume was a little below average, but Sam's cum was still thick and very white.  
  
He pasted her face with a thick swath of cum from one cheek to the other, covering her lips and just under her nose. The final surge was directed at her left eye, coating her lashes and pasting them to her face. With her darkly tanned skin, the pearl-white cum stood out brilliantly. "Perfect," he breathed. He quickly stood up and removed the scarves from the fan blades and Cori's ankles.  
  
"You may stand up," he said. "But do not wipe your face. Unless you like cum in your eye, I suggest you keep your left eye closed. And please keep your lips shut as well."  
  
Cori stood up, careful not to open her eye or mouth, feeling the cum tickling her skin as it slowly oozed across her flesh. Sam retrieved her damp bikini bottom and tied it around her thighs so she wouldn't have to bend over and risk losing her precious facial.  
  
He quickly dressed in a pair of swim trunks, a loose button-down shirt and some sandals. He put his sunglasses on and they walked out of the suite. He made Cori face the walking trails snaking through the resort while he stood behind her and tied her bikini top back on, taking his time placing the fabric patches over her hard nipples.  
  
"OK, my pet," Sam said. "Keep your head tilted back a bit and try to hold as much of that on your face as you can." He led her to the walkway where a golf cart awaited them. "Good morning, Howard," Sam said to the driver. He helped Cori into the seat and then joined her. "Please take us down to for breakfast."  
  
"Of course, sir," Howard said, glancing at Cori's face, then her body. She didn't even try to smile or say hello, knowing that Sam's first priority was for her to wear his cum. Much like the maids, though, Howard didn't seem surprised by this sight. Cori wondered how many Sam had done something like this with.  
  
While Sam had been full of surprises so far, Cori wasn't surprised to see that Miles and Victor were waiting for them at one of the resorts open-air restaurants. They both stood up to greet them, each taking Cori by an elbow and guiding her to the table while they checked out her remarkable body up close and got a good look at the facial Sam had planted on her.  
  
"Told you something was missing with her face," Sam joked. "Now it looks just right."  
  
"She does wear it well," Miles acknowledged.  
  
They helped her sit down and Cori, looking through her right eye, saw that they had already ordered food. A bowl of fruit sat in front of her.  
  
"I see you've already placed our order," Sam said.  
  
"Yeah, but they didn't have any dip for Cori's fruit," Victor said in a sarcastic voice that made it clear he had never asked for any dip.  
  
"No dip?" Sam said. "Hmm, good thing she brought her own, I guess." He picked up a strawberry and dabbed it against her left eye, then held it in front of her right eye, showing her the bright red strawberry that was now tipped with a glob of his white cream. "Hungry? You should be. You worked up quite an appetite."  
  
Cori nodded and opened her mouth as Sam offered her the strawberry. She bit off the end, the salty thickness of his cum meeting her tongue. "Now that's a nutritious breakfast!" Sam chortled.  
  
One by one, they dipped bits of pineapple, melon, bananas and berries in Sam's cum, wiping it off her face and feeding her. "That's about it," Sam said when the last major glob was gone. He handed her a cloth napkin to let her wipe off her face.  
  
"But there's so much fruit left," Victor whined, again in fake voice. "And she has to be hungry. What do we do now?"  
  
"Don't you remember," Miles said, his voice also full of irony. "We brought our own dip cream, just in case."  
  
"Oh yeah!" Victor said.  
  
They each produced a small glass with a bit of thick white fluid in the bottom. Cori looked at Sam, who was grinning, and she realized he had told them to jack off and bring their cum to her. Finally able to talk, Cori played along, staying true to her word to be a good sport and comply with their games, "Mmm! This is like the Pepsi Challenge! I wonder who tastes best. Sam's going to be hard to beat."  
  
"Try mine," Victor offered her a bite of peach with a generous clump of his cum dripping from it. Cori took the bite, letting the cum and peach juice ooze between her teeth and over her lips, making a show of darting her tongue out to lap up any escaping fluids.  
  
"Yummy!" Unlike her poor-acting counterparts, Cori made it look and sound like she really enjoyed every bite.  
  
"Now mine," Miles said, leaning in with a piece of pineapple dipped in his own special sauce.  
  
"Terrific," Cori grinned. "I can't tell. Yours has a little more flavor," she said to Miles, "but yours is nice and creamy," she said to Victor.  
  
"And neither can compare to mine," Sam boasted. "Come, let's finish feeding this slut and go do some snorkeling."  
  
This was the first Cori had heard of the plan for the day, but the others obviously already knew the plan. She would have preferred a different suit and definitely different shoes for a snorkeling trip, but since Sam had specifically requested her attire and had obviously planned the trip, there was little doubt that this was what he intended for her to wear.  
  
The men all ate their own breakfasts -- omelets, fruit and coffee -- and finished feeding Cori hers. Then, with a quick wave, Sam summoned a golf cart which took them all to the marina. There, they boarded a boat belonging to a man calling himself Captain Jack Montague. He greeted them all and it was clear that he knew them all well.  
  
"You guys sure you don't want a private charter today?" he asked, eyeing Cori. Captain Jack looked to be a caricature of a pirate. He had the goofy name, a black hat and a black patch over his left eye that looked like a dime store prop. He hadn't shaven in days and he had leathery red skin and a gruff voice. He looked and sounded older than he probably was. "Looks to me like you guys might be wanting a little privacy. You know I'm always discreet, so anything you want to do..."  
  
"No thanks," Sam said. "The more the merrier today."  
  
"All right," Captain Jack said. "Well, we have 4 more couples coming. They should be here soon."  
  
"Great," Sam said. "Looks like a great day for some snorkeling."  
  
"Have you ever been snorkeling before?" the captain asked Cori.  
  
"No, sir," she said, "but I've always wanted to try."  
  
"I think you'll like it," he said. "But you might want to take off your shoes, first."  
  
"That's OK, Jack," Sam said, "she's going to keep them on for now."  
  
"I see," Captain Jack said. "As you wish."  
  
Miles kept a watch for the others while Sam distracted Cori, taking her to the side of the boat and pointing out various things about the marina and shoreline. Her back was to pier and, with the water splashing against the sides of the boat, she didn't here the other couples coming. Miles signaled to Sam, who yelped and pointed at something in the water. "Did you see that?" he said, pointing into the water right below them. He leaned over the side and put his hand on Cori's back.  
  
"What?" Cori asked. She suspected Sam and his juvenile buddies were up to something again, but maintained her commitment to playing along. She felt Sam pressing on her back and took the cue to lean over the side of the boat. She spread her legs to keep her balance and bent over the side of the boat at the waist. She peered down into the clear blue water, but saw nothing. She kept looking for several seconds before finally looking over toward Sam.  
  
"What was ..." she realized he was no longer leaning over the rail. His hand was still on her back, but he was now standing, facing away from her. Cori realized instantly that the other couples had arrived and that Sam and his buddies had let their first impression of her be a fairly obscene view of her long legs and firm ass as she bent over the side of the boat. With her legs spread, her barely-covered pussy was also on display. Cori quickly stood up and turned around, facing her fellow tourists. From the looks on their faces, it was safe to say she had made a great first impression with half of them -- the men -- and a lousy one with the other half -- their wives and girlfriends. Well, what else was new.  
  
Sam just beamed proudly as he introduced them all to Cori, his "girlfriend." Cori shook hands, smiled and was her usual friendly self, pretending not to notice the guys who stared at her tits when they shook her hand. Sam wanted to display her and it was important that she showed him and them that she was comfortable with her role. Any fear or hesitance could lead to questioning by the other boaters and put Sam in an awkward position of defending himself. They no doubt all believed that Sam was her sugar daddy. No reason to give them any other ideas.  
  
With everyone aboard, Captain Jack steered them out into the open water, heading, he explained, for a nearby island that offered fabulous snorkeling. Cori was genuinely excited about this part of the day. Aside from her one shopping trip, she hadn't really gotten to do any typical vacation activities yet. This was her first and, despite the circumstances, she was determined to enjoy it.  
  
When they reached the island, Captain Jack had them all jump into the water one at time. Cori finally got to kick off her shoes, putting on some swim fins before following Sam into the water, with Miles and Victor right behind. She was surprised at how warm the water was. And it was so clear! She could see to the bottom with no problem. After they all adjusted their goggles, the four of them swam off together, exploring the colorful coral and looking at the brightly colored fish swirling around them.  
  
They swam together for a while, then Sam took her by the wrist and led her toward an outcrop of coral around the tip of the island. They stopped a couple times to come up for air and Cori looked back to see how far away they were from the boat.  
  
"Shouldn't we stay closer to the group?" Cori asked.  
  
"Don't worry," Sam said. "We're fine. We're still in sight of them and the boat and we're only a few hundred feet from shore. I just brought you over here because I wanted to show you something. There's a big moray eel that lives over here. Every once in a while, I can catch a glimpse of him. He's shy, so you don't have to worry about getting bit or anything. Only problem is, his little cave is near the bottom, so we'll have to take a deep breath and dive down."  
  
"OK," Cori nodded, excited at the thought of seeing an eel up close. "Lead the way." They both took a deep breath and Sam held her hand as they down down along the facing of the reef. Cori noted that it was deep open water behind her and felt a chill as she worried about sharks. Nonsense, she told herself, the water was clear, the reef and shore were close, no need to worry. She snapped to attention when Sam pointed frantically at a point below them and Cori looked just in time to see a large moray eel duck back into his cave. Excited, she kicked downward ahead of Sam.  
  
That was just the opportunity Sam had been waiting for. Quickly, he reached out his hand and lightly pulled on the string tied around her back. Her own momentum kicking downward pulled the knot loose and the current wasted no time in whipping it off her chest.  
  
Cori's hands flew to her chest first, then reached for the top, but it was too late. It was gone. So was the eel and her air supply. Cursing herself for falling for such a stupid trick, Cori turned and faced Sam, taking his hand as they kicked toward the surface.  
  
The broke the surface, Sam wearing a concerned look, "What happened?"  
  
"I think you know," Cori said. She was angry, but knew she better not show it too much.  
  
"I have no idea," Sam said, not even trying to hide his shit-eating grin. "Don't worry, we'll get you a new top when we get back to the resort."  
  
"What about the boat?" Cori asked.  
  
"Not much we can do about that, I'm afraid," Sam said. "Don't worry, they're all adults. I'm sure they've all seen a slut with huge tits before. Hell, you practically gave them a peep show already. I can't imagine this is going to freak them out much more."  
  
Cori just shook her head and kicked along with Sam back toward the boat. By the time they got there, everyone else was already on board. "Both hands on the ladder all the way up," Sam said. It was a direction, not a suggestion. Cori understood and put her hands on the ladder, hoisting herself back up the side of the boat, her bare breasts breaking the surface, her nipples sticking out boldly for all to see. To make matters worse, Sam "helped" her up the ladder by placing both hands on her ass cheeks and pushing her up.  
  
"Where's your top?" Captain Jack said, quickly stepping up and handing Cori a towel.  
  
"Stupid knot came loose and the current took it," Cori said, wrapping the towel around her. "Sorry everyone."  
  
"No apologies necessary I'm sure, right?" Sam said, climbing in behind her.  
  
"Slut," she heard one of the women mutter not so quietly to another. Even though Cori had long ago developed a thick skin so as not to be stung by the judgments of others, every once in a while a look or comment still stung. This was one of those times. But to make matters worse, that's what Sam and his buddies wanted. They wanted to show her off, yes, but they also wanted to humiliate her. Cori was not easily embarrassed, but she was this time. That made her all the more determined not to let Sam see it. If he knew he got to her, he'd just keep on doing it.  
  
Of course, the odd twist was that, with the towel wrapped around her, Cori was now much more concealed than she had been with the bikini. The ride back to the dock was uneventful and Captain Jack graciously offered to let her keep it.  
  
"We'll bring it back this afternoon," Sam said.  
  
"Not necessary," he replied.  
  
"Do you have any charters this afternoon?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Well, how about taking us out for some fishing?"  
  
"Sure, we can do that," Jack said. "I'll just need to get the gear and bait and everything loaded, but if you want to come back after lunch, I'll have her ready to go."  
  
"Perfect," Sam said.  
  
Back at the resort, Sam took Cori back to her room and took the liberty of picking out her outfit for the afternoon of boating. "Got any fishnets?"  
  
"Stockings?"  
  
"No, bathing suit."  
  
"No, I'm sorry."  
  
"That's OK," Sam said. He picked up the phone and called a member of the hotel staff. "What size are you?" he asked Cori. She told him and he answered two sizes smaller. Ten minutes later there was a knock at the door and one of the hotel staff members handed him a small bag. Sam took the little suit out, nodded his approval and slapped a bill in his hand.  
  
"Put this on," Sam said, tossing her the new bathing suit. He kept a white tube top that came with the suit and discarded it on the floor.  
  
Cori held it out in front of her, holding it by the top, realizing that this would be little better than going topless. But, she had agreed to wear what they told her to wear, so there was nothing she could really say about it. And, given the power of Sam and his buddies around the resort, she had no fear that there would be any sort of indecency charges or legal issues. But there certainly would have been almost anywhere else she had ever been.  
  
Cori slipped off her bikini bottoms while Sam watched, not even asking if she could take off her heels. She knew better by now. Cori was surprised that she had never worn an outfit quite like this before. She had worn fishnet and she had worn slings, but never a fishnet sling. This was made of a bright white, stretchy nylon string, about a quarter inch in diameter. The holes in the netting were full inch squares -- similar to the spacing in a volleyball net -- and there was no extra fabric to cover her nipples.  
  
The sling was unlike any she had seen before in the way that it connected behind her neck. Like most slings, the top was split into two columns that went over her breasts vertically, leaving her belly bared as they joined forces at her crotch. She was thankful that the crotch was a dense cluster of the soft nylon and formed a comfortable, if very snug, cup that actually did a pretty good of covering her pussy lips, though her landing strip was not covered by the patch and was thus visible through the holes in the netting. Separating her ass cheeks was only one strand of the thin rope, which was stretched so tight that it stood out several inches from her bare back, touching at the base of her spine and at the base of her neck, but nowhere in between.

The two columns from the front looped around her neck to connect to the back string. Each front string had a metallic gold hoop at the end, about the size of a 50-cent piece. The string coming up her back had a metal clasp on the end that opened and closed much like the clasp of a necklace. Both rings from the front attached to the clasp on the back, completing the sling loop.  
  
Because the material was so stretchy and because Sam had ordered two sizes too small, the suit clung to her, pressing tightly against her flesh in the few areas where it actually made contact -- her tits, her pussy and her shoulders. Her nipples poked out through the holes in the netting and her ass was completely visible. Only her pussy was covered with any degree of effectiveness.  
  
As if it wasn't revealing enough, gaining access to her tits or pussy would be incredibly easy. A flip of the clasp would release the rings, making her top fall. Or the suit could be pulled to the sides to reveal her breasts or her pussy or both. And, of course, one touch with a blade or scissors would snap the taught nylon band running up her spine and leave her completely naked in an instant.  
  
Cori switched into a pair of white heels to match the suit and was ready to go.  
  
"Wait," Sam said, admiring the view but also feeling like there might be a way to improve it. "Have you ever worn nipple rings?" he asked.  
  
"Yes," Cori answered truthfully, remembering the rings she had removed only a few days ago at her step-dad's house. She had just noticed yesterday that the holes in her nipples were starting to grow shut. Sam stepped forward and pinched her left nipple in his fingers, pulling it taut, mindless of any discomfort this might cause her. He grinned when he saw the recent hole.  
  
"Where's your jewelry?" he asked. She pointed to the dresser, noting that she didn't wear much or have much with her. "Don't need much," he said, holding up a pair of simple gold hoop earrings that were about as big around as a dime. "These will do fine."  
  
He put the rings on her nipples and walked around her, noting how the rings drew extra attention to the fact that her nipples were sticking out. "Beautiful," he nodded. He let Cori put on a pair of sunglasses and they headed back out, taking a golf cart back to the marina where they found Victor and Miles waiting for them at Captain Jack's boat.  
  
"Look what I caught, fellas," Sam laughed, hooking his finger in Cori's mouth and pulling her along behind him. She teased his finger with her tongue and puckered her lips around his finger, exaggerating fish lips.  
  
"Sam caught a mermaid," Victor laughed.  
  
"More like an octo-pussy," Miles chimed in.  
  
"Come on, guys," Sam chided. "You need to watch more Animal Planet. This is clearly a BLOW-fish."  
  
They all laughed and Sam pulled his finger out of her mouth with a loud pop and kissed her on those full, puckered lips. Couples and captains and tourists were walking up and down the docks around them, most taking note of Cori's extreme suit -- the gold nipple rings and high heels (not a popular site on the beach) catching their attention and her bared breasts and ass holding it, either in disgust or lust. Cori and her quartet of male friends paid no attention.  
  
They all climbed aboard the boat and Cori was genuinely excited. While the snorkeling trip had ended embarrassingly, the rest of it had been a blast. Now, she was getting to go out on another boat ride and was interested to see what real deep-sea fishing was like. She wondered if she'd get to see a dolphin or marlin. Maybe even a shark? For a small-town girl, this was a lot of fun. She knew she was here for one reason and one reason only -- the amusement of her male companions -- but she had learned long ago that giving up a little sex or showing off a little skin didn't have to preclude her from having a good time. The contract was signed. This situation was set for the next three days, regardless of her mindset. So, she might as well have fun along the way.  
  
They all sat down in the back of the boat, looking out over the water while Jack powered them out toward open water. Sam sat on her right side with his left arm around Cori's bare shoulders, his fingers casually playing with her nipple ring. Victor and Miles sat across from them, both daydreaming about their upcoming days and nights with Cori. Sam decided to give them a little preview, picking up right leg and pulling it across his lap. "Put your other leg on the bench," Sam yelled into her ear to be heard above the roar of the engine, the wind and the whishing water. Cori put her left leg on the bench, in effect doing the splits, her crotch blatantly displayed for them. He pulled the sides of her top open so that her breasts were completely bared, the tight netting squeezing from the outsides, squishing them together. Victor and Miles both had their cameras out, taking pictures of this postcard-worthy babe.  
  
"We're here," Captain Jack announced, cutting the engines and scrambling down the ladder. "Get your poles ready."  
  
"Mine already is," Sam joked, grabbing his crotch.  
  
All three guys were experienced fisherman and prepared their tackle and cast their lines. "All lines in the water," Jack announced.  
  
"Not quite," Sam said. "Cori needs one."  
  
"Oh, sorry," the captain said gruffly. "I didn't think the lady would be fishing. I thought she was more of an, uh, observer. I don't have another pole ready. I've got one below, though. It will only take a few minutes."  
  
"Don't bother," Sam said. "All I need is two lines and two hooks. I think Cori should start small, so the smallest hooks and line you have will be fine."  
  
"OK," Jack said, digging into a box of gear and producing two small hooks and a piece of fishing line appropriate only for small fish. He cut the line in two and handed it all to Sam.  
  
Sam took the hooks and tied one end of the strings to each hook. Then, as everyone watched, he approached Cori and told her to "hold out her tit." She was surprised, but did as told. He tied the other end of the line to her left nipple ring. Then he did the same with the right. Giving them each a little tug to make sure they were tight -- and to have an excuse to pull on her tits -- he led her to the side of the boat. He put two shiny lures made to look like little bugs on the ends of the hooks and dropped them over the side, into the water.  
  
"Oh my gosh," Cori shrieked, not sure what was happening. "Is this safe? Oh, that feels so weird!" The waves and current pushed and pulled the lures around, tangling them in no time, the fishing line tugging gently on her nipples, which were pulled back and forth and fully away from her body. The guys had all put their poles in holders, much more enthralled by Cori's fishing exploits.  
  
"What if a shark or something grabs it and pulls me in?" Cori asked, trying not to sound too scared.  
  
"Don't worry," Sam said. "No shark is interested in those little lures."  
  
"That's right," Jack said. "Nothing big's gonna take that. But if a little fish gets on there, you're gonna feel a pretty good pull."  
  
"I got a knife right here," Sam said, "I'll cut it the second one gets on the line."  
  
Somewhat reassured, Cori relaxed, leaning over the rail, her tits pointed at the water like divining rods, twitching with each movement of the hooks and lures on the other end. "Ahh!" her scream turned into a laugh. This was the weirdest feeling. It didn't really hurt; it was a discomfort that was both annoying and exciting at the same time. She had to hand it to these guys, they were creative. This was such a weird feeling, but it was kinda fun too. She never ceased to be amazed by the way the male mind worked. Who would ever have dreamed that this would be such a turn-on for men? Women just didn't think about men the same way.  
  
Just then, a line jerked and her left nipple stretched forward, painfully this time. She shrieked, but the pain was gone in a flash. Sam had reached out and grabbed the string, quickly jerking it out of the water. He left plenty of slack between her nipple and his hand, taking the strain off her breast. Sam quickly pulled the line up, hauling up a very small fish, barely large enough to swallow the lure. He held it up high for them to see, "Take a good luck at a world record," he said. "The largest fish ever caught by tit."  
  
"Better get a picture," Miles said. Sam kept the fish on the hook and held it up to Cori's chest. "Squeeze your tits around it," Miles instructed, framing the image with his camera. The fish was flopping around, wriggling, its wet scales slapping against the firm flesh of her breasts. Cori laughed, trying to catch the slimy thing between her tits, but ever time she thought she had it, it wriggled free again. Finally, she corralled it and pinned it between her breasts. All the while, Miles was snapping photos, his camera collecting 5 frames per second. "Don't smother the poor thing," he mocked.  
  
"What a way to go," Victor snorted. "Death by tit smothering. I can think of worse ways to die."  
  
"We aren't going to kill it, are we?" Cori whined, letting her bottom lip puff out in full pout.  
  
"No, no," Sam said, pulling the fish away from her and wriggling it off the hook, tossing it quickly back into the water. He cut the lines from her nipple rings. "Fishing's over," he said abruptly. "I think Cori has earned a rest. Why don't you lay down and take it easy for a few minutes?" He led her built-in plastic bench along the stern of the boat and told her to lay down. She lay flat on her back but the bench was too short for her to completely stretch out, so Sam had her put one leg up on the side of the boat and put her other foot on the deck, her leg bent at the knee. He put her hands over her head, her arms hanging over the end of the bench.  
  
"Relax all you want, but hold that pose," Sam said, noting how well her tits, legs and pussy were displayed. Miles was already taking pictures with his digital camera.  
  
"Here, get some shots of this," Sam said, stepping forward with a bottle of suntan lotion. "Hold still, Cori." She did her best to hold still while Sam rubbed all over her body, his touch surprising gentle and soothing as he caressed her thighs, arms, belly and breasts, coating her with lotion, making her golden brown skin glisten perfectly in the warm sun. No sunset, no mountain range, no waterfall or canyon was ever more picturesque or perfect than Cori was at this very moment. Miles had the pictures to prove it.  
  
Cori was feeling good, too. She was thankful for the chance to lay back and relax as Sam stepped down and she the camera clicks ceased. There had been no breaks so far today -- the early-morning fuck session on Sam's table had been exhausting in itself, not to mention the snorkeling trip and now fishing. She hadn't realized how tired she was until she laid down. Now, laying on the boat, feeling the sun's warm rays, the gentle rocking of the boat, she was feeling sleepy. She was aware of the men nearby. They were drinking beer, watching their fishing lines and talking, first about her, then about sports.  
  
She had just about dozed off when the boat lurched and she was rolled right off the bench onto the deck. She wasn't hurt at all, just dazed. "Whoa," she said, rolling over and sitting up on her knees.  
  
"You OK?" Captain Jack was the first to her side, helping her up. His hand brushed against the side of her breast, but Cori couldn't tell if it was on purpose or not.  
  
'Yeah, fine," she said. "Thank you. What happened?"  
  
"Just a big wave," Jack said. "Happens every once in a while."  
  
"Well, we can't have our prize catch getting damaged," Sam said. "Got any rope?"  
  
"Sure," Jack said, eyeing him suspiciously. "Whatcha need it for?"  
  
"Just a little security," Sam said. Jack got him a roll of nylon rope and Sam led Cori to the bow of the boat, which had a wide, flat platform surrounded by a metal railing. "Lay down, babe," he said.  
  
"Really?" Cori said, more than a little apprehensive. They had promised no rough stuff, but this was not looking good. They were drinking. They were horny. And they were far enough out to see that there was no one to hear her scream or anything. They could do anything they wanted to out here and there was nothing she could do about. Cori had submitted to many men in many ways, but seldom had she felt as powerless as she was now. "No rough stuff, remember," she reminded him as she stepped up onto the platform while Sam held her hand. She squatted down in the middle and lay back, just as instructed.  
  
"No rough stuff," Sam assured her. "Honestly, I just want to make sure you don't fall overboard or get hurt. I want you to rest."  
  
"We have a bunk below," Jack said.  
  
"Now Captain," Sam said condescendingly, "if you have the Mona Lisa, do you stick it in a closet and never look at it? She can rest just fine right out here, where we can all enjoy the view. See, the great thing about a girl like Cori is, she's built for pleasure, even when she's not doing anything."  
  
"Well, you're certainly right about how beautiful she is," Jack said gruffly. "Reckon we could get a better look at that pussy?"  
  
"Absolutely," Sam said. "Cori, take off your suit and give it to me. Leave the shoes on." Cori unhooked her suit and handed it to Sam. She was completely naked except for her white stilettos.  
  
Sam climbed up on the platform next to her and helped her stretch into a spread-eagle position. He tied both wrists and ankles to the rail, immobilizing her and completely exposing her at the same time.  
  
"What about her titties?" Victor said. "Going to let them get slapped around by those waves? I think we should secure them a little."  
  
"You softy," Sam joked. "Always have the woman's interests at heart. Such a gentleman. Yes, of course we should provide her tits with some support. What would you suggest?"  
  
"I think if we were to use those handy rings she has and tie them to the rail, that would be pretty secure," Victor said.  
  
"Yes, I concur," Sam said as if he were a doctor pondering an x-ray. "But should the ropes go to the sides? Or down? Or up?"  
  
"Oh, they have to go straight up over her head," Miles interjected. "She's got a pretty amazing tan. We need to make sure the sun is able to hit the underside of those titties, too."  
  
"Good thinking," Sam said. He looped a piece of string through the ring on her right nipple and tied it to the rail above her head, leaving just enough slack that a rough wave wouldn't cause too much strain or pain. He did the same for her left breast and scrambled back down onto the deck, joining the others in admiring their collaborative work. Miles again had the camera clicking away, climbing onto the platform for close-ups of the key areas of interest.  
  
"Comfortable?" Sam asked Cori. Cori took quick stock of her situation and had to admit that, yeah, this was actually all right. She was not over stretched and her bonds were loose enough that there was no painful rubbing so far. The sea had calmed, so there was no noticeable strain on her breasts. The sun felt good and she really was feeling all right.  
  
"I'm fine," Cori said.  
  
"Good. Relax."  
  
"Hey, somebody's got one!" they heard Jack shout. He had returned to the cabin to double-check the weather reports when he noticed one of the poles bent over. They all scrambled back to the stern, leaving tired, naked, bound Cori alone and exposed on the bow of the boat.  
  
She heard them talking loudly, shouting instructions to one another about how to land the fish. From the excitement in their voices, she assumed it was a large one. She had her eyes closed behind her sunglasses and focused again on the warmth of the sun and the gentle rocking of the waves. Her picture of paradise during her dreams on the plane hadn't included bonds or nipple rings, but this still was nice.  
  
She wasn't sure how long she had been asleep when she felt the water hit her stomach. She started to move, but was quickly reminded of her bonds as she found herself immobile. Even with her sunglasses, the sun was blinding and she blinked rapidly, trying to see what was going on. Couldn't be raining. Were waves crashing over the side of the boat?  
  
"That should help," she heard Sam say. She looked up and recognized his form.  
  
"What's going on?" she asked sleepily. She noted that there was no more water splashing on her.  
  
"Sorry to wake you," Sam said. "We figured you had to be getting hot up here, so we thought a little cool water might help cool you off." He held up two bottles of water -- one full, one empty. It did feel good, she had to admit.  
  
"Thank you," she said softly.  
  
"Sure," Sam said, kneeling down next to her. "Better make sure we cover all the areas." He opened the other bottle and started slowing pouring the water over her breasts, letting the stream fall directly on each nipple. Then he followed the line down to her navel, then her thighs and pussy. While he poured with one hand, he rubbed with the other, swishing the water around on her smooth skin. He tweaked her nipples, squeezed her breasts, trailed his finger along her belly and stroked her thighs. He gently pinched her pussy lips together, then pulled them apart, dumping the last third of the bottle directly onto and into her pussy. Two fingers pushed the water inside her pussy with a squishy, sloshing sound.  
  
"Time me," he said to the others. Cori didn't know what he meant, but she didn't much care. This was starting to feel really good. He might have been a jerk, but he clearly knew how to touch a woman. He was gentle, stroking her lips and softly rubbing her clit. He tickled the insides of her thighs and stroked her belly and breasts. The cool water and hot sun made her flesh tingle and her nipples were so hard and sensitive. With her bonds, she was helpless, but she wouldn't have stopped him if she could.  
  
Suddenly, though, he stopped himself when Miles said, "Time."  
  
"What?" Cori moaned a little more desperately than she would have liked.  
  
"Time, my dear," Sam said. "Bitches like you are like a high-performance sports car. Sure, you can go 100 miles an hour any time you want. But for peak performance, you have to warm everything up. Prime it a little at a time. Just relax. We'll be back ... in 10 minutes."  
  
Cori just let out a frustrated sigh as the men once again walked away toward the back of the boat. "Told you she was a sexpot," she heard Sam say.  
  
The next 5 minutes seemed like 10 hours to Cori, but slowly her body relented, her arousal subsiding. Just when she was about back to normal, they came back. This time, it was Miles on the platform, pouring water on her, rubbing on her, working her pussy back into a steamy frenzy.  
  
"Time!" Sam shouted.  
  
"Damn," Cori grunted. She had lifted her hips slightly off the deck, trying to grind against his hand. She was needing it badly now.  
  
"How long?" she asked breathlessly.  
  
"Just seven minutes this time," Sam said. "Try to keep that motor running while we're gone."  
  
She heard them opening more beers and cursed them to herself. How could they be so selfish? They were turning the tables on her, she realized. Most guys couldn't say no to a girl like her displayed like she was. But they were showing her that they had even more restraint than she did. They were trying to send her a message that she wanted sex more than they did. She knew that was ridiculous, but that was the point they were making. It was all mind games with these guys and, once again, they were winning.  
  
Victor had the honors the next round. This time, Cori was still hot, still ready for action when he dipped his fingers inside her. She strained against her bonds to get her hips off the deck as far as possible, trying desperately to get him to finger-fuck her and rub her clit. He did, but not quite long enough.  
  
"Time."  
  
"Oooh," Cori whimpered, letting her butt fall back to the deck.

"Silly slut," Sam chided. "Try as hard as you want, but we control the time. We control your cunt. You'll cum when we want you to, and not a second before. Five minutes."  
  
Five minutes later, Cori was in the hands of Captain Jack. They had run out of bottled water, so he wet her down with a bucket of sea water, the sweet, salty scent strong as it washed over her. Jack's working-man hands were thick, coarse and strong. While he wasn't intentionally rough with her, his hands weren't used to gentle touch. His calloused fingers rubbed over her sensitive flesh, arousing her all the more. She wanted him to grab, squeeze and rub her forever. Instead, it was over almost as soon as it started.  
  
"Time. Just three minutes this time," Sam said.  
  
They didn't leave this time either. They stood around her, taking more pictures, commenting on her various body parts and how hot and wet her pussy was. Cori wondered what was next. They had each taken a turn now. Would they go back through the cycle again? How long could they possible drag this out? Weren't they horny? Didn't they want to fuck her? It was only supposed to be Sam's day, but right now she would have a hard time saying no to one cock in each hole and another between her tits if it would mean she could cum. She hadn't been so horny in a long time.  
  
She was actually disappointed when Sam announced that time was up and they began undoing her bonds. What, they weren't going to finish the job?  
  
Sam put his arm around her waist and helped her body, limp with exhaustion, off the platform. He took her over to the side of the boat and tied her wrists together with an extra long piece of rope. What now? Cori wondered.  
  
Victor jumped into the water and Sam tossed the other end of the rope to him. "Bend over," he said, pushing Cori's top half over the rail, which hit right at her hip bones. Victor took the rope and dove under the boat, coming out the other side. Miles leaned over the rail and Victor tossed the rope up to him. Miles tied it to the rail on the other side of the boat. It was the perfect length. Cori realized they had probably measured this out during her nap. Now, here she was, naked except for her sunglasses and heels, bent over the side of the boat, her arms stretched over the side as far as they would go and her wrists tied by a rope that wrapped all the way around the hull of the boat. She was wet with water, beer and perspiration, not to mention a bit of pussy juice that was now trickling on the inside of her thighs.  
  
She felt a hard cock slide into her and she felt a wave of relief that this was finally going to move ahead. Let the real fucking begin. She moaned her approval as the cock slid in deep, held steady, then backed. It stroked her hard about ten times, then popped out. Cori turned her head, expecting to see Sam standing behind her, slapping his cock. But it was Miles who was stepping back, cock in hand, while Victor approached and entered her with a hard, smooth thrust. Cori used her legs and hips to rock back against him. She didn't care that Miles and Victor were out of turn -- this was supposed to be Sam's exclusive day. That part of the agreement didn't matter to her right now. Not much of anything did, except getting the release she needed.  
  
Victor started slow, then rammed her hard against the side of the boat with a forceful final thrust before stepping back. Cori regained her breath, looked over her shoulder and saw Captain Jack pointing his cock at her. He wasn't part of the deal at all, but it seemed like a minor detail right now. Yesterday, she would have balked and an hour from now she might be pissed, but in the moment, he had a thick cock that looked like it would do the job she needed. He drove it home and she shrieked with joy.  
  
The Captain gave her 10 hard thrusts, then walked away as well. Cori understood that this was still part of their game, but it was getting damn frustrating. Surely, Sam would stick it in and finish the job. But no, instead, the trio of Miles, Victor and Jack continued taking turns, all standing around her now, changing places rapid fire, cocks entering and leaving so quickly she couldn't keep track of who was fucking her. Sam stood by, watching closing, gently stroking his cock, taking a few photos and offering encouragement. The problem was, none of them maintained enough of a rhythm to get the job done for Cori. They seemed to be spending more time jacking themselves off and less time doing her pussy.  
  
Indeed, after a few minutes, they all three were standing around her, jacking their cocks, no one fucking her glistening pussy. Jack was the first to fire a wad of cum on Cori's back. He left the scene, presumably to check on the boat. But Miles and Victor kept stroking, with Miles splattering his load into the small of her back and Victor's spray falling mostly between her shoulder blades. Her back was now a gooey mix of beer, perspiration, water and cum and her pussy was a smoldering pot of sweet cream that was just waiting to boil over.  
  
She was vaguely aware of the boat moving now, but paid little attention, hoping that the one hard cock left on the boat -- Sam's -- would be put to use soon. She looked around for him, but didn't see him. Instead, she saw Victor and Miles approaching with towels, which they used to wipe the oily mixture off her back.  
  
"You'll get to taste some more of mine tomorrow," Miles promised.  
  
They both walked away and Cori whimpered. Her legs and back ached from the strain of her position, her nipples ached from being so overly stimulated with the rings and ropes and fishing and now being slapped against the side of the boat. Her pussy was still on fire, cooling very slowly. But cool it did as the ocean breeze blew across it and she went the next five minutes without any male touch or even any sign of them. She hung her head over the side, exhausted and frustrated, watching the water as the boat moved on. She wondered where they were going. Surely not back to shore with her tied up like this.  
  
Lost in her thoughts and focused on the whoosh of the water, she didn't hear Sam approach. Suddenly, she jerked upright as his cock slammed into her without warning, a hard slap on her ass accompanying the penetration. Her sunglasses flew off into the water below and her head snapped forward.  
  
"It's time, babe," Sam said, quickly settling into a rhythm of hard, deep thrusts that were slow and deliberate. Each thrust elicited a grunt of pleasure from Cori as her pussy heated back up at microwave speed.  
  
Sam started drilling her harder and harder and she was getting wetter and wetter. He was showing no signs of letting up and she was gratefully closing in on a monstrous climax. Her ass slapped against his thighs and her breasts beat against the side of the boat. "Does that feel good, babe?" Sam grunted. "Is that what you've been waiting for all afternoon? I told you, a high-performance engine performs best when it's warmed up slowly. You're on fire, aren't you? This might be the best orgasm you've ever had. You need it, don't you?"  
  
"Yes," Cori gasped. She heard something, the guys saying something about another boat, but she didn't register it. Her head was down and she was focused on the pleasure in her pussy. She noticed a shadow pass over her and she looked up. A cruise ship was right alongside them and people were watching. She gasped, horrified, her mind racing. She looked to the right and saw that they were fast approaching the dock. She was strapped naked to a boat with a cock deep inside her and she was on the verge of orgasm. And now she had an audience.  
  
"Oops, sorry," Sam said, quickly pulling out. "I forgot, no public sex. We'll finish later."  
  
Cori was furious. All this and she didn't even get to cum? Hell, no. "Nooo, please, just do it," Cori whined over her shoulder.  
  
"But it's against the rules," Sam said.  
  
"Who cares?" Cori said. "Do it!"  
  
Sam slammed back into her, holding one hip in his hand and waving to the crowd with the other. He noticed that several people were waving back, some watching through binoculars. Cori came almost immediately and, yes, it was as powerful an orgasm as she'd ever had. She screamed and rocked against him with all her might. Her pussy gushed liquid, which was soon mixed with his own stream of cum, all of it spilling out onto the deck as Sam pulled out and smacked her on the ass. He waved to the boat again and stepped away, quickly pulling on his swim trunks.  
  
Cori felt the rope give and realized that someone had cut it. She fell backward onto the deck, landing in their own pool of cum. She lay there, squishing against the side of the boat, trying to hide from the onlookers while she basked in the glow of a beautiful orgasm. She might be mad later -- they had broken almost every rule already, public sex, multiple partners -- but right now everything felt good.

**CHAPTER 3: LAY IT AGAIN, SAM**  
  
"Stop for a minute," Sam said to Captain Jack. "Let's let the cruise ship go ahead and give Cori a chance to get freshened up. Jack slowed the engine to a halt and the boat gradually slowed, rocking in the gentle waves.  
  
"How about a quick dip to wash all that stuff off of you?" Sam asked Cori, helping the deliriously well-fucked babe to her feet. "Then, we'll get you dressed and take you back to shore. It's getting late and there's so much more we have to do today."  
  
"Sounds good," Cori nodded.  
  
Jack stayed on the boat while the rest of them swam and played in the warm, refreshing water for about 15 minutes, then they climbed back aboard and headed to shore.  
  
Cori had her white, netted sling suit and her white heels back on, her wet hair hanging down past her shoulders. The water had made her nipples extremely hard and they were pointing straight out of her top, which was stretched tightly around her dark-skinned breasts. Sam helped her off the boat onto the dock and they walked along the marina, drawing the usual amount of attention for a hot babe in a scandalous outfit -- a lot of looks, but that was about it.  
  
That was the case until they neared a group of people who had just come off the cruise ship. It was a group of men who had just sent their wives and girlfriends off to shop and they were standing around, debating whether to rent a boat and do some fishing or get some jet skis. There were about a eight of them, ranging in age from their 30s to their 60s. Cori guessed they were part of a group.  
  
One of the guys spotted Cori, recognized her from the x-rated scene half an hour earlier and tapped one of the other's on the shoulder, "There she is!" Cori's head snapped toward them, realizing instantly that they were talking about her. They had watched her get fucked while tied to the boat. They had seen her cum. Now, they were seeing her up close, nearly naked and an obviously showing every sign of being a first-class slut.  
  
Cori ducked her head, but Sam would have none of it. Cori realized he had probably planned the timing for just this sort of scene. "Yep, here she is, fellas," Sam announced, putting his arm around her waist and pointing at his trophy playmate.  
  
The guys all came over toward them, eagerly looking Cori up and down, each taking note of the basically bare breasts and the fact that her erect nipples were pointing right at them.  
  
"Hello, baby," one guy said, "nice show you put on out there. We're thinking of getting a boat ourselves. Care to join us?"  
  
"Sorry," Cori smiled, playing this the way she thought the guys wanted, which was to be pleasant, not the least bit self-conscious, and very slutty. "I would love to, but I'm already taken by these big hunks right here. I'm afraid my little body just can't take any more."  
  
"Looks like it can take anything and everything," one of the guys said.  
  
"That it can," Sam said proudly. "Now, she's right, all of her efforts and talents and passions are reserved for yours truly and my friends here. But I think it was very nice of you all to watch her show without interrupting, so I see no harm in maybe getting a few pictures with her if you like."  
  
Naturally, they all wanted pictures of Cori on their cameras and she posed dutifully for them, right there on the beach. She bent over for them, pursed her lips, stuck out her tits, sucked on her finger, arched her back, got down on all fours -- striking all the poses that drove men crazy. They took as many pictures as they could from all angles, quickly agreeing that they would share their pictures with each other. Then, one by one, they stood with her, putting their arm around her or having her kiss them on the cheek or press her breasts against their face while Sam took pictures with their cameras. More and more men kept coming over, drawn by the large crowd and the beautiful woman in the center of it.  
  
For nearly an hour, Cori played Playboy model for them all before Sam finally called an end to it, apologizing to those few who didn't get a picture as he pulled Cori away by the arm and they all hopped on a golf cart and went back to the resort.  
  
"Vacation's all about making memories," Sam said to Cori, squeezing her thigh, "you just made some men very happy and gave them a moment they'll never forget."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said, touched that the put it that way. He was a complex man -- so immature in his frat boy ways of boasting and drinking and making crude jokes, yet so mature in his mannerisms, his apparent understanding of her psyche and his understanding that this whole thing was just a fun, extended role play. He was a rich party boy who got what he wanted, no matter the cost or means, but he also showed an appreciation for those finer things he enjoyed too -- including Cori.  
  
"I have a surprise for you," Sam continued. "You've been so good today, I took the liberty of arranging a spa session for us. Hot oil massages for us both. That will help us relax and rest up -- we've got a busy night ahead of us. I intend to make the most of my remaining time with you."  
  
It was a statement, not a threat or boast or taunt. And Cori didn't doubt him a bit. How nice it was of him to offer a massage. He had proven to be a cool customer so far, in control, confident, arrogant. He had already pushed her to and beyond the limits she had set up for this three-day ordeal, but he had somehow managed to bind her and fuck her in public with enough class and respect that Cori was not only not angry with him, but actually enjoying this. She would never have agreed to half of what they had done, but resigned to comply with the desires of these men, she had found the experiences so far surprisingly enjoyable -- somewhat humiliating and embarrassing, yes -- but also quite exciting, fun and ultimately very sexy. Now, he was rewarding her positive attitude with a massage. How nice! She had to keep reminding herself of how mean he had been to Gerald and to keep her guard up, no matter what.  
  
They dropped Victor and Miles off at their suites, each giving Cori a good-bye kiss and Miles reminding her that he was next and what to wear to his suite in the morning.  
  
Then, the driver took Sam and Cori to the resort's spa and dropped them off. Sam had his arm around Cori's waist as they entered and met a young woman at the desk. Another island native, she was beautiful, with dark skin, bright eyes and a cute, slender body inside her all-white uniform of white shorts, white tennis shoes and white button down blouse. She greeted them warmly and didn't even ask their name. Obviously, Sam was a regular not only at the resort, but also at the spa. And if the girl thought anything odd of Cori's nipple-bearing attire, she didn't show it. Of course, Cori realized, they was hardly the first sugar-daddy and sex toy combo the staff here had seen and skin-bearing outfits were everywhere here.  
  
"Your room is ready, Mr. Clayton," the attendant said, leading them down a wide hallway with several doors on each side. They passed them all and pushed the button to signal an elevator. Odd, Cori thought it was a one-story building. When they got on the elevator, she realized she had been right. The only button to push was "B" for basement. When they got off, there was a hallway very similar to the one upstairs, but Cori noted that there were only four doors. They walked to the last one on the right and entered. The room was huge. It was dark with candles providing the only light, the air smelled of perfume and felt warm and moist. Music was playing softly and, as her eyes adjusted to the dim light, Cori began make out more details of the room.  
  
It looked more like a large room in a motel suite than a massage room. Off to the left was what appeared to be a sunken living room -- except there was no furniture. A large squared off area roughly 15 feet by 15 feet was framed on two sides by walls that were nothing by giant mirrors and on the other two sides by a two-step ledge that looked like the bench seating in an amphitheatre.  
  
The floor in the pit was black and appeared to be made of some sort of rubbery material. The steps leading out of it were black ceramic tile, which continued in the middle of the room which appeared to be a sort of divider between the pit and the massage area. In the middle of the room was a small stainless steel refrigerator and a door leading to a bathroom. A stainless steel cabinet contained towels, massage oils and the like.  
  
On the right side of the room, there were four black leather massage tables arranged in two rows of two. The walls on all three sides were mirrored and Cori noted that the entire ceiling was also a mirror. The flooring under the tables appeared to be the same textured, black rubbery material that was in the pit.  
  
"Please, make yourselves comfortable and lie down on the massage tables," the attendant said. "Your masseuses will be with you shortly." With that, the girl left and Sam and Cori were left alone in this strange, moody room.  
  
"Come here often?" Cori joked.  
  
"Oh yes," Sam said, beginning to remove his clothes and nodding for Cori to do the same. "This is my private massage area. Well, I let other people use it when I'm not here, but I had it designed and built this way. Like it?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori said. She had her suit off and was taking off her heels. "It's so big though. Do you really need this much space? What's that pit for over there?"  
  
"You can never have too much space," Sam replied. He didn't offer any further insights and Cori didn't press him, except to ask about the rubbery flooring, which she was now wiggling her toes on. "Quite simple," Sam said. "It's easy to wash massage oil off of, it doesn't stain or soak it up and it's actually quite comfortable on your feet, don't you agree?"  
  
"Yes," Cori said, wiggling her long toes, "it is." It wasn't cold and hard like the tile would be and the small ridges that textured the black rubber flooring actually had the effect of massaging her feet. She wondered what it would feel like to lay down on it and have those little ridges rubbing her back.  
  
"Here, put this on," Sam said, handing her a black blindfold with an elastic string that went around her head. "I've found that it helps make the experience that much more private. You can block everything out and just enjoy the massage."  
  
Cori put it on and Sam helped her lay down on the table, face down. His hands touched her sensually on her breasts and butt, but he took no particular advantage of her position, instead laying down on the table next to her, also face down, although with no blindfold.  
  
When they were both in place, he held up his arm, knowing that the people watching from the other side of the mirrored walls -- which were 2-way mirrors on the three sides of the room other than the side next to the hallway -- would see. He knew Victor and Miles were there, watching, as were the slutty dark-haired twins he had fucked last night. No doubt, they were either both giving blowjobs to Victor and Miles or were eating each other's cunts while the men watched. He knew Rudin would be there, too, watching, claiming to be observing to make sure none of his staff or guests were hurt, but knowing that the guy would blow a load before the whole thing was over. And there were the two busty maids -- Lola and Juanita -- who had hopefully cleaned his room by now. They opened one of the mirrored wall panels and entered the room.  
  
He didn't turn to see them, but knew they would be dressed as he instructed. They were wearing black bikini tops and black g-strings that sliced between their pussy lips. Silently, they approached Sam and Cori. Lola was the younger of the two -- just 24 -- and was also the bustier, her 40DDs too much for her tiny top. She tended to Sam while Juanita, who was 26 with 38Ds and a very narrow waist, went to Cori.  
  
Cori had no idea who it was, but enjoyed the feel of the warm hands and warm oil on her bare back. Those hands worked her back, her arms, the backs of her legs, her feet. It felt wonderful. She was almost asleep when she felt those hands on her ass, squeezing, rubbing. Well, this was unlike any other massage she'd had, but if felt good. She wondered if Sam was getting the same treatment and, if so, if he had a hard on. She bet he did. Hell, having her butt worked over was making her feel a little funny herself.  
  
Then, one hand dipped between her legs and started rubbing over her pussy. It was the same touch, same firmness, same sensual stroke as had been used on every other part of her body. What was going on? Was this part of some extreme massage Sam had ordered? She figured it was and just lay there. She didn't react outwardly, but down inside her little pussy, things were reacting quickly. She was heating up, getting moist, her pussy responding to that soft, wet stroke. It was so sensual, so light, so maddening. She was no longer relaxed, but she didn't care.  
  
The hand stayed between her legs but the other hand left her ass cheek -- only to be replaced by something big, soft and wet on her back. It took Cori only a moment to realize that her masseuse was topless and rubbing her oily breasts all over Cori's back. She could tell they were large, with pointy nipples that traced delicate lines up and down her spine. Wow, what an incredibly sensual, erotic feeling! She was getting chills up her spine and lots of heat in her pussy.  
  
The hand now split her ass cheeks, rubbing warm oil into her crack. She felt it dribble down into her asshole, tickling her as it oozed between her ass cheeks. She could hear nothing but the soft music playing. No sounds from her masseuse, nothing from Sam or his masseuse. Just soft music and wonderful touch.  
  
She was so into the zone that she jumped when a soft female voice whispered in her ear, "Roll over, please." Cori rolled over, her pussy tingling with anticipation that this was going to be a frontal massage as well. Soon enough, warm oil was cascading over her breasts, down her flat tummy, between her firm thighs. And those wonderful hands were rubbing everywhere. Cori wasn't into other women, per se, but she was definitely into have her tits, ass and pussy rubbed and caressed by man, woman or whatever. With the blindfold still on, she couldn't see and that was just fine with her. She imagined that Sam was getting a first-class hand job right about now and wondered if he'd cum or try to save it for later for her. She didn't care either way. Nothing other than those wonderful hands on her body seemed to matter at the moment. She felt slick, warm and tingly all over.  
  
She pictured her body like a flower straining toward the sun, trying to soak up those precious rays. Her nipples and breasts seemed to strain upward and she felt her clit throbbing, demanding attention, which it gratefully received. This was amazing.  
  
Another set of hands joined the first pair. Now, both breasts and her pussy and belly were receiving full attention. She wasn't sure what was going on, but it was hard to think right now. She assumed that Sam's masseuse had joined the party. Probably jerked him off and was sent in to help get Cori off too. Well, she wasn't in a rush. The girls were taking their time and she was happy to let this go on for a while.  
  
While Cori was enjoying all that, there was plenty going on around her. Lola had indeed given Sam a thorough massage, stroking his cock until it was slick with oil and hard as steel. Then, he sent her to help out with Cori while he slowly let his excitement recede, saving his load for later use.  
  
Behind the mirrored walls, the brunette twins were already in action. Rudin, Victor and Miles had all gotten pretty excited watching Cori's nude body get rubbed and oiled and start to respond to the sensual touch. They each took out their cocks and started stroking and the twins, who had already removed their tops and were sucking on each other's tits, turned their oral attentions to the three cocks being offered. They went up and down the line, working on each cock, deep-throating them and licking their balls. Only after they had successfully sucked out and swallowed all three loads were the girls completely stripped and sent into the room to carry out their next task.  
  
They went to the pit and began dumping out bottles of oil over their trim, hard bodies and all over the rubbery floor. When they were ready, Juanita and Lola helped the blindfolded Cori to her feet. Cori was disappointed at the change -- she wanted the massage to continue -- but went along as they led her to the edge of the pit and down the steps onto the rubbery flooring which was now covered by a thin layer of oil.  
  
She didn't know where Sam was. Either he was watching or he was waiting for her in the pit. She'd find out soon enough. She was just happy to feel the oil, assuming that meant more rubbing was on the way.  
  
What she didn't see was one of the twins -- Brandi -- laying on the floor, face up. She felt her, though, when Juanita and Lola gently sat Cori down between Brandi's wide spread legs -- the nubile former cheerleader was practically doing the splits -- and then laid her back on top of Brandi. Cori was shocked. She assumed it was the two masseuses who were helping her, so who was this woman? It was easy to tell it was a woman with her small but firm breasts and hardened nipples rubbing against her back -- not to mention the fact that the woman's hairless pussy was now pressed against her ass.  
  
"What's going on?" Cori said without a hint of complaint in her voice. No one answered, but moments later she felt the presence of another woman approach, then lay down gently, silently on top of her. Like the woman below her, this one was small-breasted with erect nipples, firm tits and a tight, petite body. Cori felt the girl's tits press against hers and loved the feel of nipple against nipple. She felt the woman wrap their arms around each other in a tight bond, holding Cori securely between their warm, oily bodies.  
  
The girl on top of her started kissing Cori on the mouth and the one below was taking advantage of the slippery floor to slide back and forth causing all three lovely bodies to slide against one another, the heat building between them and emanating from their breasts and pussies in a growing pile of pussy lust.  
  
Cori had very little lesbian experience and, while she appreciated the beauty of another woman, never found herself sexually attracted to other women. But the pressure of those firm breasts against her body, those lips pressing against hers, the heat and warmth and moistness they all shared -- it was an intense experience that was as arousing as any encounter she'd ever had with a man.  
  
Now the girl on top was wriggling around, too, and Cori was being slid back and forth between these two hot women. The girl on top was sliding back and forth so far that her breasts were sliding across Cori's face. Cori kept her mouth closed, trying not to get any of the oil in her mouth, but the girl below her whispered in her ear "it's edible ... and yummy." Cori took the cue, opened her mouth and sucked the woman's tit into her mouth the next time it slid by. Indeed, the oil had a sweet, berry flavor too it and Cori was happy to suck it off the woman's erect nipple.  
  
She twisted her head in search of the other nipple, but suddenly she slid off the girl below her and they all sprawled across the oily surface in a wet heap of tits and pussy. Cori's blindfold flew off and she looked around, her eyes adjusting quickly in the darkened room. She recognized the brunette twins -- the skanks, Sam had called them -- instantly. She also recognized the maids. She should have knows. Sam had enlisted the help of his staff and his sluts of the week in creating a little lesbian love show for his own amusement. Well, that was fine with her. Right now, these women had her on fire and she had never wanted to embrace another woman -- or women -- like she did now.

The twin who had been on top before scrambled over to her and again started kissing on her. As she did so, the other twin slid beneath Cori again, this time with her head between Cori's legs. The bottom twin started eating Cori's pussy immediately while Cori and the other girl continued to tongue wrestle, their tits once again pushing against each other, nipple to nipple. The girl on top was straddling Cori's thigh, humping her pussy against her, and had her hand between her pussy-eating sister's legs, finger fucking her, making sure she wasn't forgotten on the bottom.  
  
Lola and Juanita joined the party now, sliding in on both sides of the pussy pileup, pressing their large breasts against the girls while their hands roamed all over the layers of flesh, caressing and squeezing and rubbing tits, asses, bellies, pussies -- whatever soft, sensitive skin they could find. They both leaned forward, kissing on the ass of the twin on top, their lips meeting briefly in a soft, sensual, tongue-filled kiss.  
  
Miles, Victor and Rudin had all come in and joined Sam on the steps surrounding the pit, all of them watching the show. Victor, Miles and Rudin were still recovering from their earlier orgasms, but Sam's cock was rock hard, throbbing as he willed himself to wait, enjoying every second of this incredible show. Even he, with all his money and power and resources, didn't get to see five beautiful women, covered in oil, sliding all over each other in a scene of pure pussy lust every day.  
  
He kept watching as long as he could, the girls changing partners and positions, each taking turns licking or being licked, then signaled one of the twins, who reluctantly took her face of out Lola's snatch and one by one signaled the other girls. Then she lay down on her back and spread her legs, pulling Cori's wrist, her eyes begging Cori to eat her pussy. Cori obliged, kneeling between the girl's legs, ready to do anything for these women who had done so much for her.  
  
She was happy that her efforts were rewarded when she felt a tongue on her own pussy as one of the girls positioned themselves behind her, pulling Cori up on her knees and spreading her legs slightly to gain better access to Cori's pussy. With her head down on the floor between one twin's knees and her ass up in the air while another twin ate her out, Cori was now in the position Sam wanted.  
  
He stood up and approached, his hard cock waving in front of him. He didn't stop when he get to the twin, stabbing the side of her pussy-eating face with his hard cock. She turned immediately and sucked his cock until he pushed her back. Then, she took his cock and guided him into Cori's moist pussy. Cori felt the cock slide into her and let out a yelp of surprise and happiness. As good as all this rubbing and licking had felt, nothing beat a good hard cock when you were really horny. The girls had primed her and now she was ready to be fucked hard.  
  
Unfortunately for her, Sam just dipped his wick for a few seconds. He pulled out and walked around in front of Cori, straddling the twin whose pussy she was eating, pointing his hard cock down at her face. The girl gobbled it up, taking the whole thing as he pushed all of it into her throat. Cori watched, keeping her lips and tongue moving on the girl's pussy as she did so. She was surprised when she felt the girls start grinding up against her mouth and realized she was cumming. Cori had never made another woman cum before, but it felt great. She kept licking and sucking that pussy the whole time and the girl, to her credit, never skipped a beat sucking Sam's cock.  
  
Finally, he pulled out and the other twin pulled Cori away from her sister, who crawled to the steps -- spent and satisfied.  
  
The other twin pulled Cori down to the floor and they kissed, pressing their bodies together. The twin got her legs between Cori's and lifted up, pressing Cori's thighs apart with her knees. Sam stepped back, took one big step and slid down on his knees, holding his cock and aiming it right at the target. He was nearly stopped when he reached them, his momentum driving his cock straight into Cori's pussy once more. Once again, however, he only stayed inside for a moment, then pulled out, rolled the girls over so Cori was on her back and the twin was on top. Sam aimed his cock at the girl's pussy and fucked her hard. The girl buried her head against Cori's chest, whimpering and wheezing as orgasm racked her body. Sam pulled out and the girl crawled away slowly to join her sister.  
  
Damn, Cori thought. Everyone gets to cum but me. She missed her twin playmates already, but was more than ready to take on the big-titted maids with their curvy bodies and sweet pink pussies. They were already paired up, eating each other out in a beautiful 69. Sam stepped behind Lola, his balls swinging in Juanita's face as she ate out her coworker, and he drove his cock into her ass. He pumped five times, pulled out and fed his cock to Juanita, who sucked it for five pumps before he put it back inside Lola's tight butt. Cori watched, thinking she should be repulsed. But she was so horny she didn't care. She put her hand between her legs and rubbed her pussy while Lola came, followed shortly by Juanita. Sam fed his cock to both spent babes, dipping it into the oil and letting them suck it and their own ass juice off of him.  
  
Sam was about to burst, but thanks to the fuck fest with the twins last night and his two previous orgasms of the day with Cori, he had maximum staying power. That was fortunate, because there was one major prize left. He'd had every pussy, mouth and ass in the room -- except Cori's ass. That was supposed to be off limits, according to their agreement. He knew he could just go ahead and do it and it's not like she would take the offer of the table. But it was more fun this way. He wanted her to be so fucking horny, she'd take his cock any way she could get it. As he looked at her writhing on the floor, rubbing her pussy, her nipples erect, he was pretty sure she was there.  
  
He smiled at the crowd of three men and four women who watched him approach his final trophy, his cock brandished in front of him like a sword. Cori reached up to suck it, but he pushed her aside, rolling her onto her knees. He pushed her head down to the floor and spread her legs, once again slamming into her pussy his wet balls slapping loudly against her wet twat.  
  
He was drilling into her so hard that she was sliding across the slick floor, her knees slipping as she fell flat and his cock slipped out of her. Seeing the problem, the twins, now rested, rushed to the rescue. One lay on her back and had Cori straddle her so her pussy was just above the girl's face. The other girl put her feet against the edge of the pit, bracing herself while she held her sister's ankles with her hands. She was face to face with Cori, so they kissed while Sam entered her pussy once again. But five strokes later, he was out and his cock was pointed down into the twins face. How frustrating, Cori thought. These hot, slutty twins already had their turn. The little bitches. Give me a chance, too!  
  
Sensing her frustration, Sam chuckled. "Want my cock, Cori?" he taunted.  
  
"Oh yes," she said. "Please."  
  
"Hard, slow?"  
  
"Any way, just put it in."  
  
"OK," he said. "You asked for it."  
  
He spread her ass cheeks and, before Cori realized what was happening, was inside her ass to the hilt. All the cum and spit and oil had provided so much lubrication that there was very little resistance, even with Cori's amazingly tight ass.  
  
"Hey," Cori said, sounding much more disappointed than angry.  
  
"Hey what," he taunted. "You said any way."  
  
"Yeah, but I need it in my pussy," Cori wailed.  
  
"Your friend will take care of that," Sam said. At that, the twin below her once again started eating her pussy. The twin in front of her filled her mouth with her tongue and dared to take one hand off her sister's ankles so she could play with Cori's tits. Sam left little doubt that he had claimed Cori's ass as his own, drilling into it with deep, powerful surges and the authority of a soldier planting a flag in a battlefield.  
  
With every available erogenous zone being tended to, Cori forgot her frustrations and accepted her fate and the joy that came with, exploding with an orgasm that started deep in her pussy and quickly spread with a wave of warmth and electricity across her body.  
  
Realizing that her job was done, the twin below Cori lifted her head between Cori's thighs and lapped at Sam's balls, which were swaying back and forth over her head. That extra stimulation sent him over the top and he filled Cori's ass with a diminished but powerful blast of cum.  
  
He pulled and, without being asked or told, the skanky twin below Cori spread Cori's ass and lapped up his load as it leaked out of her, swallowing every drop.  
  
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While it wasn't unusual to be left feeling drained and totally relaxed by a good massage, Cori had never left a spa session feeling quite like this. Her legs felt like rubber and she felt warm and fresh all over. A hot shower had washed away all the fluids and left her feeling completely satisfied. The guys had succeeded in breaking every rule she had put forth in the contract in one day -- except the part about no rough stuff, which she prayed they wouldn't break -- and she didn't even care.  
  
She couldn't say they had exactly treated her with respect -- not like the guys at the Shop used to -- but they hadn't mistreated her, either. Everything they had made her do had been fun, some of it humiliating, some shocking, but nothing painful or abusive or degrading -- at least not if you had the right attitude about it.  
  
She was in great shape and had great energy, but they had worn her out. Sex on a table tied to fan, snorkeling, deep sea fishing and fucking, a massage and 6-person orgy -- all in one day. Even Cori's incredible body had reached its limit. Fortunately, Sam had too and they went back to his suite for a casual dinner. Cori remembered the topless rule and undid the top of her sling, which forced the whole thing to fall off. So she just ate naked, except for her heels, and went to bed naked as well.  
  
Cori woke up around 4 a.m. with Sam straddling her face, his cock slapping against her cheek. Obviously, a few hours sleep had done him some good. She opened up and sucked him as he fucked her face. He never said a word, just fucked her face, came in her mouth and went back to sleep. She awoke the next morning unsure if she had dreamed it or not until she tasted the salty aftertaste of cum in her mouth.  
  
There was no time for another fuck and Sam didn't attempt it. She went back to her room and showered and dressed for Miles. She felt surprisingly good -- not sore at all. Just refreshed and strong and ready for another day. A couple of huge orgasms could do wonders for a girl, Cori mused. She wondered if more would be in store for her with Miles. Whatever was about to happen, she was ready.

**CHAPTER 4: GIVE HIM AN INCH...**  
  
Cori prepared for her day with Miles with a smile on her face. She was doing all this for Gerald, but she found she had truly enjoyed herself yesterday. It had been a little embarrassing at times and they had really messed with her head, sort of tricking her into things she didn't think she wanted to do. But it had been fun and creative and a great experience sexually. She hoped Miles would be every bit as fun and creative as Sam. She had resigned herself to the fact that public sex, group sex and anal sex were no longer things she could say were off limits. The only thing she could cling to was no rough stuff -- though she had been tied up and fucked twice yesterday, but neither time had been what she would consider rough. It was light, creative bondage, but not rough.  
  
She remembered how Miles had collided with Gerald and had been so angry, so mean at the time. Of course, he had also been drunk. Still, it put a damper on her excitement for the day as she wondered just how far he might try to push things. But, he had been just fine yesterday, so Cori pushed any thoughts of trouble from her mind and decided that the positive approach that had made yesterday so fun was the way to approach today as well.  
  
Miles had asked Cori to put on a pair of small athletic shorts with a thong underneath, a white tank top with nothing underneath and white tennis shoes. Her hair was to be in a pony tail and she was to wear bright red lipstick. Cori followed his orders to the letter, putting on a pair of blue cotton athletic shorts that were very short and very tight. She rolled down the top so the top of her hot pink thong was visible and a full third of her ass cheeks stuck out of the bottom. Her tank top was tight, of course, made of a thin cotton material that molded nicely to her erect nipples.  
  
She walked across the resort, happy to not be wearing heels for a change and glad that, unlike most of the day yesterday, her nipples were actually covered for the moment. She knocked on Miles' door and the white-haired man answered the door immediately. The stocky man was wearing only a pair of gray athletic shorts. His broad chest was hairy and muscled. He was athletic and wrinkle free, the body of a fit 45-year old with the hair of a man 15 years older. She guessed he was closer to 45 and had just turned white-haired at an early age.  
  
He greeted her with a leering smile and stood aside for her to come in. Cori started to, then, remembering Sam's rule, stopped and asked. "Is this a topless suite like Sam's?" she asked.  
  
"No," the bank CEO said, "but I like the way you think. Let's do this." He pulled down on the top of her tank top, stretching the snug material until her tits popped out the top. He let the shirt snap tight around her ribcage under her breasts and led her into his suite, his hand on her ass.  
  
His suite was just as large as Sam's and, like Sam's, very luxurious. It was obvious he was a sports fan with autographed jerseys framed and hanging on the walls. She enjoyed sports herself and was impressed by his collection which included autographed jerseys of Michael Jordan, Larry Bird, John Elway, Joe Montana and Nolan Ryan, among others. He had a huge flat screen TV in the living room which he no doubt enjoyed watching games on.  
  
"Big sports fan, huh?" Cori asked.  
  
"Oh yes," Miles said, studying her tight ass in those tight shorts. "How about you?"  
  
"I love sports," Cori said honestly. "I'm sure I'm not as knowledgeable as you, but I love to watch sports and really like playing. I was a gymnast and played tennis in high school. And I was a cheerleader, too."  
  
"Very nice," Miles said. What man wasn't happy to hear that his fuck toy was a former cheerleader and gymnast -- oh, flexibility was such a wonderful quality in a woman. "Well, that's great, because I thought we might play some tennis and some golf today. What do you think?"  
  
"Sounds great," Cori said. "I've only played golf once and I'm not very good, but I'm game if you are."  
  
"I think you'll do just fine," Miles said. "Well, I thought we'd start with tennis. I'm just going to put my shirt on and we'll be ready to go."  
  
Miles walked into his bedroom while Cori waited patiently. She was liking the sound of this. Golf and tennis would be fun and there probably wouldn't be much sex involved in that. Sure, she'd probably wear these skimpy clothes, but that was no big deal. She figured he'd probably fuck her in the evening, after the golf game and then maybe once in bed. While she would love to have another two orgasm day, a day of a little sports and light fucking wasn't a bad alternative -- especially with the man she considered to be the most dangerous of the three.  
  
Miles emerged from the bedroom with a shirt on and carrying a duffel bag, which Cori assumed held a tennis racket and some balls. As they left the suite, Miles pulled Cori's top back up, squeezing her breasts first, tweaking the nipples to keep them good and hard. As they walked toward the tennis courts, he outlined a few unique guidelines he expected Cori to adhere to on the court.  
  
"I know you're probably a good tennis player and I encourage you to compete as hard as you want," Miles began. "But don't forget why you're here. Every time you bend over to pick up a ball, you keep your legs straight and bend at the waist. And turn so that you're either showing your ass to me or someone else."  
  
"OK," Cori said, not surprised by this request. She couldn't remember the last time she had bent her knees to bend over in a man's presence. Regardless of the outfit they had her wearing, her tits, her ass, her legs -- something was going to get showed off every time she bent this way. It was all part of being the cock-tease she was meant to be.  
  
"Also, you know how Maria Sharapova grunts when she hits the ball?"  
  
"Sure," Cori said. "So loud."  
  
"Yep," Miles said. "I bet she sounds the same way when she's getting fucked really good. You had a couple of pretty good grunts yourself yesterday. I want you to do that -- the louder and more orgasmic you can make it sound, the better."  
  
"All right," Cori said, realizing that he meant to draw a crowd for their match. Between her outfit, her posing and the grunting, people would notice. Still, it wasn't anything too extreme so far.  
  
"Third, every time we stop for a break, you'll pour water on your chest."  
  
"OK," Cori said. Wet t-shirt displays weren't out of the ordinary for her. She understood that she would need to squeeze her breasts and tweak her nipples, putting on a show for Miles and whatever onlookers their were.  
  
"Fourth, every once in a while before you serve, I want you to stick your finger in your mouth -- not a quick lick, mind you, but a deep, long suck -- then stick in the air as if you're checking the wind."  
  
"Make it look like I'm sucking cock," Cori nodded. "I understand."  
  
"Just giving you a little warmup before the real thing," Miles said.  
  
"Thanks, I appreciate that," Cori grinned. "Anything else I should know about our tennis match?"  
  
"Yes," Miles continued. "When you're waiting for me to serve, I want you to bounce up and down. I'm not talking a little shuffling of the feet, I'm talking, make those tits bounce until they're ready to bop you in the face."  
  
"I understand," Cori said.  
  
"From time to time, I want you to stretch a little too -- you know the types I'm talking about, lunges, leg lifts, splits, arching your back. You know how to show it off, so just do it. And smile a lot, giggle, be real perky and happy."  
  
"OK."  
  
"Finally, at some point I'm going to signal you and that's when I want you to fake an injury. Act like you've pulled a muscle in your thigh. Fall to the ground, whimper, but don't cry or scream. Just follow my lead after that."  
  
"All right," Cori said, impressed by the thought Miles had put into this. Of course, she probably shouldn't be surprised. You didn't become a successful businessman without knowing what you wanted, how to get it and paying attention to every detail. He had a plan and Cori, his faithful "employee" would execute it to the best of her ability.  
  
When they got to the courts, there was one other couple playing tennis on one of the four courts, which were laid out side by side. They were young, probably in their 20s or early 30s, likely honeymooners. They were both attractive, the woman boasting silky red hair and a trim, athletic body nicely displayed in a little white tennis skirt.  
  
They waved politely as Miles and Cori walked past and took the court at the far end of the four courts, leaving two courts between them. Miles knew the guy would look at Cori -- who wouldn't -- but since he had a quality piece of pussy himself, he probably wouldn't ogle her the way Miles wanted. No need to press the issue or look too obvious by taking the court right next to them. Plus, this court was right next to the walking trail running through the resort, a green mesh screen providing separation between the courts and trail. As people got out and about, he had little doubt that there would be some interested spectators walking by who would have a greater appreciation for the kind of show Cori was going to put on.  
  
Still, he couldn't resist dropping a ball and letting roll in front of Cori. It rolled past her and stopped at the fence at the end of the court just behind the young man. Cori knew just what to do. She trotted after it, her tits jiggling nicely, then stopped and turned so her back was to the man and bent over at the waist, keeping her legs straight as she picked up the ball and slowly rose back up. She never looked to see if the guy saw or not, but it was obvious from Miles' smile that she had indeed caught the man's eye. She pranced happily back over to Miles, presenting the ball to him, giggling as she said loudly enough for the other guy to hear, "I swear, it's a good thing I'm around to take care of your balls for you."  
  
Miles pulled her next to him, putting his hand on her ass and looking back over his shoulder, giving the young man a nod as he led Cori away, discreetly pulling her shorts even further up between her ass cheeks. As Miles expected, the guy only glanced quickly, trying not to stare, but Miles' had achieved his objective -- if there had been any doubt whether Cori was his daughter or his playmate, it was gone now.  
  
When they reached their court, Cori immediately began a stretching routine while Miles sat on the bench, getting the rackets and balls out of the bag. He watched Cori do lunges and twists and bends and leg kicks and splits, noting how she turned her body in the perfect way to show off her ass or her pussy or her legs or her tits -- knowing just how to maximize the effect every time, making the most of each movement. This, he knew, wasn't the first time she had performed for men like this.  
  
"Have you ever been a dancer or stripper?" he asked her as she sat on the court, her legs spread wide, her forehead pressed to her knee.  
  
"Nope," Cori smiled. "Why?"  
  
"Just wondering," Miles said. "You're an exceptional cock-tease. I just thought maybe you'd had some practice."  
  
"Some," Cori said. "But mostly I just like doing it. It's fun, I think. I mean, comedians do what they do to make people laugh, right? Well, I do this to make people happy too. It seems to work most of the time."  
  
"It sure does," Miles said. "Now bounce that hot little ass of yours over there and let's play some tennis."  
  
He watched Cori run, admiring her long, graceful strides. It was easy to see that she was very athletic, her lean, perfectly toned body built for performance, be it in the bedroom, on the dance floor or on a tennis court. They volleyed for a few minutes, warming up, then started playing.  
  
"Ladies with great legs first," Miles said, approaching the net and dropping a ball just over the side. He wanted to watch her come get it. Cori bounded over and, without a second thought, turned her back to him, bending over to pick up the ball. He reached out and yanked on her shorts, pulling them up hard into her ass so that it was pinched between her ass cheeks and a full half of the bottoms of her cheeks were exposed. "Roll the top down more," he said, yanking her thong up even higher above the top of her shorts and wedging it deeper into her pussy. Cori stood up and rolled the top of her shorts down another inch. Her tight athletic shorts had now been altered so much that they provided little more coverage than a pair of high-cut panties. She knew better than to pick the wedgie out of her ass, instead letting the shorts outline her curves as she trotted back to the baseline.  
  
Looking around, she saw a few people walking around, but no one particularly close by. The couple at the other end of the court was packing up to leave and Cori noticed the guy glancing over at her over his shoulder as he walked off the court. They were alone on the court, but not for long.  
  
As instructed, Cori stuck her finger in her mouth and sucked it, tilting her head up so Miles had a good profile view. Then she stuck her finger in the air, tossed the ball and struck it with a loud grunt, "Oooh!" The tennis player in her came out and she struck the ball hard, sending a low, fast serve toward Miles, who deftly side-stepped it and returned it with a nice, athletic forehand. Cori lunged for it, flicking back a wrist shot with another "Oooh, yeah!" grunt.  
  
The skin-baring outfit and orgasmic grunts served their purpose within a few minutes. Some folks strolled by, laughing at her bedroom noises while stealing glances at her body -- either in appreciation or disgust, depending on their viewpoint. But a few men had now gathered around Cori's end of the court, many of them carrying bagels and cups of coffee or juice as they enjoyed a light breakfast with their morning stroll. Some were single, some married, some older, some in college. It was a mixed group of about dozen men who watched, fascinated, as Cori took a break and did a masterful job of pretending to spill her bottle of water on her chest.  
  
Her think tank top soaked up the water, becoming nearly transparent in a matter of seconds. Her erect nipples were dark and rubbery and easily visible. She bounded back onto the court and bounced up and down, waiting for Miles serve. She missed it on purpose, chasing the ball back to the fence in front of the men and bending over at the waist to pick it up.  
  
She had heard a few low murmurs and chuckles until now, but now that she was so close to them and so obviously teasing them, they spoke loud enough for her to hear.  
  
"I never liked tennis until now," one man sighed.  
  
"Forget Anna Kournikova and Maria Sharapova," another guy said. "She's got them both beat."  
  
"Hey, don't you need some more water?" one guy suggested. Cori stood up and faced him with an innocent smile.  
  
"You're right," she said, "it's important to stay hydrated." She exaggerated the bounce in her step -- and chest -- as she went to the side of the court and picked up another water bottle. This time, she made no pretense of drinking it, instead pouring it slowly onto her chest, using her other hand to rub it into the saturated top, rubbing her fingers over her nipples as the water spilled over them. "Mmm, much better," she nodded to the man who had suggested she take a drink. "Thank you!"  
  
"No, thank you!" the guy said, shaking his head in appreciation. Cori half expected them to start shoving dollar bills through the fence.  
  
"Damn," one guy said. "I've got a daughter about her age. I can't be looking at this."  
  
"It's OK," another guy laughed. "I've seen your daughter and she doesn't look anything like this babe."  
  
Cori was set to serve and started to put her finger in her mouth again, but, encouraged by her willingness to play along so far, the crowd was getting bolder by the second. "Having trouble gauging the wind?" a young man yelled at her. She noticed he was with three other guys his age and figured them for frat boys on vacation.  
  
"Yeah," Cori said, slumping her shoulder and putting her lips in an exaggerated pout. "Can you help me?"  
  
"Sure," one of the other frat boys said. "Pussy juice is a lot better test material."  
  
"Really?" Cori said, putting her finger in her mouth like a sexy little schoolgirl. She was playing every fantasy role she could think of for these guys -- knowing that Miles was standing at the other end of the court, enjoying every second of this show he had directed and produced. She was just the star talent accepting all the accolades and adoration while he was really the brains behind it. This was his vision turned into reality.  
  
"Yeah, we learned it in physics," the frat boy said. "Get a big glob of it on your finger..."  
  
"Actually, two fingers works better!" his buddy said.  
  
"Yeah, get a big glob on two fingers and hold them up. Test the wind that way, then lick them off and test it again. I guarantee it will work."  
  
"Oh, you college guys are sooo smart," Cori giggled. "OK. So I just bend over like this," she bent over at the waist, pointing her ass at them and spreading her legs a little to give them a nice view of her crotch. "And I take my fingers and put them in my pussy like this?" She pushed aside the crotch band of her shorts and pulled the thong out of her cunt, pushing it to the side as well. Now, they could all see the puffy pink folds of her pussy as she gently spread them with her middle and index fingers, then slid both inside. Her pussy lips were already moist with sweat and she was getting wetter inside the more she got into her cock-teasing character.  
  
"Yeah, just like that," they directed her. "Now you want to get a lot on there, so you should put them in really deep and really work them in and out until they're covered really good."  
  
"You mean like this?" Cori started finger-banging herself, thinking how stupid she had been to think the guys would let her get away with no public sex and, in some ways, glad they hadn't. She had to admit, it was pretty exciting having a crowd of probably 20 men now watch her play with herself, knowing that she was the sole cause of 20 or more hard-ons. There was a real feeling of power that came with being objectified in this way.  
  
Miles had come around the net and stood next to Cori, watching her up close, proudly signaling his ownership by putting his hand on her ass. "Good morning gentlemen," he said, addressing them warmly. "I see you've succeeded in distracting my tennis partner. Well, we might as well make the most of it. Anybody got strawberries? I've got the cream right here!" He slapped his hand lightly on her ass for effect.  
  
"I'll eat that without the strawberries," somebody said.  
  
"I don't know, might be sour," someone else said. "We better see how she likes it."  
  
Taking the cue, Cori took her fingers out of her snatch and stood up. Playing to the crowd, she held up her fingers, the moisture from her pussy glistening in the early morning sun. She arched her back, leaned back and put both fingers all the way in her mouth, simulating a deep-throat action before slowly pulling them out, keeping her lips puckered and cheeks hollowed as she sucked them hard. She pushed them back in against the inside of her cheek, pushing her cheek out, simulating the thrusting of a hard cock.  
  
"Yummy!" she announced, pulling her fingers out with a smack of her lips. The guys clapped their approval and Miles jogged back to his end of the court. Cori tossed the ball and served, exaggerating her high-pitched grunt more than ever, "Uh, yes! Yeahhhh!"  
  
"I think she just came!" someone joked.  
  
"I think I just did, too!" someone else said.  
  
Cori grunted and sprinted and bounced around the court for about five more minutes, her body now drenched with water and sweat with a little pussy juice on her thighs for good measure. She loved playing tennis and she liked showing off. This was the best of both worlds. For the second day in a row, to her surprise, she was having a blast. She was watching Miles intently, knowing he would probably signal her soon. Sure enough, his eyes locked on hers and he gave a faint nod, tapping his thigh lightly but pointedly with his racket.

Show time, part 2, Cori thought. Miles hit a shot deep into the corner of the court, right near where the guys were crowded around. Perfect. Cori lunged for it, planting her foot, then let out a squeal and fell to the ground, instantly grabbing for her right thigh. Miles was by her side in an instant and Cori rolled around on the ground, whimpering in pain, her soft sobs eliciting both sympathy and groans of lust from her onlookers who wished they were eliciting those sexy, vulnerable noises by pounding her pussy or ass so hard that it "hurt so good." Indeed, if you couldn't see her writhing on the ground, it would have been hard to tell if her little yelps were caused by pain or pleasure or some mixture of both. She was playing it just like Miles had instructed.  
  
He told her to lie back and asked her where it hurt. "My thigh," she said.  
  
"Where exactly?" he asked, gently squeezing her leg down by the knee.  
  
"Higher," she said. He moved his hand up a little at a time as she kept telling him it was higher.  
  
"Inside or outside?" he asked.  
  
"Inside."  
  
Miles' hands were now nearly touching her pussy, probing high on the inside of her right thigh. "Hmmm," he said, pretending to be debating what to do. "Better not put any weight on it. Can someone help me carry her to the locker room?"  
  
"Sure!" the guys all scrambled to the gate, one of the frat guys getting there first.  
  
"Thanks," Miles said. "I figure if we each get on one side, we can carry her in that chair position. Keep her legs as immobile as possible."  
  
The each put a hand under her ass and another under her knees, scooping her off the ground. But she was wet all over and their hands slipped.  
  
"She's slippery," the frat guy said.  
  
"Good thing she comes with handles," Miles said. He was standing on Cori's right side and put his left hand on her right ass cheek and his right hand on her right breast. "Hold her like this -- one hand in front, one behind. That will keep her from slipping."  
  
The frat guy happily followed Miles' lead, glad to have a handful of firm ass and another handful of big round tit. Not a bad way to start the day. Slowly, partly to keep her from falling and partly to take advantage of every second, the made their way to the locker rooms which sat just across the walkway from the tennis courts. Several of the throng followed, though a few peeled away, off to the other activities of their day.  
  
When they go to the front of the building, there were two entrances -- one for men, one for women. A couple of the guys sprinted to the women's door, ready to open it for Cori. "We can't go in there with her and she needs attention," Miles grunted. "Men's locker room."  
  
"Can she go in there?"  
  
"Any objections?" Miles asked, knowing there would be none. They went in and a couple guys quickly pulled up one of the narrow benches between the rows of lockers. "No, those are too narrow," Miles grunted again. "Anyone in the sauna? The benches are much wider there."  
  
"Nope, clear," the other frat guy reported, holding the door to the sauna open. It was a large room with several wide benches and platforms built into the walls, providing ample room for people to sit or even lay down.  
  
"Good, turn the heat down a little," Miles said. They quickly guided the still whimpering Cori to a wide bench in the middle of the room and sat her down on it. "Just lay back and relax," Miles instructed, their eyes locking as he silently confirmed that this is exactly what he had planned and that she was going to be fine. Just play along. Cori glanced around the room and counted seven other guys besides Miles. She wondered what they were thinking. Were they all concerned about her health? Did they not care about her leg and just wanted a chance to see some skin? She wasn't sure what Miles intended to do next, but she was trusting that it was going to be fun and hoping that it didn't turn into some sort of wild gang-bang. She wanted to trust him, but she didn't. Still, trust or no, it wasn't like she could just get up and leave. She had to play her role, do her part and stick to the contract.  
  
"All right," Miles said softly as he gently spread her legs, bending her "injured" leg at knee and pushing it slightly outward to expose her supposedly injured inner thigh. "Tell me if this hurts," he said, rubbing his hand softly over the tender flesh, then rubbing a little harder. Cori guessed when he wanted her to respond and did so with a louder whimper that was sort of a high-pitched yelp.  
  
"Mmm, that's what I thought," Miles frowned. "Looks like you've pulled a muscle. But it could just be a pinched nerve."  
  
"How do you know?" one of the guys asked. "Are you a doctor"  
  
"No, is anyone in here a doctor?" Miles asked. He hoped not, because that would make bullshitting his way through this a lot harder. Fortunately, no one was, so he continued. "I've just played a lot of sports and had a lot of injuries. Sometimes, the most painful ones turn out to be nothing. A little massaging and stretching and the next thing you know, the pain's gone and it was like you were never injured at all. I had a pinched nerve in my should once and it hurt like hell, but our trainer massaged it, twisted it and stretched it and then I felt a little pop and it felt good as new."  
  
"So, that's what you want to do to my leg?" Cori asked.  
  
"Yes, I think it might help," Miles said. "And if you pulled it, it won't make it any worse, so we don't really have anything to lose. It might hurt a little, though."  
  
"That's OK," Cori said, hoping that Miles just wanted her to keep playing up the pain and didn't mean that he was actually going to hurt her. "If it helps, that's fine."  
  
"Good," Miles said. "Brave girl. Did anyone grab my bag?"  
  
"Got it!" someone yelled, stepping forward and handing Miles the bag.  
  
"Thanks," Miles said, reaching in and pulling out a ball gag with a pink rubber ball and black strap.  
  
"Holy shit!" one of the guys said. "You carry that in your gym bag?"  
  
"Look at her," Miles said, not even hinting at a joke. "You think you wouldn't be prepared for anything, anytime? You wouldn't believe half the places we've fucked. Problem is, as you heard on the court, she's a screamer. So, when you're doing it in a restaurant bathroom, you've got to be discreet. This does the trick pretty well. It's like my credit card, I never leave home without it ... or her."  
  
"Don't blame you there, dude," one of the frat guys said. "Want me to put it on her?"  
  
"Sure," Miles said, watching as Cori dutifully opened her mouth and accepted the ball gag like it was something she put on every day like her makeup or shoes. She was an exceptional actress and a terrific sport. "You can bite down on this if it hurts too much, babe, or if you need to scream, this will muffle it so we don't attract the whole damn resort."  
  
While Cori was playing her role perfectly, inside her head was spinning. A ball gag? Inside a room with eight men? She wanted to believe that this was OK, but doubts were creeping in. They could easily gang bang her, do anything they wanted now, and there would be nothing she could do about it. She had flashbacks to that awful day at her step-dad's just a couple weeks ago where she had been drugged, tied up and fucked repeatedly by a group of men. She didn't consider it rape because they hadn't known she wasn't a willing participant. Only her step-dad knew that and even there a case could be made that she had sent the wrong messages by fucking him the day before. Still, the incident had spurred her to cut off ties to her step-dad and leave as soon as possible. Now, was she in the same boat again? Would Miles really do this to her? It wasn't like he had to. She was willing to do just about anything and had made that very clear. She looked at him and he winked at her. She didn't know what that meant though. She had to keep trusting and playing her role.  
  
"Damn, it's hot in here," Miles said, peeling off his shirt and revealing a well-defined chest and pretty flat stomach, indicating his athletic background and current dedication to maintaining his fitness.  
  
"I turned the heat down some," one of the guys said. "Want me to turn it down more?"  
  
"No," Miles said. "It's fine. The heat's good for her leg. Keeps it loose."  
  
"She already looks pretty loose to me," he heard one guy mumble  
  
"Loose? She looks tight as hell to me," the other chuckled back. Miles pretended not to hear, but loved the way they were talking about her. Nothing was hotter than showing a chick off to a bunch of guys and hearing them talk about how hot she was. Damn, what a turn on! He couldn't wait to fuck her, but he was going to milk this show just a little while longer.  
  
"Hey," Miles said to the frat guy who had helped him carry Cori, "put a sign on the door that says 'Out of Order', would ya? We're not doing anything wrong here, but we don't need any interruptions or anyone getting the wrong idea. A ball gag on a hot girl does tend to send a certain message."  
  
"Sure does," the frat guy said. "At least my girlfriend's dad thinks so. Of course, he was right. I was taking total advantage of her. Hell, she was drunk, what the fuck did it matter to her if I fucked her or not?"  
  
"Just do the sign, you sick punk," Miles laughed. College kids would brag about anything. A minute later, the kid was back.  
  
"Hey, I found a marker, but I can't find anything write on."  
  
"Here, use this," Miles said. He grabbed Cori's soaked tank top and ripped it down the middle, right between her breasts, then pulled it off her arms. He tossed it to the kid, hitting him in the face because he, like everyone else, was staring at Cori's big, naked breasts, all wet and round with those big nipples sticking straight up in the air like two lighthouses jutting out of adjacent hillsides.  
  
"It's all wet," the frat guy said, finally coming to his senses and pick up the white tank top. "I can't write on this."  
  
"Use the back," Miles said. "She didn't get much water on it. It's still pretty dry."  
  
"I'll try," the kid said.  
  
Miles didn't wait to see how he did. He looked Cori squarely in the eye, trying to reassure her. He could tell she was getting nervous and understood why. He had purposely not told her his entire plan, preferring to see how she would react. But now he regretted that decision. He wanted to excite her and tease her and show her off and maybe embarrass her a little, but he didn't want to hurt her or scare her. He realized now she was getting scared. He had thought out every detail and, until now, it had been flawless. But he had failed to take into account what she would think. Well, he didn't like it, but he wasn't going to change his plan. She'd just have to trust him. She'd see soon enough that it wasn't going to go too far. And after she had taken a load of his cum, he'd give her a proper apology. Until then, his sexual satisfaction was his one and only priority.  
  
He didn't know if his second wink reassured her or not, but he didn't wait any longer. "We need to do some intense massage and need to have some room to work," Miles said, hooking his fingers in the top waist band of her shorts and quickly pulling them down, then doing the same thing with her thong. He pulled both off, along with her shoes. She was completely naked now, her long, curvy tanned body fully displayed for the room full of men, her skin glistening with water and sweat.  
  
The door opened and Miles turned his head. It was the frat kid. "Holy shit," the kid said, looking at Cori's naked body. Miles just raised his eyebrows and the kid said, "Oh, uh, the shirt didn't work, but I found some paper. I posted it on the door."  
  
"Good," Miles said. "Just to be safe, tie the shirt around the handle over there. All right, Cori, just relax. You're safe and you're going to be fine. No one's going to come in, so it's just the few of us here. We're going to take care of your leg and see if we can't get that pinch nerve straightened out."  
  
Cori nodded, her eyes locked on Miles' eyes, looking for any sign of reassurance or danger. She saw none. The man showed very little facial expression. She felt his hands on her thigh once more, his touch still gentle as her rubbed the inside of her upper thigh. "Does that feel OK?" he asked as Cori whimpered at what she assumed was the appropriate time. She nodded. "Good."  
  
"Anything we can do to help?" a man in his mid to late 50s asked.  
  
"Yes," Miles said. "Have you ever heard of clitology?"  
  
"No," the man admitted. Miles looked around and no one else had either. "How about reflexology?" he asked.  
  
"That's where rubbing your foot is supposed to effect different parts of your body, right?" the older man said.  
  
"Something like that," Miles said. "I don't really know. I'm no doctor, but I think it's something about different pressure points on your foot relating to various parts of your body. Well, a doctor friend of mine -- Dr. Pound -- was telling me about this study he's been doing on a technique called clitology. He says pussy-ology would be a more accurate name, but it's too hard to say and cunt-ology just sounds too crude. If there's a technical name for it, I'm sure I have no idea. Anyway, the point is that he believes that, much like the foot, there are pressure points in a woman's erogenous zones that relate to feelings throughout their body."  
  
"Bullshit," someone said.  
  
"It probably is," Miles admitted. "Dr. Pound is known to have some pretty wild ideas, so I have my doubts, too. Still, Cori's in some pain here and I want to try to help her. I figured maybe if we did some massage, some stretching and a little clitology, it might help. But if you don't want to help, you're free to leave."  
  
No one left. They had just been told that they might have a chance to touch Cori's erogenous zones. Whether it was some bullshit medical mumbo-jumbo or not, a chance to touch a red-hot babe was always worth a few more minutes of one's time.  
  
"OK, first let's try to stretch it out a bit, OK, Cori?" Cori nodded at Miles' suggestion. Nodding back, he addressed the older gentleman who had offered his assistance. "Sir, would you mind holding her left leg down flat on the bench while I move her right leg around a little? Yes, that's it, up on her thigh, good."  
  
The man was holding Cori's warm, smooth thigh, his eyes focused on the perfect pussy so close to his fingers. Her thick pink pussy lips were moist and glistening, beads of water clung to her narrow strip of blonde hair.  
  
Cori pointed her toes as Miles pushed her right leg up until her thigh was against her breast, then pulled it to the side, stretching her in all directions. She was so flexible that this didn't hurt in the slightest, but she still whimpered softly through the ball gag and squeezed her eyes shut at times, as if grimacing from the pain.  
  
"Any better?" Miles asked after a few minutes of stretching and rotating her leg. Since he hadn't yet done the clitology stuff he'd been bullshitting about, Cori assumed she was supposed to say no and shook her had slowly.  
  
"OK, let's try some massage and clitology," Miles said. "I'll rub her thigh. As you can see, she has really sensitive breasts, so let's try that first. Can a couple of you guys help me with that?"  
  
They all jumped up to help, but Dax, a slender black man in his 30s and Dale, a sandy-haired man in his 40s, were the first ones there, taking up positions on either side of her prone body. "All right," Miles said. "Easy does it, guys. Gentle squeezing, now, start from the base and pull up toward the nipple. Slow and gentle. That's it. How does that feel, Cori?"  
  
She nodded her head and he smiled, rubbing her thigh, letting his hand brush against her moist pussy. Miles noticed the guys weren't talking much. They weren't sure what to say or do. Obviously, Cori wasn't seriously injured, but Miles had been treating this is a medical situation -- not a sexual one. If they showed too much interest in her sexually, would he be mad? Would he make them leave? Would he take Cori and leave? What they were thinking and saying were two different things.  
  
"Does this look right?" Dax asked, both hands on Cori's firm right breast.  
  
"Perfect," Miles said. "I really appreciate this. You guys are doing great."  
  
"D and D working on a pair of double-D's," Dale dared to joke.  
  
"That's right," Miles laughed along. "Although she's actually a C. Hard to believe, isn't it? I mean, C's are great, but they seem bigger, don't they? I think it's because they're so firm and she's got such a narrow waist. Plus those big nipples sticking out. It just makes it seem like her breasts are so much larger than that."  
  
"Perfect size," Dax said. "Normally, I say the bigger the better. I say give every woman in America a free set of DDs when they turn 18. But I think we've got an exception here. Anything larger just wouldn't look right -- she's got the perfect proportions." Miles realized his own comments were allowing the guys to loosen up. They could comment on her body without making him mad. As they went along, he was sure they'd become looser and more excited.  
  
"Try tweaking the nipples just a bit," Miles suggested. "Maybe roll them between your fingers. I know she likes that, so maybe that will help her feel better." Dax and Dale were happy to oblige. Miles looked around the room and noticed that all the guys were trying to discreetly grab and rub themselves, trying not to let the others that they were getting off on this. Well, they were all going to have to settle for their hands -- or go back and give their wives and girlfriends a surprise mid-morning stiffy -- but he had no such worries. He had Cori and the only decision to be made was how exactly he was going to put that perfectly proportioned body to use. There were so many terrific options. Good thing he had all day to explore them all.  
  
"Any better?" he asked Cori, gently pinching her thigh to signal her to say no. Cori yelped through the ball gag and shook her head. "Hmm, better try the pussy then, huh? Guys, you keep doing her tits. I'm going to rub her pussy. Maybe it's a combination of zones that will ease her pain. That damn Dr. Pound made it sound so easy, but I'm starting to think he's just a quack. Still, can't hurt to try."  
  
Miles gently squeezed her pussy lips together with one hand then traced lightly over the exquisitely soft flesh with the fingertips from his other hand. Because of the temperature in the room, they were all hot and sweaty from head to toe now, but it didn't take long for Miles to realize that Cori's pussy was noticeably hotter and wetter than the rest of her body. She was reacting to all the attention. He had hoped she would -- it had been fun to watch her cum yesterday and a repeat showing today would be welcome. But his own desire was growing rapidly. If she was going to cum, she'd have to do it quickly. He enjoyed making a girl cum, but he wasn't the type to delay his own pleasures very long.  
  
He traced the outline of her lips, gently working his fingers into the crease between them, spreading them open and finding her clit. He rubbed that hard little button, noticing that she was beginning to squirm a bit as her clit and nipples received direct attention from three men. Miles nodded to one of the frat boys to come over.  
  
"Ever rubbed on a nice hard clit?" he asked.  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Good, take over for me here. Nice and gentle. That's it. Now, you two," Miles pointed at tall man with a bald head and thick beard and another man with wire-rim glasses and an Oxford shirt. They looked like a biker and a professor and made for quite an odd couple, but he was going to give them a simple job. "Come here and spread her legs as far as you can. I need to have room to work here. I tell ya, this medical stuff is very tricky."  
  
They all chuckled, well aware now that this was no attempt to fix Cori's leg, which they realized probably wasn't even hurt. This was about making a hot girl cum and, they hoped, getting a chance to fuck her themselves. The two men took their places, grabbing her ankles and pulling her legs wide apart until she was doing the splits.

"Good," Miles said. "Now, pull them up toward her head. That's it. Stop there." Her legs were now spread wide and pulled up so her feet were even with her breasts. She was totally exposed and Miles promptly spread her pussy, using both hands to pull her open. He held her that way, kneeling down to put his eye right up to her pussy, pretending to be examining her. "Hmm, I don't know. Sure looks pink and it feels very hot and moist. We might need a second opinion. Care to take a look?"  
  
Miles had nodded to a man in his mid 30s with dark, slick-backed hair and the look of a young businessman. The guy stepped forward, unable to hide the bulge in his pants as he knelt down and peered inside Cori's pussy, which Miles was still holding open. "Sure looks nice and pink in there to me," the guy said. "Looks like a healthy pussy."  
  
"It feels warm and moist to me," Miles said. "What do you think?" The guy stuck two fingers inside Cori's pussy, rubbing them around the inner rim.  
  
"Very hot, very wet," the guy said. "If you ask me, she's feeling really good right now. I think it's working. If we keep it up, she might just go ahead and ... uh ... be cured right now."  
  
"Yeah, I want to make her get well really hard," Miles laughed. "I know I'm about to cure all over her! Hey, you want to take a look?" He pointed to the other frat guy, who immediately peered into Cori's pussy and put his fingers inside her.  
  
"I concur with your earlier diagnosis," he said. "If this babe felt any better, she'd be squirting all over the room. I think she's just about healed."  
  
"Good," Miles said. "Why don't you to finish the job. I need to do a little self-medicating, if you don't mind."  
  
He stepped back and took off his shorts, letting his thick cock bob into view. He watched the two frat guys and the slick-haired businessman fondle Cori's pussy, teasing her clit, rubbing her lips and fingering her vagina. He watch Dax and Dale caress her tits until he half expected milk to come shooting out of the nipples, they were so erect and overstimulated. The biker and professor were keeping her legs spread, using their free hands to either rub themselves or stroke the insides of her soft thighs. Seven guys rubbing on his babe. It was only a matter of time until Cori blew. He wanted to be inside her when she did.  
  
With most available places around her taken, Miles didn't want to interrupt the scene. So he walked around to her head, stood over her and removed her ball gag, letting it drop around her neck. He was facing her body so he could watch the show as he pointed his cock straight down, drilling it into her waiting mouth. He didn't stop until his cock touched the back of her throat, noting with pride that she controlled her gag reflex, ready to take him all the way if that's what he wanted. The others noticed too as they all watched Miles enjoy what they could only dream about.  
  
Miles pulled back up, letting the head of his cock rest in her mouth while she sucked and licked and did an unspeakably remarkable and pleasurable things with her tongue. He pulled his cock out and let her tongue perform the same acrobatic moves on his balls. All the while, his seven cohorts were stoking her fire to the best of their ability.  
  
For her part, Cori was feeling good, yes, but also still nervous. While it was great to be getting rubbed and massaged by so many guys all at once, there was still the very real possibility that Miles was going to let them gang bang her before this was all over. While she wanted very badly to cum and to perform for him, she didn't want it to go that far. But Miles hadn't invited anyone to do more than touch so far, so maybe that was a good sign. Not that she could do much to stop them if he did give them the go ahead. She resigned herself to focusing on the two tasks at hand -- cumming and making Miles cum. Both tasks were well in hand -- or mouth -- and she knew they would be completed soon.  
  
She came first, the overwhelming sensations in and around her pussy and the maddeningly slow, teasing milking of her breasts finally brought her to the brink and beyond. Miles watched her tight, hard body tremble and listened to the guys describing it:  
  
"She's cumming, dude!"  
  
"You should feel this cunt. It's on fire."  
  
"I think her clit's going to pop!"  
  
That and the incredible suction she was now enforcing on his cock was too much to bear. He pulled out and blasted his load on her face and neck, a large glob landing on her chin, another on her tongue and a third on the pink ball of the ball gag.  
  
"Damn," one of the frat guys said, watching Cori swallow the load that had landed in her mouth. "I can never get my bitch to swallow."  
  
"You need a new bitch," the slick-haired businessman said coldly.  
  
All of the guys had stepped away and were watching now, not hiding the fact that they were stroking their cocks through their shorts and swimsuits. Miles lifted the ball gag from Cori's neck, letting it roll through the wad of cum on her chin, then stuffed the ball back in her mouth. Cori sucked and licked the cum off the ball, swallowing repeatedly until she had thoroughly cleaned the ball.  
  
Miles removed the gag and helped Cori sit up. "How are you feeling now?"  
  
"Great," Cori smiled.  
  
"Can you walk?"  
  
"I think so." She stood up and walked around with no limp at all.  
  
"Good," Miles said. "Get dressed. We've got a golf game to get to."  
  
Cori quickly pulled on her thong and shorts and tennis shoes, but realized that her top had been ripped off and used to tie the handle on the door. "Um, what about a top?" she asked.  
  
"Here it is," one of the frat boys said, tossing it to her. Cori took it and put her arms through the arm holes, but it had been ripped right down the middle between her breasts. There was no way to keep it in place.  
  
"Here," Miles said. He quickly ripped the bottom of the tank top in about one-inch strips on each side of her chest. Then he took the two strips and tied them together in knot between her breasts. It wasn't nearly enough to pull the top together, but it secured the two sides just enough to cover the outside half of both breasts, just barely covering her nipples. Her breasts were squeezed together in an impressive display of all-natural cleavage, blonde breastmeat squeezing through the top.  
  
"Thank you all for your help," Miles said, putting his hand on Cori's hip and guiding her to the door. "You were all great. Go back to your suites and give your girlfriends a good pounding or pick up a babe on the beach. Have fun. I know I will."  
  
With that, they left, leaving seven guys holding their cocks, aching for release. Cori knew that one way or another, they would all get off soon, either jerking off or finding a fuck buddy. She wasn't worried about that. She was just glad that they had gotten out without a gang bang or any rough stuff. They had treated her well, made her cum and all she had to do in return provide a quality blowjob to Miles. Not a bad start to the day at all.  
  
They returned to her room and quickly changed clothes. Miles put on some khaki shorts and a short-sleeved polo shirt that he had in his bag, looking very much like the stereotypical golfer when he was done. Cori, on the other hand, looked very much like the stereotypical slut for hire when she was done. Per Miles' instructions, she put on a scandalously small black and white plaid mini-skirt, pleated schoolgirl-style. He made her pull it up so that the bottom quarter of her ass was uncovered. Anyone with any sort of low-angle view would be able to see that she wore nothing underneath the skirt. On top, she donned a short-sleeved, white lycra jacket which zipped up the front. It was incredibly tight and molded to her body. It was short, stopping at her midriff, and had two strategically placed, short zippers over each breast which, when unzipped, would expose her nipples.  
  
Miles had given Cori a gold chain which linked to two small gold rings he had placed in her nipples. While her nipples were concealed by the jacket, the chain running between them was not, as Miles allowed Cori only to zip it up to just below her breasts.  
  
He had her keep her hair in a ponytail, adding a candy-red bow and a fresh application of candy-red lipstick. She wore bright red stiletto heels with white leg warmers covering her ankles and shins.  
  
Her outfit was fit for anything but a day at the golf course, but that's precisely where he was taking her. By the gleam in his eye and the care with which he had prepared this outfit -- having the items delivered to her room, ready and waiting for them when they returned from the tennis outing -- she knew he had put as much thought or more into this as he had the tennis encounter. Knowing how creative these guys had been so far -- and willing to help her have an orgasm along the way -- she found herself nervously excited and looking forward to whatever he had in store for her.  
  
Still, always in the back of her mind was how rude they had been to Gerald, how arrogant they were and how powerful. These men were creative and fun, but also unpredictable and, at times, quite crude. She couldn't afford to let her guard down the way she had with the guys at the Shop. These men hadn't earned her trust yet, so it was with a mixture of trepidation, excitement, nervousness and curiosity that she walked with Miles toward the main lobby of the resort.  
  
Her attire drew many looks -- some curious, some amused, some disgusted and some lusty -- but they walked on. Miles had dark sunglasses on, so she couldn't tell where exactly he was looking, but guessed his eyes were either on her or those watching her at all times -- soaking in the feeling of power that surely came with displaying her like this. Of course, guys like Miles weren't satisfied with a little parade across a resort in a skimpy outfit or a slutty show on a tennis court. There was always more with them. This morning it had been an intense massage and blowjob in a room full of men. This afternoon, who knew?  
  
The first surprise came when they got to the resort lobby and Miles led her to the front where several people were standing around, waiting for the next cab to come by. Miles surely could afford private transportation instead of taking one of the island cabs, which were basically pickup trucks with bench seats lining both sides of the back. Hundreds of them were driving all over the island all the time, each carrying up to eight passengers in the back. Cori had seen them all over, but she had yet to ride in one.  
  
She stood with Miles, his hand wrapped tightly around her waist as they ignored the stares of their fellow travelers and waited their turn for a ride. They didn't have to wait long as the cabs came in and out quickly, one after another. There was room on one that held two mothers and their four kids, but Miles politely allowed the couple behind them to go ahead. Cori found out why a moment later, when a cab that appeared to be full whipped around the curved roadway, the cabbie yelling, "Room for one more!" The cab held seven people -- all adults, just two women and four men, all typical tourists with their walking shorts, sandals, baggy flowered shirts, sunglasses and floppy hats.  
  
"If she rides on my lap, can you take two to the Island Spring Gold Club?" Miles asked the cabbie. The cab driver looked Cori up and down, smiled and nodded.  
  
Miles led Cori to the back of the truck where a small step hung below the open end of the truck. He was happy to see that the only spot available was next to the truck cab, which meant they would have to pass through the rows of people on both sides to get to the seat. He held Cori's hand as she stepped up into the truck, first watching her ass, then watching the people on the truck look at her. The men were practically drooling, the women seething. Ah, the extreme reactions a beautiful young woman always elicited. There was no gray area with a babe like Cori, especially dressed as she was. Either you wanted to fuck her or you were jealous of her. Either you thought her outfit was the hottest thing you'd ever seen or a disgraceful display of skin. Miles was pretty sure the vote on this truck would have been six in favor, two against and one (Cori) abstaining.  
  
With everyone's legs sticking out into the middle of the small truck, the only way to get to the seat was to turn sideways and shuffle step between the rows. As Cori did this, Miles wondered who was luckier, those fortunate enough to get a look up her skirt to see that -- surprise! -- there was nothing but a tiny patch of hair and a soft, wet pussy up there or those on the other side who were close enough to suck her erect nipples and could surely tell that she was wearing no bra under that tight jacket. He supposed it depended on whether you were a tit man or a leg and ass man, but really, this was a win-win for everyone involved.  
  
Miles slid in behind her, dropping into the seat next to a dark-haired gentlemen who looked to be in his 40s with dark Italian features, shiny white smile and slicked-back hair that Cori thought made him look sleazy. Miles pulled Cori into his lap, giving a thumbs up to the driver who was watching out the back window, enjoying the show while he waited to make sure everyone was seated.  
  
Cori tried to sit sideways on Miles lap and cross her legs, but there was no room to turn sideways. So, she sat with her back to him, her legs squeezed together between his. She looked around and smiled at everyone, trying to act as normal as possible even though she knew she had just flashed everyone on the bus with her tits on one side and her ass and pussy on the other. Most were wearing sunglasses, but their heads were all turned in her direction and there was little doubt they had seen. The men were smiling, the women frowning. Yep, just the reaction she usually got.  
  
She had barely gotten comfortable when she felt Miles' hands around her waist, lifting her up slightly as he situated himself underneath her. She wondered if he was pulling his cock out -- surely not even he would try that here, would he?  
  
He sat her back down and there was something between her legs all right -- his leg. He had shifted so that she was now straddling his leg. No more keeping her legs squeezed together. Still, she squeezed them tightly around his leg, doing her best to keep her pussy concealed by the tiny skirt. Miles grunted, lifted her again and when she sat down, she felt both his legs between hers, his knees pushing out, spreading her legs, forcing her to straddle him and display herself.  
  
"Sir, do you mind?" Miles asked, lifting Cori's left leg and offering it to him. "There's not much room here for her long legs. It would really help if she could rest it on your lap."  
  
"Of course not," the sleazy guy smiled, grabbing Cori's foot and pulling it up on his lap. Now, she had her left leg out straight to the side and Miles was using his legs to force her right leg as far as possible in the other direction, pressing it against the back of the truck cab. Cori felt the warm breeze on her pussy and knew by watching the man across from her that she was on display.  
  
"Hey, look at that monkey!" Miles suddenly yelled, catching her and everyone else on the cab by surprise. Instinctively, they all looked out the back of the truck to where he was pointing and, in that split second, he grabbed the zipper on her jacket and pulled it down to where only the catch at the very bottom of the zipper was still connected. Her mighty breasts took advantage of the extra space, pushing the sides of the jacket out and revealing several more inches of tan, round cleavage and the chain running between her nipples.  
  
"Where, I missed it?" one woman said, looking back toward Miles.  
  
"It's gone now," Miles said. "Maybe we'll see another one. Keep looking." He knew that at least the guy across from him was looking all right, his head again pointed toward Cori, but now, instead of looking down at her crotch, he was clearly staring at her tits. "Keep looking," Miles repeated again, lowering his glasses and looking directly at the man so he could see his eyes. The man nodded.  
  
"Look, babe," Miles said, directing his comment to Cori but saying it loud enough for all to hear, "there's a really great view of the resort." Indeed, they had traveled up a hill and the view back down over the resort was breathtaking. Miles noted that several of the heads turned that direction, taking his cue, but his buddy across the way and the guy holding Cori's leg were looking right at Cori. Miles grabbed the zippers over both breasts and quickly yanked them down, using his fingers to spread the openings apart and pull her dark nipples out into the open. He put his hands on Cori's upper arms and whispered in her ear, "squeeze," as he pushed them in. Cori understood, squeezing her breasts with her upper arms, pushing them together, forcing more cleavage to pop out and her nipples to jut even further out through the zippered opening.  
  
In the span of about two minutes, Miles had managed to put Cori on display for all to see. Cori realized this and understood that he had planned her outfit for a scene just like this. It was humiliating and exhilarating at the same time. The truck stopped at a restaurant and the man and woman sitting to the left of the man holding Cori's leg got off  
  
"Ah, room to spread out," Miles said. He lifted Cori off his lap and sat her between the sleazy man and himself, intending to have her put her other leg up and do the splits for the viewing pleasure of those across from her. But just before they started up again, two men jumped into the back, taking the two open seats as Cori stood up, expecting to sit on Miles' lap again. However, Miles saw another opportunity. He slid next to the truck cab and quickly grabbed the sleazy guy's elbow behind Cori's back, motioning for him to slide over. He did, smiling broadly as Miles pulled Cori gently back down onto the dark-featured man's lap.  
  
Cori looked at Miles as she sat down, only then realizing what he was doing. "Hey baby, I'm Vincent," he whispered in her ear as he put his hands around her bare waist. "Don't be afraid to move around a little, know what I'm saying? Just enjoy the ride."  
  
Cori didn't respond verbally, but slowly ground her hips against him as she re-adjusted herself. To the watcher, it appeared like she was trying to get comfortable. To Vincent, it felt like she was doing her damndest to hop a ride on his cock. He felt his cock lurch, instantly hardening and straining against his khaki shorts, drawn to the moist heat of her pussy like a flower to the sun's warming rays.  
  
Cori felt his hardness and shifted again as Miles grabbed her right leg and stretched it across his lap, again spreading her enough to give the man across from her a peek at her pussy. "With that injury this morning, we should keep this leg stretched out," Miles said, referring back to the fake tennis injury. "She hurt her leg this morning playing tennis," he said louder so that the everyone could hear and as an explanation for why his hand was now high up on her inner thigh, rubbing and caressing just inches from her pussy.  
  
"Hope she didn't tear anything," the man across from them said.  
  
"Looks like whatever she did, she tore her panties right off," the lone woman left on the truck sniped disgustedly.  
  
"It was a thong," Miles corrected matter-of-factly, "and yes, it ripped unfortunately. I apologize if it offends anyone here, but pulled and strained muscles are nothing to mess around with. If you're too immature to handle the site of adult woman receiving medical care, I feel sorry for you."  
  
Miles' speech was condescending and arrogant, delivered in a mocking tone that he found funny. The other men seemed to appreciate it to. It shut the woman up as she just looked away, forcing her husband to look away too, even though he clearly didn't want to. It bothered Cori a little bit, reminding her of how cold and mean-spirited these guys could be. They hadn't been that way with her yet, but she had maintained the right attitude, not giving them reason to be. And, she thought, even though they had shown no respect for the boundaries she set on Day One, maybe she had earned just enough respect so far to keep them from becoming mean or violent with her. She hoped that was the case.

She snapped back to the attention when she realized that the man across from her was now using a small hand-held video camera to record her. He also used his cell phone to take a couple pictures. Somehow, she knew this would end up on the Internet. Miles did nothing to stop it, so neither did she.  
  
"Moist heat is better for these types of injuries," Miles said. "Anyone have a heat wrap or anything?" He knew the answer would be no, so he put his index finger in her mouth. She sucked it the way she knew he wanted -- as if it was a cock, bobbing her head, hollowing her cheeks and pursing her lips. He did the same with his ring and index fingers and when they were all "wet enough" he applied his wet hand to her thigh, rubbing it again.  
  
"Good and wet," he muttered, but not hot enough. That was his way of announcing and excusing his next act, which was to put those same three fingers into her pussy, jabbing them inside her. "This should warm them up." He pulled them out and rubbed the moist secretions from her pussy onto her thigh while the Italian sitting underneath her could hardly hold still, his hips jerking and grinding as his cock raged just centimeters from where it longed to be.  
  
Unfortunately for him, Miles was also getting extremely horny and grabbed Cori around the waist and pulled her back on to him, quickly stuffing his bulge between her thighs, thinking seriously about pulling his cock out and doing her right here. But he knew they were getting close to their stop. Looking down, though, he had an idea. The back of her skirt was resting against his belly as her bare ass perched on his lap. Using his right hand, which was concealed from the others by her body, he stuffed the bottom of the skirt into the waist band directly above the top of her ass crack. Not that everyone on the truck hadn't gotten an eyeful already, but this would be a nice parting shot -- mooning them all -- and would make a nice first impression on anyone near the entrance to the golf course.  
  
Cori didn't realize what he had done until the truck stopped and she stood up to get off. She realized her skirt was up and reached back to smooth it down, but Miles' firm hand on her wrist was the only signal she needed. She side-stepped back between the rows of legs, well aware that her bare ass was now inches away from the men in the row she had been sitting in while her bare nipples were poking out of her jacket top right at the faces of those who had been sitting across from her. She felt one man blow on her bare pussy and another leaned forward far enough that her ass cheek rubbed across his face. The man across from her videotaped the whole thing, getting a closeup of her nipples, no doubt.  
  
The driver had gotten out and helped her down the step, his eyes taking her all in at once, his smiling signaling that he was in no way unhappy with any of the activities on his cab. Miles thanked him and gave him what Cori hoped was a nice tip and the cab drove off while Miles escorted Cori toward the clubhouse. He let her pull the skirt down and pull the zippers back up to conceal her nipples. He also had her pull the zipper on the jacket back up a couple of inches, still revealing ample cleavage and a glimpse of that gold chain running between her nipples.  
  
They went into the clubhouse and Cori noted that it was all men. Before she could ask, Miles explained, "This is a men only club. There have only been a handful of exceptions made for women -- all celebrities and political figures. You're the first quote-unquote normal woman to play here."  
  
"How did you get me in?" Cori asked.  
  
"I showed them a few pictures, explained how you'd be dressed and waved a few dollar bills in the face of the manager," Miles said frankly. "As I'm sure you know, money and a hot ass can get you almost anything. Just put on a good show like you always do and no one will complain a bit."  
  
"Got it," Cori said. "Well, thank you. This is quite an honor."  
  
"Tell the manager that," Miles said. "That will get him all hot and bothered. Oh, he'll probably want some pictures for his private collection, you know the deal. Just go with it."  
  
"Of course," Cori said. "I understand."  
  
They approached the desk, a large, mahogany monster with real gold trim that made the obvious statement that this was a high-priced, exclusive club featuring only the finest amenities. They catered to the rich and famous. Cori was neither, but here she was anyway, catering to the rich in her own way, too. She supposed her outfit was sending the same sort of message -- in a very different way -- as the desk about what her purpose was here on this day.  
  
A medium-built man with sandy hair and strong, blue eyes greeted them. His appearance and dark suit suggested to Cori that he might be the manager, a suspicion he himself confirmed.  
  
"Greetings, I'm William Hildebrand, manager here," he said, shaking Cori's hand politely why his eyes roamed over her body in a most impolite manner. "Good to see you, Miles," he said, slapping Miles on the shoulder. The two obviously knew each other.  
  
"Good to see you, Bill," Miles said. "Thanks for taking care of us today. As you can see, these are special circumstances. I hated to leave my niece all alone in the room while I played golf."  
  
"I understand completely," Hildebrand nodded. "Would be a shame. We're happy to make exceptions to our rules when it's for good reasons such as this. I believe your partners are already waiting for you and have the equipment you requested. I'll be checking on you throughout your round to make sure you enjoy your experience. You will join me for a drink after your round, won't you?"  
  
"Of course," Miles said, wrapping his hand around Cori's waist and leading her toward the exit that opened to the first tee. "Wouldn't miss it." As they walked away, Miles flipped the back of Cori's skirt up, flashing Hildebrand, who smiled and ran quickly upstairs to his office which overlooked the first tee. No way he was going to miss this show.  
  
Sam and Victor met them near the practice putting green close to the first tee. Cori did a slow spin for them, showing off her outfit, which they enthusiastically approved of.  
  
"So, shall we have a little wager to make this more interesting?" Miles asked after he had given them a brief rundown of their tennis match and ride to the golf course.  
  
"Of course," Sam grinned. "What are teams?"  
  
"Me and Cori against you two?" Miles asked.  
  
"Oh, I'm not very good," Cori said quickly. "I've only played a couple times. I'll be a handicap to whatever team I'm on. Really, I can just watch you guys play."  
  
"Don't worry," Miles said. "I'm the best golfer here, so it's only fair that I take the weakest. I saw how athletic you were this morning. You'll do fine."  
  
"What are the stakes?" Victor asked.  
  
"Losers pay for the drinks and dinner at the clubhouse afterward," Sam suggested.  
  
"Deal," Miles said. It sounded good to Cori. She figured she wouldn't be paying either way -- if they won, great, if they lost, Miles would surely pick up the check. At least she hoped so. She wasn't carrying any money. Where could she possibly put it in an outfit like this?  
  
The outfit had drawn considerable attention already and as they approached the first tee, a small gallery circled around them, making Cori feel like Tiger Woods as she prepared to tee off. She hadn't been nervous in front of the crowd on the tennis court. She was in her element there -- she knew she could play tennis well and was comfortable despite the revealing attire and sexy show she had put on. But this attire was even more revealing and she wasn't at all comfortable swinging a golf club. Plus, these guys were a little bolder and more boisterous than the guys had been this morning. She supposed it had to do with a combination of alcohol consumption and a certain bravado that came with being at a guys-only club. There were no wives or girlfriends to cast disapproving looks or stare daggers at their men. She was on their turf and she was nothing more than an object of lust and desire in this setting. They weren't used to acting like gentlemen here and the presence of one hot piece of ass with big tits sure wasn't going to do anything to stem their testosterone surge.  
  
So, inevitably, the taunts and comments flowed freely as she bent over to place her ball on the tee, then stepped back and took a few practice swings. Though she was very comfortable in heels, it was still hard to balance as she rocked her weight back, then forward, rotating her hips and trying to keep her arms straight as Miles had instructed in a quick tutoring session before they stepped up to the tee.  
  
"Ooh, I think the ball is a little too high," one man offered. "You better bend over again and adjust it."  
  
"I've got a ball you can stroke, baby," another taunted.  
  
"I like the way you grip that shaft, honey cakes."  
  
"Bend over again so I can plant my flag in your hole!"  
  
Some were funny, most were juvenile and predictable and a few were crude and mean. Miles, Sam and Victor shot angry glances at those last set of offenders, signaling that they had crossed the line. They loved showing their pet off to everyone and were more than happy to let them take a good look here on the first hole. If she got a little embarrassed, even humiliated by the situation that was OK, but they drew the line at blatant degradation. That hardly made them role models, just not total creeps, Cori thought, glad that they at least took a stand at some point and gave her the reassurance that she was safe at least.  
  
She blocked out the catcalls and ignored the warm breeze gently blowing across the exposed portions of her ass cheeks and focused on the ball, slowly bringing the club back and then rotating her hips, using her toned stomach muscles to twist her body and drive the club through the ball. She was surprised when it took off, soaring majestically into the air, slicing slightly to the right as it arced gracefully onto the fairway, about two-thirds of the way to the first hole.  
  
"Damn!" one guy said. "Bitch can play."  
  
"Told you," Miles nodded at her as she stepped back, smiling, pleased with herself and quite surprised at how well she had struck the ball.  
  
The others all teed off, each driving the ball further than Cori, Miles landing his shot on the green and the others laying up just in front of the green. As expected, they were all very good golfers and Cori knew that even her one nice shot wouldn't be nearly enough to help her compete with these guys. She had to hope Miles could carry their team.  
  
They got into their golf carts -- Cori riding with Miles while Sam and Victor rode in the other -- and drove down to Cori's ball, leaving the lusty crowd behind. Miles scooped up Cori's ball as they went past. "Best ball," Miles explained as they drove on toward the green. "We each tee off, then use whichever one of us hits the best ball from there. So, we'll each take a shot from the spot where my ball landed on the green."  
  
"Got it," Cori said, breathing a sigh of relief. It didn't matter if she had a bad shot. Miles would bail her out.  
  
Cori took the first putt, hitting the ball too hard and knocking it off the green and down a slope back onto the fairway.  
  
"If I make this, I get to set an obstacle, right?" Miles asked the others.  
  
"Sure," they agreed. Obviously they had a system in place that Cori didn't understand. She gathered that the rules would change from hole to hole. No matter. She was just along for the ride at this point. She'd keep bending over and showing off for them and do her best to help Miles win.  
  
She watched as Miles calmly sank the long putt and pumped his fist, yelling "Eagle, baby!" She wasn't sure what that meant, but obviously it was good. Both Victor and Sam successfully chipped onto the green, then watched as Miles prepared the obstacle.  
  
"OK, on your hands and knees, Cori," Miles said. She was caught off guard. Hands and knees? Did he want to fuck her right here? Right now? Well, if they could fuck her tied to a boat in front of cruise ship full of people, what was to stop them from doing it in the middle of a beautiful private golf course?  
  
She got on her hands and knees and Miles walked over to the hole. "Over here," he said. Cori understood that she was to crawl and did so, feeling her ass wiggle and tits jiggle as she slid her hands and knees forward on the soft, perfectly manicured grass. Her male escorts watched in appreciation of her catlike, sensuous movements and the sight of her ass and pussy, clearly visible under her mini skirt.  
  
"Sit up," he said and she rose to her knees. She expected Miles to order her to suck his cock, but instead he quickly unzipped her jacket until only the catch held at the bottom. He snapped together a button she hadn't noticed before at her neck and pulled the sides of the jacket open so that her tits popped out of the newly created opening. The tight material squeezed in against her above and below her tits, mashing them together and forcing them to stick out even more than usual. They were big, dark cones mounted on her chest, capped by twin erasers that seemed to be growing and hardening by the second. The gold chain hung limply below her breasts as their compressed state supplied extra slack.  
  
"Back on all fours," he said. "Straddle the hole so that your tits are right over it. Good, go a little lower -- down on your elbows." Cori did so and Miles knelt down in front of her, reaching under her to feel the clearance between her protruding nipples and the hole. There was less than an inch -- not nearly enough space for a golf ball to pass through.  
  
He walked around to get a look from behind her -- the same view the others had. "Raise your ass a bit higher," he said, putting his hands on her hips and pulling her up. She squared up her knees and stuck her ass as high in the air as she could. "Spread your legs a little more," he said. She slid her knees out on the smooth grass, feeling the heat of the sun pound against her exposed pussy flesh, hoping that the dark, moist skin would absorb the rays without getting sunburned. She'd burned her tits before and her ass, but never her pussy. She hated to think what that would feel like. Her tits and ass were so dark now, there was no chance of burning anywhere on her body, unless it was her pussy. She hoped she wouldn't be exposed this obscenely long enough for it to be a concern.  
  
"OK gentlemen," Miles said, stepping back to take a look at his handiwork. "Remember hitting the ball in the clown's mouth when you played mini golf as a kid? Well, think of this as the same sort of test. You have to hit it between the heels, under the creamy thighs -- watch for the dripping pussy juice! -- and between the big titties. Just like in mini golf, you can hit it off any part of her body and it's fair game. Got it?"  
  
"Yeah," Sam laughed. "You prick. Like I'm going to be able to concentrate looking at that. Fuck. Yeah, you got it."  
  
"Hold real still, Cori," Miles said.  
  
Sam tapped his ball and it curved slowly across the grass, bouncing against her leg warmers and stopping between her knees. He walked up behind her and made a show of kneeling down to read the green like the pro golfers did, but all he was doing was looking at Cori's ass and pussy from about two inches away. He reached out and gave her pussy a quick squeeze and her ass a gentle slap before stand up and gently tapping the ball between her legs. Miles and Victor were kneeling down by Cori's head, watching underneath her as the ball tapped against her right nipple and bounced into the hole.  
  
Sam happily crawled between Cori's legs and reached into the hole to retrieve his ball, tugging on her left nipple ring before retreating to let Victor take his shot. After watching Sam's shot fall short, Victor hit the ball harder, giving it good pace as it shot between her legs, under her pussy and toward the hanging cones of her tits. It slapped against the inside of her left nipple, spun along the gold chain which lay on the ground just in front of the hole and ricocheted into her right nipple. It bent her nipple sideways and stuck there, her nipple pinning the ball in place and reminding Miles of that little flag that bent back and forth before indicating whether "Price is Right" contestants had just spun for a nickel or a dollar on the "Big Wheel".  
  
"Tough titties," Miles laughed at his stupid joke. He reached under her, tweaking her nipple before pulling the ball out and tossing it to Victor. "Looks like you guys are two strokes behind already. What's the matter? Something distracting you?"  
  
He helped Cori up, leaving the jacket as it was with her tits popping out. He rubbed her nipples in mock sympathy, "Those balls didn't hurt too much, did they?"  
  
"No," Cori laughed as she looked around, relieved that no one else seemed to have been watching. "Those aren't the first balls to touch my tits, you know." She laughed at her own joke, because it was a little funny and because she wanted to keep reminding these guys that she was a good sport and would go along with their crazy ideas. Keeping them happy was always important.  
  
As they approached the second tee, a golf cart came zipping up with two young women riding on it. Cori was puzzled. She thought this was a men-only club.  
  
"Beer guys?" the girls chirped happily. Then, when they noticed Cori's unique, bare-breasted attire, one said, "Ooh, cool jacket. Where did you get that?"  
  
"I bought it for her," Miles said, walking over to the cart and accepting four beers from the girls. They were both attractive, one brunette, one African-American, wearing white cotton tank tops with the course's logo on the front and their names -- Monique and Katie -- on the back. They had on cotton yellow athletic shorts and white tennis shoes. They were cute and clearly hired as eye candy for the course members, their job being to look cute and deliver drinks to the players.  
  
"I thought this was a men's only course," Cori said after they drove off.  
  
"It is," Miles explained. "And men like nothing more than pretty young ladies, so they hire college girls or girls just out of high school who are looking for a part-time job while they take classes at one of the schools here or look for a sugar daddy to pick them up. Never been an ugly one in the bunch. But, this is a classy course, so the clothes are sexy without being too revealing. And doing any more than flirting with the members is strictly prohibited -- as long as the girls are on course time. I've seen more than a few leave with a member and I don't imagine they go off to discuss their golf games."  
  
"I see," Cori nodded. "They didn't seem too surprised to see me here, dressed like this."  
  
"These girls aren't exactly naïve to the way things work -- at least not the ones who have been here for a few weeks," Victor said. "Half of them came down here as someone's plaything and just decided to stay while their 50-year-old sugar daddies went back home to the family."  
  
"Wouldn't be a bad job for you if you wanted to stay here," Sam said. "Of course, you'd probably be pretty uncomfortable. That's a lot more clothes than you're used to wearing I bet."  
  
"I think I could get used to it if it meant living here," Cori said. She was joking, but a quick thought ran through her head. Could she just stay here year round? She could do this job and probably live off the tips -- rich guys always gave pretty girls lots of money for doing nothing more than looking pretty and maybe flashing a little skin. She could make ends meet and wouldn't have to worry about taking care of anyone but herself. It was tempting, but only for a fleeting moment. She wanted more from life. She knew she was smart enough and talented enough to do more than be a pretty toy for rich guys. And, while she had several good years left, she wouldn't be the hot young flavor of the month forever. Then what? No, she needed to start thinking about the future now. She had come here to get away, relax and refocus her life and that was what she was going to do ... as soon as she spent another day and a half as the personal, private entertainment for these three men.

On the next hole, Cori found herself distracted by the fact that her tits were sticking out -- they seemed to interfere with her swing and she sliced the ball far off into the woods. Miles had a nice drive down the middle of the fairway, but three-putted and their lead was cut to one stroke.  
  
Miles instructed Cori to "distract them" and she proceeded to do her best, stretching, bending over, sighing or giggling, adjusting her leg warmers, taking long, slow drinks of her beer, sucking on the bottle neck as she tilted her head back so they could watch her swallow. All her tricks helped a little, as both Victor and Sam duffed shots, their concentration clearly broken by a flash of skin or particularly sexy pose. At one point, Cori sat down by the tee box, pretending to be tired and resting while they all teed off. But, as Sam prepared to strike the ball, she began a slow, sensuous crawl over to the golf court, giving him a perfect view of her ass and pussy. He shanked the shot and didn't even cart.  
  
After seven holes, Cori and Miles led by three strokes and Cori felt good about their chances. Miles was really good and she had actually made one nice putt that helped them gain a stroke. As they finished the hole, they realized another foursome was waiting on them, so Miles signaled that they would let them play through. "Better put these away for a minute," Miles said, helping Cori stuff her tits back inside the jacket, leaving the top buttoned and the bottom of the zipper in tact so that her tits were mashed together uncomfortably, a mass of cleavage visible in the opening in the jacket. "Don't know what kind of guys these are. If it's a bunch of old fogies, you're liable to give them a heart attack."  
  
"They'd die happy," Victor said. It was a sweet comment that Cori could tell he meant as a genuine compliment.  
  
"Thank you," she said, surprised at how much she appreciated those few kind words. She supposed it was more how he said it -- like he really meant it instead of the cocky, sarcastic tones these guys usually used -- than what he said.  
  
They waited by the side of the green as the other foursome approached, chipping onto the green and greeting them as they walked up. They weren't old geezers on the verge of heart attack, but clean-cut young men in their mid-twenties and early 30s.  
  
"We heard there was a woman on the course today," one said, nodding toward Cori.  
  
"Fine addition to the view, if you don't mind my saying," another added, glancing toward Sam, Victor and Miles to make sure he wasn't crossing any boundaries.  
  
"What do you boys do for a living?" Victor asked.  
  
"We're all in sales for MedCorp," one bragged. "We earned this trip for being top sellers."  
  
"Really?" Miles said, doing his best to sound impressed. "Well, I think top sales people deserve lots of perks. Nice trips, nice bonuses, fine women."  
  
"I couldn't agree more," one of the guys said, looking at Cori. "Looks like one of you earned a pretty nice perk yourself."  
  
"Indeed," Miles bragged. "Being a CEO of the largest bank in the eastern U.S. does tend to have certain benefits. Say, you guys ever play miniature golf?" Cori knew what was coming. She wasn't exactly surprised. Miles wasn't impressed by these cocky young men and wanted to put them in their place. What better way than to show them what kind of control he had over Cori, tease them and send them on their way with unused hard-ons.  
  
"I did years ago," one of the guys said. "But I think big boy golf is more my speed. Mini golf is probably good for you ol' timers. Easier on those knee and hip replacements."  
  
Miles, Victor and Sam all looked at each other, their eyes sending unspoken agreements that it was time to take these punks down a notch. Cori wasn't sure exactly what the plan was, but it was obvious that her men didn't like these guys and were going to use her to teach them a lesson. They couldn't tell her the plan, but she was in tune enough that she felt she could follow their lead.  
  
"Well, I think you'll find our version of mini golf to be plenty big boy," Miles said. "In fact, I'm willing to bet you can't handle it."  
  
"How much?" one punk asked.  
  
"How much you boys have? Did your get an advance on your allowance from your dads this month?" Sam jeered.  
  
The young challengers huddled up and counted their money. "One thousand dollars," one announced.  
  
"Done," Miles said.  
  
"What do mean, done? We don't even know what the bet is, yet."  
  
"Ever been to one of those mini golf courses where they have the animals and windmills and stuff you have to hit around?" Miles said, talking to them like they were fifth graders.  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Well, we're going to set up our own mini golf course hole with two obstacles -- you have to hit between a pony's legs and past a pendulum. From 20 feet away. You each get one shot and I assure you a hole-in-one is possible. In fact, I'll demonstrate. Then, you each take a shot. If any one of you make it, you win the cash. If not, you pay up."  
  
"Let's see the obstacle."  
  
Miles looked up the course and saw that no one else was coming. Good, they had time. It made sense -- it was the afternoon now. Most guys preferred to play in the morning or evening when it was cooler. But it was a pleasant day, mid-80s and a nice breeze, so it wasn't uncomfortable for any of them except Cori, whose tits were still being mashed by the jacket.  
  
"Cori," Miles said and she moved forward without further instruction. She knelt down on all fours over the hole like before, but Miles had her move forward so her belly was over the hole, taking her tits out of the equation as an obstacle. She didn't get it. All they had to do was shoot between her legs? It seemed like that would be an easy shot; they could bank the ball off her legs and it would funnel right to the hole. And what was this about a pony? That's when she saw Sam approaching with an object she had seen in pictures, but never had used on her. It was a small but plug with a bunch of leather straps sticking out of it. When put in her ass, it would look like she had a horse's tail. He must have had it in the gym bag on the back of the golf cart. Cori wondered what else might be in there.  
  
"Holy shit," one of the guys said. "Are you going to put that up her ass?"  
  
"No," Sam said, surprising the young men and Cori. "You are." He handed it to the guy and waved his hand toward Cori, inviting him to have at her.  
  
He stepped forward, knelt down next to her and said, "Wait, what about lubrication?"  
  
"She provides her own -- mouth and pussy," Miles said.  
  
"Got it." The guy put the plug into Cori's mouth and watched her suck. She put on her usual show, imagining it was a hard cock in her mouth, sucking it and licking at it, circling her tongue around it. But she was also slobbering all over it -- she knew where this thing was going next and she wanted it to be as wet as possible. The guy started rubbing her pussy with his left hand, warming it up, teasing her clit and stroking her lips until he felt her getting moist. Then, he pulled the plug out of her mouth and pushed it gently into her pussy, twisting it around and jabbing at her cunt with the three-inch plug.  
  
Finally, he pulled it out and held it up for all to see the juice and saliva that now coated it.  
  
"Get your fingers wet and then wet her asshole a little first," Miles said. Cori felt two fingers enter her pussy, sliding around inside her, rubbing her pussy walls. "That's enough," Miles said. The guy spread her ass cheeks and rubbed his fingers around the rim of her asshole, applying her pussy juice to the puckered entryway. Then, he pressed the wet butt plug against her asshole and gently pushed until she opened up, the plug sliding slowly but easily into her asshole. Once it was all the way in, he let go of her ass cheeks which closed tightly around the plug, leaving the leather tail to hang obscenely out of her.  
  
It was long enough that it touched the ground and one of the punks objected, "Hey, that's not fair. That's a blockade."  
  
"Shut up," Victor said coldly. He stepped forward and tied a cord around the ends of the tail, holding them together. Then, he wrapped the end of the tail around a golf ball, tying the tail around the ball. The end result was that the tail was now considerably shorter and hung about an inch off the ground. It now also had a ball on the end of it which could be swung back and forth like a pendulum. "See?" Victor said.  
  
"All right, start the pendulum," Miles said, stepping off 20 paces and dropping the ball directly behind Cori. Victor pulled the ball up and let it drop. It barely cleared her leg before sweeping across just above the ground and flipping up past the other leg where a kneeling Sam caught it and sent it back. Victor and Sam played catch this way while Miles lined up his putt and tapped it toward the holes -- the two on Cori he could see and the one in the ground between her legs that he couldn't. It passed smoothly between her legs, narrowly missing the pendulum and sank perfectly into the hole.  
  
"Easy as that," Miles said smugly.  
  
"Hmmph," one of the boys smirked, acting unimpressed. "Big deal. I was all-state in high school and these three all played in college. I think we can handle a mid-range putt on a flat green."  
  
"Hold on," one of his co-horts said. "They can just wait and drop the ball and knock ours out when it comes through."  
  
"Yeah, that's not fair."  
  
"Good point," Miles acknowledged. "How about this? Just before you're ready to putt, we give the ball a good swing to get it going. Then, Cori will just have to wag her tail like a little puppy dog to keep it going. Believe me, she's got plenty of wag in that tail. She can't see you guys, so she won't know if she's hitting your ball or not."  
  
"Fair enough."  
  
One by one, the young men stepped up and took their shots. Cori wiggled her ass as best she could, trying to keep that pendulum going, knowing that the movement likely had a dual effect of distracting the guys. While she was far from arrogant about it, she knew she had a nice ass and that the sight of a tight, swaying ass was tough for guys to ignore. Just the slightest distraction could be enough to keep them from making their putts.  
  
The first one actually hit one of her heels and the next hit the inside of her right knee and came to a stop against her left thigh.  
  
"Don't worry, I got this," the next said.  
  
"Sure about that are you?" Miles asked.  
  
"Absolutely. I fuck hot bitches like this all the time. It takes more than a cunt to distract me."  
  
"All right, then, how about a little side wager? One of us gets to put our cocks in her mouth after this shot. You hit, she's yours. You miss, she's mine."  
  
"Now that's a deal. Bet you're going to hate watching your bitch choke on my foot-long and then call out my name when you're fucking her tonight with your two-incher."  
  
Sure enough, the punk hit a perfect shot. Cori could tell from the look on Sam's face that it might have a chance to go in. She twitched her hips back and forth rapidly, then felt the slight vibration in her ass as the ball of her tail smacked against the golf ball, stopping it in its tracks.  
  
Miles smiled, unzipped his shorts and presented his thick seven-incher, waving it around before offering to Cori, who sucked him into her mouth for the second time that day.  
  
"Since you're such a pro," Sam said to the last guy, "I'm sure you won't mind if my friend continues with his blowjob while you take your shot."  
  
"Fuck no," the guy said. "Long as I get my turn after I make this."  
  
"Deal," Miles said. He watched the kid get ready for his shot. He started grunting as he fucked Cori's face and Cori picked up what he was saying over and over, "arch, arch". She took the lead and arched her back, making her ass stick up even higher, her curves more apparent, her tits pop out even more. Miles took his cock out and put his hand under chin, forcing her head up, further exaggerating the arch of her back as he bounced his balls on forehead, then dropped them into her mouth.  
  
She was shaking her ass, arching her back, sucking Miles' balls. What else could she do to distract the golfer? She started making choking and slobbering sounds as she worked on Miles' cock and balls, then moaned and groaned as if she were about to cum. One of those moans was well-timed, coming just as he hit the ball. His head snapped up a moment too early as her heard what sounded like a woman in orgasm and he topped the ball. It was right on line, but hit too softly, it stopped three inches shy of the hole.  
  
"Too bad," Miles laughed. "Pay up and move on."  
  
Sam collected the money and one of the guys went over to take a picture of Cori and another tried to grab her ass. But Victor stepped in between. "You lose, gentlemen," he said. "Now drag your shriveled up dicks to the next hole. Cori only plays with big boy golfers, you know. Come back when you learn a little about respect."  
  
"Fuck you and that ugly bitch," one of the guys sputtered, furious that he had lost his money and been shown up by a group of rich old guys. He slung his club into a pond and stormed to the next hole with his buddies.  
  
Cori could tell they were gone, but couldn't see it for herself. All she could see right now was Miles' belly as his cock continued to fill her mouth, his balls slapping rhythmically against her chin now as she settled into a steady beat, quickly working toward his orgasm. Victor and Sam sat back on their cart, drinking a beer and watching the show. Two more beer girls drove up, their mouths agape at the x-rated scene playing out on the seventh hole.  
  
"Um, you guys need a beer?" one of the girls laughed uncomfortably.  
  
"Sure," Sam said. "Got any water? She might want to rinse her mouth out in a few minutes, if you know what I mean."  
  
"Yeah, I don't mind swallowing," the other girl said, batting her eyes at Sam suggestively. "But I know some girls just can't handle it. I'll do anything for my man."  
  
"And his money," Victor said, dismissing the gold digger. "He'd seen plenty of her type around here. Pretty but too dumb and too shallow to know what it was all about. Not like Cori. In the short time he'd been around her, he realized she was several steps ahead of these girls. Sexy as hell, yes, but also mature and smart and intuitive. That's why she was so fun to play with. She understood what they wanted and was happy to give to them for fair payback. It was all about understanding your assets and liabilities and the laws of supply and demand. Everything -- including sex -- came down to business sense. Cori had it and these particular beer girls didn't.  
  
The girls stayed until Miles came, watching Cori swallow every drop, licking her lips hungrily. She had heard what the little bitch had said about her not knowing how to take care of her man. Cori was generally very friendly with other girls and seldom jealous or judgmental. But that bitch's comment had pissed her off and, much like Miles, Victor and Sam had been with the other golfers, Cori wanted to put her in her place. None of these guys was Cori's boyfriend, but that girl didn't know that. She had no right to try to steal them from her or to try to insinuate that she was a better cocksucker. Cori purposely let a drop of cum seep onto her chin, then, staring at the sorority girl on the golf cart, stuck out her tongue and lapped it up, finishing with a swallow.  
  
"Any questions?" she asked. Her male companions howled in delight as the sorority sisters acted offended and sped off, sputtering about stupid sluts.  
  
"Way to go, Cori," Victor high-fived her, then slapped her on the ass like two football players congratulating each other. "You really put them in their place."  
  
"Thanks," Cori beamed. "You guys did the same with those guys. I'm just glad that last shot fell short. That was close."  
  
"I wasn't worried," Miles said honestly. "Punks like that never get the best of you. Just like those girls. You shouldn't worry about them."  
  
"I don't usually let stuff like that bother me," Cori said, taking a big drink of water to wash down the remnants of cum in her mouth. "I just don't like to be judged. People judge me all the time. They think I'm stupid because of how I look or I'm a slut because of how I dress. You guys judged me the other day. I know. That's why I was rude to you. But as much as I hate that, I hate people thinking their better than me. That bitch had no right to think she was better than me. You don't have to like me or agree with how I live my life, but I deserve and demand to be respected."  
  
It was one of the most frank speeches Cori had ever made, one of the most self-aware. And it looked ridiculous coming from a girl standing in the middle of a golf course, half-naked, a tail hanging out of her ass, cum drying on her lips and surrounded by three men twice her age. But she felt it strongly. She said it and, she could tell that they heard her.  
  
"I respect any girl that can suck cock like that," Miles said.  
  
"You don't have to worry about what people think of you. Men love and women hate you. You might as well get used to it," Sam said.  
  
Their comments weren't exactly the comfort and support and level of maturity Cori was hoping for, but Victor seemed to get it.  
  
"Listen," he said slowly, "you are the hottest girl I've ever seen. Honestly. But don't ever let that define you. Use it to your advantage to make your life better. You're using it now for someone else and I bet you've done that a lot in your life. That's nice. It's sweet. But people will disrespect you and take advantage of you."  
  
Cori thought of her step-dad and his cohorts. Victor was so right.  
  
"Hell, we're taking advantage of you now," Victor continued. "And there's no chance we're not going to keep doing it today and tomorrow. Sorry, you're too hot and that's just the way it is. But don't let your whole life be a series of these types of bargains and deals. If you're willing to use your body like you are now, you can do a lot of things. But don't sell yourself short and settle for a sugar daddy or end up taking tips from a beer cart. Think big. Because, in 15 years when you're the hottest milf in town, you're going to want something more. You're smart enough, so don't every get down on yourself. Stay tough like you are now. It will all be worth it some day. And keep having fun. Sex is supposed to be fun and your attitude is perfect."  
  
"Thank you so much," Cori said, their eyes connecting. She glanced and realized that Miles and Sam were already setting up on the next tee. They hadn't realized the seriousness of this exchange to Cori. But there was Victor, right with her. She didn't feel any romantic connection to him or anything like that, but she felt a connection. Maybe it was almost father-like -- an elder who seemed to truly understand and respect her, even if he did have every intention of fucking her five or six different ways in the next day and a half. Ben at the shop had been like a big brother. John had been like a grandfather, even though he wasn't that old. And Ty had been the party friend. Her step-dad had been a jerk, Crisp a near rapist and Tony a savior. Gerald was sweet and harmless. But no one had been like a father to her. Maybe he hadn't been yesterday and maybe he wouldn't be tomorrow, but right then, in that moment, Victor had been the best father she had ever had. She didn't know how to tell him that, so they walked silently toward the next green, ready to continue.  
  
She could see by the gleam in his eye that Sam already had an idea. He had moved on from the encounters with the guys and the beer girls. His mind remained focus on one thing -- Cori and her body and, more specifically, how to show it off for his own amusement. Miles seemed to be of a like mind and was certainly in good spirits, thanks to the incomparable feeling of having received two world-class blowjobs in the past couple of hours -- both in front of a jealous audience.

"All right, since we have such a big lead, we're going to give them a chance, Cori," Miles said. "I'm going hit left-handed on this hole and you're going to, well, it would be easier to show you than tell you. Take off your jacket."  
  
Cori took off her jacket and handed it Victor, who threw it in one of the golf carts. Miles took the butt plug out of her ass and they threw that back in the gym bag. She was standing at the tee on the eighth hole, topless, a pair of nipple rings and a small chain hanging between them. She had on her tiny black-and-white plaid pleated skirt, white leg warmers and heels. The red bow was still in her hair and her candy-red lipstick looked unblemished despite the blowjob a few minutes ago.  
  
Miles grabbed the center point of the chain that connected her nipples and attached another gold chain to it. He handed her driver to her and told her to get in her stance as if she was about to hit the ball. She measured the distance from the ball, scooting back a few inches to give her room to extend her arms, keeping her feet shoulder width apart.  
  
"OK, hold that pose," Miles said. He ducked down below her arms and grabbed the other end of the chain that he had just connected to her. This end of the chain had a large gold ring on it with a clasp that could be opened and shut with a quick flip of the thumb. He opened the clasp and snapped the ring around the shaft of the golf club, pushing the ring down until both the chain connecting her nipples and the chain from there to the club were taut. Then, he fastened a small clamp to the shaft of the club above the ring, ensuring that the ring wouldn't slide back up the shaft and provide any slack. Cori could feel a slight tug on her nipples, but nothing painful. At least not yet.  
  
"All right, you have to play every stroke of this hole just like this," Miles said. "I imagine you'll want to shorten your swing a bit."  
  
"I imagine!" Cori laughed, again surprised by their screwball creativity. She took a short practice swing, barely drawing her arms back, exaggerating the twist of her torso to try to keep as little strain as possible on her nipples, then she drew the club forward slowly, testing to see how far she could follow through. "Wow, that feels so weird," Cori said, reminded of her fishing expedition yesterday. "OK, I think I can at least hit it. I don't think it will go far, though."  
  
"That's all right," Miles said. "But I should warn you, you must play your own ball this entire hole and it's the longest on the course."  
  
"Why am I not surprised?" Cori laughed again. She took the best swing she could, so focused on not hurting herself that she barely connected with the ball, which dribbled off the tee and went just a few yards before rolling to a stop.  
  
"Ugh," she groaned. "This might take all day."  
  
"I won't complain if it does," Miles said. They switched the chains to a different club and watched Cori swing again, admiring the way her nipples bent first to her right, then swung back to the left as she swung the golf club, her breasts jiggling with the motion. "That's a sight that would never get old."  
  
The guys each took their shots, even Miles easily out-distancing Cori, who took six shots just to match their first. Her nipples were getting more tender and sensitive with swing -- still no pain, just a discomfort that was aggravating and mildly arousing at the same time.  
  
"She's starting to get the hang of it," Sam said. "Better add step two."  
  
"Step two?" Cori asked. What now? Were they going to tie her clit to the club too?  
  
Victor took the red ribbon out of Cori's hair and, with Sam squeezing her tits together, tied it around her breasts, mashing them together before wrapping them up in a bow. The result was a bit of slack in the chain between her nipples, but Miles slid the ring on the golf club shaft down a bit to tighten it again.  
  
"Best present I ever saw," Victor said, admiring the package of tits and nipples.  
  
Cori thought she had to look ridiculous, but didn't figure this would make it much harder to swing than it already was. That was before Sam went to the golf cart and came back with a vibrator. He turned it on and put it inside Cori's pussy, pushing it back and forth a few times before leaving it there.  
  
"Let's see how that affects your swing," Sam chuckled.  
  
Cori just shook her head, knowing that this was going to be nearly impossible. She took a short, hard whack at the ball, surprised that her breasts didn't bust out of the ribbon. But Victor had tied it tight. She followed the ball, the men laughing as she walked gingerly, careful not to move the club too much, holding it close to her body. And she took small steps, fearful of shaking the vibrator around too much or having it fall out.  
  
The little thing was working too, humming happily inside her, slowly driving her crazy. By the time she finally sank her put -- 12 strokes in all -- her nipples were rock hard, her breasts were ultra sensitive and her pussy was getting wetter by the second. They took a few pictures of her, then reluctantly removed both chains from her as well as the nipple rings. They also removed the vibrator. The ribbon was still tied around her tits.  
  
"I wish she could play the whole round topless," Sam said. "But we're almost back up to the clubhouse for the turnaround. If the wrong people see us, they might report it to the board. I don't want to get Hildebrand in trouble."  
  
"I've got an idea," Miles said, eyeing the sand trap next to the green. "You guys got a good load stored up?"  
  
"Always," Sam said.  
  
"I was ready to blow half an hour ago," Victor admitted.  
  
"Good," Miles said. "Do it however you want, but just make sure you get every drop on her tits, especially her nipples."  
  
Sam saw Miles eyeing the sand trap and caught on. "Sure thing," he said. They led Cori over the back side of the green just to the side of the sand trap. They were secluded back here and Sam wasted no time taking his cock out. Victor followed suit and Cori dropped to her knees, sucking both cocks, alternating from one to the other while they fondled her tits. Understanding that time was an issue, neither man tried to hold back, both reaching their orgasms quickly. Victor came first, plastering her left breast with a large load, purposely holding his cock to her breast and letting the cum seep out rather than jerking it and producing wild jets of cum. The result was a fairly solid coating of cum that blanketed from just above her left nipple, over the nipple and oozed toward the underside of her breast.  
  
"Nice shooting," Sam said, and did his best to duplicate the effort with her right breast. The second they were done, Miles stepped in and led Cori by the elbow to the sand trap.  
  
'Lay on your belly and stick your tits in the sand," he said.  
  
Cori finally got it. They wanted to use their cum to make the sand stick to her breasts. If they got enough on there, it would look from a distance like she had a small brown bikini top on when, in reality, she would still be topless. "You guys are crazy," she laughed. But she did it anyway, pressing her breasts into the soft sand, glad that it wasn't too rough on her nipples. She shifted around a bit, trying to make sure she got as much on as she could, knowing the cum would dry quickly with the sand on there. When she stood up, sure enough, both nipples were covered with sand as was a decent size patch of the skin around the nipples.  
  
"Wow, that feels funny," she said, looking down at her breasts. She noticed that there were a couple globs of cum on the red ribbon, but they had done a good job of keeping most of it on her tits. Miles took the ribbon off and told her tie it back in her hair. She knew he had seen the cum on it but, since he made no mention of wiping it off first, she tied it in her hair anyway. It was hardly the first time she had cum in her hair and she knew it wouldn't be the last.  
  
Now she stood before them with her cum-coated red ribbon in her hair, her tits covered by a layer of cum and sand and her ass and pussy still hanging out below her hiked up skirt. She still wore her leg warmers and high heels as they approached the ninth hole.  
  
This time when she swung, there was nothing to restrain her arms or breasts, so she hit the ball hard, her tits jiggling freely, the sand sticking to them surprisingly well.  
  
The guys didn't want to ruin the chance to make her walk the course naked by fondling her tits as much as they had been, so the focused instead on her ass, randomly grabbing and groping it, squeezing between her legs as they waited for each other to tee off. In the cart, Miles' hand rested squarely between her thighs, fingering her pussy. Normally, guys this age who had gotten off so many times in the last couple of days would have been worn out by now. But Cori knew these were men who popped Viagra like it was candy and had been having sex multiple times a day for most of their adult lives. Their stamina and sexual desire seldom waned. And if it did, they certainly were happy to use her as a stimulus to build it back up with their crazy games.  
  
The green to the ninth hole was next to the clubhouse and was a popular halfway stopping point for restroom breaks and refreshments. The guys decided it was time to see just how well Cori's sand top was working. They sent her in to the clubhouse, telling her to use the restroom first if she needed to, then go to the snack bar and order four milk shakes. They each sat at a table several feet from the snack bar where they could watch the show.  
  
The door was right next to the entrance to the restrooms, so Cori was able to duck in with no one really taking notice. She was happy to find the restroom unoccupied -- not a shock since there were only a handful of girls working and everyone else here was male. She sat down on the toilet, collecting her thoughts. She wasn't stressed or scared or angry, but she needed a moment to herself to just relax and not think about what body parts were exposed, who was looking and how she would be used next.  
  
She looked down at her tits, aware of the odd feeling of sticky cum plastered to her skin, topped with a fine layer of soft, light brown sand. It was such a bizarre site, seeing her nipples stick out, completely unencumbered, yet completely covered by the sand. It reminded her of those swimsuit models who had the swimsuits painted on them so that they really weren't wearing anything but it looked like they were.  
  
She sat there for several minutes. She was tired. She had fucked so much the last two days, not to mention snorkeling, fishing, playing tennis and now golf. It was exhausting, yet she knew there was no letting up now. Miles still had half a day and Victor had a full day and they were surely neither one going to tell her to take a couple hours and take a nap. It was OK, she told herself, after tomorrow, she'd be back on her own, just relaxing for the rest of her vacation. How nice would it be to go to bed by herself, sleep in and wake up without a hard cock poking at her somewhere? As much as she liked a good morning fuck, she couldn't wait.  
  
Realizing that the guys were probably waiting for her, she got up, checked her self in the mirror, then walked out. She saw them sitting at a table, smiling at her as she walked out. She heard a couple of whistles, but she wasn't sure if it was them or someone else. Heads were turning now, whispers and murmurs turning into louder comments as she walked toward the snack bar, her tits jiggling and her skirt bouncing around, hopelessly trying to cover her ass and pussy.  
  
There was a young redhead with perky tits waiting at the snack bar. She wore the same outfit the bar cart girls had worn and greeted Cori with a smile. "So, you're the guest celebrity today," she said without a hint of sarcasm. "The guys have been talking about you all afternoon. I see why." There was no judgment in her voice. She was pleasant and matter-of-fact.  
  
"Really?" Cori asked.  
  
"Of course," the redhead said. "It's not often there's a woman allowed to play here and if there is she's usually someone really important. No offense, but you don't exactly measure up to a Senator in that respect."  
  
"None taken," Cori said. "Um, I need four milk shakes, please." She handed the girl the money Miles had given her.  
  
"Sure," the redhead said. "So, what's holding the sand on? Or shouldn't I ask?"  
  
"Well, I'm sure you can guess," Cori said, laughing, relieved that the redhead had noticed but not judged her or made some grand announcement to the rest of the place. That bitch on the golf course would have tried to humiliate her, but this girl -- Robin, according to the name on the back of her shirt -- was much nicer.  
  
"I'm sure I can," Robin said, glancing toward the three guys at the table. "And I'm sure if your boyfriends would let them, the rest of the guys in this place would make sure the rest of your body was covered the same way."  
  
"They wouldn't do that, would they?"  
  
"I don't think so," Robin said. "Those guys come here all the time and you're the first girl I've ever seen with them. I think they're jerks, but they seem fairly harmless."  
  
"I wouldn't say harmless," Cori said, thinking of how they had treated Gerald, "but they haven't hurt me and I don't think they will." Just then she felt a hard smack on her ass and turned to see a large man with a beard and mustache leering over her, staring at her tits while his left handed continued to rest on her ass.  
  
"Might I buy you drink, my dear?" the man sleazed.  
  
"Uhh, I'm with those guys over there," Cori said, nodding toward Miles, Victor and Sam, hoping that they would come to defend her. But they just sat there, watching and laughing and Cori realized that they had put this jerk up to it. Sure enough, the guy chuckled, pinched Cori's ass and yelled to them as he walked back to toward their table, tossing them a $20 billl, "You're right fellas, tightest ass I've ever felt."  
  
"I'd tell you to watch your back," Robin said sympathetically, "but it looks like everyone is already doing that for you. Just take care."  
  
Cori nodded and turned back toward the table, carrying a try with the four milk shakes. Miles handed her the $20, "Here, you earned it," he said, grinning. She took it and tucked it inside her legwarmer, aware that everyone had seen what had just happened. The money wasn't an issue. It was merely a prop, she realized, to send the message to everyone that she could be bought and sold.  
  
"Hey, I like the looks of those milk shakes," a guy at a table next to them said, leering at her chest.  
  
"Go get him one, Cori," Miles said. "And put a little extra bounce in your step, if you know what I mean. The man said he likes the looks of milk shakes."  
  
Cori knew exactly what he meant, of course. They wanted her to make her tits bounce as much as possible while she walked -- make her milk jugs shake for them. She got up and walked to the snack bar, doing the exaggerated hip shake, placing one foot directly in front of the other like the fashion models always did. She knew this would create some extra bounce and make her tits jiggle for them.  
  
When she returned with the shake, she bent over the table in front of him, did a little shimmy to make her tits smack together, and placed it on the table. The man tucked $10 inside her leg warmer and gave her a pinch on the ass as she walked away. Now, everyone was waving money and asking for a milk shake. Miles gave her the nod indicating that she should serve them all. Someone played the pop song with the line "my milkshake brings all the boys to the yard," which made Cori laugh as she returned to the snack bar. For the next half hour, Cori showed off her milk shake while Robin frantically made the shakes.  
  
With each delivery, the guys would grab the shake, a handful of ass and stuff money into her leg warmers. As she'd walk by the tables, guys were reaching out, pinching her ass. They either all knew or suspected what was holding the sand on her breasts and didn't touch them -- at least not with their hands.  
  
Some guys got creative and started using spoons to tap her tits and make them jiggle or golf-glove covered hands to grab a handful. One guy had a golf club with him and used it to reach out and lift Cori's skirt in the back while she brought a milk shake to the man at the table next to him. He lifted it high, showing off her bare ass -- then her pussy as she lifted her leg to accept payment.  
  
When they were done, Cori took all of the money out of her leg warmer and threw it in Robin's tip jar. "You earned that more than I did," she said. She walked away before Robin could protest.  
  
Robin returned to the table to find Hildebrand, the manager, talking with Miles and the others. "Look, I like this as much as you do," he was saying, pointing at Cori's tits. "But I told you before we started this, I can't have you parading her around her naked."  
  
"She's not," Miles protested. "See, her tits are covered."  
  
"I know what they're covered with," Hildebrand said. "Plus, I can see her ass and cunt every time she moves. Look, you want to fuck her behind the greens or whatever, go for it. But there are too many important people who come here who could shut me down if they felt like it. I need to be on the good side of local government and they need to be on the good side of the people. If people find out they are members at a golf course where women are paraded around naked, I'll be the fall guy. Put a top on her, please, and pull that skirt down a little."  
  
"All right," Miles said. "Sorry about that."  
  
"Don't worry about it," Hildebrand said, looking at Cori again. "No offense, honey. You're gorgeous. Damn, you're gorgeous."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said, pulling her skirt down to where it normally would be worn. It was still quite short, but no longer would her pussy be bared without her bending over. "No problem." Then to the guys she said, "Hey, do you mind if I wash the sand off before I put a top on? It doesn't hurt now, but that sand rubbing around under that jacket would be pretty rough."  
  
"Sure," Miles said. "We'll help you. There's a water hazard on 10, right Hildebrand?"  
  
"Yes," he said. "Look, if that's where you want to wash her off, just do it quick, all right."  
  
"You got it," Miles said. They got up and left the clubhouse, quickly teeing off on the 10th hole and making their way down to the green and the small pond that sat next to it.  
  
"Take off your leg warmers," Miles said. "Soak them in the water and use them as a washcloth to wipe off your tits."  
  
Cori didn't need to be told to bend over at the waist to roll down her leg warmers. When she had them rolled all the way down to the ground, she nimbly stepped out of them, balancing on one leg, not even losing her balance when she felt a hand -- Miles' as it turned out -- caressing her ass.  
  
She continued to be bent over at the waist while she soaked the leg warmers in the warm pond water. Miles took advantage of the opportunity to stand behind her and pose while Sam took pictures. Miles lifted Cori's skirt, proudly displaying her ass like a model showing off a new car on a game show. Then he knelt down next to her and pressed a bright, white new golf ball against her pussy lips, sticking it in just far enough that she could hold it there while Sam took pictures. Miles removed the ball and pushed the shaft of his golf club between her pussy lips, sliding it back and forth across her clit while the camera snapped away. The leg warmers had long been soaked before Miles finally stepped away and the impromptu photo shoot was over.  
  
Cori stood up and Sam and Victor stepped up, taking the wet leg warmers out of her hands.  
  
"We'll take care of this," Victor smiled. He manned her left breast while Sam took the right. First, they both squeezed the excess water out of the leg warmers, letting it spill over her breasts, immediately washing away much of the sand. Then, gently but with enough firmness to scrub off the particularly sticky spots, they held and rubbed her breasts, wiping away sand and cum.

Cori couldn't help but respond to the feel of the soft cloth rubbing over her breasts, her nipples responding to the gentle strokes and occasional tugs and tweaks. Cori had always had sensitive breasts, and the attention the guys had paid them throughout the course of the outing was getting to her. She wouldn't have complained if they had cut the outing short and one of them took her back to his room for a long, slow fuck. Yes, she thought that would feel really good right about now. But, of course, they had all recently gotten off. They were in play mode, gearing up for their next go-round. She had to remind herself that it might be a while before she got a chance to cum -- if she got one at all. If all they wanted was blowjobs the rest of the night -- always a distinct possibility -- she'd be out of luck most likely.  
  
The stimulation continued when Miles dried her off using a soft terry-cloth golf towel and then put the nipple rings and connecting chain back in. Victor held her nipples steady while Miles put the rings in, then gave both nipples a lick and suck. Her nipples were achingly hard now and the guys were taking notice.  
  
"Damn," Victor said, "your nipples are always great, but they're unbelievable right now. They look like they're about to pop."  
  
"They feel like it," Cori mock pouted, sticking out her bottom lip. "You guys are driving them crazy."  
  
"Well, no reason to stop now," Victor said, resuming the nipple play while Miles and Sam finished the hole. Victor sucked and licked on her nipples, pinching whichever one his mouth wasn't on. He tugged on the rings and pulled the chain up and down and side to side, twisting and bending her nipples in all directions. Cori whimpered but it was obviously a cry of happiness and frustration, not pain. When it was Victor's turn to finish, Sam and Miles took up the cause, each gently pushing her breasts from the sides, slapping them into each other.  
  
Miles then grabbed the chain and led her to the next tee. He was gentle, but the tug still extended her already rock-hard nipples even more. She felt the twinge of pleasure mixed with just an ounce of sweet pain shoot from her nipples as if it was a jolt of electricity running from one nipple to the other across that gold chain, the rings acting as superconductors to multiply the experience. She felt her pussy growing warmer and her clit was hinting that it would like some attention.  
  
Before Sam put his tee into the ground, he held it up against Cori's nipple, which was still distended by Miles' pull. "Look at that -- almost the same length. Fuck, we should tee off on those instead."  
  
They all looked at each other, the thought striking them at the same time. Maybe there was a way they could do just that. Sam used a pocket knife to strip off a thin piece -- barely wider than a thread -- of the golf towel. They had Cori lay down on her back and Miles held her left breast steady while Sam placed the stem of the tee alongside Cori's nipple, then used the thread to tie them together, almost like a splint. With the stem alongside her nipple instead of on top of it, the small head of the tee rested on the end of her nipple.  
  
"Hold your breast real still and squeeze it tight," Miles said. Cori did so, growing more and more nervous by the second. This seemed very dangerous and quite possibly very painful. Plus, it didn't seem like they had planned this one in advance, so she was questioning their judgment. They had already drank a few beers and were no doubt high on testosterone and adrenaline at this point. Could they be sure they wouldn't hurt her? She knew one thing, she was going to hold her breast very still.  
  
Miles bent over her and gently placed his golf ball on the tee attached to her nipple. Sam was taking pictures again and Victor was reminding Miles to be very careful. "Let's not drive for show on this one, fellas. Nice, easy, controlled swings, OK? I still got a full day tomorrow and I don't want her out of commission."  
  
"No problem," Miles smiled. "Don't worry, Cori. We wouldn't hurt you for the world. Just hold still. If I miss, I'll miss high, I promise."  
  
Miss? Cori felt only slightly better. Miles stood over her now, testing his stance as he straddled her head, making sure he wasn't stepping on her hair as he slowly wagged the club back and forth in small practice swings, measuring the distance, making sure he could hit the ball without hitting her.  
  
Finally, he drew back slowly and took a half-power swing, making sure his contact was true as he hit the ball cleanly off the tee. She felt a quick tug as the club just barely scraped across the top of the tee.  
  
"How was that?" Miles asked her, at least some genuine concern in his voice.  
  
"Fine," Cori smiled. "I have to tell you, I was a little worried. You guys try stuff I would never think of."  
  
"It's all fun -- as long as no one gets hurt," Victor said. "You're a good sport."  
  
Sam shot next, clipping just a bit more of the tee, but not enough to cause more than a moment's discomfort. Victor was overly cautious and topped his shot, sending reverberations down through her breast and making it jiggle as the ball dribbled meekly down the fairway.  
  
"That was great," Miles said, removing the tee from her nipple. "Let's see that during the Masters next year."  
  
"Master-baters, you mean," Sam laughed.  
  
They let Cori take the hole off as she put her jacket back on, unzipping it to the catch so that her cleavage and the gold chain were still quite visible.  
  
Miles was spending more and more time fondling her now, obviously warming up for a night of sexual adventures and Cori was starting to look forward to it too, hoping for a chance to cum. But the problem was, his golf game was suffering and Victor and Miles tied the score through 15 holes. Miles needs to focus so we can win, Cori thought, but she could see in his eyes that he was thinking about something besides golf now.  
  
"Since the tit tee off went so well," he said, "what do you guys say we flip her over? I don't know about you, but I'd sure like to hit that ass."  
  
"I like the way you think," Sam nodded.  
  
They had Cori lay down on her belly this time, actually resting on her elbows and knees, her ass sticking high in the air. They flipped her skirt up so it rested in the small of her back. Miles put a tee between her ass cheeks, near the top of her crack. "Squeeze your ass real tight," he said. She did and he flipped the tee with his finger. It barely moved.  
  
"Look at that ass," he said. "Damn, that is one tight, firm ass, babe. You must really hit the gym, huh?"  
  
"I try," she said.  
  
"Well, just remember how hard your squeezing now when I'm inside you tonight," Miles said. "I want to feel the same thing."  
  
"That tee's about the same size as your dick," Sam joked.  
  
"Got it good and tight?" Miles asked Cori as he set the ball on the tee.  
  
"I think so."  
  
"OK, here goes." Miles took a practice swing, testing the height of the ball. With her ass so high in the air, the ball was setting around knee height, much higher than a normal tee shot. When he was comfortable with his swing, he drew back and took almost a full swing, driving the ball off her ass. It sliced badly into the trees, but he didn't see it. He never took his eyes off her ass. He knew at least once tonight, he was going to own that thing.  
  
He stepped aside and Sam stepped. Feeling a little more comfortable now, Cori wiggled her ass invitingly. "You want to hit this, too?" she asked playfully.  
  
"Already did, remember?" Sam laughed.  
  
"Ooh, yeah, how could I forget!" Cori squealed, wiggling her ass some more.  
  
Sam took a little extra time setting his ball on the tee, squeezing and rubbing her ass, tapping her cheek to admire the tightness of her body. He was totally distracted by the time he shot and his shot veered off badly into the trees, but took a wild ricochet and landed just in front of the green.  
  
Victor knelt down behind Cori, admiring her pussy and noting that it was moist -- probably a mixture of sweat and some of her own juices produced by the various stimuli of the day. He rubbed her pussy gently, parting the soft lips and then sliding his golf ball up and down her juicy slit.  
  
"I haven't hit a straight shot all day," he said. "They say spitballs make a baseball go crazy directions. Let's see what hot pussy juice does to a golf ball. Couldn't make it any worse."  
  
He placed the wet ball on the tee, noting the way her juices glistened off the surface of the pristinely white ball. He couldn't wait to coat his own balls in those juices again. Thinking of that, he smacked the ball hard. It went straight down the fairway, but the thick juice coating the ball made it skid as it landed, taking a crazy hop sideways into the sandtrap. They took the tee out of Cori's ass and proceeded toward the green. When Victor found his ball, he held it up for all to see. Much like the cum on her tits earlier, her own viscous fluids had caused the sand to stick to the ball, coating it. He chucked it into the woods and dropped a clean ball for his next shot.  
  
Miles missed an easy putt and suddenly he and Cori were behind. He hooked another drive and missed two more easy putts. Cori hit one, but by the end of the round, she and Miles trailed by two strokes. Cori didn't realize Miles had lost the bet on purpose and was disappointed for him. She had wanted him to win, especially this being his day with her. Plus, she knew he was extremely competitive, so she felt responsible for making him lose -- and buy dinner for everyone. He could afford it, of course, but she knew how guys were. It was about pride and bragging rights and all that macho stuff. Miles wouldn't like the other guys making fun of him during dinner. She told herself she'd have to make it up to him by being extra fun and flirty during dinner and that much more enthusiastic in bed later. No problem there, she mused to herself, I'm so horny I won't have to do much acting to make I him think I want to be fucked.  
  
They went into the clubhouse, Victor and Sam high-fiving each other while Miles consoled himself by putting his arm around Cori's waist, resting his hand below her skirt, directly on her ass cheek. He tugged Cori's zipper up half way, making sure that her nipples weren't exposed, though her cleavage certainly was. Hildebrand was waiting for them as they came in and quickly escorted them into a private dining room.  
  
"Please, have a seat and enjoy your meal," he smiled, not taking his eyes off Cori's chest. "I'll have Cameron bring you out some drinks."  
  
He started to walk away, then stopped as he reached the door, "Oh, as you know, this dining area is completely private. You may, uh, do as you please in here."  
  
"Thank you, William," Miles nodded. "Please come back and join us for dessert if you have time."  
  
"I just might," Hildebrand grinned.  
  
Before Cori could even sit down, Miles was pulling her jacket off and throwing it onto a love seat. The room was much smaller than the public area, but still had room for two tables, each seating six, and there was also a leather love seat, couch and a mini-bar with four stools. It was quiet, dark and private.  
  
Miles pulled Cori's chair out for her and pushed it in, watching her tits bounce as she hopped up to let him push her in closer to the table. He looked around for the silverware, but didn't see it. He hoped they hadn't forgotten his special request.  
  
They all sat down and Heather appeared moments later. She was a petite girl with small breasts, but the kind of body that definitely appealed to an ass and leg man. Her butt was small and tight and her legs seemed very long and slender for such a short girl. She wasn't a hard-bodied, toned, athletic type like Cori, but she had a cute face, the great lower body and just enough curves to catch a man's eye.  
  
"Hi, I'm Heather," she said. Obviously, she had been prepped for the occasion and didn't even do a double take at the sight of Cori's naked breasts with gold nipple rings connected by that small gold chain. "May I bring you something to drink?"  
  
They all ordered drinks and Miles added, "Could you also go ahead and bring out our silverware?"  
  
"Of course," Heather said. "Mr. Hildebrand mentioned that you would be wanting it. I'll bring it right out."  
  
She walked away and Cori noticed that all of the guys watched her ass as she left the room. Hell, even with her sitting right there, topless, they still looked. Guys just couldn't help themselves, could they?  
  
Heather returned moments later with their drinks and silverware. One of the napkins had a red band wrapped around it and she handed this one to Miles. "I believe this is the special set you requested, sir."  
  
Miles thanked her and unwrapped the silverware. He hadn't even told Victor and Sam about his plan, but when he held up the knife, fork and spoon, they began to get an idea. Cori, on the other hand, didn't understand. Why did each of the handles have a hole in them? And why were there short silver chains attached to each? She found quickly, as Miles unclipped the gold chain between her nipples and replaced it with the silverware. He clipped the knife and spoon to her left breast and the fork to her right. There was ample slack in the chain for the utensils to rest comfortably on the table, only providing a slight tug down on her nipples.  
  
"Brilliant," Sam nodded to Miles.  
  
"I have to eat like this?" Cori asked. She wasn't mad, just surprised. What wouldn't these guys think of next? She'd never had her nipples teased in so many ways before. This was definitely a new one.  
  
"Yep," Miles said. "And, Cori, please be sure you order some soup, a salad and some kind of meat. You need to use all of the utensils, my dear."  
  
"Of course," Cori giggled, holding up the silverware and shaking her head. She put the fork to her mouth, testing the distance. The chain was too short to reach her mouth without her either bending her head or pulling up on her nipple. She bent her head, but Miles quickly admonished her.  
  
"Head up, back straight at all times," he said. "If anything moves, it better be your nipples."  
  
Cori laughed again and tried it, feeling the pull on her nipple as she put the empty fork into her mouth. She looked down at her breast, seeing the end of her breast turned up, her nipple pulled up and back. She had sucked her own nipples plenty of times before, hoisting her breast into her mouth. But this, well, this was totally different. This was a more drastic pull on her nipples than the boat or golf swing either one had been. Because of the potential for injury, the guys had left a little more slack on those occasions. But this time, there was no slack between her nipple and her mouth. A very big meal was going to be sweet torture for those hardened buds. Cori didn't know how much more they could take, but she was anxious to find out. As long as it didn't cross over from stimulation to pain, she could and would handle it.  
  
She ordered grilled chicken with pasta, a salad and cup of soup. Heather brought the soup first, setting it down in front of Cori. "Ah, a little further away," Miles said. Heather moved it a few inches from Cori until the spoon would just barely reach the cup -- and then only if she pulled hard enough on the chain to distend her breast and stretch her nipple to its fullest length.  
  
"Pefect," Miles said, his gaze unwavering as he watched her eat the soup, slowly taking one spoonful at a time. Her left nipple would first stretch way out to reach the cup, then snap back only to be pulled up to her mouth. Out and up, out and up, over and over her nipple was stretched and pulled. Cori could practically hear a personal trainer screaming in her ear, "Out! Up! Out! Up! Come on, 20 more reps! Feel the burn! Out! Up"  
  
Well, there wasn't really a burn, but there was a distinct, uncomfortable tingle in her left nipple, it's sensitive nerve endings getting so overmatched that they went from hypersensitive to almost numb now. That was until she dropped a bit of the soup on her breast. It wasn't hot enough to burn, but it was hot enough to get her attention. Miles, to his credit, quickly wiped it off with a napkin and Victor held an ice cube to the reddened area, rubbing it all over her breast and nipple until it had melted and the redness had dissipated.  
  
"Better?" he asked.  
  
"Yes, much," Cori laughed. "Thanks. I guess I'm not used to eating with my left hand."  
  
She finished the soup without further incident, but the salad came next. At least this was with her right hand and there was no danger of burning her tits. She did drop some ranch dressing on her right nipple and Miles commented that it looked a lot like the load of sperm that had adorned that same breast only a couple hours ago. He lifted her breast to her mouth and she licked it off, her breast tingling at the feeling of her own tongue on her nipple. She shifted in her seat. She felt hot and moist and was sure that she was going to leave a mark on the leather seat.  
  
Hildebrand came back and sat at the table with them as the main course was brought out. Heather brought him a steak and he joined the others in watching Cori tackle the difficult task of cutting the chicken, both nipples extended to their fullest as the cut with the knife in her left hand and held the chicken down with the fork in her right. The pasta was equally challenging, as Miles insisted she twirl it on her fork. The twirling motion twisted her right nipple, adding torque to the steady pull. It didn't hurt much because she stopped every time she sensed that she was about to pass into the pain area, but the discomfort and stimulation was unending. Her nipples were puffy, red and ached from the near-constant teasing and tormenting they had taken today. None of it had been violent or painful, but the constant attention was taking its toll. Her clit throbbed and she now not only wanted release, but needed it. She needed to cum so bad to relieve the pressure in her clit and nipples. She didn't know if it would help, but she felt her clit and nipples were swollen and raw and about to pop.  
  
She felt this way inside, but outwardly, she maintained her composure. Oh, sure, they could tell she was feeling some effects, but they had no idea just how much she was feeling it.  
  
Dessert was a dish of ice cream and Cori couldn't believe her sense of relief when Miles told her she didn't have to keep using the silverware attached to her nipples. He removed all three pieces and re-attached the gold chain connecting her nipples. Cori reach for the spoon to eat the ice cream, but Miles stopped her. "Use these," he said, gently flicking her nipples. "They're looking a little red and swollen. The cold might do them some good."  
  
Cori shook her head, laughing again. Oh my god, these guys were determined to drive her crazy. She knew the cold wouldn't help at all. It was only going to make her nipples harder, more sensitive, her horniness growing to levels she had seldom reached. But again, she was calm as she dipped her right nipple into the soft, cool ice cream. It was vanilla and the white dessert looked fantastic against her dark skin as she raised her breast to her mouth and sucked the ice cream off, remnants clinging to her lips and chin, in no way a subtle reminder to the guys of how their cum looked on her face.  
  
She looked at Hildebrand and was surprised to see that he was rubbing his crotch. She had this effect on guys before, of course, but she didn't expect it from the manager of such a prestigious club, a man who seemed so calm and professional. He wasn't even trying to hide it and, she noted, he had reason to be proud. His bulge was sizable. Uncharacteristically for her, she felt an urge to see it. To lick it. To make it so hard that it feel like a piece of steel inside her pussy and she would ride it for hours while she came over and over again, finally getting the release she needed.

Miles interrupted her brief fantasy by reminding her to use both breasts to eat her ice cream. She continued on, looking each of the men in the eye as she did so, knowing they liked that eye contact as they imagined her sucking them off the way she was slurping the ice cream off her tits.  
  
When she got to the bottom and only a little of the melted ice cream lay pooled in the bottom of the cup, Miles dumped it on her tits. "Don't forget your milk, little kitten," Miles said, and she lapped up the last drops, letting out a playful "purr" at the end.  
  
"Our little kitten likes like it could use some petting," Sam teased.  
  
Heather brought out the check and handed it to Miles. He looked at it and then handed it to Cori. "I'll take care of mine and Sam's," he said. "You take care of yours and Victor's, OK?"  
  
"What ... I don't have any...?" Cori sputtered. "I don't have any money. I didn't realize ... I'm sorry .. where would I put it?"  
  
"Well, now, that's a fair question," Hildebrand said, leaning back, idly rubbing his crotch. "Here, she made all that money on the milk shakes earlier and gave it all away. No good deed..."  
  
"Indeed," Miles said. "Well, I suppose I could cover for you, but it's not hardly sporting. I mean, you lost as much as I did. I already paid for your milk shake and your golf and now I have to pay for two more meals? Just another gold digger, huh?"  
  
Cori knew he wasn't serious, but he was acting serious, which told her that she needed to play along. Obviously they had something up their sleeve for how she was going to pay. And the way Hildebrand was rubbing his crotch through his pants, she had a feeling she knew how. Well, it wouldn't be the first time a girl had paid for a meal with a blowjob. Or, maybe if she was lucky, he'd fuck her and she could cum too.  
  
"No, I'm not a gold digger," Cori said, frowning. "I'm so sorry. Can't I prove it to you by paying another way?"  
  
"Like how?" Miles asked, smiling now that he knew she understood her role.  
  
"I don't know. Maybe I can wash some dishes or wait on some tables or something," she said.  
  
"Nope, got plenty of staff tonight to take care of all that," Hildebrand said. "Plus, I only pay minimum wage so people can work off tips. You'd have to work a lot of hours to pay for all of this."  
  
"Yeah, well, there must be something I can do to cover the cost of these meals," Cori said. She stood up and walked over to Hildebrand, dropping to her knees in front of him. "Please, I'm begging you."  
  
"Well," he smiled, "there is something you could do for me...."  
  
"What, I'll do anything," Cori said.  
  
"It's true, she'll do anything," Sam crowed.  
  
"All right," Hildebrand said. "Well, I think a nice bit of around the world action would probably pay for a meal."  
  
"Around the world?" Cori played dumb.  
  
"Yes, around the world," Hildebrand said. "My cock in your ass, your pussy and your mouth -- not necessarily in that order. You might not know the name, but I'm sure you've played that game many times."  
  
"Yes, I have," Cori smiled up at him. "But you said one meal. What about the other?"  
  
"We put out a brochure to try to attract some high-end clients," Hildebrand said. "We customize our literature for each client, trying to sell them on what they like -- beautiful course, high-end restaurant, luxury, etc. And some, as you might imagine, are particularly fond of our beer girls and servers."  
  
"They are beautiful girls," Cori said. She didn't realize Heather was behind her and heard the compliment.  
  
"Well, many of our girls prefer a bit of anonymity for one reason or another," Hildebrand continued. "Maybe they ran away from home or dropped out of school and don't want their parents to know. Or maybe they had an abusive boyfriend. Or maybe they do a little illicit business on the side with some of our customers. I don't know of any specific examples, of course, or I'd have them fired, but I've heard enough rumors to know it happens.  
  
"Regardless of the reason, it's tricky to include their photos in our promos to these particular clients. You, on the other hand, clearly have no qualms about anonymity. So, if you would perhaps model our uniforms and take a few pictures that we could use in our brochures, that would be fair trade value for another meal."  
  
Cori thought for just a second, then agreed.  
  
"Excellent," Hildebrand said, unzipping his trousers and pulling out the hard cock he had been rubbing for the past 15 minutes. It was an impressive dick, Cori admitted, looking to be at least seven inches long -- probably closer to eight -- and looked thick and meaty.  
  
"Here? Now?" Cori asked.  
  
"You ate here and now. Your check is here and now. The time to pay is here and now."  
  
"Of course, Cori said. She moved forward between his legs and took his cock into her mouth. He leaned back in his chair, looking down, watching her lips slid up and down his shaft while her tongue encircled his head and glided along the underside of his cock. He watched her cheeks hollow as she sucked hard and he looked into her eyes as she stared up at him and deep-throated him. He put his hands on the back of her head, making sure she stayed there for a while, impressed that he heard no gagging or choking, felt no attempts to back off. She was firmly in position, all of his cock stuffed into her mouth and throat, and apparently was willing to stay there as long as he wanted her to. He had an urge to pinch her nose and cut off her air -- not to be cruel, but just to see how long she could keep this up. He'd had plenty of deep throat blowjobs before, but never a girl who swallowed him this effortlessly. Shit, what an amazing feeling. What an amazing girl. He wanted to cum right then and there and make her swallow his load while Miles, Victor and Sam watched.  
  
Hildebrand was glad to see Heather had stuck around for the show too. The little blonde slut had a great ass. Maybe now that she saw how hung he was, she'd make a bid for a promotion some evening after work. Damn, he hoped so. He never made his girls have sex with him, but had gladly drilled every single one of them who had ever made the first move. Heather would be a nice addition to his pussy collection if she was willing. But that was for another day. Right now, one of the hottest sluts he'd ever seen was giving him the blowjob of his life. And he was about to be dumb enough to tell her to stop. In his game of around the world, he had barely left the country. It was time to head south, where it was even warmer, wetter and stickier.  
  
He pushed her away, stood up and had her lay across the arms of his chair. With her heels still on and her legs as straight as she could them, her ass and pussy were about waist high. He had to bend his knees just a bit, but any discomfort was well worth it as he calmly spread her thighs and slid his cock into her juicy cunt.  
  
"Now you're talking," Sam encouraged him. "That was a mighty fine meal. Get your money's worth out of her, pal."  
  
"Hey, I just thought of something," Miles said. "What about tip? Heather did a great job. What do you say, Heather, want to have your pussy licked?"  
  
Heather was taken aback at first, but watching Cori throughout the dinner and then watching her suck and fuck with Hildebrand had gotten her considerably aroused. Plus, the sight of Hildebrand's thick cock had been a welcome surprise. "Are you sure she doesn't mind?" Heather asked.  
  
"No, I don't mind at all," Cori grunted as Hildebrand pounded into her pussy. She was already on the verge of orgasm. She was going to cum as fast as a high school boy on his first date. She never came that quickly, but then again, she'd had 18 holes of unconventional but highly effective foreplay. She was primed and ready. And, though other girls didn't turn her on, she saw no reason not to share the joy with the beautiful waitress. "This feels so ... uh ... good ... uh ... you deserve to ... uh ... cummmmm!!! ... too!"  
  
Cori came on the word cum and felt the pure pleasure of a long-awaited release course through her. It so powerful, she must have blacked out for a minute, because when she regained her senses, things had changed. Now, Hildebrand's cock was imbedded in her ass and Heather had taken up the offer and had her legs spread wide, her warm, pink pussy under Cori's nose. Cori looked up and realized that Heather was laying back on one of the tables and Cori's chair had been pushed up to the table. Hildebrand had a good hold on Cori's hair, holding her head up to Heather's pussy level.  
  
"Lick that cunt, bitch," Hildebrand growled. He had clearly crossed over from horny professional to horny wildman, a sure sign that she was in for a hard ass-fuck. Cori knew that when guys changed tone like that, they were giving in to their natural instincts. There was no more gentlemen. There was no more putting on a show for the others. It was just big, hard cock taking control of tight, hot ass. Hot, hard, relentless fucking at its best.  
  
Cori buried her face in Heather's sweet cunt, filling her mouth with her pussy lips as she lapped up and down her slit. Meanwhile, Hildebrand began his onslaught, slamming hard in and out of her ass, driving her forward, then yanking her back, pulling just enough on her hair to remind her to move with him. Cori was still reeling from the orgasm and the overstimulation continued, cock and pussy filling her thoughts and senses. They were all she smelled, tasted, heard, saw and felt. And, at the moment, cock and pussy were all she cared about, too.  
  
Hardly an experienced pussy-licker, Cori was nonetheless confident she was doing a good job on Heather's snatch. Partly because she knew what she herself liked, partly because she knew she had good oral skills and mostly because Heather was moaning and groaning and squirming as Cori brought her closer and closer to orgasm.  
  
Meanwhile, Hildebrand had thoroughly staked his claim to her asshole, given a good pounding and stretching and could take no more. He pulled out, hurriedly walked around next to Cori and offered his cock to her mouth once more. She pulled away from Heather long enough to suck his cock for a minute, well aware of where it had just been, then watched as he fired his load onto Heather's smooth pussy and flat stomach. She knew before he said it that she would be asked to eat it off the girl.  
  
So, the guys took great delight when Cori began lapping at the fresh load, licking it up and swallowing it. All without being told. What a cum slut they had here!  
  
It took Heather only a few more minutes to get off too, sitting up and kissing Cori on the mouth when they were done. Five cameras captured the image.  
  
They gave Cori a minute to recover and drink a glass of water. "Heather, do you have an extra uniform here," Hildebrand asked the waitress, who had re-dressed.  
  
"Yes, sir."  
  
"Good," Hildebrand said. "Get it for Cori to wear in the photo shoot, please. And let Mr. Banner know we're ready."  
  
"But my uniform is too small for her," Heather said, looking at her small, perky tits and petite body, then at Cori's.  
  
"No matter," Hildebrand said. "A little cleavage will be good advertising."  
  
"Who's Mr. Banner?" Miles asked. He was loving this, but he was also anxious to get Cori back to his room for the rest of the night.  
  
"The photographer," Hildebrand said. "I had him come out earlier today to get some pictures of Cori for my own personal enjoyment. I thought there might a chance for some future photo opportunities, so I asked him to stick around."  
  
"We never saw him on the course," Miles said.  
  
"No, he has some extremely high-powered lenses," Hildebrand said. "He was able to get many shots from a distance where you certainly could have seen him, but likely would not have noticed him. I assure you, none of your faces will be recognizable in any of the photographs. Anyway, he's waiting for us outside. As soon as Cori puts on the uniform, we can take a few pictures and you can be on your way."  
  
"Sounds good," Miles said.  
  
Heather returned with a hot pink version of the uniform. She removed her nipple rings and chain first, then pulled on the thin cotton tank top with the course logo on top. As Heather had predicted, it was far too small for Cori and her tits did indeed squeeze together and spill out through the deep neck opening. Heather's name was on the back, but they could Photoshop that out if they needed to. The pink athletic shorts looked good, showing lots of leg and forming nicely to her ass. But Miles had a suggestion.  
  
"The uniform requires a thong, correct?" he asked.  
  
"Yes, you're right," Hildebrand said. "Heather, do you have a thong Cori can wear."  
  
Heather retrieved a black thong from her locker. Cori put it on and they had her roll down the tops of her shorts to that the top "whale tail" of the thong was quite visible. The hot pink and black contrasted nicely, both showing up well against her darkly tanned skin.  
  
The uniform also called for tennis shoes, but everyone agree that Cori in heels was definitely the way to go.  
  
Refreshed and feeling good after her thunderous orgasm, Cori was in great spirits, gladly playing and teasing and posing for the guys. They had her pose on the tee, leaning on a golf club, her tits hanging down, her legs straight, her ass high and tight. They had her get on all fours and act like she was lining up a putt. They had her kissing a golf ball, as if for good luck. It would be a very sexy brochure, indeed, and a highly successful one if sent to the right patrons. But Hildebrand would have to keep it discreet -- if anyone in local government got a hold of it, he could be in trouble.  
  
When the shoot was over, Cori gave the clothes back to Heather and put her own little skirt and jacket back on. She gave hugs and kisses to Hildebrand and Heather and left with Miles. This time, they rode with Sam and Victor in Sam's car, rather than flash another cab full of tourists.  
  
Cori found out why Miles was in such a hurry to get back. As soon as they walked in the door to his suite, he ripped off her jacket and skirt and threw her on the bed. He was naked an instant later, pounding into her pussy with the pent up passion of a man who had gone days or weeks without sex -- not one who had gotten off twice already in the same day. But watching her eat with those chains on her tits and then fuck and suck with Hildebrand and Heather had made Miles extremely horny. The photo shoot just delayed the inevitable, which was that he was going to bang her hard as soon as they got back.  
  
That's what he did, drilling her pussy as he pinned her legs over her shoulders and drove into her with all his weight and momentum. "You liked that big cock in you earlier, didn't you?" he taunted. "You liked eating that sweet cunt, too. And you just love prancing around and showing off your tits, don't you slut?"  
  
"Yes, yes," Cori panted, trying to withstand the power of his thrusts and keep from cracking her head on the padded headboard. She felt the power of his hips as he surged into her over and over. "Yes, I loved it all. Oooh, yes, hard, just like that. Make me cream."  
  
"Maybe later," Miles grunted. "My turn now, slut." He pulled out of her and flipped her on her stomach, lifting her on her hands and knees. He remembered how he had told himself earlier that he was going to own her ass tonight. Well, it was time to take ownership. He spread her ass cheeks and pressed his cock against her puckered hole until it opened, allowing entrance to yet another thick piece of cock meat. This one was particularly hard and ready and Miles wasted little time in giving her ass the same ravishing he had put to her pussy.  
  
She rocked forward with his powerful thrusts, looking up too late and hitting her forehead on the headboard. It hurt dully, but the padding had taken the worst out of the blow. No matter, even if she had been knocked unconscious she didn't think he'd stop right now. And she didn't blame him. She had been equally, uncontrollably horny just a little while earlier.  
  
Like hers had been, his orgasm came in a powerful wave of lust and electricity, manifested by several bolts of sticky white cream that he blasted across her ass and back. As they lay there, Cori looked at the clock for the first time in hours, surprised to see that it was nearly 10 p.m. With Miles' permission, she took a hot bath, washing away the days' remnants of sweat, cum, pussy juice, grass, sand, tanning lotion, ice cream and the like. It was incredible the number of different things her hard little body could become exposed to in a day's time. Was there anything that wasn't attracted to her body? Cori laughed the vain thought off. She knew better. She wasn't the vain, conceited type. Sure, she realized she was attractive and guys liked her, but she also knew that part of it was how she dressed, how she presented herself. There were a lot of women who were as attractive or more so than she, and there were others who dared to bare skin the way she did. It was her combination of the two -- beauty and willingness to show it off -- that separated her from many. She was neither proud nor ashamed of that fact. It was just the way she was and the circumstances she had gotten herself into.  
  
Her thoughts were interrupted when Miles came into the bathroom, naked and stepped into the tube, straddling her. Without a word, he gave her his cock and she sucked it willingly, lapping at his balls, coating the underside of his cock with her tongue and letting him slap it gently against her face. He came again, his load this time diminished to a few small bursts of creamy white cum that he sprayed into her hair. He put his cock back into her mouth until she had licked the last drops out, then stepped out, dried off his feet and told her to come to bed naked.  
  
Cori finished her bath, not bothering to wash the cum out of her hair. There was still some in there from the golf game earlier today, too. She'd wash it out in the morning when she took a shower. She got out and put on lotion and walked back into the bedroom. Miles was in bed, naked, already asleep. She lay down next to him and was soon asleep herself.  
  
She wasn't surprised when he woke her up at 3 a.m., spreading her legs and fucking her for about 10 minutes before shooting inside her and rolling back over and going to sleep. He woke her up again at 6:30, tapping his cock against her cheek until she woke up and gave him the cock-swallowing blowjob every man deserves first thing in the morning. She swallowed it all, then got dressed and went back to her suite. She took a hot shower, taking extra time on her hair, then check her messages as she got ready for the day, putting on more lotion, a little makeup and brushing her teeth.  
  
Victor was on the machine, and he had instructions for her.

**Chapter 5: To The Victor Goes The Spoils**  
  
"Look in your upper right dresser drawer," Victor said on the message. "You will find a white sling bathing suit I would like you to wear. You will also find a white t-shirt, which you may wear over the top. You may not wear any shorts or other covering over the bottom. You will also find white heels you must wear. They strap around your ankles. I'm sure you've worn some like them before. There is also a black collar you should put around your neck. Before you get dressed, rub baby oil all over your body and put your nipple rings in. I would like your hair down and you're the same candy red lipstick you wore yesterday. I expect you to follow these directions explicitly and to be at my suite no later than 8 a.m. The door will be open. Knock twice, then come in."  
  
Cori looked at the clock. She had plenty of time, but she couldn't take time to relax like she had hoped. This endless three-day fuck fest was wearing her out. She hoped Victor would take it easy on her today. Not so much the sex part -- she felt like he deserved to get every bit as much as the other two had and maybe more since he had waited the longest for his own day and had been pretty nice to her throughout -- but the activities. Golf, tennis, snorkeling, fishing, not to mention the photo shoots and various public appearances had worn her down. She understood he'd probably want to show her off too, but maybe just a nice quiet dinner or walk on the beach would be nice. Everyone could still see them together without the physical toll of all the other activities.  
  
But, if that's what he wanted, she would go along without complaint. She had one more day to go. It had gone better than she had expected so far and she was determined to not just finish it, but finish it right. She could rest tomorrow. And the next day and several days after that!  
  
She rubbed baby oil all over her body, making her skin look even darker and feel even smoother and softer. She put the nipple rings in -- no chain this time -- and put the sling on. She was surprised to see that this one actually had very wide straps that easily covered her nipples and part of her breasts. The string running between her ass cheeks and up her back was spaghetti thin like most, however and the suit was a little too short, which made it press tightly against her pussy lips, wrapping around them and showing off her camel toe.  
  
She put on the heels -- 4-inch high white ones with straps that circled her ankles and a strap over the top, showing off her toes. The custom-made black collar said "Vic's Bitch" on it -- pretty tame compared to many she had worn -- the words written in shiny silver beads. It was a thin collar, looking more like a choker than some sort of bondage gear.  
  
She put on the t-shirt. It was thin, white with the letters "BJ" in bright red letters on the front and "U" on the back. She wasn't sure why he wanted her to wear this, but she could guess what the "BJ" stood for. Not surprisingly, he had gotten her a small, which was big enough for her shoulders and torso, but didn't allow enough room for her full breasts. So, the t-shirt sort of draped over them, falling just short of her navel. Still, it was more covering than she was used to and it helped make her walk across the resort a little more comfortable.  
  
She knocked on his door twice, then entered just as she'd been told. She looked around, expecting to see him waiting for her, but he wasn't in the living area or kitchen. She admired the décor, which was elegant and classy. She went into the bedroom, figuring he'd be laying there with a hard-on. Not there either. She looked in the bathroom, but there was no sign of him. She looked out on the balcony and he wasn't there either. She was starting to get worried. Had something happened to him? Had she misunderstood the directions? Or was someone else waiting for her, ready to jump out? She walked back into the living room, intent on leaving and going back to her suite to call him from there. Then, she noticed the note on the TV.  
  
"Cori, play the DVD," was all it said. She looked on the sofa table and saw a DVD with "Cori" written on the disc. She put it in the DVD player and hit play. She found a towel and put it on the soft leather sofa before she sat down so she wouldn't get baby oil all over it.  
  
She watched the screen and Victor's face appeared. She noticed that it was night time and that he was wearing the same clothes as he had been yesterday and figured he must have taped this last night. Probably with Sam's help.  
  
"Good morning, Cori," Victor smiled into the camera. "I can't wait for our day. It's going to be a lot of fun. And I have a big surprise for you that I think you'll like. I know this is probably a kind of scary way to start the day, but I assure you I will see you very soon and that you will not be harmed in any way. This is a role play and you've shown so far that you're excellent at playing your role.  
  
"I want you to take off your t-shirt and go to the third suite from here -- 415 -- and knock on the door," Victor continued. "The man who stays there is named Barry Coffman and he's usually there alone even though he's always bragging about these hot women he claims to have back in Colorado. I know he's here this week because I saw him yesterday. He doesn't know about this role play, so he won't know you're coming or why you're there. But you'll tell him that you're looking for me. Show him the collar and tell him you're lost. When he tries to tell you where to go, insist -- beg if you have to -- that he bring you to my place. You're hopelessly lost, tragically naïve and ditzy and all you want to do is find your man whom you're sure is suffering with a big old hard-on, waiting for you."  
  
Victor chuckled and Cori laughed too. Unbelievable, she thought. And yet, she knew he really expected her to do this. She knew that somehow he probably had cameras rigged up along the path between the suites to capture the action, 1) to make sure she did as instructed and 2) to have a record of his fantasy brought to life.  
  
"On the way back, you will slip and fall. You won't hurt yourself, but you'll knock the straps off her tits. You'll pretend not to notice. We'll see if he lets it go or tells you. If he tells you, ask him to put them back for you. If he doesn't just make sure he gets a good eyeful. You'll also bend over at least once to adjust the strap on your ankle. Make sure he's behind you when you do this.  
  
"When you get back here, just stay in character. I don't want to ruin the surprise, but you'll know what to do when the time comes. It won't happen, but if he tries to pull anything, don't worry. I'll be watching. You won't be harmed by him, me or anyone else.  
  
"Now, take off that t-shirt, tweak your nipples and go to work."  
  
Cori shut off the DVD and took off the t-shirt, folding it and leaving it on the couch. She pulled the straps of the sling to the sides of her breasts and pulled and rubbed her nipples and the rings, making sure they were hard, pointing out visibly under the suit. She put the straps back in place and walked out the door and down the path. The grounds here were immaculate and there was a lot of landscaping. These suites had a lot of space in between them, allowing for privacy for each of these rich residents. Her heels clacked on the sidewalk as she strode past the first two suites, finally coming to 415.  
  
She took a deep breath and stepped to the door, knocking softly. After a moment, a man came to the door. She assumed it was Barry Coffman, but didn't dare ask for fear of blowing her cover. Instead, she smiled at him, pretending not to notice him check her out. He appeared to be in his 40s, medium height with dark brown hair, brown eyes and a broad, toothy smile. He was shirtless, wearing only a pair of baggy shorts and some flip flops. He had a broad chest with lots of hair and a bit of pot belly that suggested he'd probably had a few too many beers in his day.  
  
"Well, good morning young lady," he grinned. "Care to come in?"  
  
Come in? Wow, this guy was something else. "Uh, no, I don't think so," Cori said, using her best bubbly girl voice. "I need to find Victor Jones' suite. Do you know where it is?"  
  
"Hmm, I'm not sure," Coffman said. "Why don't you come inside and we'll see if I have his number anywhere."  
  
"Really?" Cori asked, schoolgirl-like, "Well, gee, I don't know. He told me to come right to his suite. He said it was an emergency. He had to have to have me there right now. Oh, I'm supposed to be there! See?" She pointed to the collar, showing him that she was "Vic's Bitch."  
  
"So, you're Victor's bitch, huh?" Coffman sneered. "Looks like his luck is finally looking up. If you're his bitch, shouldn't you know where his suite is?"  
  
"Well, I've been there before," Cori stammered, quickly making up an excuse, "but he likes to blindfold me sometimes and a lot of times it's late at night. I just can't remember the number and these places all look the same in the daytime."  
  
"He blindfolds you?"  
  
"Yes, you know, kinda role playing," Cori said. "Handcuffs, costumes, stuff like that."  
  
"I see," Coffman said, obviously intrigued. "Look, whatever's he paying you, I'll double it."  
  
"Paying? Oh, no," Cori said. "He doesn't pay me anything. I'm his little for free. I love being his bitch. Well, today I'm his bitch. Yesterday I was his slut. He likes to give me different names on different days. Oh, he's so wonderful. And I just know he needs me. He probably has such a big hard-on right now and I'm not there to take care of it for him. Please help me!"  
  
"All right," Coffman said. "I gotta see this for myself. Follow me." He didn't bother to put a shirt on, just stepped out, closing the door behind him. "One thing I think you should know about old Victor, though," he said, leading her back down the path she had just traveled, "he's got a different girl here every month. If you're counting on him to be your sugar daddy, you're barking up the wrong tree. He'll leave you here selling beer at a golf course in two weeks."  
  
"Oh, no, he'd never do that," Cori said. "He loves me. He says he couldn't do without me for even one day."  
  
"Whatever," Coffman said. "Believe that if you want, but I'm just telling you, when he dumps you, you come back down to my place. I'll be your sugar daddy all right. Anything you want, babe."  
  
"Wow, thanks," Cori said. "I really ... ooh," she pretended to stumble and fall. She was behind him a couple steps and quickly pulled the straps off both sides of her breasts, letting the straps push them together.  
  
"Are you OK?" he asked, spinning around and kneeling next to her.  
  
"Yeah, just clumsy," Cori said. "You'd think I'd be used to walking in these things, but every once in a while ..."  
  
"Well, they can be awkward, especially when you're so, uh, top heavy," Coffman leered. "Speaking of, you seem to have spilled out there. Here, let me help you. I'm sure Victor would appreciate me keeping you covered up like the innocent, shy girl you are."  
  
"Oh, thanks!" Cori gushed as he slowly placed the straps back over her nipples. "You're so sweet!"  
  
"One way to find out just how sweet I am, sweet cakes," he said, making a blowjob motion with his hand and mouth.  
  
"Oooh, you're too funny," Cori giggled. "Oh, is that a snake?" she pointed into the grass and ran ahead of him. He looked around and saw nothing.  
  
"Where, I don't see anything," he said.  
  
"I thought it was there," she said. "It looked like a snake. A big. Thick. Long. One." She stretched out these words, emphasizing their double meaning. Then, before he could get back in front of her, she turned around and bent over at the waist, pretending to adjust the strap on her shoe while giving him a perfect view of her ass. "Oh, I think this came loose when I fell," she whined as she loosened the strap. "Can you help me?"  
  
Coffman stepped forward and knelt next to her long, smooth legs, tightening the strap, then looking up and getting an eyeful of her ass and the barely covered pussy mound that was only inches from his face. Cori wasn't sure what she'd do if he groped her -- would Victor want her to let him? She guessed she'd go along with it until Victor stepped in. Coffman stumbled -- or pretended to, Cori wasn't sure -- as he got up and reached out to catch himself. Cori wasn't surprised when both hands found themselves on her -- one on her hip and the other her ass -- as he caught himself and regained his balance.  
  
"Sorry," he laughed. "Lost my balance."  
  
"We're both a little wobbly today, huh?" Cori smiled.  
  
They proceeded on, Victor now encouraging her to go ahead of him while he no doubt enjoyed the one-of-a-kind show Cori's ass in a thong presented.  
  
"This is it, sweet cheeks," Coffman said as they approached Victor's place. He led her to the door and they were both surprised to find a flyer taped to it. It said "Lost Pet" in bold letters at the top and below it were two pictures of Cori. She recognized yesterday's golf outfit immediately. All of the guys had been taking pictures, so they had plenty to choose from. The ones on the flyer -- which was printed in full color -- were one of her facing straight on, her jacket three-quarters of the way unzipped, her cleavage and nipple chain popping out. The picture was cropped just below the hemline of her skirt. Beside it was a profile shot of her in the same outfit, this one full-body, showing off her long legs and heels. She noted that she wasn't wearing the leg warmers, so this picture was taken after she had taken them off.  
  
Under the pictures, in smaller type, it read: 22-year-old blonde. 36-22-34. 5-6, 120. Blue eyes. Pierced ears, nipples and navel. Answers to Slut, Bitch, Babe and Cori. Last scene wearing nearly nothing ... except a collar that says "Vic's Bitch" If found, please call Victor at VIC-BABE. Huge reward if unharmed and untouched!  
  
"Wow, looks like he's desperate to find you," Coffman said. "That's quite a description. Nice pictures too."  
  
"Oh, I wonder if he's here. He said he would be. He said to knock twice and come in. Do you think I should?"  
  
Coffman tried the handle without knocking. "Locked," he said. "Better call him, huh?" Fortunately, he had thought to stuff his cell phone in his pocket on the way out the door. He dialed the number and Victor answered.  
  
"Hey Vic," Coffman said. "I got your bitch here."  
  
"Where is she?" Victor demanded, doing his best to sound angry. "What did you do to her?"  
  
"Hey, I haven't done anything," Coffman said defensively. "Not that I wouldn't like to. Damn, she's a fine piece of ass. But she knocked on my door about 15 minutes ago, lost. I brought her to your place. We're standing outside your door right now."  
  
"All right," Victor said, his voice calmer. "Thanks. I'm sorry I accused you. Thanks for taking care of her. I'll be there in five minutes. Tell you what, you have a seat and tell her to pick the weeds out of the flower garden there in the front. Trust me, you'll enjoy the show."  
  
"Oh, I believe it," Coffman said. Then, while Victor was still on the phone, Coffman said to Cori, "He wants you to weed the flower garden while we're waiting for him to get back."  
  
Cori knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted her to drive Coffman crazy. Well, she was pretty sure she'd already done that. But if more is what Victor wanted, more is what she'd deliver.  
  
Coffman hung up and sat down in a lounge chair, pulling it up so that he was only a few feet away from Cori. What was the point in trying to be discreet now, he figured. She was showing off her body to anyone who wanted to look and Victor had given him the greenlight to look all he wanted. So, he sat, staring at her ass and legs while she bent over and diligently plucked at non-existent weeds.  
  
Cori enhanced the show by spreading her legs enough so he'd be able to see the pussy pouch between her thighs and bent from one side to the other, legs straight at all times, so he'd get profile shots of her breasts hanging down. She exaggerated all of her movements, making her hips and ass and tits shake and jiggle as much as possible.  
  
After about five minutes of this, Coffman's phone rang and Cori turned around. She noticed that he had an erection and one hand resting between his legs. "Hey Vic," he answered. "Yeah, she's fine. Haven't let her out of my sight."  
  
"Good," Victor said. "Listen, I really appreciate this. I got held up and it's going to be another five minutes or so before I get there. I need to ask another favor."  
  
"I never we were such good friends," Coffman scoffed, "but go ahead."  
  
"I'm horny as hell. I woke up this morning, ready to fuck my bitch and she never showed when I called her. Now, I'm so horny I'm about to pop. The second I get there, I'm going to have to bang her good and hard, you know?"  
  
"That would be my advice," Coffman laughed.  
  
"Well, it's probably already wet, but I want to make sure. Can you please rub her pussy for me and make sure she's ready? I don't want to waste a second when I get there."  
  
"You want me to heat up her cunt for you?" Coffman said, looking at Cori, who tried to hide her surprise. "You better tell her yourself."  
  
"No, no," Victor said. "That won't be necessary. Just do it and I'll be right there."  
  
He hung up and watched the show. He had been hiding in some bushes just down from the suite when Cori arrived that morning, making sure she got there OK and was dressed properly. He had followed along, ducking behind trees and bushes all the way to Coffman's and back, his powerful binoculars allowing him to maintain a very safe distance.  
  
Now, he was inside the suite just across from his. It was unoccupied this month, but he and the owner had exchanged keys years ago, trusting each other to check on their places in their absence. He had a perfect view of the whole show now. Plus, they couldn't hear him on the phone. He had already checked in with Miles and Sam, who were carrying out their part of the plan as well.  
  
He watched as Coffman pulled Cori too him, making her bend over in front of him and spread her legs. He pulled the strap over to the side and rubbed his fingers over her pussy.  
  
"Ol' Vic was right," Coffman said, breathing heavily now as his excitement grew, "you're already wet. You're as horny as he is, aren't you babe?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori whined, her breathing exaggerated, sounding almost like panting. "I'm horny all the time."  
  
"I bet you are," Coffman said. "Well, if Ol' Vic's ever not getting the job done, you just come on down and I'll give you what you need."  
  
"Ooh, thanks!" Cori mewed. "I'd like that! But Vic's soooo good. He gets me off every time." She wasn't sure if Victor was watching or listening, but she suspected he was doing at least one or the other, so she was making it the best visual and audible performance she could. "Oh, that feels so good."  
  
"Poor little cunt just needed some attention, didn't it?" Coffman said. He now had three fingers inside her, pumping slowly. He watched them go in and out, her soft pussy hugging his fingers tightly. He was rubbing his crotch with his other hand, fighting the urge to fuck her. Hell, he was about ready to pop. He'd probably be done before Victor even got there.  
  
Just then, he heard Victor's voice and turned to see him walking up the sidewalk. "She's ready for you, man," Coffman said.  
  
"Good," Victor said. He jogged forward, grabbed Cori by the rest and pulled her inside, leaving the door open. Coffman figured it was an invitation to watch the show and followed them inside. Victor hadn't been kidding about wasting no time. By the time Coffman got to the bedroom, all he saw was Cori's heels high in the air and Victor's ass pumping away. Coffman walked around to get a better view and watched Cori's tits bounce all over her chest as Victor gave her a good hard screwing. Technically, she was still clothed, as Victor had simply pushed the straps over her breasts aside and had done likewise with the thong strap.

"Hold these," Victor grunted at him, pushing her feet into Coffman's hands. Coffman climbed on the bed above Cori's head and pulled her feet back over her head, spreading her legs as wide as he could at the same time. He now had a great view of not only her tits, but also her tight little cunt being split open by Victor's cock. Pre-cum was seeping out of Coffman's cock, staining the front of his shorts. He let his crotch rub across Cori's head a couple of times, welcoming any sort of contact he could get at this point.  
  
Victor was absolutely nailing Cori, calling her a slut and a whore and telling her that her little cunt needed to be available to him at a moment's notice at all times from now on. She was panting, yes, yes, in response to either his commands or his fucking or both. Damn, what a fucking show, Coffman thought.  
  
Cori remembered that she had told Coffman she came every time Victor fucked her and started elevating her cries and moans and whimpers. "Make that bitch cum," Coffman encouraged Victor. "Pound that cunt until she cums all over."  
  
Victor just grunted in response, thrusting even harder and faster. Cori knew he wouldn't be able to keep up the frantic pace for long and launched into a series of moans and whimpers, leading up to a massive fake orgasm. She flared her nostrils and groaned and squealed, arching her back, then collapsing back onto the bed.  
  
"Yeah, bitch!" Coffman yelled, high-fiving Victor, who was still driving into her, though his pace had slowed slightly while he watched what he knew was a fake orgasm. He'd seen the real thing from her and could tell this was just part of the show for Coffman. Nonetheless, Victor appreciated the effort. It was a very convincing performance and his cock lurched inside her, an involuntary response to her erotic writhing and moaning.  
  
When she fell back, he picked up the pace again, urging Coffman to spread her wider as he drilled into her as deeply as he could. "She just creamed all over your cock," Coffman said gleefully. "Fuck that creamy cunt. Make her cum again!"  
  
Cori wondered if she should pretend to go through a series of orgasms, but Victor's real one interrupted the plan. He hammered harder and harder until he couldn't take it any more, quickly ripping his cock out of her and spraying cum all over Cori's belly. Coffman let her legs drop and Victor crawled up her body and fed her his cock, letting her clean off the last bits of cum as they dribbled out of his dick.  
  
"Thanks," Victor said to Coffman as he wiped his wet cock against Cori's cheek and climbed off the bed. "Look, I know we haven't always been best neighbors here, but I appreciate this. I was going to give a reward for her return, but I know you don't need the money. But it does look like you need to get off. If she gave you a hand job, would that be fair?"  
  
"I'd prefer a blowjob," Coffman said.  
  
"Sorry," Victor said. "All of her holes belong to me."  
  
"Understood," Coffman shrugged. "Definitely, a hand job would be great."  
  
Cori sat up and scooped the cum off her belly with her fingers, feeding herself while Coffman shimmied out of his shorts and lay back on the bed. His cock was hard, thick and wet on the tip. Cori grabbed it, using his own pre-cum to lubricate the motion as she slowly jerked it up and down. Victor had ambled away, but returned quickly and offered her some lotion. She squirted it on her hands, then rubbed it on Coffman's cock. All the while, she kept looking up at him, making eye contact, licking her lips. She purposely let her tits brush against his thighs, his balls and his cock. She straddled his leg, her wet pussy rubbing up and down on his thigh.  
  
"Pussy's wet, bitch," Coffman grunted.  
  
"That's all the cream from me cumming," Cori said in a sultry voice that no longer sounded at all like the ditzy, naïve girly voice she had used on him earlier. There was no reason to act innocent anymore. "Does it feel all hot and wet on your leg?"  
  
"Oh yeah," Coffman groaned. "And I've got something hot and wet for you soon, too. Can she swallow mine too?" he asked Victor.  
  
"'Fraid not," Victor said. "But you can cum all over her tits if you like."  
  
"OK, good," Coffman grunted. Cori's soft, nimble hands were working wonders on his cock and just the sight of her gorgeous eyes, fuckable mouth and firm tits was making him crazy. She was stroking his balls just right -- not too hard like most chicks, but just enough to tickle and tease and make his cum churn inside. He felt it boiling up. Getting hotter and closer to erupting. Cori bent close to his cock, slapping it against her cheek while she continued to rub up and down on it. He was so close -- just inches -- from having it in her mouth. Even a second inside would be unbelievable, but the tease never gave in. She just kept stroking it.  
  
She put it between her tits and rubbed them up and down along the sides of his shaft. Cori could feel the pre-cum oozing out of his cock head but kept her eyes locked on his, anticipating that first blast of cum any time. It came a few moments later, hitting the bottom of her chin and spilling down her neck. More blasts came, his cum flooding out the top of his dick like a volcano, the lava flow spilling out all sides, drenching her neck and tits with an impressive amount of white hot sperm.  
  
"That was nice, slut," he said. "That was better than most girls can do with their mouths and pussy. Damn, that felt good."  
  
"Glad you liked it," Victor smiled. He was holding Coffman's shorts politely, a signal that it was time for the man to dress and leave. Coffman slipped on his pants and, with a final leer at Cori and slap on the back for Victor, left, whistling a happy tune.  
  
Victor turned back to Cori, grinning. "What did you think of that little game?" he asked.  
  
"That was fun!" Cori said enthusiastically. "I had no idea what you were planning, but it was fun to just kind of go along with it. I knew you weren't going to let me get hurt, so I just tried to enjoy it and wait for the next surprise."  
  
"Well, you played it perfectly," Victor said.  
  
"Thanks!" Cori responded, bouncing up on the bed, her cum-covered tits jiggling for him. "Can I wipe this off?"  
  
"Wipe?" Victor laughed. "When's the last time you got to wipe cum off?"  
  
"But, you said you didn't want me to swallow it," Cori said.  
  
"No, I said I didn't want him to see you swallow it," Victor corrected. "I, on the other hand, would love to watch you swallow it." To emphasize the point, he sat next to her on the bed, staring down at her breasts. Cori lifted one breast then the other into her mouth, licking off as much cum as she could reach with her tongue. She made sure Victor got a good look at the wad clinging to her left nipple before she sucked it off with a noisy slurp and opened her mouth to show him how it stuck to end of her tongue. Then she swallowed. What she couldn't get with her tongue she scooped up with her fingers, feeding herself her second load of cum of the day. Somehow, she knew there would probably be more.  
  
"Did you like playing that role?" Victor asked while he watched her finish her unconventional breakfast.  
  
"Sure," Cori said. "It was fun. I like role-playing like that. The Lost Pet sign was a nice touch."  
  
"I'm glad you liked it," Victor said. "Because they're posted all over the resort now."  
  
"What?" Cori asked, thinking about the crude things it said, the suggestive pictures.  
  
"That's right," Victor smiled. "Don't worry, it's all part of your next role. You won't be hurt, so keep your positive attitude and have fun with it."  
  
"OK," Cori smiled, putting her faith in him. "What's my role this time?"  
  
"It's a bit more challenging," Victor smiled. "But I know you can do it. Have you ever pretended to be drunk or passed out?"  
  
"I don't know," Cori said honestly. "I guess so. I can remember pretending to be asleep sometimes when I was a kid and then listening to my mom and step-dad fuck or watch porn. You know, the typical stuff. But that was a long time ago."  
  
"Well, like I said, I know you can do it," Victor said. "What we're going to do is find a small group of guys -- who knows, maybe only one or two -- that we think we can do this with. Sam and Miles are scouting around right now. These guys won't know what we're doing though, so there is a little risk, I suppose, but Coffman didn't either and that turned out just fine. Just like before, we'll be around and keeping an eye on things, so if anything gets out of hand, we'll be there."  
  
"OK," Cori nodded. It made her a bit nervous, but she really did have faith in these guys. Every crazy thing they had pulled off so far had worked just fine.  
  
"When we find the guys, one of us will approach them with the flyer, making sure they see it," Victor said. "Then, about five minutes later, you'll wander along, acting drunk and disoriented and ditzy. They'll recognize you, of course, and the game will begin from there. Will they call the number? Will they try to take advantage of you? Will they just move on and leave you for someone else? Who knows? But we'll be watching. And listening."  
  
"Listening?" Cori asked.  
  
"Yes, you'll have this tiny microphone."  
  
"It looks like a belly button ring," Cori said.  
  
"Exactly," Victor said. "And that's where you'll wear it. They'll never suspect it's anything else. And it only transmits one way, so they won't hear us or anything. We'll be watching and won't let you out of sight, but if something crazy happens or you don't feel safe, say 'victory' and we'll come running."  
  
"OK," Cori said. "And just how much should I let them do?"  
  
"Well, no fucking or anything rough, obviously," Victor said. "But if they just want to grab your tits and ass and stuff like that, go with it. If you don't think they're going to be out of hand, pretend to pass out. That should really be fun. But if it doesn't feel right, just get out of there or say the code word. We're not trying to whore you out here, just have some fun. Got it?"  
  
"Got it," Cori said, shaking her head, surprised that she actually liked this idea. She loved teasing guys and pleasing them and she always loved their compliments. But it would be interesting to see how they treated her and talked about her when they thought she couldn't hear or wouldn't remember. She would be pretending to be ultimately vulnerable, just without all the dangers that would normally pose. It was crazy, no doubt, but it could be fun, too. "Wow. You're sure this will be OK?"  
  
"Of course," Victor said. "And I promise, it's the last role play of the day. I have something else planned for the afternoon and evening."  
  
"OK," Cori nodded.  
  
Victor had her re-apply a fresh coat of baby oil to her dark, glistening skin while they waited for a call from Sam and Miles. She had finished and was sipping on a bottle of water when they called. They had located a trio of men who had just returned from a morning swim and were walking back up the hill toward their rooms. They had seen the posters and commented that they wished they had seen her because she looked like she'd be worth a good long look.  
  
"Give them a good long look," Victor said, patting Cori's bare ass and sending her on her way down the sloping trail toward the main part of the resort. If she stayed on this path, she'd almost surely see them. She kept her head up and eyes wide open, but purposely swayed and staggered as she walked to practice a bit before her close up performance and so that she could make sure that anyone who saw her from a distance would think she was drunk even before they noticed who she was.  
  
She didn't see Sam, Miles or Victor, but assumed they had all dispersed into various areas along the trail, ready to watch, listen and, if necessary, intervene. At least she hoped that was the case. She wasn't sure exactly what Victor was getting out of this, but he obviously liked it. Was it the voyeurism? The control? The power? He was dangling her out there, offering everyone a look or a taste, then yanking her back and hording her like a precious treasure. Look but don't touch was usually the message most guys wanted to send -- 'look how hot my babe is, don't you wish you could fuck her?' But in Victor's case, it was more like look and touch, but don't touch too much. And since Coffman had received a handjob, it wasn't like Victor was exactly keeping her off limits from those he was teasing. Sure, he'd made Coffman watch first, but the guy had still gone away happy. It was a thin line to walk, no doubt, and Cori was wobbling all over the place.  
  
She spotted a trio of men walking up the path. They were all looking at a piece of paper. She couldn't see what the paper was or what the men looked like yet, but she guessed these were her guys and they were checking out her flyer. She was nervous, excited, trying to stay focused on playing the role. It was easy to do, too, because she really had to concentrate on having the right movements, the right facial expression and the right slurred, slow speech to pull it off. She imagined herself as Meryl Streep, losing herself in her character. You're a ditzy, drunk, lost party girl, she kept telling herself even though none of that was true.  
  
She had played characters before -- slut, submissive, schoolgirl, cheerleader, etc. -- but in those cases, the guys had always known she was in character mode. It was role playing and both parties knew how the scene would play out, more or less. This was different. These guys didn't know she wasn't a drunk party girl. It was her job to make them believe she was. And if she did, she had no idea how the scene would go.  
  
She made her eyes into narrow slits and let her head drop, bobbing from side to side. She walked pigeon toed, which she found helped her exaggerate her staggering movements back and forth across the paved path. She couldn't make out their features well, as she didn't want to get caught staring at them. They appeared to be three white guys, fairly young, maybe 20s or 30s. She heard them commenting on the flyer as they passed it back and forth, talking about her collar, her pet names and her body. "Damn, if I had a bitch like that, I'd never let her out of my sight," one said.  
  
"And it better be a helluva reward to get her back untouched," another laughed. "I'd be touching the back of her throat, if you know what I mean."  
  
"Well, here's your chance," the third guy said. He had looked up and been the first to spot Cori staggering down the sloped path toward them.  
  
"Holy shit, that's gotta be her."  
  
"Look, she's got some sort of collar on. Let's see what it says on it."  
  
"Hey babe," one of them called out as they approached her. "You OK?"  
  
"Hmm?" Cori said, as if she had been woken out of a deep slumber. "Oh, hey, how are you guys doing? Are you going to a party?" She slurred her words and used a high-pitched, sorority girl voice she hoped would sound ditzy.  
  
"So, you're Vic's Bitch, huh?" one said, reading her collar.  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm," Cori moaned, like it was the best compliment she had ever been paid. "Have you seen him? I need him so bad." She pouted out her lips.  
  
"Haven't seen him," one guy said, "but he's looking for you."  
  
"Oh, I bet he's so horny," Cori cried. "I wasn't there to fuck him last night. He always fucks me before he goes to sleep and first thing when he wakes up."  
  
"Can't blame him there," one guy put his arm around her waist. "Maybe we can help you find him."  
  
"Really?" Cori said, looking up at them all with big eyes now, like they had just told her she had won the lottery. "Oh, you guys are the best!"  
  
"We'd sure treat you better than Vic would," one of the guys sneered. They were leading her back up the hill now. No mention of calling Victor yet. They weren't getting carried away with their hands yet -- just around her waist and on her back so far -- but Cori was getting a bad feeling about what they might be thinking. "If I had a bitch like you'd, I'd never let her leave my sight. You want to party, girl, you party with me."  
  
"Mmmm," Cori grinned. "You sound fun! I like parties. Can I please bring Vic?"  
  
"Fuck Vic," one of them spat. She felt a hand on her ass now, squeezing, rough. "We'll make you forget all about him."  
  
Cori realized they had no intention of sending her back to Vic. They were going to take her for themselves. She didn't know if Victor, Sam and Miles were coming or not, but when she felt another hand pulling at the straps on her tits, she sent an elbow into his face. She knew they were far stronger than she was, so her only ally was the element of surprise. Plus, she packed enough of a wallop in her tight, hard body to do some damage. The first guy fell back and she jammed her heel into the foot of the other guy. She heard him squeal and wondered if she might have broken a toe. The third guy grabbed her tightly around the waist, but she spun away and drove her toe into his groin. She started running instantly, taking off up the hill, trusting her superior conditioning to help get her back to Victor and his suite before these goons could recover.  
  
She glanced back and saw the guy she had kicked in the groin still doubled over. The others were on their feet and moving, but hobbling slowly, one holding his nose, the other limping badly and cursing. She took advantage of the chance to take off her heels, carrying them now as she flew up the hill barefooted. She was strong and fast and easily put distance between her and the guys, who she heard cursing as she ran over the rise, "Fuck that cunt. It's a setup."  
  
She didn't trust that they weren't still chasing her and she didn't stop until she was back at Victor's suite. No one else was there and it was locked. She debated whether she should keep going -- Coffman would probably help her -- but then Victor came.  
  
"You all right?" he asked, his arms open, giving her a big hug.  
  
"Yeah," she said. "I'm fine. Sorry if I ruined the plan, but I don't think those guys were going to play along."  
  
"Definitely not," Victor said. "We were just coming to rescue you, but you beat us to the punch, literally. Nice work, by the way. Self-defense classes?"  
  
"Some," Cori nodded. "I've taken a few martial arts classes, too."  
  
"Well, it was very impressive. Sorry to have put you through that. Don't worry, we're done with that for the day."  
  
"Oh, we can try again," Cori said, surprising herself somewhat. The fact is, she had gotten a thrill from it. She had made herself completely vulnerable, then defended herself more than adequately when she had to. It had been a rush, and she wanted more.  
  
"Really?" Victor asked.  
  
"If you want," Cori said. "I want to make you happy. I'm not hurt and I can take care of myself. You guys are there to watch me. We can try one more time, if you want."  
  
"OK," Victor nodded. "One more time. That's it, though." He called Sam and Miles and sent them on the lookout for another possible encounter, reminding them to try to be careful about their choices, though there was hardly any way to tell how the guys would react to Cori and her predicament.  
  
"They found a couple of older guys this time," Victor said, hanging up the phone a few minutes later. "Sam said they were swapping boating stories and thinks they might be old sea dogs. Anyway, they seem a lot more harmless and, if they aren't, you can sure out-run them. They're coming from the spa, so cut across the top of the hill here and you should see them."  
  
Cori looked around, noting that there were a lot more people out and about now. It was mid-morning and people were done sleeping in or eating breakfast and were getting on with their day. That was good and bad. More people to deal with looking at her or potentially intercepting her, but also more people to serve as witnesses -- and deterrents -- to anyone looking for trouble.  
  
A couple of people stared at her as she walked by, one woman offering to help her or call someone for her, but she stumbled onward. She saw two men sitting on a bench ahead and thought they could be the ones. As she approached, she heard them talking about boats and fish and she noted that they both appeared to be in their 50s or 60s, their sun-baked leather skin a clear indicator of lives spent outdoors. She wondered why they were here. Locals wouldn't come to a place like this, but they certainly weren't Midwesterners, either. Maybe they had come down from Florida or the Carolinas for a break from their charter fishing businesses. Not that it mattered, but Cori found herself curious about people, who they were, how they got where they were. If she knew more about them, she might have a better idea how they would respond to her. Were they religious men who would scold her for her scandalous attire? Were they dirty old men who would be thrilled by her presence? Were they old Boy Scouts who would kindly escort her home? Who knew? But she was about to find out.

"Hey, that's that girl on this flyer," one of the men said. Cori thought it was the one with the darker features. He was the larger of the two as well, with reddish skin, made so by the sun and what Cori guessed was some sort of Native American or Polynesian heritage. The other man, as best she could make out through squinted eyes, had light gray hair that he had grown out and put in a long pony tail down his back. He was medium build with leathery tan skin.  
  
"Shit, it sure is. Fuck, look at that," the other man replied. Cori ruled out the religious men theory right away. Dirty old men and Boy Scouts were still on the list, among countless other possibilities.  
  
"Hey, Missy," the man with the ponytail said, jumping up from the bench and taking her arm as she pretended to stumble in front of them. "Are you all right, little lady?"  
  
"Ummm, yeah," Cori slurred. "Thanks. Mmmm, you're strong." She rubbed her hands on his arm.  
  
"You better have a seat," the man said and his buddy took her other arm and they sat her between them on the bench. Cori started to fall backward and they both reached out their arms to catch her. She felt their hands on her bare back and wondered what they were looking at -- the tiny string coming out of her ass crack or her breasts threatening to explode out of her top. She kept her eyes narrowed into slits, though, her lips pursed, doing her best to look drunk and sleepy.  
  
When they caught her from behind, she wobbled and then leaned forward as if she were about to fall face forward onto the sidewalk. Again, both men reached out to stop her and she wasn't sure if it was luck or happy coincidence that resulted in them both having their hands across her chest as they pulled her back up into an upright position. She noticed they neither one removed their hands from her front or back. The man on her left -- the one with the ponytail -- slid his hand slowly until he had a handful of her breast. The other followed suit and she guessed that no one was walking nearby. These guys seemed a bit more discreet than the other group had been.  
  
"Watch out there, baby, or you're going to hurt yourself," the Polynesian man said.  
  
"Well, hell, you can see why she can't stand upright," the other said, give her breast a subtle squeeze. "She's a bit top heavy, don't you think?"  
  
"That's for damn sure," the other said, squeezing her other breast.  
  
"So, you're the babe that's on all the flyers," Ponytail said. "Seems a fella by the name of Vic is looking for you."  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm," Cori hummed dreamily.  
  
"Well, do you want him to find you or do you need help getting away?"  
  
Cori hadn't thought about that, but she understood now. They thought she might be getting abused or raped or held against her will. Such a guy probably wouldn't post signs looking for her, but it was sweet of these guys to be offering to help her anyway.  
  
"I love Vic!" she whined. "Have you seen him? I need his cock so bad. I haven't sucked it since last night!"  
  
"Damn," Polynesian said under his breath. "We better call that guy on the flyer."  
  
"Yeah," Ponytail said. "I was kinda hoping she didn't want to go back to him. Wouldn't mind keeping an eye on her for a while, you know."  
  
"Oh yeah, I know."  
  
Ponytail took out a cell phone and called Vic's number.  
  
"You Vic? Yeah, well, we found your, uhh, pet. She's safe but she's awfully drunk or high or something. .... No, she can't walk back to your place alone. Wouldn't be safe. She's stumbling around and well, frankly, the way she's dressed makes a fella think she might be, uhh, you know, for sale. Yeah, uh-uh. We can do that. Sure, we'll take care of her, no problem. What's that? Label? Well, she's got the collar and she says she knows you. Oh, another label? Hold on."  
  
Ponytail set the phone aside and looked at his buddy. "He says there's a name tag on the inside of her straps and we should look and see just to make sure it's the right girl."  
  
"Of course it's the right girl. How many...?" Polynesian's voice trailed off, realizing the opportunity being presented. Pulling back the straps would result in a free look at her tits. "Well, now that you mention it," he smiled, "you can never be too careful."  
  
He looked around to make sure no one was watching -- unaware that three sets of eyes were watching every move, easily hidden in the resort's array of bushes and flowers and mini-gardens -- then he carefully pulled the strap on her right breast off to the outside of her breast. "Easy, sweetheart," he whispered. "We're not going to hurt you. We're just taking a quick peek to make sure you're who we think you are. Then we'll get you back where you belong, OK?"  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm," Cori moaned, leaning against Ponytail while the other guy examined the inside of her strap. She noted that he was doing it none too quickly, no doubt getting a good look at her bare tit and hard nipple as well.  
  
"Says 'Banks'," he said, looking at the inside of the strap. Cori hadn't noticed it when she put the suit on, but obviously Victor had somehow written or labeled her name inside the suit before having it delivered to her. "Check that side."  
  
Ponytail pushed her gently into the Polynesian's arms and pulled back the strap on her left breast. She felt the warm, tropical breeze brushing over both erect nipples now and a tingling sensation ran through her at the realization that she was topless in public. She didn't dare open her eyes and look around to see if anyone was around. She was topless and vulnerable, yet she felt safe knowing that she could handle herself, these guys seemed harmless so far and Victor and Company were nearby. It was a risky yet controlled environment, enough to create a thrill with little chance of any serious harm to anyone.  
  
"This side says 'Cori'," Ponytail said. "That's the name on the flyer." He glanced around over his shoulder, studied Cori's face for signs of alertness, then gave her breast a firm squeeze, grabbing it by the base and pulling out away from her body as if trying to milk it, his fingers tugging on her nipple and twisting it gently before letting go and giving her breast a quick tap on the underside to watch it bounce. "Sorry, AJ, couldn't resist," he muttered as he put the strap carefully back over her breast, covering her nipple.  
  
'AJ', as Ponytail had called the Polynesian man, smiled and copped a good feel of his, groping her right tit before carefully placing it back inside the strap. Ponytail picked up the phone and said, "It says Cori Banks," he said. "Cori's the name on the flyer we saw. That's her, right?"  
  
"That's her," Victor smiled into the phone. "Thanks for checking. Listen, can you guys do me a huge favor and get her back to my suite?"  
  
"Uh, sure, I guess," Ponytail said. "I mean, you can't just leave her alone, like I said."  
  
"Right," Victor said. "And I'm just heading back in from an early morning fishing trip. We're still on the water, but we'll be back soon. If you can take her to my suite and stay with her until I get there, I'll pay you a nice reward."  
  
"He wants us to take her back to his suite and wait for him," Ponytail smiled at AJ. "He says he's on the water fishing and will be back in a while. Wants us to make sure she gets there safe."  
  
"It's our duty as gentlemen," AJ grinned. Just then, Cori passed out -- or pretended to do so -- her head dropping suddenly into AJ's lap as her body went limp. He caught her and held her close to him.  
  
"She just passed out, man," Ponytail smiled. "We'll probably have to carry her, but we'll get her there."  
  
"Thanks," Victor said. "If she comes to at all, try to get some liquids down her. It will help her sober up faster. I don't have any coffee, but use whatever you can find."  
  
"Got it," Ponytail said.  
  
Victor told them where his suite was and where they could find a key outside and told them he should be there in about an hour. "Keep her warm for me, fellas."  
  
"Will do, but I'm not sure she's going to be ready for you there, partner," Ponytail said. "She's pretty out of it."  
  
"Oh, she'll be ready," Victor said. "She's always ready, trust me." He hung up the phone and Ponytail shook his head.  
  
"Well, whaddya think of this?" he asked, chuckling. "Day sure got interesting fast, didn't it?"  
  
"Sure did," AJ grinned. "We got an hour huh? You know, I have my camera with me. I don't think she's going to care if we get a picture or two to remember her by, do you?"  
  
"Even if she does, it ain't like she's going to remember it," Ponytail said. "Come on, help lift her up over my shoulder. We gotta carry this bitch to this guy's place."  
  
"Man, I wish I was 20 years younger," AJ grunted as he lifted Cori up and helped put her over Ponytail's shoulder so that her head and chest hung over his back, her waist was on his shoulder with her ass sticking straight up in the air and her legs hanging down over his chest. "I'd steal this little piece of ass from that guy so fast."  
  
"I know," Ponytail said, gripping her legs tightly to keep her from falling over his back and also to keep her heels from accidentally kicking him as she flopped around limply on his shoulder. "She's the hottest little thing I've seen in a while. Takes me back to my glory days. Remember how we'd get a boat full of little cuties and take them out on the water, get them drunk and party all night? Man, those were the days."  
  
"Yeah, but they never wore little outfits like this back then," AJ said as they walked slowly down the path. "These sluts today don't care, they just show it off to everyone. God bless 'em for it, too."  
  
AJ walked just a half step in front of his buddy so he could get a closeup look at her ass and pussy, which were being so prominently displayed now, that little bit of string leaving little to the imagination. "Hold on," he said, making Ponytail stop. He reached between her legs and carefully positioned the string between her pussy lips, spread them gently, tucking the string inside, then letting them close around it. "Damn, that's a nice little cunt," he said.  
  
"I like those titties, too," Ponytail said, walking again.  
  
AJ fell behind and watched from the side as her tits jiggled and wobbled inside the suit, bouncing along with Ponytail's stride. "Yeah, they're nice all right," AJ said. "Real firm, aren't they? And those nipples. Fuck, they stick out further than your dick, old man."  
  
"She's going to see how far my dick sticks out in a minute," Ponytail said.  
  
"Really?" AJ asked.  
  
"You said you had a camera. We got an hour. I think it would like nice to see her holding onto my big prick, don't you?"  
  
"Sure, but you aren't going to fuck her, are ya?" AJ said.  
  
"Nah," Ponytail said. "I just want to have a little fun is all."  
  
"I like that," AJ said, plucking playfully at the string running up Cori's back. It was stretched taut and was suspended several inches away from her body. "I think this thing's about to snap."  
  
"Now that would be an awful shame if that happened, wouldn't it?" Ponytail said, nodding to another couple as they walked past, staring at Cori's ass. "She just had a little too much to drink, I'm afraid. Just taking her home to sleep it off, you know."  
  
They nodded, jaws agape as they walked on, not sure what they had just seen. Ponytail just chuckled and playfully slapped Cori's ass cheek. "Damn, that's even more solid than her tits," he said. "What do they call them these days? Hard bodies? We got ourselves one nice little hard body right here."  
  
"I bet she does those stair exercises and aerobics and stuff," AJ said. "Have to, to have a body like this. Here, let me carry her for a while."  
  
Ponytail stopped and put his hands on Cori's waist, lifting her off his shoulder. As he transferred her to AJ's shoulder, he put his hands on her ass, lifting her up onto his shoulder. AJ, too, took advantage of the opportunity to cop an extra feel, putting his hands on her breasts as he hoisted her upper body over his shoulder until her ass was right next to his cheek. He held her legs steady and they moved onward with their prize.  
  
Cori listened intently as they talked, all the while trying to focus on staying limp and relaxed, letting her body bounce, not reacting to their touch as Ponytail now played with her straps and enjoyed the unobstructed views.  
  
She wasn't sure what was going to happen next. They kept talking about pictures, so she guessed they'd probably try to pose her and get some shots. Ponytail's comment about showing her his cock concerned her, but he said he wasn't going to fuck her. Still, a man with a hard cock and opportunity was prone to making some irrational decisions, she knew. What he said now and did 30 minutes from now with her at his complete disposal might be two very different things. Still, he was an older gentleman who no doubt had some maturity, common sense and decency. She liked to think they wouldn't take advantage of her any more than the pictures they had talked about. She was about to find out.  
  
"Here it is," Ponytail said. "Got the key. Let's get her inside. We still have about 45 minutes. Let's get that camera out."  
  
AJ hauled her inside and lay her gently down on the couch. "OK, let's get some shots of just her first," he said. "You pose her, I'll take the pictures."  
  
"Well, first, let's make her a little more comfortable," Ponytail said. He took her right leg and draped it over the back of the couch and put her left foot on the floor. Then he took her arms and pulled them above her head so they hung over the arm of the couch. She was now spread open, inviting the camera to drink in her long, lean body. Those long legs stretched out and draped lusciously across the couch, her trim belly dipping neatly into her compact pussy, her tits jutting out from her flat stomach.  
  
Cori kept her eyes closed, her body loose, trying not to anticipate or react to anything, but just be a limp doll for them to move and manipulate as they saw fit. She'd break out of character if she had to, but so far they hadn't crossed the line or made her feel like she was in danger. She did think about the pictures. Not just these, but all the pictures that had been taken of her in compromising, humiliating, suggestive or downright x-rated situations in the past. She wondered how many were floating around on the Internet, posted to various sites, passed via email from friend to friend. How many guys had bragged to their friends about fucking her, even though 99 percent of them hadn't? How many had seen her image, maybe even fantasized about her or jerked off while looking at pictures of her? It was mind boggling. She hoped it would never come back to bite her as she got older. What would her husband or kids or employers or friends think? What would the guys back at the shop think if they saw these shots from her vacation? Surely, they would be posted online soon. It was scary, but Cori had never focused on what others thought of her and it was too late to start now.  
  
Her thoughts were interrupted as she felt Ponytail's hands spreading her pussy lips and pulling the string on her sling suit up even tighter against her pussy, rubbing it intentionally across her rubbery clit.  
  
"Get a closeup of that, too," Ponytail said. "Here, let's see what she looks like inside." He gently spread her pussy lips, pulling them apart. "There, get a shot of that."  
  
She could hear the camera clicking and knew that AJ was snapping away. She felt them pull her straps off, once again exposing her breasts. Ponytail squished her tits together, no doubt for a nice shot of her cleavage.  
  
"Make her suck her finger," AJ said. Ponytail raised her hand to her mouth and put a finger inside. Cori tried hard not to suck on it, even though her instincts told her otherwise. Doing so might blow her cover. She let the finger rest in her mouth, her lips pursed around it.  
  
"Put the other hand on her pussy," AJ said. She could hear the excitement in his voice and wondered if both men had hard-ons. Soon, she feared, they wouldn't be content with a little posing and groping. Hard cocks had a way of demanding attention.  
  
Sure enough, she heard Ponytail unzip his pants, heard them hit the floor. He turned her over, putting her head on the arm rest and pushing her up on her knees so her ass was in the air. Pretending to be limp, she lay her legs splay out and fell to the couch, but he picked her back up and held her in place while AJ took shots of her ass. Then, Ponytail stuffed pillows under her belly to keep her ass in the air while he stood next to her and put his hard cock under the tiny white string coming out of the top of her ass crack. He used his cock to pull up on the string, stretching it across her crotch and making for a great picture.  
  
"That was a neat shot," AJ said. "I got your cock and the string and her ass and pussy all in it."  
  
"Good. Get this one," Ponytail said. He went around to the end of the couch and stood in front of her head. She felt his cock brush against her cheek and could smell his balls and the salty scent of his pre-cum, but he didn't try to put it in her mouth. She wasn't sure why, but then realized that a picture taken from behind would still look like she was blowing him.  
  
"Nice," AJ said. "Smile and put your hands on the back of her head. Yeah, perfect. Looks like she's deep-throating you."  
  
"I tell ya," Ponytail said, stroking his cock as he stepped away, "I haven't had a hard-on like this in years. I hate to waste it. I have a mind to ...."  
  
"Better not," AJ said. "Look, cool off a little. Take some pictures of me with her."  
  
AJ posed Cori and himself in several similar photos, then glanced at the clock and realized that Victor was due back within the next 15 minutes.  
  
"OK, one last picture," he said. "Then we better get her dressed and straightened up a bit."  
  
"Well, make it a good one," Ponytail said.  
  
"I saved the best for last," AJ said. He put the head of his cock against Cori's mouth and then tapped her lightly on the cheek. "Come on, sweet cheeks," he said. "Open up and give us a kiss."  
  
Cori waited what she felt was the appropriate amount of time before acting like she was hearing him in her sleep. "Mmm?" she moaned softly. "Mmmm-kay." She pursed her lips, not opening them, but she was sure it looked like she was giving his cock a big kiss. She could feel the soft head against her lips and when he pulled away after the photo, she felt the gooey pre-cum still clinging to her lips.  
  
Not to be outdone, Ponytail urged her to open her mouth just a bit, using his finger to gently pull her lips apart. Then, he popped just the head of his cock in between her lips while AJ took the picture.  
  
"OK," AJ said, setting the camera aside. "We better zip ourselves up and put her back together."  
  
"Wait just a second," Ponytail said, shifting his hips and popping three inches of his cock into Cori's mouth. "He did say we needed to get some fluids down her, didn't he?"  
  
Cori's mind raced. What should she do? Before she could make a decision, she felt Ponytail's warm cum spraying across her tongue and hitting the back of her throat. Instinctively, she swallowed, but told herself not to suck until she heard Ponytail say, "Come on, babe, take a big drink from the straw." He was patting her cheek, encouraging her to suck. Poor guy probably hadn't had a blowjob in years, she thought. No wonder he came so fast. She sucked and felt him push further into her mouth, shooting the last of his load directly onto her tonsils and down her throat.  
  
"What the hell did you do that for?" AJ asked.  
  
"What's the problem?" Ponytail said, pulling his cock out and quickly putting his pants back on. "She needed fluids and I gave them to her. She's not going to remember. She swallowed the evidence, so he'll never know. I'm happy and they'll neither one ever know or care."  
  
AJ shrugged his shoulders and followed suit, putting his cock against Cori's lips, gently parting them. "Suck the straw, baby," he cooed, stroking her cheek and her hair. She sucked hard as if trying to get a drink, not the head-bobbing, tongue-wrapping style she would normally employ for a blowjob. While not her best work, it certainly produced results.

"Damn, she's sucking so hard," AJ said. "I'm afraid I'll drown her." But he didn't let that stop him as he fired his own weeks-old load into her, the salty, gooey load coating her tongue and gums as she slowly swallowed it all.  
  
Given more time to react differently, Cori might have stopped them before things went this far, but Ponytail had cum before she could think. Then, the only choice seemed to be to do the job right. Swallow so as to leave no mess and let the guys get away scott free if that's the way Victor chose to handle it.  
  
Moments later, they had her suit back in place and had carried her to the bed, leaving her there while they waited in the living room for Victor. He arrived a few minutes later. After shaking hands and thanking them, he asked, "Were you able to get any fluids in her?" He knew the answer, but wanted to see what they would say.  
  
"She drank a little cu... uh, coconut juice, but not much," Ponytail said, nearly stumbling. "She kept mumbling that she was thirsty."  
  
"Really?" Victor said. "That means she wants to swallow some cum."  
  
"Huh?" AJ asked.  
  
"Come on, I'll show you," he said, leading them into the bedroom. He climbed on the bed, straddling Cori's face. "Are you thirsty, babe?" he asked, stroking her neck. "Here, I brought you a popsicle. Just open your mouth and lick it and let the juice run down your throat."  
  
Cori let her lips fall open and Victor used his cock to open her mouth the rest of the way, straddling her face as he filled her mouth with his cock. He stroked it slowly in and out of her mouth, telling her calmly to suck the popsicle, lick it, swallow the sweet juice.  
  
"I'll be damned," AJ said. "She's one hot little pole-sucker."  
  
"You should see her when she's awake," Victor bragged. He pulled his cock out and bounced his balls on her lips, then stuffed his cock back inside her.  
  
Cori lay there as passively as she could, but she knew the old men couldn't see her tongue, so she let it work at full speed on his cock, licking it and wrapping around it, teasing the pee-hole and fluttering across the ultra-sensitive underside of the head. The old men had received sub-par blowjobs, but Victor was getting close to her best work.  
  
He made her work for 20 minutes, giving her his cock head, his shaft, then his balls to lick and suck. Finally, he tucked just the head of his cock in between her lips and let his cum dribble out in a slow, steady stream that dribbled down the length of her tongue and trickled down her throat.  
  
When he was done, Victor climbed off the bed and walked the men to the door. "Gentlemen, do you like boats?" he asked. They said yes and he said, "Good. Go down to the docks and find Captain Jack. His boat is your charter today. Take as many friends as you like. He'll take you anywhere you want to go, on me. Just tell him Cori sent you."  
  
They thanked him and walked off, quite happy. They had a camera full of pictures, two freshly blown cocks, a day on a boat and a whale of a story to tell.  
  
When she heard them leave, Cori sat up and came out into the living room.  
  
"You were perfect," Victor said. "That was great. Just what I wanted."  
  
"I'm glad," Cori said. "I wasn't sure how far I should go. They were cumming before I knew it."  
  
"Yeah, old guys like that can't hold it for long," Victor said. "You did the right thing. Made their day, that's for sure. Now, you've done a lot for me -- for all of us -- these last three days and I'm going to be asking for more before the day's over. But, I want to do something for you."  
  
"Taking care of Gerald is enough," Cori insisted.  
  
"No, it's not," Victor said. "You deserve something too. And I'm going to give you two things. One, I'm going to eat your pussy for as long as you want and make you cum as many times as you can. Two, I'm going to send you to college."  
  
"What?" Cori asked. But Victor wasn't ready to talk about college yet. He pushed her back on the couch and shoved aside her suit, burying his face in her pussy. He lapped at it with his tongue and circled the clit, stroking it up and down. He stabbed inside her pussy with his tongue and sucked on her lips and her clit. Cori gave in and enjoyed it for what it was -- a pretty damn good piece of pussy eating. She felt her pussy heating up, juices starting to flow. She put her hands on the back of his head, gently guiding him, urging him on.  
  
He took his time, though, not rushing her through it. He stoked her fire slowly, heating her up one degree at a time. She went from warm, to smoldering to hot over the course of the next 30 minutes, finally boiling over with a body-wrenching orgasm that hit hard and fast, went away, only to revisit with series of after-shock style mini orgasms that came one after another for the next 10 minutes. When she finally had nothing left, she slumped and moaned softly, "Thank you, thank you, thank you."  
  
"You're welcome," Victor said, standing up and wiping pussy cream off his face with a towel. He went into the kitchen and brought back a soda for each of them. "How about something to drink besides cum," he laughed. She laughed too, sitting up and taking a long drink.  
  
"What were you saying about sending me to college?" she asked, taking another sip.  
  
"Do you want to go?" he asked.  
  
"Well, yeah, I mean I guess so. I took two years. I just never finished."  
  
"Now you can."  
  
"How? Why?"  
  
"Why, because I think you have a lot to offer besides sex, though that's more than enough. Believe it or not, I didn't get to be where I am today by using and discarding people. I got where I am by getting the best out of people. I find their strengths, use them to my benefit and reward them well for their service.  
  
"At first, I assumed your strengths were strictly superficial. Look great, fuck great. And I was willing to pay a lot for that quality service. Your sexuality is a gift, Cori, not a curse. Not everyone could be as hot as you -- not just because of your looks, but your personality, your willingness to trust and play and please. You're incredibly special and I would never take that for granted. But, just because I wouldn't doesn't mean other guys won't."  
  
"That's for sure," Cori frowned.  
  
"Of course, other guys have taken advantage of you, assumed you were a slut or a whore. I know better. I know you're smart and creative and have an independence and determination that are very impressive. And most important, you've got a heart that's even bigger than those nice tits of yours. You were willing to do a lot of pretty humiliating and probably pretty scary things to help someone you barely knew."  
  
"Thank you," Cori gushed, blushing.  
  
"No, no," Victor said. "I don't mean for this to get all mushy. Remember, I'm going to be fucking the hell out of your ass in a little while, so don't think I'm some old softy. I'm still a horn-dog who's more interested in your cunt than your brain. But, I'm at least willing to recognize that you have a brain. And I don't want to see you in 10 years some washed up old stripper or porn star whose been used and abused by too many men who leave you all drugged out and broke and pathetic with fake tits and too many plastic surgeries to count. You're better than that. In 10 years, I want you to be happy and successful and doing what you want with your life."  
  
"That would be great," Cori said.  
  
"So, here's the deal. A good friend of mine is the dean of the business school at Bramble Jackson University, hence the BJU shirt you were wearing earlier. Anyway, I'm pretty sure I can get you in there, if you want to go."  
  
"Wow," Cori said, "thank you, but I really can't afford it. I have a little money saved, but not enough to pay for two more years of school."  
  
"Well," Victor said, "I'm pretty sure you won't have to pay a dime."  
  
"Really?" Cori said. "That's amazing."  
  
"You will have to work for it, though, and I don't mean cleaning dishes in the dining room," Victor said.  
  
"You mean..." Cori looked down at her nearly-naked body. Victor nodded. "But you said I was more than this. That you wanted to see me do more with my life."  
  
"Yes," Victor said. "In 10 years, I don't want you to be washed up and used up. But 10 years is a long way away and you're prime right now. What I'm proposing is not that you be a whore or a slut, but that you participate in a few carefully controlled situations and, in exchange, you get the education you need to be whatever you want to be. It's two years, Cori, in exchange for the rest of your life."  
  
Cori was skeptical, of course, but she found herself believing and trusting Victor. He wasn't suggesting any of this for his own gain, as far as she could tell.  
  
"What's in this for you?" she asked.  
  
"Not much," he said. "Oh, I come to the occasional football game and I wouldn't mind a little reunion with you. But that wouldn't be more than once or twice a year. And my buddy would owe me a pretty big favor, but you know how that goes -- probably never be repaid. Nope, I promise you, this is about you.  
  
"Now, there's a few different ways you can look at this," he continued. "I understand if you don't want to do it. Go back to working at the body shop, whatever, I get it. But if you want more, this is the way to get it. You can't afford college. You can't go on scholarship because you've been out for too long and don't have the grades to support it. You're a good athlete, but not good enough to merit a scholarship, either. People go to college on whatever they can. Athletics, brains, rich family or, in your case, a nearly perfect body with the brains to know how to use it."  
  
"So, what would I have to do?" Cori asked.  
  
"Well, that would be up to my buddy. I talked to him briefly about it yesterday and he was a little skeptical too. This is pretty unusual, obviously, and his career would be at risk. But, he likes a hot pussy like the rest of us and was intrigued by the idea. He wants me to send him some pictures and an application today. Then, we'll call him and see what he says. You two can negotiate a deal -- I know you know how to do that. Find something you're comfortable with, assure him you won't turn him in and you just might have a free education."  
  
"Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt to at least talk to him," Cori said.  
  
"That's the way I looked at it. All right, let's start on your application. He sent me a form that he modified for your particular situation. After all, I don't think it's your SAT scores he's going to be interested in."  
  
"I suppose not," Cori frowned. "But they weren't bad."  
  
"You have much more impressive numbers to dazzle him with, trust me," Victor said. "What are you measurements, anyway?"  
  
"36C-22-34," Cori rattled off the numbers that she had been so accustomed to sharing with male admirers over the past few years. They all seemed so interested in those silly numbers.  
  
"Yes, those are the kind of numbers that get girls like you into prestigious business schools," Victor smiled. He sat on the couch with his laptop and had Cori sit next to him. He pulled the straps off her breasts for the occasional eye candy or grope as they worked. Indeed, Victor's friend had created a very un-academic-like form that asked for some extremely personal, sexual information. Finally, when they were done, the modified college application looked like this:  
  
Name: Cori Banks Height: 5-6 Weight: 120 Age: 22 Measurements: 36C-24-34 Hair: Blonde (natural) Eyes: Blue Tattoos: Small red heart tattoo on left ass cheek Piercings: Navel, nipples and clit Plastic surgery: None Skin tone: All over tan, no tan lines Pubic hair: Trimmed into blonde landing strip Sexual preferences: Prefer men by far, but have enjoyed past lesbian encounters Do you give blowjobs? Yes Do you swallow cum? Yes Have you had anal sex? Yes If so, did you enjoy it? Not as much as oral and vaginal, but yes. Have you ever had multiple partners? Yes, I have been gang banged by several men at one time. Have you ever had sex in public? Yes. Have you ever participated in bondage? Yes. Submissive or dominant, which describes you better? Submissive Nipple sensitivity? Extreme!  
  
Objective at BJU: To utilize my natural assets to obtain a scholarship which will provide for my room, board and tuition for two years while I complete a business degree.  
  
Pertinent skills: Sucking cock; dancing; teasing; terrific stamina, conditioning and flexibility for extended, extreme or repeated performance.  
  
Extracurricular activities: Former cheerleader, tennis player and gymnast. Work out daily if possible.  
  
Education level: Two years of college  
  
Work history: Worked at a body shop in Darien, Georgia. It was my idea to generate more business by dressing in a sexy manner on a daily basis and to tease and flirt with the customers. Profits rose drastically and we secured a major account with the city due to my influence.  
  
Also helped revive floundering restaurant in San Diego by changing the name and hiring and training a staff of young, attractive waitresses who could attract larger crowds, particularly male truckers. Developed a new menu befitting this market and strategy.  
  
Career interests: I enjoy helping others and am a creative and bold marketer. I would love to own my own business, be a marketing director for a major corporation or assist with fundraising for a major charity.  
  
Statement of case for financial support and intent to earn scholarship/repay loan as applicable: I am a very sexually oriented and gifted young woman. I am no slut or whore and will not be treated as such. But, I understand that sex sells and sex pays and that it is far and away my greatest asset at this point in my life. I have been willing in the past to utilize sex for both my gain and that of others and am willing to do so again, provided that certain guidelines are set in place assuring my safety and fair treatment at all times. I realize that two years free room, board and tuition is worth a lot, but I know that I am worth a lot too. I propose a fair trade of services that will be both beneficial and, hopefully, enjoyable for both parties. I understand and suggest that my particular assets -- and willingness to use them -- could be beneficial in many areas on a college campus and am interested in sharing ideas as to how to best use my body to suit your needs.  
  
Cori read all this over, shaking her head, unable to believe that she was about to submit an official document like this. But when Victor asked if she wanted to send it, she nodded yes. Everything on it was true. It was one thing to know the truth and quite another to write it down and send it to a complete stranger. She was putting herself out there once more, trusting people who had done little to earn her trust. Was she naïve, stupid or just a trusting soul who preferred to see the best in people? Maybe a little of each, she supposed.  
  
Victor sent the file to his friend and they sat together on the couch, eating a light brunch of fruit and cereal. Twenty minutes later, Victor's computer beeped, indicating that he had a message.  
  
"Well, he's impressed so far," Victor nodded. "He wants to see pictures and a video of you."  
  
"Really?" Cori asked. "Has he done things like this before? What do you think he wants from me -- I'm mean, specifically?"  
  
"I don't know specifically," Victor shrugged. "You'll have to talk to him about that. But in general, I know he's a legitimately decent guy who, like most of us, just happens to have a weakness for hot women. I know he's screwed around with his share of coeds before, but I don't think he's ever had a formal agreement like this -- at least not that I know of. He's not married and he's not violent, so I don't think he'd give you any problems."  
  
"Well, I trust you, but I definitely would want to meet with him before I made a final decision."  
  
"I'm sure he understands that," Victor said. "But I'll reiterate it when we respond with some pictures and videos of you. Actually, I have several pictures from the past few days that I'm sure he'll find very interesting, so we just need to do a new video. I think something that shows your beauty, hard body, flexibility and sexuality would be the final piece in getting him to do this. Remember, this is a big risk for him too -- if word got out, he'd lose his job, his credibility, everything. You're both going to have to trust each other, based so far on nothing more than my recommendation that you do so."  
  
"I understand," Cori said. "Well, as far as the video, I haven't had a good workout in a while. Maybe I could workout while you recorded it? I'll wear something sexy so he can see my tits bounce and my ass wiggle and all that stuff you guys like. And I can do some stretches and things like that."  
  
"Perfect," Victor said. "Why don't you just wear that sling and heels you already have on? I think that would be very sexy. I'll provide some commentary, which will allow me to also direct you a little. Just follow my lead like always."  
  
Cori agreed. She took off "Vic's Bitch" collar and put her hair in a ponytail and reapplied her red lipstick while Victor prepared the camera and lighting in his small but functional personal gym. He had a treadmill, a workout bench attached to a few weight-and-pulley devices, an exercise mat and a large exercise ball. One wall was a full window with a sliding door to the secluded back patio, so there was ample natural light illuminating the room.  
  
"OK, let's start by having you sit on the bench, straddling it with your legs spread a bit, resting your hands on the bench so that your arms are squeezing your tits together," Victor said. "Introduce yourself, then slowly get up and go over to the treadmill. You'll start by walking and I'll get some close-ups of your ass. Then I'll have you jog a little bit if you can in those heels and I'll get some good shots of your tits. Got it?"  
  
"Got it," Cori said, taking her place on the workout bench. She straddled the black leather bench, keeping her legs spread wide and leaning forward, using your upper arms to squeeze her tits together as she looked into the camera with her dazzling smile.  
  
"Rolling," Victor said.  
  
"Hi, Dr. Harris, I'm Cori Banks," she smiled naturally. Then, she slowed down, talking clearly and using pauses, licking and pursing her lips at appropriate times to emphasize her meaning. "I really want to go to B...J...U... and I'm willing to put every ounce of energy I have into it and do whatever it takes to get a scholarship. To give you an idea of what I'm capable of, we've put together this little video for you. I hope you like it."  
  
She got up and turned toward the treadmill, looking over her shoulder as Victor zoomed in on her, letting the camera pan slowly down from her seductive smile to her bare back to her amazing, nearly bare ass and her long, athletic legs with her perfectly sculpted thighs and calves. She paused, then walked slowly forward, careful to exaggerate the movement of her ass by crossing one foot in front of the other like a runway model.  
  
She stepped on the treadmill, spreading her legs wide and placing her feet astride the belt. Victor came around behind her, keeping a tight shot of her ass with her legs spread wide, the sling suit splitting her ass cheeks. She started the treadmill and began a brisk walk, accentuating her long legs with long strides that showcased her ass nicely as well.  
  
"As you can see," Victor began his commentary, "her ass and legs are perfect. Look how tan and toned her legs are -- very athletic and feminine at the same time. And her ass is just as smooth and firm and round as it looks on this video." Still filming, he reached out and squeezed her ass cheek, then pulled on the string splitting her ass, tugging into deeper between her legs. Cori never broke stride.  
  
"If you enjoy looking at this ass, think how much fun it is to touch and play with any time you want," Victor continued. "Of course, the view is pretty good from the front, too." He moved around to the front of the treadmill, keeping the camera focused at her waist so that he now had a tight shot of her bare belly and the camel toe created by the taut sling. "I don't think I have any words to do that justice," Victor continued. "Perfection is the best I can offer. And these are mighty fine, too." He panned up now to her tits, letting the camera record her jiggling knockers for a few moments before reaching out and pulling the straps to the outsides of her breasts. Her hard nipples pointed straight at the camera, bouncing lightly atop her firm breasts.

"As you can see, these are the real things," Victor said. "They are big and round and firm with amazing rubbery nipples. Nothing fake here. Ever seen a better pair than these? Me either." He reached out and rubbed and tweaked her nipples, tugged on the nipple rings, then bounced her breasts and gently slapped them together so Harris would be able to see them in action. "You should see these things when she's running," Victor said. Cori took the cue and turned up the speed on the treadmill, careful not to go to fast. She had long ago mastered the art of running in heels, but it was still tricky to go very fast. Besides, a light jog created a nice up and down bounce that guys really seemed to enjoy, so she settled into a rhythm, letting her tits playfully bounce along to her long, graceful strides. Victor let the camera and her tits do all the talking for a few minutes before slowly panning out and signaling for Cori to move on to the next part of the workout.  
  
She stopped the treadmill and came around to the workout bench with weights and pulleys. Her breasts were still bare with the straps from the sling pushing against them from the outside, squeezing them together. She sat straight up, straddling the bench and reached up for a metal bar attached to a pulley. She kept the weight light and did several reps, pulling the weight straight down behind her head. Naturally, the exercise caused her to arch her back and her tits stuck out even more, a highlight not missed by Victor and his all-seeing camera.  
  
The scene was just as inviting moments later when Cori was laying on her back on the bench, the pointed toes of her heels tucked inside a leather strap attached to one of the pulleys. Keeping her legs together, she slowly pulled the weight down, then let it back up until her legs were sticking straight in the air. Victor moved the camera so it was just inches from her pussy, then tugged the sling up so that it slipped in between her pussy lips. The sun coming in the window glistened off her moist pussy lips, which went teasingly in and out of view as she slowly raised and lowered her legs.  
  
"As you can see, she has very nice, strong, long, lean legs -- athletic but not too much muscles. Toned just right," Victor said. He stopped Cori and replaced the leather strap connected to the pulley with a handle that split into two separate straps. He put one foot in each, then stepped back to make sure he got a good shot as she pulled the weight down with her feet and legs pressed tightly together, then, slowly spread her legs as wide as she could, her legs trembling slightly at the effort to support the weight. But Victor wasn't worried about the weight. With her legs spread wide and her sling now burrowed deep between her lips, her cunt was perfectly displayed. Any man viewing that would surely find it irresistible. It was pink and puffy and moist with that cute little tuft of blond hair on top. Nothing could be more inviting or desirable.  
  
"Of course, strength and tone is nothing without flexibility," Victor said. "You see she can spread her legs pretty well, but you haven't seen anything yet." Cori had already taken the cue and released the weights. She sat sideways on the bench, then put her legs on the bench, her feet stretched out to the sides. Slowly, she spread her legs into a full split until they were flush with the bench, as was her pussy. She looked straight at the camera, smiled and then leaned forward, keeping her legs straight while she reached down and placed her palms flat on the floor. Victor filmed her from all angles, studying her legs, her well-displayed ass and her hanging tits. His cock was aching for her and he knew how this little video would end. He resisted the urge to tear into her ass right then and there, reminding himself that this video needed to showcase all of Cori's assets and skills as much as possible.  
  
Cori stood up and spread her legs shoulder width as she bent over at the waist and again put her palms flat on the exercise mat. Her legs were straight and her ass filled the frame of Victor's camera. She dropped to the floor and lay on her belly, then kicked her legs up behind her, grabbing her ankles. Victor had a notion to grab cut the leather straps off the stupid weight machine and hogtie her like that while he had his way with her for the rest of the day. Damn, she was hot and impossible to resist.  
  
She rolled onto her back and did a series of scissor kicks before kicking her legs up over her shoulders, then pinning them behind her arms.  
  
"As you can tell," Victor said, "she's strong, athletic, flexible with a great deal of stamina and a knack for teasing. I know you've got athletes on scholarship there with far less physical ability than Cori has. And I'm sure you're already envisioning her value to the university. Donors write larger checks faster when they have the right incentive. Blue-chip recruits expect the best in everything -- including women. Board members approve budgets -- such as staff increases and bonuses -- much more willingly when they're in a good mood. Want to see how good of a mood Cori can put someone in? Here."  
  
Victor panned out and pointed the camera down as he pulled out his cock. Cori crawled to him on her hands and knees and looked right into the camera as she filled her mouth with his cock. She made sure he could see her cheeks hollow as she sucked, her lips purse as she licked and kissed, and her cheeks bulge as he stuffed his cock into the side of her mouth. Then, with a lusty gaze in the camera, she took the full length of his cock down her throat, actually guiding Victor's hand to hold the camera to the side so Harris would be able to see it when her tongue slithered out and lathered Victor's balls at the same time she was deep-throating him.  
  
"I think you'll agree," Victor grunted, "that her skill and technique are extraordinary. And it's fair to say she enjoys what's she's doing. It's always so much better when a girl jumps at the chance to suck your cock, or better yet, begs for the chance. And then there's the swallowing, but we'll get to that later. As good as this feels, I think I should show you just how nice that pretty pink pussy is, too." He pulled his cock out and pushed Cori onto her back. She lifted her legs up once more, spreading them and pinning them behind her arms. Victor handed her the camera and she held it between her breasts, pointing down as Victor speared her cunt with this hard shaft, the thick mushroom head leading the charge deep inside her. She grunted and moaned and whimpered for effect as Victor laid into her, shaking the camera with every forceful thrust, his balls slapping wetly against her pussy. "It's so damn tight and hot," Victor grunted. "I can assure you, she's in perfect shape, inside and out. This is one tight, hard fucking body."  
  
Victor almost came, but stopped abruptly and pulled out. "Of course, most sluts these days will offer their cunt or mouth at the drop of a hat. But the number who will bend over and take it up the ass is a little smaller. Naturally, I'm happy to report that Cori is in that terrific minority." He took the camera back knelt behind her as she kneeled now on all fours. He pushed the back of her head and she dropped down to her elbows, letting her head drop to the floor as she raised her ass up for him. He held the camera in his left hand while he pulled on her right ass cheek. Cori pulled on the left, spreading herself for him and he pushed his wet cock through her tight outer ring into gloriously snug asshole. His powerful cock nudged her open a little at a time until he was balls deep inside and pounding her ass with a determined, steady rhythm.  
  
He was close to coming, so he stopped and pulled out and carefully set the camera on the workout bench, checking to make sure he could get Cori's entire body in the frame. He then repositioned himself behind her, smiled and waved at the camera and then re-entered her ass, which gaped open readily for him this time. Cori whimpered as he filled her once more. Sweat glistened on her body and her breath came in soft, erotic pants that only fueled Victor's lust more.  
  
"She even likes it a little rough," Victor panted, slapping Cori's ass sharply. "So long as it's not too rough. Right?"  
  
"Right," Cori nodded her head vigorously. "Spank me a little, please!" He slapped her ass a couple more times, then grabbed her ponytail, gently pulling her head back, forcing her to arch her back and thrust her ass back against him as her head tilted toward the ceiling. While his left hand held her head in place, he reached underneath her with his right hand and tugged on her tits, which jutted out, her hard nipples now pointing straight ahead. Victor imagined that the profile shot of her nipples sticking out was amazing on the camera and accentuated the effect by reaching around in front of her and pulling straight out on her nipple ring, stretching her nipple to its maximum length before letting go. Cori moaned again and Victor recognized that soft whine that came from deep inside her. She was nearing an orgasm, even though he was fucking her ass. What an amazing bitch. Well, her cumming on camera didn't lock up a full scholarship, he didn't know what would.  
  
He hastily stood up and sat down on the large exercise ball, leaning his back against the wall and planting his feet on the floor to keep the ball steady. Then, he held his cock upright while Cori lowered her ass on to him. They were facing directly toward the camera and Victor was confident they were still in view. When he was fully inside her, he spread her legs with his and worked on her pussy with his right hand and her tits with his left. She rode up and down on him, using her long legs to push herself up and down while he tended to her most sensitive areas. The closer she came to cumming, the faster he rubbed her clit, the harder he tugged her nipples and the faster she bounced on his cock. When she finally came, Victor grabbed both of her legs and pulled them back up by her head, pointing her spasming cunt directly at the camera. Though she wasn't a squirter, she still presented a pretty picture of pussy sweetness as she fell limp back against him.  
  
He pushed her onto the floor and she knelt before him, bouncing on her knees as he stuffed her mouth with his cock, which only seconds before had been in her ass. "That's right," he said. "Ass to mouth is no problem for this one, my friend. She takes it all ways, all day. Suck me good, baby."  
  
She didn't have to suck long before he was spewing cum all over her face. He aimed carefully, making sure he got her eyelids, forehead, cheeks, nose and lips. He picked up the camera and zoomed in on her face as he pushed his softening cock against her lips. She opened up to suck and clean him. "Look at that," he said. "She just keeps sucking. And she loves that cum. I tell you, she had a cum breakfast -- three servings, you might say -- the other day and ate every drop. Maybe you could have a nutritionist do a study with her on the effects of a cum diet. Fuck, look at her lick it up." He pulled out of her mouth and filmed as she scooped wads of cum into her mouth, shoveling it in with her tongue and fingers, tasting and swallowing, smiling for the camera the entire time.  
  
She hadn't told Victor what she was going to do next, but quickly bounced up and told Victor to keep the camera on the doorway. Seconds later, her sling came flying in, landing on the workout bench. And a second after that, she followed, wearing only her heels and the thin, white BJU t-shirt which hung down just far enough to cover her pussy. She was carrying a bottle of water and walked in slowly, seductively, licking her lips and eyeing the camera. She swung her legs over the workout bench and sat down, her pussy exposed, her nipples clearly visible through the thin material. She took a long drink of water, tilting her head back and turning to the side so he could get a profile of her drinking and swallowing. Then she let the water spill down her front, soaking her shirt, which quickly became transparent.  
  
She turned back to face the camera and smiled. "So, Mr. Harris, do you think there's any room at all for a girl like me at your school? I don't want to fuck for grades, I'll earn those with my brain. But I really want to go there and I'll work hard in and out of the classroom to make sure you don't regret giving me a scholarship. I'm not looking for trouble or drama -- I just want a chance, an education and a little respect. I'm not conceited, but I know I have a lot to offer in return. I believe I was given this body and these skills for a reason, but I know they can't last forever. I'm planning for the future and willing to give you the best present I can. I've given it some thought and I think I was destined to go to B...J....U," -- she spoke slowly, emphasizing the letters as she licked her lips, "don't you?"  
  
Victor stopped filming. "Perfect," he said. "Absolutely perfect. That's the hottest video I've ever seen in my life."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said. "And thanks for getting me off again -- you're really good at that. I never cum when I'm getting fucked in the ass, but that was great."  
  
"Any time," Victor chuckled, pinching her ass. "Why don't you throw that sling in the wash and go take a shower. I'll upload this video and send it to him."  
  
Cori chose to take a bath instead, soaking and resting for nearly an hour. When she came back out, she remembered that the sling was in the wash but she couldn't find the BJU t-shirt she had been wearing. She put on her heels and walked into the living room naked with her hair down and body refreshed. She wasn't surprised to see Sam and Miles there with Victor. They were all watching the video, which Victor had playing on his big screen TV. It was at the point I the video where Cori was demonstrating her flexibility, just before Victor fucked her. Cori knew all three men had very early flights tomorrow and suspected they all three would want a farewell fuck. Obviously, now that Victor had played with her for a while, he was willing to share his toy for a bit before bed time.  
  
"There's the star," Miles smiled.  
  
"Bring the camera," Sam laughed. He grabbed Cori by the wrist and pulled her toward the bedroom. Miles was right behind and, indeed, Victor followed with the video camera. Sam pushed Cori onto the bed and lay down next to her. Miles fell into bed on the other side of her and both men began touching and kissing all over her.  
  
"Didn't think we were going to leave without one last roll in the hay, did ya?" Sam laughed, stuffing two fingers in her pussy.  
  
"No," Cori giggled. "You're not going to take turns?"  
  
"Nope," Miles said. "Victor is donating some of his time, but we thought it wouldn't be fair to keep you to ourselves all afternoon and evening, so we're doubling up. Not a problem, is it, sweet cheeks? Last time I checked, you had three holes and a pair of tits that were all cock-worthy."  
  
"Fine with me," Cori said. While she had enjoyed much of her time with these strange, egotistical men, she was also very happy that this three-day ordeal was almost over. In a few hours, she would hopefully see them all for the last time -- well, except maybe Victor, whom she liked the most of the three and whom she assumed would probably visit her at college if things worked out. But she wouldn't miss Sam and Miles at all. Still, they had been fair to her despite breaking her rules and she had come too far now not to give them her best effort one more time. She grabbed their cocks and stroked them, feeling them both harden in her soft hands. She envisioned them each taking turns in all of her holes, cumming once or twice each, then being done. The sooner she got them off the first time, the closer she was to saying good riddance. She made a move to suck Miles' cock, but he pushed her away and laughed.  
  
"She's trying to rush things, Sam," he said.  
  
"I think you're right," Sam nodded. "Oh, Cori, you're much too smart to think we were going to settle for a slam-bam quickie. We like to play, have fun, you know that. Besides, we're paying an awful lot of money for this. You've earned every penny so far, but your job isn't over yet, my dear."  
  
Cori frowned, trying to hide her disappointment. Just when she thought she was getting close to the finish line, they were telling her she had to run a few more laps. "OK," she said in the best chirpy voice she could muster, "what's the game today?"  
  
"Sundae relay race," Sam said. "Here's how it works. We're going to stand at this end of the room and cover our cocks in different stuff you would find in a sundae -- minus the ice cream, which is already in that bowl over there." He pointed to the other side of the room where there was a bowl with two scoops of ice cream sitting on the end table next to the bed. "First, there's chocolate, then fudge, then whipped cream and finally a cherry. You have to crawl back and forth from the bowl to us and get as much of whatever's on our cock onto the sundae as you can. Of course, you can only use your mouth to transport everything, so I suggest you suck hard and long and get as much as you can. We wo't move to the next topping until our dicks are clean. And you can't eat any of the toppings, either. We'll keep going until you've made a complete sundae. If you can finish in under 30 minutes, we'll give you a reward. If it takes longer than that, we'll deduct $50 from Gerald's next check for every minute you're over. Got it?"  
  
Cori looked at them and at the distance from the bowl to where they were standing. She guessed it was about 15 feet. That was going to be a lot of crawling back and forth. She'd have to suck as much as she could in her mouth each time --- better to take more time sucking and get a full mouthful than to waste time crawling back and forth. Her plan formulated, she nodded that she was ready when they were. This, Cori frowned to herself, was the sort of humiliating activities she had expected from them all along. There was nothing in this for her. There was no adventure, no fun, no pending orgasm. Just her subjecting herself to their whims and desires. Thank goodness the whole three days hadn't been like this. She pushed the negative thoughts aside, focused on the fact that her real vacation was only hours away, and got on her hands and knees.  
  
She looked across the room. Sam and Miles were smiling, holding their chocolate covered dicks in their hands, waiting to feed them to her. Victor stood to the side, video camera in one hand and stopwatch in the other. "Ready, set, go!" he said. Cori had done many a slow, sensual crawl for men before, but this time she scrambled ahead as quickly as she could, aware that her tits were slapping into each other and swaying back and forth. She went to Sam first, opening her mouth wide and engulfing his cock.  
  
"Now that's a hungry little bitch," Sam laughed, putting his hand on the back of her head and thrusting his cock into her mouth. "Get a good mouthful of that, you little slut."  
  
Cori licked and sucked as quickly as her lips and tongue could work. She filled her cheeks with as much chocolate as she could, continually fighting the reflex to swallow. Funny, it had taken her a while to learn to control her gag reflex, but seldom did she have to deal with not swallowing -- except for when a guy wanted her to hold his cum in her mouth for a while. Anyway, she had planned to get as much chocolate as she could from both cocks, but realized that she couldn't possibly hold this gooey chocolate syrup in her mouth without spilling or swallowing it while she opened her mouth to suck Miles. She'd have to empty her mouth first. She quickly scrambled back and spit the chocolate out onto the ice cream, disappointed at how little it looked like. She looked at Sam's cock as she headed back and was surprised to see that a lot of chocolate still remained.

"Gonna have to suck harder than that, babe," Sam said. "I figured you to be the kind of girl who could suck the proverbial chrome off a trailer hitch or a golf ball through a hose. You better be if you're going to win that reward."  
  
Cori chastised herself for not doing better and hollowed her cheeks around Miles' cock, sucking loudly like a child who has reached the bottom of a glass of milk. She traced her tongue around the head of his cock, finding large deposits of chocolate caked there and along the thick veins of his shaft.  
  
"I think she's doing better this time," Miles said happily. "Damn, that feels good."  
  
Cori hurried back and spat out the chocolate again, encouraged to see that indeed she had been more successful this time. She headed back, determined to remove all remaining chocolate from both cocks this time. She wondered how long it had been already. Five minutes? Ten? She lost track of time when she was fucking and sucking. She couldn't worry about that now. She licked Sam's cock as clean as she could until he acknowledged that it was good enough. She collected it under her tongue and held it there while she finished off Miles' remaining chocolate. By the time she had spat it out and returned, both men had covered their cocks in hot fudge that was just warm enough not to be hardened but no so hot as to burn.  
  
"The longer you take, the thicker this stuff is going to get," Sam taunted.  
  
Cori knew that and hated him suddenly for teasing her like that. She attacked his cock with animalistic vigor, her mouth devouring him, her teeth scraping along the sides of his cock as she slurped almost every bit of hot fudge off him in one quick, efficient trip.  
  
"Impressive," Sam said, nodding. "But watch your teeth, slut."  
  
Cori didn't respond, focusing on the same sort of success with Miles' cock. She figured if she could get him in one trip too, that would make up for her slow start and she might just have a chance at finishing in under 30 minutes. She was slowed by Miles, who put his hands on the back of her head and gave her mouth half a dozen good hard thrusts before stopping and letting her do her work. He's a prick, too, she thought. After three days, these two were showing their true colors again -- the same colors they had shown when she first met them and when she saw them mistreating Gerald. She hoped Victor wouldn't treat her the same way tonight, and she didn't think he would. He was no saint, but he had a level of decency and humility and maturity these guys lacked. That said, he sure seemed to be enjoying the show. She noticed that he was stroking his cock with one hand and holding the camera with the other. She wondered if he was keeping track of the time. Just then, he announced, "15 minutes left."  
  
Despite Miles' delays, she got him in one trip too and now had only the whipped cream and cherry to go. She figured she was in good shape. The whipped cream should be the easiest thing yet.  
  
She was right, the whipped cream didn't stick to their cocks nearly as much as the chocolate and fudge and she was able to make relatively short work of that layer of the sundae. She figured she had a good 10 minutes left and only two cherries to retrieve to finish the job.  
  
She reached Sam and went to get the cherry, which was perched neatly at the base of his cock. Then her heart sank. She saw that the cherry had been tied to his cock via a thin piece of green string that looked like a stem at first glance. She looked up at Sam.  
  
"To get it off," he said, "you have to work it up my shaft, then untie it ... with your mouth. And no biting, bitch."  
  
Cori frowned and decided to take it one step at a time. She bobbed her head down on his cock, feeling it pressing down her throat as she tried to reach the cherry. She pursed her lips tightly around it and pulled back. It came about a quarter of an inch before slipping out of her grasp. She bobbed back down again, pursed her lips again and pulled, trying to wrap her tongue around the string for extra leverage.  
  
While Cori was struggling with her task, Sam was in ecstasy. Her lips and tongue were working wonders on his cock and he was about ready to say screw the race and give her the skull fucking she deserved. But he held off, making the most of every second of pure pleasure, watching this gorgeous young woman give him the best blowjob of his life.  
  
Cori had to bob her head repeatedly, working fast and furious until the cherry finally was up to his head. With his cock narrowed slightly just below the crown of his head, she used the extra bit of space to wedge her tongue between the string and his cock. Sam could hardly stand it -- her tongue was literally now tied to the underside of his cock. In all the times he had tied women up or played other games with them, why hadn't he thought of this one before? What could be better than a tongue tied to her cock?  
  
Cori moved her tongue from side to side, trying to stretch the string. It was tied in a knot, so untying it was out of the question. She needed to stretch it until the string snapped. And the only way to do that was to keep rubbing her tongue side to side along the bottom of his shaft. Sam was yelling and cheering now, professing that nothing had ever felt this good. Cori ignored him as best she could. She was making progress now. She felt the string weakening as it was soaked through with saliva now. She sucked hard on the cherry itself and felt it pop into her mouth, suddenly free of the string and his cock.  
  
She scrambled back and put the cherry on the sundae, then looked at Victor as she headed toward Miles. "Three minutes," he said, frowning. Cori thought briefly that it was sweet that he wanted her to win the race. She didn't have much time, but she now knew how to get the cherry off and worked much more quickly on Miles. Her jaws ached but she drew the cherry slowly up his shaft, determined to finish the job. Once again, she wedged her tongue between the string and his cock, feeling his prick leap in her mouth and knowing that it obviously felt wonderful to him. She didn't care. She worked frantically on the cherry, twisting her head to avoid Miles' attempts to shove his cock down her throat again. She would gladly deep throat him as soon as this was over, she told herself.  
  
"Thirty seconds," Victor said. Angrily, Cori sucked with all her might and the cherry flew into her mouth. She scurried back across the floor, spitting the cherry onto the sundae with five seconds to spare. She collapsed on the floor, but Sam and Miles weren't in the mood to give her a break. She had brought them to the brink of orgasm and they weren't going to let her stop there. Miles picked her up and she wrapped her legs and arms around him while he drove his cock into her pussy. Sam approached from behind and split her ass cheeks with his cock. She was impaled in both holes now, and together they lifted her up and down, groping her tits as they did so. After a few minutes, they traded holes, turning Cori so that she clung to Sam while he fucked her cunt and Miles claimed her ass one last time.  
  
They were so lusty and horny they fucked her recklessly, tossing her up and down, slamming into her from all angles, then throwing her down on the bed. Miles forced his cock down her throat before she was ready and even Cori gagged momentarily before catching up with him. He pounded her throat for a few seconds, then pulled back and filled her mouth with his cum.  
  
"Don't swallow," he instructed. She held it in her mouth while he continued to pump more and more cum into her. When he was done, he said, "Now, put that on the sundae, bitch." Cori nodded, knowing now that they intended for her to eat that nasty sundae, and crawled over to it, spitting his impressive load on top, white cream now coating the bright red cherries.  
  
She had barely turned around when Sam grabbed her and stuffed his balls in her mouth. She licked and sucked on them, then accepted his throbbing cock for a few quick thrusts before he came in a flood of salty cream. She knew not to swallow, holding it in her mouth while he finished, then spitting it on the sundae as well.  
  
"I think our friends would like to see her eat that sundae, don't you?" Miles sneered to Sam.  
  
"I think our friends would enjoy that a lot," Sam agreed.  
  
"Friends?" Cori asked.  
  
"Yeah," Miles said. "All of my buddies are going to enjoy watching this video. Damn, they will be some jealous SOB's."  
  
Cori knew better than to protest. She preferred to stay blissfully unaware of the pictures and videos of her that no doubt populated many adult web sites these days. Too many guys with cameras had had opportunities to think it wasn't out there. She just didn't like to think about it. But here was Miles, prick that he was, telling her point blank that he was going to send her video to who knows how many friends. She did a great job of hiding her anger as she ate the ice cream, playfully holding up a spoonful of cum and showing it to the camera before she smiled and ate it.  
  
When she finished the ice cream, Victor shut off the camera and Miles handed her an envelope. "Here's your reward," he said. She opened it and saw that it was filled with $100 bills.  
  
"That's $10,000," he said. "That's to get you started in college -- I guess your books and room will be taken care of, so use it to get some new clothes, buy a car, whatever you want. Just take care of yourself, keep having fun and don't stop being a sexy slut."  
  
The words were hardly mushy, but Cori sensed that was as close as Miles got to expressing caring for someone, so she thanked him with a hug and a kiss on the cheek.  
  
"Look, kid, you know you're smart, so don't let guys like us ruin you, all right?" Sam said. "If anyone gives you any trouble, call me and I'll take care of it. Got it?"  
  
Again, Cori was surprised that Sam showed some level of caring for her. She hugged and kissed him as well. They both left without another word, leaving Cori naked, exhausted and holding $10,000.  
  
"That was an easy 10 grand, huh?" Victor asked.  
  
"Not easy," Cori shook her head. "So, am I really going to college?"  
  
"If you want," Victor said. "Harris saw the video and loved it, of course. He absolutely wants you there, no expenses. When you're vacation is over, you'll fly there to meet with him and work out whatever details you both agree upon."  
  
"Wow," Cori shook her head. "Wow. I don't know if I can do it."  
  
"What do you mean?" Victor asked. "You did it for a guy you don't even know for the past three days. You won't do it for two years to take care of your entire future?"  
  
"It's humiliating sometimes," Cori said, trying not to cry. "This, this was very degrading. Yeah, $10,000 is great, but that was the first time they really treated me like a whore."  
  
"Look, I understand," Victor said. "I do. I know there's a line and they crossed it. But you have to look past that now. You have a future that will be free of humiliation and degradation if you choose it. Or, you can live a whole life of it. If I were you, I would use every advantage I had right now. Your best asset is still that hard body, no matter how much you want to deny it sometimes. Me, I used my dad's connections to get a leg up on everyone. I got the best teachers, jobs I didn't deserve and raises I didn't earn. But now look at me, my company is successful because I made it that way. I needed help to get there, sure, but I don't need it now. You need that hard body to get there. It's a big price to pay, but you've already paid a lot, why stop now? Plus, I know you like it half the time -- you smile and play and cum. You loved making that video with me earlier, didn't you?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori admitted. "That was fun. You're probably right. This is probably the best opportunity I'm ever going to get. I mean, what other options do I really have? I can't afford school any other way and I don't have a real career without a degree. Other girls strip and work for escort services and model. I guess if they can do it, I can too, huh?"  
  
"That's right," Victor said. "No one can take away your self-respect and self-worth if you don't let them. I know you've had some bad things done to you -- I've participated in some of them -- and yet you know you're better than that. Eventually, everyone else will too. Some of us already do."  
  
"I don't know," Cori said, frowning.  
  
"Look, why don't you just go meet with Bob --- uh, Mr. Harris," Victor said. "You can talk about it, see the campus, see what he has in mind and go from there. If you don't like it, you've lost nothing -- I'll pay for your flight there and anywhere you want to go afterwards. If you like it, well, you're on your way. And it's not like you'd be imprisoned. You could quite anytime."  
  
"You're right," Cori said. "What do I have to lose just talking to him? Let's call him and set it up."  
  
Victor made the call and made arrangements for Cori to fly in to meet Bob Harris the day she left St. Thomas. She'd fly straight to BJU, which was along the coast in North Carolina, then, regardless of her decision, return to Darien, Georgia for at least a few days. She wanted to see Ben and John and Ty again. She wanted to tell them so much of what had happened in the last few weeks and get their ideas on what to do next. She knew she could trust them over anyone else. In fact, she wanted to call Ben tonight and see what he thought about college, but Victor had precious few hours left with his toy and made it clear that he intended to make the most of it.  
  
"You like sunsets?" he asked, not waiting for an answer. "Should be a beautiful one on the beach tonight. Let's take a walk, shall we?"  
  
"OK," Cori said.  
  
"Just wear the BJU shirt and nothing else," Victor said.  
  
"Nothing?" Cori asked. "No thong or heels?"  
  
"Nothing," Victor said. "The t-shirt is just long enough. People will assume you have a bikini on underneath. Even when they see your ass cheeks, they'll assume it's a thong. Until they get closer and they might catch a glimpse of that sweet little pussy of yours peeking out. They'll notice those hard nipples and the way your tits jiggle. Then, they'll realize you're naked underneath. But by then, we will have passed them and they'll be left to wish they had gotten a better look. Sounds like fun, doesn't it?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori smiled genuinely. "It does. You like to show me off, don't you?"  
  
"Who wouldn't?" Victor said. "Yeah, a little stroll showing you off like that is going to make me really horny. Get ready for a long night of banging, baby." He held up a little bottle of blue pills. She just smiled, shook her head and took his hand as they walked out the door.  
  
They strolled casually down to the beach and sure enough, it was a beautiful sunset. There were lots of other people out walking too, many of them paying little attention, while others' eyes popped as they realized what they were seeing in the fading light.  
  
Victor noticed a couple gaining on them from behind. He put his arm around Cori's waist, using his forearm to pull her shirt up just a little further. Now, it would be clear that she was wearing no swimsuit underneath. "Damn," he heard the guy exclaim under his breath as they passed by.  
  
"Don't you want to pick up some seashells to take back with you?" Victor grinned. Cori laughed and walked ahead of him so that both he and anyone else around could see. Then, she bent over at the waist, knowing her ass and pussy were exposed, and slowly gathered up a handful of seashells.  
  
She wasn't sure how many people saw her, but heard Victor say proudly, "Hey, look but don't touch fellas. That belongs to me."  
  
Well, for tonight, that was true, Cori thought to herself. But starting tomorrow, she was going to start making decisions about her future. If she gave herself to someone, it was going to be for one of only two reasons, either it was helping her get what she wanted or it was because she liked the guy. No more using her body to make money for other people, do favors for folks or because she felt sorry for someone. It was time to look out for herself. That much was clear. How to do it was another question.  
  
She stood up and Victor took her hand and immediately began leading her back up the beach. Five minutes later, they were back in his suite and six minutes later he was balls deep in her pussy, having bent her over the back of the coach as soon as they walked in the door. He pounded her with a furious lust and Cori knew that her little show on the beach had driven him crazy. He grabbed a handful of her t-shirt, using it as a handle to get better leverage.  
  
Cori was powerless, just keeping her legs straight and holding on for the ride. The back of the couch was slamming into her tummy as he thrust back and forth inside her. She felt the sting of his palm on her ass, then he grabbed her shirt again and she felt it being ripped away. He stopped fucking her long enough to twirl the shirt into a thin rope, much like rolling a towel to snap it in the locker room. Then, he looped the shirt over her head and told her to put it in her mouth. She did and he held both ends, like the reins on a horse. He held the shirt in one hand, spanked her ass with the other and rode her for another five minutes before pulling his cock out of her pussy and plowing it into her ass. He continued to spank her and pull on the "reins" while she bucked beneath him, trying not to throw him off, but to get him off.  
  
"Yes, yes, my little bitch," he panted. "That's a million dollar ass you have there. Oh, you're going to be rich little bitch someday. Oh, damn, that's nice. Fuck, yes!"  
  
Just as he was about to cum, he pulled out and yanked on the t-shirt, spinning her around. As she gasped for breath, he filled her mouth with his cock and instantly began blasting his cum onto her tongue, into her cheeks, between her teeth and down her throat. She gurgled and swallowed and sucked, taking the whole load without spilling a drop.  
  
The rest of the night went much the same. They never slept a wink. Victor said he'd sleep on the plane and Cori could sleep on the beach. He fucked her pussy in bed, then she gave him a blowjob on the patio at about 2 a.m. He took her ass as she bent over the dining room table at 3:30 a.m. and she polished him off with a blowjob at 5 a.m. Then he showered and left, giving Cori a peck on the cheek and stuffing his card between her tits -- which were now squeezed back into the white sling she had worn the day before.  
  
Cori staggered slowly back to her own room, exhausted from three days of virtual non-stop fucking, her mind and body both totally spent. But she was also happy, exhilarated. The three-day marathon was over. She wondered how many times she had been fucked, displayed, photographed and fondled in the last three days. If there was a world record for such things, she had to be close to breaking it. But, she still had a full week in paradise to relax and recover and, she recalled, Rudin had promised to upgrade her to first class. She wondered what that would entail. Right now, she needed some first-class sleep. When she entered her room, she didn't even bother to change or shower. She simply kicked off her heels and collapsed on the bed.  
  
She slept all day. She didn't even here the maids enter and leave. She heard nothing, dead to the world for almost 12 hours. Finally, she woke to a pounding on the door. Had one of the guys missed their flight? She hoped not. Barefoot, she stumbled to the door, her white sling still molded to her nearly nude body. She peeped through the hole in the door and saw Gerald's smiling face. She opened the door, smiling, happy to see him. Mr. Rudin was behind him as well.  
  
"Hey!" she said, her voice hoarse after just waking up and going all day with no liquids. She realized that probably the last thing she drank or ate would have been the multiple loads of cum Victor had dumped down her throat. She hadn't eaten or drank anything else in the last 24 hours. Suddenly, she realized she was very hungry and thirsty. She opened the door wide and let her guests enter. "Come on in, guys!"

Both men entered and Cori and Rudin waved it off as Cori offered them a seat. "No, we can't stay," Rudin said. "I just wanted to stop by and tell you that you are the lucky recipient of a free room and service upgrade." Cori remembered that Gerald had no idea what had been going on the last three days and nodded to Rudin a subtle appreciation for his discretion.  
  
"That's great!" Cori said. "What does it mean?"  
  
"It means you get a full suite like many of our long-term guests use, a full 24-hour menu of room service options, free use of a golf cart on the resort and priority seating at our restaurants with no wait. You also have a chair and table reserved for you at the pool and beach with fifteen minutes notice."  
  
"Thank you so much!" Cori said.  
  
"You're very welcome," Rudin said. "Thank you, Ms. Banks, for being such a great guest. Gerald, whom I believe you have met, will assist you with moving your things to the new suite. Please understand, too, that tips are no longer necessary or welcome for the remainder of your stay, Ms. Banks. You are now on all-inclusive status. Our staff will not expect nor accept gratuities from you."  
  
"I can't thank you enough!" Cori said.  
  
"I'll see you before you leave," Rudin said as he left.  
  
"How are you, Gerald?" Cori asked, turning to her friend. "I haven't seen you for a couple of days."  
  
"I was off -- a paid vacation!" he exclaimed. The excitement was beaming from his face as he explained to Cori about his bonus and chance to go to school. Any regrets she had about the previous three days were washed away and she wondered about her plan to only look out for herself from now on. If she could do something to make someone this happy, wasn't that more important than her own happiness? She wasn't sure. She'd take it on a case by case basis. Men thought with their penises half the time, but she intended to let her heart be her guide and her body simply the tool to carry out whatever plan or task needed to be done.  
  
Gerald loaded up Cori's bags and clothes and drove her down the cart path to her new suite. Her heart jumped when she saw whose it was -- Sam's. They were going to let her stay in Sam's suite for the remainder of her stay. Well, so long as he wasn't there, she knew it was a nice place. Obviously, he had agreed to it, which was nice.  
  
Cori showered and had a nice meal at one of the resort's restaurant and Gerald drew up a new plan for her for the remainder of her stay. She spent the next seven days sightseeing, shopping, laying on the beach, snorkeling, boating, riding jet skis and having the time of her life. Not once was she naked in public. Not once did she have sex. Not once was she groped or photographed. Sure, a couple guys tried to hit on her, but no more aggressively than they did any of the other women. It was nice, quiet and relaxing. The perfect vacation and just what she needed.  
  
She had put off calling Ben back at the shop. She didn't want to think about the future or anything right now. But as the vacation drew to a close, her thoughts turned more and more to her options. The Shop. College. Something else? Maybe her own restaurant? It boggled her mind. She called Ben, but he wasn't home, so she left a message that she'd be there in three or four days. She couldn't wait to see them all.  
  
On her last day at the resort, Cori stopped by Rudin's office to thank him and say good bye. The man had been good to her and she wanted to thank him. She was wearing a light blue St. Thomas tank top with a scoop neck. The top ended at her belly button, leaving a few inches of bare tan skin before reaching the top of her tight, navy blue athletic shorts, which had triangular notches cut out of both sides, showing off a little bit of her upper thigh. She wore white sandals and her hair flowed freely. She wore no bra and her nipples were hard against the snug tank top. She looked sexy, but it was certainly appropriate attire for a beach resort.  
  
"Hello, Cori," Rudin said, standing up from behind his desk. He was dressed in a white button-down dress shirt, dark slacks, no tie or jacket. "It's great to see you. I guess you're all set and ready to head back to the States, huh?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori smiled. "I've loved it here so much and everyone besides you-know-who has been so great to me. I just wanted to thank you for everything."  
  
"You're quite welcome," Rudin smiled genuinely. "You've bee a pleasure to have here. I hope you can come back soon."  
  
"Oh, I'd love to," Cori said. "Maybe in a few years when I have my own company, I can buy one of those suites for myself."  
  
"Maybe," Rudin said. "But you know, you could probably get one now, if you wanted."  
  
"Really?" Cori asked. "I don't have any money." As soon as she said those words, she knew what he was proposing. Unbelievable. Here we go again, she thought. And he seemed so nice, too.  
  
"Look," Rudin said. "You know I like you and I'm not going to try to trick you into anything. If you want to do it, we can work something out -- something safe, discreet, none of the public nonsense those guys pulled. If you don't want to do it, no problem. I can still get you a discount any time you want to come and will never ask again."  
  
So, he was a nice guy. No pressure. No blackmail. Just a simple trade. Was it worth it to her? This is exactly the sort of decision she was going to have to make a lot from now on, she guessed. This wasn't about doing anything for anyone else. This was a chance to do something great for herself by doing something for a man who had been nothing but a gentleman to her.  
  
"What do you propose?" Cori asked, smiling. "I mean, Gerald got paid, Sam, Victor and Miles got what they wanted. And you, well, you got nothing but headaches. Seems to me I might owe you a bit anyway. And, if you're proposing some sort of trade for a place to vacation, well, that might work, so long as it's not too extreme."  
  
"No, not at all," Rudin grinned. "I was thinking I could get you a time share for one of the suites and set you up to come maybe three times a year for a week to 10 days. We'd schedule it when Sam and his boys were gone so you wouldn't have to deal with them. You get the first-class suite, all expenses paid except your airfare and I get an hour with you every other day during your stay. Nothing extreme. Just straightforward stuff -- oral, anal or pussy at my choosing. It would be at my house, so it would be very discreet."  
  
Compared to other deals Cori had worked, this one was pretty favorable. He wasn't asking for much in return for a suite that would have run her $5,000 a week, minimum, not to mention all the other expenses.  
  
"If I change my mind?" Cori asked.  
  
"Simple, we just cancel the deal, no hard feelings, and you pay off your tab for that particular trip. No further money owed."  
  
"No one will know?"  
  
"Not a soul," he said.  
  
"I can't believe I'm saying this," Cori said, "but you have yourself a deal. Now, I've got about 15 minutes before I need to go. May I thank you properly but quickly for all you've done?"  
  
Rudin unzipped his pants and Cori knelt down in front of him, quickly turning his semi-erect cock into a throbbing 7-inch piece of steel-hard meat. He didn't come close to lasting 15 minutes -- about five -- before he filled her mouth with a prodigious load of cum. Cori realized that the man obviously hadn't had sex for a while and felt a little sorry for him. Though she had told herself she wasn't going to make decisions based on being sorry for someone else anymore, it still made her feel better about her decision, knowing that she was giving a nice man rare moments of pure pleasure. It was a remarkable gift to be able to offer and she suddenly felt very powerful.  
  
She swallowed his load happily, then left with a bounce in her step, promising to visit again soon.

**Chapter 6: Cumming Home And Moving On**  
  
Cori left St. Thomas reluctantly, but the closer she got to North Carolina, the more excited she was about meeting with Mr. Harris. Victor, his friend, had said the dean of the business school was a decent man who just liked to have a little fun with the coeds sometimes. A formalized deal with someone like her would allow him to take less risks by messing around with the other girls and could offer her a substantial amount in return.  
  
She was nervous, but also confident. With her new outlook, she knew she could say no or be firm in her demands and guidelines. She was going to be no one's whore. She would be making the calls, saying what was and was not OK. That was her plan, anyway, and she was determined to make it work.  
  
She was still wearing the same outfit she had been wearing when she left the resort in St. Thomas. It was a light blue St. Thomas tank top with a deep scoop neckline and a pair of tight navy blue athletic shorts. She wore no bra and she wore a white g-string under her shorts. She wore white tennis shoes, but planned to change into heels when she arrived on campus. Given the nature of their meeting, the only inappropriate attire would be wearing too much clothing. He had seen her application which included her sexual history. He had seen her R-rated pictures and X-rated video. For her to present herself as anything but sexy to him would be a foolish charade. She wasn't in the mood to play games. This was going to be an honest, open negotiation in which everything was spelled out as clearly as possible. She had her limits and demands in mind and she told herself she would not compromise. And, unlike when Miles, Victor and Sam had broken the rules of their agreement in St. Thomas, she wasn't going to make exceptions or accept violations this time.  
  
When she got off the plane, Cori went into the restroom at the airport and changed into a pair of white stiletto heels. She also rolled down the top waist band of her shorts, showing a little more of her belly as well as the "whale tail" of her thong in back. She kept her hair down and put on fresh lipstick. When she emerged, she saw a man holding a sign with her name on it. She must have walked past him the first time.  
  
"I'm Cori Banks," she said, walking up to him. He was dressed in a tuxedo and Cori realized he was probably a limo driver hired to take her to campus. Well, apparently Mr. Harris was as intent on making a good first impression as she was.  
  
"Hello, Ms. Banks," the driver, a young African American man said. "I'm Anthony. Mr. Harris asked me to pick you up and take you to his office. Do you have any other bags besides that one?"  
  
"Nope, this is it," Cori said, handing him the bag.  
  
"Right this way, then, ma'am," he led her to the nearest exit where his car, a black stretch limo, waited. He opened the door for her and she climbed in, aware that people were looking at her, probably trying to figure out if she was a celebrity. She felt a little like one as she fell into the huge back seat. There was wine, bottled water and fruit. She took a bottle of water and some grapes and leaned back, stretching her long legs across the seat, thinking, "I could get used to this." But she reminded herself not to get caught up in the wining and dining because they sure as hell only wanted her for the sixty-nining. She had to remember that they needed her as much as more as she needed them, even if she didn't really believe that to be so. That was her only bargaining chip and she was going to cling to it no matter how much they tried to take it away.  
  
The airport was actually about 50 miles from the small city that was home to BJU, so Cori enjoyed a relaxing ride, munching her grapes and flipping through some brochures about BJU that Dr. Harris had prepared for her. She loved the look of the campus with its rustic-looking buildings, green quads and beautiful architecture. It looked like a place she could fall in love with and she couldn't wait to see it in person.  
  
When they arrived on campus, she was dropped off at an impressive looking building that appeared to be some sort of administrative center. Two people were waiting for her. One was a young man Cori assumed was a student. He was dressed in khaki slacks and a nice button-down shirt. He smiled at her and shook her hand as she stepped out of the car. She looked for any hint that he knew why she was here and why she was getting out of a car like this, but if Dr. Harris had tipped him off, he showed no signs. Instead, he promptly stepped to the back of the car and took her bag from Anthony. The other person was a young woman who also appeared to be a student. She was pretty with long red hair, dazzling blue eyes and a warm, friendly smile along with a trim figure. She wore khaki shorts with a white button-down shirt hanging loosely and low heeled sandals. Nothing about her indicated that her relationship with Dr. Harris might be anything but professional, yet Cori found it hard to believe the man wouldn't have made advances toward her, given his obvious preference for attractive coeds.  
  
"I'm Sandy, Dr. Harris' personal assistant," the girl smiled, extending her hand. "Welcome to BJU, Ms. Banks."  
  
"Oh, you can call me Cori," Cori shook her hand.  
  
"Very well, Cori," Sandy smiled. "If you'll come this way, I'll take you to see Dr. Harris. Darren will bring your bag. We weren't sure if you were planning to spend the night, but we'll make sure your bag gets wherever you're going."  
  
"Thank you," Cori said, realizing that she wasn't at all sure if she'd spend the night or not either. She looked around at the campus, its lush grass and trees and classic buildings bathed in a warm splash of yellow sun. It was a beautiful October afternoon. There were students walking back and forth, strolling from one building to another, hauling their book bags, sipping their coffee or sprawling in the quad. It was full of activity and looked like a lot of fun. Cori found herself really hoping she could find a way to make this work.  
  
"This is our central administration building," Sandy said as they entered and Cori got a good look at the impressive entryway with the cathedral ceilings she had seen in the brochures. "Most of our university officials, including the deans, have offices here. Dr. Harris has an office here and another in the business building. He's expecting you, so you may go on in."  
  
Sandy held the door open for Cori and she entered the large office. Sandy and Darren remained outside. Cori looked back, watching their faces to see if they might have a smirk or sneer or some other expression that would indicate they knew why she was here and what Dr. Harris wanted from her. Again, if they did, they didn't show. Maybe he really was as discreet as he claimed. She hoped so. That would be a good sign.  
  
As she walked in, Dr. Harris rose from behind his desk. He was tall, athletically built with gray eyes and light brown hair that was thinning and beginning to gray at the temples. His face was friendly and he smiled as she approached, extending his hand.  
  
"Welcome, Ms. Banks," he said. She noted that he didn't look her up and down or leer at her. That was surprising and refreshing.  
  
"Thank you," Cori said. "It's a pleasure to meet you Dr. Harris. You can call me Cori."  
  
"And you may call me Bob," he said. He pulled out a leather chair at the conference table in the middle of the room, motioning for her to sit down.  
  
"Thank you," Cori said, taking her seat. "And thanks for the limo. I didn't expect that."  
  
"We treat our special guests as well as we can," Harris said, taking a seat at the head of the table. She was in the first chair to his left. She liked the fact that he wasn't hiding himself behind a large desk, wielding his power. He was meeting with her on an even level. Another good sign.  
  
"Special guests?" Cori asked.  
  
"Of course," Harris said. "You're very special. We have many guests with special gifts here. Athletes who can perform amazing feats. Authors who have written prize-winning books. Musicians who have performed on the greatest stages in the world. We appreciate special gifts here, Cori."  
  
"But I don't have a special gift," Cori said.  
  
"Oh, but you do," he smiled. "You are not only incredibly beautiful, but you know how to show it, how to display yourself, how to draw the line between exploitation and pleasure. You bring untold pleasure to men and only ask for what's fair in return. There are many beautiful women, Cori, but few who understand what that really means."  
  
"I'm not sure I do either," Cori said, "but thank you, I think." He spoke so fluently, so elegantly, she thought maybe Victor was mistaken and he was an English professor instead of the dean of the business school.  
  
"You see, it's all about supply and demand," Harris said, finally talking much more like she expected. "Something is worth what people are willing to pay for it. As demand rises, so does the price, especially if the supply is limited. And if you happen to have that supply, well then, my dear, that is what is known as an asset."  
  
"I understand," Cori nodded. She found herself transfixed by his steely eyes that were both warm and distant at the same time. She was intrigued by him and his silvery hair and silvery tongue. She chastised herself for imagining what that silver tongue could do. She gave herself a mental slap to the face, refocusing. She needed to stay alert, on guard and ready to say no.  
  
"My asset is an education at a premier business school," he said. "If the supply is good enough and the price reasonable, I can offer perks such as free room and board, free books, free meals and even a stipend to cover miscellaneous expenses, such as clothes and a car."  
  
"I see," Cori said, thinking briefly about the limo, the feeling of the lap of luxury. Don't get sucked in, she told herself.  
  
"Now I'm a middle-aged man, single, with normal needs and desires -- or, to use the business terminology, demands," Harris said, leaning back in his chair, placing his elbows on the arm rests and touching his fingertips together. "You, Ms. Banks, have assets that I am interested in. All women have them, of course, but you have separated yourself from the competition via superior marketing. You package and display your product perfectly. You make it desirable, a fantasy that might be attainable. You market it very well, using images and videos that boggle the mind. You have convinced me that your product is superior to others on the market and that is worth an extremely high price. If it wouldn't get me fired, this would be a perfect example of a business model to share with a class."  
  
"Thank you," Cori said. "But I want to you understand that I am not a product. I'm not merchandise to be bought and used and sold."  
  
"Of course not," Harris said in a soft voice designed to remove the tension he felt from Cori. "I was merely making a point in the business terms I am so accustomed to and which I know you are familiar with as well. I know this is a business negotiation for you, so I am approaching it that way. I am under no delusion that you came here hoping for the chance to suck my cock. While I hope that you will and that you will derive some pleasure from it, I know that my cock is not my unique selling advantage no more than your brain, though no doubt you are bright and capable of handling your coursework, is your unique selling advantage. Your advantage isn't even that you're hot. It's that you have the skill and willingness to use your body in ways other girls can't or won't. You can demand a very high price for that. My understanding is that you haven't been getting your money's worth, so to speak, in the past, so I hope you will find what I have to offer a significant increase."  
  
"It is," Cori acknowledged. "My concern isn't what you have to offer, it's what you intend to use me for. Sex, I know, but specifically, what did you have in mind? Some people would call me a slut or a whore because I'm willing to trade sex for things. I draw my own lines and so far I've never done anything willingly that made me think of myself in those terms. I'm not willing to start now."  
  
"I understand," Harris said, smiling. He was impressed by her -- not only her beauty, but also her ability to communicate clearly and be direct. The girl was sharp. "OK, here's what I had in mind. First, it's the middle of the semester so you can't start classes until January. In the meantime, I could line you up with an internship at a local company that has had some success in sports marketing. I know you like sports, so I thought it might be a good fit. There would be nothing of a sexual nature involved with that position, I assure you. Just a straight-forward internship for a couple of credits in your chosen field."  
  
"Sounds good," Cori nodded.  
  
"A friend owns some properties and could put you in an apartment until you can get into one of the dorms in January," Harris said. "During the first couple of months, I'd probably let you get acclimated and your only responsibilities would be to me. I would reserve the right to have sex with you at any time, not to exceed five times in a given week. Anything more than five would be an exception and I would have to get your consent. The other five times, no consent would be necessary. No advance notice."  
  
"I understand," Cori said. "I'd like to hear your entire proposal before I make any other comments."  
  
"Sure," Harris said. Obviously, she had nothing to balk at so far. "Well, once you were enrolled, I would get you into a dorm room -- a single one; I don't think it would be a good idea for you to have a roommate. But I would want to act like a regular student about 75 percent of the time. You can wear what you want to class and around campus. The only time you would be required to wear specific clothing is when you are on duty. Sex would play zero part in your classwork. No trading sex for grades or teasing the professors or anything like that. Try to pull that and the deal's off. If too many people become aware of your special situation, eventually word will get out, you'll be expelled, I'll be fired and we'll both lose. We have to trust each other. I can ruin you and you can ruin me and we both know it. I will uphold my end and give you everything I say and will be very discreet. You must also be discreet and deliver on everything expected of you. That's the only way this works."  
  
"I understand and agree," Cori said. "Discretion is no problem."  
  
"Good," Harris said. Then he smiled, "Now, don't forget, college girls can dress pretty slutty sometimes, so don't feel like you have to dress like a prude all the time just because you can. Outfits like you have on right now are sexy, but they will fit right in. I assume you chose that for a reason and I appreciate you not tramping in her dressed like a prostitute and raising suspicion."  
  
"I value discretion every bit as much as you do, sir," Cori nodded. "I'm not ashamed of doing this, but I'm not proud of it either. It's, well, it's just what I have to do. And I'm not ashamed to admit I enjoy teasing and being sexy and having sex. But I'm much more than that. You don't have to care about anything besides that, all I ask is that you respect it."  
  
"Fair enough," Harris said. "Other than service to myself, there will be a few others I trust implicitly who would have access to your services for the betterment of their positions and the welfare of the university. As you know, universities make money off of enrollment, donors, grants and the like. We have a successful sports program that drives a lot of revenue as well. Published and successful professors generate funds. Universities are big business and there is a lot of competition. You represent a potential distinct advantage in recruiting donors, star athletes and securing grants and other funding. Your supply, as it were, is in great demand and I believe we can charge a high price."  
  
"I'm not going to be a whore for every guy who writes a check or signs to play football here," Cori snapped, angry that the conversation had taken this turn. She thought Harris understood her better than that.  
  
"No, no, of course not," Harris said quickly. "Your services would be reserved to influence only the highest donors and most elite athletes. For instance, people like Victor are million dollar donors. He would be a lot quicker to hand over that annual check if he knew you were waiting to give him a blowjob the second he signed it. We're talking about maybe a couple times a month something like this would happen. It wouldn't be a constant thing at all -- but it could mean millions to the university."  
  
"Mmm, go on," Cori said, frowning, still concerned about this latest point.  
  
"I can see you're not happy about that," Harris said, ignoring her directive to go on. "Remember, these would be people with a lot to lose as well. Athletes would lose eligibility. Our high level donors are business people, politicians, important people who won't want to risk their reputations. It will be discreet and safe.  
  
"Now, I'm sensing that you're getting apprehensive about all this, and that's fine. If you don't want to do it, I understand. But I want to give you some advice: if you do this, enjoy it. Forget about defending yourself or trying to decide whether or not doing this or that makes you a slut. And why does being a slut have to be negative, anyway? Guys love sluts, trust me. We absolutely love them. But if you get caught up in analyzing every time you give a blowjob, you're going to be miserable, because I guarantee you, to earn this scholarship and all that goes with it, your will give more blowjobs in the next two years than you have in your life. So, the question is, can you embrace that fact and enjoy it or are you going to hate every second of it?"  
  
"I like it when it's safe and I'm treated with some respect," Cori said flatly.  
  
"Well, I vow that we'll keep you as safe as we can and you most certainly will have my respect and that of the others who would be using your services in an official capacity," Harris said. "That said, I can't guarantee you a millionaire is going to come in and tell you how special and smart you are while he's reaming a piece of ass he earned in return for paying for the naming rights on our new library. And frankly, if he calls you slut, degrades you or fucks you a little harder than you would like, I'm not going to say a word to him. So understand that going in. I won't let someone beat you or hurt you without repercussion, but if he wants to spank you or pull your hair while you're blowing him, I expect you to shut up and take it. And, to my point, enjoy it as much as you can."  
  
Cori was speechless. This discussion had turned very frank and it was no longer a negotiation. Harris was telling her how it was going to be, flat out. "I'm going to need some time to think about this," Cori said slowly, her mind a whirl of confusion now. She wasn't angry. What Harris said made sense, but it scared her. "Could I, um, be excused for just a few minutes?"  
  
"Of course," Harris said.  
  
Cori walked out of the office and out into the quad, plopping down under a tree. She thought about the last few months. All the great times at the shop where she had enjoyed virtually every minute of every day. That was all sex, all the time and she loved. Then, Chad and her step-dad and Crisp and others had nearly ruined it for her. Maybe they had. She had hated the sundae-making race the guys had put her through, but she had enjoyed being publicly flaunted and fucked on the golf course. Maybe it was she, not the guys in her life, who was mixed up. Maybe she needed to see a counselor. That might help, but she knew that ultimately her happiness was up to her. She realized she had often found excuses and justifications for acting the way she did. It was OK to let herself be tied to a boat and fucked because it was helping Gerald. Letting herself off the hook allowed her enjoy it.

She had tensed up that last day with Sam and Miles and the sundae race, she supposed, because it was the last day and she was already thinking ahead to a possible college opportunity and had just listened to Victor tell her how she deserved better in her life. She had carried that bitterness here, determined to show how tough and classy and smart she was when all anyone was asking for from her right now was fun and sexiness. She had provided that at the shop and loved it. If she did that again here with Harris and whoever else, could she accept the fact that she was enjoying it, no matter how slutty her attire or actions might be? She was doing this for no one else this time -- not a sick step-dad or an underprivileged resort worker or even friends whose business was failing. This was all for her. She would have to take responsibility for that. Could she do that and accept -- no embrace -- being a part-time slut and find joy in that? She looked around the beautiful campus again. She thought about owning her own company, about the internship Harris had mentioned, which sounded fantastic. This, she decided, was an opportunity she couldn't pass up. Her hard body had carried her this far, there was no reason to act high and mighty and try to pretend otherwise. She got up, knowing her decision and walked back into the building, already knowing in her gut that she had made the right choice.  
  
"You're right," Cori said. "I enjoy sex very much. I like to show off and tease and have fun with guys. I don't think there's anything wrong with that and I will gladly earn my scholarship every day in any way you deem necessary, outside of blatant prostitution, rough stuff or gang bangs I don't consent to." She was surprised as she spoke the words. All the bylaws and clauses and everything she had planned to throw in went out the window. And she didn't mind a bit. "In fact," she continued, "we don't have to follow that five times a week rule you mentioned. There are no limits for you. I know the value of my body and I know the value of what you offer. It's a fair trade. It's up to me to get the most of the opportunity you're providing and, in return, you and the university should get the most you can out of me."  
  
"That's great news," Harris smiled. "I'm glad you took the time to think it over and make that decision. I want to fuck you in the worst way, but I also want you to be happy. It will be so much more fun if you enjoy it and play along. And I think you'll find that to be the case in everything you do. Don't worry, we won't overuse you. You will have ample opportunity to attend your classes and study, but your extracurricular activities will probably all be sex related. As long as you're fine with that, I think we have a deal."  
  
"Deal," Cori smiled, shaking his hand.  
  
"Well, Cori, what were your plans for tonight? I know you mentioned going back to Darien to pick up some things and see some friends," Harris said.  
  
"Yeah, I would like to, if it's OK with you," Cori said.  
  
"Of course," Harris said. "If we flew you back right now on the university's private jet, would you be able to return tomorrow by this time? That would give you time to get into your new place, me to fuck you and then get you started on your new job on Monday."  
  
Cori noticed he had listed "fuck you" as if he was reading off a grocery list. Well, up until the past few days, fucking was as much or more a part of her average day as a trip to the supermarket, so why not look at it that way.  
  
"That sounds good," Cori said.  
  
Harris had Darren escort Cori back out to the limo. Anthony was still waiting and Darren put her bag in the back. Just over an hour later, she was in the air and heading toward Atlanta. She called Ben on the way and he agreed to pick her up at the airport.  
  
It was already 6 p.m. By the time she got to Darien, it would be 9. That would give her a few hours to catch up with Ben and Ty and John. Then, in the morning, she'd pack up her stuff and be on her way by the afternoon.  
  
When she got off the plan in Atlanta, Cori was thrilled to see that all three of her dear friends -- Ben, John and Ty -- were there waiting for her. They greeted her with hugs and kisses, everyone seeming to be talking at once. It was amazing how well they all got along. They had all shared Cori and yet it had worked. No jealousy, no feuds, nothing -- except for Chad, who had taken things way too far. But Ty was like her brother, John was like a father and Ben was, well, the closest thing she had to a boyfriend, but he was really just a friend with incredible benefits. They were her family, she realized, much more so than her step-dad and mom. These guys cared about her and one another and never let sex -- no matter how frequent or kinky it might get -- get in the way of their relationships. She knew it had to be an incredibly unique situation, but to her it felt complete normal and comfortable and safe. She wondered if she should just go back to Darien. She'd be happy there, right? No, she told herself, not until she at least tried to make it on her own. She'd always wonder what if. She had to try.  
  
They talked all the way back to Darien, Cori thinking nothing of it when Ty, sitting next to her in the back seat, pulled down the front of her tank top so her tits stuck out. He fondled her breasts as they all shared their stories from the past few weeks. Ty's strong hands didn't feel the least bit weird or foreign or unwelcome. It hadn't really occurred to her until now, but she knew she'd fuck all three of them tonight. Probably wouldn't even sleep. Oh well, between the plane ride and car ride, she could get a couple hours tomorrow. Her boys needed her and she wasn't going to let them down. Surely they had all had sex during the weeks she had been gone now, but she found herself preferring to think they hadn't. That would make her jealous, even though she certainly wouldn't blame them. Likewise, she didn't tell them most of the details of trips either. She talked about how she didn't really connect with her step-dad but helped him get back on his feet and how his friend had rewarded her with a trip. She didn't like lying to them, but she didn't feel like she had a choice.  
  
She told them that she had secretly sent away for some scholarship information months ago. She thought it wouldn't pan out, so she never mentioned it. Now, she explained, she had to start an internship on Monday for class credit and would be in college for the next year and a half earning her business degree. She could see they were disappointed, but they all seemed genuinely proud of her and happy for her at the same time.  
  
"Wow," Ty said, tugging on a nipple, "I can't believe I won't get to play with these every day any more. I'm really going to miss you."  
  
"Me too," Cori smiled weakly. "If it's any consolation, I'm not planning on getting any sleep tonight. I hope I can leave you all with some terrific memories. No holds -- I mean holes -- barred!"  
  
"Now we're talking," John grinned. "Ben, can this old hunk of junk go any faster?"  
  
"I'll have you home and her undressed in 30 minutes," Ben said. "Better start warming up that old pecker now -- you might be able to get it up in time."  
  
John, who was in his 50s, was by far the senior of the three men -- Ben and Ty were both in their 20s -- and often took ribbing from them about his age. But he had kept up with Cori through many an all-nighter and he sure as hell didn't plan to miss out on this one.  
  
"No need to wait until we get back, is there?" Cori said in that sexy, innocent voice they all seemed to like so well.  
  
"None at all," Ty said, yanking down his shorts. "I need a Cori special in the worst way. I love to hear all about what you've been up to, but the sound I really want to hear right now is that slurping you do when my cock's down your throat and you're licking my balls. Fuck, I miss that sound."  
  
"Oh, you poor thing," Cori pouted. She bent down and started talking directly to Ty's hard cock. It was the largest of the group -- a 10-incher that had caused Cori to nearly gag a couple times and had absolutely stretched and reamed her ass several times. "Hasn't anyone been taking care of you? Oh, you need some attention, don't you big boy?" She was talking to his penis as if she was talking to a dog and she was stroking it gently like she would a pet. "Oh, I bet you need to be sucked to bad, don't you big fella? Well, don't worry, I'm here."  
  
She bent forward and took the head of his cock into her mouth, absolutely delighted to hear that familiar moan. Ty always appreciated a good cock sucking so much and she loved to hear his reactions.  
  
"Suck those big balls, bitch," he said. Ty was always good about directing her, too, letting her know what he wanted. And, of course, all the guys used words like slut and bitch and cunt when they were fucking -- she knew it was nothing personal and just part of the experience for them. She gladly lapped at his balls while he rubbed his big black cock all over her face. It was dark now, but they didn't need any light to see what they were doing. It was all about feel and it was all feeling great to Ty.  
  
"I can't remember the last time I touched your tonsils," Ty groaned, "but I think I better do it now." Cori knew that meant he wanted to be deep-throated and she expertly swallowed all 10 thick inches, her gag reflex in check as felt his cock make its home inside her throat.  
  
"How's it going back there?" John asked from the front passenger seat. He was watching what he could, but it was hard to see in the dark. Of course, from the slurping sounds and Ty's moans and commentary, he knew exactly what was happening and that both parties in the back seat were very happy.  
  
"Never been better," Ty yelled back. "Never better, my friend. Either she's gotten even better at this or I just forgot how good it felt."  
  
Ty had his hand on the back of her head now and was guiding her up and down on his cock, pushing her head down hard and holding it there for four or five seconds at a time, then letting her slowly back up. Cori loved a man who knew what he wanted and took what he needed from her in this way. It wasn't too rough, she didn't feel in any danger. She just felt wanted, needed and appreciated. He was using her, yes, but not like she was any other mouth, but like she was a very special mouth that he felt privileged to use. His grunts and moans and words and eyes told her he didn't take this for granted, he didn't think of her as a cum receptacle, even though that's exactly what he was going to use her for in a few minutes.  
  
"I hope you haven't lost the taste for cum," Ty groaned. If you only knew, Cori thought. She sucked harder, a signal to him that she was ready and willing and anxious for his cum. Ty gave it to her in a series of thick, juicy blasts that splattered against her tongue and inside her cheeks like milk hitting a tile floor. It shot onto the roof of her mouth, under her tongue and between her teeth. She felt it smack against the back of her throat and slide down her gullet. If he'd had sex while she was gone, it wasn't recent. She was happier than ever to swallow his load.  
  
"Next!" she chirped happily, sitting up and licking her lips.  
  
"We're almost there," Ben said. "Think you can handle John and I at the same time?"  
  
"I haven't been gone that long," Cori said. "Of course I can still handle you both. And if Ty gets ready fast enough, he can join in too. Let's do it all tonight, guys. Anything you want. Let it all hang it out. Oh, Ben, can I see the Shop?"  
  
"Sure," Ben said. He drove them to the Hard Body Shop and all three went inside the darkened building. Ben flipped on the lights and pulled Cori by the hand along behind him. "See, not much has changed."  
  
Cori looked around, surprised at how new it all felt and yet how it did, as Ben said, seem exactly the same. She started to comment on that, but was interrupted abruptly as Ben pushed her down to her knees on the carpeted lobby area and thrust his cock at her face. She hadn't even realized he had taken his pants off. Now, she realized both he and John had stripped down and were ready for her attention. Ty approached from behind and ripped her tank top off, shredding it in his big hands, then yanked her shorts and thong down, leaving her only in her white heels.  
  
Cori sucked first on Ben's cock, thinking that she wouldn't have had to see his face to know who she was sucking. She had sucked it so many times, she recognized its size and feel and taste instantly. She knew he loved it when she slithered her tongue around in circles on the head of his cock about as much as Ty loved to be deep-throated. John, on the other hand, liked to have his cock licked and sucked up and down in an alternating pattern of fast and slow, a fact that came back to her as soon as Ben pulled his cock out of her mouth and John put his in.  
  
She was going back and forth between them, alternating from one cock to the other, when she felt warm oil being poured over her back and sliding over her ass and pussy and thighs. Yeah, her boys liked nothing more than to cover her in baby oil -- they bought it by the case -- and Ty had broken it out. He drenched her back side and she knew he'd do the same with her tits and belly as soon as he got a chance. Judging by the jerking and twitching of the cocks in her mouth, she guessed that wouldn't be long. She was realizing that these guys had missed her more than she expected and had far less sex -- if any -- than she assumed they would. They were used to sex several times a week with her. If they had been depriving themselves until now, no wonder they were so horny and cumming so quickly.  
  
John came first. His salty spunk was thick and bitter and she loved every drop. Ben followed moments later with a creamy load that slid down her throat smooth as silk. Already she had given three blowjobs and she knew she was in store for far more before this night was through.  
  
Cori was still on her knees as Ty poured baby oil down her chest and stomach, rubbing it in with his hands. John and Ben joined in, caressing her body all over. She felt warm and loved and very horny. She knew before the night was over, her pussy would surely get the attention it needed and she, too, would enjoy an orgasm or two.  
  
"Your body probably went into withdrawals from lack of cum," Ty teased. "You were swallowing a gallon or two a day before you left."  
  
"Yeah," Cori laughed, "the first few days I had the worst headaches and fevers and cold sweats. I went to the doctor and he said it was a classic case of withdrawal from a cum addiction. He offered to give me a fix, but I told him I required very special cum all the way from Georgia."  
  
They all laughed and Ben turned on some music. "How about a little show, Cori," he said, telling, not asking. "Haven't seen you dance for a long time and I think that might be just the ticket to get me ready for round two."  
  
"How many rounds we going tonight?" Cori teased, starting to move her hips to the music already.  
  
"As many as possible," Ben said. "I want to fuck you until I can't move."  
  
"Mmm, now that sounds like fun," Cori smiled. She closed her eyes and rubbed her hands up and down her body, bending her knees and swinging her hips to the fast-paced rock music. She dipped into a deep knee bend, than sprang back up and caressed her nipples, tugging on them to the rhythm of the pulsing beat.  
  
The guys were seated in chairs in the lounge area, which featured several cloth chairs, a pool table and a TV. Cori stepped over to Ty and bent down in front of him, keeping her legs straight and shaking her tits in his face. Then she swung her left leg around in a big arc, pivoting on her right so that she was bent over directly in front of John, her ass and pussy just inches from his nose. Another big pivot step had her tits in front of Ben's face. Then she put her knees on both sides of the chair, straddling him, rubbing her tits in his face and her pussy on his thigh. Ben ran his hand down her flat stomach and she raised up off his thigh, letting him reach between her legs. He stroked her pussy lips gently, teasing her clit. She looked him in the eye and licked her lips hungrily, then jumped backward and did a similar chair dance for John and Ty.  
  
When the song was over, Ty threw a plastic tarp over the pool table to protect it from her oily body and suggested she do a table dance to the next song. "I'll even give you some props," he laughed, tossing an 8-inch and a 10-inch dildo onto the table. Cori hopped onto the table, ready to perform. She strutted around on the table while she licked both dildos, wetting them with her saliva. Then, she sat down on the table, laid back and kicked her legs in the air. Holding the dildos like drum sticks, she lightly slapped them on her exposed pussy and ass, bobbing her head like a drummer rocking to the music. They all cheered and she rewarded them by stuffing the 10-incher into her ass and the 8-incher into her pussy. Then she stood back up, holding both dildos tightly inside her as she danced and swayed some more.  
  
All three men pulled her off the table and she realized they were all ready for round two at the same time. John lay down on the carpeted floor and Ben and John lowered Cori's pussy onto him, pushing her forward until she was resting her weight on her arms, her hands on the floor above John's shoulders. Ben knelt in front of her, presenting his cock for sucking once more. That left Ty, she realized, with his favorite hole -- her little ass, which was never a match for the size and power of his cock. But she loved him too much to ever deny him this pleasure. She felt him press his cock against her asshole. He was always gentle, but never shy. Once he started pushing, he never stopped until he was balls deep inside her. He wouldn't injure her, but he knew her ass could take it and she could stand a little pain along the way.  
  
Cori was filled with cock now and couldn't remember the last time she had been this happy. These were her boys and she felt privileged and honored to have the chance to bring them joy and pleasure. And to do it for all three at once, well, it just didn't get better than that.  
  
Having all cum so recently, all three men now had an even balance of lust and staying power that promised for a long session. Cori moved very little, letting Ty drive the engine. His thrusts pushed her forward, making her pussy slide up John's shaft and her mouth go down Ben's. The tight seal between her ass and Ty's cock enabled him to pull her back along with him, her mouth sliding up to the head of Ben's cock and her pussy sliding all the way down to John's balls. She realized that this is what Harris had meant when he said she had a gift. Bringing pleasure to people was indeed a special gift and Cori promised she would embrace it more openly from now on.  
  
Her pussy was dripping and heating up fast. Yes, giving had its rewards, too, she thought. Oh yes, if they could keep this up for a few more minutes, she'd be cumming hard. They had very seldom triple-teamed her like this, but she now wished they would have done it more often. It felt so good to be completely filled by rock hard cocks, feeling their smooth shafts and mushroom heads slide against the linings of her throat, ass and pussy, the veiny pricks throbbing and pulsing inside her full of life and power. Their heavy balls, round and hard and full of cum, slapped against her, getting closer to injecting their seed into her with every thrust.  
  
She arched her back drove her hips downward while she pushed back against Ty's cock. She wanted to make sure she was as full as she could get. She missed these cocks so much and she wanted to take every inch now. Her nipples were being teased and tormented by John, who lay virtually motionless beneath her, letting her hips and Ty's thrusts provide the energy and friction for his cock in her pussy. The angle was just right and Cori felt John's cock hitting exactly the right spot, that mushroom head softly caressing her most sensitive areas.

Cori wanted to moan and scream and ream herself on their cocks, but she was virtually powerless. Strong men with big cocks had possession of her body and they were controlling everything. She let her mind go blank, closed her eyes and just reveled in the joy of cocks and fucking. She felt her pussy go from hot to molten and knew that wonderful, electrifying surge of orgasm was only moments away. John must have been able to feel it, because he said, "She's going to cum guys, keep it up."  
  
That seemed to add extra intensity to Ty's thrusts and the added friction and movement in all three holes sent Cori over the edge. As she came, Ben pulled his cock out of her mouth and let her scream and moan and whimper as she gasped for breath. Her arms wobbled as she struggled to hold herself up. All of her body's resources seemed to have been diverted to her pussy and her nipples and she felt weak all over. She wanted to collapse and bask in the after glow. John and Ty pulled out of her and she thought that was what they were going to let her do. She fell to the floor, her chest heaving as she inhaled deeply and sighed in complete contentment.  
  
But a hand grasped her hair and pulled her gently to her knees. It was Ty. He offered his cock to her and she opened back up. Ben lay down on the floor where John had been and lifted Cori's pussy onto his cock. John took Ty's place behind Cori, plugging his cock into her well-loosened asshole. It was like they were playing musical chairs, only when the music stopped, no one was left without a place to plug their cocks in.  
  
John's thrusts weren't as powerful as Ty's, but he picked up the pace. Cori felt weak but so happy to be filled with cocks again. Maybe she could cum again.  
  
'Rest your arms," Ben whispered, pushing on her elbows. "Put them behind your back." Cori did and John held her wrists together. She was skewered by John and Ty front and back, their pricks easily replacing the support her arms had been providing. Cori let them take her and own her and use her again. She made herself as open and hot and welcoming to them as she could, sucking on Ty's cock, squeezing her pussy tightly around Ben and pushing back against John's cock as he reamed her asshole.  
  
Cori's pussy was like a car that had been driven hard and fast, then stopped and started again. She had been driven to a hard, fast orgasm, then felt the sweet relief of rest. But they had started her right back up and her engine was still very warm. Her pussy purred to life, the little electric pulses of pleasure again coursing through her walls as the continued cock pounding took her from 0 to 60 in an instant.  
  
John pressed the accelerator to the floor, hitting hard and fast, his cock pistoning in and out of her ass. Cori's pussy revved and roared to life, a high-performance cunt performing at peak precision. Ben slapped her tits together and Ty nearly gagged her with his cock. Cocks filled and pounded her. Her pussy purred and pulsed and she came again.  
  
This time, when they let her drop to the floor, she knew they weren't done. They each claimed the hole they had to fuck. Ty was now on the floor, his monster cock stuffed inside her pussy. Ben was behind her, the driving force for this round and John happily poked his prick back into her mouth.  
  
Cori was in overdrive now. Ty was chewing on her nipples, which tingled with excitement, acting like little spark plugs that sent signals of pleasures simultaneously to her cunt and brain. Covered in oil, pre-cum and her own sweet juices, Cori's hard body was a well-lubed engine that looked like it was ready to run all night. Her drivers, however, were mere mortal men and they were running out of fuel. They would have to cum soon and reload before the next ride. She felt those cocks pulsing, their intensity and pace picking up, the grunts getting a little louder, the moans a little deeper. Her boys were going to be cumming soon.  
  
Ty blasted first, his cum washing over her tongue. The taste of his sweet and salty load sent Cori over the edge again and she creamed for a third time. John and Ben managed to hold their loads until she was done and Ty had stepped away. Then they pulled out and let her lay down on her back. John straddled her first, aiming his cock at her pretty face as he emptied his load. Ben sprayed his wad immediately after, carefully selecting his targets to make sure he covered the spots John had missed. When they were done, she had a belly full of Ty's cum and face that was covered except for one eye, one nostril and part of her chin. She lay back, exhausted and happy and dozed off, not even bothering to try to wipe away a single drop of cum.  
  
She was awakened later by Ty. She wasn't sure how long she'd been out, but it didn't feel like very long at all. She glanced at the clock. It was just 1 a.m. Ty held his finger over his mouth, motioning for her to be quiet. She looked behind him and saw Ben and John asleep in their lounge chairs. She got up slowly, her body stiff from laying on the floor. Her face felt sticky and she touched it, realizing it was covered in dried cum. She would have eaten it, but it was too late now. She'd have to wash it off.  
  
"I need to go to the bathroom first," she whispered to him, assuming he wanted to fuck her again. He nodded and she went and washed her face, the water serving the dual purpose of cleaning her and waking her up. She was still naked except for her heels and assumed that's how she'd stay for the next few hours.  
  
She walked back out and saw Ty standing outside Ben's office, motioning for her to follow him. She figured they would fuck in there where they wouldn't wake the others. She had fucked in there hundreds of times before. She walked in, wondering if Ty would stretch her ass again. Instead, she found him sitting at the computer, waiting for her.  
  
"So," he said, "you gonna tell me the truth about what you've been doing the past few weeks?"  
  
"What do you mean?" Cori asked.  
  
"Look," he motioned toward the screen. Cori saw a homemade video of herself on the beach, posing for pictures with guys. He clicked the mouse and a series of pictures of her on the golf course with popped up. She was busted. She just looked down.  
  
"Hey, I'm not mad," Ty said. "I just want to know the truth and make sure you're OK. We don't have to tell Ben and John if you don't want. They haven't seen this. I just want to know what's going on."  
  
Cori realized that there was nothing she wanted more than to tell Ty. She had thought she would confide in Ben, get his advice about the college offer, but she realized she didn't have the heart to do it. She was afraid he'd be mad or think less of her. Ty, though, was a little more carefree and had a live and let live attitude Cori admired. She knew she could trust him and that he wouldn't judge her, no matter what. She told him everything -- all about her step-dad, Crisp, Tony, Gerald, Victor, Miles and Sam.  
  
"So, what does this have to do with college?" Ty said. He had showed little reaction during the story. If it surprised or angered him, he didn't show it.  
  
Cori explained about Victor and Harris and the offer that had been presented to her. She explained why she took it and admitted that she was happy and excited about the decision.  
  
"That's good," Ty said, smiling. "I think you put a lot of thought into it and made a tough decision. I respect that and wish you nothing but the best."  
  
"Thanks," Cori beamed.  
  
"But I think you're missing one thing."  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"You need someone to watch your back," Ty said. "And you know how much I like doing that. But you remember Chad and Crisp and those guys at the gas station. There are going to be guys looking for even more than you're offering and they won't take no for an answer. Unless, that is, I'm there to remind them."  
  
"What are you proposing?" Cori asked.  
  
"I move there with you," Ty said matter-of-factly. "I could stay in the same apartment or whatever and keep an eye on things. Anyone gave you trouble, I'd step in. Otherwise, I'd mind my own business. Of course, I might want the occasional roll in the hay as payment for my services."  
  
"You'd do that for me?" Cori asked.  
  
"Of course," Ty said. "One, I want to make sure you're safe and two, I hated it when you were gone. I can find another job at another garage there to pay my share of the bills. Your university contacts would owe me nothing and you wouldn't either."  
  
"Other than the occasional blowjob," Cori laughed.  
  
"Or piece of ass," Ty nodded, chuckling.  
  
Cori loved the idea. She would feel so much safer with him there. He would protect her and she could trust him. This would be great.  
  
"What will you tell Ben?" she asked.  
  
"I'll tell him I'm moving back home," Ty said. "My hometown is only about 30 minutes from BJU. Of course, I don't have any family left there, but he doesn't need to know that."  
  
"Wow," Cori said. "This is going to be great. Thank you so much. I'll call Harris in the morning and make sure you can fly back with me. I'm sure it won't be a problem."  
  
"Sounds good," Ty said. "Now, were you saying something about a blowjob and piece of ass?"  
  
Cori giggled and bent over the desk, wiggling her ass for him. "Fire when ready," she said. He dumped some baby oil on her ass and slid his cock up and down between her pussy lips, dipping it in a few times, making sure it and her holes were all sufficiently lubed. Then he plowed into her pussy and smacked her ass.  
  
"Yeah," he grunted. "This pussy is far too fine to let just anyone have it. I gotta make sure it's protected. Oh yeah, I'll take good care of your little cunt. And your little cunt will take good care of me, won't it?"  
  
"Yes," Cori moaned. "Yes. Yes, do it harder. Oh shit, that feels so good, Ty. I'm so glad you're coming with me. Take care of my little cunt for me. Keep it safe and fuck it hard."  
  
"Yeah, hard and fast all the time," Ty growled, smacking her on both ass cheeks now. "I'll give it to you just how you like it. You like it rough and hard, don't you? You like me to stretch that pussy out, ream out your ass, smack your tits and make you gag on my cock. Don't you, bitch?"  
  
Ty was always like this with her. As sweet as could be most of the time, he became aggressive and rough when he was fucking her. Talking dirty turned him on and so did a little smack on her ass or tug on her hair. He never injured her, but he liked to be very dominant during sex. She found his passion and power very exciting and came more often with him than anyone else.  
  
Ty pulled his cock out of her pussy and stuck it into her ass, barely missing a beat. "You like having that little ass reamed out, don't you bitch? Stretch it out nice and wide. Gape that fucking asshole. Makes you walk funny, but you like it, you little slut. Oh, fuck that fucking little ass!"  
  
"Yes, stretch my ass," Cori screamed, giving him the encouragement she knew he liked and responded to. "Rip me open! Split me in two with that huge prick. Oh, harder. Don't make me beg for it. Harder!"  
  
Cori's ass was on fire. Ty had done a number on it in only a few hours -- plus Ben and John had taken their turns as well. The lube helped, but soreness was setting in as they fucked her raw. Ty never slowed, never paused, just kept pounding with the relentless fury of a jackhammer.  
  
He pulled his cock out of her ass and jammed it into her mouth, stuffing it into the side of her cheek. His cum exploded out of his mushroom head, splashing into the side of her cheek, then across her tongue and teeth and gums. She sucked as hard as she could and he jacked several more spurts into her mouth.  
  
"Yeah, take it and swallow it like always, bitch," he seed. "Don't worry, you can get all of that you want from now on. Anytime you're feeling hungry for some sperm, you know where to get it and how to get it. Big Ty will top you off right."  
  
"Thank you," Cori said, knowing that Ty would appreciate being thanked for fucking her, as if he was some sort of stud service. He probably could be, she mused, except he would just do whatever he wanted to the bitches and wouldn't care what they were paying him for. Cori knew, if Ty wanted a piece of ass, as nice as he was, there was no stopping him.  
  
"What's going on in here?" Ben laughed, throwing open the door.  
  
"Playing chess again," Ty laughed. "King always ends up fucking the queen when we play, though." He realized Cori's pictures were still on the screen. Deftly, he kept himself between Ben and screen and reached behind his back to click the monitor off. He reminded himself to close the browser and delete the history when he got a chance later. With Cori around, finding a way to distract two men for five minutes wasn't exactly a tall order.  
  
"Well, I was thinking about playing some pool -- you know how I am about putting the ball in the hole," Ben joked. "I thought Cori might like to play too."  
  
"Sure," Cori said, going along with the joke. "What did you have in mind? 8 ball? 9 ball?"  
  
"I was thinking more two balls and a little game I call tickle-the-tonsils," Ben said.  
  
"Ooh, I've never played that," Cori said innocently.  
  
"Well, let me explain it to you," Ben said. He took her hand and led her back into the lounge area where John was also now up, pouring himself a cup of coffee.  
  
Ty quickly clicked the computer screen back on and cleared the history, then put his shorts back on and went to watch the show. Two-ball was more fun to play than watch, but it was still entertaining when done right. And no one did it better than Cori.  
  
The game of pool hadn't even gotten as far as getting the cues of the wall. Ben was sitting on the edge of the table and Cori was bent over at the waist, going down on him. John was idly stroking his cock, warming it up for another go when Ben was finished.  
  
After Cori had serviced them both, they all sat on the couch in Ben's office, watching a movie. The men sat side by side on the couch and Cori lay naked across them. They didn't really watch much of the movie, spending most of the two hours talking and playing with Cori. Her head was on Ben's lap, her middle was on Ty and her feet and legs rested on John. They fondled her tits, rubbed her pussy, stroked her thighs and pinched her ass. John took her shoes off and rubbed her feet while Ty and Cori told Ben and John about Ty's plans to move in with her.  
  
"I would have given you some notice," Ty fibbed, "but I just found out my aunt's sick and Cori can give me a free flight tomorrow. So..."  
  
"No problem," Ben said. "You do what you need to do. John and I can handle things. In fact, John's mentioned retirement and I was thinking it might be a good time to sell this place. The value will never be higher."  
  
"You mean, the Hard Body Shop could be sold?" Cori asked.  
  
"I think so," Ben said. "It's not the same without you here and it sure won't be the same if Ty and John leave. I've been thinking about getting into something else -- maybe real estate or something. Anyway, I could make enough off the shop to take some time and figure out what I want to do."  
  
"Go to St. Thomas," Cori suggested. "It helped me clear my head a lot. I came back with a plan and I'm refreshed and ready to go."  
  
"I'm ready to go too," Ben laughed, thrusting his hips up so she could feel his semi-hard cock against her ear. "Whaddya say, one more before we all go our separate ways?"  
  
"Of course," Cori said, her voice soft. One by one she took them into the employee lounge and gave them her absolute best oral service. There was no role playing, name calling or fantasy. It was pure, sensual and she performed the task with genuine love and caring for her men. She would miss Ben and John so much. She wanted them to remember the feel of her lips on their cocks forever. She vowed to see them again and wondered if their paths and new careers might cross again, but if they didn't she wanted to make this count. She took her time. There was no rush. No deep-throating or gagging. Just lots of licking, sucking, stroking and, ultimately, swallowing, as three more loads of cum were deposited in her gullet.  
  
The sun was beginning to come up as Cori, dressed now in a Hard Body Shop t-shirt in place of the one Ty had shredded, and her shorts and heels, left with the guys. She gave John a farewell hug when they dropped him off at his house. Ben took her to her townhouse and dropped Ty at his apartment, telling them he'd be back in two hours to pick them up and take them to the airport in Atlanta. Cori called Harris and told him about Ty. To her surprise, Harris not only was accepting of the situation, but excited about it. "That will help with the security issues," Harris said. "Good idea, Cori. Tell Ty he is welcome to stay with you and I will get him a job in our motor vehicle department on campus."  
  
The more Cori talked to Harris, the more she liked him. He was straight-forward and she felt already like she could trust him. He wasn't making false promises and he genuinely seemed concerned about making a fair trade for both. She wondered what he would be like when it came time for her to pay up. Would he be rough, gentle, polite, kinky? She had no idea, but guessed he was the type who always got his money's worth. Business guys usually were like that.  
  
Ben and Ty came back two hours later. Ty had showered and shaved and packed. Cori also showered and prepped for her big day. She'd move into her new apartment with Ty and most certainly fuck Harris. She wasn't going to be on campus in his office, so there was no reason to be coy. She wanted to make a good impression on him, let him know she was approaching the evening with the right attitude, so, of course, she dressed for the occasion.  
  
Since she was going back to school, what better theme than to put on a school uniform? Of course, Cori's school uniform had been modified significantly by her friends at the shop. John always joked that he had graduated from the School of Hard Knocks and Cori's uniform was fit only for the School of Hard Cocks. Indeed, other than the barely there slings the guys had taken to, Cori could think of no other outfit that routinely received more appreciation than this one.  
  
It all started with the feet and just got better as you went up. She wore bright red heels with straps over the toes and around the ankle. She also wore white bobbi socks, the frills just above the ankle strap. Her long, sculpted legs were on display in her extreme mini red and black plaid skirt. It was just long enough to cover her ass when she was standing up and just touched the tops of her thighs, covering her pussy as well. She wore a white g-string underneath, wearing it high on her hips to make sure that her whale tail was visible at all times. Guys loved that, she knew. Her shirt had been specially tailored. It was a white blouse like a schoolgirl might wear, with three major modifications. One, it had no buttons. Two, it was cut so short that it only reached to just below her breasts. And three, it was too small to even reach in the front. The guys had always bought Cori's clothes a size or two too small, but in this case, they had gone extreme. So, there were two options to hold it closed. One was to tie the ends together at the bottom. They barely reached and the knot was constantly being strained by the force and strain of her tits pushing to bust free. So, she often went with the other option, which was to clip the bottom ends together with a safety pin. She chose a bright red one which matched her shoes and skirt and also stood out against the white top, drawing added attention to the fact that one tiny little pin was all that was keeping her tits in check. Her nipples stretched the shirt even further and her nipple rings were clearly evident.  
  
She wore a thin red leather choker that said, in white letters, "S is for Slut." Her lipstick was bright red and she had her hair in a ponytail with bright red ribbon. For effect, she had a red plastic lollipop as well. It had a cherry flavored coating on it which made it enjoyable to suck on and the fact that it was plastic made it possible for her to suck on it all day long. They guys had found it in a sex toy magazine and had ordered a case of them. She had packed about a dozen in her bag since they took up little room and always seemed to be crowd pleaser. She was confident Harris would enjoy watching her wrap her lips and tongue around this one. She might even stuff it inside her pussy for him, then lick off her juices. She was feeling horny already. This outfit always made her feel sexy.

She saw the lust in the eyes of Ben and Ty as they helped load up her bags. She wondered if they would try to bang her one more time before they left. As horny as she was right now, she hoped not. She was tired from the nearly all-night session and the travel and she wanted to look clean and fresh for Harris tonight, too.  
  
Ben seemed tired and a little sad and Ty was tired, but clearly excited. Neither of them tried anything, so Cori slept during the ride to the airport, gave Ben a long hug and kiss, then boarded the private jet with Ty. The captain eyed Cori hungrily, but figured she was with Ty and made no advances or comments. Ty and Cori both slept during the entire flight, waking up when they touched down. Once again, Anthony was there to pick them up. If he was shocked by Cori's appearance, he didn't show it. Even though Harris had assured discretion, she suspected that Anthony and maybe Darren and Sandy had at least some idea of the nature of her situation. Either that or they had been exceptionally well trained not to ask questions. Anthony loaded all their bags and invited them to relax in the back seat. Ty was awake now, anticipating his new life with Cori, who slept with her head in his lap. His cock ached for her and soon she had to shift positions or risk having his cock puncture her ear drum as it rose to its full length.  
  
He wanted so badly to unzip his pants and take her mouth right there, but he decided to wait. He would have greater access to her than ever before, he reminded himself, he could be patient and let her rest. His first priority was her well-being. Not that his cock ripping through her ass or choking her throat were all that beneficial to her, but they both knew he would never hurt her and he intended to make sure no one else did as well.  
  
He studied her body, those big firm tits spilling out of that top, that narrow waist, that delicious ass and those perfect legs, all stretched out on the seat. If he was going to be a bodyguard, he couldn't picture a better body to guard.  
  
He wasn't opposed to her doing what she had to do to earn her scholarship, but he had seen what Chad and others had tried to do and feared there would be more. It was hard for a man to have a taste of Cori, then just let her walk away. She was addictive. Once you got a little bit of that pussy or felt that mouth on your cock, it was all you could think about. He knew. He was addicted. He had gone through withdrawals for a few weeks, but now he had a permanent fix.  
  
He looked down and saw that a little drool was seeping out of her mouth onto his crotch. He tried not to think about how good it felt when she was going down on him, how much he loved putting his hand on the back of her head and watching her swallow him whole. He felt pre-cum leaking out of his cock, but kept it in his pants.  
  
When they arrived, he tapped Cori gently and told her it was time to get up. She rolled from her side to her back, no doubt feeling his bulge on the back of her head. She looked up at him and smiled. "Been thinking about something, have you?" Cori grinned, rolling her head back and forth, rubbing his cock through his shorts.  
  
"Nah," Ty grinned, "just admiring the scenery of our new home."  
  
Cori sat up and looked out the window. They were on a residential street near campus and she realized that Anthony was taking them directly to their new place. Odd, though, she wasn't seeing any apartments. These were all houses. Anthony pulled up in front of a small home with a nice green yard and a privacy fence in the back.  
  
"This is your new place," Anthony told them.  
  
"Harris said it would be an apartment," Cori said.  
  
"That was before he knew you were going to have a full-time roommate," Anthony said. "From what I understand, he planned to put you in an apartment for a few months, then a dorm room. But, with a roommate, he figured a house would better suit your needs for space and privacy. You're still within walking distance to most spots on campus, so this is a prime location."  
  
As they got out of the car and approached the house, an older woman emerged, smiling and extending her hand. Cori immediately regretted her choice of attire, but once again, the woman showed no signs of surprise or disdain.  
  
"I'm Ellen," she said warmly, shaking Cori's hand and Ty's. She looked to be in her late 50s or early 60s, with thin gray hair, bright brown eyes and a lively spirit. "I'm a friend of Dr. Harris' and have been for years. He explained that you were in need of a place. I rent this out to students and he has already paid for your first three months here. I must say, he's a very nice man. Please, follow me and I'll show you around."  
  
Ty and Cori just looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders and followed her up the walkway while Anthony stayed behind to unload their bags.  
  
"This house is 2,500 square feet when you count the basement," Ellen said. "As you'll see, it has been fixed up nicely and is fully furnished. Bob said you would need it to be furnished."  
  
She showed them the living room, which had a wide, flat-panel TV and a leather couch and two leather recliners. The kitchen was modest size with stainless steel furniture and there was a dining room off to the side. Stairs led to the second floor and a large loft. It had a king size bed, an oak dresser and end tables.  
  
"Bob suggested this be your room, Ty," Ellen said. Ty nodded. "Good, I'll show you your room, Cori."  
  
Ellen led them back downstairs and turned down a hallway they had skipped earlier on the first floor. It led to a large master bedroom with a king-size bed. On it sat two large packages wrapped in red and white paper. Cori ignored them for now, but assumed they were a welcome gift from Harris. Very sweet of him, she thought. There was a large TV and Cori noticed a mirror on the ceiling above the bed. She wondered if Harris just had that installed or if the previous college kids had done it.  
  
The master bath had a stand-alone shower with a bench to sit on and a full garden tub. A large walk-in closet had more than enough room for even Cori's extensive wardrobe and collection of shoes, but what was eye-catching was the labels. Harris had apparently had metal plates printed and installed throughout the closet, dividing the racks into separate sections with labels like: thongs and g-strings, halter tops, tube tops, mini skirts, dresses, swimsuits, lingerie, shorts, etc.  
  
"Looks like he has a wardrobe already in mind for you," Ty laughed.  
  
"He's a very organized man," Ellen said. "Would you like to see the basement?"  
  
She led them downstairs to the finished basement which had a large leather sectional, another large-screen TV with a brand new video game system and surround sound speakers. There was a full bar and refrigerator, a pool table and another full bath. A treadmill and small workout bench sat off to the side. A door opened to the backyard, where there was an in-ground pool, hot tub and grill. A large deck overlooked the yard, with stairs leading up from the patio to the deck, which opened back into the house through the kitchen.  
  
"This place is amazing," Cori said. "I can't believe we get to live here."  
  
"Bob is very generous," Ellen said, "and he seemed determined to spare no expense on you. I'm sure you'll perform well at your job and an in school to earn this opportunity he is providing you."  
  
"I will try," Cori said, wondering just how much Ellen knew about what was going on. With Cori dressed the way she was, she had to know, didn't she?  
  
"Well, if you ever need anything, please call me," Ellen said. "Otherwise, all I ask is that you take care of the place, mow the yard, clean the pool, pick up around the house. Just treat it with a little respect and we'll have no problems." I feel the same way, Cori thought.  
  
"We'll take care of it," Ty said. "Thank you, ma'am."  
  
Ellen left and Ty and Cori went about unpacking their stuff.  
  
"What's in the packages?" Ty asked Cori later, peaking into her room and watching her hang up her clothes, most of which were ones the guys had bought her at the shop. He noticed she was putting them in the closet according to the sections Harris had laid out.  
  
"Oh, you know, I haven't even looked yet," Cori said. "Guess I should open them, huh? He'll probably be here soon. It would be good if I knew what to thank him for."  
  
She sat down and picked up the first package. It was a large box but not all that heavy. It rattled when she shook it. She opened it and inside was an assortment of dildos, vibrators, butt plugs and other toys along with a couple of bottles of baby oil and KY jelly.  
  
'Subtle," Ty grinned. "I think your boy might be a little horny by the time he gets here. Seems he's put a lot of thought into this and you. Might be a kinky ol' prof, huh?"  
  
"Might be," Cori said. "I wonder what's in the other box."  
  
"Whips and chains," Ty laughed.  
  
"Oh, I hope not," Cori giggled. "What have I gotten myself into?" she laughed. She opened the box and inside was a gift certificate for a store and a note that read, "They specialize in women's business attire. As I'm sure you have few business suits, please use this to buy what you need for your job." There were two cards, which turned out to be gym memberships for both her and Ty.  
  
"Well, I guess the video you sent him really inspired him," Ty said, referring to the workout video Cori had sent with her college application.  
  
Finally, there was another small bag inside the box with a note that read, "don't freak out." Cori opened the bag and inside was a chain leash attached to a leather collar.  
  
"Yep, he's kinky all right," Cori said, shaking her head. She wasn't the least bit upset. "Freak out? I guess he doesn't fully understand my recent sexual history," she laughed again.  
  
Just then the doorbell rang. They went together to answer it. It was Harris.  
  
"Hello," he said, entering with a big smile, his eyes devouring Cori, stopping momentarily to study the safety pin holding her top together.  
  
"I'm Bob Harris," he said, extending his hand to Ty. "You must be Ty."  
  
"Yes, sir," Ty said. "Pleasure to meet you. Thank you for allowing me to stay here."  
  
"No, thank you for helping take care of her," Harris said, allowing his eyes to gaze at her perfect body once more.  
  
"Thanks for setting us up with this house, too," Cori said. "It's perfect."  
  
"No problem," Harris said. "I'm working on getting you a car, too, but I don't have one yet. I did, however, bring over some dinner. I thought you might be hungry."  
  
"Wow, thanks," Cori said.  
  
Ty went to Harris' car and brought back two large bags from a local Italian restaurant. When he got back inside the house, he found Harris already kissing Cori, his hands squeezing her ass. It made Ty a little jealous, sure, but he was used to this from the shop. He had shared Cori with lots of others before. Though he would have liked her all to himself, that wasn't possible right now. He was happy as long as he got his share and no one hurt her. Besides, it was definitely a turn on to watch her in action anytime.  
  
He set the food out on the table and they sat and talked. Ty and Harris, despite having little in common besides their lust for Cori, got along well and developed a quick trust. Ty believed Harris was a man of his word. He didn't want any trouble and he didn't want to hurt Cori. He was just in a position to get some prime pussy and he was taking advantage. Ty had no problem with that. Likewise, Harris understood that Ty's motives to protect Cori were genuine -- sure, he wanted to fuck her too, but it was obvious Ty cared for her too much to just be using her. With that understanding in place, Ty excused himself to his room upstairs, promising that he wouldn't be back down until morning.  
  
That left Harris with Cori for the rest of the night. "I'm just going to stay here tonight," Harris said. "Since you don't have a car, I'll drive you to your job."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said. "You've been terrific. This place, the job, understanding about Ty -- oh, and the gifts."  
  
"Just wanted to show you I was committed to upholding my end of the bargain," Harris said.  
  
"I am too," Cori said softly, licking her lips. "That's why I wore this for you. Do you like it?" She stood up and turned around as if he hadn't looked at her from every angle already.  
  
"Yeah," Harris said. "It's perfect. Why don't you bend over a little bit, remind me again how flexible you are."  
  
Cori bent over at the waist, sticking her ass out at him. She pulled on her g-string, making it rub between her pussy lips. She spread her legs out wide and dropped into a perfect splits, looking back at him over her shoulder. He had his cock out, stroking it.  
  
"No more masturbating for you," she wagged her finger at him. "Any time this happens," she pointed at his erection, "you come see me and I'll take care of it." She stood up and gently grabbed his cock, pulling him toward her. He stood up and she led him by the cock down the hallway to her bedroom. She bent over the end of the bed, his cock still in her hand as she guided it toward her ass. She felt his hands on her, pushing her skirt up and sliding her g-string out of the way. He unbuckled his pants and let them drop to the floor, stepping out of them and right up behind his newest coed cunt.  
  
His cock was a sturdy 7-incher that filled Cori up nicely. She humped back against him as he inserted his rod into her velvety sleeve. He had his hands on her narrow waist, setting up a steady rhythm as he drilled her pussy for the first of what promised to be many times.  
  
"So, S is for slut, huh?" he teased, referring to her collar.  
  
"That's what it says," Cori giggled. "Do you like me being your slut, Mr. Harris?"  
  
"I sure do," he said, grunting and thrusting. "We probably need to get you a collar for every letter. Let's see if we can think of enough things. A is for ass, b is for balls, c is for cunt, d is for deep throat, e is for ..."  
  
"Every day!" Cori squealed, thrusting back against him. Her pussy was sizzling, cooking his cock inside its steamy oven. "And F is for fuck! Oh, harder, please!"  
  
Harris bent over and squeezed her tits through her little white blouse, tempted to rip it off. But he remembered that it was a custom top that he definitely wanted to see her in again., so he restrained himself, instead reaching inside and pulling on her nipple rings while he drove his cock into her as hard as he could.  
  
"G is for gag and h is for horny," he chanted to the rhythm of his thrusts. "I is for I love cock and J is for jism."  
  
"I is for I love cock and J is for Jism. K is for kiss," Cori added, moaning. "L is for lick. M is for me!"  
  
"No, no," he laughed, "nice try. M is for meat and n is for naughty. O is for..."  
  
"Orgasm!" Cori whimpered. She was getting so close. Please, don't cum yet, you bastard, she thought to herself. Make me cum! "Oh, oh, please, yes, yes..."  
  
"P is for pussy," Harris said, lowering his voice, slowing his pace, exactly the opposite of what she wanted from him. "Q is for quim and r is for rack and s is for suck and t is for tits. U is for ... U get to cum now!" Suddenly, he started hammering her pussy again while reaching around her leg and massaging her clit with his hand. He grabbed one of the dildos off the bed and squirted KY jelly on it, then slid it up her ass. That brought her over the edge and she heaved and humped, her toned legs and firm ass never yielding while orgasm racked her body.  
  
"V is for vagina," Harris said softly again, "which is cumming all over me. W is for wank and x is for x-rated."  
  
Harris watched the amazing girl cum right before his eyes, her body undulating, her tawny skin so perfect and soft and glistening. He found her irresistible. He was glad he wasn't limited to five times a week. He wasn't sure if five times a day would be enough. He wanted more than anything to watch her swallow his cum. He pulled out and was surprised to see that she anticipated what he wanted before he said a word. Experienced little slut, wasn't she?  
  
She knelt before him, putting her face right against his cock, letting his mushroom head rest on her forehead and his balls on her mouth. She licked at them playfully and he slapped his cock against the side of her cheek, then stuffed it inside of her mouth. He came the second he felt her tongue on his shaft and sent a massive flood of cum into her mouth and down her throat. He didn't even have to suggest or ask that she swallow it. She just did, licking him clean and sucking him dry before looking up at him and smiling and saying, "Y is for yummy."  
  
"And z is for zippity-doo-dah," Harris laughed. He hadn't been this happy in years. And he planned to be very happy for at least the next couple of years while Cori was here.  
  
"Can I take this out of my ass now?" Cori asked, wiggling her ass and showing him the dildo sticking halfway out of it.  
  
"No," Harris grinned. "It stays there until I'm ready to put something else in it. Which, judging by how hot you are, will probably be about a minute."  
  
"Anything I can do to speed things up?" she asked, licking her lips hungrily. Damn, this bitch really wants to earn her scholarship, Harris thought.  
  
"I don't know, but you're welcome to try," he said, laying back and letting her lick and suck on his wet, flaccid cock. He fumbled with the safety pin on her shirt and undid it, pulling her shirt gently off and tossing it on the floor. He fondled her bare tits, tugging on her nipple rings while she gave him her undivided oral attention. Sure enough, in just a few minutes she brought his cock back to life with her own amazing version of CPR.  
  
"Do you have that collar and leash?" Harris asked.  
  
"Of course," Cori said. "And don't worry, it didn't freak me out at all. Would you like me to wear it for you? Be your little bitch? You can pet me and tell me I'm a good dog and maybe give me a treat."  
  
"Or I can scold you and spank you if you're a bad puppy."  
  
"Arf, arf," Cori barked, sitting up on her knees and holding her hands like paws. She stuck her tongue out and panted.  
  
"Go get your leash, bitch," Harris said, patting her on the head.  
  
Cori knew it was on the floor in the corner and slid sensuously off the bed, then dropped to her knees and crawled slowly over to the leash. Lowering her head, she picked it up in her mouth and brought it back to him, sitting up next to the bed, the leash clenched between her teeth.  
  
"Good pet," he said, patting her head again. "Would you like to go for a walk, bitch?"  
  
"Arf, arf!" Cori chirped.  
  
"Good girl." He put the collar on her neck on top of the S is for Slut collar she already wore. He led her toward the back door and out into the backyard. It was dark now and with the security fence surrounding them, there was no danger of being seen.  
  
"I would have taken you in the front yard and around the block," Harris said, watching his pet crawl obediently behind him, "but I can't risk being seen with you like this. We'll have to keep our public appearances to a minimum and they must always appear to be perfectly normal administrator-student interaction. Understand?"  
  
"Arf!" Cori yelped. Already this was a change of pace. She was used to being shown off as much as possible. She had no doubt Harris wished to do the same -- all men seemed to like that -- but she understood why he couldn't. She found herself a bit disappointed that she wouldn't be prancing around for him in public, displaying herself as his trophy. Of course, she knew Ty would still do that when time permitted. She wondered what the other administrators from the university Harris had spoken of would do with her. Discretion would be key for them too. Plus, Harris had said he wanted her to appear and act like a regular student. Yes, this was going to be different indeed. Well, she'd have time to get used to it, with a few months working a regular job in a real office where sex played no role. She was both anxious and nervous to see how it would go. She always felt like she was smart enough to do the job, but now she was going to be walking on the high-wire without her safety net -- her body. Could she really hold up in a professional setting using nothing more than her brains and intuition and personality?

Well, that answer would have to wait until tomorrow because at the moment, it was clear Harris was indifferent to everything but her body. He led her around the pool, constantly looking back to check out her bare tits hanging down. He stopped her and removed her skirt and adjusted her g-string so it fit snugly over the end of the dildo in her ass, helping hold it in place. Of course, her tight ass muscles were also doing a good job of that and there was no danger of the dildo slipping out of her before Harris said it was OK.  
  
He led her toward the patio and had her sit up and beg for him, rubbing her cheek against the crotch of his shorts. He sat in a lounge chair and said, "Time to test your obedience," he said. "Crawl to the grass."  
  
"Arf!" Cori barked, crawling slowly away from him, giving him a good view of her ass as she reached the grass about 15 feet away from where he sat.  
  
"Roll over," he said. Cori dropped to the cool grass and rolled over, keeping her hands up under her chin like little paws.  
  
"Play dead."  
  
She rolled on her back and held her legs and arms limply in the air, knowing he was studying her nearly nude body. She pictured his cock getting hard again and looked forward to a chance to please this generous, mysterious man once more.  
  
"Sit. Good. Now stay." Harris walked back into the house and returned a minute later with a bowl of water and another dildo. "Come. Drink."  
  
Cori crawled forward and lowered her head, drinking from the bowl he set on the patio. She lapped at the water, knowing what he wanted to see was her tongue sticking out to lap up a precious liquid, savoring the taste and swallowing it. He wanted to see her hungry and thirsty and needing it so badly. She gave him just what he wanted and turned happily when he said, "Fetch."  
  
She saw him toss the dildo a few feet into the grass and crawled after it. When she reached it, she picked it up in her mouth like a dog carrying a bone. Then, she had a better idea. Using only her mouth, she set it carefully back down on the smooth patio, trying to balance it on its flat end. The dildo started to fall over, but before she could, she had the head of it in her mouth and pinned it against the patio as she went down on it, taking nearly the whole 8 inches in her mouth and throat.  
  
"Good dog!" Harris exclaimed as she crawled back toward him. She had a dildo deep in her mouth, another deep in her ass and a chain trailing behind her. "I bet you want to chew on that bone for a while, don't ya, girl?"  
  
"Arrf," Cori tried to yelp through the dildo.  
  
"Well, why don't you just hop up here in my lap and let me pet you while you chew your bone?"  
  
Cori put her hands on him like paws and then hopped into his lap, curling her legs up under her and nestling herself into his lap. His hands instantly went to her tits and ass, then her pussy. Soon, he was pulling on her nipple rings and dipping his fingers in her pussy, occasionally petting the soft lips gently or giving the dildo in her ass a couple good push-and-pulls. Cori did her best to follow orders, letting the dildo slide out of her mouth a little bit so she could chew and chomp on, trying to imitate a dog.  
  
"You're an excellent pet," Harris said finally, pulling the dildo out of her mouth and tossing it aside. He did the same with the one in her ass. Time to replace it with something, Cori thought, remembering his words. "Get down."  
  
Cori slid off the chair and sat up next to him on her knees. He got out of the chair and dumped the water out of the water dish. Holding onto it, he grabbed her leash and pulled her toward the grass. He did so with a bit more urgency this time and Cori scrambled to keep up as she felt the collar tighten around her neck. He led her the darkest part of the yard where the streetlights and exterior lights from other houses did not reach. Only the light of the quarter moon lit the way as he dropped her leash and the dish and told her to stay. She sat on all fours and he moved behind her, sliding her g-string to the side once more. Her ass was well-stretched and well-lubed from the dildo and he slid relatively easily into her. He was silent, so she was too, sensing that he wanted her to be quiet, not daring to draw attention.  
  
That's the way they remained for the first several minutes, Cori grunting softly as she took his cock -- which was no match for Ty's, but enough to fill her ass nonetheless. He moved back and forth deliberately, taking his time this time. He stopped to reach around and grab the leash, jerking her head up and forcing her to arch her back and drive her ass harder against him. Then he dropped it and pulled it along the underside of her body. He reached between her legs and grabbed the handle, which was a loop made of soft leather. He rubbed it against her pussy and she jerked as the leather rubbed across her clit. Then, he stuffed it inside her, pushing his fingers deep into her pussy until the chain from her collar to her cunt was perfectly taut.  
  
That accomplished, he resumed his reaming of her ass. He remained silent all this time, but his lust was growing every second and he wanted to keep living the bitch as pet fantasy until its glorious climax. "You're a good little bitch," he grunted, thrusting harder. "You're such a good pet. You'd do anything to please your master, wouldn't you?"  
  
"Arf," Cori whimpered, still thinking he wanted her to be quiet. After all, his voice was low, a firm whisper.  
  
"What?" he growled.  
  
"Arf!" she said louder.  
  
"I still can't hear you," he whispered. "When I say speak, I expect you to bark, bitch." He spanked her hard once on her ass cheek to emphasize the point and she responded as ordered.  
  
"Arf! Arf! Arf!" she chanted and panted. The louder she got, the harder he fucked. He was loving this, she knew, and soon she was practically screaming. Her voice was crying into the night as he wordlessly fucked her ass in the middle of the back yard.  
  
"Shut that dog up!" a neighbor yelled. Cori kept barking until Harris pinched her ass and she yelped as if someone had jerked her chain. She stopped barking, but Harris didn't stop pounding. He made sure she knew who the master was, dominating her ass with a powerful flurry of piston-like strokes that eventually climaxed in flood of cum. He splattered it all into the empty water dish while Cori turned around and offered to clean him with her mouth. He accepted the offer and then led her back to the patio. He turned on the patio light and sat the dish full of cum on the patio.  
  
"Drink up, bitch," he said, patting her head. Cori dipped her head to the dish and lapped at the pools of cum that had collected there, looking up at him each time she got a mouthful, showing it to him before she swallowed and went back for more.

The next morning, Cori woke up with the taste of semen still fresh on her tongue. She rolled over and felt Harris next to her. They were both naked under the sheets. She looked at the clock -- it was only 6 a.m., but she was too excited about her new job to sleep any longer. She wondered if Harris would want a blowjob to start his day or if he would be mad if she woke him up. Silly, she thought, what man had ever been upset about a morning blowjob?  
  
She lifted the covers back and slid between his legs, which were splayed across the bed. Watching his eyes, she knelt down and grazed his balls with her nose. No reaction. She dipped her head and let her hair fall onto his cock. He stirred, smiling in his sleep, then slowly opened his eyes.  
  
"Good morning," Cori smiled. "I, um, couldn't sleep. I was, um, hungry." She looked at him then at his cock, making sure he got the not-at-all subtle message.  
  
"Eat up," Harris said, smiling and closing his eyes. She licked the head of his cock, then nuzzled his balls, feeling him harden slowly. She licked from the base of his shaft to his head, then back down, stopping at the base of his balls. He was fully hard now and she filled her mouth with his cock. She felt him touch the back of her head, lightly stroking her hair, gently pressing down, urging her to keep him all the way inside her.  
  
He lay motionless, letting her do all the work. "Damn, why don't we say fuck the job and you and I just stay in bed together for the next two months?" Harris said, only half joking. "Mmm-hmmm," was Cori's muffled response.  
  
"Wow, that's good," Harris moaned, "you're amazing. You have to wake me up this way every time I sleep over," he said. "Mmm-mmm", Cori said, letting him know that she understood and agreed. He stroked her soft, golden blonde hair, imagining how good even that would feel on his cock. Fuck, this girl was so hot, she could fuck you with her hair and it would be one of the best fucks you'd ever had.  
  
"You're going to take a shower this morning, right?" he asked, feeling his orgasm rising up. "Mmm-hmm," Cori responded.  
  
"Good, then I'm going to cum all over hair," Harris said. He pulled his cock out and shoved Cori's face into the bed between his legs and rubbed his throbbing cock on top of her head. He wrapped a handful of hair around his cock and started firing bolts of jism into her hair, one long blast splattering between her shoulder blades, matting several strands of hair to her back. More cum seeped down the side of her head and into her ears. Cori, gasping for breath against the sheets, thought back to her childhood and having swimmers ear when water got into it. She wondered what the doctor would say if she had to go in and be treated for a load of cum in her ear.  
  
When the last of his cum had finished dribbling onto the top of her head, Harris let her up and stuffed his cock into her mouth for a quick cleanup. "Might want to brush your teeth, too," Harris chuckled. "Go get ready for work."  
  
Cori showered, quickly rinsing the cum out of her hair before it dried. Even after she showered, however, she still felt like something was clogging her left ear. She knew what it was, of course, and used a Q-tip to see if she could swab it out. Sure enough, when she pulled the cotton swab out, it was soaked with a sticky white goo.  
  
"Doesn't look like ear wax to me," Harris chuckled. He had entered the bathroom as soon as he heard her get out of the shower and was shaving.  
  
"More like nut wax," Cori laughed. "Going to shoot it up my nose next time?"  
  
"Maybe," Harris grinned. "And if I do, you'd better snort it and inhale every drop."  
  
"You know I will," Cori said.  
  
Harris stepped into the shower and Cori went to pick out something to wear for her first day on the job. She hadn't really thought about it until now, but surely she could find a suitable skirt and blouse for her first day. Then, she'd use Harris' gift certificate to buy some more tonight after she had a better idea of what would be most appropriate.  
  
But, as Cori sorted through her clothes, she realized she didn't have any real business attire. Oh, the guys had thought it was fun to have her dress up like a slutty secretary, with an obscenely short skirt with a slit all the way up the side. They would put her in a too-small white blouse with the buttons ripped off or let her wear a short jacket with one button and nothing underneath. Well, she could still wear the jacket if she could find a suitable top. Top, hell, she just realized she didn't even have a bra. Or panties. What was she thinking? She finally had a job where sex was not part of the deal and she was going to go in there looking like a tramp on the first day. She kicked herself for not thinking ahead. Normally, she planned way ahead, but she had gotten so caught up in the deal with Harris and the deal with Ty and all the fucking and moving and, well, it had slipped her mind completely.  
  
She frantically flipped through her closet, looking for anything that wouldn't be too revealing, too sexy. And, preferably, something that would hide her nipples from view until she could get a bra.  
  
She found a very unique top that she thought could work. It had been ordered from a specialty catalog, like many of the outfits the guys had purchased for her. It was basically the top of a catsuit -- a form-fitting, long-sleeved white top that narrowed down to a single strap that ran between her ass cheeks and buttoned in the crotch. What made it sexy was that, in addition to being form-fitting, the guys would often have her wear it with nothing else, so she was effectively walking around in a thong with only one button separating them from her pussy. Also, across the breasts, there was a series of three large rips. The top had been made that way on purpose, naturally revealing ample amounts of cleavage or, depending on how it was positioned, allowing a nipple to poke through. Cori, though, put a white tube top on under the skin-tight top to hide the bare skin under the tears. Still, her dark nipples were evident, poking out firmly against the skin-tight tops. She put a navy blue vest on. It had no buttons, but as long as she kept it on, it would help cover her nipples. Then, she put on a tight navy blue skirt. It had a slit up the side and was far shorter than she should wear, but she had little choice. She found the least slutty pair of dark pumps she could find.  
  
She looked at herself disapprovingly in the mirror, but what else could she do? "Interesting outfit," Harris nodded, flipping back her vest and studying her breasts. "No bra?"  
  
"I, uh, don't have one," Cori said, shaking her head.  
  
He tugged up the back of her short skirt, eyeing the narrow piece of white cloth from her catsuit top tucked tucked between her ass cheeks. "No panties either?"  
  
"No," Cori said, ashamed. "I only have thongs and g-strings, so this top works just as well as they do."  
  
"Good girl," Harris smiled. "That is so hot. But after work, we'll use that gift card I got you and get you some more suitable clothes -- for work purposes only, of course. Around here, the clothes you already have will be just fine."  
  
"Thank you," Cori said. "Do you think this will be OK? I couldn't find anything else. I'm sorry, I guess I'm just not used to dressing this way."  
  
"It will be fine," Harris said. "Just don't bend over or lose your vest."  
  
Harris drove Cori to her job -- it was about a 20-minute drive with the morning rush hour traffic. The building was in an office park and stood five stories high.  
  
"Benson Sports Marketing has the whole fourth floor," Harris told her. "When you go in, ask for Claire Benson -- well, ask for Mrs. Benson. She's the owner, of course. She's expecting you. I'll plan on picking you up at 5, but if you need me to come earlier or later, just call me."  
  
"Thank you so much for this," Cori said. "I'll see you tonight."  
  
She walked hurriedly into the building, even though she was 15 minutes early. She was excited to get started. Finally, a real job doing what she loved and without any sexual strings attached. This was going to be so much fun. She would feel even more business-like tomorrow when she could wear more appropriate clothes. Still, other than showing off her legs with the heels and short skirt, this outfit wasn't too bad -- so long as she didn't inadvertently flash her tits or ass to someone. But as her wardrobe went, this definitely qualified as conservative and she didn't feel the least bit like she was overexposed. It was more that she was oddly dressed than being too sexy.  
  
A security guard stopped her when she entered the lobby, asking to see her ID badge.  
  
"I don't have one," Cori frowned. "It's my first day at Benson Sports Marketing."  
  
"You must be Ms. Banks," the man smiled. "They're expecting you. Take the elevator to the 4th floor. They'll give you a badge and you'll just use that to scan in every morning."  
  
"Great, thanks!" Cori smiled. She rode up the elevator, taking a deep breath as the doors opened and she prepared to take that first step into her new job -- and maybe the path to a new life.  
  
There was a young man sitting at the receptionist desk. "May I help you," the man asked, smiling. He was young looking -- probably in his early 20s -- with dark features and curly dark hair. He was very handsome. Well, men usually hired pretty women to be receptionists, why couldn't Mrs. Benson hire herself a little eye candy, Cori mused.  
  
"Yes, I'm Cori Banks. This is my first day working here and I'm supposed to ask for Mrs. Benson."  
  
"Hi, Cori," he said, standing up and coming around the desk to shake her hand. "I'm Douglas, Mrs. Benson's personal assistant. Welcome to Benson Sports Marketing. We're glad to have you."  
  
"Thanks, I'm glad to be here."  
  
"Mrs. Benson is expecting you. Follow me, please."  
  
He led her down a corridor filled lined on both sides with offices, all of which were empty. "Most of the guys come in between 8 and 8:30," Douglas explained. "They work late hours sometimes, so Mrs. Benson is very flexible with their arrival times."  
  
Mrs. Benson's office was at the end of the hallway. The door was open and Douglas rapped once before entering. Cori followed him in, immediately spotting the elderly woman who stood with her back to the door, gazing out her window that overlooked the parking lot and a park across the street. She turned when she heard them enter.  
  
"Mrs. Benson," Douglas said, "this is Cori Banks, our new intern."  
  
"Welcome, Cori," Mrs. Benson said warmly, shaking her hand.  
  
"Thank you, Mrs. Benson," Cori said. "It's very nice to meet you."  
  
"Anything else, ma'am?" Douglas asked.  
  
"No, that will be all for now," Mrs. Benson said. Douglas left, closing the door behind him. Mrs. Benson ushered Cori into a seat at her conference table, then sat down across from her. Cori studied the woman who was quite beautiful and elegant for her age, which Cori guessed to be in her 60s. She had light gray hair, sparkling blue eyes that hinted at kindness and a good sense of humor and a warm smile. She was slender and appeared to be in great shape. She wore a dark gray business suit with a knee-length skirt, hose, a cream-colored blouse and a dark gray jacket. She looked professional and confident. Cori wanted to dress just like her tomorrow.  
  
"So, Cori, tell me about yourself and why you're here," Mrs. Benson said pleasantly.  
  
Cori smiled to herself for a minute. "Where do I begin?" she thought. So much of her recent life had been defined by her sexuality. But that's not what she wanted to tell Mrs. Benson and it certainly wasn't how she wanted to define the rest of her life -- the next year or so, obviously, with Harris and the other university folks, but after that ...  
  
"Well, I'm from a small town in Georgia," Cori smiled. "I went to college for a couple years, working on a business degree, then the money ran out and I worked at a car repair shop where I sort of taught myself about marketing. By the time I left about a month ago, we had tripled profits in less than two years and had secured a major municipal contract. I always liked sports and, working with male co-workers and customers all the time, I realized that I actually knew as much about sports as most of them did. And coming up with new marketing ideas really interests me. So, sports marketing seems like a natural fit. I received a scholarship offer from BJU and I plan to complete a marketing degree and see where things go from there."  
  
"Very good," Mrs. Benson said. "You look athletic. Did you play sports?"  
  
"Yes, tennis and gymnastics," Cori said. "I was too tall to be a very good gymnast, though. I was a cheerleader too."  
  
"You do have a nice sports background," Mrs. Benson said. "That's good. And I'm glad you're used to working with men. You and I are the only female employees here. I hope you don't mind. My husband started this company 25 years ago and it's always been sort of a good ol' boys club. Well, even though that's not the case anymore, that's just sort of the way the staff worked out right now. We had a couple women about a year ago, but they moved on and, well, here we are with a staff full of men again."  
  
"That's fine," Cori assured her. As long as Mrs. Benson is around and I'm not dressed like a slut, there's no reason for the guys to think of me as anything but a co-worker, Cori figured.  
  
"Well, it's a small staff, too," Mrs. Benson said. "We've had opportunities to grow, but my husband wanted to keep it small and we never sold out to the big boys. We have a staff of six full-timers, not counting myself. We have my assistant, a manager, a graphic designer and three account representatives. We outsource our computer care, maintenance and accounting. So, what questions do you have?"  
  
"Well, a couple," Cori said. "I apologize for not doing my homework and knowing this in advance, but I just found out yesterday about this job. So, what sort of sports marketing do you do here exactly? And, what will my role be?"  
  
"Excellent questions," Mrs. Benson said. "And I understand your situation, so I don't mind that you aren't up to speed on our company. We're not a household name, and that's the way we like it. We operate under the radar, in that respect, but you definitely have seen our clients and our work.  
  
"When sports agents started taking over the big business angle of sports years ago, my husband had the foresight to realize that the money wasn't going to come from the athletes themselves, but from the companies demanding the services of those athletes. So, we set ourselves up as a sort of headhunter agency and we serve both athletes and companies. Not all athletes have the luxury of top-flight agents and managers. To get endorsements, speaking engagements, appearance fees, etc., they come to us and we put them in touch with companies looking for spokespeople, organizations who want a headlining athlete for a charity function, businesses looking for guest speakers. We're sort of like a modeling agency for athletes. We keep a database on all the athletes in the major sports as well as some from the minor sports. We offer services to handle the promotion of events, including design of materials and even staffing for the event if required. In exchange, we are paid a commission off every contract we negotiate."  
  
"That sounds great," Cori said. "I had no idea ... I mean, you never think about all the work that goes on behind the scenes."  
  
"And a lot of that is what you'll be tasked with. Most days, you'll be logging data on new and existing athletes. We track their charitable giving, public appearances and red flag any public issues, like drugs or domestic abuse, that might affect their effectiveness as a representative. So, you'll do lots of research, data entry, filing -- you get the idea. But I'd also like to get you involved in some events and some of the proposals that we put together to attract new clients. We are always looking for new ideas to set us apart from the competition. We pride ourselves on our service to our clients and we have gained a great reputation as a family-owned business with solid values and integrity in business."  
  
"This sounds perfect," Cori said. "I can't thank you enough for this opportunity."  
  
"You're welcome," Mrs. Benson said. "Now, Douglas will show you around and introduce you to everyone. But, one bit of advice, if I may. Tomorrow, please wear a bra."  
  
Cori was stunned. How had she noticed? She looked down and saw that the her vest was caught on the arm of the chair. It was pulled back, revealing her right breast and yes, her dark, hard nipple was evident -- though not obscenely so -- through the skin-tight, thin double layer of white.  
  
"Oh," Cori blushed. She didn't want to lie, but what would the woman think if she told her the truth? "I'm ... I'm so sorry. I, well, not to make excuses, but in my rush to move here this weekend, I neglected to pack my bras, I'm afraid. I didn't realize it until this morning and it was too late. I promise, I'm going shopping and will be more appropriately dressed tomorrow."  
  
"That's fine, dear," Mrs. Benson said. "Just try to keep that vest closed. The guys won't hassle you, but I don't need to tell you that a little too much skin can be very distracting in a male-dominated office."  
  
"I understand," Cori said softly. "I'm so sorry. I don't want to distract anyone, I promise."  
  
Mrs. Benson called Douglas in and he led Cori back out into the hallway. Cori heard voices and phones and keyboards now -- the office had come to life. She was so eager to meet everyone and get started.  
  
She met Ted, the staff manager, who was a black man in his late 40s, medium build with a shaved head. He had a deep voice and strong hands that Cori knew could have crushed hers when they shook hands.  
  
Barry, the graphic designer, was in his late 30s with long hair and a goatee. He had a very "artsy" look, Cori thought, noting his slender, wiry build.  
  
Ted and Barry each had their own offices. The account reps shared the third office, which provided ample space for their three work stations. Jason was the oldest and seemed to be the self-appointed leader of the trio. He was in his late 20s and had dark hair. A former basketball player, he was well over six feet tall and had a slender but toned body. Greg was of Asian descent and had the short, powerful body of a former catcher, which he was. Like Greg, Wes was in his mid 20s. He had reddish brown hair, pale skin and was skinny. Cori wasn't surprised to learn that he had never played competitive sports at a high level.  
  
Everyone was polite and Cori did a good job of shielding her tits and standing straight to keep the slits in her skirt from being too noticeable. Sure, she knew the guys were checking her out to some degree -- they were guys, after all. But there were no inappropriate looks or touches or comments. She wasn't sending out that kind of vibe and these were professional men who were above such immature acts. Wow, it sure was nice to be in a real office setting for a change.  
  
The three main offices -- Claire's, Ted's and Barry's -- were located in the corridor to the left away from the reception area where Douglas' desk sat. Directly behind the reception area, however, separated by a glass wall decorated with pictures of famous athletes Cori assumed were clients, was a large open area. In it were a conference table, two large video monitors, a library of books and media materials, a drawing table and a lone desk with a computer on it. To the right of this large area were three more rooms -- the large office housing the account reps, a room which held the copy machine and other office supplies and a break room with lunch tables, a refrigerator and vending machines. A hallway out the back side of the room led to the restrooms.  
  
The lone desk in the middle of the large room, Cori, learned, was to be hers. While the others all had name tags on their doors, Cori's desk had a simple sign that said "Staff Assistant". Obviously, this was where they always put their interns. Which made sense, since this allowed her to see and hear a lot of what was going on and to be accessible to anyone needing her help.

Douglas showed Cori how to log into her computer and gave her several brochures and reports to look over to learn more about the company.  
  
"We also need to get a picture of you to put on the web site and to make your ID badge," Douglas said.  
  
"Sure," Cori said. "I was going to ask you about that badge. The security guard stopped me this morning."  
  
"Yeah, we'll go ahead and take your picture now and I'll have the badge for you before the end of the day."  
  
"Thanks!"  
  
Most of the morning was quiet. Cori sat at her desk and read while the guys would occasionally stop by and chat, polite, appropriate conversation. Everything was going fine. Then, innocently enough, Douglas asked her to help with some filing. He gave her a stack of invoices and past accounting statements and showed her the filing cabinet, which was in the reception area, right next to his desk.  
  
Cori set about filing, happy to be doing some work and becoming part of the office. The filing cabinet was six feet wide and five feet tall. There were tons of files -- for all their clients, vendors, customers, etc. Aware of her short skirt and thong, Cori was careful to kneel down when filing in the lower drawers. With her back to Douglas, she didn't have to worry too much about her vest. She kept at it for an hour and was almost done when Douglas handed her another stack.  
  
"You're doing great," he said. "I really appreciate this. We didn't have an intern this semester until you started, so we're a little behind on this. If you don't mind, here's some more you can do. I know it's almost lunch time, so take your break whenever and then finish after lunch, if you want."  
  
"Sure," Cori said. She hadn't even thought about lunch. She didn't bring anything to eat and didn't have a car to go anywhere. Hopefully there was someplace close she could walk to. In her haste to find an outfit this morning, she hadn't eaten any breakfast -- other than Harris' cock. She was definitely hungry now that she thought about. She was still preoccupied with what to do for lunch when she dropped the new stack of papers and bent to pick them -- at the waist. As soon as she did it, she realized that if Douglas was looking -- well, he'd have a helluva view. Playing it cool, she slowly rose and then knelt down, looking casually over her shoulder. Douglas was looking right at her and the smile on his face told her that he had seen it all -- her bare ass cheeks, possibly her pussy mound barely covered by that little strip of white cloth that served basically as a thong. How embarrassing! And here she had been off to such a great start. Now, barely half way into her first day, she had given one of her co-workers reason to think of her as more than a co-worker. And he had something to tell his buddies.  
  
"Um, sorry, dropped a few," Cori forced a smile.  
  
"Yeah," Douglas grinned. "I kinda wish you'd drop some more."  
  
"I'm sorry. I'll be dressed more appropriately tomorrow."  
  
"Hey, no complaints here," Douglas said. "But don't worry, I'm not going to stalk you now or anything. But if you drop any more papers, I can't promise I won't be watching."  
  
"Fair enough," Cori smiled, relieved that she had actually addressed it with him and that he seemed to be cool about it. Bullet dodged, she thought. "I think I'll go ahead and take my lunch break. Is there someplace close by I can get something?"  
  
"Sure," Douglas said. "Take a left when you exit the building and then go to your left. About two blocks down there are three or four good restaurants."  
  
Cori picked up a salad and bowl of soup from one of the restaurants and decided to bring it back to the office and eat in the break room. Maybe some of the guys would be in there and she could become better acquainted with them. She was happy to find Douglas and all three of the account reps there, some eating food they had brought from home, others digging into fast food. Cori set her food on one of the tables and quickly joined a discussion about the baseball playoffs. She was listening to Greg and Jason argue over a controversial call as she put her change in the machine to get a bottled water. The plastic bottle came out quickly -- too quick -- and slipped over the edge of the dispensing tray, rolling onto the floor. Cori bent over hastily to pick it up before it rolled under the machine. She snatched it just in time, then froze. The room was suddenly quiet and she was pretty sure she knew why. She was bent over at the waist, her back to all four men. Her butt was in the air, her skirt was riding up and she felt the cool air-conditioned air blowing across her bare ass cheeks. She stood up slowly, trying to play it off.  
  
"Got it!" she said. "Sorry to interrupt the conversation. I agree with you Jason, the ump was way out of position to make that call."  
  
None of the guys responded, but they all wore silly grins that told Cori all she needed to know. They had seen all and for the next few minutes, at least, nothing that she said or did would erase that image from their minds. Damn, how could she be so stupid? She prided herself on being smart, dreamed of a job where sex wasn't a factor. She had been handed such a position and in half a day she had already jeopardized it. While this was hardly a fuck your co-worker everyday situation like she'd had in the past, the fact remained that she had firmly presented herself as a sex object first and foremost and had no one to blame but herself.  
  
"Out of position, huh? I don't know, I kind of liked that position right there," Greg said, smiling.  
  
Cori thought about ignoring the comment, but remembered how well being direct with Douglas had worked and decided to try it again. "Yeah, sorry about that," Cori said. "Look guys, I know what you must think after what you just saw and I don't blame you. I made a mistake getting dressed this morning and, well, I promise it won't happen again. Please forgive me. I really want this job and I want do it well and learn from you guys. I'm not trying to be some silly college girl intern. I want to be professional and I know that I haven't shown you that so far."  
  
"I like what you've shown so far," Jason said. "Believe me, we're not complaining. But don't worry about it. We get it. We work in sports marketing, remember? Sex sells and it's part of everything. We won't make a big deal out of you dressing like that so long as you don't make a big deal out of us taking a look from time to time. Most women don't think they can be appreciated for their appearance and respected for their intelligence at the same time. Is that what you think?"  
  
"No," Cori said after thinking a minute. She had certainly felt that way at times, but Ben and the guys at the shop had never made her feel like that. She knew they respected her. "I believe some men can see you as a sex object and an equal at the same time. Unfortunately, most men don't think that way, but if you guys do, I think we're cool."  
  
"We're cool, then," Greg said. "How about that, you've been here half a day and already the awkward phase is over."  
  
"Well, it probably won't be so awkward tomorrow," Cori said. "I plan to dress more like Mrs. Benson from now on -- professional, not slutty."  
  
"Damn," Douglas said, laughing.  
  
Cori laughed too, dropping a piece of her salad in the process. It landed on her vest, dressing splattering down the front. She quickly wiped it off, but it left a dark streak.  
  
"Hey, I can fix that," Douglas said, moving towards her."  
  
"No, it's OK, really," Cori said.  
  
"Don't be silly," he said. "That will ruin it if you don't treat it fast. Let me have it. Trust me, I've fixed Mrs. Benson's shirts many times."  
  
He started pulling her vest off and Cori gave in, hoping that no one would pay attention to her high-beam nipples. That hope lasted about a second until Douglas removed the vest and she heard Wes practically choke on his sandwich.  
  
"I just moved her this weekend and I forgot to pack any bras," Cori said sheepishly.  
  
"Just our luck," Wes choked, smiling.  
  
Douglas joined the others in taking a good long look, then hurried to his desk to apply whatever magic elixir he had to remove the stain.  
  
"Don't even think about bringing that back!" Jason yelled. They all laughed. Even Cori chuckled, resigned to playing along and trusting these guys to be mature enough to handle this. So far they had been and she was grateful.  
  
"Mind if I guess?" Greg asked, staring at her chest.  
  
"Guess what?" Cori asked.  
  
"Size," he said.  
  
"Oh, well, I guess not," Cori said. "What do I get if you're wrong?" One thing she had learned from the guys at the shop was to act like one of the guys. Talk sports, drink beer and, when someone wanted to bet or argue, don't back down.  
  
"Hmm," Greg smiled, happy that Cori was being a good sport, sitting there with those big tits resting on the table. "Well, if I'm wrong, I'll buy those bras you said you were going to buy tonight."  
  
"OK," Cori smiled. Guys always seemed to guess that her breasts were larger than they were. Probably because they were so firm and stood up so well without the support of a bra. She felt confident she would win this one.  
  
"And what do I get if I'm right?" Greg challenged.  
  
"Well, what do you want?" Cori asked.  
  
"No bras," he laughed.  
  
"I can't," Cori said. "Mrs. Benson already warned me to wear a bra."  
  
"That's no problem," Greg laughed. "She's not here half the time anyway. If I'm right, you only wear a bra when she's in the office for the next two weeks. Every time she steps out, the bra comes off."  
  
"This is crazy," Cori laughed. But deep down, she knew she'd win. And she liked the fact that everything was out in the open with these guys. She had wanted to impress them with her professionalism first, but her body had beat her to it. So now, she needed to impress them with her attitude -- getting bent out of shape or defensive wouldn't help -- and trust that eventually they would come to respect her professional abilities as well. This was a chance to drive a wedge between them or forge a bond. She gambled and said, "you're on."  
  
"All right," Greg said. "Write down your size and turn the paper over."  
  
"So, what's your guess?" Cori asked, after writing 36C on the paper.  
  
"Would you mind standing up and turning sideways? I think a profile view would help."  
  
"It won't help," Cori said. "You're going to lose this one." She gave them the profile view Greg had asked for, aware that her nipples were sticking out prominently and that her breasts had a distinctive cone shape from this angle.  
  
"Damn," Wes said, shaking his head.  
  
"That's a mighty fine rack," Greg said. "You're a very healthy girl. I'll say 38D."  
  
"Sorry," Cori laughed, handing him the paper.  
  
"No way you're a 36C," Greg said.  
  
"I am. Sorry," Cori said. "You guys think every girl is a 38DD. We're not all Barbie dolls, you know."  
  
"No, but you are," Greg said. "Bring one of your bras in and show me that it's 36C and I'll believe you. But until then, I don't buy it."  
  
"Well, you'll be buying it tomorrow when I collect on all those nice new bras I'm going to have," Cori gloated. "And I prefer cash, too."  
  
Just then, Douglas returned with her vest and she put it on just as Ted and Mrs. Benson and Barry returned to the office. They all finished their lunches quickly and went back to work as if nothing had happened. The rest of the day went by without incident and Cori was happy to see Harris waiting for her out in front of the building.  
  
Cori jumped in the car and told him about her first day, leaving out the parts about her showing her thong and nipples to half the staff.  
  
"I'm just glad you got through it without any embarrassing wardrobe malfunctions," Harris laughed. "But since you're off duty..." he pulled at her vest and she helped him pull it off. At a stop light, he ran his hand up her leg, under her skirt and fingered her pussy. She rubbed his cock through his pants, feeling him harden against her fingers.  
  
"Wish we had more time," he smiled, pushing her hand away and telling her to put her top back on. "But we have an appointment with Ms. Chloe and we're almost there."  
  
"Who's Ms. Chloe?" Cori asked, pulling her vest back on.  
  
"She's a friend of a friend," Harris said. "She owns a nice shop that caters to professional women. She is going to personally help get you outfitted with an appropriate wardrobe for work."  
  
"That's great!" Cori said. "I was so nervous all day. It will be so nice to dress like a real professional. Just during work hours, of course. I'll dress any way you want the rest of the time."  
  
They arrived at the dress shop, a fancy, stand-alone building that exuded class ... and high prices. They walked in and Cori was immediately impressed. It was a huge shop with all sorts of dress and formal attire and they had everything from underwear, to shoes, belts, jewelry -- all the accessories. She had never shopped anywhere like this and now not only was she shopping here, but she was being treated as a personal guest of the owner and basically shopping with a blank check, courtesy of Harris, who introduced her as his "niece".  
  
"Anything you recommend is fine," Harris said to Ms. Chloe. "She's starting from scratch, so get her as many outfits as you think she needs and the accessories to match. I'm just going to browse a bit and return a few phone calls while you two do your thing."  
  
"Very well," Ms. Chloe said. She was an elegant woman in her 50s with long dark hair, dark complexion and a beautiful blue dress. She epitomized class and grace and elegance and Cori knew that she would wear whatever this woman told her to.  
  
"Come this way, Cori," Ms. Chloe said. "We'll take some measurements first and make sure that we get just the right size. The right clothes look all wrong if they aren't just right. We'll tailor everything to fit perfectly."  
  
"Thank you so much," Cori said. "Um, I really appreciate you tailoring everything for me, but I need something I can wear tomorrow. Will we be able to find something that won't need to be tailored?"  
  
"Don't you worry, my dear," Ms. Chloe smiled. "We'll take care of you. You'll look like you own the place tomorrow."  
  
"Oh, thank you!"  
  
Ms. Chloe led her back into a private dressing area and pointed to a small wooden platform.  
  
"Now, stand up here please. Molly is just going to take a few measurements." Molly, a pleasant-looking woman in her 40s approached with a tape measure and began calling out the numbers to Ms. Chloe, who wrote them down. They did everything -- neck, arms, legs, and the usual. Everything was what Cori expected until they said her bust was 38.  
  
"38?" she asked. "But I wear a 36C bra."  
  
"That might be what you wear, my dear," Ms. Chloe said matter-of-factly, "but that doesn't mean that's what you SHOULD wear."  
  
"A lot of women wear the wrong size bras," Molly continued. "And a lot of women have their breasts change size as they grow older and mature. When's the last time you were fitted for a bra?"  
  
"Um, fitted? Never," Cori said. "I just put on what seemed right, you know."  
  
"Well, you probably were wearing the wrong size," Molly said. And I haven't worn a bra for a long time, so my breasts might actually be bigger, Cori suddenly realized. Maybe Greg and all those guys who swore she was bigger than a 36C were right.  
  
"Let's start with the bras and panties," Ms. Chloe said. "Are you uncomfortable undressing in front of us? If so, we'll give you some privacy."  
  
"No, that's OK," Cori said without thinking. She wasn't nervous, but she had forgotten about her little thong and the ripped catsuit top. What would they think of her? Well, she was about to find out, she supposed. She removed her shoes and vest first, then pulled down her skirt. Now she stood before them with only the white catsuit top on and the tube top underneath. She reached between her legs and unsnapped the catsuit and peeled it up her lean body. Finally, she removed the tube top and stood before them, naked. If they judged her attire or appearance, they made no show of it.  
  
"OK, here's a 36C bra," Molly said, stepping onto the platform and slipping the bra over Cori's shoulders. To her surprise, Cori realized the bra really wasn't the right size. It felt tight and constricting and she knew her tits were spilling out way too much.  
  
"I guess I have grown," Cori said.  
  
"Do you often go without bras?" Ms. Chloe asked, no hint of judgment in her voice.  
  
"Well, yes," Cori said, feeling her face grow red with shame.  
  
"Don't feel bad, my dear," Ms. Chloe said. "If I had breasts like yours, I wouldn't wear a bra either, I suppose. It's OK sometimes, but I think you'll agree that it will be appropriate for your job. Especially with those nipples you have. I'm sure those present problems at times."  
  
"They sure do," Cori laughed.  
  
Molly returned with a 38C bra, but Cori's breasts still spilled out. Finally, a 38D was just right. "38D," Cori thought, "Greg was right after all."  
  
"Now, let's talk about panties," Ms. Chloe said. "I noticed you had basically a thong on before. Is that what you prefer?"  
  
"Well, they're OK," Cori said. "But I want to be professional at work."  
  
"It's not like you're going to be flashing your undies," Ms. Chloe said, and Cori bit her tongue. "But thongs can be a little obvious at times. Still, I can tell you're a sexy young girl and the usual cotton panties might not be your thing. Have you tried French cut panties? Nice, high on the hip, very cute."  
  
Molly brought her a pair of light blue ones and Cori tried them on, noting to herself how strange it felt to be wearing underwear that didn't split her ass cheeks. It felt nice and she nodded her approval. Molly set aside several bras and panties and they moved on.  
  
Over the next hour, Ms. Chloe selected a number of business suits for Cori -- sensible skirts with matching jackets, tight button-down shirts, dressy but sensible heels. The clothes were trendy and appropriate both for Cori's age and profession. She would look good, but not slutty. She loved it. She had never dressed with such class before and she was thrilled at the change -- she felt different just trying them on. What she really liked was that these clothes were still flattering to her figure and her femininity while being very businesslike at the same time.  
  
When they were done, Cori had two dozen suits, a dozen pairs of shoes and plenty of bras and panties and hose. She was set. About that time, Harris came back and didn't even blink at the number of items they had selected -- one of which was being tailored while they waited so she could wear it tomorrow.  
  
"Cori, there are some very nice dresses over there that a young lady might like to wear for a dinner party or an evening on the town," he said, giving her a quick wink that sent her a signal that he wanted her to pick something sexy and revealing. "Why don't you pick out one or two and we'll add them to the pile."  
  
"Gee, thanks," she smiled. "You're the best uncle ever." She realized that he couldn't pick them for her or it would look odd -- and uncle picking a slutty dress for his niece. He was trusting her to pick her own. What a novel concept. Cori liked the idea. She looked through the evening dresses and found a slinky backless number with a deeply scooped neck line and a very short hemline. She tried one on, found it fit just right, and replaced it with one two sizes smaller. Tits and ass and leg would be spilling out everywhere for him. She didn't show it to him for fear he'd be put in the awkward position of having to veto it in front of Ms. Chloe, so she simply tossed it in with everything else and Harris asked, "How much?"  
  
Ms. Chloe rang up the total -- which was more than most cars cost, Cori thought -- and then Molly came up and said, "Cori, do you have a nice bag for work?"  
  
"No," Cori said. "But..."

"Add it on," Harris said.  
  
"I'll throw it in for free," Ms. Chloe said. "You've earned a little reward. And I like your niece very much. She's going places, I can tell. A very impressive young lady. You should be very proud."  
  
"I am," he said. Then he leaned over and whispered in Cori's ear. "And very horny too." She just nodded, giving nothing away. She was back in her white tube top and mini skirt and heels. She hadn't bothered putting the catsuit top back on, so her belly was bare. She had asked Ms. Chloe if she could wear a pair of the panties out of the store and had pretended she would put them on in the dressing room, but had merely stuffed them under the bench and was completely nude under her skirt. She knew Harris would want her soon and a braless panty-less slut was always a popular companion for a horny man. Considering how much he had spent on her, she owed him the best she had to offer.  
  
When they got back in the car, Harris promptly yanked down her tube top, exposing her breasts. Anyone walking by in the parking lot would have been treated to a show, but they were alone for the moment and Harris took advantage of the opportunity to tug on her nipples and feel them harden between his fingertips.  
  
"Do you like your new wardrobe?" he asked, finally letting go of her nipples and starting the car.  
  
"Very much," she nodded. "Thank you so much."  
  
"Talk is cheap," Harris grinned. "I prefer that you show me your gratitude."  
  
Cori made sure her door was locked and turned so that her back was against it. She put her left leg over the back of the seat and kept her right foot on the floor. She raised her ass and pulled her skirt up. Bare pussy stared Harris in his lusty eyes.  
  
"That's what I'm talking about," he said. "That's a nice piece of gratitude right there. Now if you can just convince me it's ... you know ... sincere."  
  
They drove along the busy streets, Cori basically naked in the front seat. She rubbed her clit and stroked her pussy lips and licked her nipples. Nothing was more sincere, she figured, than a wet pussy, throbbing clit and rock-hard nipples.  
  
"That's looking pretty sincere," Harris said. He was driving quickly, anxious to get home and lay into her. He had nothing planned. He just wanted to get her out of the car and feel that creamy cunt around his cock. He didn't know if he'd come in her or on her or what and he didn't care right now. He just needed release and he needed it fast. He grabbed Cori's arm and pulled her so she sat up. "Like I said, talk is cheap," he said through gritted teeth. He grabbed the back of her head and she knew what to do, adjusting in the seat so she could lower her mouth to his cock. She sucked him hard, then just relaxed her throat and let Harris take it as he pushed her head down on his cock. She felt his desire and knew an orgasm would come very quickly.  
  
They pulled into the garage and Harris pushed her off his cock and jumped out of the car. Cori did too, prepared to run to the bedroom, but Harris simply threw her against the hood of the car, pushing her face down against the hood. He spread her legs and lunged inside her with a strong thrust. He hammered her cunt with the fury of a man denied good pussy far longer than he had been, oblivious to the fact that the garage door was still open and anyone walking by could easily see the banging in the shadows of the garage. Cori hoped no one would come by, but if they did, she couldn't do anything about it. Harris was re-claiming her body and there would be no getting out from under him until he was finished. Not that she wanted to. His hard cock was driving her crazy and she sped toward a climax, only to be denied as Harris blasted a thick wad all over her ass and back.  
  
"Now that's what I call a wax job," Harris said, standing back to admire his work. "Rub that in. It's good for your complexion."  
  
Cori reached behind her and dutifully rubbed thecum around on her skin, letting it slowly dry into a sticky coating. She put her fingers to her lips and licked them clean, one finger at a time. Only when all the cum was off her hands and rubbed into her back did she stand up and move toward the door, Harris close on her heels.  
  
"Sorry, my pet," he said, playfully swatting her ass, "but I have a lecture to attend tomorrow morning in Charlotte. I have to go. I'll be back tomorrow evening to pick you up from work. Until then, I'm sure Ty will keep a good eye on you."  
  
"That's for sure," Ty grinned, already rubbing his crotch in anticipation. He hated going even a day without a piece of Cori. He was revved up and ready, but he wasn't desperate. He gave Cori some space. He let her wash up and change her clothes while he ordered pizza and Harris headed on his way.  
  
"Anything in particular you want me to wear?" Cori asked out of habit.  
  
"Nope," Ty said. "You wear what you want now. Surprise me."  
  
This was different. New place, new relationship, Cori thought. Well, that was good, because she had wanted to start being independent, control her own sex life. Obviously, she had made concessions for Harris and Ty, but she hadn't been blackmailed into either deal. She made both willingly with the ground rules clearly stated. Obviously, Ty had taken it to heart and, while he was certainly going to fuck her, was going to let her take more of the lead. Ty had always been respectful, but also very aggressive during sex. He fucked her hard every time and he liked the dirty talk, the ass-fucking, deepthroating, dick-slapping, spanking and occasional bondage. She wondered if he'd be able to turn that off when they actually started fucking. She doubted it and, frankly, hoped not. She had always liked that about him. Ty played no games, kept no secrets. That's why she knew he liked and respected and cared about her. He couldn't hide those feelings and he didn't try to, just like he didn't try to pretend that he wanted to do anything but ream her out when he got a good ass-fuck going. There was no going slow and saying "are you all right, baby?" With Ty in the moment, it was "Take it all the way up your fucking ass, you little slut." And he would likely punctuate it with a hair pull, ass slap or nipple tug. There was no holding back with Ty.  
  
Harris had gotten Cori's pussy warmed up and she found herself anxious to be filled with Ty's big cock, which was quite capable of sending her to orgasm. After a quick shower to remove Harris' residue, Cori stood in her closet, trying to decide what to wear. Ty had ordered pizza, so he intended to stay in. She hoped to take a dip in the swimming pool after dinner, so she put on little pink thong bikini bottom and heels. On top, her breasts had been squeezed in by that tube top all day and she wanted to let them have a little room and be comfortable. Plus, she wanted to test Ty a little -- would he really be OK with it if she wore something not too sexy? She put on white t-shirt that was too short and hung loosely over her navel. It fit snugly but comfortably over her breasts, which were free to bounce and jiggle without restraint, but she was showing no cleavage, no undercleavage and her nipples, though noticeable, weren't obscenely poking through.  
  
She looked at herself in the mirror. The pink heels and thong were certainly sexy, but the t-shirt was modest enough -- maybe not for most girls, but for her. And Ty definitely would have picked something different. To spice it up a bit, she put on her nipple rings, making the nipples a little more pronounced under her t-shirt.  
  
She heard him answer the door and assumed the pizza had been dropped off. She walked confidently into the living room where Ty sat, the pizza sitting on the coffee table along with two glasses of wine. Cori didn't prance around or give him a show. She simply plopped down next to him and leaned forward to grab a slice of pizza.  
  
He eyed her as he took a bite of pizza, his eyes lingering on her long legs. If he disapproved of her t-shirt, he made no such comment.  
  
"So, how was the new job?" he asked, leaning back and glancing at the TV, which showed a football game.  
  
"Really cool," Cori said between bites. "I think it's going to be fun." She didn't tell him about the accidental flashing or the subsequent bra bet. She could trust Ty, she knew, but what was there to tell? She had messed up and they had been cool about it. She didn't know what to think about the bra bet she had lost, but she sorta assumed they had been joking. And even if not, well, surely with the bosses around, there would be no opportunities for them to make her pay up. And they were professionals. They wouldn't risk their careers. No, she'd show up tomorrow in her new suit and they would see she was serious and the matter would never be brought up again. She convinced herself she was right.  
  
"How about your new job?" she asked. "Is Harris getting you set up at the motor pool on campus?"  
  
"Yeah, I met with them today and start next week," Ty said, putting his hand on her thigh. "Seem like cool guys. What do you think of Harris?"  
  
"He's been great so far," Cori said. "I mean, the house, the jobs, the clothes, school. And I think he means it when he says he wants to be discreet, so I don't think I'll have to do too much crazy stuff, you know?"  
  
"Walking you like a dog wasn't crazy?" Ty grinned. "Yeah, you know I watched."  
  
"Yeah, I figured," Cori laughed. "No, I don't mean that. You know I'm open for all that kind of stuff. It's fun. But I mean the dangerous stuff. The public sex. The being showed off and shared and paraded around. It can be fun, but it just gets too scary sometimes, you know?"  
  
"I know," Ty said. "Those guys in St. Thomas took things too far, didn't they?"  
  
"Yeah, and so did my step-dad," Cori said. "He was actually worse. Lots worse."  
  
"I wish I had been there to do something about it," Ty said. Cori knew he would have and that Crisp and his men would have had their hands full. Ty wasn't a man to be messed with. "Well, I don't think we have to worry about that with Harris. Did you see the truck he got for us?"  
  
"No," Cori said. "Where is it?"  
  
"It was in the garage," Ty laughed. "I guess you had your mind -- and pussy -- on other things!"  
  
"I guess," Cori laughed. She got up to go see the truck and felt Ty tug on her thong, pulling her back. He squeezed her ass and groped between her legs, palming her pussy. Then he got up too and showed her the truck. It was a full-size pickup truck, bright red with leather seats.  
  
"Just two years old and only 30,000 miles," Ty said. "He said he always wanted one anyway, so he bought it and he's going to let us use whenever we need. So, I'll give you a ride to work tomorrow. I hope you remember how to get there."  
  
"I do," Cori said. "Can we go for a ride?"  
  
"Sure," Ty said, "but I'll warn you. This ride might have the same sort of ending the last one you took with Harris did. Hope you like the hood of this truck as much as you do that little car of his." He laughed and opened the door for her, putting his hand on her ass unnecessarily to help her into the cab. When she went to put on her seat belt, she realized something was different. Ty climbed in the driver's side, already grinning.  
  
"What's wrong?" he asked. "Can't figure out the seat belts? Well, I was a little confused at first, but Harris showed me. He did some customizing with you in mind. I'm not sure what he told the boys at the motor pool, but I'm just going to play dumb if they ask me."  
  
"Why are there so many belts?" Cori asked. "And why are they all made of silk?"  
  
"They're not made of silk," Ty said. "They are regular belts covered by silk. They're just as strong as regular belts, though. If you need to use just one, the original is still behind you -- it's the one that isn't covered. The others are for greater restriction in special circumstances."  
  
"Like what?" Cori asked.  
  
"Like when one of us wants to play with you while we drive," Ty said. "Here, spread your legs." Cori did, so that the inside of her knees were pressed against the outer edges of the bucket seat. There were two straps coming out of a single slot out of the front of the seat, right between her knees. Ty wrapped one strap around her left leg, the other around her right, reaching across her to buckle the straps into clips on the floor.  
  
"Try to squeeze your legs together," Ty said. Cori tried, but they wouldn't budge. Her thighs were spread, providing an open invitation to her pussy. Ty accepted, rubbing his hand over her crotch, feeling her moist heat through the thin bikini bottom.  
  
"Now, put your arms behind you around both sides of the seat," Ty said.  
  
"This isn't going to hurt, is it?" Cori asked.  
  
"I don't think so," Ty said. "I think it's going to feel really good."  
  
Cori trusted Ty and put her hands behind the seat. Her hands couldn't touch each other, but Ty looped straps that came from behind the seat around both wrists and snapped it to a clip in the long bench seat behind them. Now, her legs were spread wide, her arms were back and her chest thrust out and up. Ty pulled another strap across her chest, positioning it directly under her tits. This then pulled up and slightly behind her, clipping into a notch on the head rest of his seat. The upward action lifted her tits even higher. A second strap went across the top of her breasts, criss-crossed with the other belt and clipped into the base of the driver's seat. The downward pull forced the strap to dig into her flesh, making her tits jut out all the more.  
  
"Now that's a picture," Ty grinned at his prize, so lewdly displayed in the passenger seat. Tits and pussy were open and easy to grope, even while driving. "How does it feel?"  
  
"Not bad," Cori said. "It's tight though. Not much room to move."  
  
"The belts aren't digging into you?"  
  
"No," Cori said. "They're soft. They don't hurt at all." Cori had been tied up many times, so this didn't freak her out. She did think briefly about the dangers of an accident or the possibility of being seen like this. But the windows were tinted on the sides, so the only way someone could see her would be through the front windshield. Harris' eye toward discretion was the reason for this, no doubt. As far as safety, she'd have to trust Ty to be careful, which she did.  
  
Ty closed her door and hopped in the driver's side a moment later, holding a pair of scissors. Cori had an idea what he wanted to do with those. He sat in his seat on his knees and reached across and grabbed her left breast, pulling her t-shirt up away from her body. Capturing the extended material between the scissor blades, he neatly sliced a hole in the shirt. When he let it go, it formed a nice large circle opening over her breast. He repeated the procedure for the right breast. He then used his hands to enlarge the openings, leaving only a strip of cloth between her tits, which popped out like a pair of over-inflated balloons, ready to pop. The pressure of the belts made them look and feel swollen, growing darker in color.  
  
Ty flipped open a small compartment in the ceiling of the car, just above Cori. Out dropped two slender elastic bands. Both were secured on one end inside the compartment and had clips on the other ends. They both were just about an inch short of reaching Cori's tits, but their stretchy elasticity allowed them to easily reach her breasts. Ty clipped both ends of the bands to her nipple rings, the slight tug pulling her nipples and breasts even further toward the roof of the car.  
  
"Does that hurt at all?" he asked.  
  
"No," Cori said, grunting as she tried to wriggle her body to get into a more comfortable position. "There's plenty of give in those bands. They don't hurt, they just, well, they feel good."  
  
"Good," Ty said. "That's the idea. Want to feel really good?" Without waiting for an answer, he pulled an 8-inch dildo from the glove compartment. He unclasped her legs and lifted her off the seat, pulling the bikini bottoms to the side. He positioned the dildo underneath her and dropped her onto it, all eight inches filling her wet pussy. He re-strapped her legs and looked at his prize once more. There she sat, her legs spread, her tits out, her nipples linked to the ceiling, her arms secured behind her, her pussy stuffed with a dildo. She had a little movement, but not a lot. She couldn't really move her legs, but she had a little ability to lift her ass off the seat and could wriggle her torso. She could move just enough, she realized, to fuck herself with that dildo.  
  
Ty sat in his seat and started the truck.  
  
"We're actually going for a ride?" Cori asked, a little surprised.  
  
"Oh yeah," Ty said. "Harris said this thing is great for off-road and that there's this really hilly, bumpy field a lot of the college kids like to run around on not far from here. I thought it might be fun to try it out. And I think it might be extra-fun for you."  
  
The truck bumped over the curb as they backed out of the driveway, tossing Cori up as far as her bonds would allow. As she dropped back down, the dildo sunk fully into her and her nipples received a friendly tug from the elastic bands. "Oooh," she said, grunting. She was uncomfortable, no doubt about that, but there was also no denying that one little bump had felt really good. What would a series of bumps and jerks do to her exposed, hyper-sensitive body? It was an interesting idea.  
  
Ty reached between her legs, feeling the dampness of her pussy lips wrapped around that dildo. "What do you think?" he teased. "I think I know what your pussy wants already."  
  
"I want the same thing," Cori giggled. "I think." She felt horny and naughty and very self-conscious, reminding herself that the tinted windows were shielding her from view. Still, looking at the truck in front of them at the stop light, she wondered if the driver was looking at her through the rearview mirror. And, if so, what was he thinking? For a moment she thought about a potential problem -- someone calling the cops, thinking she had been abducted by Ty. This was a little more risky than she liked to think about, so she just thought about how good that dildo was feeling right now and tried to imagine an off-road course literally bucking her into orgasmic ecstasy right here in this truck.  
  
"This must be it," Ty announced as they approached a dirt and rock field with splotches of long grass and weeds. It had been dry for weeks or this area would surely have been a big mud pit. Two other trucks were wheeling around in the mess already and Ty gunned the engine, quickly joining the fray. The trucked leaped over a large boulder and thudded against a huge mound of dirt. It dipped into a large hole and bounced over a pile of rocks. Cori was shaken up and down and side to side, her breasts slapping into each other, then pulling sharply against the elastic bands as her nipples stretched, then snapped back. Her pussy rode the dildo, clamping it securely inside her velvety sleeve as she let it massage her most sensitive areas.  
  
She found herself looking ahead, trying to anticipate the next bump or bounce. So, she closed her eyes, giving her body over to the mercy of the truck and her bonds and this brutal yet wonderful terrain. These rocks had never been put to a better purpose, she thought, as her pussy warmed and began to cream, slowly at first, then building into a churning tunnel of juice that bubbled and surged, ready to spill all over that wonderful dildo.  
  
Suddenly, the truck stopped and Cori moaned. Denied again, she thought. But Ty was looking at her, smiling with lust. "They call this the gauntlet," he said, pointing ahead to a long series of rocks that had been moved into sort of course. She could see the rocks were a mixture of large and small and they seemed to go on for over 200 yards. She could practically feel the truck rocking up and down like a ship in a storm and thought about that dildo thrusting relentlessly in and out of her. She nearly came then as she nodded her approval for Ty to proceed. He gunned the engine and they were off, lifting off the ground several times, then crashing back down as that eight-inch dildo felt like it went nine inches deep. She came half way through the gauntlet and came three more times by the time Ty had completed his third pass.

She was sweaty and wet and totally spent, held up now by her bonds. "Ready to go home and fuck all night?" Ty asked, easing the truck back onto the road.  
  
"Anything you say," Cori grinned. Her nipples ached, her arms and legs were fatigued by the strain, her pussy felt red and swollen and raw, yet she couldn't remember feeling this good in a long time. "Wow, I love this truck!"  
  
When they got home, Ty undid her bonds and helped her out of the truck. She was stiff, but already she had regained her strength and was feeling fine. She walked around, half-naked in the dark garage, while Ty put the straps all away. Then, chuckling, he said, "You sure did make a mess in here."  
  
"Oh, my," Cori said, frowning at the large dark stain on the seat. They had used no lube, so that was 100 percent pussy juice. "That's going to stain."  
  
"Yeah," Ty frowned. "Tell you what. Go put some clothes on and we'll run to the car wash. We'll see if they can get it out."  
  
Cori ran inside and threw on pair of denim shorts over her bikini bottoms and replaced the shredded t-shirt with a pink halter top that matched her pink heels. They drove quickly to a car wash that did auto detailing, getting there 15 minutes before they closed. Ty explained that they had a stain they needed removed and Cori got out to show it to the manager on duty, a heavy set man with gapped teeth and greasy hair under a green baseball cap. The name tag on his uniform said "Gus."  
  
Gus eyed Cori approvingly, but not too lustily, aware of Ty's presence. "What sort of stain is it?" he asked.  
  
Ty just smiled and Cori blushed. "Um, it's a warm, sticky liquid," Ty offered. "It just happened about 30 minutes ago. It's still fresh, so hopefully it's not too late."  
  
Gus leaned forward, pressing his nose to the seat, then stood up, grinning. "I know that smell," he said, looking at Cori. "You've been a naughty girl, haven't you?"  
  
"Depends on how you define naughty," Cori teased.  
  
"Getting cunt cream all over a truck seat sure don't make you no angel," Gus teased, eyeing Ty carefully to make sure he hadn't offended him. "But don't get me wrong, it does make you a damn fine bitch, no offense."  
  
"None taken," Cori said quickly before Ty took things the wrong way. "So, can you help a naughty bitch out and remove that stain?"  
  
"Yep," Gus said. "We can help you out. You two can have a seat inside there and we'll have you fixed up in a jiffy."  
  
"Got a restroom?" Ty asked, giving the man a wink.  
  
"Yep," Gus said. "Just inside and to the left. There's no lock, but you should be our last customers tonight. This will take about 15 minutes. Not sure how long you need."  
  
"That will be fine," Ty said. He led Cori inside and straight into the bathroom, pushing her to her knees. He dropped his pants and fed his cock to her, a hearty meal she had enjoyed many times before.  
  
"Just think, slut," Ty said, quickly reverting back to his hardcore name-calling style. "Those guys are all out there cleaning up your big puddle of pussy cream. They all know what it is and where it came from and what a little slut you are. They all know you're in here sucking my cock. They all know."  
  
Those words stuck out to Cori and she hoped this wasn't the sort of thing that would jeopardize her discreet relationship with Harris. No offense to the car wash staff, but she doubted they traveled in the same circles as Harris and hoped if word of a cock-sucking slut at the car wash ever reached Harris, it would be filtered enough times that he would never suspect her.  
  
Either way, it was too late to change it now. Half a dozen guys were smelling her cunt cream right now and her throat was already filled with Ty's cock. There was no undoing any of it. She was just thinking that when the door to the restroom flung open and she realized that the entire staff was now watching the show.  
  
"Didn't take as long as we thought," Gus shrugged to Ty. "It's all clean. Looks like she's cleaning you pretty good, too."  
  
"Damn straight," Ty grunted. "This bitch is the best cocksucker you've ever seen. Watch this." He pulled his big 10-inch cock out so they could all see what Cori was dealing with, then put his hands on the back of her head and slid it back into her, balls deep. She swallowed it like a pro, smiling to herself at the small round of applause that her cock swallowing demonstration brought. The encore came a few minutes later when Ty pulled back so everyone could see him pour a stream of cum into Cori's mouth as she slurped it up like a kid drinking from a hose. She swallowed steadily, catching and consuming it all until Ty finally wiped his softening cock clean in her hair and stuffed his manhood back into his pants.  
  
"What do I owe you for the cleaning?" Ty asked Gus.  
  
"Not a fucking cent," Gus gleamed. "Just promise us you'll come back again."  
  
"Will do," Ty said. "Thanks."  
  
Cori stood up and gave them a small wave, licking the last remnants of cum off her lips as she moved through the small crowd, following Ty to the door. Just a couple hours ago she had told Ty she felt safe here. No bondage, no crazy public sex. So what had just happened? She wasn't sure, but she knew she regretted none of it.  
  
She slept with a clean conscious that night, awakened in the dark by a knock at the door. Not the door of her room or the house, but her back door. Ty was in bed with her and his cock was hard again. He had spread her ass cheeks and was poking the head of his cock against her puckered anus. "Wake up, bitch," he said softly.  
  
"What time is it?" Cori moaned.  
  
"Time for your 4 a.m. reaming," Ty said. "Get up and get my cock wet before I dry-fuck the shit out of your ass."  
  
Cori sat up in the dark, the moonlight through the window illuminating the impressive shadow of his 10-inch cock. She licked and sucked and spit all over it, lathering it as best she could. When he turned her over and took his position behind her, his cock wasn't as slick as she would have liked, but there was no holding him off any longer. He did take enough time to spit on his fingers and stuff them into her ass, making the entry way just a little bit looser before his cock forced its way inside her. He put his hands on the back of her head, pressing her face into the pillow, his cock driving down into her tight ass.  
  
"Take that big cock, you fucking slut," Ty taunted. "Harris fuck you like this? I didn't think so. This is the biggest, best cock you'll ever have. You know you want it. Take it all the way up your ass. Yeah, you little whore, that's it!"  
  
As Ty typically did, especially when fucking her ass, he banged her violently. He slapped her ass and pulled her hair and held her head down, making it hard for her to breath. Cori knew Ty would never hurt her on purpose, but she always worried in the back of her mind that he might do it by accident. He was so obsessed and possessed when he got like this that restraint was gone. He put 100 percent effort into his fucking, an aggression that was attractive and stimulating, but also scary. Cori was a strong, flexible girl, but she was no match for a wild and powerful Ty. She had long ago learned not to fight his thrusts. She let her body go as limp as she could and simply took it -- all his weight and energy and power seemingly concentrated into that 10-inch rod that pistoned relentlessly in and out of her. Finally, he pulled out, turned her over and sprayed his load all over her belly and tits and face, not bothering to aim in the dark, just happy that he was drenching her with his cum.  
  
Cori didn't even bother to get up and clean off. She simply fell back asleep, the cum sticking to her body as it dried. She awoke two hours later to the sound of the alarm. The short, fuck-filled night was over. It was time to go to work.

**Chapter 7: All In A Day's Work**  
  
Despite the lack of sleep, Cori awoke feeling rested and excited about her second day of work. She was anxious to wear her new business suit and hopefully start fresh with her new co-workers. She wore one of her new bras and some regular cotton panties. She had a cream-colored button-down blouse that was actually the right size and had all the buttons. Her black skirt came almost to her knees and her black blazer was sharp and fit just right. She wore dark nylons and simple 2-inch black heels. Everything was the right size, nothing was skimpy or revealing. She even wore light pink lipstick instead of her frequent candy red look and let her hair down instead of the usual perky pony tail. She looked in the mirror, feeling grown up, mature -- like the real woman she knew she was.  
  
Cori liked what she saw, but she found it odd that these clothes didn't feel more comfortable. They felt loose and baggy, though she knew they weren't. Her bra felt constricting, even though she knew it was a perfect fit. Her panties didn't even feel right -- something was missing. What was it? Oh, she realized, laughing at herself. She had grown so accustomed to thongs and g-strings that the absence of anything splitting her ass cheeks actually made her feel nude -- like when she wore skirts with no panties -- even though she knew she hadn't been so fully dressed in years. Her shoes felt utterly flat and she caught herself taking odd strides until she got accustomed to the sensible foot wear.  
  
She didn't realize how accustomed to dressing in revealing and sexy attire she had become. She wasn't comfortable in these new clothes, but she knew that she should be and would be over time. This, she told herself, was her new look -- at least from 8 to 5. And after a few semesters of school, it would be her permanent look. This was just the beginning of the transformation.  
  
"What do you think?" Cori asked Ty, spinning around for him as she walked into the kitchen to grab a banana and some juice.  
  
"Wow," Ty said, nodding. "You look very nice. Very sharp. Professional. My oh my, Cori the executive. I can actually see it happening. You look the part."  
  
"Thanks," Cori beamed. She had feared Ty would tease her for her conservative look, but he was being so supportive. He was a great guy. Wild and crazy and demanding in bed, yes, but also as kind and gentle and honest and loyal as anyone she had ever met. She knew she'd never marry him, but he'd be a lifelong friend.  
  
Ty drove her to work and promised to pick up the rest of her new clothes at noon. Harris was supposed to pick her up from work that afternoon.  
  
Cori walked into the building, proudly presenting her badge as she scanned in and said hi to the security guard, who nodded a greeting. She got on the elevator with two other businesswomen and two men in suits. For once, she felt like she belonged. She looked like them. No one did a double-take at some inappropriate clothing or questioned her right to be there. No wonder they called these power suits, she thought. She felt powerful and confident.  
  
That feeling didn't change a bit when Greg met her at the elevator and asked the question by simply raising his eyebrows. "You were right," she laughed. "You win."  
  
"Told ya," Greg smirked. "Well, don't worry, even when Mrs. Benson is gone, Ted's usually here. I don't think you'll have to pay up any time soon."  
  
"I hope not," Cori laughed.  
  
The day started with a staff meeting conducted by Ted and Barry, who received updates from everyone on their projects and assigned some new tasks for the staff. Just before the meeting ended, Ted said, "Oh, and I should let you know, Mrs. Benson and I will be at a convention all next week. Barry will be in charge while we're gone."  
  
Warning bells went off in Cori's head and when she saw Greg's eyes light up, she knew there might be trouble. Well, surely after she showed them how serious she was the rest of this week, they'd drop it. Plus, Barry would still be there. He probably wouldn't go for it, either. And, if worse came to worse, she could certainly go without a bra and still be relatively concealed by her right-size blouses and blazers. She pushed the worry out of her head.  
  
And the rest of the week went by that way. She began to fall into a routine, getting up, going to work, coming home, fucking Harris as soon as they got home and then again when they went to bed. Poor Ty got nothing the rest of the week and Cori knew he was growing antsy. She was getting along well with everyone at work and there had been no more run-ins, no embarrassments, no mention of the bet. She assumed they had decided to drop it and that nothing would happen next week. Yep, these guys were professionals. They liked to goof around a little, but they wouldn't take a risk of sexual harassment. Plus, she could tell they respected her work, which was quick, efficient and creative.  
  
Cori was growing comfortable with the routine, the job, even her business clothes. Harris kept things interesting at home with different outfits, the occasional bondage play, etc., but true to his commitment to discretion, he never did anything publicly. The couple of times they ate out, she wore her business clothes and they looked like colleagues having a dinner meeting.  
  
Harris even agreed to let her go out with her co-workers for happy hour Friday night. Greg, Barry, Wes, Jason and Douglas were all there. Greg, Douglas and Jason were all joined by their girlfriends. Cori learned that Barry's fiancée was studying abroad for a semester and that Wes had no current girlfriend. Cori felt a little sorry for him. He was quieter than the others, seemed to have less confidence. But he was sweet and always smiling. He had the best sense of humor -- a dry wit said in a low voice that made his jokes easy to miss if you weren't paying attention. Cori had grown quite fond of him and all her co-workers very quickly. She liked the girlfriends and was pleased they liked her too. Usually, other girls felt threatened by her, but these women, who were all quite attractive themselves, didn't treat Cori that way at all. She realized it was probably a combination of factors: 1) they were comfortable with their own appearance, 2) they trusted their mature boyfriends and 3) Cori's appearance hinted at nothing other than her being a professional colleague. It was nice to be accepted as an equal, not looked at as a threat or a sex object.  
  
Wes gave her a lift home and Harris greeted her at the door with a naughty nurse's outfit she was to wear the rest of the night while she gave him a very thorough physical. By the next morning, she had given him a clean bill of health and two blowjobs. She noticed that Ty had stayed away most of the night, keeping to himself in the basement, and worried that he was getting frustrated by the lack of attention from her lately. She felt bad, but they had all agreed on this deal. Harris had first dibs all the time and Ty had to wait for his opportunities. Harris had more than held up his end of the deal for both of them so far, so the least Cori and Ty could do was follow suit.  
  
She was surprised, then, when she saw Ty Saturday afternoon. He was beaming, happy. She felt a pang of disappointment, wanting him to be depressed about not having her. How vain can you be, she chastised herself. You're not that special. Be happy that he's happy and let it be.  
  
"How's it going?" Harris asked Ty.  
  
"Good, almost done," Ty said.  
  
"What's almost done?" Cori asked.  
  
"Club Cori," Ty said. "It was Harris' idea. And a good one. The basement is now our own personal strip club and you're our own personal stripper. Tonight's the grand opening."  
  
"Really," Cori nodded, grinning. They had fooled her, but it sounded fun. "All right. Guess I better work on my tap dance, huh?"  
  
"Nothing but pole dancing," Ty laughed at her joke. "And I'm pretty sure you don't need any practice."  
  
"Can I see it?" Cori asked.  
  
"Sure," Harris said. "Let's take a look."  
  
They went downstairs and saw that Ty had totally transformed the basement. Sound buffering boards were in place on the walls. A large platform with a pole and plenty of room to move around were in one corner of the room, two couches and small round tables sitting next to the stage. The room was dark with neon lights. Speakers hung from the wall and, with a couple of flips of the switches, disco lights flashed, music thumped and a "Club Cori" lit up above the bar. It looked and felt like a mini strip club, all right.  
  
"You've done a great job," Harris said, shaking Ty's hand. "Perfect."  
  
"Wow," Cori agreed. "This is amazing. I can't believe you did all this without me knowing."  
  
"Well, you haven't gotten off your back or your knees for the past 24 hours, so it wasn't exactly tough to keep you distracted," Ty laughed.  
  
"So, is this one of those clubs that you can only go topless in," Cori said dryly, knowing that wouldn't be the case.  
  
"This is more of a full-service club," Harris said. "Topless, bottomless. Oil shows. Lotion shows. Toys. It's all fair game. And yes, you can fuck the customers."  
  
"Can and will," Ty said, subconsciously licking his lips. Almost a week had gone by. Cori knew she was in for a major reaming by Ty. And, from the sound of things, it would be coming her way tonight.  
  
They all went their separate ways during the afternoon. Harris had to go to the office to catch up on some work, Ty wanted to put some finishing touches on Club Cori and Cori wanted to get in a good workout at health club where Harris had given her a membership. Fucking so frequently certainly helped keep her in shape, but Cori also tried to get in workout whenever she could. It helped her maintain her endurance and flexibility and gave her the hard-bodied tone and firmness that she knew attracted guys, but more importantly was an indicator of her good health.  
  
The evening was hardly wholesome family fare, but it was relatively low key and cozy and comfortable. Cori performed for them in a variety of outfits and in between dances would come over and sit between Ty and Harris, sipping drinks while they fondled her or she stroked their cocks. She danced on and off for over two hours, both men gaining and losing erections at various times. But she noticed that Ty's now had remained firm for over 20 minutes. He was beyond ready. She was just finished climbing all the way up the pole and sliding slowly down when he approached the stage, grabbed her wrist and half-pulled, half-dragged her to one of the couches. He lay back on the couch and motioned toward his cock.  
  
"How do you want me?" she asked.  
  
"You choose," Ty grinned.  
  
Cori straddled him, taking his monstrous cock into her steaming pussy. Her clothes -- a naughty cowgirl outfit with ass-less chaps -- lay on the stage and she wore only shiny cowboy boots and a fine layer of baby oil that made her body glisten in the flashing lights. "Cowgirls like to ride their studs bareback," she grinned.  
  
Harris watched his prized coed riding up and down, performing the same incredible moves that he himself had experienced in the past week. He knew what Ty was feeling -- that velvety tight pussy, all wet and hot, squeezing around the shaft of his cock, that moist cunt wetly kissing the head of his cock, her pussy lips grinding against his balls. His cock twitched, fully erect. He had thought he'd wait for them to finish, but the idea of seeing her take two cocks was intriguing.  
  
"Ty, mind if I join you?" he stood at the end of the couch, holding his cock. Ty took the cue and positioned himself behind Cori, taking her doggy style, Cori's mouth now just inches from Harris' cock.  
  
"Be my guest," Ty grinned. "I'm going to be working this for a while, so no need to wait when there's a perfectly good mouth ready to be used."  
  
Harris plunged his cock into her mouth, not moving, letting Ty's thrusts provide all the motion needed as Cori rocked back and forth, letting his cock slide in and out of her mouth, her tongue never losing contact.  
  
Ty pulled out and spread her ass cheeks. "Fucked her ass yet?" he asked Harris.  
  
"Oh yeah," Harris said. "Fantastic. Try not to stretch her out too much."  
  
"No worries there," Ty said. "I've tapped this ass so many times I lost count and it's tight now as it ever was. She's a freak of nature, I tell you. Hard, tight and wet 24/7."  
  
Ty sunk his cock, wet with pussy juice, into her ass and soon resumed his firm, steady rhythm. Cori noticed that he was being a little less aggressive and verbal than usual. Odd. Maybe he didn't want to overdue it Harris there. His actions could scare the guy, make him not trust Ty with her. Interesting, Cori had always assumed Ty had no control when it got to this point, but if tonight was any indication, that wasn't necessarily true.  
  
Harris, too, seemed to be taking his time, both men showing remarkable control and patience. They seemed to be focused more on enjoying the ride this time than reaching the end and Cori's firm body was certainly ready, willing and able to accommodate whatever they wanted from her.  
  
"Damn, I almost forgot to tip her," Ty said. Fucking her hands-free, he picked up a dollar bill from the table and held it up. "Now, where am I going to put this?" Smiling, he rolled the bill tightly and pulled out of her long enough to kneel down and spread her pussy lips. He put the end of the bill inside her pussy and gently pushed until the whole roll was inside her.  
  
"Me too," Harris laughed, handing Ty another bill. "Give her this one for me."  
  
Ty rolled the other bill and placed it inside her alongside the other bill.  
  
"Nice little pursey -- I mean purse -- you've got there," Ty laughed. "A little pussy purse. I like that."  
  
Cori would have laughed too, but her mouth was full and a second later her ass was again too. But the thought of a pussy purse stayed with her. She didn't know why, but the little money-making marketer in her had a lewd idea. Then, she felt Harris' cum hitting the back of her throat and she lost her train of thought. She swallowed his load, then took Ty's as he pulled his cock straight out of her ass and pushed it down her throat. Her belly filled with two loads of cum, which, she mused, was probably the main staple in her diet. There had been a time when taking a cock straight from her ass into her mouth had revolted her, but much like giving rim jobs or having lesbian sex or anal sex, bondage or sex in public, Cori had overcome her reservations through time and practice. She excused herself for a brief break to run upstairs and clean up and get another outfit. Before she peed, she took the dollar bills out of her snatch. They were wet and she laid them on the dresser to dry.  
  
They spent the rest of the night and most of the day Sunday in Club Cori, sleeping off and on, the music never stopping, the sex never ending, just taking occasional breaks for rest and food. They watched pornos on the big wall-mounted flat screen TV to while they re-charged. She lost track of how many times they fucked her. They double-teamed her two more times and took individual turns several others.  
  
She kept dancing for them, recycling sexy outfits, dumping baby oil and bright white lotion on herself, fucking herself on stage with dildos and vibrators until she came. It was 24 hours of pure ecstasy and naughty adult fun. Oddly, it ended with Cori getting a rare night of sleeping by herself. Harris went home to rest before an early morning meeting and Ty was totally spent, collapsing on one of the couches in the basement.  
  
That's where Cori found him the next morning, waking him up just in time for him to take her to work. She was already dressed and ready to go. Ty took her to work, then went off to his first day on the job. Either Harris or Ty would pick her up later.  
  
Cori remembered that Mrs. Benson and Ted were both going to be out of the office all week. She really didn't think there would be any problems, though. After spending time with the guys last week and even meeting some of their girlfriends, she felt she could trust them and things would be like normal today.  
  
The morning went fine, but Cori sensed something was up. The guys were friendly to her as usual, but there were a few more whispers and awkward grins than she was used to. She found it funny. They probably wanted her to pay up on the no bra bet and were afraid to ask for fear of getting slapped with some sexual harassment suit. While she didn't want to pay up, if it would help them relax and stop being so goofy, she would be happy to do it. Give them a little cleavage and nipple show, then get back to work. No harm, no foul. She decided to address it during lunch.  
  
They were sitting around the lunch table when she noticed Jason and Greg snickering again. Time to get it out on the table.  
  
"What's so funny?" Cori asked. "You guys have been acting goofy all day. Is this about the bet?"  
  
"Sorta," Greg laughed. "Barry's got a problem and we told him you could help. We told him about the bet, but don't worry, he's cool. He just needs your help and he's afraid to ask. We've been making fun of him all morning."  
  
"What does he need?" Cori asked.  
  
Just then, Barry came into the room carrying a bag from a fast food restaurant.  
  
"I hear you need me to do something," Cori said. "Whatever it is, I'll be happy to help if I can."  
  
"Well," Barry said, looking around the room and realizing he had been told upon. "As you know, I'm getting married in January when my fiancée gets back from studying abroad. I'm getting her a nice gift, of course, but I also wanted to have some fun and was looking at some lingerie. She's an attractive girl like you and I, well, I was hoping you might model a couple pieces for me so I could decide what would look best. I know it's totally unprofessional and inappropriate, but when I was telling the guys about my dilemma of what to buy, they told me about the bet and that you might be willing to model for us as a way to pay off the bet."  
  
"I see," Cori said. "Well, I thank you for not just assuming that I would be OK with this. That means a lot. I hope you realize I'm serious about this job."  
  
"I do," Barry said.  
  
"I also think it's funny and sweet that you want to get your fiancée lingerie for your honeymoon. I would be happy to help. What is it? You don't know what you like?"  
  
"That, and I'm not sure what will look best on her and I want it to be something she'll be OK with, you know? Sexy, but not too uncomfortable or slutty. I really need a woman's perspective."  
  
"Do you want me to go to a store with you tonight?"  
  
"Actually, a friend works at a store here in town and let me bring some samples in. I hear you're a 38D and my fiancée is only a 34B, so I'm sure nothing will fit you right. But if you'd be willing to help me pick something out, I'd appreciate it. Normally, we could just do it privately, but since you apparently owe these guys something, they said they'd settle for a lingerie fashion show as payment."  
  
"Hmm," Cori grinned, "I bet they would. OK. Can we lock that front door or something so no one comes in unannounced? I'll do it, but I don't want the whole world seeing or anyone taking pictures or anything."  
  
"Fair enough," Barry spoke for everyone. "The clothes are in my office. You can change in there and we'll be waiting for you. I'd like to get your thoughts on each garment. I think there are five in all."  
  
Cori didn't feel the list bit nervous about this. She was in control. She had made her own decision, no one had forced her. They had given her every reason to trust them and she felt this was a good way to show she was a good sport and a good friend. Being uptight about it wouldn't help and they had given her no reason to be.  
  
The first outfit was classic: black thigh-highs with garters, black silk panties and a black bustier. Since the bustier was made for a less-busty woman, Cori had a hard time keeping her tits inside and had to settle for concealing her nipples while allowing ample amounts of cleavage to spill into view. She walked out into the big open room to find the guys had formed a mini runway with their chairs. Playing along, she went into fashion model mode, complete with the blank stare, hands on the hips and exaggerated walk, stepping high, one foot directly in front of the other. She walked past them, looked over her shoulder to see them all looking at her ass, then turned and walked back, laughing at herself and how ridiculous she felt. She didn't know how fashion models could be so serious when they looked so silly.

"Well?" Barry asked.  
  
"This is nice," Cori said. "It's classic and sexy and very feminine. The downsides are that the bustier isn't all that comfortable nor does it come off easily. Plus, if she has a flat tummy, this kind of hides it."  
  
She returned to the room to more whistles and cheers and came back out in a sheer white nighty with a matching white g-string. Nipples, ass and pussy were all on display with this one and she was a little self-conscious in front of her co-workers, but decided the show must go on. If she didn't make a deal out of it, chances were they wouldn't either.  
  
"I like that one a lot," Wes said softly.  
  
"Me too," Barry said. "What do you think, Cori?"  
  
"Very sexy," she admitted. "It's comfortable and you have easy access to everything. The only downside is that many men find that something like this doesn't leave enough to the imagination. But that's a personal preference for you. Does your fiancée wear thongs? If not, she might not feel comfortable with this."  
  
"Not very often," Barry admitted.  
  
Next was a pink lace body suit that fit snugly around her neck and arms and tucked in between her legs, similar in design to a one-piece bathing suit.  
  
"I'm not crazy about this one," Cori admitted. "It looks cute, but even with the crotch snaps, it's time-consuming to get all the way off if you want to get to her tits. It also tends to push the tits down and make them look smaller."  
  
"I agree," Barry said. "This is my least favorite so far."  
  
The second-to-last outfit was a light yellow camisole with matching yellow panties.  
  
"This one is pretty basic too," Cori said. "It's nice, but I don't think it's the sexy surprise you're looking for.  
  
The last outfit was an all white catsuit, made of a soft semi-sheer material that clung to every curve and bump on her body.  
  
"The only downside to this is access," Cori said.  
  
"What about the little flap over the pussy?" Barry said.  
  
"Yeah, it's there," Cori said. "But if you get a little aggressive, it can rip easily and then you've ruined a very expensive outfit. Also, there's no access to the tits or ass. Sure, you can see them very well and feel them through the material, but as a woman, it's nice to have that skin-on-skin feel, ya know?"  
  
"Yep," Barry said. "I get it. I think I'm going to go with the sheer white nighty and g-string. Thanks for doing this, Cori."  
  
"You know," Greg chimed in, "I don't think we're expecting any clients this afternoon. You could just keep that catsuit on the rest of the day."  
  
"Thanks," Cori laughed. "But I think I should dress a little more appropriately, don't you?"  
  
"With that body," Jason said, "nothing is more appropriate than that catsuit."  
  
"Well, thank you, I guess," Cori said. "But still, I think I should change."  
  
"I don't," Barry said.  
  
"OK," Cori laughed. "We'll just play dress up all afternoon." She started toward the office to change, assuming she had successfully played it off, but Barry's voice stopped her.  
  
"Really, Cori, I don't think you should change," he said. "You look amazing and, frankly, this office could use a little spicing up. Just a few hours won't hurt anything, will it?"  
  
"Well, I," Cori wasn't sure what to say. She didn't want to go against Barry, who was in charge, or appear to be anything but a good sport and team player. Still, this request was certainly unprofessional and not at all befitting the image she was trying to build. "I have work to do and I think I should wear proper business attire. I think if I keep this on I'll distract you and none of us will get any work done."  
  
"Oh, we're all pros here," Barry said. "We can handle it, I think."  
  
"What if I say no?" Cori said, not challenging yet, just testing.  
  
"I don't know," Greg chimed in. "You seem pretty interested in keeping things in house. But I know Douglas has a picture of you in your thong. I'm assuming you wouldn't want that to be circulated to Mrs. Benson and Ted, our clients, the university."  
  
Cori turned to face them. "OK, I get it," she said. She saw instantly where this was going. Blackmail to get her to wear that damn catsuit. Well, if they wanted to play that game, she was at least going to do her best to make the rules. "I see what you're planning to do and I get it. Yes, it's important to me to keep those pictures private. You know that and I'm going to have to pay a price to keep it that way. But just wearing this catsuit today won't be enough, will it? You'll want something else tomorrow. So, here's what we're going to do right now. We're going to figure out a set of rules we can live with. You want me to dress sexy for you, right?"  
  
"Right."  
  
"OK, I'm very disappointed. I didn't want this job to go this way. I was hoping you guys were different, but I overestimated you. Fine. My fault. I'll dress sexy for you, but I get to decide what to wear and it's all confined to this office and this week. If I find out you've sent pictures to your friends or posted anything on the internet, deal's off."  
  
"I think we can live with that," Barry said.  
  
"Why don't you just wear one of those outfits every day this week?" Jason suggested.  
  
"I'll decide what to wear," Cori said.  
  
"Wait, we get to decide," Greg said. "You're dressing for us."  
  
"You'll have to trust me," Cori said. "I guarantee you'll like what I wear."  
  
"And if I don't?"  
  
"You can take all the pictures you want," Cori said. "Give me 15 minutes every morning and if you don't each have a hard-on by then, I lose."  
  
"Sounds like an offer we can't refuse," Barry said.  
  
Here we go again, Cori thought. Well, at least this was a sex-free deal so far. She was getting as much cock as she needed from Harris and Ty. She didn't need five more guys stuffing her at work. She'd flash some T&A for a week and hopefully this would be over.  
  
"Douglas," Barry said, "cancel all of our appointments for this week. We want no guests, no meetings. And tell the security guy to alert us before allowing any deliveries. If anyone asks why, tell them we're doing some inventory and filing updates and are shutting down normal operations as much as possible for the week. Now, we've still got work to do, gentlemen, but I think it's only fair to Cori to make sure that we keep this all in-house."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said. "Also, remember that I'll have to wear normal clothes when I come in and leave, so I'll change when I get here."  
  
Sex hadn't been brought up yet and Cori decided to leave it that way. Sure, they would have those thoughts, but they had fiancées and girlfriends. Maybe they were actually going to be content with just looking and playing around. She'd address that if and when someone broached the subject. Until then, she'd assume they understood it wasn't an option. Maybe she could compromise by offering handjobs if things got too crazy.  
  
Not surprisingly, Cori was in much demand the rest of the afternoon. She had lots of filing to do -- all of it on the top drawer of a large filing cabinet that she could only reach by using a step ladder. She knew they were watching her ass the whole time. The catsuit fit so snugly, too, that she had a blatant cameltoe, which no doubt they were noticing. She returned to her desk to find that her computer wasn't working. She had to crawl under her desk to plug it back in and by the time she stood back up, five hard cocks were bulging through those khakis and dress slacks.  
  
At the end of the day, Barry called her over to a light table to show her some designs. He wanted her input -- and more. As she bent over to look, he reached between her legs and let his fingers trace the outline of her camel toe. He pushed in gently, testing the softness of her pussy lips, then trailed his finger between the lips, barely pushing the catsuit inside her outer lips and scraping across her clit. Cori had to admit he had a nice touch, but she didn't respond.  
  
"I like the third one," she said, referring to the designs he presented. "It's very colorful and eye-catching." She purposely did not respond to his touch because she wanted to let him know it was OK without saying so. If she said, "Oh, that feels so good," he'd want more and if she said, "Hey, stop it," that would bring the issue to the fore. This was an unspoken message that he could look and touch but she wasn't going to encourage anything more. It was an, "OK, but don't push your luck" message and Barry seemed to receive it.  
  
She changed back into her regular clothes and headed home, happy to see Ty waiting for her in the truck. She hoped he didn't want to go off-roading again. She needed time to think. She thought about telling him what was going on, but Ty was the type to take action. He wouldn't just let it go. And if he didn't, she might lose her job and if she lost her job, things could get really messy. Harris could get spooked about being caught and send her packing. No, it was just four more days. She could do this, keep it quiet and then get back to the plan. Everything had worked so well last week, she just wanted it to go back to that. When Ted and Mrs. Benson returned, she was sure it would and she could get into her routine.  
  
After she got home and Harris fucked her in the pool, Cori was granted time to go workout. She ran for 45 minutes on the treadmill, mapping out her strategy for the week. By the time she was done, she knew what she was going to wear, how she was going to present it and even how she would combat a demand for sexual favors. She decided first and foremost to set the tone by following the basic business tenants of underpromising and overdelivering. Since she was picking out the clothes, they wouldn't expect too much. She'd catch them off guard by giving them her sexiest stuff. That would put them on their heels and put her in control of the situation. Second, she'd tease them as much as she could. She wouldn't wait for them to find excuses to have her bend over or whatever. She'd create them herself -- the best defense was a good offense. Their ideas might be too wild, too aggressive. If she implemented her own first, that took the pressure off.  
  
She even had a couple of ideas for how to incorporate her new look into the office setting. Make it fun, a game. She'd show them she was going along with it, having fun and they would be more apt to respect her request for secrecy. Don't give them anything to complain about, she thought. Hit them with something new each morning to think about so by the time they're over it, the day's almost over.  
  
Finally, if it did come down to a fuck or else situation, she would first offer the handjobs and second find a way to videotape them or take their picture and them blackmail them against their girlfriends. It was a last resort, but she'd been blackmailed enough times to know it could work.  
  
Later that night, she gave Harris a world-class blowjob in bed with her hands cuffed behind her back, then fell asleep with the taste of cum on her tongue and thoughts of exactly how she could pull this off without anyone knowing about her crazy week at Benson Sports Marketing.  
  
The next morning, while Harris was in the shower, Cori stuffed the professional work bag that Ms. Chloe had given her with her outfit for the day. She then got dressed in one of her nice new suits.  
  
"What's in the bag?" Harris asked in the car.  
  
"Nothing," Cori laughed. "It's just for show right now. But maybe someday I'll have some important papers or need it for a meeting. I just like it and thought I'd start carrying it."  
  
"Looks nice," Harris said. "Have a good day. I'll be here to pick you up."  
  
As soon as she got in the office, Cori was greeted by the guys. They were all there and looked disappointed by her appearance. "I told you I would have to wear regular clothes in and out of here," Cori reminded them. "Give me five minutes and see if you're still disappointed."  
  
Cori should have been angry or disappointed that her professional career had already turned to this, but she really didn't feel that way. She was kind of looking forward to it. Dressing up, teasing, watching guys ooh and ahh -- well, it was fun. It was also fun being the one in control, calling the shots, dictating the action. At least she hoped that's how it would go.  
  
Her plan for today was to try to shock them a little bit. Underpromise, overdeliver, she reminded herself. Make it a game. Make it fun. She changed from her gray and white business suit into ... a gray and white business suit. At first glance, the guys would be disappointed, but that was her plan. Then the show would begin, the jaws would drop and they'd be putty in her hands for the rest of the day.  
  
The suit she put on consisted of a white button down blouse, only this was a very small blouse with just one very small button. Under her gray jacket -- the same one she had worn in that morning -- it would look like a normal blouse. But take the jacket off and they would see that she was wearing nipple rings, no bra and that her shirt was better suited for a Barbie doll than a grown woman. The one button was at the bottom of the blouse, about halfway between the bottom of her breasts and her navel. Her belly button ring was clearly visible, as was the top of her black thong, which stuck out above the back of her skirt. Her skirt was less than half the length of her original, just reaching the tops of her thighs and the bottom of her ass cheeks. It was tight and clung to her curves and would ride up over her ass with the slightest bend or twist. Anyone behind her might see her barely covered pussy mound and might even notice that she was wearing a ring in her clit. She wasn't sure if she'd put it to use today or not, but she had a plan for that ring and the others, depending on how things went.  
  
Her black thigh-high stockings didn't come close to reaching the bottom of her skirt and her 6-inch black stilettos made her legs look like they went on for days. She put on a pair of fake reading glasses with thick dark rims and put her hair in a ponytail. She added her usual candy-red lipstick and prepared to make her entrance. They would like the heels and short skirt right off the bat, she knew, but they would disappointed with the jacket. Taking that off would give her the impact she was looking for -- hard-ons all around.  
  
She came out and the guys were all seated around the conference table. Douglas had sent all the calls to voice mail and reminded security to alert them of any visitors. Anyone who got off the elevator on their floor would be able to see Cori right now through those big glass doors and that glass wall.  
  
'Nice skirt!" Barry said when she came out. "Nice thong!" he added when she spun around for them.  
  
"What's up with the jacket and blouse?" Greg complained. "It looks like the same thing you wore in here. I like the skirt and heels, but come on."  
  
"Oh, this isn't what you wanted?" Cori teased. "Hmm, well how about this?" She peeled back her jacket and slid it off her arms onto the floor in one quick, practiced move. Instantly their vision was filled with bare belly, cleavage and a rack on the verge of spilling out of its feeble constraints.  
  
"Whoo, yeah!" Jason yelled. "That's more like it!"  
  
'Check out the nipple rings," Douglas said. "Nice touch."  
  
"Those are definitely some 38D's," Greg crowed.  
  
Wes remained silent, just staring at Cori wide-eyed and smiling.  
  
"Do you think this outfit is professional enough?" she asked them teasingly. "I wouldn't want to distract anyone when I bend over." She dropped a pen in front of her, looked them all in the eye, then bent over at the waist, giving them a clean look down her blouse. She picked it up, pretended to fumble it and tossed it behind her. She turned around and bent over again, feeling her skirt ride up as she gave them a view from the rear.  
  
"No, that's not distracting at all," Barry deadpanned. "I can work with a hard-on, can't you, fellas?"  
  
"Damn straight," Jason said.  
  
"I bet she can do some good work with a hard-on, too," Greg said, rubbing his through his khakis.  
  
"Now, what would Nora say if she heard you talking like that," Wes chided. "You poor saps with your girlfriends better look but not touch. Now us single guys..."  
  
Everyone laughed, including Wes and Cori. Things were working perfectly. Obviously, they liked her outfit. They were happy and she could spend the day bending over and teasing them. She had brought a whole pack of big red cherry lollipops and planned to suck on them all day. Something about big-titted blondes sucking on things got guys all weak in the knees and hard in the crotch, she smiled to herself.  
  
With her initial mission accomplished, Cori sat at her desk and busied herself with her work. She knew everyone was looking at her and talking about her as they went off to their offices to return phone calls and emails and perform their daily tasks. But as the morning wore on, Cori was pulled in different directions, being asked to climb the little step ladder to change a light bulb or retrieve a file on top of a shelf. She was asked to change the paper in the copy machine -- the paper in the bottom drawer, of course. And there were more pens and papers dropped than she had ever seen before. None of this surprised or disappointed her, though. She knew what to expect when the day started. This was what the whole week would be like. At least she hoped so. Teasing and flirting would be just fine. The problem was, it was only noon and she knew their balls were probably already aching for release. As the day and week wore on, just looking and the occasional grope wouldn't be enough. She hoped handjobs would suffice, but doubt crept into her mind.  
  
She pushed it aside, reminding herself that this was her show. She was in control. Keep them off balance. Under promise and over deliver. That was the way to avoid a gang bang orgy, blackmail, firing, losing her scholarship, her career, etc. Her life, as she saw it, rode on how she handled this week. That was why she reminded herself to be aggressive, stay two steps ahead of them, offer them a little before they asked for a lot.  
  
"Man, you have a great body," Jason said as they sat down for lunch. "How often do you work out?"  
  
"As much as I can," Cori said. "I try to every day, but sometimes I run out of time." She saw an opportunity. Pounce before they do, she told herself. "In fact," she continued, "I missed my workout yesterday. Do you guys mind if I do a quick 15-minute set during lunch?"  
  
"In that outfit?" Greg grunted. "Go right ahead."  
  
"Well, usually I like run on the treadmill or use the stairmaster to get warmed up," Cori began. "And I like to stretch, too." She put a leg up on the counter where the microwave sat and leaned over, touching her head to her leg. Her tight skirt rode up over her ass to avoid ripping. Greg acted like he was trying to help pull it down, but really just squeezed her ass for a few seconds before letting go. When she put her leg down, he reached out again and pulled her skirt down for her, smoothing it out over her ass, caressing her firm cheeks.  
  
"Thanks," Cori said. "Guess it's a little tight for this sort of exercise. Maybe I should just take it off." She unsnapped the front and wriggled out of her skirt, wagging her hips too and fro, her thigh-highs swishing together as she squeezed her knees together and let the skirt slide down her long legs. She stepped out of to much applause, doing her next leg stretch wearing just the white blouse, black thong, black thigh-highs and black heels. Then, she climbed onto the counter, facing away from them as she did the splits, her ass at eye level.  
  
Knowing they were distracted by her ass and legs and probably craning to get a look between her legs at her pussy mound, Cori deftly ripped the button off her blouse, then arched her back, tossing the button on the floor at the same time, making them think that her tits had popped the button off.

"Oh no," she said in mock dismay, clutching her arms over her chest as she slid off the counter and stooped over to pick up the button. "Does anyone know how to sew?"  
  
"'Fraid not," Barry said. "It's gonna be hard for you to type like that, you know. Might as well drop those arms and face facts. It's a topless Tuesday at Benson Sports Marketing!"  
  
"Guess you're right," Cori nodded, letting her arms fall to her sides. Her firm breasts didn't drop an inch, standing up proud and high on her chest, her nipples tilted slightly toward the ceiling. Frankly, she was surprised it had taken this long to go topless. She figured either the button would give way before now or that someone would have ripped it off or demanded a show. They had been surprisingly passive so far, settling for her bending and twisting and showing off for them. Maybe they were getting enough from their girlfriends that the look-but-don't-fuck ploy was going to be OK with them. Don't let up, she reminded herself. Things could change in a second when you were talking about horny guys. Stay in control, stay a step ahead. She had done so thus far. But it was early afternoon and she was already down to heels, thigh highs and a thong. She discarded the worthless blouse, tossing it on top of her skirt. Could these young men all go a full afternoon in her company -- nearly naked -- without making a pass? She doubted it. Stay on the offensive, she thought again.  
  
She concluded her mini workout by doing push-ups where she let her tits rub against the carpet and jumping jacks where her tits jiggled and bounced invitingly for her co-workers. Even though it was a brief workout, it was warm in the office and she had broken into a light sweat, her dark skin glistening, looking warm and soft and tempting.  
  
She wasn't going to make an effort to put her skirt and blouse back on, but she did look for them and noted that they had disappeared. One of the guys had snagged them while she was exercising and hidden them somewhere. Cori decided to play along.  
  
"Hmm," she said, "now where did I leave my clothes? Oh brother, I'm always losing stuff. I'm sure they'll turn up somewhere. You guys don't mind if I just work like this the rest of the afternoon, do you?"  
  
Grins spread across the faces of her co-workers. Not because they felt they had tricked her -- it was obvious she knew what was going on. No, they were smiling because she knew what was going on and was going along with it, playing a naïve, dizzy blonde tease role that was maddeningly sexy.  
  
"Good, thank you so much for understanding," Cori smiled. "Ooh, I'm so thirsty. I think I saw a bottle of water in the refrigerator." She opened the refrigerator door and made a show of bending over, looking around in the fridge for a bottle of water she knew wasn't there. She kept her legs parted slightly, making sure they had a good view not only of her ass, but of her pussy mound as well. She wondered if they could tell she had a ring in her clit? No one had mentioned it yet, so she guessed not.  
  
"Can't find one," she said finally, standing up and jutting out her bottom lip in a mock pout. "I'll just use the drinking fountain." There was a drinking fountain in the hallway near the bathrooms. She went to get a drink and they all followed, watching intently as she bent over slowly, letting the cool water splash across her full lips while the guys strained for a look at her other lips.  
  
"OK, what's on the agenda for the afternoon?" Cori asked.  
  
"Well, you know, Friday is Halloween," Barry said.  
  
"That's right," Cori said. "I love Halloween."  
  
"We do too," Barry said. "Every year we have a party. Usually, it's at someone's house, but I was thinking this year it might be better to have an employee party all day Friday. You know, dress up, play games, eat lots of sweet things."  
  
"Sounds like fun," Cori said.  
  
"Well, we'll need to decorate," Barry said. "We have some decorations in the closet, I think. If you can find them, maybe you could decorate the office this afternoon. You know, kind of put us in the spirit for Friday."  
  
"Sure!" Cori said. "I love to decorate."  
  
They all helped Cori find the decorations and carry two big boxes out to her desk. Then, the guys all went back to work -- to the extent that their eyes and hard-ons and imaginations would allow. Every one of them was thinking the same thing and spent as much time stealing glances at Cori as they did completing paperwork or working on their computers. And Cori made it all worth their while. She used the step stool to pin crepe paper streamers along the top of the walls all the way around the office, her long legs and high heels serving her well as she stretched to reach as high as she could.  
  
She set out bowls that looked like pumpkins that they could fill with candy and she took a life-size cardboard cutout of Michael Jordan that was proudly displayed in Barry's office and wrapped it in toilet paper, making it look like a giant mummy. She wondered what she should dress up as herself. Something pretty damn sexy, of course. She had set the bar high today. By Friday, they would be expecting a lot. She thought about the usuals -- schoolgirl, cheerleader, naughty nurse, hooker, French maid -- there was no shortage of sexy options. She'd figure out which to go with by Friday.  
  
She put plastic spiders and snakes and bugs and skeletons and rats all around the office, making a point to visit each of their desks and decorate them individually. The guys seemed to appreciate the special attention. Both Barry and Jason squeezed her ass, Douglas tweaked a nipple and Jason touched her thigh. Only Wes refrained from taking advantage of the close encounter to cop a feel. They were definitely getting more comfortable with her and feeling safe about touching her. That was good, for the most part, Cori thought. She wanted them to be comfortable with her like this, but not too comfortable. There was a very thin line -- and piece of fabric -- between a pinch of the ass and a finger in the pussy. How long she could maintain that balance remained to be seen.  
  
Staying a step ahead, she put away the boxes of decorations and excused herself to the restroom, making a quick stop at her desk to grab a key item. When she came back out, she made a beeline for Barry's office, carrying a form she had filled out with bogus information.  
  
"I need you sign this," she told him, handing him the paper. "Oh, and here's a pen if you need it."  
  
It was when he reached for the pen that Barry saw what Cori had done. She had attached a pen on a chain to the nipple ring in her left breast. It was just like a pen at the bank, only instead of mounted to a marble table, it was connected to a firm, round, 38D breast.  
  
"Mighty fine piece of office equipment," Barry grinned, grabbing the pen and watching Cori's nipple extend toward him. She bent over just enough to allow him to touch the pen to the paper, but not enough to allow any slack in the chain.  
  
"It's so hard to find a pen when you need one," Cori chirped. "It just seemed like a good way to keep one handy."  
  
"I like the way you think," Barry said, signing the document. Then he grabbed a blank sheet of paper and made big circles on the page, watching Cori's nipple twist and stretch and her breast jiggle and bounce.  
  
"Oh, I think Douglas needs to initial this for me," Barry said, handing the bogus document back to Cori. "Here's a reminder in case you forget by the time you get to his desk." He scribbled a note on a sticky note and slapped it on her ass. "Just show him that note and he'll know what to do."  
  
"Yes, sir," Cori said, walking briskly out of the office with a mock air of importance, acting as if she had just been entrusted with documents ensuring national security. Cori was pleased with this. Barry had bought into her game and she thought the others would as well. She hadn't thought about the sticky notes, but that was a good idea. She still had one more nipple ring, her belly button ring and her ace in the hole -- almost literally -- her clit ring. She knew she could incorporate those in her little game if need be to provide more distraction. She knew they all wanted to fuck her, but had reservations either because of their girlfriends or their uncertainty of how she would handle it and the possible repercussions of their job. It was safer for them to play the game -- especially since she was initiating much of it. So, if she could keep them happy that way, they could go home all horny and give their girlfriends a good banging. That was the plan, but the line between teasing and pleasing and all out fucking was thinner than her stockings. The gray area would be handjobs or allowing them to jerk off on her. She knew deep down it would come to that at least as some point this week, but her plan was to make that the big end of the week payoff. If they started doing that today, by Friday it would be a full-on orgy.  
  
She approached Douglas' desk and he turned to stare at her jiggling tits, instantly noticing the pen dangling from one nipple like a carrot in front of horse. Her tits stuck out so far that the pen didn't even touch her skin, it was suspended in mid-air by that rigid nipple, the pen swirling in little circles as she walked.  
  
"Barry asked me to show you this," she said, keeping a serious look on her face as if it was a gravely important message. She got to his desk, turned around and half bent over, putting her hands on her knees and sticking her ass out to him to show him the note.  
  
"Initial this document and make sure everyone else does as well," Douglas read aloud. "P.S., Cori has a pen you can use."  
  
Douglas unnecessarily steadied Cori by putting one hand on her ass while he gently peeled the sticky note off, going slowly as if it were a bandage that would hurt if you pulled it too fast. "Better let me see that paper," he said, keeping his hand on her ass while she turned and handed him the document. He pretended to read it over, running his hand on the inside of her upper thigh, touching the thin piece of silky material covering her crotch. So close to touching her pussy lips. So close.  
  
Finally, he reached for the pen and tugged on Cori's nipple as he scribbled his name on the document. "This needs to go to Greg next," Douglas said. "Do you mind taking him this box?"  
  
It was a small box filled with computer labels. Greg didn't need them, but that didn't matter. What mattered was that filled Cori's hands. "Hmm, can't hardly make you carry that box and this document," Douglas said. Obviously, Cori knew she could simply place the paper on top of the box, so she knew Douglas had something else in mind. Just go with it, she told herself.  
  
Douglas looked around, seeming to look around, then said, "Aha!" He grabbed the top of Cori's thong and pulled it out from between her ass cheeks, also pulling up as he did so, forcing the snug thong to burrow between her pussy lips, pressing tightly now against her clit and the ring sticking out of it. Douglas folded the document in half vertically and slid it under the strap of her thong, letting it snap back against her firm ass, pinning the paper there. He scribbled a note on a sticky note and started to put it on her ass like Barry had done, but stopped himself -- "might get lost with that other paper there," he said. Then he pressed it firmly in the middle of the triangle of her panties, making it stick to her mound. "Make sure he reads this," Douglas said, cupping her pussy now, pressing the sticky note against her mound and letting his fingers touch her now exposed lips. He let them linger for just a moment, then withdrew and patted her on the ass as she walked away.  
  
By now, Greg, Wes and Jason were all watching, aware of the pen and sticky notes and the bogus document. They watched her approach their office, their cocks hard, balls roiling with cum, minds filled with naughty thoughts. Cori knew they were ready and waiting for her now. She knew the heat was turning up quickly. Too quickly. Their cocks had been hard off and on all day. She knew she had teased them to the point of desire, where sense and reason were crushed by lust and the ache for release. She had felt that ache herself. She knew its power and that it must be welling up inside these young men. Had she pushed too far too soon? She had a little doubt now, but committed to her plan. Turn up the heat before they do, she told herself.  
  
She glanced at her desk as she walked by, taking note of the items. Scissors, tape, rubber bands, paper clips, stapler, stress ball, calculator. More ideas came to mind.  
  
"Welcome, Cori," Greg said loudly as she approached. "What brings you to our little office this afternoon?"  
  
"Just bringing this box from Douglas and this paper that seems to be very important," Cori said, her tone serious. She handed him the box and then pointed to the note on her panties. "Douglas said to make sure you read that first."  
  
"Thanks," Greg said, reading the note. He read the first part alound, "Please sign the document and forward it to Wes." The second part, he read silently. "P.S. Her pussy's getting hot. I checked. Turn up the heat!"  
  
So far Cori's plan had worked well. She thought she was ahead of the guys, had them off guard by staying a step ahead, overdelivering. But she had underestimated them. They had been exchanging quick conversations, internal e-mails, looks and nods, communicating, getting on the same page. Initially, they had all assumed Cori would be nervous and shy and put on a little show and they'd let her off the hook. They were professionals, after all. They had careers, goals, girlfriends. They had something to lose. But Cori had come in and been so willing, so eager to tease and please and so amazingly comfortable with everything that they realized they had something much more special than a hot coed intern on their hands. They had a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.  
  
This wasn't the girl who was going to cry rape or sexual harassment or try to blackmail them. She was hot, fun and theirs for the taking. They all agreed. Next week, they'd go back to being mature adults, professional and courteous, loving and loyal to their girlfriends. Next week they'd treat Cori the way she wanted to be treated. Next week things would return to normal. Mrs. Benson and Ted would be back and they would all act like nothing happened. They knew Cori would be quiet. She was having too much fun now. She had as much to lose as they did -- they didn't know the details of her education, but they did know she was on some sort of scholarship and she needed this job for credit hours. They also knew that Mrs. Benson would ask them to do her evaluation for the university. If she wanted an "A", well, she'd have to earn it.  
  
Yes, this was a very unique opportunity indeed, they all agreed. And they agreed to take full advantage, sharing equally in the spoils. They sensed correctly that Cori was happy to play the game and that any lasting inhibitions might be flung aside if they could make her as horny as she was making them. They weren't going to beat her or rape her or hurt her. They just wanted to make her want them as much as they wanted her. They knew once they broke that barrier and she begged for some cock, they would have her for the rest of the week at their mercy. And the great thing was, it seemed like she'd probably enjoy it, even encourage it. At the very least she wouldn't bawl and whimper and act all shy and reserved. They had a bona fide hot little slut on their hands and full access was imminent if they just played their cards right. They just needed to take their time, not be too aggressive or do anything to scare her off. They were luring her into their trap. So far, she had entered willingly, but how she'd react when caught in the final snare was still uncertain. They just knew that it was much more likely to be a positive reaction if she had a wet, primed pussy than if not.  
  
Douglas had confirmed that she was "heating up." Now Wes, Greg and Jason planned to stoke that fire.  
  
Cori knew nor suspected none of this. She didn't know that by "turning up the heat", she was playing into their hands. She thought it was a way to maintain control, but the reality was, she was losing it.  
  
She bent over slightly as Greg pulled the document out of her thong, steadying her with one hand on her lower belly. As he pulled the document free, he slid his hand quickly between her legs and confirmed the heat of her pussy. He felt those soft, spongy lips and pictured them glistening with her own cream as she cried out for someone to please fuck her. It wasn't a fantasy, it was a reality, a visualization of something he was certain was going to happen sooner rather than later.  
  
Greg pulled Cori into his lap and spun his chair toward his desk. "It might be easier for the pen to reach this way," he said. He had his left arm around her waist, signing with this right hand. He watched her nipple twitch as he wrote and wondered if they'd both twitch like that when she came. Letting the pen drop, he cupped her right breast, giving it a squeeze.  
  
"I see the left breast is a pen holder," he said. "But what about this one?"  
  
"Oh, well, you already have part of the idea," Cori giggled. "The right one is a combination stress ball and rubber band holder."  
  
"Stress ball, huh?" he nodded, squeezing her breast harder. "Yeah, that it is a stress reliever. But where's the rubber band?"  
  
"I couldn't find one big enough," Cori said, fibbing because she hadn't really looked. "If you have one, I could show you."  
  
Greg reached in his desk and pulled out a long, quarter-inch wide rubber band. "Will this work?"  
  
Cori cupped her breast, holding it out to him and Greg stretched the rubber band over the cone-shaped tit, gently letting it go as it squeezed around the base of her breast. The pressure seemed to make her breast swell a bit and pushed it out even further from her body.  
  
"Sorta looks like a big stress ball," Greg nodded. "Perfect. Good thinking, Cori." He squeezed both breasts know, leaning back in his swivel chair, Cori sliding back against him. She felt his hard cock rub against her thigh and felt the moisture seeping through his pants. Pre-cum, she thought. She had hoped to save the handjobs and masturbation for tomorrow, but she was starting to think these guys weren't going to be able to wait. She slid her hips over his cock a couple times, then slid off his lap.  
  
"Take this over to Wes," Greg said. He pulled Cori's panties away from her mound and stuffed the paper down the front of her panties, slapping her ass as she walked ten feet across the room to Wes' desk. The seemingly shy guy wasted no team reaching inside her panties -- far deeper than necessary -- to retrieve the document. Even after he had it, he pulled her panties back and looked down at her pussy.  
  
"Just making sure there's nothing else in there," Wes said, matter-of-factly. "Hmm, looks like there's a ring or something." He knew what it was, of course, and grinned. "Hey, did anyone lose a ring," he yelled out so Barry and Douglas could hear him. "If so, Cori's got it in her panties." Moments later, Barry and Douglas had joined them in the account reps' office, not wanting to miss the unveiling of the clit ring, if indeed it was going to be unveiled.  
  
Wes finished signing the document and relieved his stress by wrapping both hands around her stress-ball breast like a quarterback dropping back to throw a pass. "Take this rubber band and paper to Jason," he said. He took another rubber band -- this one smaller than one currently wrapped around the base of her breast -- and placed it over her breast, only about half way on so that two bands almost formed rings. Then he stuffed the paper roughly down inside one of her stocks, pushing her toward Jason, who retrieved the document by simply ripping the stocking and pulling it off. He followed suit with the other leg, leaving her now in only heels and the black thong.

Jason signed the paper in broad strokes that made Cori's tit bounce, then shook the pen hard like it was running out of ink. "Might need to get another pen," Jason said. "Might want to start carrying a backup -- one on each side." He grabbed the rubber band that was only part way on her breast and slowly pulled it off, letting the rubber scrape across her nipple, hoping she liked the way it felt.  
  
"Oh wait," Jason said. "I forgot that I did lose a ring the other day. I better make sure that's not mine." He pulled Cori to him and yanked down her panties, pulling her into his lap while she kicked the black thong the rest of the way off. He lifted her off his lap and sat her on his desk, spreading her thighs, getting a good look at the ring in question. He fingered it, then pulled it toward him, watching her clit follow obediently like a dog on a leash. It looked swollen and pink and he could smell the sweetness of her pussy, taste the moist heat in the air. He acted like he was trying to put it on his finger, even though it was obviously too small. "Nope, that's not mine," he proclaimed. "And to paraphrase the late great Johnny Cochran, if it don't fit, you must give it a lick."  
  
It was a poor attempt at a rhyme, but no one minded. They all watched as he bent forward and touched his tongue to the ring first, then flattened it against her clit. Greg moved around to the other side of the desk and gently laid Cori down on her back. She knew she should fight it, but it felt too good. She slid her hips forward so her pussy was at the edge of the table. She lifted her legs and Greg pulled them back over her head, holding her by the heels while Jason lapped at her smoldering pussy. His tongued darted over her clit and dipped between her spongy lips. Cori knew from comments other guys had made and from frequently tasting her own juices on a cock or finger or dildo traveling from her pussy to her mouth that her pussy had a slightly sweet taste. Jason certainly seemed to be enjoying it. He put the ring between his teeth and pulled gently on it, watching her swollen little clit stretch while he rubbed his fingers all around its moist base.  
  
Meanwhile, Wes joined Greg, each holding her legs over her head with one hand and playing with her tits with the other. Greg had the stress ball breast in his hand, squeezing it and lightly snapping the rubber band -- just enough for a pleasurable little sting on her sensitive flesh. Wes clicked the pen to make sure the ball point wasn't sticking out and pushed it into her mouth. Cori sucked it lovingly while Wes pulled it back and forth between her lips, imagining watching his cock do the same thing. He pushed his fingers inside her mouth, shoving the pen down her throat. "Deep throat it, babe," he said. Knowing that the chain was secure and would keep her from choking on the pen, Cori accepted the object down her throat while the chain steadily pulled up her rigid nipple.  
  
"Hey, that ring might be mine," Barry said, nudging Jason out of the way. He made a game of studying the ring closely, then trying it on every finger. With each nudge and pull he tweaked that throbbing clit, the engorged flesh radiating heat, her pussy lips slick with cream. "It doesn't fit me either," Barry said, helping himself to a serving of pussy pie, so hot now that it could have just come out of the oven.  
  
Cori tried to collect her thoughts, figure out a way if there was a way to stop the gang bang that seemed so imminent now. Or if she wanted to stop it. Damn, those tongues felt good. All the teasing all day long and the guys rubbing their hard cocks had their effect on her too. She was so used to being in control of her own body that she hadn't considered the idea that she might fall victim to lust before the men did. As another tongue -- Wes' -- parted her pussy lips, it occurred to her vaguely that she might have been outsmarted, that, like a man letting his penis think for him, they had tricked her into giving up control by putting her pussy in charge of her thoughts.  
  
Cori's scattered thoughts were interrupted when Douglas, who took Wes' place holding one of her legs, pulled the pen out of her throat and tucked it inside the strap from her heels around her ankle. Now he no longer had to hold her leg up -- either she would hold it up or she'd give her nipple a pretty good yank before that pen would pop loose. Cori kept her leg up and Douglas used both hands now to squeeze her breast and stroke her nipple.  
  
Cori was aware that she was no longer in control, that things had changed drastically in a big hurry. She knew all that and that in a few minutes she'd be in a bind, trying to figure out how to approach the rest of the week, the rest of her internship. She'd be regretting that she had given in so easily, failed to see this coming. Yes, all that would happen later. Right now, though, Cori was in the midst of pure pleasure and she was charging much more quickly than she expected toward a huge orgasm. She was aware that hands were now touching her everywhere -- her ass, her tits, her hair -- urging her on. Her legs were flailing about, inadvertently jerking her nipple in the process. Greg and Douglas continued to fondle her breasts, with Greg now squeezing his fingers under the rubber band and using it as a handle to shake her breast up and down and from side to side.  
  
Wes was eating her out with steady strokes of his tongue, a swirling thumb on her clit and one hand on her ass, squeezing and pinching it as she raised and lowered her hips and ground her pussy against his mouth.  
  
She heard the guys talking, but their voices sounded like they were underwater. They sounded distant and almost foreign as they talked about how hot she was, how wet she was, how close she was to cumming.  
  
Cumming was on her mind when it suddenly all stopped. She hadn't seen it, but a simple hand signal from Wes had brought them all to a halt. They all stepped away from her. No more tongues or hands or rubber bands -- Greg had pulled it off -- teased her. She didn't understand it. Her foggy mind cleared slowly and she looked around, the guys all standing around her, trying hard not to stroke their cocks through their pants.  
  
"What's going on?" Cori asked.  
  
"Things were getting a little carried away," Barry grinned. "If we'd gone much longer, who knows what might have happened."  
  
I would have had one of the best orgasms of my life, Cori thought. Then you would have all fucked me and I would have gone home mad at myself and you would have all had to explain the dopey grins on your faces to your girlfriends. Girlfriends. That must be it. Were these guys really that loyal? Impressive. Very impressive, Cori thought, suddenly angry at herself for being vain enough to think that she was irresistible. They all had beautiful girlfriends. Who was she to think they couldn't resist her?  
  
"You're right," Cori said. She slid off the desk and Greg handed her the skirt that had gone missing before. "I'm sorry, guys, I got carried away."  
  
"That's OK," Jason said. "But we do expect more from our office slut."  
  
"Your what?" Cori asked.  
  
"Office slut," Jason said matter-of-factly. "Come on, you were ready to bang the whole bunch of us. Don't try to deny it. Nothing wrong with being an office slut. Plenty of women have made good careers out of it. But if you want a positive review and good grade and a good recommendation from us, you're going to have to do better."  
  
"What do you mean?" Cori asked. Suddenly, she was very confused. First, she still couldn't figure out how she ended up on the desk nearing orgasm. Second, she couldn't figure out how it had stopped. And third, she couldn't figure out what they meant by doing better. She had offered everything she had to them just moments ago. They could have had their way with her. They all knew it. What more could they want?  
  
"A good office slut dresses like a slut from the moment she walks in the door," Jason said. "No excuses."  
  
"And a good slut always puts her co-workers' pleasure before her own," Barry said.  
  
"And a good office slut anticipates the needs of her co-workers before they have to ask," Greg said.  
  
"And a good office slut asks permission to cum," Wes said.  
  
"And a good office slut never leaves the office until the job is done," Douglas said.  
  
Cori stood before them wearing only heels and her tiny skirt. Her breasts stuck straight out, the pen still dangling from her nipple. She had gone from being confident and in control to suddenly feeling stupid for feeling like she could control this situation and ashamed for having overestimated her ability to do so based on looks alone. She had underestimated them and failed herself. She needed to do a much better job. That's what they were telling her. They were right. She needed to step it up, do it right and be a good co-worker, a good slut if that was the role they needed her to fill.  
  
"I'll be a good office slut," Cori said. "I'm sorry I let you down. I'm very professional and I want you to know that. I will show you tomorrow by being the best co-worker I can be. I understand now what you expect of me and I expect more of myself. I'll be better tomorrow and I'll earn your respect and your good recommendations."  
  
"That's all we can ask," Barry smiled. He unzipped his pants and lowered them, revealing his hard cock. "Now, I want you to spend the rest of the day thinking about what you need to do. You're going to suck my cock and it's probably not going to take very long for me to cum. You're going to hold my cum in your mouth while you write a job description for yourself explaining what you think will and should be expected of you. Be very detailed and demand more of yourself than your co-workers do of you. Turn it in to me by the end of the day. If it's acceptable, I'll allow you to swallow my cum. Understood?"  
  
"Yes sir," Cori said. She dropped to her knees and wrapped her lips around his fat mushroom head, already slick with pre-cum. She twirled her tongue around his head so fast it felt like there were three tongues servicing him at once. Slowly she slid her tongue along the base of his cock, letting her lips follow, gradually engulfing the full length of his rigid shaft.  
  
The others watched in appreciation as Barry's cock disappeared before their eyes, devoured it seemed by this hungry, gorgeous slut who kept surprising them at every turn. True, the guys had joked and schemed about how far they could go with their hot young intern, but it had never really occurred to them that she would be this willing to participate, this mature about the role they wanted her to play. They had expected tears and begging and had fully intended to back off and settle for a little skin show. But when she had teased them all day long and clearly enjoyed it, well, it seemed like they had been presented with a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. They had hastily agreed that what happened at the office stayed at the office and that they would push Cori as far as they could. As they watched her on her knees, giving a fantastic blowjob, it was clear that her limits were far beyond their wildest dreams. The next three days were going to be very interesting, indeed.  
  
Even as Cori's head bobbed back and forth on Barry's cock, it was spinning as a result of the mind-boggling turn of events. It had taken only a little over a week to go from professional young intern with an eye on a career to hot young slut with a cock in her mouth. No matter her plans or her confidence or her best intentions, Cori couldn't seem to escape this life of teasing and pleasing men. She began to wonder if she ever would. Maybe she wasn't as smart as she thought. These guys had clearly outwitted her. Maybe she wasn't as hot as she thought. She never thought of herself as vain, but clearly she had been relying on her looks to keep the men off guard, assuming they would fumble all over themselves just to look at her and that she could intimidate them with her looks and subtle reminders about their careers and their girlfriends. How wrong she had been about everything.  
  
All this time she had been telling herself she was a smart young girl who would succeed ultimately because of her mind, not her body. She had justified her sexual activities as a means to an end, a way to succeed or to help others or whatever. Never had she allowed herself to think of herself as a slut, no matter how many men had degraded her or called her a slut or a whore or a bitch. But now she was truly doubting herself. Was she a smart beautiful young woman who could dazzle with looks and impress with smarts or was she a moderately attractive girl who men liked only because she dressed slutty, acted sexy and dropped to her knees at a moment's notice? Maybe she wasn't really the prize that Ben and Ty and the others had convinced her she was. Maybe she was little more than a tramp who would only go as far as her body and willingness to do anything would take her.  
  
These were the thoughts filling her head as Barry's cum was filling her mouth. She felt confused and scared and lost. She tried to maintain her composure, not wanting to cry in front of them. What was there to cry about, anyway? Fifteen minutes ago she had been having a blast, nearly cumming on top of the desk, happily teasing her co-workers.  
  
"Bafrum?" she asked Barry, looking up at him, her speech slurred by the mouthful of cum. He laughed and nodded, "You can use the bathroom, just don't swallow that yummy load."  
  
In the bathroom, Cori looked at herself in the mirror and was surprised that she still liked what she saw. She was attractive. No, it wasn't vain to say so. She really was pretty. Naturally so. Her body and hair were natural and she seldom wore makeup. She splashed her face with cold water and straightened her hair with her fingers. But was she smart? The guys had outwitted her and turned the tables on her so easily. How had she missed it? Where had she gone wrong? She realized she had probably pushed too far too fast, sent the wrong signals. But that came from the past couple years of her life, where teasing always led to sex. It wasn't a stupid mistake, just an unfortunate one.  
  
"You're a smart, intelligent woman," she told herself. "You made money makers out of the Body Shop and your step-dad's restaurant, you helped Gerald get on his feet and make enough money to support his family, you earned a scholarship and a dream internship. You have what it takes. So what if you have to use your body to keep moving forward. That body is going to get you great job experience, a great recommendation and a first-class education. Ten years from now, when that body isn't carrying you as much, you'll have all those other things to fall back on. That's when people will stop noticing your tits and start noticing your brains. That's when you'll make a difference. Stop feeling sorry for yourself. Many women don't have the opportunities you do. They don't have the brains or the body. You're not conceited, but you are blessed to have both. So suck it up, grow up and be the best office slut you can be. And have fun with it. That was the one thing you did right today -- you had fun. Maybe a little too much, it turns out, but you had fun. Sex is fun. You love it. So stop whining and get creative and blow these guys minds. They're smart. They'll know that any whore can suck cock, but you're more than that. You're pretty, funny, creative and good sport. Show them that and they'll teach you what they know about this business. They'll fuck you, yes, but they'll also ultimately respect you and repay you with the experience and training you want. You can still get what you want out of this job, so don't give up now."  
  
Cori realized her pep talk had come from a clearer head. Her mind had been rattled by the quick turn of events, the near orgasm and the cock in her mouth. It had all happened so quickly. Now, just these 10 minutes alone to think had cleared her head and she went back into the office with a renewed energy and focus. She had a new plan and that gave her confidence. Underpromise and overdeliver was now overpromise and overdeliver. They now had an idea of what she was willing to do, so surprising them and exceeding their expectations would be tough, but she knew she could do it. Ever-conscious of her near nudity and the swirling glob of semen in her mouth, Cori sat down at her computer and began to type:  
  
Job title: Hot Coed Intern/Office Slut Skills Required: Look hot, dress hotter; dancing; sucking and fucking; extreme flexibility a plus. Job Duties: 1) Provide stress relief and improve morale of full-time staff; 2) Accommodate all requests and demands with a pleasant and professional attitude; 3) Anticipate needs and desires of staff members and take initiative to fulfill them before being asked; 5) Improve physical and mental health of staff with frequent and vigorous sex; 6) Offer creative ideas and fulfill fantasies and fetishes of staff; 7) Utilize skills to further the cause of the company as requested in relations with colleagues, clients, vendors, etc. 8) Accept all cocks in any orifice with a smile; 9) Swallow and/or wear all cum offered as desired by staff; 10) Keep office supplies handy utilizing 38D-22-34 assets; 11) File, answer phones, make copies, etc. as needed. Dress Code: General rule, if it's sexy, it works. Less is more and tighter is better. General guidelines: 1) No bras ever. 2) High heels -- 4 inches minimum -- at all times unless otherwise instructed. 3) Either no underwear or thongs and g-string; 4) Skirts and shorts must be no more than nine inches from top to bottom; 5) Belly button must always be exposed, with catsuits being the lone exception. 6) Cleavage must be visible -- either top or bottom -- at all times. 7) Staff may request specific attire or alterations at any time.  
  
As Cori was typing all of this, she continually reminded herself not to swallow the cum. Every time she had to swallow, she pinched the wad as best she could between her tongue and cheek, trying to keep as much of it from sliding down her throat as she could. She pictured the little sperm wiggling around in her mouth, scurrying between her teeth and wondered how many thousand of the little swimmers she had ingested in her life. And how many more she'd take in over the next few days. Taking care of seven guys now -- the five at work plus Harris and Ty -- was going to test even her extensive abilities and endurance.  
  
She was thankful for the hard body she had been born with and had sculpted over the years through athletics and exercise and stretching. It was the peak physical conditioning that would enable her to service all of these men at a high level, for Cori was never one to lay back and be a non-participant. She put as much or more effort into fucking as the guy ever did, working her entire body to enhance his pleasure and hers.  
  
She read over her job description and printed it out, satisfied that she was demanding plenty of herself. She took the paper into Barry's office and handed it to him, smiling but keeping her mouth closed.  
  
Barry read it over carefully, smiling and nodding, obviously pleased with her work. "This is excellent work," Barry said. "And because of your attitude and obvious ability to handle all of these job duties, I hereby pronounce you our official Office Slut in Training."  
  
Cori smiled and pointed to her mouth, eyebrows raised in question. "Not yet," Barry said, taking her hand and leading her into the open room they called the Bullpen. "Hey guys," he said, "Cori has convinced me that she should be our office Office Slut. She'll email you her job description. I'm sure you'll find it quite thorough and to your liking. If you have additional suggestions, please be prepared to discuss them during tomorrow morning's staff meeting. Now, Cori, do you still have something in your mouth?"

Cori nodded and opened her mouth, sticking her tongue out, showing the now watery cum clinging to it.  
  
"Very good," Barry said. "You may now swallow it. Then, I think the guys would like to offer their congratulations in the break room. There's only an hour left in the day, so everyone just relax and have fun until 5."  
  
Cori swallowed the load and was instantly pulled by Jason into the break room. He pushed her to her knees and sat patiently while all four men -- Barry had not joined them --- dropped their pants and stood in a circle around her, their cocks all pointed at her in anticipation.  
  
"What do you think, Office Slut?" Greg teased. "Can you handle this workload in one hour?"  
  
"I don't know," Cori said with mock innocence. "But I just can't thank you all enough for this wonderful opportunity."  
  
While they chuckled, she took the cock in front of her -- Jason's -- and quickly stuffed it in the side of her mouth while she reached for the two cocks to either side -- Wes' and Douglas' -- and stroked them gently, not trying for a cheap handjob, but just paying them a little bit of much needed attention until she could give them the full attention they really craved from her mouth.  
  
"Now this is what I call happy hour," Barry announced, walking into the room carrying a 12-pack of beer. He handed one to each of the guys and took one for himself, sitting on a chair in the corner and watching the action.  
  
"Cold beer and a hot bitch," Jason moaned, resting his beer on top of Cori's head while she gobbled his cock. "It just doesn't get any better. Too bad you can't have a drink, sweets."  
  
Cori eased her head back and looked up at him, a devilish smile on her face. "Oh, that's OK. I don't like beer much," she said. "I'd rather do shots."  
  
"What kind?" Jason asked.  
  
"Semen slurpers," Cori said. "I can drink those all day!" She shifted over and sucked on Greg's cock, listening to the guys howl and laugh in appreciation of her joke. Many women would have been humiliated or ashamed to be in her position, but Cori was proud of herself. Just a little while ago she had been beating herself up over her failed plan, but she had rebounded quickly and set her mind to accomplishing her goals, staying positive and having fun. It occurred to her that maybe it wasn't her body -- no matter what the guys thought -- or her mind -- no matter what she thought -- that would be the key to her success. Maybe it was simply her attitude. When she remained positive, had fun and worked hard, she always succeeded. She simply couldn't afford to think less of herself, doubt herself, or feel ashamed. Those were the negative thoughts that would reduce her truly to be nothing more than a slut or a whore. No one could ever push her to that level unless she allowed them to do so.  
  
"Semen slurpers," she laughed to herself. Where had she thought of that one? If they thought that was fun, wait until they saw her pussy purse tomorrow. Oh yeah, this was going to be a fun week after all.  
  
She switched from Greg to Douglas, then to Wes, giving them each a lengthy sample of her cock-sucking skills. They all agreed that she was the best they'd had, even topping their own girlfriends, who were all too stingy about offering fellatio.  
  
"Come on, I bet Shelby gives some awesome head," Barry teased Douglas. "No offense, but that girl looks like she could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch."  
  
"She can," Douglas said, slamming his cock all the way down Cori's throat, "but she hasn't done it since our third date. We've been dating almost a year now and all she ever wants to do is jerk me off or ride me."  
  
"That's OK," Greg said. "Nora will only fuck me if I wash my cock first -- and she has to watch me do it. Even then, she'll just lick, not suck. I will say she's pretty good about trying different positions, though."  
  
"She's got some nice tits," Jason said, complimenting Greg's girlfriend. "Are they real?"  
  
"Nah," Greg said. "Her ex paid for those while they were still dating. Nice investment. Speaking of nice tits, I haven't seen a pair this big that weren't fake in a long time, have you?"  
  
"Not that are this firm," Jason agreed. "These stand up so perfect, they look fake, but they're definitely not."  
  
"I like the way the nipples stand out," Wes offered. "Nothing sexier than hard nipples. Don't be mad, Barry, but when Casey came in that day with the tight white sweater, well, I was checking her out. When's she coming back from Italy, anyway?"  
  
"January," Barry said. "And you can look all you want, just don't touch."  
  
"I'm glad the Office Slut doesn't follow that rule," Wes said, reaching down and squeezing Cori's breast while she sucked Greg's cock.  
  
Cori noticed that the guys were all friendly and, while they had their mild complaints about their girlfriends, spoke of them with respect and appreciation in their voices. She wondered if any of them would feel guilty about fucking her on the side. All she knew was that none of them were married and it wasn't her place to judge or tell. Her thoughts of blackmailing them had disappeared long ago. She also noticed that, while they threw out the terms bitch and slut from time to time, there was no malice in their voice, no hint of degradation even as they addressed her and filled her throat with cock. When they called her "Office Slut", it was a casual, conversational tone.  
  
She was sucking on Greg's cock when a hand grabbed her by the hair and gently but forcefully pulled her away. She realized it was Jason as he stuffed his cock in her mouth and let fly a massive load that told Cori he had gone a few days without action of any kind from his girlfriend, Mia, a stunning brunette whom Cori thought was the most attractive of their significant others.  
  
Cori swallowed the creamy offering, gently kissing the head of his cock as it slowly deflated, the last remnants of his cum trickling onto her lips.  
  
"One shot down," she smiled. "Anyone want to pour me another?"  
  
Greg was holding his cock around the base, trying to hold back is orgasm. Cori realized it and crawled hurriedly to him, mouth open, catching the first blast from a foot away before quickly engulfing his cock and milking the rest of his load with her talented lips and tongue.  
  
Wes was next, the shy guy resting the head of his cock between her lips while cum spurted out in great bursts. It was an impressive load and Cori wondered how many, if any, blow jobs the quiet guy had had before. Judging by his load, it had certainly been a while, at least.  
  
"I'm starting to get drunk," Cori laughed. "But I'm not done yet. Pour me another, Douglas."  
  
She opened her mouth and Douglas held his cock about three inches above her lips, literally letting the cum pour out of his cock and into her mouth. She swallowed it all in great gulps, licking her lips and wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "Ahh, that was good!" she beamed.  
  
"You're not done yet," Barry said. She hadn't noticed that he had removed his pants and now sat in the chair, clutching his hard-on.  
  
"Round two?" Greg asked.  
  
"Hey, Casey's been gone a while," Barry said. "I've built up a little inventory here. And we all know, Office Sluts are in charge of taking inventory."  
  
"That's what I do best," Cori said lustily as she crawled across the room, knowing all eyes were surely on her ass, displayed so lewdly under her skimpy skirt. She approached him with hunger in her eyes, licking her lips. "And the second shot from any batch is always the best. Fill me up, bartender."  
  
She knelt in front of him and went down on him once more. He was less anxious this time and she took her time, sucking his balls, teasing his head with her tongue, teasing his shaft with little kisses. The others dressed and drank a second beer while they watched the first-class, x-rated show.  
  
Cori's internal clock told her it had to be close to five and wondered about Harris in the parking lot, waiting for her. If she wasn't down there, would he come looking for her? She thought about this and tried picking up the pace, but Barry was taking his sweet time this time. He would pull his cock out and tap it against her lips or hold it up so she could lick his balls some more. There was no rushing him this time and Cori just trusted that they wouldn't let Harris up to this floor or that someone would call to warn them.  
  
What Cori didn't know was that Harold, the day shift guard, got off at 5 and that the night shift guard was running late. No one was at the desk when Harris walked in at 5:15. No one stopped him from getting on the elevator. She didn't know that Douglas had forgotten to lock the door when he came back from taking a FedEx package to the security desk. She didn't know that Harris was standing in the doorway to the breakroom, watching her service Barry in front of all of her co-workers.  
  
She didn't know any of this until she heard Douglas ask, "Who are you? How did you get in here?" And Harris responded, "I'm here to pick up Cori."  
  
He didn't sound angry, but Cori whirled around, panicked. "Hey, dude, if this is your daughter..." Barry started, hands out, pleading.  
  
"No, no," Harris said. "She's my, um, assistant. She does a lot of the same things for me at night that she obviously does for all of you during the day. Please, continue. I assure you it's all right."  
  
"Really?" Barry asked.  
  
"Really," Harris smiled. "Don't mind if I watch, do you?"  
  
"Be my guest," Barry said. Cori looked at Harris, studying his eyes for any hint of anger or disappointment, but saw none. Still, as she resumed her oral work, she wondered if she had just blown it all -- literally. No more job, no more house, no more scholarship. Could it really all be gone? Her thoughts were flooded and so was her mouth as Barry filled it once more. She sucked and slurped and swallowed until he was done, then looked up sheepishly at him.  
  
"Um, I better go," she said.  
  
"Of course," Barry said, looking sincerely sorry for the predicament she seemed to be in. "Listen, buddy," Barry addressed Harris again, "please don't be mad at her. I don't know what your deal is with her, but we'll lay off if you want. We like her and she's doing a good job here. She's a good kid, so just don't be mad, all right?"  
  
"I'm not mad at all," Harris said. "Seriously, it's all OK. She can come back tomorrow and fuck you all day long if you want. It's fine with me. Truly." Seeing they didn't believe him and that Cori was still scared, Harris pulled up a chair.  
  
"Look, fellas, I'm going to lay it out to you straight because I think we all have plenty to lose -- like our jobs -- and plenty to gain -- sex with her," Harris said. "So, I'll tell you what I have going on and you can tell me your story. I'm sure we can find a way to share her services without anyone getting into trouble."  
  
Harris proceeded to tell them all about Cori's scholarship, his role at the university, Cori's duties to him and Ty -- the whole thing. Barry reciprocated by outlining the deal they had made with Cori, stressing that it had just started today. He even showed Harris the job description Cori had written, which he found equally funny and impressive.  
  
"Well, it looks like we're on all the same page," Harris said. "So long as no one runs their mouth or starts posting crap on the web, there's no reason we can't all keep enjoying what we have here. And Cori can get her job experience and education. Everyone wins."  
  
"Absolutely," Barry said. "And besides, next week this will all be over from our side anyway."  
  
"Why?" Harris asked.  
  
"Well, Mrs. Benson and Ted will be back."  
  
"You don't know a lot about Mrs. Benson, do you?" Harris asked.  
  
"Well, I guess not," Barry shrugged. "Sweet lady, tough business woman. She doesn't know a lot about sports, but her husband did. Now she does a good job of carrying on the name and letting us do our job."  
  
"Do you know what she did before she married Mr. Benson?" Harris asked.  
  
"No."  
  
"Well, she started doing burlesque shows, then did a couple of B movies in which she appeared topless under the name of Bunny Masters. She was dating a football star who just happened to be a client of Mr. Benson. The football star got hurt and she realized the long term money was with Benson Sports Marketing. She started as an intern, fucked her way to a full-time job, then tricked him into marrying her."  
  
"Sweet Mrs. Benson?" Cori asked.  
  
"How do you know all this?" Barry said.  
  
"I was good friends with Bill Benson," Harris said. "Drinking buddies, golf buddies, poker buddies. He told me most of it and I figured out the rest with a little research and a bit of guessing."  
  
"So, how does that affect Cori being the Office Slut," Jason asked, looking for a sign of hope. "I mean, she might have slept her way to the top, but a lot of women have done that. It doesn't mean she's going to support Cori fucking us all day long. Plus, she's so dignified and classy now."  
  
"And you don't think Cori can be dignified and classy? Of course she can," Harris said. "The point is, Mrs. Benson won't be shocked by any of this. That's step one. Step two, though, is that you have to show her that Cori being the Office Slut actually adds to the performance of the company. It's all about the bottom line, gentlemen."  
  
"How do we prove that?" Greg asked.  
  
"Well, you'll have to find some legitimate ways that Cori's skills can be used to help the bottom line," Harris said. "Her line about being in better shape because of frequent sex is funny and somewhat true, but it's not going to be enough. Can Cori be discreetly employed to help finalize a big contract or negotiate a better deal with a vendor? Can you all show that your work is not only unaffected by her presence, but actually enhanced by it? And can you demonstrate that Cori is actually good at the job, not just fucking? If you can do those things and present it the right way, I think she'll listen."  
  
"That's a big gamble," Barry said. "I mean, she might fire us all."  
  
"Doubtful," Harris said. "She's got her retirement invested in this business. She's not going to risk losing it by losing you. But just to be safe, you protect yourselves by having Cori make the pitch."  
  
"What? Me?" Cori said.  
  
"Yes, for two reasons," Harris said matter-of-factly. "One, she's not going to believe it if she hears Wes say he's going to get more done if he gets a blowjob every morning, but you can tell her how much harder the guys work when they're happy and relaxed. You can assure her you won't distract them unnecessarily. Maybe you can give blowjobs while they're on the phone or in meetings so no work time is lost. If it comes from you, it's more sincere -- it's as much your idea as theirs. And it's the same idea she had years ago. You'll relate on that level. It might even validate her own actions and make her want to help you succeed on the same path."  
  
"OK," Cori said, nodding. "That makes some sense, I guess. What's the other reason?"  
  
"Plausible deniability," Harris shrugged. "If she doesn't like the idea, you claim it as yours and yours alone and save these guys their jobs. Sounds like a raw deal for you, but remember, these guys are young and successful. They're going to be leaders here or at other companies long after Mrs. Benson is retired. I think they might look fondly on young lady who not only fucked their brains out, but also sacrificed herself for them."  
  
"Without a doubt," Barry said, sincerity filling his voice.  
  
"So," Harris said. "I suggest you all have a lot of fun the next three days, but also start building your case. You might have to play it cool for a few days next week until you're ready to present to Mrs. Benson, but I think you'll find that a few days away from Cori will lead to a greater sense of urgency."  
  
"What about Ted?" Wes asked. "What if he doesn't go for it?"  
  
"Come on," Barry said, waving his hand. "If we can get Mrs. B to go for it, Ted will be all over it. You ever see all the porn he has on his computer? He'd be first in line for a blowjob every morning."  
  
"So, I guess I'm still the Office Slut tomorrow?" Cori asked.  
  
"You sure are," Harris said. "I'll even help you pick out a good outfit for tomorrow. These guys are risking a lot for you. You owe it to them to be the best you can be."  
  
"I know," Cori smiled. "I already promised them I wouldn't let them down."  
  
On the way home, Cori thanked Harris profusely for not being mad, choking down his cock and gobbling his balls, making sure she was bobbing her head up and down enough that any curious drivers would know exactly what she was doing.  
  
Harris had a surprise for her when they got home -- a small red sports car sat in the driveway. "That's for me?" she asked, still licking the remnants of his cum off her lips.  
  
"Yep," Harris said. "It's not officially yours -- it belongs to the university. We get a certain number of vehicles from local dealers for official university use. Anyway, one of the staff members in our department is on sabbatical. While he's gone, no one's using his car. Well, they weren't until now."  
  
"Wow, thank you so much!" Cori said. "I just got done thanking you the best way I know how. Any other requests?"  
  
"Arf, arf," Harris grinned wickedly. Cori ran inside, donned the dog leash and crawled around for him. They finished in the back yard as Harris tied her to the patio table and pounded her pussy until they both came. He left his bitch in heat laying naked and wet in the fading sun until Ty came out a few minutes later, turned her over, re-tied her to the table and reamed her ass. He then untied her and tossed her into the pool, letting the chlorine rinse her free of cum and cream and sweat.  
  
Over dinner, with everyone content, she asked them for their help. "I'm going to have to do a lot to keep these guys happy and entertained and find a way to prove my bottom-line value to the company," Cori said. "I have a couple ideas, but I'll need your help."  
  
She told them about her idea for a pussy purse. It would need to be long and flexible and hollow with room for money, a key, lipstick, etc. Ty said he thought he could make her one for tomorrow.  
  
"If it works," Cori said, "we could market it and sell it. Benson could sell the rights to some adult novelty manufacturer. That would be bottom-line value, right?"  
  
"Definitely," Harris nodded. "And you could maybe market that pen on a chain connected to your nipple -- you know, start a whole line of Office Slut toys and apparel. What about from the sports marketing angle? Any ideas there?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori said. "Benson seems to have built their business on working with the little guys -- the second- or third-tier athletes from second-tier sports and the small organizations and event management companies. I figure if I could help land just one big-time client, it would be worth 20 of the small ones. But, the big-time guys get all the pussy they want from babes hotter than me. And they'd be wary of a deal that involved sex."  
  
"So how would you land one of these guys?"  
  
"I wouldn't," Cori grinned. "I'd land the girls. There's a lot less competition for female athletes, but most companies try to sell to women, right? So, there's a big market out there. The Williams sisters and Anna Kournikova and Maria Sharapova and Danica Patrick -- but who else is really big in terms of sponsorships and sales? Plus most of the sports guys are used to dealing with the male athletes and they have trouble relating to the women. I know sports, I know women and I know marketing. If I can convince a top female athlete that the Benson Sports Marketing guys are truly decent guys who will put her first, I could get a top star."  
  
"Got anyone in mind?"  
  
"Yeah, Peggy Stimson," Cori said.  
  
"That young golf star?" Ty asked.  
  
"Yeah," Cori said. "She just turned 18 and she's going straight on the tour. She's beautiful and very talented. She's the female Tiger Woods. Three years from now, she'll be huge. She has no deal yet and she's just sitting there, waiting. Her dad was a two-timing drunk, so it's just her and her mom. Word is her mom's very protective and very untrusting of men. If Mrs. Benson could make the call to get me in the door, I know I could close that deal."

"It's a good idea," Ty said. "I think you should go for it. If you can bring a new product and a new star to Benson Sports Marketing, my guess is Mrs. Benson would sign off on just about anything else and you'd be writing your ticket for a nice career. But if it doesn't work, do you have a backup plan?"  
  
"Sure," Cori grinned. "It's the same backup plan I've had for a long time now -- fuck whoever I have to fuck -- the star player, his brother, his agent, his coach -- to get the deal done. It's not how I want to do it and, like I said, these guys aren't hurting for pussy, so it might not work on the first try, but it would sooner or later. It always does."  
  
"It's got you a long way so far," Harris nodded.  
  
"Well, that's my plan," Cori said. "I really appreciate you guys helping and understanding. I had no idea how I was going to tell you what was going on or if I even should. I don't want to keep any secrets from you, though, so this feels much better. I promise I won't neglect either of you."  
  
"Oh, I wouldn't let you," Harris grinned. "So, Ty, why don't you work on that purse and I'll play dress up with our little doll here. I've got an outfit I think will work well."  
  
Ty retired to what he had turned into a makeshift shop in a room just off of Club Cori in the basement. Meanwhile, Cori waited in the living room while Harris went to retrieve something from his car. After the outdoor fuck-fest on the table, Cori had thrown on a light gray sweatshirt, a white thong and nothing else other than her standard stilettos. Standing in the living room, she realized it was getting dark outside. The blinds were open and anyone walking past the front of the house could probably see her through the big bay window. She thought about closing the blinds, but she remembered that she had actually closed them earlier. Someone had re-opened them for some reason. Possibly just to look out or let some light in, but Cori realized the real reason was probably the added thrill of exposing her to someone in the neighborhood. Well, as exhibition and voyeurism went, this was much tamer than Cori was used to -- thoughts of the public fucking tied to the top of the boat in St. Thomas flashed in her head -- so if this was fun for Harris, she certainly had no complaints.  
  
He returned moments later with a bag. "Just bought this today for a special occasion," he said. "Let's have you try it on." Cori noticed that the bag was about the size of a coin purse and realized that whatever he had purchased must be incredibly small and skimpy. What else is new, she thought. The way the men in her life shopped for her, she figured she could fit all her entire wardrobe in a duffel bag if she had to.  
  
What Harris pulled out of the bag looked like nothing more than a ball of string, which, when he held it up for her, she realized was about all it consisted of. She laughed out loud, knowing that this was going to be one of the most revealing and absurd outfits she had ever worn. She didn't have a clue how it went on, so Harris helped her strip out of her clothes and put it on, occasionally glancing toward the window to see if there were any neighbors taking an evening stroll.  
  
It began with a red strap that wrapped around her neck like a choker, fastening in the back with a clasp. It was adjustable and Harris made as tight as he could without choking her. It was a rubber fabric, similar to that of a bathing suit. The strap around her neck was about an inch wide. Two more inch-wide straps emerged on either side of her neck. When they dropped straight down, they both rested on the insides of her breasts.  
  
Harris showed her that on the inside of the straps were two small clasps, one on each strap. They were like the circular clips on the back of a necklace and were located on the inside edge of both straps. He placed the first strap over her right breast, the thin material only wide enough to cover her nipple and areola. But Harris then connected the clasp to her nipple ring and pushed the strap just to the outside of her nipple. Now, the strap was tightly stretched across her breast, held in place by the clasp connected to her bare nipple. Now, only a sliver of tit and a portion of her areola was covered. He did the same with the other breast, stepping back to admire his work. From a distance, it would look like Cori was wearing a very skimpy top that at least covered her nipples. But anyone within 20 feet or so would clearly so those hard nips pointing straight at them.  
  
Harris grinned and continued with his work. Already, Cori was frowning. The straps that were attached to her nipples hung down only a few inches past her breasts, ending in two more circular clasps. Cori had assumed they would go between her legs and at least cover her pussy, but these barely reached her belly button. That, she realized, was the point as Harris pulled on both straps, stretching them to their fullest extent, both just barely clipping into her belly button ring. So, the red top now formed a sort of an oblong diamond on her upper torso, the string running from her navel to her nipples to the choker around her neck. So far, she was completely backless and bottomless and it sure wasn't like there was much to talk about on the upper front, either.  
  
Harris left for a moment and came back with a pair of her red fishnet thigh-high stockings. She put them on, pulling the red bands at the top of the stockings around her slender but toned thighs. All that was left in the bag Harris had brought were a few gold strands that Cori had assumed were jewelry of some sort, but she quickly found out otherwise. Harris picked up one of the slender gold chains, holding it up so she could see that it had a small alligator clip on one end and another circular clasp on the other. He put the alligator clip on the top of her stockings, then stretched the chain to near capacity before it reached her clit ring. He attached the clasp to the clit ring and smiled again. Cori realized he could make it tighter or looser by adjusting where the chain was on her thigh -- on the inside, she'd have a little slack, on the front it would be stretched to the max and so would her clit. He attached the other clip on the other leg, also connecting it to her clit. Cori was beginning to think having all these rings was a curse.  
  
She looked around to see if there was anything at all that might ultimately cover her pussy or her ass, but all that remained was another small gold chain. This one was much longer and Cori was grateful for that -- until he put it on. It connected first in the back of her choker and Harris let it drop. She felt it fall between her shoulder blades and snake between her butt cheeks. When Harris knelt down, she realized that the rings were going to be used one more time. He pulled the chain between her legs, spreading her pussy lips as he tucked it inside her, finally linking the clasp to her clit ring. The chain was pulled taut and she wondered if she'd be able to walk without ripping her clit or her nipples or something, but to her surprise, she was able to move. Her steps were small and cautious, and she did feel the occasional tug, but nothing extreme.  
  
This was definitely an extreme outfit and Cori reminded him that she had to be able to at least get in the building without getting arrested.  
  
"Don't worry," Harris grinned. "I've got you covered -- barely! You'll see the rest of your outfit in the morning. For now, I think you should wear it for a little while to get used to it. Come on, let's show Ty."  
  
Cori shuffled to the basement steps, but quickly realized that stepping down was going to cause extreme pull on her clit. She hesitated, then hopped down to the first step, her tits jiggling while the clips tugged at her bobbing nipples. No way I can hop all the way down, Cori thought.  
  
"Got a bit of a problem, eh?" Harris smiled. "Well, lucky for you, I don't mind lending a hand." He picked Cori up and slung her over his shoulder. He cupped his hands on her ass cheeks and hauled her down the stairs. Ty greeted them at the bottom of the stairs and Harris set her back on the floor. She twirled around slowly, letting Ty take in the whole package as he nodded his approval.  
  
"That will do," he said, shaking Harris' hand. "Nice work. Come here, I've got something to show you on the pussy purse."  
  
Ty presented what at first appeared to be a large vibrator. It was about 8 inches long, shaped exactly like a penis, made flesh-colored with a mushroom head. Cori remembered Ty using it on her the other night. It had run the gauntlet of her ass, pussy and mouth and she remembered liking the vibrations deep inside her. It was rubbery and flexible. "This used to be a vibrator," Ty said. "As I'm sure you remember. Well, it won't vibrate anymore because I took out the insides completely. It's now an 8-inch hollow tube that you can easily carry in your pussy or even your ass our mouth. I just cut the base off and added this snap-on cap."  
  
Cori noticed the cap had a small metal ring in the middle of it and wondered why. Before she could ask, however, Ty had popped off the lid, which now dangled from the shaft of the pussy purse by a clear piece of fishing line tied. "This is almost two inches in diameter, so inside, you'll have room for some money," he shook the vibrator and a roll of bills and other items fell out, "lipstick, a pen, a key or you could even wad up one of your tiny thongs and stuff it in here. Here, try it."  
  
He stuffed the items -- the money, a lipstick tube, and a key -- back into the tube and handed it to her. Cori put it in her mouth first, lubing it up with her spit, then spread her legs, bending her knees slightly as gently inserted the tube inside her. The items inside it gave it some weight, but not much more than it had before with the vibrator in it. She stuffed it almost all the way in, but Ty stopped her. "Hold on," he said. "Since you'll want to make sure this is secure in there, I made a way for you to be able to stick it all the way inside." He knelt down and unclipped the chain that ran from her clit ring up her back to the neck collar, clipping the bottom end instead to the end of the pussy purse. With it secured, he then pushed on the end of the purse with his middle finger until the base of the purse was a full inch inside her. He withdrew his finger and watched her pussy lips close around the tube, only the thin chain visible emerging from between her lips.  
  
"Very nice," Harris nodded. "Well, done, Ty. What do you think, Cori?"  
  
"I think I'm going to get arrested or raped or both," she laughed nervously. "Do you really think I can wear this in there tomorrow?"  
  
"No choice," Harris said. "You promised big and you better deliver even bigger. You're future is on the line her, babe, so you better bring your A game. With this outfit and the right attitude, you'll knock 'em dead. The question is, are you ready to back up what you're selling with this outfit?"  
  
"I am," Cori said confidently. "I... well, I think I was made for this, you know? I mean, not forever. Eventually, I want to be a respected business woman respected for my personality and brains. But for right now, I think this is what I'm supposed to do. Why else would I have this body? I don't mean to sound conceited because I know there are a lot of other women out there more beautiful than I am," Ty and Harris both shook their heads against this idea, "but I think I was made to perform and please and yes, my mind can back up what my body is selling. I understand what I'm there for and I'm ready."  
  
"I think you're learning a lot about yourself, Cori," Harris said honestly. "It takes a lot of maturity to recognize and accept who you are and embrace it. You have a gift. Like a pianist was born to play or an artist was born to paint, you were born to fuck. And the fact that you realize that's not something to be ashamed of is a huge step forward. Use that gift as much as you can, let it carry you and you'll do just fine. Now, give me the gift of your mouth before I blow my load all over Ty's workshop."  
  
They undressed Cori, including the pussy purse, and lay the outfit carefully to the side before spending the next hour utilizing her "gift" in a variety of ways and positions. Then Harris carried her upstairs and enjoyed her talents one more time before falling asleep with a shriveled but very happy penis resting on Cori's cheek.

**CHAPTER 8: OFFICE SLUT IN TRAINING**  
  
The next morning, Cori woke up and showered early. Ty was already gone, she knew, but Harris was still in bed, naked. She had woken up in the middle of the night with his erect cock poking her in the eye. She remembered that he had face-fucked her and then rolled off to the side, and they had both fallen asleep almost instantly. When she awoke with the hard cock in her eye, she prepared to suck him again, but realized he was asleep and just having a normal middle of the night random erection that she knew men often had. She had given it a playful kiss on the head, just to make sure he was sound asleep, then fallen back asleep.  
  
When she got out of the shower, Harris was up and had her outfit laid out for her, with one very small addition. At first Cori thought it was a handkerchief like he wore in the pocket of his fancier suits, but when she picked it up she realized it was a skirt -- sort of. It was made like a skirt -- black with a narrow waist band and a scalloped bottom that would allow the skirt to be tight on the waist and flare out over the thighs -- similar to a tennis skirt. However, this one was short -- ridiculously short. "This can't be more than five inches from top to bottom," she said.  
  
"Right," Harris said. "You remember the rules you wrote for yourself, right?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori said. "I said no more than nine inches."  
  
"And I said you needed to over-deliver on your promises," Harris said. Cori smiled at hearing her own words being said back to her. She had been telling herself the same thing a lot lately. "So, if you say nine, it better be shorter."  
  
"But five?" Cori asked.  
  
"Don't forget what we talked about last night," Harris said. "Embrace your gift. That includes that ass and those legs and that pussy. They're part of the show. Oh, and it's raining out, so you'll have an excuse to wear a light jacket. I've got one for you that will not get you arrested walking in the building, at least."  
  
Cori put on the pathetic excuse for a skirt and studied herself in the mirror. Standing straight up, arms at her side, she could see her pussy mound just below the skirt, the straps from her stockings clearly visible as they link to the ring in her clit. And from the back, half of her ass cheeks were showing. She was already excited and nervous, knowing full well that the day was going to be an adventure, full of sex and teasing and who knows what else. She wondered what the guys would think of this crazy outfit ... and how long it would take before they would rip it off her. She slid the pussy purse -- which contained a stick of her cherry lipstick and a $50 bill -- inside her, surprised at how wet she was already. Harris helped clip the end of the purse to the end of the spaghetti strap that dropped from her choker-like collar straight down between her shoulder blades and sliced between her ass cheeks. He then pushed the purse inside her until the moist lips surrounded it completely and only the thin gold chain escaped their snug embrace. Cori squeezed her strong pussy muscles around the purse, holding it tightly, a shiver of excitement going up her body as the shaft of the purse massaged her pussy walls.  
  
The bright red windbreaker that Harris gave Cori made her outfit even sexier, in a way. It was only a few inches longer than her skirt and revealed most of her thighs. And it was tight, hugging her narrow waist and broad chest. And with the red choker collar around her neck and thin spaghetti straps disappearing under the top of the jacket, it would make male imaginations run wild as to what exactly she was wearing underneath. They would be able to see enough -- miles of long legs with fishnet stockings, sexy stiletto heels, amazing curves and that beautiful face with those full, pouty lips -- to be impressed and there would be just enough covered to make them want to see more.  
  
"Well, you're right, it won't get me arrested in the parking lot" Cori laughed, looking at her ridiculous outfit. At least the red jacket matched the red heels and spaghetti straps of her suit. "But it might get me molested." She smiled at Harris and gave him a mouthful of tongue before grabbing the keys to the red sports car and heading out the door. He jogged after her, catching up to her next to the car. They were standing in the driveway, Cori's bright red attire providing stark contrast to the dreary day.  
  
A light drizzle fell as Harris pulled her to him and grabbed her ass underneath the jacket. "Save some of this for me," he grinned, giving her ass a firm squeeze. He noticed Cori's eyes dart to the left and looked over to see an elderly man coming out of his house to pick up the morning paper out of his driveway. The man was looking right at them. Harris smiled and waved, keeping his other hand on Cori's ass, giving it a final pinch before letting go and walking back in the house.  
  
Cori knew getting in and out of the car with her straps snapped to her clit would be impossible. She also knew the old man was still watching her, but what could she do? She reached between her legs and, with skilled fingers, quickly unsnapped both of straps from her stockings. She waved at the man, smiled and got in the car, aware that she had flashed her ass at him as her jacket rode up. Seated now, she felt the strap between the back of her neck and the pussy purse tighten and the purse slid down a few inches. She squeezed her pussy and held it tight as she started up the car and roared off to work.  
  
As she drove, she found herself squirming, unable to keep her legs still. She was glad the car had leather seats and any bodily secretions could easily be wiped up. The presence of the shaft inside her wasn't exactly stimulating -- it wasn't moving or vibrating, of course -- but it was pleasurable, a feeling of being naughty with this thing inside her in public. She wondered what she'd do if she had to get to her money. What would people think if she was in a store and suddenly yanked a chain between her legs, held up a dildo slick with her juices, opened it and pulled out a wad of money? Just the thought made her feel dirty and naughty, but also sexy and desirable. Sometimes, nothing was more fun than shocking and teasing other people.  
  
She knew the guys wouldn't be shocked easily any more. They had seen enough of her in action yesterday to know that she would do pretty much anything they wanted. They knew she would be dressed like a slut today. She just hoped she was up to their expectations -- that she could look as sexy and act as sexy as they were hoping. She wanted to make them smile and laugh -- was there a greater gift? -- and would consider the day a success if she could do so. If she could learn more about the business and how to possibly make the Office Slut in Training gig work even after Mrs. Benson came back, that would be great too.  
  
She pulled into the parking lot at work and considered her options a moment before going in. She didn't want to clip the straps from her stockings to her clit back on just yet. It was very hard to walk like that and she wanted to move quickly through the parking lot inside the building. Once she was inside, she'd feel safe and be ready to go into full slut mode for the day. She decided she'd leave them unclipped until she got inside. There was a restroom in the lobby. She put the clips on there so they'd be in place when she got off the elevator.  
  
Then she looked at the car key and smiled. She pulled out the pussy purse and dropped the key inside. She considered her driver's license and work ID, but there was no way either would fit in the purse. She'd just have to carry them; she hadn't brought her fancy work bag because the pussy purse was supposed to take its place. She re-inserted the dildo, spreading her legs around the sides of the seat as she pushed the purse as far inside her as she could. Then, carefully she got out of the car.  
  
There were several other people making their way toward the building, heads ducked down as if that would somehow keep the rain from hitting them. Several carried umbrellas and scooted inside quickly, anxious to get out of the light rain. Cori, too, walked quickly, her heels clacking on the pavement. She didn't care about the rain, but she wanted to get inside soon -- the guys would be expecting this and she'd be fucked royally, of course, but she had at least some idea what to expect with them and reason to feel safe. Out here, a scantily clad young woman was an inviting target. Strangers would make assumptions about her based on her looks and her safety would not be their concern. Even with others around and in daylight, she felt vulnerable and exposed.  
  
She fought the urge to look down and avoid eye contact, instead keeping her head up, alert, aware of others doing a double-take as they glanced around the lot, their heads turning back to see what exactly was up with the girl in the heels and fishnets.  
  
She scurried into the building and quickly ducked into the women's room. She used a paper towel to dab away the bit of rain on her face and then slid into one of the stalls, where she quickly re-attached the clips from her stockings to her clit ring. She felt the gentle tug on her clit, the fullness of her pussy. Her nipples were very hard and sensitive, the damp, chilly air contributing to their arousal. All of her sex buttons had been switched on and she tingled with excitement, anxious to get the day started but nervous about the short walk from the restroom to the guard station and then the elevator. If the elevator was quick, it would literally take her 60 seconds to go from the restroom to her office, but she wanted badly to fast-forward just that one minute ahead.  
  
She took a deep breath, feeling the extra tug on her nipples as her chest expanded, then left the restroom, taking half strides to minimize the pull on her clit. Her attire and choppy walk instantly drew attention, but she stayed focused on her path, no longer wishing to make eye contact with anyone but Harold, the security guard. Harold was a barrel-chested man in his late 40s, his graying hair in a crew cut. Cori had guessed correctly that he was a former military man. He was polite, but also efficient and business like. It was clear he took his job seriously. It was also clear that he liked the looks of Cori's fishnet stockings, as his eyes dropped from her face to her legs.  
  
"Good morning, Harold," Cori smiled, extending her ID badge for him to scan.  
  
"Good morning, Ms. Banks," he smiled back. Professional, efficient, he no doubt was curious about her attire, but declined to ask, acting as if he hadn't noticed. But as she passed by, he couldn't help sneaking a peek over his shoulder. Then, he remembered.  
  
"Oh, Ms. Banks," he said, "Mr. Norbert asked me to tell you to take the stairs this morning. Something about the front being re-carpeted. He said it would be best if you came up the other way."  
  
"OK, thank you," Cori said, not letting her displeasure show. I can't walk up the stairs with all these clips, she thought. Well, simple enough, she'd get in the stairwell, make sure no one was around and undo the clips. Then, when she got to the top, she'd re-clip everything before she went in the office. It wasn't ideal, but it would work.  
  
She opened the door to the stairwell and quickly stepped to the side of the door. She'd have to do this quick, before someone else came. Reaching under her jacket, she started to undo the clips. Then, "Hey, why don't you leave those right where they are," Barry said. He was at the landing between the first and second floors. "You dressed that way for a reason, so let us see the whole package and we'll make any modifications we see fit."  
  
"I, uh, good morning!" Cori said brightly as Barry came down the stairs toward her. She laughed, "Well, these are kind of hard to walk in, see?" She lifted her jacket so he could see how the straps connected, limiting her stride. "So, I just need to take them off long enough to get up the steps. Then, I'll put them back on."  
  
"No, you'll leave them on," Barry said politely but sternly.  
  
"What? How did you know I had them in the first place? How did you know I was here?" Cori asked.  
  
"We watched you from the windows upstairs -- it's fun to watch you walk," Barry said. "And I knew about the straps because your friend called me. He said it would be fun to watch you walk up the stairs with those on, so I took his advice and asked Harold to send you this way."  
  
"There's no carpet layers?" Cori asked, already knowing the answer. She laughed. So this was how the day was going to go, huh? Well, all right. "OK," she said. "I'll try."  
  
"Wait," Barry said, "the others are coming too." Just then she heard them coming down the stairs -- all of her co-workers were on their way, smiling at the sight of her. She wondered how many of them had laid awake thinking about what they would do with her today. Or if any of them had fucked their girlfriends thinking about her. It was bad of her to think that, she knew, but also flattering to think that they might be thinking about her even when they were with other beautiful women.  
  
"Never knew stairs were so exciting," Cori giggled. "Hey, what about other people coming up or down the stairs?"  
  
"Just a chance you'll have to take, I guess," Barry said.  
  
Cori approached the first step, started to step up, but found the strap was just too short. Her clit was fully extended and she still couldn't make the step. Looking around, she saw there was no sympathy from her audience, no one about to let her or her clit off the hook. So she tried another approach, this time hopping off both feet. She managed to land on the step just fine, but she knew even in her excellent condition she couldn't hop up four floors. Plus, the bouncing motion had really caused all her straps to stretch and tighten, putting a strain on her clit and nipples and even her belly button. Plus, the pussy purse dropped a couple of inches and she was worried that too many hops would cause it to fall out.  
  
"Maybe if you take off that jacket it would help," Greg offered.  
  
Cori knew it wouldn't, but that her ability to get up and down the stairs had nothing to do with their desire to see her take her jacket off. She stuffed her license and ID in the pocket and slid it off, revealing the web of silly string and tiny skirt that constituted her outfit for the day. Jaws dropped and heads nodded in approval. Cori smiled. They liked what they saw.  
  
"Well, let's see if that helped," she said, shrugging her shoulders and letting them drop. She knew they were all anxious to watch her tits when she jumped.  
  
She hopped one more step, feeling her heavy tits strain against the thin chain and tiny strap stretched across them. She thought of a wrecking ball striking a telephone pole and imagined that's about what her D-cups looked like slamming against those tiny threads of resistance. She looked at them all, happy to see them smiling, but she frowned and her heart ached, know ing that she would have to tell them she couldn't do it. The last thing she wanted to do was disappoint them.  
  
"I'm so sorry guys," Cori frowned. "I just don't think I can do it. I'll do my best to make it up to you, I promise."  
  
"You bet your sweet little cunt you will," Barry said, pretending to upset and disappointed. "All right fellas, looks like we're going to have to carry her."  
  
"No, you can just let me unclip these and I'll be fine," Cori said. "You can all walk up behind me if you want." She teased, knowing guys loved that view, looking up her skirt as she walked up the stairs.  
  
"Nope, the clips don't come off yet," Barry said. "We'll carry you."  
  
Before Cori could protest further, Barry scooped her up in his arms. She still had a hold of her jacket, but Douglas took and tossed it up the steps to the first landing. Cori glanced nervously at the door to the lobby, expecting it to open any time. Many of the health-conscious employees preferred to take the stairs to their offices, especially the ones on the second floor. It was just a few minutes after eight and she knew many of the employees didn't start work until 8:30. That meant anyone late for an 8 a.m. start time or early for an 8:30 start time was apt to be coming along. It wasn't a matter of if, but when someone would walk through the door.  
  
She'd feel better when they got past the second floor, but Barry didn't seem to be in any hurry. He just stood there, holding her, his right arm behind her back, his left holding her legs at the knees. He was studying her body up close, appreciating the design of the outfit, eyeing her tawny skin and hard, dark nipples. The others crowded around, too, getting an eyeful, pointing out the unique straps and clips and barely-there outfit to one another. Jason lifted her skirt and they all got an unobstructed view of her clit being stretched by the straps attached to either thigh. They noticed the chain coming out of her pussy and started pulling on it. Wes pulled it out and held up the dildo, slick with her juices.  
  
"Hey, give me back my purse," Cori snapped playfully.  
  
"Purse?" Wes asked.  
  
"Open it up," Cori said.  
  
Wes fumbled with it and realized it opened. "I'll be damned," he said, dumping out her lipstick, money and key into his hand. "It really is a purse."  
  
"Pussy purse," Cori corrected. "I plan to trademark it and market it to adult novelty stores. This is my prototype model. What do you think?"  
  
"Very nice," Douglas said. "Gives new meaning to purse snatcher. Get it SNATCH-er."  
  
They all laughed at the juvenile play on words and Wes happily re-inserted the dildo. "I always put things back where I find them," he joked, using two fingers to push the dildo as far as it would go. Just then, with his fingers knuckle-deep in her pussy, the door opened and two men entered the stairwell. They were both dressed in suits. The first was clean cut, dark hair, chiseled face, handsome and tall and looked to be in his 40s. The second was younger with sandy hair and wire-framed glasses.  
  
"Hey, what's going on here?" the older man asked, no doubt wondering if he had stumbled on some sort of gang rape.  
  
"Hey Walt, right??" Barry said, turning to face the newcomers. He still held Cori in his arms and Wes' fingers made a wet, sucking sound as they pulled out of her pussy.  
  
The man nodded to Barry, indicating that he had the name right, "Yeah, and this is Nate. We work on the third floor -- Billings and Coleston Architecture."  
  
"Sure," Barry said. "See you guys all the time. Look, can you help us keep this quiet?"  
  
"Why, what are you doing to her?" Walt demanded.  
  
"Nothing," Barry said. "Well, not yet anyway. See, this is Cori and she's our new Office Slut in Training."  
  
"Slut?" Walt said.  
  
"Yeah," Barry said. "It's just something we're trying out. One of our sister companies in California has one and they say it works out great. See, you get a pretty coed who needs credits and experience, which she gets. But what do you ever get? A few papers filed, some phone calls answered? Hardly a fair trade. But we realize that even if Cori isn't ready to be an account exec for us, she has skills that are very marketable and valuable. Simply put, she looks amazing and sucks cock like you wouldn't believe. Office morale goes up, there are unbelievable perks for good work and she can close a deal like no salesperson you ever met. Suddenly, she's of as much value to us as we are to her."  
  
"You've got to be kidding," Walt said, catching Cori's gaze, looking for any sign that she was being held against her will. She gave none. "Is this true, Miss?"  
  
"Yes, sir," Cori said. "Well, except for me looking amazing. But yeah, it's a great opportunity, you know? A friend of mine used to tell me that to get ahead in this world, sometimes you had to give some time. And I kinda like it, anyway, so I really don't mind." She giggled like a silly airhead for effect.

"Well, I must say it's pretty unusual, but as long as you're OK with it, I guess it's none of my business."  
  
"We should start that at our work," Nate said enthusiastically. "I mean, Marcia's the only woman we have and she's retiring next summer.  
  
"I recommend it highly," Barry said. "But I'll warn ya, you have to be discreet and really be careful about how you approach the girls. Not all of them are so gung ho, but when you find the right one, you just get a feel for it. We just kinda had a gut feeling about Cori."  
  
"Well, I don't know if it would work for us," Walt said doubtfully, "but we won't stop your fun. There's more people coming in, though, so you guys might want to scoot upstairs. Why are you carrying her, anyway?"  
  
"These," Jason said, snapping one of the straps from her clit to her stockings. "Silly slut can't seem to walk up the steps without stretching her clit down to her knees, so we're helping her out."  
  
"In fact," Barry said. "We could us a couple extra sets of hands. We thought we'd just form a chain and pass her up the stairs. The more guys we have, the less we have to run up to keep things moving. Whaddya say?"  
  
Walt looked at Cori's perfectly toned body, as if weighing the options of just going to work or taking a chance at touching her. He looked at Nate, who was practically drooling by this point. Can't deny the kid a chance, Walt thought to himself. "Sure, we'll help. In fact, if you want, we can get about eight more guys from our office. I'm sure they'd lend a hand too."  
  
"That would be great," Barry said. Nate flipped open his cell phone and called his office. Two minutes later, the two flights of stairs from the first floor to the second were filled with men, two to a step. Barry stood at the bottom of the stairs, holding Cori, preparing to pass her off to Walt and Nate.  
  
"Now, we don't need to be in a big rush," Barry said. "Don't want to get careless and drop her or have anyone tripping on the stairs. Just take your time, make sure you have a good grip on her and pass her on up the line. As soon as you hand her off, start making your way up and take your place at the other end of the line."  
  
While the men were getting organized and Cori began to get an idea of what they had in mind, she flashed to a story a friend of hers had told her about. Her friend, Trudy, had gone to a college with a great football team. One of the student traditions was to lift other students in the air and have them surf the crowd. Well, invariably, petite, attractive women -- which Trudy was -- would get picked up and hoisted in the air, passed row by row to the top of the stadium. Trudy told Cori that she always got picked up and that the guys groped her all the way up, some being as bold as to reach under her skirt, unsnap her bra or reach inside her blouse. Trudy always complained that she didn't like it, but Cori heard from her other friends that they had actually seen Trudy asked to be picked up and that she had even taken to going braless to the games. Cori didn't know who was telling the truth, but she had a feeling she was in for the same treatment Trudy got -- times 10.  
  
Barry handed her over to Nate and Walt, who fumbled around, not sure where to put their hands, obviously torn between putting them where they wanted to and where they should. The result was Nate having one hand under her left shoulder and the other around her torso, his fingers brushing against the underside of her breast. Walt had one hand on her ass cheek and he held the other leg with a firm grip around her upper thigh. Barry squeezed by them, climbing the steps slowly, watching the show as he moved up to take his place at the bottom of the second-floor landing.  
  
Cori was handed gently to two more of the guys from the architectural firm and already the touching grew more brazen. One had both hands on her ass and the other had one arm around her waist and the other across her chest.  
  
Jason and Greg were next and they showed no shyness whatsoever. They clawed at her tits and her pussy and squeezed her between them. "This is a really good handle right here, fellas," Greg announced, showing them that he had three fingers inside her pussy while he gripped her ass with the other hand.  
  
"So are these," Jason added, cupping her breasts from underneath as if he was holding her up by those two cone-shaped handles.  
  
The others certainly took note that nothing was off limits and they reached under her straps and under her skirt to squeeze, pinch and grope all of her juiciest, firmest, hottest and most tender parts. Fingers were forced into her mouth for her to suck and into her pussy and even her ass. Strong hands palmed her breasts and ass cheeks and pussy and playfully snapped and tugged on the straps and chains and clips, watching her clit and nipples dance and twitch like puppets on a string.  
  
It wasn't just one or two guys carrying her at a time anymore. Now, three, four, even five sets of hands were on her at once, the men crowding around, looking, touching, reluctant to let her out of their grasp. It was a slow ascent, but never once did they drop her or spread her legs too far, which would either result in a broken clasp, broken chain, torn strap or torn stockings -- and no doubt some severe pain to her clit. Her pussy purse was accidentally pulled out several times, and with the fight over who got to put it back in, Cori wasn't so sure it was an accident.  
  
Accident or no, she didn't mind. The strong hands and semi-public display were turning her on. She was making a whole bunch of guys happy at once now and all she had to do was let them paw her. Her clit and tits ached, partly from being stretch and partly from desire, but her moist pussy would answer any questions about whether she was enjoying this or not.  
  
Finally, they reached the second floor and Barry was ready for his second turn. "Now hold on a minute, fellas," he said. "I want to try something. Keep holding her up, but turn her so she's face down. Yeah, that's it. OK, now hand her over here. Cori, you're going to need to hold that dildo inside you as tight as you can, understand?"  
  
He didn't wait for an answer, but grabbed onto her thin red suit in two places -- the very top of the spaghetti strap where it connected to the red choker on the back of her neck and the other end of the strap, right before it dipped between her ass cheeks, ending inside her pussy attached to the dildo. Even though the straps were thin, he knew it was strong material. It would hold, he thought, and lifted her by the straps like he used to toss bales of hay held together by thin strands of twine as a teenager. He hoisted her up, lifting her up to his waist. Her body weight now stretched the straps to their maximum and she felt the dildo slipping out of her pussy. She squeezed tighter, picturing how she must look, hanging there, her neck and her pussy and those tiny little spaghetti straps supporting all her weight. The choker squeezed tighter around her neck and Barry called for the others to help lift her back up, knowing that he couldn't carry her like that for long.  
  
The train continued up the next set of stairs, moving slowly but steadily toward the third floor. By now, the clips connecting the thin straps to her nipples had come undone and her breasts were fully exposed. Wes and Douglas had a hold of her skirt and were yanking it down her legs, dropping it over the rail and watching it fall all the way down to the first floor. Cori imagined someone finding it and wondering where it came from. They'd never guess. She just hoped someone grabbed her jacket.  
  
Barry himself undid the clasps between her clit and stockings. By the time they reached the third floor, her stockings were torn and tattered, her clit was free but throbbing, her nipples ached and looked like they were ready to poke someone's eye out at any moment. And most of all, her pussy was an inferno of lust and molten cream, clutching to the dildo like a child holding a teddy bear, yet furious that the damned thing wouldn't move inside her.  
  
The guys must have sensed her peaking lust or maybe they had planned on this anyway, but when they laid her on her back on the cold metal rail along the stairs from the third floor to the fourth and then started spreading her legs, she practically screamed for joy. Someone pulled the dildo out of her pussy and pushed it into her mouth. She sucked on it, waiting for something else to fill the void. There were at least a dozen hard cocks around her, surely someone would stick one in her and help put out this fire.  
  
But it was fingers -- not cocks -- that filled her pussy next. In her lust-addled brain, Cori smelled a trap. Against her wanton desire, she spit out the dildo, kicked her legs and sat up, putting her arms out to steady herself so she wouldn't fall off the rail. Gently, she eased herself down onto the stairs.  
  
"What are you doing?" Barry grinned.  
  
"A good office slut always puts her co-workers' pleasure before her own and asks permission to cum," Cori recited the tenants they had spoken yesterday. She looked at them, hoping someone would step forward and fuck her so she could cum.  
  
"Well, I'll be damned," Walt said. "You've really got her trained, don't you? How long did that take?"  
  
"What's it been," Barry asked Greg, "about half a day?"  
  
"That's about right," Greg nodded.  
  
"You're kidding," Walt said.  
  
"Nope," Barry said. "I think we have ourselves a naturally submissive, eager to please, built to tease Office Slut. Technically, she's supposed to be "in training" for a month, but I think she'll graduate to full-fledged Slut before then."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said, giggling on cue. She knew a good office slut would take this praise as a compliment and wanted to react accordingly.  
  
"You've done such a good job," Jason said, "that I'm going give you what you want." He dropped his pants and stepped forward. He picked her up and lowered her onto his rigid cock. She wrapped her legs around his waist and arms around his neck. "Oh, yes!" she cooed.  
  
Jason started bouncing her up and down on his cock, lifting her up and down as he carried her up the flight of the steps to the landing between the third and fourth floors.  
  
"Hold on a minute," Greg said, turn her this way. Jason turned so he was facing back down the stairs and Cori's back was to the rest of the guys. Jason picked up the dildo, slick with her juice and spit, and mounted the stairs. He spread her ass cheeks and slid the pussy purse into her ass, then reattached the clip from her neck before shoving it all the way in.  
  
"Oh, that's so good," Cori moaned, feeling her ass and pussy filled. She was so wet, so ready. "May I please cum?" she begged.  
  
"Not until your co-worker's have been satisfied first," Barry said. "And since they work in the same building, I think in this instance we can consider our friends from the third floor co-workers too. What do you say, gentlemen, care to take a turn?"  
  
The next thing Cori knew, the dildo was yanked from her ass and Jason, with his cock still hard, was handing her over to two guys from the third floor. They pinned her between them standing up, stuffing their cocks into her ass and pussy.  
  
"Don't you dare cum yet, Cori," Barry said.  
  
Cori forced herself to think of other things, trying to take her mind off the wonderful cocks churning so powerfully inside her, those big throbbers engorged with blood, rigid with lust and bubbling over with white hot cum. She tried to block out the feeling, the image, the sound of balls slapping against wet skin and the smell of cologne and spunk and sweat. She denied all her senses and focused solely on mind over matter. She thought about other things she liked besides sex. Sports. She thought about signing Peggy Stimson, the young golf star, and becoming a legitimate part of the company. She thought about Halloween and scary movies and parties. She thought about home and the Body Shop. She thought about clothes and school.  
  
Different cocks kept being removed and plugged in as they all took turns. She was certain they had all been in her ass and pussy at least once each now, yet no one was cumming. How could this be? She lost all track of time. She had forced herself into a nearly comatose state, blocking everything out to try to will her body to not cum until every one of these guys -- how many was it? She counted them in her head. Eight from the third floor plus her five co-workers. Thirteen. She had to wait for thirteen cocks to erupt. Then and only then could she let herself go. Oh, what were they waiting for? She heard their voices, but wasn't listening. Listening meant the sound of grunts and wet, sticky flesh and moans and slapping balls. It meant probably dirty talk. She imagined them calling her slut and whore and bitch and had to stop thinking about it or she'd cum.  
  
"I can't believe she hasn't cum yet," Barry said, holding his throbbing cock while he watched two others ream her out. Barry had urged everyone to go as long as they could without cumming and so far everyone had managed to pull out just in time, cooling off while they awaited another turn. But he knew he couldn't last much longer and neither could the others. They had put her to the test and she was passing with flying colors. Finally, he said, "Let her have it, boys."  
  
Cori had blocked all that out, but her mind clicked back to the present when she felt cum shooting into her pussy. She felt the thick shaft spewing the gooey stuff inside her, then felt the cock in her ass delivering a similar load. They pulled out and she slid to the floor, aware that two more cocks were aimed at her face. Moments later, they had splattered her with thick loads that left strands of white jism across the bridge of her nose and both eyelids. More cum followed and she quietly counted as cocks five, six, seven and eight blasted her face. She could feel cum in her eyelashes, tickling the inside her nose and even dripping off her ear lobes. She knew some was in her hair and her tits were covered with the stuff. The next two loads were sprayed in her mouth and she swallowed them accordingly. Her body tensed. Only three more to go. Then, hopefully they'd let her cum. She arched her back and felt the sparks still flying in an imaginary triangle from her nipples to her clit and back again.  
  
Another cock was stuffed between her tits and sprayed cum right up her nostrils, clogging them and forcing her to breath through her mouth, which was then filled with cock number 12, a massively thick beast that she nearly choked on before swallowing a massive load out of lust and a desperation to clear her airway. The last cock was in her ass, then yanked out and pushed in her mouth. She was aware of the oohs and ahhs from the crowd now, no doubt excited to see a girl take a cock from her ass to her mouth. Watching her deep throat that cock and then swallow the load was surely a treat too.  
  
Only when she was done with all thirteen did she allow her senses to fully re-engage as she looked at her co-workers and begged them through cum-covered eyes and with cum-covered lips, "Please, may I cum now?"  
  
"Please, put that poor girl out of her misery," Walt said.  
  
"Yep, I think it's time," Barry agreed. He and Jason picked her up in a seated position, each holding a leg. With her arms around their shoulders, she was sitting on them like a chair. "Walt, would you do the honors?"  
  
Walt took the big dildo and stood in front of them. Barry and Jason spread her legs and Walt drove the dildo home inside her, slamming it back and forth as fast as he could while Cori squirmed and moaned and ground her hips, fucking that dildo for all she was worth. She lifted herself up and down on it while Walt held it in place. Cori's senses were on full alert now and she smelled the sex in the room -- her juices and theirs. She tasted their warm semen in her mouth. She felt the sticky stuff on her skin and that thick dildo ramming her pussy. She saw the men all watching her, mesmerized and she heard them talking, using the words she had imagined -- slut, whore, cunt, bitch. She heard them cheering her on and she heard her pussy wetly slurping on that dildo.  
  
Finally, she felt her orgasm hit, heard her own muffled cries of joy, smelled her release, tasted it in the air and saw stars as she nearly blacked out. Her orgasm overwhelmed her senses and soon she was cumming again, a second, even more powerful orgasm that finally quenched her lust.  
  
She slumped against the wall when they sat her down and looked up at Barry, who was smiling and shaking his head. "Not a good way for you to start," Barry said.  
  
"What do you mean?" Cori asked. "I waited and I asked permission."  
  
"The first time, but you came twice, my dear," Barry scolded. "We've all only had the pleasure once. You owe us. Oh, and it's 9:15 and you haven't even showed up for work yet. Looks like you're going to have to make up those hours sometime this week."  
  
"Yes, sir," Cori grinned. "I've been a bad office slut, haven't I? Will I be punished?"  
  
"Oh, you can count on it," Barry grinned, slapping her ass as she walked up the final flight of stairs on her own and finally entered the office for the first time that day. She was followed by 13 men, many of whom were still zipping up their pants. With Barry's permission, Cori made a beeline for the restroom and cleaned up, washing the cum from her face and breasts and doing her best to get the worst of it from her hair. When she came out, the architects had left, though they had promised to return at lunch time and maybe on occasional breaks. Cori's jacket was on her desk, but she didn't see her skirt.  
  
"Anyone know where my skirt is?" she asked. She had re-attached the clips to her nipples and clit. With her hair a bit tussled, fishnets torn in several places and several red marks on her body from the grabbing and groping, she looked disheveled and slutty, but still strikingly gorgeous.  
  
"I just called downstairs," Jason said. "Someone picked it up and left it at the guard station."  
  
Cori looked down at herself, seeing mostly bare tits and completely bare pussy. She assumed one of the guys would go get it for her and they might let her wear the skirt for a while. She assumed wrong.  
  
"Guess you better go get it," Greg said.  
  
"Like this?" Cori asked.  
  
"No, you can wear your jacket. Oh, and you better take your purse with you." Greg inserted the dildo back into her tender pussy and re-attached the clip joining the end of the dildo to her neck collar.  
  
Cori put on the jacket and took the elevator to the lobby, happy to see that it was vacant at the moment. She walked carefully to Harold's desk, taking short strides to avoid irritating her now mildly raw clit. "Hi," she beamed, doing her best not to look like a girl who just got gang-banged by 13 men, was basically naked underneath her jacket and had a dildo lodged in her pussy. It wasn't an easy look to pull off, but Cori's dazzling smile and bright eyes provided at least some distraction.  
  
"Do you happen to have my skirt down here?" she didn't realize how silly that would sound until she said it. The obvious question in anyone's mind would be, if you're not wearing your skirt, what are you wearing? And why did you take it off? That's why they had wanted to send her down to get it herself -- to try to embarrass her by making her ask for her own clothes.  
  
"Well, I think so," Harold said, eyeing her carefully. Cori wondered if he would notice any of the marks. Surely, he had to suspect something was going on. A girl didn't just walk in with a skirt on and then lose it in the stairway without there being a helluva story behind it. "Mind if I ask how you lost it?"  
  
"Long story," Cori said, unable to think up a credible story off the top of her head. She should have thought this through before she came downstairs. "One of those silly things. You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Mm-hmm," Harold said, obviously skeptical. "Well, how do I know this is yours?"  
  
"It's black right?" Cori asked. "Pretty small."  
  
"Yeah," Harold said. "Too small, I'd say, even for you. I assumed it was a little girl's -- you know, it fell out of her mom's gym bag or something."  
  
Gym bag. Cori, kicked herself. That could have been a credible lie -- it wasn't what she was wearing, but in a bag of clothes she planned to change into later. It would have worked. No questions. But it was too late now. She'd hinted at something much more with her "long story" comment.  
  
Harold cocked his head and studied her. Cori glanced away, uncomfortable. She felt like he was seeing right through her.  
  
"I think you need to try this on and make sure it's yours," he said.  
  
"Um, OK," Cori said.  
  
"You can use my office," Harold said, getting up and walking to a door a few feet away from his lobby desk. He opened the door and Cori shuffled in. To her surprise, he closed the door behind them and flipped the lock.  
  
"Um, are you going to watch me?" she asked.  
  
"Unless you want to tell me the truth," he said.  
  
"I don't know what you mean."  
  
"If you don't want to tell me, that's fine, but you're not getting this back without the truth or some proof that it fits." He tossed the skirt to her and Cori looked at him, sighed and rolled her eyes. Here we go again, she thought. She started to step into the skirt, but Harold stopped her, "Take off the jacket so I can actually see. You are wearing underwear, right?"  
  
"Well, sort of, I guess," Cori said.  
  
"Then it's no big deal. Do it," Harold said.  
  
Cori reluctantly unzipped her jacket and slid it off, watching Harold's eyes as she revealed herself to him. If he was surprised or aroused or disgusted, he didn't show it. His stoic face revealed no emotion. He didn't ogle, but he also didn't turn away. He watched her pull on the skirt, no doubt noting that it actually hid nothing, though it did technically fit. He nodded as she put her jacket back on, "Well, I can see why they don't want any visitors up there this week."  
  
"Um, yeah," Cori said, "it's been kind of a crazy week. I'm sure it will be back to normal next week when Mrs. Benson gets back." She wasn't so sure, of course, but she wasn't sure what Harold was going to do. Unlike most men, she couldn't read him.  
  
"I see," he said, not hiding his skepticism. He obviously didn't buy that there was anything normal about Cori's job. Then he leaned forward, looking directly into her eyes. "Now, listen to me. I may be just a security guard, but I've been around a little. I know what's what. I know you don't trust me yet, but I want you to know you can. If you're doing whatever you're doing of your own accord, that's fine. None of my business how you live your life or get ahead. But if you're being forced to do something, you can tell me. If they threatened you or told you not to tell, don't worry, I won't make a move and tip your hand until the time is right. But I'm on your side and you can trust me. I won't let anyone harm you if you give me the sign. Understood?"  
  
"Yes," Cori said. His steely blue eyes reflected a man who had seen a lot -- not all of it pleasant -- and she still couldn't read his emotion or what he was thinking, but his unwavering gaze and his calm, strong voice gave her the sense that he was a man she could truly trust. "Thank you. Everything's fine right now. But if it's not, how can you guarantee my safety?"  
  
"Why, because I'm a rent-a-cop?" he chuckled. "Well, let's just say I used to be a lot more than that. I was in the Marines, then I worked SWAT for 10 years. Hurt my knee in a training drill and that was that. They offered me a desk job, but I took early retirement and this job. I can't run any marathons any more, but I still know how to spot trouble and how to deal with it and I have friends who can do any muscle work, if you know what I mean."  
  
"I see," Cori said. "That's very good to know. As you can imagine, a girl can never have too many people watching her back."  
  
"When you walk through here, everyone watches your back," Harold chuckled. "Even me. You're a beautiful young lady. That can be a blessing or a curse. Some appreciate beauty, some try to control it or even abuse it."  
  
"I know that's true," Cori nodded. "It's a thin line sometimes, too. I..." she stopped before she told him everything, surprised that she had come so close. She was ready to give him her life story and ask for his advice after only 10 minutes in a closed room. Was he that convincing as a trustworthy guy or was she just that desperate to find someone to feel safe with, to trust?  
  
"Can you wink?" Harold broke the awkward silence, grinning at her for the first time.  
  
"Um, yeah," Cori said, winking her left eye, then her right, giggling self-consciously.  
  
"I can see you're not going to say anything today and that's fine, but if things ever get hairy, you just give me two winks with either eye. And if you're upstairs and things don't feel right in the office, just pick up the phone, dial 21 and just say 'Hey, is Mr. Green down there?' It will seem like you're checking on a client's arrival, but I'll know. I'll play it cool, no violence or big scenes unless it's necessary. But I'll take care of you. Got it?"  
  
"Yes," she said. "Thank you so much. I really appreciate it. I have a friend who really watches my back at home. He's terrific. But I can't tell you how much safer I feel already knowing you're on my side here."  
  
"No problem. Now, you better get back up there. I imagine they'll be waiting for you."  
  
Cori gave him a quick hug and left, shuffling back to the elevator, happy that no one joined her for her return trip up to the fourth floor.  
  
When she got off the elevator, Douglas greeted her by the reception desk, reaching for her jacket. "What's the matter, didn't want to try the steps again?" he joked a bit crudely, but Cori laughed anyway, taking off her jacket and handing it to him. "Probably a good idea -- I heard they were a bit slippery anyway. Something about some sort of liquid spilled all over."  
  
They both laughed and went into the office, where all of the guys were at their desks, actually working. They were making calls, checking emails, like a normal work day. Obviously, the previous gang bang had taken the edge off a bit and they were able to focus on their jobs, at least for a little while. When Douglas led her to her desk and said that he'd help her "get hooked up," though, she figured something was up. They weren't about to let their new Office Slut actually work or relax for a while.  
  
"OK," Douglas said. "Before you sit down, I'm going to unsnap some of your clips. He unclipped the suit from her breasts and the stockings from her clit. He even removed her pussy purse and took her suit all the way off, leaving the black skirt on. He bent down and ripped off the last of her tattered stockings, leaving her only in the skirt and heels.  
  
"Thank you," Cori said, knowing that it sounded odd to be thanking someone for taking her clothes off, but the relief on her engorged clit and nipples was welcomed however it was achieved.  
  
"You're welcome," he said. "Now, I need to put this in you. I'm sure you'll find it more comfortable than that chain and dildo." He held up a small silver circle that looked like a watch battery or some sort of computer chip. It was mounted on a small piece of curved plastic with a snap on the end of it. "I have to attach it to your clit ring to keep it in place and to enable us to pull it out easily, but it won't pull much if at all, OK?"  
  
"OK," Cori said, game for whatever they had in mind. She had started the day ready to perform, had done so and now had the reassurance that Harold was a simple phone call away. As long as I'm safe, let the boys play, she reminded herself.  
  
Douglas snapped the end of the plastic piece to her clit and Cori realized that the bend of the plastic was specifically designed to curve the other end of the device with the circular chip right between her pussy lips. Sure enough, Douglas pushed the chip just inside her pussy, pressing it against the inside, close to her G spot.  
  
"Now, as long as you're seated, that shouldn't move much, but when you're up, moving around, that clip will help hold it in place. The plastic is strong enough that the sensor is basically mounted on a post."  
  
"OK," Cori said. "What's the sensor for?"  
  
"You'll see," Douglas smiled. "Now, if you'll have a seat, please."  
  
Cori sat in her comfortable leather chair, surprised to see that, in this seated position, her skirt actually covered most of her pussy. Douglas showed her a pretty red scarf that would have gone well with her outfit and wrapped it loosely around her neck, then looped it around the height adjust knob on the back of the chair. "A good Office Slut maintains good posture," he said. "As part of your training, this will help. In time, head back, chest out, stomach in will become automatic whether you're standing, sitting or whatever."  
  
Cori tested her range of motion and found that she had very little. She could lean her head forward just enough to look at her computer screen and desktop, but she only had an inch or two to work with, though she could turn her head fully to each side. It didn't hurt at all, but this would be uncomfortable for a long stretch of time. She had a feeling Douglas wasn't done, and he wasn't.  
  
"A good slut remains, um, ready at all times and stays at her desk until summoned elsewhere," Douglas said. "To help you stay put and remain ready, we're going to give you these." He held up two separate chains that each looked to be about two feet long. They were both gold and small -- about the diameter of a woman's necklace. She noticed two hooks had been mounted to the top edges of her computer and understood what was coming. Douglas attached one end of each chain to the hooks on the top two corners of her computer screen and attached the other ends to her nipple rings. The chains were pretty taut, but there was a small amount of slack -- until Douglas pushed her chair back and locked the wheels in place. Now, the chains were taut and her nipples were fully extended once more. Plus, since the top of the computer monitor was a bit above her chest, her nipples were now angled upward at about a 30 degree angle.  
  
It didn't hurt, but Cori wished she could ease the tension on her nipples by sliding forward a few inches. But with the wheels locked, the chair wouldn't budge and her neck restraint wouldn't allow her to lean forward.  
  
"Looking good," Douglas said. "Feel OK?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori said. "It's fine. Thank you."  
  
"Good. Now, you know a good office slut is always available, so we've got to spread those pretty legs, don't we?"  
  
"Of course," Cori smiled, parting her thighs. Douglas knelt down and pulled her left leg out to the left a couple feet until he was able to tie a ribbon around her ankle strap and the leg of the desk. He did the same with the right leg. Her stilettos were still flat on the floor, but her legs were now spread wide and her pussy in full view. Her movement was very limited and it was clear they wanted her that way. She didn't put up a fuss because she suspected it wouldn't be long before they'd untie her in order to fuck her again. This was just a case of her co-workers having fun with their new sex toy.  
  
"It's going to be hard to work like this," Cori grinned. She reached out and could just touch the keyboard and her phone was completely out of reach. Douglas moved it to the edge of the desk where she could reach it. "Would you mind answering this today? I've got a ton of paperwork to catch up on."  
  
"Of course," Cori said, happy to help with any sort of real work.  
  
"Thanks," Douglas grinned. "I better get back to my desk. Don't go away!" They both laughed at his little joke and Cori sat, looking around, wondering if the others were going to come take a look. To her surprise, they didn't. They glanced her way, sure, but they kept working, content to let her be eye-candy for the time being.  
  
She forgot about the sensor in her pussy until it started to buzz. Douglas had known what he was doing, managing to put it right on her G spot. She felt the pleasurable surge course through her and her pussy begin to respond almost immediately. The phone rang and Cori reached to pick it up, but no one was on the other end. She hung it up and enjoyed the buzzing in her pussy. If this was their idea of punishing her for cumming twice earlier, punish me all day, Cori thought to herself. Then, just as abruptly as it started, the buzzing stopped. Cori was disappointed, but thought little of it. Probably a short in the stupid thing. Otherwise, it would have started sooner, right? Should she tell Douglas the vibrator didn't work? No, best just to leave it be, she thought.  
  
She managed to open her email and was about to respond to a question about how things were going from Ty when the buzzing started again. She wanted to shift her hips, but her restraints made it tough and she was afraid movement might cause it to short out again. She held still, letting the naughty little buzzer ignite her pussy. The phone rang again and she answered it, pausing before she spoke, aware that she was breathing a little heavy.  
  
"Good morning, Benson Sports Marketing," she said cheerily, her chipper voice buoyed by an increasingly happy pussy. "How may I help you?" The buzzing stopped and she took a message for Ted and hung up, wriggling her hips as much as she could now, trying to get that darn vibrator to start back up. She looked around at the guys, wondering if they were controlling it remotely somehow, but if anyone was doing it, they had a great poker face. Plus, she assumed they thought the little thing was buzzing all the time. Maybe she'd tell them if any of them ever came over to talk to her.  
  
She went back to her email, occasionally shifting to try to re-start her joyride, but nothing happened and she wondered if the battery was completely dead. A half hour passed with no buzzing, no visits from her co-workers, no phone calls. Her back was getting tired and her nipples were tingly and nearly numb from the extensive over-stimulation already today. She was thirsty and tried to make eye contact with one of her co-workers, who maddeningly continued to ignore her. She knew it was a game and they wouldn't hold back for long, but she really did want to get something to drink, walk around and talk to someone. At least if the phone would ring, there would be something...  
  
The buzzing started again, surprising Cori so much she jerked in her seat, small jolts of pain running through her breasts as the chains pulled tight. She sat still and pain melted quickly, replaced by the soothing warmth of a pulsing pussy. The phone rang again and she picked it up, but there was another hang up. Fine, she thought, just let me focus on this...  
  
It stopped again and she slammed the phone in the receiver harder than she intended. Frustration was setting in. Nothing she wanted was in her reach -- a drink, a way to get up, a friend to talk to or a damn battery to make this vibrator work. Any of these things would have calmed her. Being denied all four was frustrating. What kind of stupid vibrator was that anyway? Always shorting out. Cheap piece of....  
  
Then it hit her. The phone. It always rang when it was buzzing. But the buzzing started first, right? And she was sure the phone had stopped ringing several seconds before the buzzing stopped. Must be coincidence, she thought. Still, she looked at her co-workers suspiciously, noticing Douglas pick up the phone. Seconds later, her pussy buzzed, followed quickly by the phone ringing. She picked up, Douglas hung up, her pussy still buzzed for about 10 more seconds, then it stopped too.  
  
That's it, she thought. When the phone rings, it makes the vibrator start. The vibrator probably receives the signal instantly and that's why it feels like it's buzzing before the phone rings. Then, it must be on some delay -- about 10 seconds or so after the phone stops ringing -- before it does. Well, the only questions now were, how long would they torment her like this and would they ultimately allow her to cum or not? And if they did, how long would that damn phone have to be ringing?  
  
This, she realized, must be the punishment for her crime of cumming without permission. They bound her and now were tormenting and teasing her in far worse and more maddening ways than she ever did to any man with her tantalizing outfits. She had been afraid they were going to spank her or something, but knew Harris wouldn't appreciate any lasting marks on her and was glad they hadn't gone that route. Still, it might be better than this, which was driving her crazy.  
  
She picked up the phone and called Douglas. "Yes," he said. "Do you need something?"  
  
"Yes, sir," she said, playing subservient role to let him know she knew her place. "I was wondering if I might please be able to get up and get a drink of water?"  
  
"I'm afraid I can't let you up, but I'll bring you a drink," Douglas said. "How about some coffee?"  
  
"Sounds good," Cori said, thinking that the hot beverage would help take off the chill -- it was a little cool in here with almost nothing on. "Thank you, sir."  
  
Douglas came in a few minutes later carrying a cup of coffee. "Cream?" he asked.  
  
"Yes, please," she said, unwillingly stepping into his trap.  
  
"OK," he unzipped his fly and presented his cock to her.  
  
"Got me on that one, didn't you?" she said. "Mmm, but that's the best kind of cream there is. Sure you didn't run out earlier this morning?"  
  
"Never," Douglas said. "But I might need some help getting it for you. Can you lend a hand?"  
  
"Sure," Cori said. Douglas handed her bottle of lotion and Cori dumped out a generous portion while he unclipped her right breast and stepped over her right leg. He now stood between her chair and the desk. Her left nipple was still pulled taut by the chain and her right nipple was at the mercy of his hand, which held that chain and could yank it at anytime. She reached for him and took his cock in her hands, gently stroking him while he caressed her breasts.  
  
"I forgot to ask, how was your trip downstairs," he asked.  
  
"Good," Cori said, looking up at the most handsome of the men she worked with. She'd had sex with plenty of unattractive men before, but Douglas certainly wasn't one of them. Douglas was very good-looking and it wasn't hard for her to want to please him or be excited about simply touching his cock, which was impressive both in terms of size and firmness. He was steely hard and she wanted to taste him. She knew she had yesterday and this morning, but the group settings and frantic groping had made it hard for her to focus on who's cock was who's. But right now, Douglas' was the only one in her sight and she was very drawn to it -- it felt so hard in her hands and she loved touching that rubbery mushroom head. It was big, but not too big and she wanted to feel it on her tongue or, better yet, in her pussy.  
  
"Harold's very nice," she added, remembering that she hadn't really answered her question about going downstairs.  
  
"Do you think he suspected anything?"  
  
"Nah," Cori lied. Douglas seemed OK, but best not to let him or anyone know that Harold was looking out for her. If they did have ulterior motives and knew Harold was on her side, it would be much easier for them to plan around him. "I mean, I'm sure he wondered why I didn't have a skirt, but I told him I dropped it out of my gym bag. He was busy, so I don't think he thought much about it."  
  
He unclipped her other breast and she thought he was going to get her up and fuck her. She hoped so. But no, he wrapped both nipple chains around his fists, stepped forward and tucked his cock between her breasts. She dumped more lotion on her breasts and his cock and he squeezed between them, sliding his cock up toward her chin while pressing hard on the outsides of her breasts, wrapping his cock in firm, warm tit meat. Normally, she would have bent her head to kiss and lick the head, but her neck restraint prevented her. He continued titty fucking her for a few minutes, then stepped back and gave her the cup of coffee. Then, aiming carefully, he gave her not one but three full shots of cream. Cori used the stir stick to mix it in, noting the bit of creamy foam that surfaced.

"Thanks for the coffee and cream," she smiled, sipping it slowly, watching him watch her drink his cum. "I could get addicted to this stuff."  
  
"Coffee or cum?" he asked.  
  
"Yes," she smiled, licking a bit of the "cream" off her upper lip. "Get everyone to chip in tomorrow and I'll drink a pot of this stuff." She giggled and Douglas told her that might be possible.  
  
Her pussy buzzed suddenly and Cori jerked, spilling some of the coffee on her right nipple. Luckily, it had cooled considerably while Douglas had tit-fucked her and it actually felt warm and pleasant on her skin. She reached for the phone even before it started ringing. It was another hang up and she looked around, catching Jason setting his phone down.  
  
"You're on to us, huh?" Douglas grinned. "Smart girl."  
  
"You guys are driving me crazy," Cori admitted. "At first I thought it had a short in it or something, but I finally figured it out. Just let it ring for about 15 minutes, please!" She laughed and Douglas did too.  
  
"You're already one cum ahead of everyone -- except me now," he said. "So unless you want even more trouble, you better keep your little cunt cool. If that thing overheats again and you cum without permission ... well, that's bad news for an Office Slut who's still in training."  
  
He smiled and Cori knew -- or at least thought she knew -- he was kidding. But she'd been in plenty of situations where she thought she knew and had been wrong. A horny man was easy to predict in one way -- he was thinking of pussy and nothing else -- but impossible in others, because some of them lost all rationality when their cocks got hard. Even the most normal, calm, decent guys could become unpredictable lunatics. What started out as a joke about punishment could very easily become real if she wasn't careful. She had to watch for warning signs and keep things loose -- be playful but submissive, she reminded herself. The way they had been playing with her bonds and rings made it clear they wanted her to be subservient and sexy. It was her intention to give them exactly what they wanted. She was glad they didn't want her to resist -- that could be fun at times, but also dangerous. Playing like a helpless victim could turn to reality in a flash in the hands of a guy whose line between fantasy and reality became blurred by lusty eyes. The combination of faux innocence, sexy tease and happy submissive was much safer to play and so far that was the role she was in.  
  
"Are you good at multi-tasking?" Greg asked, coming out of his office and approaching them. "A good office slut is good at multi-tasking."  
  
"I guess so," Cori said. "What do you need me to do?"  
  
"I need these letters typed into Word documents," he said, handing her a stack of papers. "Can you do that and still answer the phones and look hot?"  
  
"I think so," Cori said. "I'm not sure about looking hot, but the typing and phone I can definitely do."  
  
"Can you do it bent over with a cock in your cunt?" he asked, untying her from the chair and unzipping his pants.  
  
"Of course," Cori said. "Anything you need, sir."  
  
Cori put her hands shoulder-width apart on her desk and bent over at the waist, spreading her legs. The stocky man pulled the little vibrator out of her pussy and set it on her back while he stepped forward and entered her slowly and steadily. Thanks to the vibrator, Cori -- as usual -- was wet and warm and her pussy gave his cock a tight but welcome reception. She kept her legs straight, knees locked, feet firmly planted, her weight resting on her elbows and hands.  
  
She felt him removed the vibrator from her back and then felt him leaning forward over her, filling his hands with her tits. She could feel the metallic button in his hands and knew what was coming next. Her left nipple started vibrating, her entire breast jiggling from the small but powerful device. The phone rang. Douglas was calling the office line from his cell phone. No one picked it up and it rang seven times before finally defaulting to the company voice mail. But the buzzing on her nipple never stopped and Cori realized that Wes had called on his phone and she saw Douglas hitting redial. Greg kept fucking while he shifted the buzzer from one nipple to the other, then put it on her ass cheeks, then finally pressed it against her clit.  
  
He was fucking her hard now with short, powerful thrusts that nearly knocked her off balance. His cock felt great. The vibrator felt great and she was trembling as she struggled to maintain her composure, needing to keep her legs straight and stay balanced even as he pounded her harder. Just as he was nearing his climax and she hers, the phones stopped ringing. She almost swore, but caught herself and kept rocking against him, but then he pulled out. He held the little vibrator against the underside of his cock and pushed both inside her, pressing the vibrator between her pussy and the underside of his cock. Then he started again. Cori looked around to see if anyone would call, give both of them a nice nudge toward climax. But no one did.  
  
Then, they both felt the buzzing. Cori looked around, but no one was calling from within the office. The phone rang. Cori was panting now, nearing her climax. She didn't want to answer the phone because she didn't want the vibrator to stop and she didn't want to try to talk right now. "Answer it," Barry said flatly.  
  
Cori tried to steady her breathing, then reached for the phone. "Benson Sp...ugh...Sports Marketing," she gasped in the middle as Greg gave her a particularly hard thrust. The vibrating stopped. "How may I help you?"  
  
"I need to speak to Greg, please," the man's voice on the other end said.  
  
"Uh ... oh," Cori grunted. Jason and Barry were now rubbing her breasts, no doubt enjoying her struggle to maintain her composure. "Um, I'm sorry, sir, but he's in the middle of something at the moment. May I take a message for him?"  
  
"Do you have any idea how long he'll be?"  
  
"It feels, um, I mean looks like he's almost done," Cori gasped. She had indeed felt Greg stiffen inside her, his balls drawing up tight, his mushroom head flexing as it prepared to launch. "Can I have him call you back?"  
  
"Sure, please have him call ..." just as Cori started to write down the man's name and number, Greg pulled out. Distracted by the call, Cori's orgasm had been derailed, but Greg finished strong, spraying a wide load across her ass and lower back. On cue, Cori said, "Oh sir, he just finished. If you'll hold, he'll be right with you."  
  
Greg moved to her desk, taking the phone from her while motioning for her to suck him clean. "Yes, this is Greg," he said. "Sorry for the wait. What's that? Yes, she's our new Office Slu.... I mean intern. Yeah, she's as pretty as she sounds. She's actually doing a job for me right now."  
  
Cori sucked on his cock head, extracting a few more precious drops of cum, which she happily swallowed for him. Then she pressed his cock up towards his belly and licked the underside, wondering what had happened to the vibrator. Greg hung up the phone and her pussy buzzed -- question answered. It was still inside her. Though now that it wasn't connected to her clit, it was much deeper than before. It felt good, but not as powerful as it had closer to her G spot. She wasn't worried about getting it out. She had a feeling any of her co-workers would be happy to retrieve it for her.  
  
Barry answered the phone and, as much fun as she was having, she still wasn't disappointed to hear that the architects weren't going to be able to make it for lunch after all. Barry invited them to the Halloween party and hung up. "Looks like it's just you and us for the rest of the day," he said. "Wore those architects out. He's right, they couldn't handle a girl like you all day everyday. Now me, on the other hand..."  
  
"How may I please you, sir?" was all Cori asked.  
  
"I think she's learning, fellas," Barry grinned. "Come on, let's go to lunch. My treat."  
  
They all started for the door, but Cori hesitated. "Um, I need to clean up first," she said. "And, well, what am I supposed to wear. I mean, we talked about discretion, right?"  
  
"You think you were discreet this morning?" Barry chuckled. "Come on, everyone knows the deal. But look, if it makes you feel better, I can assure you no one will think twice about your attire. Go clean up and put on your jacket."  
  
Cori went to the restroom and washed the remnants of cum from her body, removed the little buzzer from her pussy and touched up her hair and makeup as best she could. So, she would going out in heels, a skirt that might as well not be there and a jacket that clung to her like Saran wrap and offered precious little coverage -- and was only a quick zipper tug away from being removed. She had been in public in that little or less before, so that part wasn't so bad. It was just the idea that she had more on the line now -- her job, her scholarship, Harris' job, even Ty's job. If the wrong person saw her, it could all be gone. And these selfish pricks were putting that all at risk. No use trying to blackmail them. Clearly, they had less fear about losing their jobs or girlfriends than she had expected. Or they had just lost their common sense. Either way, there was no way around this lunch trip. She'd just have to hope Barry was right.  
  
From his comments, Cori suspected they were heading to a strip club and that was indeed the case. There was one on the other side of town that had a free lunch buffet. Cori liked the idea of it being on the other side of town and her hopes rose that no one would put two and two together.  
  
"I'll drive," Barry said. "If someone's willing to let Cori sit on their lap, we can all ride in one car."  
  
Everyone laughed, knowing that all five of them were more than happy to hold their plaything on their lap. They took the elevator down and Barry put his arm around her waist, leading her out through the lobby. He squeezed her waist, causing her jacket to ride up a bit and Cori felt the bottom edge hugging her ass and knew that at least a third of her cheeks were exposed. A few heads turned in the lobby, including Harold's. She gave him a smile, but no winks, and avoided eye contact with the others, though she heard a few comments and whispers and chuckles that she was certain were in regard to her.  
  
It was raining outside, harder than in the morning, and Barry said, "Why don't you stay here, Cori, and I'll pick you up"  
  
"Oh thank you," Cori said, pleased by his gentlemanly offer. Her smile turned to a frown, however, when all five guys walked across the parking lot, leaving her standing alone outside the glass doors to the building.  
  
She knew anyone in the lobby could see her, plain as day and started to tug her jacket down as discreetly as she could, but Barry turned and yelled back, "Don't touch it, Cori." She knew what he meant and stopped, clasping her hands together in front of her. She couldn't move away from the front windows without standing in the rain. The guys walked slowly -- on purpose she was sure -- and she sensed movement behind her, inside the building. She didn't want to look. She kept her eyes down, not looking at the people who gawked at her as they entered and left the building.  
  
It was chilly and damp out and her legs and ass cheeks were cold. The thin jacket offered little warmth and her nipples were rigid from the cold. She stood with her heels together, hugging herself, waiting for the car that finally came. She jumped to the door as Douglas opened it. Barry was driving and Greg was in the passenger seat. Wes, Jason and Douglas were in the back seat, grinning. Obviously they had enjoyed watching her be put on display and were no doubt looking forward to a long car ride.  
  
"It might be easiest if you just lay down across us," Douglas said, patting his lap. Cori considered this and realized that in order to do so, she'd have to bend over at the waist, lean in and then slide onto their laps. This would completely expose her ass and pussy for several seconds. She glanced behind her, not surprised to see about a dozen men in the window in the lobby, all staring right at her. Well, two ways to approach it, she thought.  
  
She gave them a big smile, blew them and kiss and bent over, taking her time, giving them the show that they no doubt would be high-fiving each other over all afternoon. Douglas grabbed her jacket zipper and slid it all the way down, pushing the jacket down her arms and off her back as she slid across their laps. Douglas closed the door and pulled Cori onto his lap. He pressed the button, lowering his window and pushed her toward the door. "Show them," he said. Cori cupped her breasts and held them out the window, pointing her tits right at the crowd of onlookers in the lobby. Finally, Barry pulled away, Douglas tossed the jacket out the window and Wes and Jason pulled her down across their laps.  
  
"Hey, my jacket," Cori protested.  
  
"Don't worry," Douglas laughed. "I'm sure someone will turn it in to lost and found -- half the building saw me throw it out. They'll probably be lined up fighting for the chance to give it back to you when we get back."  
  
"Returning valuable property usually comes with a reward," Barry said. "What do you have to offer a gentlemen doing such a kind and noble deed, dear Cori?"  
  
"I'll think of something," Cori laughed, partly because it was so absurd the situations they kept putting her in and partly because her three co-workers were tickling her. Their prying fingers dug under her armpits, inside her thighs, on her belly and behind her knees. Douglas pulled her heels off and tickled her feet. Cori squirmed and twisted, giggling and laughing at their childish attack on her. But as her breasts and ass and thighs rolled across their bodies, she felt their cocks hardening, poking at her through their trousers. Amidst the laughter in the car -- they were all having a blast -- she heard zippers and soon she felt the smooth flesh of hard penises against her skin as she wriggled in their laps.  
  
As their cocks grew harder and she felt the sticky precum begin to seep out, the tickling slowed and they began caressing her body, stroking her thighs, lightly rubbing her pussy, teasing their fingertips across her nipples. After the intense tickle session, this soft, gentle treatment felt especially good and Cori nestled her body into their laps, finding comfort against their warm bodies.  
  
She looked at the men above her. Her feet were on Douglas' lap and he was stroking her legs while he put his handsome cock between her feet. She found herself drawn to his stunning good looks once again, thinking that he could be a model. His girlfriend was gorgeous too and she felt more than a pang of guilt about her involvement in the infidelity of these men. She wasn't sure there was much she could have done differently, but being a home wrecker or mistress was completely distasteful to her. She had no desire to hurt another woman or ruin a relationship.  
  
Jason was in the middle seat and he was stroking her belly and thighs and pussy. His cock was tucked between her thighs, the shaft barely brushing against her pussy lips. He was above average looking, tall and slender with an athletic build and confident smile. He was the most cocky of the group. By contrast, Wes was the least confident and probably the least attractive, though certainly not ugly. He was kind of pale and lacked the muscle tone his co-workers had. He was shy, too, and Cori noted that the others seemed to look down on him a bit. But he was stroking her hair and gently squeezing her breasts while his cock rested against her shoulder. She looked up at him and was caught off guard by his blue eyes gazing at her in a dreamy way she wasn't accustomed to seeing from men. She smiled at him and he smiled back, a warm, genuine smile and for an instant there was a connection between just the two of them.  
  
The moment was interrupted by Barry's loud voice announcing they were almost there, but Cori blinked, wondering what that odd look between her and Wes was about. For that brief moment, she had felt like a schoolgirl gazing into her boyfriend's eyes at prom. It felt sweet and innocent, two things she hadn't felt with a man in a long time. Odd time to feel it, too, she thought sarcastically, considering you just had a gang bang with 13 mean, showed your pussy to half the building and are now naked in a car with five men.  
  
Still, there was no denying something had just happened. Cori turned her head toward his body, his cock now slipping off her should and touching her cheek. She looked up at him, hoping for another good look at those pretty eyes, but he turned her head a little further and pressed the head of his cock against her lips. Still not taking her eyes off his, she sucked on his swollen head. He looked at her with what she would have sworn was love -- not lust -- in his eyes and she twirled her tongue around his shaft, wishing she could ask him if he was really thinking what his eyes were saying.  
  
"This must be about the best day of your life," Jason said to Wes, again breaking their gaze.  
  
"What do you mean?" Wes asked.  
  
"Well, a blowjob and a good fuck -- how long's it been since you had both of those in one day?"  
  
"Not every day," Wes admitted.  
  
"Hah!" Jason smirked. "We know that. I mean, no offense, but you're not exactly a ladies man."  
  
Cori's anger burned inside of her. Who did these guys think they were? They were no better than Wes, that's for sure. At least he wasn't cheating on anyone. She hated to see anyone picked on or belittled. Nothing worse than a bully, she thought. Trying to tell Wes that she didn't agree with them, she sucked him harder, stuffing his cock into her cheek and running her tongue all along his shaft. She caught his gaze and tried to smile with her eyes. She gave him a long, slow blink, then winked, trying to communicate with him anyway she could. He smiled back, then pulled his cock out of her mouth. She turned her head, reaching for it again, drawing a laugh from Jason.  
  
"Hungry, huh bitch?" he taunted. "Well, we're here, so you can stop eating cock for a couple minutes and get some food."  
  
Cori had been so lost in her concern for Wes that she hadn't realized they had stopped. With her jacket back in the office parking lot, she had no choice but to get out of the car and cover her chest with her arms. Fortunately, the lot was nearly empty and Barry had been kind enough to park right next to the front door. She hurried inside and was greeted by a pretty girl with dark hair and pair of big fake boobs. "Starting the audition a bit early, aren't you?" she smirked.  
  
"Yeah, long story," Cori laughed.  
  
"We're here for the buffet," Barry said. "Can we sit anywhere?"  
  
"Yes, sir," the girl said.  
  
"Got any girls dancing today?" Jason asked. He had been worried that, between the early time of day and sparse number of cars, the club wouldn't have anyone dancing.  
  
"Yes, sir. We have three dancers here right now. As you can see, it's not busy yet, so if you want any table or couch dances, we can do two-for-one. It gets busier, though, and we'll have to charge you full."  
  
"Got it," Barry said. Cori was standing next to Wes and considered reaching out to hold his hand, but Barry took her by the hand and led her into the dark club with its flashing lights and thumping music. There were only two other patrons, sitting on opposite sides of the stage watching a long-legged beauty perform acrobatic tricks on the pole, their dollar bills out, ready to thank her for the show.  
  
Cori thought about Club Cori at home and how similar it was to this. And wondered if she'd be dancing like that for Ty and Harris tonight. She watched the girl closely, admiring her ability, trying to pick up some new moves.  
  
The guys pulled together two small tables in one of the dark recesses of the club. They all filled their plates with the pedestrian offering of chicken strips, pasta, grilled chicken and vegetables that populated the buffet. Gourmet dining it wasn't, but Cori knew they weren't here for the food. This was one place they could bring her and keep her naked. They could probably get away with touching her, playing with her, might even make her dance. She ate quickly, certain that once whatever game they had in mind started, she wouldn't get another chance to eat.

She had nearly finished her plate of pasta and fruit when the long-legged dancer who had been on stage when they first arrived came over to their table. The guys had all detoured from the buffet table long enough to tip her and she was coming over no doubt to thank them and see if they might be interested in spending any more money on her.  
  
"Hey guys," she said. "How's the lunch today?"  
  
"Good," Barry said. "Care to join us? I'd be happy to buy you a drink."  
  
Cori had been seated between Barry and Wes, but when the stripper moved to take a seat, Barry slid his chair over close to her. Cori took advantage of the chance to slide a bit closer to Wes, who casually put his hand on her thigh.  
  
"I'm Peaches," the girl said, quickly adding with a smile, "and no, that's not my real name." She was not just sexy, but downright pretty, Cori realized as she saw her up close. She looked young, probably a college student and had light brown hair down past her shoulders. She was tall and lean with store-bought tits and legs that couldn't be faked. She would have been gorgeous with average tits, Cori thought, but she knew the pressure many women felt to go big, especially in stripper world. Her surgeon had done a fantastic job of supplying her with an huge cone-shaped set that were made all the more noticeable by her otherwise slender build. At least a third of her weight had to be in her tits, Cori mused. Peaches made eye contact with Cori, "You're a hottie. You should be up there dancing. You'd make a fortune in here."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said. "I'm sure you do too. Guys must love you." She noticed with no jealousy but more than a little disgust that Barry had his hand on Peaches' thigh. With no crowd to speak of and very little concern over an invasion by the cops, the bouncer was keeping a low profile and almost certainly would be lenient on the no-touching policy Initially, she had thought he was a nice guy, but he was turning out to be a sleaze. She felt bad for his fiancée.  
  
They talked for a few minutes while the guys finished their lunch and Peaches sipped her watered down drink. "So, you guys want a table dance or anything?" Peaches asked.  
  
"Actually," Barry said. "How about a lap dance?"  
  
"Sure," Peaches said. "They're two-for-one." She got up and took Barry's hand, intending to lead him into the back room where the more intimate dances took place in relative privacy, though under the watchful eye of a bouncer.  
  
"How about if we all go and just have a little party back there?" Barry asked.  
  
"OK by me," Peaches said, no doubt thinking a big payday might have just hit, a rarity for this time of day. "Let me get the manager and make sure he's cool." She went back into the dressing area and returned moments later with a heavyset man wearing a sport coat, his graying hair slicked back.  
  
"This is Mort, the owner here," Peaches said.  
  
"Hey guys ... and lovely young lady," Mort said, nodding to them, his eyes lingering on Cori's breasts. "Miss Peaches said you fellas are interested in a private party?"  
  
"Yeah, you know, we just thought maybe we could all go back in the VIP room, hang out, have a few drinks, do a little dancing, you know, have some fun," Barry said. He didn't wait for Mort to name a price, but handed him a stack of bills. "I was thinking Peaches and maybe one of your other girls could join us for say, an hour or so. We'd pay them each the same as what I just gave you."  
  
Peaches couldn't tell how much money was there, but she saw a couple of hundred dollar bills and knew this was legitimate cash these folks were offering. Of course, with serious cash would come serious expectations, but probably nothing she hadn't delivered before. She caught Mort's eye and nodded, letting him know it was OK with her.  
  
"Go ahead," Mort said. "What Peaches says, goes. She says stop, you stop. She says it's OK, well, it's OK. I'll send Penny in too. Respect my place and my girls. Anything else and the deal's off and I keep the money. Got it?"  
  
"Got it," Barry nodded.  
  
"Take them to the VIP room," Mort said to Peaches. "You see the green light, you know what to do."  
  
"Got it," Peaches said. She led all of them through the room for the couch dances and entered a small doorway that opened to a narrow staircase going down. They all went down the stairs and found themselves in a basement with plush red carpeting, black leather sofas and chairs, two small stages with stripper poles and a bar.  
  
"OK, before we get started," Peaches said. "We can have lots of fun, but there's no rough stuff, no hitting or hair pulling, no pictures and if Penny or I say no, you stop. No warnings. If there's trouble outside and the cops are coming -- which they won't this time of day -- Mort will let us know by hitting a switch that makes that light there go off. The whole room will look green. If that happens, I don't care what you're doing, you stop, get dressed and follow me and Penny. Any questions?"  
  
"Yeah, what can we do, exactly?" Greg asked.  
  
"Anything you want," Peaches said, "as long as you follow the rules I just said. If I don't like something, I'll tell you. Treat me nice and I'll do the same to you. You paid for a good time and I can deliver that to you, if you behave."  
  
With that, she flipped a switch that allowed the music from upstairs to pump into the room and started a set of flashing disco lights. She jumped on one of the stages and started dancing, joined soon thereafter by Penny, a busty black babe with an angelic face and a body built for sin. Her big tits were very real and very firm and she had a power-packed body with a narrow waist, toned, curvy legs and -- her best feature of all -- a tight little ass that was round and firm, split by a white g-string.  
  
Cori sat next to Wes in one of the love seats and watched the show. The other guys were all gathered around the stages, tossing dollar bills and tugging at the girls' outfits, taking a very active part in the stripping part of the dances. Cori noticed that Wes -- poor Wes, who had been so close to cumming earlier, only to be stopped when they arrived here -- was hard again. She wanted to please him. She began kissing his ear and rubbed her hand over his crotch. She felt him stiffen more and straddled him, facing him, kissing his ears and neck while she grinded her pelvis against him. This was the room for a lap dance, after all.  
  
She looked him square in the eye, looking for that loving, caring, connected feeling they had shared earlier. She saw lust in his eyes, true, but also a warmth, a gratitude and caring. She needed to know more about him. Sometime. Not now. Now, he needed her. She slid down his body onto the floor between his legs and unbuckled his pants, helping him work them over his hips and down his legs. He pulled off his shirt as she finished pulling off his pants. She looked up, pleased by his smile and the erection he was offering her. It was an average size cock -- not too long, not too thick -- but it was very hard and alert, precum bubbling at the tip. She licked it once or twice, then had an idea.  
  
Holding up a finger letting him know that she would be back in a minute, she got up and went to the stage. She took Peaches by the hand and pulled her down to her level, then kissed her full on the lips. The guys cheered and Cori led Peaches off the stage toward Wes. The music stopped between songs just long enough for her to say in Peaches' ear, "I really like this guy. Will you help me give him a special present?"  
  
Peaches smiled and nodded and Cori knew that this girl didn't need to be drawn a picture. Cori knelt on one side of Wes and Peaches knelt on the other, ready to follow Cori's lead. Cori leaned in for another kiss the two girls tasted one another as Cori slowly guided their mouths toward Wes' cock. There, they split briefly, then reconnected with the shaft of his cock between them. Now, four lips and two tongues caressed his hard shaft with hot, sultry kisses, their mouths steadily work their way up until it was his head that received the dual tongue treatment.  
  
Had any of them looked around, they would have seen Douglas sticking his face between Penny's ass cheeks while she shook and writhed on stage, now completely nude except for her heels. Jason was wearing her g-string around his neck and grabbing her tits every chance he got. Greg was climbing on the other stage vacated by Peaches, naked, his hard cock bobbing to the beat. And Barry sat in a love seat across from Wes, his eyes going back and forth between the double blowjob to his right and Penny's increasingly brazen dance on his left. Only 10 minutes in, this party was already on fire. They had gotten lucky, finding such willing and hot young ladies during the sparse day shift.  
  
Wes willed himself not to cum, wanting to make this once-in-a-lifetime treat last as long as he could. He tried not to watch, but couldn't bare to close his eyes and miss the unbelievable sight of not one, but two drop-dead gorgeous girls make love to him and each other at the same time. He hoped that green light didn't turn on, because he didn't think there was any way he could let this end right now. It was too good. Too precious. What an unbelievable gift these girls were giving him.  
  
Cori was impressed by how long Wes was holding out. He had stamina. She liked that. She also liked the way Peaches kissed. Cori had nothing against other women or lesbians, but women generally just didn't do as much for her as a guy did. She could appreciate another woman's beauty, but she didn't find them sexually attractive. Well, not usually. Peaches was a rare exception. She was gorgeous and, though they had barely talked, Cori felt that she was a kindred spirit, like a sister or best friend. What was with her today? First Wes, now Peaches. Tomorrow she'd probably realize how silly this all way, but for right now, it felt real.  
  
When it became clear that Wes was about to cum, Cori didn't even have to signal Peaches what to do. Cori took his head in her mouth, leaving the shaft for Peaches, who continued to suck and lick it until his load shot out in giant spurts. Cori was going to swallow it for him, then had another thought. Again, with just a look, Peaches understood what Cori was thinking and nodded, opening her mouth. Cori kissed her full on the lips, sharing Wes' cum with her new friend. Their tongues, coated with cum, intertwined and strands of jism connected their lips. Wes watched, fascinated, as they started to swallow and kept swallowing until it was all gone. They kissed and licked each other's lips, cleaning the last bits, then took turns sucking his cock, milking the final few drops out of him.  
  
Wes mouthed a "thank you" to them both, then motioned to the bar. He poured them each a drink, then relaxed on a bar stool while they were both pulled away by his co-workers. He was appreciative of what had just happened and loved watching the girls continue their remarkable show, but he also felt a pang of regret that he wasn't sitting in some quiet bar, sharing a drink with Cori. He wanted to know her more. But, of course, he was just being silly. She didn't really like him more than the other guys. Why would she? They were better looking than he was. They had more money. She could have her pick of guys and he, well, no girl like Cori had ever picked him. She's just doing this to get ahead -- to get ahead you have to give some head, he mused. She's doing the job we gave her, nothing more, nothing less. In another month, she'll be gone, I won't see her anymore and that will be that. He was convinced that his life would never get better than it was 10 minutes ago and decided only heartbreak and embarrassment awaited if he tried to pursue Cori any further.  
  
Right now, Cori and Peaches were kissing passionately on one of the stages. Peaches was on top of Cori, their breasts pressed together. Barry and Jason were standing next to them, watching up close, high-fiving. Barry held his hard cock while he pointed at the girls' pussies, pretending to do an "eeny-meeni-mini-mo" before shrugging his shoulders and plowing ahead, his cock spearing Peaches' pussy in a quick thrust. Peaches got up on her hands and knees, letting Barry have a go at her doggie style. Knowing she would be in demand too, Cori also got on hands and knees, wiggling her ass for whoever wanted it while she resumed making out with Peaches. The girls kissed, driven by shared emotions of lust, fear, humiliation, exhilaration and ecstasy. And, once Jason entered Cori, they were both being driven by hard cocks.  
  
Penny, meanwhile, was serving the other two men, her mouth filled with Douglas' cock while Greg banged her tight cunt. Wes, watched it all, his desire growing, wondering if he would have time to get off again and, if so, if he could be with Cori again. Maybe alone in the corner, just the two of them, kissing, touching, making love. Stop it, he told himself. Cori's not going to happen. Bang one of the other chicks if they'll let you. They're both hot and way out of your league. Go for it while you have the chance. He watched Penny's tight ass and Peaches' long legs and felt his cock harden again, indeed ready to try either or both of them out soon.  
  
Just then Wes caught sight of movement out of the corner of his eye and prepared to take cover until he saw it was Mort and another stripper he hadn't seen earlier. Seeing that everyone but Wes was occupied, Mort and the girl approached him. "Hey," he said. "This is ... well, she doesn't have a stage name yet. This is a hot babe who wants a job here. I never hire anyone without an audition. Mind sitting next to the stage with me and we'll see how she does?"  
  
"Sure," Wes said, grabbing a beer for himself and Mort. He looked at the girl. She was pretty in a tomboyish way, short dark hair, long slender neck, little makeup, slender body, long legs and shapely ass. Her tits were small compared to the others in the room, but firm and perky. She was cute and looked nervous.  
  
"Don't be nervous," Wes said. "You'll do great."  
  
"Thanks," she smiled. "Um, you can just call me Honey for now. If you have a better suggestion for a stage name, though, I'll take it. That is, assuming I get the job."  
  
"You'll get it," Wes assured her. "You do want it, right?"  
  
"Yeah, I think so" Honey said. "I mean, it's good money and guys say I'm pretty enough. Do all strippers have to do all that, though?" She nodded toward the various sex acts Cori, Penny and Peaches were engaged in not with disgust, but curiosity and a bit of fear and excitement.  
  
"No, I think this is a unique situation," Wes said. "Most strippers just dance, I think, and if they want to do more, that's on their own time, you know."  
  
"Yeah," Honey nodded. "Well, wish me luck."  
  
She was wearing a naughty schoolgirl outfit and looked very much the part with a young, innocent face and those long, slender legs. She started dancing to the music and twirling around the pole, impressing both men with her moves and her obvious athleticism. She was strong and flexible and worked the pole like she was born to do it. Wes kept glancing over at Cori, watching as she took a load from Jason in her mouth. Barry had also finished with Peaches and now the four of them approached the stage as well. Wes was happy when Cori slid in next to him and whispered in his ear, "Who's this?"  
  
He explained as best he could over the loud music. Meanwhile, Cori slipped her hand between his legs, touching his semi-erect penis. Impressive, she thought. She would take a man with an average size cock, stamina and fast recuperation over a monster cock any day. She had been fantasizing about him the whole time she was fucking Jason and kissing Peaches. Why was he in her head so much all of the sudden?  
  
When they dance was over, they both clapped for Honey and offered their compliments.  
  
"I think she's a keeper," Barry said to Mort.  
  
"Hmm," Mort grunted. "I'm not so sure." He put his arm around Honey and led her a couch in a corner of the room. They talked for a bit and the next time Wes looked over, Honey was on her knees, no doubt sealing the deal as she bobbed her head up and down.  
  
A few minutes later, Mort announced that she was hired and ordered her upstairs and on stage in 15 minutes. "And you guys have 30 minutes," Mort said. "Then the party's over."  
  
"OK, you heard the man," Barry said. "Everyone gets one more turn. Here's what we're going to do. I'm going to right down each girl's name on two different pieces of paper. All six pieces go into this jar," -- he held up an empty beer pitcher. "We each draw a name. Since no names are in there three times, that means a maximum of two guys per girl. Then, I'm going to write down 'ass', 'pussy' and 'mouth' and put those three pieces in this jug. You draw a name first, then a hole. Remember, that doesn't have to be where you finish, but it's where you start. Got it?"  
  
Wes drew first, pulling Penny and pussy. While he had hoped for Cori, he couldn't deny that a crack at the black stunner was an interesting proposition. Jason also drew Penny and ass, so they would be one trio for this last session.  
  
Cori wound up with Douglas, who drew her ass as the hole of choice. She would have preferred Wes and pussy, but Douglas' pretty cock and hot body were welcome second choices. Finally, Greg was destined for Peaches near perfect twat while Barry would have the pleasure of tickling her tonsils.  
  
They split into their respective groups and the flexible, accommodating girls were soon being skewered one more time. Cori was bent over a table while Douglas went to work on her ass. She had purposely positioned herself so she could watch Wes with Penny, fascinated, jealous and incredibly aroused all at once. Wes and Jason had their gorgeous playmate sandwiched between them. Wes was on his back, Penny's pussy on his cock with Jason crouched behind, plugging her ass.  
  
Wes glanced at Cori, caught her gaze and smiled. In the dark room, it was hard to tell if she smiled back, but he thought so.  
  
Wes' smile and Douglas' rock hard body were doing a number on Cori. She heard the other girls cumming and wanted to herself. She started rocking back against Douglas, making his drill deeper into her ass, the feeling of being filled and stretched and reamed exciting her. Her pussy was dripping cream and she felt like she was one big thrust from coming. Unfortunately, Douglas was too and he poured his cum into her ass. She lay there, panting, tired, and more than a little frustrated. She saw Wes frown and push himself out from under Penny. He scrambled over to Cori and turned her onto her back on the table. She lifted her legs and spread them and he drove into her. She came. He pumped and gritted his teeth. She came again. He kept driving, making her tits bounce with every thrust, his balls slapping against her. Everyone else was done. They were all watching. She came again. He did too, spilling his load inside her.  
  
Nothing had been said, but Cori knew. He had done that on purpose. He had seen her frustration, knew what she needed and delivered without hesitating. She knew it in her heart and felt more drawn to him than ever. She needed time alone with Wes, but how?  
  
They all dressed and Cori got the numbers for both Peaches and Penny, feeling like they might be very good friend material. If there was ever a night when she had some free time, she'd like to call them, talk girl stuff. Penny gave her a thin white tank top with the strip club's logo on it for her to wear back to the office.  
  
Cori rode back stretched across the men's laps in the back seat, dreading the return to the office and the scrutiny she would likely receive from others in the building. But she was also happy. She had made potential friends and had an odd but great feeling about Wes. Plus, she had been very well fucked and had many orgasms already today. There was plenty to be happy about. She looked up at Wes, whose dopey grin told her that he was just as happy. She hoped it was for some of the same reasons.

"How about we drop you off?" Barry said. "No need for you to go back to the office today. You've drained us all dry."  
  
"Well, I can still work," Cori protested. "Plus, I need to get my purse and my skirt and my car."  
  
"All that will be there tomorrow," Barry assured her. "And tomorrow's the big Halloween party. It should be a very fun day. You'll need your rest, though. Go home, do whatever you have to do for Ty and Harris and then try to get some rest."  
  
"OK," Cori said. She lifted her head to see where they were. "Turn left here."

**Chapter 9: Tricks And Treats (Part 1)**  
  
Cori entered the house and realized she had probably three hours before Ty and Harris would be home. Time to herself was rare and precious and she quickly plotted out a plan. Even though she was exhausted, she would go for a jog. Sex was great exercise, but a good 3-mile run was one of the tenants of her regimen that helped with her stamina and overall lean, hard-bodied tone. Then, she'd come back and take a nice hot bath. That should leave about an hour and a half for a much-needed nap.  
  
She wasted no time removing her clit and nipple rings and changing into her jogging clothes. The rain had cleared and it had turned into a nice afternoon. When she was jogging for an audience, she would typically wear a low-cut tank top and a pair of short shorts with the top rolled down to reveal her thong. But since there was no purpose to this jog other than exercise, she put on a black sports bra and a pair of gray athletic shorts. True to her wardrobe, the shorts were shorter and tighter than most girls would wear and they hugged her round ass nicely, but they were far from slutty or scandalous and they were actually pretty comfortable to run in. She put her hair in a ponytail and did a few quick stretches before setting out at a light pace, jogging through the neighborhood that was still quite new to her.  
  
She liked this area. It was typically suburban, with green lawns even this late in the fall and well-taken care of houses. It was a pretty, quiet neighborhood. She could see herself settling down someplace like this. She wondered if her house was the only one with a strip club in the basement, chuckling at the answer she already knew.  
  
She picked up speed, enjoying the chance to really stretch it out, feeling her body work in other ways, using muscles she didn't necessarily get to use when she was on her knees or back. She worked up a good sweat and felt good all over despite the various small bruises and tend spots that had come from no particular roughness, but were inevitable in a 13-man gang bang, followed by an orgy in a strip club. That was a lot for even Cori's body to take in one day.  
  
As she finished her run, she sprinted hard to the house. As she passed the neighbor's house, she noticed a figure in the garage. She glanced over and saw the old man whom she had flashed earlier in the driveway on her way to work. She waved and smiled, just then noticing that he had a camera pointed directly at her. Unbelievable, she thought. At what age did guys stop getting all hot and bothered? She laughed at herself. Let the old man have his jollies, she thought. She pretended not to notice the camera and finished her run. She always finished a run with a little walking and stretching. This time, she made sure she did it where the old man could get a good shot. She wasn't worried about him uploading any pictures on the internet, and even if they did, they would be far less embarrassing than some of the things already posted. She bent over and touched her toes a couple of times, then smiled over her shoulder, waved and bound into the house, smiling at the thought of having made the old man's day. Next time she'd wear the tube top and short shorts for him.  
  
She quickly washed her hair, getting the cum out of it finally, and then filled the tub with hot water and bubbles, letting her muscles relax. She closed her eyes and for once was motionless. It was so rare for her to have these moments any more. Oh, how she cherished the ones she got. She forced herself not to think about work and the Halloween party and all that she had planned. Instead, she found herself thinking about Ben and John back in Georgia, Tony, the sweet cabbie who had saved her in ass -- literally -- in San Diego, her friend Gerald in St. Thomas. They were all fine men. John was like the father she never had, Ben like a big brother. Gerald was like a little brother and Tony, well, he was simply a knight in shining armor as far as she was concerned. They all meant a lot to her and she missed them all. But she was thankful for Ty, with his big smile, bigger cock and huge heart. She knew they'd always be friends and that he'd always have her back. She always felt safe -- and often horny -- with him, no matter how hard he banged her. There was no one she trusted more.  
  
Harris, well, she trusted him too. There was little attraction there on her end. He was a nice man and she enjoyed making him happy and appreciated all he did for her. She liked that there were no games or hidden agendas with him. He was up front and to the point about everything. It was always clear what he wanted and what he would offer in return. In Cori's world, having someone so consistent was a rare and valuable thing.  
  
Then there was Harold, the gruff security guard who seemed to have a kind soul and sharp mind. He reminded her of John from the body shop, an older man she could trust, she thought. They weren't nearly as close as she was with John, but she liked him and felt like she could confide in him.  
  
And there was Wes. Why couldn't she stop thinking about him? Why did she hate seeing him fuck Penny and why did she cum so readily when he fucked her? He was average looking at best, with an average cock. He was quiet, but she sensed he was smart, thoughtful, a young man with much more to offer than perhaps anyone saw. What made her sense that, she didn't know. For all she knew, he was a pipsqueak pervert with no ambition, no personality and no cares in the world. Somehow, though, she didn't think so. Other than Douglas, none of the others at work interested her. Barry seemed two-faced and self-centered, Jason was very cocky, Greg was a bit dim seemed to follow whatever Jason did. Even Douglas didn't interest her in any way but his looks. But Wes, well there was a man she wanted to know more about. And she thought she knew how.  
  
She got out of the tub and checked the clock. Still time for a nap. She dried off and jumped naked into bed, falling asleep in a matter of minutes. She woke up to the phone ringing, groggy at first. She realized it was dark outside and wondered why no one was answering it.  
  
"Hey baby," she heard Harris on the other line. "Whatcha doing?"  
  
"Just taking a nap," Cori said. "I'm in bed. Naked. Where are you?"  
  
"Oh, you know how to hurt a guy," he chuckled, no doubt picturing his plaything naked and waiting for him. "I can't make it tonight. I have to go down to Charlotte for a meeting tomorrow. I'm half way there now. I'll be back tomorrow afternoon though. I expect lots of tricks and lots of treats."  
  
"You got it," Cori giggled. She told him all about her day, Penny, Peaches, the gang bang, leaving out no details. He had agreed to this whole deal, so the only way she got in trouble, she figured, is if she lied. And she didn't want to lie to Ty or Harris about anything. They were her allies, the ones she could trust here. Harris wasn't the least bit upset, she could tell. When they hung up, she called Ty's cell phone.  
  
"Hey," he said. "I was just about to call you. You want Chinese or Italian tonight? Dinner's on me."  
  
"Chinese," Cori said. "Can you just bring it home. I'm not dressed, I just woke up from a nap and I have a lot to do for tomorrow. Maybe we can just stay in tonight?"  
  
"I was thinking the same thing," Ty said. "You say you aren't dressed?"  
  
"Completely nude," Cori giggled.  
  
"Well, don't put on too much," Ty said. "I'll help you with whatever you need, but if I have you to myself all night, well, I have some needs too."  
  
"Oh, I know all about your needs," Cori laughed. "Don't worry, I'm all rested up."  
  
Cori got up and fixed her hair and applied a bit of makeup, using some of it to cover up a couple of the more noticeable bruises left over from the day's many activities. Her body had been pulled and poked and squeezed all day, so she went for comfort in her attire. It was a cool evening, so she put on a purple sweater that was tight like Ty would like, but also was soft on her skin. It had an extra wide neck line that left her shoulders bare and she shoved the top down so that her cleavage was visible. Her nipples dented the fabric, which wrapped around the underside of her breasts, clung to her tummy and ended with a snug fit at the top of her ass crack. She then added a pair of thigh-high white tube socks that had little purple stripes around the top. For once, she wore no heels. She was in comfort mode. Soft socks, soft sweater. But she knew Ty wouldn't be disappointed. This outfit drew extra attention to her legs and ass while the sight of big breasts in snug-fitting sweaters seemed to drive men crazy. And access couldn't be easier -- he could fuck her without her taking anything off if he wanted to.  
  
Still waiting for Ty to arrive with their dinner, Cori curled up on the couch with a pen and paper and started working on her ideas for the Halloween party. Her co-workers had reminded her many times that a good office slut throws a great party and she was well aware that they were expecting her to plan at least some of the activities for the day. Naturally, sex would be involved, but she wanted to make it fun and let the fucking come naturally instead of all day gang bangs and bondage. It had been OK today, but another day would leave her very sore and tired. There would be no rest tomorrow, she knew, but she hoped to regain some of the control by, oddly enough, submitting herself completely to them.  
  
She worked on the instructions first, then mapped out some possible games, noting the accessories she would need. Finally, she started writing down the outfits she wanted to take. Her plan was to give them choices for her costumes and she would change into various ones throughout the day, giving her a chance to play different roles and them a chance to see different fantasies and fetishes brought to life. She found herself wondering what Wes would like the most. Maybe she'd ask him to choose first, just to see what he'd say. She was still working on this when Ty arrived.  
  
"Where's your car?" he asked.  
  
Cori told him the whole story of her day as she helped him unpack the bags of food and poured glasses of wine.  
  
"Wow, sounds like quite a day," Ty said. "I hope you have enough energy left for me."  
  
"I had a good nap," Cori smiled, pecking him on the cheek, "so I have plenty for you. Oh, by the way, I'll need a ride to work tomorrow. I want to get there early anyway, so can you drop me off on your way to work?"  
  
"I don't know," Ty grinned. "You'll have to pay me back somehow."  
  
"Gee, I wonder how little ol' me could ever repay you?" she teased. She shrugged her shoulders, making her tits bounce. "Whatever will we do?"  
  
"Oh, I guess I'll have to settle for you sleeping with me tonight," Ty said in a ho-hum tone. "Although I wouldn't count on much sleep."  
  
"Like I said, I had a good nap," Cori grinned. "I can go as long as you can, old man."  
  
Ty wasn't old, of course, but Cori liked to remind him that he had a couple of years on her. She liked her rapport with Ty. She could joke with him any time and trust him implicitly. The man was a beast in bed, a ferocious protector and as kind-hearted and gentle as he could be -- at least when he wasn't stretching her holes with his prodigious cock. She had asked him once why he liked fucking her in the ass so much, and he had replied, "Because when I've got you on my dick like that and it's all tight and snug, it feels like you're part of my body, like I could just pick you up and wave you around and bounce you up and down. No hands. Just my cock. Crazy, I know, but that's how it feels. And I like it."  
  
It had taken Cori a couple of times to get used to the big man in her ass. She was used to relaxing her body, suspending her gag reflex, putting mind over matter when it came to sex and pleasing her men. But Ty's 10-inch cock -- seemingly as thick as it was long -- had felt like it was splitting her in two. She had nearly panicked the first time he skewered her ass with it, his relentless, violent pounding making her wonder what kind of damage he might inflict. But it soon became clear to her that this would be a frequent demand by Ty and she had gradually learned how to will her body through the initial insertion, to relax, and, ultimately to enjoy it. Now, whether it was in her mouth, ass or pussy, Ty's cock brought her immense pleasure. She realized it was because of the animal intensity with which he wielded his member. It was often on the edge of being too violent, too savage, but he never crossed over. He'd pound her day and night and call her every dirty name he could think of, but he'd never hit her or cause her serious pain or injury. Ty's tightroping of that thin line used to make her nervous, now it excited her, feeling good knowing she could elicit such strong desires and actions from such a mature, powerful man. Be taken by his engorged cock, mauled by his strong hands, made her feel desired, beautiful and ultimately, powerful. They had the ability to take each other to extremes know one else could on a consistent basis. That's what she loved about fucking Ty -- it never seemed routine or old or passive. The intensity, passion and excitement were always there and she had no doubt that he had brought her to more orgasms than any one man.  
  
While they ate, Cori went over the ideas she had for the Halloween party and asked for suggestions from Ty. After they ate, he helped her pick out her outfits, then ran to the store to pick up a few items she would need while she stayed home and finished prepping for the party. She also made a call and was happy to find Peaches was home.  
  
When Ty got back, Cori met him at the door and kissed him on the mouth. "Ready to pay me back, huh?" Ty grinned.  
  
"In a big way," Cori smiled. "You've been a big help tonight and you've been so great the whole time we've been here, being cool with Harris and my job, watching my back, driving me to work, creating Club Cori. You're the best. So, I put together a little treat to say thank you."  
  
She turned and led him into the house. "Follow me," she said seductively over her shoulder. It would have taken an army to keep Ty from doing exactly that. She led him down the steps to the basement and they could hear the music pumping in Club Cori. The lights were flashing and Cori stopped at the bottom of the stairs, took his arm and led him into the giant room. Peaches was on stage, dancing to the thumping beat, welcoming them with a big smile and a playful slap on her ass.  
  
"You like?" Cori asked.  
  
"I like," Ty nodded. "You're enough, but there's no such thing as too many hot babes. What's the story?"  
  
"Story is, you get whatever you want tonight. Peaches is very cool. She's one of the girls I told you about today. She's game for whatever you want. She'll dance while we fuck, fuck you while I dance or we'll fuck you together. And she can spend the night if you want."  
  
Ty looked back at Peaches, licking his lips. She was dancing in a white g-string with a white mesh tube top. Her nipples poked through the holes. She wore white stilettos and silky white sleeves that went from her wrist to her elbow with a loop around her middle finger. The girl took a back seat to no one, not even his precious Cori. Oh, sure, he still preferred Cori, but the legs on this girl were amazing and her balloon-like tits were every bit as inviting as they were fake. He imagined bopping them softly like speed bags. Then he looked back at Cori's impressive, all-natural rack packed so tightly in that sweater and he knew he had to see those four big tits pressed together. Other fantastic images flashed in his head as he thought of the possibilities. His cock was aching to get out and he went ahead and pulled off his pants and shirt, standing before them in only his white boxers.  
  
Peaches nodded at Cori, as if to say "you were right." Cori shut off the music so she could give Ty a proper introduction to her new friend before things got hot and heavy.  
  
"You're beautiful," Ty said, shaking her hand and taking a good look at her up close.  
  
"You're not bad yourself," Peaches grinned. "Oh, and my real name isn't Peaches, it's Jordan. I just don't the customers to know, but I trust you two."  
  
"So, I'm not a customer?" Ty asked, wondering exactly what the deal was. Surely Jordan hadn't come over here for nothing. Friend or no friend, girls like this got paid for their services. A lot. And if they were just horny, well, they didn't have to resort to meeting strangers for threesomes. They just called any guy they knew.  
  
"Nope," Jordan said. "You're a friend ... with lots of benefits."  
  
"And you know how to fix things," Cori added, laughing.  
  
"Oh yeah," Jordan puffed her lips in a mock pout. "Cori said you might be willing to do me a couple favors if I did a few for you."  
  
"What do you need?" Ty asked.  
  
"Right now?" Jordan teased, brushing her hand against his firm chest and looking at his impressive cock. "Or later?"  
  
"Both," Ty said.  
  
"Well, sometime I need help fixing my back door..."  
  
"I specialize in back doors," Ty grinned at his joke.  
  
Cori bursted out laughing, "that's true!" She slapped her ass for effect.  
  
"Well, I'll be the judge of that," Jordan giggled. "I also need someone to hang a ceiling fan for me..."  
  
"Oh, everything about Ty is well-hung," Cori giggled, getting giddy now. She was having so much fun with her two friends.  
  
"I can see that," Jordan laughed, touching his cock for the first time, feeling it briefly through his cotton boxers. "And I have a problem with my car. It's running, but it's making a funny noise."  
  
"That sounds like a lot of work," Ty said. "Are you sure you can make it worth my while?"  
  
"If you're not satisfied after tonight," Jordan grinned, "you don't have to do a thing. But I'll guarantee you'll be happy. Weird, I asked for three jobs and I have three holes. Hmm, funny how things work out, isn't it?"  
  
"It sure is," Ty beamed. This was turning out to be a great night indeed. "But you know, Cori takes pretty good care of me so it's not like I'm, you know, desperate. My expectations are pretty high, especially in exchange for so much work." Ty was teasing, of course, and Jordan and Cori played right along.  
  
"Well, we'll just have to put our heads together and see what we can think of," Cori frowned, like she was thinking hard.  
  
"Gee, what could we do?" Jordan sighed. "I mean, we only have two mouths, two tongues, four tits, two asses and two pussies to work with? How can we ever find a way to please such a stud with such limited tools?"  
  
"Shut up and dance," Ty laughed, turning the music back on and helping the girls onto the stage with a friendly push on the rear. Cori took off her sweater and threw it aside. Jordan took off her white thong and tube top. Cori now wore only her white, thigh-high tube socks and Jordan was in only her heels and white silk gloves.  
  
Ty shucked his boxers and sat naked on the leather couch nearest the stage. He watched the girls intently, studying their round breasts, toned thighs, tight asses and flat stomachs as they bumped and grinded on the stage, freely touching one another or taking turns mounting the pole. He knew they would do the same with his pole and felt his cock reach full erection, pointing right at his two prizes. They looked over at him frequently, posing and writhing for him, occasionally brushing their breasts or lips together or playfully slapping each other's asses. He wanted them so badly. He wished there was a way he could just fuck them all night, no breaks, his erection never failing despite orgasm after orgasm. He imagined his hard cock just taking one tight, warm, inviting hole after another, stretching it, making it his own and marking his territory with load after load of thick white jism.  
  
He was so hard, he wanted to touch his cock, stroke it, but he knew he'd cum and he wanted to make sure the girls were there to do the work, feel his power and accept his creamy gift. He resisted his urges, waiting, being patient. They were so tempting, so perfect at teasing him, bumping and gyrating their bodies, teasing him to the beat. He reciprocated, flexing his cock to the same beat, making it dance for them as he showcased the size and strength of his impressive member. It was long and thick and hard as iron.

When the song ended, Cori and Jordan kissed passionately, their tongues intertwining, their nipples touching. Ty nearly jumped off the couch and took them right there. But he forced himself to wait. The girls looked at him, nodded to each other, conspiracy in their eyes as the gingerly stepped off the stage and walked hand in hand toward him. The knelt in front of him and Ty realized that a double blowjob was going to kick off the evening. He couldn't think of a better way to get it started. He didn't know that the girls had already practiced their teamwork on Wes earlier in the day, but their precision, timing and technique were in perfect unison. As good as Cori's solo blowjobs were, the addition of Jordan's talented mouth made for the absolute perfect experience.  
  
The girls started by tracing his cock and balls with their tongues. Jordan put her tongue on his right testicle, sucking it briefly into her mouth, then moving to his right testicle. Meanwhile, Cori started by licking the tip of his cock, sucking gently on the head, then licking down the side of his shaft to the base. As she reached his balls, Jordan moved to the tip of his cock, following Cori's route over his mushroom head and down his shaft while Cori worked on his balls. They maintained this continuous path for several minutes, their timing perfect as they worked in perfect harmony. He was as impressed as he was turned on, watching the girls perform as a team, in synch like a precision army drill team, reading not only each other's signals, but his as well. No amount of money could pay for this type of experience. It topped anything he'd ever done with Cori before, a thought he found both unimaginable and incredibly exciting. Just when life couldn't get better, Cori had brought him Jordan. Oh, what a night this was going to be.  
  
It took everything he had for Ty not to grab one of the girls by the back of the head and jam his cock down her throat or through the back of her head or wherever it ended up, but he was as curious as he was turned on. Jordan seemed to be as talented as Cori -- another thought he found unimaginable -- and he could tell their creative juices -- along with others no doubt -- were flowing. They were not only committed to pleasing him, but they were ready to entertain. They could have given him a standard blowjob or eaten each other out while he fucked one or other -- exciting but standard threeway stuff. But Cori and Jordan were anything but standard. They had taken dancing to a new level, the blowjob to a new level. He was determined to see what they had in mind next and hold out as long as he could.  
  
The girls finally broke their cycle and focused all of their attention on his balls. Cori was on the left, Jordan on the right. They both held a testicle in their mouths, gently caressing them with their lips and tongues. They alternated sucking hard on the balls, pulling down gently with their mouths, first one ball, then the other. He felt like he was being milked, their mouths so gently tugging on his balls. Above their heads, his cock jerked and twitched as precum oozed out. A stream of it fell from the tip of his cock, landing on Cori's nose. She looked up, opened her mouth and caught it on her tongue, following the stringy trail to the head of his cock, where she sucked the rest of his precum off. She looked him in the eye, winked and went back to work on his left testicle. The milking continued for another minute or so, then the girls, as if responding to the same signal or communicating on some wavelength undetectable to men with hard-ons, stopped and moved on to their next oral game.  
  
Cori moved to the side, giving Jordan room to move between his legs. Cori wrapped her fingers around Ty's cock, just past his mushroom head. She held his cock while Jordan took it in her mouth, her hands behind her back, her lips stopping when they touched Cori's fingers. She sucked and licked and worked his head with all the stimulation her sucking lips and soft tongue could provide. After about a minute, she pulled back, moved to the other side and Cori took her place between his legs. Jordan wrapped her fingers around Ty's cock about an inch further past his head than Cori had and Cori went down on him, stopping where she felt Jordan's fingers. Ty got the idea. They were going to take turns going down on him, advancing inch by inch until, he was sure, they were deep-throating him. He hoped it would turn into a game to see which girl could manage to deep throat the longest without gagging or if maybe one of them would attempt to capture his balls and cock in their mouth at the same time. He denied his imminent orgasm with all his might, both mental and physical, willing himself to hold out, see what these girls would do next and just how long they could prolong his pleasure.  
  
As they got deeper, he noticed that Cori was a bit more proficient at handling his big cock, but Jordan was doing well too. It was clear she had some experience swallowing cock, just maybe not many with the combination of length and girth that his did. Cori always told him that combination plus the fact that his cock got so hard it had no bend or flexibility to curve down her throat made him difficult even for her to swallow. She had mastered it, of course, with lots and lots of practice. He could see that Jordan seemed to possess the skills and, more importantly, the desire necessary to some day be just as good as Cori. He never thought he'd see the day, but he was sure glad he did.  
  
It wasn't that Jordan was virtually the same as Cori. They looked different -- Jordan's tits obviously fake, her body more slender, much less of a hard body -- and he was sure he'd discover other differences throughout the night. But they seemed to be of like mind in terms of their willingness and desire to please to the point of abandoning inhibitions or any selfish thoughts. They were both comfortable offering their bodies to him, devoting themselves to his pleasure and fulfillment. They were both creative and fun and took none of this too seriously. It was a rare mindset to find in even one girl and to have two absolute knockouts so in tune to him and his needs at the same time and place, well, it was a rare and unexpected opportunity.  
  
The girls had taken turns now to the point that Cori's hand was wrapped around the base of Ty's cock. Basically, Jordan would have to take all 10 inches. She attacked the job gamely, swallowing the first 8 inches without hesitation. She gagged a bit on inch nine and back off, but Cori put her hand on the back of Jordan's head, much the way a guy would do, pushing her back down. The girls were actually pushing each other to perform at a higher level. Ty thought briefly of his football days, getting on one of his teammates for a lackluster effort or stupid play, encouraging other teammates to keep trying, never give up. He realized that's what Cori and Jordan were to each other right now, teammates willing each other to perform at a higher level than they either one could alone. And he was the recipient. Jordan controlled her gag reflex, took all 10 inches, then, feeling cocky, looked up at him and winked, mocking Cori's expression from before. It was a playful throwing down of the gauntlet, a challenge to his girl Cori to top that.  
  
Jordan backed off, smiling, pleased with her accomplishment. Instead of circling her fingers around his shaft, she now cupped his balls, smiling first at Ty and then Cori, the unspoken challenge clear to them all. For Cori to top Jordan's effort, she'd have to take cock and balls all in her mouth.  
  
Cori slapped the side of her face gently, her eyes wide in mock horror as if to say, "Oh, there's no way I could possibly do that." Then she grinned a devilish, knowing grin and went down on him, not even hesitating to gobble up the entire length of his shaft. She paused and Jordan raised her free hand in triumph, thinking she had succeeded in matching Cori. But Cori turned her head slightly and stared Jordan in the eyes as she stuck her tongue out and wrapped it around his left testicle. She scooped his ball with his tongue and swept it cleanly into her mouth. Then she did the same with the right, holding his cock and balls in her mouth for a full minute before finally backing off and taking a deep breath.  
  
Jordan bowed down to her, accepting defeat, then they laughed and kissed. This gave Ty's cock a few seconds to relax, his orgasm subsiding ever so slightly before the next oral task began.  
  
For this one, they made Ty stand up. Cori knelt in front of him and Jordan took a seat on the couch behind him. As Cori started sucking him again, Jordan spread his ass cheeks and touched her tongue to his asshole. Now, Ty was no stranger to some pretty wild sex and Cori had given him rim jobs before, but it still wasn't every day a guy got a rim job and blowjob at the same time. Ty smiled, his cock jumped in Cori's mouth and he gave himself over to the pleasure they were providing. He knew he wouldn't last much longer now. After a couple of minutes, the girls switched, with Cori's tongue now dancing around his anus while Jordan wrapped her lips around his shaft. Cori reached between his legs and massaged his balls and Ty erupted, using Jordan's mouth as the first cum receptacle of the evening. As he came, he wondered if she'd swallow like Cori would. A minute later, she looked up at him, mouth wide open, showing him that indeed all of his cum had made the journey from his cock to her lips and tongue and finally to her belly. Jordan and Cori weren't exactly the same, but he was happy to keep finding out that they had more similarities than differences.  
  
Almost true to his earlier wishes, Ty, who was still overwhelmed by what had just happened and the promise of what would happen throughout the night, remained semi-erect even after his massive orgasm. It wouldn't be long before he was ready to go again.  
  
"Wow, he really is a stud," Jordan smiled at Cori, eyebrows raised.  
  
"Told ya," Cori said proudly. She had talked Ty up quite a bit to Jordan, though in truth no sales job was really needed. Jordan had felt every bit as drawn to Cori as she Cori had to her. They had an almost instant bond, best friends after only a few hours. Cori suspected it had something to do with their similar approaches to sex. She had always felt somewhat alone in her approach, sometimes thinking she might be a slut, but never really believing it. Now here was Jordan, a sexy, beautiful girl who, like Cori, was willing to use her body not only for her own personal gain, but also to provide pleasure. Everyone judged girls like Cori and Jordan, made assumptions about them. They didn't know that Cori was intelligent and had a bigger, more giving heart than anyone could imagine. They couldn't see past her body and all the blowjobs. Jordan, the hot stripper, no doubt had encountered many of the same attitudes and biases. Now, they finally had a confidant, a best friend who could share their thoughts without judgment. And tonight, they were also sharing a big 10-inch cock and loving every second of it.  
  
"You two did a nice job on my ass," Ty grinned. "Why don't you allow me to return the favor? I think if you bend over the edge of the stage, that should be just about right. Here, let's lube you up, first." He grabbed a bottle of baby oil from behind the bar. "Why don't you two just stand real close together. That's it. Press those big titties together."  
  
The girls were face to face, Jordan -- who had removed her long white gloves -- stooped because her high heels made her taller than Cori. Ty held the bottle up high and squeezed out a steady stream, dumping it onto their breasts. "Now spread it around. Help each other out," Ty said. The girls caught the oil in their hands and started rubbing each others' tits and bellies, then their thighs and pussy mounds. Ty told them to turn around and bend over so that their ass cheeks were touching. He gave Jordan permission to remove her heels so their heights matched better and Cori permission to remove her socks so as not to ruin them. They were both completely nude now, bent over, ass cheeks touching. Ty dumped the oil on their asses and lower backs, letting it run between their ass cheeks, knowing it would follow the path over their pussy lips and down their long legs.  
  
The girls shook their asses, rubbing the oil all over each other while Ty filled his hand with oil, then started stroking his cock, feeling it harden with each passing second. How could it not, with these two sexy beauties in front of him, rubbing their oil slicked bodies all over each other? Their dark skin shone, their nipples were hard and rubbery. Ty motioned for them to go to the stage and told them to bend over. They stood next to each other, resting their elbows on the stage, keeping their legs straight and spread wide, offering him their asses and pussies -- whatever he wanted.  
  
He approached Cori from behind, and pushed his cock inside her pussy. He was quite familiar with her little love sleeve, but now he was curious how it would feel compared to Jordan's. He pumped Cori a couple of times, not at all surprised by the moist heat her pussy was already pumping out. She was always ready and no doubt the evening's events thus far had his little slut horny as hell. He pulled out of Cori, moved over and entered Jordan. Her pussy was a bit less prepared, but she warmed up quickly as he filled her with a cock that probably matched or exceeded the largest she'd had. He felt her juices increase and her body arch to meet his thrusts. The bitch was good to go, just as he expected. As for overall tightness and feel, if Cori's cunt was a 10, Jordan's was a solid 9. Jordan was proving to be an incredibly nice complement to the lovely Ms. Banks. She was three for three so far -- great tits (although fake), great oral skills and fantastic pussy. Ty had always thought Cori's ass was her greatest asset of all, so if Jordan's could come close to matching up, he'd be impressed.  
  
To set the bar, he pulled out of Jordan and moved back behind Cori, spreading her cheeks. Cori looked at Jordan and smiled, "Here we go. The first thrust gets me every time." On cue, Ty entered her, sinking six inches into her tightest hole on the initial thrust. Cori lurched forward, taking it, gasping at the massive intrusion. She caught her breath, closed her eyes and willed herself to relax, pushing back against him as the final four inches entered her, filling her completely.  
  
Jordan watched wide-eyed, but there was no hint of fear or apprehension. On the contrary, Ty noticed her wiggling her hips. The bitch was ready! She couldn't wait for it! He decided to tease her, fucking Cori's ass for a several minutes, feeling her stretch around him, each thrust widening her as he plowed a deep furrow into her tight, hard body. Yes, Ty told himself, I own these bitches and their hot little bodies. Every hole would yield to his strength, his will, his cock, stretching for him, accommodating his every desire.  
  
He pulled out of Cori and spread Jordan's ass. "Ready?" he asked, thrusting into her as he said it, not interested in giving her time to say no. It wasn't up to her to decide when she was ready. All that mattered was that he was ready. Her body would conform one way or the other. That was the mindset Ty was in now, the same mindset he almost always got in when he really got into a good hard fuck. That was the barely controlled violence, the animalistic lust and power that could be so scary and yet so incredibly exciting. Once she had learned to trust this crazed state, Cori had been able to yield herself completely to it and enjoy a truly fantastic fuck. Would Jordan be able to trust him, too, or would she fear his almost vicious reaming of her ass?  
  
Jordan's eyes grew almost as wide as her asshole as Ty entered her, planting half his cock inside her, resting a beat, then drilling the rest of the way in. His hands were on her shoulders, pinning her to the stage, mashing her tits against the cool floor. Cori watched Jordan intently, remembering the first time Ty had taken her this way. She had actually been able to see her own expression that day as he fucked her on her bedroom floor, facing her mirror. She saw the same look on Jordan's face now -- eyes and mouth wide open, nostrils flaring, fear and surprise the dominant expressions, mixed with just a hint of pleasure. Cori climbed onto the stage and knelt down in front of Jordan.  
  
"Relax," Cori whispered to her. "Breath deep, relax your muscles, let him take you. Your body can take it."  
  
"Uh-huh," Jordan nodded, gasping. "I know ... it's just ... uh ... so big."  
  
Ty had been holding still for a few seconds, feeling how snug and warm she was, feeling her tight tunnel expand reluctantly to take him. Now, he pulled back slowly, moving his hands to her hips, holding her in place as he drove back into her and began fucking her, hammering away at her ass with thrusts powered by lust and desire and muscular, steely hard cock.  
  
Cori could see the pounding was taking its toll on her new friend and tried to distract her, leaning in to kiss her on the mouth. Then she slid her hands between Jordan's tits and the floor and fondled her firm, fake knockers, the rubbery nipples erect in her palms.  
  
"You OK?" Cori asked, hoping that the answer was yes because she knew there was no stopping Ty now. He was in full fuck mode, driving his cock back and forth like a battering ram, destroying all in its path with relentless, ruthless surges.  
  
"Yeah," Jordan gasped. "Oh god, how long can he keep that up?"  
  
"Longer than you'd think," Cori grinned, realizing that Jordan had turned the corner. The pain and fear and uncertainty was gone. She was still at the mercy of this strong, lust-crazed man and his 10-inch impaling machine, but that was just fine with her.  
  
"I think I might cum," Jordan gasped. "Oh, fuck, this is .... uh ... oh yeah ... awesome."  
  
Cori looked up at Ty and nodded, letting him know that everything was OK. Not that it would have mattered -- he was going to finish the job whether Jordan liked it or not at this point, but when Cori said, "Let her have it", Ty picked it up another notch. He grabbed Jordan's hair and stood her upright, instantly filling his hands with her tits, which he mashed like a pair of stress balls. He pulled her off his cock and threw her on the stage on her back. Cori scrambled out of the way as Ty pounced on Jordan like a tiger, throwing her legs over her head and pinning them there with his arms and shoulders. He looked directly into her eyes, watching her face as his cock re-entered her ass with a trigger-quick thrust straight down. She jerked like she'd just been stuck with a needle, then grimaced as her ass once again stretched to accommodate him. He was basically doing pushups over her body now, dropping his cock straight down into her ass over and over again.  
  
Cori watched her new friend being ravaged by Ty and gained a new perspective on just how powerful, crazed and relentless he was. He was manhandling Jordan, his muscular body dominating her, owning her tits and her ass, driving her across the stage with his thrusts. Occasionally, he would lean back and pick her up off the stage, only to slam back down, his cock somehow going even deeper inside her. He was like a grizzly bear playing with a rag doll. It was a total mismatch. It was so hot watching Ty fuck, Cori was jealous. Oh, how she loved to be at his mercy, feeling his grace and power and desire. She looked at Jordan and it was obvious she was cumming, her body now fully relaxed, completely dominated and controlled by Ty. Jordan had relinquished all control to him and her reward was a long, body-shaking orgasm.  
  
Cori wasn't surprised when Ty pulled out of Jordan's ass and straddled her face. She knew Ty loved the idea of a girl sucking his cock right after it had been in her ass. It was obviously a power and control thing with him -- and a lot of guys, she assumed. Just knowing that not only would a girl offer her ass to him just for the pleasure of having his cock, but then would be nasty enough to suck his cock afterward was a power trip. It was a sign of total submission by the girl and an indicator that she was just as susceptible to giving in to lust as he was.

Ty blasted Jordan's mouth with a big wad of cum, choking her with his cock and thick load. Jordan gagged and sputtered but made no effort to try to get out from under him or spit out his cock.  
  
"Trouble swallowing?" Ty taunted. "This will help." He plugged her nose with his fingers and watched as she stopped gagging and started swallowing, coaxing more and more cum from his long rod as she struggled to finish the job and hopefully breath again. When he was convinced Jordan could handle it, Ty let go and her nostrils filled with air while her mouth and throat remained stuffed with cock and flooded with cum.  
  
Ty pulled his cock out and slapped it against both of Jordan's cheeks, droplets of cum and saliva and oil splattering across the stage. Then he wagged it at Cori, who crawled forward and cleaned him off as he cock slowly softened. Well, if Jordan was her new best friend, there wasn't much better way to initiate the relationship than this. They had shared cock and cum and now she was licking Ty's cock just minutes after it had been in Jordan's ass. Cori had heard of blood brothers. She chuckled inwardly at what she and Jordan were. Semen sisters?  
  
"OK," Ty said. "Time for you two to clean up. Why don't you take a shower together?"  
  
"Only if you'll watch," Cori teased.  
  
"Only if you'll wash each other with your tongues," Ty shot back.  
  
"Is there any other way?" Jordan asked.  
  
Moments later, Jordan and Cori were under the hot shower, the water pounding against their hard bodies while Ty watched through the glass shower door.  
  
The girls rubbed each other with soapy hands, making extra sure their tits, asses and pussies were cleaned thoroughly. And the rinsing was done with the help of soft, sensual tongues that darted over erect nipples, tasted firm ass cheeks and slurped on sweet pussy lips. They nibbled and caressed and stroked each other while Ty watched, his desire slowly returning. Occasionally, he barked out orders like "Rub your tits together" or "Lick her ass", but mostly he sat and watched, slowly stroking his semi-erect cock.  
  
It was Cori's idea to get out the razor. She knelt in the shower, applying a bit of shaving gel to Jordan's pussy mound, then gently ran the razor over it, shaving off the well-trimmed landing strip. Jordan returned the favor, shaving Cori completely bald, then they hugged again, mashing their tits together, feeding their nipples to each other. Finally, Ty could take no more and told them to stop. He handed them each a towel and ordered them to dry each other off.  
  
"Take 10 minutes and do whatever else you need to do before bed," Ty said. "Come into the bedroom completely naked." He left and hurried into his bedroom. Watching the girls, he had been inspired. Sharing a bed with them would be great. But he wanted something a little more cozy. He dug in his closet and found his sleeping bag. He laid it out and nodded. It was made to sleep two, but he thought there would be just enough room for him and his busty but otherwise trim companions. He unzipped it half way and laid back the top. Then he stripped naked and lay down on it, arranging two large pillows side by side under his head.  
  
The girls came in to find Ty flat on his back, his cock pointed straight up in the air, his hands behind his head. "Hello, ladies," he grinned, noting that his playmates were completely nude, as requested. "Won't you join me?"  
  
"Can we all fit in there?" Cori asked.  
  
"We'll have to squeeze together," Ty grinned, "but I think we can manage."  
  
Cori turned out the lights and the room went dark, save for a night light that provided just enough illumination to keep from bumping into things. Always game to try something new, Cori slid into the right side of the sleeping bag while Jordan wiggled into the right. Ty happily reached over her and zipped the bag all the way up as their bodies mashed together to make room. Ty lay flat on his back while the girls were turned on their sides, their tits pressed against his arms and chest, their warm, smooth thighs brushing against his as six legs began to intertwine. It took only a matter of seconds for two hands -- one from each of his girls -- to reach for and find his thick cock. Cori's hand dipped to his balls, gently squeezing them, preheating the oven for another batch of cum. Jordan slowly massaged his cock, her soft hands gently squeezing and pulling on it, her fingers brushing over the head, which already was sticky with pre-cum.  
  
Ty rolled onto his left side, facing Jordan. His cock jabbed her in the thigh and she lifted her leg slightly, letting his 10-inch beast nestle between her thighs with her pussy caressing the top of his cock. Cori pressed against his back, tracing her rubbery nipples over his back and massaging his ass and balls with her hands. She nibbled on his ear and kissed his neck while Ty pulled Jordan against him, fucking her smooth thighs.  
  
"I could use a mouth down there," Ty said, "unless you want a very sticky mess in here."  
  
Cori couldn't see exactly what was going on, but knew that it was her mouth that was going to be called into service since Ty was clearly fucking Jordan someway, somehow. She slid completely under the sleeping bag and immediately started to sweat from the heat of their three bodies trapped inside the insulated bag. She slithered across Ty, who scooted backwards, pulling Jordan with him. This gave Cori room to slide across Jordan as well. Now, she was at the bottom of the sleeping bag on the opposite side from where she started. Blind and hot and wishing for fresh air, Cori committed to her task and slid alongside Jordan, immediately feeling Ty's soft cock-head press into her side. She realized Jordan has his cock wedged between her thighs and pussy. Cori reached out and touched Ty's cock as it poked between Jordan's thighs. Smartly, he stopped pumping and let her replace her fingers with her mouth, finding the proper place to catch his cock.  
  
Once Cori found her spot, Ty started fucking again. Cori curled into a ball at the bottom of the bag, keeping her mouth open, tongue out, applying wet kisses and suction each time Ty's cock thrust back and forth. She could smell Jordan's sweet pussy and tasted her juice on Ty's cock. While Cori was burning up and starting to cramp, Ty was clearly quite comfortable and looking to make this last a while. He would fuck hard for a few thrusts, then stop and let his cock head stick through Jordan's legs so Cori could suck on it like a big lollipop for a few minutes.  
  
Cori wanted to at least change places so she could get her head out of this bag and get some fresh, cool air. She was suddenly thirsty and imagined a nice cold glass of iced tea. Just as she was thinking about taking a long, cool drink, she was forced to take a series of short, hot ones as Ty pumped his load into her mouth. It was smaller than usual, due no doubt to the number of orgasms he'd had already tonight. But the man is a fucking machine, she thought -- even when his balls are worn out, his giant cock is still ready for more.  
  
She climbed out of the sleeping bag and lay on top of it, the air cool and fresh on her damp skin. "If you're going to lay outside the bag, at least let me use your tits as a pillow," Ty said. Cori maneuvered underneath him and Ty turned on his side, his face resting on her right breast. Jordan curled up behind Ty and pressed her breasts into his back and they all fell asleep.

**CHAPTER 9 (PART 2): TRICKS AND TREATS**  
  
The next morning, Cori awoke first and squirmed out from underneath Ty to get in the shower. When she came out, she wasn't surprised to see Jordan on all fours, Ty kneeling behind her, slamming her ass with vicious thrusts of his cock.  
  
By the time Cori got dressed, Ty and Jordan were showering together. Cori had asked them to take her to work and help her set up for the day. She planned to get in about an hour early, hoping that would be enough time to set up for the Halloween party.  
  
Cori started the day wearing what she was going to call her "Submissive Barbie" costume, but she planned to wear several costumes before the day was over. As Submissive Barbie, Cori – in the spirit of Halloween -- wore a neon orange halter top that squeezed her tits together, a black wraparound skirt, orange g-string and clear stilettos. Across her tube top, "Trick Me" was spelled out in black letters. She put her hair in a pony tail, added red lipstick and pulled her skirt up to show off the bottom of her ass and make her legs look impossibly long.  
  
They got to the office a few minutes before seven and, after a quick explanation that Ty and Jordan were there to help set up for a party, Harold let them in. The next 45 minutes was a flurry of activity as the three of them laid out Cori's other outfits in the break room, set up the games and activities for the day and, finally, put together the makeshift box that Cori would be inside when her co-workers arrived. Ty and Jordan put the box in the middle of the large work area near Cori's desk. On the outside of the box, they taped printed signs that said "Submissive Barbie" and "Open with Care" and "See inside for instructions for use" and "No batteries required." The largest sign read, "Do NOT open until ALL employees have arrived."  
  
They laid the box on its side with Cori laying inside it. Through a couple of small air holes, she gave them the OK and Ty and Jordan left. Not more than five minutes later, the guys started coming in. Douglas, as usual was first and chuckled when he saw the box. He knew Cori was inside, of course, and said loudly, "Mmm, I sure love to play with dolls." He heard Cori giggle and went to put on a pot of coffee.  
  
As the others arrived, they read the signs on the box, laughing and joking about things they liked to do with dolls, how Barbie was a hot little slut with a great body and how jealous Ken was going to be when she came home with cum all over her. Cori laughed along, but when the last of the guys arrived and they opened the box, she got immediately into her "doll" character and put on a straight face with just a hint of a smile and her best blank stare. She kept her body limp as the guys pulled her from the box and lay her in the middle of the floor. Barry pulled off the piece of paper that was taped to her belly and said "IMPORTANT: READ THE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST." They all pulled their conference table chairs around her in a semicircle as Barry read the note. Cori stared straight up at the ceiling, doing her best to maintain her expression and give the impression of being a real doll.  
  
Barry read the instructions aloud: "Congratulations! You are now the proud and lucky owner of the very first 'Submissive Barbie Doll." Submissive Barbie looks like the Barbie you knew growing up, but she acts like the one you always wanted her to be. She is a nymphomaniac, cock-sucking sex freak who will wantonly obey your every command. She is flexible, obedient and literally yours to do with as you please. Tie her up, share her with your friends, put her on a leash and take her for a walk, play dress up or tear her clothes to shreds – it's all up to you. Submissive Barbie comes with an assortment of clothes which have been provided in the break room. Whatever your fantasy, Submissive Barbie has the outfit, body and attitude to bring it to life.  
  
"Submissive Barbie is self-cleaning and is made to be used over and over and over again," Barry continued. "Special voice-activation technology allows her to respond to any commands so long as she is addressed as Barbie, Slut, Cunt, Whore, Bitch or Babe. As in, 'Slut, suck my cock and lick my ass.' No batteries required! Just say the words and watch her go.  
  
"As you explore your new toy, look for the three secret buttons that, when pressed, pulled, twisted, rubbed, licked, etc., will draw pleasure responses from your doll such as groans, moans and giggles. Get good enough at it and you might even unlock the key to your doll's orgasm mode! It's hours of entertainment and your satisfaction is 100 percent guaranteed. Just remember, there is only one Submissive Barbie, so please take good care of her. Slapping, beating or otherwise abusing her will drastically reduce the amount of time you will be able to enjoy this one-of-a-kind toy. And please don't be selfish – this toy can be played with by any number of you and your friends. Have fun!"  
  
"Well guys," Barry said, tossing the paper aside, "I say we see how this new toy works. But before we all start yelling at once, how about we go around the circle and each give her a command? I'll start. 'Bitch, sit up on your knees with your hands behind your back, back straight and tits out.'"  
  
Cori, stone-faced, rose slowly but obediently to her knees, clasping her hands behind her back, fixing her gaze on the bulletin board on the wall behind them, making sure not to look at any of them directly. She straightened her back and arched it slightly, displaying her tits in that orange halter top.  
  
To this point, Cori had only heard her co-workers and caught glimpses of them out of the corner of her eye. She knew they had all dressed up for Halloween, but she wasn't sure what their costumes were. Now, still looking straight ahead at the bulletin board, she could see that Douglas was dressed as a vampire and Barry was a werewolf. Good costumes, she thought. She couldn't see the others yet, though she caught herself wishing she could see Wes, trying to guess how he was dressed – and thinking naughtily about undressing him.  
  
"Slut, get on all fours like a dog," Douglas ordered next. "Make sure your legs are spread and wag that tail high in the air."  
  
Cori leaned forward and rested her weight on her hands, then spread her knees apart and lowered her upper torso until her tits were just touching the floor and her ass was a few inches higher than the rest of her body. Her ass and pussy – barely covered by the orange g-string – were no longer covered at all by the tiny skirt, which rode up high on her hips. Her breasts felt heavy in the tiny halter top and she thought they might pop the one button holding them in or simply burst out the top.  
  
They enjoyed this view for a few minutes, each guy circling around her, taking it in from all angles. Still staring straight ahead, Cori saw Greg, Jason and Wes pass in front of her gaze. Greg was dressed as a football player, Jason was a doctor and Wes was in what looked to be a superhero outfit. Oh, my hero, what secret powers do you possess, she thought, ready to be a very grateful damsel in distress or harshly punished criminal brought to justice by a manhood of steel.  
  
Her brief fantasy ended when Greg said, "Whore, stand up and bend over at the waist, legs straight, shoulder-width apart, hands flat on the floor." Cori, ever flexible, assumed the position with ease and had no problem holding it.  
  
"New rule, guys," Wes said. "Any documents signed by Cori must be signed with the paper flat on the floor and her bent over just like this."  
  
"Yeah, and every document that passes through this office should have her signature on it," Jason added.  
  
Oh, my naughty boy, Cori grinned, proud of him for speaking up and for coming up with such a fun idea.  
  
"Cunt, pull your tits out of the top of your halter top and do 20 jumping jacks," Jason ordered next. Cori stood up straight, left the halter top fastened and used her fingers to pull her tits out through the opening in the top. By leaving the top fastened, she forced her tits to sit even higher on her chest and the sides of the top squeezed them together. They bounced up and down and slapped together as she completed the task, her gaze never wavering even as she felt her nipples grow harder in the cool room.  
  
When she was done, she stopped with her hands to her side, her breasts heaving as she caught her breath. "Babe," Wes said. "Do the splits." Cori wasn't surprised that he had used the most polite of the words they were to use to address her. Her shy boy was polite and kind at heart, she knew, and she felt both proud and a bit dirty for bringing out both the best and worst in him. She could sense he was growing more confident, which was good. But was it really so good that he was now coming up with ideas like making her bend over to sign papers? Maybe, maybe not. Regardless, he wanted her to do the splits and she obliged, spreading her legs until her barely covered pussy pressed against the floor, her toes pointed up, her ass cheeks touching the floor as well.  
  
The guys were now randomly touching themselves, their cocks stirring. Cori had plans for the afternoon, but she had left the morning wide open to let them do what they wanted with her – she knew they would be so jacked up for today that she wanted to allow them a chance for that initial release.  
  
Barry stepped forward and squeezed her tits. When his hand brushed over her nipples, Cori moaned, though she maintained her doll-eyed expression. "Found two of the secret buttons," Barry chuckled.  
  
"I got a pretty good idea where the third one is too," Jason added. He knelt in front of her and fished his fingers inside her g-string, rubbing them over her clit. She moaned right on cue.  
  
"Hey guys, check out these clothes," Wes called out. He was in the break room, admiring the array of fantasy outfits Cori had brought with her. There was a naughty nurse uniform, a cheerleader uniform, a catsuit, a schoolgirl outfit, a ballerina costume and various pieces of lingerie and fetish gear, including a leash, a ball gag, handcuffs and an assortment of dildos and vibrators.  
  
"Damn, I want to dress her in this," Greg said, holding up the slutty chearleader outfit.  
  
"No, let's try this," Jason said, showing the naughty nurse costume.  
  
"I got an idea," Wes said, again surprising Cori by speaking up. "How about we each pick out a different outfit to dress her in. You get to dress her yourself and then get 30 minutes in Mrs. Benson's office to act out your fantasy."  
  
"I like it," Barry said, holding up the schoolgirl outfit. It was clear he meant both the idea and the clothes.  
  
"Who goes first?" Douglas asked. He was sifting through the lingerie, apparently already piecing together an outfit in his mind.  
  
"Ever hear of musical chairs?" Barry asked. "How about musical cocks?"  
  
"What's that?"  
  
"We play a song and Cori – er, Barbie – sits in the middle of us as we go around in a circle. You put your cock in her mouth for two seconds, then take it out and the next guy goes. To keep track, we all count out loud. Whoever's cock is in her mouth when the music stops gets to go first and so on. If the music stops in between cocks, whoever's cock was next in line gets the spot."  
  
"Sounds good," Greg said. "But who's going to do the music?"  
  
"Thought about that," Barry said. "Hugh should be here soon, right?"  
  
"The courier?" Douglas asked. "Yeah, he always brings the paychecks by 8:30. Should be here any minute."  
  
"So, I bet he'd play the music for us," Barry said.  
  
"What's in it for him?" Wes asked.  
  
"The paper said this toy was to be shared," Barry grinned. "I say he plays the music, he gets sixth turn. Agreed?"  
  
They all nodded. Cori, during all of this, sat motionless on the floor, still doing her splits and staring glassy-eyed at the bulletin board. She was finding it hard not to smile, though, because this was exactly what she had hoped would happen – well, she didn't know about Hugh – but about the guys acting out different fantasies with her one at a time. The different outfits and the doll idea were designed to lead them in that direction and it had worked – it was her idea, but they thought it was their own. 30 minutes each times six meant three hours. That would take them right up until lunch. After lunch was the party. She felt confident that she was going to be able to keep them entertained and happy all day long without – hopefully – having to make another naked trip through the parking lot or being gang-banged in the stairwell. Not that those events had been all bad, but they were risky, embarrassing and dragged her closer to losing her job, her scholarship and her opportunity. The way to avoid all that was a well-thought out, sufficiently wild and kinky party, nicely confined to the office. So far, the plan was working. She heard their musical cocks idea and hoped Wes' would be first and that Hugh wouldn't turn out to be some jerk. She figured she hadn't seen him before if all he was doing was dropping off checks because he'd just stop at Douglas' desk and be gone without ever entering the main part of the office.  
  
They put Cori's outfit back together, covering her tits and pussy once again. Douglas met Hugh out by the elevator a few minutes later and quickly explained the situation and just what they were offering him. As soon as Hugh heard the deal and saw Cori through the glass wall, he agreed and the game was on.  
  
Cori got her first look at Hugh when he approached her – at Douglas' invitation – and tentatively touched her nipples. Cori groaned appropriately and Hugh smiled, nodding his approval to the rest of the guys. Hugh was 50 years old, balding with thick glasses and a genuine, broad smile and a beer belly that suggested he liked to have a good time. The guys all seemed to like him and Cori could see why – he came across as that crazy uncle everyone has who lives life to the fullest every minute, always ready for something new and fun and making everyone laugh. He was cracking jokes now as the guys took off their pants and started forming a circle around her. They were all in such good moods – laughing at his jokes and looking forward to a day full of play and fucking. Cori had to admit, for a guy, it was probably tough to beat a day like this.  
  
They kept her in her splits as they circled around her. Hugh sat at one of the desks with his back turned to avoid any hint of favoritism. His finger was poised on the mouse on the computer, ready to click play on the mp3 file and then pause at some random time later. Before they started, Barry blindfolded Cori to "add to the fun". Hugh started playing "Girls, Girls, Girls" by Mötley Crüe and the first cock pressed against Cori's willing lips, which parted and gave a sweet kiss. After a silent three second count, Hugh jingled his keys and one cock was pulled out and another inserted.  
  
"You don't have to be in any hurry, Hugh!" Greg yelled and they all laughed. Cori tried to guess whose cock was whose, but lost track as the guys fell silent, the only sounds in the room now were the music, the quick jingle of the keys and her sucking lips. The guys obeyed the time limit and switched quickly, until one of them – obviously giving in to his growing lust – grabbed the back of her head and thrust his cock violently down her throat. Cori wouldn't have minded if she had been prepared for it, but she wasn't expecting it and gagged impulsively. She sputtered as the music stopped and the other guys chirped at the culprit for his overdue time. Cori lifted her blindfold and saw that Wes was next in line.  
  
"Sorry, Barry, but your time was up," Cori said. "Whoever was next in line should get the first spot."  
  
She wanted to give Wes a wink or grin or something to let him know she wanted it that way, but she stayed in character, virtually expressionless but very happy to hear the others joining in and offering their agreement.  
  
Wes would be first. Cori put the blindfold back on and the suck-fest continued, with Greg second, Barry third, then Douglas, Jason and, finally, Hugh. Six guys, 30 minutes each. And, Cori suppressed a smile, Wes got to go first.  
  
"I say we dress her out here where we can all watch, then you can take her into the office and do whatever," Barry suggested. "The time starts when you get in the office."  
  
Cori's blank expression told them she had no objections and Wes promptly stepped forward with a sheer white catsuit. He had Cori stand up and, with everyone standing around her in a semicircle, randomly tugging on their wet cocks, he approached her with a pair of scissors. Grinning from ear to ear, he positioned the scissors carefully between her breasts at the bottom of the halter top. He swiftly made a one-inch cut, then made a similar cut at the top of her breasts. Finally, he sliced both of the straps that connected behind her neck so that the tattered top now clung tightly, connected by only a small strip of fabric between her breasts. Playfully flexing his muscles in his superhero costume and cape, Wes gripped both sides of the top and ripped it apart, flinging it dramatically across the room as her bare breasts sprang into full view.  
  
Not even taking time to enjoy the view, Wes dropped to his knees behind her and sliced through the mini skirt and flung it aside. Now only the orange g-string remained. Opening the scissors, he lifted the back of g-string away from her ass-cheeks and slid the spread scissors underneath it, gently resting the narrow string across one of the blades. The handle of the scissors balanced on her ass cheeks. "Barbie," Wes ordered, "pull your g-string up and down." Cori understood immediately what he intended. She would be cutting her own thong off. Fun!  
  
Wes knelt behind her, holding the scissors steady while Cori gripped the front of her g-string and pulled up on it, yanking it between her pussy lips. Then she let go, letting the skin-tight garment snap back against her sensitive flesh. Then she pulled up again, continuing to saw the thin strap against the dull blade of the scissors and the very sensitive bud of her clit. She moaned appropriately as one of her pleasure buttons was being continually stimulated now and she made no effort to hide the genuine pleasure she was feeling. She knew the guys were all horny as hell and wanted nothing more than to tear into her right now, but she was confident she matched their level of lust and excitement for the moment. She couldn't wait for Wes to take her back and have his way with her.  
  
It only took about a minute to saw through the little strap and Wes tossed the little pieces of fabric to Hugh to let the man catch a whiff of Cori's sweet pussy. Playing the superhero role, Wes scooped Cori up in his arms and carried her over to the conference table, gently laying her down. Cori tried to make her body as limp and limber as possible, acting like a doll while Wes pulled off her stilettos and began dressing her.  
  
The catsuit he had selected was a sleek, skin-tight garment made of a stretchy, thin nylon similar to stockings. It was tight, white and clingy and very easy to pull or tear. This was the sort of item that got worn one time. Hell, if Wes didn't rip it off her, her nipples alone were sure to stretch and tear the top.  
  
It opened at the waist with a zipper up the back, so Wes started by sliding it up her long legs, gently tugging and pulling it tight so her toes pointed and stretched against the material. The others all gathered around, watching Wes dress his doll. They took note, no doubt of her moist pussy lips and engorged clit and erect nipples – Cori couldn't have hidden her desire if she wanted to. They were all respectful of Wes' time, however, even though it hadn't officially begun yet. They all kept their hands to themselves – and their cocks – and gave Wes room to work and play as he liked.

Wes ordered her softly but firmly to "Babe, raise your leg" or "Slut, raise your ass" as he worked the catsuit up her body. When he got to her pussy, he rubbed her pussy lips through the catsuit until the fabric grew damp and began to seep into the crevice between her lips, obscenely outlining her juicy cameltoe.  
  
Cori forgot that it had an opening over the belly button until he pulled it up over her smooth torso. Then she remembered that it had a slit about an inch wide and three inches high right over the belly button. She remembered that Ty, who had ordered an outfit like this for her back when they worked together at the shop, described it as a "starter hole". When Cori had asked what he meant, he had said, "you know, to grab it and rip that thing off you – rip it down to get to your pussy or up to get to your tits or both ways to get to everything." She vividly remembered now how he had attacked a red version of the same outfit like piranha after a fresh piece of meat. She wondered if Wes would be as aggressive. She imagined him taking his time a little more, unless he was so excited he just couldn't wait. From the corner of her eye she could see his cock bobbing around, rigid and wet at the tip, and guessed the outfit would be short-lived once the office door closed.  
  
He pulled it up over her breasts, pulling the fabric taut and watching as her dark nipples tented the material. Then he slid her arms into the sleeves, sliding her fingers into each the fingers of the gloved ends. With feet and gloves built in, this was a complete body stocking as it left only Cori's navel and head exposed. It had a very high collar that wrapped tightly around her neck. Wes rolled her over onto her belly and zipped it up to the very top, pulling her hair out of the way to keep from snagging it in the zipper. The only thing left was to put her stilettos back on and Submissive Barbie was dressed and ready to play.  
  
Wes had her stand up and twirl around, showing off to her horny admirers. "There's only one way for a slut in a catsuit to get to that office," Wes grinned. "Crawl, slut."  
  
Cori dropped to all fours, bending her arms slightly and sticking her ass high in the air, trying to mimic a cat with its tail sticking straight up. With slow, sensuous moves, Cori channeled her inner cat and slinked down the hallway toward the office where a major cock-pounding awaited. Yes, this kitty was going to have her cream soon. She fought the urge to purr, instead mewing like a little lost kitten, looking seductively over her shoulder at Wes, who followed, hands at his sides, cock rigid and pointed right at her twitching tail. He looked ridiculous and oddly sexy wearing only red tennis shoes and a red cape, the rest of his superhero costume – including the mask – long-since gone.  
  
"Looks like this little kitten is lost," Wes boomed in a mock superhero voice to the rest of the guys. "I think it's wet and hungry. I will use my thunder sword to protect it and feed it. As a sworn defender of little lost pussy, I vow that this mission will be a success so that all good citizens of the city of Manhood may continue to enjoy the company of sweet, tender pussy."  
  
Bowing to the mock cheers of his co-workers, Wes followed Cori into the office and pulled the door shut, glancing at the clock on the wall to keep track of his time. Cori was prepared for anything at this point. She would remain in character as Submissive Barbie pretending to be a little lost kitten as long as he wanted or she would be just regular ol' Cori if her preferred. He wanted to play games.  
  
"Here kitty, kitty," he said. Cori turned, still on her hands and knees, but now looking up at him, her gaze stopping at his hard cock, then looking longingly up at his face, which wasn't classicly handsome by any means, but was cute in its own way. She meowed, then moved forward and rubbed her head against his bare leg like a cat rubbing up against its owner. She purred softly, then meowed again.  
  
"You must be hungry," Wes said, bending down to pat her on the head. She nuzzled her head against his thigh and spread his legs, letting his cock point straight at her face. She licked her lips hungrily and meowed loudly, as if to say yes. "Good," Wes said. "Then eat all you want. He stood up, hands on his hips in a classic superhero pose, and looked down as she raised up on her knees, meowed again and started rubbing her face along the side of his cock. Finally, she lapped at the head with her tongue, pulling back a sticky string of pre-cum, which she followed to the source. She took him fully in her mouth, bobbing her head back and forth, going balls deep with every dip of her head.  
  
She could tell from his excitement and throbbing cock that he wasn't going to last anywhere near 30 minutes, so she doubled her efforts, determined to get him off as fast as possible this first time and give him as much time as possible to recuperate and nail her again before their time was up. Wes seemed to read her thoughts – or at least knew what it meant when the suction doubled, her cheeks hollowing while her tongue performed seemingly impossible acrobat moves on his shaft and head. Wes didn't even think about holding back as he put his hands on her head and held her in place while he filled her mouth and throat with what felt like the biggest load he had ever had. His hungry kitten lapped up every drop, though, and Wes slumped back in Mrs. Benson's plush office chair, tapping his lap for Cori to join him. She crawled up into his lap, cuddling against him, purring and licking her lips.  
  
"Wow, you make a good fucking cat, Cori," Wes said, letting her know that the role play was over.  
  
"Thanks, you're a pretty impressive superhero," Cori replied. "Man of steel, indeed."  
  
"Not right now."  
  
"No, but we've got time. Let's see if he can make a triumphant return in time to wield his superpowers and dispense his wonder cream one more time."  
  
"I'm game if you are," Wes said, filling his hands with her breasts, rubbing them through the thin nylon. Already there were runs in the fabric where her rigid nipples had scraped against it. Who needs a starter hole when you have nipples like these? Cori wondered to herself.  
  
Wes put his mouth over the dark shadows of her nipples and sucked them through the fabric. He closed his mouth over her right nipple and gently chewed on it. As he pulled back, he clenched his teeth and caught the nylon between them. Playfully shaking his head like a puppy playing with an old shoe, he tore a hole with his teeth. He spat out the bit of fabric stuck in his teeth and attacked the other breast, a bit more aggressively this time, tearing a larger hole that left her entire left breast exposed. Cori's nipples pointed straight up, teasing and triumphant, as if to say, "See, we knew you couldn't keep us down for long!"  
  
Wes put his hands inside both of the holes around her breasts and ripped the fabric to the sides, tearing the top of the catsuit completely open as he once again attacked her nipples, sucking and chewing on them. They were so long and hard and rubbery that they were simply irresistible, and it didn't hurt that Cori moaned and put her hands behind his head, holding him tightly against her breasts. Wes hadn't had a lot of experience with women – not like his co-workers seemed to – but the little experience he had was more than enough to tell him that Cori wasn't just another pretty face or tight body. She was special – beautiful, for sure, but sexy in so many ways. She seemed to be able to read minds and morph into whatever kind of girl you wanted – slutty, sweet, vulnerable, fun-loving, aggressive, athletic, feminine. She had it all and a fantastic smile and attitude and the sexiest damn giggle he'd ever heard. And where did she learn to purr like that. She could turn him on no matter what she was wearing. Just her eyes, her pouty lips and that fuck-me giggle would do it every time. Throw in the huge breasts, long legs and rock hard body and it was hard to imagine not getting a hard-on every time he looked at her.  
  
He was almost hard again already and he still had 20 minutes left. He just hoped he could last longer this time. Every second he was with her was precious and it only got better when his cock was hard and she was working her magic.  
  
He pushed her back on the conference table and she circled her legs around him. The catsuit was still covering the lower half of her body, but her pussy was so wet that the crotch was soaked and ready to fall apart. Wes destroyed it with one quick thrust of his cock, climbing on top of her, her head in his hands, their noses touching as he drilled her sweet pussy. Cori groaned and lifted her legs, wrapping them around him, urging him to deeper and faster as her own orgasm mounted. She wanted to let the guys outside know how good Wes was fucking her and started moaning loudly, the sound of her own erotic groans making her all the hotter. She pictured the others huddled outside the door, listening to Wes fuck her. She wondered if they could hear the wetness of her pussy as his cock slapped against her wet lips and her pussy sucked on his shaft. She knew for sure – even if they were out by the elevator – that they could hear her moaning. The people in the office below probably could too.  
  
Cori wasn't usually a loud fuck – a screamer. But some guys liked it and once in a while it was fun. In this case, it was for Wes' ego. It wasn't fake at all – she was cumming, no doubt about it – but she wanted to let him and everyone know just how good he was. And he'd probably feel even better about it later when the moaning was much quieter later when she was with the other guys – that's the way she planned to be, at least, unless one of them requested a screamer. While Wes was special, she wouldn't deny the others any of their reasonable requests or pleasures today either.  
  
Cori announced her orgasm to Wes, all the guys in the office and everyone on the third floor and still had enough left in her lungs to let the guys in the office know when it happened again. By then, Wes, who was now dripping with sweat and consumed by lust, was on the verge of exhaustion. Her man of steel had proven to be just that, pumping furiously without slowing or stopping, each thrust just as hard and deep as the last. Cori had no idea if they had 10 minutes left or had gone over by an hour. Frankly, she didn't care. If her man of steel could last until noon and keep making her cum, she'd let him and pay the others back later.  
  
Cori hit her third orgasm, which came so quickly that all she could muster was a simple "Oh God!" and a high-pitched shriek. Wes pulled out splattered his second load all over her flat belly, then rolled off, landing roughly on the thickly carpeted floor. Cori giggled, catching her breath. Wes sat up and saw her running her fingers through his cum on her flat belly. What a sight. What a woman. She casually lifted her fingers to her lips and tasted his jism, the smile on her face so genuine that there was no doubt she loved the taste. Wes used some of the tattered top of her catsuit to wipe off the rest of her belly and Cori quickly washed her face in Mrs. Benson's executive restroom.  
  
She glanced at the clock and saw that they had gone a full 15 minutes over. Wes had fucked her as hard as anyone besides Ty had ever fucked her and lasted a full 30 minutes. He made her cum three times. All the other guys in the office kind of pretended to be studs, but she was finding out that there was a lot more to Wes and his average looks and average cock than met the eye.  
  
They walked out, Wes bowing triumphantly as Cori staggered along playfully behind him, her "fuck-so-hard-I-can-barely-walk" routine only partially fake. She looked like she had been ravaged, bare to the waist, then her catsuit hanging in tatters around her hips and thighs, rips and tears up and down the legs.  
  
"Damn, you really tore that pussy up!" Jason said, high-fiving Wes.  
  
"And from the sound of things, she loved every second," Greg added, licking his lips. His turn was next and he was ready. "And it's just going to get better and better, baby. That was just the warm up. Come here and let me get you ready for the main event."  
  
Greg was dressed as a football player, with eye black under his eyes, shoulder pads, a jersey and even the tight white pants that you could see his jock strap through. Fittingly, he had picked out the cheerleading outfit to dress Cori in.  
  
"It's game time," Greg said, already in character. "And I need a little help warming up from my biggest fan and favorite cheerleader."  
  
"Go team!" Cori said.  
  
"That's the spirit," Greg said. He sat her on top of her desk and finished ripping off her catsuit and pulled off her stilettos. She was completely nude as he began dressing her in the cheerleader outfit. Cori remembered that Ty used to like to mess with her by ordering junior sizes on some things and this was one of them. The skirt was made for a junior high cheerleader, not a grown woman with toned thighs, round ass and long legs like Cori's. So the skirt was even more pathetic than most of her outfits. This one didn't even go all the way around her narrow waist and Jason and Barry quickly fashioned together a chain of paper clips to bridge the four-inch gap between the ends of the waist band and Greg used two safety pins to hold them in place. He turned the gap so that it was in the back, perfectly centered around the crack of her ass. The skirt was comically short, too. They had it pulled up as high as they could to reach around the narrowest part of her waist. As a result, it fit more like an apron than a skirt, extending only about a third of the way down her ass and only the top of her pussy mound.  
  
The bright red skirt was paired with a tight white spandex tube top that was stretched so tightly across her breasts that the red lettering that spelled out "Fuckaneers" – a not-so-clever play on words by Ty, who was a Buccaneers fan – was wrapped all the way around her sides, under her armpits. The actual lettering on her tits was distorted and stretched and only "ckanee" was visible if she put her arms down. The tube top would have fit a much younger girl or a thin, less busty woman, but a grown woman with 38D breasts was more than the top was built to handle. It looked like a rubber band stretched to its limits, about to snap. Greg put her hair in a ponytail with a red ribbon tied around it and gave her some red-and-white saddle shoes with no socks.  
  
"Now, that's what I call a cheerleader," Greg said, stepping back to take a good look at his work. "Give us a little cheer."  
  
Cori stood up and started bouncing up and down as she yelled, "Give me a C"!  
  
"C!"  
  
"Give me an O!"  
  
"O"  
  
"Give me another C!"  
  
"C!"  
  
"Give me a K!"  
  
"K!"  
  
"What's that spell?"  
  
"Cock!"  
  
"What do I want?"  
  
"Cock!"  
  
"What do I need?"  
  
"Cock!"  
  
"What are you going to give me?"  
  
"Cock!"  
  
Cori bounced and shook her tits and kicked her legs, then dropped to the ground in a perfect splits. "Come on and do that on my cock," Greg grinned, grabbing her wrist and pulling her up. He led her quickly to Mrs. Benson's office, slammed the door behind them and turned to face his prize.  
  
"I played a good game today," he grinned, letting Cori know he was in character. "Coach said if I played well, he'd let me do anything to you I wanted for half an hour. Funny that the coach cares more about the team than his own daughter, but what the hell. We all know you're the team slut and I guess he does too, huh? If he's going to have a hot slut for a daughter, he might as well put her to good use. Come on, slut, show me your team spirit."  
  
Greg reached for her tube top and yanked it down below her breasts and it snapped sharply against her rib cage. "Splits, now, bitch," he barked, pointing at the floor. Cori dropped quickly onto the carpet, her bare snatch pressed against the soft shag. "For the next 30 minutes, you are not to get out of the splits. Understood?"  
  
"Of course, sir," Cori said. "Whatever is best for the team."  
  
"Well, the star of the team deserves a hot piece of ass, don't ya think?"  
  
"The hottest he can find," Cori said, wiggling her ass playfully, enjoying the feel of the carpet rubbing against her engorged clit.  
  
"Good," Greg said. "Splits on the table, now."  
  
Cori scrambled up onto the conference table, her knee hitting a slick spot that she knew was likely either her juice or Wes' – or a combination of the two. It didn't show against the dark table, but she'd have to make sure and clean it very well before Mrs. Benson came back. She watched Greg pull down his tight football pants and remove his cup and jock strap and set them on the table. He kept removed his pads and then put his jersey back on. He guided her as she did the splits on the edge of the table, making her face away from him. "Put your forehead on the table," he said.  
  
Always-flexible Cori was being tested. With her legs spread as wide as they could go, she now bent at the waist until her forehead touched the table. She felt Greg's hand on the back of her head, holding it there. Her hips were now rotated enough that her ass was presented to him. He rubbed the pre-cum from his cock all over his shaft and then drove the only slightly lubricated prick deep into her asshole. She moaned from a combination of pleasure and pain and wished he would put some more lubrication on or at least rub some of her pussy juice on his cock. But she could feel his cock swell almost instantly and knew he wouldn't last long at all. Like Wes, he was going to cum fast the first time and probably have plenty of time for a second go 'round. She realized all of the guys would probably be this way – after all, they weren't getting any less horny waiting for their turn. By the time they got playing dress up with her, they were ready to explode.  
  
Greg's left hand kept her head pinned to the table and his right stung her ass cheek half a dozen times with sharp slaps while his cock pumped furiously inside her. She thought he was going to break their unwritten rule about coming inside her anywhere but her mouth – no one wanted sloppy seconds – but at the last second he pulled out. She expected to feel it spray across her back or ass, but felt nothing. She glanced over her shoulder and saw that he was dumping his load inside his support cup. She knew what would happen next.  
  
He put the cup over her nose and mouth and then put the jock strap over her face and around her head to hold the cup in place. "Clean it out, slut," he said. "The only liquid in there when I pull this off better be your saliva. And you know you better swallow."  
  
Cori couldn't see where the cum was, of course, so she licked up and down and around the sides – everywhere her tongue could reach. A glob dripped off the top and landed on the side of her nose, eventually running into her mouth. She got all of it she could and then Greg pulled off the jock strap and cup and tossed them aside without even inspecting the contents. He knew she would do as told and he'd seen her swallow several mouthfuls.  
  
"That was fun," Greg said. "Coach is good at football, but he's even better at making hot daughters. Damn, those are some fine titties." Greg came around the table, his cock mostly soft now, but not for long, Cori guessed. He made Cori slide her arms inside the sides of the tube top, then gradually worked it up her arms until he got it over her shoulders. The elastic material snapped around her neck just as he hoped, forming a tight sling that wrapped around her neck and cupped her tits, pulling them up and together in a mass of tit flesh right under her throat. He grabbed the strap of material on the back of her neck and, using it like a handle, pulled up and down, watching her tits bounce around inside the makeshift sling. He liked this show so much he ordered her back on the floor where he could get more leverage. She did the splits again and he stood over her now, pulling the tube top up as high as he could – lifting her part way off the floor with it – placing more and more strain on her firm tits until the top finally gave way and Cori slumped to the floor, banging her head against one of the conference table chairs.

"Well, that thing's history," Greg said, slinging the shredded top across the room, "might as well finish the job." He bent down and ripped apart the makeshift waistband of paper clips and safety pins, pulling her skirt away and tossing it aside too. Now, she wore only her red and white saddle shoes and the red ribbon in her hair.  
  
Greg pushed the chair that Cori had banged into aside and sat down in front of her on the floor, his own legs spread wide, his cock flaccid in front of her. "Team spirit's a little low," Greg said. "Time for the HEAD cheerleader to do what she does best."  
  
"Yes, it is," Cori grinned. "I can get that team spirit back up. That's a HEAD cheerleaders job." Knowing she wasn't supposed to get out of the splits, Cori leaned forward, keeping her ass and pussy pressed to the carpet, her back and legs straight. She felt her nipples rubbing against the carpet as her lips finally made contact with the soft head of his cock. She lifted it up with her tongue and slurped it into her mouth. Her body rocked gently bath and forth as she nursed his cock slowly back to erection.  
  
"We got 10 more minutes," Greg said, "so take your time. Suck it slow and deep. Enjoy the taste. Remember, this was in your ass just a few minutes ago so if tastes extra sweet today, you know why."  
  
Cori found Greg to be pretty crass. He was like Jason. They were both overly arrogant and had obviously had their pick of girls too often to know how to treat one right. She loved a man with a naughty mind and dirty mouth, but Greg and Jason, though harmless, just seemed to be stuck in the high school locker room days when they were king jocks. No doubt this was one of Greg's fantasies. He probably had a crush on the coach's daughter and or a cheerleader and always dreamed about being rewarded for a great game with a great lay. Well, Cori was here to make dreams come true today and, while she didn't particularly like the guy, she didn't hate him either. He had never harmed her or been mean to her. He was just a jerk she wouldn't date, but she'd fuck the shit out of him for her job and their mutual pleasure.  
  
Cori took his cock in huge, smooth gulps, swallowing every inch every time before slowly sliding back up and sucking on just the head for a few seconds. She looked at his taut round balls and pictured the insides of them looking like two vats of warm, creamy cum slowly being warmed – by her – to a boil, the cum sputtering and bubbling inside those balls, slowly rising, oozing into the shaft of his cock and eventually bubbling over in an eruption that sent showers of white hot jizz spraying everywhere. Even though she knew this wasn't how it really worked, it's how she had always pictured it and she liked the picture. She liked the idea of being the heat that makes it boil, of warming it up and coaxing it out, teasing it until it shot out at her in a white-hot glaze.  
  
She felt his hips slide forward and he put his hands behind her head. It's time, she thought. He started fucking her face now, taking over the task of providing the movement. All Cori had to do was hold still and suck on whatever she was given – head, balls or entire shaft. She turned full ownership of her mouth and lips and tongue and throat over to him and he explored every inch with his cock before finally launching an impressive second load down her throat.  
  
When he was done, Cori rose slowly, her legs tired and sore from doing the splits for a full half an hour. Not to mention that she had been fucking for an hour straight now and had coaxed four orgasms from her partners while experiencing three of her own. And still four more horny guys waited for their turn.  
  
They came out of the office together, Greg shouting touchdown and spiking her tattered clothes on the floor. Cori did a cartwheel, then walked slightly bowlegged down the hall, happy but a little tired. From the grin on Barry's face, she could tell he was next.  
  
"One minute for a pee and water break?" she asked him. She realized she had broken out of her doll character, but really, they were now onto other role playing games and she was playing a different character every 30 minutes.  
  
"Sure," Barry said. "Take two if you need."  
  
Cori went to the bathroom and washed her face and fixed her hair, which still was in a ponytail with the red ribbon in it. She washed a couple areas where she felt sticky from cum. She stopped in the break room and grabbed a bottle of water, gulping half of it down before returning to her horny co-workers.  
  
Barry was dressed as a werewolf with a very realistic and scary looking rubber mask. He had fake fangs in his mouth and furry gloves with long rubber claws. He wore a torn plaid shirt and ripped jeans to make it look like he had ripped his clothes while turning from a normal man into the werewolf. The outfit he had for Cori was a schoolgirl look and Cori had visions of a Little Red Riding Hood re-enactment coming up. Only this was far from a sweet little girl outfit. This was a very naughty, adult, slutty schoolgirl outfit. The only reason the brave lumberjack would save me, Cori mused to herself, is to have me for himself. There was nothing sweet or innocent about this schoolgirl.  
  
The outfit was pure slut from top to bottom. The red ribbon was pulled from her hair and tied around her neck in a pretty bow. Her white schoolgirl blouse was so tiny, she couldn't put it on until they cut the sleeves out and then she was able to wear it like a little vest. It wouldn't reach to button and the ends hung down only a few inches below her breasts. She tried to tie them together, but they wouldn't reach. Instead, they attached small gold chains to the end of each side of the blouse and clipped them to her belly button ring. It was just enough to hold the thin silk blouse in place over her bulging breasts. The traditional plaid schoolgirl skirt had been replaced by a red g-string and pair of thigh-high black-and-white checkerboard stockings. Her clear stilettos completed the picture of the naughtiest schoolgirl ever.  
  
"You better run, bitch!" Barry growled, and the chase was on. Cori let out a squeal and ran toward the office, Barry hot on her heels. The door slammed and Cori ran around the conference table, ready to play the helpless victim if that's what he wanted. But when she looked back at Barry, he had pulled the mask and gloves off and looked at her with a very serious face.  
  
"You thought you were so cute, didn't you?" he smirked.  
  
"What?" Cori said. Suddenly, she felt a sense of dread. Play time seemed to be over. Barry looked pissed about something. She had no idea what.  
  
"You know what, you little bitch," he sneered. "Years ago, you were a little girl – Little Red Riding Hood. What kind of fucked up name is that anyway? You taunted that poor wolf with your sweet treats and got him chopped up by a lumberjack. And everyone raved about the brave little girl and how cute you were and what a hero a lumberjack was. No one cared about the poor wolf, did they? He was just hungry. Would it have hurt you to share a few sweet snacks?"  
  
Cori didn't answer. This was weird. She didn't know whether to laugh or scream or get out of the room. She did nothing and Barry continued.  
  
"And now look at you. Not such a cute little girl any more, are you? You have those big tits and that bare pussy you flash all over town. Not exactly an innocent little girl on the way to grandma's house, are you? Dress like that for your grandma, do you? I don't think so. You dress like that to be what you are – a cock-teasing little slut."  
  
"I, uh, I don't understand," Cori said, not wanting to break out of character if this was really part of his fucked up fantasy, but wanting to let him know that he was freaking her out in case it was really just a joke.  
  
"You would understand if you knew that I was the lumberjack's son. The lumberjack who saved your life and was bitten by that wolf before he chopped him up. You'd understand if you knew the curse I live with now. I was born a year later, with the curse of the werewolf. Full moon comes and I turn into a beast." He started pulling on his furry gloves and claws.  
  
"I'm sorry," Cori said, starting to realize that this was part of Barry's freaky fantasy. The guy was weird. She had known it from day one and now it was very clear. She remembered that he had talked about doing some acting before and realized that he was playing out a script that he had written – if not on paper, then in his head. She didn't know the lines, but it was becoming more and more predictable. Well, she supposed she'd give him credit for originality, anyway.  
  
"Sorry? Too late for sorry, my dear. But there is one good thing about being a werewolf, you know," he said, pulling on the mask. "We get very horny and, well, we're very hard to say no to."  
  
Cori was still listening, stunned by this bizarre performance, when he lunged across the table and grabbed her, tackling her to the floor. He was acting and she was acting on instinct, scrambling to get up, only to have him grab her leg and pull her back. He had surprisingly good grip with the gloves and the claws were rigid enough that the scratched her thigh.  
  
He dragged her to the floor and pounced on top of her, pinning her arms to her sides. Cori knew she could get away again if she wanted, but she sensed it was time to stop struggling and lay under him, whimpering, "Please, don't hurt me."  
  
"I imagine the wolf thought the same thing," Barry grunted. He pulled the sides of her blouse apart, revealing her heaving breasts. "My, what huge titties you have, slut."  
  
"All the better to tease you with," Cori panted. Barry growled and swatted at her tits with a big furry paw. One of the claws scraped across her nipple and Cori yelped at the momentary bolt of pain.  
  
Barry pulled out his cock and sat on her chest. He brushed his claws over her mouth. "What full lips you have, slut."  
  
"All the better to suck you with," Cori said. At least it wasn't hard to figure out what her lines were. As weird as this was, it was kinda fun, she had to admit. Not that she minded the usual "Suck it, bitch" directives, but a change of pace was nice once in a while.  
  
Barry straddled her face and fed her his cock one meaty inch at a time. When it was all the way in, he looked toward the ceiling and howled, a clear signal to his co-workers that the werewolf had successfully captured his prey. He held his cock there for a few minutes, letting it pulse in her mouth while she sucked on it and lathered it with her silky tongue. Finally, he pulled out and plopped his balls in her mouth. She sucked them both in at once and felt him tighten almost instantly. She looked up at him just in time to see him grab his cock and aim it right between her eyes. In seconds, they were both covered by large pools of cum that weighed her eyelids down and coated her lashes. With her still pinning her down long after his orgasm was over, the only way for her to clear her eyes so she could see was to wipe them with her fingers – and the only way to clean her fingers was to suck the cum right off of them. Only when she had cleared enough away to fully open her eyes did Barry roll off her. He pulled her top the rest of the way off, unclipping it from her belly button, and used it to wipe her face clean.  
  
She sat up and in a flash he grabbed her head and wrapped the stained silk blouse around her head, covering her eyes. She couldn't see him, but she heard him flip the switch and noticed the light in the room fade. Then she felt him untie the ribbon around her neck and moments later her hands were tied behind her back.  
  
"The werewolf likes to hunt at night when his prey is most vulnerable, its sight diminished, help no where around," Barry said in a deep, dramatic voice. "The werewolf will hunt now. Try to escape if you desire. But beware. The werewolf can strike silently and suddenly and with a power unlike any you can imagine."  
  
Cori had to stifle a laugh. Barry was really getting into this. Weirdo! But she got the game. She was to stagger around, trying to make her way to the door while he stalked her. Eventually, he would grab her and take her one more time before his time was up.  
  
Cori got to her feet and felt awkwardly in front of her, trying to remember what was between her and the door, where she was in relation to the desk and the table and the other objects in the room. She bumped into a chair and almost tripped. She realized that despite the fact that she knew this was just a game, she was a little nervous. Just not knowing where she was, what was in front of her, where Barry was, it was more than a little unnerving. In his own very odd way, Barry had found a way to make it exciting.  
  
She veered left to avoid the chair and bumped the table. As she turned again, she felt a tug on her g-string and she was spun around in a circle. When she stopped, the g-string was gone and she couldn't tell if she was heading toward the door or away from it now. She moved forward slowly, realized the light was getting brighter and knew she was heading toward the window and away from the door. She turned back around and kicked a trash can that she knew hadn't been there before. He was setting obstacles in front of her, toying with her. It was all fine, she thought, as long as she didn't trip and break her leg on one of his silly obstacles. The safest thing to do would be to crawl, but with her hands behind her back, that wasn't an option. Still, she was afraid she was going to hurt herself, so she dropped to her knees and started inching forward, her breasts bobbing as she twisted her hips and slid one knee and then the other forward.  
  
Even though she knew it was coming, the initial pounce still surprised her. She never heard him, but felt him beside her as he grabbed her around the waist. "Werewolves like it doggy style," he growled, pushing her flat on her belly on the carpet. "Keep your head down and lift your ass." Cori got up on her knees so her ass and pussy were high in the air while her face and tits were mashed into the carpet. She felt his cock press against her pussy lips and split them with the ease of a knife through hot butter. Her pussy didn't put up much resistance when it was as wet as it was right now. Barry tore into her cunt with the sort of fury and energy you would expect from a real werewolf, his thrusts herky jerky but deep and powerful, fueled by lust and mock rage. He was growling and pawing her tits as he shook her up, down and side to side with his engorged cock. Without warning, he pulled out of her pussy and rammed his cock all the way into her ass. He cupped her breasts with his furry paws, the fake fur soft and sensual against her sensitive nipples.  
  
Then those furry hands were on her ass, slapping at her round cheeks, the rubbery claws digging into her flesh. Finally, he pulled out, pressing her head into the carpet with one hand and stroking his cock with the other. "Cup your hands," he ordered. Cori did and felt him spurt his load into her hands, which were still tied behind her back. Cum splattered across her wrists and oozed between her fingers and under her nails. Two large deposits pooled in each palm. When he untied her wrists and removed her blindfold, she raised her hands to her face and licked them clean, slurping up the large globs in her hands and darting her tongue between her fingers to gather up remnants of jism.  
  
Three down, three to go, she thought as she followed him down the hallway, wearing only her thigh-highs and stripper heels. Douglas was next. Next to Wes, Douglas was the one she most looked forward to. He was handsome and friendly and was usually the least frantic about fucking her. Where the others were like horny school boys or just plain weird, Douglas had a calm, quiet confidence that gave him an air of control. Why he was just an assistant instead of running the place, she didn't know.  
  
He made quite a handsome Count Dracula, she had to admit and wondered how soon she'd be asked to say, "I vont to suck your cock" in a mock vampire accent. Nothing could be as weird as the werewolf encounter, that's for sure. Or could it?  
  
Douglas had dark hair and features anyway, so when he added the black slacks, white button-down shirt with ruffled sleeves and black cape, he looked very much like a movie version of the famous vampire. He had fake fangs that looked surprisingly real and wore and expression that was equal parts naughty and mock scary, but his eyes were pure lust. She saw the clothes he had picked out for her and wondered exactly what he had in mind.  
  
He knelt and stripped off her stockings and stripper heels and helped her into a pair of pure white thigh high nylons To this he added a black corset that squeezed her tiny waist. Her pussy and tits were left exposed. He instructed her to put her clear stripper heels back on and tied a thick, black silk scarf around her neck. She noticed he had a leather duffel bag in one hand and wondered what was inside it. He took her by the hand and led her down the hallway, his cape rustling as they walked.  
  
"Lay down on the couch, please," Douglas said, guiding her to dark leather couch that sat in the corner of Mrs. Benson's office. Cori lay on flat on her back, expecting him to climb on top of her. But instead he pulled a blanket out of his bag and covered her with it. "Go to sleep, my dear," Douglas said, exaggerating an accent to let her know he was playing the Dracula character. He wanted her to pretend to be asleep. OK. What was it all of the sudden. First Barry's weird werewolf fantasy, now this.  
  
She closed her eyes and rolled onto her side, snuggling up under the warm blanket. Once again, the lights were turned out and the Douglas pulled the shades, making the room very dark. If he wasn't careful, he really would put her to sleep.  
  
After a few moments of complete silence, Cori felt the blanket being pulled back to her waist. She kept her eyes closed, still pretending to be asleep. Douglas touched her cheek and her hair gently, then whispered, "Oh, she's sound asleep. One too many sleeping pills no doubt. Nothing waking her up for a while. Oh, that tender flesh. So juicy. I must have it. I must feed."  
  
Cori again bit her tongue to keep from giggling, but also hoped that the last part about feeding meant he might eat her pussy. With the train of guys fucking her this morning, she would understand if he didn't, but it sure would feel good. Maybe this vampire wanted to suck her clit. That would be just fine with her, though how she'd ever pretend to stay asleep through something like that she didn't know.  
  
She felt his hands on her breasts and could tell he was kneeling next to the couch now. He brushed gently across the nipples and pinched them lightly between his fingers. She felt his lips brush against hers, then begin nibbling on her neck. It felt good – like a man actually making love to her and not just fucking her. She arched her back, encouraging more nipple play and neck kissing, all the while keeping her eyes closed, pretending to be asleep. He stopped for a minute – to put his fangs in – and resumed kissing her neck, letting his hard plastic fangs scrape along the side of her slender neck.  
  
She was surprised he wasn't banging her, trying to knock out one load quickly and get two in his 30 minutes like the others had done. But she wasn't complaining. He was taking his time and he was good at what he was doing. He was the most handsome of all the guys and probably the best lover, too, she thought, though something about Wes got her off every time. Douglas was well on his way to making her pop, too, as his fangs now bit gently into her breasts, just enough to dent the skin and leave little red marks around her nipples.  
  
He tossed the blanket on the floor and pulled her legs apart. Here comes the fucking, she assumed, but to her surprise, it was a soft tongue instead of a hard cock that she felt on her pussy lips. This really was a vampire who liked to suck pussy. Hallelujah! Using mostly his tongue and lips, he gently sucked and licked on her lips and clit, but every so often he'd nip her with the sharp fangs. It was just the right mix of pain and pleasure and she thrust her hips upward, urging him to feed on her and he didn't disappoint. He made a full meal out of her tender pussy. Her lips were the appetizer, her clit was the main course and for dessert she gave him a warm mouthful of her sweet juice as she came, whimpering softly, trying to act like she was still asleep and failing miserably. She didn't care. It felt too good.

"Wake up, my pet," Douglas said, still in Dracula character. Cori opened her eyes, smiling at him. But she wiped the smile clean when she saw his dark expression. He had the seductive but evil vampire look down pat. Clearly, he was taking this seriously and she fell back into character, acting as if she just woke up and was started to see him.  
  
"Oh my, I must have dozed off," she said. She started to rub her eyes, but was jerked off the couch and roughly thrown on the floor in the middle of the room. There lay a coil of white nylon rope attached to a leather strap. He pushed her feet together and wrapped them in the leather strap, buckling it around her ankles. Then he buckled her hands behind her back with another strap of leather. Before she knew what was happening, she was being lifted in the air, hanging upside down. She looked up and saw that the rope was looped over a support beam in the middle of the office and Douglas was hauling her up in the air with surprising strength. When he had her to the desired height, he tied the end of the rope around the leg of the solid oak desk and eyed his hanging prize.  
  
"What's going on?" Cori asked.  
  
"Oh, my pet," he said softly. "Don't you know that vampire bats sleep hanging upside down? I thought you might be more comfortable like this. He walked up to her and pressed his crotch against her cheek. They were at the exact same height and Cori knew what he was planning. "Now, you were so kind as to feed me your pussy, I must be a gentleman and return the favor. Drink my seed and join me in the world of the vampires."  
  
He dropped his pants and waved his cock in front of her face. He grabbed the black scarf around her neck and jerked her head to him, stuffing his cock in her mouth and pressing his balls against her nose. He had one end of the scarf in each hand and was using it as a handle to swing her back and forth like a pendulum, inhaling and exhaling his cock. The scarf tightened around her neck and she was afraid she might choke, but the material was soft and the band wide, preventing it from digging in too deep. It was uncomfortable and a bit alarming at first. She was completely vulnerable and at his mercy. His cock was hard as steel and the momentum of her swing made it poke against the back of her throat. A few times, the height or the angle were just off and she got jabbed in the nose, thumped on the throat and poked in the cheek. His cock never yielded, always delivering the blow rigidly and she thought he could probably bruise her face with it if he really wanted to. But what he really wanted was to plant it deep in her throat and make him eat his "vampire seed", so soon he slowed down her swings and held her in place on his cock, pumping it deep in her throat.  
  
Cori was getting dizzy from the swinging and the blood rushing to her head, but her gymnastic and cheerleader training helped her cope and her toned body held firm, up to the task of getting fucked while hanging from a single rope from the ceiling. Cori pictured what she looked like, imagining a piñata being pummeled by cocks until it broke and the candy spilled out. Well, she hoped she wouldn't break and she was pretty sure the spilling was going to come from Douglas, who was showing her a bit darker side than she had seen before. "Feed on my seed, young whore," Douglas grimaced with mock fury and drama. "Embrace your destiny and join me forever." He grunted and started cumming. Cori swallowed the first blast, but was surprised when he pulled out and let his remaining cum gush over her face, dripping down into both nostrils. "Close your mouth and inhale it," he said. "Breathe it in." Cori followed orders and felt the cum shooting up her nose and pictured her sinuses filling with the creamy fluid. She'd be blowing that shit out of there for a week. Once her nostrils were overflowing, cum seeped into her eyes, coating her lashes and eyebrows and finally pooling at her hairline. She always wondered what it would be like to stick her head under the frosting fountain at Krispy Kreme – now she had a pretty good idea.  
  
Douglas used a spoon to gather the cum from her eyes and forehead, dumping it into her nostrils. He watched carefully to make sure she inhaled each offering before adding any more.  
  
Slowly, he lowered her to the floor and then untied her. He stuffed his limp cock in her mouth and made her clean him off. Then he untied the scarf, wiped the remaining cum off her face and stuffed the scarf in her mouth. Cori sucked on it until she was pretty sure she had all the cum off it, then he retied it around her neck.  
  
Jason was waiting for them when they came out. He was dressed as a doctor, with a lab coat, scrubs and a stethoscope. Cori was going to be a nurse. She had worn plenty of naughty nurse outfits and this one ranked very high on the naughty scale.  
  
Jason helped her out of the corset and stockings and helped her squeeze into a white leather vest. He allowed her to button only the bottom button, providing just enough pressure from the sides to make her cleavage pop out the top. The vest ended about midway between her breasts and belly button leaving a large gap of bare, flat tummy available for viewing before the skin tight, white lycra pants covered her ass and pussy and legs. The pants were so tight and the material so thin and stretchy that it clung to every curve of her most intimate body parts. It was deep inside her ass creek, nestled comfortably between her pussy lips and wrapped tightly around her clit. With the exposed waist, tight pants and 6-inch white stilettos, she looked like her body was all leg and tit, which was just fine with everyone looking. Only a red cross on the breast of her vest identified her as a nurse.  
  
"Nurse Knockers," Jason said, giving Cori her name for the next 30 minutes, "I need to see you in my office immediately."  
  
"Yes, doctor," Cori said. She put her head down and marched straight toward the office, making sure her hips were in full wiggle and twitch mode. With these pants – and no underwear – the guys would want a special show. She gave it to them when she stopped suddenly, bent over at the waist and reached down her leg, gently pulling the lycra up, as if it was loose. She grabbed the material just below her belly button and pulled, knowing they would be able to see it tighten and creep all the deeper into the crevices of her ass and pussy. Jason's slap on her ass got her to stand up and she walked the rest of the way in with his hand resting on her ass.  
  
Once they closed the door, Jason initiated the role play. "Nurse Knockers," he said, "do you know why you're here?"  
  
"Um, no, Doctor," Cori said softly.  
  
"You're here because you're a distraction to me and the patients," he said.  
  
"A distraction?" Cori feigned innocence, a tricky feat with her nipples nearly popping out and pussy juices soaking her pants. Her voice sounded nasal-y.  
  
"Your voice sounds funny," Jason said. "Are you getting sick?"  
  
"No, doctor, I, uh, have something in my nose," Cori said.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Um, well, several ounces of semen," Cori said.  
  
"I see," Jason said, smirking. "Well, that's sort of my point. You're making all the male patients horny, the other staff angry and the female patients jealous. You've got to stop flashing your tits and ass all over the office."  
  
"But this is a perfectly acceptable nurse's uniform," Cori said.  
  
"Yes, but no one wears it quite like you," Jason said. "For starters, no bra or panties?"  
  
"I tried," Cori said, "but it's just not comfortable. I didn't realize you could notice."  
  
"And those heels?"  
  
"Well, there are a lot of times I have to reach the top cabinets for supplies. These help a lot."  
  
"And why did you inhale a load of semen in your nose?"  
  
"We're supposed to be committed to patient comfort and satisfaction," Cori said innocently. "The man said he had a lot of swelling in his penis and wondered if I could help. I did, you know, just jerking him off, but then I thought about the mess that would make – we need a clean hospital. And oral sex with patience is forbidden, so I couldn't suck it. So, I just lay down under him and let him cum on my face and then he helped stuff it all in my nose. No oral sex. No mess and no more swelling. Everyone was happy. I thought. Did I do something wrong?"  
  
"Jeez, no," Jason said, shaking his head. "I wish I could say yes, but damn, fuck everyone else. You're the best nurse we've ever had here. If every nurse was like you, everyone would be happier. The patients would be happier, I'd be happier."  
  
"You don't seem very happy right now," Cori offered. "Can I help cheer you up?"  
  
"I think so," Jason said, pulling down his pants. "You know, there's no rule against oral sex among the staff."  
  
"That's good," Cori said. "I'd hate to get fired for sucking your cock. But I would, you know. I'll do anything for you, Doctor Goodcock. Even if it costs me my job."  
  
"The only job you need to worry about is this blowjob," Jason said. "Do it right now, bitch. And remember, no big messes. This is a fucking hospital after all."  
  
Cori spent the next three minutes sucking his cock. That's all the longer Jason lasted before dumping his load down her throat. He held her head in place for several seconds after he was done and she coughed and sputtered a bit when he let her go. He looked at her and started laughing. "What?" Cori asked.  
  
"Look in the mirror," he said. Cori looked and saw a white bubble just under her nose. She had coughed out some of Douglas' cum. Unbelievable, she thought. I wonder how long that stuff is going to be coming out like that.  
  
"You know, one of the main jobs a nurse performs is helping patients recover," Jason said, snapping her back into the role play. "I have a patient here who needs to recover. Can you help him?" Jason was pointing at his now soft penis.  
  
"Of course, Doctor," Cori beamed. "I'll help right away. First, I need to get into the right attire." Cori stripped off her vest and pulled down her pants, leaving herself bare aside from her heels. "May I borrow you stethoscope?"  
  
He handed it to her and she placed the ends in her ears, then touched the cold metal to the top of shaft, then below his balls. "The beat is strong and steady," she reported. "I'd say your prognosis is excellent. Now, let me check your pulse."  
  
She put her hand around the shaft of his cock and stroked it gently for a few minutes, coaxing it to semi-erectness. "Growing more rapid," she said. "That's good. Now, let me take your temperature. Have you seen the new way we do it? Instead of me putting a thermometer in your mouth, you put your penis in mine. As a trained nurse, I can tell your exact body temperature by tasting your cock for a few minutes.  
  
She opened her mouth and he inserted his cock. After about a minute, he was two-thirds hard and she pulled off. "Temperature is rising fast," she said. "Another good sign. Now, I must check for swelling."  
  
She felt his cock and balls, rubbing them gently, stroking them. She put lotion on her hands and rubbed them some more, feeling him grow harder in her hands. He was almost fully erect now.  
  
"Swelling is a above normal," she said. "It's huge. I think we're going to need to drain some of that fluid out of there. There are a number of different treatments, and they all have a 100 percent success rate. There's oral, anal, tit-fucking, pussy ..."  
  
"What would you recommend?" Jason asked.  
  
"Well, my name is Nurse Knockers, so I tend to specialize in the tit-fuck, but I've never had any complaints about my pussy or ass techniques, so the choice is yours, really. Some patients find a combination of procedures to work best for them."  
  
"Hmm, a combination, huh?" Jason asked. "Like say maybe a dose of tit-fucking, a shot of pussy pounding and maybe an ass reaming? "  
  
"I guarantee that would work," Cori said.  
  
"Then let's try it!"  
  
Cori lathered her boobs with lotion, then wrapped them around his cock.  
  
"Yes, I'm feeling better already," Jason said, pinching her nipples. "You're a very skilled nurse. I think I'm ready for the pussy pounding. I've heard it's best when you lay on your back and put her legs on my shoulders."  
  
Cori did and Jason put all his weight on her legs and pussy, slamming into her with all his might. He was pushing her all over the floor, lifting and driving her with his cock. Cori was panting and trying to control his thrusts with her hips as her ass and back suffered several rug burns. She was sweating and hot and being thrown around like a rag doll.  
  
"I think we need some fresh air for the ass reaming," Jason said. He pulled out of her, opened a way and brought Cori to the window sill. "Just bend over and hang your head outside there and get some fresh air," he said. "I think I can take it from here."  
  
Cori stuck her head out the window and looked over the parking lot below. If anyone looked up, they would be able to see her and her tits hanging out the window. Well, they were four floors up, so it was doubtful anyone would look up as long as they didn't make too much noise. And the fresh air did feel good – almost as good as Jason's cock, which was now providing the promised ass-reaming with thrusts every bit as rigorous as he had pounded her pussy with.  
  
"You know, I could use some vocal encouragement," Jason said. "Loud."  
  
Cori got the idea. He wanted someone to look up, to see her with her tits hanging out the window, her body jerking back and forth at the mercy of some unseen cock. He wanted them to hear her beg for more and scream in orgasmic ecstasy. She was committed to serving them, so she started screaming and yelling and cussing in response to the vicious drilling her ass was taking. Sure enough, someone looked up. A man, she didn't recognize him, but he looked up and pointed. Others joined him. Soon, there was a crowd of a dozen or more watching her get her ass pounded. She let them know that's what was happening, yelling "Yes, fuck my ass you stud!" She closed her eyes momentarily, wishing it was over and enjoying the ride at the same time. When she re-opened them, she Harold, her friendly security guard, looking up at her too. She closed them again and when she opened them, he was gone.  
  
Jason pulled her inside and led her to the conference table. He pushed her in a chair and proceed to dump his seed on the table. When he was done, he said, "Snort it."  
  
Cori looked dumbly at him, but Jason handed her a straw and said it again, "Snort it. You got nose full already. Might as well add to it, right?"  
  
Cori used her fingers to pool the cum together as much as possible, then snorted half of it up her right nostril and the other half up her left.  
  
"I think we have ourselves a cum addict," Jason announced to the others as they came out. "Bitch has at least two loads worth up her nose right now."  
  
"Up her nose?" Hugh snorted. "I prefer to inject my cum."  
  
"You're going to feel a little prick," Barry teased.  
  
"I thought she already felt yours," Hugh joked and they all laughed. Cori was still naked except for her heels and expected Hugh to dress her, but instead he took her hand and led her right back into the office.  
  
"So, everyone's playing games today, huh?" Hugh grinned lustily at her. "Well, here's our game. I'm a delivery guy, see, and I come to your house and no one answers the door. I know it's an important package, so I try the door. It's open. I come in. I hear you yell for help. I run into the bathroom just as a man is climbing out the window. You've been robbed but not hurt. I scared him off before he could hurt you. You were getting dressed in your bedroom and you're naked. You're very grateful to me for scaring him off. Very grateful. And naked. I tell you I have a package for you, and you look at my crotch and say..."  
  
"Yes, it's a very nice package indeed," Cori said, jumping in. "May I open it?"  
  
"It's your package," Hugh shrugged. "You just have to sign for it." He dropped a blank piece of paper on the floor and gave Cori a pen. As the new office rule dictated, she bent over at the waist and signed the document, knowing that Hugh was studying her ass, legs, pussy and tits – it was all on display, whatever he wanted to look at. She took her time and let him get a good look before slowly standing up and handing him the paper. With her other hand, she touched his pants, feeling the hardness of his cock. She rubbed it gently, then knelt down and started working on the button and zipper. His boxer were already wet from him pre-cum and Cori barely had her mouth over the head of his cock before he "injected" her with his first load.  
  
Since Hugh didn't really know what all Cori did on a regular basis, she decided to give him a little extra treat. She held his cum in her mouth until he was done, then looked up at him. His glasses were already steaming over, but she showed him her mouthful of cum, then swallowed it, smiling all the time.  
  
"I'll be damned," Hugh muttered. "You are the hottest thing I've ever seen."  
  
"Thanks," Cori grinned. "Um, thanks again for helping me. I just wish there was some way I could re-pay you."  
  
"Well, how about I stop by once a week and check on you and you, well, you do what you just did," Hugh said.  
  
"Mmm, I like that idea," Cori said. "I'd feel safer that way. I just call you when I need a .... Um ... packaged delivered?"  
  
"That's right," Hugh said. "Then just leave your door unlocked and wait for me."  
  
"Wait for you?"  
  
"Yeah, you know, spread-eagled on the bed or on your knees at the door, something like that. Surprise me."  
  
"Hmm," Cori said, looking around the room. "Suppose you came in while I was cleaning and I was down on the floor like this." She got down on her hands and knees next to the couch. The she dropped her head to the floor and pretended to be looking under the couch. "What would you do?"  
  
"I'd come up behind you like this," Hugh said. "I wouldn't even tell you I was there. You'd just know it was me and you'd feel this." He slapped his cock against her ass. "And you'd spread your legs and offer yourself to me. Some days, I might take the high road and sometimes I'd take the low road. My choice. Better yet, I'd probably try them both and see which route works better."  
  
He sunk his cock into her pussy, his hands on her hips as he bore into her. He moaned, feeling her perfect pussy for the first time. Little did Cori know it wouldn't be the last. He took his time, savoring the feel of her wrapped around him. He ran his hands along her ribs and cupped her breasts. He kissed the back of her neck and put his fingers in her mouth. He stroked her hair and lightly traced his fingers down her back. Cori couldn't believe this heavy-set, balding 50-year-old man was getting her hot, but he was. He didn't have the body, but he had some moves. He was firm but gentle, in control but not forceful. He pulled his cock out of her slowly, spread her ass cheeks and gently pressed against her anus, which opened willingly, squeezing tightly around him. He had a full 15 minutes left on his time and was now showing terrific control and stamina. He fucked her with slow, long thrusts, telling her how beautiful she was, how hot she was. She thanked him and drove her hips back against him, wishing he'd fuck her pussy some more. He must have sensed that's what she wanted, because he pulled out of her ass and stuck his cock back into her smoldering snatch.  
  
Hugh sensed Cori's growing arousal and picked up the pace, poking her with shorter, harder thrusts that increased the friction on her clit and made her breasts bobble back and forth with her nipples rubbing against the carpet. Cori's mouth was open and she was panting, telling him "Yes, more, faster." Like an engine, he just kept going, maintaining his rhythmic pace, stoking her fire, igniting little sparks inside her pussy, the heat growing, the sparks becoming electrical jolts as the sensitive nerves in her clit fired non-stop. Pleasure coursed through her. She cried out and came as tremors racked her body with an intensity she didn't expect. Her pussy tightened around him like a velvet sleeve and the moist heat made his cock expand and finally burst. He pulled out just in time and Cori wheeled around, catching it on her tongue and lips, then covering his cock and devouring the rest of his load.

When they walked out a few minutes later, Cori was oddly disappointed that she had fucked Hugh for the first and last time. He was a nice man and a surprisingly good lover. That's why she didn't protest when he whispered in her ear, "Remember, call me next week for another delivery."  
  
Hugh hadn't been pretending. He thought they had struck a deal for a weekly rendezvous. Cori had just been playing around. She started to say something to that effect, but thought about her orgasm and how much fun the last 30 minutes had been. "Of course," Cori said. "I'll call you."  
  
Hugh thanked the guys and left just as Harold, the security guard, stepped off the elevator. The guys scrambled to get Cori some clothes, but Cori didn't bother. Harold knew what was going on. She had told him as much before and he had seen her getting fucked out the window.  
  
"Relax guys," Harold said. "I know what's going on and I'm not here to cause any trouble. I just wanted to check in and make sure things were OK. Mind if I talk to Cori for a minute?"  
  
"No," Barry said. "Go right ahead. It's lunch time anyway. We're heading across the street to grab a bite. Party after lunch. Join us if you like."  
  
"Thanks," Harold said.  
  
"Come on," Cori said. "We can talk in Mrs. Benson's office." She was still naked except for her heels.  
  
"You sound like you're coming down with a cold," Harold said.  
  
"No, I'm fine. Just took some inhaler and my nose and sinuses are all stuffed now," she said. "It will clear out soon enough."  
  
Harold closed the door to the office and they sat across from each other at the table. Cori let her breasts rest on the cool table top. She glanced around but didn't see any obvious stains on the table or carpet.  
  
"Well, I know you've had an interesting morning," Harold said, letting his gaze fall to her breasts. "I just wanted to make sure you were all right. You sounded like you were enjoying yourself, but sometimes not everything is the way it looks."  
  
"Yeah, I do a bit of acting sometimes," Cori admitted. "You know, whatever they want. But it's been a fun day so far. We're going to have a Halloween party this afternoon that's going to be pretty crazy and then that's the end of it. Mrs. Benson comes back next week and I'm sure everyone will be on their best behavior."  
  
"You really think so?" Harold said. "I mean, you're all their fantasies come true. You think they'll be able to look at you and not want more?"  
  
"I'm sure they can," Cori said. "They all have beautiful girlfriends – well, except Wes. And they're professionals. I don't think they'll jeopardize their careers and I certainly don't want to jeopardize my future by getting caught doing something stupid."  
  
"All right," Harold said. "You seem to know what you're doing and what you're getting yourself into. I just wanted to make sure and let you know that I still have your back."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said. "You know, these guys are OK. Barry's odd and Jason and Greg are arrogant and immature. Douglas is OK and I think I can trust Wes."  
  
"Wes, yeah, I like him," Harold said. "Real nice guy."  
  
"What makes you say that?" Cori asked, trying not to seem overanxious to know more about Wes.  
  
"Well, he's always doing random nice stuff for folks," Harold said. "I mean, one day I mentioned that I liked going to the football games and a few days later, he handed me four tickets. Said he had season tickets and wasn't using them. Or there was the time my daughter was sick and I had to take her to the hospital. There was no one to cover for me here. He overheard my conversation with my boss and volunteered to fill in."  
  
"Wow, that's really nice," Cori said.  
  
"Yeah, funny that he's the only one without a girlfriend," Harold said, shaking his head. "Sometimes, you girls miss the best ones right in front of your noses and chase guys like Greg and Jason. Hmm, I suppose guys are the same, though. We chase big tits and tight asses and miss the nice girls. I guess we all hope we'll find the complete package – the nice girl who just happens to have the big tits and tight ass, too. Not many of you out there, though. That's why guys are so crazy over you, you know. You're not only beautiful, but you have the ability to hold a conversation and you have a great personality."  
  
"That's sweet of you to say," Cori said. "I think guys are just drawn to me because I dress the way they want girls to dress and, depending on the situation, I fuck the way they want to fuck. But I like to think I'm more than a body."  
  
"You are, and I just want to make sure you remember that," Harold said. "Horny guys have a way of making girls feel like nothing but their bodies matter. But I'm glad to see you don't lose sight of that. I better go."  
  
He stood up and Cori hugged him and kissed his cheek. She felt a bulge against her thigh and realized that Harold was hard as a rock. "Sorry about that," he frowned. "I couldn't help it. We better go before I start thinking with my dick instead of my head."  
  
"It's OK to think with your dick sometimes," Cori grinned. "And if your dick ever thinks about me, well, all you have to do is ask. I don't make that offer to just anyone, you know, even though this week might make it look that way."  
  
"I understand that this week is different. I know you and what you're about," Harold said. "I can't say I'll never take you up on your offer, but I'm going to try not to. Just, please, put some clothes on once in a while. I can only stand so much temptation."  
  
"You and every other guy," Cori grinned.  
  
Harold left and the guys were still out to lunch. Cori ate a few pieces of fruit and some toast in the privacy of Mrs. Benson's office. She used her private bathroom to clean up and get dressed for the party. Her party costume was that of a princess, complete with a crown and a backless little black cocktail dress that hugged her curves nicely and just came about a quarter of the way down her thighs. She wore her nipple, belly button and clit rings, a white thong, no bra, creamy white thigh-highs and white fuck-me pumps that drew attention to her legs against the contrast of the dark dress. What wouldn't be obvious to the guys was that her heels, thigh-highs and thong were all made to glow in the dark.  
  
Cori scurried to the kitchen and set out the punch (spiked, of course) and snacks. She turned on some creepy Halloween music and put a bowl of candy on each desk and waited for her guests, who returned a few minutes later. They had changed into normal clothes – khakis and polo shirts – and admired Cori's formal party attire as well.  
  
She served them all punch and invited them to sit down at their desks for trick or treat. Much like the morning session, Cori was going to let the guys dictate their own actions, but she hoped to guide them by providing a structure and framework to the party. So long as they liked the direction she was leading, they would follow. And no man had ever complained about the view following her before.  
  
"Hmm," Cori frowned. "I was going to come around to each of your desks and trick or treat. But I just realized I don't have a bag to put my candy in. Whatever shall I use? Oh, I know!" She reached under her dress, peeled down her thong and held it up. "This is made to hold sweet things, right?"  
  
The guys all laughed at her little joke and she pranced sexily into Barry's office. "Trick or treat!" she said naughtily. "I want some yummy candy. What do you want from me – a trick or a treat?"  
  
"A trick," Barry smirked. He motioned to a pen sitting upright in a holder on his desk. "Pick that up and give it to me – using only your pussy."  
  
Cori grinned. The dude was weird, but it was a pretty creative way to start. She hadn't expected the guys to catch onto the idea so quickly, but Barry was going to make her bring out her best tricks right from the start. The other guys huddled around Barry's desk as Cori kicked off her shoes, hitched up her dress and climbed on the desk. Barry cleared off all the debris so that she had plenty of room to work. Cori carefully lowered herself into the splits, lowering her pussy slowly toward the metal ballpoint pen. She felt it brush against her lips and shifted slightly, guiding it inside her. She felt its cold metal against the inside of her pussy and clamped tightly around it. She felt it slip and let it go, raising up and re-positioning, lowering again, clamping on again. This time, she had it solidly in place and slowly raised up off the pen holder, pulling the pen with her. She squatted on the desk and inched forward toward Barry, who was sitting in his chair. Putting her hands behind her on the desk, she lowered herself onto her lower back and hips, careful not to bump the pen with the desk or her thighs. She used her hands to push herself across the desk until she was right in Barry's face. She opened her legs wide and told him to hold out his hand. Then, with a cutely scrunched up face and a little grunt, she popped the pen out of her pussy and right into his hand. The guys all applauded and Cori playfully held up her white thong, cupping the triangle that would normally cover her pussy mount as Barry dropped three pieces of candy into it.  
  
For the next 20 minutes, the guys took turns making Cori perform similar tricks that tested the tightness and/or flexibility of her amazing body. Greg made her bounce a quarter off her firm ass and into a bottle. Jason made her use her breasts to squeeze all the toothpaste out of a tube. Wes made her pop balloons with her ass cheeks and Douglas made her use her nipples to type the sentence "Cori is a very naughty office slut" on his computer. Cori found that she had to stand over the keyboard with her breasts hanging down and use her hands squeezed around her breasts to punch at the keys hard enough to make the letters appear on screen. She laughed and giggled the whole time, wondering if she looked as silly as she felt, milking out one letter at a time. The guys were laughing, too. And pinching and squeezing and staring and taking pictures and videos.  
  
Soon, Cori was wearing only her thong – having dumped the candy on her desk – and thigh highs and heels. The party continued as they all got buzzed on punch. The guys smashed cupcakes against Cori's breasts, then made her lick the frosting off or licked it off themselves. They stuffed gummy worms and candy bars inside her pussy, then fed them to her. They threw a collection of dildos in a trash can and made Cori "bob for cocks" – whichever one she came up with, they would stick in her ass or pussy until she pulled another one out between her teeth.  
  
"OK guys, ready for something fun?" she asked, obviously knowing the answer. "I'm going to hide in the bathroom. I want you all to undress and then make this room as dark as possible. Put this black light in the middle of the room. You'll see why soon. And move the desks and stuff to the side if you can. The darker the better. You'll be able to see me, but I won't be able to see you. Put on some dance music and watch me dance for you and then do whatever you feel like, I guess."  
  
Cori waited in the bathroom until she heard the dance music pumping and someone knocked on the door. She came out and the room was pitch black. They had turned off all the lights, disabled the emergency backup lights, unplugged phones and computers and TVs – anything that had even power buttons on them. There was darker than even she imagined, with only her glow-in-the dark thong, heels and stockings visible. She fought her urge to shuffle her feet and grope in front of her. She trusted they had cleared a path and took long, lanky strides to show off her legs as she moved toward where she thought the middle of the room was. She started twirling her hips and kicking her legs, dancing to the beat. She didn't bother with making her tits do any extra bouncing or swaying – this show was all about the legs and ass since that was all they could see. She pulled on her thong, showing them that she was playing with it. Then she tucked it between her ass cheeks, chuckling when they realized that part of the string had disappeared and where it must be.  
  
It wasn't long before one of the guys joined her. She didn't hear him with the loud music, but felt his hands on her hips and his hard cock against her ass cheek. She swayed back and forth, grinding against him, trying to figure out who it was. But soon another man joined the party, dancing in front of her, his cock touching her belly as two men sandwiched her between them. The other three men could guess what was happening from the shadows moving around Cori's glowing body parts and kept their distance. They watched as Cori's thong was pulled to the side and she was lifted into the air. The saw her long legs lock around an invisible waist and her start to bounce up and down, seemingly suspended in midair. They saw the bouncing stop momentarily, the thong adjusted again and more shadows moving. Cori now had two cocks inside her – one in her ass, one in her pussy – and she was being lifted up and down by two men. From their torsos, smell and cock sizes, Cori was pretty sure it was Greg and Jason. She knew neither of them was Wes, for sure.  
  
Cori heard the men grunting over the loud music, then heard her own ragged breathing as she let the cocks piston in and out of her in unison, matching the throbbing beat. She bit into one of their necks as she came, then was dropped gently to the floor. She knew they were close by and felt the cum splattering on her belly from two different directions. It glowed under the black light, just as she had hoped. They all saw her long legs and displaced thong and cum-covered belly. They also saw that cum lifted into the air by some invisible object – her finger – and disappear into a dark hole – her mouth.  
  
She stood up and started dancing again and two more guys joined her. She thought it was Barry and Douglas. Soon, they two had Cori lifted in the air between them, eventually dumping their loads on her tits. She didn't cum this time, but her pussy was hot and bothered in anticipation of dancing with Wes, who was the only one left. Sure enough, he joined her, announcing his presence with a poke of his cock against her stomach. Then, her daring boy dropped to the ground and peeled off her stockings – she stepped out of her heels and then back in. Then he snipped her thong with a pair of scissors and threw the glowing object across the room. Now, they could only see her glow in the dark heels as he bent her over one of the desks in the corner of the room. She kept her legs straight and he took her from behind. She came less than a minute after he entered her pussy, then once more before he splattered her ass with white-hot cum. They waited until she ate it all before they turned the lights back on, clapping for Cori and her lights-out show.  
  
It was now almost five o'clock and they all had places to be. Still, Cori had one more surprise for them.  
  
"I guess you all wonder why I dressed like a princess," Cori said. "Well, I was thinking about Cinderella. You know how she had the slipper and the prince had to find the woman that it fit? Well, I had a little twist on that I thought you might like. I have five Y-shaped chains here. We're looking for the chain that is the perfect fit from my nipples to my clit. Two are two long and two are too short and one is perfect. You're going to each pull a chain out of this bag and you get to put it on me and see if yours fits. Whoever has the right size chain gets to take me home and if that trip home should require a detour to the back seat or a little cock-sucking while you're driving or whatever, well, I guess that's the price I'll have to be willing to pay. Sound fun?"  
  
They agreed it did and each pulled a small gold chain from the leather pouch Cori had placed them in. She hoped Wes or Douglas would win, but was prepared for anyone and anything at this point.  
  
Barry tried first, but his was way too long. He gave her tits a farewell squeeze and left. Greg was next and his was too short. He tried to make it reach and Cori had to double over to keep him from hurting her nipples. He watched Jason's come up short and the two jerks left together in a huff, not waiting to see who won between Douglas and Wes.  
  
Douglas tried next and it was a perfect fit. Cori was a little disappointed, but perked up when Douglas said, "Look, I'd love to get one more crack at you, but I promised Steph I'd be home by 6 for a party tonight. Wes, bud, if you want it, it's yours." Cori tried to hide her smile, but Wes didn't. He grinned as he shook Douglas' hand and looked Cori up and down as if he couldn't believe his luck. Douglas left and Cori asked Wes what he wanted her to wear to the car.  
  
"Hmm," he frowned. "We tore just about everything you had up. Or stained it. Or both. Let's see what's left over from your fantasy clothes."  
  
He picked up a blue sling bikini. "Would you mind wearing this for me?" he asked. The way he asked was sweet, Cori thought. He wasn't ordering her and his tone of voice suggested that he would genuinely consider it a favor to him if she wore it. She wasn't surprised at his choice – the slings seemed to be a universal favorite. She supposed she understood why – the three points of contact, the ample amounts of bare skin, the teasing way one tiny string suspended in mid-air between the ass and shoulders held everything together, the constant possibility of a slip of the fabric baring a nipple or part of a pussy lip. Yeah, she could understand why a guy would like it. She removed her chains and nipple and clit rings and put on the tiny suit, which, like all the slings the guys had ever ordered for her, was a couple sizes smaller than she should be wearing, ensuring that the suit was pulled taut, the strings suspended over her skin, the cloth clinging to her featured body parts. He gave her clear stilettos to go with it.  
  
"This place is a mess," Cori said looking back at the office as they prepared to leave. "I better come in this weekend and clean up. The janitors won't know what to do with it all." She jotted a note and stuck it to the door letting the cleaning crew know she'd be in on Saturday to straighten up. She joined Wes on the elevator and he promptly pulled her top straps to the side, baring her breasts, his hands poised on the fabric, ready to cover them back up whenever the elevator came to a stop. It stopped at the next floor down and several of the guys who had participated in the stairway gang-bang jumped on, excited to see Cori and her skimpy sling.  
  
"I think we need to take another walk up the steps," one of them said, only half-jokingly.  
  
"Sorry boys, I'm a one-man woman," Cori said, snuggling up against Wes. He wrapped his arm around her, his thumb resting on the side of her breast.  
  
"Give her one for me, then," one guy said to Wes, giving him a thumbs up.  
  
They got off the elevator and Cori looked for Harold, but he wasn't at the front desk. It was after five and she knew he often locked the front door after five on Fridays and made rounds between five and six, making sure the building cleared. The guys on the elevator all insisted Cori go first and she walked hand-in-hand with Wes while a half a dozen guys followed, all staring at her ass, many of them snapping pictures with their phones.  
  
Wes opened the door to his Jeep for her and she climbed in, taking her time, giving him a good look at her ass before she plopped into the seat, making her boobs bounce for him.  
  
"Man, I hope you don't mind me saying, but that was awesome walking out with you like that," Wes said. "Just showing you off to those other guys, knowing they want what I have – even though I know it's only for a few more minutes."  
  
"It's OK," Cori said. "I know guys like that. There's nothing wrong with it – it's something in your genes. Every guy dreams of the trophy wife or girlfriend. I never thought of myself as a trophy, but I'm flattered that you think that way about me."

"Oh, you're amazing. Absolutely amazing," Wes said. "Um, look, I know you've had a really long day, so if you don't want to do anything, you know, I'll understand. I can take a rain check."  
  
"That's sweet," Cori said. "But there's this cute little park on the way to my house with a parking lot hidden by a lot of trees. I always wanted to park there and fuck in the back of a car. I was sorta hoping you'd be the one I could do that with today."  
  
"Shoot, I bet you wish Douglas would have kept the date," Wes said. "Every girl likes Douglas."  
  
"He's OK, I guess," Cori shrugged, "but I truly wanted you more. You're the only guy I've ever been with who has made me cum every time I've had sex with him. It's true. I've never faked it once with you."  
  
"Wow," Wes said. "Why? I mean, I'm nothing special."  
  
"You're cuter than you think, and there's something different about you. Very special, I think. You have a good heart, I think. A naughty mind sometimes, though. What was up with that rule that I have to bend over to sign papers? Naughty boy."  
  
"Hey, you're the one who provided the inspiration," Wes said. "So, I really make you cum?"  
  
"Every time," Cori said.  
  
"Pressure's on now," Wes joked. "You know, you make me cum every time too."  
  
"No kidding!" Cori laughed. "Hard to believe. Well, you know, I had an idea for how we might be able to both accomplish something at work and get to test our mutual orgasms a little more frequently."  
  
"I'm all ears – and a boner," Wes said.  
  
"OK," Cori said, "you know Peggy Stimson, the golfer."  
  
"Sure," Wes said. "She's supposed to be the first huge women's golf star. Her pictures are everywhere on the Internet – golf's version of Maria Sharapova or Anna Kournikova. What about her?"  
  
"She doesn't have an agent," Cori said. "She just turned 18 and she's turning pro. Benson Sports Marketing should sign her."  
  
"OK, and how does that involve you and me? Greg and Jason usually take the new clients."  
  
"Not if Mrs. Benson's as smart as I think she is," Cori said. "Peggy's mom was cheated on by her drunk husband, who left them. She doesn't trust men, a fact that has probably gotten worse as her daughter has become an Internet sensation. She's going to be a big star soon and you know hot celebrity athletes and actors are going to be lining up to be the first to tap that 18-year-old ass. Think her mom will be happy to see Greg and Jason on her doorstep, drooling over her daughter?"  
  
"No," Wes admitted, "Mommy might not like that."  
  
"But a woman might be able to get in the door – someone like me," Cori said.  
  
"Sure, I can see that," Wes said. "Where do I come in?"  
  
"I don't know the ins and outs of this business. You do. You have a nice face, friendly voice. You're cute, but not threatening. That's a compliment, by the way. Mom's like you just as much as the girls do. Together, we gain their trust and she signs with us directly. No middle man, no limits on appearances, side deals with shoes companies – Benson becomes her exclusive representation and we ride that wave."  
  
"I like it," Wes said. "I think that might actually work. Pitch it to Mrs. Benson like that and she'll probably greenlight it. So, how does all that give me a chance to have more sex with you?"  
  
"Well, I have no travel budget. You do. So, I suggest we share a room. We probably need to be there a couple days. One room with a king-size bed. At least two nights. Got your mind working on it now?"  
  
"Yeah," Wes grinned. "That's a helluva an idea. Where's this damn park. I'm about to pop out of my pants."  
  
"Hold your horses," Cori laughed. "It's right over there."  
  
As soon as they parked, Cori jumped out of the car, opened the back of the jeep and climbed in, Wes following right behind her. They left the front windows open for some air, taking their chances that no one would hear them. Wes jumped on top of her and slid her sling to the sides of her breasts and pussy, sinking his cock into her as she wrapped her long legs around his torso. They kissed passionately and Wes fucked her with slow, gentle strokes, trying to take his time and make this last.  
  
Cori, though, wanted to be fucked hard and urged him with her hips and tight pussy. "Bang me good," she breathed. "I'm your trophy slut. Everyone wanted me, but I'm yours. Now fuck me like you mean it. Punish me for being a slut and showing off in front of them. Pound my little cunt and teach me a lesson with that big cock."  
  
Wes couldn't resist this teasing and picked up his pace, fucking her with all the force and fury he could muster. He felt Cori tense under him and knew he had succeeded once again in making her cum. "Oh god," she gasped, "oh, yes!" Watching the ecstasy sweep across her face as beads of sweat ran down her slender neck, his desire reached a fever pitch. He wasn't worried about any complaints about sloppy seconds this time and coated her pussy walls with a torrent of creamy hot cum.  
  
"Imagine that as much as you want for two days," Cori grinned.  
  
"I already am," Wes said.  
  
He dropped her off a few minutes later and Cori entered the house still riding the high from her orgasm and great conversation with Wes. She walked in to find Harris there. Ty was gone and so was Jordan. She guessed he was over at her house, working on her "back door".  
  
"Hey, babe," Cori greeted Harris with a warm kiss. "Bet you can't guess what I did at work today." She twirled around, showing off her skimpy sling.  
  
"Yeah, hard to tell," Harris laughed. "Probably lots of paperwork and boring phone calls."  
  
"Pretty much," Cori nodded. "So, looks like it's finally just you and me. Hasn't been that way for a while. I owe you some attention. What do you want to do tonight? I'm all yours, you know."  
  
"You're sure in a good mood," Harris laughed. "Cum a few times today, did ya?"  
  
"Once or twice," Cori shrugged. She coughed and felt something on her lip. She wiped it with a tissue, glancing at it to see that yet more cum had blasted from her nose when she coughed. "Mostly, I just like Halloween and the weekend and being home." She left out that she really liked Wes and that her sinuses were filled with swimming sperm.  
  
"Good, I'm glad you like Halloween because I thought we might check out a haunted house," Harris said.  
  
"Sure, sounds like fun," Cori said. "What shall I wear?"  
  
"Well, for Halloween you need orange and black," Harris said. He gave her a pair of black booty shorts, an orange tube top with "Ripe Pumpkins" spelled out across the chest in black letters, and a pair of thigh-high black leather boots with stiletto heels. There were no panties, no thong and of course, no bra. He had her keep her hair down. The outfit was tight, curve-hugging and very revealing – at least one third of each ass cheek and both upper and under cleavage was on display. She felt like a hooker in the high boots with the long zippers up the side and decided that's what she would tell people she was dressed like. If ever there was a time to dress like a hooker and get away with it, it was Halloween.  
  
They drove to the haunted house, which was put on by the local parks and rec and utilized volunteers from different groups to help run the event. A different group was responsible each day for the two weeks the haunted house was open, and the group in question received one-third of the profits for the day toward their organization. Today's group was a local high school baseball team raising money for a trip to play in a tournament in Florida in the spring. They would be the ones inside dressed as monsters and jumping out and scaring people.  
  
Cori attracted quite a bit of attention as they waited in line, but she was far from the only outlandishly dressed woman there, so it wasn't quite as bad as it might have been on another day. At least she wasn't getting hateful looks from other women for a change.  
  
The line moved slowly because this haunted house only took two people at a time through the house, separated by at least a minute. A guide – one of the high school players – led them in and walked behind them, carrying a flashlight in case of emergency. But keeping it to two people at a time made it scarier for a lot of people, which was all part of the fun, of course. When Cori and Harris got to the front, the young man who greeted them eyed Cori and said, "You know, it's scarier if you go alone. It's up to you, however you want to do it."  
  
"Might be fun," Harris said. "I'll go first, make sure the coast is clear for you."  
  
The young man followed Harris inside and a minute later, another of the teenage baseball players followed Cori in, no doubt trying to figure out if she would notice if he shined the flashlight on her ass while he watched her walk. He decided against it and they entered the pitch black maze. There was heavy metal music playing and crazy flashing lights ahead. Someone banged on the walls beside her and they rang with a metallic clang. There were screams – some real, some piped in – and sounds of chain saws, howling coyotes and shrieking cries for help. Cori admitted that it gave her chills, but that was the fun – it was scary, but safe, like a good horror movie. She moved steadily forward, anticipating someone or something jumping out at her at any time. The good thing was, they jumped out, but they never touched you. Just scared you and you moved on.  
  
Despite knowing all was safe, her nipples were hard with excitement and her goosebumps popped up on her tan skin. A monster with blood dripping down its face jumped out at her, waving a fake knife, then jumped to the side. She turned to look at him as she moved by, then felt a quick but unmistakable pinch on her ass cheek. It was the side furthest away from the monster, so it wasn't him. Had to be the pimple-faced kid who was her guide. Probably took all the nerve he had to do that, Cori thought, just let it go. He's harmless.  
  
But a moment later, another hand groped her ass. It was longer and firmer this time and Cori spun but could see nothing. Her guide bumped into her and she pushed him back, "Take it easy!" she yelled over the din. Just then, two hands grabbed her ass cheeks and yanked down on her shorts. She spun again. OK, so it wasn't her guide after all. Who was it? Harris? Yeah, had to be. How could he see her? Probably some night vision goggles or something. But he didn't have them when they came in. Weird.  
  
She turned back around and continued moving forward through the house, looking at a deranged doctor cutting a living person apart and at a deranged criminal bouncing around in his cell, trying to rip out of his straight jacket. Here, where there was more light, no one groped her and she assumed that Harris had had enough fun and moved on. He'd be waiting for her when she got out, grinning and ready for a blowjob in the car.  
  
She passed the hall of horror, followed a narrow turn and found herself in a small room with flashing lights. Suddenly, a hideous clown leaped out from nowhere and started bouncing around, chasing her. She looked for the way out, but couldn't see it right away. Just when she saw the exit, Frankenstein blocked the path, moving stiffly toward her. This was odd. Usually they left the path clear. She backed up, expecting either the clown or her guide to bump into her. She couldn't see her guide, but the clown was bouncing around like a crazy person. Suddenly, the room went completely black. Cori started moving back toward the exit she had seen earlier, but stopped when she felt hands on her breasts, squeezing them. She tried to push away, but another set of hands grabbed her shorts and yanked them half way down her legs. As she spun, the hands on her breasts pulled her top down and her boobs sprang free. What the hell kind of haunted house was this? She thought. It's not a haunted house, you idiot, it's a rape. Get yourself out of here, now. But how? She couldn't hear, couldn't see and somehow her attackers could obviously see her. They had to be using some sort of night vision. Screaming for help was useless and counting on someone else to catch them in the act was just wishful thinking. It was pitch black and loud. They could be fucking her a foot away from the next people through the house and they would never know what was happening. No, if she was going to get out of this, she'd have to do it herself.  
  
She scratched at one attacker and thought she got skin, but it might have been just his mask. One of them grabbed her around the waist and grabbed her exposed pussy. She squirmed but he was strong and two fingers got inside her. Two other hands pulled roughly on her nipples. Cori spun, sticking her elbows out and blindly caught one of them in the jaw. She kicked hard in the general direction she thought he'd spun and felt the satisfying crunch of her heel striking a soft spot – either the stomach or groin, she wasn't sure. Hoping that slowed one of them down, she hurriedly pulled up her shorts and ran for the exit. She saw light and kept running as a man with a chain saw jumped out at her and started running after her until he realized that her tits were exposed, then he just stopped and stared. Cori left her guide and the little teenage rapists behind, tugging her top back into place just as she reached the exit. Harris was there waiting for her, his expression telling her that he had no clue what she had been through. She grabbed his hand and said, "Come on, let's go."  
  
"That scary, huh?" he asked.  
  
"You have no idea," Cori said. "Come on. Take me to dinner somewhere, OK?"  
  
"Sure," he said. "You OK?"  
  
"I'm fine, just hungry and a little jumpy, I guess."  
  
He took her to a nice Italian restaurant about half an hour away, hoping to keep the risk of seeing one of his co-workers out while he was with Cori. The haunted house had seemed a safe choice and the restaurant was fine. Not many diners were dressed for Halloween, but again there were just enough that Cori's attire was acceptable to all those around her.  
  
On the way home, Harris had one final surprise for her. "Hey, you know that older gentleman who lives next to you?"  
  
"Sure," Cori said. "He was taking pictures of me the other day. I pretended not to notice and gave him a little show. Seems harmless enough."  
  
"He is," Harris said. "His name is Waters and he's actually a former trustee. He's retired now, of course, but years ago he enjoyed the company of many a coed himself. He married a 25-year-old when he was 45, then dumped her for a 20-year-old when he was 55. He's 65 now and lives alone, but as you saw, he still has an eye for coeds.  
  
"Despite all that, he's a good guy, does tons for charity and the university and was a mentor to me – in more ways than one. He doesn't know about you and me, so don't mention my name or anything. But just go up and ring his bell and tell him you want trick or treat. I guarantee he'll bite and you can have some fun. You don't need to fuck him, but give him a little thrill. OK? I'll park down the street here and wait."  
  
"Sounds like fun," Cori grinned. She loved teasing guys, especially if she felt it was safe. Given Waters' advanced age, standing in the community and the fact that Harris was nearby, Cori felt safe enough to have some fun. It was dark now and as she walked under the streetlights, she felt even more like a street hooker trolling for a john.  
  
She walked up the steps, rang the doorbell and waited. The door opened and Waters' eyes bulged. "Trick or treat!" Cori said, smiling and licking her lips playfully.  
  
"Excuse me," Waters said, his hearing obviously affected by his vision, which was full of tits and legs.  
  
"I said Trick or Treat, Mr. Waters," Cori said. "I'm your neighbor. I should have introduced myself earlier. Anyway, I thought this would be a fun time to come say hi."  
  
"Well, hello," he said. "Welcome to the neighborhood. Um, I don't usually have any trick or treaters, but I might have some candy in here. Want to come in?"  
  
"Sure," Cori bounced in after him. "If you don't have any candy, it's OK. I like to eat lots of things." Cori was sure the double meaning was obvious.  
  
"Really?" Waters said. "Doesn't look like you eat much at all. And, if you don't mind my saying, what you do eat goes right to your breasts. Unless those are fake."  
  
"No, they're real," Cori said. "Funny you say that, a guy I knew used to say if I was 120 pounds, 100 pounds had to be in my tits and ass."  
  
She turned slightly and let Waters study her ass. "Yes," he said, "I would have to agree. You certainly make the neighborhood more beautiful."  
  
"Aw, thanks," Cori said. "It's nice here. I really like it. Hey, cute kitty!" She spied a cat in the corner and went over to it, bending at the waist to pet it. She knew Waters was taking in the view and slipped her hand along the front of her shorts, gathering what little loose material she could and pulling it forward. She felt the edges of the shorts creep further into her ass crack and heard Waters mutter, 'Oh my.' Cori smiled to herself.  
  
She stood, turned and saw that Waters had a hard on. She decided to call him on it. He was bold, right, so why not be bold right back? "Hmm, Mr. Waters, looks like you are a little excited."  
  
"Yeah," he said, "half-dressed, hard-bodied coeds seem to have that effect on a man. Want to give me a hand with it?"  
  
"Why, Mr. Waters, you're not suggesting I fuck you are you?"  
  
"Nope," he said. "That would be great. But I'll settle for a hand job. Whaddya say? I mean, you didn't really come over here dressed like for a Snickers bar, did ya?"  
  
"No," Cori smiled, "I most certainly did not. Got any lotion?"  
  
"I prefer more natural lubrication – if you can spare some spit or maybe a little juice from that pussy of yours."  
  
A minute ago, Cori had never met this man old enough to be her grandfather. Now, he was ogling her and talking about her pussy juice. Yes, it was safe to say Waters was direct and no doubt used to getting what he wanted.  
  
"Hmm, natural is better I supposed," Cori said. "Why don't you have a seat on the couch and let me do the rest?"  
  
"A coed with some initiative, I like it!" Waters said. "Keep that attitude and that body and you'll go places in this world kid. Come on, make an old man's day."  
  
"Would an old man like to see some young, firm tits?" Cori asked playfully, pulling her tube top below her breasts.  
  
"Ripe pumpkins indeed," he said, squeezing them. "That's the pumpkin. How about the pie?"  
  
Cori smiled and pulled down her shorts, stepping out of them. She turned her back to him, spread her legs and let him study her pussy lips from behind. His fingers moved between her legs and traced the outside of her pussy.  
  
"Been a while since I had something that nice," he said.  
  
"Oh, I doubt that," Cori smiled. "Now, what were we saying about lubrication?" She knelt down and went down on him, kissing the head of his cock, which was firm and thick and impressive for a man his age. She licked and sucked on the head, then bobbed her head down the shaft, coating it with saliva. She rested his cock on her nose and took his balls in her mouth, slathering them with spit as well.  
  
"That should do the trick," she beamed at him as took his cock in her hands and started pumping it slowly up and down.  
  
"What would that young man you're living with think of this," Waters said, referring of course to Ty.  
  
"Oh, don't worry about Ty," Cori laughed. "He puts his cock everywhere but my hands. As long as he gets the rest, he doesn't mind a bit."  
  
"So, if you have him, why are you here?" Waters said, enjoying the slow manipulations on his cock.  
  
"I just like to be neighborly," Cori said. "I think good neighbors help each other and are open and honest with each other. Some neighbors want to borrow a cup of milk, some just need a hand from time to time."  
  
"Well, you're quite handy," Waters said. "A little faster please. And would you mind licking my balls some more?"

Cori picked up the pace with her hand and sucked on his heavy round balls, the picture of hot cum slowly reaching a boiling point inside those soft sacks returning to her sex-addled brain.  
  
"May I cum on your tits?" Waters asked politely, even as his breath grew shorter and his cock started to twitch.  
  
"Of course," Cori said, sitting up and pointing his cock right at her tits. She kept stroking faster and faster as thick white cum spurted from the head of his cock and landed in gooey strings across her breasts. It dripped down and soaked the orange tube top that rested on her rib cage.  
  
"I should wash that for you before it stains," Waters said.  
  
"Oh, it's OK," Cori said.  
  
"No, really let me wash it. It will give you an excuse to come over and see me again."  
  
"OK," Cori relented, peeling off the top and wiping the rest of her breasts clean. No need to tip him to her cum-eating habit just yet. She handed it to him and said, "but I don't need an excuse to come back. I'll stop by and see you. And any time you need a hand, you just yell."  
  
"Will do," Waters said, giving her breasts a final squeeze. "And just to let you know, my front yard is a great place to stretch after a long run."  
  
"I bet it is," Cori grinned. "And just to let you know, I like to run in the mornings or the evenings. Usually either before 8 or after 7. Just in case you need to know for any reason."  
  
"I get the picture," Waters joked, his double-meaning not lost on Cori.  
  
She put her shorts back on, gave him a peck on the cheek and walked out, trotting topless down the street toward Harris' car.  
  
"Looks like things went well," Harris smiled.  
  
"It had a happy ending," Cori assured him. "Now, is there anything I can do for you?"  
  
"Let me tie you to the bed and do nasty things to you?"  
  
"I thought you'd never ask," Cori grinned.

**CHAPTER 10: WELCOME BANGIN'**  
  
The day after Halloween, Cori woke up sore from a day full of both tricks and treats, but in a good mood. As hectic as Friday had been, Saturday was shaping up to be an abnormally quiet day. Harris was going on a trip with the university president and the chair of the board of directors to visit the other universities in the system and the region. It was an annual fact-sharing trip and "chance to play golf," as Harris put it. He would be gone for a week. Ty had spent the night at Jordan's, calling to report that he would be spending most of the day collecting on all the handy work he had done Friday at her house. Cori wondered if maybe Ty and Jordan were starting to build a relationship. Cori loved him like a brother and fucked him like an animal. She had mixed feelings about him with another woman -- she didn't hate it, but she didn't love it either. She loved being with Ty, but if she was going to be getting fucked by several different men, was it fair to expect him to wait around for his turn with her? Hardly. Plus, Jordan was awesome. Cori liked her a lot and she could tell Ty did too. She hoped they were having fun.  
  
Meanwhile, she had the house to herself and enjoyed it with a nice breakfast on the couch watching bad reality shows on MTV and took a long hot shower. Then, she dressed in the decidedly un-Cori like outfit of a loose fitting t-shirt, gray cotton athletic shorts that were actually the right size, white cotton panties and white tennis shoes. She still didn't wear a bra, but otherwise, her look was like any young, fit woman might wear.  
  
She thought about her day and decided that she would go to the office and clean it up in preparation for Mrs. Benson's return on Monday. She had to remove all of the party stuff and clean any stains that the day-long orgy might have left. After that, she'd maybe go to a movie or do a little shopping. In the evening, she might hang out with Ty or Jordan or both, or she might just decide to do both the shopping and the movie in the same day. Cori very seldom had this kind of time to herself and she was determined to enjoy it. She would probably take a little jog later this evening and she thought about old-man Waters with his camera in one hand in cock in the other, taking pictures as she stretched on his front lawn.  
  
She drove to work and let herself in with the key Wes had given her. She wondered what he was doing today. Maybe he'd like to catch a movie with her. Now that was an idea.  
  
She took the elevator up to the office and started tackling the mess they had left behind. She grabbed large industrial garbage bags out of the supply closet and started dumping in the leftover snacks and drinks and plates. She found remnants of her shredded clothes all over the place, salvaging a few pieces but throwing most in the bag. She turned Wes' desk radio on and enjoyed some good ol' Top 40 fluff while she cleaned.  
  
Cori finished picking up the trash and straightened the open conference area and break room. The bathrooms were fine as were the offices for Barry and Ted. The front lobby was OK. All that was left to do was clean a few stains on the carpet near her desk and the conference table and then tackle the germ-field that was Mrs. Benson's office. Cori put carpet cleaner on the carpet stains and wiped all the desks and tables with disinfectant wipes. She dabbed at the spots on the carpet, happy to see it all coming more or less clean. The final step would be to vacuum and then she would be done.  
  
She was vacuuming in Mrs. Benson's office and didn't hear the elevator open. She didn't hear the door being unlocked, closed and locked again. She didn't hear the man's heavy breathing or see him slowly rubbing his cock through his pants while he watched her move. She didn't see him taking pictures of her from behind. She knew no one was there until she felt a tap on her shoulder. Cori jumped forward and turned around.  
  
"Hey Harold," she beamed, shutting off the vacumm cleaner. "You scared me!"  
  
"Sorry about that," he said. "Just wanted to drop by and say hi."  
  
"Are you working today?" Cori asked, noticing that he wasn't in uniform. Maybe they got to dress casual like the jeans and t-shirt he now wore on weekends.  
  
"Nah," Harold said. "I just saw your note on the door last night so I thought I'd stop by and see if you needed any help."  
  
"Aw, that's sweet," Cori said. She noticed the bulge in his pants and the camera in his hand, but didn't say anything. She had offered sex yesterday, he had declined. She really wasn't in the mood today. A sex-free day sounded really good to her right now. She was having fun. Hopefully, if he really wanted something, he'd be willing to wait until Monday. She could blow him at lunch time if he wanted. "Thanks, but I'm just about done. It wasn't as bad as I thought once I got started."  
  
"That's good," Harold said. "It's good to see you in regular clothes today. You still look great, by the way."  
  
"Thanks," Cori said. "Well, it was good seeing you. I'm just going to finish up and get out of here."  
  
"I'm not ready to go yet," Harold said.  
  
"Oh, well, OK," Cori said. "Do you mind if I go ahead and finish vacuuming?"  
  
"Not as long as you don't mind doing it topless," Harold said firmly.  
  
"What?"  
  
"You heard me."  
  
"I don't understand. You said you have my back. You said you didn't want to fuck me. What's going on?"  
  
"I can't fuck you on duty. I'd lose my job, plain and simple. And I do have your back, which is why you owe me a little gratitude. You fucked half the building in the last week. Seems to me that a little topless show isn't too much to ask."  
  
"I don't understand what's going on," Cori said. "You've seen me naked or half-naked all week. You could have fucked me just about any time you wanted. You keep trying to make sure I'm safe. Now, all of the sudden you think you can just come in here, tell me what to do and have what you want? I trusted you. I'm not a whore for you or anyone else. You might think I'm a slut, but I do what I do for a reason. It might not be the best idea, but it's working so far. If you don't want to watch my back, fine, just get out of my way."  
  
"You're getting all fired up," Harold chuckled. "I like that. Look, I think you've got me all wrong here. I'm still a good guy and I'm in your corner. But I'm also human and I gotta be honest, when I went home last night and replayed what I saw yesterday in my head, well, there's only so much a man can take. Now, I'm not here to fuck you and I sure ain't no rapist. But I am an amateur photographer and, I'll admit, a bit of a voyeur. So, I was thinking if you could give me a little show today, let me take some pictures, have a little fun, that wouldn't be too much to ask. How many guys shoved their cocks in your ass yesterday? All I want is a picture of it -- and maybe a little feel."  
  
Cori lowered her eyes and shook her head. Nothing was ever easy, was it? "What if I say no?" Cori asked.  
  
"Well, I'd lose a lot of respect for you," Harold said matter-of-factly. "You talk all high and mighty about not being a slut or a whore, about how you can control things and want more out of life. Then, the one guy in the building whose cum you haven't tasted and who has gone out of his way to make sure you're safe is the one guy you say no to? Sounds pretty hypocritical to me. Is it just because I'm not offering money or a job or trying to blackmail you? I could give you five bucks or threaten to tell Mrs. Benson, but that's not how I operate. Despite what you think of me right now, I have integrity. I've been honest with you about what I want and, quite frankly, what I think I deserve. If you say no, I'll leave. Just don't ask me any favors on Monday, OK?"  
  
"Wait," Cori said. "You're right. You've done nothing wrong. I'm sorry. I just, well, I was kinda looking forward to a day that had nothing to do with sex, ya know. Just a break from all that stuff. But look, if you want to take a few pictures, feel me up, whatever, you've earned that. What do you want me to do?"  
  
"Like I said, take your top off," Harold said. "You don't have to pose or anything yet. Just do what you're doing and I'll tell you if I want you to do anything else."  
  
Cori pulled off her shirt and started vacuuming again while Harold circled her with the camera, taking pictures from all angles. He had her take off her shorts and bunched her panties between her ass cheeks and took some close-ups while Cori moved about the room, pushing the vacuum cleaner back and forth.  
  
She turned the vacuum off and looked around, but Harold was gone. Shrugging her shoulders, she unplugged the vacuum and put it back in the closet.  
  
"I found these in one of your bags," Harold said, appearing suddenly behind her. "Put them on, please." He was holding a pair of her heels -- red stilettos -- and a red thong that she had not worn yesterday. She didn't argue and soon stood before him with the red stilettos and red thong and nothing else.  
  
"Very nice," Harold said. He spent the next 20 minutes taking pictures of her in various positions as she crawled, did jumping jacks, bent over at the waist, made copies of her breasts on the copy machine, did the splits and pulled on her own nipples.  
  
"OK, gotta wrap up soon," Harold said. "I've only got a few pictures left. I bought the extra memory card, but it still fills up too fast. There are a couple more shots I want to get. Special shots. Kneel down and rest your chin on the desk. Cori did and Harold pulled out his cock. He moved next to her, stroking it and she turned to put her mouth on it.  
  
"No," he said, pulling away. "I want to be able to say I never had sex with you and tell the truth. This is just me jacking off and you happening to get in the way and catching a bunch of it on your face." Just saying the words got him off and he started spurting cum from the end of his cock. He pasted her right cheek, then turned her head and draped a long strand across the bridge of her nose. He dotted both eyelids with cum bubbles and wiped the residue on her upper lip.  
  
"Hold still," he said, breathing hard. He picked up the camera and snapped another dozen shots of her cum-covered face. In some, he had her close her eyes to show off the cum-drenched lids. In some he had her stick out her tongue as if she were licking it off. He snapped pictures until his memory card was full, then set down the camera.  
  
Cori went to the bathroom to wash her face and, when she came back, Harold was gone.  
  
"Well, that was weird," she muttered to herself. She gathered up her things and left, deciding not to let the odd encounter with Harold alter her plans. She went shopping and saw a movie, her full tub of buttered popcorn serving as her lunch. She received messages from Ty and Jordan. Ty was going to poker night with some of his new friends from work and Jordan had to work at the club -- Cori was invited to come over to either place if she wanted. She considered it, but knew that somehow she'd end up fucking Ty in front of his poker buddies and possibly get gangbanged by the whole crew. And if she went to the strip club, someone would mistake her for one of the dancers or Jordan would make her get on stage or something crazy. As much as she liked them both, she reminded herself that this was her day and she called them both back, leaving messages that she was going to enjoy some much-needed personal time.  
  
She decided to take a jog, then maybe order in for dinner and rent a movie. Just her, a pizza and some comfortable pajamas, a warm blanket and a good movie sounded like a great night.  
  
When she got home, she found a plain brown bag on the doorstep. Her name was handwritten on the outside with a note attached. She opened the note, afraid of what she might read. So many men had blackmailed her and used her, to find the plain package and know she was going to be alone sent shivers up her spine. She laughed, though, when she read the note: "This would be a really nice outfit to jog in. And remember, my driveway is a great place to stretch and warmup and cool down." It was signed by Waters, of course.  
  
Cori took the package inside and opened it. She pulled out a tiny white tank top that looked at first glance like a typical crop top. It wasn't until she put it on that she realized what made it uniquely sexy. Waters had used scissors or a knife to make a series of slashes in the front of the tank top. If she wore no bra, as she moved about, various parts of her breasts -- including her nipples -- would be visible. She wouldn't run without her sports bra, but she could do the warmup and cool down in Waters' driveway without it, she supposed. She held up the yellow shorts and they were regular cotton athletic shorts, but the little notches in the sides had been sliced right up the side, all the way to the waistband. He had obviously decided to error on the small side in terms of size and done a fine job of getting clothes a couple sizes too small -- or exactly the same size she wore most of the time.  
  
Cori decided to play along and let him have his harmless fun. She put on a black thong that would contrast well with the yellow shorts. Then she pulled on the shorts and rolled down the waist band, which was now three inches below her belly button and gave her the "whale tail" look in the back. She put on the tank top with no bra and ran in place, testing the movement of her breasts. The bottom of the tank flopped around a lot. She thought it would look and feel better if it was a snugger fit, so she pulled the excess material around her narrow waist -- the only part of her body where the tank wasn't too small -- and tied it in a knot just below her breasts. This made the top wrap tightly around her breasts, encasing them top and bottom. She jogged in place again and within seconds her hard nipples had searched out and discovered open air, parting the thin cotton fabric and drinking in the open air.  
  
She put regular white running shoes and put her hair in a red bow. She looked at herself again and decided she was good to go. She'd warm up, then change into her sports bra in his garage or on his porch, jog, then lose the sports bra and do her cool down stretching. It was a bit more work than her jogs usually were, but she had time and thought it was a simple way to please a kind but horny old man. It was the neighborly thing to do.  
  
She remembered the orange tube top he had cum all over the night before and decided that would be a good way to make sure he knew she was there. She bounded across the yard to his front door and made sure one of her nipples was poking out between a slit in her tank top. When Waters opened the door, his eyes immediately locked in on the exposed nipple and he smiled. "Well, wherever did you find such a lovely tank top?" he grinned mischievously. "It seems to fit you quite well."  
  
"Oh, thank you," Cori said. "I was just getting ready to go for a jog and thought I'd stop by and see if you had a chance to wash that orange tube top."  
  
"It's in the dryer now," Waters said. "Why don't you stop by when you come back from your run and it should be ready for you. Have you properly warmed up? Don't want you to pull anything."  
  
"No, I haven't," Cori said, "but you're right, I should stretch first. Do you mind if I use your railing?" Cori nodded toward a waist-high cream-colored railing that surrounded Waters expansive wrap-around front porch.  
  
"Of course, my dear," Waters said. "Oh, it's such a beautiful day, I think I'll take a few pictures of the trees and flowers and whatever other scenery I happen to see."  
  
"Naughty old man," Cori teased.  
  
Waters grabbed his camera quickly and sat in a rocking chair on the porch, focusing his camera on Cori, getting an assortment close-ups and wide shots as she alternated putting her legs up on the railing and bent her head to her toes. Then she climbed on the railing and did the splits, first facing away from him, then facing him, giving him great view of ass, legs, pussy and tits. Her nipples were both popping through the tank top now. A young couple walked by on the sidewalk, doing a double-take as they saw Cori's scantily clad body straddling the railing. They were far enough away that they couldn't tell her nipples were sticking out, but close enough to recognize her unbelievable curves, firm body and lots of bare skin. Did old man Waters have a niece or granddaughter they didn't know about? They walked on and a few other neighbors strolled by, but no saw enough to be truly concerned or overly curious. At least not until Cori started running.  
  
"Oh dear," Cori said, looking down at her tank top and pretending to notice the tears for the first time, "I can't go running like this. I better put on my jogging bra."  
  
"Nonsense," Waters said, unabashedly reaching for her breasts. He tugged the scraps of material over her nipples and patted them in place.  
  
"Thanks, but that won't stay," Cori said. "Watch." She started jumping up and down, making her tits bounce up to her chin and slap together. Soon, both nipples had found open crevices once again.  
  
"I see," Waters said, "I think I know how to fix that. Stay here." He went into the house came back with a handful of a dark brown substance. "I dabble a bit in ceramics and sculpture from time to time," Waters said. "This is some modeling clay. It's just a bit wet and when it's wet it's sticky. Lift your shirt."  
  
"You're going to put that on my nipples?" Cori asked, untying the knotted shirt.  
  
"Yeah, if we put just a little on each nipple, then press the shirt around your nipple, it should hold the shirt in place," Waters grinned. "Then you job bra-free, the way a girl like you was meant to be seen."  
  
"You are a silly, naughty old man," Cori teased. "I don't think it will work, but we can try if you want. Don't say I never did you any favors, though." She lifted her shirt and felt him place a dollop of the cool, wet clay over her left nipple. He used his thumb and index finger to carefully mold the clay around her nipple, covering the areola all the way to the tip. His fingers worked with an uncanny deftness for his age and Cori felt her nipple tingling in appreciation of the fine finger-work. He wiped away excess and smoothed away bumps and creases in the clay until it looked like an exact replica of her nipple, perfectly shaped. The only difference was that it was now even longer and bit darker. He did the same thing with her right nipple, then began blowing gently on each nipple, helping the clay dry and harden.  
  
"I thought it would stick better if it's wet," Cori said, trying to ignore the fact that the combination of being topless 100 feet from the street, Waters talented fingers, the pleasingly cool clay and the cool tingle of his breath on her breasts was making her a little horny.  
  
"It will," Waters said. "But we only need it to be wet at the base, around your areola. That's where it will stick best because of the larger surface area."  
  
"Then why did you put the clay all over my nipples?" Cori asked.  
  
"Because," he laughed, "they are going to look amazing when you pull that shirt down and they are sticking out an extra half an-inch and are so dark, like a Brazilian girls nipples. Won't help the shirt stick any better, but it will make me happy."  
  
"Anything to make you happy," Cori laughed, shaking her head.  
  
He blew on them a little more until he was satisfied the clay wouldn't break down when they put her shirt on. He helped her pull her the white tank top back down, careful to make sure that both nipples were covered by part of the material. Cori knotted the bottom under her breasts again and Waters set about sticking the shirt to her areola.  
  
Starting with her left breasts, he smoothed the tank top over her nipple, stretching it tight, then pinched the fabric around the base of her nipple, pressing it firmly against the wet ring of clay there. Sure enough, it stuck like brick and mortar. Cori felt the moist clay ooze and grab onto the fabric as he pressed it against her. The rest of the fabric was pulled taut over her nipple, encasing it in a sheath of white cotton. Waters did the same thing with the other nipple, then stood back and admired his work. Even a half-inch longer made her already large nipples look almost cartoonish, especially the way the dark, reddish-brown clay showed through her thin white top. The obscene erectness of her nipples, the way the top clung to her nipples and the way they were so visible made it look like she was wearing a wet t-shirt, only it wasn't wet.

"Now that's nice," Waters nodded. He grabbed the camera and took a half dozen more pictures, straight on and profile. "All right, test it out."  
  
Cori jumped up and down again, expecting the clay to break loose and her nipples to poke through a hole, spilling clay down the front of her shirt. It didn't happen. Everything held. "Looks like you were right," Cori said. "I guess I'm good to go. Thanks! I'll see you in about 45 minutes."  
  
Cori took off down the steps of the porch, feeling the extreme bouncing of her boobs on her chest, her erect nipples encased in a double layer of clay and cotton. They felt huge and foreign and oddly erotic. Once she settled in her running rhythm, her breasts calmed down too, still bobbing up and down, but they were so firm that they were controlled, not flopping all over.  
  
She passed a middle-aged man walking his dog, noticing his eyes bug out as he stared at her chest. A couple of high school kids in a car slowed down and whistled and another female jogger looked at her and frowned in disapproval. A guy on a bicycle followed her for about a block and Cori was about to turn and confront him, but he veered off and went down another street. The whole run was that way -- she drew some attention, but nothing extreme or threatening. Only the guy on the bike had creeped her out, but the way he had ducked his head and rode off quickly told her he was probably a family man afraid of being reported to his wife for ogling young joggers by nosy friends or neighbors.  
  
She made it back to Waters house, her body now glistening with sweat. Surprisingly, the clay nipples had held up throughout the run. Waters was waiting for her with a bottle of water. As she tilted her head back to drink, he untied her shirt and lifted it up. He washed the clay away with his hands and another bottle of water. Cori was standing in his driveway and looked around nervously to make sure no one was watching. She imagined someone was peeping through windows somewhere, but she couldn't see anyone. Still, she moved slowly toward the house, Waters' caressing hands tagging along.  
  
"Wait," he said. "You need to stretch and cool down now. I set this up for you." He pointed to a small inflatable pool about 4 feet wide by 10 feet long and about 3 feet deep. Cori had noticed it when she got back from her run. It hadn't been there before she left. Now she knew what he had done. He set it up and filled it while she was gone and now he wanted her to get in, get wet and let him take more pictures.  
  
"Naughty old man," she teased again, kicking off her shoes and peeling down her shorts. She stepped into the kiddie pool wearing her black thong and white tank top. The pool was in the front yard between a tree and the porch, so the view from the road was partially obstructed but Waters' view from the porch was perfect. Cori splashed and frolicked in the pool, wetting her tank top and stretching her log legs, raising them out of the water and resting them on the side as they glistened in the evening sun. It had been a nice warm fall day, but now it was cooling off rapidly and the cool water quickly dropped Cori's body temperature. Goosebumps popped up on her arms and her nipples reached an aching hardness. Waters' camera and the occasional splash of water were the only sounds. Cori looked up at Waters, giving him some seductive looks and noticed him rubbing his pants.  
  
She wiggled her finger at him to come join her and he walked awkwardly down the steps. She stayed in the pool but took his hand and guided him over by the tree. Now he was standing in the narrow space between her and the tree. Anyone passing by would be hard pressed to realize that his pants were down or that she was stroking him off. She conveyed that message with her eyes as she sat up on her knees in the pool and jerked his pants down around his ankles. She bent forward and blew warm air across his hard cock the same way he had blown on her nipples. She pulled off her thong and tank top and tossed them onto the porch, presenting herself completely nude for him. She took him in her mouth and wet his cock just like she had done the night before, then lay back, never taking her eyes off him. She cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples, then let her fingers trail down her belly, over her thighs and eventually between her legs. She fingered herself, partly because it felt good and partly because she knew no man who could resist the sight of a girl getting herself off.  
  
Sure enough, Waters began stroking his cock harder and harder, his eyes locked on her, taking in her every move. His eyes were wide, his lips slightly parted, his hand working vigorously on his cock. Cori stuck two fingers inside herself and pumped her pussy, creating a rhythmic splashing sound that matched the beat of Waters' wet strokes on his cock. Cori was hot, but not really close to orgasm. Waters, on the other hand, was ready to burst. He sent a spray of white cum across her chest and she sat up, catching the rest on her face and in her mouth. When he was done, she merely dipped under the water to rinse herself off, then stood up and waited for him to bring her a towel.  
  
"Come inside and get your tube top," Waters said, handing her a large bath towel.  
  
She wrapped herself in the towel and followed him into the house. She didn't bother to pick up her wet tank top and thong -- she'd throw them in the wash when she got home.  
  
During last night's first encounter with Waters, Cori hadn't really noticed his house, but now as she looked around, she thought it was very nice, but not very well taken care of. There were piles of papers laying around, the carpet hadn't been vacuumed in a while and it was in definite need of a good dusting. She had an idea for something fun to do for an hour or two tomorrow.  
  
"So, are you an early riser or night owl?" Cori asked.  
  
"Night owl," Waters said. "Always have been. Why?"  
  
"Well, I'm home alone tonight..."  
  
"You can stay here!" Waters said, enthusiastically.  
  
"That's sweet, but I really could use some alone time. I don't get much. But it is a little creepy being alone when I'm used to having at least one guy in the house."  
  
"Where's Ty?"  
  
"Playing poker with his buddies. He'll probably be out all night and show up sometime tomorrow morning."  
  
"I see. So, what do you need from me?"  
  
"Well, I know you like to keep an eye on things and, well, if you're going to be up anyway, if you wouldn't mind just, you know, keeping an eye out around our houses tonight, I'd really appreciate it."  
  
"Of course," Waters said. "Any particular reason you're scared?"  
  
"No," Cori said. "I mean, I'm not really scared. I just, well, as you know, I dress a little sexy sometimes and, well, some guys get the wrong idea. Sometimes you don't even know it, but someone sees you dressed a certain way, they spie on you and well, you never know."  
  
"I understand," Waters said. "Look, if it makes you feel any better, I was in the Marines back in the day. I have binoculars, a pistol and even some night-vision goggles. Plus, old Buster here always sniffs out any trouble." Waters pointed to his German shepherd.  
  
"Good," Cori nodded, patting Buster on the head. "I feel better now. I'm going to go home and watch a movie, then get some sleep. You guys have a good night. Mind if I keep the towel? I'll bring it back tomorrow."  
  
"You can have anything in the house if it means you'll come back tomorrow," Waters laughed. "If this keeps up, I'm going to have to get my Viagra refilled."  
  
Cori laughed and pecked him on the cheek. She picked up her clothes from the porch and yard and went home. The extra activities before and after her run had made it take twice as long as usual, but she was happy. Her "sex-free" day wasn't exactly that, but it was as close as she usually got and she had made two decent old men very happy.  
  
She dried off, threw on one of Ty's gray t-shirts -- and nothing else -- and ordered a pizza. The shirt was huge on her and hung down a few inches past her ass. It was comfortable and nothing that was going to drive the pizza guy crazy. After the pizza came, she ordered a movie off the cable and snuggled up on the couch under a warm blanket. Twelve hours later, she woke up with the sunlight streaming in the kitchen window and the half-eaten pizza on the table. She had fallen asleep on the couch and enjoyed the most relaxing, full night's sleep she'd had in a long time. It's amazing how much more rest you get when no one's fucking your ass at 3 a.m., Cori mused.  
  
She rubbed her eyes, stood up and stretched. She picked up the pizza box and noticed a piece of paper stuck to it. It was a note from Ty:  
  
"I was horny, but didn't want to wake you, so you owe me big tonight! We're going on an all-day fishing trip. Should be back after dinner. Wear something nice!"  
  
Cori smiled. Well, it certainly wouldn't be a full day without sex. When Ty was talking like that, it meant she could expect several good drillings tonight. But it was just 8 a.m. now. She had at least 12 more hours to herself. A full day and a half basically on her own. Cori couldn't believe it. She loved Ty and liked Harris and was a little crazy over Wes, but it was nice to have days or even parts of days like this. She did, however, have one little bit of naughty fun she wanted to have. Waters needed to have his house cleaned and Cori needed to repay him for watching out for her. She'd gladly clean it up for him, but planned to have a little dirty fun at the same time.  
  
First, though, she made herself breakfast and finished watching her movie. Then, she took a long hot bath and picked up around the house. She called Ben and John to see how things were at the old Hard Body Shop and looked over a course catalog for the upcoming spring semester at Bramble Jackson University. She jotted down a few notes of classes she was interested in, imagining what it would be like a few weeks from now when her internship was over and she was attending real college courses and doing who knows what for Harris and his donors.  
  
After lunch, she decided it was time to pay a visit to Waters. She had to take back his towel, after all. She found what she was looking for in her closet and put it on. It was a black and white French maid outfit with an extremely low cut top and short skirt. She wore no bra and a black g-string with black lace thigh highs and black stilettos. She put one black and white lace garter around her neck and the other on her right thigh.  
  
Then, she took the towel, a broom and a bucket of cleaning supplies and headed toward his door, taking a quick glance up and down the street to make sure no one was coming. She knocked on the door, yanking her top down to reveal as much cleavage as she could.  
  
"Wow," Waters said. "That's quite an outfit. Off to work, are you?"  
  
"Nope," Cori said. "Going to work here. Oh, here's your towel."  
  
"Work here?"  
  
"Looks like the place could use a woman's touch," Cori said. "If you don't mind, that is."  
  
"No," Waters said. "As a matter of fact, I use to have a maid that came in once a month. Pretty little coed -- not like you, of course, but pretty nonetheless. Anyway, she didn't seem to share your open views on voyeurism and masturbation and turned in her resignation a couple months ago. I guess the place has slowly gone to hell since."  
  
"No problem," Cori said. "Coupla hours and it will look sharp. And you can do any little ol' thing you like." She winked at him and marched into his house, setting her cleaning supplies on the table. She quickly took inventory and started by picking up the odds and ends around the house, occasionally asking him where he kept things. Waters was always right with her, not helping, but watching, taking pictures and even shooting some video. He stole a few touches, too, groping her ass or breasts, never receiving any complaints from Cori.  
  
"It's very warm in here," Cori said after 15 minutes. "Would you mind if I made myself a little cooler?"  
  
"Be my guest," Waters grinned.  
  
Cori removed the French maid's outfit, leaving only the thigh highs, g-string and stilettos. "Much better," she said. "Now, I think I'll dust next."  
  
Cori pulled a feather duster out of her bucket of cleaning supplies and went around the house, legitimately doing her best to clean up the place but always keeping in mind that she was showing off for him. She teased him by bending over at the waist, straining to reach around and behind objects and letting her breasts brush against objects as they hung heavily below her.  
  
"You know, you could probably triple your coverage area with a couple modifications," Waters said.  
  
"Really?" Cori asked. "How?"  
  
"Well, the way your tits and ass are shaking all over the place, if you put a dust cloth on them, they would probably do half the work for you."  
  
"These things do get in the way sometimes," Cori giggled like a silly schoolgirl, cupping her breasts.  
  
"Oh, there's not a thing wrong with those knockers of yours," Waters assured her. "We just need to put them to proper use. Take off your thigh highs. I have an idea."  
  
Cori took off the sheer black stockings and handed them over to Waters. He took one of the stockings and shoved the opening over her left breast. She held her breast for him while he used both hands to force the opening over her boob. "Hold it there," he said. Cori held the band of the stocking around the base of her breast to keep it from rolling back and falling off. Waters took the excess length and sliced it off, leaving just a short tail of nylon hanging from her breast. He took one of the garters and spread it over her breast, snapping it around the base. When Cori let go, the belt held firm, keeping her breast encased in the sheer nylon. Waters repeated the process with the right breast, using the other garter to secure it, then he took the two "tails" and tied them together in a cute little bow that drew her tits together and held the odd looking package snugly in place. He squeezed her nylon-covered tits, mostly to enjoy the feel, but also to test how well the garters would hold. They were very snug around her big cone-shaped breasts and were going nowhere, which meant neither were the nylons.  
  
"Now, that should work nicely," Waters said. "Rub those big things all over everything and you'll have this place dust-free in no time."  
  
"Great idea," Cori laughed. "Would you mind taking a picture just so I can remember how we did this?"  
  
"Of course," Waters said, "gotta have a good shot of the Bust Dusters." He snapped several shots of Cori posing, then using her new cleaning tools on his end tables and TV screen. When she was done, Waters removed the dust-covered nylons but kept the garters in place around the base of her tits.  
  
"OK, I'll vacuum next," Cori said.  
  
"I'll get the vacuum cleaner for you," Waters said.  
  
"Don't bother," Cori grinned. "I brought my own." She picked up a hand-held vacuum and showed it to him.  
  
"You're going to use that?" Waters asked.  
  
"Yep," Cori said. "Only way to make sure it's really clean. If you don't believe me, you can go behind me and see for yourself."  
  
Cori dropped down on all fours and started crawling along the floor, sucking up dirt with the little vacuum. Waters understood immediately what she was doing. It was hard for him to get down on all fours these days, but he sat in his wheeled office chair and rolled along behind her, watching every twitch and roll of her ass cheeks, the slinky movements of her long legs, the wobbling of her firm breasts. The vacuum filled up quickly and Cori took it out the back door to dump the contents into his trash bin. He had a privacy fence that blocked most views, but anyone taking time to look out the second story of a few of the neighboring homes would have seen a topless leggy blonde and wondered what the old man was up to now.  
  
Waters was getting more aggressive now, groping her as she crawled, tapping her ass with a cane, using the hook to snake under her g-string and pull the tiny garment away from her pussy. He filled a squirt bottle with water and sprayed her ass and thighs and back with it as she crawled. She looked back and saw that he had his cock out and was stroking it. Without hesitation, she took him in her mouth and gave him 30 seconds of supreme blowjob and enough lubrication to finish the job himself.  
  
She took another full vacuum load outside and when she turned around, she saw Waters watching her through the window, his hand on his cock, pumping steadily. She smiled and made a show of looking around as if she cared if anyone was watching or not, then knelt down in front of where his cock was press against the window and pressed her lips against it, leaving a bright red kiss imprint. She stood back and played with her nipples, using the garters to make her breasts bounce up and down. She bent over the patio table and showed him her ass, pulling up on her g-string and making it rub over her clit and between her pussy lips. She licked her finger and stuck it in her pussy, rubbing herself for several seconds, then putting the finger back in her mouth. She backed up and rubbed her ass against the window and watched him over her shoulder.  
  
She saw Waters' cock head bulge, then open fire with a few quick, thick darts of cum that splattered against the window, only the thickness of the glass between it and her lip imprint. As soon as he was done, she dashed inside and knelt before him, sucking the last juices from his softening cock. "Mmmm," she said. "That's good. I don't usually do windows, but I think I need to make an exception." She turned and began licking his cum off the window, pulling the creamy strands into her mouth and swallowing them one at a time while Waters watched in awe and appreciation.  
  
"Is that clean enough for you?" Cori asked.  
  
"Yes, my dear," Waters said. "I never realized a girl had to get so dirty to get things clean."  
  
"I wouldn't say I had to," Cori said, beginning to gather up her things.  
  
"Well, I'm a pretty messy old man," Waters said, "so any time you want to come over and help tidy up, you just go right ahead."  
  
"I will," Cori promised.  
  
Cori left, went to the gym for a workout using some light weights for tone and flexibility, 45 minutes on the stairmaster for her ass and a few precious minutes in the hot tub to relax. She came as well rested, exercised, energized and relaxed as she had been in a very long time. It was 6 p.m. Ty would be home in an hour or two. She threw together a salad and then called Waters. He came over immediately upon her request.  
  
"What do you need help with, my dear?"  
  
"Well, it's a little embarrassing, but, well, sometimes Ty likes it a little rough. Anyway, I thought I'd surprise him by wearing something slutty and maybe being tied up and waiting for him, you know. His love slave imprisoned and ready for him to use any way he wants. But I wasn't sure what to do and you seem like you'd have some good ideas."  
  
"Oh, I'd love to help," Waters said.  
  
"Good. Let me show you some of my clothes and maybe you can help me pick something out that will really turn him on."  
  
"Does he like football?" Waters asked.  
  
"Loves it, why?"  
  
"Big game tonight," Waters said. "I bet he'll want to keep an eye on it, even while he's fucking you. I've got an idea. What TV does he like to watch the game on?"  
  
"It's downstairs in Club Cori."  
  
"Club Cori?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori giggled. "It's a little homemade strip club Ty made for me. You'll have to come over some evening. No cover charge."  
  
"I'm there," Waters said. "Let's see it."  
  
Cori led him downstairs and Waters nodded, imagining Cori stripping and twirling around that pole. He'd see that another day for sure. For right now, he had a vision -- a very naughty vision. He'd taken some of his coed toys down the road to bondage, but it had never gone far or lasted long. They tended to freak out. Cori, he thought, wasn't the type to freak out. Hell, she suggested it. He figured Ty would want exactly what he would. A good view of the game and access to Cori from all angles, plus a good view of her while he rested between fucks. While the stage and pole were tempting, he realized the ideal spot was on the other end of the basement where there was a small lounge type area with a leather couch and straight back chair and a coffee table in front of a wide screen TV.

Waters turned the coffee table so it was perpendicular to both the couch and the TV and parallel to the chair. "Lay down on there," Waters said. "That's it, scoot your butt to the edge. Right."  
  
Cori was laying on her back on the hard, black coffee table. Her ass was right at the edge of the table and her legs were bent at 90 degree angles at the knees.  
  
"That will work," Waters said, muttering to himself. Then louder to Cori, "OK, that's perfect. Take off your clothes. All you need right now are stilettos. Red or black will be fine. Do you have ropes or straps or anything we can use?"  
  
"Yeah," Cori said. "There's a box of that kind of stuff in the closet there. I'll go get my shoes. Nothing else?"  
  
"Just put your hair in a ponytail with a big bow," Waters said. "And if you have some of those naughty, lacy white socks you can put on, do that."  
  
Waters rummaged through the closet of goodies, finding several nice options. Cori returned naked except for a pair of candy red six-inch stilettos with white frilly socks and large red ribbon tied in a bow in her hair, which was in a ponytail.  
  
Waters covered the table with a light blue blanket to make it a little more comfortable, since Cori would probably be there a while -- at least she would be if she were his to keep for the night. But he knew she wasn't. She was doing this for Ty and he was doing it for fun -- playing with naked coeds was always fun -- and as a way to maybe thank the man he had yet to meet for introducing such a beautiful and flirtatious young hottie to the neighborhood. Get on good terms with the man who owned that delicious ass and Waters might just be able to keep enjoying some neighborly perks. So, it was with his own interests and Ty's in mind -- not Cori's -- that Waters proceeded turning Cori into a bound, helpless, utterly hot and slutty and vulnerable plaything offered up in such a way that no man could resist simply tearing into her perfect body.  
  
Cori lay back on the table just like before and Waters had her put her heels flat on the floor. He then bound both to the outside of the table legs with short gold chains that wrapped around the legs and around her ankles. The lacy socks not only looked cute, but they also protected her ankles from any rubbing. Even though the chains weren't overly tight, several hours like this could leave a mark.  
  
Next, he took a longer, thin gold chain that he had found in the closet of goodies and wrapped it around the table, running the chain through her belly button ring. He cinched it tight so she was pinned to the table from the waist down.  
  
"Wow, this is good," Cori said approvingly. "Ty is going to love it."  
  
"Good," Waters said. "We're not done yet."  
  
Next, he put two long white silk sleeves on her arms. Both extended from her biceps to her wrists, then had a strap that hooked over her middle finger. He then tied a white silk scarf around each wrist, then tied the other end of the scarves around her thighs. Now, her arms were pinned to her sides and were helping to hold her legs open, an inviting picture if ever there was one. Again the soft material wouldn't hurt or leave lasting marks, but it was secure. Cori was moving nowhere. In case of a fire, the fastest way to get her out would be to pick up the table and carry her out. A vision of Cori naked on the front lawn, strapped to a table while firemen tended to the fire between her legs flashed in Waters' dirty mind. His cock was rock hard and he was loving playing with Cori, touching her, putting her into whatever position he wanted. He had toyed with the idea of spreading her legs wide and decided he'd set up that option for Ty if time permitted. So many positions, so little time.  
  
"You have a choker?" Waters asked.  
  
"In my room, third dresser drawer," Cori said.  
  
Waters left and came back with one of her leather chokers. This one was red to match the few clothes she had and it said "I swallow" in bright white letters. Doubling as a leash in sex play, it had a small circular clasp on the front. Waters took three more short gold chains, putting one between her nipple rings to draw her breasts together and provide unnecessary support to keep them from falling to her sides. The other two chains went from her nipples to the clasp on her choker, forming a perfect triangle that would keep her breasts high on her chest, her nipples hard and pointed straight up.  
  
Next, he took another white scarf and slid it under the choker on the back of her neck, looped it around the collar and then tied it the left table leg with enough slack that it didn't hurt her neck and that Ty could move her head around while face-fucking her if he wanted. But it was tight enough that she was basically strapped flat on her back to the table.  
  
Waters was satisfied with his work, but not done yet. He stuffed a bright red ball gag in her mouth and strapped it around her head. The closet of goodies had provided many options, and he couldn't resist a small black butt plug in her ass and a different toy in her pussy. It looked like a standard dildo, but when you turned it on, instead of vibrating, it inflated. Waters put the six-inch dildo inside Cori's pussy and turned it on. The thing inflated slowly, growing until it was as thick as his wrist. It stayed that way for 10 seconds, then slowly deflated before beginning to inflate all over again. It took about 45 seconds for the complete cycle and Waters watched fascinated as Cori's tight pussy maintained a vacuum-like seal on the dildo, whether it was deflated and slender or inflated and stretched her pussy obscenely.  
  
"That should have your little cunt all juicy and ready for him," Waters chuckled. "Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back."  
  
Waters went upstairs, found the computer and quickly typed up and printed out a note. He found a basket in Cori's room and filled the basket with some of her panties, a couple of skin mags from his own extensive collection and the note. He took it back downstairs and put the TV remote in it, then set it on top of Cori's flat stomach. He looked at his watch, figured he had about 15 more minutes at the minimum and quickly looped a chain around the legs of an end table on one side and around a heavy pot on the other. These would be Ty's options if he wanted to unchain Cori's legs from the table and spread them into the splits.  
  
The final touch was a risky one, but one Waters couldn't refuse. "Close your eyes," he told Cori, who couldn't respond because of the gag in her mouth. Waters jacked his cock over her, looking at her amazing body, bound and displayed so nicely. He touched her exposed pussy and stroked her bound nipples, then slapped his cock harder and harder until he finally came. He stopped stroking and let the cum ooze out of his cock and onto her closed eyelids. He put a quarter-sized pool on each eye, watching the jizz ooze into her lashes and matte them down against her cheeks.  
  
He took dozens of pictures, then went to his house, looking for a couple things, then came right back. He grabbed a few of Cori's thongs and scattered them in a trail from the front door to the steps to the basement and on down. He turned the TV on and put it on the pregame show for the football game and sat a six-pack of beer and coupon for a free pizza inside the basket, wrapping a pair of panties around each bottle of beer.  
  
"Have fun, Cori," Waters said. "Ty should be home soon. I hope he likes his present."  
  
He didn't wait for her to respond since she couldn't. Like a good girl, she had kept her eyes closed, partly because she didn't want to felt that sting without being able to wipe them and partly because they were just about sealed shut and mostly because she knew it was Waters' vision to present Ty with a ready, willing, vulnerable slut who already had taken a face-full of cum and was clearly ready for more. She didn't need to see, talk or move. That's not what she was there for. She was there to be a means of pleasure, any way Ty wanted and for however long he wanted.  
  
With Waters gone, Cori was left to wait. Waters had turned the volume on the pre-game show up loud, so it was impossible for her to hear the front door or footsteps from above. She heard only blabber about the football game. She saw nothing, her eyes caked closed by the two blobs of cum. She could barely move, but her pussy was moving constantly as it stretched and contracted, wrapped tightly around the expanding dildo. She had no idea how long she waited. She supposed if she paid attention to the talk on the TV, she might have caught a couple clues, but she blocked it out. Right now, she was far too horny and excited to think about anything else. The rhythmic stretching of her pussy was maddening and intoxicating. She wanted to cum so badly. She pictured herself, bound and sprawled out lewdly for him and her nipples tingled with excitement.  
  
After what seemed like hours but in reality was only about 20 minutes, she felt the basket lift off her belly. She jerked at the surprise, freaked out that he was there and she hadn't been able to hear him. She assumed it was Ty, anyway. She heard a low chuckle and a lusty, "Mmm-mmm" and recognized his deep voice. Ty liked what he saw.  
  
She thought he'd attack her right then and there, but there was a delay. She didn't know where he was or what he was doing. She wriggled, wanting his big cock to pound her pussy and finish the job that cursed dildo had started.  
  
Ty, however, was taking his time. He watched Cori wriggle against her bonds and sat on the couch where he had a front and center view of her pussy, all wet and gleaming, squeezed possessively around the dildo like a child clutching a blanket. He could see that she was even hornier than he was, if that was possible, and though he wanted to fuck her brains out, the idea of making her wait was fun. He looked through the basket, trying to figure out who had left it and why they had left Cori like this. There were no signs of any injury or struggle and no reason to think she had been put in this position unwillingly. And if nothing else, her glistening pussy lips and rock-hard nipples told the story of how she was feeling and what she wanted. This wasn't a girl aching to be untied, this was a girl aching to be fucked while tied.  
  
Ty found the note in the basket and read it to himself, chuckling again:  
  
"Greetings from the Welcome Bangin'! That's right, the Welcome Bangin', not Wagon. At Welcome Bangin', we value the beauty and quality of our neighborhood. Sure, nice yards and well-maintained homes are great, but we especially appreciate our new neighbors who bring hot young coeds with them. Nothing brightens the neighborhood like a pretty coed with longs legs or a tight ass or big tits or a great smile -- or all of the above. Property values rise, spirits rise and yes, even cocks rise when one of these little gifts to men moves in the neighborhood. We understand that she is yours to enjoy intimately and ours to enjoy from afar, but we welcome the addition nonetheless. To thank you, we have provided a gift basket as well as the real gift every man wants -- the ultimate welcome home: his hot coed naked and tied up, waiting for him to fuck her while he watches a great ball game, eats pizza and drinks beer. No interruptions and everything a man could want. The first quarter, the adrenaline is pumping and you bang the shit out of her a couple times. Then, after those first couple orgasms, you settle in and watch the ballgame. You rest your beer between her tits and eat chips with dip in her belly button. You pound her again at halftime, slower this time, but good nonetheless. Then, in the third quarter, you play with her. Maybe you fist fuck her or eat her pussy or stick your balls in her mouth. In the fourth quarter, maybe you drive in her end zone or see if she chokes on your cock the same way the other team chokes away the game. After the game, what better way to celebrate than by cranking up the music and partying the night away. She's bound and wet and ready for you.  
  
"Why do we provide this service? To thank you, as we stated before, and to welcome you. But also, to encourage you to continue to share your yummy coed with those of us not fortunate to have one to ourselves. By share, we mean letting/making her go outside in sexy outfits or sunbathe nude in the back yard or stretch after a long run in a neighbor's driveway. You'll make friends fast, let me assure you. We also encourage you to share pictures and videos of your slut at the email address below and, should you wish to notify our office of any "public" appearances by your coed cunt, you can simply call us and we'll be sure to be on the lookout, cameras and binoculars at the ready.  
  
"So please, enjoy this night, fuck her once or twice for us and, by all means, let us know if you ever want us to help prep her for another Welcome Bangin'."  
  
Ty set aside the note, wondering who had done all this and how Cori had happened upon him or them. It sure didn't sound like Harris, and he was out of town anyway. Whoever it was sure knew what he was doing. Cori looked absolutely amazing. Ty was dripping pre-cum before he got his pants off and, just as the note had suggested, wasted no time ripping into her with his stout cock. He yanked the dildo out of her pussy and replaced it in a single thrust, his knees resting on the edge of the table as he drove into her.  
  
He loved the fact that Cori's eyes were shut and covered by cum. Even though she no doubt knew it was him, the fact that she was bound here and basically blind and helpless, vulnerable to anyone who walked in the room was exciting. It was a safe game, but felt dangerous.  
  
Cori's pussy was as hot and wet and tight as he had ever felt it and it clutched him, practically drawing him insider her. He was right, she did need this as much as he did. He had gotten a number of good loads off inside and on Jordan over the past couple of days, so while he was horny, he wasn't quite as desperate as Cori was. She came almost immediately, her twitching body, cold sweat and flaring nostrils telling the story that her mouth and eyes could not.  
  
Cori didn't know what had taken Ty so long to get to it, all she knew was she was glad he finally did. His cock felt so good inside her, big and powerful and manly. She absolutely loved it. She wasn't thinking about Wes or Waters or work or anything right now but Ty's beautiful cock and the wonderful things it was doing to her by simply fucking her with brute force and relentless strength. Her pussy gave in again a few seconds later as she came for the second time. She could tell he was close too. He was grunting, talking dirty like he liked.  
  
"Yeah, fucking hot little bitch," he groaned. "Just tied up naked and wet and waiting for me. How many times did you cum just thinking about me? Who did you fuck to get to tie you up, you little whore? Neighborhood nympho, huh. Yeah, you got the body for it, little slut. Fuck, this is going to be a great night."  
  
He pulled out of her and felt his cock hit her nose. He was standing over her now, facing her tits and belly. He rubbed his cock against her hair and slapped it against her forehead. He was going to jack off on her face -- her eyes, to be more specific. "Might as well keep those things closed for a while," he grunted. Cum spurted out, the first blast landing on the ball gag before he gained control and aimed for her eyelids. Like paint on a wall, her eyes now had a second coat of paint, glossy and thick in pools that jiggled like Jello when she moved. Some of it ran down the sides of her nose and some ran off the sides of her face, but most stayed right where it was intended to go. Cori jerked in surprise a few moments later when she felt something soft against her eyelids. After a moment, she realized Ty was using a small paint brush to spread out and even out the cum, paying special attention to the eyelash line, coating it until her lids were practically glued closed by a double layer of slowly drying cum.  
  
Cori loved it. She loved everything about this, including the feel as Ty put the inflating dildo back inside her. She loved it when he put a cold beer can against her nipples, making them harden and ache. She loved it when he turned the TV way down so she could hear him tell the pizza guy to come downstairs and he'd give him his money. She loved hearing the pizza guy saying "Oh my God!" and the fact that Ty let him take pictures of her with his cell phone. She loved it when Ty finally wiped the cum off her eyes so she could see him straddle her face and make her munch on his balls while he watched the game and ate pizza.  
  
She loved it when he wrapped a long strand of melted cheese around the head of his cock, along the underside of his shaft and tucked it into his asshole. Then he fed it to her. She started by licking it off the head of his cock, then he fed her his shaft, his balls, and finally his ass. She jabbed her tongue inside him, hooked the end of the cheese around her tongue and slurped it into her mouth.  
  
She loved it when he jerked off on one of the pieces of pizza, then fed it to her. And she loved it when he sat down between her legs and ate her pussy until she came again.  
  
Other than his dirty commentary when he fucked her, there was no dialogue between them. Unless his cock or balls were in her mouth, the ball gag was there. It was obvious his plan for her was to be seen and fucked, but not heard from. Fine with Cori. This game was fun as hell. It wasn't even halftime, and she already had three orgasms and was sure more were on the way. Her body was getting stiff -- particularly her arms and legs -- and her back ached. The table was softer with the blanket, but still pretty hard. She didn't so much want to not be bound as she wanted to be put in another position. But Ty seemed perfectly content with the way he had her. Cori knew, though, that sooner or later he'd want her ass and to do that he'd have to make at least a few adjustments.  
  
"You must be thirsty, bitch," Ty said. He stood over her, dipped his cock in a mug of cold beer and hung it over her mouth, letting it drizzle onto her lips. Then he dipped it in her mouth and she sucked the beer off him. He continued this about a dozen times until his cock was fully hard. He mercifully undid the chains on her ankles, but her other bonds remained as he simply slid her up the table until the backs of her thighs were on the table and her head was hanging over it. Her arms wee still bound to her thighs and the belly chain still held her to the table. Her tits were still connected to her choker and her choker was still connected to the table leg, though it now had much more slack. This was key as Ty knelt by her face and pointed his cock at her mouth.  
  
He plugged her mouth with his cock, fucking her face. He held the back of her head as his cock threatened to punch a hole through the back of her skull. As his cock forced her head back, the chains linking her tits and choker were strained and she felt her nipples being stretched uncomfortably, then painfully. He cupped the undersides of her breasts, squeezing them but providing no relief for her tortured nipples.  
  
He mashed his balls against her nose and, with his cock clogging her throat, she struggled to breathe. Nonetheless, she kept her lips and tongue working on his cock and even snorted through her nose, wondering if the warm air would feel good on his ball sac. Apparently, it did, as she felt him jerk, then cum, his cock pouring a impressively large load into the back of throat. Like drinking a glass of water upside down, it threatened to cum out her nose. Ty anticipated the problem and pinched her nose shut while she swallowed rapidly, trying to send the creamy load into her gullet. When he finally let her up, she raised her head as far as her bonds would allow and coughed and sputtered but never lost a drop of precious jism, managing to swallow it all. A second later, the ball gag was back in her mouth.

Ty still hadn't asked about who did this. Cori wondered if he already knew somehow. She wondered, too, what all had been in the basket and if Waters had left some sort of note. Maybe that's why Ty wasn't asking questions. Whatever the case, he sure wasn't angry. He was having the night of his life and it wasn't too bad from Cori's view so far either. She really was getting tired of being bound this way, though, and her nipples were aching now after the extreme tugging they had just taken. Her pussy ached, too. That damned expanding dildo was putting even her cunt to the test and her pussy muscles were starting to fatigue.  
  
Whether Ty sensed this or was just ready for a change himself, Cori didn't know, but Ty removed the dildo and undid the belly chain as well as the bonds between her arms and legs, her tits and neck and her neck and the table. Cori felt relief as he helped her up, the ball gag the only piece of bondage still in place. She stretched sensually, her eyes looking at Ty for approval or direction. He said nothing, but watched her intently, his eyes drinking in her amazing body with a hunger like he had never seen her naked before.  
  
He put his finger to his lips, signaling her to be quiet as he removed her gag and gave her a beer. She drank, surprised at how thirsty she was, and ate a piece of pizza. She sat next to him on the couch, watching the game, his arm around her waist, groping her ass and tits and stroking her thighs. When she finished the pizza and beer, he put the gag back in her mouth. "Do the splits on the table, facing the TV," Ty told her as he pulled the blanket off and threw it aside. Cori climbed on the table and did the splits, pressing her pussy against the cool table top.  
  
Ty wrapped one of the white scarves around her left ankle and then tied the other end to the loop at the end of the chain on the end table. The right ankle was similarly tied to the heavy pot. She was spread wide and would stay that way for a while. He tied the loops on the ends of the white silk sleeves together, pinning her hands behind her back. "Hmm, nice, but I can't see the game," Ty said. He pushed on the back of her head and gently pressed until her forehead was touching the table. Cori's flexibility was certainly on display now, a skill that she knew Ty appreciated as much or more than anyone.  
  
Ty took the chain that had been looped through her naval ring and around the table before and looped it through the ring in her choker, holding her head down against the table and mashing her tits into the hard surface as well. Now, from his seat on the couch, Ty could watch the game with an unobstructed view and her completely exposed ass and pussy only inches away. Cori knew he would fuck her ass this way. She felt him pull out her butt plug and expected his cock to replace it, but it didn't yet. First, he poured some sort of oil between her cheeks and worked it inside her ass, getting her well lubed for him.  
  
From the sounds on the TV, Cori gathered that the game was close and nearly over. She knew Ty's favorite team had just gotten the ball back and needed a touchdown to win. Maybe he would watch the rest of the game before he fucked her again. Just as that thought entered her brain, Ty's cock entered her ass.  
  
"OK, bitch," he grunted, "here's how it goes. They need to go 85 yards to win the game. Every yard they get is a stroke from my cock. If they lose yards, you get spanked one time for each yard lost. In between plays and during timeouts, I'm gonna fuck your cunt."  
  
Cori hoped there would be a lot of timeouts so he could fuck her pussy and she could cum again.  
  
"Here we go, first and 10," Ty said. "Nice. Gain of six yards. Here you go." He poked her ass with six hard thrusts, then sunk his cock in her pussy while they huddled up for the next play.  
  
"Second and four," he said. "Good, three more yards." He put his cock back in her ass and gave her three hard strokes, then put it back in her pussy. Cori's flexible body was being pushed to its limits, her legs spread to their maximum, her body bent at the waist and pinned to the table, his hand on the back of her head, unnecessarily pushing her down while her pussy and ass were alternately being stretched by Ty's sizeable member.  
  
"Third and one," Ty said, fucking her pussy with long, deep strokes that Cori was really enjoying. "Shit, loss of four!"  
  
He pulled out of her pussy and slapped her ass hard, twice on each cheek, before stuffing his cock back into her cunt. "Fourth and five, slut," he said. "We need a big play here. Yes! 25 yards! First down!"  
  
His dick entered her ass and he put both hands on the back of her head as he hammered into her faster and harder than at any point that night so far, counting each thrust until he reached 25.  
  
The frantic pace continued inside her pussy until Ty said, "Oh, timeout." He slowed, Cori guessed, because he didn't want to cum yet. But she wanted to cum and his pounding cock was doing the trick. Still, the slow thrusts he was now using during the commercials were keeping her warmed up and ready and she just hoped for one more good flurry to get her over the edge.  
  
Gains of eight, four and 12 yards gave Cori's ass a good workout and set up Ty's team only about 30 yards from the winning score. "Two minute warning," Ty said. "Time to make you cum, bitch." He put his cock back in her pussy and hammered it as fast and hard as he had been going moments earlier. Cori felt herself leap from hot to boiling and could have sworn she stars as she came once more. "You're welcome, slut," Ty said as he slowed back down.  
  
"From here on out, my cock doesn't leave your ass. Four yards," he grunted, shoving into her with four hard thrusts. But his thrusts didn't stop now, even between plays or during timeouts. He was reaming her out thoroughly now. When his team scored to take the lead with only a few seconds left, he let out a victorious yell and gave her ass and playful slap, but his cock kept pounding.  
  
Even when the game was over and they were interviewing the winning coaches and players, he just kept reaming her out. She thought he had to run out of energy or cum soon, but his cock stayed hard as ever and his thrusts never lost their power. Ty was in great shape and it was showing now, just as Cori's endurance and flexibility were also being tested.  
  
Even after the lube had run out and only Ty's precum was lubing her, he still kept humping her. Cori figured she had been bound for over four hours now and Ty was showing no signs of letting up. She was tired and sore and yet she continued to accept the pounding he was giving her, happy to be serving her man any way she could. Finally, a full twenty minutes after the game was over, he came inside her ass.  
  
She thought he would let her up now, but instead she realized he was on the phone.  
  
"Yeah, just wanted to thank you," Ty was saying. "Oh yeah, perfect. Great game too. Yeah, she's still tied up. Thought you might want to see and, you know, take a turn yourself. I've been fucking her for three hours straight. I need a break. Sure. Door's open, come on in."  
  
Who could he be talking to? Cori wondered if one of his fishing buddies was coming over. Or all of them. Or if Jordan was on her way. But why had he said "thank you" and "still tied up?" Then it hit her. He was inviting Waters over and this time the old man was being given permission for more than a couple of licks from her tongue and a hand job. He was going to get to fuck her. Cori's pussy tingled at the thought. One more cock before the night was over sounded just about right to her.  
  
A few minutes later, Ty and Waters were sitting on the couch, talking about her like she wasn't even there, swapping stories of coeds and cunts as they sipped on their beers. Waters told Ty all about Cori's teasing performances from the past few days and Ty told Waters all about the last three hours and just exactly what he had done to her and how it had felt.  
  
An old white man and a young black stud were like old buddies, their common bond a hot young blonde who had the desire and ability to be a dream come true for them both.  
  
Waters, whose position as a bank president landed him on the university's board of trustees, told about his relationship with the university afforded him the opportunity to hand select new hires for his for his bank. He always selected two per semester -- one based on their ability, male or female, and one based solely on looks. He figured this would help avoid suspicion. Then, he invariably figured out someway to get the hot one in bed.  
  
"Most of the time, I assigned the hot one to handle the phones and filing while my secretary was on break," Waters said. "But a lot of times they had to work as tellers and do other entry-level stuff.  
  
"The best one was this blonde whose tits were a whole lot bigger than her brain," Waters continued, idly stroking his semi-hard cock. "One night, due to a family emergency for one of our managers and scheduling mess-up, she ended up closing the bank by herself. She did fine, but when I heard about it, I knew I had a chance for some fun. It only took me about ten minutes to convince her that she had forgotten to lock the door and turn on the alarm and that we had been robbed in the middle of the night. She was so sure I was going to turn her into the police or fire her or get her expelled or tell her parents who were buying her a new car for doing so well in school that she was willing to do anything to make it up. I turned her into my own private sperm bank and made deposits every day for a whole semester. I would have figured out a way to keep her around, but she had just finished sucking me off behind a tree at the company picnic when fucking Hollister got up and started talking about how we had gone over a year without a robbery. It took her a few minutes, but she finally figured out I had been lying to her and that was that. I did give her an 'A' for her internship grade, so I think we both got what we wanted."  
  
"That's awesome," Ty said. "But you know, Cori would never fall for something like that."  
  
"Oh, I know," Waters said. "She's as smart as she is pretty. That's clear. That's what's so impressive about her. She's not just another tight ass with big tits. You've got yourself a one-of-a-kind girl here, especially since she's sexy as hell, too."  
  
"She thinks like a man better than any woman I've ever met," Ty said. "She knows how to please me and what I want every time. Like tonight, I told her wear something sexy for me and look what she gives me -- with your help of course. Amazing."  
  
"Well, I sure am ready to fuck that little pussy of hers, but I don't think I can kneel down there like that for very long -- my knees aren't what they used to be."  
  
"No problem," Ty said. "I have a good way to make that work."  
  
Ty untied Cori from the coffee table and she stood up, stretching her legs. She still had the ball gag in her mouth and her hands were still bound behind her back. Ty quickly pushed the table out of the way and shoved the couch into place. "Have a seat," he said.  
  
Waters sat on the couch, then Ty had Cori do the splits on his lap. He rebound her legs to the pot and end table so they would stay opened wide. Waters put his hands on Cori's hips and pushed her pussy down onto his cock. Her tits were in his face and her warm cunt wrapped tightly around his shaft.  
  
Waters filled his mouth with Cori's tits and nipples, slobbering and sucking on them while he kept his hands on her waist and raised and lowered her on his cock.  
  
"Man, it's been a long time since I had something like this," Waters said.  
  
"Sounds like you've had plenty of hot coeds," Ty said.  
  
"Yeah, but not for a long time," Waters said. "Guess insisting on 20-year-olds is fine when you're 30 or even 40, but at my age, it just leaves you lonely and horny. Thank goodness you guys moved in."  
  
"Nobody cures horny better than Cori," Ty said. Waters was picking up the pace now, trying to lift Cori up and down faster. Ty untied Cori's hands so she could help, pushing on Waters' shoulders.  
  
"Can you take the ball gag off?" Waters asked. Ty did and Cori, as she often did, sensed what Waters wanted. She buried her head against his shoulder and cheek, nuzzling his neck and ears, moaning and whimpering softly in his ear, not saying anything, but telling him exactly what he wanted to hear. He wanted to hear her pant and moan -- not screaming, but soft, sweet sounds of ecstasy. He wanted to feel her lips on his skin and her warm breath in his ear. She nibbled on his ear lobe and squeezed his cock with her pussy. He put both hands on her ass and squeezed tightly as he pulled her up and down, shooting his cum deep into her wet snatch.  
  
Afterward, Cori sat naked in between the two men on the couch and they drank beer and ate cold pizza and talked. Waters asked Cori about her school plans and career plans and Cori told him about her current job -- minus the fucking -- and her desire to ultimately use her brain more than her body to succeed.  
  
"Admirable," Waters said. "Most girls who look like you are content to be hot and either fuck their way to the top, make money in the adult industry or marry a rich guy."  
  
"Well, I can't say I haven't done some of those things," Cori said.  
  
"Well, nothing wrong with using what you have to work with and doing what you're good at," Waters said. "Are you on any kind of scholarship at BJU? If not, a friend of mine is pretty high up over there and has an eye for the coeds like I do. If you're willing to do some extra work for him, he might be able to help you financially. His name's Harris."  
  
Cori and Ty both laughed. There was no reason to keep the secret any more from Waters, so they told him about Cori's deal with Harris.  
  
"I taught him well," Waters said proudly. "I used to tell him that coed pussy was always available, he just had to know how to get it without getting in a mess. But this setup beats anything I ever came up with. Good for him and you two. No one's getting hurt, right? You're smart enough that you deserve to be here and you're certainly earning your way. I assume Ty is a good employee and I know he does a good job of taking care of you. I'm sure Harris is getting to have some fun and enjoy some perks for his work and service and you will no doubt help him bring in a lot more money to the university. Seems to me everyone wins, including me, since I at least get to see you and have some fun from time to time. Don't worry, I understand that Harris and Ty and work and school come first, but if you would just drop by now and then or jog in my yard or sunbathe where I could see you from my window, that will be fine."  
  
"I can always make time for one more," Cori said. "Besides, you're fun to be around, you dirty old man. I think Harris knew I'd like you and that's why he sent me knocking on your door in the first place."  
  
"I guess I owe him one," Waters nodded. "Well, I know you have to work tomorrow and it's very late and you have to be exhausted, so I'm going to go on home. Thank you both for a great evening."  
  
Cori and Ty fell asleep on the couch in Club Cori.