**The Sales Associate**

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

**PART 1: THE MALL**  
"Dude, look at that!" said Austin to his high school buddies Josh and Zach. They looked at where Austin was pointing, toward a woman bending over to get something out of the trunk of her car, which was parked at the mall parking lot. She was bent over at the waist and her tiny pink skirt made no effort to cover her ass, which was tight, round and tan and covered – for lack of a better word – only by a barely there white thong which neatly split not only her ass cheeks, but also her pussy lips. They couldn't see her face or tits, but they could see a pair of long, slender, well-toned tan legs and a pair of white stiletto heels.   
  
"Oh man!" said Josh. "Look at that ass!"  
  
The woman was only about 20 feet away from them, so there was a good chance she could hear them. Who cared? They started walking toward her, all three sets of eyes fixed squarely on the soft pocket of flesh formed by her pussy lips. Thinking quickly, Zach whipped out his camera phone and took two pictures before the woman seemed to notice they were around and looked around at them.  
  
She was gorgeous. Sandy blonde hair, bright green eyes, red, pouty lips and a long, slender neck. She looked to be just a few years older than them – maybe a college girl, heck, maybe even one of the football cheerleaders. She was a high school boy's wet dream – a centerfold right before their very eyes.   
  
"Hey guys," she called over her shoulder, slowly standing up and turning to face them. In so doing, she presented them with their first look at her magnificent tits. She was wearing a white tube top that showed off both her flat tummy – complete with navel ring – and her enormous cleavage. Two hard nipples poked out, their dark shapes clearly evident under the taut fabric, with no bra to hold them back. "Can you guys give me a hand?"  
  
"Sure," Austin said quickly, his eyes roaming up and down her statuesque body. "What's the matter?"  
  
"I'm flat," she said, throwing her bottom lip out in a fake pout and crossing her arms under her ample tits, squishing them together and pushing them even higher on her chest.  
  
"No way," Josh said, starting at her tits. "There's nothing flat about you."  
  
"Sure there is," she said, pretending to be oblivious to their stares as she pointed at one of her tires, which was indeed flat. "See. I need to change it, but I can't get the spare out of the back and I can't get the jack off. Can you guys help me get the ... jack ... off?" she said, pausing on the last two words, looking each of them in the eye, then glancing at their bulging crotches as she said them.   
  
"Damn," Austin stammered.  
  
"Yeah, we can help you," Zach was the first to break out of his trance. The boys all moved forward as she stepped back and let them look in her trunk. In minutes, they had the jack and spare out and were busy changing the tire.   
  
It was a hot, sticky summer day. She had parked far from any of the mall entrances next to a cluster of trees and shrubs put there as if no one would notice that a once bountiful forest was now a parking lot. The trees and shrubs served to make them less noticeable and, since they were away from the entrance, few people were walking by. There were plenty of people around who could see them and could tell that there was a pretty woman with a flat tire being helped by three boys. To the casual observer walking in the parking lot, it looked completely normal.  
  
To the boys, it looked far better than normal. They kept stealing glances at the woman as they worked, checking out her tits, ass, legs and the occasional glimpse of her pussy.   
  
"It's hot out here," she said when they had finished. "Thank you boys so much. Can I get you something to drink? I have some cold water in a cooler in the car."  
  
Without waiting for an answer, she opened the door and made another show of bending over at the waist as she reached down in the cooler. All three boys stood directly behind her, watching, jaws agape, camera phones in hand.   
  
"Here you go," she said, smiling and handing them each a bottle of water. She took her own and sat down in the patch of grass in the sparse shade offered by the foliage. As she sat down, she pretended to stumble, spilling her water all over her chest. The thin tube top soaked up what it could and the rest ran down her flat stomach. Her nipples, stimulated by the cold water, got even harder and the drenched fabric became virtually transparent. "Oh shit," she said. She pretended to dab at her tube top with her hands as if brushing excess water away, but what she was really doing was pinching her nipples, making them as hard as she could.   
  
"Now look what a mess!" she laughed, dropping her hands and exposing her wet t-shirt display. "I'm such a klutz!"  
  
"Yeah," Austin laughed. "Look guys, it's like those wet t-shirt contests they show on the Girls Gone Wild commercials all the time."  
  
"Commercials?" she scoffed. "You mean you guys have never seen a real wet t-shirt contest?" They all shook their heads no. "Well, if you want to see one now, I think it's the least I could do to thank you for all your help. Do you want me to put on a show for you?"  
  
"Hell yes!" they said, practically in unison.   
  
"OK," she laughed again. "Well, save your water. I'm going to need it." She opened the driver side door of the car and put a CD in. Moments later, the music was pumping and she was dancing, swinging her hips and rubbing her tits.   
  
"Holy shit," Zach said. "This is awesome."  
  
She squeezed her tits together and pulled on her nipples. With a wag of her finger, she motioned Zach to come forward with his bottle, then pointed at her tits. "Slow," she said. Zach started pouring the water in slow stream over her tits, letting it spill down her cleavage, under her skirt and down her legs. She let it run through her fingers as she continued to grope her own tits. Then, she took the bottle from Zach and put his right hand on her left tit. He needed no further instruction, as he grabbed her other breast as well and started squeezing and rubbing them in the same slow, firm way she had been doing.   
  
"Get 'em, Zach!" Josh yelled. "Squeeze those titties!"  
  
She smiled but motioned him to quiet down with a finger to her lips. In order for the show to continue, they needed to be left alone. Josh nodded understanding and she motioned for him to step forward. She turned around and bent over at the waist and shook her ass in front of him. He slowly poured the water over her firm ass cheeks, letting it run between them and over her pussy and down her legs as she bumped and grinded to the music. When the water was gone, she turned around and let him get a good feel of her tits as well.   
  
Austin was already waiting, water bottle ready when Josh stepped away. She smiled and laid down on her back. With a quick glance to make sure no one was watching, she spread her legs as wide as she could and motioned toward her pussy. Austin poured away, mesmerized as she rubbed her pussy with one hand and tugged on her drenched thong with the other. She stopped when the water did and Austin took his turn with the tits.   
  
"Hey," she smiled, looking up at all three boys. "Do you want me to help you get your ... jack ... off?"  
  
"Hell yes!"  
  
"Well, if two of you were to stand over there to block anyone's view, the third one could probably have a minute or two to ... you know ... on my tits if you wanted to."  
  
The boys eagerly agreed and Austin, based on the fact that he had spotted her initially, won the right to go first while Josh and Zach stood side by side, blocking the view of anyone coming by. Austin whipped out his rigid cock and began stroking it vigorously as he straddled the beautiful, busty blonde. She lay on the ground, urging him on by playing with her tits, arching her back and licking her lips seductively.   
  
"Come on," she cooed, "shoot it all over these big titties. Make them look like snow-capped mountains."  
  
Austin grunted and began spewing his semen all over her tits, further drenching the tube top which now looked more like cheesecloth than actual clothing. "Thank you," she cooed again as he tucked his deflating cock back in his pants. Josh and Zach both took their turns, likewise emptying their impressive loads on her in rapid-fire succession.  
  
When they were done, she stood up and examined her soaked, cum-stained tube top. More cum had slid down between her breasts and some of it was now sliding down her belly. The boys had never seen anything like this.   
  
"What a mess, huh?" she laughed, smiling at them. "Say, I can't go in the mall looking like this. Would you guys mind going and buying me some clothes to change into?"  
  
"Sure," Austin said. "But on one condition. We each get to take a picture with you dressed like you are right now."  
  
"No way," she scoffed. "I look like a slut. Get me some new clothes and I'll let you each have a picture with me."  
  
"All right," Austin agreed. She gave them a $100 bill and told them to get her a pair of shorts, a t-shirt and some sandals. She told them the sizes and sent them on their way while she waited in the safety of her car.   
  
About 45 minutes later, the boys were back, grinning from ear to ear. "We got your clothes, babe," Zach said.   
  
"Thanks," she smiled, getting out of the car. Her tube top had dried some but her hard nipples still poked out obscenely. "I'll change and you guys can have your pictures."  
  
They handed her the bags and snickered as she pulled out her new clothes. The guys had made their own decisions about how to spend her money and had purchased three different outfits (they had each selected their own favorite). One was a red sling bathing suit, another was a white lycra mini-dress and the third was a pleated mini-skirt, white bobbie socks and a white half sweater.  
  
"What the hell is all this?" she asked, pretending to be mad and surprised when really she was neither.  
  
"This is what you should be wearing," Austin said boldly. "T-shirt and shorts? Come on, you need to be showing that body off. We eached picked out an outfit for you so you could wear each one for our pictures."  
  
"Yeah, and we bought a better camera, too," Zach said, holding up a new digital camera that the boys had obviously purchased with their own money, since the three outfits surely used up every bit of the $100 she had given them. Before she could protest, Zach was snapping pictures, using the zoom lens to get close-ups of her chest, focusing particularly on those pointy nipples.   
  
"All right," she said. "I'll wear your clothes and give you your pictures. But then you need to go. I think that's more than enough re-payment for changing my tire."  
  
"Fair enough, babe," Josh said. "Here, wear mine first." Josh's was the red sling bathing suit.   
  
"OK," she said. "There's no where to change. I'm going to put the trunk lid up and stand behind the car. You each stand with your backs to me in a semicircle and block anyone's view, OK? And no pictures until I say so."  
  
"Sure thing," Austin said. The three boys took their places around her behind the car and waited while she removed her wet, stained clothing, leaving on only her heels as she pulled on the red sling swimsuit. It was one of those with a thong running between her legs and between her ass cheeks, then looping over the shoulders and covering her nipples with two spaghetti-thin straps that dove from her shoulders to her pussy. It left approximately 98 percent of her body exposed, with little more than her clit and nipples covered. What a ridiculous excuse for a bathing suit, she thought.  
  
"All right," she said, still checking to make sure that her nipples were at least covered. "How's this?"  
  
The boys turned and stared in awe. "Awesome!" Josh said.   
  
"Three poses each," she said. "What do you want?"  
  
"On your hands and knees," Josh said, his eyes dancing wildly over her body. She knelt down as instructed and assumed the position, stretching the thin spaghetti strap tight so that it was suspended above her body, making contact only at the top of her ass, her shoulders, her nipples and her pussy. Josh plucked it like a guitar string.   
  
"OK, I'm going to stand behind her," Josh said, handing Zach the camera, "and put my leg up like this." He know had one foot on her back, his arms raised in triumph as if he had just won a contest and claimed his prize. She smiled and Zach took the picture. He took another with her bent over at the waist and Josh staring at her ass and a third with her kissing Josh on the cheek.  
  
The next costume change was Zach's, who had chosen the slutty schoolgirl outfit. She looked amazing in the mini-skirt, which was so short that it barely covered her ass – and she had no panties on, since they had neglected to buy her any. The white half sweater was too small for her massive breasts and her nipples were noticeable, dark buds poking through the soft fabric. Her long legs looked terrific in the heels and white bobbie socks.   
  
"That's what I'm talking about!" Zach said. He gave her a cherry-flavored sucker and asked her to lick it while she looked at him. She got the idea and gave Zach her best "I'm going to suck you dry" look while she played with the sucker in her mouth. Austin took the picture. The next one was of her bent over, looking at the camera as she used her arms to squeeze her tits together, right in Zach's face. The last one, she turned to the side as Zach lifted her skirt up and raised his arm triumphantly for the camera. The lack of any panty line or thong was noticeable from the side view in the photo, but her ass and pussy were not exposed.  
  
Finally, she put on the white lycra mini-dress for Austin – again with heels and no panties or bra. It was tiny – two sizes smaller than she should wear. If she pulled it up enough to cover her tits, it was so short that more than half of her ass was exposed. So, the first picture was simply of her holding her top up and bottom down while Austin laughed in the background. The next was of her bent over at the waist, grabbing her heels and Austin admiring the view (which was not presented to the camera) from behind. Finally, Austin lay on the ground and had her straddle him so that he was looking right up her dress. That was the last pose.  
  
"All right, guys," she said. "Thanks for all your help. Don't put any of those pictures on the Web, all right?"  
  
The boys started to explain exactly what they intended to do with the pictures when they heard someone coming and saw a man approaching.   
  
"Thanks guys," the man said, nodding to them. He was dressed in a dark suit and looked very business-like. "You did great. I'll take it from here."  
  
Stunned, the boys watched as the man, who obviously knew the woman despite appearing to be twice her age, took her arm and led her to her car. He opened the passenger door for her, then got in himself. She smiled at the boys, then the man and then the dropped out of their view. It was obvious she was performing oral sex. The boys scrambled to the window and looked in. Sure enough, his cock was out of his pants and the babe was sucking him. She saw them in the window and looked up, smiling at them as she sucked his cock.   
  
The man rolled down his window and spoke to the boys. "Pretty great, isn't she fellas?" he said. "I really liked the outfits you got for her. Now, why don't guys run along and let Holly here finish her job."  
  
The boys were speechless as they slowly walked away, occasionally glancing back to see what was going on. All they could see was the man smiling, his head back, relaxed as they presumed Holly serviced him. "Man, what a lucky dude," Austin said.

**PART 2: THE JOB**  
Yes, Holly was her name and sucking cock was her game. She licked and sucked the man's cock expertly, as she had done so many times before. And, as he had done so many times before, he put his hands on the back of her just before he climaxed, holding her in place while he filled her mouth with his thick seed, which she swallowed without a second thought.   
  
She licked him dry, then licked her lips and sat up, smiling at him, happy to see the pleasure on his face. He started the car and off they went, on the road again. A few minutes later, Holly lay her head back and closed her eyes, thinking about how she had gotten to this point.  
  
She was only 22, but Holly Reynolds had already seen it all and done most of it. For some reason -- a psychiatrist could surely tell her, but Holly really didn't care to know – she had always enjoyed teasing and pleasing men. She had been gifted with a remarkable body that seemed to fuel every man's fantasies and she had never been shy about showing it off, starting with her cheerleading days in high school.  
  
After high school, she had worked as a stripper to pay her way through business school and had landed a few local modeling gigs on the side. With measurements of 36DD-22-34 and standing 5-9, 120 with long legs, she was too curvaceous and sexy for mainstream modeling, but often was requested as a hostess at events by local businesses. It was while working one of these events that she was approached by Paul Josky, owner of a local company that made sports and fitness equipment.   
  
Mr. Josky had explained to her that they were getting ready to expand their products to include sports apparel and they had a sales position open. Even though she had no experience, she had just the qualities – he used this word while staring at her tits, she noticed – they were looking for. It paid $100,000 per year and included all-expense paid business trips 300 days out of the year. Was she interested? You bet!  
  
Josky went on to explain that Holly was going to be assigned as an assistant to Martin Gresfield, their top sales guy.   
  
"Martin has been a very hard-working, loyal contributor to this company for a long time," Josky said. "He's on the road almost year round. It can be very lonely, but he never complains. So, my associates and I decided that Martin needed a hand ... and a reward. I think you can fill both needs."  
  
"What do you mean?" Holly asked, already expecting the answer and yet, not dreading it.  
  
"I mean," Josky smiled, apparently not at all nervous about what he was about to say, "that you will be a tremendous asset to Mr. Gresfield as a sales associate. I have a feeling you can be very persuasive to someone who's not sure whether or not they want to do business with us. You know, modeling our swimwear, and so forth.  
  
"And, you can keep Mr. Gresfield company. I think you'll find him to be very pleasant and I'm sure you'll want to show your appreciation for him sharing his expertise with you. If that should include frequent intimacy, I think the company policy on employee dating can be overlooked in this instance. By the way, the trips are all-expenses paid, but we only pay for one room and one bed. I think you understand."  
  
"Oh, I understand completely sir," Holly had said at the time. "Would it be all right if I meet Mr. Gresfield before I give you my answer?"  
  
"Of course," Josky smiled. "He's here today. He's in Room 472 in the hotel across the street. Go on over. I'll call and tell him you're on your way."  
  
From the instant Holly met Martin, she knew she liked him. He was 48 years old, 6 feet, three inches tall with gray and black hair, a good build for his age and a warm smile. Yes, she liked him, but not in a romantic way. She couldn't imagine it ever being like that. But, he seemed nice, gentle and decent. Oh, he checked her out the instant he opened the door, but not then and not since had he ever really harmed her. He was generally respectful, though he certainly took advantage of her presence every chance he got. She knew he appreciated what she was doing to help him, and that made her usually willing – and sometimes happy – to please him.  
  
She had accepted the job 20 minutes later. While Holly knelt before him, Martin called Josky to give him the news, explaining that Holly insisted on sucking his cock as a way of getting started. They had hit the ground running on day one and now, 6 months later, they were still getting along fine.

It turned out that they were an even better match than originally expected. Holly was an exhibitionist and Martin was a bit of a voyeur. He got off on showing her off and on watching her tease other men, as she had just done in the parking lot. Often times, they used a small, short-range transmitter which they placed in her ear. Via that, he could tell her what to do – such as spilling the water all over herself and letting the boys jack off on her.   
  
They played games like this all the time since there was so often long delays between sales calls. They were flying or driving to new cities almost every day. The company always put them up in nice hotels and paid for nice meals. Martin also had a hefty expense account to take care of attire for Holly, so he was constantly buying special outfits to dress her in.   
  
Holly also put her considerable talents to use to help spur sales. Nothing shook up a boring sales call like Holly unveiling their new line of bikinis. Martin always looked so proud when the other men were ogling her, falling all over themselves. He'd calmly complete the sale. Then, invariably, someone would ask where they were staying and he'd matter-of-factly state, "We've got a room at the Marriott." Someone would glance back at Holly as if to say "really?" and she'd just smile and wink, letting them know that, yes, indeed, she was sleeping with Martin. She knew that turned him on.  
  
With sales going through the roof, Josky had recently given them both a bonus. Holly knew they were just using her for her looks and that this job wouldn't last forever, but at least it was paying well, she felt safe and she got to travel in style. Sure, there were times she wished she was having sex with a younger, more attractive man and there were times that Martin had inadvertently gone too far – in her opinion – in showing her off. But she never complained.   
  
"We're almost there," Martin said, bringing her out of her daydream.  
  
They were on their way now to a dinner meeting with some execs from a local distributor in Dallas. The impromptu photo shoot had not been expected, so now there was no time to change. Holly would have to wear the mini-dress to the meeting. That was no problem. She actually had an extra thong in the car and slipped it on underneath her dress. There was no bra, but she hardly needed one. In fact, Martin, who dictated what she wore, seldom allowed her to wear a bra. He much preferred the live-action-jiggling and the visible nipples going bra-free usually provided.   
  
They arrived at the restaurant – a five-star joint – and used the valet parking. Holly drew stares as she got out of the car, but she was used to this by now. Martin, still dressed in his dark suit, escorted into the restaurant where the quickly found Mr. Torston waiting for them.   
  
"Pleasure to meet you, Miss Reynolds," Torston said, bending to kiss her hand and gain an eyeful of titties. He looked like a character right out of the TV show Dallas, with a big belt buckle, cowboy boots, a cowboy hat and sun-soaked, leathery skin. Was he a cowboy or a business man?   
  
"Martin, good to see you again," he said, shaking Martin's hand. "It's been a while. I must say, I think your associate is a terrific asset to your company."  
  
"Me too," Martin said. "She's terrific." Holly smiled, genuinely appreciating the compliment. Torston led them to what Holly assumed was his personal table in the back of the restaurant, isolated in a dark corner, candlelit and shielded by beautiful plants and vases. A short, thick man with dark features and a bright smile waited for them.   
  
"This is Mr. Crosby," Torston said. "He's my right hand man."  
  
Martin introduced himself and Holly and they all took a seat, all three men watching Holly carefully to see if anything secret popped into view. Unfortunately, the tiny dress managed to hold everything in for the time being.  
  
They made small talk as they looked over the menus and ordered. Then, Torston, as Martin had warned Holly he would, got right down to business.  
  
"So, Holly, I've heard Martin's pitch before," Torston started, looking her squarely in the chest, "I'd like to hear from you why we should do business with your company."  
  
"I'd be happy to, sir," Holly smiled. She was confident, poised and quite confident in her ability to make a sales pitch, regardless of whether or not she was called upon to use her sexuality. "In the past, you've purchased some of our fitness equipment through Mr. Martin and we hope you'll renew your orders when you see some of our new pieces.  
  
"But specifically, we came here today to make you aware of our new line of athletic and fitness apparel. Our unique designs have proven very popular and we want to make sure you get an opportunity to be the first supplier in your area."  
  
"I'm sure you do," Crosby chuckled. "But what makes your line any better than anyone else's? There are hundreds of companies just like you. Do you really have anything new to offer?"  
  
"I understand your concern," Holly said evenly. "But I think once you've seen our line, you'll understand that no one is quite like us. You see, sir, we realized that athletic apparel has always had a hint of sexuality, but the designs are usually based on comfort and performance.  
  
"But our market analysis convinced us that people who exercise want to look good and show off the body they have worked hard to create. A gym is as much a pickup place as a bar, but sweatpants and leotards don't work quite as well as heels and a mini skirt."  
  
"I'll grant you that," Torston said. "Now, work out in that dress you have there and it would create quite a stir."  
  
"Exactly," Holly agreed. "So, that's the approach we took with our clothing line. During our demonstration at your office tomorrow, I'll be happy to show you some of what we're talking about."  
  
"Why don't you show us now?" Torston asked. "Do you have any samples with you?"  
  
"We sure do," Martin smiled. "Is there a place Holly can change?"  
  
"Of course," Torston smiled. "I have access to a private bathroom just down that hallway." He handed the key to Holly, adding, "I'm good friends with the owner here, so I have certain perks."  
  
"Yes, sir," Holly said, standing up and taking the sample bag with her toward the hallway Torston had pointed out. "Excuse me gentlemen. I'll be right back."  
  
They all rose to watch her leave, studying every movement of her ass, the long stride of her legs. "Hot damn," Torston said when she was gone. "Where did you find that filly?"  
  
"At a trade show," Martin said, honestly. "She's terrific, isn't she?"  
  
"I'll say," Torston said. "Too bad she's too young for you, huh?"  
  
"Sure is," Martin said, not letting on that he had actually fucked Holly every day for the past 6 months. It was so much better when Holly let them know what was happening. They wouldn't have believed him.  
  
A few minutes later, they heard a couple low whistles and turned to see Holly walking back through the restaurant in what she would later call "the perfect all-purpose workout outfit." Others might call it borderline illegal.   
  
"Mesh has long been a favorite of recreational athletes," Holly said, standing at the table, hands on hips, feet spread. She was still wearing her heels. "And, as you gentlemen commented about my dress earlier proves, lycra is viewed as a sexy material. Usually, mesh, lycra outfits such as this are seen in strip clubs, but I think you can see it has tremendous functionality here as well. After all, strippers are very athletic and sexy at the same time."  
  
She turned around slowly, so they could get a good look. The outfit was white and made entirely of white lycra in a mesh pattern with holes large enough to fit a nickel through. On top, it fit like a tube top. No straps. And she wore nothing underneath. On bottom, it was like a wrap-around mini-skirt, very short and very tight. She wore a red thong underneath.  
  
"Interesting," Torston said, nodding his approval. In particular, he was eyeing the dark circles surrounding her nipples. She had taken care to place fabric over the nipples, but the outfit was just too sparse to cover everything. "No sports bra?"  
  
"Actually," Holly said, jumping up and down, "you can see that this particular top is tight and supportive enough to serve as a sports bra." Indeed, her breasts were well contained, but the jumping motion provided enough movement to slide the top slightly and both of her nipples popped through the openings in the mesh. She pretended not to notice, but all three men sure were paying attention.  
  
"I see, I see," Crosby, nodded. "But what about the bottom. A skirt? Can you run and move in that?"  
  
"Oh, absolutely!" Holly said. "Actually, that's why it's so short. We found that, by making it short, there is no interference with the movement of the legs. It's ideal for stretching, jogging or whatever." To prove her point, she put one leg on the table and bent over at the waist, touching her chin to her knee. The move gave them an unobstructed view of her crotch and the thong which had slipped in between her hairless pussy lips. "See?"  
  
"Oh, I see," Torston said. Holly thought the man was actually blushing. How cute. "And you wear those heels to work out?"  
  
"Yes, you can," Holly said. "I do, anyway. But some women prefer tennis shoes and we certainly encourage them to go with what they like."  
  
"And these outfits are acceptable in gyms?" Crosby asked.  
  
"Actually, we're finding that they're being encouraged. It seems that the more women who wear these, the more men who are joining and coming to the gyms. Health club memberships in Chicago, New York and Boston are up already. We can't claim to be the sole responsibility, but just call any of the clubs there and I think they'll give us a good recommendation."  
  
"Do you have other items, besides general workout attire?"  
  
"Sure, we have swimsuits designed for people who actually like to swim instead of just lay by the pool but still want to look good. And we have great body suits for basketball, tennis and sports like that."  
  
"I must say, it's all very impressive," Torston said. "May I touch the fabric?"  
  
"Of course, sir." Holly stepped near him and he politely felt the fabric on her hip, probably the least offensive place to touch her. "Now, sir," Holly said, "feel the top. You'll notice that, while it looks the same, it's actually a bit firmer – to provide that sports bra style support."  
  
Torston reached for the top, ready to touch the side, as far away from her breast as possible, when Martin spoke up and Holly turned quickly to look at him. The result was her breast directly in the middle of Torston's hand. It had taken her a few weeks to master that move and make it look like an accident.   
  
"Oh, sorry," Torston said, giving her breast a squeeze before he quickly removed his hand.   
  
"No problem," she smiled back at him. "Firm, huh?"  
  
"Absolutely." Torston said. Holly stepped around to Crosby and let him feel the fabric as well.  
  
Just then, the food came and Holly, her nipples still poking out, took her seat as the waitress tried to hide her disapproval.   
  
By the time dinner was over, Martin and Holly had completed one of their largest sales – and hadn't even gotten to the fitness equipment, which they would pitch at one of Torston's health clubs tomorrow.  
  
"So, where are you two staying," Torston asked as they exited the restaurant.  
  
"We have a room at the Hilton," Holly smiled.  
  
"A room?" Crosby asked, emphasizing the "A".  
  
"Yes, that's all we need," Holly said. "Martin and I work very closely." To make sure they got the point, she took his hand and he put his arm around her waist, letting his hand rest on her ass cheek.   
  
"Have a good night, gentlemen," Martin said, smiling. "I know I will."  
  
"I'll be damned," Torston said, shaking his head. "Lucky bastard."

**PART 3: THE CELEBRATION**  
At the hotel, Martin was indeed very lucky. Moments after checking into their room, he declared that it was "time to celebrate" and had Holly on her back, plowing her pussy with his 7-inch cock. She had discarded her thong in the car and now was still wearing the mini skirt, lycra top and heels as Martin drove into her, pumping her velvety pussy with long, powerful thrusts that she found pleasing if not orgasm-inducing. She had her legs over his shoulders and he was surging deeply into her, fucking her like it was their first time.  
  
She knew her show at the restaurant had really turned him on and, as was often the case, he found it hard to wait any longer. He fucked her hard for about 10 minutes, then shot a sticky load into her willing snatch. He pulled his cock out and, as he did after every orgasm, offered it to her to clean. At first, Holly had been reluctant to perform this duty, finding it a little demeaning. It wasn't like she didn't enjoy cocksucking, it was just the idea that she was required to do this menial task, rather than her offering. But every job had its undesirable tasks, right? It was hardly worth quitting or getting fired over, so, she did it every time, without a second thought, licking and sucking the jism and pussy juice from his shaft and balls with a practiced and skillful tongue.  
  
Afterwards, they both took showers and reviewed their game plan for the next day as if it was business as usual. But when it came time for bed, Holly knew Martin would want a night cap.  
  
She went into the bathroom to get ready for bed and came out wearing her heels and a black, silk nighty. She saw that Martin was waiting for her on the balcony. She knew what that meant. He wanted to show her off.   
  
"So, you thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?" Martin said, gazing at her incredible body as she walked toward him.  
  
"What?" she asked with false innocence. "Surely you don't mean out here?"  
  
"I'm thinking you could bend over this railing and look down at the parking lot," Martin said. "We're on the 6th floor out of 10, so anyone below us should be able to see something."  
  
"You mean like this?" Holly sending, bending over the railing, keeping her legs straight.   
  
"Yep," Martin said. He reached for her top and pulled it down, exposing her breasts which now hung free and naked in the cool night air. He positioned himself behind her and pointed his cock at her pussy. "Now, don't be shy," he said, entering her with a firm but gentle thrust. He meant that she should feel free to yell and scream and do anything to draw attention to her.  
  
"Oh my God!" she yelled. "Yes, fuck me! Pound me with that big cock!" A couple was walking through the parking lot and looked up, pointing at Holly, who bounced back and forth with Martin's thrusts, her tits bouncing and slapping against the side of the building.   
  
"Let them know how good that cock feels, babe," Martin grunted. "Tell them you want it up your ass, too."  
  
"Oh, fuck, yes!" Holly screamed again. "That's it. Put it in my ass! Yes! Fuck my ass!"  
  
A small crowd had now gathered outside now, staring up at Holly and her unseen mate who was clearly doing a thorough reaming of her ass.   
  
"Oh, don't stop!" Holly cried. "I'm going to cum! Yes, fuck my ass and make me cum!"  
  
She squealed in delight as Martin's cock spurted several hot, sticky jolts of semen deep into her bowels. She went limp over the railing as he pulled out. Then, she lifted her head and smiled down as everyone clapped. She waved and turned around, dropping to her knees to clean him with her mouth once more.

**PART 4: MORNING WOOD WORKOUT**  
Martin loved this part perhaps more than any other, for now he stepped forward so people could see his face, waving to the crowd below. He put one hand on the back of her head so, even if they couldn't see what she was doing, they could see his arm moving back and forth as she sucked him. It was shallow and vain, two things he didn't consider himself, but he loved the attention of having a trophy babe like Holly on his arm. He loved showing her off and making sure that everyone knew that, yes, she was indeed taking his cock every day.   
  
The line Martin always struggled with was how much was too much. He did care about Holly, but he also enjoyed using her and showing her off. She wasn't a girlfriend or lover, she was a high-priced escort who had class, yes, but could be a slut with the best of them. Sometimes he liked the classy part and sometimes all he wanted was for her to be a cock whore. He knew he was lucky to find both qualities in one woman.   
  
He appreciated that she was always ready to please and seemed to enjoy showing herself off almost as much as he did. It was hard to know when he went too far. Fortunately, they had established enough trust, he thought, that even if he did step over the bounds, she would know he meant no harm. And even if not, she was being paid more than enough to make up for any hurt feelings, at least that's the way he saw it. Regardless, he seldom went more than a few hours without fucking her and that he really believed he had the best job in the world.  
  
He slept well that night and woke the next morning to the familiar touch of Holly's lips on his cock. This was how he woke up almost every morning. Sometimes, he let her go ahead and give him a blowjob and other mornings he let her ride him. Either way, it was the only way to start the day. This morning, he simply said, "Good morning" and put his hands on the back of her head, his signal that she should deep throat him. She knew that signal well and immediately engulfed his cock while she lightly stroked his balls with her finger tips. "If I'm dreaming, don't wake me up," Martin joked. He was totally relaxed, just laying back, letting Holly perform her magic.   
  
Her tongue was amazing, snaking around his cock, massaging and teasing it from all sides and angles, stroking it with that warm, velvety smoothness that made him tingle. And throughout the tongue massage, she was sucking, sometimes gently, other times hard enough to coax his balls out through his pee-hole, but always sucking. That sucking never stopped, even as he started cumming in her mouth. She felt the bolts of jizz hitting the back of her throat and brought her tongue up for a taste, but she kept right on sucking, swallowing as she went, never releasing her vacuum-like seal on his cock. Finally, when every drop had made its way to her belly, she pulled back, looked at him, smiled, then licked up and down his shaft a few more times, just to make sure there were no leftovers.  
  
Martin could honestly say that he had never had a bad day since Holly had started working for him, and that morning ritual was a big reason why. How could you be in bad mood after something like that?   
  
As they did most mornings, they showered together, Martin always insisting on washing Holly's tits and ass for her. When they got out, Martin put on his suit and Holly put on another of their signature clothing line in preparation for their appointment at Torston's gym.  
  
She would be demonstrating some of the equipment today and wanted to make sure the guys were paying attention. At Martin's direction, she put on a white body suit that looked fantastic against her dark skin. It was made of a soft, thin terry cloth and hugged her body perfectly. It was sleeveless and backless, simply tying around her neck, then covering her tits with two separate panels that didn't come together until just below her navel. There, the cloth dove sharply between her legs in a thin strip that would have easily revealed her pussy hair if she had any and which, for now, barely covered her pussy lips. Martin knew that once she got moving, that strip of fabric would disappear between those lips. The thong continued between her ass cheeks, connected to the front pussy panel only by a pair of spaghetti strings over each hip. She wore no bra, no panties and the thin material clearly outlined her dark, hard nipples and her delicious cameltoe.  
  
Her hair was in a pony tail and she wore bright red, cock-sucking lipstick, a white choker and a pair of clear, stripper-style stilettos. While it looked like she was dressed for one thing only, she could actually move well in this outfit and Martin knew she would have no trouble demonstrating the equipment. This sale, he thought, was in the bag.  
  
"You look amazing," he said as they drove through the morning rush hour traffic. "You could sell them an empty box and a bag of rocks in that outfit."  
  
"Thanks," she said. "You look quite handsome yourself. Now, you won't be jealous if any of those guys goes to looking at my butt now will you?"  
  
"Of course not," Martin said, playing along with her game. "So long as I know – and they know – that little butt belongs to me."  
  
She laughed and kissed him on the cheek.   
  
They arrived at the gym, a large, upscale facility that, from the look of the current clientele, seemed to attract young professionals and college students. Just the right environment, Martin thought. They had delivered four separate pieces of equipment to the gym and Torston's people had cleared out a corner of the gym for the demonstration. When they walked in, Torston greeted them at the door, looking Holly up and down while every head in the place turned to get a better look.   
  
Holly's demeanor suggested she was wearing a conservative business suit. She was poised, professional and proceeded as if she didn't notice that guys had put down their weights and were now walking over to the demo area.  
  
"This is one of our other workout outfits which we told you about last night," Martin began the presentation while Holly sat on the floor, stretching in preparation for the workout. She was contorting her body in amazing ways, showing off her flexibility and curves. "As you can see, it's light, form-fitting and very flexible, as is our entire line.  
  
"Now, as we mentioned last night, our line combines performance with a certain sex appeal. Our fitness machines are designed to carry on that combination. After all, it's no good to wear a designer outfit if your workout doesn't allow you to show it off a little bit."  
  
Holly, well-versed in this script, took her cue and proceeded toward their version of a treadmill. It looked like a standard treadmill in many ways, but functioned a bit differently. She started it on slow and began walking, smiling at the growing crowd of onlookers.   
  
"As you can see," Martin said, the walking exercise is very similar to what we're all used to. But we've added a few modifications that don't detract from the health benefits in any way, but which certainly add to the aesthetics. Right now, Holly is walking in standard mode. However, if we just hit this 'Bounce' button, you'll begin to notice a difference."  
  
The treadmill began a light bouncing up and down, an exaggerated tremor more than a literal bounce. But the result was a noticeable increase in the jiggle of Holly's breasts. She was still walking at the same pace, smiling, unfazed by the change. But everyone else sure noticed it. Those with a rear view were treated to a firm, jiggly ass that practically begged to be spanked.  
  
"Another feature you might not have noticed is these tiny cameras on the rear and front of the machine," Martin said, pointing to three thimble-sized units. "These, as you can see, are strategically pointed at certain areas. Using your closed-circuit system, we can actually project these images onto any screen in the gym."  
  
Martin demonstrated it by three quick clicks with a remote. One large screen was now filled with a rear view of Holly's tight ass and long legs. Another was simply a closeup of her face and tits and the third was a floor-angle, looking up at her pussy and tits.   
  
"I'll be damned," Torston said.   
  
"The great thing about this system is, each of our machines is equipped with this technology as well as with a built-in monitor," Martin continued. "So, let's say I get on this machine here to do some crunches." Martin sat on what appeared to be a standard work bench, but a second look revealed a monitor built into the seat near where his feet would be if he were laying down to do situps. "If I'm taking a break between reps, I can just sit here, turn on the monitor, select which camera I want to view and enjoy the show."  
  
"Amazing." Torston nodded.  
  
"I don't know if you're talking about Holly or the machine, but either way I agree," Martin laughed. "OK, well, now Holly's going to show us our unique back and arm machine."  
  
Holly got off the treadmill, stepping over to the next machine and taking a seat on the narrow bench. As soon as she did, Martin flipped a switch on the side.  
  
"This machine is sure to be a hit with all the women in your club," Martin said as Holly nodded her agreement. "That's because this switch just turned on the vibrating seat. If you'll look closely, you'll see that the seat is actually not smooth, but is covered in tiny rubber, gel-filled bumps much like you see on some sandals and insoles. When she straddles this vibrating bench, it's safe to say she finds it an enjoyable place to sit. And, if you look closely, I think you'll see why men will like it too."  
  
  
One of the cameras was pointed directly at her crotch, a feature which by itself was outstanding. But what made it better was that, as the vibrations stimulated her pussy, Holly began to get noticeably wet.   
  
"See what I mean," Martin smiled. "I think that's something we can all appreciate."  
  
Holly began pulling down on the weights.   
  
"Now, this machine does a great job of working the upper back and arms, much like many of your standard resistance machines. The unique part, however, is the motion required to work it. You have to reach back as far as you can with both hands" – Holly's tits were sticking out like two giant balloons on her chest – "then pull straight down, bringing your right hand down to your left hip and vice versa." This motion caused Holly's arms to squeeze her tits together.  
  
"I think it's safe to say that this could become a spectator sport, don't you?" Martin smiled.  
  
Holly got up, on cue, and moved to the next machine.  
  
"This," Martin said, "is our leg and posture machine." Holly stood straight up, stretching her arms out to the sides and putting them through two openings at the ends of a padded bar that now rested across her shoulders. The bar was connected to a pully which was connected to a set of weights. The weights were pushing down on Holly, so she squatted down, keeping her back straight, balancing herself by opening her knees out to the sides. Then, she stood back up, lifting the weight with her legs until she stood up straight again.   
  
"This is basically just a modification of the class deep-knee bend," Martin said. "The bar in the back forces her to maintain a good posture and the weight really works her legs." Holly squatted down again, the motion finally sinking her thong in between her pussy lips, which were now completely bared for all to see – as well as projected onto a large screen TV via the camera pointed at her crotch. "I think the aesthetic values are obvious," Martin added.   
  
Finally, Holly took a seat on the bench. "This bench," Martin said, "has the monitor we saw before, the vibrating seat and cameras at both ends." One camera was focused on her pussy, the other on her ass. "There are also straps located at both ends, which can be used as handholds to help with crunches or other ab work."  
  
"Looks like you'd use that for something else," someone shouted.   
  
"Yeah, tie her down!" someone else laughed.  
  
"We have heard stories about some alternative uses for this bench, but not which we can verify or demonstrate for you today," Martin said. "On the record, we prefer it be used for physical fitness."  
  
"Well, I must say," Torston said, "this is all very impressive." He turned to his clients who had stuck around. "Guys, what do you think, should we add these to our gym?"  
  
"Hell yes!" was the general response, just as Martin knew it would be.  
  
"Let's go to my office and talk numbers," Torston said.

**PART 5: LET'S MAKE A DEAL**  
Torston's office was behind the check-in counter and had a large oak desk, a long conference table, two large screens mounted on the wall – one which showed various images from the gym and the other which was a standard TV. Oh, the pussy he could watch in here once those new machines came in!  
  
He offered them some beverages and motioned for them to sit down at the conference table. "OK, I'm in," Torston said. "I'll order three of every machine you have, but if you want me to pay full price, I'm going to need something in return."  
  
"Like what?" Martin asked.  
  
Torston didn't answer, just looked at Holly.  
  
"Sorry," Martin said, "that's not an option."  
  
"Come on," Torston said. "She's practically naked already and her pussy's so wet, she clearly needs to be fucked. You can't tell me she puts this show on everywhere and doesn't fuck anyone to make a sale."  
  
"I don't," Holly said. "I'm a one-cock woman, Mr. Torston."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yep, I figure if I have the best already, why settle for anything less?"  
  
"I see," Torston said. "And this old guy here is the best? You've had less cock than I would've guessed."  
  
"I give her all she needs," Martin said smugly.   
  
"All right, all right," Torston said, holding up his hands. "I get it. You don't fuck anyone else. How about this, then? Martin, you fuck her right here while I watch. She jacks me off on her tits. Give me that, and I'll make sure you both look very good to your bosses."  
  
"Deal," Martin said.   
  
"Let's do it," Holly smiled.   
  
"I want to see her suck your cock and then I want you to fuck her right her on this table," Torston said, already pulling off his clothes.   
  
Holly knelt in front of Martin and pulled his cock out of his trousers, quickly inserting it in her mouth. She sucked and licked, feeling him harden in her mouth.  
  
"Suck him good, bitch," Torston said. "Deep throat him. You can deep throat, right?"  
  
Holly didn't answer, but simply swallowed Martin's entire cock in an effortless motion that told Torston she had done it many times before.   
  
"Lick his balls," Torston said. He was tugging on his cock, resisting the urge to wrap it in her silky blonde hair and jizz all over her. Holly licked and sucked Martin's balls, feeling them move in her mouth as they churned, cooking up another batch of warm, salty semen.  
  
"Fuck that pussy," Torston said.  
  
Holly stood up and laid back on the conference table, putting her legs over Martin's shoulders again. He stood over her and buried his cock inside her, sinking it in to the hilt. Torston put his head right on her pussy mound, watching the fucking action up close, smelling her pussy, listening to the squishing sound as cock fucked pussy fast and hard.  
  
He straddled her on table and Holly began stroking his shaft, tugging on it as he filled his hands with her tits, which jiggled back and forth with every thrust from Martin. When he couldn't take it any more, he let out a yell and splattered Holly's ample breasts with several wads of thick, creamy sauce. "Yeah, take it you hot little bitch," he grunted. "Oh yeah, you're so fucking hot!"  
  
As Torston rolled off the table, Martin pulled out of Holly's pussy and added his own load to Martin's, forming a creamy pool of cum all over and in between Holly's tits. Martin then offered her his cock and she cleaned it for him while Torston watched. Then, just to seal the deal, Holly lifted one breast, then the other to her mouth and licked off as much of the cum mixture as she could. Torston's jaw dropped open as he watched her lick and swallow both loads with a smile on her face.  
  
"Hell, did I say three?" he asked. "Give me four of everything you got."

**PART 6: AIRPORT DELAYS**  
The deal with Torston had gone like so many others. Martin's connections and Holly's presentation were a dynamic combo that seldom failed. A few self-righteous clients had acted insulted and kicked them out, but three out of every four were more than ready to deal, usually bartering for a hand-job, striptease of fuck-show like Torston had. Not once had Holly been asked to do more than that -- at least not yet. She feared the day was coming and wasn't sure how she would react. Yes, she understood that every signal she sent out was that she was a slut and while she didn't recoil at that label, she also didn't want to embrace it to the point of participating in gang bangs, either. At least right now, she was a slut for one man whom she knew she could trust for the most part. And, despite his eagerness to show her off, Martin was far too jealous and protective to ever share her willingly. Hell, even swallowing Torston's cum had been her own idea, not his.  
  
No, Martin wasn't problem. The problem was Josky. There was something about him that Holly didn't trust, though she didn't know why. He had been up front about her duties on the job and had made no bones about what her role was. But he was all about the bottom line and, the fact was, as well as they were doing, if Holly put out, sales could probably be doubled. Holly knew it and, if she knew it, so did Josky.  
  
Sooner or later the order would come from Josky to go from slut/tease to all-out whore. That, she knew deep down, would be her last day on this job. She just hoped she was wrong about Josky.   
  
"I better call Josky and tell him the good news," Martin said as they drove toward the airport. He was smiling broadly. A good fuck and a big sale always put him in a good mood. "You were great, babe. Nice touch, eating all the cum. I think Torston just about shot another wad in his pants when you did that."  
  
"Thanks," Holly said. "I just wanted to make sure he had something to remember when we come back in a couple months."  
  
Martin's phone rang. "Hello? Oh, hello, sir," he said. "I was just getting ready to call you."  
  
"Yes sir," Martin said as Holly listened to half the phone conversation with Josky. "You saw the contract? Thank you, sir. Holly was a real pro.  
  
"Oh, OK, sir. We sure will. We'll see you then." Martin hung up the phone.  
  
"Well?" Holly asked.  
  
"We're heading to Vegas next," Martin said.   
  
"Vegas? I thought we were going to Seattle."  
  
"Change of plans. They want us to present at a health and fitness convention there. There must be some pretty high-stakes players. Josky's going to meet us there. Our tickets are waiting for us tonight and he's going to fly in tomorrow. He's having our equipment shipped directly there, so I guess we'll have a display to demonstrate."  
  
"Wow!" Holly said, her pussy tingling a little at the thought of performing her routine not for a dozen or so people, but literally hundreds or thousands. "This is huge. Do you think we'll get in trouble -- you know, too racy?"  
  
"Hell, it's Vegas," Martin said. "They see racy every day. Speaking of racy, grab that bag in the back seat. I've got something new to try."  
  
Holly reached in the back seat for a small plastic bag and pulled out two strings of round metal balls. She knew very well what these were -- anal beads. There were three balls on each string -- one set was gold, the other silver, but otherwise they were identical. She had used these many times. This was hardly something "new".  
  
Reading her thoughts, Martin said, "Just put one up your pussy and the other up your ass. Trust me."  
  
After the sales demonstration, Holly had changed into short, pleated pink skirt, a pink thong, a white tube top and pink stilettos. Her hair was in a pony tail and she wore a pink choker around her slender neck.   
  
She spread her legs and easily slid the three gold beads one by one into her moist pussy until only about a quarter inch of string hung out. "Better lube these up," she said, holding up the silver strand and one by one plopping them into her mouth, covering them in her warm saliva. Then, she shifted her weight toward the passenger door, lifting her ass off the seat as she slowly stuffed the balls up her ass. She still didn't know what was going on, but she wasn't complaining. She liked the feel of both holes being full, the balls snug in their respective tunnels, yet still jiggling enough with every bounce of the car to provide some interesting sensations. Holly's nipples began to harden underneath the white tube top and she felt her clit becoming engorged.   
  
"Very good," Martin nodded. "Feel OK?"  
  
"Oh yeah," Holly said. "You know I like these."  
  
"I can tell," Martin said. "We've got about 10 minutes before we get to the airport. Go ahead and have some fun if you want."  
  
Holly didn't waste another second. She immediately put her right hand on her snatch and started rubbing it through the thong, playing with that swelling clit. Her left hand went to her nipples, which ached with pleasure as she rubbed and squeezed them. She moved her thong aside and rubbed her exposed clit harder, running her fingers in small, fast circles, pussy cream leaking out to provide warm lubrication.   
  
She knew Martin was enjoying the show and she didn't care a bit. In fact, that was a big part of the fun. It turned her on to know he was watching, wishing he was fucking her right then, dreaming, no doubt, about what he would do to her in the hotel room tonight.   
  
She bucked her hips off the seat and grabbed her pussy with both hands, rubbing it vigorously. Her eyes were closed, head back, mouth open. She felt the car come to a stop, but nothing was going to stop her now. She jammed away on her throbbing clit, finally climaxing in a series of gasps and whispers, her pussy flooding her thong and the car seat with sweet cream.   
  
"Oh, that was so good!" she moaned, slowly opening her eyes to see they were stopped at a red light. Something caught her attention to her right and she looked to see a large passenger van next to her and dozens of eyes peering at her, fingers pointing. She noticed the side of the van said "Blackwood High School" and realized that it was probably some sort of school athletic team on their way to a game. She wasn't sure how much they saw, but it was obvious from their ogling eyes, open mouths, pointing fingers and lewd gestures that they had seen plenty. Maybe they had spotted her even before they reached the light. Who knew? Just the thought of a dozen or so horny guys watching her was turning her on all over again.  
  
As they started to pull away from the light, she turned to face the van and pulled her top down, revealing her first-class tits to the students and driver, who swerved and nearly hit them.   
  
"I think they've seen enough," Martin laughed, tapping the accelerator and pulling onto the exit lane for the airport.   
  
"Do you want me to keep these beads in, or was that what you had in mind?" Holly said, secretly hoping she could keep them in.  
  
"Oh, that was just a side benefit. No, what I have in mind is still to come," Martin said. "You'll see soon enough."  
  
They parked and Holly got out of the car, readjusting her tube top and thong, putting herself back together. She got the usual stares and whistles as they walked into the airport. Her nipples were still hard and quite visible to anyone within a few feet and anyone lucky enough to be behind them was treated to glimpses of her perfectly round ass as her skirt flipped up with every step.  
  
They checked in and found out their flight was leaving in an hour. With no time to waste, they headed toward their gate, finding the usual long line to get through the security scanners. Holly had been through a million of these and it was all routine. Usually, the security guys made comments or took a few extra looks as they checked her through, but it was nothing more than what every other guy in the airport was doing. She was used to that. So, she wasn't the least bit nervous as they approached the gate, but she noticed Martin smiling nervously and could tell he was excited about something.  
  
Suddenly, it hit her. Metal balls inside her ass and pussy. Of course! She would set off the alarm and they would have to wave the wand over her. And when they realized where it was coming from ...   
  
Holly smiled and nodded at Martin, letting him know she had figured it out. "Just stay with me," she said.   
  
Martin went first, passing through with no problem, then turning to wait for her. She stepped through the gate, noticing the large, middle-aged security guard's eyes bulge as got an eyeful of her. The alarm sounded and Holly could have sworn she heard the man say "Yes!" under his breath.  
  
"Ma'am, please step over to the side," he said, motioning to his left. Martin stepped over to. "Just stand with your hands at your sides, feet together," the guard said. Holly did and he waved the wand over her, up and down both sides, then down her front -- he seemed to take a long time at her chest -- and her back.  
  
"OK, ma'am," he continued, "please spread your feet a little for me." She did, opening her legs. He ran the wand between her thighs and the wand beeped.   
  
"Give her a cavity search!" someone suggested.  
  
"I'll find it!" someone else offered.  
  
The guard just smiled. This was turning into the best day of his career. "Ma'am, I'm going to have to perform a cavity search. Would you please come with me?"  
  
"What's the problem, sir?" Martin said, stepping in with the proper air of concern in his voice.  
  
"Just routine, sir," the guard replied. "Is the lady with you?"  
  
"Yes," Martin said.   
  
"OK. Would you like to come with me, please." He led them to a door just across the concourse from the security station and took them inside a small room with a bare table, four chairs and no windows.   
  
"Please have a seat," he said. "I have to call for a second guard. Normally, we would have a female present in the room, but Jackie called in sick today. I'll see if I can find someone from one of the airlines, if you like, but it might take some time."  
  
"No, that's all right," Holly said. "As long as Martin's here, I trust you."  
  
"Thank you, ma'am," the guard said. "I'll just call Bobby in. My name's Nate, by the way. We'll try to make this quick and get you out of her as soon as possible. I'll be right back."  
  
Nate left the room, locking it behind him, and called Bobby on his walkie talkie. "Bobby, man, you got to get over her for a cavity search. Trust me, you don't want to miss this one. Hey, make sure the tape is running on the security camera. This will be worth watching later."  
  
Nate went back in the room and waited for Bobby. Bobby 38, 10 years younger than Nate, but they had worked together for nearly 15 years and were pretty good friends. Bobby was going to owe him one after this.  
  
When Bobby came in, he tried to hide his excitement at the sight of Holly, but it was no use. Holly glanced at Martin, trying to hide his smile, knowing that so far this had gone exactly as he'd hoped.  
  
"OK, ma'am," Nate said. "Do you have any idea why the metal detectors keep going off? Can you think of anything that might be causing it? Are you pierced, um, anywhere that could be causing this?"  
  
"No, I have no idea why this is happening," Holly said innocently. "Can't you just take my word for it? I mean, look at me, do I look like a terrorist to you?"  
  
"No, ma'am," Bobby laughed. "You sure don't. But it's regulations. You understand, right?"  
  
"Not really," Holly said.  
  
"This is ridiculous!" Martin said, feigning anger.  
  
"Sir, calm down," Nate said. "We'll have you and your daughter out of here in a few minutes."  
  
"She's not my daughter," Martin said, a gleem in his eye. When Nate raised his eyebrow in a questioning glance, Martin just nodded and smiled.  
  
"Sorry, sir," Nate said. "Well, we'll have you and your ... uh ... you and the lady out of her as soon as possible. We'll get you on your plane in time. Now, ma'am, I know it's not comfortable, but if you would be so kind as to lay back on the table and just kind of let your legs hang off the end ... yes, that's it. Bobby..."  
  
Bobby took the cue and gently pulled Holly's legs apart, revealing her pink thong. Now, Holly knew why Martin had had her pull it up between her pussy lips before they came in. She heard Bobby gasp, starting to breath hard.  
  
"Ma'am," he said, voice shaky, "I have to remove your panties."  
  
"OK," Holly said. She felt his hands run up the outside of her thighs and grab the top of the panties, gently pulling them down. The thong, however, was wedged so tightly between her ass cheeks and pussy lips that it wouldn't come off.  
  
"Uh, ma'am," Bobby said, "could you please raise your legs?" Holly did and he reached under her, filling his hands with her ass cheeks as he took his time pulling the thong out and then watching it emerge reluctantly from between her pussy lips. "OK, you can put them down now. Thank you." She did and he pulled the thong down her long legs, noticing that it was wet. He felt his cock stiffen. He pulled the thong the rest of the way off and tossed it to Nate, nodding to him to touch it so Nate would notice the moisture as well. Nate felt it in his hands, smiled and stuffed it in his pocket.  
  
Holly kept her pussy clean shaven. While Martin said he preferred a small landing strip, the clothes she wore practically demanded she shave every day. That fact certainly didn't go unnoticed by the guards.   
  
"She looks clean to me," Bobby couldn't help but joke.   
  
"We'll see about that," Nate said, stepping between Holly's legs and leaning over for a closer look -- much closer than he needed to be. Holly could actually feel his breath on her exposed pussy. He had to have seen the string already, but it was clear he was in no rush.  
  
"Well, well," Nate said, "what do we have here? Some sort of string. Bobby, let's pull it and see what happens."  
  
"Sounds like a good idea to me," Bobby nodded. He was standing right beside the table, his crotch just inches from Holly's hand.  
  
With his right hand, Nate took hold of the string and gently pulled. A few inches of string came out of her pussy, glistening with moisture, before he felt the resistance of the first ball. "I think we've got something here," Nate said. "Bobby, I think I need a hand. Can you spread her a little for me."  
  
Bobby eagerly put his hands on both sides of her pussy, gently pulling it apart as Nate pulled. The first gold ball came into view as her pussy opened slowly. He kept pulling until the ball popped out with a wet sucking sound that told everyone that Holly's pussy was every bit as tight and wet as it looked.  
  
"Well, looky there," Nate said. "Guess you just forgot about that, huh?"  
  
"I did," Holly said earnestly. "Martin likes me to wear them all the time. I'm so used to them, I just forgot. I'm sorry for the trouble, but now that you know what it is, can you just let us go?"  
  
"I'm afraid not," Nate said. "There's more to this string and I see another one hanging out of your ass. We're going to clear both cavities and conduct a thorough search. Who knows what else you have hiding up there."  
  
"Come on guys," Martin said, "this is crazy. Let us go."  
  
"Sir, you're obviously a very lucky man," Bobby said. "If you'd like to stay lucky, I suggest you keep your trap shut."  
  
Satisfied that they were in control of the situation, Nate pulled on the string until the second and third balls popped out, noticing how slick they were, covered in those sweet juices. He licked his lips, wanting a taste.  
  
"OK, ma'am, roll over onto your stomach, please," Nate instructed. Holly did and Nate flipped her skirt up to reveal her bare ass cheeks. He stepped aside and said, "you do the honors this time, Bobby. I'll hold her for ya."  
  
Bobby grabbed the string and pulled while Nate gladly filled his hands with her firm ass cheeks and spread them apart until they had a great view of her tight, puckered hole. He glanced up at the security camera, smiling as he held his prize in his hands. That would make a great shot on the video.  
  
Bobby slowly pulled all three silver balls out of Holly's ass and set them aside on the table next to the gold ones.   
  
"Now, that's it, see," Holly said. "Can we go now?"  
  
"I think not," Nate said. "Now we're ready for the cavity search. Bobby, would you like to do the honors?"  
  
"My pleasure!" Nate held Holly's ass apart and Bobby prepared to search her.  
  
"Better lube up," Nate said. "She's got plenty down there."  
  
Bobby dipped his fingers into Holly's dripping pussy, letting her cream coat his fingers while he enjoyed the tight warmth of velvety pleasure. He reluctantly removed his hand and quickly moved to her asshole, gently but relentlessly pushing his wet fingers against her tight opening, spreading her open. He forced three fingers inside her and began pushing them back and forth.   
  
"Better go deep," Nate suggested. Bobby pushed as far into her ass as he could, feeling the heat surrounding his fingers. After a few minutes, he pulled them out. "I can't find anything else," he said. "You better check the other."  
  
They turned her back over and Bobby held her legs up in the air while Nate slowly entered her velvety wetness. He gradually went from one finger to four, feeling inside her, noticing how her clit stood up, her pussy leaked sweet nectar and her nipples tore at the inside of her tube top. Holly tried to keep her body still, calm, but it was reacting against her.   
  
Nate sensed this and actually picked up the pace. "Well, partner, what do you think?" Nate asked. "I think she knew exactly what she was doing and that this is what she wanted. I think she's a slut who gets off on this."  
  
"I think so too," Bobby said. "Let's make sure she gets off, then."  
  
Nate continued finger fucking her and Bobby went to work on her clit. Martin stood up and said, "Gentlemen, I have quite a bit of experience with her. If you'll let me, I can help."   
  
"Bring it on, Marty," Nate said. Martin stepped around the table and pulled Holly's tube top down. He squeezed her giant tits together to let the guys get a good look, then began rubbing them and squeezing her nipples. Holly was moaning now as she gave in to her body's urges and let the three men pleasure her with their hands. Those hands combined with their comments and the knowledge that they were watching her get off was more than Holly could take. She bucked her hips, pushed her tits hard against Martin's hands and squealed as she came not once, but twice before she finally fell back and they reluctantly stepped away, watching her glistening body writhe in the afterglow of orgasm.  
  
"We gotta get going," Martin said at last. "It's only 15 minutes until our flight leaves. Are we OK to go?"  
  
"Yes, I think we can let you go," Nate said. "However, we will need to keep these" -- he held up the thong panties -- "as evidence. And you can't carry those anal balls on the plane, so you better stick them back in her."  
  
"Of course," Martin said. "Actually, if you gentlemen would like, you may have the honors."  
  
Bobby and Nate smile and each picked up a string. Bobby held her ass open for Nate and Nate held her pussy open for Bobby, working as a team to fill her back up again.   
  
Holly got up and thanked them both, then gave them each a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks for a great time!" she said. "And thanks for giving them back to me. I was afraid you'd keep them."  
  
"No, ma'am," Nate said. "It's clear those belong inside you. I wouldn't want to do anything to prevent that. You two have a safe flight and if you ever come back through here again, just ask for me and Bobby. We'll make sure you don't have any hassles."

**PART 7: FLYING HIGH**

The company, ever appreciative of what Martin and Holly were doing, always paid for first-class airfare and the flight to Las Vegas was no different. Martin also usually requested they have the middle and window seats if the plane had three or more seats on a side. That was the case with this one and, when they saw a sharp-dressed businessman sitting in the aisle, Holly knew exactly what Martin wanted her to do. Martin sat down first, squeezing past the man and sitting next to the window. Already, the man had noticed Holly and was no doubt trying to figure out how to discreetly steal a peek.

Well, there was no need to be discreet. First, Holly dropped her boarding pass and bent over to pick it up, flashing her bare pussy. Then, she turned her ass to him as she squeezed be to get to her seat. She moved slowly, making sure the guy had plenty of time to look up her skirt and get a good closeup before she sat down. Holly wondered if he noticed the strings hanging out of her ass and pussy. Surely he saw them.   
  
After enjoying the view, the man glanced over at Martin and shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Sorry to be ogling your daughter." Martin just nodded, letting him know it was all right.   
  
Holly took her seat and continued her normal pre-flight checklist, which consisted of making sure her skirt rode up as high as possible on her thighs and of stretching, arching her back to make her tits pop out. She also adjusted the air vent above her seat to blow directly on her chest, the cold air doing its part to make sure her nipples remained hard and visible through her thin top. Out the corners of her eyes, she noticed that both Martin and the man were taking in every move she made.   
  
She reached into her purse and pulled out a lollipop that Martin had bought her at one of the airport gift shops and for the next 10 minutes she made both men wish they were a piece of hard candy. She licked and sucked and teased that little cherry flavored treat with her tantalizing oral skills. Martin pretended to read a magazine, but the other man just stared.   
  
"So, you like cherry," the man said, smiling at her. He wasn't exactly the smoothest talker, Holly quickly surmised. She realized he thought she was Martin's daughter and thus, though awkward, fair game to hit on. She played along for Martin's benefit.  
  
"Mmmm hmm," she said, sucking the entire lollipop into her mouth and moaning around it. She sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks and forming a vacuum seal with her red lips. The man started turning red as Holly took it out and gave it a slow, long lick before looking at him with her best seductive look and saying, "I love to suck. Do you like candy too?"  
  
Holly glanced at his crotch and noticed the man was hard. She didn't even have to look to know that Martin was. This was what was great about being an exhibitionist -- what a powerful, flattering feeling to know that she had that kind of control over these men.   
  
"Sure, who doesn't like a little something sweet now and then," the man said. "Everyone deserves a little treat from time to time, I think."  
  
"Me too!" Holly said, overly bubbly, trying to sound ditzy and airhead-ish. It was an act that always worked, though she didn't really understand why guys liked that so much.  
  
"So, what are you going to be doing in Vegas?" the man asked.  
  
"Well, first," Holly gave her best innocent look, "I think I'm going to suck his cock until his balls are dry. Then, I'm going to do my best to get him hard so he can fuck my pussy or ass. Or both! Yeah, both, honey, fuck me in both. Please!" She was shaking Martin's arm now as if she had just come up with the best idea ever. "Oh, I'm so excited, I have to pee!" She got up and made her way past the man again, facing him this time so that he got an eye-level look at her tits.  
  
When she came back a few minutes later, Holly found Martin and the man laughing and joking like old friends. "What's going on?" she asked, giving him another pussy show on her way to her seat.  
  
"Nothing, babe," Martin said. "Mr. Garsden here was just explaining that he thought you were my daughter, which is why he was hitting on you. Then, when you said I was going to fuck you, he still thought you were my daughter and was really creeped out. So, I just got done explaining everything. I felt bad about the misunderstanding, so I told him you'd let him pull your strings."  
  
"OK!" Holly said. "We won't get caught?"  
  
"No," Martin said. "I asked for a blanket. Once the stewardess brings it, you cover up and he can put his hands down there without anyone noticing."  
  
The stewardess brought the blanket back and gave it to Holly with a reproachful look that said, "you know, if you'd wear some clothes, you wouldn't need this blanket." Or maybe it was, "get off my plane. Usually I'm the one the guys are ogling." Either way, she wasn't friendly, but Holly didn't care. She took the blanket and quickly spread it across her lap. A second later, Garsden's right hand was under the blanket, touching her thigh, wasting no time heading for her pussy.  
  
She spread her legs wide under the blanket and scooted down in her seat, giving him as much room and the best angle possible under the circumstances. His fingers soon struck paydirt, pausing on her pussy mound as he no doubt was feeling around to see if she was clean shaven or not. "Nice," he said, smiling not at her, but at Martin.   
  
His fingers slid across her pussy lips, nimbly spreading them and find the string that he had spotted before. He probed her pussy with his index finger and Holly spread her blanket across his lap too, helping to hide his erection. He advanced his finger inside her until he felt the first ball, then grabbed the string and gently pulled it out of her snatch, which made a wet, sucking sound. "Damn, that's so hot," Garsden muttered.   
  
"There's two more in there," Holly offered.   
  
"I'll get 'em," Garsden said. True to his word, he played with her pussy for another five minutes, dipping his fingers in her, stroking her clit and gradually extricating the two remaining gold balls. He pulled his hand slowly out from under the blanket, holding it up to see his fingers glistening with her wetness. He placed his hand under his nose and inhaled her sweet nectar. "Mmmm." He put a finger in his mouth and tasted it.  
  
"I'd eat that all night, then fuck it all day," he whispered to Martin.   
  
"Don't think I haven't done that," Martin smiled. "Hey, she likes a taste too."  
  
Garsden offered his fingers to Holly and she sucked his middle finger into her mouth, teasing and tasting and sucking it just like she had that lollipop and just like she did Martin's cock. Garsden groaned. "Does it feel as good as I think it would?" he asked Martin.  
  
"Better," Martin assured him. "I'm not trying to brag, but I honestly can't imagine anyone giving a better blowjob."  
  
"I believe you," Garsden said. "I'm about to blow my wad just with her sucking my finger."  
  
"Do you want to?" Martin asked.   
  
"Hell yes."  
  
Holly needed no instruction. She took Garsden's fingers out of her mouth as the stewardess walked by, but quickly slid her hand into his lap. Expertly, she undid his fly and had his cock out in a matter of seconds. Garsden groaned when she removed her hand, but was excited when she put it between her own legs. After a few seconds of rubbing, she showed him her own glistening hand, grinned and put it back under the blanket and on his hard shaft.  
  
Using her well-lubricated hand, she stroked his cock up and down, letting her pussy juices flow between her fingers and all over his thick, veiny shaft. She looked at Garsden to see his reaction and saw that his eyes were focused squarely on her tits, so she arched her back a bit to give him a better view.   
  
Not wanting to draw too much attention, she stroked him long and slow, occasionally cupping his balls or letting her fingers play with the head of his penis. When he started lifting his hips slightly off his seat, she knew he was probably getting close and picked up the pace as much as she dared. Garsden lay his head back and closed his eyes. A moment later, she felt his cock spasm and the familiar warm, sticky cum ooze onto her hand. She kept stroking, milking his cock, coaxing out every drop she could. When he was finally done and his cock started to soften, she took her hand out and held it up for both men to see. It was covered with thick, white cum which formed long, stringy webs when she spread her fingers.   
  
Garsden discreetly wiped his cock on the blanket, then zipped his pants and wadded up the blanket, stuffing it under his seat.   
  
"Thank you," he said to Holly, nodding his appreciation to Martin as well. "Can I get you something to wipe your hands?"  
  
"No thanks," Holly said, "I'm hungry." And she began licking her fingers, noting that the man's cum was saltier than Martin's. Still, she licked up every drop, much to the delight of both men. 

**PART 8: TAKING A GAMBLE**  
When they landed in Las Vegas, Garsden reluctantly watched Holly and Martin walk away, though he certainly did enjoy the view. While he went on about his way, Martin and Holly took a cab to their hotel. Here, Holly was a little less conspicuous. Sure, she was a stunner who got plenty of looks, but skimpy outfits and hot women weren't exactly new in Vegas. She blended in here better than almost anywhere else.   
  
Martin and Holly checked into their room and decided there was time to gamble before bed. They went back downstairs to the hotel casino and took their time watching craps, playing blackjack and sipping free drinks.   
  
As he watched Holly move about the casino and other men leer at her, Martin got more and more aroused. Several times, he spotted her bare pussy as she bent over and he knew that many other people had enjoyed the same view. When he could stand it no longer, he led her to a pair of vacant slot machines that were side by side. They sat and played the slots for a few minutes, Martin studying her bare legs and protruding nipples.   
  
"We're not having much luck," he said. "How about we try to get lucky a different way? Why don't you sit on my lap and see if that improves our fortunes."  
  
Holly sat on his lap, keeping her long legs together and dangling them over the side of his leg. Her bare ass and pussy were separated from his cock only by his trousers. Some quick hands eliminated that barrier and soon she felt his cock sticking out of his fly, rubbing against her bare ass. They both looked around to see if anyone was watching as he helped her shift into a better position, her legs opening slightly as his cock found its home between her pussy lips.   
  
He entered her fully, every inch encased by her steaming twat. They both froze as a couple walked by and played it smooth when a waitress took their drink order. Anyone looking closely would have seen what was happening, but they were in a back corner of the casino where there was little foot traffic and, while most folks certainly noticed Holly's stunning beauty, they didn't get close enough to notice what was happening.   
  
"Just take it slow," Martin said in her ear. "If we don't get too loud or thrash around too much, no one will know."  
  
"You got it," Holly said. Since bucking up and down like she normally would wasn't really an option, Holly knew it was up to her to find other ways to create the necessary friction. She started by moving her legs up and down a few inches like a child squirming in his seat. Then, she rotated her hips slowly, grinding against him. And she squeezed him with her strong pussy walls, concentrating as she worked her inner muscles, making her pussy grip and release his shaft.  
  
All the while, Holly fed the slot machine, pulling the handle. When they won, she took that as an opportunity to jump up a bit, dropping back down on his cock to the sound of a satisfied groan from Martin. Most of the time, Martin kept his hands around her waist, but a couple times he copped a quick squeeze of her tits, feeling the hard nipples pressing against his fingers.   
  
Holly continued doing most of the work, mixing grinding gyrations with little hip wiggles and those fantastic pussy contractions as she dedicated her body once again to pleasing her man.  
  
Martin was getting close when two attractive young women whose t-shirts identified them as proud sorority sisters, sat down two seats from them. Them being so close seemed to excite Martin all the more and Holly felt him begin to cum. He pushed down discreetly on her hips as he gained maximum penetration and spurted his hot seed deep inside her. Other than a few soft grunts by Martin, they both remained quiet throughout the orgasm, Holly continuing to pull the slot handle.  
  
"I think we just invented the slut machine -- or maybe the slit machine," Martin chuckled in her ear. "You're so fucking hot. That was great. If you stand up between me and them, I can zip my pants without them seeing."  
  
Holly stood up slowly, keeping her thighs pressed together, trying to hold his cum inside her. When she heard the zipper, she excused herself to the restroom. A few minutes later, she was back, clean and sexy as ever.   
  
"Sorry I didn't get to clean you off," she pouted.   
  
"No problem," Martin said. "You can make it up to me later."  
  
After another hour of gambling, they went back to their room and Holly more than made it up. She gave him a long, slow blowjob including lots of ball and ass licking. It was a great way to end the day. She just hoped tomorrow would be as fun. For some reason, though, she wasn't looking forward to seeing Josky.

**PART 9: BLOWING THE COMPANY LINE**  
The next morning began like all the others. Holly rode Martin like a cowgirl, no holding back on the bucking or screaming this time, and they both managed to climax. Just as they did, the phone rang. It was Josky. He had flown in early and he wanted to meet them for breakfast.  
  
They met him downstairs half an hour later. The schedule for the convention said the exhibits didn't actually start until tomorrow. There was a kickoff dinner and concert tonight to welcome everyone and then seminars and exhibits would start the next day. So, Holly and Martin figured today would be a good day to get everything set up. It didn't figure to be a big sales day so they had both dressed for a little bit of sightseeing and carrying boxes, etc.  
  
Martin was wearing jeans and a polo shirt and Holly was wearing a white blouse which she tied under her breasts, a pair of black hot pants, a white thong and stilettos. It was a sexy outfit, no doubt, but far more practical and acceptable than many things she wore.   
  
Still, she felt Josky's eyes hungrily eating her up as they approached his table. She didn't remember him making her feel this nervous before. Maybe she was imagining things. He was wearing a dark suit and looked very much the part of the corporate executive. He smiled and shook their hands as they joined him.  
  
"You two look happy and healthy," he smiled. "I trust you had a good night and chance to, um, celebrate your big sale?"  
  
"Yes sir," Martin said, proudly putting his arm around Holly's shoulders. "We've done a lot of celebrating."  
  
"Good. Well, I know you two have a lot to do today to get everything ready. I'm going to be working with Staci to get a hospitality room set up. We're going to invite some of our staff and a few other execs up tonight for a little reception after dinner. I want you both to be there."  
  
"Sure," Martin said.  
  
"Who's Staci?" Holly asked.  
  
"Oh, she'll be here in a minute," Josky said. "She wanted to freshen up first. She flew in with me last night. She's my new assistant. She's great. Very happy to be working under me."  
  
The way he said this last line made it clear exactly what kind of work she was doing. And Staci dressed the part, too. She came into the restaurant with her long dark hair in a pony tail and wearing a little white micro-mini dress. She looked to be about 20 years old and had a set of large, fake tits that jiggled bra-free. Her dark nipples were very apparent as was the black thong that she wore under the dress -- it's dark outline so clearly visible that Holly knew she had to be doing it on purpose to make sure people knew she was wearing a thong. Holly had pulled the same maneuver herself many times.  
  
Holly gave her a warm smile as they greeted each other, feeling a connection with Staci already. Obviously, Staci was serving much the same role for Josky as she was for Martin. She didn't have any desire to switch bosses, but she felt an instant kinship with someone who shared her job description.   
  
As Staci sat down, Holly noticed that she hiked the bottom of her dress up over her ass and sat with her legs spread so that her thong was fully exposed, both front and back. Staci also immediately put her arms over the back of the chair and held her hands together, thrusting her tits out obscenely. Holly was beginning to see how good she had it with Martin.  
  
"Look at this rack," Josky said, openly grabbing Staci's tits and bouncing them in his palms. "Best money I ever spent. Not that she had a bad set to start with, but a little enhancement never hurts. 40DD's, Martin. She's 110 pounds and half of it is all tit." Josky chuckled. Holly had to choke back the vomit.   
  
"She's gorgeous," Martin said, paying Josky the compliment he wanted without stooping to his level. "Where are you from, Staci?"  
  
"Miami, originally," Staci said, "but my dad left when I was a kid and we moved all over the place. My mom married some loser and moved to Boston, so I just decided to go out on my own. College wasn't right for me. I tried modeling, but you know how that goes."  
  
"Sure do," Holly smiled, again trying to make that connection.  
  
"Yeah, well Staci here wound up doing some work with a friend of mine who's a photographer. He's legit, but does some softcore stuff on the side. Anyway, it was a photo spread for Terrific Tits magazine. He sent me some of the proofs and I was in love. I got her number and offered her a job over the phone."  
  
"What do you think of the company so far?" Martin asked her.  
  
"It's great," Staci said in a way that was neither convincing nor fake sounding. "Mr. Josky says I was made for this job."  
  
It wasn't until the food came that Staci took her arms from behind the chair.   
  
"Don't make any plans for tonight," Josky said as they ate. "At 7, I want you both in the hospitality suite. It will be a private party with invited guests only, so formal for you Martin and Holly, you know what to do, right?"  
  
"Yes sir," Holly said.   
  
The day went by quickly as Martin and Holly busied themselves with preparing their presentation area and going over their game plan. They took a break only to go up to the room and have a quickie -- Martin bending Holly over a chair and banging her pussy from behind -- while they waited for lunch from room service.   
  
They wrapped up by 6 and went back to the room to prepare for Josky's party. They showered together and Martin dressed in a dark suit with a red silk tie. Holly opted for the formal/slutty look, putting on black stilettos, a tight, black miniskirt with slits up both sides, a red thong, and a white half-sweater. The sweater fell off both shoulders but covered her arms and it was short, stopping just past the bottoms of her breasts, which, as usual, were unencumbered. Her hard nipples were wrapped seductively by the tight-fitting sweater, the soft material rubbing across them and stimulating them all the more.  
  
A black choker, candy red lipstick and her long hair down completed the irresistibly sexy look.  
  
"We might not have do the show tomorrow," Martin joked. "You look so hot, everyone will just buy whatever you're selling tonight."  
  
"Sounds good to me," Holly laughed. "A day next to the pool tomorrow would be great."  
  
"Well, I wasn't going to mention this until after the show," Martin said, "but since you brought up a relaxing day, I'll tell you that Josky approved my request for a vacation next week. You and I are going to the Bahamas!"  
  
"Really?" Holly squealed, running over to hug him. "That's great. Thank you, thank you!"  
  
"Hey, you don't need to thank me," Martin said. "You've earned this as much as I have."  
  
They both headed off to the party in a great mood, thinking about their trip coming up. When they got to the hospitality suite, Holly wasn't surprised to find the room filled with what looked to be about 25 men, while she and Staci were the only women.  
  
The men were all dressed in nice suits and ranged in ages from mid-20s to mid-60s, representing a variety of races, colors and sizes. Josky greeted them and explained that these special guests were buyers not only from the U.S., but international companies as well. He looked approvingly at Holly's attire and said, "Go make some friends," patting her on the ass as she worked her way into the crowd, noting that every eye was either on her or Staci.  
  
Staci was wearing a similar dress to the one she had on at breakfast, this one a black micro-mini made of what appeared to be terry cloth or something similar. The soft fabric clung to every curve and bump. It was so short that more than half of her factory-precise tits were sticking out the top. Even the slightest lean forward threatened to result in two big tits and one tight ass popping out of that dress. Staci obviously wasn't wearing a bra, but Holly did catch a glimpse of a pink thong under her dress.  
  
After a few minutes, Holly began to feel claustrophobic. She mingled throughout the room, stopping to introduce herself, letting everyone get a good look. But most of the men were doing more than looking. It started with a few bumps or gropes as guys walked past, purposely bumping into her tits or rubbing their crotch against her ass. Their excitement quickly escalated and no one was doing anything to slow them down. Some of them talked to her -- or about her -- in languages she didn't understand, but she knew exactly what it meant when they reached out and blatantly groped her tits or squeezed her ass.   
  
At first, she played along, more than happy to show off her body and even let the guys cop a feel. But when she looked over at Staci, she realized this was getting out of hand. Two guys had gotten behind her and were holding her hands behind her back. Two more had picked up her legs and were holding her steady while four other guys pushed her dress up over her hips and pulled the top down below her tits. She saw one guy finger-fucking her and others were squeezing her tits.  
  
Holly started to make a move toward the door, hoping to spot Martin, when someone grabbed her from behind and pinned her arms together. Within seconds, she was in the same boat as Staci.  
  
"Yeah, grab those legs," one guy instructed.  
  
"Spread them apart. Pull that top down."  
  
"Poo-ssy," one Asian man who clearly spoke no English other than the few choice words he had picked up, chuckled as he tore her thong away.  
  
Holly was about to yell for Martin when she heard Josky's booming voice. "Gentlemen!" Thank goodness. At last he was going to put an end to this nonsense. She might be an exhibitionist, but Holly had no desire to be gangbanged.   
  
"It's time for a little contest," Josky continued. "As you can see, we have two very lovely ladies here tonight. I'm sure you each have your favorite. But there's only one way to decide who's the hottest. There are 24 men here. We're going to divide into teams of 12. Each team gets one of the girls. Whichever girl can get every member of her team off first, wins. You may touch them anywhere, but only titty and mouth-fucking is allowed. No pussy. No ass. Understood?"  
  
"Yeah!" was the hearty response. Holly finally spotted Martin. He was in a corner, by himself, looking depressed. He caught Holly's eye and shook his head forlornly, as if to say, "this isn't my idea, but I can't stop it."  
  
"Hold on!" Holly smiled, trying not to make a scene. "Mr. Josky, can I ask you something really quickly before we get started?"  
  
"Of course, my dear," Martin said. "The answer is yes, you may swallow my cum." The men all laughed as Holly pulled Josky aside.   
  
"I won't do this," Holly said. "Regardless of what you might think, I'm not a whore."  
  
"Yes, you will do this and yes, you are a whore," Josky said. "What do you think we hired you for? To look hot and have sex. That's what you've been doing, right? Well, now you've been promoted and, naturally, I'm expecting you to step up your responsibilities. We can no longer afford for you to be a one-cock woman."  
  
"Well, that's what I am," Holly said, standing firm.  
  
"No, you're an every cock slut," Josky growled, getting angrier. "Now, you'll do this and anything else I tell you or Martin will be gone and you'll be working directly for me. I don't think you want that, do you?"  
  
"No sir." Holly said meekly.  
  
"Well, then stop pretending to be some nice girl next door and show us what a cock-hungry slut you are. For comparison purposes, I'm going to be with you and Martin gets a crack at Staci. Who knows, maybe he'll like her more and want to trade." Josky chuckled cruelly.  
  
Holly thought about walking out, but she knew what this job meant to Martin. Plus, was Josky so wrong? Was she really a whore after all?   
  
"Bring it on boys!" she yelled, trying to sound enthusiastic. The guys cheered and Josky gave the signal to begin.   
  
For the next 60 minutes, both women were groped and grabbed as one cock after another found its way into the backs of their throats, between their tits or, in some cases, even in their hair. Holly took load after load into her mouth and on her face and tits, not worried about winning the race but wanting this to be over as soon as possible.   
  
"One more to go for each team!" Josky yelled at one point and Holly looked around to realize that only Josky hadn't fucked her and only Martin hadn't fucked Staci. Who would cum first? She was surprised at how jealous she was that Martin was fucking Staci. It wasn't like she was in love with him, but she didn't like it anyway. She kept an eye on Martin, who buried his cock into Staci's mouth, as she accepted Josky's own cock between her lips.  
  
"I've waited too long for this, bitch," Josky grunted, grabbing the back of her head and filling her throat with his meat. After a few minutes, he pulled out and sprayed her face with his stringy seed -- at the exact same moment Martin was covering Staci's tits with his own load.  
  
"It's a tie!" someone yelled.  
  
"Tiebreaker," Josky said as Holly cleaned his cock. "We'll take a 15 minute break, then it's ass and pussy time!"  
  
Hell no, Holly thought. This had to end. As the men drifted away, cleaning themselves, grabbing snacks and drinks, etc., she excused herself to the bathroom where she put her clothes back on. Staci came in and Holly said, "I can't do any more of this, Staci. I'm going to get out of here."  
  
"Really?" Staci whispered. "Won't they come after us."  
  
"We'll have to be fast," Holly said, noting that Staci was already in on the plan. "Martin will help us. We'll bolt for the door and head toward the kitchen. Martin can get the car and pick us up. We'll just take off."  
  
"What about our jobs? Martin's job?"  
  
"Screw that," Holly said. "We can find better jobs and so can Martin."  
  
"I'm in," Staci nodded.  
  
Holly cracked the door open and waved to Martin to come over. Quickly, she whispered their plan, apologizing for his job, but he seemed to understand. This apparently had been the last straw for him, too.  
  
"Give me your thongs," Martin said. "I'll distract them while you two take off." The girls handed Martin their thongs and he turned to the room.  
  
"Gentlemen," Martin said. "The ladies want to be fair about who gets to go first. So, this is going to be like throwing the garter at a bachelor party. Whoever gets the red thong gets first crack at Holly and whoever gets the pink one gets Staci first. Got it?"  
  
Martin turned his back to the group and prepared to throw the first thong. He tossed it over his shoulder and half the guys clamored for it. He tossed the other over the other should and soon a rugby scrum had broken out, 23 men clamoring over two tiny strips of fabric. Holly and Staci bolted from the bathroom and were out the door in a flash. "Where are they going?" one guy asked, but Martin pointed to a thong which had just been ripped from one man's hands and the guy was quickly drawn back into fray without an answer.  
  
Martin made his way to the door slowly, quietly slipping out, catching Josky's eye as he closed the door. Martin knew Josky had seen him. Now, how much time did he have? Would Josky really try to stop them? He didn't know for sure, but he didn't want to find out. He hurried to the elevators and in moments was heading out the front door, tossing the room key to the clerk as he ran by. He flagged down a cab and five minutes later, Martin, Holly and Staci were leaving the parking lot, hitting the highway and heading out of town.

No jobs, no luggage and only the clothes -- skimpy and torn in the girls' case -- on their back. But they were away from Josky. That was enough to make anyone happy.

**PART 10: A NEW START**  
Fortunately, Martin had his wallet with him, so they were able to pay for the cabbie to take them to the airport. There, they rented a car and headed back toward their homes in Los Angeles.  
  
"Well, I wonder what Josky and the guys are doing now?" Martin chuckled as he drove. Holly sat in front next to him, with Staci in the back seat.   
  
"I bet they hired a dozen call girls," Holly said.   
  
"Well, I'm sorry I didn't get you girls out of there sooner," Martin said. "I had no idea it was going to be like that."  
  
"I know you didn't," Holly said. "Josky was playing us against each other. He said he'd fire you and he told you he'd fire me. We hesitated and before you knew it, it was out of control. The important thing is, we're gone now. And we're all unemployed. Anyone have any ideas of what to do from here?"  
  
"I don't know," Staci said. "Everything I own is in Josky's house. I can't go back there."  
  
"It's OK," Martin said. "You can stay with us as long as you need to. I say us, but Holly, you don't work for me anymore, so if you want to move out, that's up to you."  
  
"No," Holly said. "We're in this together. You're the only people I trust right now, so I think we need to stick together."  
  
"I agree," Staci said. "Thanks for getting me out of there and letting me stay with you. I can re-pay you however you want. You know..."  
  
"That's not necessary, Staci. Same goes for you, Holly. As much as I'd love to keep our arrangement, the fact is that you're not on the payroll anymore, so you don't have to do anything you want to do."  
  
"In case you hadn't noticed," Holly smiled, "I enjoy it too. I like dressing sexy and fucking in public. I don't want to change a thing."  
  
"Me either," Martin said. "I'm glad to hear you say that."   
  
"So, do you guys have any idea where I can get a job?" Staci asked. "I can go back to stripping, I guess."  
  
"Me too," Holly said.   
  
"Well wait a minute," Martin said. "You both said you wanted to be models or actresses, right? Well, why don't we find something like that for you?"  
  
"That would be great," Holly said, "but I took this job because I couldn't find anything like that."  
  
"Same here," Staci said.  
  
"Maybe instead of waiting for someone to hire us," Martin said, "we should create our own work. Would you two be open to doing some more R- and X-rated work if we were the bosses so you knew you could say no at any time?"  
  
"That would be perfect," Holly said.  
  
"I think we can make it work," Martin's mind was spinning now. "I think we can definitely market you two to a wide audience. I'm thinking a swimsuit calendar the high school boys can buy and a topless calendar their dads can. Maybe some workout videos -- and maybe a special workout video featuring our special equipment. Holly can show you how to do it, Staci."  
  
"Yeah," Holly was seeing the point now. "And we could do some reality videos where we tease in public, like we did with those guys at the mall parking lot. It's a blast, Staci. I'll show you."  
  
"And we don't have to fuck anyone we don't want to?" Staci asked, skeptical.  
  
"Never," Martin said. "Now, I have a friend who used to do some video work for a TV station. He's retired now, but I bet he could help us with the videos. And he might know a photographer. We'll call him tomorrow. I think this could be great."  
  
"Well, you know what would be great right now?" Holly asked. "Something to eat and a place to sleep. I'm exhausted."  
  
They pulled over at the next exit, a small town in the middle of nowhere. But there was a flashing motel sign, so they stopped. They all went in to get their rooms -- Martin offered to get Staci a separate room of her own. But the manager told them that there was only one room left.  
  
"Hell, we've only got 12 rooms here," she chuckled. "We ain't exactly the Marriott."  
  
Martin looked at Staci, who nodded and he said, "All right, we'll take it. Where's a good place to eat around here?"  
  
"Truck stop's pretty good. But you ladies better put some clothes on before you go there. If you want to stay in the room, Sir Pepperoni Pizza delivers."  
  
The room had only one king size bed and Martin immediately told Staci that she and Holly could share it; he'd sleep on the floor.   
  
"No, you and Holly are used to sleeping together," Staci said. "Don't worry about it. I'll be fine."  
  
The girls had no clothes to change into and no underwear. There was a dollar store next door, so Martin offered to go get them some clothes while they ordered the pizza.   
  
He bought them each a plain white t-shirt he thought would be suitable for sleeping in. He also bought them each a white thong and a pink one and a pair of white bobbi socks with the ruffles on top -- it was a little chilly tonight and he wasn't sure the heat would work in their crappy motel room.  
  
There wasn't much selection on skirts, so he bought them each a pair of yellow cotton athletic-style shorts with the little notches cut out on the outer thigh.   
  
He bought himself a pair of shorts and a t-shirt and some underwear, socks and a pair of tennis shoes. He got some cold water and soda out of a vending machine and headed back to his girls. When he opened the door, he found them both naked, laying on the bed. What a sight! He had fucked them both today -- who would have thought it possible for an average, middle-aged man like himself to have had sex with two of the hottest women on earth on the same day? And now here they were, both naked right before his eyes.   
  
They had stripped off their cum-stained, torn dresses and kicked off their high heels and were laying there, side by side, watching TV. Yes, Martin said, they could definitely make some money together.  
  
"Did you order the pizza?" Martin asked.  
  
"Yeah, should be here any minute," Holly said.   
  
Martin handed them their clothes. "Not that I mind the current scenery, but I thought these might be comfortable."  
  
"Thanks!" Staci said. She quickly put on the white t-shirt, white thong and bobbi socks, skipping the shorts. Holly did likewise. Martin was pleased to see that the cheap dollar-store t-shirts were a little tight on both of them and reached only to their belly buttons. Their dark, hard nipples were still easy to make out through the cheap material.  
  
"Better?" he asked, himself changing into his t-shirt and boxer shorts.   
  
"Much," Holly said. "Hey, I bet Staci and I can get the pizza for free."  
  
Just then, there was a knock on the door. "Go for it," Martin said. The girls scrambled to the door, standing side by side as they opened the door to the delivery guy who looked to be in his late teens or early 20s.   
  
"Yeah! The pizza's here!" Holly squealed, jumping up and down, making her tits bounce obscenely, just inches from the kid's face. Staci played along and started jumping up and down herself. Her gigantic tits literally slapped against her skin as she bounced up and down.   
  
"Uh, yeah, it's $22," the kid said.  
  
"Oh no!" Holly said. "We don't have any money. But hey, I bet you'd be nice enough to let us have it for free, wouldn't you Sweetie?"  
  
"I can't..."  
  
"Oh, that air's cold," Staci said, interrupting him. She rubbed her chest, emphasizing the erect nipples under the thin t-shirt. "Look, it's making my nipples so hard." She raised her shirt, flashing her million dollar tits.   
  
"Mine too!" Holly said, providing hers for comparison. "If we could just take our pizza and go warm up, I'd be so happy."  
  
"OK," the kid said. "You can have it. That was payment enough right there."  
  
"Thanks!" Staci said. "You're so sweet." She gave him a big kiss, right on the mouth, her tongue exploring his mouth. She put his hand on her tit and let him have a good feel.   
  
"Yeah, we should give him a tip," Holly said. "How about a kiss?" she gave him a full tongue kiss and tit-grab, too. Then, she turned to Staci and they kissed each other on the lips, their hands exploring each others' tits. When they broke the kiss, Holly said, "Was that enough?"  
  
"Hell yes," he said, walking away slowly as they closed the door.  
  
"Free pizza!" Staci announced. All three of them lay on the bed, devouring the pizza and talking about their money-making plans.  
  
When it came time for bed, Martin started to make himself comfortable on the floor, but Staci stopped him. "I told you, you should sleep with Holly."   
  
"But what about you? I can't let you sleep on the floor."  
  
"Well," Staci smiled, "we were thinking that if it was OK with you, I might join you two."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Yep," Holly said. "We would like to repay our favorite man for all the good things he did for us tonight. Are you up for it?"  
  
"Oh, he's up for it all right," Staci giggled, pointing to his erection tenting his shorts. "May I?" she asked Holly.  
  
"Of course," Holly said. "What's mine is yours."  
  
Staci tugged down Martin's shorts and filled her mouth with his cock. He was sitting upright in the bed, watching Staci kneel between his legs. "Of course," Holly said, "I expect you to share." She moved in next to Staci and waited for Staci to pull off his cock, quickly wrapping her own lips around his familiar shaft. They took turns, sucking his cock, then tag-teamed him by Holly sucking his head and Staci his shaft and balls. They pulled back and tongue-kissed each other, keeping his rigid cock between their lips and tongues.   
  
"Mind if I go for a ride?" Staci asked. At Holly's approval, she straddled Martin's cock and slowly lowered her dripping snatch onto him. Holly watched her grind and writhe on that big cock for a few minutes, then decided Martin would probably like to watch some girl-on-girl action. She began sucking Staci's hard nipples and squeezing her breasts. She felt her own juices flowing, so she straddled Martin's face and fed him her sweet meat while she and Staci kissed and played with each other's tits.   
  
Holly came almost instantly, creaming all over Martin's face while Staci was drenching his cock with copious amounts of her own sweet pussy sauce. Four huge tits, two steaming twats, two sucking mouths, it was more than Martin could stand. He was on the verge of cumming, so Holly told Staci to get off and they both knelt in front of him as Martin got up off the bed. He aimed his cock at them and fired a series of jets of hot cum at their beautiful faces, splattering his seed across their cheeks, tongues and noses. When he was done, they kissed again, licking his semen off each other's faces, then jointly cleaning his cock with their mouths.  
  
"Yes," Martin said, laying back as they cleaned him from balls to head, "I think this is the start of something big, ladies."   
  
They giggled and kept on sucking.   
  
-- END --