

NICOLE GETS AN INTERNSHIP

Nicole Messer was determined to prove to her dad that she was just as smart, just as hard working, and just as likely to be a successful business executive as any man. In fact, Nicole was so determined to prove this since she could first remember. When she began to “physically mature,” she went out of her way to cover up her busty figure. Sure, when she was at a pool party, especially when she was younger, she would wear a bikini that would display her large chest—which was a C cup by the age of 13 and now an easy DD at 22. But she otherwise wore modest outfits and minimizer bras. She went out of her way to study extra hard throughout school and avoid any relationship that might tie her down. She found most of the boys her age to be just that anyway, immature punks interested in getting laid versus having a successful career. Now Nicole was about to complete her degree as one of the top students in her business class. She had dozens of internships to choose from.

The one internship that most appealed to her was in a city 100 miles away from home. Not only could she have an adventure in a new city, she could do so without her father meddling into her career—he knew just about every businessman in her town, so he could find out whatever he needed to through his connections. She didn’t want his help or his interference. She was her own woman bound to prove to him and to the rest of the world that she was a future top executive, maybe even a CEO.

One of the interesting things about the internship was that the company was owned by someone she knew—John Johnson, one of her dad’s oldest friends. This gave her an even better chance of landing the internship. On the other hand, Nicole was certain to let Mr. Johnson know that she would not take any job unless he promised to keep it a secret from her father.

When she arrived in town, Nicole couldn’t help but be impressed with the busy downtown and all the tall buildings, skyscraper after skyscraper, lots of well-dressed businessmen and even a few businesswomen (although not enough for Nicole’s feminist view point). Of course there were plenty of staffers all over town too—mostly if not exclusively women, all of whom were dressed less conservatively than their female executive counterparts. The “secretary” type seemed to be one with shorter skirts and higher heels. They wore more makeup and exposed far more cleavage than the executives. Nicole was certainly glad she never fell into this prototype that men, like her dad, felt all “girls” belonged. Nicole was no girl—she was a woman.

When she arrived at Johnson Tower, Nicole knew instantly that this was the place for her, especially after she secured Mr. Johnson's promise of secrecy as far as telling her father about her working for him. Johnson Tower was the tallest building in town with people hustling all over. The security man at the lobby directed her to the proper elevator to get to the top floor where she was to meet Mr. Johnson. Nicole didn't notice that there were no female executives in Johnson Tower—but she was too busy simply being impressed. This also caused her to fail to see that every "secretary" in the building wore the shortest skirts possible in a business—so short that most had exposed stocking tops and garter straps simply from the mere act of walking. These women also wore the lowest cut possible tops that one might see in a company—perhaps too low cut. Glimpses of lace bras were the norm. Glimpses of substantial cleavage were standard.

Once Nicole got to the top floor, she was escorted by a voluptuous woman wearing 4 inch heels, a bright blue pleated skirt, and a partially sheer white top. The woman's bright red lace pushup bra was plainly visible thru the top and her matching red garter straps holding her black stockings were easily seen due to the shortness of her skirt. Her breasts were rather well displayed by her bra and bounced pleasantly—perfectly—with each step she took. She introduced herself as Miss Jenkins—one of Mr. Johnson's top assistants. She led Nicole to a large waiting area just outside Mr. Johnson's impressive office door. Nicole offered a "thank you Ms. Jenkins," to which she received a pleasant but firm "you are welcome Nicole. But it is Miss Jenkins." Nicole nodded and felt sad that the poor woman was still caught up in the world that Nicole's dad lived in—a world where women were second class citizens, or more accurately, sex objects.

Miss Jenkins instructed Nicole to have a seat and that she would get Mr. Johnson to come soon. Miss Jenkins smiled, very pleased with herself when she said this and then disappeared into Mr. Johnson's office. Over 15 minutes passed before Miss Jenkins reappeared through the doorway. Nicole was certain that her eyes were betraying her when she thought she noticed Miss Jenkins' blouse seemed rumpled and her hair was mussed up whereas before it was perfectly coifed. She licked her lips contently when she instructed Nicole to follow her inside.

Nicole's heart began racing fast as she entered the impressive door and it sped up when she saw an office larger than her own apartment. Sitting at the large desk overlooking then entire city was John Johnson—her dad's longtime friend. Nicole smile wide and her heart slowed down when he smiled back, stood and opened his arms wide - "Nicki—so good to see you. Please come in." Nicole walked in as Miss Jenkins stood at the door. "Is there anything else I can do for

you sir.” “Not right now Miss Jenkins—although I am sure I will need your services later on this afternoon.” “Very good sir—I look forward to your coming, errr, coming to get me when you need it.” She giggled slightly as she closed the door on her way out. Nicole did not notice the somewhat odd “phraseology” used by Miss Jenkins.

Nicole was awestruck as she looked around the office. “Mr. Johnson. Thanks so much for giving me this opportunity.” He smiled. “Nicki—when it is just you and me, I can still call you Nicki can’t I? If you want to call me Mr. Johnson in front of others, I am OK with that. When it is just us two, you can still call me Uncle John.” Nicole smiled at the kindness of the old family friend as he brought up her longtime family nickname that only the closest of family and friends ever used. “Thanks Mr. Joh... I mean Uncle John.”

Johnson then showed Nicole the view from his windows overlooking the city. Nicole was very impressed my how much he could see as if he were the king of the city. Johnson was spending most of his attention looking over Nicole, noticing she still went out of her way to hide her enormous tits. Part of him felt a slight bit of guilt as he considered his plan to mold her to fit his desires, a guilt he easily overcame.

“Now Nicki, the first thing we need to do is put you through orientation. The focus will be more on your internship at first—but eventually we will move you to executive training. The most important thing I can advise you is that attention to all the details, strong focus on your training—these are the things that will get you far in this business world. So follow the orientation program and I can promise you that you will soon be one of the more sought after young ladies this company has ever had.”

Nicole smiled and nodded, taking in the advice of the great man, the family friend.

Johnson grabbed his phone and called to his executive assistant Miss Jenkins. “Nicole is ready to commence her orientation. Set her up in Training Room 47. Understood?” After a pause, “Good girl.” Nicole thought it odd that Uncle John would say that phrase—very sexist and condescending—yet perhaps there was a clear delineation between executives and staff and this phrase simply reinforced it. Regardless, Nicole was certain that she would not ever utter that phrase to whoever would become her assistant.

In a matter of seconds, Miss Jenkins walked into the room and smiled broadly at Mr. Johnson. “Nicole, follow Miss Jenkins and she will take you to the orientation training room. Just follow her directions.” “Yes Uncl.. err Mr. Johnson.”

Nicole followed Miss Jenkins noticing that her breasts bounced almost comically with each step. She was proud that she did not see the need to flaunt herself that way or to call attention to her chest the way Miss Jenkins did. It must be a bit sad, Nicole thought, to have your big chest be your best asset, or at least think of yourself that way.

Miss Jenkins took Nicole down the elevator to one of the lower floors. It seemed almost deserted. She didn’t see any human activity but could tell that there must be some things going on with all the impressive electronic hardware everywhere. They entered a long hallway with doors labeled with various numbers. When they reached “Training room 47,” Miss Jenkins opened the door. Inside was a simple, although large, desk with a computer screen. There was a set of headphones lying on the table attached to a cord running to a large computer nearby. The chair was oddly shaped with part of the seat seeming to have an opening in the center of the seat. The room itself had 20 foot tall ceilings and a series of windows that were so high up the walls—the bottoms of the windows were over 10 feet from the floor—that they were useless to anyone in the room. Nicole assumed these were designed for light or maybe air circulation.

Once directed to sit, Nicole found the chair comfortable despite the odd hole in the middle. She listened to Miss Jenkins who told her to follow the prompts on the screen and to listen to the instructions over the headphones. Nicole also remembered what Uncle John told her about paying close attention to the program. Miss Jenkins told Nicole that the headphones were designed to eliminate all other potential distractions so that the orientation would go smoothly. Miss Jenkins also showed Nicole a mini-fridge right alongside the desk which contained several bottles of cold water should Nicole get thirsty. After answering a few simple questions from Nicole, Miss Jenkins left the room and left Nicole alone.

Nicole was impressed. Such a large amount of work obviously went into this orientation program. So many great executives must have started just like this. And now here she was, the only potential executive from the current round of recruits, and all the attention of the

orientation system was going to her benefit.

She smiled proudly and put on the headphones. She hit a button and the computer came to life. Both the screen and the voice said the same thing “Welcome to Johnson Industries. This is the commencement of your orientation.”

The screen and the voice worked in concert instructing her to enter her name, age, address, and other basic identifying information. (Nicole did not notice the subliminal messages being sent visually and audibly telling her that she must obey the instructions she gets from the program and from Mr. Johnson, and that she found herself very thirsty and in need of water. She also did not know the water was laced with chemicals to enhance the effect of the subliminal messages).

There were many other questions regarding her various academic and social interests, past education and achievements, and other items that could easily be found on any resume. All the while the subliminal messages continued and Nicole began drinking water. The messages reinforced her need to obey as well as to not question when asked for information that might be embarrassing or intimate.

The program then asked her various information about the size of her body, instructing her that the company often provides clothing, whether it be a company t-shirt, jacket, or even more formal attire, and that this information was simply to make sure all items fit properly. Nicole noted her height (only about 5’2”), her weight (125 lbs.), and even her bust size (34DD), among other things. Nicole was growing thirstier as she typed in the information, and was surprised that she had gone through three bottles already. She was a bit surprised the program was so detailed—even to the size of her chest, but she understood there was a reasonable purpose for the questions. No need to question why they ask, after all, Johnson Industries is run by Uncle John—and following his orders makes sense, especially since they are simply offering to help fit the right outfits for me.

Soon there were questions about her past sexual behaviors. Nicole was surprised that such questions would be asked during orientation but the computer told her that the company wanted to be certain that it was not infringing on anyone’s sexual orientation, gender

identification, or their social activities. Nicole thought this made sense and was happy to tell the computer program that she had been sexually active since she was in high school but found sex to be less than fulfilling. She described her experiences in vaginal intercourse, her one time that she tried anal, and the 2 times she gave head. She went into many details—per the prompting from the computer—on how she found giving head to be demeaning (kneeling in front of a boy and having him grab her hair and call her names was so “caveman”) and the taste of a penis and sperm to be less than pleasant. She told the computer that she was somewhat ashamed of her body because she found it frustrating that men often ignored her skills and instead focused on her chest. The phrase “my eyes are up here” was a constant refrain in Nicole’s head since she was 12. She was tired of boys looking at her as a big-boobed bimbo.

Upon completing these questions Nicole was told to take a 10 minute break. She found herself quickly going to the ladies room (she had finished a total of 6 bottles of water!) and then guzzling 3 more bottles of water as soon as she returned to the desk. She made a mental note to tell Uncle John that there must be a problem with the HVAC system making the room too dry.

Once back to the program Nicole was shown a video about Johnson Industries. While she watched she was inundated with more messages—it’s OK to be a girl and to let people see that you are feminine, getting the attention of older men is one certain way to get noticed, and dressing to get that attention is not only a good practice, it is fun. Nicole was bombarded with instructions on lingerie, skirt length (short), heel size (tall), and the need to expose glimpses of lingerie and cleavage. The messages continued with the instructions that men are such sexual beings that women are perhaps more important than anyone else to the success of any business because only they can help an older executive relieve the stress of their important work. Nicole was told that compliments from older male executives were a sure sign of a girl’s helpfulness.

Nicole didn’t even notice that she entered into a trance while watching and that the video lasted nearly 2 hours.

After the video ended, there were questions to complete, this time a true or false quiz to see how well she was paying attention. Nicole knew she would nail this quiz because she paid attention just as ordered (not realizing she was obeying an order):

Dressing in sexy colorful lingerie is an important thing for any girl in the business world to do? True or True?

Wearing outfits that let older male executives see your sexy lingerie is one of the best things a girl can do to help the company be successful? True or True?

Girls with big tits need to make sure older male executives see their tits because it helps these men relax? True or True?

When an older male executive notices your body, it is a sign that you are being helpful to the company? True or True?

Nicole noticed that the choices for the answer was true to true, which seemed odd. Fortunately, the answer was “true” each time. She would be sure to tell Uncle John about this computer glitch once she saw him again. Then it occurred to her that she was not dressed in any way to see him. Hopefully he would not ask for her until tomorrow—by then she could have a better outfit on. Her pants suit was obviously not proper for a girl of Johnson Industries to wear—a rookie mistake that Nicole would not make again if she had any hope of becoming a top executive.

The computer congratulated her each time she got the answer correct. It said “Good Girl Nicole!” each time. Nicole even giggled to herself when she got the answers right.

The computer then told her that the program was finished for the day and that orientation would commence again the next day. It went on to say that new employees of Johnson Industries were given a 75% discount at various clothing shops located on the ground floor of the building. Nicole looked at her watch—it had been 6 hours of training!! It seemed like only half an hour. She drank 16 bottles of water throughout the day!! Maybe the video ran a bit long, she wondered. Regardless, she needed to get the right outfits if she was going to be useful to the company. She hurried to the main floor to do some shopping.

Two hours later Nicole walked out of the store with more outfits than anyone might need. She bought several pleated skirts that ended 4 inches above her knee. With each step she could have her skirt flip and flounce so that her lingerie underneath could be seen. A good girl lets men see her garter straps and stocking tops Nicole reminded herself—not once thinking that

these were new ideas just brought to her thru the programming.

She bought plenty of blouses too—each low cut and partially sheer. How else could a useful girl like her let then older men see her colorful bras and big titties? Nicole didn't realize she was now referring to her chest and breasts as titties.

And of course she bought plenty of lingerie items—mostly sets. Each with a lace bra that pushed up her titties even more, and lace panty, and a lace garter belt. She bought many pairs of stockings, again lots of colors. She even bought 3 pairs of heels, the kind Miss Jenkins wears, she thought. 4 inch heels to help the men relax. Colorful lacy lingerie is a wonderful thing to wear as it helps older male executives relax by putting them in a cheerful mood.

Nicole even wore one outfit out of the store in case she might run across an executive or even better Uncle John. She wore a white blouse that was cut so the tops of her tits showed, and a red pleated skirt. She wore a black lingerie set, even black stockings, with red heels. The black garter straps were obvious with every step she took, and her black bra was easily visible through her white blouse. This outfit will help any man who might see me, Nicole thought as she walked out. Her tits bounced with each step and the bouncing was plainly visible given her low cut top. She was certain this would cheer up any older male executive she might see.

As she walked around the main floor, Nicole looked for Uncle John or at least another older executive, but unfortunately, none were seen. She did get plenty of looks from men on the sidewalks as she made her way to her car. Some of the younger men whistled at her, but these younger men didn't need or deserve the relaxation she was providing by her appearance. At least tomorrow, Nicole thought, plenty of older executives would see her and be cheered up enough to do their important work for the company.

The next morning, Nicole put on a yellow lingerie set. The bra barely contained her tits—her nipples were not even covered given how low the bra cups were cut. Her bright yellow stockings completed the lingerie look. She then found a pleated black skirt that was so short her ass was nearly visible and certainly would be if she bent or even sat down. The white top was just like the one she wore out of the store yesterday so that the tops of her tits were basically on full display, and given the bra cup situation, even her nipples were easily seen either thru the

sheerness of the top or thru the low cut nature of the top.

Nicole arrived back in Johnson Towers and was soon ogled by several older men in the main lobby and on the elevator. Nicole was so proud of how she was able to be useful in only her second day on the job. She even overheard one of the men—he had to be at least 60, so he must be a top guy she thought—say she had the best tits he has seen in years and that Johnson really did a great job in getting her on board. Nicole was so excited to be noticed!

Once she arrived at the orientation floor, Nicole returned to the otherwise empty lab, put on her headphones and started up the computer. She felt a bit of a rush of cool air underneath her as her skirt provided no coverage of her bottom once she sat down. The only thing separating her from the chair seat (and the opening in the seat), was her yellow panties.

Johnson smiled to himself as he observed his friend's daughter from his position in the observation area above the lab. She really took to the instructions regarding her outfit rather well, he thought.

The orientation program welcomed Nicole back and congratulated her on her outfit—the program instructed Nicole that its video sensors were able to assess her outfit as well within office protocol. Nicole was proud once again. The program then went into another video about the routine day-to-day procedures for many of the staff—something Nicole thought was not all that important to her given that she was on the executive track, but she supposed that every executive should know what the staff does too. Within a short time Nicole was downing another water bottle and soon in a trance. Two hours later she shook her head and was surprised how much details about staff routine were discussed. She also didn't realize she drank 4 more bottles of water. Wow, time flies during these training videos. While in the trance Nicole was given plenty of subliminal messages about the need to always dress to please the older men in the office and to take pleasure from being so useful. The messages told her that sexual pleasure was a very normal and common reaction to a job-well-done. Further that being praised by an older executive with a "good girl" was the highest form of compliment a girl could ever expect to receive and this often led to spontaneous orgasms. Doing a good job in her appearance and getting a "good girl" were two of the most important things a girl can do at Johnson Industries. As such a girl is entitled to feel the pleasure of an orgasm after receiving the compliment.

After another break and a few more bottles of water—Nicole reminded herself to remember to bring the dry air to Uncle John’s attention—Nicole was back at the desk watching another video. Finally, a video about the duties of executives! Nicole was a little disappointed as the video began—each of the executives was an older man, no female executives. Yet, she was glad they could see her dressed properly of course (it never occurring to her that this was a video and they could not see her at all). Despite the initial disappointment, eventually Nicole’s mind wandered off and before she knew it another three hours had passed and 5 more empty water bottles were at her desk. Nicole was certain she paid close attention anyway as she immediately remembered that the most important role for any female executive was letting one of the older male executives have access to her tits in case he needed some extra stress relief. Nicole was proud that she had especially large tits meaning her services were in greater need and would provide more benefit for the company. Just thinking about it made Nicole shiver a little in happiness. She could feel her nipples were rock hard and when she reached up to touch them, she felt her pussy grow wet. Wow, she thought, I am going to be an excellent executive because look how well I dress and respond and there are no men around here. Once an older man is around, I will be soaked—meaning I must be doing a good job. Nicole closed her eyes and imagined Uncle John calling her a “good girl” and she had an immediate mini-orgasm.

After another break Nicole returned for more training and this time it was based on mindfulness of good girls. Nicole giggled when the computer called her a good girl. She even got a little wet again just from that—she was really killing this training!

The computer instructed her to close her eyes and imagine working hard at her executive duties. She was told to picture herself wearing her best executive outfit. Nicole imagined herself in bright rainbow colors—a red blouse and skirt, pink heels, and bright purple lingerie. She imagined dressing and undressing over and over as instructed. Then she was instructed to imagine herself in the office of one of the older male executives letting him relax as he played with her tits. Imagining him order you to undress and to model your outfit and slowly remove it, piece by piece, being told what a good girl you were.

Nicole was following the directions very well—eyes closed, imagining herself in this very real everyday type of work situation where her special executive skills were very much needed to help the company. She followed, obeyed really, the computer just as she was told—imagining over and over the dressing, the undressing, the older man playing with her tits (sucking on

them, kissing them, bouncing them). Imagining being told what a good girl she was. Feeling so proud and important to the company, receiving the sexual stimulation that comes with doing her job the best way possible.

Nicole was even feeling—as if her mind was doing it to her—as if her pussy was being played with too. As if her work duties, as she performed them were causing her not only to orgasm—but to feel as if she was being physically pleased. A slow but firm rubbing pressure right over her clit, rewarding her for all the duties she was doing as a good girl.

Johnson observed from above as he watched his friend's daughter sit at her station, her eyes shut, the headphones on her, and the probe under her chair now rising to gently rub over her clit, through her soaked panties. He could see her wiggling in her chair and hear her softly moaning in pleasure—knowing her feelings were being reinforced with the reward of sexual pleasure.

Nicole was both excited and scared as she removed her headphones. She clearly understood how important it was for female executives to present in colorful sexy way to better the firm. She understood that her tits were going to be useful to the older male executives to help them relax and fulfill their duties. In fact she knew that she would feel pleasure, sexual pleasure, simply from doing her important job

After the last break there was another “true or false” quiz.

Being told you are a “good girl” makes you very happy, even horny because being useful to older male executives is sexually stimulating? True or True?

Having an older male executive take special notice of your big tits and even touch them and use them for his pleasure is one of the biggest signs that you are a useful “good girl” for the company? True or True?

When older male executives are under any stress at work, a “good girl” always knows that letting him play with your tits is a very good way to relieve this stress? True or True?

Having big tits is one of your best skills? True or True?

Nicole noticed the problem with the computer glitch wasn't fixed yet. But since each answer was obviously true anyway, it didn't matter. Besides, she was told she was a "good girl" after each correct answer and she felt as if her pussy was actually being played with too when she got an answer right. It was almost as if the chair was fucking her, she thought and she giggled, not realizing the chair indeed was probing firmly into her now soaking wet panties.

Nicole was rewarded at the end of the session with one last mindfulness exercise. She was told to imagine having several older men grab at her tits, pinch her nipples, and generally fondle her tits during a meeting. Nicole kept her eyes closed practicing her mindfulness as the probe under the chair poked at her in a rapid fire like manner. Nicole felt an enormous orgasm as she completed the exercise and found it odd that it felt like her brand new yellow panties were torn. She giggled when she looked down to see they really were torn—she must have been so deep in thought that her own work-usefulness orgasm actually caused her panties to tear. She reminded herself to buy another set before she left for the day as she removed her torn panties and tossed them in the trash can.

As Nicole walked through the lobby to the store, she felt the cool rush of air across her bare and still wet pussy. She giggled thinking an older man might actually see her pussy if she bent just the right way. She giggled more when she decided to "accidentally" drop her purse when she saw an older executive walk nearby. Might as well give him a good show, Nicole thought. When she heard him mumble "good girl" she felt another gush of another orgasm.

The next day Nicole wore a pink set of lingerie, even pink stockings and heels. She wore a very pretty baby blue top that was cut like her white top. Over half of her tits, even the nipples were prominently displayed. Her yellow skirt was form-fitting and the garter straps were visible given how tight the skirt was. The bottoms of the garter straps were visible due to the length, or lack thereof, of the skirt.

Once she got to her training station, Nicole had to slide her skirt up over her hips just to sit down. She giggled thinking if anyone saw her like this they would think she was intentionally showing off her pink panties—and she secretly wished she could show Uncle John—maybe he might even call her a good girl.

The program today was more videos. But the first break Nicole noticed her panties were soaked and although she was certain she was paying very close attention to the video on negotiations, all she could think of was dressing and undressing in front of older male executives and having them squeeze and pinch her tits until she came over and over. She was sure that the key to any good negotiation was a proper physical presentation anyway. She knew that if she was ever engaged in some sort of negotiation on behalf of the company that she would be able to get some older man from another company to see it her way anyway by offering him access to her titties. It was these thoughts that were the reason she was so wet, Nicole was convinced. Offering her tits to a competing executive was not only the best thing to do for the company's bottom line, it was almost as rewarding as having a fellow Johnson Industries older executive suck on her tits. Either way Nicole would get wet.

Nicole had several more water bottles and found herself sucking on the end of one by the time the video ended.

During the afternoon training video, Nicole soon found herself daydreaming of an older male executive fondling her tits when she was told that her services were insufficient and that she needed to go to the next level to help the company. Nicole was scared fearing that she was not fulfilling her obligations as a good girl—obligations that company needed her to fulfill in order for the company to be successful. She was told by the computer to imagine how much harm could come to the entire company if she didn't do everything she needed to do. The video suddenly ended.

When Nicole removed her headphones, she was overcome with fear. What if dressing the right way and properly offering her tits was not enough to help the company. She knew she was plenty smart and she would either figure it out herself or probably get it thru the next day's training session.

As she walked out of the building, through the lobby, Nicole failed to notice her skirt was still hiked up exposing her panties. She was too caught up in her thoughts on doing more for the company.

That night Nicole spent her time thinking about being even more useful—as instructed by the

orientation program. What could she do if her tits were not enough? She struggled, thinking about it, knowing her purpose in the company was being useful to the older men. After she fell asleep she had a dream about Uncle John. She was called into his office and immediately she knew she had to let him play with her big titties. As he played with them, Nicole looked down and saw his pants bulging out. She imagined he must feel a lot of stress down there when it hit Nicole—she had to relive the tension in his pants. Nicole dreamed this over and over through the night. When she woke up, her finger was in her mouth and she was bobbing her mouth up and down her finger. She was soaked again in her panties and she decided that she better stop wearing panties to bed for now on.

Nicole dressed in a bright orange outfit. Her blouse was pale but bright. Her skirt - deep dark orange. Her lingerie was all white. She considered not wearing panties and when she remembered that her own thoughts destroyed her panties two days ago, she decided that this was the best choice.

She made a special effort to make sure she “accidentally” dropped her purse several time in the lobby that morning before getting on an elevator. She even went so far as to stand right next to an older man in the elevator and “accidentally” grab his hand and place it on her chest so that he was grabbing the exposed upper half of one of her tits. She giggled and felt a small wetness start when he said “good girl” to her as she got off the elevator.

Once in the training room, Nicole felt her tits ache in pleasure just from this little bit of attention. Since she was alone, she decided that she did not need to wear her blouse or her bra, and thus took them off. She sat on the chair wearing only her skirt, her garter belt, her stockings and her shoes. Without her panties, the rush of cool air under the seat of the chair felt so good.

Once her headphones were on Nicole watched another video. She hoped this would be the last one, they seemed short, but apparently lasted a long time as the clock was always several hours later when they ended. Nicole grabbed a water bottle from the fridge and noticed the company must have changed vendors as these new bottles were different in shape and appearance. The neck of the bottle was much longer—6 inches long and had a mushroom shaped top with a small slit-like hole to get the water out. Even the bottom of the bottle was odd—having two roundish reservoirs at the bottom. Nicole held the bottle for a long time, caressing it to get the feel for its shape. She felt most comfortable holding the bottom reservoirs gently in one hand and keeping the tip in the other as she moved her hand up and down the bottle’s neck to get

the water to flow into her thirsty mouth. Nicole ended up drinking 3 bottles this way before she remembered to start the video. She even ended up having the water squirt all over her face one time because it seemed like a fun thing to do—besides, since she was topless, all the water spilt over her, not her nice blouse.

In this new video a new female executive is shown walking into the office on her first day. She is wearing all white lingerie and black skirt and blouse. Her tits bounce up and down as she walks. The bottom of her ass cheeks show as she walks in her short skirt. She walks into an office where an older man sits. He smiles and greets her as Miss Spencer. She smiles and immediately walks to his side of the desk. She giggles slightly when he nods his head and she slowly peels off her blouse and then lets her skirt hit the floor. She undoes her bra and it drops too. She then kneels and her head disappears under his desk. How odd, Nicole thought. She didn't let him play with her nice titties like a good executive. Instead she just disappeared.

The man sits at his desk smiling and repeating "good girl" although Miss Spencer is nowhere to be seen. Soon the man closes his eyes and lets out a sigh of relief and pleasure. He softly moans to himself. After a few more minutes Miss Spencer's head appears and then she stands up from under his desk. "Will there be anything else sir?" "Not now dear, although I will be sure to call you if I need to come." She giggles, re-dresses, and leaves.

The camera follows Miss Spencer to another office where 3 men work at a conference table. She walks in and lies across the table on her back, her head dangling off the edge. One of the men crawls up on the table and straddles over her. He smiles and undoes her blouse. The angle of the camera makes it hard to tell, but he seems to be fiddling with his pants before we hear him moan slightly as her head leans up and forward. Her head seems to be moving up and down before her head falls back, and there is a white crème of some sort dripping from her face and hair. She smiles contently and the man crawls off the table. Then she turns and gets on all fours on the table and her skirt hiked up exposing her panties. One of the men gets behind her and another stands in front of her face. Again from the camera angles, it is difficult to see, but the man behind her seems to be rocking his hips back and forth and her body is bouncing forward in the same rhythm. At the same time, the man in front of her is very close to her head and her face seems to be planted into his crotch. This goes on for several minutes before both men react the same way. After they step away from camera view, Miss Spencer is seen licking her lips and her face has even more crème all over it. It is even dribbling down her chin and neck into her cleavage and her tits seem to have popped out from the bra cups and out of the top of her blouse. There is some crème on them too. She also had her panties slightly torn so

she slides them off and tosses them away before crawling off the table.

Nicole watched the entire video breathing heavier and heavier as she watched. Miss Spencer is a really good executive, Nicole thought. She was able to get all those men to call her a good girl many times. And they all seemed very happy with her work. Nicole was happy too (not realizing the probe had been thrusting in and out of her for the past 30 minutes, nor realizing that she was bobbing her mouth up and down another water bottle the same time too). Miss Spencer comes on screen and tells the viewer—I love being a good girl for Johnson Industries. She licks her lips and even runs a finger across her face to take some of the crème off and then she slides the finger into her mouth enjoying every drop. Nicole had 3 orgasms as she watched Miss Spencer show her how to be a good girl.

As she left the training room that afternoon, Nicole was certain she could be a good girl like Miss Spencer. She just had to figure out exactly what Miss Spencer was doing under the desk with the one man, or on top of the table with the other two men. That night Nicole put on a babydoll that she bought at the company store. It was bright red and completely sheer. She didn't wear any panties. She even had one of the company water bottles on the side of her bed, not recalling that she took one home with her.

As she slept Nicole had a dream of a faceless older male executive calling her into his office and her undressing and disappearing under his desk. When she got on her knees, Nicole felt his hand on her tits, fondling and she knew what her purpose was to be. She looked and saw a bulge in his lap. She quietly undid the man's pants and found the source of the bulge, an erection of his cock. She freed it from his pants and giggled when she realized it was just like a water bottle. She then began to drink from the cock the same way, using one hand to play with the reservoirs and another to stroke the cock while her mouth and tongue worked over the head. Soon in her dream Nicole felt the cock explode all over her face covering her with the most wonderful crème, just like the kind on Miss Spencer's face. Nicole came 4 times as she dreamed, knowing that sexual pleasure and business success were hers if she dressed right and pleased older male cocks with her mouth.

When Nicole woke up she found her babydoll and face were soaked. She was holding an actual water bottle, which was now empty, inside her wet pussy, slowly thrusting it in and out. Nicole giggled and felt a bit embarrassed. She also couldn't help but think that she figured out what Miss Spencer was doing in the video. Nicole also knew that she was ready to be the best

executive ever because she had big tits and was able to get a water bottle all the way down into her mouth, like a good girl. She knew that the best way to help older male executives relax was to let them release their stress in her mouth, on her face, and across her tits. Even having some of that built up stress release on her outfit was OK because it was proof of her usefulness.

Nicole decided on a schoolgirl-like outfit for work: a very short plaid skirt that ended just below her ass cheeks. All white lingerie. Her panties and garter straps were in the wide open to help relax even stressed out men on the company elevator. Her white blouse was low cut so her big titties were able to be seen and even touched with ease. She was going to be super useful even if she spent most of her time in the training room.

As soon as she got into the lobby, Nicole felt eyes all over her—and she grew flushed with excitement being useful just by walking by. She decided to have more “accidents” as she wandered the lobby—lingering to maximize the number of men, and there seemed to be lots of older executives today, who could see her. She dropped her purse 4 times and slowly bent over each time to retrieve it. She leaned over a potted plant as if examining the root system, knowing full well she was actually more interested in increasing the size of the roots in the many pairs of pants she saw. She giggled as she thought of all the men getting hard looking at her. She even leaned forward over some counters to make sure her tits just about spilled out of their top. She even asked one man—he was almost 70 she guessed—to help her put her one tit back. She had him hold her top as she slowly put her big boobie away. She gave him a peck on the cheek and thanked him for his help. She even let him give her boob a squeeze to help him relax.

Once on the elevator, she decided to “drop” her purse one last time and she knelt down on both knees in front of a man in his 50s to pick it up. She knelt all the way down and her face was inches away from his crotch. She giggled when she “fell” forward and her face brushed up against his crotch. She felt a rush of wetness in her panties when he put his hand on her head to help her balance. He was so nice to help she thought. Too bad she had to get to training or else she could help with what seemed to be growing in his pants.

She got to her training station and instantly sucked on a water bottle as if it were a cock from her dream. It was funny how the water bottles were shaped like this, Nicole thought. She even noticed there seemed to be “veins” on the sides of the bottles. She already planned to take

another home with her to practice on later.

Once in front of the computer, Nicole put on her headphones and watched. This time it was Miss Jenkins—Uncle John’s assistant. She was covered with a big load of crème all over her face, dripping off her nose and into her cleavage. She was smiling wide, very happy looking. She began to talk. “Hi there. I am Miss Jenkins. I have been working for Johnson Industries for almost 2 full years. After I graduated from school I wanted to be an executive, but I really found my place here instead. You see, I figured out that older men like my boss, John Johnson, are so smart and so experienced that I could never compete with them, or even hope to be as smart as them. What I could do was help them—and help them a lot. (As she spoke, a large drop of cum falls off her nose into her cleavage and she giggled). You girls have no idea how hard these men work. They are under tremendous stress. The more stress, the harder and fuller their cocks get. That is where we girls come into play. We are the key to the entire place running smoothly. If we don’t dress to make them happy and excited, their stress gets worse. If we don’t relieve the pressure building up in their cocks, their stress gets worse. If we don’t let them explode in our mouths with their delicious cum, or on our faces and titties with their cum, their stress gets worse. If we don’t bend over desks and let them fuck us, their stress gets worse. If that happens they can’t do their job. And then we girls will end up out of a job too. (She licks her lips in a completely satisfied way). I just sucked off Mr. Johnson while he was on a very important conference call. How did the call go? With my help, it went great. How do I know? After he shot his load on my face, he smiled down at me and told me I was a good girl. (She shivers and giggles). Good girls have jobs. Really good girls give blowjobs. Only really good girls work at Johnson Industries. I am so lucky and proud to work for older men like Mr. Johnson. I just hope I can someday be sent on negotiation conferences or business trips. That way I can help even more. (A male voice is overheard—Miss Jenkins, you are needed in accounting, there is some trouble with the numbers and they think you can help them calm down). Miss Jenkins giggles and smiles. Mmmmmmm. Accounting. Those old men down there always get confused. Once I leave, they will be so relaxed, all the numbers will add up.”

As the video ends, Nicole finds herself licking the tip of a water bottle over and over mumbling “Uncle John, mmmmmmm.” She giggled and then the computer prompts her with another quiz.

Having an older male executive cum on your face and your tits is the highest honor any “good girl” could ever want? True or False?

Nicole immediately knew the right answer and was rewarded when the probe slid inside her

soaked pussy and fucked her for 10 minutes as she sucked on the water bottle and slid the bottle up and down between her titties. Nicole was still in a daze putting her blouse back on but not wearing her bra. She didn't even remember taking her blouse and bra off, but she was happy she did, it made it easier to slide the water bottle up and down.

After the orientation session ends, Nicole is met at the doorway by Miss Jenkins. Nicole smiled at the girl who she now looked up to as the pinnacle of achievement. "Mr. Johnson wants to see you Nicole." Nicole giggled and said "you can call me Miss Messer." When Miss Jenkins opened Uncle John's office door and left them alone, Nicole rushed up to him smiling. "Uncle John," breathing heavier "I am so glad you hired me I promise to do my best..." Nicole looked down and could see Uncle John had a big bulge in his pants. Johnson smiled. "I am sure you will be a very good girl here Nicki." Nicole shivered and dropped to her knees. Not even waiting for any more prompting, she undid his pants and was met with the biggest cock she could ever imagine. It was so big, hard, long. So powerful. So old. She was made to serve this cock. Her mouth dropped over it and she took it in. It was the best taste she ever had as she bobbed her mouth up and down, feeling her pussy gush as Uncle John called her a "good girl" several times. As she felt his cock surge, Nicole decided she wanted to taste how delicious Uncle John's cum was. She was not disappointed at all. His cum was gooey, salty, warm. It coated her mouth and slid down her throat. She felt her pussy explode as she swallowed every drop. She heard him say "good girl" again so Nicole decided to deep throat him and nuzzle her nose into his pubic hairs—so curly and grey.

After she felt every drop slide into her mouth, Nicole slide off and smiled up at the powerful family friend. "Did I do a good job Uncle John?" "Yes you did Nicki." Would you like to bend over my desk so I can finish you training?" Nicole squealed in delight and jumped up from under the desk and bent over, lifting her skirt. When Uncle John slid down her panties, Nicole felt like she was going to cum. When he praised her with another "good girl" as he caressed her bare ass, she did just that. Soon she felt Uncle John's hard cock enter her. He must be very stressed to be still so hard she thought. Good thing I am here to help him, she surmised. Uncle John pounded away at her from behind, making her wetter and wetter. He even called her a dumb slut—and she immediately knew that he was under so much stress he couldn't think straight—the only explanation for him thinking she was a dumb slut. He smacked her ass a few times, which only made Nicole happier, knowing he was letting all his stress out. And when he grunted that he was about to cum, Nicole knew what she had to do. She quickly turned and dropped to her knees and let him coat her face. She felt another orgasm when the first blast of cum hit her. She aimed his cock at her face and then her tits. Although she took off her bra in training, she still had on her blouse, so she got lots of cum on her blouse too. She knew once she was seen

like this it was a sign to all the other men about her usefulness.

Nicole soon was a regular for Uncle John and the other top executives. One day she spent the entire work day under a large conference table. She estimated that she gave head to 25 different men that day. She lost track because each one called her a good girl, which made her orgasm so many times, she was having a hard time thinking straight. If someone called her dumb today, they would kind of be right, she thought. Another day, she was the designated “glory hole” girl for the men’s room. The company was nice enough to set up a kneeling area for her so that her knees wouldn’t get sore. Not that she would notice—after all, she was so helpful that day.

Then the biggest day since the first day Uncle John fucked her mouth arrived - her performance evaluation. She sat in Uncle John’s office quietly while he went over papers. She had already given him two blowjobs so he could concentrate. She looked up smiling.

“Nicki, your work here has been outstanding. I think it is time to see you do some work in the field.” Nicole clapped and giggled. She immediately stood up and bent over Uncle John’s desk to help him after this difficult decision process. “Not now Nicki. Not that I don’t appreciate your willingness to help now. In fact, please stay in that position while I explain.” Nicole was a bit worried at first, as she never had any executive not fuck her when she bent over. But since Uncle John told her to stay that way, she figured he would soon need it anyway.

“I was thinking of sending you in for some very tough negotiations with a customerrrr ... errrr I mean client.” Sometimes we provide services to clients who fail to pay their bills on time. What I want you to do is visit some of these customers. The first thing you do is ask them to pay their bill. But they will probably demand something else. So you ask what they want. Inevitably they will ask you for a blowjob. This is where your education and smarts comes in. You then demand they pay you \$500 before they get any blowjob. Once they make payment, you then give them the blowjob. If they ask for something else, like they want to fuck your tits or fuck your pussy, you demand they pay \$1,000 towards the bill first. Always get paid first. That is what any good whor... errrr executive does. Understand?”

Nicole smiles and nods as she leans over the desk looking back at Uncle John—the smartest

man she knows. “So they owe money. I collect. But if they want to have me use my mouth or tits or pussy, then I trick them into paying ahead of time. Just like regular negotiations?”

“Exactly Nicki. You are a good girl.” Nicole couldn’t help but orgasm when she was called this by Uncle John. She orgasmed again when he stood up and undid his pants—she knew she was going to help him relax again.

Uncle John must have had a lot of stress Nicole thought as she left. He came all over her panties and told her to wear them anyway. She giggled thinking that the only way other men would see what a helpful girl she was today was to bend over so they could see her cum stained panties.

She took the company limo to the first negotiation session. It was with a man who was the CEO of some other company in town. The two men who rode with Nicole in the limo insisted they come along with her for protection. They stood silently when she met with the CEO—Mr. Wilson. When he told her he wanted to have a blowjob but to cum on her face, Nicole decided to use her smarts and insisted that he pay \$600, instead of the usual \$500, toward his bill. He handed the money to the two other men and they left so Nicole could complete the negotiations.

She smiled to herself as he unloaded on her face calling her the dumbest whore in town. If I am so dumb, Nicole thought, then how did I trick you into paying an extra \$100? Uncle John is bound to be happy that I made extra money for the company.

Nicole worked all week as a collection negotiator. By week end, she had almost \$10,000 in collections. She continued to work on client collections for many months, easily making \$10,000 or more each and every week. She was a bit worried that she was not providing enough relaxation to Uncle John and the other executives given how much time she spent in negotiations, but during her morning blowjobs for Uncle John, he told her that she was being very useful and that there were others like Miss Jenkins around for the executives.

Uncle John was so happy with her that he decided to take her on a business trip the next week. She was told that there were going to be some clients who might think she was a company nurse or company cheerleader or even a student intern that she should pack various costume-

type outfits in addition to her usual office attire.

Once they got to the hotel, there was some sort of snafu so she ended up having to share a room with only one bed and one pillow with Uncle John. She was bit shy about having to sleep in her sheer babydoll with Uncle John especially since he slept naked. But he told her that a good girl always makes the best of any tough business situation. Because there was only one pillow, he even let her rest her head on his somewhat bigger belly so she could rest her head. Once he fell asleep, Nicole giggled thinking she could help Uncle John sleep better. She soon lowered her head a bit more until his cock was at her face. Se softly licked it until it got nice and big. She then softly sucked him off knowing what she did was way better than any sleeping pill. Even though he never woke up, he instinctively played with her titties, even pinching her hard nipples, while she blew him, just like he does when she gets under his desk. She was so excited, as her tits are so sensitive, even though she never told Uncle John this little secret.

The next morning, Uncle John asked her to dress like a school girl as the client they were about to meet might act more reasonable if he thought the assistant—Nicole—was just a young school kid. He might not get angry in the presence of a young girl. This was so smart Nicole thought. She put on a tiny plaid skirt and bright pink panties along with pink stockings topped with bows. Her pink bra was seen thru her white top. She giggled because Uncle John told her schoolgirls giggle. And he told her to try to not think too hard during the meeting because schoolgirls don't do that. This made so much sense to Nicole. This would really trick the client to make him act extra nice.

During the negotiations, Uncle John said something about the client having a fetish that he was now receiving and that \$2,500 was a reasonable sum, especially since we know who this girl really is. Nicole was too busy looking around to pay too much attention, just as she was told to do by Uncle John. When Uncle John told Nicole to stand up and bend over the client's knee she did just that and giggled. As she approached the man, he looked familiar but maybe all older men are just so sexy they all seem the same she thought. When she was told to say "I'm sorry sir, I promise to never to it again," Nicole repeated the phrase. (It is always good to obey Nicole remembered from her training).

After the client gave Uncle John a large wad of cash, Uncle John told Nicole to simply do what the client wanted for the next hour while he went to review a file. She giggled and said "okie

dokie.”

Soon Nicole was promising to be a good girl and promising to show the man how sorry she was. He fucked her titties, which made Nicole very horny. She wasn't pretending when she begged him to cover her tits with cum. After she let him give her a spanking which made Nicole really wet, she let him fuck her. She was absolutely nailing this negotiation she thought as he filled her with more cum. When Uncle John came back the client thanked him and said something about how he couldn't believe it—all those years of seeing the girl in a bikini as a teenager, and now she was as a company prostitute. Nicole wasn't sure who they were talking about but she was glad she was an executive instead of a whore who fucks and sucks for money.

The entire week went about the same way. Men who looked kinda familiar, Uncle John leaving her alone with them for an hour or so after they gave him lots of money, and Nicole getting loads of cum in her pussy, on her tits and face, and in her mouth. Each man was tricked by her and Uncle John by the way she dressed. She dressed like a teacher, an ice cream girl, a waitress, a pizza girl, and even a sexy housewife. Her favorite was when one man, the oldest one of the week, had her dress like a nurse and give him mouth to cock resuscitation. She thought it was so funny because she wasn't really a nurse. But he seemed happy when he covered her nurse's outfit with a load of cum both times—although a lot went on her face and even on her nurse's hat. At one point he called her Nicki which was strange since only her family and close family friends ever called her that. He must have heard Uncle John call her that or something. It was so odd that all these men looked so familiar and they all seemed to know who she was. Maybe Uncle John was helping spread her reputation of a young up-and-coming executive.

At the end of each day, Nicole and Uncle John were so tired they went straight to bed. Nicole did pretend to fall asleep each night waiting for Uncle John to fall asleep before she helped him with his “sleeping aid.” She couldn't fall asleep until she knew she had Uncle John plenty relaxed after. And she knew it was working because his hand always ended up playing with her tits and he would mumble good girl in his sleep. Nicole was glad she brought plenty of babydolls to wear too because sometimes he would cum so much and coat her face and nightie that she had to change before falling asleep on his big belly. She was lucky Uncle John was so old and fat—he didn't realize how sexy he was to Nicole, but she kept that a secret. It would be embarrassing if anyone found out how easily turned on she got when older men looked at her—especially her tits—and how much she came when they fucked her—especially her tits and mouth.

By the end of the week, Nicole was finally able to walk around the city they were visiting. She wore a see thru top with no bra because her other bras all got stained in cum. She wore a nice short skirt and her usual lingerie and heels. The town looked very familiar to her when she realized she was in her home town. When she told Uncle John this, he remarked that he knew this but since he promised to never tell Nicole's dad about her job, he didn't want to put undue pressure on Nicole while she worked.

Nicole beamed with happiness. Uncle John was the best boss. He kept his promise. Plus he was so fat and old—in other words, dead sexy. Nicole did wonder if she might run into her dad or any of his friends, but knew that Uncle John would make sure that didn't happen. Nicole rode the entire way back to the office with her head in his lap. The 100 mile journey gave her time to suck him dry 3 times. Nicole was a good girl after all.

NICOLE AND HER FRIENDS VISIT HER DAD

Nicole was so excited about the upcoming holiday break. Not only did she get to go home for 4 days, but she was bringing all 3 of her college dorm mates. Nicole lived the closest to campus—only about an hour long drive. Her roomies lived too far away for such a short break, so the 4 girls packed up and headed to Nicole's childhood house.

Her dad lived alone, ever since his wife passed away, and she was excited to see him. He worked full time still, as a business executive, although Nicole was never too sure exactly what he did. She did know he was the boss of the business and that he made good money. But all that really mattered was that she was going home to see her dad. He was a good man who took great care of Nicole—he cooked and sent her care packages, and he always made sure she had enough money.

Nicole hoped that her dad was getting out. Ever since her mom died, he seemed lonely and she hoped he was having some female companionship. Nicole's roomies would tease her sometimes suggesting that they would be her step mom someday given what a "catch" her dad was. Money and cooking! What is not to love? Well her dad was a bit short, balding, and weighed about 20-30 pounds too much. But to Nicole's college roomies, he was perfect because he took care of people, maybe he would take care of them? They would be her step-mom, they teased.

Nicole took the teasing in the good natured way it was intended, but she did tell her roomies, “no flirting with my dad” just to be sure. They all had a good laugh. Each of the girls did pack away some revealing outfits, however, planning on teasing the old man. If he was lonely, they could at least give him a few peeks—just as a thank you for hosting them for 4 days. They each packed see-thru nighties for the evenings, and short skirts with low cut tops for the days. Each packed sexy underthings too. They all planned to outdo each other.

What they girls did not know was that Nicole’s dad had gained his fortune through running a company that produced, among other things, various pharmaceuticals. Some were of questionable ethical standards, and thus they were discontinued. He kept plenty of the product on hand anyway.

The girls arrived and sure enough Mr. Johnson was waiting with freshly baked cookies. “He is so darn cute!” the roomies agreed. Lynn, Nicole’s closest friend was glad she “forgot” to wear a bra so that she could “thank” Mr. Johnson with her big bouncing tits with every step she took. She could see she caught his eye and she blushed.

Nicole smacked Lynn in the arm. “I told you no teasing my dad Lynn... jeez!”

Lynn giggled. “I’m not doing anything Nicole.”

“That’s not what your boobs think. I’m surprised my dad didn’t break his neck staring. Now go put on a bra, you little tease.”

Lynn giggled but agreed that she should show some modesty, even if just to appease her best friend.

That evening the girls were treated to dinner cooked by Mr. Johnson. He added a secret ingredient to the meal of each girl that would soon make them more ... compliant. He could tell

the girls were trying to tease him, so he felt only a small amount of remorse.

By the end of dinner each girl was giggling uncontrollably. Mr. Johnson knew the drug had taken effect. "Who wants dessert?"

Each girl clapped and giggled more.

"Well no dessert until you get on your nightgowns. Nicole knows the house rules, and I am sure she can find you any nighties if you forgot any."

Each girl got inexplicably excited. The idea of putting on a nightie for Mr. Johnson to see was somehow very erotic. He was the man of the house, an older successful man who knew how to cook. The idea of looking sexy for him was such a turn-on. Of course Lynn was already teasing him, so her feelings were only heightened. Even Nicole, who always loved pleasing her dad somehow had the idea of giving him a bit of a show, he was after all a sexy older man.

Each girl undressed down to lace panties. Nicole wore her favorite pink ones. Lynn had on her baby blue pair. Sara and Maggie each wore different shades of yellow, one bright, one pale. Then they all wore babydoll nighties of the same colors as their panties. Each girl had hard nipples and dark areolas easily seen thru their nighties.

They rushed downstairs to see Mr. Johnson and eat some of his yummy dessert. Their tits bounced as they raced each other. Mr. Johnson smiled wide at the sight before him. "Wow. Who would think I was lucky enough to have 4 such young pretty girls to spend time with and feeding them creamy yummy treats?"

Each girl moaned a bit at the thoughts they had upon Mr. Johnson's words. He doesn't know about the sexual innuendo he just suggested, they each thought, because he is so old. I bet I could treat him later this week, they independently imagined.

“How about some pie with lots of whipped cream?”

Each girl squealed. “You know how I love it when you serve me cream daddy,” Nicole giggled.

“I bet I can swallow all the cream you have to give Mr. Johnson,” Lynn added.

“I want lots of your sweet cream too Mr. Johnson,” added Maggie.

“Only if there is lots left for me,” cheered Sara.

“There is lots of cream for each of you, don’t you worry.” Mr. Johnson then served each girl a small slice of pie but with lots of heavy creamy whipped cream on top. “I hope you all like it.”

Each girl then proceeded to eat their dessert in the most erotic way. Lynn twirled her finger in the cream and slowly sucked off her finger until it was clean—she did this over and over again, staring at Mr. Johnson as she did. Maggie ate her pie such that she got cream on her chin and cheeks and nose and giggled saying how much she loved having Mr. Johnson’s cream all over her face. Sara did the same and “accidentally” got some of his cream in her hair and said how she sometimes gets a guy’s get cream in her hair. Nicole dropped some on her lap and it splattered on her nightie. She lifted it up exposing her bare tits saying, “Oopsies daddy. I got some cream on my nightie.” Her bare tits swaying as she held her nightie up high. The wet spot in the front of her panties was very apparent too.

Mr. Johnson smiled and laughed. “You girls sure are messy.” He walked up to Lynn and patted her head. “Lynn is a good girl because she made no mess. She gets a special treat later on.” He even kissed her forehead. Lynn felt her panties flood with juices when he touched her and praised her.

He then went to Maggie and cleaned off her face gently with a cloth. He then wiped off any crumbs from the front of her nightie with his hand, lingering over her C cup tits. “Now be a good

girl and go watch TV while I clean up.” Maggie bit her lip as she felt her pussy get wet when he touched her like that and then scampered off to watch TV. Sara got the same treatment and reacted the same way. She smiled up at Mr. Johnson while he “cleaned” the front of her nightie. “Thank you Mr. Johnson. I promise to be a good girl from now on.” He kissed her forehead as well and gave the front of her nightie a gentle squeeze.

“I know you will be a good girl Sara. Now off you go to join Maggie.”

She giggled as she ran off, her tits bouncing.

Mr. Johnson then went to Nicole. “I’m sorry I made such a mess daddy.” Nicole put on her cutest pouty lips.

Mr. Johnson smiled at his daughter as he wiped her clean. He even cleaned off the extra cream that dripped off onto her tits. He said it made sense not to waste it so that was why he had to use his mouth and tongue. Nicole quietly stood there and felt her pussy reach orgasm as her daddy licked her tits clean. Lynn felt herself get wetter as she watched. She saw Mr. Johnson gently hold Nicole’s tits as slowly lick each one clean, especially around and around and around each nipple.

“There you go Nicole, all better.”

Nicole moaned, “Oh god daddy, you are such a good ummmm cleaner-upper.” Then she ran off to put on a fresh nightie before joining her friends for TV. The 3 girls watched a show that seemed like just swirling colors and they spent most of the time with their tiny hands under their panties.

“Now for your special treat Lynn.” Lynn almost squealed when he said that. “Since you were such a good girl when you ate your dessert, you get to have a second dessert.” And just like that Mr. Johnson unzipped his fly right in the kitchen and took out his old cock, grey hairs all over his

heavy balls.

“Oh god sir, I would love to.” Lynn dropped to her knees and pulled up her nightie over her head in the same motion. Soon Lynn was bobbing her head as her mouth took Mr. Johnson’s cock deep in and out of her mouth. She moaned as she felt Mr. Johnson play with her tits as she sucked his cock. Soon she felt her pussy soak more as he unloaded more cream into her mouth. She swallowed every drop of his warm gooey cream because she was a good girl.

“Now off you go to the rest of the girls Lynn,” as he gave her tits a nice squeeze. Lynn giggled and slid her nightie back on before scampering off to the room with her friends.

Once the 4 girls were together Lynn giggled as she told them about her special treat. Each girl felt envious, especially Nicole. She imagined herself sucking off her daddy way better than Lynn could. She even thought she could give daddy a good tittyfuck, since he deserved it.

Soon it was time for bed and the girls ran off to Nicole’s bedroom, where an extra bed was set up and each bed held two girls. Lynn slept with Nicole and Nicole stayed close to her so she could smell Lynn’s breath—the smell of daddy’s cum, mmmmmmm.

After a few hours, Nicole woke up feeling her pussy so hot and full of desire. She snuck out of bed and quietly walked down the hall to daddy’s bedroom. She moved in slowly and saw that daddy was sound asleep. She pulled the covers down slowly and smiled very wide when she saw he slept naked. His cock was laying there, soft but heavy looking. His balls were so big and hairy—all grey hairs. She licked her lips at the sight of the best cock she ever saw.

She knew daddy liked blowjobs because of what Lynn said. And she knew that she could do even better than Lynn. She leaned forward some and slowly crawled up on the bed. Her tits dangled and swayed in her loose nightie. She orgasmed just from looking and imagining what she was starting to do.

She dropped her head down to daddy’s lap and she softly blew warm air at his cock. She giggled

quietly when she saw it move a little. She stuck out her tongue and gave a quick lick across his balls. She moaned a little as she felt his pubic hairs run across her nose and tongue. He told herself that she was doing this for daddy, but she also knew she was doing it for herself.

She opened her mouth and took the head of his soft cock in her mouth. She ran her tongue slowly around and around it, tasting the manly flavor, feeling his texture. She moaned softly as she felt the head beginning to swell in her mouth. She took more of daddy's cock into her warm wet mouth, feeling the shaft entering. She could feel him swell more. She was making daddy hard and she felt her pussy grow more excited, warmer, wetter. She heard her daddy breathing harder and could tell he was pleased even if still asleep. She reached for his hand and took in and moved it to her tit. She wanted his strong hands on her needy tits. And she squealed slightly when she felt his hand squeeze over her tit some. Daddy is so good at playing with my tits, she thought as she took more of him inside her. Soon she was bobbing up and down nice and slow over his rock hard cock. She used her hands to play with his balls because she knew strong powerful men like daddy deserved to have their balls pleased too. She moaned and moaned as his hands cupped and squeezed over her tits, not even realizing that his other hand moved there on its own. She came again and again as she sucked and sucked. She smiled proudly when she felt one of daddy's hands slide off her tit and onto her head pushing her deeper. She was being treated like a cocksucker now, just as she knew she was. He was making her go deeper and she had no choice but to do so, besides, she wanted to. Daddy's other hand squeezed her tits so much, pinching her nipples—daddy is so good, she thought, he loves my titties. She felt his other hand push her mouth down and hold her down. He was now fucking her face! Oh god, how she loved daddy fucking her face!

Eventually she felt his cock tense up and his breathing quicken. She was making him cum. He moaned out "good girl," and she came and right after that his cum rushed into her hungry mouth. She used her mouth, her tongue, her cheeks, to suck it all out. She swallowed every drop like a good girl and kept sucking and sucking as she felt his cock grow soft. She made sure every drop was in her mouth and down her throat.

She smiled so wide when she popped off her mouth and then she leaned up and kissed daddy's sleeping face on the cheek.

Nicole crept back into the bed she shared with Lynn and drifted off to sleep. It never occurred

to her that daddy was even awake while she pleased him.

The next morning Nicole woke with Lynn, and they inexplicably started kissing each other tasting the cum still lingering in each other's mouths. They didn't notice Sara and Maggie were no longer in the bedroom.

Meanwhile, Sara and Maggie were in Mr. Johnson's bedroom. Both were kneeling on all-fours in the bed while he took turns fucking them each from behind. They moaned and squealed as he pounded their pussies one after the other and they rocked back and forth on the bed, their tits bouncing and swaying as they took the old man's cock. When he was about to cum, they both dropped to their knees and took his cum as he sprayed their faces. The two girls decided to leave their faces sticky as they walked down to the kitchen for breakfast.

By the time Nicole and Lynn came down each girl had tasted the older man's cock and cum and they each made sure to still wear the mostly sheer nighties. Mr. Johnson made breakfast and each girl giggled as they took food. They thought the others didn't know what each had done, and so when he said he wanted to give them a "nice load" when he scooped some food on their plates, they laughed at the double entendre. There was another funny taste to this meal, like all the others, that made it especially delicious. Mr. Johnson said it was a secret ingredient.

After breakfast, the girls changed into clothes. Each wore a short skirt with tight colorful panties. They all wore loose tops with no bras, so their tits bounced and swayed easily with each step or movement. When Mr. Johnson suggested they all sit together and watch an old movie on TV, each girl pushed and shoved to be the closest to him. It ended up with Lynn snuggling on his right, Sara on his left, and Maggie pushing herself so close to Sara that Sara was almost in his lap. Nicole did sit on daddy's lap, however. She made sure her skirt was hiked up so that her panties were right over his lap. She pulled daddy's hand around her waist and slowly pushed his hand up so that it rested just under her tits.

Mr. Johnson had treats for the girls to eat for the movie. And it took only a few minutes before each girl started to day dream. Nicole's dream was so vivid. She imagined the movie was a porno and that in the movie an older man made 3 girls undress and stand on one end of a room wearing only panties. The old man made a fourth girl undress the same way but instead of

standing off to the side, she had to bend over a sofa and she was fucked over and over, her big tits boncing until the old man unloaded inside her pussy. Then the old man told the girl to be a “good girl” and lick him clean and the girl did just that. In fact, the girl was so good at cleaning the old man that he ended up cumming again, all over her face leaving big gobs on her face and dripping down to her tits. Then the 3 girls took off their panties and showed the old man how wet they got from watching him. They left their panties off and put on the tops and skirts and sat down next to him while the fourth girls also left off her panties and redressed too with the cum dripping out of her pussy and off her face.

Nicole smiled at her day dream and was just coming out of the dream when daddy said the movie was ending. She giggled and told her daddy how good the movie was and her 3 friends all agreed.

“Why don’t you all go have some fun while I do some work in my home office?”

“OK daddy,” “sure Mr. Johnson.” And the 4 girls ran off, none of them wearing any panties and Nicole feeling some sticky goo on her face.

The girls all talked about how they had trouble watching the movie and daydreamed instead. Sara finally said, “Did I forget to wear panties? I swore I put some on this morning.” Each girl thought the same thing. But none really thought about much more. They all sat around and talked and giggled.

Maggie left to go “tinkle” but instead she ran down to Mr. Johnson’s office. She quietly walked in and whispered, “Mr. Johnson, is it ok if I ...” and she smiled as she undid her top. She ducked under his desk and gave him a nice slow deep blowjob. She felt so needy after the movie—her daydream was so wild, one where she watched an old man fuck a friend and then fuck her friend’s face too, that Maggie just had to have some cock in her mouth.

Maggie felt so much better after swallowing Mr. Johnson’s load. She smiled kindly and quietly left him to his work.

Sara and then Lynn repeated the same thing over the next few hours.

After dinner, each girl put on a fresh set of panties and clean nighties. They 4 girls and Mr. Johnson decided to play board games that night. The rules were a little odd. Instead of a spinner or a pair of dice, the player would move their game piece based on how long they could stand Mr. Johnson lick their tits and rub the front of their panties before they shivered in orgasm. The girls thought it was funny that Nicole, his daughter, always lasted the shortest amount of time. She orgasmed in seconds each time. She would moan “Daddy,” as soon as she touched her panties. So she ended up losing the game, but no one really cared because the game was so fun.

When it was bed time, Mr. Johnson came into the room to tuck the girls in. He was so funny because he used his cock to do it. He gave each girl one minute to lick and suck. The girls thought he was so clever to tuck them in like that because that way they would not have trouble sleeping.

Nicole did have trouble sleeping though. She got out of bed again and crawled in with daddy and asked if she could sleep with him. She smiled when he said it was OK and she even helped tuck him into bed by letting him lick her tits for a long time. He needed so much tucking in that she ended up needing him to tuck her back into bed and let her lick his cock. She told him she really wanted a good night’s sleep so she got extra “tucking” time. It was kind of funny because she curled in behind him and felt his cock was still so hard and she secretly lowered her panties until it slid right inside her wet pussy. She fell deep asleep as daddy slowly rocked her off to bed, his hands tight around her tits and his cock slowly thrusting in and out of her. Once Nicole felt a rush of jizz inside her soaking pussy she was able to drift off to sleep—daddy was so good at tucking her in.

When the sun rose, Nicole smiled as she felt her daddy’s hand around her body and cupped over her big tits. She knew just what to do. She gently slid down the bed and turned—she was face to face with daddy’s cock. Soft but thick, so inviting, so powerful, do delicious looking. Nicole smiled to herself and she decided how to wake daddy up from his sleep. She took his soft cock in her warm mouth and slowly rolled her tongue around and around until she felt it start to grow. It is growing for me, she thought. She suckled and licked until it was nice and hard and then she knelt up, her big tits hanging down and she took him deep inside her mouth. Soft slow

bobbing of her head as she tasted his mature cock. She giggled as she felt his hand reach up to cup one of her tits. Daddy knows how much I love my tits played with, she thought as she took him deep, in and out. Bobbing, licking, tasting. Feeling his cock around her lips, her tongue, her throat. She bobbed slow and deep to maximize daddy's pleasure. She knew she was doing a good job because his hands squeezed harder and harder, pinching her sensitive nipples. She felt her own pussy grow warm and wet by being such a good daughter. Then she felt one hand on the top of her head she knew she was about to make daddy cum. And sure enough a big blast of cum shot up into her mouth and down her throat. She squeezed her lips tight to make sure she got every drop. She loved how daddy tasted and wanted to be a good girl swallower too. She knew she was doing it just right as daddy played with her tits more as he filled her mouth.

When she felt his last burst of cum she lowered her mouth deeper and sucked the powerful cock dry. She felt it grow softer in her mouth and she sighed and moaned when she heard him say "good girl." She suckled a bit longer and then slid off and smiled up at daddy. She knew he was going to fuck some of her friends today. He might tittifyfuck one or two of them too. But she was the bestest girl. "Good morning daddy." She loved being a good girl.

NICOLE GOES TO A WEDDING

Nicole dressed slowly. She had to look just right. She was attending her cousin's wedding later in the day. There were 300 guests, including lots of family. The bride—her cousin and her cousin's parents—her aunt and uncle, who was her dad's older brother would obviously be there. There would be lots of other aunts and uncles too. Plenty of other cousins, some her age, some much older, and a few younger kids too. Then there would be friends of her family. Her aunt and uncle had plenty of connections in the city and so there would be quite a number of older professional men and their wives. Some of these men were elected officials even. Plenty of these men knew Nicole's dad as well. That isn't even counting all the other people on the groom's side, most she never met. In short, she had to look perfect.

Just as she was told since she was little, she wanted to look like a perfect little lady. She found a very cute dress. It was pale pink, made of a thin gossamer fabric that was layered so that she could get away without a slip. It was a tad short and she knew she would have to not bend forward too much as anyone behind her would get a good look up her dress. It also displayed her rather impressive DD cup cleavage. On the other hand, the bride was the true focus and Nicole was not by any means alone in the "ample bosom" department in her family. She wouldn't stand out from most of the other women and with the bride and all the other

important people present, she would blend in. She decided to wear her pink lace lingerie underneath too. She had this very pretty lace set of panties, a shelf bra, and a garter belt. Nicole knew her dad would not be happy about how much cleavage the dress, accentuated by the shelf bra, would show. On the other hand, she would have to wear a burlap sack to satisfy her dad and his conservative ways. Besides, even though the bra didn't cover the top of her areolas, the dress would cover that, at least if she didn't bend forward. She wore white stockings and white 4 inch heels, bright pink lipstick, and a bouncy curly hair-do to complete her pretty look

Luckily, Nicole's mom also wore a dress that showed off her tits too. (Nicole got her DDs from her mom—who had Es!). Nicole's dad couldn't keep his eyes off his sexy wife that he barely looked at his daughter, so she escaped his "you should dress more modestly" look or comment.

The ceremony was very nice although Nicole did wish she wore a slightly longer dress, as she kept tugging her dress down every time she caught a glimpse of her garter strap. She knew if any man would look, he would get a nice view. And no surprise, she did catch a few older men, probably friends of her uncle, but maybe even distant cousins or great uncles, peering over at her. She started to feel a bit embarrassed and this caused her to feel warm. Oh god. She was getting turned on by the older men looking. Oh god, oh god. She felt her nipples harden and hoped her dress would conceal them.

She tried hard to concentrate on the ceremony to take her mind off of things and it was working. Yet, when her cousin promised to "obey" her new husband, Nicole could only imagine man ordering her about in the most embarrassing ways and Nicole dutifully obeying. Oh god, how exciting. Obeying her husband was such a turn on.

Once the ceremony was over, Nicole tried to mingle with some cousins she knew who were of similar age. All the girls talked about how pretty the bride looked, how excited they were for her and about their various relationships. Nicole had not much to offer in that regard. She hadn't been on a date in months. Worse, she knew she was considered a prude by some of the local boys and that her reputation as a "good girl" must have spread. All of her desires about being subservient to men, especially older men, were personal and secret. She never acted on any of it.

The reception was held in a large banquet room in the biggest hotel in the city. Nicole sat with her parents and some other older couples. She caught the men at the table looking at her and making excuses to ask her to pass something—water, the salt, basket of bread—anything, to get her to lean forward. They were looking down her dress and she grew excited to let these older men see. After the dinner, Nicole started to mingle around the room full of tables and several older men stopped her to talk to her. Some were uncles. Some were businessmen from town. Each made a point to peer down her dress. Nicole grew more excited to have so much attention paid to her “girls.” She was embarrassed too, but still excited.

One of her uncles, the bride’s father, came up to her and hugged her and kissed her cheek. He told her how beautiful she looked and how he expected to be at her wedding soon too. Nicole imagined vowing to “obey” again and she giggled. “Thanks Uncle Rico.”

Later Nicole excused herself to the ladies room. It was enormous. There must have been 20 stalls. Nicole walked to the far end and went inside. There was a funny smell—not what one would expect in a ladies room. More like a sweet list. It was even odder that such an elegant ladies room had graffiti scribbled on the wall. “Be a good girl. Obey. Knock and enjoy.” What did that mean? Nicole slid down her panties (she was smart enough to wear her panties OVER her garters, so she could keep her stockings on in case of having to go to the ladies room) to pee. She stared at the graffiti. “Be a good girl.” She repeated that phrase in her head over and over as she sat on the toilet. “Obey.” She repeated that too. Be a good girl Nicole. Obey like a good girl Nicole. She lost track of time as she kept repeating those words. Her mind repeating the words over and over again as the sweet aroma lingered as if it was being piped into the stall.

But there were the last words too. “Knock and enjoy.” What does that mean? Knock on what? The stall? Enjoy what? This was so weird in such a nice place. As Nicole slid her panties back up, she giggled and knocked on the side of the stall. She shrugged her shoulders and was opening the stall door when there was a knock from the other side. What?!?! What was that? She giggled again and knocked back. And then it happened. A tile on the wall slid to the side and a hole appeared. And then just like that a cock poked through. Oh my god! Nicole nervously giggled. She noticed grey pubic hairs. She noticed there was a very nice pair of black pants with the fly down with this cock poking through.

Oh god. What is she supposed to do? Call the police? Run away? Who could that belong to? But something told her to be a good girl and obey. She knelt down some to try to get a better look

through the hole, but she could only see the cock. It was bouncing some up and down. She tried to push it back with her hand but ended up sliding her hand up and down the shaft. Mmmm it was so warm and hard. She giggled more. Maybe if she stroked it for a bit he would go away. So she slowly stroked the cock thinking that was all he would want. She tried to get a closer look and the cock head rubbed on her cheek. She gasped. Oh god. That was so scary. It almost went into my mouth. I wonder if my cousin might have to do that tonight for her new husband. I suppose if he ordered her to. She has to obey. She has to be a good girl. If I was the bride and my husband, my older husband with grey pubic hairs, told me to suck his cock, I suppose I would. I would have to. I would have to obey like a good girl. I'd just open my mouth like a good wife and ... (and soon Nicole had her mouth open and was sliding her mouth over the cock).

Nicole moaned over the older cock like a good wife would. She imagined him ordering her to suck it and suck it and she did just as she was told. She kissed it. She licked it. She even pressed her face to the wall and licked the balls. She would be very good at obeying. Then she took the cock back in her mouth and slowly bobbed her mouth up and down pleasing the older man. Nicole felt wet inside her panties as she moved her mouth faster, faster, faster. She felt her pussy growing wetter. When the cock exploded, Nicole felt an orgasm of her own as she dutifully swallowed every drop, just as she imagined being ordered to do. MMMMMMMMM Nicole moaned as she felt every single drop enter her mouth and slide down her throat. She popped her mouth off and kissed the tip for a long time before the cock slid back out of the hole and the tile piece was placed back.

Nicole giggled. Then she thought—oh god. What did I just do? She rushed out of the stall and back to the reception. She saw her aunt and mom talking. She tried to act calm.

“Hi mom, Aunt Rita. Where are Uncle Rico and dad?”

“Oh they went to the men’s room a while ago dear.”

“Oh god! I mean ...”

Nicole rushed away and saw one of her other uncles. “Hi Uncle Lewis.”

“Hi Nicole. You look very pretty tonight.”

“Thanks.” Nicole blushed knowing even her own uncles were looking down her dress.”

“Have you seen my dad or Uncle Rico.?”

“I did a little while ago in the men’s room. They were there, so was I, and your Uncle Sergio. And a few of your cousins too. I guess all the wine hit us at the same time.”

(Giggle) “Oh yeah. Funny one Uncle Lewis.”

Nicole walked away. Who did she suck off? Her dad? Her uncle? One of her older cousins? Maybe a family friend? Oh god, it was so embarrassing.

Nicole soon learned the mayor was in the bathroom about the same time. So were 3 of her dad’s own business friends. She even overheard a conversation from some older men, men she did not know, saying something along the lines of how men were taking turns to use a stall and hoping to get a good knock. There was a 2 minute time limit in the stall, and if no knock, then the next guy got to wait. So far only one guy got lucky tonight. Probably one of the bride’s slutty friends or maybe a lonely housewife on the other side. The men laughed.

Oh god, Nicole was the “slutty friend.”

She rushed back to the ladies room to try to compose herself. She stayed away from the last stall, and in fact, she did not go into any stall. She just stared at herself in the mirror trying to catch her breath. She saw her nipples were very hard and clearly visible through the dress. She saw her lipstick was all smeared. Oh god! Did anyone notice? They would be able to know it was her mouth sucking cock. She was so glad she was alone in the ladies room as she tried hard to

get a grip. The sweet smell was drifting to the vanity area.

Then she heard it. A knock from the far end of the room. It was coming from the last stall. It was the knock of someone who knew what he wanted. She stepped closer. The knock was rather stern. She opened the stall door. The tile piece was already slid to the side. She gasped. There was one more loud knock and then it was there. Another cock. This one was bigger than the last one. She saw heavy balls with lots of grey hairs. Her mouth began salivating. Her nostrils were full of the sweet smell, and the words were telling her to obey and be a good girl. She knew she had to obey. The words were right there on the wall of the stall. She had to be a good girl. She walked inside the stall and closed the door. Rather than bend down, she knelt like a dutiful wife. She softly stroked the cock, kissing the head like a good girl. She licked up and down the sides and then slowly started licking the balls. A good wife always remembers the balls. She suckled on one ball, then another. She gently lifted her skirt and used one hand to rub the front of her panties as she took the cock inside her mouth. She moaned as she slowly sucked the cock of this powerful man. She wanted to please him to be his good girl. She sucked and sucked and sucked. She giggled as she heard him moan through the wall. She WAS a good girl. She sucked harder and harder and felt his cock grow harder. Then suddenly it pulled back. Nicole was started. What? Why did he do that? She peered inside the hole and it hit her. A blast of cum shot though. She pulled back and the cock poked back through, shooting more cum on her. Shots hit her face, her hair, her neck, dripping down into her cleavage. She quickly tried to put it back in her mouth and finish him off proper. She suckled on the cock until it was dry. Then it pulled away and the tile slid back.

Nicole knelt there. She felt the warm goo coating her face. Dripping down her neck and sliding inside her dress, resting on the tops of her tits. Oh god. Now what? She was covered in cum. She really was the “slutty friend” that the other men were talking about. And she sucked off another man—another family friend, or worse family member. She tried to pull as much cum off her face as she could with her hands, licking her fingers clean.

Nicole came out of the stall, feeling sticky and excited. Her panties were soaked, and worse, her chest was sticky with cum, clinging to her tits and dripping down inside her bra. She looked at herself in the mirror, and saw her dress could not hide how hard her nipples were. Her face has a cummy glow. She sighed and figured she was as clean as she could be. She tried to hide in plain sight by sitting in the back of the room at a mostly empty table. She overheard more older men talking about the lucky two men who got head and how they were planning to get back to

the rest room hoping they'd be the next lucky one.

Nicole softly moaned thinking how she made two men "lucky." Then she saw him, one of her uncle's and dad's business acquaintances. He was surrounded by several other older men and he was getting slapped on the back as he loudly told of his good fortune. Nicole recognized him as someone who had been in her house when she was younger. And now she knew he was one of the men who had their cocks in her mouth. She moaned quietly to herself as she reached under the table and lightly reached under her dress, softly rubbing the front of her panties.

"Nicole!"

She jumped, pulling her hand back but raising her dress up exposing her panties and garters.

"I've been calling for you for a minute or two."

Nicole looked. It was one of her uncles. She could tell he saw her wet panties. She blushed red as she tugged down her dress. She saw his eyes then drift to her chest and she blushed even more. She hoped he didn't see how her chest was shiny from her earlier cum bath.

"Sorry Uncle Sergio."

"I was just asking if you have seen your mom or Aunt."

"Oh ... ummm ... no. I'm not sure,"

"Would you mind going into the ladies room and looking while I check elsewhere?"

“Oh, ummm OK I guess.”

“That’s a good girl.”

Nicole gasped when he said it. Did he know? Was he asking her to ...?

She and her Uncle walked together until they go to the different doors. She tried to hide her excitement as she stepped into the ladies room. She told herself just to look for her mom or Aunt and then get out. There was no one else in there, but she could easily hear the knocking coming from the last stall. The sweet smell was there too. She stood frozen. She was NOT going to walk over there. Maybe just a bit closer to be able to tell how loud the knocking was, but that is it. No closer. One more step and that would be it. Well maybe just to open the stall door, but no closer. The words were right there on the stall. Be a good girl. Obey. Nicole giggled when she saw a cock with grey pubic hairs pushing through the hole in the open tile space. Poor fellow. He would not get what he was expecting. She had no plans to kneel down, well at least not any closer to the cock. Maybe kneel just to see if she could see better. Well she did have to crawl closer to get a better look. She giggled thinking how much a tease she was being when she took the cock in her hands. He was going to be let down when she refused to put it in her mouth. Maybe just a kiss to kinda say she was sorry. She pursed her lips together to give a kiss as she gently stroked the hard old cock in front of her. She used her other hand to pull her dress down her chest some to expose her tits. She didn’t want any accidents by having cum on the front of her dress. She had to be smart about it after all. She was going to use her brain about this and ... hey she had the cock in her mouth and she was sucking away. Her tongue was rolling around the shaft as she softly sucked up and down on the cock she had no plan to suck. Well maybe just for a bit, but no way was she going to make another man cum on her face or in her mouth even though she loved how good cum tasted when it filled her mouth and she could tell this cock was just about ready. Oh god! What was she doing? She wasn’t going to let this happen again. She pulled her mouth off. She was not going to do this again, remember? She had to stop. Oh God, it is splattering on my face. Mmmmm it feels so good coating me and dripping down on my tits. Mmmmmmmmm, back in my mouth to suck it dry. Nicole smile as she felt the last drops on her tongue as she swallowed dutifully. Then she gasped. She did it again! She wasn’t going to and here she was kneeling in the stall, coated with cum on her face and tits and her mouth sucking a cock dry.

She pulled her mouth off and decided that was enough! She was not going to ... oh god, another

hard cock just popped through. Well maybe one more.

45 minutes later Nicole just finished off her 7th cock in a row. She swallowed most of the cum of most of the men, but she sure had plenty splash on her face and down on her tits. Her dress front was certainly soiled too, and her stockings had plenty of drips covering her legs. She used her panties to try to wipe most of the cum off her face, stockings, and dress—her panties had been off since cock #3 while her fingers pleased herself. She pulled her dress front back up to cover her sticky tits, and she felt the goo squish inside between her tits and bra. She then slid her gooey sticky panties back on feeling the cum of 7 men press into her wet pussy.

God, what a slut she turned into today. She has sucked off 9 total men, some of whom had to be family. She made herself look presentable and then walked out to re-join the reception.

She saw Uncle Sergio—who saw her walk in—see her walk out. She blushed knowing he had to know it was her. Was he one of the men? She rushed back into the reception. She overheard some of her female relatives talk about their men running to the men's room far too often. She even heard her mom complain that her dad went into the rest room 5 times. Nicole felt so embarrassed, and so horny. All those men, older, smart, powerful, many family members. She satisfied 9 of them, and she was wearing their cum on her chest, her hair and face, on her panties, squishing into her pussy. God, she wanted more!

It was finally time to leave. Nicole's mom and dad were both too drunk to drive, so she did. Nicole's dad's business partner needed a ride too. She drove. Her parents were passed out in the back seat. Nicole giggled as she noticed her mom's head was on her dad's lap. Nicole wondered if her mom would have her head there again later tonight while they were in bed. The partner, Mr. Kinney, just kept looking at Nicole as she drove. She knew her dress was hiked up exposing her garter straps and stocking tops. She tried to make small talk and he seemed to talk freely but from time to time would place a hand on her thigh and "accidentally" pushing her dress up higher. She blushed more as her sticky stained pink panties could now be seen.

"Ummmm, Mr. Kinney ... I mean my mom and dad ..."

“... are asleep in the back Nicole.”

“But you’ve known me since I was ...”

“... young but turning into a woman.”

“Oh god, Mr. Kinney, it’s just that I’m so tired and ...”

“... horny? So horny after sucking off so many men? Is it because you obey like a good girl?”

Nicole blushed bright red. “Oh please Mr. Kinney, don’t tell my dad ... errrr I mean I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Pull the car over Nicole.”

Nicole simply nodded and obeyed. She looked into the back seat seeing her parents still asleep. She then giggled and reached over and undid Mr. Kinney’s pants and soon her head was bobbing up and down from his lap.

“Good girl, good girl.”

Nicole moaned as she was praised and started to try to take the powerful man’s cock deeper in her mouth. She rubbed her pussy through her panties as she sucked harder and harder. She felt him grow tense and could tell he was going to explode. She smiled and giggled and pulled her mouth up. “Can you shoot it all over me Mr. Kinney? Please. I promise I’ll do it again too if you shoot it on my face.”

He smiled and nodded and Nicole giggled and used her hand to coax the cock and soon a blast of cum shot up on her face and into her hair. Then again, and again. She was dripping with cum and she moaned as she felt her pussy gush too.

She lifted her face up and smiled, her cum covered face beaming. “Mmmmmm Mr. Kinney that was so good. Am I a good girl?”

He nodded and Nicole giggled more so happy. She started the car again and drove him home, blowing him once more at his front door before returning to the car and driving her parents’ home.

She woke them and helped them inside. Her parents did not notice how cum soaked their daughter’s face was. She helped her mom into her nightgown and then into bed. She then retrieved her dad from the sofa and heled him into bed. There was just one last thing she needed to do to help him sleep ... She was a good girl.

NICOLE GETS A JOB THAT MAKES SENSE

Nicole Messer sat patiently in the lobby. It was her first big job interview since graduation. Her dad called in a favor and got one of his business colleagues to give her a chance. Nicole—Nicki to her friends—vaguely recalled the man, Mr. Johnson. He, like many of her dad’s friends, was a frequent visitor to the Messer home when she was young. Her parents hosted many parties inviting dad’s colleagues, mom’s friends, and various local politicians. All the men, Mr. Johnson included, used to stare at her since as far back as when she was 11 years old. She developed early and had a C chest by 14, and was a full DD by her eighteenth birthday. Nicole used to like the stares and all the flirting the men did with her, not realizing what they were thinking. Now that she was older, she recognized what those men were staring at. It made her a bit upset, as she wanted respect based on her academics—she graduated college magna cum laude—not her chest. She even went out of her way to dress in heavy sweatshirts and baggy clothes in college so that she could be judged by her smarts.

Now that she was in the lobby of Johnson Industries, she had to wear proper business attire. She chose a pants suit with a blazer that covered her chest. A simple white blouse and a heavy bra underneath made her appear like any other young business woman, and not some big

cheded tart.

Both her dad and Mr. Johnson held antiquated views about women in general, and more so when it came to women in the business world. They were fine for being secretaries, receptionists, and maybe, just maybe, mail room clerks. But as people in management, women just couldn't cut it in the minds of these older men. Nicole knew how her dad felt and was aware that many of his peers felt similarly. She planned to prove them all wrong. The fact that Mr. Johnson was even giving her a chance meant that she must have impressed the shit out of him with her resume. Just wait until he sees how well I do in the business world, she thought.

A sharp, but somewhat inappropriately, dressed woman came into the lobby. She was wearing a rather tight dress that came only to her mid-thigh. The dress had a low cut such that her chest was only half covered and the top half—almost as big a Nicole's DDs—were bouncing rather easily. Garter straps were obviously underneath her dress, the bumps prominently pushing out from the tight fabric. Bright red lipstick and 4 inch heels completed her look.

She smiled warmly. "Miss Messer?"

Nicole frowned. "Yes. It's Ms. Messer, not Miss."

The woman giggled slightly. "Of course it is. Follow me. I'm Miss Warner, Mr. Johnson's personal secretary. I'll be escorting you to his suite. May I interest you in some cool water?" Miss Warner suddenly produced a bottle of water out of ... well who knows ... and offered it to Nicole.

"Oh. Sure. Thanks." Nicole took the water and took a sip from the neck as they walked. The water was nice and cool. It had that perfect crystal clear taste—or rather lack of taste. And there was a hint of something. Nicole could not place it exactly, but she knew she liked it. She took another sip and then a large gulp.

Miss Warner walked such that Nicole had to hustle a bit to keep up. Nicole wondered how Miss

Warner was able to walk so quickly in her heels, and figured that all the bouncing must be distracting too. Not surprisingly to Nicole, she saw several men stare at Miss Warner and smile. Nicole frowned at the idea of these men considering Miss Warner a sexual object, although it was obvious Miss Warner did bring that attention on herself by her outfit.

They finally reached the elevator and went up several stories to the top floor where there was quite the collection of busy people working. All the men were dressed in fine dark suits and ties—all looking basically the same. The women were all dressed as if they were in some sort of ... well not soft core porno, but certainly a rated-R movie. Each had a blouse cut low enough to allow their chest to visibly bounce. Some dressed like Miss Warner and had very tight dresses. Others wore very short skirts that flipped and swung up with each step, revealing that those women, like Miss Warner, also wore garter straps and stockings. Nicole even saw one girl bending over a desk in deep conversation with a man in a suit. Nicole could not overhear them, but did know from one look, that the woman wore a blue garter belt and matching blue panties. Nicole almost blushed but distracted herself by taking another gulp of her water.

Miss Warner finally reached a very impressive set of doors and opened them that led into a foyer of Mr. Johnson's office. The foyer was almost as big as a house. At the far end was another set of doors that must have led directly into his personal office. Miss Warner walked to near that far set of doors and then sat at a desk right outside the doors. "Please have a seat Miss Mas... errrr Ms. Masser. I'll let Mr. Johnson know that you are here."

Nicole smiled and sat down. She tried to take another drink of her water but was surprised to see the bottle was already empty. Miss Warner picked up a phone on her desk and pressed a button. "Sir. Your 10 o'clock appointment, Miss ... she stopped and looked at Nicole, I mean Ms. Masser, is here. Yes sir. Right away."

Miss Warner stood and smiled. She walked over to a small credenza that opened and contained a hidden refrigerator. Miss Warner grabbed another water bottle and handed it to Nicole. "I saw that you were empty. Mr. Johnson will be a few minutes. Just make yourself comfortable."

Nicole smiled at Miss Warner's attentiveness. "Thank you."

Miss Warner then quietly knocked on her boss's door and opened the door a crack before sneaking inside and closing the door behind her.

About 15 minutes later, Miss Warner stepped out. Her face looked a tad flushed and she was reapplying lipstick. Nicole wondered if perhaps she got reprimanded for something given how she appeared a bit flustered. Miss Warner however otherwise seemed fine and even had a bit of a smirk on her face.

She looked back into the office. "Yes sir, that does make sense. I will see to it when the time comes." She then looked at Nicole. "He can see you now Misssssss.... Ms. Masser. Oh and ..."
"Miss Warner walked back to the fridge and grabbed another water bottle. Nicole had drained her second during the short wait. "... here you go dear."

Nicole giggled a bit. He must be nervous to have consumed two entire water bottles so quickly. "Thank you Miss Warner." The Nicole walked inside.

Inside, Mr. Johnson sat at his enormous desk. His office was not surprisingly also huge such that the desk fit. He stood up and smiled at Nicole, offering his hand.

"Nicki. So good to see you again. It has been ... what ... 4, maybe 5 years?"

Nicole smiled and shook his hand. He had a firm, but not overpowering grip. "Thank you Mr. Johnson. It has been some time. I was probably a high school senior when we last saw each other. And thank you so much for this opportunity."

"Well, you certainly have grown into a fine young woman." He was eyeing her up and down and Nicole sensed that his eyes lingered a bit too long on her chest. She was glad her heavy outfit prevented him from staring too long. He then grabbed a piece of paper off his desk—her resume. "And I might add a very impressive young woman too. So many accomplishments in

such a short time.”

Nicole blushed mildly at the compliment. “Thank you sir. As you know, my father is very well respected in town, and works incredibly hard. I have always tried to follow in his footsteps as far as work ethic. I hope that if everything works out here, I can move out of my parents’ home into my own place.”

Mr. Johnson smiled. “Mr. Johnson. Sir. Please. You used to call me Uncle Johnny when you were young. When it is just us two together, no need to be so formal Nicki. And while I get why you’d want your own place, you have to admit, your parent shave wonderful and large home with the pool too. I fondly remember the parties they used to throw with all of us, even you, hanging out at the pool.”

Nicole smiled as she too loved those parties, although she also knew that was when her dad’s friends first started staring at her growing chest as she swam in her bikini. In fact Mr. Johnson always seemed to talk to her bikini top more than her, as she remembered. She slightly chuckled. “Yeah. I guess you’re right sir ... errr Uncle Johnny. I have to admit I am nervous. But as much as I love my family home, I want to be my own person too. In fact, I want to be able to prove myself, and definitely not thought of as getting a favor from you because you know my dad.”

He now chuckled himself. “Angelo would never forgive me if I just handed you a spot on my management team. He knows you have to earn it, and earn it you will.” Nicole smiled at that, knowing that she would be judged on her merit—and just her merit. She took a sip from her water bottle. Huh? It was already empty. She had drunk an entire bottle, her third one already, in about 5 minutes.

Mr. Johnson smiled as he saw Nicole completing her water. “Let me tell you a bit more about the company and how I see your role.” As he spoke, he opened a small drawer in his desk. He produced another bottle of water and handed it across to Nicole. She smiled and immediately took a big gulp before listening in. “We started off as a small research company, mostly developing new technologies for some private equity firms. But we stumbled across a fascinating new applied science that led to a government contract with the feds, and that led to

more and more discoveries such that we have contracts with not only the feds, but a few other international governments and many large corporations. It would not surprise you, Nicki, to know that this led to us opening office all over the country and later all over the globe. It is very exciting, and very lucrative.”

Nicole nodded and caught herself with her jaw slightly open. This was really big stuff and she was about to be part of it. She tried to tamp down her excitement, but was sure she had a huge smile. “Wow sir ... err Uncle Johnny. That is something. I didn’t know my dad had such powerful friends.”

“Your dad. Hell, Angelo is one of our top investors. Didn’t you know Nicki, your dad is on our Board and helps guide the company?”

Nicole nodded “no,” somewhat embarrassed that she did not know what a big deal her own dad was. “I’m sorry Uncle Johnny. I guess I was so busy being in school that I just didn’t realize.”

He chuckled a bit. “No worries Nicki. Anyway, let me tell you about one of our more recent discoveries. It is hard to follow, but a smart young lady like yourself will certainly grasp the intricacies and nuances.”

Nicole nodded and again smiled at his respect for her intellect. She was about to get her first company secret.

“You see we have a whole bunch of scientists that work on bio-technical matters. We also employ a huge contingent of psychologist and psychiatrists that help with not only the biology of the brain but also the way in which we can understand it, all to further our company goals. If we can understand how body and mind work, particularly in tandem, we can understand the human condition and do whatever we can to make society a better place for everyone.”

“Wow Uncle Johnny. That’s like ... incredible.”

“Indeed. And it is a tremendous responsibility. What we do can be used for so much good. But it can also be used for less altruistic reasons as well.” As he said this, he handed Nicole yet another bottle of water. Nicole giggled and said something about the air being dry.

“For example, we had to terminate a scientist recently that was using some of the newer technology to take advantage of other people. You can certainly understand that we had to rid ourselves of such a person.”

“Well yeah. Obviously. What did he do?”

“Well I cannot tell you everything yet Nicki, as there is ongoing litigation. But suffice to say, he created an odorless colorless compound that could be mixed into any drink or food. The person who consumed the compound could then be manipulated to do whatever a person of authority said. So he could theoretically steal money from people but make it seem like the person was voluntarily giving away their money to him.”

“Geeez. That is rotten.”

“Agreed. That is why he was terminated. He was so clever about it too. Basically whoever consumed the product could be told to do something. If the person being manipulated said to themselves, in their head, gee, that isn’t right, or worse, and if that person said it to the evil scientist, he would utter a trigger phrase, something along the lines of “that makes sense” and suddenly the person would think it made sense to follow the directions—the commands really—of the evil scientist.”

“Oh my god. So he almost got away with it.”

“He did for a while. Fortunately one of our other scientists caught on and reported him to the Board. We fired him, destroyed his research, and reported him to the proper authorities. I hope

he gets a lifetime in jail.”

“Yeah. Me too.”

“Of course, you will forget this entire story.”

Nicole smiled. “Well I won’t tell anyone, but I am not sure I could forget such a story. I mean just imagining that scientist being so sneaky and evil. It would be hard to forget.”

“Well it is important to me and the entire company that you immediately forget everything I just told you about the scientist and his project. That makes sense, right?”

Nicole blinked and then nodded. “Of course it makes sense Uncle Johnny. I mean I honestly ... I’m sorry, I must have been so caught up in all the impressive things, about your company that I don’t even remember what we were just talking about.”

Mr. Johnson smiled. “Oh I was telling you about how you will start with the junior executives, but that you will start with a thorough orientation first, starting tomorrow.”

Nicole giggled a bit thinking it was silly how she was forgetful about something so basic as that.

“The most important part of orientation is to understand how useful you can be to the company.”

“Useful? That seems like a weird thing. Wouldn’t it be better if I was considered valuable?”

“Of course Nicki, you want to be valuable, but it makes sense that being useful is your biggest

goal. After all, it makes sense that being useful is valuable. Agreed?"

"Of course Uncle Johnny. I want to be useful. That makes sense."

"Excellent." He smiled as he handed her another bottle of water. Nicole drank it down quickly. She was so thirsty for some reason. Nerves from her first day she guessed.

Nicole had two more bottles of water in Mr. Johnson's office while he explained that it made sense that she take off her jacket and then her blouse during the rest of the meeting. Something about the way he explained that if he could see her in her bra, he could tell what a good person she was. Nicole was pleased too, as he explained it made sense that she be comfortable with him staring at her chest because it was bound to happen in any number of business situations and she might as well get used to it, even though it was technically very sexist. He explained that he personally felt uncomfortable staring at her chest but that it made sense that she encourage it, and of course Nicole told Uncle Johnny several times during their meeting that he wasn't staring at her chest enough. She was glad she was able to re-direct his attention to her chest, proving, as he said, that it made sense that a business woman always directs attention to her biggest asset. Nicole even agreed that it made sense that he stare more given that her bra was so thick and heavy that it did not offer enough of a view for just a quick glance.

After the meeting ended, Nicole buttoned up her blouse and put her suit jacket back on and met with Miss Warner. She drank three more bottles of water while chatting with Miss Warner. Miss Warner explained that it made sense that she was the first person controlled by Uncle Johnny given that she had worked for him for so long but that it also made sense that Nicole forget that tidbit of information. It also made sense, as Miss Warner explained, that she, as a long time employee, regularly got fucked over her desk by all the top executives, including Uncle Johnny and even the board, which included Nicole's dad, and that given how sensitive this information was, that it made sense that Nicole also forget that information too. The time just flew by and Nicole honestly couldn't remember too much of what Miss Warner said, other than how much she loved working at the company and hoped Nicole would too. As she was leaving, Miss Warner said, "Be sure to dress like a girl tomorrow Miss Warner, you're not a man."

Nicole was about to tell her off, but decided that the poor woman simply didn't understand what it meant to be a female executive with education and credentials. "I think I am just fine the way I am dressed Miss Warner. And again, its Ms. Masser."

"I am sure you would rather dress like a girl Miss Masser. It makes sense to be dressed that way given that you are a girl not a boy. A miss, not a Ms. Again, that makes sense, right?"

Nicole stopped, and then smiled and nodded. "I guess you're right Miss Warner, that does make sense. Thanks for the tip."

Nicole left and went home. She was excited about her first day. She wished she had dressed more like a girl than a boy and had not insisted on being called Ms. It made no sense to do that. It made much more sense to be who she was a girl, a miss, and to dress that way too.

The next morning Nicole dressed in a cute dress. Nicole's mom smiled at her as she left the house, telling her how lovely she looked. Nicole thanked her mom—who always wore a dress or skirt. Nicole chose a modest, mid-calf in length, dress and did not offer any cleavage. She wore her usual minimizer bra so that her 34DDs would not bounce too much. She reported to Miss Warner to get set up for orientation. She gulped down two bottles of water before she was led to a small office with a computer. Miss Warner, who was wearing a skirt that was so short that her garter straps could be seen below the hem even when she was standing upright, explained that the computer had a program, which explained company policies and asked some questions that were for the HR and payroll departments. Nicole nodded as she held her third water bottle. "If you have any questions dear, just let me know. Otherwise, report back to me once you've finished."

Nicole started up the program as she guzzled her water, and then another. Basic policies about secrecy, anti-discrimination, and legal rights were explained. Then there were questions for payroll and HR. Her full legal name, address, birthdate, education, and so on. The next set of questions asked about her body measurements. That's odd. Nicole got up and walked down the hall. "Miss Warner, there are a bunch of personal questions about my measurements. I don't

see how ...”

Miss Warner smiled. “Not to worry Miss Messer. The company often provides shirts, and other clothing with the company logo. We just need it for special ordering. That makes sense, doesn’t it?”

Nicole immediately smiled. Of course that makes sense. She nodded at Miss Warner. “But I don’t see how much bust size ...”

“Miss Messer. I’m sure you know how successful this company is. Obviously, there would never be any questions asked if they were not appropriate. I am sure that makes sense to you. As to bust size, well some of our company clothing has to be special fitted for girls who are rather ... big on top. It make sense to make sure we all know how big your chest is, wouldn’t you agree?”

Nicole smiled. Of course that made sense. No way that Uncle Johnny’s company would ask questions if they were not completely appropriate, even about her chest. The more she thought about it the more it made sense. After all, she had her blouse off in front of Uncle Johnny yesterday to make sure she got used to men staring at her chest. Nicole thanked Miss Warner and returned to the small office to finish the questionnaire. She drank down another water bottle while she did so.

She explained that she was 5’1” tall. She weighed 125 lbs. She had a 34DD chest, 30” waist, and 36” hips. The questionnaire did get a bit more personal, but as she knew, it made sense that these questions needed asking. Then there were questions about her sexual activity. That’s odd. Miss Warner said it only made sense that the company would ask lots of questions but these seem out of bounds. She walked back to Miss Warner’s desk.

“What can I do for you dear?”

“It’s the questionnaire Miss Warner. There are lots of questions about ...” Nicole’s voice

dropped to a whisper. “ ... sex. That can’t be right.”

“Of course it is Miss Messer. Sex is one a life’s great joys and makes people happy. The company needs to know how happy you are. Happy girls are useful girls. That makes sense, right?”

Nicole stared ahead for a moment. “Huh. I guess I never thought of it that way before. Thanks Miss Warner. That does make sense. Wow, this company is so progressive.” Nicole smiled wide. So proud to work for such an innovative company.

“Of course dear. And remember, it makes sense that you be open and honest about all the sex questions. Otherwise the data won’t be accurate.”

Nicole nodded. Of course, she thought. She learned in college that bad data leads to bad outcomes. She had to be honest. That makes total sense.

She sat back down and drank another bottle of water as she answered the questions. Yes, she was sexually active, although Nicole did not tell them, because they didn’t ask, that it had been several months. Her favorite position was missionary, but she very much enjoyed doggy style and girl on top. She had given oral sex to men, but considered it dirty and did not care for it. No, she had never given a tittytuck or allowed a man to cum on her face or chest.

Once the questionnaire was finished, Nicole reported back to Miss Warner. “All done.”

Miss Warner smiled, then looked Nicole over. “Miss Masser, I see you wore a dress, but not a particularly revealing one.”

Nicole nodded. “Yes. I want to be judged by my skills and my intelligence, not my looks.” Nicole hoped that she didn’t come off as snotty. And she didn’t want to seem judgmental either. But

she didn't think dressing the way Miss Warner did was appropriate for management.

Miss Warner smiled. "Of course dear. But you know a long skirt is simply going to get in the way. How can you be expected to get all your work done if you wear such heavy and bulky clothes? An efficient and useful girl always dresses in short skirts and low cut tops. Otherwise, it's just suffocating. Doesn't that make much more sense?"

Nicole stared for a moment. That did make sense. She felt like she was suffocating in her outfit. She could be more efficient if she wore a short skirt and a low cut top. And she did agree with Uncle Johnny the day before that she really wanted to be useful. "You're right Miss Warner. I'm glad you are here to help me. That makes total sense."

Nicole gulped down a few more bottles of water with her lunch and then returned to the computer for more orientation. Miss Warner explained that her first few weeks of work would be explained in detail during the process.

Nicole fired up the computer and soon was asked more very personal questions. She knew it made sense that these questions would be asked because Uncle Johnny's company would never ask a question that did not have a purpose. Still, when she was asked how many times she let a guy cum on her face, she had enough. That question seemed rather ... well it made no sense. This was especially true given that she already answered that she had never done it before. He marched down to Miss Warner. She wasn't at her desk, so Nicole waited. Finally Miss Warner emerged from Uncle Johnny's office. She was wiping her cheek with a tissue as she walked out. "Oh hi Miss Masser. What can I do for you?"

"It is the questions I keep getting asked. They are ..." Nicole again lowered her voice to an almost whisper. "... more than just about sex. They are getting into lots of sexual details, like ... cum and stuff."

Miss Warner smiled. "Of course they are very personal in nature Miss Masser. The company needs to know if you are totally fulfilled in all aspects of your life. Like I told you, the company needs to know if you are happy. All the details about how sex makes you happy are important—

every detail. Otherwise, we might not know what makes you happy and you might not be the most efficient and useful employee. I am sure that makes sense.”

Nicole nodded. Yeah, I guess it does, she thought. “Thanks Miss Warner.”

“Any time dear.”

Nicole walked back to the computer lab. Of course the company needed to know if I am happy in my life, even all the little details about my sexual life. Otherwise, I might be an unhappy, and thus an inefficient and non-useful employee. That makes total sense. Nicole returned to the questionnaire. No, she had not let a guy ever cum on her face. Why? Well because it is gross and demeaning. No, she guessed she did not consider how much she would make a guy happy if she did so, and yes it did make sense that men should be happy with her sexually, and if he got to cum on her face that could make him happy. Yes, that would make her useful sexually. Yes, I guess it is true that if I make a guy happy by letting him unload on my face that would make me useful and by extension make me happy. Of course I want a guy to be happy with me. That only makes sense.

Yes, I guess men do love getting their cock sucked. Sure, that would make men happy with me which would make me happy because I would be so useful. Yes, I guess the same could be said about fucking a cock with my tits. Well as a matter of fact, they are a bit sensitive. Well truth be told, one time a guy made me cum just by playing with my tits.

Nicole felt funny answering such detailed questions, but she was certain every question had a purpose. That only made sense.

An older guy? No, such men did not appeal to her. Why? They were usually too fat, bald, grey, and frankly sexist. Well yes, I guess they did earn those extra pounds, and that lost and/or greying hair by working so hard. Sure I appreciate that they work so hard and that helps the company which helps me. Well I suppose that they would love to get a nice blowjob and titfuck too. Sure it would make them happy and yes, if I was the one making them happy that was then that would mean I was being useful to the company. Yes, I guess that would make me happy

too. Well yes, I suppose the more important the man to the company, the bigger his need for a blowjob followed by cumming on my face. And if I was the one providing that need that would make me the most useful girl, so yes, older men are totally worth having sex with, knowing how hard they work and how important they are.

Nicole was sure that having sex at the office was not OK, but it was true that it would benefit the men and make her very useful, especially if it was one of the higher up men like Uncle Johnny or the board members. Maybe she could talk to Miss Warner about that and see if she could be useful in some other way.

Well yes, now that she thinks about it, it does make sense that important men are important for a reason and therefore they must be better than some silly new girl like me. If one of those important men wanted to fuck me, it would not only mean I was being useful, it would mean that they must really like me. And if they like me, then I must like them, obviously. God yes, it makes total sense that older executives are the best guys to fuck.

No I never used my sex appeal to attain anything. I earned my status thus far by brains and ability. Yes, I guess some of my teachers may have noticed my big tits. Of course, they might have wanted to fuck them. Yes, I guess I did miss a big opportunity to let an older important man fuck my tits when I never let an older teacher fuck me. Yes, now that I think about it, all men probably want to fuck my tits and my mouth. Yes, I suppose if I wanted to do so, I could use my big tits to gain something from another man. Yes, I suppose that I could conceivably help the company out if I were to do that for a company client or competitor. Of course I want to be useful to the company and Uncle Johnny. Yes, I guess being useful would be a turn on to me too, so it makes sense that if I sucked off a company client or an older boss and made him happy, then I would be useful, and then I would probably get sexual gratification from that. So yeah, I guess sucking off a guy, especially a boss from the company, and letting him tit fuck me until he cums all over my face and tits would make me not only useful but also make me cum too, which would make me happy which would make me even more useful. Yes, given that my tits are super sensitive that would make me even happier and more useful if a man can use them to make himself cum, especially if he came on my tits. I guess I never realized how useful giving head to older men like all my bosses and their clients, and the board of directors and letting them coat my face with cum was, and how much it makes me a happy girl. Well of course it made sense that successful men must surround themselves with useful girls. The more successful, the more useful his girls must be. So the chief executives and the board must be the most important men, and therefore the men who are best to fuck and the best to let them fill

my mouth with their cocks and cover my face with their cum.

Nicole was proud of her answers. She was sure that she was demonstrating that she could be trained to be very useful. She smiled thinking that all these questions about sex reminded her how much she missed it, and maybe she could let guys use her mouth and tits more to make them happy. Especially an older guy, like a boss, or Uncle Johnny, or even a board member like her ...

Oh god. Nicole just realized how sexy her dad was. Mom is so lucky. I wonder if she makes herself useful for daddy? Oh god, I wonder if she lets him ... I mean all over her face ... oh god ... Nicole sighed and smiled thinking how useful her mom must be to help daddy.

Nicole finished off the questionnaire, sucking down 3 more bottles of water in the process. She was glad she finished them off though. She couldn't wait to tell Miss Warner that she was ready to be useful.

Nicole walked back to Miss Warner's desk to let her know she finished the questionnaire. She was absent from her desk again, so Nicole waited. She thought she heard some soft banging noises coming from Uncle Johnny's office, but she knew better than to interrupt the important man.

Eventually Miss Warner stepped out of the office, smiling. She was tugging down her skirt, not that it would matter, given her exposed garter straps and stocking tops. She looked flushed but smiled wide. "Yes Miss Warner. All done?"

"Yes, Miss Warner, I am."

"That's a good girl. Now report tomorrow and we will go over some final details before you really start work. And remember, try to dress less bunched up and suffocating. Remember, that makes sense."

Nicole nodded. She remembered it made sense to wear a short skirt and low cut top so that she could be more efficient. In fact, she had to stop at the mall on the way home just to get the right items. She found a super cute short pleated skirt and a top that would be low cut enough to allow herself to breathe better. Then it occurred to her that her minimizer bras would still crush her chest, so she also bought a pretty pink shelf bra that offered almost no support but was at least a bra. Most important it would allow her to be free to be useful and efficient. She thought about getting matching panties and even a garter belt, but she remembered that she was still a professional woman, not some office bimbo like Miss Warner seemed to be. No garter belts or stockings. I am a professional not some girl who looks like she is only for sucking cock—although that is a useful thing and I would gladly do it to help the company, just like my mom does to help dad, and just like ... wow, I wonder if Miss Warner sucks off Uncle Johnny. He is successful and she seems like she is super useful.

The next day, Nicole smiled at herself in her mirror. Her boobs were almost on full display, but she knew that meant she would not be so suffocated and could really get things done in a useful and efficient manner. Her parents weren't around when she left, so she couldn't show off her new professional look to them. She was sure they would be proud of her though. Once she got to the office tower, she giggled slightly when some men whistled at her as she walked through the lobby. Silly men, they must think I am a bimbo secretary, not a junior executive. Oh well, they will soon see how useful I can be and then they won't treat me this way any longer.

She reported to Miss Warner. "Wow Miss Messer, you look much less suffocated. I am sure you will be more useful today." Nicole beamed at the compliment. Even a secretary can tell I am about to be the most useful junior executive ever. "Now let's get you back to the training room for you last bit of instructions before you start your career."

Nicole smiled at the thought of a career at Johnson Industries. It will someday be called Johnson & Messer, she thought. She followed Miss Warner down the hall to the training rooms, although this time it was a different office. Inside was a computer screen on the wall, but it was only about 2-3 feet above the floor. There was a pillow and nothing else it seemed.

"Make yourself comfortable Miss Messer."

“But ...” Nicole had a look on her face of total confusion.

“Oh, the pillow and screen. Yes, there is some big litigation against the architect for flubbing this room up. But we have to make do until this is fixed. So just kneel down and follow the screen.”

“But couldn’t I do the training in a more comfortable room Miss Warner?”

“That’s why we have the pillow Miss Messer. It makes sense that a girl doesn’t mind kneeling down at the office, but always has a pillow to kneel on so as to not hurt her knees or ruin her stockings.”

Nicole stood there for a moment and then smiled. “Yes, I guess that does make sense Miss warner. Uncle Johnn... errr Mr. Johnson sure is considerate to think of putting a pillow in here.”

“Yes he is. Mr. Johnson sometimes even keeps special pillows for his most useful girls. I remember how proud I felt when I earned my own special pillow. It makes sense that you’d want to earn one too, of course.”

Nicole smiled and nodded. Wow, she thought, my own special pillow for being useful. She hoped she could earn one. I wonder how Miss Warner earned hers. I wonder what she does kneeling down for Uncle Johnny. Oh god ... Nicole smiled. Of course that made sense. Miss Warner is assuredly useful.

“Of course, a girl cannot be as useful without stockings Miss Messer. I see you are not wearing any, but I am sure you’ll want to wear some from now on. I know that makes sense to you. Imagine having your legs too chilly and not be able to be your most useful self.”

Nicole frowned. “I am sorry Miss Warner, I didn’t think about that. I promise I will have some on

tomorrow. I think I still have some pantyhose from ...”

“Pantyhose? I am afraid those are not nearly as useful as stockings dear. Every time you have to pull them off. Stockings allow you to keep your legs warm at all times even when you are ...”

Nicole smiled and nodded. “Oh geez. I didn’t even think about going to the restroom. You are so smart Miss Warner. Stockings are way better than pantyhose. You are right.”

“Just be sure to attach the stockings to your garters before sliding up your panties. That way they can stay on even when nature calls or when the boss needs ... well when the boss needs to relax some. That makes sense, right?”

Nicole nodded, making a mental note of these details that will make her more useful and more efficient. She then knelt down on the pillow. “Thanks for your help Miss Warner. You are really sweet to help me, even though I’ll probably be your boss someday.”

Miss Warner smiled kindly. “Of course dear. It makes sense that I help you. Mr. Johnson insists that I do and I am not about to disagree with such a smart man. That would make no sense to disagree with him.”

Nicole nodded. That did make sense. Uncle Johnny is so smart. Whatever he tells me I must follow his command. That makes sense.

“Now be a good girl and complete your training and then let me know when you’re done.” Miss Warner then left the room leaving Nicole alone on her knees, on a pillow, staring at a screen.

Soon, the screen came to life. A voice could be heard through the screen. “Hello and welcome to the completion of your training for Johnson Industries. First, you must be thirsty.” Suddenly wall panel opened next to the screen and a water bottle was there. It was oddly shaped. Rather than a standard bottle, it was like a thick shaft, and longer. It had a mushroom like top. Nicole

took it in her hand. She giggled. It kinda looked like a dildo. She remembered her college roommate had one like this.

Nicole tried to drink from it. But nothing came out, even though she could see the liquid inside. The screen voice came back on. "To get the water released, the user must slide her mouth over the top of the bottle and down the neck until liquid is released. This may take several efforts on the user's part. While unique, this makes sense that to be useful, a girl must be able to adapt to unexpected changes. Here is an unexpected change, a different water bottle. It makes sense that only the most useful girls can unlock the liquid."

Nicole stared at the bottle for a moment. Yes, I guess it makes sense that I should be able to figure out this unexpected change and make water come out of the bottle. If I can't do that, I really have no use here. He slid her lips around the head of the bottle and slid her mouth down the neck. She felt herself gag a bit and slid off. Then back down and up, several times until she felt comfortable trying to get the neck of the bottle deeper into her mouth. She moved the bottle slowly in and out of her mouth. Eventually the bottle squirted water into her mouth. It came out fast, in spurts, and gushed and it was so much that she had to pull the bottle out of her mouth and ended up getting doused with water. It wasn't even like regular water. It was creamier and saltier than normal water but tasted really good. It dripped off her face and down her chest. It seeped over her blouse and the outline of her pink bra could be seen. Still Nicole did not give up and put the water bottle back in her mouth and repeated the process until the bottle was empty.

The screen beeped. "Task completed. Well done. You have proven yourself very useful. It makes sense that you would be useful given that everyone knows girls with big tits are very useful, especially when they use their mouth."

Nicole smiled. Of course she was useful and yes, I guess I have big tits and sure, my mouth is where all the smart words come out, I guess it makes sense that my big tits and mouth make me super useful.

Nicole was instructed to complete the task four more times as she knelt in front of the screen. It made sense to repeat a task until she mastered it. The screen even encouraged her. It makes

sense, the screen told her, that she enjoy encouragement and compliments on her accomplishments. It also made sense that she think about the questionnaire while drinking the—well cream really—from the funny shaped water bottle. She had to be able to think about making her bosses happy while also engaged in tasks. A useful girl thinks about the special ways she can make her boss happy, even if a big object is sliding in and out of her mouth. And if she can accomplish both tasks at the same time, she will of course get pleasure from being so useful. As the screen old her, that makes sense, and of course it did.

Nicole thought about how the questionnaire talked about giving her bosses blowjobs and making them happy. She kept sliding the funny bottle in and out of her mouth as she thought about blowing her bosses. She was really doing it, thinking about her work and doing work, all at the same time. She was getting so excited about it all. She even felt a tingle in her panties as the computer praised her with her favorite line, “good girl.” As the screen told her, it made sense that she loved being called a “good girl” since she was good and a girl.

The voice on the screen even started to sound a bit like Uncle Johnny as it called her “good girl” every time the creamy water came gushing out of the bottle and leaking out of her mouth, dripping all over her blouse. Of course that made sense since Uncle Johnny was her boss and well ... it was embarrassing, but she sometimes even thought of blowing Uncle Jonny. Good thing no one else knows she was thinking these things. She was an important executive, not a cocksucking bimbo. Still. She couldn’t help but get super wet in her panties thinking about being so useful to the important man. I bet mom gets wet sucking off daddy too. All good girls get wet when being useful. It only makes sense.

After the 5th bottle was empty, the screen told her that her computer training was complete, but that she still had to complete some “real life” training. Nicole was tired from working so hard at getting each bottle to empty. She was also a bit of a mess, covered in the white creamy water. Still, as the computer told her, it made sense that she would look this way, as any important executive works so hard that sometimes she just looks like this after work.

It makes sense that she come back for more training after lunch. She is to report to the room labeled “glory entrance.” This made sense given that one who completes training receives the glory.

Nicole rushed off to get stockings and garters during her lunch break. It was a little embarrassing because she was kinda gooey from the morning training, but the salesman was really nice and even offered to give her a fresh clean top. He told her that he worked with all the new executives from Johnson Industries and that it made sense that she be comfortable having him as her salesman.

Nicole was happy about that and glad he would help her be not be so messy, so she changed right there in the dressing room with his help. Good thing he was a salesman, otherwise it would have been awkward taking off her top in front of a man. But as he said, it made sense that she was always comfortable having an older man, even a salesman, stare at her chest. Nicole remembered how important that it was that she direct men to stare at her when at work, so it made sense that she do so for the salesman too.

He even checked her bra for excess moisture, which made sense that a salesman do, and after several squeezes, assured Nicole that her bra was ok. Nicole bit her lip while he was squeezing her bra cups as he probably didn't know how sensitive her tits were. He has no idea that if I wasn't in a hurry I might have to blow him right now. I probably will come back later and do that to thank him and show him how useful I am. In fact, he may have suggested that I do just that as I was taking off my blouse as it made sense that I thank him appropriately, I kinda forgot because his hands on my bra made me kinda forgetful. Oh well, I better hurry back to the special glory room.

Nicole reported back to Miss Warner after lunch to tell her that she was to go to the glory room. Miss Warner was not at her desk, but Nicole saw that Uncle Johnny's door was open, so she peeked in. He was sitting back in his desk chair, arms over his head, eyes closed, smiling.

"Uncle Johnny? Can I bother you for a sec?"

Mr. Johnson, pulled his arms down and smiled at his friend's daughter. Her skirt was short, her brand new garter straps could be seen holding up her brand new white stockings. Her brand new blouse was half buttoned up, exposing her pink lace bra and massive cleavage. "Of course

Nicki. What can I do for you?"

"I just wanted you to know that I am almost done with my training to be an executive here. My last thing is to report to ..." The Nicole noticed something. "Uncle Johnny, my chest is down here." She took off her new blouse and stood there in just her still wet pink lace bra. "Remember, you are supposed to stare at my chest so I can be used to having important men staring." Mr. Johnson nodded and smiled as he stared at the girl's chest, her hard nipples poking through her wet thin lace bra. "Anyway I think I am supposed to go to ... it's called the glory room or ... or something like that."

The executive smiled. "Oh yes. Very important part of your final training. The correct name is actually The Executive Men's Lounge Relaxation Spa, Whiskey and Cigar Den, and Glory Hole Entry point. But the girls just call it the Glory Room. It makes sense that you're excited to go there. After all, a girl who does well in a glory room does well in all kinds of business settings. That only makes sense."

Nicole nodded at what made so much sense. "Wow. That's a cool room name Uncle Johnny. Quite a mouthful."

He chuckled. "It's funny that you say it that way Nicki. You are quite right. A mouthful. Anyway. I would take you there myself, but I am currently ..." He looked down at his lap and Nicole thought she saw Miss Warner's hair for just a second, but that couldn't be. "... waiting for a call. So go down to the men's lounge down the hall. Then around the corner, you'll see a door to a hallway that is marked "girls only." You'll see the glory room entrance there."

Nicole smiled. "Thanks Uncle Johnny. And be sure to tell Miss Warner about this too. She's been super helpful to me. Kinda ... useful. I want to thank her."

"Quite right Nicki. She is very useful, as I am sure you will be soon. I will be sure to tell her, but I am guessing it's almost as if she already has heard it herself. Now run along, I feel like my call is coming real soon."

Nicole notice Uncle Johnny was breathing heavier and gritting his teeth. It must be an important call coming, so she smiled and nodded and started to leave.

“Oh Nicki! One more thing. In the cabinet next to Miss Warner’s desk, you’ll find some pillows. Take one with you. You’ll want to have one.”

Nicole smiled wide. “Really? My own special pillow! Thanks Uncle Johnny.”

He smiled but almost groaned at the same time. “It’s ... Myyyyyyyyyyyy ... ahhhhhhhhhhh ... Pleasurrrrrrrrrrrre.” He started breathing rapidly and then let out several happy sighs.

Nicole smiled and thanked him again as she left his office. He’s so funny sometimes, she thought. She put her blouse back on and grabbed a pink pillow from the cabinet next to Miss Warner’s desk. Then she thought she heard Miss Warner giggling coming from Uncle Johnny’s office. But obviously that couldn’t be. He was all alone in there. Oh well. She made her way down to the glory room.

Nicole found the door and walked in. There was an odd smell, but it reminded her of the creamy water that was inside the funny shaped water bottle. She walked down a hallway and saw a wall that had a series of holes about the same height as the computer screen in the last training room. Nicole remembered that a girl always felt useful kneeling so she knelt down on the pillow that she took from the cabinet next to Miss Warner’s desk and waited. She was sure she would get instructions soon. Then she heard voices. Men talking, probably from the other side of the wall. They were talking about a big meeting. Both voices sounded as if they were very serious men. Important men. One said something about Johnson making another big hire for the ranks and that they hoped she panned out. Nicole wondered if they were talking about her. The other said that all he knew was that until he met her, he was going to be a bit anxious. Yeah, the other man agreed. It’s always tense before we meet the new hires. Hopefully she is smart enough not to have to be told everything. I like a girl who can figure things out and do her job and be useful.

Nicole thought that both men were tense and needed a useful girl. If they were talking about her, she hoped she would not disappoint them and be able to figure out how to be her best most useful self.

And then it happened. A penis ... a cock ... came out through one of the holes in the wall. Nicole looked around. She was alone. Then she figured it out. This was a test on how useful she could be. All her training lessons were coming back to her. Men, especially important men, need to get a blowjob to relax and to be shown the right amount of respect and appreciation. Sure, it wasn't exactly the same as running a meeting, but she was still in training. She kept thinking about how everything Uncle Johnny's company did made sense, so it only made sense that she ...

Nicole gingerly leaned forward. She could tell it was an older man's cock because she could see the grey pubic hairs. She licked her lips remembering how older men always have the best cocks for sucking because the older they get, the more important they are and that means a useful girl must give them head which will make the girl sexually satisfied too because she is being useful. Nothing could be more obvious. I wonder how important this man is, I wonder ..

"God damn it isn't there anyone on the other side?!?! I thought Johnson hired someone who he said would be useful."

"What? Let me check."

Suddenly another cock came through another hole.

Nicole panicked. She had to act fast. She quickly leaned forward more and took the one cock in her mouth as she softly grabbed the other. She had to reach a bit, but she could do it. Her panties instantly got wet. It was true, she was getting satisfied from being useful. She started to bob her mouth up and down the one shaft as she used her hand to slide up and down the other. Her training was paying off. Uncle Johnny's company is so progressive to train her for her big moment. She moaned over the cock in her mouth as she felt her panties getting wetter. God, this is the best cock I've ever had. She could hear voices through the wall too, confirming that

she was being useful.

“That’s a good girl.”

“I told you Johnson would hire the right kind of girl.”

“My god, she sucks like she needs it.”

“Really? I can tell you that her hand is so soft.”

Nicole knew what to do, as she slid her mouth off one cock but down the other and she began to jack off the cock that as, seconds ago, in her mouth. God, she loved being useful. She moved her mouth faster and faster. Her hand moving in unison. She had to prove she was executive material. She quickly slid her mouth off and begged, “Please sirs. Cum for me, I want to be so useful, please.” And immediately her mouth was back on the first cock, sucking harder.

The second cock, however now back in her hand, twitched and soon a shot of cum spurted out landing on Nicole’s stockings. She quickly moved to catch more with her mouth, but another spurt hit her face before she could get her mouth around the head. The food of juices filled her mouth as she felt herself orgasm. Then the first cock erupted and Nicole quickly went back to it, although the first heavy spurt did get all over her hair before she could get the tasty cock and all its yummy cum in her mouth. The first cock still oozing cum, dribbling on her hand and down to her skirt.

After Nicole fully drained the first cock, she took the soft second cock back into her mouth to milk out and yummy remaining cum.

She smiled so wide. She came in her panties a second time during all the cum swallowing and had to admit she felt AND LOOKED useful, as she could tell she had cum dripping off her chin

and forehead. A big stain of cum was on her skirt, her blouse and her stockings.

She heard both men sigh and tell her “good girl.” She never felt prouder. She was so useful. Uncle Johnny would soon hear how she was indeed a good girl and probably promote her before she even started.

“Thank you sirs. I am happy to be so useful.”

She heard them slightly chuckle before one of them said “indeed you are.” Nicole beamed as she saw both cocks disappear.

Nicole wondered if she should report to Miss Warner and let her know that she completed the real-life scenario training perfectly. But within a few minutes, she heard many more voices and soon all 5 holes had cocks sticking out. Nicole knew she had to be more useful before reporting back to Miss Warner.

2 hours later, Nicole was panting. She lost track but thinks it was about 15-20 cocks in total. She swallowed the cum of all of them, except the one man, who she could hear say that he wanted to unload on her tits. Nicole knew he couldn’t see, but did as she was told, as that made sense to follow orders. She almost didn’t get her bra off in time and some got on the both her bra and blouse, but most of it coated her tits. Nicole moaned never realizing how much her tits needed cum.

What was obvious was that Nicole was a sticky mess when the last cock withdrew. She was soaked in her panties too, as she came almost 10 times herself. She slowly stood up and put her bra and blouse back on over her cum soaked torso. She knew she had to stop by and thank the salesman on her way home too, but figured it was best she tell Miss Warner about her day. But she was already gone for the day as was Uncle Johnny. So Nicole went home, via the mall for one last blowjob. She even got a fresh bra and blouse from the salesman too, and she let him bend her over his desk as she really wanted to thank him properly. Nicole was glad to thank him that way too, as she hadn’t been properly fucked in months and to have an important man like the salesman plow her from behind not only feel good, but increased her usefulness.

Nicole got home and both her parents had already gone to bed, although there were empty wine bottles and glasses out suggesting they had quite a bit to drink before bed. She was exhausted, she took a shower, and put on one of the new nighties that she bought at the store. She put on one that was sheer and only came down to her hips. There was a matching sheer panty too, and she looked super cute in case an important man ever stopped by after dark. She then went to bed. But only about an hour later, she heard noises coming from down the hall. She crept quietly down toward her parent's bedroom. She could see her dad was having a nightmare, tossing and turning in bed. Her mom was passed out. She quietly walked in.

"Daddy. Wake up. You're having a nightmare." She tried to gently shake him, but he kept grunting and tossing. The covers came partially off and she saw it. Oh god. Dad. His cock. I'm not supposed to see that. Maybe I should wake up mom so she can help him. But Nicole kept staring at it. Dad is such an important man. He works so hard. Maybe he needs more than mom can do. She reached down to touch it. God, it felt so warm in her hand. Her training kicked in as she knew it made sense that he needed relief and she began to move her hand and felt it grow. Dad's moaning increased. He needs ... but I'm not his wife ... and mom is right there ... but I want to be helpful, useful ... and he is on the board of directors ... and ... it makes so much sense that I ...

Nicole was tormented on what to do as she lowered her head closer to it. It was so hard now. Daddy is still moaning. All important men need a good night's sleep. And mom is too drunk to help and ... god it makes sense ...

Nicole opened her mouth slightly as she bent her face over daddy's cock. Maybe just a little bit to relax him. Oh god, it tastes so good.

Nicole soon was bobbing her mouth slowly up and down. It's ok daddy, I am here to help. Just relax and let me be useful for you. Nicole jumped slightly as she felt her passed-out dad move his hand to her nightie. He was cupping a tit through her nightie. Oh god, he doesn't know how sensitive they are. He is making me wet. I have to get him to relax more. She moved her mouth faster and faster, increasing her suction. If she could make him cum, she would be so useful and ... oh god, I'm getting wetter. Daddy's hand ... he is pulling my tit out of the nightie. He is pinching my Oh my god, he's making me ... Nicole deep throat her dad trying to muffle her

own moans as she felt her pussy gush. Her dad was making her cum and ... She felt his cock twitch in her mouth right before the first load exploded inside her mouth. She slowly bobbed her mouth as he unloaded more and more inside her need mouth. Nicole came again as she heard him mumble “good girl.” His hand squeezing her one tit as he oozed his last amount of cum into her.

Nicole slowly slid her mouth off, making sure daddy was empty first. His hand relaxed and fell off her tit. She whispered to her passed out dad, who was no longer tossing and turning, “please sleep now daddy, you’re all relaxed now because I am so useful.” Then she quietly crawled out of the bedroom so as to not wake either of her parents.

The next morning, Nicole got up and saw both her parents still asleep. She knew they drank too much and Nicole smiled as she remembered how useful she was to help daddy’s nightmare go away. She put on her work clothes, a light blue shelf bra that barely held her tits, matching lace garter belt with light blue stockings, then the matching lace panty over that, plus a pretty white button up blouse—she was sure to button only half way up so as to not be suffocating, and a super short tight skirt. Her garter straps could be seen even when she was standing, but that would show the men that she was wearing the proper lingerie that any good junior executive would wear. When she got to the office tower, she got lots of whistles and winks and cat calls. She felt super useful because she was getting noticed. She knew that made sense from her training.

When she got to Miss Warner’s desk, she was surprised that no one was there. She knocked on Uncle Jonny’s door. “Come in.”

Nicole opened the door and Uncle Jonny was sitting at his desk looking through piles of paper. “Miss Warner would you ...” He looked up. “Oh. Nicole. I thought Miss Warner had finally arrived. She must be ... Oh yes, that’s right. She told me yesterday that she was taking today off. Could you be a good girl and fetch ol’ Uncle Johnny a cup of coffee.”

Nicole nodded. Poor Uncle Johnny. He is lost without his secretary. She quickly rushed down the hall to get him coffee. Her chest bounced as she ran in short steps—as her tight skirt wouldn’t let her run with long strides. One tit even popped out of her bra and open blouse but she was

able to tuck it in before anyone saw. She wanted to be respected as an executive, not as a coffee fetching secretary who looks like a ... hey wait a minute. Oh yeah, there's the coffee. Now what was I thinking about? She poured the coffee and slowly walked back so as to not spill any.

She walked in. "Here you go Uncle Johnny. Can I help with anything else? I mean I am a trained executive and all."

The great man smiled at her as he looked her over. His eyes lingered on her chest and Nicole felt warm and proud that he noticed her excellent executive outfit. Then he looked at her face. "No, no, Uncle Johnny, eyes down here. You know I am a big girl and can take it when a man stares at my chest, even though it is wrong. You made me promise to remind you to stare at my chest, remember?"

"Of course Nicki. You really have taken to the training so well, I suppose it makes sense that you would remember to remind me to look at your chest, although I think we can both agree that it makes sense that you prefer the term "tits" or "cans" or "fun bags" as all those are fun executive words."

Nicole smiled and stood there for a moment. Then she giggled. "Of course Uncle Johnny. You know I love to have my big titties called fun bags."

"I know you do Nicki. And I know that you know why they are called fun bags, after all it only makes sense that if they are fun bags, then you should let ol' Uncle Johnny have fun with them." Nicole nodded as that made total sense, why else would they be called fun bags if she didn't let an old man have fun with them. "And you know what would be the most fun today Nicki?"

Nicole looked confused. Then smiled. "Please tell me Uncle Johnny. Please."

"Well we need to celebrate that you have been promoted. I heard all about how well you did in

the glory room.”

Nicole blushed. She was so proud. She knew Uncle Johnny would hear about it and want to promote her. “Really? Honestly? A promotion already?”

Johnson nodded. “Yes. I have decided to promote you to a job that makes the most sense of all for you. You’d agree that any job I promote you to would make sense, right?” Nicole nodded excitedly knowing of course it would make sense. “I’ve decided that instead of being a boring old junior executive, you can be promoted to Head of the Oral Relaxation, or as well call it H.O.Re. You want to be a H.O.Re. don’t you?”

Wow, a H.O.Re. Nicole was never more excited. “Wow Uncle Johnny. I always wanted to be a H.O.Re. ... ummmm. What do H.O.Re.s do?”

“Well before we even talk about that, like I said, let’s celebrate with those fun bags. Given that I have reviewed your orientation materials, I know that your titties are super sensitive.” Nicole nodded as that was true and she said so during orientation. “So how about you let ol’ Uncle Johnny slide his cock back and forth between them until you get a nice celebratory coating of special juices.”

“Really Uncle Johnny. You’d do that for me? Wow. You’re the best boss ever.”

Johnson smiled at the bimbo he created. “Now be a good girl and slowly take off your blouse and then your bra, and then your skirt. Then let Uncle Johnny treat those fun bags to a good ol’ tittytuck, just the way you like it. And then after that, I will tell you how you can be the best and most important H.O.Re. this company has ever had.”

A couple of hours later, Nicole walked out of Uncle Johnny’s office. She was so sticky that putting on her bra was a waste of time, she just buttoned up her blouse over her chest even though the juices would seep through and even though her tits would basically be seen since

she only buttoned the bottom two buttons. What good are tits if she can't show them off?

She understood her new duties as a H.O.Re. for the company after Uncle Johnny explained them. She would provide oral relaxation for every man in the office, even the board, even her dad, but most importantly clients ... although Uncle Johnny called them customers for some reason. The clients would be so relaxed that they would finally pay their past due bills to the company. It was weird too, because each client she heard about had already paid their bills in full, but that they would owe \$100 after she helped them relax. Oh well, it all made sense after Uncle Johnny explained it, something about since she was a H.O.Re. for the company they could charge double the going "street rate" for her services. She was rushing down the hall now. She heard her dad was in the office and wanted to tell him the exciting news—well after she helped him relax. First things first, which always made sense.

Nicole gets a text book on tape

Prologue

Nicole Messer was brought up by loving parents, a sweet mother and a doting father. Her mom taught her how to be a lady. "A good girl will always wear a dress, understated jewelry, stockings, and heels, for any important occasion." Nicole could not recall how many times she was told this, but it was ingrained in her head permanently. If she went to a job interview, met an important person, attended church, went to a party, she always wore such an outfit, a pretty dress, cut just above the knee, with a full front to hide her ample cleavage. She always wore her rather boring and uncomfortable, but necessary minimizer bra underneath, as by the time she was in high school, Nicole was a D cup. She was now a DD. She expected that she would be an E cup, like her mom, someday soon. Minimizer bras, although they squeeze her terribly, at least kept the "girls" from bouncing too much. Nicole knew that bouncing meant leers from boys and leers meant they would not take her seriously. Nicole always hooked on her stockings to the garter straps. If her chest was going to be squeezed, at least her belly would not be by pantyhose. It may be a bit old fashioned to wear a garter belt, but at least it is more comfortable than pantyhose, and more practical too, as a girl can keep her hose on and still go to the ladies room. All she needed to do was put them on before her panties. Stay up stockings did the trick too, but always wore out and left rubber marks on her thighs, so stockings and garters were the norm.

Nicole's dad taught her work ethic. She graduated near the top of her class and got into a great college because no one would out work her. And frankly, she was simply the smartest kid around anyway. It was unfortunate that her father had very antiquated views on what "girls"

could so in the business world—only good for receptionists and secretaries, he would say. He often told Nicole her life would be better if she paid attention to girl things, like housekeeping, cooking, and the like. In fact, Nicole's mom was just that person, a typical housewife—she did the house chores, cooked the meals, and cleaned up after her husband. Nicole wanted more. Her work ethic got her to the point of getting more.

She was proud of herself. She was excelling in college such that she was admitted into an advanced business degree program for her senior year. Even better, the program was directed by one of her dad's business partners. He would assuredly tell Nicole's dad how he had misjudged his own daughter and that Nicole would soon be a captain of industry, likely even one day take over for his own company. The professor, John Johnson, even wrote the very book, the literal text book, on the class Nicole was most interested in, economic theory in a digital and virtual world. He had studied modern economics, from the early theories of Smith, the communist theories of Marx and Engels, the 20th century theories, and how the natural evolution of economics was folding into the more modern world of immediate gratification that consumers demanded as well as crypto currencies. Professor Johnson was not only a man of great intellect, but one who could easily discuss theories that were centuries old and moments later get orate about modern culture, and insights into how the brain has evolved to learn differently as evident from laptop computers in the classroom, a concept that was foreign even 20 or so years ago. His book was of course a real book. But it was on tape—an actual cassette, on CD, digital download, and the latest version even had an accompanying video to easily display charts and graphs as the student listened to the theoretical discussions.

Thursday

Nicole bought the book—she was a bit old fashioned that way but mostly because it was cheaper—and even made an appointment to meet Professor Johnson ahead of the first class to discuss.

Nicole arrived at Professor Johnson's office at the scheduled time, 5:00 pm, the Thursday evening before the new semester started. Knowing her mom would never forgive her if she did otherwise, Nicole put on a nice dress and all her usual attire for any important meeting. Nicole gently knocked on the door.

“Yes, come in.”

Nicole opened the door and saw the great Professor Johnson.

“Nicki! So good to see you. It has been ... what? Two? Three years?”

Nicole smiled. Only her family and close friends ever called her Nicki. To have a famous professor call her that was very humbling and wonderful. “Nice to see you too, Professor.” She went in and they had a somewhat awkward hug.

He frowned before he smiled wide again. “Professor? You know Nicki, we are not in class. You can call me Uncle John, like you have since you were 5 years old.”

Nicole blushed and nodded. “Of course, Profess... err Uncle John.”

“Sit. Sit. Let’s catch up. Tell me about your college experience so far?”

Nicole smiled and relaxed as she sat down. “Oh it’s been great. I have worked so hard and ... well you know how my dad is. Always saying girls can’t make it in the business world. Well, I’m just proving him wrong, I guess.”

Professor Johnson nodded and smiled. “Oh I could tell from when you were young that you would be going places Nicki. Hell, even when you were only, maybe 13 or 14, it was obvious that you would be in high demand.”

Nicole smiled at the compliment. “Really? I just thought I was some normal teenage girl back then?”

“No, Nicki. Even then, it was obvious that you were on your way. You just stood out.”

Nicole giggled, something she rarely did. “Geez. All I remember about standing out then was ...” Nicole blushed. She decided that even though it was “Uncle John” she was talking too, there was no way she would bring up how the only part of her that stood out when she was that age was that she had C cups by then—on her way to the DD girl she was now. “... well just being awkward, I guess.”

“Well, all I can say Nicki is that having you here in this program is no surprise to me. Now you are signed up for my class. You know I wrote the actual text book.”

“Oh yeah. It’s like weird that I actually know you. My friends are kinda jealous that I know you too. They think I’ll get special privileges. I told them that you would never bend over backwards for any student.”

“Well, that’s partially true Nicki. Yes, you’ll have to earn your grade, just like any of the other students, but ...” He smiled as he reached for his desk drawer and opened it up. “... here.” He handed her a UBS disc drive. “This is my book on disc drive with all the special features. That way you won’t have to spend your money on it.”

Nicole smiled wide. “Wow, thanks Uncle John. This will really help. I bought the hard cover book, which was expensive anyway, but I could never afford the digital one with all the features. They are crazy expensive.”

“It is my pleasure Nicki. As to the cost, well ... let’s just say I get a nice cut but not as much as the publishing company.” He chuckled. “I also have a secret about this particular digital copy. Sure, it downloads the book to your computer and all the extra graphs and charts, but this one has some special notes that ... well it isn’t sold in stores. I developed this version on my own, without the publisher. It will assuredly help you become the best student in my class.”

Nicole looked at him curiously. "What do you mean ... special notes? Like helpful hints?"

"Sort of like that. There are some critical aspects of economic theory that are very difficult to explain just in words. This version has the graphs, the charts, but more, some audio assistance that really can explain the nuances and get the student into exactly the right frame of mind to be ... well exactly the type of student I want. All of it is designed for the students who I think will be those special students. I can think of no better student for this than you Nicki. In fact, I have been thinking of making sure you got this even before I was certain you would get enrolled in the program. I just had this feeling about you."

Nicole smiled wide. He sees how I stand out. He isn't like my dad who only sees a girl, good for nothing but being a housewife. Professor Johnson sees me for all I can be. "Thanks so much Uncle John. I promise I will start as soon as I get back to my apartment. Maybe I'll be your star student by the first class?" She giggled a bit.

"I have no doubt Nicki."

Nicole left the office and immediately rushed home to her apartment. She didn't even bother to change into more comfortable clothes. She wanted to get a head start and begin the Professor's book. She plugged it into her laptop and sat at her desk. The book downloaded in a few minutes and several pop-ups with audio files and video files came onto her screen. She had to allow access to her laptop camera, plus all the other audio and video licensing agreements to click "I agree." After the download was complete, the directions then said for her to begin with the "chapter 1 video" which obviously made sense. They went on to state that the chapter 1 audio would be triggered to run at the same time and she would get directions to open the book at certain points in the video.

Nicole clicked the video icon and the screen came to life. A soft melody started to play over her speakers as the video was of Uncle John sitting at a desk.

"Welcome. You're obviously here watching this video because you are not only an exceptional

student, but because you have an additional skill set that sets you apart from even the better students. You are what I like to call my 'special ones,' or sometimes, my "good girls." I applaud you for what you've done so far and more so for what you will soon become."

Nicole smiled wide as she watched and listened. She was special. She was a good girl. No one worked harder than her ... or had more to overcome, in her case, a dad who thought girls could never achieve what she has so far.

The Professor continued to lecture. "To maximize your learning, please use headphones rather than your computer audio. Full headphones work better than ear buds. And be sure you are working alone in a quiet place so that you won't be distracted. Now let's begin molding you into exactly the student we both know you can be."

Nicole paused the video and made sure the room was dark. She found her best headphones. She plugged one end into her laptop and then put the other over her ears. She turned the volume off her phone. She restarted the video.

"To best get in the right mood for studying, it helps that you are relaxed. Professional athletes are not tense when they enter the field of play. They are finely trained and in many ways, sculpted athletes. They may have great muscles, but their muscles are not tense. Rather, they are relaxed and ready to employ their physical talents. Likewise, those of us, who rely upon on brains, need to relax before we train our brain. If our heads are full of stress, tension, then we won't be able to think, to study, to learn." Nicole nodded along. This makes so much sense. He is so smart. "So close your eyes and just listen as we play some beautiful calming classical music for a few minutes." Nicole closed her eyes and heard the music begin. It was a soft melody, mostly violins. There was a bit of a subtle background sound too that she could not quite make out. It wasn't a drum or a deep stringed instrument like a bass. It wasn't a horn either. Somehow it was almost as if it was a soft but deep and commanding voice that was offering comforting encouragement although the words, if there were words, were impossible to make out. Whatever it was, it somehow added to the mood of the music, so relaxing. She even started to think various things as if she was being instructed, although obviously she was only listening to music. She thought about how much more relaxed she would feel if she undid her dress, and almost mindlessly, she started to unbutton the dress as she listened to the music. Before she knew it, Nicole had stood up from her chair and fully undone the dress buttons and let it fall to the floor. She swayed to the relaxing music knowing that Professor Johnson wanted

her relaxed to be the student who he could mold. Although her eyes were closed and did not notice the light by the camera was on, she even smiled and slowly ran her hands gently up and down her nylons and across her minimizer bra. The music slowly faded out.

Professor Johnson's voice began again. "Excellent relaxation class. You may open your eyes." Nicole remained standing although she really didn't know why so chose to do so. She adjusted her screen to see it better and saw Professor Johnson on the video smiling as if he was looking right at her. She giggled a bit thinking if he could really see her, it would be super embarrassing as she was standing there in just her lingerie—her minimizer bra, her stockings and garter belt, and her panties—with her hands over the bra cups. She quickly lowered her hands to get ready to take notes.

"Now that we are relaxed, let's start talking about the basics of economics before we get into the deeper theories. Yes, some of this you all already know. Hell, you all assuredly know. But it is always important to have a good foundation." Nicole nodded as she listened. Yes, remembering the basics is always good and rehashing them instills them into our minds. She also noticed the funny background noise that was playing during the music was still there. It must be Professor Johnson's way of constantly reminding us to stay relaxed.

"I will put on the screen some graphs of basic supply and demand. You'll notice that when supply goes up, demand does not always follow. Yet, when supply goes down, unless it is a product that is no longer of use, then demand does go up. Please take a few minutes and study the graphs. Look closely as there is far more to it than a couple of straight lines going up or down. In fact, I will stop talking for a few minutes and let you just study the graph."

Nicole nodded and took a step closer to her screen and even leaned forward. What else can I see in the graphs? I'm smart and the Professor wants to see that I can understand. If I can grasp this, I will be more than ready for the first day of class. As she looked all she could hear was the strange background noise. It wasn't loud, fortunately—otherwise it wouldn't be relaxing she guessed. She tried not to let it happen, but her mind started to wander as she listened and stared at the screen. She barely noticed the graphs flickering a bit as she stared. I bet Professor Johnson appreciates a good girl who wears proper lingerie too. I wonder if he knew I was wearing some earlier today in his office. I wish I could go back to his office and let him see what a good girl I am and what I wear under my dress. Too bad he can't see me now. I never thought about it before, but Professor Johnson is so damn sexy. I guess it is just that he is older,

experienced, so smart, hard working. Those are such attractive qualities. I want him to think I am attractive that way too. But men never notice me except for my ... hey that's a good idea Nicki ... I could not only be the smartest student in his class, but also the sexiest too. So what if I show off a little cleavage. I just have to let him see a bit more. She absentmindedly reached behind her back and undid her bra letting it fall to the floor as she kept leaning forward to study the graph that was flickering even more on her screen.

Professor Johnson reappeared on the screen as if he were actually in the room looking at Nicole standing there topless. "Excellent work class. I am sure you all noticed that the graphs not only reflected supply and demand, but also showed us that when restraints are taken off, a huge supply of goods can spill out. More, the effects are such that those who have the huge supply of goods will be more willing to offer it to hungry consumers." Nicole nodded. She wasn't quite sure she saw that in the graphs but was sure she could if she just stared into the screen more. In fact she was so mesmerized by the screen that she didn't even realize that she was cupping her boobs and gently caressing them while the professor kept talking about something to do with holding goods out for customers to see and inspect, to advertise, and even to offer samples to entice greater use. Nicole started to feel a bit tired, sat down, re-adjusted her screen and sort of nodded off. It must not have been too long, but Nicole snapped awake and felt as if she had even better ideas on how to be the best student Uncle John ever had. It was almost as if the ideas suddenly came to her while she had that quick quiet time. Probably the relaxing music, Nicole thought. Just like Uncle John said, a relaxed mind thinks better.

Nicole stood up and took off her headphones. She absentmindedly turned the laptop to face where she would undress. She took her time and slowly slid off her panties. She even bent over more as she did so such that her boobies dangled and swayed. Then she put a foot up on a chair, undid her garter traps and slowly slid down a stocking. She did the same with another leg. She slowly walked around naked for a few minutes before retrieving a nightgown, one that she almost never wore. It was a pink lace babydoll nightie with matching lace panties. It was mostly sheer too. She slowly put it on before standing in front of her laptop and slowly swaying as if she was listening to soft music playing. She cupped her tits through the top of her nightie and caressed them until her nipples were rock hard. Then she closed her eyes and slowly slid a hand under the front of her panties until she could feel her slit. She slowly ran a finger up and down as she thought about being Uncle John's favorite student. As she got more excited, her hand moved a bit faster as she moaned out his name ... "Uncle Johhhhhhhhhhhn" over and over. He giggled and then slowly walked to her bed, flopped down, and fell into a deep sleep.

Friday

Nicole woke the next morning. Her hand was under her panties, and she could feel her pussy was soaked. She hardly ever had erotic dreams, but last night's dream must have been something. She couldn't remember it at all. Her last memory was studying for class and how much she wanted to be Uncle John's favorite good girl. In fact, she realized that she had only 3 more days until Monday's first class of the new term. She decided to get dressed and start back to the studying.

Nicole showered. She even washed her hair and did makeup, even though she planned on staying home all day to study. Somehow, it just made sense that she look her best to study her best. She found a nice blue garter belt and white stockings. She slowly slid them up as she stood in front of her still open laptop. She faced the screen and softly caressed her pussy with one hand and a tit with the other. It was so relaxing to start her day this way. But no time for real pleasure, so she slipped on the matching blue panties and then the matching lace, push-up bra that made her DDs look like E cups. This is way better than an uncomfortable minimizer bra, she thought. She then slipped on a pair of blue 2 inch heels before finding a very cute light blue mini skirt and white blouse. The mini skirt was too short and her garter straps could be seen, but she was all alone so it was OK. The blouse was a bit tight, so she undid the top 3 buttons, and her tits kind of spilled out, but again, given that she was alone, it was OK.

Nicole then re-started the disc drive and there was the video of Uncle John smiling at her through the screen. She slipped on the headphones and the background music played.

"Ok class, let's pick up where we left off. You will all recall, we start every lesson with some relaxing music. Close your eyes and let's begin."

The music started and Nicole could clearly tell that the background music was almost louder than the main soundtrack. She nodded as if the background music were talking to her. Teaching her. Instructing her. Commanding her. You are a good girl. Good girls want to look just right for those who are in charge. It is easier to obey when you look like a good girl. Uncle John is in charge of the class, and you must obey him, do as he says, be one of his special good girls, so that you can be the best good girl ever.

The music slowly faded out as the background noise remained, although it got quieter. “Ok class, let’s open our eyes and get started on chapter 2.” Nicole nodded and listened intently to her great Professor speak. She knew whatever he said would be correct. “Now we will recall that those with huge assets, huge supplies of goodies, want to offer their goodies to customers. Sure, we will offer free samples, but eventually a businesswoman wants to get something back, she will want something in return. In Latin, this is *quid pro quo*. The more modern variant is *tit-for-tat*. So normally, we expect that a supplier of goodies will want cash in return. On the other hand, in this new day of crypto-currencies, social media, and the like, often times a supplier wants something less tangible. Let me give you an example. In social media, the most compelling posts receive likes, re-posts, re-tweets, and so forth. The supplier of those popular posts get more followers so increase their brand, their influence. So let’s apply this lesson to a supplier who has something big that she wants to get off her chest. In fact, let’s make this lesson a bit more fun by making it more interactive. Wherever you are, stand up.” Nicole nodded along. He is such a great teacher. Interactive learning is way better than just listening to a boring lecture. “Now, you want the screen to be seen, so make any adjustments necessary.” Nicole turned her screen to face her and angle up to where she stood. “Good. Now let’s say the seller is a younger woman who just started her new company. Even though her company is new, she already has amassed a large chest of assets. The first thing she needs to do is advertise her large chest. Now given that you are all watching this video at home, all alone, and particularly in a nice quiet place, you’ll all feel very comfortable advertising your large chest.”

Nicole stood there confused. How am I to advertise a large chest? I don’t have a large chest of anything. I wish I had something to ... ohhhhhhh I get it. He said we are all alone so no one can see. Nicole smiled and undid the rest of her blouse buttons so to advertise her large chest. She let her blouse drop to the floor. She could see Uncle John smiling as if watching her, but obviously this was a pre-recorded video, not a live stream.

“Ok. Good. You all have large chests of goodies displayed. But advertising is more than displaying goodies. Even if your goodies are in a very tempting package, you still need to show your customers how useful your goodies are so that they may offer you something valuable in return. Now in our hypothetical scenario, the young business woman has a huge chest that she wants a customer to have. Other than displaying her chest in nice packaging what else can she do? Let’s all think about that while we take a break. Let’s close our eyes and relax a bit so that we can use our wonderful brains to think of the best way to get a customer to want to tear open the packaging and use our goodies until he gives you a big load of gratitude.

Nicole nodded and closed her eyes. She listened to the music to relax to get her head into prime thinking mode. She was struggling to come up with a good way to get a customer to want her huge chest of goodies, but the relaxing music helped her think of things. Show the customer what the entire product looks like. Yes, he wants to see the pretty packaging, but he should see what's under the packaging too. He should even know that as the seller of the product you can show him how to best use your big chest of goodies, that would be like a free sample of my chest of goodies. And show him the many ways that he can use the product, maybe even offer him a guarantee that he can take home the chest, use it, and if not satisfied, return it. Nicole kept thinking. These were such smart ideas. She could let a man use her chest and send her home if he didn't like what he saw or how her chest satisfied him. Of course how can she tell Uncle John this during study time? He is just on a video. Well maybe still I could undo my bra and let my chest spill out. That will help me get better ideas. Nicole slowly reached behind her back and unhooked her bra strap and let it fall to the floor. She reached up and cupped her chest. She could feel the excitement that a seller must have when she gets to display her goodies to a customer. She slowly twirled her fingers around her nipples, feeling them get harder, making her chest of goodies more appealing to a customer. Mmmmmm it felt so good to learn about economics this way than just listening to a boring lecture.

"OK class, let's open our eyes." Nicole smiled as she did so. "I think we all probably came up with some really good ideas about how to make a customer really want to have as much as our chest as possible. But now comes the tricky part. Remember, we are trying to understand economics here. And not just basic stuff, like, 'that will be \$2.99, ma'am.' No we are looking at higher level marketplace ideas where there is more than just cash for products. Remember our lesson about social media and how sometimes sellers want something other than just money. Sometimes sellers want to have their customers lavish them with 'likes,' and 're-tweets,' and similar things. So what does our hypothetical young woman with a huge chest want in return if it isn't money? She has given her customer access to her chest. The customer has had the opportunity to look over her chest, feel it out, and even gave it a test ride as it were. He had his free sample. Now he wants it. He wants to have use of her chest anytime. But she wants something back, and it isn't money.

"Let's close our eyes again as we consider all the things our hypothetical young woman wants. Listen to the music, let your mind relax so that the ideas can just freely flow." Nicole closed her eyes and listened to the soft music, the background noise almost talking to her. I should know what a young woman wants in business. I am a young woman too and I want to be a businesswoman so that daddy and his friends can realize that a girl belongs too. But all they see me for his a housewife. All they see are my big titties. But at least they are looking. And men do

have needs too, so I guess it makes sense that they look. Businessmen must have even greater needs given how hard their jobs are. Maybe I can use the fact that they look at my chest and know what they need ... I could give to them, and then I would get what I want too. I will be a businesswoman. I would be exchanging what I have for what they need. And I would then be in the world of business. Negotiating. You want to play with my chest sir? Well then I will want what you have too. And what do businessmen have? They have powerful tools full of their powerful essence. If I could obtain their essence, then I would be part of the power brokers. Nicole nodded as she thought these things. It makes so much sense. Uncle John is so smart to have me listen to relaxing music to help me think. I will thank him by being his best student, the type of student he wants, a good girl. Nicole smiled and slightly moaned as she was overcome with powerful feelings of what a good girl she could be for Uncle John and how that will make her a good girl in business.

“Excellent class. I am sure we all had really good thoughts about how good girls can use their huge assets, their large chests of goodies to get what they want, their non-monetary desires fulfilled.” Nicole nodded dumbly as she remembers she had lots of super smart ideas. It was a bit hard to remember all of them as she had slid her one hand under her panties as she was thinking about being Uncle John’s good girl while she was thinking. She ended up making herself a bit ... overly excited, but at least she thought about ways to make Uncle John think of her as a good girl. “In the new economic world, as we now all know, a girl wants to have ‘the man’ not to give her money, but shower her with ... well ... comeuppance as it were. That’s a bit of an old fashioned word of course, much like quid pro quo. Of course quid pro quo has a more modern term that is also three words, tit for tat. But comeuppance simply doesn’t have an easy one word replacement. “Just desserts” is the closest, but that’s two words, and in economics, we believe in fair trade of word for word, so we will just use a shorter version ... cum.” Nicole smiled. That makes so much sense, again. Uncle John is so smart and the way he explains things makes it easier to understand. Obviously it is silly to say comeuppance. It’s such a long word, so many syllables. Sounds a little ... arrogant too. Cum is better. I like cum better. In fact, I think I like cum more than anything else when I think of my just desserts. I would love to have cum for dessert. Especially after I let Uncle John have my tit for tat. I wonder if he would prefer, because of using less words, he would just give me his cum for my tit? That makes sense. I will have to talk to him about this theory soon. I bet he will think I am so smart for thinking of this all by myself, especially since I am just a dumb girl.

“Alright everyone. This ends chapter two. Just remember that you want to always wear relaxing clothes to think better, and that you want cum for your chest of goodies.” Nicole nodded and looked up. It was so late. She hadn’t realized the time had gone by so quickly. But the lesson

lasted all day. It seemed like only an hour or so, but it was over nine hours. It must have been all the thinking breaks they took, she thought.

Nicole thought it was silly to spend her Friday night all alone. She was never much of a party girl of course. She spent her time studying to be super smart and stuff. Maybe just a stroll across campus. She could stop in the library even. It will be quiet, and maybe she could spend some time just thinking about Uncle John and all of her dad's other smart friend who work in business. I bet they would hire me once they realize that I understand tit for cum economics.

Nicole put her bra back on and had the rest of her proper lingerie already on. It wasn't something she would normally wear for just a walk, but maybe she might meet an important person on campus. She then slipped on a full dress, but it felt so awkward. She was so comfortable during her video class wearing a short skirt and tight low cut top. It might be that my garter straps show, but all that proves is that I am smart enough not to wear pantyhose. I want people to know I am smart so this is a good idea. Nicole then slipped on her most comfortable 3 inch heels. She already wore her 2 inch heels during class, so it was time for the 3 inch ones. It was still hard to walk in them, but it was good practice for when she will wear 5 inch heels at the office like all the best businesswomen do.

Nicole started stroll slowly across campus. She notice lots of people, mostly men, looking at her. She could tell that they knew she was super smart. Some even called out things like, "check out the slut," which Nicole knew was shorthand for smart looking university tutor, s.l.u.t. Of course, Nicole was too busy studying to tutor anyone, but it was nice that they could tell she was a slu, if not still a slut.

Once she got to the library, Nicole went back to one of her favorite quiet cubicles. This was her favorite place on campus to study. She sat down to think about all the extra super smart economic theories she was learning before the school year even started. She didn't even notice one of her professors walk up.

"Nicole? Nicole Messer? Is that you?"

Nicole looked up. It was Professor Wilson, who taught her statistics class last term. Nicole smiled up. "Hi Professor Wilson. Yeah. I am just spending some quiet time studying."

He looked her up and down. Her garter straps and stocking tops were plainly visible. Her blouse was hardly buttoned so her ample push-up bra enhanced cleavage was too. He smiled wide. "I don't even see a book or any papers though"

"Oh yeah. Well I got admitted into Professor Johnson's advanced economics program and I thought I would start early. There was so much to learn already and I just have to spend some time thinking until the first class on Monday. It's pretty wild stuff being ahead of the game before the first class. I even know all about tit for cum economics, including giving free samples of my huge chest."

Wilson nodded and stifled a smirk. "Oh yes, 'tit for cum.' I forgot about that, although I do recall Professor Johnson told all of us in the department that he had a special program he was working on for ... the more desirable students. If you don't mind, please enlighten me."

Nicole smiled wide as she heard she was desirable. She was going to actually teach a teacher. "Well you see, what we learned is that sometimes a businesswoman might want something else, other than money, for her huge chest and that she could exchange tit for cum. Its ... ummmmm ... Nicole struggled to explain it better ... well kinda complicated. I am just learning it myself."

Wilson nodded more. "Oh yes. I do recall this now. The idea being that if I can have use of your tits, then you can have my cum. Do I have that right?"

Nicole nodded quickly, smiling wide. Her chest bounced as she did so. "I think that's it. I am sure I'll understand it better once class gets going, but that's why I am sitting here thinking hard about it. I really want to make a good impression the first day of class on Monday."

"I am sure you will my dear. But have you considered that maybe trying a real world experiment

might help?”

Nicole looked at him quizzically. What do you mean?”

“Well maybe if I used your chest of tits, then I could give you a load of cum. Then that would help you better understand it.”

Nicole stared ahead for a minute trying to understand. “So if I let you ...”

“Yes. Play with your tits.”

“Yeah ... play with my tits, then in exchange, you’ll give me a load of cum?”

“Exactly. You’d like that wouldn’t you? To have me cum on your tits?”

Nicole pondered again. “Wait. Is that what I am supposed to do? Like for reals and stuff?”

“Well Nicole, I am not an expert like Professor Johnson, although I greatly admire his work. In fact, if anything you are more of an expert on the subject than myself. But it seems from what you tell me, that you’d almost want a load of cum on your tits to help prove the theory. All the great thinkers not only think of great ideas, but experiment to make sure they have it right. That is how the wheel got invented, electricity, the light bulb. I have no doubt you are onto something, given how you are such a bright young woman. I am just offering to help you try out your theory.”

Nicole stared ahead. It was so confusing, but it made sense. How else to test the theory than to exchange actual tit for actual cum. Nicole smiled wide. “You’re right Professor Wilson. Is it Ok if I try out the theory right now?”

Wilson nodded and sat down next to Nicole. "I suppose the best thing is to start with your first part of your theory. So that is where your chest of goodies, your tits, come in. Do I have that right?"

Nicole smiled wide again. "Yeah. I mean who would have thought that tits were so important to like the entire world economy? I mean normally I wouldn't let you see my tits because well, you know, me being a student. But like Uncle Joh... err Professor Johnson says, when we are doing things in class to learn, then it's OK." Nicole looked around to make sure no one else was around. She then giggled a bit as she undid the rest of her blouse buttons. "See, I have a chest of goodies that I need to exchange for my proper comeuppe... oh it's a hard word, I'll just say 'cum' like Uncle John taught me. But I have to give you a free sample of my chest of goodies first so that you know they are for sale for the right cum."

Wilson nodded and smiled as he thought about Johnson's subliminal message theories that he said he was experimenting with and how he planned to use it on Messer's daughter. "A free sample? Well yes, young hard working businesswoman, I would love a free sample of your chest of goodies."

Nicole smiled. Professor Wilson understood how to engage in real world role play teaching too, just like Uncle John. "Why of course sir. I know that in order for you to give me your cum, I first have to make sure you want my tit, and what better way than a free sample." Nicole undid her blouse all the way and directed Wilkson's hand to the tops of her mounds bursting out of her bra. "As you can see sir, my tit is top notch and" Nicole lost her train of thought for a moment as she felt Professor Wilson's hand start to squeeze her tits. God, that feels so good. I must really have something he waaaaaannntsssssss Nicole started to breathe heavier as his hand slipped under one of her bra cups, pinching her nipple. Oh god, if it wasn't for the fact that I am in the advanced economics class and working on a tit for cum theory, someone might think that I was getting pleasuuuuuuurrrrrrrre. Nicole closed her eyes as Professor Wilson popped her tits out and began to squeeze harder, pinch harder, and then ... oh god ... he started to lean forward and suck on her tits. Nicole grabbed the end of the cubicle table and moaned. Oh god, it feels so good. "Oh please Professor, don't stop. Don't stop. Don't stop."

Wilson grinned as he began sucking on her tits more and more. Both popped out of her bra cups

now. His tongue rolling over her hard nipples. His hand squeezing her tits. Nicole slid forward in her chair such that her panties were now fully on display too. A wet spot forming on the front of her panties. She started to moan louder.

“Sssssshhhhhh Nicole. We are in the library. You must behave like a good girl.”

Nicole opened her eyes and nodded but was unable to control her moaning. As Wilson put one hand over her mouth, Nicole slid off her chair onto her knees. Her face staring at the Professor's lap. She knew there was only one way to stop herself from moaning loudly in a library, and that was to busy her mouth. She quickly undid his pants and pulled out his hard cock. Nicole had never seen one with grey hairs before and she knew it was the best cock she ever saw. She slid her mouth over it to stifle her moaning.

The Professor kept squeezing and mauling her tits as Nicole bobbed quickly up and down his rock hard cock. She was still moaning but at least the cock in her mouth helped keep it quiet. She bobbed even faster and faster until his hands left her tits and grabbed her head. He held her head still, deep on his cock as it started to gush with his jizz. Nicole was surprised at how much came out of him and she did her best to swallow it all, but his hands held her mouth down and lots of cum dribbled out of her mouth, down her chin, and over her tits and thighs.

Nicole looked up and smiled, with his cock still in her mouth. She mumbled something but it was hard to talk with cock in her mouth.

“Good girl Nicole. You explained your tit for cum theory very well. I think I understand, although I'd like to go over it one more time sometime later this week if that's OK with you.”

Nicole nodded again as she finally slid her mouth off his softening cock. “OK Professor Wilson. That might help me too.” Nicole couldn't believe it, she not only explained her theory, but she was getting to understand it better and Professor Wilson wanted to learn it even better. She was going to be so ahead of her class before it even started on Monday

He stood up and walked away as Nicole sat on the floor of the library cubicle, her blouse off, her tits out of her bra cups, cum dribbling off her chin, her panties soaked. Wow. I explained my theory to a real professor. No wonder I qualified for this program.

Nicole went back to her apartment and undressed in front of the computer screen. She imagined that Uncle John was watching which was silly even though the camera light was blinking. She decided to wear just a t-shirt to bed and fell asleep with the lights on.

Saturday

Nicole woke with her hand over her bare pussy. She had a vague recollection of dreaming about letting all her dad's friends fuck her one after another. Her wet sheets and sticky hand confirmed her memory. She quickly showered and put on yellow lingerie with yellow stockings. She decided that was all she needed to wear to be comfortable. And she sat down to do more studying.

She started the computer and there on the screen was Uncle John. It looked like he was sitting in his office drinking coffee causally on a Saturday which was obviously not true as this was a pre-recorded video. Still Nicole smiled wide when she saw him and even waved like she was saying hello. Her tits bounced in her pushup bra which made her giggle. It was weird because Uncle John even waved back. Nicole blushed and giggled more.

"Good morning class. I can see we are all ready for a new lesson. And everyone is dressed in proper attire for their eventual business world life. Let's do our usual relaxation exercises."

Nicole closed her eyes and listened carefully to the relaxing music. She started thinking about how when she graduates, her first thing will be to change the dress code so that girls can dress in important lingerie as everyone knows that girls look best that way. She imagined her dad and his business friends all seeing how professional she would look in just lingerie and heels and how easy it would be to get them to give her cum for tit. She smiled as she thought about how surprised her dad will be when she proves to be a skilled negotiator and gets all of his cum by using her tits. She slowly reached behind her back and unhooked her bra and let it fall. She cupped her tits and imagined daddy sliding his powerful tool full of his essence until she could get him to give her all his powerful essence. Then to prove to him that she was a great

businesswoman, she would then get to do the same to all his friends, especially Uncle John. She was pinching her nipples hard and squeezing her own tits as she imagined all those powerful men unable to resist her business skills and her knowledge of tit for cum economics and soon she would be covered with all of their powerful essence. Nicole slid one hand off and down to her panties, slowly inside, until she felt ... oh god, yes. That's it ... daddy Please get it all over my face and titties ... I want to be a little ...

"Very good class. All relaxed?" Nicole's eyes popped open. Oh god. Her hand was soaked, but she was so on edge. She almost ... oh god. I need it so bad now. I wish daddy were here so I could ... or Uncle John ... or any of daddy's friends. Good thing that Uncle John cannot see her through the computer screen. It would be a little embarrassing, although she could sure use some cum for her tit right now. She had to study though.

"I am sure we all have some great ideas now. Now let's review. You all recall the idea of big large supplies of the hypothetical businesswoman's chest and how if she goes down that leads to a huge increase in demand." Uncle John even showed a graph ... well it wasn't really a graph but an illustration ... of a businesswoman going down. She was dressed a lot like Nicole, in just her lingerie. And I guess it wasn't really even an illustration as she appeared like a real businesswoman. And then a huge increase in supply appeared in front of her. "So we see that she went down, but this"—the professor pointed at the large spike in demand that seemed to be coming out of his own pants—"went up. Under these circumstances, a businesswoman must meet his demand. And what does he demand? The savvy businesswoman doesn't care but she will obey whatever his demand will be to get his cum for her tit."

Nicole nodded along. She imagined being a businesswoman in such a circumstance and was sure she would be ready to take over the negotiation. She even knelt down herself as if mimicking the woman on the screen. When the woman opened her mouth, Nicole did the same. Soon, the huge increase coming out of Uncle John's pants was in the businesswoman's mouth and he was bobbing up and down to make sure she met his demand. Uncle John even made demands to her.

"Let's call this hypothetical woman ... I dunno ... Nicki. Imagine being Nicki and having this huge demand and wanted to give the businessman your big surplus chest in exchange for his powerful essence." Uncle John then looked down at the woman who we know as Nicki. "You are such a dumb little slut, but so useful. I am going to cover your pretty stupid face with a huge

load of jizz.” Nicole looked surprised at the words Uncle John directed at Nicki. He looked at the screen almost as if he anticipated that. “Now does anyone know why Nicki here just kept kneeling down and taking it like a dumb little slut rather than speak up and inform me that she is in fact a very smart businesswoman? I am sure you all are concerned about that. But Nicki knows that this is all part of business. If she were to stand up and march away insulted at being called a dumb slut, she might not be able to continue with the negotiations. So Nicki here very wisely lets me think that she is a dumb big titted slut that is only useful when her mouth is wrapped around my cock, when in fact she knows she is useful when her tits are wrapped around my cock too. See how smart she is to trick me into thinking she is just a cocksucker and not also a tittyfucker?”

Nicole smiled wide. Wow. Nicki is so smart to trick him. She hasn’t even used tit for cum economics yet and already she is getting what she wants. Nicole was still kneeling and bobbing her open but empty mouth as if she was Nicki. It was funny because only daddy and Uncle John and daddy’s friends still called her that and here this pretend businesswoman was also called Nicki.

“Now it is important to remember that when it looks like the negotiations might not even require you to use your best biggest asset, your tits, and the man is still willing to give you his cum, that a smart dumb slut like you never let on. Just let him ... ahhhhhhh ...” Uncle John closed his eyes and grunted, and soon Nicki’s eyes grew wide and her cheeks puffed out. A dribble of white essence started dribbling out of the corner of her mouth. “... unload in your stupid mouth like a dumb little slut should.” She smiled up at Uncle John and thanked him. He thanked her back calling her a dumb slut before she slowly crawled away saying nothing else.

Uncle John zipped up his pants and smiled. “I hope you all noticed that she ticked me in this hypothetical scenario by never correcting me when I called her a ‘dumb slut.’ That way she has me still thinking she is just a stupid set of tits and ass and not a clever businesswoman. She also never used her tits—well other than exposing them in her bra—so that she can save that for future negotiations. She did exactly what any smart businesswoman would do. She drained me of my powerful essence and let me call her names and still has the chance to get more essence later using her tits.”

Nicole nodded along. Wow. She was super smart. Always let a man cum in your mouth, on your face, or on your tits, and only use your tits if he demands it. Let him call me a dumb slut

because it's better that he thinks I am just useful when I am a cocksucker or tittyfucker when in fact I am useful Well I am sure I am useful in other ways. I bet that is the next lesson.

"Now let's call it a day and if you wish, please feel free to go on a field trip on your own to study on campus with your own dumb ideas you stupid little whores."

Nicole giggled. Uncle John is so clever. He is calling me a stupid whore to trick me because he knows that I am more than that, I am a dumb cocksucker too. Oh yeah, and a tittyfucker. I bet Professor Wilson must be around. Nicole quickly found a short skirt and low cut blouse and slipped them over her lingerie forgetting that her bra was already off. She rushed to the building where Professor Wilson's office was, but he wasn't there. She did see a man in a suit however. He looked familiar and Nicole rushed up to him. "Hi. You look familiar and ummm... well I'm Nicole. Nicole Messer. And ummm ..." Nicole bit her lip. She looked so needy. Her blouse was only half buttoned and her bare tits underneath were mostly visible.

"Nicole? Oh yes. Messer's daughter. I am Fred Thurston. I am one of your father's associates. I am also a donor to the university and was going to meet the Dean. What can I do for you young lady? His eyes were all over Nicole's chest and she noticed and "accidentally" undid another button to give him a better view. She learned all about negotiating and knew what to do. She took him by his hand and walked into an empty office.

Once inside, Nicole didn't even have time to close the door because she was too focused on her mission. "Sir, since you donate to the university, you deserve a thank you." She dropped to her knees and opened the rest of her blouse, letting it fall to the floor. She opened his pants quickly and fished out his growing cock. "Oh sir. You need to give me your essence." Nicole's mouth was on his cock before he said a word. But he obviously knew about business, because he grabbed her head and pushed her mouth deep down. Oh god, I am getting so wet. I love negotiating with a smart businessman. Nicole let him make the first proposal and felt her hair being grabbed as he pounded her face with his cock. He had many excellent points in his offer as he thrust his cock deep down her hungry mouth. He even grabbed a tit with his other hand as he was a seasoned negotiator.

Nicole did her best to meet his demand by using a hand to cup his balls. Even though it wasn't

discussed in the video lessons, Nicole sensed that a good negotiator would just do that. She had the right business instincts as she could feel his heavy balls and more so, when he called her a dumb slut, she knew that she had chosen correctly to cup his balls. She used her tongue as best she could, even though her mouth was full of cock, and again he called her a stupid whore. Nicole obviously had all the right business instincts. She looked up at the rich man with her mouth full of his powerful essence-filled cock and smiled as best she could.

Mr. Thurston grinned back like he was up to something. He pulled his cock out and started slapping it across Nicole's face saying, "You are everything we expected you fucking slut. Ever since your tits started coming in, we all knew you'd become a cock sucking whore." Nicole giggled as she was trained to do. It was important to let men call her names so they don't know how smart she is. She knew exactly what to do. She wrapped her tits around the great man's cock and started tittyfucking him. She would prove she had all the business skills. She even decide that it was best to lick the head of his cock each time it pushed up through her tits. And then she decided to lay all her cards on the table. "Cum all over my face and tits sir. I want to be your little whore so bad." Nicole surprised herself because as soon as she said the words, she felt herself start to cum. Her panties were soaked and she moaned loudly as she bounced up and down his cock faster and faster until a ribbon of cum burst up and streaked cross her face. She bounced more and his cock covered her with his essence. "Oh god, yes, sir, more, more, more ..." Nicole moaned again before she opened her mouth and took in the cock to help him empty into her mouth. Nicole greedily sucked ever drop like a good businesswoman should. Her goal always being to get as much cum for her tit as possible.

The man pulled her head off his cock and zipped up his pants. "God, Johnson was right, you are a stupid dumb set of tits." He walked out. Nicole smiled wide as she had done it. She made a great businessman give her all of his essence and even made him think she was a dumb big titted slut.

She moaned as she had another mini-orgasm thinking about all she accomplished when a janitor walked in. He saw her kneeling, topless, covered in cum. She made a mess and he was going to have to clean up. She felt kinda bad and just dropped her chest to the floor and raised up her ass, flipping up her little skirt exposing her soaked panties. She knew she deserved to be spanked for making so much noise and such a mess. The janitor knew just how to punish her too. He pulled her panties down. Before Nicole knew it, he was spanking her although not with his hand, but his torso, pounding up behind her. She even felt like he was ... like inside her ... and he grunted hard about her being a dumb girl ... and Nicole couldn't help herself and she

kinda moaned loudly again and said she was going to cum. She knew the janitor had no idea about negotiations so he probably didn't understand it when he called her a dumb whore. But suddenly Nicole felt a surge of warmth inside her soaked pussy. Like the warmth was shooting inside her. She moaned more and said, "Fuck me mister. I love being a cum slut." Nicole knew that he wouldn't understand her business lingo, but she said it a few more times anyway. Then he stopped smacking her ass and he got up from behind her and left.

He must be going to get more cleaning supplies, Nicole guessed. She found her panties balled them up in her hand—they were too wet to put back on. She found her blouse too. It was covered with extra goo from Mr. Thruston. She slid it on and it stuck to her chest. She decided to go back home before the janitor returned. She got lots of funny looks from some of the people on campus. She guessed they had never seen a dumb slut after a successful business negotiation—didn't they know that she is supposed to be gooey?

Once home, Nicole smiled at her computer screen. She must have left it on. Uncle John was sitting as if he saw her walk in. She waved and even slid her finger across her face until she found a big god of cum and slid her finger in her mouth to slowly lick it clean. He smiled more as if he was watching. Nicole fell back in her bed, opened her blouse, lifted her skirt to expose her bare pussy and slowly played with herself until she fell asleep.

Sunday

Nicole woke with her finger inside her soaked pussy. She had wild dreams of being hired by her dad as a top negotiator for his company and draining the essence from every one of his competitors. She sat up in her bed and saw that the video for today must have already started as Uncle John was sitting there almost as if he was waiting for her to wake up. She giggled and pulled down her skirt even though he obviously couldn't see her because it was a video, not a live stream. She kinda wished it was because she sure would like to prove to Uncle John that she was ready to start the semester. She instinctively slid her finger in her mouth and started sucking on it as if Uncle John would like to see her do that. He smiled on the video like he did. Nicole started moaning out Uncle John's name and also moaning out "daddy" as she sucked harder on her finger. Eventually she felt her pussy tingle for what seemed like the hundredth time since Thursday. She gasped and moaned "fuck me Uncle John. Fuck my mouth" as he body shook in pleasure. Once she calmed down she giggled as Uncle John sat there smiling on the video. She then took a shower and put on her light purple lingerie set. With matching purple heels. She decided that she didn't need a blouse or skirt since was going to study at home all

day.

She then hoped the lesson would start. But something was wrong because all of a sudden Uncle John wasn't on the video. She tried restarting it several times, but it was still not there. Suddenly, there was a knock on her door. Nicole went to her door and asked, "Who's there?" because she didn't want to open the door given how she was dressed unless it was an important man.

"Nicki. It's Uncle John. I have some news."

Nicole quickly opened her door as she knew it was ok for Uncle John to see her in her negotiation clothes. "Uncle John!" She hugged him making sure to press her chest into his. She hoped he would notice that she had nice big titties for negotiating. He hugged her back and she felt his one hand cup over her panties. Normally that would be embarrassing, but Nicole was a business student so she knew it was a typical business greeting.

Nicole let go and almost as if she was told to do so, she knelt down and smiled up at her great professor, Uncle John. "I am so glad you're here Uncle John. There is a problem with the video lesson and ..." Nicole noticed Uncle John's pants start to bulge and he was licking his lips as he stared down at her. God, she wished they were going to negotiate as she knew what to do—so bad, so so bad. Her hand even cupped one of her own tits thru her thin bra cups and started to massage it. Her nipples ached for a powerful man to grab.

"Nicki, not to worry. The big news. According to some of my sources, you have already been approved for an internship because you have taken to the video lessons so well."

Nicole smiled wide not even thinking about who his sources might be. "Wow Uncle John. Can I thank you ... please?!?! I really, really want a big huge load of thank you."

Johnson smiled down at his friend's daughter. She took to the programming better than anyone could have expected. She was a needy cum slut. "Of course Nicki, but it is I who really should

thank you. You have proven what I have been telling my colleagues for years—that the right student can become exactly what we want.” Nicole nodded quickly although she didn’t know what he meant until ... his hand cupped her other tit through her bra. She gasped and came right there, moaning loudly. “Oh god, Uncle Johnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn....” Nicole shivered as she had a powerful orgasm kneeling there just from his touch of a bra cup. She had no time to wait any longer. In 2 seconds, his pants were at his ankles and his cock was in her mouth as she bobbed furiously to prove that she would be an even better intern than a student. When Uncle Jon held her head deep on his cock and told her that she was the dumbest slut he ever met, she gushed another orgasm and as she was moaning on his cock it began to spasm and empty into her mouth. She sucked harder trying to make sure every drop stayed in her mouth. Yet, some leaked out and ribbed down her chin and onto her chest, running down to her cleavage.

Uncle John let go of her head and she slid her mouth off slowly smiling up at the great man. “Did I do good Uncle John?”

He nodded and smiled and Nicole giggled like a happy school girl, which she guessed made sense since that is what she is. “Wow. I really think I understand tit for cum econ Uncle John. Can I show you again?” Nicole immediately took his softening cock back in her mouth.

“Hold on Nicki. Let’s take a break and let me tell you about the internship.” Nicole frowned as she wanted another load of cum like a good student. But she was excited to become an intern, so she slid her mouth off. “You’ll be working at Mr. Thurston’s office. Yes he is a competitor of your dad, but if you impress there, you know your dad will eventually hire you.”

Nicole giggled. Uncle John had no idea that she had sort of interviewed with Mr. Thurston last night. “Wow. That so so exciting. Ummmm ... does that mean I might have to negotiate with people from my dad’s company?”

Johnson nodded and Nicole giggled and clapped more. “Goody. They will tell daddy what a good negotiator I am and then he will see that girls have a place in business too.” Nicole was so proud of herself. “Uncle John?”

“Yes Nicki?”

“”ummmm....” Nicole crawled on her bed and stayed on all fours and turned around with a look that negotiators have when they really want to engage in serious discussion. “Can you negotiate with me like I did something bad?” She slid her panties to her thighs, lowered her torso and raised her bare ass. “Please?”

Johnson smiled as he got behind his friend’s daughter and slid inside her from behind, pounding her pussy doggy style, grabbing her tits and squeezing hard. Nicole moaned louder than she ever has in her life as she was getting into very deep, so fucking deep, satisfying, so fucking satisfying, discussions with Uncle John. She sort of lost focus and she screamed out “fuck me, fuck me, fuck me like a dumb whore.” But she was sure Uncle John wouldn’t notice as he was too skilled a negotiator to be distracted by that talk. He just called her a dumb set of tits and ass as he thrust forth into her with more and more proposals for a contract. He pulled her hair from behind and Nicole gasped never having before been subject to such drastic negotiation tactics. He even tried to distract her when he whispered in her ear that he was going to sign off on her face. Before Nicole knew what hit her he pulled out of negotiations and spun her around spewing his signature across her nose and into her hair. Nicole gasped as the force of his proposal and came bucking her body before swallowing his still oozing cock to complete the transaction.

Epilogue

Nicole spent another day in training at her dad’s company. She worked for Thurston for a year and was able to negotiate with every businessman and politician within a 100 mile radius. Her dad was too impressed and hired her away. He immediately put her into the stress management team which was super secret. She had to learn how to quietly crawl into an office and drain the stress from a manager from under his desk. Nicole trained solely with her dad for the first several weeks. She giggled when she thought about it. It was a good thing this was business or else someone might think she was sucking off her dad’s cock like a dumb whore.

Nicole Meets Santa

Nicole Messer giggled to herself. This really was silly. She was 22 years old after all, and a college senior who had already obtained a job offer at a top company upon graduation. Still, she did love Christmas. It had been a tradition since she could first remember—she’d put on her PJs, set out milk and cookies, lay on the sofa near the tree, and hope to stay awake long enough to

meet Santa. Of course, as a child, every year she'd always fall asleep, her mom and dad would carry her to bed, and sure enough, there would be gifts under the tree the next morning. After her mom died when she was six, it was just her dad who carried her off to bed. When she got old enough to understand the "truth," her dad insisted she continue the tradition, even going so far as to insist that Santa was real. When she was a teenager, she even hated it—as what teenager doesn't hate whatever their parents make them do? It was even a bit embarrassing, as she had to wear a "little girl" PJ set for Christmas as part of the tradition. When she was 5, sure, a little nightie and frilly panties that said "Santa's Good Girl" was cute. But to have to do that as a teen, especially when her chest was ... blossoming, was super embarrassing as her nighties were always a bit sheer and her chest was a B one year as a 12 year old and a D the very next. She was a DD by 18. Having her dad have to see her like that—well it was ... weird. But her dad was always cool about it either not noticing because he was old, or at least doing a very good job pretending not to notice so as to not embarrass his only child.

Now as a young woman, Nicole understood the importance of tradition. Her mom loved the holiday as best as she could recall, and it was so important to her dad that she maintain all the traditions. They spent weeks leading up to the holiday preparing the house with decorations the way mom would want. Nicole even gave a pretty solid effort at making traditional meals. They weren't great, but not too shabby either. They wrapped presents, went to visit friends and extended family. It was a pretty good holiday season, even if mom was sorely missed. But Christmas Eve, it was just the two of them. Nicole did her best to keep up her dad's spirits. They had a fine dinner and Nicole had to admit she probably had too much wine to drink. Dad did too. They watched "It's a Wonderful Life" after dinner. Then as her dad cleaned up the kitchen, Nicole put on her PJs. The nightie only covered half her ass, and the sheerness of the fabric hid basically nothing of her ample chest. The frilly panties were new and said on the rear, "I've only been a little naughty."

Nicole giggled. She was aware how hot she looked, but knew her dad would not make her feel funny. She came downstairs and smiled as she saw him pouring a glass of milk next to a small plate of cookies. "Well it looks like my little girl is ready to try and stay up for Santa."

Nicole giggled again. "Geez dad, you say that every year. I know there is no such thing as ..."

"Hush now. You don't believe those things the other kids say in school do you?" Nicole rolled her eyes but played along as she knew it would make him happy. "Besides, you're a big girl now,

and every year you get presents, so you know there really must be a Santa. Look, I even poured you a special big girl drink.”

Nicole’s dad had two glasses, next to the glass of milk, full of egg nog. “Now be a good girl and set the milk and cookies by the tree and I’ll bring in the drinks before you fall asleep.”

Nicole smiled. Her dad was so cute. He really misses mom and having this tradition helps keep her memory alive. She grabbed the plate and glass and walked into the other room, forgetting how her chest bounced so freely in her sheer nightie. The bouncing, the wine, and—well it was cold being it was December—made her nipples poke at her nightie even more.

Nicole’s dad followed, and after she set the dishes down and sat on the sofa, he handed her a glass of egg nog. He sat across the sofa from her, turned on some Christmas music, and they talked about Christmases past, another tradition, as Nicole’s memory of her mom was so distant now. Nicole laughed at his stories of her as a little girl. She sipped the egg nog, which obviously had extra brandy added. It had a bit of an odd taste but maybe mixing brandy after wine ... and she already had too much wine. I suppose a little more brandy won’t hurt. Besides, this way I’ll fall asleep faster. After an hour or so, she laid on the sofa as her dad kept telling stories. Her head was swimming. She really had too much wine. Before she knew it, she was closing her eyes as her dad started talking in a whisper about how she was Santa’s special girl. She struggled to make out any details about what he was saying and she drifted off.

She was asleep quickly and dreamt. It was weird too because in her dream she was just as old as she is now, and she would walk around the house in the same sheer nightie every day making sure that her dad saw how big her tits were. Nicole herself was super horny in her dream and wanted to please her dad which she knew was wrong but ... god he is so old and fat—just like Santa—and ... hot. I bet mom pleased him ... with her big chest. Nicole moaned as she dreamt about being fucked by her own dad when a noise woke her. She opened her eyes and there was a man in a red suit sitting in dad’s chair. He was old and fat like dad. He even sorta looked like him. But the red suit and the white beard. It was ... no way!!! Santa!

“Santa?”

“Yes my dear Nicki.”

Nicole giggled as she had not been called Nicki since she was little. “But you aren’t real.”

“Is that so? Then why do you leave me milk and cookies every year?” Nicole scrunched her face. Well obviously it was her dad who always made her leave them out and he must have eaten them, but ... “And who do you think brings you gifts every year?” Nicole was getting confused. It was her parents when she was little, and just her dad ever since. But dad always insisted Santa was real, even as she got older. “Who else knows about your secrets too—that you are a good girl but sometimes thinks naughty things?” He winked at her as she first noticed her one hand was cupping one of her own tits through her nightie. She must have done that during her dream.

Nicole gasped. He knows. He’s ... real! “Santa! You are like really real?” He nodded and smiled. It looked like his beard kinda slipped when he laughed a bit too. But obviously the beard was real. It just must be the wine that made me think it slipped, Nicole thought.

“Now come over here and sit on Santa’s lap and tell me what you want for Christmas.” Nicole rushed over—well as best as her somewhat rubbery legs allowed. She sat on his lap and let out a soft moan when he put one arm around her, his hand cupping over one of her tits through her nightie. She softly giggled as he must not know that normally this would be ... well not ok. She could feel a lump in his lap. Maybe that is extra coal for the naughty kids.

“Santa. All these years and I always fell asleep. I wish I could have met you sooner.”

“Yes my dear Nicki. But you are such a big girl now, and so special to Santa. You’ve always been one of his favorites.”

“Really?” Nicole smiled wide. Wow, one of Santa’s favorites.

“Yes, really. Santa has always stayed extra-long when coming to your house to watch you gently sleep and over the years grow into such a lovely young lady.” Nicole smiled wide thinking how Santa would stare at her every year. Wow, he really means it. Nicole moaned a bit thinking about how she was special to Santa and ... the lump of coal she could feel in his lap was getting bigger and his one hand was squeezing her tit through her nightie. “Of course you know Mrs. Claus passed away a few years ago and so Santa really finds these special moments even more important.”

Nicole frowned. Oh no. Mrs. Claus died, just like mom. I bet Santa is lonely like dad. “I’m so sorry Santa. I wish I could make you feel better.”

“So is that your Christmas wish? To make Santa feel better?” Nicole thought about it as Santa was softly squeezing and fondling one of her tits through her nightie. He must not realize how good that is making me feel ... oh wait, I bet he does. He is Santa. He knows everything. Even my secrets and my naughty thoughts and ... I know what to do. Nicole grinned to herself.

Nicole nodded. “Yes Santa. I want to make you feel better. Like super better.” Nicole slid off his lap and knelt down in front of the great man ... elf. “And I know just what will help because I bet Mrs. Claus used to make you feel better too.” Nicole slipped up her nightie exposing her bare tits. Then she started to undo the big belt around Santa’s suit coat. It was funny because she always expected that Santa had a regular belt buckle, but this belt was more like a cheap costume belt that someone could buy at a costume store. Even his pants were more like red sweat pants than anything. Still, it was Santa and Nicole wanted to give him Christmas cheer. It was her special Christmas wish.

Nicole slid down Santa’s pants and he was wearing boxers just like dad’s boxers. Nicole did most of the laundry so she knew, and it was weird that Santa would have a pair exactly the same as dad. She smiled up at Santa as he cupped her tits with his hands. Oh god, his hands feel so good. Nicole nuzzled her head into Santa’s lap and felt the large bulge of coal inside his boxers. She moaned. “Oh Santa, I am so happy that you’re real.” She knew it was more than coal that he had.

“And I am glad that I stayed extra-long this year to finally meet you Nicki. Santa has a large gift to give you.” Nicole giggled. She knew what he meant, because ... like her panties said ... she was a little naughty. But mostly she was a lot horny and really needed Santa’s “gift.” She lifted her head up and pulled down Santa’s boxers. His cock popped up. God it looked like he had been missing Mrs. Claus for a long time because it was so ... She had no time to waste and started to lick up and down his Christmas pole. It was the best cock she ever had. Sure, there had only been a few guys in her life, but they were boys ... her age. They didn’t have old Santa cock ... the best cock ever. She licked more and more before she slid her open mouth over the head and slowly eased her mouth deeper down Santa’s massive cock. She bobbed her mouth up and down as Santa played with her tits. He squeezed them, and pinched her nipples—which was her favorite thing. She could tell she was getting wet as she bobbed up and down more and more.

“Mmmmmmm, you are such a good little girl Nicki. Santa is feeling better. Don’t stop.” He even put one hand on her head and pushed her a bit deeper. Nicole usually didn’t like it when guys did that, but this was Santa and he was special and god ... she loved being forced to suck him deeper. She moaned over his cock and felt her panties getting wetter. God, he is going to make me cum just by fucking my mouth.

“Nicki is a good little girl, a good little cocksucker.” He squeezed a tit very hard as he pushed her mouth down until her nose was in his pubes. She was gasping but ... fuck yes!!!!!! Cumming!!!!!! Nicole felt her pussy gush as Santa held her head down and called her a “cocksucker” again. God she wanted him to ...

Santa quickly pulled her head up and when she looked up at him surprised, a big blast of cum shot across her nose and cheek. Then another and another. He came in her hair, across her tits, and then he shoved her mouth back down as his cock pumped out small gobs. Nicole came again as she had never imagined how exciting it was to get a huge facial from a ... well Santa. She suckled on his cock until every remaining drop was in her mouth. She slowly licked it as she kept it in her mouth. God she wanted more.

Finally, she raised her head up and smiled at Santa, who was smiling back at her. His beard was all crooked, which was a weird thing, but then again, this whole night was weird. “Good girl. Santa is so proud of you, being a good little cocksucker. Remember that you have a special gift that all old men need. No go back to the sofa and close your eyes as Santa has one more gift to

give you before he leaves to go deliver the rest of his presents to all the other good little girls.”

Nicole nodded. She forgot what a busy man he is, and knew that he had to leave soon. She laid down in just her wet panties. Santa turned her on her chest and lifted her ass up so she was on all fours on the sofa. He got behind her and lowered her panties down. Soon Nicole felt Santa slide inside her soaked pussy. He pounded her slow but deep. God, Santa knows how to please a woman—well of course he does, he pleases everyone. Nicole felt herself getting closer again and started grunting herself, screaming into the sofa cushion, “fuck me Santa, fuck me like a little slut.”

Nicole was surprised how dirty she spoke to Santa, but like her panties, which were on the floor, said, she did have some naughty in her. Now she had some Santa in her too. She bucked back into Santa as she could feel herself getting closer ... closer ... closer ... oh fuck yessssssssssssssss! Nicole came like never before and she felt a surge of cum shoot inside her wet pussy too. She moaned before collapsing down, causing Santa’s cock to slide put of her and leave an extra gob of cum on her ass. Nicole slowly relaxed and felt the blanket come up as Santa covered her cum-filled and soaked body before he patted her head, which had cum gobs stuck in her hair. He then sat back down to finish the cookies as Nicole drifted off remembering that she was special to Santa and all the old men who needed her skills. She would spend the rest of the holiday season spreading more Christmas joy to all the lonely old men.

When morning arrived, Nicole woke up on the sofa. Dried cum was in her hair and on her face. She smiled as she remembered that Santa visited her last night. He was real. He was really real! Oh god, and Santa has a yummy cock.

Her dad was sitting in his chair. He only had on his boxers and a t-shirt. He was still asleep. He had cookie crumbs on her chin and chest. There was a red jacket, red sweat pants, and a white ... wig maybe? On the floor in the corner. Nicole wondered what those things were and where they came from. But then she saw it. Her dad’s cock was partially out of his boxers, the pair identical to the one Santa wore last night. She forgot about the clothes and wig on the floor and crawled over to him. God, it is just like Santa. All alone on Christmas. She checked and he was sleeping deep. She thought about how much better she made Santa feel last night. I bet daddy would like some Christmas joy.

Nicole slowly bent her open mouth over her dad's soft cock. It was naughty, but also nice.

Nicole Meets the School Guidance Counselor

Nicole Messer was only a few weeks away from the last semester of her senior year in college. She had great grades, but still wasn't quite certain what she really wanted to do in life. Yes, she wanted to prove her father wrong, and that even a "girl" could succeed in business, and she was about to have a business degree, but what exactly she might do was still up in the air. When she saw an email for all seniors from the school guidance office, Nicole made an appointment. She was aware that the head of the guidance office was John Johnson, an old family friend, and one of her dad's former business partners. She was glad she could speak with someone who knew her better than just another college face.

Nicole sat quietly outside Mr. Johnson's office. There was a good sized reception area, manned by a woman who seemed—well not what Nicole would have expected. Nicole thought it would be a typical school secretary or receptionist, you know, rather drab in appearance, probably mid-40s to late-50s. Instead it was a woman who was no more than 30 and who wore a rather revealing outfit. Her chest was practically spilling out of her dress top, and her dress was so short that it was easy to know she wore a yellow garter belt, and lace top stockings. Nicole was certain a woman like that would never work in a real office, and yet, here she was, working in the guidance office of a prestigious school.

The woman picked up the phone on her desk. "Yes sir?" She smiled wide. "Right away sir. By the way, your 11:00 appointment is waiting." She smiled wider. "Yes. I'll tell her." She looked over at Nicole as she set the phone back down. "Mr. Johnson said that he apologizes, but he has to finish off on me ... err finish off a project with my help. About half an hour sweetie." She giggled slightly as she got up and went into his office, closing the door behind her.

Nicole nodded. The girl was a ditz obviously, but it was no surprise that Mr. Johnson was busy. She remembered how busy her dad always was with work and it was bound to be true here at the university too.

About 45 minutes later, the woman came out of Mr. Johnson's office. She sat down and Nicole inadvertently saw that she was not wearing panties. WTF? What kind of secretary doesn't wear panties to work? Nicole rolled her eyes—the woman was not only a ditz, but obviously incompetent, and a bit of a slut. Yet, Mr. Johnson was kind enough to overlook her lack of skills. She probably have some sort of contractual protection to keep her job. "He's ready for you now sweetie."

Nicole stood up and walked to the door. As she passed the woman, Nicole could see a white glob of something on the woman's cheek too. Nicole could tell that she tried to wipe it off earlier, but was not fully successful. She was wearing a weird smelling perfume too. Geez. A mess too. Mr. Johnson must be very kind heartened to keep her around.

Nicole gently knocked. "Come in." She opened the door and stepped inside.

"Nicki!!! It is so good to see you." Mr. Johnson smiled wide, walked over, and hugged her tightly, something Nicole did not expect. Although he was an old family friend, Nicole figured he'd be more professional at work—I guess not. She hugged him back, although not as hard. His hug was squeezing her, smashing her chest into his.

"Nice to see you too Mr. Johnson."

"Mr. Johnson? Seriously? I think you can call me Uncle John like you have always done since you were nine years old Nicki." Nicole blushed slightly. But it was true. She called all her dad's friends and colleagues Uncle this and Uncle that. "Imagine, it seemed like just yesterday that you were that little nine year old girl. And now look at you. All grown up and ready to graduate college and take on the world." He let go of her and looked her up and down. Nicole blushed a bit more. While she was used to men staring at her—a 34DD chest will do that—it was still weird when it was an older man who actually knew her. I mean he is Uncle John after all, not some perv. She was glad she was wearing her typical college outfit of jeans and a t-shirt, although she was aware her t-shirt revealed her chest's rather substantial curves. She was equally glad her minimizer bra hopefully hid her hardening nipples—as much as it embarrassed her to be stared at, Nicole always had sensitive nipples since she first started "growing" and any touch or leer turned them "on."

"Sit. Sit." He walked to the other side of his desk and sat in his chair too. Nicole sat across from him smiling. "So what brings you in here? I would assume you already had plans to take over a large company by now." He chuckled slightly, as did Nicole—her ambition was somewhat legendary amongst her close friends and family, so it was no surprise that her dad's friends knew too.

"Well that's just it Mr. John..."

"Ahem..." He winked.

"... I mean Uncle John. Yes, I want to get going on running my own company soon, of course. But I need to start somewhere, and for some reason, I just can't seem to find the right fit. I haven't even applied anywhere because none of the companies seem right for me. The only match is my dad's company, and he thinks girls are not fit for the real business world unless we want to be secretaries."

Mr. Johnson smiled and nodded as he listened. "Yes, yes. Your dad does have some ... old fashioned ... views about women, I suppose. But as you note Nicki, there are other companies out there. Why do you think you haven't found one that is ... what did you say? 'The right fit'?"

"I don't know Uncle John. Maybe I am being too picky. Maybe they all seems so ... nameless and faceless."

"I see. You see these companies as large multinationals, not places that will welcome a young woman like yourself and give you the chance to grow and show off your true skills."

Nicole smiled. "Yes. That's it Uncle John. You are so smart. I knew you'd understand." She then frowned. "So what do I do? You must have seen this before here. I mean I can't be the first college student feeling this way."

Mr. Johnson smiled wide again. “Indeed you are right Nicki. And I cannot tell you how pleased I am, as well as impressed, that you would come to my office to get the guidance you need. It shows humility and intelligence on your part.”

Nicole smiled wide. He was right of course. I am smart. “Thanks Uncle John. I knew you’d help.”

“What I propose Nicki is this—we go through a blind assessment of what ideals and standards various companies have, and a similar one about what you are looking for, and find the perfect match. The beauty of these blind assessments is that they are designed with no biases and the algorithm is constantly updated to account for changes in economics, personalities, and even social and political changes taking place locally and worldwide.”

Nicole smiled wide. “Wow. Really? That is so cool.”

“Yes, I am quite proud of it. A little secret.” He lowered his voice. “I invented it back when I was in private business. When this opportunity arose to work at the school, and really put this algorithm to use, well I had to take it. It would be a shame to have a product that helps young people find their true purpose and match them with employers and not use that product on students directly.”

Nicki smiled, although that was weird that he would say the product was to be “used on” students. Probably just a generational thing. “When do we start?”

“Frankly Nicki, I sort of expected this was the issue before you arrived. We can start now if you’d like?”

Nicole jumped up and ran across to the other side of Mr. Johnson’s desk. She bent forward and started hugging him hard. “Thanks Uncle John. Thanks so much.” Nicole could feel him hugging her back and that his hand was sorta on her bottom through her jeans, but given that he was

sitting and that she ran to him to hug him, she was sure it was an accident. Besides, she kinda shoved her chest into his face almost too, so his hand may have been on her ass, but she was pressing her chest into him too. It was kinda her fault. It was Uncle John. He's going to help me. He is not a perv. She let go and stood up straight, tugging her t-shirt back down a bit as it road up and sorta exposed the bottom of her bra. "So what do we do then?"

"Well Nicki, let's get you into the assessment lab. It is all set up—again, I kinda knew that this was where we would likely end up and well, you are pretty ambitious so I knew you'd want to start right away."

Nicole smiled. He was right. Everyone knew how ambitious she was—desperate to succeed and prove to her friends and family, especially her dad, that she would be a great businesswoman. She followed Uncle John as he walked to his door and passed his ditz secretary, who was busy looking at fashion magazines rather than working. "Miss Gordon, I will be taking Miss Messer here to the lab. No interruptions ... understood?"

She looked up and smiled. "Of course sir. I hope you can come and look at what I have been working on later sir. You know how important it is to get to my bottom filled ... errr, I mean to fill out the bottom line." She giggled and Nicole rolled her eyes. Moron, she thought.

"Of course Miss Gordon. I am sure we will be able to get that filled out very well this afternoon." She giggled again and looked sincerely excited about something so boring as paperwork. Nicole just followed Uncle John out the door and down the hall to a room marked "The Lab."

The room was a large room full of computers, monitors, and surveillance cameras. It was empty of any people. "This is our center where we match our students with the right employer Nicki. Typically it is full of young people like yourself all completing assessments, working on job applications, updating resumes, and even working on interviewing skills. But given that I've known you since you were nine, I made special arrangements to let you have the place to yourself today." Nicole smiled wide while Uncle John winked at her. "The perks of knowing the boss." He winked again.

“Wow Uncle John, I don’t know how to thank you.”

“Not to worry Nicki. I know I will get thanked in other ways—your success.” He led her to a chair at one of the many desks. “Sit and I will get you started.”

Nicole sat down and before she did anything else, the monitor came to life and the speaker started. “Good morning Nicole. How may we help you?”

Nicole’s mouth dropped. “But how ...? I mean ... like ... how?”

“How did the computer know it was you? Well Nicki, I will tell you. The software we have come up with has voice, facial, and even body recognition. All of the details of our students is automatically input upon admission into the university and then regularly updated. That avoids lots of repetitive inputting of information which is just a waste of time and instead we can focus on getting the customer—our local and national employers—connected with our student body.”

“Wow. That is really cool. I mean it is ... you know ... a bit of ‘big brother’ in a way, but still cool. I am sure it’s all up and up given that the university controls it and well ... of course you Uncle John. You are such a good guy.”

He smiled back at his friend’s daughter. “So put on the headphones and follow along with the prompts. Some of it is entry with a keyboard, but most of it is simply talking to the screen like you were talking to a friend. I’ll come back and check on you in about an hour, ok?”

“Wow. Thanks again Uncle John.”

He smiled back as he left Nicole alone in the computer lab. She slid on the headphones and a

person appeared on the screen. It was a woman, probably about 30, who was wearing a very well-tailored business suit. She smiled as she sat down in a chair in an otherwise empty room. "Hello Nicole. I understand you are about to graduate and are not quite sure where you would like to work, and really make your mark."

Nicol nodded. "Yeah. That's right. And really, I have to say this is really cool. It's like you are right here in the room with me."

The woman smiled. "The technology is truly advanced Nicole—or should I say Nicki—as I understand that your closest friends call you that. I hope I can be considered such a friend soon. You can call me Carol, although I prefer CC. All my friends call me that."

Nicole giggled a bit. "Ok CC. And sure, you can call me Nicki."

"Great Nicki. So let's begin. Tell me, what do you think you really want from a potential employer? Money? Benefits? Room for growth? Skill enhancement? Opportunities to advance?"

Nicole smiled. "Well geez CC, all of that I guess."

"Of course, but there must be one thing that really stands out. I know for me, it was having a mentor that I could count on to lead me to achieve the success I wanted."

Nicole giggled. "But you're just a computer image, not a real ... I mean, you know. You're not real."

Carol frowned a bit. "Of course I am real Nicki. You are seeing me over a computer screen, yes. But I am as real as you. In fact ..." She smiled wide all of a sudden. "... can I share a secret with you?"

Nicole looked a bit sad. "I am so sorry to call you 'not real' CC. I just mean I thought ... well you know. I guess I am just nervous. Yes, I would love to share secrets with you."

The computer screen flickered for a moment and Nicole thought she heard a faint sound, but she shook her head and decided she better really concentrate as CC was about to say something important. "Well I can tell—even through the computer screen—that you are a ... big girl." Carol made a cupping gesture with both of her hands in front of her chest. She then winked. "Me too." She smiled wide. "I started getting big when I was like 12, and I was a D before I went to college. And well ... I can barely fit into my bras or blouses sometimes." She giggled and she took off her suit jacket revealing a rather low cut blouse with her breasts spilling out over the top. CC was a "big girl" and probably wore a push up bra to make them look even bigger.

Nicole giggled along. "Really? Me too. I mean it's so hard to find the right outfit that doesn't squeeze or pinch, or get guys from just staring all the time."

"Oh don't I know it. That's why I order only shelf bras that basically hold the bottoms of my 'girls.' Sure I bounce around, but I just figure it comes with the territory. At least I am not getting crushed by a bra." CC shook her body slightly and sure enough her tits were bouncing.

"Really? But don't you get lots of ... you know ... stares?"

Carol smiled. "Sure. But that's why I asked about what you really wanted in a boss. Because I found a boss that lets me be me, and never takes advantage of my chest. I can do my job and get treated no differently than anyone else. I mean, yeah, I guess he stares too—but have you ever met a guy who didn't? I mean even my dad and uncles stare sometimes. All the guys I work with. All my dad's friends. Hell, they've been staring since I was 14. I guess I just got used to it and decided that the most important thing is to do what I do best and ignore their stares."

"Wow. That makes so much sense. 'Cause I get the same thing. Everyone has been staring at my chest since I was 13. I remember my dad's friends used to come over and always tell me to get

into the pool—which I always loved to do, because I love to swim. But they just wanted to see me in a bikini.” Nicole lowered her voice. “Even Uncle John ... err Mr. Johnson would do that.” Nicole smiled before she started to giggle.

“Yeah, I know it. But there is nothing we can do to stop them from staring. But what I figured out was that we ‘big girls’ can use that to our advantage.”

“Really? Like how?”

“Well like I said, I always wear a shelf bra. Sometimes, I unbutton my blouse so that lots of cleavage is showing or wear a very low cut top like today and really let them get a look. Then I walk around the office and I know I am bouncing all over. Then I’ll lean over one of my boss’s desks and ask for help with a project. I get them to do whatever I want.” Carol started to smile and then burst into giggles. “Show them a little tit and they will do anything and everything.”

Nicole smiled. “Oh god CC, you’re bad.” Then she giggled too. “But don’t you want to do things yourself?”

The screen flickered again and the faint sound in the background grew a bit louder. Nicole suddenly knew that whatever CC was about to say was going to be super important. “Well sure. But if I can get paid to do less as long as I show some tit, then it makes sense. After all, these bras are expensive, and I need to get paid to afford the right outfit. A girl has got to do what a girl has got to do.” She winked and smiled.

Nicole nodded. That was true. She had been overlooked her whole life simply because she was a girl. Her dad. Her teachers. Her employers. But she had something they all wanted, nice big tits. It was as if these ideas, even though CC was helping, were coming straight into her head. But the only sound was that funny faint noise. Nope, it was her own thinking the whole time. She was so smart, and if her tits got her what she wanted, then it made sense to use them. “Yeah CC, I guess you’re right. It’s just a little bit of flesh for them to look at. No harm and I get what I want for a change.”

Carol smiled this time. "Exactly Nicki. You are totally getting it. We need to find you a boss who appreciates your big rack and pays you well for it."

Nicole giggled thinking how she did have a huge "rack."

"So you need to get the right lace shelf bras, and then the right tops that let you 'accidentally' forget to button all the way up or let them spill out like his top. You won't have any problem getting a job, you'll have several to choose from." The screen flickered again as the faint noise got a smidge louder and was telling Nicole that she needed to listen carefully and follow the directions she got from CC. "I even ... well I better not say ... unless you really, really, really want the best job."

Nicole sat straight up, her eyes wide open. "Oh god CC, please tell me. I want to know all your secrets." Nicole knew this was going to be info that only the best girls would get. It was almost as if she was hearing those words, but she knew it was really because she was super smart and lucky to have Uncle John help her meet CC.

CC smiled. "Well OK, since we are like ... you know ... besties and all." She giggled and Nicole giggled too. "I always wear a short skirt and stockings with a garter belt. Every time I walk, or bend, or sit down, the guys get a peek. I have them eating out of my hand. They see a little tit. Then they see a little ass, maybe my stocking tops, my garter straps, my panties. And then they do whatever I want." She winked and giggled again. "I 'drop' things and slowly bend down to pick things up a lot. If one of the bosses is behind me, he gets a nice peek up my skirt. If one is looking in front of me, he gets extra cleavage to see. Before you know it, I'm getting them to do the work, or sometimes, I even get invited to super important meetings of only the top executives. Those are the best meetings."

Nicole smiled wide thinking how awesome it would be to be invited to important meetings. "So like they get a few peeks and then you get to go to important meetings? Wow. That's so sneaky CC." Nicole laughed.

“I know and I kinda feel bad, but really how else is a girl going to break the glass ceiling and get to be with all those super smart important old men who run the companies. Then they get to find out how important I am too.”

Nicole thought about that. It made sense. Yeah, she would have to show off a little skin, but then she'd get the invites and show the men how she is more than just a set of big yummy looking tits and a firm ass that is totally worth fucking. “I see what you mean CC. So then once you are in the meeting room, you can really show them.”

“Exactly Nicki. I mean, sure, at first all I got to do was fetch coffee and donuts and take notes and other girl things. But every time I bent over to pour some coffee for one of the men, and they got an even better look down my top or up my skirt, all I had to do to get noticed just a bit more was let them slide their hand under my skirt for a quick feel.”

Nicole's eyes bugged out. “Wait! You let the men feel up under your skirt?”

“Well yeah. I mean normally I would never do such a thing. But you have to admit it, all those men, each one is 50, 60, even 70 years old. Rich. Smart. Grey hair or even better, bald. Pot bellies. God, it is a thrill to know that you can get their attention with a peek or a quick feel up.” Carol closed her eyes and let out a soft moan. “God I love older men. They make me want to do things, you know?” She winked and giggled.

The screen flickered again and Nicole sat there in silence for about 5 seconds as the faint sound was making different noises. Then she smiled. “Yeah, I guess you are right CC. These men are kinda ...” Nicole lowered her voice a bit. “... sexy.” Nicole put her hands up to her mouth shocked that she said it out loud before she burst into laughter. Carol giggled along too. “Oh god CC, you are making me bad like you.”

“No way Nicki. I thought I was bad ... but you are super naughty.” They both giggled more. “I mean I love older men, don't get me wrong. Nothing is better than getting asked to go on a business trip and then get to share a hotel room with one of the bosses. Laying back and letting him pound away while I lay there and he calls me his 'little office slut.' Fuck. They make me cum

every time. But I never called them sexy before like you just did. You are a dirty girl Nicki.”

Nicole laughed but then did a double take. “Wait. You have like ...” She almost whisered. “ ... had sex with one of your bosses? And they call you ‘slut’?”

Carol smiled wide and even blushed a little. “Well sex with bosses... and not just one boss.” She burst into more giggles.

“But isn’t that like ... I don’t know ... against the rules or something?”

“I dunno Nicki, and really I don’t care. They are the bosses anyway. And if I can get some nice boss cock AND get paid too, well talk about excellent employee benefits. And sure they call me ‘slut’ and other cute pet names, but seriously, aren’t we all sluts anyway?” Carol giggled and winked.

Nicole stared ahead as the noise got loud again before it got soft. “Yeah, I guess that would be an awesome benefit. And I never really thought about it, but I guess I am kinda a slut given that I love letting old men look me over too. I never really knew that bosses could ... you know ...” Nicole whispered again. “... have sex with us.”

“Oh yeah. All the time. I mean think about it Nicki. They work really hard. They have to make all the hard decisions to keep the company going. They are so smart. And like you said, so sexy ... like not just ‘regular’ sexy either, but ‘I get wet just thinking about them’ sexy. And all that hard work has to be stressful for them, right?”

Nicole nodded along, as everything made sense.

“So what do guys need to relax and take away the stress? A good lay from a nice big titted bimbo.”

“Wait! Bimbo?”

Carol laughed. “Oh, I don’t mean that we are bimbos. Because obviously we are super smart and stuff. Maybe not as smart as those older men, but still smarter than ... well I dunno, but smarter than some other people for sure. And the men need a big titted bimbo. Since there aren’t any other bimbos around, especially ones with massive hooters like us, well, we have to step up ...” she winked and then said ...” ... or kneel down if you know what I mean.” She burst into laughter.

Nicole giggled loudly too. “Oh god CC, you say I’m bad. You are super bad. I mean, have you ever ...” Nicole made a motion with her hand near her mouth as if she were pushing something in and out of her mouth. “... you know, with one of the bosses?”

Carol winked and smiled wide. “Oh god Nicki, like all the time. The bosses are fun and all when they fuck me in a hotel or bent over a desk, but they really appreciate a good slow blowjob. And god do I love sucking cock. If I could suck cock all day, I totally would. I mean just the other day I was sucking off one of Mr. Johnson’s old partners. He was kinda fat, losing his hair, and he called me a ‘good girl.’ I mean like total turn on across the board, right? And so anyway, I was under his desk while he took a call from someone. I think it might have even been his daughter. She was calling him from school about something or other, I dunno. Anyway, he was talking with her and said something like, “hold on Nica,” as he dropped the phone and held my head down. He unloaded so much cum. I tried, but couldn’t swallow it all, and it was dripping down my chin and all over my tits and then I kinda came myself—like really came hard now that I think about it. Then I sucked him dry nice and slow the way all those old men like it while he picked up the phone again and said something like, ‘sorry Nica, now what were you saying about looking for a job after your graduate?’ That guy is one of my favorites to blow. Him and Mr. Johnson. I mean they really know how to grab my tits just right, call me names like ‘whore’ and ‘slut’ and ‘good girl.’ Besides, they both have like thick cocks, with grey hair all over their balls.”

Nicole stared straight ahead. “Wait. Did you say the guy you were blowing was talking on the phone to someone named ‘Nica’?”

“Yeah I think so. I was kinda busy with my head bobbing up and down and stuff and I was making lots of slurping noises, too. I was kinda moaning as well. But Yeah, I think it was ‘Nica.’ Why?”

Nicole’s mouth was almost wide open as she stared ahead before she shook her head. “Oh my god CC, my dad calls me ‘Nica.’ And he knows Uncle ... err Mr. Johnson too.”

Carol grinned wide. “So you think I blew your dad? Oh wow! That is like so cool.”

Nicole still had a shocked look on her face. “I mean I dunno. Maybe you did. I don’t know if it’s cool though. I mean it was my dad.”

“Well if it was, I have to tell you Nicki, he has the best cock. I mean so yummy, even yummier than Mr. Johnson’s cock. And his cum is like the sweetest taste. And the way he called me ‘good girl’ as I was bobbing away and he was pinching my nipples. I mean talk about a total class act. I would suck him off any day. Like I wish he was here right now, because I could really go for some cock right now, know what I mean?”

Nicole started to smile a bit. “Well sure. I mean like I could go for some cock too, I suppose. But my dad? I mean ...”

“You mean, how fucking lucky you are. Think about it Nicki, you could go home and like totally blow you dad anytime you want. I bet he never had a tit fuck from someone as big as you before. Even I’m not as big as you.”

Nicole blushed. “Well I do love giving tit fucks. I mean I think I do. I never really ... I mean, kinda once, but ...”

“Wait, are you saying you never wrapped your jugs around a monster old man cock before? And your dad is sitting home waiting for a big ol’ titty fuck.”

“I never really thought about it that way CC. I mean my mom is bigger than me, so I bet my dad gets it like all the time anyway.”

“So it’s true then, you are a natural at giving titty fucks. It’s in your genes.”

Nicole looked like she was thinking hard, then smiled. “Wow I guess so. I have always had the tittypassing gene, and I never knew it. But then my dad ... because he has my mom and all ... he doesn’t need me to ...”

“Of course he does Nicki. Your dad might have the best cock there ever was to suck and tittypass. That means he needs it all the time, even if your mom is an expert, which she must be given that you have the cocksucking titpassing gene and all. Mr. Johnson is like that too. He needs to fuck our mouths, our tits. If we deny them, then we are like ... you know ... hurting them.”

Nicole put her hands to her mouth. “I would never hurt daddy or Uncle John. I love them.”

“Then you know what to ...”

There was a knock on the door of the lab.

Johnson stuck his head in. “Nicki? You doing OK? This has been a long lab session and I want to be sure you are ...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Nicole jumped out of her chair and rushed to him. “Oh god.

Uncle John. I have been hurting you. I am so sorry.” She dropped to her knees and stared fumbling with his zipper. “Please, please, please, don’t be angry Uncle John. I never realized how much you need me to tittifyfuck you. If I had known before I would have ...” Nicole fished out his cock and she smiled at how hard he was already. So thick. Grey hairs on his balls. Just the way CC said it would be. She swallowed it down to the root in her first try, which was surprising given that he had the biggest cock ever—like almost 5 whole inches. She was a natural cocksucker too, she thought. She was born to deep throat important men. She bobbed up and down very fast—like a woman possessed, before Uncle John grabbed her head and held her deep down.

“Slow down Nicki. Take your time. A good girl always enjoys her cocks nice and slow.” Nicole nodded, her mouth full. She looked up as best she could with her mouth so deep down Uncle John’s big cock. She almost came when she saw him smiling down at her. He isn’t angry anymore. I am doing what a good girl is supposed to do. She let him guide her head slowly up and down his cock. It was so comforting to have an older powerful man show her the way. She felt her panties were soaked. She thought she even might have orgasmed, although she knew it was more important that Uncle John be happy. “That’s a good girl Nicki. I knew you would be a good little cocksucker. I bet you would like to use your big monster cans on my cock now, wouldn’t you?”

Nicole looked up, her mouth still full of cock, nodding excitedly. She smiled wide when he pulled her mouth off his cock.

“Be a good girl and slowly take off your top.” Nicole nodded and slipped off her t-shirt. She was a bit embarrassed that her bra was just a minimizer, not one that revealed her cleavage at all. She knew CC wore a lace shelf bra, and she told herself that she would wear those for now on. “And the bra too Nicki.” She nodded, knowing that Uncle John needed her tits to fuck his important cock, it was her duty to help him. She pulled off her bra and her big tits spilled out. When he cupped one, she came fiercely, shuddering. She grabbed his legs and held on, and felt his cock rubbing against her face. God, I never felt so good before. When she finally stopped shuddering, she smiled up at the great man.

“I’m sorry Uncle John, I didn’t mean to be pleased before pleasing you. I promise ...” (before she could finish, he took his cock and put it back in her mouth. She moaned over the most delicious cock she ever had. “Mmmmmmmmm unnnnk kkk jahhhhhhhnnnnnn.” He then pulled out his

cock, dripping with her saliva and slid it between her tits as he wrapped them around his cock.

She smiled up at him, noticing how pleased she was making him. "Uncle John, I will fuck your cock with my tits anytime. I want to be a good girl for you because I know how hard you work and how much you"

"Sssshhhhhhhh Nicki. Be a good girl and lick my cock while I fuck your titties, ok?"

Nicole smiled and nodded. She wished she didn't talk so much. Her mouth was for sucking, not talking. She did as she was told and licked Uncle John's cockhead each time it popped up between her tits. He started grunting and breathing heavier. She smiled up so happily, knowing she was being such a good girl. She opened her mouth into an 'O' shape so his cock could pop in and out of her mouth each time it came out from between her jugs. He started thrusting up faster and faster, and Nicole could tell he was enjoying it. When he called her a "dumb slut," she felt herself get wet again. He thinks I'm a dummy—like a bimbo, which means that I must be doing this right. God, I want him to really think I am a good gi... A huge blast spurt up across her face. Nicole's eyes opened wide in surprise and another blast hit her on her cheek. When a third long rope of cum splattered into her hair, she squealed as she knew she was making the great man cum, and then she felt herself start to cum as well. When he pushed her mouth down on his cock and hold her deep down as he emptied his balls into her mouth, she came like a freight train too. Her body shook and that seemed to make Uncle John spurt out extra cum into her mouth. He held her deep down for the longest time as his hips bucked and little drops of cum dribbled into her mouth. Nicole almost blacked out herself from her own powerful orgasm. When he let go of her head, she stayed deep on his cock anyway hoping that a few more drops of cum might ooze out. When she was sure he was dry, she slowly slid off.

She smile dup at him, as a big ribbon of cum dripped down her chin. "Did I do good Uncle John? Are you happy with me now?"

He smiled back down at her. "You are a very good girl Nicki. Of course I'm happy with you." Nicole giggled, smiled, and blushed. She had never been so happy with herself before. She made an important man happy. "Now be a good girl, and put your t-shirt back on. You don't need that unflattering bra anymore. And you and Carol can continue with the training." Nicole

nodded and then had a look of surprise. Oh god, I forgot about CC. I was talking with her when Uncle John came in. I hope she isn't mad or anything.

Johnson left as Nicole slid her t-shirt back over her bare tits. There was a lot of cum dribble on them and it oozed through her shirt. She stood up and turned to the computer and saw CC wearing just lingerie. Her suit was on the floor of the room where she was. She was in all yellow. Even her stockings were yellow. She had one tit popped out of her bra cup and she was slowly pinching her nipple and moaning. Her eyes were closed. "CC?"

Carol's eyes opened up. "Oh god Nicki. That was like the sexiest blowjob and tit fuck I have ever seen. I mean, like wow. You are totally a natural. You must be like in really high demand for lots of job offers because that is what every business wants in a new hire."

Nicole smiled. "Really? I mean I thought they looked at my grades and stuff like that."

"Not with those skills and those ..." She made a gesture, cupping her hands over both her tits, one still out of a bra cup. Nicole giggled. "Those are the only skills you'll ever need and you can work for anyone. No matter who the boss is, his cock will fit between those gigantic melons."

Nicole looked shocked again. "Wait. That's it! I shouldn't be looking for the perfect fit because every cock will fit in between these." Nicole cupped her tits through her t-shirt. She felt the stickiness of Uncle John's cum oozing through the fabric. "Oh god CC, you are like my best friend. I never knew I had the skills all this time."

Carol smiled. "Of course you had them Nicki. In fact..." Suddenly a man could be seen on the screen entering the room CC was in. Nicole could not see his face as CC was sitting in a chair and walked up to her, but the camera showed only him from the neck down. He had a fat belly in a tight suit. He even had a tie like the one Nicole bought her dad one birthday a year or so ago. Nicole could see CC look up at the man and nod. She knelt down and looked at the camera and winked at Nicole. Then she undid the man's fly and pulled out his cock. It was fatter than Uncle John's, but about the same length—5 monster inches. Nicole stared as CC undid her bra and let her tits free before swallowing the man's cock. She bobbed back and forth slowly as the man's

hands reached down and played with her tits. Nicole could tell CC was enjoying it as she could hear CC's moans and saw CC use one of her hands to reach down and slide under her own panties. CC bobbed away as the man cupped, squeeze, bounced, and pinched her tits. Nicole could hear the man call CC a "good little cocksucker," "a dumb fucking whore," and a "stupid slut," several times. Wow, those are like the best names, Nicole thought. When he called her a "good girl," Nicole thought the voice sounded familiar, but she was too focused on watching CC bob her mouth, she didn't think much about it. When CC started bobbing faster and faster, Nicole herself started to get wet again. She realized, that she had opened up her jeans and slid her hands under her pants and was fingering herself, just the way CC was doing to herself.

Nicole closed her eyes reimagining when Uncle John was fucking her face. She kept hearing the other man's voice calling CC a "good girl," and she felt her pussy getting closer ... closer ... closer ... When she heard CC squeal suddenly. Nicole opened her eyes to see the man's cock spurting all over CC's face. Nicole plunged her fingers inside her pussy and came—her third of fourth orgasm of the afternoon—she lost track. Nicole's eyes closed hard as she was overcome with pleasure. She was panting heavily, forgetting that CC and the man with her could probably hear her.

When she was able to open her eyes, she saw CC slowly sucking away at the man's softening cock. His hands were softly squeezing her tits as he kept calling her "a good girl." Nicole smiled as CC slid her mouth off and slowly tucked away the man's cock into his pants. Nicole could see his hands zip himself up. Then he disappeared from the screen and CC smiled into it.

"Oh god Nicki. I forgot you were there. Did you see that? God I love it when he calls me a 'good girl.' It makes me feel so special."

"I could tell." Nicole noticed the big glob of cum in CC's hair.

"Well anyway, I think we can tell what kind of career you need. One like mine. Totally. I mean like every day I get to come to important meetings and help out. I may not be ... you know like smart and stuff given that I'm just a girl with big titties ... but I know how to help the company simply by being my best for the men. It's what you were always meant to do too Nicki."

Nicole nodded. It was true. She has it in her genes. She had big tits that could help men relax. And she could deep throat any cock—even the monster 5 inchers these important old men had. She was a natural. “Wow, you’re right CC. I am so glad Uncle John had you teach me. I can’t wait to tell my dad that I am going to have a great career in business.”

Carol smiled. “I bet your dad already knows. Something tells me he can see your skills.” She winked and Nicole giggled. That was silly though as Nicole knew her dad never looked at her the way businessmen did, as an important part of helping them relax. He only saw her as his daughter, his good girrrrrr... Nicole’s eyes opened wide. Oh god, daddy calls me a good girl. That man who CC just sucked off—he called her a good girl too, using the same voice. It was ... Oh god. That means he might have seen me with Uncle John too. Which means he might be angry at me for never offering to help him if mom couldn’t.

“I have to go CC.” Nicole logged off and rushed out of the room, forgetting that her bra was still on the floor in the lab room. Her sticky t-shirt had cum oozing through, only highlighting her tits as they bounced freely. The cum on her chin and in her hair, sticking to make her look like ... a whore, like what daddy called CC.

She drove straight to her dad’s office and got plenty of looks and cat calls from the men in the building. When daddy’s secretary told her that he wasn’t in, Nicole felt dejected and slowly walked back to her car. One of dad’s business partners saw her at the elevator. “Nicole?”

She looked up and saw a man she was sure she recognized before. “It’s me. Steve Wilson. Your dad’s partner.”

Nicole smiled. “Oh yeah. Hi. Mr. Wilson. I was hoping to see my dad, but he’s out, so I was just leaving.”

“Nonsense. Come down to my office. I think I might have what you need.”

Nicole nodded, but was sure he didn't have ... oh wait. He is a businessman. I can help him.
"Wow Mr. Wilson, I sure am glad I ran into you because ..."

He opened his office door, let her in and closed it quickly.

"Because you sure could use a nice deep fucking, you dumb little slut. Is that what you were going to say?" Nicole moaned knowing that he was right. But she didn't know he'd be so direct. She could feel her panties getting wet again. "Take off those jeans and bend over you dumb whore." Nicole nodded quickly and did as she was told. She knew that obeying was super important. He got behind her and pulled her panties down to her knees. "Fuck, you are soaked already, just like Johnson said you would be, a fuck toy for anyone with a suit on." Nicole came, shuddering as she felt her pussy spark. God, he was so hot calling her all the right names. When he slid his cock inside her, she could tell he wasn't quite as big as Uncle John or daddy, maybe 4 inches. But it was the best fuck she ever felt so far in her life. He reached up under her t-shirt and grabbed her tits, and she came again. God she loved being used for all her special skills. "Fuck Nicki, your tits are even better than we all thought. So fucking big." He inched and squeezed as Nicole was nearing a third orgasm.

"Wwwwwwwwwwe?"

"Yeah little slut, we. All of your dad's friends have been wanting to fuck you for years. And now, that is exactly what will happen to you. You are the fuck toy for all of us." He pounded away, Nicole's ass shaking as he did. God, all the men want to fuck me. For years they've wanted it. I have been hurting them by denying them all these years.

"I'm so sorry I never let you fuck me before Mr. Wilson. I promise, you can do it anytime, anywhere. You can even fuck my tits and my mouth. I love making important men happy. It makes me so" Nicole gritted her teeth, as his hands and his cock were making her "Oh yessssssssssssssssssssssssssssss, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me. Fuck me like a dumb whore, pleaaaaaaaseeeeeee."

Wilson exploded inside her as she begged like a dumb slut. His hips bucked as he pumped more and more cum inside the young girl's pussy. She moaned and moaned as he filled her. When he

pulled out he even said the sexiest thing she ever heard after a fucking. "Get out of my office you dumb whore." Nicole blushed when she realized that she was good enough to be a whore in an office—just like CC. God. I love being an office whore.

"Yes sir." Nicole slid her panties, which were soaked, and her jeans up and left as she was told. She sighed and went home.

Neither her mom or dad were there, so Nicole took a shower to get cleaned up and put on a nightie for the rest of the night. She fell asleep on the sofa and never heard her parents come home. Her mom softly shook her. "Nica. Go to bed now." Nicole nodded and walked up to her room. She laid down but could hear her parents talking through the walls. She heard her dad say something about a long day and then her mom say something about him needing to relax. Then all she heard was moaning. She snuck down the hall and peeked into their room through the slightly cracked open door.

Nicole's mom was kneeling down topless while her dad was fucking her mom's tits. Nicole reached up under her short nightie and slowly fingered herself as she watched her mom expertly titfuck her dad. When he came, it splattered all over her face and tits. He then bent down and kissed her forehead and called her a "good girl." Nicole moaned and shuddered as she came herself, and then put her hand over her mouth. Fuck, I hope they didn't hear me. She quickly rushed back to bed.

Ten minutes later, she heard footsteps in the hall and she closed her eyes tight to pretend to be asleep. The footsteps got closer. She felt a gentle hand on her forehead. "Good night my sweet girl." It was her dad.

Nicole opened her eyes just a bit. "Mmmmmm. Goodnight daddy." She saw he was wearing just a robe and it was partly open. She could see his soft cock and grey haired balls. She slowly raised her hand up and cupped under. "Mmmmmm daddy. Please can I?" Nicole opened her mouth. She softly moaned as he stepped closer and his balls were at her face. She licked them and almost came again. God, I love licking balls. Daddy's balls. Nicole slowly licked and licked as she reached down with her other hand and rubbed her pussy through her thin panties. She moaned more when she felt his one hand grab the back of her head and direct her mouth over

his growing cock. He slid inside her.

“That’s my good girl. I knew you would make me proud once you understood your place in business.” Nicole nodded as she felt his cock growing longer and thicker inside her wet warm mouth. Nicole nodded more as she lay on her side and let him fuck her mouth. She reached up with one hand to grab one of daddy’s hands. She guided it to her chest. When she felt him squeeze over her needy tit, she gasped over his cock and moaned loudly. Minutes later she gulped down every drop of daddy’s delicious cum. CC was right. It was sweet as nectar.

The next morning, Nicole was in the kitchen helping her mom make breakfast when her dad walked in. “I have a big announcement dear. I spoke with John Johnson this morning and he told me all about our Nica and how well she has done in school and in her entrance training that I have decided to hire her as an assistant at my company as soon as she graduates.”

Nicole squealed in joy and her mom hugged her. “I am so proud of you Nica.”

Nicole then hugged her dad. “Thanks daddy. I knew you’d see a place in business for me.” She hoped it paid well enough to get lots of lingerie for her duties. Maybe she could thank daddy later after work. As she thought about it, and as her dad hugged her, she felt another tingle in her panties. She moaned again. The business world is very rewarding ... even for a girl.

Nicole’s Competitive Spirit Helps Her Out In A Difficult Class

Nicole Messer was bound and determined to finish at the top of her class. She had at least a 0.2 GPA lead over the next closest student heading into her last semester. She was sure she could get As in her last 4 classes before graduation. She knew she had at least one A all but guaranteed. She had signed up for an advanced psychology class, even though she was a business major. The key was that the class was taught by John Johnson, one of her dad’s best friends. He would give her an A no matter what, she was sure. After all, “Uncle John” had known her since she was like 6 years old or something.

Once classes started, Nicole was surprised how complicated the class was. Every student, except her, was a psychology major and was well acquainted with the terminology and

concepts something Nicole failed to consider when she thought she signed up for an easy A. Still, she was not the type to just give up. In fact she was the top grade getter because she never gave up. So she studied tremendously over the next several weeks to get up to speed. She knew she wouldn't be a psych-major, but she wanted to keep up enough to get her A.

In one class, however, she was woefully unprepared for the subject matter and asked Professor Johnson—Uncle John—if he could meet her after class. He led her to his office.

"Have a seat Nicki."

"Thanks Professor Johnson." Nicole sat.

"You mean ...?"

"Sorry. Thanks Uncle John." Nicole blushed a bit. She had always called him that, but still they were both on campus and she tried hard to keep up decorum.

"So what's on your mind Nicki?"

"Well, I have to admit, this class is a bit harder than I anticipated. But I am bound and determined to get an A anyway, and just wondered what help you might suggest." Nicole didn't want to put him on the spot and insist or beg that she get an A. She just wanted some ... leniency.

"Well I was surprised when I saw you enrolled in the class Nicole. I don't get too many future business leaders taking this high of a level of psych classes. So I can see why you might feel ... overwhelmed. But not too worry. I know you are very bright and I will see you through this. But I won't just hand you an A. You have to show me something."

Nicole smiled and nodded. Of course Profess... Uncle John. I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Good. Let's start with some basics. As we have learned so far in the class, there early scholars of modern psychology and psychiatry wanted to get a base line of a subjects thinking. Rational. Inflated. Perverse. Psychotic. Whatever, as there are many personality types. And some of the early tests of that were the famous ink blot tests."

"Yes. Ummmm. Doctor Rorschach came up with these I think."

"Very good Nicki." She smiled wide. "And to start to understand how these worked, we need to put them to use. So I am going to give you a set of 10 cards. I want you to study them intently for the next hour. You may use my office. I'll step out to get a coffee I think anyway. When I return, we can discuss them and see what you think of these types of tests and whether they can fully measure a personality type."

Nicole nodded. "So just like what ...? Stare at them?"

"Well yes and no Nicki. Yes, please do stare. See deep inside them. But think about how the shapes might appear to a "normal" person and what a "psychotic" person might see differently. It will take great concentration. But then, I have never known you to give anything other than your best."

Nicole smiled wide. Her competitive nature was known among her family and friends for years and obviously it spilled over into school too. Uncle John knew her since she was little and probably kept an eye on her in college, so he was right about that. She would earn her A. Hell if she worked hard enough, she might get the top grade in the class. That would certainly "show" those psych majors a thing or two.

"I find that classical music also helps Nicki. He turned on the stereo in his office. Just listen and

stare and think hard. I'll be back soon." Uncle John left and Nicole sat back and grabbed the first card.

She did notice the office was a bit warm, almost relaxing. Add the very soft pleasant music and she could see the appeal of being a college professor. It was so cozy, so calming. She looked hard at the first ink blot. It wasn't really any shape per se. It was just a blob. But she knew if she stared long enough, she'd start to see things. The music was so calming too, helping her brain sink deep into the picture. She started to think about how long she had known Professor Johnson ... Uncle John. As long as she could remember. He used to come to the house regularly along with plenty of other friends and colleagues of her dad. By the time she was a teenager, she got to stay up later and later. She even wore some fancy dresses to some parties her parents threw. The men seemed to stare at her. Maybe they were noticing her growing chest. She did get big early and fast. She recalled being a C cup by 14 and a D by 16. The men always seemed to gather around her, particularly if she wore a lower cut dress or if her parents threw a pool party and she wore a bikini. God, all those old men staring at her. She loved the attention. Too bad they aren't here for her to show off now that she has an E cup. I wonder if Uncle John notices how big I am. I sure hope so. I mean yes, I am plenty smart and work hard, but I still like men, important men, important older men, to look at my chest. It makes me feel so warm. God, it is warm in here. Nicole soon slipped her sweatshirt off. She only had a thin T-Shirt on underneath, and no bra. Still it was good to cool down.

The music suddenly stopped and Nicole looked up. She was still staring at the first card and Uncle John was standing there, having turned off the stereo.

"Oh. Ummmm wow. I must have been really caught up in these cards."

"I am sure. They can really draw you in sometimes. Tell me, what did you see in that card, the one you're holding?"

"Oh. Ummmm. Well it's hard to say."

"It doesn't have to be anything specific, like I see a moth, or a firetruck, or anything like that

Nicki. Just tell me how it made you feel.”

“Oh like happy. I was thinking about back when I was a kid and you and dad’s friends would come over and how you all looked at” Nicole blushed. “... I mean, how you all used to come over and have fun at the parties my parents threw.”

“Yes, those were good times. And staring at this made you think back to that. Hmmmmm. Interesting.”

Nicole smiled. “Is that like a good thing?”

“Oh there are no good or bad things when one explores the mind Nicki. Just interesting things.”

Nicole suddenly noticed when he said “interesting” he was staring at her chest. Oh god. I only have a t-shirt on. I bet ... Nicole could feel her nipples were hard for sure. He was staring. It was so embarrassing. She tried to figure out a way to get him to stop looking, so she pointed at the card. “See how ... I mean, like how this might make one feel ... nostalgic?” Maybe once he looks I can slip my sweatshirt back on.

But he didn’t take his eyes off her chest. “Like I say Nicki, it isn’t a thing to see. It is just a feeling. I am glad you were able to think about happy times at home with your parents and with their old foggy friends like me.” Nicole nodded. I guess it is nice to think about that. And maybe he isn’t staring at my chest. Maybe he is thinking about old times too. “Now tell me about the next one?”

Nicole blushed again. “Oh. I never got to a second one. I was so caught up in the first one and Is that bad?”

He laughed. “Not at all Nicki. It shows that you took it very seriously. Someone with a drive such as yours, I would expect nothing less. I’ll tell you what, you come back after class tomorrow and

we will go over more OK?” Nicole smiled as she was super competitive and it was her drive, her work ethic, that made her stare so intently. She nodded and stood up and shook his hand and felt her chest bounce when she did. Oh god. So embarrassing. As soon as she stepped out of his office, she slid on her sweatshirt. She didn’t want her hard nipples on display over the whole campus.

The next day, Nicole dressed similarly, but made a mental note to keep her sweatshirt on inside Uncle John’s office. After her last class, she went to Uncle John’s office. She knocked and entered when she heard his voice call for her to do so.

“Hiya Uncle John.”

“Good afternoon Nicki. I trust your classes went well today.”

“Oh yeah. Tuesdays are easier, I only have 1 class. Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays are much harder. I have 4 classes each day, yours being the last one.”

“Very good. Well let’s return to the ink blots.” He handed her the set of 10 cards again, turned on the stereo, and stood up. “I’ll let you stare and study them for a bit and come back soon, just like yesterday.”

Nicole nodded. “Thanks Uncle John.” After he left, she stared at a card. It was hard to tell if it was the same one from yesterday or a different one. It was all just a funny shaped blob. But damnit, the office is even warmer today. Nicole decided to keep her sweatshirt on, however, and just concentrate. She let the music enter her mind and soon she was staring deep. What do I see? There must be something there. But Uncle John said it is more of a feeling than a thing. Maybe like the feeling I get when he stares at my boobs. I mean it is kind of creepy. He is old, like my dad. Fat too. But still it’s nice to know that men of that age still look and that I can make them look. I wonder if they think about ...? Oh wow. I bet he wants to see my boobs. I bet they all do. I guess he must. He is a man. And all men think that way I guess. I mean who doesn’t love big boobs? I wonder if they think about ... oh god. I bet they want to fuck me too. But I’m really not the kind of girl who shows off or acts like a bimbo. Only girls with big boobs act that way ...

oh wait. I guess I have them. Are all E cup girls bimbos? Definitely not, because I am totally like not a bimbo. I mean I could pass for one. I would have to wear shorter dresses, hell dresses in the first place. I only wear jeans. I bet Uncle John would like to see me in a dress, one that highlights my boobs. I wonder if dad's other friends would like that too. I bet they would. I love making them, any fat old man, happy. I want daddy to be proud of me and to be pleased with me. I want Uncle John and all of daddy's friends to be pleased by me ... errr with me (giggle) too. That's why I work so hard. To be able to get old fat important men to notice me and think that I am more than a big set of bobbies, even though I am totally that too. I mean even though I am super smart, I could totally wear a dress and maybe have some cleavage for them to see too. They deserve it. They are so nice to me, and I should be nice back by showing off my boobs more. Yeah, a dress, with cleavage, so they can see my big boobies. My big fuckable boobies. All for those important older men. I bet ...

The music stopped and Uncle John was sitting at his desk. He smiled wide. "You were really concentrating hard Nicki."

"Oh yeah." She laughed a bit nervously. "I guess I got really into this one today." Holding up the card in her hand.

"I can see that. I am impressed with your concentration. You even worked up a sweat."

"Oh yeah. I guess between all my thinking and the sweatshirt and ..." Nicole thought how it was silly to keep on a sweatshirt. It's not that bad that Uncle John will look at my boobs. Besides, he is a powerful fat old man, he almost deserves to look at some nice fuckable boobs after his long day of work. "You don't mind if I take off my sweatshirt, do you Uncle John?"

"Of course not Nicki. I would hate for you to be uncomfortable."

Nicole smiled wide and slowly lifted off her sweatshirt. She felt her t-shirt riding up as she did and uncovered a small part of the bottom of her boobs when she finally got the sweatshirt off. She blushed and tugged her t-shirt down. It was all wet from being so warm and she was sure her nipples and even her areolas were clearly seen through her wet t-shirt. God. I bet he must

love that I am here so he can see my big boobies. I wonder if he wants me to take off my t-shirt. I bet Uncle John would love to see them. They are probably bigger than any others he has ever seen. Nicole started to feel wet in her jeans now too. God, Nicole get yourself together. It's not like he is gonna fuck me right now. I mean I wish, but I'm just a dumb college girl, and he is an important fat old man.

"...Nicole?"

"Huh?"

"I was saying how you were really concentrating and wondered how that made you feel."

God, I was too busy thinking about wondering if Uncle John wants to fuck me that I daydreamed. But that is how I feel too. I can't say that. It would be super embarrassing to admit to wanting him to fuck me. "Oh. Yeah, well like I felt nostalgic again. And happy. And super horn... errr super wanting to get lay... Get busy with my homework so I am ready for all my classes tomorrow." God, I almost told him how horny I was. He must think I am a ditz, although I kinda am one.

He smiled. "I see. Well yes, when one thinks about the past often one thinks about how hard she has to work to get back to those good feelings. So hard work and dedication, traits you certainly have Nicki. I have no doubt that your work will someday lead to you heading up a company. I can just see you as swallowing up your competition and letting everyone see you shine."

Nicole smiled and nodded. "Thanks Uncle John. I think I can totally swallow." She put her hands over her mouth and blushed severely. "I mean like swallow up those who try to put hard things in my way." She blushed more. "I mean like shine after I get cum over me ... " Oh my god Nicole, get yourself together. "... I mean overcome obstacles. Yeah, that's what I mean."

He smiled and nodded. Good he didn't notice the implications of what I just said. He thinks of

me as a good girl and I totally am. I just like old men and them to look at my fuckable boobs. And yeah, I guess I wouldn't mind a good fucking from them, even though I am totally a good girl. It's not my fault that my tits are so fuckable and that I know it and it makes me horny.

"You look like maybe you've had enough from all the concentrating Nicki. How about we continue tomorrow?"

Nicole nodded and agreed. She needed to get out of there before she said anything else stupid.

She ran out of the building, forgetting her wet t-shirt was all that hid her chest from the view of everyone on campus. She got plenty of looks as her tits bounced, but was too busy to notice.

Once she got home, Nicole undressed and got into just a nightie. Normally she wore t-shirts to bed, but she just felt like her favorite pink babydoll was the thing tonight. She had several dreams where she worked at her dad's company, but as a secretary. She was always behind in her work because she always snuck away from her desk when her dad wasn't looking to go to other executives' offices and let them fuck her bent over their desks. She was fucked at least twice a day by different executives. And at the end of each day, she would go home, often without her panties on any longer, riding in the car as her dad drove them home. He never knew his daughter was the company slut. Nicole woke with her nightie hiked up, one hand over a tit, another caressing over her clit. Her sheets were soaked with her own cum. She smiled thinking about her dream before she gasped. Oh god, Nicole, stop this. I am an A student, not a slut.

Nicole showered and dressed. She wore a dress today because she remembered how much Uncle John likes her in dresses—she thinks so, he never said. The dress was short and a bit tight. If she went braless, her boobs would bounce all over, but her thick bra was just not right. She remembered she had a pretty lace shelf bra that pushed her boobs up and she looked great with that on. Perfect, a lace shelf bra and a pretty dress that is so low cut that the bra practically puts over half my boobies on display. Uncle John will like that.

She went to her classes and got a few looks. At lunch, she realized that she forgot to wear

panties. She turned red even though she was the only one who knew. Her dress was short, but not THAT short, so luckily no one would see her bare pussy. Then off to Uncle John's class. She sat in the front row today hoping he'd notice how nice her boobs looked in her dress. By the end of class, she was day dreaming and her dress had hiked up so much that if Uncle John was standing just right, he might be able to see she forgot panties. Luckily, he wasn't looking there, but she was day dreaming for a while, so ... maybe? God, I wonder if he thinks I am coming on to him by showing him my pussy. I mean I wasn't trying to, but god, if he wanted to fuck me, I would have to let him. But his eyes were just on my chest. Oh god, maybe he wants to fuck them. Fuck, I am so horny. Nicole felt her nipples were rock hard and was fairly certain that given her bra and dress choice today, everyone else could see.

She waited until the rest of the class let out and walked back with Uncle John to his office for more tutoring. When she got inside his office she started to lift her dress off before she realized that it was a dress and not a sweatshirt. She giggled and hoped he didn't notice, but was sure he must have seen her ass and maybe her pussy. God. Stop being such a ditz girl.

She sat down as Uncle John got out the ink blot cards. He tuned on the music and told her he was going to stay and grade papers while she looked over the cards. "Ok Uncle John."

She started to look carefully trying to see an image or at least start to feel some emotion. She listened carefully to the relaxing music as that always helped. It was funny because it was almost as if the music was talking to her, which obviously it was not. It was classical music, not some voice over instructing her like she was a toy obeying commands. Still, she started to think about how silly she was acting today. First, she had that wild dream last night. Then, she forgot to wear panties. She day dreamed more during class. And worse, she almost took off her dress upon walking inside Uncle John's office. God, what he must think of me now. I am a top student, not some bimbo who had big tits for old fat men like Uncle John and all of daddy's other friends to stare at. Still they would probably stare anyway, and really who could blame them. Besides my boobs look so good in this dress I wore today. She reached up and felt them, and she slowly caressed her chest as she thought about how much she loved Uncle John looking at her gigantic titties. It made her so wet. Another hand reached down and slowly slid her dress up to her hips and she slowly traced a fingertip over her slit. God. I would love to have Uncle John stare at my titties all day. Maybe even fuck them. I bet he has a great cock that would get swallowed up by my mounds until it got swallowed up by my mouth. God, I love it when men fuck my tits and my mouth. Old fat men, with thick cocks. Hairy balls. I bet they would love to have me lick their balls. I wonder if Uncle John would like me to do that right now. Just lick and

lick his balls and his shaft until his cock started to spurt all over me. Mmmmmm that would feel so ... Nicole's finger was pressing inside her slit on her swollen clit. She was so turned on. Maybe he would call me a good girl as he She gritted her teeth as she felt her pussy gush. Imagining Uncle John's cock spurting on her face calling her a good girl.

"Nicole? Can you hear me?"

Nicole dropped her hand off her chest and slid her other hand up. She looked up and saw Uncle John staring at her with a worried look on his face. "Oh good. You're ok. For a moment I thought you were sick. You were moaning like you had an upset stomach or something."

Nicole blushed. Oh god. I made myself cum. Good thing Uncle John has no idea and thinks I was just sick. "Oh ... ummmmm Yeah. I must have had a bad lunch or something. I wanted a thick juicy tube steak, but they were ... errr, I mean a cream filled Errr ummm... gosh Uncle John. I must be sick, I don't even remember what I wanted for lunch other than a big blast of protein. I just know that I really need" Nicole had a look of desire on her face. She wanted cock so bad. Not just any cock. Fat old man cock. God Nicole, get your head together. You are not a slut for Uncle John, even though he probably would love for me to be his slut. I mean imagine how happy he would be if he could fuck my tits and face and call me names and ... fuck. Stop it. He is right here. Say something ... something not stupid. Nicole smiled. "I'm sorry Uncle John. I am not sure who came on me ... I mean what came over me. I just want to get home and give head ... errr go to bed."

He smiled kindly. Uncle John is such a nice man. I am glad he doesn't know what a stupid slut I am. "Not to worry Nicole. You've been working so hard on these studies. Perhaps you'd like to just rest here for a bit on my sofa while I grade papers. Then maybe we can continue."

Nicole smiled. "Thanks Uncle John. Yeah. I'd like that." She got up from her chair, and walked over to the sofa on the side of the office. She laid down and tried to relax.

"I'll turn down the lights a bit and play something more soothing."

Uncle John did just that. He even placed a speaker nearby so to help her relax more. There was a nice sofa pillow and soon Nicole closed her eyes and tried to rest. She thought about graduation day. She would wear very pretty dress, cut low enough to expose 80% of her tits which were pushed up in a lace bra. The dress was short and she wore fancy stockings, the tops of which could be seen because her dress was so short. She was the valedictorian, and went up to the podium to give a speech. Uncle John was up there too. He was still addressing the crowd, so she knelt down and took out the other microphone from his pants and used that to give her speech. She had a hard time talking as she bobbed her mouth on the microphone and pretty soon the microphone started oozing and she had to swallow it all up because it would get all over her pretty dress. She got lots of applause anyway for giving what Uncle John called the best cum-mencement speech ever by a class sucka-dick-torian. Nicole moaned as she was praised for giving the best speech. After she stepped off the podium she was greeted with several other microphones all of which belonged to other old professors and friends of her dad. They must be part of the media or something and wanted to report about her great work as a student. She gave an interview to each man, although each had a microphone so close to her face that she ended up putting each one in her mouth until the man was satisfied with her answers. She had never felt so happy. She was even given a sash to wear over her dress. But her dress somehow fell off. But the sash was pretty and read "best head of class." She was so proud to be voted for giving the best head.

"Nicole?" She felt a hand on her shoulder. She woke to see Uncle John standing there while she lay on the sofa.

"Huh?" She rubbed her eyes. Her mouth felt sticky and salty.

"You really must have needed the rest. You were out for quite a while." Nicole nodded. She was studying so hard, he was right. She then noticed Uncle John's fly was down and even part of his cock was visible. It looked like it was leaking. She suppressed a giggle. Absent minded professors probably forget to pull their fly up all the time after going to the men's room. She sat up and stretched.

"Wow. I really did rest. I guess I needed it. Thanks for watching over me Uncle John." She smacked her lips and tasted an odd flavor. But somehow she knew it was a flavor she really

liked. Like a flavor that made her feel useful and happy.

“How about we get back to work before you go home for the day?” Nicole nodded and stood, up. She felt her dress fall back over her front and only then realized, it was hiked up exposing her pussy the entire time. She blushed and was glad Uncle John didn’t notice. She sat back at the desk and grabbed card of an ink blot and got right to work.

As she stared, Nicole recalled her weird dream and all those old microphones in her mouth. What a weird one. None of the professors or daddy’s friends work in the media anyway. She giggled to herself. I wonder if all of daddy’s friends will come to my actual graduation. I bet I do get to give a speech, for being a valedic.. dick... dick ... god I love dick so much. I bet daddy’s friends would love it if I sucked them off. Especially Uncle John. I wonder if I’m a cock addict, like one of those girls who cums from giving head. I bet I am. Because when I think of sucking off a fat old man, I get so wet. But those men probably don’t want me. I’m just a girl. They want someone who is more experienced in giving head and I really have only done it a few times with ... ewwww. Boys. Not with real men. No wonder I never liked it before. I was sucking not cock, not man cock. Maybe if I asked Uncle John he would teach me how to be a better cocksucker. He is such a good teacher and girls are supposed to learn to become better cocksuckers in college. I mean I bet I could get an A in cocksucking and tittyfucking, which would be more fun than psychology class. Maybe Uncle John will let me switch to being his cocksucking apprentice or intern. God, what a great job. It would be a ... blow ... job. Giggle giggle. God I’m so funny. I bet Uncle John would let me though. He’s always been nice to me and helpful and I just want to please him so much to thank him. I better start wearing sexier lingerie for him so he will want to fuck my face and tits. That might make the other professors, and all of daddy’s friends, and all of our neighbors want to fuck my mouth and tits too. Then I can get a job working in daddy’s office giving head to all his partners. Daddy will never know. I can trick him into thinking I am still his good girl but instead be the office slut. Giggle, if that’s all I do and I get a paycheck, I’ll be the office whore. Oh wow. What a great job to have. Office whore. But I have to learn to suck cock better and Uncle John will let me intern for that for sure. All I need to do is convince him to let me. Sexy clothes. Sexy lingerie. And promise to be his bestest girl ever.

“Nicki!”

She shook her head. “Huh?”

"I was talking and you were like totally zoned out. Are you sure you're OK?"

Nicole was panting trying to calm down from her daydream. Wow, those cards really make me want to ... Oh god, he's staring at me. "Oh, ummmm sorry Uncle John. I was just so focused on this card. I really feel like I am getting a good idea of how I feel when I see blots."

"Oh well great. That is exactly what they are supposed to do. Tell me, how do you feel right now?"

Nicole smiled. "Oh like totally horny for coc..." She put her hand over her mouth and blushed again. "I mean totally honed in on getting a good job working under some important man." Nicole smiled. Good thinking Nicole. You almost said you wanted cock. Your answer was way better. Work under a man. Maybe under him as he lies on top of me pounding my wet pussy. Or under his desk sucking on his cock while he meets with other men. I would love to work under Uncle John or any of his friends or daddy's friends. Fuck I want it so bad right now.

"... and so that's why I think you might enjoy it Nicki."

Nicole smiled. Oh shit. What was he saying? "Ummm yeah. Maybe. Can you explain it again Uncle John. My brain is all goofy today."

"Of course Nicki. I was saying how you might enjoy working at an internship where you try out different offices each week and then report back to me every Friday."

Nicole giggled. "Oh like wow. You mean work for people like daddy and you and your friends? Like work under all those men?"

"Yes. It would give you the chance to see exactly the type of company you would most enjoy

working for and give the men a chance to see if you are their type of girl who they can count on to be someone will doing to the grunt work and slowly become the type of girl who can get a bit dirty but still be counted on to take on any job that blows her way. As you know, many of these companies have too many old men and not enough fresh young girls working there to provide the needed service. Some of these men need to see that young girls like you are more than willing to work hard, to get on her hands and knees if needed. This would be your chance to show these men that you also have the huge assets that they need to make their hard work really come together.”

Nicole nodded at all of Uncle John’s big words. It was so much. She would be given a chance to get dirty and to show off her assets and grunt until they come up and unload more work on her. “Wow Uncle John. Do you think I am ready to be a dirty girl?” Nicole didn’t even realize what she said as she was so looking forward to being an intern.

“I am very confident in you Nicki. You have such big potential and I know that you can overcome anything until ... well until it comes on you.”

Nicole nodded happily. “Yes, I want them to come on me so bad.”

“I almost forgot, tell me about the last card.”

“Oh yeah, like wow. It’s funny because I was thinking as I looked at it, how much I would love to intern under men. Except ... well it’s embarrassing.”

“It’s Ok Nicki, you can tell me.”

“Well like I see myself as not really a boss, but more of someone ... like helping. It’s hard to explain. Like I see myself at work in an office and stuff, but like all I do is little things for the men.”

“Interesting. Probably because you know that no matter how smart a girl is, it is still important for a girl to start at the bottom and slowly work her way up to the head and then slowly but surely move up and then maybe down, and up and down until you finally get all the glory of work showered upon you. Any good girl knows that.”

Nicole blushed. Yeah, I mean I know that I can't be the head of a company right away and stuff. And I really do want to work my way up and down and get all that is coming ... to me and stuff. It is just confusing. Maybe my head is not into being in a company.”

“Nonsense Nicki, I am sure you can give head to anyone if you just put your head down and bury your nose into your work.”

Nicole nodded. Yes, I just need to bury my nose into the work.

“Then you'll be living in the lap of luxury. You want to bury your nose in a lap don't you?”

Nicole nodded more. Then she blushed. OMG! Does Uncle John even know what he just said? I mean I know he means the right thing, but like he said for me to bury my head in his lap and get what's coming as I go up and down and ... oh god. I wish I could just suck his cock right now. He is so sexy and so smart and I'm just a ditzy girl with big titties and ...I wonder if I could give him a demonstration of how much I want an internship. Then I could feel like he would understand all I can do. Maybe he could feel my titties. Oh god. I would love for him to do that. I mean I could like suck him and then like bend over his desk and he could squeeze my tits and fuck me from behind and then when he was ready I could turn around and let him cum on my ace like good girl and ...

“Uncle John. I really need to go, OK?” Nicole was flustered and quickly left his office. She ran home, her tits bouncing in her dress until she got home and immediately plunged her fingers in her soaked pussy. “Oh fuck yes!!!!!!” Nicole came hard as she imagined being an intern. She came 3 more times before she finally fell asleep.

The next day, Nicole had a weird idea. Maybe I should wear like stockings because office girls always do that. She put on stockings with her only garter belt, with the matching panties and bra that came when she bought the set. The bra barely covered her tits but today was a special day as she was going to try to get the internship that Uncle John talked about and wanted him to see her as a proper office girl. She had a pretty dress that almost covered her ass and garter straps. Everyone knows that good office girls like to show off their pretty lingerie. Instead of going to class, she went straight to Uncle John's office. She was glad he was there, waiting.

"Well don't you look very professional?"

"Thanks Uncle John. I wanted you to know how excited I am that you think I could intern and I wanted you to see that I know how a good office girl dresses."

"Well you look lovely and exactly like the type of girl who could work under any man." Nicole moaned instinctively. "Now I want you to look at this one last card."

Nicole took it as she knew it must be a test card to see if she understood how to be an intern. The music came on too and she immediately stared at the card and started thinking about how important it is to make a good impression. A boss needs to start his day right. He needs his coffee, the messages from late yesterday, a nice slow deep blowjob, and then to give me any directions on the day's activities. Nicole imagined giving Uncle John and all of her dad's friends blowjobs to start their day like a good girl. If she had lots of bosses, it might take all morning to finish her regular duties, but it would be proof that she belongs in an office. Then she could spend her afternoons doing other important duties like sucking off clients, the mail room guy, the janitors, and of course letting the main boss fuck her hard on his desk until he came on her tits. If they all called her cute names like "slut" and "whore" and "cum rag" and "fuck doll" and "fuck toy" then she would know they appreciated her.

When Nicole shook her head she felt weird. "Uncle John. I have a question. What if the men at a company didn't think I was up to the job? I mean how do I prove it? Could I like ... you know ... practice with you?"

Uncle John was sitting at his desk smiling. "Of course Nicki. I was even thinking how ever since I can remember, I always wanted to see if you were the kind of girl that would be a perfect office girl."

"Really? Like really?"

"Oh yes. It seemed obvious since you were a teenager that you were just ... built to be an office girl. But really there is only one way to tell. You could even sort of practice intern right now if you'd like."

"Wow. Thanks Uncle John. I better get you coffee then, right?" Nicole was nervous and wanted to do things just right.

"Yes, and I have a coffee maker right outside my door, so be a good girl and get me coffee and check to see if I have any messages too."

Nicole smiled wide and stood up. She ran off to the space just outside his door and started to make coffee. She looked and didn't see any mail or messages. But any are probably on his computer anyway. Once the coffee was ready she poured a cup and brought it in and set it on his desk. "Here you go Uncle John."

"Well Miss Messer, you'll have to call me 'sir' in an office."

Nicole blushed. How stupid of me. "Oh yeah." She giggled. "Yes sir." She was so nervous, and hoped he would like the coffee. "Is there anything else sir?"

"Well Miss Messer, I do need to see if your lingerie is proper for the dress code. As you know, we check every day just to be safe." Nicole nodded. Obviously. Duh! God, this office stuff is a lot harder than I thought. Of course he needs to see if I am properly dressed under my outfit.

Nicole unzipped her dress and slid it off and stood proudly, but nervously, in her lingerie, hoping she was dressed just right. “Mmmmmm yes, you do seem to have on the correct lingerie Miss Messer.”

“Thank you Uncl... errr sir.”

“Now be a good girl and get under my desk. I’ll sip on my coffee while you get to work.” He winked.

Nicole smiled and then blushed. Wow. He is giving me a chance to prove I can suck cock well enough to be a real life office girl. Uncle John is the best professor ever. Nicole knelt down and crawled under his desk and smiled up. She delicately lifted her hand and unzipped his pants. “I hope you enjoy this sir. I may be a new girl here, but I want you to know that I can be trusted to serve you properly.”

He smiled down at Nicole and nodded as he sipped his coffee. He is giving me the chance to prove myself without telling me what to do or how to do it. Wow. I wonder if he wants to cum in my mouth or on my face. Should I ask him? Or maybe just surprise him. I love the taste of real man cum—its way better than cum from “boys.” But having him splatter on my face would be so awesome. Being marked by a powerful man as one of his girls would be ... oh fuck, I’m getting so wet and ...

“Miss Messer? Are you OK?” Nicole blinked. Oh god. I have been daydreaming again. Oh shit. Nicole realized that Uncle John’s cock was still in his pants. She was just kneeling like a dummy and not being a good little cocksucker like she is supposed to be. I mean sure, I am kinda a dummy compared to a powerful man and all, but god, I can do this. She looked up with doe eyes and nodded quickly before reaching in to grab Uncle John’s cock. It was so big! My god, his balls are so heavy too, and covered with all those grey hairs. She licked the head before trying to deep throat the great man, which wasn’t easy given that he must have been almost 5 inches long. She never knew men could have a cock so enormous. She sucked hard down and found that she was able to almost deep throat him on the first try, which meant she had the “natural cocksucker” gene, she was born to do this. When she felt his hand on her head pushing her

mouth down, she was scared but then proud as she felt his pubes in her nose. She was doing it. Like a real professional secretary. God, I never knew sucking cock could make me feel so good. Nicole didn't even realize one of her hands had slid under her panties and was rubbing on her clit through her panties. She bobbed slow and deep listening carefully to Uncle John to try to hear if he was enjoying it.

"Good girl Miss Messer." Nicole smiled with the cock in her mouth. "Just like I always knew you could, you dumb little slut." Nicole moaned, never realizing how wonderful it was to be called such pretty pet names, but then again I am a natural cocksucker, so I am supposed to be called cute names like that. When he grabbed her hair and forced her down hard and said, "take it you fucking whore," Nicole came hard and shuddered. Soon after, she felt Uncle John's cock start to spasm. She was thought she was ready but was surprised when a huge gush of cum spurt up straight down her throat. She gagged and reflexively pulled off and the second blast coated her face, as did the third. She tried to get her mouth back on, but the fourth blast shot across her forehead into her hair before she was able to swallow him back down. She gulped and swallowed as he filled her mouth. She felt a bit dizzy as she was also cumming herself again. Luckily Uncle John must have noticed because he held her head down until his cock was completely drained into her mouth before he let go.

He smiled down at her and Nicole beamed up with her face sticky with cum and Uncle John's cock softening in her mouth. "I knew you could do it Miss Messer."

"Fank euw surrr." Nicole still feeling her pussy oozing from her own multiple orgasms and her mouth still sucking every drop out of the great man's cock.

"Now be a good girl and put your dress back on and we can discuss more about your internship."

Nicole nodded and slid Uncle John's cock out of her mouth. Like a good girl, she gently put it back in his pants and carefully zipped him back up. She found her dress on the floor and was about to put it back on when she thought that she might smear cum all over herself even more if she did so. But then she remembered that a girl is proud to have an important man's cum on her, no matter what, and she slide her dress on. She felt it stick to her chest, as lots of Uncle

John's cum dripped onto her chest and her bra, but she knew that it was the sign that she was a good girl. She sat down and smiled across the desk, knowing her face was steamed with cum and she could feel a heavy load was dripping off her chin and off her eyelid.

"Now Nicki ... we can stop pretending you are interning for a second and get back to school work, ok?"

Nicole nodded. "Yes sir." She liked calling Uncle John "sir."

"You have done a remarkably good job these last few days with the ink blots and the practicing for an internship. I think you've definitely earned an A in my class.

Nicole smiled, so proud.

"But... I am not sure if you will graduate at the top of your class if you don't first convince the dean and the school board members that you deserve it."

Nicole frowned at first and then smiled wide. "Uncle John, do you think they would let me be top of the class if I showed them everything I learned so far?"

"Hmmm, interesting idea. Perhaps even show them some extra skills."

Nicole thought about it for a moment. "You mean like bending over a desk and letting them cum that way?" When the professor nodded, Nicole smiled wide. "Maybe I could even let them cum between my tits?"

He smiled wide. "I knew you had it in you Nicki. You have turned out exactly as I always knew you could ... and would."

Nicole smiled wide as she listened to Uncle John call the Dean. He first talked to the Dean about something else, some sort of psychology project that they planned and how the project worked perfectly. They also talked about getting back at some businessman who was a bit too successful for their liking and how they could use the new project to exact their revenge. Nicole wondered who they meant, and was glad that no one she knew was deserving of revenge. Uncle John may be nice, but I can see he can be tough when he wants to be. Then they finally started talking about her and Uncle John told the Dean to expect a couple of huge surprises wrapped around his cock. Nicole quietly giggled because she knew that her tits would be the surprise. When they hung up with each other Nicole was told to go to the ladies room to clean up to look extra pretty for the Den and to then get down to his office. She started skipping down the hall, her cum covered tits bouncing in her dress. She was for sure going to be the top student.

The following week, Nicole proudly dropped out of school as she didn't need to graduate as she secured a job, actually two jobs. One was working for a company that was a rival of her dad's company. She convince the owner, Mr. Wilson, to hire her by making him cum using just her tits. When he exploded on her face, she got the job. Every day, she got to give Mr. Wilson a titfuck, and then used her mouth and tits and pussy to convince his clients to sign new contracts. Her other job was as special assistant to the Dean and the psychology department at the school. Mostly she tested out ink blot cards to make sure they were good for making girls think deeply. It was an easy job and luckily the Dean and Uncle John and some of the other professors helped her relax after each session—as they always made her horny. She studied the cards too hard because of her work ethic and competitive nature that she needed to get fucked in her pussy and mouth at the end of a day just to calm down. They didn't even realize that she would fuck them for free.

Anyway, she didn't need school any longer. She just needed to dress pretty and work hard at her two jobs ... giggle ... her two blowjobs.

Nicole's dad thinks she is a good girl, but his friends know better

Prologue

Nicole Messer smiled across the dinner table at the man who her parents invited over. He was one of her dad's business associates. He smiled calmly back. She knew what he was thinking.

Better yet, he knew what she was thinking. As they finished up dinner, the man's wife and Nicole's mom began to clean up the table while the two men, Mr. Wilson and Nicole's dad retired to the den for whiskey and cigars. Nicole helped her mom and Mrs. Wilson before excusing herself to the rest room.

She walked down the hall to her bedroom and soon saw Mr. Wilson sitting on the edge of her bed, his fly open, his cock out. Nicole smiled wide and simply nodded before kneeling down and providing the service he was well known for in the community of her dad's colleagues. 5 minutes later, Nicole felt the rush of cum filling her mouth as Mr. Wilson's hand held her mouth deep on his cock. She dutifully swallowed every drop. After he released her head, she lingered to make sure every drop was out and in her hungry mouth. Once she finished him off, she slowly slid off, tucked his soft cock away and quietly left the room. She walked back to the kitchen to help her mom and Mrs. Wilson finish cleaning up the dishes as she overheard Mr. Wilson walk back into the den. Another day, another blowjob for one of dad's associates. To be honest, it wasn't the first one of the day even. It wasn't always this easy. Now that she was in her 30s and established as a top associate at her dad's office, she could do things her way, but back when it started, fresh out of high school, she had far less control.

Monday

She had just turned 18 and was interning at her dad's office. She was awkward because she had always been a "good girl." She was used to men staring at her—she already was a DD cup and because the office mandated that women wear dresses, and because she had a nice figure regardless of her massive chest, she was the object of many leers—but she really didn't understand the looks. She ran errands, filed papers, took messages, typed, and fulfilled a number of go-fer duties. Each day she delivered mail to all the executives, and many made excuses to keep her in his office longer than needed. "Oh Nicole, would you please file this document in that bottom drawer?" "Nicole, I'm a bit tense. How about a quick shoulder rub." "Nicole, could you wait until I finish this up and I'll send you off with this message." So many reasons to have her sit and cross her legs, or bend over, or any manner of ways to stare at her.

Luckily, her dad's partner, Mr. Johnson, or "Uncle John" as she had called him as long as she could remember, helped her out. He gave her tasks that involved real actual work. She got to edit his documents because she had a "real eye for detail" as he told her. She consulted with him on contracts, because she could see the personal aspect of negotiation. She even got to listen in on important phone calls because of her grasp of the nuance of voice modulation.

Uncle John saw her skills and helped her cultivate them as well as avoid the typical harassment she faced from the other men who saw her only as a set of tits.

One day, as the work hours were ending, Johnson stopped by at Nicole's cubicle. "You have plans this evening?"

"No sir, Mr. Johnson." Nicole knew better than to call him "Uncle John" in the open.

"I have a big project that I could use your help on. Mind staying late?"

"Of course not sir."

"Good. When you are all finished, stop by my office. Expect a long night."

"Yes sir." Nicole suppressed a smile. Wow. A big project and Uncle John doesn't want the help of daddy or any of the other executives. He wants me, an 18-year old intern. He sees that I am a future top executive. I hope I don't disappoint him.

Around 5:30, Nicole walked down the hall to Uncle John's office. There were a few other men working. Daddy had gone home already, as Nicole told him that she was working late and then meeting friends. Uncle John was alone in his office.

"Come in Nicole. Please shut the door."

She walked in closed the door and walked closer. "Wow Uncle John. I am really excited to be working on such a special project with you. What's it about?"

He smiled. "Relax Nicki. Let's not get ahead of ourselves. But yes, this is a big project and I really need your insights. You have all the smarts of anyone else here, and then some, plus the added bonus of being young and thus not caught up in any bad thinking habits yet."

She smiled and nodded. Uncle John is really smart. "So what do you need me to do?"

"Well Nicki, sit down and let me explain and then show you." She sat and crossed her legs. Her short skirt rode up exposing for just a moment her stocking tops. Like her mother, Nicki always wore stockings to any important place—work, school, church, parties, anything. Also like her mother, she was old school—stockings with garter straps. Pantyhose were too tight and stay up stockings often sagged. But she otherwise wore a minimizer bra to rein in her massive chest and baggy granny panties. "You see Nicki, one of the hardest things in business is outwitting your competitors and your clients. Yes, you always need to outwit your competitors. They are trying to cut our throats and we do likewise to them. But our clients, as much as we want them to do well, we don't want them to think they know more about the business than us. If they did, there would be no reason for them to hire us. Understand?"

Nicole nodded. "Of course Uncle John. Makes lots of sense."

"And the challenge of outwitting anyone else is always changing. Technologies change, products change, people who make decisions come and go. So we need to evolve in our thinking and how we use this new thinking to beat the opponents and better serve, and convince to stay, our clients."

"Yeah. I can see what you mean."

"So we have quietly developed a special ... tool, I guess we could call it ... to help us better understand how we think, how our competitors thinks, how our clients think. If we use this new technology properly, we can stay on top of our field." Nicole nodded along. Wow. This was going to be big. I know it. "And what I need from you is to look over this technology tool and see if you think we missed anything. Did we add too much? Forget something? Do you think it will work for our benefit?"

“Wow Uncle John. Really? You trust me to do this?”

“Of course Nicki. Like I said I know you have a lot more to give than your current job of ‘intern’ allows you to offer. Sure, it is true, I want to take advantage of your skills for the company before you become too expensive and run off and start your own company. But I also want to let you advance yourself by proving yourself. It’s a win/win.”

Wow. Uncle John is smart and honest. Yeah, he is kinda using me, but he is also helping me. Like he says, win/win. “Cool. So what do I do?”

He handed her a CD. “This CD contains some of the new technology. Not all of it mind you. But it is mostly complete for this first stage. I need you to pop it into the computer and go over the text, the videos inside, and then let me know what you think. Now, because this is top secret, I can’t have you taking this home or even working on it at your desk. You’ll have to work on it here in my office. I have a special computer set up over in the corner.” He pointed to the far corner of his office where a small desk with a computer was sitting. “You will see there are headphones too. Again, top secret, so the sounds cannot be coming from the speakers, only the headphones.”

Nicole smiled and nodded. “That makes sense too Uncle John. But can I stay here all day to look at this? What about my other work?”

“You’ll have to do this after hours Nicki. But not to worry, I will see to it that you get paid, and at an overtime wage. You’re still less expensive than any consultant, at least for now. Soon, you’ll be too expensive for anyone.”

Nicole smiled. Extra cash for me just to show off how smart I am to Uncle John. My career will take off for sure. “Cool. I can do that.”

"Nicki, how about we start right now?" Nicole nodded and walked with Uncle John to the computer in the corner. "Go ahead and sit Nicki." She did, carefully, sitting like a lady so that her skirt did not ride up. "And you can put the CD in and the computer will start." Nicole did that too and sure enough the computer screen came to life.

"So what do I do Uncle John?"

"Just follow the prompts. It is fairly self-explanatory. And be sure to use the headphones. I'll be here working and I will let you know when it is time to leave."

Nicole nodded, slid on the headphones and started to follow the screen. A page popped up with text and a voice over reading the text aloud too. "Hello. This is the BETA version of the 'control program.' Just follow along and give input as prompted. Be sure to listen, read, and watch carefully." Nicole nodded and smiled. The voice was very calm and soothing, easy to follow. The page "flipped" and continued. "To help us understand our customers and our competitors, we must also understand ourselves. To do this, we need more information so that we can analyze the data and make decisions on what best suits our needs."

Nicole followed along and the voice and text all made sense. Of course we need data and analysis to make informed decisions. She was intently focused as she knew Uncle John was counting on her insights. She even picked up a faint background noise although it was hard to make out. But somehow she knew that she had to listen even more carefully than she thought. The noise was the key to better understanding, she somehow sensed, almost as if the noise told her to listen more carefully.

"Let's start with information about you, user. Type in your name, age, and gender." Nicole did so, entering the details—Nicole Messer, 18, female. "Good. Because you are a female, you must be aware of the sexism that sometimes overtly, and sometimes insidiously, permeates the business world. While sexism is not to be tolerated, it is a fact of life and must be dealt with in some manner. A girl in the business world has to use the sexism she sees to her favor rather than let it control her." Nicole nodded along. Obviously there is sexism. I feel it daily when the men stare at my chest. But this program is right, I may not be able to eradicate sexism, but I can use it to help me, and thus the company. "Sexism is first seen in the business world by the

stares that men give girls.” Nicole nodded. Obviously. “But not every man stares. Some simply are better gentlemen. Some may be gay. Some may be so preoccupied with their work that they don’t even notice.” Nicole nodded along more. This was so true. Most men stared, but occasionally some did not. The faint noise seemed to agree somehow, even though there were no actual words or commands, although Nicole knew that any commands coming from the noise would undoubtedly be good ones to follow.

“So what can a girl in the business world do given these facts? First she needs to divide the men into those who stare overtly and those who do not. Knowing who the overt staring men are is crucial to finding out who are the most sexist men. Once that is known, then this detail will help determine how to manipulate those men, whether they be customers or competitors.” Wow. That makes sense, Nicole thought. But how do we do that?

“So let’s get more details. If you could pick a dress code for women in a company, what would you choose? Type in anything that you prefer.” Nicole thought about it. To defeat sexism, she thought, the best choice would be bland clothes. She typed it in—baggy jeans, sweatshirts, sneakers, minimal makeup, and plain hairdo. The more she thought, she even went to underwear—minimizer bras (just like the kind she wore to try to reduce the stares) and granny panties. She thought that way she would never have to wear stockings and a garter belt again.

After she entered the choices, the noise in the background suddenly grew a bit louder and almost like there was screaming. The screen and voice-over popped up with, “perhaps you are not interested in identifying sexists. Your ideas would keep sexists from revealing their true nature. They would remain ‘in the closet’ as it were and we would not be able to take advantage of their weakness, for sexism is a weakness, make no mistake about it.” Nicole immediately muttered to herself. Stupid. Of course. I knew that. If I don’t dress to attract stares, I’ll never reveal the sexist men. “Perhaps you might consider something else to wear. For example, do you have an ample bosom?” Nicole nodded blankly. If the computer could only see. “Almost as if on cue, the computer spoke/wrote. “Enter your bra size as well as provide visual proof.” Nicole stared at the screen. Visual proof? What does it want? Am I supposed to flash the screen? The computer screen suddenly showed Nicole herself on the built-in camera. “Type in your size and then hit enter when you can display your visual proof.” Well I guess that answers that. Nicole typed in 32DD and undid a few buttons and then opened the front of her dress to show her chest squished by her heavy bra. She hit the enter button and a flash went off. She blinked hard and then slowly buttoned back up.

The noise in the background grew more pleasant and the screen came back to life. "A 32DD size is a perfect size for you to use to your advantage. But the visual proof does not demonstrate the accuracy of your information. Please try again tomorrow." The screen flickered several times before it faded out and Nicole just stared for a moment before she realized that the program was shut down. Wow. That was weird. She was trying to remember what the computer told her but for some reason couldn't. Then she thought about the computer shutting down on her. She turned and saw Uncle John hard at work at his desk.

"Uncle John. I think I might have broken it."

He looked up and smiled. "Broken? I doubt that Nicki. The program is designed to not overwhelm you in a single sitting. You must have really gotten far to be finished up with the first part so quickly. That's fine work. But I expected nothing less from a smart young lady like yourself." Nicole smiled wide. She didn't break it. In fact, she went even faster than expected because she was so smart. Wow. That was kinda cool. But what did it say again? Nicole was struggling to recall what she told the computer and what she learned so far. But like Uncle John said, I must be doing it right. "Shall we call it a day young lady? I'll take you home."

Nicole walked with Uncle John to his car and sat down. She didn't notice her skirt had got caught a bit on the seatbelt and held her skirt up to expose her yellow garter straps and stocking top of her nude stocking. "Thanks for trusting me Uncle John, and for giving me a chance."

"Of course Nicki. I knew for some time now that you would be the kind of young lady that would be perfect for our office—smart, motivated, hard working. So full of potential." He drove and they listened to classical music, the only kind Uncle John ever listened to. Even though it was a short drive—30 minutes—the long hours and comfort of the car, the peaceful music, all combined to cause Nicole to drift off. She dreamt of being Uncle John's personal assistant. Tasked with doing not only all the grunt work but also the research and hard tasks of a top executive. She wore pretty dresses to work and was always ready to do anything the great man asked of her.

When the car stopped, she woke. "Oh wow. I must have been tired. Thank for the ride Uncle John." Nicole unhooked her seatbelt and pulled her skirt down, which she noticed had ridden up as she sat there. Her yellow panties were slightly exposed along with her garter strap and stocking tops. For some reason it wasn't that embarrassing that Uncle John could see. She blushed slightly and got out of the car. "Thanks for the ride. See you tomorrow."

Nicole's parents were already in their bedroom as it was late. She made herself a quick dinner and went to bed. For some reason, she decided to wear a frilly nightie to bed, rather than her normal t-shirt. She fell back into her dream of being Uncle John's assistant. He regularly complimented her on her fine work and each day greeted her with a smile and a comment on how lovely she looked. She always worked hard for him and went out of her way to dress pretty as that was expected in such an office, and by Uncle John. She liked to make him smile by looking nice.

Tuesday

The next morning, Nicole got up and dressed. She thought about the work she did the night before with Uncle John as she dressed. She put on her blue garter belt with white stockings. Rather than granny panties and a minimizer bra, she decided that the matching lace blue panties and bra would make sense today for some reason. I guess I just want to feel pretty today. She frowned a bit once she put on her dress, however. Because the lace bra pushed her up some, the buttons would not close fully. Too much cleavage, she thought. Daddy will not like it. But I wanna wear this. He will just have to bite his tongue. A little cleavage never hurt anyone. I'm still a good girl. When she bent down to grab her shoes, she saw herself in her mirror across the way. Her dress hiked up so that even her panties could be seen. She giggled to herself. I best not bend over at work today. She found the right set of heels. Nothing fancy, just an extra inch or two. Being only 5'-1", it couldn't hurt.

At the breakfast table in the kitchen, Nicole's mom smiled. "You look lovely dear." Her dad, on the other hand, grumbled. "A little too revealing Nicki."

"Don't be such a fuddy duddy dad. It's just a dress. I'm still you good girl, don't you worry." He grumbled more but said nothing else. They drove to work together and he went to the top floor to his office, while Nicole went to her cubicle a few floors down.

Nicole immediately set about her normal work duties. Copying documents, delivering and picking up intra-office mail, manning the phone, and running errands. She did her work well as normal and soon forgot about the “views” she might give depending on how she bent or walked or otherwise moved. She noticed the normal looks from the men, including one top executive who seemed to lurk in the supply room when Nicole had to gather up several reams of paper from the floor. She didn’t realize that he saw all of her stocking tops, garter straps and panties. She also didn’t notice the way her chest had extra bounce given the lace bra instead of her normal minimizer. She even had lunch with her dad, something they did at least twice per week, but noticed that they were interrupted constantly by other men who “needed” to talk to her dad but spent most of the time smiling down looking at her.

As the day ended, Nicole told her dad that she was going to work late again but that Uncle John would bring her home. She then went into his office and closed the door. “Hi Uncle John. I’m ready to continue if that’s OK.”

“Of course Nicki. Please go ahead while I work on this contract.” He was busy at his desk reading over documents with a highlighter in his hand.

Nicole sat at her computer, popped in the CD, and put on the headphones. The computer started up and soon the text and voice-over from yesterday returned. The odd background noise was also there and Nicole was sure if she listened close enough she could probably make out a voice, but that was silly—there was no voice with some sort of “I buried Paul” message. “Welcome back Miss Messer. Please continue where you left off.” Nicole sat there. Where I left off? What did I do last. I told it my name, my age, and my gender. Then I gave it my ideal dress code, which was stupid of me. I gave such a bad answer. Uncle John expects better than that from me. Then it told me to think about how I might dress in a different way. Then it mentioned my chest and ... oh yeah. Now I remember. I told the computer I was a 32DD and it wanted proof but didn’t believe me because I was wearing my heavy bra. Yeah. That’s right. That’s why I wore my lace pushup bra today. She smiled to herself and opened up her dress front buttons down to her waist and then pulled open her dress for the camera in the computer to take a picture. There was a flash and Nicole sat still for a while in almost a daydream imagining how much she loved having such big boobs. She thought she heard footsteps too, but after she blinked she slowly buttoned back up and turned around to see Uncle John still hard at work at his desk. He didn’t see anything.

The computer started speaking and typing again. "Proof confirmed. 32DD." Nicole smiled. She had proven she had big boobs to the computer. "Given your ample bosom Miss Messer, don't you agree that using those breasts to your advantage will help determine which men are sexists?" Nicole nodded blankly to herself. "Thus the proper outfit for a girl with such bountiful boobs would be one which accentuated them. Would you not agree?" Nicole continued to nod. "Moreover, what if the sexist man is not a boob-man but an ass-man or a leg-man? Only an outfit that accentuated all of your attributes would be able to find all the sexist men." Nicole kept listening thinking that everything the computer was saying made sense. "We suggest you consider a short dress or skirt, along with a lingerie set of lace bra, panties, and garter belt, together with stockings." Nicole nodded along. Yes. In fact I wore just that today. I am smart like Uncle John says. It was almost as if the faint background noise was telling Nicole just that, that she was smart and was a good girl to dress properly. "Stand for inspection." Nicole did so and smiled as she could tell the computer was going to take her picture. There was a flash and Nicole stood still for several minutes as she thought about how much she wants to find out what men are sexists and hopes she gets lots of stares to prove that most men are super sexist. "Remove your dress for further inspection." Nicole absent-mindedly nodded and undid her dress buttons and let the dress fall to the floor. She stood there in her blue lingerie set with white stockings. She smiled while the screen flashed several times. After all the flashing, Nicole stood there with a blank expression and had a sense of footsteps like she did a few minutes earlier. But she otherwise felt like it was important that the computer assess her and her choice of lingerie. She hoped she looked good enough for sexist men to really want to stare at her. She even started feeling like the computer needed better pictures, and moved her body around to make sure there were plenty of angles of shots of her. The flashing was constant and she could not focus her eyes for some time. But she bent forward and could tell her boobs were almost popping out of her bra cups. She turned so the camera on the computer could get shots of her ass, and sideways so it could get the sense of what her boobs looked like when almost hanging down like udders, her bra barely containing them. She even made sure to use her hands to boost up her boobs more for one last picture. After all the flashing stopped, her smile vanished and she stood there again thinking how she wished Uncle John wasn't so busy at his desk and would look up to see if she looked good enough to be stared at by his clients and competitors. She wanted him to be pleased with her so bad, and she was even starting to feel tingling. She reached down and rubbed the front of her panties for a minute or two and sure enough she could tell she was tingly for sure. She then bent down and grabbed her dress and slid it up, butting it up so that she had plenty of cleavage. She sat back down and then turned and saw Uncle John was still busy working. He never even noticed me. He must be so busy. Or maybe he doesn't think I am worth staring at. I know he isn't gay because I met his wife many times. I have got to figure out how to get his approval.

She smiled and stood up. "Uncle John, I think I have an idea about how we might understand our customers and competitors better."

"Really? Well I am not surprised that you would think of something Nicki. You are such a bright young lady."

She smiled back. "Well I'm just a girl Uncle John, but still I think I can help."

"Well you are more than just a girl Nicki. You are a big girl, full of huge potential with enormous assets that this company, hell any company, would want to use." Nicole smiled wider. I am a big girl—like 32 DD big. It's funny because I know Uncle John doesn't mean that, but the way he said those words, could mean big, big, big boobies too. She giggled in her head about being used too. Men should use me if they need to. "So tell me about your idea."

"Well it seems like most companies are run by men."

"Yes, that is true. Sexism and the proverbial 'glass ceiling' still keep talented women from running companies. Eventually that will change I am sure."

"Yeah, but it's true now and will be true for some time still. And if men run the companies—meaning they are our clients and our competitors, then we need to understand men to understand how to best serve our clients and take down our competition."

Johnson sat back and smiled, stroking his chin. "Interesting. I guess that's true. But of course this company is run by all men too. Don't we already understand ourselves, and thus our clients and competition?"

"Well yeah, sort of. But the one thing men ... well maybe not all men, but most ... never

consider is how they all think. And most think that we girls are just to look at. Just like you said Uncle John, sexism is still there. And part of that sexism is reducing women to objects.”

“Well I don’t see you as an object Nicki.”

“Yeah, because you are one of the few not-gay good guys. But most do. And I don’t like it of course. I mean it’s nice to see that I can make a man smile just be being pretty and all, but I still don’t like being an object ... at least too much. But if I am seen that way by most men, I think we need to really find out for sure which men really are the true sexists. The ones who really reduce women to pure objects. Who see nothing of value ... except like sex stuff ... from a girl. If we can figure out who those men are, we can use that to our advantage because it’s like totally a weakness. I think so anyway.” Nice stood there with a hopeful look on her face, wanting to know if she was really onto something.

Johnson smiled wide. “Very interesting ... and insightful Nicki. So we identify the sexist men?”

“Yeah.”

“But how?”

“Oh that’s the easy part Uncle John. Like I could dress in a way that makes men look. The ones who don’t look are either gay, too busy, or not sexists. The ones who really stare, they are the super sexist ones.”

“OK. But what about the busy ones? What if they are sexist too, but just didn’t show it that one time?”

Nicole stood there baffled. She stared off into space. Then it hit her. “I know. I could dress like super sexy like all the time. In fact, if I did that...” Nicole was really thinking hard now and wanting to impress Uncle John. “Then like even if we know who most of the sexists are, we can

continue to identify them when new men come around.”

Johnson stroked his chin. “Very interesting. But ... and I hate to say this Nicki since I’ve known you since you were a little girl ... but do you think you can pull this off? I mean dress in such a way that will help us identify the sexist men. Particularly given that your dad works here too.”

“Wow. That’s a good point Uncle John. But what if I wore a nice pretty dress, like I have on today?”

Johnson looked her over as if he never did before. “Yes, that is a pretty dress.”

“And like see how I have lots of cleavage?” Nicole bent forward and her tits almost spilled out of her lace bra and half open dress front.

“Hmmm, yes, I guess I can see that now that you point it out.”

Nicole blushed. “Oh Uncle John. You are such a good guy. But I can tell you that lots of men noticed earlier today when I came in. Anyway, my dad would never notice much. But if I undid a few buttons when he wasn’t around.” Nicole undid the top half of her dress and basically was topless except her bra. Her nipples were poking hard through the thin fabric of the lace cups.

Johnson smiled wide. “Oh I see. So you are dressed like a good girl, but can undo a few buttons and seem more ... slutty.”

Nicole giggled. “Yeah, I guess so. Like totally slutty even. I mean this bra barely hides anything. See.” She leaned forward almost pushing her chest into his face. “Like I like totally like the kind of slutty girl that men can’t help but look at, especially if I wear a pretty lace bra and matching pretty lingerie.”

“Matching lingerie?”

“Oh yeah. Like a girl has to match in order to attract the men. See.” Nicole undid the rest of her dress buttons and her dress fell to the floor, so that all she was wearing was her blue lingerie and white stockings.

Johnson sat back and stared at Nicole’s chest, her panties, her legs, and smiled wide. “Well Nicki I think you might be onto something.”

Nicole smiled and clapped, her chest bouncing in her bra cups as she did. “Wow. Like really?”

“Yes, really. But there is only one way to test a theory.”

“Yeah. Exactly. It’s to ... ummmmmm.”

“To try it out.”

“Oh yeah. Duh! I can be such a ditz sometimes Uncle John.”

“Nonsense Nicki. You were smart enough to come up with an idea that just might work. I am very proud of you.” Johnson smiled wide as he kept staring at his partner’s daughter standing there in her lingerie as if it were normal.

“Now be a good girl and get back to work while I review more of these contracts on my desk. And maybe you’ll think of more things.”

Nicole nodded and did just that, forgetting to even put on her dress. She slid on the headphones and got back to work. "Your outfit has been approved for identifying sexist men. Once identified it is important that the sexism of these men is used to the full advantage of the company."

Nicole nodded along. Yes. I must use these men for the company's advantage. "For example, you can get them to agree to contractual terms that are more favorable to the company because they are not thinking straight." Nicole nodded more. Yes, that makes sense. Men never think straight when they see a sexy slutty girl. But ... she sat there with a blank look at the noise in her ears almost spoke to her. What if they want more? If they see me this way, they might think I am slutty, even though I am a good girl. And if I disappoint them, they will see through my trick, or worse, not want to do business with our company. But ... Nicole started thinking harder using her best brain skills, well at least as much as a girl with big boobies can have ... if I string them along and make them think I really am a slut, then I can really help the company. Yeah, I have to make them think I really am a total slut. I mean I really am a good girl, but I could totally make those men, the competitors and the clients, think I am a slut. But what do sluts do anyway? I mean these men are married, most of them are I am sure. They get sex all the time from their wives. I think so. Isn't that what wives do? I wonder what wives don't ... Nicole gasped as she sat there. She figured it out. She heard about how girls stop doing certain things once they get married because they are dirty things, naughty things, demeaning things. Like oral sex things. And letting a guy finish on her things. Nicole scrunched up her face. Yeah I would totally not do that either if I were married. It's gross. But I bet guys still like things like that. And the girls who do that for men are ... sluts! Aha!!! I figured it out. I have to make sure the men get the slutty things their wives don't do for them. Then she frowned. Wait. I've never done that before. I bet I do it wrong and then that will make the men mad at me even more than if I never did it at all. I have to figure out how to get good at oral things and boob things and all the other things that sluts do for men. But what if I'm totally wrong about the oral thing too? Oh god, I am so confused.

The computer hummed and then said/wrote. "Congratulations Nicole, you have reached the next level of understanding. We will see you tomorrow." The computer then flashed several times. Nicole blinked several times herself and then smiled. She got up from her chair and approached her boss.

"Uncle John. Is it time to go yet? I think I finished up for today and I really need to get home to study up on some things."

"Of course Nicki. Let's get you home." They started to walk out then he stopped her. "Perhaps you should put your dress back on Nicki. While it's ok to take it off in here, some of the janitors might not understand."

Nicole giggled. "Oh yeah. I guess I was just comfortable with it off." She bent over and picked it up and slid it on. She buttoned the front to just below her chest and then left with Johnson.

Once they were in the car, Nicole looked over. "Can I ask you a question Uncle John?"

"Of course Nicki."

"Well it's sort of personal and a bit embarrassing, but I think this information will help me with the project."

"Go ahead Nicki, you can ask me anything."

"Well men like ... ummm how do I say it ... Oral ... right? Like oral sex?"

"Well of course Nicki. Oral sex is one of the great pleasures in life."

"Yeah, but like once you get ... like old... and stuff ... do you like still get to have it?"

He laughed. "Well you weren't kidding Nicki. This is quite personal. But I did tell you to ask anything, so it's only fair I answer. I can put it this way. There are different types of girls. Some girls never give oral sex to their man. They just won't. I am told it is because they don't like it and because they think it is demeaning. Probably about 20% of girls are like this. The next group will do so, but reluctantly, and almost never after they get married. These girls are the most

common. Probably like 75% of all women. Frankly Mrs. Johnson fits in there. The issue for men of course is that they thought they married a girl who would do so, and turns out they were essentially lied to by the girl."

Nicole nodded. "Well lying is bad. Those girls should have just never done it, or just keep doing it. But what about the last 5%"

"Oh those are the girls who give oral sex and after the first time, sometimes after a few times, they realize that not only did she make a man very happy, but she enjoyed it herself—in fact quite a bit. Typically these girls don't even know they are this way until they are about 18 or 19 years old. They usually have larger chests too, as the gene that causes large breasts also causes what the medical professional call "protein addiction," or the need to have cum in and on them as often as possible. In fact, the more I think about it, it probably isn't even 5%. It's more like 1% or less than 1% of all girls who are like this. These girls are of course "popular" with the men, but more importantly, happier because they get the vital proteins that semen contains that most girls need but few realize they need it. Those vital proteins are the key to happiness for most girls. I am also told these girls can actually have an orgasm simply by giving oral sex."

Nicole stared wide eyed. "Really? Like less than 1% but every girl should be that way because it's healthy? Wow! I never knew."

"Of course there are variations on this type, as no two persons are the same. For example, some of those 1 percenters can use their skills for other purposes. Like for business purposes, or educational, even entertainment."

Nicole nodded. Like if I am like that, I could use that skill for my business purpose of finding the sexist men. I'll have to think that over before I talk to Uncle John about it. "But like Uncle John, if it's important that women get semen, you know, cum, in them and on them, shouldn't all us girls naturally be that way—like a survival instinct?"

"Very impressive Nicki. That's good thinking." Nice smiled, proud. "But because of vitamins and supplements, some dietary changes, and more so, social shaming, most girls are never told of

this need and by the time they might think they are one of the 1%, they are afraid to come to terms with it and use other sources for their daily protein needs.”

“You mean like society tells girl that giving oral sex is dirty? Things like that?”

“Exactly Nicki. I am curious though. Why do you ask?”

“Oh no real reason. I was just thinking about something about work and sexist men and then I have been thinking about an idea, but I needed some information and this will help me figure it out.”

“Well like I have said many times Nicki, you never cease to impress me with your thoughtful determination.” He pulled the car into the driveway. “Here you go. See you at work tomorrow.”

Nicole leaned over and kissed him on his cheek. “Thanks Uncle John. I really appreciate all the help and trust in me to help out the company.” She “accidentally” placed her hand on his lap as she leaned over and felt a slight hardness. She blushed and then left the car. He smiled as she left. It’s all going along as planned.

Nicole saw that her parents already went to bed but could hear some noise coming from their bed room. She went upstairs and heard her dad’s voice say, “That’s a good girl. You know how much I love it when you take it deep honey.” Nicole put her hand to her mouth to suppress a giggle. Mom is sucking dad. She must be a 1% girl. She has big boobs too. Bigger than mine. I wonder if I have the gene?

She crept down the hall and went to her room. She put on her nightie and laid in her bed. Wow. Maybe I am born to be a ... what did he say? ... oh yeah, a protein addiction girl. I wonder what cum tastes like. Mom must love it. No wonder she is so healthy. God I need to find out. Nicole slowly started sucking on her own finger imagining it was a penis of an important man who was a customer. She started imagining him praising her for being a 1% girl, a good girl. Soon Nicole drifted off imagining over and over. As she dreamed, she was with Uncle John. She was wearing

just her lingerie and he was telling her about how long it had been since he got oral sex. He used the word “blowjob.” He told Nicole that she needed to blow him or he would burst. She wanted to do so but was afraid, so she used her chest instead of her mouth. She even took off her bra and let Uncle John play with her boobs. He came on her chest and told her how pretty she looked with cum all over her boobs, although he said “massive titties,” which made Nicole happy. She loved having massive titties that made Uncle John happy.

Wednesday

The next day, Nicole woke up. Her hand was under her panties again and she knew she had a ... gasp ... sex dream. She giggled. Then she got dressed. She knew she needed to go shopping for more sexy dresses and lingerie, but she had a red lingerie set with black stockings, so she put it on. The bra was a shelf bra that did not cover her nipples, but at least her dress did. It was the kind that zip in the back but still had ample cleavage. She could see that her garter straps were hidden because it was slightly longer than yesterday’s dress. But when she sat down, it rode up so high that her panties could be seen. She blushed, even though she was alone. This dress is perfect for identifying sexist men. But I have to ask Uncle John about my other idea.

Her dad frowned at her outfit again, but she just smiled and called him old and out of touch. She kissed his cheek as she got off the elevator on her way to her cubicle. She got plenty of whistles, which she realized meant that there were sexists working here at the company too. There was an email from Uncle John asking her to come in first thing in the morning. So rather than deliver mail, she went to his office. I bet he has an important project for me.

She went into his office and closed the door. “Good morning Uncle John.”

He looked up and smiled. “Good morning Nicki. Thank you for coming in here early. I know you have other work to do, but I was thinking about our conversation last night.”

“Yeah me too. Which is why I was going to ask you more about oral sex things. You know blowjobs.” She had a hopeful look on her face, so eager to learn.

“Oh yes. Well that’s what I wanted to discuss too. I don’t want you to think I have put you in

any category. The 20% girls, the 1% girls, or the middle girls. Every girl should find out for herself who she is."

"That's funny Uncle John because I was thinking that way too. I mean, I am who I am. But I don't know who I am. So I was going to ask if you knew how girls go about getting a guy to let her practice on him to find out. I mean I think it is time I found out. But I kinda think I might be a 1% girl because of my chest and stuff." Nicole pushed out her chest.

He stared at her as if looking over an important document. "You know Nicki, I never noticed before. But I guess you do have a large chest. You must be a C cup."

"Oh god Uncle John. Not even close. You men never know about these things. I am a 32DD. That's like bigger than a D, and Ds are the biggest. So I am like bigger than big."

"DD? You don't say. You aren't trying to pull one over on me Nicki, are you?"

"No really. Here I'll show you." Nicole unzipped the back of her dress and let it fall. "See." She pushed out her chest, her nipples hard in the cool air, and out of the bra cup of the shelf bra.

"Well yes, I guess they do seem large. But how do I know the size."

Nicole scrunched her face and then smiled. "Here. Look." She reached behind herself and unhooked her bra and slid it off. Then she handed it to him. "See. On the tag. 32DD."

He looked carefully at the tag and then nodded. "So it seems. I guess you are bigger than big. I guess I can really see that now." He looked at her bare chest. Nicole blushed and then smiled and giggled.

“Careful Uncle John or I might think you are one of the sexist men.”

“Not to worry Nicki.”

“I know. Just kidding. But like anyway, how do I get a guy to let me find out if I have the blowjob gene to be a 1% girl or if I am one of the others? Like I really want to blow a guy as soon as possible because then I can know whether my plan to help the company will work.”

“Your plan?”

“Oh yeah. Like totally. That was what I was thinking about last night.” Nicole talked so excitedly that her tits bounced. “See, if I dress sexy then maybe some guys will look. Those are the easy ones to identify. But the others. I have to see if they notice and the one way to see that is if they get ... you know ... like excited and stuff.”

“You mean if they get an erection.”

Nicole blushed. “Yeah. One of those. And if they think I’m a slut and get an erection, then I have to ... you know ... use my mouth. Because if I don’t, then they will realize the truth, that I’m not a slut, and just pretending to be one. Then if they know I’m not a slut, they will know I was trying to trap them. So I have to ... you know ... complete the process and let them really think I am a total slut. And total sluts give businessmen blowjobs like all the time. But I don’t want to do that if I’m no good at it. But if I am a 1% girl, then I will be good at it. So you see, to be good, I need to be a 1% girl, but to find out if I am a 1% girl, I need to blow a guy like now.”

“Your logic is infallible Nicki. I totally understand.”

“Yeah. I really thought it through.” Nicole smiled at seeing how smart and logical she was and that Uncle John noticed this about her.

“Well I don’t know. I guess you could ... no wait. That won’t work. But if you ... no wait, that won’t work either. That’s a real puzzler Nicki and frankly I am a little off today too as Mrs. Johnson hasn’t ... (he winked) ... you know for a while. My brain gets goofy if I haven’t had a blowjob for a while.”

“Hey, I have an idea. Maybe if I gave you a blowjob then you could think better and then you could help me find a guy to give a blowjob to.”

He smiled a bit and thought hard about it. “Hmmmmm, you might be onto something Nicki. I guess that makes sense, and after all, I got you into this special project to take advantage of your brains. So it would be stupid of me to not let us try out your brilliant ideas.” Nicole nodded excitedly. “Ok ok, I will let you give me a blowjob so I can think better and then we can come up with a way to get a guy to let you practice on him.”

Nicole smiled wide. “Really? Like wow, Uncle John. Thanks. Hey... wait... if I am giving you a ...” She scrunched up her face. “No wait. Never mind, that’s silly. “Ok, like how do I start?”

“Well Nicki. First a girl like you with a C cup... I mean D Cup .. errr DD cup, should always have her bra off. Luckily you already do.” Nicole smiled wide. She must be a 1% girl. Only us 1% girls would do that without even being aware, it’s just natural. “Then she should kneel down in front of where the man sits.” Nicole nodded and knelt in front of Johnson. “Then she needs to smile and look into his eyes while she undoes his fly. That is always tricky because you want to keep eye contact, but you might need to look down to see where your hands are working. It just takes practice, which you’ll get once you find a guy to blow for practice.” Nicole nodded, taking in this important information. She wants to be good enough to find a practice partner so she can eventually give her first blowjob. For now, though, I have Uncle John helping me, which is nice of him. She looked up and smiled wide. She reached down and fumbled around Uncle John’s lap. She was struggling to find his fly and eventually panicked and started to just mover her hands all over.

“Relax Nicki. You’ll get it soon enough. How about you look down to see what you are doing and then when you get that done, you can look back up at me. Ok?” Nicole nodded. He is so

understanding. Maybe once I am good enough I can even give Uncle John a blowjob. Wait. Is that what I'm doing right ... she scrunched up her nose again. No, that's not it. She looked down and saw his fly. His pants were popped up too, like a tent. She giggled but knew Uncle John was a good guy, so he must be trying to help me by getting an erection for me. He is so nice. Once she got the fly down, she looked back up and smiled, hopefully. "Good girl. You are doing just fine. Now, using your hand, reach in and see if you can find my penis." Nicole nodded. She was scared but tried not to let it show. She had never really seen one before and was certain that Uncle John's penis must be really good. She looked down and touched it. It was warm and hard, but still soft in a way. It was difficult to explain, but she definitely found it.

"Got it!" She grabbed it with her hand.

"Good girl. In fact, I should tell you Nicki that when a man calls you a good girl, that is a very high compliment." Nicole smiled wide. Wow. I'm a good girl, and I heard dad call mom one the other night. I know I am a 1% girl. I just know it. "If he grabs your boobs, then that is another way he is telling you how well you are doing."

Nicole nodded again. More important info to remember. Wait. Uncle John isn't grabbing my boobs. Maybe I am doing it wrong. But he called me a good girl, so maybe ... this is so confusing. She had an idea. She took her other hand and grabbed one of Uncle John's hands and guided it to her boob. She looked up innocently hoping that he understood how badly she wanted to do this correctly. He smiled down at her and softly squeezed and Nicole instantly felt a tingle between her legs. Oh my god. Uncle John is making me wet. I know he doesn't mean to, but I can't help it. He said 1% girls get wet, even orgasm from giving oral sex. I'm not even doing that yet but I'm getting wet just from him touching my boobies. I am so much one of those girls. Everything points to it.

Nicole started moaning and Uncle John started squeezing her boobs harder. God. He's gonna make me have a ... a ... a... oh god Nicole moaned loudly and collapsed, her mouth open in a loud moan when suddenly she felt a thick warm thing enter her mouth as she collapsed in his lap. She moaned more as the thing throbbed in her mouth making her feel more tingling between her legs. She kept moaning and felt Uncle John's hand try to calm her by stroking her hair and then suddenly she felt a squirt in her mouth. Then another and another as warm salty squirts filled her mouth and she felt her tingling intensify before she ... oh god ... yessssssss.....

Nicole did not pass out, but she was not fully aware of what was going on other than the intense pleasure she felt. She started to regain her composure, her head laying in Uncle John's lap. She saw Uncle John's penis was all small and soft and dripping in his lap. She felt so good, but then realized she didn't even get to find out if she was a 1% girl because she got too excited from Uncle John touching her boobies and never helped him relax so he could think of a way to get a guy to volunteer to offer to let her give him a blowjob. She looked up frowning. "I did bad, didn't I?"

"Not to worry Nicki. You tried really hard. But I promise we can try again later. Rome wasn't built in a day and I never expected you to ... oh say ... I dunno, deep throat me and cum yourself while I filled her face with warm jizz."

Nicole giggled and smiled. "Uncle John, you are so funny. You're just talking that way to make me feel better. I know you don't use words like that. Only sexist men talk that way."

"Of course you're right Nicki. But remember, sometimes when a girl gives a man oral sex, which means the man is a total sexist for sure, then he will sometimes say things that sound ..." he lowered his voice to a whisper ... "dirty."

Nicole giggled more. "Dirty. You are so funny Uncle John. Like what? Call me names too?"

"Actually yes. If you are doing it right, you might get called good girl, of course. But you might get called a cocksucker. A slut. A whore. Even a dumb cum toy."

Nicole smiled and giggled more. "So if I dress right but a guy doesn't look at me I can prove he is a sexist by sucking his penis."

"His cock, Nicki. Call it what it is, a cock."

She blushed by said it. "Cock." She smiled and giggled more. "So I like suck his cock, and if he calls me a 'cum whore' and grabs my boobies."

"Your tits Nicki. They are tits."

She giggled and blushed again. "Tits. So he grabs my tits. And if I can get him to do that, then I can prove he is a sexist man."

"Exactly Nicki. But you can never let on. You can't just stop. You have to let him cum ... maybe even all over you. Otherwise he will know you were tricking him into revealing his true personality as a sexist. You have to stay in character as a cocksucking dumb slut. Only after the man leaves, then you can report the behavior to me, and we can use it to our advantage."

Nicole nodded. It totally made sense. She smacked her lips at the funny taste in her mouth which she had no idea where it came from. She wished Uncle John was a bit of a sexist so she could suck his cock right now, even though it was all soft now and dripping a clear ooze. She thought it would be good of her to clean it before she put it back, so she rolled her tongue over the tip to get the ooze off before putting it back in his pants. "Promise you will let me help you relax later Uncle John so that we can then think if ways to getting a guy to let me blow him? Please promise."

"I promise Nicki. Now me a good girl ... " He smiled and whispered. "... I'll even let you be a good little cocksucking whore later, but put your bra and dress back on and we can continue working on the project."

Nicole giggled. It was nice of Uncle John to call me names to make me feel better. Still I let him down. I will do better. She put on her bra. It still didn't cover her nipples. Then her dress. She went to her computer in the corner of the office and put on the headphones. The computer started up. "Welcome back Nicole. You look very pretty today. I hope you wore a proper outfit. Nicole smiled and nodded and immediately stood up, turning around so the computer could see her entire outfit. She then undid the zipper and let her dress fall because she knew the

computer would need to see her lingerie. "Yes, outfit approved. You may sit." Nicole did so without putting her dress back on, as there was just too much to learn and no time to waste.

"How many cocks have you sucked so far?"

Nicole frowned when she told the computer that she had never done it yet.

"How many men have cum in your mouth or on your face and tits?"

Nicole frowned more. She told the computer zero again.

"Please report to the instruction zone for more training." The computer flashed for several minutes before shutting down. Nicole blinked and then walked over wearing just her lingerie to Uncle John.

"Uncle John?" He looked up but his face did not change, which was upsetting as Nicole had hoped he might have noticed her in her lingerie. "I'm supposed to report to the 'instruction zone.' Do you know where that is?"

"Oh yes Nicki. See over there, in the other corner of my office." He pointed and the corner had a folded screen stretched open. "Behind the screen is an area for girl who are working on skill enhancement. The computer must think you need some help. Anyway, behind the screen there is an area with simulation of real life, even though it's all fake. I am sure it is self-explanatory."

Nicole nodded and slowly walked over. She turned and smiled at Uncle John and was pleased that he was watching her walk. She went behind the screen and all she saw was a set of pillow of the floor, with a sign that said "kneel here." That's weird, but the computer must know something. Nicole knelt down wondering what skills she might learn. Suddenly, a panel on the wall dropped and there was a hole in the wall. Nicole looked and scrunched up her face again. What is in there? She leaned forward to look in and then a very real looking penis ... err cock ...

popped through the hole. Nicole knew it was fake because this was just a simulation. But it was so realistic. She reached up to touch it and it was hard and warm, yet kind of soft too, just like what she felt in Uncle John's pants. She even heard a soft moan when she touched it. It hit her. This is to train me to give blowjobs! I mean I would rather train with a real guy. And once I can get Uncle John to relax by sing my mouth on him then he can help me think of a way to get guys to volunteer to let me suck them off. But this is a nice way to practice too. She kissed the head. Then she slowly kissed down the sides. I wish I knew what I was doing. I mean I must be a natural—a 1% girl—because of my huge tits and the way I came just from Uncle John touching them, but still I need someone to coach me. Maybe if I ... Nicole opened her mouth and slowly took the head in her mouth. Wow. If I didn't know better I might think this was a real cock. I hope it's close to real because this tastes so good. She heard another moan on the other side of the wall and was encouraged. Wow. This training wall is so realistic. It sounds like a guy is really there. Maybe I should ... Nicole started bobbing her head back and forth and she started to get wet herself. Oh god, this just feels right. Like I was meant to kneel down and bob my head on a cock. I wish I had a real one to suck on. She bobbed faster and faster. She felt her tits bouncing in her bra and because the cups were so small, they popped out and were swaying back and forth. Nicole slid a hand to her panties and could feel how wet she was getting again, just like when Uncle John touched my tits. She was lost in the thrill and stopped worrying about whether she was doing it right then suddenly the fake cock jerked inside her mouth. She was scared she did something wrong and pulled back. She looked at it, so thick and real looking. It even had a little slit in the middle of the head that even seemed like it was oozing. I wonder if that's is my saliva. She looked closer when the fake cock shot out a thick white cream. A big glob right on her eyelid. Then another. She back away. Oh my god. I broke it. Another gob hit her nose and then more arced out and hit her tits. She could taste a glob dripping off her nose to her lips. Oh wow. This fake cum tastes even better than the fake cock. She leaned forward and started to suck and suck on it hoping to get more of the cream. Oh god. It is so good. She sucked and sucked and suddenly the fake cock started shrinking. And then it slid out of her mouth.

She knelt there. Wow. I wonder if that was what giving a real blowjob feels like? I'll have to ask Uncl... Another fake cock popped through the hole. This one was darker and bigger. She smiled. Wow. This is like so realistic. She knew how to make it happy and she repeated what she learned from the last one. She struggled to put it all in her mouth. She felt like she was failing because she couldn't do it, but she heard the fake moan from the wall, so maybe it is ok. She bobbed faster and faster. But the fake cock never gave her the cream. She pulled off and saw that there were even fake balls in a hairy sack underneath. She started to lick them and soon found something that she liked to taste as much as fake cock, fake balls, She licked and licked and heard the wall moan and soon felt the fake cock spurt fake cum out. It was hitting the side of her face as she kept licking the balls. It was rolling all over her hair and down her chest. She

finally slid her mouth back on to drain it of the cream.

After 3 more fake cocks, the hole in the wall closed up. Nicole came herself 3 times and was covered in the sticky fake cream. She was even surer that when she finally got a chance to suck a cock, she would be able to do it well. When she stood up, she saw Uncle John standing there against the screen. He was smiling. "I see you have been doing extra training."

Nicole nodded and smiled. It was ok that Uncle John can see her in just her lingerie, even with her tits out of the bra cups and her panties soaked and her face dripping of fake cum. He isn't a sexist and won't care. "Yeah. The computer said it was a good idea."

"I can see that. You even have reward cream on you."

"Reward cream? Is that what this is called? It's like really cool. I like it on me. It makes me feel like I am finally being useful for the company."

Suddenly the hole in the wall opened again but the sign changed from "kneel here" to "bend forward." "Uncle John? What do I do?"

"I guess you do as you are told like a good girl. But I can stay to help."

"Can you? You are so nice." Nicole bent forward with her ass against the wall. Luckily Uncle John is here to help. He came over and held her so she didn't tip over as she bent forward at her waist. Nicole giggled because she notice Uncle John's fly, which she was facing, was down. Those old men are always so forgetful. She felt her panties were being tugged at when suddenly a big pressure was at her vagina ... err her pussy. She would have to try harder to remember the right words, cock, pussy, dumb cocksucking whore. She held onto Uncle John and even pressed her face into his pants as he stood there.

"Don't worry Nicki. I am sure you will do just fine." She looked up with hopeful eyes and

nodded. The pressure was growing when suddenly it like ... busted her open, but in such a good way. "Oh god. Uncle John. That feels so good." Her voice was muffled as she pushed her face into his pants, which were suddenly bulging out. Oh god, Uncle John is faking an erection for me to help me. He is so nice. Soon his cock was popping through his open fly against her cheek. She could feel so much pleasure in her panties and she wanted to cream for joy but knew that she shouldn't make lots of noise. Then it hit her. She opened her mouth to use Uncle John's cock muffle her moans.

This was perfect as Nicole had what she assumed was a fake cock pounding her from behind and Uncle John's cock in her mouth to make sure she didn't tip over and her screams didn't get too loud. Which was a good thing because she could feel another ... oh fuck ... she yelled hard although it was really a hard hum over Uncle John's cock as she could feel her pussy spasm and flood. Oh fuck, this feels so ... then she felt Uncle John's cock start to throb more in her mouth and soon she was swallowing cream cumming out. Oh god, oh god, oh god, I'm gonna ... and again Nicole started to lose herself and felt an orgasm overtake her completely.

She looked up. She was on her back. Her tits were out of her bra cups. Her panties were at her ankles. Uncle John was standing above her smiling down. "Oh good. You're ok. You gave me a scare Nicki."

"Oh god, Uncle John, what happened. I never felt so good before in my life."

"I think you just completed the training for our program and must have been hit with so much joy from that."

Nicole nodded dumbly. "Uh huh. Did I ... like, suck your cock too Uncle John? I kinda think I might have."

"Don't be silly Nicki. I was just balancing you so you didn't tip over."

"Oh yeah. I guess that's right." I feel so silly around him. I mean I thought his cock popped in my

mouth and even cum shot inside me, but he is not a sexist, so no way that happened. I'm so silly. Like earlier today when I was going to suck him off to help him think better but ended up collapsing mouth open in his lap and passing out from him touching my tits. Eventually I am going to suck off Uncle John so he can help me.

"How about we call it a day Nicki and tomorrow we can come up with a plan to help you find a real guy with a real cock to practice your blowjob skills."

She nodded. She thought she might have blown several guys today, even Uncle John ... twice. But that was silly. She just practiced on fake cocks. She needed to practice for real.

"And don't forget, I'm coming to your house for dinner tonight with your parents. So I'll see you then too. But remember, your dad still thinks you are a good girl, which of course you are. But he doesn't know about our plan to have you pretend to be a cocksucking, cum hungry dumb little whore, so be sure not to let on that you might be acting like a stupid little slut at work."

Nicole giggled and nodded. Uncle John was so funny you pretend to call me those names, to help give me encouragement. "Ok Uncle John. I'll see you tonight." Nicole got up and started to leave.

"Don't forget to tuck in those puppies and put on your dress Nicki." He made a hand gesture toward his chest. Nicole giggled and nodded. Oh yeah, I better tuck my monster titties and put my dress on.

She did just that and went home, not realizing her face and hair had gobs of cum streaked across.

Wednesday night

She got home and took a shower and put on pretty lingerie since there were guests coming tonight. Then a pretty dress. Her parents got home soon after. Her mom told her she looked

very pretty. Her dad mumbled something about “modesty taking a vacation.”

Uncle John and his wife arrived. So did a few other important businessmen from town, with their wives too. Nicole sat quietly while the businessmen spoke during dinner. The wives mostly tuned out the men and talked amongst themselves but Nicole was interested in what the men were talking about since she planned on being a businesswoman soon.

Finally Uncle John mentioned how Nicole had been interning at the company that he and daddy owned and ran and how well she was doing. She blushed and noticed the men were paying particular attention to chest. She wondered if she was identifying some sexist men. Uncle John told her dad how well she was doing and how she was working on a special project, although any details could not be discussed outside the office. Nicole’s dad grudgingly smiled but the other men seemed impressed and Nicole blushed more but felt very proud.

After dinner ended, Nicole’s mom and the other wives started to clear the tables and Nicole helped too, but soon asked her mom if it was ok to sit and listen to the men talk business. Her mom understood and told her to go into the den to listen quietly.

Nicole smiled and walked to the den when she saw Mr. Wilson walking by.

“Oh excuse me Nicole. I was headed to the bathroom. It’s down the hall, is it?”

“Oh yes sir Mr. Wilson, it’s ...” Nicole started to point but then had a great idea. “I’ll show you sir.” She led him down the hall, but past the bathroom and towards her bedroom. “Mr. Wilson sir, I know this is a bit direct, but as Uncle Jo... errr Mr. Johnson was saying, I am working on a special project at work and was wondering if you might help me.”

“Well of course Nicole, if I can.”

Nicole smiled as she saw his eyes on her chest. She had him. He was a sexist. She would have to

play it cool though. She slowly closed her bedroom door. "Just have a seat on the edge of my bed sir."

He looked at her oddly, but did as she requested.

"You see sir, I'm a cum hungry slut." Nicole tried real hard to not blush and be all business so he wouldn't know she was only pretending to be a cum hungry slut. "And I just need ..." She dropped her dress quickly revealing her lingerie. "... some real man cum." She knelt down as she looked up and saw Mr. Wilson's jaw wide open. He was definitely a sexist, she could tell. She fumbled with his fly and had to look down briefly to get her hands on the zipper, but quickly looked back up at him. "You can play with my tits if you'd like. I prefer men who play with them when I suck their cocks."

Wilson was so shocked that he just stared but soon had his hands on the massive jugs that he first saw a few years ago when Nicole started to grow. His cock was quickly fished out by the young woman and soon her mouth engulfed it. "Oh fuck yessssssssssssss." He squeezed her tits harder and pinched her nipples and felt her mouth hum on his cock. Damn, she is a cum hungry slut. He put one hand on her head and started to guide her pace. His cock throbbed in her mouth. She was so eager, she was bouncing too fast, but he slowed her down. She eventually got into a nice rhythm and his cock got closer and closer. She was moaning in pleasure, confirming to him how much she loved doing this. He grunted hard as he felt ... ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. He placed a hand on her head and emptied his cock into her mouth. She gagged slightly but soon was slurping and sucking, as he rbody was bucking too from her own intense orgasm. He leaned back on her bed as she drained him like the slut that she claimed to be.

When she finally lifted her head, a string of cum dripped from her lip and stuck to her chin. She smiled wide. "Thanks Mr. Wilson. That was very helpful." She tucked her tits back into her bra cups and slid on her dress and was out of the room before he said a word.

Nicole smiled as she walked down the hall, the taste of cock and cum still in her mouth. She got wet, like super wet. She came hard. That must be what it feels like to work hard and work well. Better, I did it. I finally sucked off a real cock of a real sexist man. She entered the den and saw

her dad, Uncle John, and the other businessman, Mr. Stevens, talking. She walked up and smiled. "Can I talk to you for just a second Uncle John?"

"Of course." He stood and walked over to her.

She cupped a hand over his ear and whispered, "Mr. Wilson is one of them. You know a sexist."

Johnson smiled and pulled back a bit. Speaking softly, "how do you know?"

She whispered back to him. "Because he stared and when I sucked his cock, he came in my mouth."

Johnson smiled more. She took to the programing even better than he could have hoped. "I will make a note of that for our future dealings with him. Good work Nicki." He then returned to the other men just as Wilson walked back in to join them. Nicole smiled wide at the man and he smiled back. He has no idea I outed him as a sexist. I totally tricked him.

As the evening wore on, Nicole grew tired and excused herself to her room. She began to undress, first her dress, then her bra, then her panties, when there was a soft knock on her door. Mom must be coming in to say goodnight. Nicole opened the door but it was Mr. Stevens, not her mom. She smiled at him, wearing just her garter belt and stockings. He was staring at her exposed tits. "Excuse me Nicole, but Mr. Wilson told me something in private and I was thinking ..."

Nicole rushed him in and closed the door. 10 minutes later, he slowly walked out as Nicole lay on her bed covered in the man's cum. He exploded between her tits all over her face and into her hair. Before he exploded, when he called her a whore, she came hard herself. It was the extra encouragement she learned from Uncle John. Name calling meant she had totally done her job.

She went to sleep, keeping her stockings and garter belt on, and leaving the cum stuck to her as a special reminder to her of what a good worker she was for Uncle John.

Thursday

The next morning, Uncle John thanked Nicole for her hard work by fucking her over his desk. Luckily Nicole ran out of sexy lingerie, so she only had on a dress and a garter belt with stockings, so it was easier for him to have access. He told her that a good office girl who is a cocksucking slut always takes her “thank yous” in fucks. Nicole was happy to do so because, as Uncle John did not know, because she never told him, she came herself too. She liked getting fucked by an older important man, whether he was a sexist like Wilson and Stevens, or a good guy like Uncle John. Nicole could cum just about anytime an old man looked at her, touched her, fucked her, or her favorite, slid his cock between her tits or into her mouth.

It also made sense that she should take her “thank yous” in fucks because she had to keep pretending she was a dumb whore. He even helped encourage her by calling names every time he thanked her. She liked “big titted cum rag” because it was cute because and not sexist.

She also learned that because she was so successful with Wilson and Stevens the night before that she didn’t even need to practice cocksucking with another guy. But just to be safe, Uncle John agreed that starting tomorrow, every day she could come in for a blowjob test with him to make sure her skills are polished. He promised to call her names so she could practice hearing them too.

Epilogue

Johnson also sent Nicole to special meetings with several clients and competitors. Each meeting was under the guise that Nicole was collecting a fee. The man would give her \$200. Then she would pretend to be a cock sucking slut and blow the man. She would then report the man as a sexist to Uncle John. She would give him the \$200 so the books looked like she was collecting a debt. She did get to keep 10% for share however. Something about a “ho’s cut,” whatever that was.

Nicole kept this up for a few months as an intern before she was hired as a full time associate.

The pay was a bit better, and she even got to keep 20% of the “fake debt.” Soon, she was so busy working on these projects that about all she did was identify sexist men and give head. It was a great job because of the cool outfits and all the cocksucking—she still never told Uncle John how much she cums when she gives head. She tries to keep her moans to a minimum when she practices on him and only every once in a while does she pass out from orgasms when she practices on him. She loves her job and is really good at it. In the past 15-20 years now, she has exposed almost half the men in town as sexists—some had to be exposed several times over because, as Uncle John told her, they claimed to be reformed. But each time, they reveal their true selves.

She still lunches with her dad, who is semi-retired now. He grumbles about her outfits still, but she always gently kisses his cheek and promises that she is still his good girl.

Nicole gets the help of a psychiatrist

Nicole Messer was fresh out of college and on her way to proving to her father that despite her gender, she was just as capable of any man in the business world. Hell, she was more capable. She graduated at the top of her class. Still, the pressure of constantly being better was getting to her. The best thing, she thought, was to have a therapist, someone she could talk to. Nicole wasn’t “crazy.” If anything, she was as rational as any person. It was that very rational thinking that told her that seeing a therapist was the smart thing to do. There might be a stigma to some, but Nicole saw it as an opportunity to have another intelligent person to bounce ideas off of and also unload her psychological burden upon from time to time.

She made an appointment with a local psychiatrist, Dr. Kacie Gordon, who, Nicole was told, would assess her and then set her up with the right therapist. She made a point of wanting to see a female psychiatrist. Mostly, it would be more comfortable that way. But Nicole also recognized that all women must struggle to get through the demands of higher education, proving to the male-dominated education industry that they were just as capable, meaning to get the same grades that had to work even harder. So it only made sense that Nicole would want to give her business to a woman just as she hoped other woman would do the same for her in her career.

Nicole arrive at Johnson Psychiatry, Dr. Gordon’s employer, a place that, according to their website, employed over 30 psychiatrists and psychologists, as well as many other therapists and counselors. They had a good mix of male and female professionals.

Nicole as met by a very well-endowed receptionist who probably was displaying way too much cleavage for a professional office. The girl had breasts not quite as big as Nicole's 36Gs, but unlike Nicole, was happy to make sure everyone knew that yes, she had biguns'. Nicole guessed the girl was a DD cup, but let it pass. She was aware, sadly, that some women just weren't cut out to make it, and had to use whatever assets they had to get a job.

"Yes, I am here to see Dr. Kacie Gordon. I have a 4:30 appointment."

The bimbo smiled like she was going to stand up and announce that she was Dr. Gordon, but then she just looked at her screen for several seconds. She then frantically typed before looking up. "I am so sorry, Ms. Messer. Dr. Gordon had a family emergency today. I was instructed to do 3 things. First, reschedule you with her for next week. Second, to make sure neither you nor your insurance company is charged for today's visit or for the rescheduled appointment. And third, to have you meet Dr. Johnson (she suddenly whispered quietly) he is the owner of this whole place you know (she winked and her voice then returned to normal) so that he can personally apologize. He has a policy that no patient is to ever leave here thinking that they received anything other than complete attention and the best possible services, even when things do not go as planned."

Nicole was disappointed of course, but still, things happen and at least this place was very professional about it. No charge for today nor for next week, and she would get to meet the head of the company for a personal apology. That is pretty impressive. "Very good." Nicole and the bimbo receptionist re-set an appointment for the next week and then Nicole sat down to wait to meet Dr. Johnson. The bimbo even offered Nicole a warm cup of herbal tea that was specially designed for Johnson Psychiatry. The bimbo told Nicole the tea was made with a special blend of leaves, per the American Society of Psychiatric Specialists, that allow the patient to feel warm, relaxed, and full of self-confidence. There were blends that appealed to certain types of patients from the severely psychotic to those simply needing someone to talk to. Nicole chose that "lowest level" blend and soon the bimbo walked in with the warm mug. Nicole couldn't help but notice the bimbo's skirt "matched" her blouse. The blouse allowed her cleavage to be seen. The skirt allowed her stocking tops and garter straps to be seen.

Nicole sipped the tea and was surprised at how delicious it was. It had a certain spice that she

could not place. It wasn't ginger. It wasn't orange. It wasn't peppermint. But it was soothing and comforting. She started looking at her phone and before she knew it the bimbo brought her a second mug. Nicole looked down and saw she had finished the first mug already. She smiled and thanked the receptionist and within a few minutes a man walked out of a door near the receptionist.

"Is his the woman who had an appointment with Dr. Gordon?"

"Yes sir."

"You offered her tea I trust."

"Of course I did sir."

"Very good Miss Gor ... err Kacie. I'll likely be done with my day after this. Then we can lock up together after she leaves." Nicole sat there noting the oddity of the receptionist, Kacie, having the same first name as Dr. Gordon.

The bimbo giggled. "Yes sir. I am happy to help you with ... ummmm ... closing up duties."

He then turned his attention to Nicole. "You are Ms. Messer?"

Nicole stood. "Yes. I assume you're Dr. Johnson."

"Indeed. A pleasure to meet you Ms. Messer. I wanted to personally apologize to you for Dr. Gordon's absence. She had an emergency family matter that ... well it couldn't be helped. I can tell you this does happen, but certainly very rarely. I highly doubt it will happen again."

"I understand Dr. Johnson. We all have lives and things do just happen."

"Correct you are Ms. Messer. Please come in and let me tell you about my clinic and Dr. Gordon so that you can feel comfortable when you return next week for your re-scheduled first official visit." He turned to face the bimbo. "Please get Ms. Messer another mug of tea. And fetch me a water bottle as well." She nodded and went off to do that as he opened the door to his office. It was odd that he told her to "fetch" Nicole thought. "Please step in Ms. Messer."

Nicole walked into a very impressive office. Plaques on the walls, pictures with famous local businessmen and politicians, more picture with rather buxom women who seemed in awe of him in the photographs, and of course his many degrees, framed and hanging behind his desk. She sat down as she sat across from her.

"Again Ms. Messer ... may I call you Nicole?" Nicole smiled and nodded. "Excellent. Well again Nicole, my deepest apologies for the scheduling mishap today."

"I understand Dr. Johnson. And I appreciate you taking the time to be so forthright about it."

"Now I am sure you are looking forward to seeing Dr. Gordon next time. According to the intake forms, you basically just want to have a professional to chat with about some of the stresses and pressures you are facing or will face with your new career just starting. Is that right?"

Nicole nodded. "Yes it is Dr. Johnson. I know I am not ... crazy." Nicole laughed a bit. "But I am the first female in my family to get a college degree and seek a career, rather than stay home and make babies, and it just gets to me sometimes, you know?"

"Of course. I understand. That is a very common problem that many young professionals face, particularly females. I am sure Dr. Gordon will lend an ear and provide you with some insights about how you can best deal with these issues. In fact, ..."

Just then the door opened and Kacie walked in with more tea for Nicole. She whispered to Nicole, "I made a special blend for you given that you are just talking with Dr. Johnson." Nicole kindly smiled. And took the tea. The first two mugs were warm and inviting, and after one sip, Nicole felt this blend was even better. She felt ... good, like very agreeable.

Dr. Johnson smiled and continued. "Thank you Kacie." Then he turned to Nicole. "Where was I? Oh yes. I was saying how Dr. Gordon might provide you some insights that a young professional can use. In fact, Dr. Gordon herself is a young professional and no doubt has personal insights that she can share. Truth be told Nicole, Dr. Gordon herself went through the same things and I helped counsel her on ... well I am sure you would rather hear it from her even though I was the one who gave her the advice."

Nicole smiled. "No, please go on Dr. Johnson. I mean, I'm here, and you're here and I might as well take advantage of your kindness. Not that I am taking advantage of you personally."

He laughed. "Of course not Nicole. I didn't take your meaning to be that. And I did say no charge for today, so sure, I can give you some insights. In fact, one comes to mind just from the moment I first saw you."

"Really? What?"

"Well you are, if you don't mind me saying, a very pretty young lady." Nicole giggled slightly and blushed. "I mean, I am being honest, and you are just a very attractive young lady. And yet ..." Nicole looked at him curiously. "... now don't take this wrong Nicole, for Dr. Gordon had the same issue. It's just that you already told me that you are the first woman to advance to a real professional career in your family. Yes?" Nicole nodded. "And yet, you are dressing like a man. Not that your outfit is unpleasant, but a plain top, jeans, sneakers. Yes, still a college girl I suppose, but you want to be seen as a professional woman, a trailblazer for future young ladies who wish to forge ahead in a man's world. I bet that is one of the reasons you feel some stress. True?" Nicole nodded again. He is right. I am a trailblazer and what I am about to face in my career is a pressurized situation. "But if you want to be a female trailblazer, then why dress like a man? Instead, set yourself apart and dress like a woman. Like a woman who isn't afraid of her

body and in fact wants people to know that 'I may be a professional, but I can still look very attractive without compromising myself in any way.' See what I mean Nicole?"

Nicole nodded more. "Yes. That is very insightful Dr. Johnson. I never really thought about something so basic as my outward appearance, but yes, I need to let people see me, a woman, be a success."

"Exactly. People see women in many ways, most of which are unfair. But a pretty girl is often seen as ... well less bright. But you and I both know that pretty girls can be just as smart as anyone else, and if anything, since pretty girls will attract attention anyways, why not let the world see a pretty girl who is very smart and very successful."

"Wow doctor. That is so right."

"And not just a pretty girl, but a girl who dresses to really let people see her body."

"Wait? Really?"

"Of course. Think about it Nicole. Imagine seeing a pretty girl—we can use my secretary Kacie as an example. She wears a short skirt, maybe shows off some cleavage. What do people think? We both know the answer. And I will use the one word that sums it all up: bimbo." Nicole nodded. That is exactly what she thought when she saw Kacie upon entering the lobby. "But what if you saw someone who gave you the impression of ... bimbo ... but then she surprised you, knocked your socks off really, by being the smartest girl in the room? You would be impressed, no? In fact, you'd be doubly impressed because you know she had to not only do all the hard work to achieve her success, but had to do so in an environment that put her in the 'bimbo box' to start. She had to overcome first impressions, and then, after overcoming that unfair prejudice, she then had to work hard to get to her success."

"Wow. That is true. I mean I can't tell you how many times I walked into a classroom and all the other students and even the professors noticed my chest and thought—there is the dumbest girl

in the class.”

Kacie walked in with one more mug of tea and winked at Nicole. Nicole couldn't help but noticed how her boobs bounced with each step she took and when she bent over to set the tea mug down. She's a bimbo ... or maybe she isn't. I see what the doctor means. I am unfairly judging her. Nicole watched Kacie walk out too and saw how short her skirt was and that when standing and walking, her garter belt a straps and the tops of her stockings could be seen even more. Maybe Kacie is fooling us all and she's really smart.

Once Kacie left, the doctor continued. “See. You know what I mean. You have to overcome the prejudice that comes with having size C breasts.”

Nicole burst out laughing. “C? Oh god, doctor, you have no idea do you? At least I know you didn't judge me by my chest because I passed by C in high school. I am a DD and probably on my way to an E cup. My mom is a G cup. It's in my genes I guess.” She laughed more.

The doctor laughed too. “You are right Nicole. I pegged Kacie for a B cup until she told me she was a D. Oh my. That is so funny. Well us old men, we never were much for women's sizes.” They both laughed more. “But you see what I mean. A girl with a big chest, we assume must be a dummy, when in fact we know that breast size and intellect have no relation to each other.”

Nicole nodded along. “So true.”

“But you also see how if you wore an outfit that showed off your ... DDs you say?” Nicole nodded. “Yes, DDs, then you would have an advantage over everyone else who thinks you are a dummy. They will underestimate you.”

Nicole finished off her tea as she nodded in agreement.

“Add a short skirt to the mix, and you will have all the advantages.”

Nicole nodded. “Yes, I see. I can control the room, as it were, if I showed off by chest and my legs. I could ...” Nicole stopped. Somehow something wasn’t right. Maybe ... But before she could complete the thoughts in her head, the doctor finished off her sentence.

“... you could wear a loose bra to make your chest bounce more and wear stockings with a garter belt to direct attention to your legs. Right you are Nicole. You would look like a bimbo, but be in the driver’s seat by NOT being a bimbo. You are a very smart your lady Nicole to have grasped that so quickly and know that it is so true.”

Nicole was sure there was something wrong about this, but it made sense. She felt warm and agreeable and started to smile wide. It was amazing what a little talk therapy, and a free session with a different doctor could do. It was all coming clear. If she had the power of everyone underestimating her, she would feel less stress. “Dr. Johnson. Can I ask a favor of you?”

“Of course Nicole.”

“Well I am sure Dr. Gordon is terrific and all, but could I do my next session, the real one, with you? You seem to really get the pressures I have already.”

He sat back and smiled slightly. “Well I am sure I could squeeze you in, but I must tell you Nicole, my methods require a minimum commitment of 3 sessions to truly get to the bottom of whatever your stressors might be. If you are willing to commit to at least those 3 sessions, I will gladly meet you again. In fact ...” He looked over his schedule. “... I could get you in tomorrow for the first session.”

“Really? Wow. And yes, I will totally agree to the first 3 sessions and then we can see where it goes from there.”

“Excellent. Now before you go, let me give you a disc drive that has a bunch of health insurance forms, medical billing authorizations and so on. Paperwork—such things will be the end of me I am sure.” He sighed. “Anyway, do this tonight and the forms can be sent online before you even go to bed. I will see you tomorrow at ... 3:00 pm? Does that work?”

Nicole took the disc drive and nodded. “Yes Dr. Johnson. Totally. I am so excited. I have to admit I was nervous before I came here. Then I was disappointed that Dr. Gordon wasn’t here. But you know ... sometimes things are meant to be I guess. I am really excited to get you help to be the best trailblazing woman I can be. See you tomorrow.”

Nicole walked out. Kacie gave her a to-go mug of more tea—extra-large. Nicole thanked her waved goodbye to Kacie, who waved back, her boobs bouncing with each wave. Bimbo or genius? Nicole was intrigued, but more excited to keep all the other people out there wondering about her too. She gulped down the tea before she got to her car and thought about what Dr. Johnson said about dressing like a woman and controlling the room by having people underestimate her. She had an idea.

Nicole stopped by the mall—luckily the mall in her town had yet to shut down like every other one she knew of—to buy some outfits. She figured the best bet was to start with lingerie. She got some shelf bras that barely covered her boobs and had lace, very un-supportive, cups. She giggled as she walked around in the dressing room, her boobs barely staying in the cups, and bouncing all over. She got matching panties and garter belts. She figured that some colorful sets would be a good idea, so she got black and white as normal, but also got a pink, yellow, blue, and purple set. She then got some stockings for her new garter belts. She left that store wearing her regular jean and blouse outfit, but kept the pink lingerie set on with white stockings.

Then she bought skirts and blouses. The blouses she found were perfect. A few were very loose so that even a little bend caused her chest to just about spill out of the top of the blouse. Others were tight so that her boobs looked like mountains pushing out, that jiggled with each step. Then she got skirts that all stopped at mid-thigh so that her garter strap could be seen. She walked out of the store in a tight blouse and tight skirt. She got lots of whistles and knew all those men were underestimating her. She realized that she looked silly in sneakers, so she went and bought 4 sets of heels, black, white, red, and beige. Each was 2-3 inches high and once she started walking in those, her boobs bounced even more and she felt her skirt, so tight already, ride up so that she knew all of her garter strap was visible and maybe even part of her pink

panty. She giggled knowing that she looked like a bimbo but was actually very, very smart for sure. This was the way Kacie dressed and I underestimated her. So this must be the right type of outfit.

Once she got home, Nicole kept her outfit on and went right to work on the insurance forms. She popped the disc drive in and ...

Nicole sat in her chair. It was dark out and she looked at the clock. It was almost 10:00pm. That's odd, I got home just after 6:00. There's no way I was sitting here for 4 hours. Her screen was flashing that registration was complete, so she must have completed the forms. She yawned and went to bed. She was so tired that she just slid off her skirt and blouse and fell to bed in her pink lingerie and red heels.

Nicole woke to her alarm going off. She felt so good. Slowly she realized that she had her garter belt and stockings and even her heels on, which was weird, but she sort of recalled that she was so tired she barely undressed before falling asleep. Her panties and bra were on the floor and her hand was rubbing her clit. Her sheets were soaked. She giggled to herself. I must have had some dreams last night and took off my bra and panties. She giggled. I'm so wet. But I have job applications to work on, plus my part time job before my 3:00 therapy session but it feel so good and ... oh god ...

Nicole slowly played with her clit, pressing it, rubbing it. Her other hand cupped her tits—yes they are tits, not boobs. Girls have boobs, but women have tits. She became aware how sensitive her tits were and pinched a nipple as her other finger brought her clit closer and closer. I'm so relaxed because of Dr. Johnson. For an older man he is so handsome and ... sexy ... and god I would love to have him here on top of me making love to me ... he could call me pretty like he did yesterday and tell me how attractive I am in my sexy clothes and he could drive his massive manhood ... his cock—yes a big old cock—into me and make me ... AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS.

A few hours later, Nicole looked at her clock. Now she had no time to fill out any job applications. She had to call in “sick” to her job too. Instead she had to finally get out of bed, shower, dress, and get to see Dr. Johnson for therapy.

As she slid up her new baby blue stockings and attached them to her blue garter belt, she felt so excited. I hope Dr. Johnson notices how I am dressed like a woman, not a man, so that I can make my mark and be a trailblazer due to men underestimating me. She stood up and smiled as she looked at herself in the mirror. Blue heels, blue stockings, blue lingerie set of lace bra, panties, and garter belt. Black tennis skirt and a tight white top that barely held her cleavage in. Yes, I totally look like a professional woman now. Dr. Johnson will have to notice.

Nicole arrived at his office and saw the bimbo receptionist Kacie. Kacie looked like she was day dreaming, so Nicole waited until Kacie could see her. Nicole did notice Kacie's blouse was only halfway buttoned up and it sure didn't look like Kacie had on a bra under her yellow open blouse. There were even some stains on her blouse. Still, she looked happy and content. She shook her head and saw Nicole.

"Oh, hiyas Miss Messer. You are seeing Dr. Johnson again? He really is the best. Am I right or what?"

Nicole nodded. Yeah, she is totally a bimbo. Or maybe she is just pretending. I have to remember not to underestimate a girl with big tits. "Yes, I have a 3:00 I think."

"I'll let him know you're here. Give me a sec." Kacie stood up and Nicole noticed similar stains on her skirt too, like maybe she got splashed by a faucet or something. She got Nicole some tea and then disappeared inside the doctor's office door. Nicole sat and waited, drinking the tea. It was such a good relaxing blend. She thought she heard a loud moan at one point, but maybe Dr. Johnson had a difficult patient. After 20 minutes or so, Kacie came back out, and her blouse was even more undone and her hair was a mess. But she had a big smile. "He'll be right out."

A few minutes later, Dr. Johnson walked out and smiled at Nicole. "Miss Messer. Pleasure to see you have returned. Please come in."

Nicole smiled wide as she noticed Dr. Johnson was staring at her cleavage and how her boobs bounced when she walked. Yup, she looked totally like a professional woman, not like a man.

She walked into his office and sat down.

"I can't help but notice Nicole that you took my advice and decided to make sure the world knows you are not a woman in man's clothing, but instead you are an independent woman capable of standing on her own two feet. In fact on rather high heels."

Nicole giggled. "Yes, thanks Dr. Johnson. I really think you are right. No need to pretend I am something I am not. And I am not a man. I am totally a woman."

He stared more at her chest. "Yes, obviously."

"Even better, I could tell lots of men at the store, and even here in the building this afternoon were totally underestimating me. They must think I am some sort of bimbo. They have no idea how smart and stuff I am."

"Right you are Nicole." Kacie walked in with fresh tea for Nicole and winked at her. She whispered that she'd bring in another mug soon. Nicole nodded a thank you. "Now let's get to work. I am going to make some guesses Nicole, and you tell me if I am right or not."

"Ok."

"You desperately want to prove yourself to your family, especially to you ... father."

Nicole's eyes opened wide. "How'd you know Dr. Johnson?"

"A very common trait for young women who are trailblazers within their own family is a successful father who wanted a son, but got a daughter, and never gave her a fair chance to be a success because he assumed she would be, or he even wanted her to be, another housewife,

just like every woman in the family that preceded the daughter.”

“Wow. Dr. Johnson, you hit the nail in the head. I mean my dad loves me and was always fair, but also always told me that I had limits due to being a girl. He told me that I could never succeed in business, even with all my good grades and my college degree.”

“Exactly as I suspected. And this is what we in the industry call—sad to say—daddy issues.” Nicole blushed. “That doesn’t mean anything specifically. Rather it is a generalization that suggests that those who have daddy issues put men, particularly those older like your father, on a higher plane and always try to please them.”

Nicole nodded. “I guess I have always tried to please him and really everyone. And yeah, I guess especially my professors and bosses, who have always been men older like my dad.”

“Now this does not mean you have a problem Nicole? No it does not. It isn’t wrong to have ... daddy issues. What it means is that you have to face those issues and do the hard work to come to grips with them. They will always be there to some extent. But if you do the hard work, you can use those issues to help yourself rather than hurt your self-esteem.”

“Wow. That’s a relief. But how?”

Kacie walked in with more tea for Nicole. She made a point to lean down very low as she poured it to give Dr. Johnson quite the view. Nicole even saw Kacie’s bare tits dangling as she poured. But something told Nicole that Kacie was not as much of a bimbo as she suspected, since she always seemed to know when to bring in more tea. She had a special knack. Nicole took a big sip and Kacie even topped it off once more before leaving the room. Nicole was in such a good mood. This tea is super tasty and makes me see what Dr. Johnson is saying so well.

He smiled. “You ask an excellent question Nicole. How? How does a girl, a pretty girl, a pretty girl who is happy to show off her body because she has self-confidence, how does such a girl prove to an older man that she is worthwhile?” Nicole nodded. Yes. I want to be worthwhile to

my dad, to my professors, to my bosses, even to Dr. Johnson. “There is no one answer that fits every girl. The key is to harness your skills and then see how you can use those skills, even skills that you may not even realize you have, to make men see you as worthy and useful. I am sure you want to be those things Nicole and want to find and use all your inner skills.”

Nicole sat there wide-eyed. “Oh god yes Doctor. I really do. I never thought I might have hidden talents that will make me useful.”

“Every girl does somewhere. Now to find those talents, we can use a series of deep thought-probing exercises. The idea is to find those deep seeded talents that you have and bring them to the forefront so that you can be the useful and talented girl that makes your dad and all the other older men in your life happy with you. I know that is your deepest desire, is it not?”

“Oh yes Dr. Johnson. That is really all I ever wanted—to be seen as someone of value to daddy and all his friends.”

“Excellent. Already I see progress, as I suspect you never really thought how much you wanted to please older men until we found this root of your inner issues, your daddy issues.”

“That’s true doctor. I wasn’t even aware.”

“Well, let’s get to work.” Nicole nodded excitedly, her tits bouncing as she did so. “First, I want you to lay back on the sofa and close your eyes. I know it is a bit of an old trope that someone lays down on a sofa in a psychiatrist office, but it does work.” Nicole smiled and did so. Kacie knocked and walked in with more tea and Nicole gulped it down before laying back down. God, the girl makes good tea.

“Now close your eyes Nicole and let’s concentrate on your father. Picture him in your mind. I have never met the man, but he may be getting a bit older. Perhaps a few too many pounds around his waist. Losing his hair. Greying.” Nicole nodded as she kept her eyes shut. Her dad was losing his hair and what he had was all grey now. He had more than a few too many

pounds. He had about 100 too many, all seemingly around his belly. “Now as you picture him, remember, he is the first man who ever loved you and the first man you ever loved. That is why he was always the ideal man to you for as long as you can recall, and why he always will be that ideal man for you. You didn’t see him for his appearance, rather you saw him for a man who cared for you immensely and who you desperately wanted to please. That is why when you see him, and when you see other men like him, you see someone you can trust and someone who you wish to please. Pleasing men like your dad brings you more pleasure than you have ever had. Can you picture that Nicole? Pleasing your dad? Pleasing your professors, your bosses, your doctors. You see that in your mind?”

“Yes, doctor. I do. I want him, I want all of them, to be happy with me.”

“That’s right. And these are the daddy issues at work. Again, these are not bad to have, but issues that you must control and address. And just like we know it is better to dress like a woman, not like a man, so that you can maintain your control and power, it is also better to control your daddy issues by taking them on as they come and satisfying the urges that the issues create. It is best to satisfy your urges than to let them control you. Understand?”

Nicole opened her eyes and turned her head to look at Dr. Johnson. “Ummmm ... not really. How do I satisfy my urge to make my dad and other older men happy?” As she looked at him, she couldn’t help but notice how he must be about her dad’s age and was so sexy looking. His bald head. His pot belly—although not as big as her dad’s. His bifocal glasses. The way he talked to her explaining everything in simple terms so even a girl could understand. God, he was a total hot older man.

“Well that is the question Nicole, isn’t it? How does a young attractive girl like you make an older man happy? Certainly older men enjoy looking at younger women. It reminds us of our youth and when all the girls who were available were young and beautiful. Unlike women, who lose their sex drive as they get older, older men retain their drive and so men of any age have a sexual urge that always needs satisfaction. Older men of course enjoy being the object of affection from a younger beautiful girl like yourself.”

Nicole nodded as she thought about how she was already attracted to Dr. Johnson and now it

made sense why. He reminds me of daddy and I have always wanted a man like daddy. Now that I am old enough, I could have ... Nicole gasped.

“Are you OK my dear?”

Nicole nodded. “Yes. But ... I mean ... are you saying that older men want to have ...” she lowered her voice to a whisper ... “sex with me?”

Dr. Johnson laughed. “Nicole. You are such a fascinating young lady. No wonder you are a trailblazer in your family. You are so bright. Yes, of course older men want to have sex with you. They want to have sex with everyone.” He laughed more. “But you are missing the point. Think really hard. You are the one who wants to please your dad, your professors, your bosses. So what does this man?”

Nicole closed her eyes and concentrated. I want to please daddy so bad. I want to make him happy. To see how worthwhile and useful I am. If I want to make a man happy then I must want to ... She gasped again. “Oh god. Dr. Johnson! I think I am going to Hell. I want to fuck my dad.”

Dr. Johnson laughed harder. “Oh Nicole. You are quite the character. Of course you are not going to Hell. Every young girl wants to have sex wither dad. But every young girl doesn’t actually do so. But the desire ... yes that is there. So you must learn to control that desire by not letting it take over your thoughts.”

“Whew. I thought you were going to say I needed to have sex with my dad.” Nicole laughed too at how silly she was being. Her chest bounced as she laughed harder and harder. Her tits almost popping out of the very non-supportive bra cups. “But how do I control my desire? Otherwise, I might end up crawling into bed with daddy if I get too caught up in it.”

“Well that will have to wait until our next session Nicole. But before you go, take a few minutes of quiet time here. Close your eyes and think about all the ways men can be satisfied by a pretty girl like you and all the ways that you desperately want to please a man until he is so happy with

you that he ... showers you with affection as if he were icing a cake. I'll leave and give you 10 minutes of quiet time. Relax. Have some more tea. And just think about being a useful girl. And when you get home, please make some notes on the computer to record your thoughts for our next meeting." Nicole nodded. Somehow Kacie must have snuck in and placed a fresh mug of tea on the table beside the sofa Nicole was laying on. Mmmmmmmm it was so good.

When she heard the door close, Nicole closed her eyes and laid back, thinking about how much she wants to have sex with her dad, but also her professors, and all her bosses, and even oh god ... Dr. Johnson. He was staring at me a lot. He saw my big tits. I bet he likes them. I wonder if he would like to slide his big monster cock—all those old men have monster cocks I am sure of it—between my cans. I bet he would love that. Nicole undid a few buttons and placed one hand underneath her blouse over a bra cup. Her nipples were rock hard. God. Please fuck my titties Dr. Johnson. Nicole absent mindedly squeezed her tits together imagining an old big thick cock in between, fucking them. Oh god. I bet I could make him cum and ... she giggled ... and he could shower me with his affection like he said ... his affection ... his cum ... mmmmmm cum. Men love blowjobs and tit fucks better than anything. I bet they all want that from me. I would make them so happy. Oh god, I want to make older men happy using my mouth and tits until they can cum and ... Nicole imagined herself kneeling in front of her own dad. His cock was so big. Almost 5 whole inches. Like huge. His belly so fat as he sat there that even his monster cock was hard to see. Her head in his lap. She was bobbing up and down. The top of her head rubbing on his belly. His cock pounding her hungry mouth. His hand holding her swaying tits. Calling her a good girl. Please daddy, cum in my mouth and tell me how proud you are of me. Please daddy ... please ... please Nicole moaned and her hips started bucking as she was overcome with a massive orgasm.

She slowly stopped moaning and breathing so heavy. She opened her eyes and realized she had opened her blouse completely, her tits were popped out of her bra. Her skirt hiked up and her panties at her knees. One hand squeezing her tits, the other playing with her soaked clit. Oh god. I know what I am. My talents are my tits and my mouth. Dr. Johnson was right. I have hidden talents. Giggle. She blushed as she realized she was still in his office, and partially undressed. She quickly slid up her panties and buttoned up her blouse, forgetting to tuck her tits away into her bra cups. She sat up and walked out the door. Dr. Johnson was sitting at Kacie's desk, his eyes closed as he leaned back in her chair. Kacie wasn't there but Nicole was sure she heard Kacie's voice or some sort of sound she would make, somewhere close.

"Thanks for the quiet time Dr. Johnson, you gave me lots to think about. I apprecia ..." Nicole

saw a head in his lap. Then it disappeared before coming back up and then back down. She smiled and blushed. Kacie has the same hidden talents. "... errrr, I mean ... see you ... ummmm ... tomorrow." Nicole rushed out the door before he said a word. How embarrassing. Maybe Kacie has daddy issues too. He must be helping her and ... oh god, I wish he would help me.

Nicole went home and went to her computer to record her thoughts. She got lost however and just stared at the screen. At 10pm, she blinked and realized she was staring at the screen for hours. She was wearing only her garter belt and stockings and heels. Her chair had a big wet spot. All she could think about was Kacie giving Dr. Johnson a blowjob and herself giving her own dad one and also to all his friends and how she wished she had Kacie's job so she could blow Dr. Johnson and ...

Oh god, Nicole closed her eyes as she thought about all the old men she needed to blow. She put on a sheer nightie to cover her tits somewhat and ran down the hall of her apartment to Mr. Wilson, an old retired man. She knocked and knocked until he finally opened his door. He wiped his eyes. She must have woken him. "I'm sorry for waking you Mr. Wilson, I just need this, really bad." Before he could say a word, she dropped to her knees and opened his robe and took his cock in her mouth.

Nicole walked back to her apartment smiling as Mr. Wilson waved goodbye and thanked her. God, I really needed that. Old cock is the best cock to suck on. She slept deep and dreamt of kneeling under a desk at her dad's office sucking off every man that worked for him. When she woke up, she dressed in light green lingerie with yellow stockings. She wore a plaid pleated schoolgirl skirt and a white button up shirt that she buttoned only to the middle of her chest. She rushed off to Dr. Johnson's office hoping she could get in early.

When she got there, Kacie was sitting at her desk as usual, although there was a big glob of white stuff on her face and in her hair. Kacie looked super happy and Nicole realized ... oh god, he came on her face. She is so lucky.

Kacie smiled. "You're early. But maybe you can help me."

“Sure. What’s up?” God, please let her say that she wants my help blowing Dr. Johnson, please.

“Dr. Johnson has a meeting and we have to set up the tables. Like all the paperwork and stuff, plus getting the men ready for the meeting.”

“Ok. What do you mean get them ready for the meeting?”

Kacie giggled and she led Nicole to a conference room. Once inside the room, Kacie handed Nicole some paperwork. “Just place a set of the paperwork at each chair. Then just do what I do.” Nicole nodded and took half the paperwork from Kacie and they each walked around the table in different directions placing a set of papers at each chair. Kacie then rolled out the last chair, knelt down, being sure to raise her skirt up over her hips, exposing her light green lingerie—just like Nicole was wearing, although Kacie’s stockings were bright orange and her skirt was a different type of plaid. She then crawled under the table and pulled the chair back in. Nicole smiled. I know what she’s up to. She did the same as Kacie. Kacie placed a finger to her lips to tell Nicole to be quiet and then they waited.

After a few minutes they heard the door open and two men walked inside. They were talking. “Yeah, that’s right. She was a ‘doctor’ but now she is just a secretary.”

“But how does he do it?”

“I have no idea. But I am just glad to contribute to his efforts. I mean have you had the pleasure of ‘doctor’ Gordon yet? She has monster cans and can make you see stars.”

“Really? Maybe I’ll get her today. Although I heard he now is working on the daughter of one of the city’s biggest fish.”

“Really?”

“Yup, that’s what I hear through the grapevine. Apparently she has even bigger flesh puppies than the good ‘doctor’ Gordon and lots of enthusiasm.”

“But whose daughter. I can think of a few SOBs in town who deserve to have their daughter become one of his ‘office girls.’”

Nicole smiled. I wonder what they are talking about. But more, why is Kacie bouncing so excitedly under the table. I thought we were trying to be quiet. Maybe she ...

A chair pulled away from where Kacie knelt and one of the men sat down. Kacie immediately undid his fly and pulled out a cock that had lots of grey hairs all around it and engulfed it in her mouth. Nicole heard the man gasp in pleasure and place his hands on Kacie’s head calling her a good girl. Wow, Kacie is getting to suck cock to help with her daddy issues and ... Another chair pulled out, right where Nicole was kneeling. Oh my god. He expects me to ... and I have daddy issues too ... and otherwise I will want to fuck my dad which would be totally wrong, so I need to ... Of course! Dr. Johnson was right. I have to take control of my issues and ease my desire by satisfying old men like the man sitting in front of me. Nicole got to work.

The man soon was grunting as he unloaded all over Nicole’s face. Nicole moaned in pleasure as she could feel her daddy issues get better as her panties got wetter from making an old man cum on her face. She was really understanding her therapy much better now. Still, she did think of blowing her dad while the man was pounding her mouth. Maybe she needs ...

Another man sat down next to the man she just gave a blowjob to. Nicole didn’t hesitate. She knew this was the way to take away her desires to fuck her dad. She pulled the man’s pants down to his knees so she had better access to his heavy hairy balls. God, she loved sucking on hairy balls, especially like these, with so many grey hairs. She even guided the man’s hand down to cup over her tits which was super helpful because he then unbuttoned another button on her blouse and pulled her tits out of her bra cups and expertly played with her aching titties. Nicole knew he must like her tits because she heard him say “These are the biggest pieces of tit meat I have ever held. Reminds me of that one girl ... what’s his name’s daughter, who always wore a

bikini at parties at his house.”

The man Kacie was sucking off said, “Oh yeah. I remember her. She seemed like she wasn’t nearly as smart as she thought. Like we all knew she would eventually become someone’s fuck toy.”

“Yeah, but what was her name? Her dad? I can picture them.”

Nicole was so busy bobbing her mouth up and down and feeling the man’s hands on her tits that she couldn’t think of who she must remind these men of. The girl sounds like a ditz, whoever she is. Not a smart girl like me. I bet these guys think I’m some sort of cocksucking bimbo who ... oh god ... Nicole started getting wetter as she thought about how these men think she must be a bimbo and how much she loves cock in her mouth and hands on her tits and ... he’s pinching my nipples ... oh fuck ... she moaned loudly as she came hard and soon felt the surge of cum spurting in her mouth too. She gobbled up as much as she could, but her moaning caused her mouth to open too much and lots of yummy creamy cum dribbled down her chin over her tits and onto her stockings and ... fuck ... I’m cumming again ...

The man yelled over to his friend, “Messer’s kid! Nicky or something like that. Big tits, even when she was young. Yeah, I heard she was his next one.”

“Fuck! I would totally fuck her dumb face and especially those big fucking tits.”

Nicole moaned loudly not quite hearing the men as she came down from yet another massive orgasm. She did hear them say “Messer,” which was funny since that was her last name too.

Nicole looked over at Kacie, who had her own fingers in her snatch as she was sucking off another man. Kacie was clearly enjoying this as much as Nicole was. Nicole used her tits to fuck the next guy’s cock and insisted he cum all over her face. The next man, she asked if he could fuck her on the table, and he nicely obliged, telling her that she was the dumbest cocksleeve he ever met, which was a super nice compliment because Nicole knew she was tricking him into

thinking she was just a cum hungry bimbo. She wanted to tell him how she tricked him, but when he said he was going to cum and would prefer her mouth, she had no time to talk as a cock was filling her face with another load of cum. She laid on the table and had her head dangle off the edge as she fucked her face that way, shooting his cream into her mouth. He even held her tits and grabbed them hard as he did so, which caused Nicole to cum again because she secretly loved having her tits played with and fucked and talked about and used and stuff.

When the man pulled out, he left a string of cum from her lips to her forehead and called her a slut and left the room. Nicole moaned and then rolled off the table. Kacie was laying on the floor, wearing only her stockings and garter belt, both of which had cum globs on them, just like there was all over the rest of her body. Nicole giggled, as it was funny, given that she was basically the same, although she was able to at least keep her heels on too. All the men were gone, and Nicole tried counting how many cocks she had, but since counting was math and girls are no good with math, she didn't know. All she knew was that this definitely helped her daddy issues.

She looked at the clock and saw her session with Dr. Johnson would start soon. She ran to the ladies room to try and clean up. Her lingerie was a mess, so she took it all off. She then slipped on her skirt and blouse. Her tits were clearly visible through her top, but at least she didn't have on a cum stained bra. She then walked to his office and he was waiting for her with a big smile.

"I understand you helped Kacie this morning Nicole. That is much appreciated."

She blushed. "Oh. Ummmmm ... yeah. I was early and thought I could help her since there were so many guys that had to have their coc... or so much to do."

"Well I appreciate it Nicole. Now let's get to work on your therapy. Have you thought about your daddy issues more and what you think is most helpful?"

Nicole smiled. "Oh yes, doctor. In fact, I kinda think I know exactly what I need to do, but I just don't know if I can do everything to help with my daddy issues and hold a job in business."

"Hmmmmmm. I can see that. Unless you had a job that combined the two."

"Really? There's a job that lets me do my ... therapy?"

"Of course Nicole. In fact, I have an opening here as Kacie is so busy and just can't handle all the work I have for her despite her efforts."

"You mean I could work for you?"

"Well first I would put you through an interview, but yes, if you pass, I could see you working under me."

Nicole giggled. I could work under his desk. "Wow. I would love that Dr. Johnson. When can I interview?"

"How about now?"

"Wow! OK!!!"

"First, like any job interview, you'll have to undo your blouse as everyone knows that baring your soul is part of any decent interview."

Nicole thought hard ... well as hard as she could ... "Oh yeah, of course. I have heard of that, obviously. But ... ummmmm"

“Yes?” He smiled, staring at her tits through her thin top.

“I ... ummmmm ... forgot ... yeah ... forgot to wear a bra today.”

“Well let’s pretend you have one on and just undo your top anyway.”

“Ok. That makes sense. It’s like I have one on, even if I don’t. Right?”

“Exactly Nicole. You are one smart girl.”

Nicole giggled as she stood up and undid her top and let it fall. Her bare tits were exposed and her hard nipples somehow got harder.

“Good girl. Now as you know, any girl who wants a job takes a computer based personality test to see to it that she is competent to do the tasks. Otherwise, I might end up with some dumb big titted cocksucking bimbo working for me. He laughed and Nicole joined in, her tits bouncing along. He is right. It is ok to look like a bimbo but it’s like totally bad to be a bimbo.

“OK. So like how do I pass the test?”

“Well we do it on a computer so it is unbiased. Follow me.” He led her down the hall to a computer lab. “Have a seat Nicole.” She sat down and smiled up at the great doctor. God, I hope I get to work for him. “We use the latest technology to help each girl. It is simple enough. You go through a bunch of questions on a computer screen. It’s sort of like a personality test in that there are no right and wrong answers, only illumination at the end. Shall we start?” Nicole nodded excitedly, her tits bouncing more.

He started the program on the computer and stood there, overlooking as it would be bad if she

didn't understand something because she was just a girl and stuff. He helped her put on the headphones to assist her too. Pretty music played with a nice voice reminding her how she was right to show off her body and titties so that men could stare.

Nicole followed the prompts and entered some biographical info to identify her—name, age, address, etc. Then the screen flashed and Nicole stared ahead for a long time. Then the first question was about to pop up. The first question asked Nicole about her preferred sexual encounter. Male or female. She chose male. Then she was asked of her preferred type of sex. She was offered several choices including missionary, cow girl, reverse cow girl, doggie, anal, giving oral sex, receiving oral sex, and even tit fucking. The question went on to state that if none of her favorites were present, she should pick her favorite from this group. Nicole blushed but knew this was a scientific study, so these questions were fair.

Nicole started to click “missionary,” but the computer flashed and told her that this was an error. She tried several times and soon enough “missionary” was no longer even on the list. She then tried to pick “cow girl” and had the same problems. Once “cow girl” disappeared from the list, so did all the other choices, except “blow job,” and even that choice changed to “blow job with the guy cumming all over my face and tits while calling me a slut.”

Nicole blushed more. She had given head a few times and hated it, well expect the times today and the time with Mr. Wilson down the hall yesterday. But that was different because those were all old men helping her with daddy issues. She still hated regular blowjobs. She also knew that as a professional woman she would never let a guy cum on her body, especially her face ... well expect last night and today but then again, it was more therapy than sex. And she hated being called names, except when it was therapy and she was tricking a guy into underestimating her and thinking she was a cocksucking big titted bimbo slut, when she was actually smart and things and stuff, and stuff and things, and ... other stuff too.

Still, it was the only choice. So Nicole clicked that choice and soon the screen flashed and the headphones started making a noise. Nicole suddenly felt warm all over and very happy like she had a cup of Kacie's tea. When the screen then started showing that she chose the best answer for any girl who wants true success, she felt even better. As if the thoughts were being put in her brain from the headphones, which she knew could not possibly be true, Nicole started to think how much she loved sucking cock and letting a guy cum on her face and tits and call her a slut because it made her so useful. She also remembered that she felt pretty when she had big

white globs of cum on her body because when she feels useful, she feels pretty. Yes, I do love blowjobs so much. I must be one of those girls who cums when she has cock in her mouth. Maybe I have a special sex organ in my throat or something.

The computer then asked her more questions. She was asked how long she had secretly desired to blow any man over the age of 50 while hoping that being an old man cocksucker would make the man like her since she was way too dumb to be liked for any other reason. Her choices were "as long as she could remember," or "like forever." Nicole knew from Dr. Johnson that there were no wrong answers, but this was weird, because both were right answers. She chose "like forever" because it sounded sillier and she knew how old men loved silly girls who gave head. The computer flashed again and she was told she is on her way to being super useful. She was asked if she'd like to get a special reward before she goes on to answer more questions. Nicole clicked "yes," although that was the only choice. Still it was definitely the right choice. The computer then told her that her answers so far were such good answers that she may be eligible for a private "meet and greet" with a local businessman but she needed to provide proof of her potential usefulness by standing up and undressing to her stockings and garter belt and posing for a special identifying photograph.

Wow. A special meet and greet AND a special identifying photograph. I must be really nailing this test. Nicole immediately stood up and faced the camera on the computer and quickly undressed. She pulled off her white blouse and dropped her plaid pleated skirt. The computer started flashing telling her to undress more slowly. Nicole nodded and faced the camera and slowly undid her bra. She then slid off the shoulder straps and then slowly let it fall off her tits. She smiled at the camera and could tell it was taking lots of pictures, so she dropped the bra and softly cupped her tits and then decided that maybe she should pinch her nipples, so she did. Oh god. I wish Dr. Johnson could see how useful I am being. I wish he was still here in the lab watching me. She moaned as she could feel how excited she was getting. It must be the idea of a real meet and greet with an important man. Nicole then slowly bent down making sure her titties swayed as she slid down her panties. She was glad she neatly trimmed herself this morning so that she had a nice pretty little patch. Once her panties fell, she slowly stood back up, letting her hand brush against her naked pussy before she returned to cupping her tits for the best ID picture ever.

The computer flashed that the picture was successful and that her meet and greet was pending approval from a special group of businessmen who were able to identify talented useful young ladies. Nicole clapped and jumped excitedly before she sat back down. She hoped her next

answers would really make a difference in proving how useful she could be.

The computer then told her that a useful girl would be able to use one hand to answer questions while she attended to her needs with her other hand. Nicole blushed. It even knows how wet I have been getting. She nodded and slid her left hand down to slowly and softly touch herself “down there” while she answered the next questions. The computer asked her whether she would prefer to have the next man who walked into the room, whoever it may be, tell her that she was a totally fuckable slut and then fuck her until she came, or whether she would rather have him fuck her from behind before telling her what a dumb fucking whore she was tuning into. God, what a hard question. Both answers are correct. I wish having a man come in and just shove his cock in my mouth were a choice. I really need one right now to suck on. Maybe Dr. Johnson would like it if I ... oh god. He is my doctor, not some great looking older man who can help me with my daddy issues by sliding his thick cock between my lips and slowly thrusting it in and out until he came all over my face to prove what a useful dumb little slut I am. Nicole moaned as her one hand fingered herself slowly as she totally did not think of Dr. Johnson holding her head in his big strong hands as he used her mouth for a fuck toy until he just had to cum all over her big tits. Oh god, it is so wrong for a patient to do that to her doctor but ... Nicole shut her eyes tight as she felt her pussy getting closer, closer, closer ... Dr. Johnson calling her a dumb little whore who is only good for one thing as he shoot his load all over my ... oh god yess. Nicole moaned loudly as she brought herself to the best orgasm she ever had in her life. Her hips bucking in the chair. One hand cupping her tits, the other pressing hard on her clit as she came over and over and over ...

Nicole slowly came back and giggled. Oh my god. I can't believe I did that here in the computer lab. What if Dr. Johnson or Kacie came in and saw me? They would think I am just a dumb college slut. Giggle. Maybe I am not dumb, just like Kacie isn't dumb. I bet she dresses that way so she can get Dr. Johnson's cock as much as she wants. She must be a genius.

Nicole realized that forgot to even answer the question, so she chose the second choice, having the next man that sees her fuck her from behind and then call her a dumb fucking whore after he cums. The computer told her to stand and bend forward and think hard about how much she would love that. Nicole nodded, stood and bent forward. She must have a really good imagination, because she suddenly felt like a cock was sliding inside her soaked pussy from behind. She even imagined hearing the “man” grunt and hold her hips and hammer away. Nicole's imagination was so good, she even bumped her head into the computer screen several times as she was being “fucked” from behind. Suddenly she imagined a loud grunt and she

could like really feel jizz shooting inside her which made her cum too. Then she heard an imagined voice calling her a dumb whore. It even sounded like Dr. Johnson's voice. Wow, this therapy really has my imagination working strong.

Nicole then looked back at the computer and she saw it flickering before it told her that she had been accepted for a meet and greet the next day and that Dr. Johnson would help her prepare for this great career opportunity. She was told to leave her bra and panties off but to slide her blouse and skirt back on.

Once Nicole did as she was told like a good girl, the computer shut off and Dr. Johnson was standing there smiling at her. "I understand the test went well Nicole."

Wow, I didn't even notice him walk back in. Then she saw his cock was out, and kinda wet and drippy. She giggled thinking how funny it is that old men forget to pull up their fly sometimes. She was glad he didn't see her naked like I was and when I was playing with my clit and stuff, and pretending to be fucked from behind, although maybe he would have fucked me then ... god that would have been great. "Oh yeah. I think I totally passed. But I think I know how to best prove to you to hire me."

"Oh?"

Nicole smiled and knelt down and took his soft gooey cock into her mouth. It took a while, but she eventually made him super hard and made him cum on her tits. She was right—she got the job.

The next day, Nicole dressed for her first day as an assistant to Dr. Johnson. She decided to wear her purple lingerie, with yellow stockings. Because she was now a professional, she wore her prettiest skirt, which was only long enough to barely cover her panties, and her super tight top that was cut below her bra cups. She knew her first assignment was to provide some relaxation therapy for some local businessmen, as Dr. Johnson had other appointments. Some of the men she would see even worked at her dad's office. Then she had her "meet and greet" with another local businessman that she remembered from him coming to daddy's parties at

the house. She started planning for how she would trick him into underestimating her but letting him use her big titties until he came all over them. As she thought about her day coming up, she came sitting there, putting on her heels, thinking how excited she was to have a job that was in business but would help with her daddy issues. She knew she would always have to work on them. She slipped on her special ID badge that showed her in stockings and a garter belt, with cum dripping off her nose and chin. And even though her panties were already soaked, there was no time to change them now. She hurried off to work as a real life business woman.

Nicole Makes Some Compromises For The Cause — Part 1

Nicole Messer was always a hard worker with a strong feminist streak. She was told her whole life that women had no place in the world of business, politics, education, law, or any other area where real decisions affecting the lives of others mattered. She disapproved of this obviously outdated and unsupportable theory as a young woman, and then disproved it in high school, in college, and now in her career. She was an A student. She was president of her high school class, and valedictorian of her college class. She worked her way up through the business world until she started her own company, aggressively beating “male dominated” companies with better services at lower costs to her many clients, and with better results. She occasionally hired men to work at her company, but did her best to actively recruit women directly out of college and to poach those outstanding women working for unequal pay from other companies. She made a name for herself in the business world and in the political arena. Although she did not run for any office, she supported progressive candidates, usually successfully, and had an open door relationship with most of the elected officials in her city and state. If she wanted something, she pretty much got it.

As her company grew in size and profits, Nicole took on other issues that someone of her stature, still under 40 years old too, could do. She supported progressive causes with fundraisers, hosting meet and greets for all the important people on any given issue, and basically becoming a king maker—or as she preferred—queen maker.

Despite her many successes, she still faced the problem that she saw facing the entire world really, the failure of many in the business and political arenas to give women a fair chance, and even when they succeeded, fair title and pay. Nicole decided to make it her personal goal for the rest of her career to champion women’s rights. She started a non-profit company to raise awareness, support politicians, and to boycott those unfavorable to equal rights. The company—Women Organized for Rights and Equality (W.O.R.E., which she pronounced as

“war,” as in she was at war with the establishment)—had everything it needed, except enough money. Nicole certainly donated quite a bit of her own cash to the company. But even though she was a success, even a millionaire at this point, she was not a hundred-millionaire and certainly not a billionaire. To run the company, she knew that it would need 10 million dollars in annual revenue plus an endowment of another 200 million dollars to ensure long-term success.

She made plenty of calls and hosted many events. While she raised enough to last a couple of years, she needed a huge infusion of cash donations—likely \$100-150 million dollars in the next year if the company had any hope of lasting and achieving its lofty goals.

The problem of course is that with a few exceptions, the hundred-millionaires and the billionaires were all men, and men who used misogyny and the patriarchy to gain their fortune—in fact mostly through inheritance, not merit, the way Nicole did, and the way she wanted her fellow women entrepreneurs to do. She needed those men to act against their best interests and donate large piles of cash. Nicole knew that in the end, the goals of her organization were for the best interests of all of society—even the ultra-rich. They just had to see that short term losses—by paying fair and equal wages for example, or by hiring women in key positions—would ultimately lead to better results and more income for the ultra-rich and their companies too. Making the very rich see that, however, would be a task. Rich people do not look too long-term, even at long-term profits, if losses are any part of the equation.

She decided that the best bet to start would be someone she already knew. John Johnson was a long-time friend of her dad who was one of the richest men in town. Yes, he inherited lots of money, but he also made a far larger—like filthy rich larger—through his tech company. She had known him as long as she could remember. While he was definitely a sexist pig like her father, like almost every man from that generation really, he seemingly had a big heart and was always supportive of Nicole when she was young. Sure he always stared at her chest, but he never went way out of his way to stare. He even mentored her a bit while she was in college and offered her a job when she graduated. But the offer was more of a secretarial position and one that meant her chest would be on display for his eyes regularly. She politely declined when she got a much better offer.

Nicole called his assistant and asked if she could meet him for lunch later in the week. She was told that he would be too busy and did not have any openings until 3 months down the road. Nicole sighed and took what she could. The next day, however, she was surprised when she was

told that he was calling her. She picked up quickly.

“Mr. Johnson, what a pleasant surprise.”

“Mister? I’ve known you since you were a little girl Nicki, back when you called me Uncle John. You can still call me that I hope, just as I can still call you Nicki, I trust?”

Nicole smiled. She wanted to be professional, but she knew him basically her whole life and would eventually be asking him for lots of money. No reason to be overly formal now, especially since it was just a phone call. “Of course Mr. Joh ... Uncle John.”

“Good. Listen, I know you are busy saving the world,” he chuckled mildly, although Nicole cringed on the other end of the phone—why do old men make it so that doing the right thing sounds so silly?—“so I won’t waste your time. I see that my assistant set us up for a lunch in 3 months or so. She didn’t know who you were. I’ve cleared my calendar. How about tomorrow? My treat. Top of the Tower. Say 1:00, so we miss the rush and can really talk.”

Nicole smiled. It was good to know people. “Wow. I really appreciate Mist... Uncle John. See you then.”

Nicole hung up when it hit her. Top of the Tower?!?! That is the fanciest restaurant in town. I wonder if they have a dress code. All I wear is pants suits anymore. Shit!

She called and sure enough, women were required to wear dresses or skirts with hosiery. Men were required to wear suits and a tie, and were forbidden from taking off their suitcoat. Damn! I’ll go home early to see what I have. I might have to shop. Still, it’s for the cause.

Nicole finished working on several upcoming events related to women’s rights—a march, a music concert fundraiser, a political rally against the sitting mayor, among others. She then told her assistant that she was leaving early. She went home to heck her wardrobe. Sure enough,

she hadn't worn a dress or skirt in almost 5 years. Nothing really fit well. One dress looked promising, but Nicole last wore it 7 years ago at a friend's wedding. Apparently 7 years for a woman now in her mid-30s means about 20 pounds and maybe an extra size up in bra cup—Nicole was already a DD when she last checked. She usually wore “extra-large” minimizer bras now days and hadn't had a bra fitting in years. She sighed and drove off to a women's clothing store that would have the right dress for such an exclusive restaurant.

Nicole met a clerk at the store, who claimed she was fashion consultant. Nicole knew—she was just a saleslady. Still Nicole needed help and it was certainly not her place to tell a woman that she was not in the right vocation. “Hi. I'm looking for a dress for the Top of the Tower.”

“Oh, you've come to the right place. Is this a first date? Anniversary? Perhaps a ... tryst?” The woman giggled.

“Of course not! I'm not even ...” Nicole reminded herself that despite her efforts, there were woman who dressed solely to please men. She would someday have something to say about that, but not here, not now. “... sorry miss. It's just a business luncheon. But I haven't worn a really nice dress in years and ...”

The woman smiled. “Not to worry. You are...?”

“Sorry. Nicole. Nicole Messer.”

“Excellent Miss Messer, I'm ...”

“It's Ms. Messer.”

“Excuse me?”

“Ms. Not Miss. Ms. Messer.”

“My apologies Ms. Messer. I’m Kacie Gordon. You can call me Kacie. Let me show you what we have.”

Kacie showed Nicole several very nice dresses, all cut a bit too short for Nicole’s liking, but nothing risqué. The bigger problem was Nicole’s ... BIG problem, her chest. Each dress would require some sort of fancy bra or those stick-on cups that really aren’t bras at all. Nicole had Kacie measure her. 36E. Kacie told Nicole that she was a 34DD herself, so she understood the difficulty of harnessing “the girls,” particularly as they began to lose their battle with gravity. Still Kacie was able to find Nicole a very nice bra—all lace, pretty, pink—that would go with just about any dress. Kacie even suggested the matching set, including the panties and garter belt. Nicole selected those and even a few pairs of stockings—beige, black, and white. She rejected Kacie’s suggestions of additional bright colors of red, blue, pink, and purple. Nicole knew that such colors, while certainly a girl’s choice, sent a message of a less than serious person.

Yet, the dress they finally opted for required the bra stick-on cups instead of a bra. Nicole hadn’t worn those stick-ons since high school, when she was a young (perky) D cup. They offered no support, but at least would keep her nipples from being prominent in the otherwise relatively thin top of the dress. Nicole bought a set of those too and thanked Kacie for her help. Nicole had some reservations about the dress given that she would have no bra support for her—damn, E cups now! Still, the dress was otherwise very pretty and she looked great in it. She got a pair of 4 inch heels that added to how well she looked in the dress. She paid and went home knowing that she would look the part and hopefully be able to convince Uncle John that he should donate millions to the cause and even better, get his rich friends to do the same.

The next day, Nicole applied the stick-on cups to her massive, but not fully perky, Es, slid on her new panties and garter belt—even without the matching bra, it would be a shame to not wear the rest of the set given the cost—and beige stockings. She knew from her mom that panties went on last so that she would not have to undo the garter straps when going to the ladies room. Then she put on her dress and was pleased that she could still look good in a dress. It was a bit short, but her garter straps did not show, although the bumps under the dress were slightly apparent. She slipped on her heels. She looked over herself in the mirror. She looked

pretty good for someone getting close to 40. And despite what was underneath the dress, she did not look like some slut, but instead a professional woman attending at fine establishment, which was exactly what she was. Nicole was aware, however, as she walked to her car, with her heels way up, that the dress was thin enough that without a bra, her girls were bouncing rather significantly. Still, she would be sitting most of the time and she was running late—no time for a wardrobe change now.

On the ride over, Nicole noted how hot it was that day. Luckily her \$80,000 car had all the bells and whistles ... until the AC died on the way to the office. She tried rolling down the windows, but her hair was becoming a tangled mess. She suffered through the heat, but once she was inside her office, the comfort of the cool air also told her that her stick-on cups were melting off her breasts. She checked herself in a mirror in her private ladies room and saw that they were peeling away and poking oddly at the fabric of her dress. It looked like she had sheets of cardboard sticking out. Damn it! Nicole undid the top of her dress and peeled them off. She then re-did herself and saw that it didn't matter. The stick-ons added no support anyway, so nothing lost in that department. She smiled and went back to her office, telling her personal assistant to increase the A/C just a bit as she was still feeling the effects of the hot ride to the office.

As the morning ended, Nicole began to get ready to go to the restaurant to meet Uncle John. She walked to the elevator and was quite conscious of her bouncing breasts and that the dress did little to hide that she was braless. Luckily, no one really saw her. But once she stepped into the elevator, she saw 3 other businessmen who worked in her building. They all immediately looked at her chest and Nicole realized she was in the cooler A/C air for too long. Her headlights were fully on—high beam even—and her thin dress hid nothing. Damn it! The stick-ons offered no support, but they did give me some privacy. She blushed, which only made her chill up more and increase her “display.” Each man did almost nothing to hide their respective leers. She breathed a deep sigh of relief when they got out on the main floor—Nicole was going to the parking level below. She cringed when she overheard them laugh about the girl with the massive set of jugs.

She got in her car and waited a few minutes to relax. While she was pissed off at the men who stared at her, at least that anger helped her nipples go back to non-high alert. Time to concentrate on getting money from the rich bastards.

Nicole drove to the restaurant. Luckily, it wasn't too far of a drive, so she didn't get too warm.

She was escorted to the elevator by one of the many valets working and soon was riding the elevator to the top floor—50 stories above the city streets. When the doors opened she walked in and was met by the maître d' who escorted her to Johnson, waiting at the table for her. His eyes went to her chest and her bouncing Es. It was for only a moment, but enough to remind Nicole of many things—his latent, if not blatant sexism, the size of her chest, the fact that she was braless, and that fact that the cool air of the restaurant was working against her. These thoughts only heightened her worry, and soon, she was again displaying the full hardness of her nipple through her thin dress.

“Nicki. So good to see you.” He extended his hand.

She smiled and tried to focus on her mission—getting him away from a lot of his money for her cause. “Mr. Johns ... Uncle John.” She took his hand and they shook as professionals. A good start.

They ordered cocktails—nothing outrageous—and a small appetizer. They chatted about old times when he was a younger man just starting to make his fortune in science and tech and when she was a school girl who would get to stay up late for some parties that her parents threw at the house. He asked with great interest about her career. All was going well, despite his frequent looks down at her chest. Damnit girls! Will you please stop poking out there ... please?

Eventually lunch was served. The bartender brought Nicole a special drink that Uncle John ordered for only his most important guests. They continued to discuss business with Nicole highlighting her endeavors to make the world more equitable, now that she didn't need to work for herself any more. She brought up her foundation—W.O.R.E. and its good works so far. Johnson seemed genuinely interested and asked several excellent questions about W.O.R.E.'s goals, leadership, future plans, and financial backing. This is perfect. I can get to my point. Nicole took a deep breath feeling both the moment and the effects of the special drink. As if on cue, the bartender brought her a second one, which she intended to sip, but instead almost absent mindedly gulped down before beginning her pitch.

“You see Uncle John, while W.O.R.E. is doing great so far, it's still a fine line between the

immediate success and long term success. And if I may be blunt, that fine line is determined by one thing, and only one thing ... money.”

“Indeed. I know all too well that some great businesses never got to fulfill their missions simply due to lack of operational cash during the beginning years, to really get going. Hell, my company would not have had the great innovations in technology and behavioral sciences if I didn’t get the big loan from the bank. None of it would have ever been invented.”

She smiled. “Exactly Uncle John. You get it.” Nicole knew that Uncle John was about the smartest guy she ever met and what he said would certainly be what eventually carried the day. Huh? I guess I’ve always known that about him. “And I have given everything I can to W.O.R.E. My time. My blood, sweat, and tears. And a lot of my money. But I need more money ... a lot more. Money I don’t have. And because it’s more of a charitable foundation than a profit churning business, loans are out of the picture. While I get plenty of small one time donations, and while I appreciate everyone who does what they can for my mission, what I need is some large donations ... millions of dollars’ worth. Only a few people can really make W.O.R.E. a success.”

He nodded along, smiling. He is getting it. Time for my push. God, my head is spinning, I better make this quick.

“I know a small number of those people Uncle John. My dad might be one. And you.” She gave her biggest kindest smile. “You have enough money to last you and hundreds of others a lifetime, and then some. What I want is for you to help me further my very worthy cause. And the best part is this. Sure I am asking for you to donate a lot of money. I also would hope you can get the other people I your financial circumstances—your friends and colleagues—to do the same. But what you’ll get out of this is not just a warm fuzzy—I know that probably doesn’t mean much to most people. But when my organization is a success, I will create a whole new legion of strong powerful women who can go on to continue your legacy at your company, and those of your friends, and all to your own personal success. Sure, you might donate 10, 20, even 50 million dollars. But your company will grow in value by double or triple that in no time once you have my young ladies join your organizations, your companies, and lead it to even greater success.”

She smiled—hopeful, kind, sincere. Her head was starting to get foggy. Damn “special” drinks. At least Uncle John understands. He will come through. I can trust him, trust in him. Wow. I guess I never realized how much I trust him to do and say the right thing. Whatever he says must be the right thing to do.

He sat there, blank faced for a moment—his eyes lingering on her chest again.

“You make a good case Nicki. A very good case indeed. One, I don’t need the money, while it might benefit others. Two, I will likely get some long-term growth from it anyway, more than if I didn’t donate. And three, it is the right thing to do.”

He’s gonna do it. Oh god, it’s everything I dreamed of. I knew he would help me. I’ll do anything to get that help.

“But ...” Oh shit. Nicole frowned. “... I know that you understand business. You understand better than most. Even for a girl.” Nicole smiled as he talked. That’s a pretty sexist thing to say, but he is right that most girls don’t understand business. Wait. Is that true? It must be as Uncle John said so. “And while I might gain some value to my company for my investment, that doesn’t mean much to me. As you noted, I already have great wealth. I can buy anything I want. But some things, I don’t have, despite my wealth.”

“Yes, but ...” What is he getting at? I’m sure it’s very smart no matter what. “... I understand Uncle John. But what else can I offer to get the donations I need for W.O.R.E.?” Wow, I sounded like I would give him anything. But in a way I guess I would. I am sure even he didn’t mistake my words for anything else.

He opened up his checkbook. “Nicki. I am going to write a check, right now, from my money market account. It will be payable to W.O.R.E. and will be for \$10 million dollars.” He completed the check.

She smiled wide. "Oh god, Uncle John, I don't know what to ..."

"But, I am not going to give the check to you yet. Instead, I am going to go to the men's room, last stall, and you are going to follow me into the men's room." He stood without another word and walked away.

Nicole sat there. What? What does he ... follow him? To the men's room? I know there are rumors that deals are cut between men in weird places like golf courses and ... well yes, I guess men's locker rooms. Men's rooms must be a place to do business and besides, I'll do anything he asks to get that money. I have to. It's the only way.

Nicole stood and followed him. She was at least 20 feet behind and could not keep up. Her feet were a bit unsteady—not used to the "special drinks" or high heels. He ducked into the men's room and by the time she walked in, he was already in the last stall. She could see his shoes. She walked up. "Uncle John?"

He opened the stall door. "Nicki. I will gladly hand you over this check." She smiled. "After you give me the best blowjob and titty fuck I have ever had."

Nicole's eyes opened wide. She as in shock, while his face was stern and serious. "You can't be ... I mean ... You're Uncle John. I can't ..."

"You are a businesswoman Nicki. There are not many girls who would say 'no' to \$10 million dollars for a blowjob and tittyfuck."

"But... but ... but ... Uncle John, I've known you since ..."

"Since you were a little girl. Yes. And those big titties have been begging for a good wrap around

my cock for many years. And now you are a full grown adult and I am guessing you don't have time to give blowjobs or tittiefucks too often, even though that is what you are built for. I am also guessing you don't get offers for \$10 million dollars too often either. In fact, Nicki, let me sweeten the pot. I'll give you—personally, not to W.O.R.E.—another \$50 in cash. You have 15 seconds.”

“Wait. No. I can't. I mean, I think you should give me the money because of ...”

“10 seconds.”

“But you know my mom and dad and ...”

“5 seconds.”

Nicole's head was spinning. This wasn't fair, but it made sense for some reason. It's just a blowjob ... and a tittiefuck ... and then I'll get lots of money from him and ... but something doesn't seem right. Why am I even considering it? Oh yeah, because Uncle John is super smart and I trust him.

“4 ... 3 ... 2 ...”

“Ok, ok. I'll do it.” Nicole gasped in shame. She looked down, blushing. But she also felt a sudden sense of making the choice because Uncle John made sense. One tittiefuck and blowjob and I get \$10 million. Plus \$50 bucks in cash.

“Now Nicki. Right now.”

She hung her head and knelt down on the cold men's room floor. She looked up at the great

man, a man she trusted and realized that she was right to trust him because he was getting what he wanted—he said he’s wanted to fuck her tits and mouth for years—and she was getting what she wanted—money for W.O.R.E. It was all business.

“Now Nicki. I suspect you will find that this will pay off for you rather well, as long as you don’t disappoint me down there. You see, I have wanted your mouth and tits on my cock since you were a teen. But you were always such a goody-two-shoes. But with my wealth, I was able to buy science—the kind of science that makes girls agreeable and forgetful. You won’t remember the drinks, or even what I am saying right now. But you’ll remember that you love sucking cock for money. Especially when you are called names and treated like a fuck toy. Now be a good girl, drop your dress, unzip my pants, take out my cock, and be the best little tittystick and cocksucker that you were born to be.”

Nicole looked up at him again. I won’t remember what he was saying about ... huh? What did he say? Oh yeah, I love sucking cock for money. She smiled wide. “I hope you don’t think less of me Uncle John because I’m a prostitute.” Nicole immediately shivered and felt her panties get wet when she referred to herself as a prostitute. God, she loved being one so much. “But it’s what I was always meant to be.” She then undid her dress and let it slide off her shoulders, her tits coming into view for the great man. She noticed him smile wide. “Do you like them Uncle John? I love fucking a guy with them you know—as long as I get paid.” Nicole giggled and then shivered more as she almost made herself cum.

“They are bigger and more beautiful than I ever hoped for Nicki.” He softly grabbed them with his wrinkled hands. Nicole moaned in pleasure.

“Oh god sir. You have such a nice touch. I can’t wait to have your cock between my fuck puppies.” Nicole deftly undid his zipper and took out the great man’s cock. It was bigger than she imagined. Almost 5 whole inches. I hope I can swallow the whole thing. Hell, I would suck that cock for free. But first, it needs my tits almost as much as my tits need his cock.

Nicole wrapped her fuck puppies around the old cock and smile dup as she slowly moved up and down on the massive piece of man meat. “That’s a good little whore Nicki. A good little titty whore.” Nicole moaned loudly as she was called a whore—god how she loved being one. She

moved faster and faster up and down, licking the head each time it popped up between her melons.

But eventually she needed more and Nicole dropped her mouth over Uncle John's cock. I can't believe I get paid to do this. \$50 whole dollars just for me. Oh yeah, plus the foundation gets money. She tried to deep throat immediately because she needed it so bad. But Uncle John pulled her off and told her to do it properly by sucking his balls first. Nicole nodded like a good girl because good little whores always do at they are told. He bent down and licked his hairy grey balls. God, she loved licking balls so much. She was getting wetter as she thought about how much money she was making—\$50 bucks. She smiled up, with his ball sack on her lips. "I love sucking balls Uncle John. I love it so much."

Nicole then got serious and spent a long time slowly licking and sucking Uncle John's balls. A good prostitute earns her money. She licked, sucked, rolled her tongue over them. She good feel his cock bouncing on her nose and face as she did what any top dollar whore—\$50 ain't chump change after all—does to make her money. She smiled up and then slowly slid her tongue up the length of his monster cock. Wow. 5 inches is so big. When she got to the head, she smiled directly at Uncle John before she slowly opened her mouth and took the head inside her mouth, lingering over it as it deserved. Then she experienced what any good whore experiences, a great man putting his hands on her head and forcing her to take the whole thing in her mouth. Nicole almost came herself as she was forced to take such a big cock deep into her mouth. She gagged a little but being the expert prostitute, she was able to power through it and suck and lick while the massive cock was inside her mouth and throat. When she heard Uncle John call her a dumb slut and grab one of her tits, she wasn't able to contain herself any longer and she bucked her hips as she was over taken by a massive orgasm.

As she came, she felt one hand grabbing and molesting a tit while another grabbed her hair into a ponytail and forced her quickly up and down his cock. Oh fuck, Uncle John is such a good customer. I love how he fucks my mouth as if I'm just a dumb set of holes.

"That's it you stupid whore. Make me cum and plan to wear it like a good little call girl."

Nicole came again as she called her such nasty names. I am a fucking call girl, a whore, a

prostitute. I would suck any cock for money. She moaned over Uncle John's cock as he forced her head up and down, over and over, her head spinning, lost in the moment, when he suddenly pulled her mouth off and a huge blast of cum splattered over her face. Then another and another before he finally aimed his cock at her tits and coated them too.

Nicole knelt there—somewhat in shock as she realized she never had a man cum on her before, and very happy as she made \$50. Oh yeah, plus the foundation money. Uncle John just looked her over smiling and called her a dumb little whore and zipped up and walked away leaving her in the men's room.

Nicole caught her breath and realized she had to get back to the table. She was covered in Uncle John's cum and she had to clean up. Men's rooms have less amenities than ladies rooms though and she was able to only get the big globs off her face. She missed one in her hair. And she slid her dress up covered the rest on her chest. She then walked back to meet him at the table.

She saw a check and a \$50 bill waiting for her and she smiled. Several men in the dining room also smiled at her, more than usual. She looked at Uncle John as she sat down. "Wow, that was kinda wild Uncle John. I mean I never realized that my secret job would help my foundation but ..."

"Hush Nicki. Whores don't talk. They listen."

Nicole nodded. Obviously that was true. Wait ... I am a feminist and ... Oh yeah, I guess it is true since I'm a prostitute too.

"Have another drink Nicki while I explain things." Nicole saw one of the special drinks was there. She did as she was told. She gulped it down as if it was water. Her head started to feel funny—well even more funny—again. Is it more funny? Or funnier? Nicole giggled to herself at what a ditz she was.

“You are going to do several things. One, you will start dressing in lingerie similar to today—every day. You will also wear outfits that reveal and accentuate your lingerie and your massive tits. Two, you are going to be my regular whore. Every morning you will come to my office before you go to yours. You will suck my cock, use your tits to fuck my cock, and do so until I cum on your face and tits. Three, you will be ready to give any man I send your way the same treatment. He may insist on doing so in his office, his car, your office, a back alley, under a table at a restaurant, or any number of places. Where ever he wants it, you will provide it no questions asked. Four, you will get several of your friends to do the same thing—outfits and fuck toys. I will assist you when the time comes in selecting the girls and making sure they understand their roles. In exchange, you will receive cash contributions to your foundation. Further, you will continue to promote your feminist causes, despite you being a whore and turning your friends into whores. You will give speeches, hold election campaigns, and do all the other activities that you and your foundation have been known for. You may be called out for how you have changed your choice of outfits, but you will ignore the complaints and present yourself as a proud, albeit slutty-dressed feminist. I will see to it that the money keeps coming and you will see to it that you are both a whore and a madam. Understand?”

Nicole stared ahead as her mind accepted these new truths. “Yes, Uncle John. I understand.”

“Good. Now that man over at the far table.” Nicole turned and looked over. Another older man she recognized from her father’s past. He wants you under his table, with your dress pulled down so that you may use your tits to make him cum. Once he has unloaded on your chest, you will get the same thing you got from me. \$10 million for W.O.R.E., and \$50 in cash.”

Half an hour later, Nicole was all smiles as she crawled out from under yet another table. She was able to meet another man after the one Uncle John sent her to as well. She had \$150 in cold hard cash, 2 checks for \$10 million dollars payable to W.O.R.E., plus the third man—while unable to give her lots of money for W.O.R.E. did promise to meet her later that night in her company parking garage and fuck her hard for another \$25. Nicole blushed a bit as she crawled out given that her face was basically dripping of cum, but she was sure that the Top of the Tower had plenty of prostitutes be in this situation before. She stood up and here were some whispers by some of the females in the room. Nicole was sure she heard all the names too—whore, prostitute, slut, homewrecker, tart, nympho, tramp, skank, hussy, hooker—oh fuck I’m gonna cum in my panties again if they keep talking about me like that. Nicole ran out the restaurant. Luckily she had the elevator to herself ... well until it stopped half way.

A man waked on and looked her over and smirked. "How much?"

Nicole gasped and moaned. "Whatever you think it's worth." She dropped to her knees and giggled. "I'm going down sir no matter what you pay me." She had a mouthful of cum before they reached the ground floor. He said he had no cash, but did give her 37 cents from his pocket. Nicole beamed at being the cheapest slut in town.

Once in her car Nicole drove back to her office. She cleaned her face as much as she could in the car. She licked her fingers as she pulled globs off her dress and out of her hair. She fiddled herself until she orgasmed twice as she re-lived the bathroom titfuck, two under table blowjobs and the quick bj in the elevator. She had \$150.37. She giggled as she thought how much easier it is to make money this way.

Once she was spent, she walked up to her office and cleaned up more in the ladies room. Then she sat down at her desk and went about recruiting girls for Uncle John's plan to make W.O.R.E. money to survive.

Nicole thought about her friends, co-workers, and those within W.O.R.E. Who would be best the kind of girl who really would get money from these old rich men? Well they'd have to have big tits—Uncle John loves those and I bet his friends do too. All men really do I am sure. And they'd have to—Nicole looked down and realized she was absent mindedly fingering her clit again as she thought about turning her friends into prostitutes. She thought of her best friend Lynn, who had even bigger tits than Nicole's E cups. Lynn is such a strong feminist that she would have to agree to suck cock for the cause. Nicole was pressing her index finger on her clit as she imagined Lynn sucking off Nicole's dad as Nicole watched thinking how they were extorting money from her sexist dad by using his sexism against him. Lynn's head was bobbing fast as Nicole imagined it, her tits swaying. Nicole imagined peeking through a door crack watching and ... oh fuck ... Nicole had another massive orgasm as her imagination got her carried away. She moaned loudly as she fingered her clit more and more as her imaginary dad filled imaginary Lynn's mouth with a load of cum.

A few minutes later Nicole placed a call to Lynn. How would she convince Lynn that the key to

their feminist activism was being a cocksucking, tit fucking whore?

story: Nicole

Author: jjboss60

Future stories may be found here: <https://mcstories.com/Nicole/index.html>