

Around the World

JJ Argus



Modern Erotic Library

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By JJ Argus

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All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.

Chapter One

The sun was bright and hot on my eyes. Even from the shade of store awning I couldn't look out over the water without squinting. And even then my eyes ached a little. I pulled down my sunglasses with a sense of relief. It was over ninety and the sun was merciless as it beat down on the stone and asphalt below.

The noise of a million cars, trucks and buses, of a million air conditioners and ventilation fans, of trains and construction sirens and horns and grinding gears melded into a background cacophony which pushed aside any sound or even thought of nature. Even the little trees in their small brown boxes looked artificial and stunted.

The harshness of the sound matched the feelings in my heart. I'd been forced to push pride aside and make my way from shop to shop looking for work, and felt like a beggar looking for a handout. The economy was in the toilet, tourism was way down, crime was way up, and nobody was hiring. Government cutbacks had not only thrown thousands out of work but had forced the state to raise tuition fees for next fall. And just to make things even more peachy keen, grants were going to be down, too.

So now I was putting off the decision about what to do, even though that decision was looming larger and larger with each passing day that failed to produce a summer job. My father was a construction worker – now out of work because no one was building houses. My mother was a secretary, not earning a lot. They sure couldn't afford to put me through university, especially with the higher fees.

There had been higher grants the previous two years, and I'd been able to get work as a waitress in a high end club last year, and on a cruise ship the year before (and hadn't that been a ball!). Now, business was down and the streets were crawling with people trying to get the same jobs I was. It was looking very much like my university days were going to end after two years. And then what?

I'd never really been able to figure out what I wanted to do with myself. All I knew was I didn't want to sit in a cubicle for the next thirty years tapping away

at a computer. I had a kind of energy, a hyperactive nature which needed to be moving and doing things physically. Bending over a computer keyboard for hours at a time, sitting in dull meeting looking at pie charts on a screen, gah, the thought was torture.

But I knew I liked nice things. So that meant I needed a job which paid a decent salary so I could buy nice things. Taking liberal arts had been a delaying tactic all by itself. Nothing I was taking would really lock me into any kind of job, but at least it would give me an education, a paper I could wave at future potential employers that would hopefully give me a leg up on all the others out there.

At least, the ones who didn't have that piece of paper.

And some of the stuff had been interesting, and could be useful in life, never mind in a job. I wanted to go back. I needed to go back. It was that or .. what? Waitress? That was okay for a few months but not a career. Stewardess? Ha! Even some of the pilots made under \$15,000. Construction? I knew a lot, because of my dad. I mean, I could cut and saw and drill and hammer pretty well. And at twenty one I had the body to let me do it.

But dad was forty seven, and his back was in constant pain. I knew working with your body had a limited lifespan. Dad joked about being a male whore who rented out his body just like female whores did. Only he used his muscles and they used their looks. Both of them had a limited lifespan for employment, though. You didn't see too many fifty year old hookers or strippers, and you didn't see a lot of older construction workers bending and lifting and pounding and hauling. Both jobs were for the young.

I'd been offered a job as a stripper once. Well, not exactly. A gang of us had gone to a strip club for a guy's birthday, and one of the strippers, after giving him a lap dance, had sat down next to me and suggested I take up stripping. She'd said I could make a fortune at it. I still hadn't heard the end of that from my friends, but secretly, I wasn't displeased. I mean, it was a compliment, right? This was a girl who made her living on looks, on her body, and she'd said I was so hot looking I could make a ton of money.

And I also admit that the idea was intriguing, and exciting, in a dirty sort of way. Not that I ever even considered it. But the fantasy, the thought of dancing on a stage naked in front of all those staring men, all of them wanting me, lusting

after me, drooling over me, well, sure, it was exciting. I wasn't as much an exhibitionist as a lot of my friends. In fact, I'd been called a tomboy, but I still liked the thought of people looking at me and thinking I was beautiful.

And the idea flitted through my mind now. I knew girls who had done it. I'd heard of girls who'd done worse, friends of friends, girls who'd gone to escort agencies to make money so they could get through college. No way I could do that. But I considered the stripping – briefly – before dismissing it. I didn't have the guts to do that, to get up on a stage naked. No way. I wasn't exactly shy, far from it, but I'd be so embarrassed my freaking face would catch fire.

My mind sifted back to two years back, to the cruise ship job. We'd gone into the Mediterranean, and me and two other girls had gone to the beaches of south France on our weekend off. After some beer, and some daring, we'd wound up doffing our tops. Everyone else was, after all, and we hadn't wanted to seem like shy, silly, prudish American girls. But there was something incredibly arousing in being naked, at least above the waist, in public.

We'd all tried to hide the fact, but none of us were as casual about it as the Europeans, and we'd all been really embarrassed, at first. It was amazing how quickly you got used to it, though. All the girls were topless, and some were bottomless. So it was no big deal. By the second day we'd calmed down, but it had still, it was an experience. And the nights, well, they'd been some crazy parties, and some wild sex.

And that made me remember Annie, that crazy blonde chick. She'd been in her third year as a cruise ship hostess. And I knew she'd done the same last year. If she was doing the same this year, maybe she could get me in! Okay, not likely. We'd exchanged only a couple of emails in the last two years, but I was desperate. I found some shade, pulled out my phone, accessed my email, found her address and sent her a quick email. What the heck. Shots in the dark, y'know?

I looked at the flower shop and sighed, put away my phone, and went inside to see if they needed any summer help.

* * *

Two days later I was reluctantly coming to the conclusion I needed to start looking for permanent work, and on my PC scanning the job sites, when an

email from Annie popped up. I opened it without much hope, and felt a little jolt as I read it.

Hey, girlfriend! It's really weird you emailed me just now! We just lost a girl at our last port of call. She ran off with a passenger and didn't even leave any notice. I'm with the Brazilian Mistress, right now. I put off school for a year to stay with her because it's such an amazingly fun job! If you want some wild times to remember when you're old, you need to come and work on this ship!

I was excited by her reply, but frustrated she hadn't told me how to apply. I replied, demanding information, and in the meantime went on the internet to look up the ship. I found the ship easily enough, but it wasn't what I'd expected. She wasn't a cruise ship, exactly. She was a yacht, a huge yacht which was rented out for cruises by big shots and corporations.

The pictures were amazing. They made the cruise ship I'd been on seem like a slum. Everything was top of the line teak and mahogany and polished chrome and silver. It had a huge swimming pool with waterfalls pouring into it, and all the amenities you'd expect from a super yacht.

I guess when I thought of the term 'yacht' I thought of something smaller, maybe fifty or seven or even a hundred feet long. But this ship was over three hundred feet long! It was enormous! It was practically a cruise ship itself, though it carried only up to sixty passengers.

That figure was sobering, though. If it had so few people it wouldn't need a lot of employees, or hostesses, or whatever it was they called it. They had a bar, obviously, and I was a decent bartender, but I hoped the job Annie was talking about wasn't that of cleaning out state rooms and changing towels and stuff while the guests were up top. I'd take it if I had to but that was a pretty shitty way to spend the summer – as a glorified hotel maid.

Annie asked for my phone number, which was a surprise. If she was overseas on a cruise ship phones were expensive, but I sent it to her. And later that night I got a phone call from a woman named Kim, who just oozed friendliness. I mean, you could tell this girl was in public relations!

We talked about what I was doing, and had done, and she said that Annie had said I was a good worker, and great with customer service (thanks, Annie!).

“Now you have to remember, this isn't a cruise ship,” she said, “ this is a yacht, and the people who travel on it expect absolutely top rate service in every possible detail.”

“I saw some pictures on the internet,” I said.

“They don't do this ship justice, honey, they really don't. This is a ship built for the rich, and meant to be enjoyed and appreciated by people who think blowing twenty thousand dollars at the casino is just a fun night out. The people who come on this ship are almost all millionaires, or multi millionaires, and they appreciate the finer things in life – including beautiful girls.”

I was nodding with her as she spoke, then frowned at the last word.

“Uhm...”

“Did you note the finish on the surfaces of this ship? Did you note the quality?”

“Sure,” I said.

“This is a ship which will pay ten times more for a bathroom faucet than is necessary just to have one that looks nicer,” she said. “It doesn't work any better, but it looks prettier. The same goes for all the fixtures, the furnishings, and the staff. Brazilian has an image, you see. That image is rich, stylish and sexy, and our employees have to be, if not rich, then at least stylish and sexy. Annie has shown me some pictures of you from two years back. You look like you meet our criteria, but I need more up to date pictures. Have you put on weight?”

“Uhm, no,” I said.

“Let me be clear about your job, Katherine – .”

“Kat,” I said.

“Kat. We're not hiring hookers here. However, just as every part of the ship is expected to please the eye, so are you. You'll be wearing shorts and bikinis most of the time. And we don't expect you to throw a fit and curse out one of the guests if he grabs your butt. I'm sure you've run into that when you were a cocktail waitress, as well.

“We expect you to be good humored, diplomatic, and friendly even while disengaging from guests who might be – rude. You can complain to the floor manager later, and if necessary a quiet word can be had with the individual. But if you're the dainty, delicate type who's going to shriek because someone snaps your bra then this isn't the job for you.”

“Believe me, I said, I'm not the dainty, delicate type. And I'm not likely to scream because some drunk gropes me.”

“I didn't think you were from what Annie said, but I wanted to make the point that we are going to exploit your looks. Think of those girls hired to stand around new cars at the auto shows. That's part of what you're here for.”

“What else am I there for?” I asked.

“The usual. You'll be busing tables, helping the bartender pour drinks, working with the exercise gear, and playing hostess, which means playing some games, handing out refreshments, cheering on the guests in what they're doing, and encouraging the guests to have fun and relax. Most of the guests are men, and there's a certain amount of flirty behavior and flattery involved. You don't have to giggle and stroke their foreheads, but make them feel like you're impressed by them wherever possible. Smile a lot.”

“I think I get it,” I said, with a bit of a sinking feeling.

“On the plus side, we pay somewhat better than cruise ships. You'll start at a thousand a week.”

“How much!?”

“Thought that would interest you,” she said in amusement. “Remember what I said about the faucets? The ship wants the best, and if it has to pay more for them, well that's just fine. Don't worry, you'll earn it. You have to be more than just a pretty face and hot body. You have to be a cheerleader in much of what you do; miss happy friendly.”

A thousand a week!?

“Now, I'll need you to email those pictures to me asap,” she said. “Take down this address.”

A thousand a week!?

I hurriedly found a pencil as she gave me the email address, still thinking A thousand a week!?

“I want face, head and shoulders, full body, legs, and butt. I want those pictures to be in a bikini, and make it a thong bikini. You too shy to wear thongs in public?”

“N-No,” I said after a bit of a heart stutter.

“And better make it a topless shot, too. You won't be topless officially, at least not much. But we do sometimes have island beach stops, with our European clients, where that's the normal mode of dress. Get that to me within the next two hours because we're in a big hurry here. If you meet our specifications we'll fly you to our next port of call.”

Topless!?

“Uhm...”

And she hung up. I stared at the phone, then down at my breasts. Topless!?

“Shit! Shit! Shit!” I said, pacing back and forth.

My mind was racing as I tried to figure out what to do. Thongs and topless? That was more than I'd expected. True, thongs were not a huge deal. I mean, I'd never worn one in public, but plenty of girls did – in certain places. Topless, though... She said it wasn't going to happen a lot. It sounded like that would at certain island stops, where it was the normal kind of thing. That wasn't really much different than what I'd done with the girls two years earlier. But a job which called for topless was pushing the envelope!

Then again, for a thousand dollars a week I guess they could push all they wanted. That was more than twice what I'd expected.

An email arrived while I was pacing. It was from Kim. It set out the ports of call for the Brazilian Mistress, which, coincidentally or not, was cruising the Mediterranean. It had just left Lisbon and was headed for Casablanca, in Morocco. After that it was going to Algeria, then Spain, France, Italy, Greece,

Turkey, Israel and Egypt. And the hostesses got to accompany the day trippers ashore!

Images of toplessness were suddenly pushed aside by images of an incredible cruise that got to visit all these exotic foreign ports. When I'd been on the cruise ship before we'd rarely gotten to go ashore. This would be a hell of a holiday! A working holiday, true, but... well.

I didn't have a thong bikini so I had to take a picture in my panties. That made me a bit nervous, but I took it without my face in it. I had to take it in the mirror, and it felt kind of weird. I mean, I was trying to assess my butt – which, by the way, is a really nice butt – as to which angle would look best. I was like, kind of bending forward a bit, as if on high heels, wanting to impress her with what a great butt I had.

Not that I hadn't done that before, but with guys, and not for a job!

Taking a topless shot was much the same. Again, it wasn't the first time I'd wanted my breasts to look their best, but never before for a picture – for a woman. I'm not this big, busty girl. That was one of the reasons the stripper thing had kind of surprised me, at first. I'm kind of slender, and athletic, because I play a lot of sports, rather than because I work out. My boobs are pretty nice, though, because they're firm and high and have nice pink nipples.

But they're not, like, huge. I'm not busty. I'm far from flat-chested, but I guess I'd always heard strippers were these big double d types. Anyway, I took a picture of my boobs in the mirror, with my head not showing. Then I took pictures of my legs, then the rest of me. I squirmed a little, mentally, when I sent them off. This woman was anonymous but it sounded like I'd be seeing her, and now she'd be staring at my bare breasts!

I know, I know. Annie had seen my bare boobs and it had not been any big deal. This was different. This was for a job.

Three days later I was on a plane headed for Morocco!

I didn't have a lot of luggage. Kim had said not to bother. I'd mostly be wearing what they supplied me with. All I had to bring was lingerie and some things for when I was off and wanted to go ashore on my own.

I was ... exhilarated. It was hard to keep still for the long plane ride. Casablanca's bustling airport made my heart pound. It was big and modern and exotic at the same time. I was on a serious high as I went through all the boring drudgery of getting through customs and grabbing my bags. Kim had said to dress conservatively because it was a Muslim country. The airport's name was Mohammed! Can you imagine, even in the bible belt, naming, say, Atlanta's airport Jesus International?

So anyway, I was wearing a long, loose white skirt and long sleeved white blouse with a sun hat because Kim had warned that it was very hot. This was Africa, after all, and I'm fairly light skinned. I took a taxi, and stared raptly out at the streets as we drove. I saw some women in those big robe things, the burqas and head scarves, but I also saw lots of women who were wearing a heck of a lot less than I was, and not all of them looked European.

The port of Casablanca was extremely modern, just like the airport, dispelling my image of anything in Africa or the third world as being made up of rickety, falling down buildings. Even so, the Brazilian Mistress looked like a jewel in the rough. She fairly gleamed in the sun. She was sleek and beautiful and very large, if not so large as the cruise ship I'd been on before. And there were lots of guards around it who stared at the taxi as it rolled towards the dock she was on.

They didn't seem to have a lot of trouble with me, though they looked at me very carefully – and not entirely in a businesslike way. In fact, it made me shiver a little, for this was still a third world country. The cops could pretty much do whatever they wanted to you.

They passed me through, though, and ten minutes later I was in a stylish office looking across the desk at Kim.

Kim was in her early thirties, I guess. She was very pretty, had shoulder length reddish brown hair and perfect teeth. She was wearing business casual: a dressy, button up pink blouse with collar, and a short black skirt with heels.

The skirt, I noted, as she welcomed me in, was shorter than you'd be likely to see at any office in most cities in America. It looked good on her, though. She had great legs.

She gave me what I guess was the normal incoming talk. It stressed that I had to be friendly and make the guests feel happy and cheerful.

“Whatever it takes,” she said, scowling briefly. “Short of the obvious, of course.”

I gave a nervous little half laugh.

“If you want to have sex with someone, that's your business, as long as you're not on-duty somewhere, but it's certainly not a requirement of the job.”

Well, that was good!

“Just don't get your hopes up about anything long term. These are businessmen on holiday, often a working holiday. They don't mind dabbling with a pretty girl but they're almost all attached, and if they do want something permanent it will be with a trophy wife, someone older, with style, education and likely, money of her own.”

“I'm uhm, not looking for a boyfriend.,” I said.

“Good. Play all you want, but I don't want you pestering someone because you've got a crush on him. We get some very powerful men here, some of whom are very impressive. We also get movie stars, athletes, models, you name it. Some famous people have been on this ship, and so we require you to sign a non-disclosure form which states you will say nothing to anyone about what you see, hear or do on this ship involving any of the guests.”

I nodded agreement.

“Annie will explain your role to you. Remember that you're on probation for the first few weeks. We'll let some stuff go because you're new, but if you offend any guests you might find yourself on a flight back to the states before you can blink. Got it?”

I nodded again.

There was a knock at the door, and Annie came in, squealing when she saw me. She threw her arms around me and hugged me happily.

She was always pretty expressive.

“Annie will be your tutor, if you will,” Kim said. “Just act like she does, and take her advice on everything.”

Annie was a whirlwind, taking my hand and jerking me out of the room, babbling a mile a minute.

“... going to have so much fun! Omygod, Kat, this place is insane! It's party central twenty four, seven! And the men!”

She waved her hand below her face and shook her head. “You should see some of these guys! Omygod! Of course, you don't have a thing for older guys like I do, but still, these are some high rollers! I mean, like billionaires!”

“Looking for a sugardaddy?” I asked teasingly.

“Fuck no! Well, I wouldn't mind one! Shit! A rich dude to buy me anything I wanted!? I'll take that!”

She led me around the ship, and it was an eye-opener, to say the least. Kim had been right about the pictures not doing it justice. It just reeked of money. Everything on it was top of the line and gorgeous. It had a jacuzzi spa with sauna, hot tubs, and massage tables, a cafe, a pool, a gorgeous bar, exercise room, movie room, games room with billiards and card tables, meeting rooms, and tons of places where you could just lay out and enjoy the sun and waves.

The guest cabins were the most beautiful things I'd ever seen in my life. This, I thought, was how the other half lived. Not that they were a half, more like a tenth or a twentieth.

“People don't pay over a million bucks a week for cheap Chinese crap,” Annie said.

Luxury didn't begin to describe the dining room, with its crystal chandeliers, or the library or the sun decks. Heck, the bathroom in one of the VIP suites had my jaw dropping. It was amazing! It was also bigger than my apartment! It had marble tiles on the floor, ceramic tiles covering the walls all the way to the roof, a huge tub surrounded by marble, with a glass walled shower big enough for about five people, and a sauna. The sink had gold fixtures, and there was a bidet!

“Wow. You could have a party in here?” I said, shaking my head.

“I've been in a party in here,” Annie said with a little knowing smirk.

I frowned and gave her a questioning look.

“Let's just say me and the guy who was here a few months back spent a lot of time seeing what you could do all around this room,” she said loftily.

“You slut!”

“You better believe it!” she said with a laugh.

“Who was he?”

“Just a guy, a really hot guy,” she said with a smirk.

“Been partying a lot, huh?” I said.

She shrugged. “I haven't been a virgin, that's for sure. Too many hot, sexy guys!”

I began to understand why I'd had to get a health check, complete with a promise that I was free of all “communicable diseases”. I just hoped they didn't expect me to be as friendly with the guests as Annie was.

Chapter Two

The guests were ashore. Some would return from Casablanca that evening. Others were on a longer trip into the desert, along with some of the hostesses. Annie showed me to my cabin, which wasn't nearly as luxurious as that of the guests, and got me outfitted with the “uniforms”, as she called them, that we generally wore around the ship.

“Depends on where you're assigned,” she said. “We rotate through different areas. If you're helping people in the gym, which is like, helping with the equipment and encouraging them and stuff, telling them how good they're doing, you'll be in shorts and t-shirt. If you're in the bar or dining room you'll be in white skirt, nylons, high heels and this sort of jacket thing. If you're by the pool you'll be in a bikini.

We were leaning over the rail by the rear sun deck, which had a lot of plush chairs, loungers, and tables under an overhead canopy.

“What about here?”

She looked behind her. “Short shorts and bikini top.”

“They have my size in everything?”

She laughed. “They don't hire any big girls, Kat. Oh, and that reminds me. You have an appointment with the hair stylist. You're going to be a blonde.”

I stared at her. “What!?”

“We don't have enough blondes any more since Brenda left. They like blondes. The Asians especially love blonde girls. And you have light skin, so it'll look good on you. Don't worry, she's an amazing stylist. She works on the guest, after all, so you'd probably have to pay, like, five hundred bucks for a cut from her if we were ashore.”

I didn't want to be a blonde! To me, girls who went blonde were, well, attention

seekers and party girls. I wasn't either. But I didn't see a way to get out of it. I was there to look pretty and they got to decorate me however they wanted. Anyway, I was far from home and anyone I knew or cared about, so I suppose it didn't really matter. No one was going to be teasing me about it.

The hair stylist's was as luxurious as everything else, and the stylist, a skinny little gay guy from Paris, was effete looking but looked and sounded like he knew what he was doing. I'd had brown hair, long and straight. When he was done I was a sparkling blonde with gorgeous hair which fell around my shoulders like spun silk. It was an amazing job, to be honest, and I kind of gaped at myself.

“Holy shit!” I whispered.

“You like, yes?” he said, smugly. “You are very sexy now!”

God, what an image makeover just changing my hair color was!

Well, it was the cut too, I suppose, and how full it felt.

“I usually part it on the left,” I said, moving my fingers up to the bangs.

He slapped my fingers away. “Do not interfere with Jacques' creation,” he said. “Jacques knows what makes you look best.”

Okay, so I was a blonde, with hair parted in the middle, and full, lovely bangs. I went back to my cabin to find a big pile of clothes laid out for me. There was three of everything, and much of it was of a theme. The shorts were white with thin blue stripes on the hips. The deck shoes were these little cute white things with blue seams. The t-shirts were white with blue around the collar and sleeves. The thong bikinis (God help me!) were blue with white trim, or white with blue trim. The skirts for use in the restaurant, bar and dining room were dressy white, and very short. There was also these funny looking blue cuffs you fastened around your bare wrists, and a blue bow tie thing which went around your throat.

And then there was the jacket, actually it was more of a vest, in white that matched the skirt. It was tight, and low cut, but it covered my belly, though it did leave parts of my hips bare on the sides. There was no shirt, though, and when I asked Annie she just smirked.

“You don't wear a shirt with that, or a bra, cause it would show in the arm holes.

“I can't wear this in public without a bra or shirt!” I gasped.

“Don't be silly. It's not gonna show much.”

Biting my lip I removed it, then took off my bra and slipped it back on. It was tight enough to squeeze my breasts in from the sides, and make some pretty nice cleavage above the top button, more cleavage than I'd ever worn before.

“You'd show more boob in an average bikini,” Annie said, sitting on the bed.

“Maybe you would! My bikinis tended to be more conservative.”

I turned to the side, looking at myself in the mirror, and cringing a little. Yes, there was side boob, for the arm holes were generous. But while I shook and twisted, nothing fell out.

“I'm going to feel very self-conscious in this,” I said.

“Remember, the bar and dining room aren't as brightly lit as this room is. And all the girls will be dressed the same way.”

“I guess,” I said dubiously.

She had me put on my thong bikini and join her up top where some of the other girls were laying around.

“Better get used to it around girls first,” she said with a grin.

And that made too much sense, though I was blushing as we left my cabin. The thong was bad enough, but it was also very low cut in front. It was blue, with white strings across the hips. The bra was small, and revealed both cleavage and side boob. I never would have worn something like this back home! But I consoled myself that I was far from anyone I knew, and all the girls would be wearing the same thing.

As we got to the pool deck, though, we found that the three girls there were actually topless.

They greeted Annie with casual waves, showing more interest in me.

“This is Kat,” Annie said.

The three girls were all beautiful, all had great bodies and nice tans, and all had long brown hair in different shades.

Erin, Nicole and Sara were all from the U.K., which I guess explained how casual they were about baring their breasts. I was very much aware of being the prudish American girl, especially when Annie removed her top, too. And of course, that meant I kind of had to remove mine. It was probably a good idea to get used to it so I wasn't all red faced if we made a visit ashore somewhere.

Erin got us drinks from a cart, which soothed me somewhat, and they talked about all the places they'd been, and all the guys they'd had. These were not a trio of shy girls, that was for sure! Nor did any of them seem hesitant about revealing that they basically slept with any guy they liked.

“It's like this, Kat,” Erin said, laying back, arms behind her head, big breasts bared to the world, “This is like a different world. It's totally non-judgemental about all the moral stuff that people look down their noses for you about back home.”

“You don't have to have sex with the guests, do you?” I asked nervously.

They all laughed.

“No, but shit, why not?” Sara demanded. “We're young and hot and on a fantastic yacht having fun! Why not have sex with good looking guys too?”

“Sometimes you get tips, too,” Nicole said with a conspiratorial grin.

“Tips? For what?”

“Like, if a guy really likes you, and you were really nice to him on the cruise...” She gave me a significant look. “He might give you a little present when he leaves.”

She held up a finger which had a huge emerald ring.

Annie proudly held up a watch – a Rolex. My eyes widened.

“I googled it,” she said. “Twenty-five hundred bucks.”

They all started falling all over themselves competing about the “tips” they'd gotten, and I looked on in something like awe, but also aghast. It was like they didn't seem to realize they were coming across as whores who were screwing guys for baubles. Okay, they were expensive baubles, but still!

I have to say, though, that the atmosphere was rubbing off on me, at least a little. I was all excited about it, about the luxury and wealth, about the beauty, and being in Casablanca, and making a thousand dollars a week. It was all so exciting!

I soon got used to being in just the thong around the other girls, but Annie insisted we wander around the ship, and I insisted on putting the bra back on for that. She stayed topless, though, maybe to show me how relaxed and casual the dress code was. We wandered the ship, inside and out, and she wasn't at all embarrassed when we ran into the occasional male crew men.

“How many crew are there?” I asked, still self-conscious in my thong.

“Mostly the crew stays away from the guest areas. That is, the crew that runs the ship. The only crew in the guest areas are girls. There are twenty five girls, and thirty other crew, including the chef, the people who do the laundry, the ones who make the ship go and all that.”

We went to the exercise room, and she explained how each of the machines worked. That included having me use them while she acted the part of the helpful attendant, flattering me and telling me how great I was doing. Then she had me try to “help” her. I had to explain to her how the machines worked, what they did best, had to adjust them for her, and had to compliment her while she used them. It was kind of weird, but it got weirder when Max showed up.

Max was one of the security guys. I suppose it shouldn't have surprised me a yacht filled with rich people would need some. He wasn't a huge, beefy guy, but he was a guy who looked very strong and very tough. He was maybe five years older than me, with short dark hair and light gray eyes. He had a military look to him, and a British accent which made my knees weak the moment he started talking.

Holy shit, he was sexy! He'd been in the S.A.S, and when he took off his shirt his body was just incredible! I don't mean hugely muscular like some body builder, with all those gross bulging body parts, but he was cut, you know, he had a body like an Olympic swimmer, tanned and lean, and washboard abs.

“Hey Max, can you act like a guest, and let Kat show you how to exercise?”

He grinned at me and I caught my breath. “Sure.”

The fact he was so hot was bad enough. But being in a thong bikini with a tiny top, well. Maybe at the beach I'd have found it okay, but we were indoors, on a bright carpet, in a room with a wall of glass looking out onto the docks.

“So uhm, I need to exercise to get rid of all those calories I had with my dinner last night,” he said to me. “What do you recommend?”

Wild sex with me!

“Well uhm... you uhm – .”

I turned helplessly to Annie. “This man does so not need exercise!” I protested.

She laughed. “Yes, but you have to pretend all of them are in perfect shape anyway. You ask him if he's used to exercising. What he's one before. You want to start them off slow if they haven't. If they have a routine, you want to kind of continue that. You can ask them if they have any goals, like firming up their stomach, say.”

This hostess stuff was harder than it had sounded!

“Would you like to uhm, firm up your stomach, sir?” I asked, eyes flicking down to those washboard abs.

“Not especially,” he said with a lazy grin. “I think it's already pretty firm. What do you think?”

He took my hand and pulled it to his stomach, laying it across his belly. Oh shit, he had a strong stomach! I couldn't talk, and could hardly breath for a moment.

“It uhm, feels like you've got a good routine for it,” I said a bit breathlessly.

“And what about you? What do you usually do for your stomach, miss?” he asked.

Then he put his hand on my belly, rubbing it lightly as he grinned at me.

“I uhm, mostly just play a lot of sports,” I said, pulse racing.

“You won't be doing that here,” he said. “So suppose we design an exercise regime for you.”

That involved a lot of discussion about my belly and my butt, and my breasts, and a lot of showing me the machines and guiding me through exercises. He was a lot more knowledgeable than Annie had been!

And Annie – had left! I hadn't even seen her go! Now I was alone with this incredibly, hot guy while barely dressed!

“So uhm, Max, how long have you been on the Brazilian?” I asked, staring up at him from a weight bench.

“Two years now,” he said. “It pays really well and it's pretty slack work.”

“Nobody's tried to kidnap anyone?”

“Not so far.”

The bench had legs which I had to put my legs along, and kind of, well, almost stirrups, so that I could open and close my legs, working my thigh muscles. That was kind of embarrassing with him standing there and me in a bikini. It also had a bar overhead I had to grip and kind of pull up and down, and that did a nice job of showing off my boobs!

We went around the machines, but he also showed me the yoga mats in front, and had me do a few stretching exercises as he did them with me. The way his muscles moved under his tanned skin kept distracting me from his words as he explained the point of each of these exercises. I had never been with a guy with such a hard body before! I mean, I wasn't with him, exactly, but he was still only wearing shorts, and I was in a tiny thong bikini.

And the closeness of him was heating me up!

I was on the rowing machine, and he was standing in front of me, grinning and looking down, and I realized he had a great shot of my boobs as I reached forward and pulled back. That made me blush, and gave me a hot little quivering in the pit of my stomach, but rather than letting my bashfulness guide me I felt a sense of thrilling freedom. I mean, I wasn't really showing off. I hadn't picked this outfit. And so it wasn't like he could think I was a slut or anything for uhm, what he saw.

And did that even matter given that this boat seemed to be full of party girls?

I felt flushed with excitement, taking something like an exhibitionist's delight in the way he was looking at my body. I felt my lower belly growing warm and heavy as he took my hand in his rough one and lifted me to my feet to lead me to the next piece of gear.

“Try the free weights. They're pretty easy and popular,” he said.

He handed me a couple of very small dumbbells, and had me use them, curling my arms up and down, then doing straight arm lifts. Then he had me bend forward at the waist, lifting my arms straight up and down. I was aware as his big hand pressed down on my shoulders, that he'd have a great shot of my ass, but my heart was pounding and my blood racing and I felt a hot surge of liquid pleasure as I pulled my fists up and down.

When he moved around in front of me I knew he had an even better shot of my boobs. But I had a shot of his groin through his tight shorts, and I almost forgot to worry about anything else.

“S-so why take this job over the SAS?” I asked, breathing hard, sweating a little.

“Well, for one thing, nobody is shooting at me here,” he said with a wry grin. “I get paid better, get to sleep in a nice, soft bed instead of a hole in the ground, and spend a lot of time around really beautiful young women.”

“Any in particular?” I asked, straightening up, flushed, hot inside and out.

“No. They're all awfully pretty,” he said with a smile.

“But don't you miss the excitement?”

“There's different kinds of excitement,” he replied with a grin.

“And do you know, like, fifty different ways to kill people with your little finger?”

“At least.”

I smirked and put down the dumbbells. “Show me one.”

“I know how dainty and delicate you girls are,” he said airily. “I wouldn't want to frighten you.”

I snorted. “I'm not very delicate.”

He smiled and his eyes moved up and down quickly. “You look delicate.”

“It's the blonde hair, right?”

“It's very nice hair. Just came from Jacques, did you?”

I made a face and he laughed and slid his fingers through it.

“It looks good on you.”

“It makes me look like a bimbo.”

“Not a bimbo, not exactly, just... hot,” he said with a smile.

I rolled my eyes, exasperated. “What is it with you guys and blondes anyway?”

“Don't try to explain it, sweets. It's all too deep for any of us to get.”

I raised my eyebrows and gave him a look. “Sweets?”

He grinned broadly. “You look sweet.”

“Sweet as in a sweet little blonde girl?”

“Sweet as in, sweet to the touch, sweet to the taste,” he said, fingers sliding through my hair again.

“Sauna next,” he said.

“Oh God, no. I'm already hot,” I said. “I mean, sweaty.”

“Sweat the toxins out of your pores,” he said jovially.

“You're kind of a sexist pig, aren't you?”

“Definitely.”

“You don't think women could be in the SAS?”

He smiled and shook his head.

“I bet I could take you,” I said with pretend cockiness.

His grin broadened.

“Wouldn't you be surprised if I put you on your ass,” I said, putting my hand against his chest and shoving him a little.

He didn't actually move back at all. He was heavier than he looked. Maybe all those muscles.

“Sweets, if you can put me down then by all means, I'll worship the ground you walk on forevermore.”

“Really?” I asked, grinning.

“I will admit that women can be as strong and tough as men, and that I'm a wimpy little – .”

Now I have to admit that the move I put on him was ... unorthodox. I'd taken six years of gymnastics before I decided I didn't want to any more. That involved a lot of balancing and leaps and cartwheels. So standing on my hands was really easy to do. I'd done it before around friends, and had used it once or twice, in a joking fashion, to uhm, fool with people.

What I did was to quickly turn my back to him and bend way over. Needless to say, given I was wearing a thong that completely distracted him. An instant later, though, I had thrown my legs up high into the air and was vertical again, but

upside down and facing him.

I let my legs fall back and land on his shoulders, clasped his head between them, and twisted sharply to the side, letting the weight of my legs throw him off balance and send him tumbling to the thick rug below as I let myself fall over as well.

I felt exhilarated! That's show the macho pig! Oh sure, I knew I had cheated, and that my move had nothing to do with self-defense or combat or whatever. But hey, I'd put him down!

He reacted very quickly.

I wasn't able to hold him pinned with my legs. He twisted out from between them like a snake even before I had landed and the next thing I knew he was atop me, hands pressing my arms back to the floor above my head as I grinned up at him. He had a bit of a scowl, but it was a rueful one.

“Think you're smart, do you?”

“Yeah, bimbo boy. Little wimpy boy. I bet I could beat you up,” I said, taunting him with a wide grin.

“Uh huh.

He was atop me and my legs were apart and, I felt him against me, flushing as my breath began to tighten in my chest.

“Are you just going to lay like that?” I said, making no effort to try to throw him off.

“What would you like me to do?”

“Worship the ground I walk on.”

He sighed, and then sat back and rose smoothly to his feet. I grinned up at him, not bothering to move, still kind of sprawled out at his feet, legs apart, arms above my head.

“So you think I should join the SAS?” I asked lazily.

“Have you ever been spanked?” he asked with a frown.

“Is that a threat or an offer?”

He snorted and extended his hand. I waited a moment, then sat up slowly and took his hand. He pulled me easily to my feet. I hardly even had to use my leg muscles. And the strength behind that was impressive all by itself.

I wound up on my feet an inch from him, and still grinning.

“You're a brat,” he said.

“Yeah, so?” I drawled.

“So it's time for the sauna. Come on.”

He was looking at me differently, though.

“I don't like sweating,” I said as he guided me towards the sauna.

“Move.”

He slapped my butt lightly, and given I was in a thong that had a lot more impact – and I don't mean physical – than it would have otherwise.

“You're allowed to go nude in here, by the way,” he said as he turned on the heat.

I snorted and sat down on one of the benches. We'd kicked off our shoes, but otherwise, I was in my bikini and he in his shorts.

The sauna had a big glass wall overlooking the seat. It had a gleaming stone floor and three rows of wooden benches, each higher than the one before it. I sat on the first row, and he sat next to me.

“Feel free,” I said. “Don't be shy. I promise not to point and laugh.”

I was feeling very cocky, all right. What I didn't expect, not for a second, was that he'd actually tug his shorts down and off! He did it quite casually, as if he were in here with a guy. He stood up briefly, popped the catch on his shorts, then tugged them down in one smooth move, along with his underwear.

That required bending over, and I got a look at his incredible ass while he was doing it, then again, briefly as he stood up. That view was too much for me to be able to think, much less speak. AS in protest, as in, telling him to stop. Then he sat down, just as casually, leaning back against the back of the bench, and I stared at the front view.

It's become sort of, I don't know, more in fashion for men to shave their chests, so I hadn't thought much of him having no hair on his chest and belly. I hadn't considered that it would go lower. I'd never seen a man with no hair between his legs. And I'd never seen a man with his kind of body, so fucking cut, ripped, powerful. I was breathless, and the hottest surge of arousal I'd ever felt swept up from between my legs to almost stun me.

“It's not polite to stare, miss,” he said.

I continued to stare for a moment, then jerked my head completely around, my face flushed so hot I thought the sauna had overheated. I was beyond flustered. My cockiness disappeared like a popped balloon. But then I realized he'd done it deliberately, with that intent, at least partially, and that I was behaving exactly as he'd expected. I didn't have to turn my head back around to know he'd be grinning broadly, smugly.

Bastard!

And I couldn't even complain because I'd told him to go ahead!

I felt as though I needed to say something cutting. But how could you insult fucking perfection?!

His cock was laying there between his thighs, which were also hairless, looking all harmless and uhm, small. No, that's the wrong word for it. I hadn't seen an awful lot of penises that were flaccid. Maybe I just had that affect on men, but it seemed to me it was somewhat bigger than the ones I had seen.

So I deliberately turned back to him, trying to act as casual as I could. Sure, I'm a sophisticated woman! Male nudity isn't going to fluster me! Hadn't I seen plenty of it at the beach... two years ago!?

“Doesn't that get in your way when you're putting on your pants?” I asked a little mockingly.

I was proud of how smooth my voice was given the wild tumult inside me.

“Not especially,” he said smugly.

“I guess it is kind of small,” I said with a shrug.

“Not always.”

Was it hot in here or was that just me?

“Have you ever driven a Porsche?” has asked.

I blinked in surprise and shook my head.

“You know they can go from zero to sixty in about two seconds flat.”

“Uh huh,” I said.

“Like to see something accelerate into position even faster?”

I felt my heart thump.

“Sure.”

“Put your hand on it.”

It was an indecent suggestion, but fuck! It's not like I hadn't had to actually clasp my hands together to keep from doing that!

“And will it go off?” I asked breathlessly.

“Not prematurely.”

I snorted, and, feeling wild, feeling deeply, darkly aroused, I let my fingers trace up and down along his thigh, then his inner thigh. I saw it sort of... twitch. I let my fingers stroke his thigh, up and down, very close to it, and it began to grow, to thicken and lengthen. I'd never actually watched one do that before and I shuddered a little as it hardened.

“Would have been faster if you'd actually touched it,” he said.

He took my hand and brought it in firmly but gently against his cock and balls, just pressing it against him. I could feel the incredible heat and hardness as it pushed forward away from his belly and against my palm.

The sauna was heating up and both his skin and mine were now damp with perspiration.

He let go of my hand, but I was reluctant to move it for some reason. His hand slid around me and pulled me in and around towards him, and I found myself staring at him just as he kissed me. I melted against him for a long moment as our tongues and lips met. My left hand was on his shoulder, my right hand on his groin. My fingers closed around his cock, feeling a wild rush of heat at its thickness as his tongue invaded my mouth and his other hand pushed up and began to knead my breast.

A moment later he had pulled me around so that I was basically sitting across his lap. I could feel his erection, slick and hot, against my bare buttocks as he continued to kiss me. His fingers popped the clasp at the back of my neck, then between my shoulder blades, and my bra fell free. That produced another surge of excitement as he began to knead my bare breasts.

My nipples were so hard they ached, and a moment later he pulled his lips from mine, and then grasped my hair, pulling my head up and back, forcing my back to arch. I gasped and then shuddered as his mouth slid down around my right breast, over the nipple, and began to suck and lick and chew. At the same time, his right hand pushed between my legs, rubbing me through the bikini bottom.

An instant later his hand gripped the string and pulled. My hands, suddenly panicked, reached for my thong, but too late, and he tugged it down around my knees and then off.

His hand plunged between my thighs as he continued to suck and chew on my breast, and I yelped helplessly, alarmed not by what he was doing but by the sudden realization we were in the sauna, where anyone could walk in at any time! But his fingers were rubbing me 'there' and his fingers were as sweaty as I was, making the sensations so intense I couldn't keep my hips from grinding and bucking helplessly against him.

This was insane! And I was going to come!

He kind of gave my body a jerk, which tilted me suddenly towards him, then back, and my legs came apart. I felt his fingers slide between the lips of my sex and push up into the mouth of my sex. The feel of it entering me produced an explosion of heat and excitement and I came, my hips bucking convulsively against his fingers as his thumb stroked rapidly over my clitoris.

Talk about being manhandled! Talk about being overpowered! There was sure no question about which of us was the strong one now! Fuuuck!

My breathing was coming in ragged, overheated gulps and gasps as he stroked and sucked and my orgasm slowly bled out of me. I went limp, dazed, chest heaving, and he shifted his mouth from one nipple to the other, and back again, as I moaned insensibly.

“Like that, sweets?” he asked in amusement.

He stood up with me in his arms, turned towards the benches, and then set me down on the next higher one, spinning me a bit on my sweaty bottom so that my legs hung over the edge. He gripped them, spreading them wide, and dragging me so my butt was right at the edge, then he slid up between them and kissed me again. I moaned helplessly, hands stroking his stomach as our lips moved together, caressing his chest, delighted by the hardness beneath the softness.

The backrest was not high enough to keep my upper body from bowing back as he pushed against me, and my legs rose as if to counterbalance myself, then slid around him. He cursed softly, kneading my breast then pulling back. He forced my legs apart, gripped his thick, hard cock, and began to rub it slowly up and down against my naked opening.

I was smoothly shaved there myself, since I liked the look, as did the men who'd been my lovers, and the feel of his slick cock rubbing up and down along my throbbing, burning little opening, spreading the lips of my sex apart as it caressed me, was intense. I was already hyper-sensitive because of the recent orgasm, and I squirmed a bit uncomfortably at the force of the sensations.

But they eased, and then strengthened, twisting, morphing into something else, and as he pushed himself into me I felt myself stretching open to envelope his thick girth, felt his cock pushing deeper and deeper inside me with a sense of exultation and wild dark pleasure. I shuddered and moaned deep in my chest as he pushed deeper... deeper... deeper. Oh God, it felt incredible going into me. I

clasped his shoulders, gasping for breath, feeling the wildly resurgent hunger and need even before he began to pump.

I drew my knees up and back as his hips began to work in and out. I opened my mouth to his and slid my arms around him, then let my trembling hands glide down to his taut ass. I squeezed them into his flesh and let them ride up and down, in and out, as he fucked me. My mind floated on a sea of bliss as he rode in and out, my eyes glassy, unseeing, my breath short, desperate, ragged gasps as all my attention focused on his wonderful cock driving Up! Up! Up! Up! Up! into me. Every thrust made me gasp, and every time he withdrew I moaned a little in dazed dismay, then gasped again as it thrust into me again.

I felt wild, nasty, hedonistic. I felt like raw sex incarnate! I hovered just below orgasm for long, long, long moments, both desperate to stay there and preserve the incredible wonder of the pleasure, and also wanting to fall over the edge and feel the glory of flying. Then I did, and the hammer-blow of sensation drove my head back across the back of the bench as I cried out in wild pleasure. Had I more breath the cries might have been heard by anyone passing in the aisle. As it was they were soft, desperate croaks of bliss and and heat as the orgasm rolled through me like an express train.

I had never come like that, never come with either the intensity or the sheer length of that orgasm. Although, to be fair, maybe I was overestimating it because of the long, delicious prelude where I'd hovered on the trembling, feverish edge.

And halfway through the come, or maybe it wasn't. I don't know! Somewhere in the middle of it he started to thrust harder and faster, as if he'd turned a switch and gone into high speed. And the orgasm, which had, I thought, been starting, just starting to fade, was kicked up into a higher level. I cried out again, the flood of sensations so intense it was almost painful. My arms and legs tried to wrap around him, partly to clutch him to me, and partly just to stop him from moving, because the savage intensity of the sensations were too much to bear!

But it was like trying to stop an elephant by putting a leash on it and pulling. He ignored my feeble efforts in his own excitement, thrusting into me like a bull now, his powerful body driving hard against me as he pinned me down. His lips were voracious on mine, practically feeding off my mouth! And he yanked on my hair again, sharply, harsh in his heat, almost growling with lust as he yanked

my head back and then bit into the soft flesh of the nape of my neck.

His other hand was roughly groping my breast in a way which was both painful and wickedly arousing. But really, almost all of my attention was on that thick cock thrusting up into me, again and again and again and again. Up! Up! Up! Up! Up! Up!

I could have stayed like that for the rest of my life and been gloriously satisfied. I was a puddle of goo, a slack-jawed, dazed, gurgling, moaning sexual animal that was doing nothing. I mean, I wasn't really taking part in this. I was just receiving it. That was far from my usual sexual habits, believe me, but I couldn't think so I couldn't very well act. I just lay back, legs spread wide as he rammed himself into me, and it was all I could do occasionally remember to breath.

The orgasm slackened, and I gulped in air in ragged gulps. "Fu-Fucking God!" I half sobbed breathlessly.

He thrust himself into me again, drawing another gasp, then grinned down at me.

"Just call me Max," he said.

Chapter Three

“So?”

“So what?”

“So... you and Max? What did you think?”

I frowned suspiciously at her. I'd already had a suspicion that Max was the boat hottie and that she'd maneuvered me into being another of his conquests. Maybe to loosen me up.

“What about him?”

She widened her eyes in exasperation. “Come on! Didn't anything happen!?”

“What did you expect to happen?”

She sighed and plopped herself on the edge of the bed. “He's so fucking hot. Every girl on the ship wants him. But we're starting to think maybe he's gay.”

I raised my eyebrows but didn't react otherwise.

“He seemed... interested,” I said.

“Oh yeah, he flirts like a real tease, all right. But try to get his pants off.”

She shook her head. “He's always on duty or something. Says he has to be ready just in case something happens. I mean, shit, doesn't even go to the bathroom or something?”

“Maybe he's uhm, married.

“No, we had a friend on the ship side check his personnel record. He's only got a brother somewhere.”

“The ship side?”

“We're the passenger side. We look after the passengers. Ship side are the people who look after the ship, and it's records and stuff.”

“Well, I don't think he's gay,” I said.

Not that we'd talked much, afterward. He'd carried me out of the sauna since I my muscles had turned to goo, and it was now too hot, given how we'd uhm, exerted ourselves, to stay in there. We'd gone into the showers. And he'd done his in record time, while I was still trying to regain my breath, then with a quick peck on the cheek, he'd disappeared.

Okay then.

It was good to know I wasn't just another notch on his bedpost, one with numerous other notches. I'd started to think that maybe, from his talk he'd worked his way through most of the girls on the ship. Hell, it probably wouldn't be difficult. One look at that body and I'd melted myself. And I had never slept with a guy before that quickly after meeting him, and especially sober.

Yeah, okay, I've done some things I'm not super proud of. I'm no prude... well, compared to most Americans anyway. I've been to some hot parties and done some slutty things... for an American girl. Damn Europeans were all so freaking uninhibited...

The thought of that soft English accent sent a hot little thrum down my chest to my groin.

“Well, it's time to start working. Some of the passengers are back from their day trip. So we need to start manning our posts.”

“Manning?”

She shrugged.

“Where should I go?” I asked, frowning.

“We'll start with the bar. Usually the dining room would be packed, but we don't have any American passengers this go-round.”

I looked at her without understanding and she smirked.

“Americans are a very parochial people. Even in a city with so many incredible restaurants as “Casablanca, even with the experience of eating in one of them, you can count on some Americans to come back to the ship so they can have steak and mashed potatoes,” she said. “Maybe even burgers and fries.”

“A ship like this serves burgers and fries?”

“They'll make anything you want. They have some really fantastic, sophisticated meals, but there are always some people, especially Americans, who will turn up their nose at filet mignon in favor of fries and a burger. But we've mostly got Frenchmen aboard from a bank in Paris.”

“Bankers?”

“Yeah. Most of them will have gray hair, but you still gotta act flirty and flattery. You can start in the bar since you don't have to do much there.”

“At least it's familiar,” I said.

I certainly knew how to be nice to men at a bar, though flirty might be an exaggeration.

I'd never worn a skirt as short as theirs, though. Ever! My prudish American values, I guess. No doubt the European girls thought it routine. So did Annie, by now. The vest didn't seem so bad after the bikini top, but once I stepped inside I definitely felt under-dressed. Fortunately, Annie was with me.

There weren't many people there, but they ship was built with outstanding service in mind. People's drinks would be automatically refilled unless they said otherwise, so we had to watch that.

In the bar I'd worked, even with a longer skirt, we'd done the old modesty squat thing to get things off tables rather than bending over. Annie didn't even make the attempt. In fact, I'd go so far as to say she embellished her bending over, giving one heck of a view to anyone behind her. I bet there was quite the view from in front of her, too, seeing how the guys looked at her, or rather, into her cleavage.

I thought that was her, just being an outrageous, slutty flirt, but I soon discovered all the girls did it. There was simply no shyness here. They were all about

showing off their bodies, flirting, and even cock-teasing. And gradually, I had to adapt to that. It felt slutty, though, and embarrassing, at least at first. But the whole environment of the ship, the culture, if you will, was so non-judgmental on that score that my uneasiness began to give way.

The next morning I was on deck, early, serving breakfast to the guests out on the back deck. I wore those too-tight, too-short shorts and my bikini top. And given how low the tables were there was just no way of working without bending over a lot, no matter what views that gave anyone. I was just glad my boobs didn't fall out of the bikini top!

I hadn't seen much of Casablanca, because we left that day, headed for Algiers. Things got much busier. There were more new girls to meet, and passengers to meet and memorize. I was behind on that and had to play catch-up. The passengers were all French, and all male, but since they were in international finance, they all spoke English as well. So communicating wasn't a problem.

But it felt... weird... and strangely arousing, well, maybe not all that strangely, to be around all those men all day wearing as little as I was. Their eyes were on me all the time, and I could feel varying degrees of lust and interest in them. Annie had said they'd be older, but they weren't that old. Few had gray hair. Most were in their early forties, or late thirties. That was considerably older than me, but not so far out of range I could consider them doddering old fossils.

And they all had that A-type personality thing, you know, the confidence, even arrogance that came from being powerful and rich. They weren't Bill Gates rich, but they were all worth millions. And for many of them, when they wanted something, they made every effort to get it. And a lot of them wanted – me!

They were mostly polite, but not always, especially, as you might expect, when they'd been drinking. And some were awfully direct! They were also filled with flattery, most of which I discounted as just an attempt to get into my panties. Still, it was a pretty big ego boost to have all those guys coming onto you. Some of them were pretty good looking, too! There sure weren't any bad haircuts, skin or teeth in this crowd!

The dining room was easy. The pool harder, because I was in the little thong bikini and the stares made me squirm. The bar was hardest, especially after nine, when the music started pounding out and the dancing started. Dancing, you

might wonder. But weren't all the passengers men? Yep. So guess who they danced with.

The girls who weren't working the bar in their little vests and shorts were supposed to be there in their little dresses. The dresses were the only things we had which weren't blue and white. They were all intended to show off your body. Sometimes the skirts were loose, sometimes tight, sometimes slit, but they were always short. The tops were always tight or low cut or both. They weren't shockingly revealing or anything. I mean, if you went to a stylish club in any major American, or, especially, European city you'd have seen lots that were similar.

The difference was that we weren't there with our dates, or looking for dates. We were there to dance and flirt with the men, to show them a good time. And that meant, of course, that there was lots of room for bad behavior, on the part of both the men or the girls.

Like I said, the whole culture of this ship was different from what I was used to, and I had to learn it by watching the other girls.

It became very obvious, very quickly, that the girls were not exactly shy or restrained in their behavior. They weren't acting like they needed to keep their distance from the "passengers". They were acting like ... girls at a club. And that meant there was some making out going on between girls and passengers right out in the open, and that couples disappeared to who knows where, sometimes to return, sometimes not.

I felt uneasy, and pressured, and there the drinks were free for us as well as the men. When I'm uneasy and uncomfortable, well, I had a few, sure. I later found that most of the girls watered down their drinks, but you had to tell the bartender. Anyway, there was this one French guy who was awfully cute for an old geezer of, probably forty or more.

The men insisted on telling us all about their jobs, which was kind of boring, but you did sort of learn things. And so you kind of learned that while they were all high-fliers being rewarded by the bank, some flew higher than others. This guy was clearly as smug and superior about his success as it was possible to be. In a way, though in a different way, he reminded me of Max, who I hadn't seen since we'd left shore.

Bastard!

It was a different kind of cocky arrogance, though. It was more restrained, more laid back. And I think what I really liked about him was that he wasn't putting any pressure on me. Maybe he really wasn't all that desperate, or maybe he just had too much dignity or restraint to show it. He was also not drunk, and, well, he had a French accent. It was so smooth and cultured and he was so smooth and debonair in his appearance and the way he acted...

And I'm a slut. Okay. I admit it. I'm just a slut. I can plead that I had maybe more to drink than I should have. I was feeling irritated at not having heard from Max. Like, was I some kind of quicky or something?! I could plead that the whole atmosphere of the place was geared to a sort of relaxed hedonism, and that Jean-Paul was soooo smooth that I was having trouble keeping my knees locked.

He was taller than Max, with broad shoulders. Where Max was trim and sleek and hard, Jean-Paul was a bull, big wide chest, arms thicker than my thighs, and handsome, with dark hair parted in the middle but which fell almost to his collar. It was amazing, really, that a man that big moved and danced as gracefully as he did.

And he had this dry little sense of humor which had me giggling like a silly schoolgirl. At the same time, he was just full of double-entendres that had me blushing, once I figured out the reference.

I never actually decided to sleep with him. I was just enjoying the cruise, enjoying flirting with him, and feeling pleasantly buzzed. I might have been feeling a little pressure to be 'nice' to the passengers, given how the other girls were acting, but that didn't really influence me.

We went for a walk along the outside of the ship, that was all. He put his arm across my shoulder, given the disparity in height, and I let myself sort of press against him as we walked. The moon was full, the ship cut smoothly through the waters of the Mediterranean, and while it was warm, there was a nice, salty breeze blowing.

He kissed the backs of my knuckles playfully, as he had done before, but then, kind of surprising me, he pulled me around, with my back to the rail, and the next thing I knew he was kissing me on the lips.

And I was liking it.

But at the same time, I wasn't going to sleep with him or anything. I mean, he was practically twice my age! And I hardly knew him at all! I wasn't some sort of slut! But it did feel very romantic there under the moon in the dark, and I was maybe a little reluctant to stop it, and to disappoint him, and before you knew it, his hands were on my ass under the short skirt.

The dress was black, and kind of elastic, so that it was tight across the chest and butt, almost like a sweater. I felt a soft liquid heat growing quickly as we kissed, as his fingers kneaded my buttocks, and then, startling me, he dropped to his knees before me, and his hands, still on my ass, kind of pulled my legs a little apart.

Then his mouth was on me, opened wide, enveloping me through the thin crotch of my panties, of my thong. I had a thought, remembering Max talking about going from zero to sixty in two seconds, and pushed against his shoulders, but he was already licking at me through my panties, and then he'd tugged the crotch aside, and omygod! I was lucky he had a firm grip on my thighs or I might have fallen backwards off the ship!

See, prancing around like that, in short shorts, thongs, tiny skirts, revealing dresses, well, doing that all day kind of built up a sense of ... heat. It made me feel very sexual, very erotic, very attractive. And so I was often kind of turned on, to one extent or another. A smoldering heat had been bubbling away in me for hours, and that heat had risen rapidly as he'd begun to kiss me there under the moon. When I felt and saw his mouth on me it just exploded!

“J-J-Jean-Paul!” I gasped helplessly.

He had kind of shoved my left thigh up and back against the rail, and I had to clutch the rail to keep myself steady. I needed to get him to stop. I wanted to get him to stop! But I couldn't quite decide how to get him to stop. My mind spun like a tire without traction, and then, before it could get moving the heat was seeping through my pores like a drug, disabling my defenses, shutting down my mind.

I turned into a gurgling, panting, whimpering, moaning slut! Wide-eyed, it was all I could do to keep from thrashing and screaming. That man knew how to perform oral sex on a woman! Ohmgod did he know how! His tongue was

lapping at my sex with strong, rapid strokes, each one sending a hot flood of sensory joy through my groin and up into my chest.

And every time I started to figure out how to cope with that he'd change up the rhythm, and start doing something like sucking on my clit, or blowing on it, or rubbing his nose, and once, his jaw against it.

His jaw, which had a five o'clock shadow on it! Rubbing that against my sopping little clit made me cry out in discomfort, the sensation sharp and unpleasant, but an instant later his mouth was on me and the contrast was jarring. I shuddered and whimpered and ground myself against him like a whore as he ate me, as his hands slid off my ass finally, and then up under the skirt in front.

His hands pushed up along my bare belly, and that caused his forearms to raise the skirt, which was already up over my hips, to slide it up higher and higher until his hands were on my breasts and the dress was basically bunched up under my arms. He tugged the bra down, and then he was there, sucking and chewing at them, and spinning me around, bending me over the rail.

I gasped, white-knuckles clutching the rail as he spread my legs and then thrust into me from behind. I cried out again then, and again, as he jammed himself deep.

Fuck!

I knew a moment of wonder that this had happened so fast, and then my mind spun away as he began to ride me, to thrust into me again and again. His right hand came down my belly so that he could finger my clit and his left kneaded my breast as he bit and sucked at the back of my throat and my shoulder.

Oh God! Oh God! I loved the feel of that cock thrusting up inside me! I felt myself bending, folding, raising my ass in back, wanting, needing more of him inside me. I wound up clutching the top rail with my fingers, arms extended high above my head, bent at the waist so as to elevate my pussy as high as possible. My face was actually pressed against the two middle rails, and my breasts were sort of hanging free, except where his hands would grope them.

And boy, could he hammer me like that! His hips slammed against my upraised buttocks again and again as I yelped at every impact, my mind swirling and tumbling in the flood of sensations pouring over me. This was not what I thought

of as making love. Nor, come to think of it, had that thing with Max been. This was pure fucking.

But you know, that made me feel better, as if it was more a kind of physical, fun sex, sort of thing, no strings attached. Like you might have with a buddy, a fuck-buddy. Except, of course, he was practically old enough to be my father, and he wasn't a buddy.

That didn't stop me from coming, though, coming wildly, coming with a dark, satisfied thrill at my own daring sluttiness, and the fact that, out here on the dark blue sea, so far from home, nobody would ever know.

Chapter Five

Yes, I felt like a slut the next day, and not in a good way. Nobody was asking any questions, though, nor wondering where I'd gone, nor what I'd done. Everyone was happy and bubbly because we were going into Algiers. This was not a city which had a lot of tourism, and was not on the route cruise ships visited. There had been some sort of deal cut between someone on the ship and the government to let us dock there, but we all had a lecture beforehand because of the high degree of danger.

No one was to go anywhere alone. In fact, no one was to go anywhere without security. There would be personal security details going with the adventurous bankers, and all visits would be quick in order to prevent anyone there from having the time to organize anything violent. We girls were allowed to go out on our own, for once, because things were so conservative here that any touching between men and women, any sort of flirtatious behavior might incite riots.

About fifteen of us girls, for once dressed conservatively, got to make a trip into Algiers, to visit the great mosque, the Kasbah, the Moorish forts, and to surround ourselves with just how foreign and exotic it all was. Algiers wasn't the modern city Casablanca was, and we were all enthralled with it!

The shopkeepers probably loved us, though, since we had neither the time nor inclination to bargain much. The security people rushed us through everything pretty fast, but it was still a thrill!

The security people were all Arabs, by the way. There was no sign of Max. I didn't know if he'd gone with the bankers or was back with the ship. And given what had happened with Jean-Paul I was just as glad.

We got back on board, and headed to the next stop, Tunis, in Tunisia. It was right next door to Algeria but a world away. It was partly modern, partly ancient, and things were a lot more relaxed there. There were wild discos, and great restaurants, and this time we girls got to go with the passengers.

We were in three groups, so me and Annie and six other girls were with about

fifteen passengers at this Arabic type restaurant, with really low tables and lots of thick cushions on the floor. The men were all wearing light colored trousers or khakis, and short sleeved golf shirts. The girls were all in short, flirty summer dresses. I was wearing a sleeveless white A-line dress with thin straps and a built in shelf bra. It was so lightweight it felt almost like I was wearing nothing! Which was great given how hot it was.

There was a little cleavage, but nothing shocking. And the other girls were wearing a variety of beach dresses, tee dresses, halter dresses and the like. The only thing they all had in common was short skirts. That wasn't our choice. The ship had a variety of outfits, almost like a theater, to dress us in. And I suppose, we were sort of like actors to them, in a way. We had to be cheerful and friendly all the time, and that was sometimes a bit of a stretch, especially when some guy had just grabbed your boob or something when you were leaning over with your hands full of dishes.

Here, though, we weren't waiting on them. We were just company: cheerful company. The place served a variety of North African dishes, and we experimented with a lot of it. There was Arabic music played by this odd little four piece group with instruments I didn't recognize. And then we had a pair of dancing girls, like belly dancer types complete with their outfits, swaying and twirling to the music.

The belly dancers weren't wearing a whole lot, and were really shaking it pretty nicely, catching the men's appreciative eyes. They looked very exotic in their velvet bras and veils, with lots of dangling fringe and beads. And the girls were following their movements as much as the guys.

Julie, a tall brunette, was especially intrigued. She was a dancer, and even as she watched, sitting on the cushion next to a guy she'd been favoring for a while, she was moving her arms and hips in imitation of the dancing girls.

Before too long half of the girls were up belly dancing, or trying to, but since our dresses didn't show our bellies there were limits to what we could do. It turned out, though, that the place had a pile of costumes which the tourist women could try on and dance in, so most of us wound up going into a back room and fighting over the different colors and styles. I wound up with a kind of purplish top, and a heavily beaded waist scarf.

Then we wound up out front, and after a bit of embarrassment, at first, we all had a ball trying to imitate one of the dancers, while the other one kind of moved around us correcting individual girls. Annie was hilarious because she couldn't dance any better than a cow, but she wasn't intimidated by that and showed a lot of enthusiasm.

The men, of course, just enjoyed the show. All except one, Luc, who came out dressed in an oversized belly dancer outfit and had people rolling in the aisles as he tried to dance.

Another girl came out, then. She was veiled, in fact, her whole dress seemed to consist of beads and veils, and she danced quite a different dance. It was a lot faster, with a lot more whirling and twirling. And as she danced she began to spin off her veils, one by one. It was really fascinating and sexy to watch, and when she got down to just a single veil in her belt, she bowed to much applause.

What surprised me, at first, was that a number of the girls wanted to try that too. At first it was just Julie and Annie and Rachel, but then Nicole and several others were up there, as the three Arab girls kind of helped them in how to spin and how to send the veils flying off, and there were a lot of bare, or nearly bare breasts showing, much to the men's delight.

Eventually, all the girls wound up taking their turn belly dancing, and then doing the dance of the seven veil thing, or whatever it was, including me. I felt kind of self-conscious and nervous about it, and my heart was beating faster and faster the more veils I slipped off. I was squirming inside, each time I had to swirl and fling one off, and bare a little more of myself.

Other girls were doing it, though, and others had done it, and the mood, the atmosphere was very permissive, very casual and tolerant, and I didn't want to be seen as some sort of silly prude from America. It's funny how your mind plays with you, so that when there's like, three veils over your boobs, well, it's no big deal, and when there's only two, and so people can kind of see through it a bit, well, that's no big deal.

And then when you move from that down to one, and you've got one veil and it's almost sheer, so that people can see your nipples and breasts pretty easily, well, that's kind of a thrill and kind of a shock, but even so, the progression is such that I was able to slip that one off to and dance bare breasted before them all

without my face burning up with embarrassment.

I was nervous as hell, though, and embarrassed, and self-conscious!

Did I mentioned we'd been drinking? So anyway...

The party carried on. I found myself wearing just the little harem pants, which were kind of lacy, and open at the sides, and really low cut, and the velvet belly dancer top. I was between two guys: Andre, a lean man with a shaved head and piercing blue eyes, and Paul, who was bigger, a little plump, and had curly graying hair, and we were sort of singing a French football (soccer) anthem, which the guys seemed very enthused about. It was in French, though, so me and most of the other girls didn't really know what the heck we were shouting out.

Paul was running his fingers up and down my bare back a lot, which I was okay with since, like, it was only my back, after all. Andre was stealing kisses from me, but it was just on my cheek so that was no big deal either. I was having a lot of fun, and feeling no pain, if you want the truth. The lights in the place were low, and several of the girls were making out with guys. Julie and Kim were pretending to make out with each other, just to ease the guys watching them. They were drawing a lot of attention.

Then Paul started saying he should get to kiss me if Andre did, and he started stealing kisses, too, but on my other cheek. I looked over to the side and my eyes widened a bit as I saw Annie's head bent over a guy's lap. She had on a veil, but had sort of draped it over her head so it kind of screened what she was doing, but there wasn't any doubt she was giving him a blow job.

Andre's hands started to wander, and so did Paul, and I was squirming with a sort of exultant sense of wild sexual freedom, but at the same time self-conscious and feeling the clutch of my inhibitions. True, everyone there had seen me practically naked, but that's different – uhm, sort of.

The kisses were on the lips now. First one would turn my head to him and kiss me deeply, then the other would, and I would have to say which one as the better kiss. I kept gently (more or less) pushing their hands away from my breasts. Paul had his hand through the slit on the side of my harem pants and was caressing my inner thigh as Andre nibbled in under my ear and slipped his whole hand in from my left, into my right bra cup.

My nipples were extremely hard, and tingly, and the feel of his hand against my bare breasts momentarily took my breath away. I felt a sense of shocked excitement along with shocked embarrassment, and my hand moved automatically to push his hand away. But then Paul's hand pushed in – he was on my right – into my left bra cup, and the two of them were kissing and sucking and licking along opposite sides of my neck.

Paul's hand slid deeper into my loose harem pants and I felt his fingers rubbing at the crotch of my thong, producing a hot thrum of excitement and heat.

There was a fire pit in the middle of the room, and we were kind of positioned around in in a circle. Directly across from me, Nicole was completely naked, laying across the laps of three men. One was kissing her. The other was licking and sucking at her breasts, and the third had his hand between her legs, rubbing intently.

The fire, along with candles on low tables, was the main source of light in the room, which, like I said, meant it was kind of dimly lit. That made it less of a shock when my bra parted, and the men were able to freely fondle and grope me. I was writhing and wriggling and gulping in air as the heat swirled around me and my insides churned with emotions and arousal.

One of them pulled back on my hair and my back arched sharply, and then Andre bent and began to suck and chew at my breast. Bending me back like that also made my pussy more vulnerable, and Paul's fingers tugged side the crotch of my thong and began to finger me directly as I moaned and gasped and tried to figure out what to do about it all, or if I wanted to, or if I was allowed to. I mean, I didn't want to punch anyone or slap anyone, so I was really uncertain what I could do, and I couldn't seem to get my mouth working to tell them to stop.

And the more time they were doing that the more aroused I became. The arousal was like an intoxicant, spreading through my blood and making my mind go woozy. I lost my strength of will, lost my care about what others might see or say, and slowly fell into a kind of dark, hungry fever as my body began to tremble and jerk and pulse with heat.

Someone – Andre, I think – had my thick blonde hair in his fist, and was holding it firmly, jerking my head back. It hurt a bit, but having my hair pulled during sex has always turned me on, so I wasn't complaining by any means. He kind of

dragged me across him from the side, so I was on my butt, sideways to him, leaning way back over his lap where he could kiss me and knead my breasts.

It was pretty easy, then, for Paul to tug the harem pants down and pull them under my butt and off, then tug my thong off. I felt a kind of whiplash sense of shock when I felt them go, realizing I was completely naked in public like that, but the shock only stoked the fever to a higher level as Andre pulled back on my hair and bent to suck and chew at my nipples.

I felt a hand between my thighs, felt fingers pushing into my very wet, overheated pussy: one, two, three of them, pumping slowly in and out as I squirmed and moaned and gasped and my hips rolled against them.

They turned me around, and I stared at Andre's cock, hard and eager looking, and then my hair, still held tight, guided my mouth down onto it. I moaned around it as it slid up into my mouth, and gasped and jerked as a hand slapped my bottom, then slid in between my thighs to rub my clit and push into my pussy.

I felt a wild rush at doing something so incredibly wild and shocking. It was way beyond anything I'd ever done, or would have done back home.

Andre's hand pushed me down and I sucked on him, working my tongue against him as I bobbed up and down. Then I felt hands on my hips, and a moment later what was definitely not a finger pushed between my pussy lips and then penetrated me, sliding deep. I shuddered and rolled my hips up like a wanton slut, gasping in pleasure as Paul began to fuck me.

Andre and him groped at my breasts as I sucked Andre, who had now shifted and positioned himself on his knees facing me. That let me raise my head up so I was in a more traditional doggy style position, and the two men thrust into me from opposite directions as my overheated body and dazed mind felt the waves of dark excitement rolling through them.

Oh my God! I couldn't believe I was doing this! There were moans and gasps and ragged breaths all around, and the flickering lights showed bare skin writhing around the fire, but I had no time to see what anyone else was doing. Then Paul and Andre said something in French, and their hands shifted me around as if I was weightless, so that Andre could mount me and Paul could feel my mouth around his cock.

In that position, with my head up and back, I was in the perfect position to take him into my throat. I enjoyed oral sex, though my head was too clouded with booze and excitement to show much expertise just then. And I slid down as deep as I could, taking him into my throat as I pressed my nose into his groin.

Behind me, Andre was riding me hard, his hips slapping against my buttocks with quick, jarring blows, his hands moving from my hips, up my sides, and under to cup and fondle my breasts. Paul had both his hands filled with my hair, and was grinding my face into his groin as he groaned in pleasure. But he pulled back on my hair as he drew his hips back, and his cock slid slowly up my throat to pop free so I could gulp in air.

He cursed in French, breathing almost as hard as I was, then put himself back into my mouth and drove deep into my throat as my body rocked to Andre's hard thrusting. I felt gloriously hedonistic as the two men used me, as the fiery sexual heat flared wildly throughout my body. I was drunk with it, gasping, moaning, grinding myself back against that hard cock driving into me while I sucked hungrily on the other one.

They pulled back and twisted me around again, four strong hands just flinging me around, and then Paul was riding me while I sucked Andre's cock once again. Only now I felt Paul's finger pressing at my ass! I moaned in a sort of dazed, hazy complaint, but my lips were wrapped around the base of Andre's cock so I doubt anyone heard. I felt the finger, I assumed it was a finger, pushing down into my ass, slippery with something, pumping slowly in and out as Paul fucked me.

Then I was sure it was a finger because it turned into two fingers!

And I was going to come! I felt another wave of embarrassed discomfort, being in public like that, but it wasn't like there weren't gasps and moans coming from all around. And then I came, twisting and bucking wildly. If it weren't for Andre's tight hold on my hair my head would have jerked up and back off his cock, but as it was when I lost control of myself and started jerking and bucking and twisting, their strong hands kept me in position so they could continue to ram their cocks into me from either direction.

The orgasm lashed my senses with fiery shockwaves of pleasure as Paul pounded into me from behind and hooked his finger in under my tailbone,

thrusting and pulling me up with each plunging stroke. I was in heaven, or something similar, an endless storm of pleasure howling through me centered mostly on Andre's hard cock thrusting into me in hard, furious strokes, and the wild carnal atmosphere around us.

* * *

We returned to the ship, mostly drunk, singing, staggering, and only able to find the place because of the security people. I wasn't thinking about much, just staggering along with everyone else, and when we got aboard I collapsed in my bunk, drunk and exhausted.

In the morning, of course, I felt like shit on a number of different levels. I had a shower and a bunch of aspirin, and was more than a little irritated at Annie's smug superiority.

“You gotta learn to water down your drinks more, girlfriend,” she said, disgustingly perky.

I just glowered at her, then pulled the pillow over my face to shut out the sight and sound of her.

She pulled it off and beamed down at me, still perky.

“At least you had fun,” she said.

I groaned again. “I can't fucking believe I did that shit,” I groaned.

“What? You mean sex? Did you have ambitions to be a nun?”

“I had sex with two guys at the same time! And I hardly even know them!”

“Oh who hasn't,” she sniffed, sitting down on the edge of the bed. “Look, this is the party ship. Think of it as one big party, and don't worry about doing shit that you're not supposed to do back home. None of those rules apply here. We're here to see the world and party, and just for fun, we get paid. How fucking cool is that?!”

It was pretty fucking cool, when you thought about it that way. But it was hard to divorce myself from all the old rules I'd grown up with. If I'd done something

like that back home everyone would be cutting me down the next day, guys and girls. Even my closest friends would be aghast, and demanding to know what the hell I was thinking. But here, Annie was like, big deal, doesn't everyone fuck people in public...

It was totally weird.

I was too hungover to work, and Kim gave me shit, basically saying the same as Annie, that I needed to learn to water down my drinks or drink less. But that was hard when guys were shoving drinks at you the whole time! Anyway, I wasn't the only girl with a rocking big hangover. I seemed to be the only one feeling guilty over what I'd done, though. None of the other girls taunted me about it – though I did get some friendly teasing. But they also talked about some of the weird shit they'd done in prior times so I didn't feel as bad.

In fact, by noon I was feeling a lot better, though I still needed to keep my sunglasses on when outside. I was able to work the bar later in the afternoon, though, since it was kind of dim there. And it wasn't like those guys were looking at my eyes.

I still felt embarrassed, though, whenever I saw one of the guys who had been along on that visit. Of course, I'd kind of seen them naked or partially naked too (not that I'd been paying attention), but I still felt self-conscious. Maybe that was partly why I had a few drinks. I was mindful of what Kim said, though, and made sure not to have a lot. I just wanted a bit of a pleasant buzz to make me feel good.

Andre was there, though, and that really made me blush, at first. But he was pretty casual about it, winking and giving me a kiss on the cheek. Part of me was indignant over that, and part of me was relieved. He wasn't my type, but on the other hand, shouldn't he be after me now that we'd, you know, done the deed? But then, the guys were pretty casual about the sex, too, just like the girls. It was just a different world on the ship.

The beer and wine was flowing freely but I was doing my best not to let too much of it flow over me. A party mood certainly took hold, though, and it was hard to keep moving around with drinks because guys kept grabbing me to kiss me and chat me up, and of course, grope me. I had to ease diplomatically away with the excuse that I was working. The truth was, that I was starting to get

excited, just from all that sexual electricity in the air, and from all those guys panting over me and touching me.

Several of the girls were having a sort of contest giving lap dances in the corner. Not that they stripped completely, but they did get down to their thongs to do their moves, and elsewhere there was a lot of kissing and touching going on as the music played. I couldn't help be reminded of the previous night, except that there were proper chairs here, and a lot more people.

Julie and Annie were making out, not because either of them was gay, but just to turn the guys on, or whatever. You see it in almost every club, but here, given the lack of rules, it was kind of getting out of hand since both of them were topless and rubbing their breasts together as they exchanged long, dramatic, tongue-twirling kisses while the men looked on and shouted approval. I wasn't shocked or anything, but was surprised at how enthusiastic Annie appeared to be, given she was the ultimate cock loving little nympho.

Either she was a pretty good actress, which I didn't put past her, or she was really getting turned on by Julie's breasts rubbing against hers, and, I noticed as I passed closer with a tray, Julie's hand up under her skirt! Geez! Annie bent and started sucking and licking at Julie's nipples, and Julie's fingers moved more energetically under Annie's skirt, which her hand had kind of forced up in front.

One of the men looking on reached in and jerked the skirt up for a better view, and I felt a little jolt as I saw that it wasn't an act under there. I mean, Julie had pulled Annie's thong aside and had three fingers buried in her pussy! OhmyGod! I was wide eyed, wondering if Kim or one of the other supervisors would break them up.

Instead it just got worse! Annie peeled Julie's dress, which had been dangling around her waist, completely off, then bent and began to mouth her pussy through her striped blue and white thong! And then she took that off, too and Julie was completely naked as Annie began to suck and lick at her clit!

I was a bit light headed by that. I mean, God, half the bar was looking on, and Annie was kneeling on the floor with her ass in the air licking another girl's pussy! Then another of the girls I hardly knew, a redhead named Giselle, moved in behind Annie and pulled her skirt off, then yanked off her thong and began to lick her!

That didn't last, as one of the men knelt behind Annie and drove his cock into her. Giselle wound up sucking another guy's cock as he stood before her. And then things began to deteriorate from there. Half the girls were soon naked and involved in what was turning into a freaking orgy, and most of the rest were actively making out with someone. Julie, who was slouched back on the chair with her legs spread as Annie ate her out, had turned her head to the side and was sucking some guy's cock.

I looked across at Melanie and Christine, who were the other girls in vests working the bar, and saw they were mostly ignoring the goings on, just carrying drinks back and forth as if this was more or less normal, so I tried to do the same, resisting as diplomatically as I could, the hands which reached out for my arms or ass or breasts.

The hedonistic atmosphere, though, was getting to me, despite my misgivings. I was getting really horny walking around amidst all that sex. I didn't know where to put my eyes, since everywhere I looked was something sexual! There was a lot of bare flesh in that bar, let me tell you!

Annie had abandoned Julie and was now giving a guy a lap dance – or so I thought for a few seconds. Then it became obvious that the naked blonde was actually just riding his cock, right there in the open, without a care in the world for being watched.

Jesus!

At least I stopped feeling guilty about the previous evening!

Things had probably looked just as bad then, but I'd been drunk, and not exactly paying attention to anything outside myself. Now I was mostly sober and moving all around. I was finding it amazing. Not everyone was involved. Some of the men were just sitting back and chatting, though often with their hand on a girl's belly or leg or something. They were awfully casual. I was amazed they didn't all have bulging erections under their pants.

Then I looked over by the door and saw Max. He was wearing a Hawaiian shirt in dark orange and black and was kind of propped against the wall by the far door, just idly scanning the room. I felt a rush of heat come to my face at the sight of him, and a number of conflicting emotions. I suppose I shouldn't have had any different expectations about him than I did towards the French guys I'd

slept with, except that he was younger and hotter, but I did.

Chapter Six

I felt a little irked at how casual Max had been about not bothering to contact me, and kind of wandered over there.

“Can I get you a drink, sir?” I asked a little snippily.

He looked at me and smiled faintly. “Enjoying the work so far?” he asked.

“Why wouldn't I?”

“It's not something most American girls are used to. Americans are a prudish bunch.”

“I have no idea what you're talking about,” I said.

He only smiled more.

“Getting lots of exercise?” I asked.

“Would you like me to make a muscle for you?”

“Would you like me to throw you on your ass again?”

He snorted. “You have no chance of doing that again. You caught me by surprise. It was a goofy move no professional would have expected.”

His eyes flicked up and down.

“Nice outfit,” he said.

“Do you like it?”

He looked down again. “Very nice legs.”

“Do you think so?”

I thrust my right leg forward, well forward, between his legs forward. That caused my skirt to ride up my thigh but it also put my thigh perilously close to his crotch. I leaned up and forward, pressing against his groin, though not heavily. He gripped my upper arms and I smirked at him.

“Getting pretty bold after only a week here,” he said.

“I’ve always been pretty bold.”

“Bold for an American girl is wearing a skirt more than two inches above the knees,” he said.

“I think my skirt is shorter than that. Would you like to measure it?” I asked, pressing up a little more and then kind of rubbing my thigh against his crotch.

“I would but I’m on duty.”

“What exactly do you do given we’re at sea?”

“Make sure drunks don’t get out of line.”

“So you’re like, the bouncer?”

“Yes. Would you like to be bounced?”

“I’m having a hard time remembering, but didn’t you have a two inch penis? I don’t think I’ll have to bounce very much on that.”

He frowned briefly, then shook his head a little.

“I think your memory is faulty,” he said. “I seem to recall you were so overcome with passion at my amazing sexual skills that you practically lost consciousness.”

“That was the heat in the sauna,” I said airily.

“Really? Heat gives you orgasms, does it?”

He slipped a finger along my thigh, the one between his leg, and let it hook under the hem of my skirt, then lifted it up casually.

“Red silk panties. Very nice,” he said.

“That's very rude,” I said.

“So's this,” he said, running his finger along my thigh.

“If you were really a professional you ought to have a cup under there,” I said, pulling my leg back and turning away.

“Can't find one big enough,” he said, snatching up my skirt in the rear.

I snatched it down as he smirked at me.

Most people were too occupied to need any drinks, but I made the rounds anyway. A number of people had cleared out, going back to their cabins for private parties. I sure didn't blame them for that, given that was certainly my own preference. I was still faintly amazed at how brazen these people were, both men and women.

Even so, I was extremely horny as I moved around. My nipples were super hard, and without a bra, my breasts were moving as I walked, rubbing against the inside of the vest in a way which was making them crackle and burn with excitement. My pussy was, I knew, moist, and it was throbbing as I moved through that erotic tableau. That didn't mean I wanted to strip and join them. I wasn't anywhere near drunk enough for public sex!

But I was pretty freaking horny as I moved around, and Max looking at me from across the room didn't help any.

More and more of the couples took off. Some guys just left on their own. Sometimes there was one girl and two guys, sometimes two girls and one guy. They were all kind of drunk, or at least, pretending to be. I wondered if the girls really did water their liquor then pretend to be drunk. It would provide them with a sort of excuse for what they were doing, I supposed.

Me and the other girls cleared off the tables and set things back in place as people left, and when I turned around I noticed Max had gone too. I continued clearing things up, and then me and the other girls went back to our cabins.

Our cabins weren't anything like as luxurious as the ones the guests had, of

course. They were small, and kind of spartan, with two single beds and built-in cupboards and dressers. We didn't need a lot of space for storage since we wore basically the same things every day, that the ship issued and washed for us. Annie shared the cabin with me, but she almost never slept there. The little slut!

Her part of the room was messy, but mine was always clean, which was why I noticed the little tape recorder thing sitting on my pillow as soon as I bent over to pick up the skirt I'd just slipped out of. I frowned and picked it up. It was one of those miniature things a little bigger than a cell phone some people use to record lectures when in college, or that reporters use when interviewing people.

I looked at it in confusion, then pressed play.

What I heard was the tinny sound of a woman gasping for breath, then moaning deep in her throat, then yelping in obvious passion and pleasure and heat. And my face reddened as I recognized the voice as mine.

“Oh! Oh! Oh God! Oh! Ungh! Unnng! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! OH!” my voice gasped to the background sound of flesh on flesh.

That bastard!

“That doesn't sound like someone who's bored,” Max's voice said through the door.

I jammed my finger on the stop button and whirled around, charging to the door and flinging it open.

“You absolute bastard!” I shouted, swinging at him.

He grabbed my wrist, whirled me around, and threw me against the wall, though admittedly not heavily. But then his big hard chest was pressed against me, holding me there, and he had seized both my wrists as I struggled to smack him, and pinned them against the wall together above my head.

“Did I forget to mention the security guys are wired for sound?” he asked calmly.

I struggled pointlessly against him. “And you didn't think to turn it off!?”

“Not really. No one hears the tape but me and I delete it after each shift.”

“You didn't delete this one!”

“This one gave me a hard-on listening to it.”

I blinked in surprise at the admission, and then his lips were crushing mine hard.

I tried to twist my head out of the way out of sheer obstinacy, but he pulled my wrists downward until he could kind of trap my hair in the same grip, and kept kissing me, his tongue invading my mouth despite my sulky resistance. I yelped, eyes widening, as I felt his other hand thrust down into the front of my thong, and gave one final yank at my wrists in an effort to pull free. But then my desire to resist began to melt as his fingers found my pussy and began to finger my clit.

My head eased back on its own, and my mouth widened a bit as a sense of sexual heat swirled through me, and when I shuddered as he caught my clit between his fingers and began to roll and gently squeeze it. He drew his hand out, then and stared at me, his eyes boring into mine as I gulped in air. A moment later his hand shot down between my legs, seized my thong and yanked hard. I cried out as the thin string yanked my hips forward, but then it tore and he ripped the thong right off me!

His lips crushed mine again, his heavy body pressing me back against the wall as his hand slid down onto my ass, then around between my legs to finger my naked sex once again. He released my wrists, then gripped my ass and jerked me up against him, stepping sideways to drop me onto the edge of the dresser.

He shoved the door closed with a bang, then gripped my head and bent me back as he leaned into me, kissing me passionately, his tongue deep in my mouth, his lips moving hungrily against me. Then he dropped low, his hands grabbing my legs behind the knees and yanking them and apart, so wide the tendons in my inner thighs strained. He ran his tongue slowly up the length of my swollen pussy, and I shuddered helplessly, hips bucking against him.

“Since I only have a two inch dick,” he said, looking up at me, “I need to find other ways to turn a woman on.”

He pressed against my thighs with his forearm to keep them spread wide, then his fingers slid in against my pussy, spreading my labia open as he pushed his

tongue between. He slid his tongue upwards, circled my clit, kissed it, then began to suck. At the same time, two of his fingers slid into me and began to pump in and out as he sucked.

“Bastard!” I gasped, gulping in air as I stared at him between legs.

I was laying back on the narrow dresser and my head was kind of jammed forward by the wall, my neck aching as he began to chew lightly at my clit, alternating little bites, and long licks with sucking motions as his fingers pumped in and out of me.

He sprang up again suddenly, leaning over me, grabbing my hair again and yanking my head up and then back as he kissed me. His two fingers became three, thrusting deep inside me as he kissed me, and I floundered helplessly below him, gasping and moaning and writhing against him as his hot mouth threatened to devour me.

His fingers were thrusting into me hard, almost painful, as his thumb stroked across my clit. The sensations were overpowering, and I shuddered and cried out in dazed pleasure as he pushed me over the edge into an orgasm. My hips rolled up frantically and my head thrashed and twisted against his grip as the orgasm overcame me, and then I went limp, panting, as he pulled his lips back with a grin.

He pulled his fingers out of me and undid his belt, then dropped his pants. His cock sprang up, considerably more than two inches, and he rubbed it up and down against my overheated pussy as I wriggled and moaned.

He caught my hands and pinned them against the wall again, taunting me, teasing me as he rubbed the swollen head of his cock up and down against my clit and along the mouth of my pussy. I was exquisitely sensitive down there because of the orgasm, and the sensations were overpowering, so much so I tried to twist away. But he held me in place, and then slowly sank into me.

Deep into me.

I moaned as he leaned into me. He released my wrists and grabbed my legs again, lifting them up and back, pressing my feet against the wall above me. Then he let them drop onto his shoulders and slid his arms behind me, behind my shoulders. He pulled me up, bending me up and towards him as I groaned

weakly.

I found myself perched on my tailbone, basically, with my legs rising vertically up his chest and my feet over his head. I grabbed at his head, sliding my hands over his shoulders and behind his neck, and then we kissed, a long, endless kiss, with me bent double and his cock deep inside me.

His hips began to work in and out, then, and I gasped and grunted and moaned as his cock moved back and forth inside me in short, hard thrusts. Each thrust made me gasp, taking my breath away, and yet I clung to him, moaning into his mouth as he drove that hard, thick bar of flesh into my belly.

He pulled back suddenly, lifting me into the air, turning me around and dropping me onto my bed. He was on me like a panther, though, grabbing me, flipping me onto my belly, then yanking up my hips as he spread my legs apart. Kneeling on the edge of the bed, he drove himself into me again, then seized a fistful of my hair to yank my head up and back as he started riding me in earnest.

The way he manhandled me was like nothing I'd ever felt before! I cried out as he yanked on my hair, but the pain was like nothing. And then he slapped my ass sharply as he rode me, and then again, and then again, before leaning forward and filling his hand with my right breast, roughly squeezing and kneading it.

He rode me furiously, dropping his chest onto my back and biting into the nape of my neck like an animal, like a wild best as his hands mauled my breasts and shot down my belly to finger my clit. His hips thrust hard and deep, ground and twisted and nearly knocked me off my hands and knees several times.

And then rode me into an even more powerful orgasm!

The intensity of the pleasure rode across my mind like a stampede of wild horses, and I cried out in helpless pleasure as wave after wave of heat and raw, carnal pleasure rolled over me. My mouth was opening and closing as I gasped for breath, my eyes slitted as the wild sensory overload made it impossible to think of see or do anything but drive myself back onto his plunging cock as desperately as I could.

The orgasm peaked and then faded, and I gurgled in dazed relief and dropped down onto my face on the bed. Max kept my hips high and kept riding me, though, and I grunted dazedly as his hips continued to slap against my upraised

buttocks and his cock continued to thrust deep into my volcanic pussy for a long, long minute before he too came and half fell forward atop me.

“Bastard,” I moaned weakly.

* * *

I was sober under the sunglasses as I moved around the pool in my thong bikini. Wearing a thong in public had never been one of my life's ambitions. I'd thought about it, and been a little envious of those girls who did, but in America, well, it wasn't the normal swimsuit for a girl. Of course, after my public nudity the other day, and my exposure to the orgy in the bar the previous night, I was feeling a lot less sensitive about nudity.

It still felt kind of weird, though, and was also kind of a turn-on. The cups of the bikini were very small, and I had to be careful how I moved because I had a feeling that if I put too much energy into it my boobs were going to spill out as I bent over someone's lounge chair.

A couple of the girls had actually removed their tops entirely, but they weren't working in the way I was. They were just hanging around, which was what we were kind of encouraged to do, whether we were on duty or not. And really, what else did you have to do once you got off duty? Sit alone in your cabin and read a book?

So they were in the pool, laughing and playing around with the guys, while I moved around it, making sure everyone had their drinks or snacks, or suntan oil, or that if they needed anything. Mi-Sun, a beautiful little Korean girl, was doing something resembling tantrick massage on guests by the side of the pool. It had started out with her applying suntan lotion, but then she'd gotten enough of it on herself that she had begun to use her body to apply the lotion as the guests lay on a low chaise lounge.

She had removed her top, but was still wearing a little thong as she straddled them and slid her slippery body up and down their bodies, bending over and rubbing her breasts against their backs. When they rolled over, of course, she did the same to their fronts, and that, as often as not, seemed to result in their swimsuits bulging up in the middle.

She seemed to be quietly taking care of that by sliding her slippery hand into

them and relieving them of their stress. That was in a corner, so most people weren't looking on much, but because I was moving around it was very hard not to notice. I wondered what Max would think of that sort of thing. I was betting he'd appreciate it. But I was also betting he'd had it done to him before. I was used to holding my own, more than holding my own in the sex department, but Max was pretty fucking overwhelming.

He was also an enigma, though. He didn't talk much about himself, and what his feelings were, if any, for me, were nearly a complete mystery. I thought he liked me, but maybe he just liked fucking me.

I was off duty by eleven, and joined a half dozen of the girls in the exercise room. It was mostly empty that time of day, and one of the girls was going to show us some pole dancing exercises. I hadn't even seen the pole in there earlier, but if I had I wouldn't have taken it for anything, as shiny chrome was everywhere. I watched Sara spinning around it with something like awe. The stripper moves were pretty easy, grinding ourselves against it, but climbing up it used a little of muscle power from your arms and legs

There were three poles there, and we took turns practicing moves, spinning and climbing. One move I did really well in was clinging to it upside down, because I could like, stand upside down the way I'd done with Max that first day, and slide my legs up high on the bar, then catch it between my thighs. Gripping the bottom with my hands gave me a firm hold, and then it was just a matter of sliding and twisting and arching myself in an er, attractive way.

What Sara did, though, was to jump up high and grasp the pole with her arms, lift herself up in a hard yank, then throw her legs up and forward around it, getting them as high as possible and locking together around it as she fell backwards upside down. It took some effort, but I was eventually able to do the same. A lot of the girls weren't as successful since they didn't exercise enough. Mostly, their exercise, when they did it, was designed to ensure they didn't get fat, not to get muscles in their arms and legs.

And of course, while it was excellent exercise, it was more than that. All the girls were wearing bathing suits, thongs, and sliding around the pole inevitably made us feel like strippers, especially as we showed off for each other and the few men in the gym. A few of the girls had been strippers, I think, and knew the moves very well indeed, and they were probably less excited by the pole than the

pack of middle class college age girls who made up the bulk of the 'crew'.

For me, it was a fascinating, if difficult new experience. Of course I'd played at 'stripper' in front of my bedroom mirror, or for boyfriends over the years, and gotten, I think, pretty good at lap dancing for them (guys loved it!). But I'd never had a pole to do it with, and never with an audience. It gave me a sense of dark excitement to be writhing and twisting around the pole in just the little thong bikini, and I felt a little thrill run through me as I let my mind imagine doing it completely naked – with a male audience.

My exhibitionist side had really been getting a workout since I'd joined the ship, and my inhibitions had been very quickly eroding in the face of a ship's culture which seemed to have absolutely no stigma attached to any amount of nudity or sex. In fact, many of the girls seemed to have found the culture a distinct thrill, and gloried in the hedonism and exhibitionism of being sexual playthings. And to be brutally honest, I was starting to get into it, too.

After the pole dancing a lot of the girls took showers right there in the gym rather than returning to their own cabins, me among them. I was startled, though, to see the number of girls pairing off in giggling displays of lesbian passion which, while they seemed playful at first, began to turn into something considerably more real with each passing minute.

I had seen some of it before, but mostly in the form of teasing the guys. The thing Annie and Julie had done in the bar had been more than a little eye opening, though Annie was such a slut it didn't really surprise me that she'd had female lovers.

Sine I wasn't really being into girls I was a little squeamish, but she I to admit that sleek, slippery female bodies sliding together made an erotic tableau, and I had trouble keeping my eyes off them as I quickly finished rinsing off and left.

I didn't get far, for Annie grabbed me and pulled me into another room which was part of the gym. It had massage tables, and Mi-Sun was there, completely naked, doing that tantric thing. She was sliding slowly up and down along Britney Foster, who lay naked on the table on her belly, and talking to half a dozen girls standing around watching, explaining what she was doing.

I was again kind of uncomfortable, but it was evident she was really just showing how to give an erotic massage, and Britney was just a handy model. I

watched her slide up so she was straddling Britney's lower back, her knees kind of clamped together on either side of the redhead as she worked her fingers into the girl's shoulders.

“You can only fuck a guy for so long,” she was saying as she leaned in to increase the pressure of her fingers. “You need to be able to talk to them, which means learning something about business and hopefully finance, and you need to be able to make drinks and to give massage. Whatever it takes that helps relax and entertain them. The more pleased they are with you, the bigger your tips will be.

All the girls took turns massaging Britney, including me, as Mi-Sun showed us how to stroke our hands lightly, then how to dig our knuckles in more heavily.

“You have to know the difference between men and women, though,” she said.

“I think I know,” Annie said to laughter.

“I mean that women's bodies, at least most women's bodies don't have much muscle definition. If you dig your fingers in against their shoulders and neck, do it lightly. Men, at least men who are more muscular, will have a lot more muscles there and you need to dig your knuckles in more heavily.

You have to start out lightly and then as you slide your fingers in you'll get a better idea of the level of muscles there. If there's a lot, you press harder, if little, you keep it light. But let the reaction of the person you're massaging guide you.”

They wanted a second model for the second table, and Annie volunteered me for it.

“Uhm, I don't know,” I said uncomfortably.

“She's got more muscles than most girls,” Annie said, smirking at me.

Mi-Sun slid her hands along my shoulders and in behind my neck and agreed with her. I was blushing, but didn't want to seem like a prudish little girl by being shy about my body, so I had to strip and lay on my belly as Annick, a petite French girl, straddled me and sat on my lower legs. She was already coated with oil, and now, under Mi-Sun's instruction, bent over and slid her ample breasts slowly up and down along the backs of my legs.

It felt... nice. I mean, her breasts were soft and slippery, and the oil was warm. It didn't do anything for me, sexually, but it didn't feel bad, and I paid attention as she slid higher, her hands and breasts both sliding over my skin, up along the backs of my thighs and over my buttocks. She wound up massaging my butt, which was a bit embarrassing, but it was all done in a fairly casual way as Mi-Sun instructed her.

Feeling her soft, slick breasts sliding up and down my back was a bit more uhm, uncomfortable, but again, not a big deal, and I kind of liked the way Mi-Sun, and then Annie, were sliding their fingers over my shoulders, and then digging them gently into the soft flesh and muscles there.

Rolling over was something else again. I tried my mind into that sort of clinical learning mode where what she was doing had nothing to do with sex, but this was, after all, erotic massage, so of course, her body sliding up and down mine was bound to have some influence. And Annick was definitely into girl on girl. I'd seen that earlier. Now as she grinned at me and slid her petite body up, I could feel her naked sex sliding up and down against my belly as her hands slid over my breasts, kneading and massaging them.

She bent over, sliding her breasts up across my skin, up across my breasts, hers and mine pillowing out and kind of mashing together as she ground herself against me. My nipples were rigid, and so were hers, but the rest of the flesh was soft and slick as it moved together. I admit, it was starting to turn me on. Mind you, that didn't seem to take that much any more. The atmosphere of the ship was like Sodom and Gomorah, and I was in a kind of low level sexual simmer most of the day.

And with Annick sliding up and down against me I began to consider, really consider, for the first time, doing something sexual with another girl. Not there, of course, but maybe some other place more private.

My time as a model was up, though, and Mi-Sun had us switch places. Now I was sliding up and down atop Annick's body, which was kind of okay as long as I was on the lower part. As I got higher, though, well, with my knees apart and my body naked and slick, sliding up and down across her tight little butt, and then up and down along her spine was grinding my naked, swollen pussy all along her flesh, and that only got worse when she turned around.

Now we were breast to breast as I slid my breasts and my pussy up and down her body, and the sexual buzz I'd begun to feel was getting so loud it was starting to almost deafen me. My pussy was throbbing and my pulse racing, and I was having to fight to keep my breathing steady as I slid back and forth across her slick body.

Fortunately, they changed girls before I did anything too embarrassing, and I stood around watching with the others, flushed and overheated. I rolled my eyes towards Annick and she looked more than a little excited too. We exchanged glances, and she smiled shyly.

Chapter Seven

We crossed the Med and stopped and went up the east coast of Italy. It was a wild, exciting, glorious vacation! And I was being paid! I got a million pictures at Naples, and even more in Rome. Our French passengers departed and we took on a bunch of new ones. There were fewer of them, and older and richer. They were all Japanese. That made for a bit of a different sort of cruise as we headed back south.

The Japanese were even more open to nudity than the French had been. They came from a culture where there were still public bathes, after all, even for families. So the Japanese men didn't bother with bathing suits in the pools and hot tubs at all. And while they were older, mostly twice my age or more, they were pretty fit. I guess if you lead a disciplined life you didn't let yourself get too much out of shape.

Kim had warned us about that, and given us something of a lecture on the Japanese culture and morality. There would be no open sex with the Japanese the way there was with the French, she said. But there would be more nudity, and more flirting. Japanese men mostly liked their own company, but they liked to have pretty young girls around as decoration, and almost like pets, the way you'd have a kitten on your lap and absently pet it as you talked with someone.

They also required more formality. We were not to address any of them by their first name, not ever. We also had bowing lessons, which struck some of the girls as very amusing. We had to learn the exact degree to bow, which was fairly low, in fact, because, as Kim said, we were greeting clients, customers, and so we were giving them great status.

“Use their last names, whatever they are, and append the word 'sama' to it at all times, unless they say otherwise,” she said. If they tell you to use their first name, you can use it, but still append the word 'sama' after it. As in, Peter-Sama, say. “They will probably use your first name, since that's what we're giving them, and they will append the word 'chan' after it. These words denote a sense of status which are appropriate to your ages and status as crew to our honorable clients.”

“Honorable,” Annie whispered in amusement behind me.

“The Japanese really like massages,” Kim said. “So if you haven't been learning how to give one work on it. They'll appreciate it.”

“Remember that the Japanese will look down on any display of instability. That means getting angry or sulky or crying, God forbid. If you're annoyed or upset about something go somewhere else to get it out of your system. We want happy, giggly fun around them. These men generally work eighty hour weeks for months at a time, so we want to make things as relaxing and stress-free as possible for them.”

We headed back down the south coast of Italy, then across the Med, headed for Alexandria. We started to get used to our Japanese guests along the way. All spoke English, though some were better than others. And unless they were drunk, they were flawlessly polite. Of course, they were drunk a lot! So that politeness was often absent.

One of them kind of attached himself to me. Mr. Fujii was a hard-faced man in his late forties or early fifties, with a lean, but fit body and, like the others, short dark hair. But he was very kind to me, and his eyes kind of lit up whenever he saw me. At first, all the girls did was sit next to them. It was kind of weird. There could be three or four or six Japanese guys sitting around relaxing and chatting together, but they wanted girls next to each of them, even when they rarely talked to us, and mostly spoke in Japanese.

But each of them liked to keep touching “his girl”, though not in a crude way. So Mr. Fujii's fingers would slide along my arm or along my thigh or along my cheek or neck, or through my hair at any given time as I sat next to him.

I wasn't wearing much because Kim had decreed that we would be topless around the pool and hot tubs. Then she switched out our thong bottoms for these little, uhm, skirts. They were like business skirts, except they were very short, and slit completely up the side, with a little metal clasp on the hip. We wore these wrist bands with them. They were metallic, kind of Arabic-like, and three inches long, and they matched metal chokers which went around our throats.

What we were supposed to be, was Egyptian slave girls, though the wrist bands didn't have any means of being fastened together, nor was the 'collar' locked or anything. I twas kind of a cool look, to be honest. I felt it was erotic and exotic.

The Japanese men certainly appreciated it! Sitting next to Fujii he was able to slide his fingers all the way along my outer thigh and up my hip, and even, on occasion, slip his fingers in through the slit and down along my inner thigh, or sometimes my abdomen.

He never got too far, though. I mean, an American guy would have wanted to see how far in he could get his hand, like right against my pussy, but Fujii was more restrained than that. He was very nice, and very flattering, and seemed to really do his best to make me feel happy. I returned the favor, partly because I kind of liked him, and partly because that was my job. And why not?

We wore the same outfit wherever we went, except the girls working in the bar wore what could best be described as a loin cloth as it was slashed up to the hip on both sides, not just one, and the front and back didn't meet, the way the skirts did, so were always open. Working in the bar you also wore this sort of metallic halter thing, which kind of strapped under and around your breasts, supported them a bit, but still left them entirely exposed.

And that sort of atmosphere, the constant touching and flirting and flattery, eased me deeper into that hedonistic culture the Brazil had so that when Mr. Fujii did get me alone and his hand slid deeper under my skirt I didn't do anything to protest.

We were really just in a narrow corridor, and about to round the corner. He slid his fingers through my hair, drawing my head around, and he smiled at me as his other hand casually slid into the open slit of my skirt and right down into my little thong. I sucked in air, gasping as he bent to nibble on my earlobe. Meanwhile his fingers caressed my pussy and clit with an unerring skill that quickly roused the wild heat which had been simmering within me all day.

His fingers were gentle, but firm, and knew what they were doing as he turned my head and kissed me. His kiss was full but not heavy, as if he was tasting me, and I kissed back with an eagerness which surprised me as my hips began a helpless grinding motion against his fingers.

But then he only chuckled and pulled away, leading us further up the corridor, and then up the stairs to the upper rear deck where there was target shooting. I was disappointed – and horny, as me and several other girls sat and watched the men shooting skeet which was flung off the edge of the deck. They seemed to be

enjoying themselves immensely, while we girls were basically just applauding whenever they hit something.

After that, we went back down to his cabin, with my heart thumping excitedly as he led me inside. I looked around admiringly, for I hadn't really been in any of the guest cabins since Annie had first shown me around. It was luxurious and beautiful, and in the time it took me to look around with unvarnished awe he had stripped completely.

I was a little startled, but didn't resist as he slid his hands through my hair and began kissing me. And before long my little skirt was off and my thong gone. But then, surprising me, he lay back on the bed and invited me to straddle him – not his cock, his face. I had never done that before, and I was a bit giggly and self-conscious as I did. That actually shows you how far my inhibitions had melted because a few weeks earlier I'd have been aghast at the very thought of doing that to a guy I barely knew.

He spent some time stroking my thighs and my butt while his tongue licked lightly at my pussy. At first I wondered if he knew what he was doing, because he wasn't nearly as uhm, enthusiastic as the other guys who had licked me, but the way his tongue slithered around my clit, the way it moved up and down between my pussy lips, the way his lips massaged mine, well, it was serving to raise my internal temperature, but slowly.

Fujii was a man who was used to taking his time, clearly, and I found myself squirming and gasping and wanting to jam myself down harder against his tongue as my pussy began to throb hungrily. But he held my butt in his hands so that I couldn't, and his tongue kept wriggling around, stroking and caressing, dipping and dancing as his hands held me tight above him. It was... incredibly frustrating even while being incredibly arousing!

Then he slapped my thighs, and pushed me gently off him. I was panting, flushed down to my chest, and he chuckled cupped one of my breasts gently, then asked me to get him a drink.

Shit!

Of course I did, though I was a bit fluttery. All the state rooms had a nice bar attached, and I had worked in a bar, of course, so knew something about making basic drinks. All he wanted was some saki, which was a Japanese wine. I poured

for him and brought it to him as he sat on the edge of the bed, but he held up his hand before I reached him, palm outstretched.

“Bring it to me as a slave girl would, Kat-chan,” he said with a smile.

Slave girl? How would a slave girl bring wine anyway?

The only thing I could figure about a slave girl as she would be very obsequious. I was still wearing the metal collar thing and wrist bands, and I felt a sudden sense of excitement, a dark thrill at the thought of being a slave girl. I slipped to my knees on the deep pile carpeting, and kind of shuffled forward, bowing my head, and then raising my hands up towards him, holding the wine.

“Your saki, Fujii-Sama,” I said in my best, whispery voice.

You know, I wouldn't have done that for any of my boyfriends. I mean, there was always, I don't know, a need to fight for position in a relationship, you know, not to let yourself be pushed around or anything, to be an equal. But this was entirely different. And I felt a hot rush of excitement as he took the wine and I remained kneeling before him.

I lowered my hands and looked up at him from under my eyelids.

“Please me, slave girl,” he said.

While I was naked he was still dressed in shorts and shirt. I shuffled closer on my knees and then let my hands slide along his knee and thigh, then as he eased his legs apart, sitting back with a contented smile, I slid my tongue lightly up and down his thigh. I let my hands slide slowly up and down along his bare legs, then let my right hand slide gently in against his groin, rubbing up and down against it. I could feel he was just starting to harden and felt a sense of admiration for his restraint. Then again, he was older than my father, so I guessed he'd had a lot of sexual experiences.

I felt very girlish, very much the, if not a slave girl, then the junior person there as I reached for his pants and undid them. I slid higher, deliberately letting my bare breasts slide against his thigh as I unzipped him. I slid my hands up his chest and undid the buttons down the front slowly, kissing his chest as it was revealed, all the way to his belt line. I pushed his shirt off, then tugged down his shorts, and he lay back and raised his butt to let me pull them off.

Exhilarated, I tried to restrain myself, licking slowly along his inner thighs. I bypassed his cock entirely, licking up along his abdomen and then higher so as to rub my breasts back and forth against his groin. I let my arms press in against them from the sides, squeezing them together as I licked at his belly and mashed my breasts against his rapidly hardening cock, and he sighed in pleasure, sliding his fingers through my hair.

I slid lower, taking my time, taking my cue from him. Sex was not to be hurried, apparently, and I approved wholeheartedly – usually. The problem was that I was incredibly hot! I wanted his cock inside me right away! I restrained myself, though, and brought my hands in against his cock only to raise it up and squeeze my breasts against it again.

Then I slid downward, squeezing his cock as it hardened, pulling it up and licking down around his balls, taking them into his mouth. I licked up along the shaft and slid my lips over it, but then I felt his hand in my hair, felt him grip a thick mass of it, and then he pulled me up and away from his cock, firmly but gently.

“You are too eager, Kat-chan,” he said in amusement.

“I-I'm ... “

He chuckled and then sat up, still holding my hair firmly. He pulled me up and had me sit across his lap, and then parted my legs. He pulled my head back, still gripping my hair, forcing my back to arch, and then his fingers slowly pushed into my pussy. Of course, by then I was hot and wet, molten! I moaned as his fingers pushed through the soft, overheated flesh of my pussy tunnel, then shuddered as his thumb began to stroke across my clit.

He took my nipple into his mouth and began to suck and lick as his fingers pumped in and out of me. My breathing became more and more ragged, and my hips began to grind and buck against his fingers as he pumped faster and faster. Two fingers became three, and with a cry of pleasure and passion I came, arching and twisting and bucking against him as his fingers worked me into an intense orgasm.

And that was just to calm me down.

He kissed me on the forehead, hugged me, rubbed his cheek against mine as he

stroked and caressed my back, and then urged me back onto my knees again.

I started licking at his thighs, taking my time, better able to concentrate now. I mouthed his balls slowly, massaging them inside my mouth with my cheeks, sucking lightly and rhythmically as my hands gently moved up and down his cock. I licked at his balls, then licked slowly, teasingly up the underside of his cock from shaft to head.

I licked down the sides, then mouthed the base of his cock from the side, my lips massaging it as I sucked. I started kissing and licking at the underside of the head, and then pursed my lips and slowly forced my mouth down over the top. At first I didn't suck at all, just let him slide up and down through my lips and across my tongue, then pulled out and rubbed the underside of his now-spit-wet cock against my face.

I took him into my mouth again, bobbing up and down with more pressure now, working my tongue against the underside, and then began to suck. I bobbed up and down slowly, my fist around his shaft for a bit, then, hoping it was a pleasant surprise, I slid my hand away and slid all the way down, my lips straining around the base of his shaft as I looked up his body at him.

He groaned in pleasure, his fingers coming and stroking through my hair as I rolled my face a little on his cock, sucking as best I could given it was blocking my throat. I slid up a bit, then down all the way again, then up a bit, then down before withdrawing all the way and rubbing him gently over my cheeks.

I teased him again, licking and sucking on his balls before slowly taking him into my mouth and down into my throat again, going slowly, following his desire for gentle and measured. But then when I came up again he was breathing more heavily. He pulled me up onto the bed as he scooted out of the way, and positioned me on my knees on the edge. He had me lay my upper torso down flat on the bed, carefully spreading my knees then pulling them forward, raising my butt high into the air as he slowly entered me from behind.

I closed my eyes and groaned in pleasure as I felt his stiff, slick cock sliding into me. I was still overheated, having gotten hot and bothered again while I was sucking his cock, and I felt blissful as he sank his cock deep and then began to thrust.

As before, he was slow and measured, at first, but that soon gave way to hard,

fast and deep, and my hips jerked forward again and again as his hips slapped against my upraised butt. I gasped and grunted and moaned as he drove himself into me.

I'd been done doggy style before, but never like this! I mean, with my breasts flat on the bed and my ass high in the air, with my legs spread. I felt so... open! And his cock thrust deep with every stroke as he leaned into me. I felt his hands on my back, pressing down, kind of jamming my breasts into the mattress as his hips battered my bottom. And I felt my insides churning and swirling with wild heat as his cock spiked deep inside me again and again. It was getting hard to breath steadily, and I was gasping and moaning and cursing softly as he rode me hard.

It was so different from what we'd been doing, but my body was so ready for it! I felt the orgasm screaming upwards through my body and jerked and thrashed helplessly as he continued to ride me, continued to pin me down to the bed, his hips slamming into my ass with eager, even violent force as he pounded me through the orgasm and out the other side.

God it was good!

* * *

Fujii wound up being more or less attached to me during much of the visit. I don't mean I had to be around him all the time, but the Japanese men really liked to have girls around, even when we weren't actually doing anything or talking to them. Eye candy, I guess. I wasn't always with him. There was another guy named Hokkado who liked me too, and on the fourth night I got to try out my 'tantric massage' on him, though I warned him in advance I wasn't all that expert in it yet.

He didn't seem to mind. Then again, how many guys are going to mind a naked girl giving them a massage! I'd had a second little lesson from Mi-Sun since the first, but Hokkado was still my first male uhm, recipient. And since it turned out he'd had it done often before he was great in improving my technique.

Of course, once he rolled over and I was straddling him and sliding myself up and down, well, things took a turn for the more explicit than Mi-Sun had shown us. Partly that was my idea. I mean, I was straddling his lower legs, bent over, slowly sliding my oil-slick breasts up and down along his upper legs. I didn't

stop when I got to his crotch. I thought he'd be disappointed by that, and more to the point, I was horny myself.

Like I said, sliding your naked pussy up and down against soft, oiled skin wasn't something inclined to making you feel pure and chaste! So I did as I'd done with Fujii when I was performing oral sex on him, let my arms press my breasts in together from the side, and then mashed them back and forth over his crotch as I slid up.

That made him hard, though, and that was something Mi-Sun hadn't gone into in her little demonstrations. Since the models had been girls it hadn't even really come up – no pun intended. But now Hokkado was sticking up like a flag pole, and when I slid higher along his body, my belly and then my groin were rubbing back and forth along his erection.

And that was turning me on like crazy! By the time my breasts were rubbing against his chest I was breathless and quivering like a tuning fork. I sat up, hands on his chest, sliding my ass and pussy back and forth over his hard-on, and he was just laying there smiling up at me. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to go that extra step, but I wanted to, and I'd never met a man yet who would have objected.

He didn't.

I rose up a bit, gripped his slippery cock, angled it towards the mouth of my sex, and then sat slowly down on it, moaning as it pushed up into my belly. Once it was inside me I continued slowly grinding against him, back and forth, back and forth, bending to rub my slippery breasts against his chest. Grinding up and down like that was rubbing my swollen clit right against his pubic bone, and my insides pulsed with hunger and need so that I had to start riding up and down on him.

He hadn't really moved throughout, but now his hands came up under my breasts, squeezing and kneading them as I rode up and down. I was leaning forward, hands on his chest, rolling my hips as I rode him, and gasping with the rush of pleasure every time I sank down. His fingers were making my breasts throb with heat and sending more sensations flushing through my nervous system, and in just a couple of minutes the orgasm shook my body and I rode him frantically, gasping and moaning and trying to keep from crying out as I

rode furiously up and down.

I lay forward atop him with a groan, and he stroked my back and buttocks for a minute, then rolled over atop me and started thrusting. I groaned weakly, sprawled back, legs wide, groaning as he stroked into me, and even though my coming had kind of robbed him, I'd think, of the need to hang on, he kept thrusting and thrusting, eventually lifting my legs up and back as the heat started to surge through me again.

He kept pumping until another orgasm washed over me, and then finally let himself go, as well, as I writhed and bucked and shuddered beneath him in the grip of the sensory storm.

I know you're saying I'm a fucking whore, and I can't really say I'd argue with you, except that, well, it's hard to explain how things had come to pass like that, where sex was so common and uncomplicated. And the idea of that felt wonderful and freeing! Nobody judged you poorly and everyone was having a great time! The guests were treating us nicely, and nobody was demanding we do anything we didn't want to do.

I went straight from Hokkado's cabin to mine, had a shower, put on my little skirt again, and went back out on deck, where I found Mr. Fujii on the lower back deck with a half dozen other men sampling a variety of delicacies. And like I said, girls who weren't 'working' were basically free to act like guests. There were several girls with them, but Fujii motioned me over and gave me a hug as I sat next to him, then started encouraging me to sample some of the food.

So even though I worked on the ship it was really almost like, at times anyway, I was a guest on this fabulous yacht, and had all the benefits of any other guest. I ate the same incredible food, got to use all the same facilities, got to see all the exotic places the guests did, and got to hang around with them and have fun almost the whole time. Sure, I had some periods where I was working, but the work wasn't exactly hard, and the shifts were usually like, four hours a day.

We had to put on our tops when we got close to Alexandria, and then dresses when we went ashore. We spent several days touring Alexandria, visiting the old roman ruins, the catacombs, the library and museums. It was really fascinating, and I got a ton of pictures again!

Possibly because these men were all pretty rich, we again had security with us

everywhere, and also because they were rich the Egyptian government let us see things most tourists aren't allowed to, like parts of the catacombs that were closed off, and a new section of roman ruins which were being dug out near the waterfront. One section of an enormous building was still mostly buried, but a part had been dug out. It was, our guide said, once a roman brothel.

Again, because these were rich guys, we weren't being watched like most tourists, and Mr. Fujii waited until everyone's back was turned and then kind of grabbed my hand and led me into the darkened interior as the others moved on.

“What are we doing, Fujii-sama?” I asked curiously.

He grinned and looked at the stone bench in the shadows.

“Two thousand years ago Roman generals and senators came here to...”

“Come?” I said sardonically.

He gave me a tolerant look and tapped his finger against my nose. “You are impertinent, young Kat-chan, but not entirely incorrect.”

And with that he sat down on the ancient stone bench and gave me a look I had come to recognize. I looked around, feeling my heart starting to beat quickly. I felt a wild thrill run through me at the very thought of such a dangerous, outrageous idea!

The doorway was ten feet away, and bright sunlight made the roman carvings and paintings on the walls stand out brightly. I reached down, gripped the hem of my dress, and peeled it up and off. Since it had a bra built in I only had to slip off my thong and then. I grinned at him, running my hands up and down my body, feeling my nipples already rock hard against my hands.

I stepped out of even the sandals, and thought of the fact that two thousand years ago some roman prostitute was likely right here riding a Roman general! Then I stepped forward and climbed onto the bench, facing Fujii, straddling him. He had already unzipped and taken his cock out, and my pussy was already moistening as he rubbed it up and down against me. I let him push himself in, and then sank down, gasping as he started sucking and licking at my nipples, riding up and down faster and faster as the danger and daring made my pulse racing.

I wasn't sure what the Egyptians would do if they caught us but the thought of it was so embarrassing my heart was pounding. Fujii's hands were on my butt, helping me ride up and down, while he sucked and chewed and licked at my burning nipples. It took very little time, with him coming before me, this time. A nearby sound made me gasp and jump off, pulling on my dress quickly as another group came past, and a few people peered into the shadowed interior.

Fujii had already fixed his zipper, and now kicked my thong into the shadows as I slipped on my sandals, then we walked out as people started to come in.

The Egyptians would find my thong eventually, I guessed, but good luck figuring out who it belonged to. I was still horny, though, and Fujii knew it, and spent the next hour or so teasing me at every opportunity where he could touch me without anyone seeing it.

By the time we returned to the ship a couple of hours later I was, to say the least hot and flustered, but glad to be back in the air conditioning. That took care of only my outer heat, of course, not the inner.

Chapter Eight

Drink flowed plentifully, of course, and everyone was in high spirits. The bar was full, and most of the girls not on duty were there hanging out. There were more delicacies being served, along with the booze, and there was a lot of dancing.

I'm not sure who it was that first jumped up onto the stage with the pole, but that was the first time I'd even noticed that the thing was there. In fact, I was sure it hadn't been there the previous day. It was a round stage about two feet high, made of gleaming dark walnut, the same as the wood-grained walls of the bar. It looked like it had always been there, but knew damned well it hadn't been. The stage was about six feet across, and right in the middle was that gleaming stainless steel pole. The lighting in the bar was restrained and low key, coming from discrete pot lights and track lights overhead. But there were several track lights set right over the little stage, making it about the brightest lit part of the bar.

I noticed it when the motion caught my eye, and I saw three girls up on it, all clinging to the pole, pretending to be go-go dancers, all drunk and all having a great time, laughing and giggling. I took note of it but I was sitting with Fujii and didn't pay a lot of attention for a while. After a couple of hours the bar cleared out as usual, but there were still a dozen men there, and almost as many girls, and a couple of the girls, including Sara and Julie were bragging about their abilities on the 'exercise pole'.

That developed into a kind of competition, where they were partly showing off their strength, the kinds of pole dancing exercises we'd all been playing around with for more than a week, and partly showing off their bodies and how hot and sensual they thought they could be. Annie, of course, soon joined in, and Nicole. And the competition had them removing their skirts and dancing in just their thongs, and then, of course, Annie being such a slut and an exhibitionist, she continued the 'strip tease' by removing her thong, too.

She was actually pretty good, I had to admit. She wasn't really all that strong, and didn't have the muscle definition I did, nor could she do the more energetic

things on the pole, but she had a great little body with big boobs, and she was going for erotic, not strength as she writhed and twisted and arched and posed for the watching audience.

The other girls had to follow, stripping as well. It's kind of hard to be a stripper when you're only wearing a skirt and a thong but then, being mostly drunk they would have fallen if they'd gone at it for very long anyway.

Mr. Fujii stroked my back and leaned in towards me. "I bet you can do better than them," he said with a smile.

I was a lot stronger than them and thought I could, but I hadn't really considered taking part. Now that he put it in my head I felt an instant explosion of heat as my pulse rocketed upwards and my chest got tight. I mean, doing stuff anonymously, while everyone is busy fooling around together was one thing, but going up on a stage while everyone stared at me was quite another! But I'd had a few drinks, and more importantly was still sexually frustrated from the trip into the city, because Mr. Fujii had amused himself by keeping me hot and not letting me out of his sight.

He nudged me and, reluctantly, I made my way up to the stage. Heart pounding, I watched Nicole half fall off, giggling and laughing, and then I jumped on and grabbed the pole. I made my body move to the music, but only every second beat, because the music was really too fast for erotic dancing. I made my head roll from side to side as I swung around the pole, sliding my hands up along it to well above my head and turning to face them all.

I let my hips grind slowly, raising my right leg and drawing it straight up ahead of me, then up a bit more as I twisted slowly around the pole. I turned to face it, bending forward, pushing my ass out at them, rolling and grinding it as the music played, then straightened and kind of ground myself against the pole, sliding my hand down, and slipping the clasp at the side of my hip so the skirt fell off.

I leapt straight up, clasped the pole near the top, and slid my legs quickly around it, then slid down, and arched way back as I reached bottom. I twirled around it, and then let it slide across my back as I sank down, doing the splits, knees up and well apart, my hands up high holding the pole, grinding and rolling my hips, arching my back.

I slid down, slumping low, drawing my feet up and back so they hooked behind the pole, then, with hands on the floor, I pushed myself up the pole so I was upside down with it still at my back. I slid back down and when my butt was pressed against it, right at the bottom, let my hands slide down and grip the string, then slid it up my legs, which were still angled up along the pole.

I was naked! The thought hit me like a jolt of power! I felt myself go hot and breathless, felt my pussy throb, felt my nipples burn and my belly begin to churn wildly. It was like... like I was a stripper or something!

I pushed myself back up the pole, still upside down, back to it, pushed myself up high until my hands were gripping the base, and swung slowly around it, forcing my chest out. I was more athletic than most of the girls and had the muscles in my arms to do that where most of them didn't.

I slid all the way down till I was on my back on the stage, drew my legs back and then righted myself. I was breathless as I faced them all, completely naked!

I swung around the pole, arching, grinding, taunting them as my tongue slid across my lower lip and I slitted my eyes. I gripped the pole, put my belly to it, and pushed my butt out, rolling and grinding it at them. One of the girls slapped it and I jerked back and stuck my tongue out at her as the men laughed.

And then I did something I could hardly believe I'd done afterward. I leapt up the pole high, caught it between my thighs and hands, then let my upper body fall back to clasp the pole low down, upside down. I slid down a little, until my hands were on the floor, and then, I eased the tight grip my thighs had on the pole to basically do a handstand, back against the pole.

And then I slowly let my legs open to either side, let them spread as far as they could until the tendons in my thighs were aching and straining.

I felt so incredibly perverted! I felt... so open, so obscenely displaying myself to them all! I was electric with sexual heat and energy, and slid down, collapsed into a heap, and rolled off the stage to much applause.

“Kat wins!” Annie cried.

The other girls and several of the men shouted agreement, and I stood up, swaying a bit, happy, laughing and not at all thinking about what the fucking

prize was. Then the girls all grabbed me. Four of them grabbed one limb each, and as I was just starting to protest and wonder what they were doing, they lifted me up and dropped me on a low table.

The tables were about knee high, and this one was squarish. They dropped me spreadeagled on it, and then Julie knelt between my legs and started to lick me.

I jerked against the girls holding me at first, feeling a sudden hot rush of embarrassment and discomfort, but I wasn't going to get violent or anything, and they were all holding me tight with one hand while the other slid over my breasts and belly as they laughingly urged Julie on.

The prize was an orgasm.

I squirmed mentally, but was soon squirming more physically as everyone laughed and urged Julie on. Her tongue whipped across my clit and her lips sucked hard and my insides began to burn and throb and pulse with unbearable pressure and pleasure. I couldn't restrain it and couldn't repress it, and was soon helplessly bucking and arching and twisting and grinding against her tongue as her fingers pumped hard and fast inside me.

So I had a huge orgasm right in front of them all while Julie licked my clit, and the men were so entertained by that, and I was so dazed by it, that Nicole put on a strap on and fucked me right there, putting my ankles back over her shoulders. She fucked me to another huge orgasm, leaving me gasping, exhausted and sore as she pounded that big dildo in my aching pussy.

* * *

We took a large helicopter to the great pyramids the next day, and that was cool, too, and then set sail for Athens. It took four days to reach Athens, and they were all wild party days and wild party nights. The pole dance thing had done something to my head, as if it had broken free through the last of my inhibitions. I was becoming a creature of wild, unrestrained sexual hunger and pleasure, someone I hardly even recognized.

The ship produced uniforms, like schoolgirl, cheerleader and businesswoman outfits for us to use as stripper clothes, and we had more contests as to who was the best stripper. They tended to end in wild sex in which everyone joined in, though, not just the girls. They were orgies in any way you wanted to think of

them.

The first, which was about our second day at sea, completed the last part of washing away my inhibitions. I didn't win this one because Giselle took part and she'd actually done stripping in Paris a few years earlier, so had more experience. She was also utterly gorgeous. But I came in second. More importantly, the men shouted for lap dances. So me and the girls taking part in the competition gave them lap dances.

The men, for their part of the event, to keep it realistic, slid twenty Euro bills into our thongs and G-strings while we still had them, then into the sides of our five inch stiletto heels. AS the night wore on the lap dances became more graphic. I was hot and horny and breathless, as I gave one. The man, who I'd not even spoken to before, was named Takahashi, and he took out his cock, rubbing it back and forth against my bare little pussy as I ground myself against him. It just seemed natural to rise up a bit, and when he pushed himself into me I sank down and started riding him for all I was worth.

I wasn't the only one either. The contest kind of dissolved into an outright orgy, then, and when I finished riding Takahashi, Hokkado pulled me onto his lap, and I rode him. After that my legs were kind of tired but as I staggered away, someone... and I was too drunk to really even see, grabbed me and bent me over one of the chairs to enter me from behind.

After that Fujii grabbed me. I mounted him as he lay back on one of the low tables, and when a hand gripped my hair and pulled my head aside I saw a cock in my face. I opened my mouth, sucking on it as I rode Fujii, and then someone pushed against my back, bending me further, and I felt a finger, slick with something or other, pushing against my back opening. It hurt a little, but then it was just amazing, incredible, glorious!

I had three cocks inside me, and I came and came and came, drunk on sexual heat and pleasure as their hands raced over my body.

I really don't even know how many guys had sex with me that night. I don't remember it all. It's just a blur of sensations, sights and sounds in my head. I woke up with a hangover, groaning, in one of the guest's bedrooms. I didn't even know whose it was! And he wasn't there to tell me. Naked, I stumbled into the shower, let the water turn cold, and stood under it for twenty minutes, then, with

no clothing in sight, at least none of mine, I made my way naked back to my cabin.

Most of us kind of stopped wearing clothes at all at that point. I had the collar thing on my neck, the bands on my wrists, and then we found more bands and put them on our ankles so that we could play the part of slave girls. We had more partying, more wild sex, and more contests. It was four days of partying until Athens, and then we put on our clothes again to tour the city and its ruins, and to say goodbye to the men.

I was kind of sorry to see Fujii go. He was a cool guy, and I had really liked him.

Afterward, we were all hanging around the pool naked while Kim gave us a little speech on the next group of guests. They were Arabs, and from a Saudi clan, so they were all related, distant cousins. There would be no public nudity whatever, and the pole was taken away. We were to wear bathing suits, but ones that had bottoms, not thongs. And we would wear lacy robes on top of them. The robes were open in the front, tying together loosely between the breasts, and didn't really hide a heck of a lot.

Kim suggested that everyone be more discrete, as the Arabs were considerably less public about their sex than the Japanese.

“You said that about the Japanese,” Annie said, hung over eyes hidden behind really dark glasses.

Kim shrugged. “That's what I was told. We've had Japanese groups before which were like that. This one, well, whatever, things got a little out of hand. We'd like to keep the sex in the guests cabins from now on if you please. So if you feel horny and want to do something, get the guy to take you to his cabin.”

I went back to my cabin, and there found a package for me. It was from Fujii,

“To my little slave girl,” the note said. “With much appreciation.”

I opened it I found a choker. It was thinner, much more delicate than the ones we'd worn playing slave girls. And it had fourteen square cut emeralds across the front. I was in awe! I knew they must be real. Fujii wouldn't give me a fake necklace! I slipped it on, found it fit perfectly, and admired myself in it, then ran off to show Annie. She pulled me down the corridor with her to see Mi-sun,

who, she said, was an expert on jewelery.

“Platinum and white gold,” she said, holding it under the light. “The emeralds look like about a third of a carrot each. So there's over four carrots.”

“What's it worth?!” Annie asked excitedly.

I wasn't really thinking about that, except as it might indicate how much value Fujii had put on our uhm, time together, but I was interested.

“Probably about ten thousand Euros,” she said.

I stared at her in disbelief.

“That's over fourteen thousand dollars!” Annie exclaimed in delight.

“Holy shit!”

“Fujii must have liked you,” Mi-Sun said.

I'd heard of other girls getting more expensive gifts, but this one was right up there, and I looked fabulous in it! I wore it the rest of the day, and then Kim put it in the ship's safe so it wouldn't disappear on us as we got ready for the Arabs to board.

We were all ordered to our cabins while the Arabs boarded. Apparently they were afraid someone would get a picture of them boarding a yacht surrounded by bikini clad girls. So only a few male crewmen, including the security guys, were present. We didn't come out until the Brazil had left shore and was a few miles out to sea.

The Arabs were way different than the Japanese men. The Japanese were so calm and casual about us all, accepting our presence as only normal. After all, these were men who were used to gathering at clubs after work where bar girls would sit and smile and flatter them all evening long. There was rarely any kind of sex involved there, but there was tons of flirtation.

These Arabs had little idea how to flirt, and some of them stared at us like they'd never seen women before, their eyes darting and jerking from one girl to the next. It was kind of unnerving. It's not like we were even all that brazenly

dressed, and I wondered what they'd all been told. Probably that we were whores. But then, to these guys a girl wearing short sleeves was probably considered a whore. Heck, they were Saudis, so a girl showing her face was probably considered a whore.

They settled down after a bit, but it was still such a big change a lot of us girls were finding it a bit hard to figure out how we ought to be behaving. I stood back a bit, studying the men, floating around a little, as if playing hard to get. I could be eye candy without talking to them, after all.

For the most part, I didn't like them, didn't like the way they were behaving. I decided to just do my job, which at that moment was in the exercise room. None of the Arabs seemed inclined to exercise, so I mostly amused myself, did some quick spins on the pole in the corner, and wore myself out on the machines.

After I got off duty I went to my cabin rather than hanging around in the bar or on the decks. I started hearing complaints from the other girls about how rude and crude the Arabs were, but they weren't all that upset about it. They'd been on the ship longer than me and seen a lot of rude and boorish men in a short period of time.

I wandered up later, bored, and noted that the security guys, who were usually absent, were standing around in prominent locations wearing dark suits. They were all smiles, but they appeared to be acting the part of bouncers in a club. I wondered how they planned to toss out a client who was misbehaving? Was there a plank somewhere for them to walk?

I found Max in the bar, and smiled at him across the room, doing things with my tongue and lips to distract him while he pretended to ignore me.

That these guys were Muslims didn't mean the bar was closed. Far from it. If these guys were the type to follow their own cultural laws they wouldn't be here to begin with, or at least, their cruise would not have been on a ship with so many pretty girls on board as eye candy and hostesses. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, most of them didn't handle their booze very well. They got drunk easily, and acted even worse, but they got so drunk they were pretty easy to handle, and most wound up being helped back to their luxurious cabins so they could collapse or throw up in the toilets.

Since Max was busy dealing with drunken Arabs I went up a deck, then outside

and climbed to the top deck to wander and look at the stars. There were hot tubs and chairs up here, but none in use, but near the bow I almost tripped over a guy sitting cross legged on a pillow with a laptop. He seemed just as startled, and then apologized profusely. He was one of the Arabs, but quite young, barely out of his teens.

“Didn't you know the party was inside?” I asked with a smile.

“I am not interested in the party,” he said, manfully trying not to stare into my cleavage. “I do not drink alcohol. For it is forbidden to Muslims.”

“Your friends don't seem to feel that way,” I said.

He shrugged helplessly.

“Surfing the internet?”

“Yes, there are many discussions I am interested in.”

“You could have stayed home and done that,” I said.

“This is not true. Many web sites are blocked in my country.”

“Porn sites?” I asked, more than a little teasing.

“Many sites that have nothing to do with ahm, pornography,” he said.

Even though there wasn't a lot of light I could see him blush.

“So, uhm, do you guys get out much?” I asked, waving back at the bar.

He hesitated. “The members of my clan do not travel very much,” he admitted.

“There is much... temptation, which it is better to avoid.”

“If they wanted to avoid temptation they should have picked a different yacht,” I said with a laugh. “This ship is nothing but temptation.”

“I do not understand why this boat was selected,” he said. “There seem to be many ahm, female crew, and they do not dress... modestly.”

He dropped his eyes uncomfortably.

“Modesty depends on where you come from,” I said. “In a lot of hot countries women wear far less than this. I think the men in your country are just afraid of women.”

“Do not be foolish,” he said, raising his head and scowling. “Men are not afraid of women.”

“Afraid of looking at them anyway,” I said, leaning against the rail.

“The Koran requires that women dress modestly,” he said stubbornly.

“Does it say men can't look at women who aren't dressed modestly?”

“Well, uhm, I am not aware of this.”

“Most men I know like looking at women dressed immodestly.”

“They are Godless,” he said stoutly.

“Are you godless?”

“Of course not! What kind of question is this!”

“So, you don't like looking at pretty girls,” I said, sticking out my chest.

His eyes dropped to my breasts and then he jerked his head down.

I smirked.

“Your eyes seem to want to look at me,” I taunted him.

“You are shameless!” he said.

I smiled and nodded. “Pretty much. I don't think my body is shameful.”

“You are an infidel!”

“So then your rules don't apply to me, right?”

“That is truth.”

“What's your name anyway?”

“You may call me Akil,” he said, raising his eyes up past my cleavage momentarily, then dropping them again.

“Well, Akil, It's a lovely night out, so I think I'm going to have a little dip in the hot tub. You should join me,” I said, mostly to tease him again.

I went back to the hot tubs, which were only a little ways away, and slipped off the robe, then, just for the hell of it, slipped off my bikini top, too before sliding into the water. I was enjoying the solitude, to be honest, but also kind of hoping Akil would show up. It wasn't that I was hot for him or anything, but I found the moral prudishness of Muslims to be kind of annoying, and I would have liked to show the little rube how hypocritical it was.

He was kind of cute, in a slender, geek boy sort of way, and I wondered if he was a virgin. From what I knew about Muslims from the middle east their women had to remain pure as the driven snow, but the men seemed to find all kinds of opportunities to fornicate their brains out, even if they had to leave the country. There seemed to be some sort of loophole in their religious laws which said men could do whatever they wanted with infidels, and I wondered if Akil knew about it.

Sure enough, ten minutes or so later he peeked out from behind the front cabin, eyes wide. The area around the hot tubs was more brightly lit than the bow, and he could certainly see my bare breasts since I was kind of arrogantly leaning back against the edge of the hot tub.

“You are most shameful woman!” he exclaimed, walking past on his way to the stairs.

“I told you, I'm not even a little ashamed,” I said with a smile.

He scowled at me, but couldn't take his wide eyes off my breasts, and then walked into pipe and dropped his laptop. I suppressed a giggle, and instead climbed out of the tub to see if he needed help.

Okay, not really, mostly just to taunt him some more. I was enjoying myself.

“Are you all right?” I asked as if concerned.

He started to rise, turned, saw how close I was, saw me dripping wet and topless, made an inarticulate gasp as his eyes bulged, and backed into the same pipe and fell down again.

“You're going to break your laptop,” I said, bending over.

Of course, that let my breasts hang down just above him, and he stared at them as if he was seeing Allah coming for him.

Suddenly his hands shot out, grabbing at them, and I jerked back.

“Uh, uh, uh,” I said, wagging my finger at him. “I didn't say you could touch.”

“But you are whore!” he protested.

“That word doesn't really work so well in the West, honey,” I said.

Although, to be honest, even by Western standards I was sure acting like a whore lately, so I really couldn't take offense.

I looked down and noted how his robe was bulging up very strongly, repressing a giggle.

“Your body seems to like looking at me,” I said.

He flushed and grabbed his laptop, holding it before him.

“You are whore. You should service me!” he protested indignantly.

“Ah, I should, should I? Have you been serviced before, Akil?”

He scowled. “No. I am a only out of Saudi Arabia once before.”

I wondered, should I take his virginity? Should I show this silly Muslim boy what women could do? He would remember me the rest of his life, I thought, with a sense of smugness.

Yes, I admit, I was becoming a cock-teasing, proud-as-punch-of-my-body little whore.

So what.

“Well, I suppose I could uhm, take care of your little problem for you,” I said
“But you'll have to follow the rules.”

“What rules?” he asked eagerly.

“For one, no grabbing. You can only touch what I let you touch. Got that?”

“Yes,” he said uncertainly.

I pointed at a chair. “Sit.”

He eagerly threw himself into it and I grinned and strolled towards him.

I sank down to my knees before him, then slid my hands up his legs, raising his robe and pushing it back along his thighs. His eyes seemed to bug out of his head and his hands trembled.

I pushed his legs apart and straightened, then took his hands in mine.

“Relax your hands,” I said.

“I do not understand.”

“Don't go grabbing anything with them.”

I brought his hands in under my breasts and he jerked as if an electric wire had just pressed against him. I jerked his hands back when his hands started to turn into claws, and ordered him to relax them again, then rubbed them over my breasts. After a minute I let him close his hands, but gently, kneading and squeezing my breasts.

I'd never shown a guy how to have sex before. It was kind of neat.

I drew his mouth against my breasts and let him lick and suck at my nipples, which burned and throbbed excitedly at the sensation, then slid a hand between his legs, which made him come immediately. Whoops.

He came a ton, though. Jesus. I guess he'd been storing it up since puberty.

He blushed furiously and tried to get up but I pushed him back and bent over, licking my way up and down along his inner thighs. I licked at the come on my

hands and sucked at my fingers while he gaped at me, and giggled a bit. I knew I wasn't going to be getting any kisses from this guy! But that was just as well.

I slid my hand in and began to squeeze his cock, sliding my hands under his balls and massaging them. I bent over him, licking at the head, and his cock began to swell and thicken within less than a minute. That, I thought, was the difference between having sex with a twenty year old and a forty five year old.

I bobbed my lips up and down on his stiff erection as he made more of those inarticulate gasps and moans and groans above me, sucking and licking until he came again in my mouth, which really didn't take very long. Fortunately, it didn't take long to get him up again either. I made him take off his robe, then straddled him, giving him a lap dance, rolling and sliding my body against his, then gripping his cock and guiding it up into my naked pussy.

He stared in fascination down at my pussy, watching his cock sliding into me, and then groaned and started sucking on my breasts as I gently rode up and down.

He wasn't a bad kid, really, even if he did have a limited world view. It was kind of fun to expand that world view. Over the next week, I expanded it a lot, showing him everything from deep throating to tantric massage. I also showed him how to touch a woman and, even, when he was particularly excited, got him to lick my pussy.

He was mostly just an occasional hobby, though. I didn't spend a lot of time with the Arabs except when on duty, and then was mostly just polite. I spent most of my time stalking Max, trying to get him alone again.

Towards the end of the cruise, that is, to where we were going to drop the Arabs off in Istanbul, there was an angry pounding at my door. I didn't answer it, of course. Someone was yelling, an Arab, and I had no idea who it was or why. Before I could even get anyone on the phone the pounding stopped and there was a softer male voice speaking English which sounded very much like Max.

I put down the phone, crossed the floor – naked, as it happened, and opened it.

There was a middle aged Arab there, talking with Max. He whirled when I opened the door, glaring angrily at me but Max slid in between us.

“Really, Mr. Hakim, it is forbidden for guests to come to the crew quarters,” he said soothingly.

“This whore brings my nephew here!”

“Well, she should not have done that,” he said, which was total bullshit, by the way.

“She teaches him perverted things! Sick things! Ungodly things!”

Since I'd seen this guy throwing up in the bar the other night, and eagerly pawing every girl who came near him I made a face at his talk of “ungodly”, which seemed to provoke him further. He started yelling at me in Arabic and trying to push past Max. But that wasn't going to happen, and Max soothed him again and took him away.

“Weird,” I said, closing the door.

I supposed he was talking about Akil, but all the Arab men had managed to dip their wicks a few times in the week long cruise so I didn't have any idea what his problem was. If he'd wanted the kid to stay a virgin he shouldn't have brought him on the cruise.

The door opened a few minutes later, and I sat up in bed.

“Hey, I thought I locked that.”

“Security has keys to all the doors,” he said, closing it behind him.

“So what was his problem anyway?”

“Apparently, his nephew was talking about performing a vile, disgusting act you taught him. His uncle was outraged.”

“Which disgusting act was that?”

“It involved putting his mouth on your nasty little naked pussy, I believe.”

I snorted in amusement.

“He's quite happy the boy lost his virginity, but now you've turned him to an

unmanly pervert who seems to believe licking a girl's pussy is acceptable.”

“His future wife will thank me,” I said.

“I promised him you would be severely punished.”

“Oh yeah? And who's going to punish me?”

“I guess I'll have to do it,” he said.

“Uh huh, and what kind of punishment? Are you going to sing to me?”

“I promised you would be given a sound spanking.”

I felt the corners of my mouth turn up.

“Really?”

He came forward into the room. “I have noticed, Miss Connors, that your morality has eroded considerably since you first came aboard. You've been acting, like a randy little nymphomaniac.”

“I guess I'm a bad girl,” I said mockingly.

“Definitely. And bad girls need to be spanked.”

“But I like being a bad girl,” I said coyly.

“Then you definitely need a spanking.”

I stood up and stepped forward, until my stiff nipples were an inch from his chest.

“And what if I decide to put you on your ass again?” I demanded, poking my finger into his chest.

I yelped as he picked me up bodily and dropped me across his shoulder.

“Hey! Let me down, you big bully!”

He slapped my bottom and I yelped, then he threw me up in the air again and

caught me in his arms before sitting down on the chair next to the dress and turning me onto my belly.

“Don't you dare!” I yelled.

“Ha,” he said.

He slapped my ass again, and then again, and again, with short, sharp little spanks that stung – if not very hard.

“Pervert! Woman abuser! Ow! Stop that! Ow! You're just made because you have such a tiny penis!”

His hand slipped between my wriggling thighs and I gasped as he sort of cupped my pussy, rubbing his hand up and down, his finger stroking across my clit.

“Mr. Hakim wants you put in your place,” he said.

He slapped my bottom again, and then again, fingering me as he spanked, while I wriggled and twisted and gasped in a strange mixture of pleasure and pain. The pleasure greatly outweighed the pain, though, and even the slaps from his hand began to set a sharp little echo of excitement and heat echoing through my body to my pussy.

He managed to turn my ass a bright pink, but my face and chest were flushed almost as much as his fingers pushed into my pussy and twisted around.

“Now I think I need to put you in your place,” he growled.

My place, apparently, was on my back with my ankles pushed back next to my ears as he thrust energetically away at me. I gasped and moaned and grunted as he plunged into me, as his hips slammed down against my upraised buttocks and sent me bouncing down into the mattress – and bouncing back up to meet the next stroke.

My place was then on my hands and knees with him riding me from behind. Then my place was straddling him, riding him up and down, first in the cowgirl, then the reverse cowgirl position. My place was then on the dresser, then on the floor, then in the shower, then in the sink.

I had a lot of places to be put into!

He had amazing endurance. I came too many times to even keep count, and by the time his cock had softened for the last time we were both laying gasping and tired on my bed.

“I hope you're feeling properly chastised,” he said, panting.

“I don't think I'll stop being bad thought,” I said, equally out of breath.

“More punishment is definitely called for,” he said. “Tomorrow.”

He stayed all night. He said Kim didn't want me alone in case that crazy Hakim guy decided to try and carry out his own punishment. That was fine by me, since we got in a lot of cuddling and talking too before falling asleep.

The next day we docked at Istanbul, and the Arabs left. I didn't miss them much, and was delighted to find that Hakim had left me an emerald ring. I thought that was a heck of a coincidence, but it turns out that the guests wind up talking to Kim about what gifts the girls would like and I guess she knew I really liked the Emerald choker. Oh, and the ship kept a number of suitable gifts on hand in the safe, to be sold at a reasonable price. Are they thoughtful or what?

I got to see Istanbul with Max, and he got to carry out more chastisement, both on the ship and in a variety of wild nightclubs we visited while we overnights. We went back through the Aegean empty, so it was just a relaxing little cruise for us until we picked up some Germans in Greece then headed for the Atlantic.

I wound up staying on the Brazilian for two years. They were amazing years, like living life in a dream. I got to visit almost every major city in Europe and North Africa, and the Brazilian traveled through the Suez Canal the second year, and on to the Gulf and then India and on to Japan. I collected quite the jewelry collection, not to mention saving most of my salary. That thousand a week starting salary, by the way, had risen to two thousand after three months, and four thousand after a year, so I was walking away with something like three hundred thousand dollars in the bank and almost that much in jewelery I'd been given as gifts over the two year time span.

You might wonder why the hell I would leave a job like that given how my inhibitions had evaporated. All I can say is that it's an incredible fantasy life, but

as much fun as it is, you can't live like that forever. You can't live your life in an amusement park, however much fun they are. And the Brazilian was little more than a sexual amusement park that moved around a lot.

I returned home and went back to school, taking business and finance. I'd made a lot of connections among a lot of important men, and I had learned a lot from them about how to make money in the world. No, it wasn't all just sex!

After graduation I moved to Zurich. Max had stayed with the Brazilian another year, and then gone to set up a private security company specializing in very high end protection for very high end people. He and his friends knew a ton about security and almost nothing about financing or managing a business. That was where I would come in. And with their connections and mine, well, we were soon making a name for ourselves and pulling in a lot of cash at the same time.

There wasn't nearly as much sex, but life was a lot more varied and interesting, and whenever I got too arrogant Max was around to chastise me.

End

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