

B2B: Boss to Bimbo II A Deal Maker

Story by Michelle Young



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"Oh, you're such a klutz, Miss Pinkie! Get those sweet cheeks of yours in gear or we'll be late!" Rachel exclaimed, exasperated with her awkward assistant.

Gordon Goodwell had acquired a nice little collection of nicknames since losing the family business, and all his dignity to Rachel Sinclair several months ago. Miss Pinkpanties, as her corporate identification card now read, was usually used for more formal occasions like client and board meetings. Ms. Sinclair did without such formality in the office or at her new three-level city loft where Pinkie spent several hours each day polishing hardwood floors and ironing clothes on her off time. Pinkie, or Miss Pinkie, was Rachel's new favorite. Rachel knew she hated it, but there was nothing she could do now. Miss Panties was another, first blurted out by Ms. Singleton, after which Rachel and she giggled in hysterics between sips of their morning coffee. Miss Panties just cringed and gritted her teeth adding another sugar to Ms. Singleton's cup on demand. Roger Broomble in shipping & receiving had taken to calling her "sugar plum," generally followed by a swift pat on her bottom. Katie McCaulley in advertising preferred "hot bottom." Ms. McCaulley delighted in interrogating Miss Pinkie about her wardrobe interrupting her daily trips to fetch Ms. Sinclair's inter-office mail.

"My my, hot bottom... those shoes are to die for! You must tell me where you got them," Katie would smile seeing Pinkie teetering by in her latest pair of stiletto high heels.

It made her stomach churn, but Miss Pinkpanties would dutifully reply with full details -- where she got them, how many pairs she tried on, how well they coordinate with her outfit, whether they were on sale or if a matching purse was available.

"Yes Miss Sinclair... right away, Miss Sinclair," Pinkpanties huffed, hurriedly gathering an unmanageable stack of papers in her hands.

She just couldn't quite get a grip on all the slippery file folders. They were slipping out of her hands and falling all over the floor at her feet. Holding onto much of anything proved quite difficult. Rachel insisted that Pinkie maintain perfectly manicured, very long fingernails with three appointments at the manicurist each week.

"It's all about how you look, sweetie, not about how easy it is to use your hands," she explained on more than a few occasions. "I never said being pretty was going to be easy, did I?"

"Miss Panties! Are you ready yet!" Rachel chided from the door, impatiently glancing at her Cartier diamond wristwatch.

"Yes Miss Sinclair... coming Miss Sinclair," Pinkpanties sputtered distractedly.

Panties was finally getting the better of the errant files when another one slid off the top of the stack. She lunged forward in haste to catch the run-away sheath of papers and all the others went down in a single fluid motion. Papers went sprawling in every direction on the slick marble foyer. Her sudden forward motion proved too much for her decidedly low-cut dress to handle. Both bulbous breasts popped out from under their hiding place.

"Damn, damn, damn..." she muttered, straining to grab some paper with one hand and tuck herself back inside the dress with the other.

"What is taking so long... Just look at what you've done, doll!" Rachel exclaimed, "Quickly now or we'll be late," she sighed, glaring disapprovingly at her disheveled secretary, "My clients have flown all the way from Japan. The least you can do is carry my papers across town without so much nonsense!"

Rachel rarely lost her temper with Miss Pinkie. She recalled the moments when Gordon Goodwell's face turned fire red and some insubordinate had to endure fifteen minutes of nonsensical spit showered screaming. She wouldn't give Pinkie the satisfaction of letting her know she had triggered a nerve. It was much more fun, and satisfying, to endlessly humiliate her underling.



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Pinkpanties' too short hemline and carelessly stuffed breasts didn't escape notice in the crowded uptown hotel lobby. Desperately clinging to her paperwork, she instinctively tried delicately to pull her skirt down a centimeter or two, which proved impossible. She nervously glanced about as yet another group of men passed by, their eyes either ogling her tightly wrapped behind or openly staring at her ample cleavage, or both. Wondering if her panties were on display, she gulped and tugged yet again at the hemline in vain. Over the past few months, this new life had become routine at the office, but Rachel's insistence on taking her out in public was often too much for Panties to get used to. This time it would be quick and soon they'd be secluded in the elevator and on their way to a private room. The weekly afternoon trips to the department store and hours of trying on new g-strings, high heels, and lipstick were more than Pinkie could stand. Rachel never passed up an opportunity to tell Gordon Goodwell's story to a curious salesgirl.

"You look very nice, sweetie. Stop fidgeting with yourself. Just look at how these gentlemen are checking you out!" Rachel complimented loud enough for the bystanders to overhear, her right hand reaching around to smooth out Panties' dress from behind, "Who would have thought that Mr. Gordon Goodwell could become such a pretty little thing and turn guy's heads like that," she smirked.

Pinkie turned two shades of crimson red. The self-conscious tugging of her hemline had drawn her dress low enough to reveal half a stiff nipple and draw even more attention from the crowd. Rachel loved it when Panties got herself into more trouble. She smiled at the others near the lift. Pinkie bit her lower lip and closed her eyes wishing she was somewhere else, somewhere safe. Hearing her former name in public sent shivers down her spine and memories of what once was flooding into her mind. She opened her eyes to look at the floor hoping the busy lift had arrived, but her immediate attention was quickly diverted to the tent poles forming in the gentleman's pants.

"Oh my, sweetie... are we checking out the fellas? Good girl!" Rachel teased.

Some of the men turned quickly in embarrassment and shot their hands in their pants pockets.

"If you're ever lookin' for some extra work, just give me a call, darlin'," one man said looking at Rachel and slipping a business card under the lip of Panties' pink purse.

"She may just need some extra work!" Rachel replied to Pinkie's astonishment, "Thank the gentleman, Miss Pinkpanties."

"Tha... thank you, sir," Panties said, struggling to swallow the uncomfortable lump in her throat.

Ding the lift chimed. Startled but relieved, Pinkpanties hurried in after her boss still tugging at her hemline and almost letting the purse slip off her shoulder. The doors slid shut and she took a deep breath to calm her embarrassment.

"Finally!" Rachel declared after Panties gathered up her mess, "Here, darlin' sling this pretty purse on and let's go," she continued, adding a hot pink handbag to her assistant's burden.



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"Ah, Kato-san! Good afternoon... So nice to see you!" Rachel greeted the robust oriental man when the suite's door opened.

Still lightly gripping Rachel's hand, Mr. Kato's attention, and that of the other three gentlemen in the room, was firmly fixed on the pretty blonde standing next to her.

"I trust your flight was comfortable, Kato-san," Rachel quizzed rhetorically, "Please, gentlemen, allow me to introduce my lovely new assistant, Miss Pinkpanties." she added, winking and turning to give Mr. Kato a better view of the demure girl behind her.

Panties felt hot in the skimpy clothes and very uncomfortable. She tried unsuccessfully to hide behind the mass of papers in her quivering hands. Nervously glancing in no particular direction, she felt violated by the lusty leers from the glassy eyed men standing in the room. She shifted side-to-side teetering in the extra high heels Rachel picked out for the meeting. Her recognition of the men assembled in the room was unmistakable making matters worse.

The year previous, these same men were sitting in the top floor conference room at Goodwell Industries and the company president, Gordon Goodwell, was laughing at the paperwork spread out on the table.

"Your company isn't even listed on the Nikkei index, for chriss sake. Is it even a company?" Gordon laughed to his cronies, "You expect us to sign this deal? I'm afraid you've wasted a long trip over here," Goodwell half pushed the papers back and slung his feet on the table.

"This is guaranteed, Gordon-san. You've seen the figures and production output. We stand to make millions! A fool would turn down this offer!" Mr. Kato exclaimed storming out of the conference room.

"Please, ladies... do come in!" Mr. Kato stopped staring long enough to say, "We are very pleased to meet you and your lovely assistant," he added, unable to peel his eyes away from Panties' abundant cleavage, "It is a shame we were not able to do business last year, but at least I see that Goodwell Industries is now in more capable hands, Ms. Sinclair."

Pinkpanties could hardly stem the rising panic boiling inside. There was no way to be sure that Rachel had told the men from Sikko Manufacturing her little secret. None of them glinted any recognition at first glance. To make the situation more unbearable, the evident thirsting attention she was receiving from all eyes in the room was intolerable. She had never experienced such a nasty look-over, even during the worst situations Rachel created. It was as if she was nothing more than an object for their amusement. In the office the men had playfully ogled her, stealing a few quickies up her skirt now and then, but nothing as terrifying as this. These men were like animals, predators hunting prey. She shivered uncontrollably and whispered to Rachel.

"puh... please... can we go?"

"Nonsense! Mr. Kato and his associates here have graciously agreed to meet us and give us this opportunity to showcase our services and expertise. Don't worry about them dear," Rachel grinned conspiratorially, "Like most men, they're just admiring a pretty little girl like you, sweetie."

"But... I'm not really... and I've met..." Pinkpanties stammered barely able to control her anxiety.

"Oh hush! You will do as you're told," Rachel chided.



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"This one is cute, no?" one of the men sniggered while the others laughed.

Pinkpanties stood awkwardly, knees shaking, clutching the small handbag near her crotch trying to hide her emerging erection. No! Not again, she thought. The medicine Rachel had given her was tingling her cock and causing it to stiffen. There was little the thin tight dress material could do to conceal it. Eyes downcast, she blushed as another man made another rude comment getting closer to her. Ms. Sinclair was busy with the others making small talk and laying out the papers Panties had carried over on the table. She paid no attention to Pinkie and her worsening situation nearby. The other two men in the room not involved in the direct negotiations drew closer and stripped Pinkie naked with their eyes. She swallowed hard in unanswered desperation.

"Please help me!" she squeaked silently.

Her eyes darted over to Rachel, her only protector, by now fully engrossed in the discussions, arms waving animatedly to make a point. There was no rescue. The months of transformation had made Pinkie incapable of doing much of anything on her own. She was completely dependant on Rachel. For a moment she thought about a quick escape out the door, down the elevator and back to the office. That would mean walking sixty-eight blocks dressed like a two-dollar whore in heels already wearing out her legs. A taxi, even a city bus was out of the question. Pinkie wasn't allowed to carry money of any kind. Her minimum wage salary went into a special bank account Ms. Sinclair had established. The money was used to pay for Pinkie's one room studio apartment and a subscription to Glamour magazine.

"Yikes!" Pinkie screeched, half leaping out of her heels.

A cold hand had suddenly slipped up Pinkie's skirt from behind. The hand's masculine grip tightened around her balls and squeezed. Her involuntary erection went full blast and poked straight out as if it was trying to pierce the thin material clinging to it.

"Ah ha! I was right! She is a he all right, Juto-san!" the grabbing man declared, "Here, feel for yourself!"

Juto-san, noticing Pinkie's obvious problem, smirked. He took full hold of her stiff member through the dress and pressed his lips to Pinkie's ear.

"Ah, good little bitch!" he whispered hungrily, "You taste good, little girl!" he added, sticking his tongue down Pinkie's ear canal.

Mr. Kato, dropping a few ice cubes into a glass and pouring himself a Scotch, witnessed the scene with intent interest from his vantage point at the room's mini bar. He decided Pinkie was more interesting than Ms. Sinclair's business proposal, as she hoped would be the case. Kato copped a good long feel for himself and grinned from ear to ear.

"Ms. Sinclair! Your promises are true. She is just what you described! Our business together will be very mutually beneficial!" he laughed loudly.

Pinkpanties gripped her skirt hem tightly trying to push the offending hand out from between her legs and ward off the other two men now groping her body. Her eyes wide in terror, she searched the room for some sign of help. The realization of her role in the proceedings suddenly overwhelmed and sickened her. Similar enticements were not uncommon in the world of corporate negotiations. Gordon Goodwell himself had both benefited from and arranged such dealmakers on numerous occasions.

Rachel looked up briefly from the paperwork and winked at Mr. Kato. She cast a weak smile at Pinkie, which did little to relieve her growing desperation. Some of the finer points in the contract were being discussed in detail. The businessmen not consuming Pinkie argued over a few one-sided clauses that would result in Goodwell Industries reaping fifty one percent of the merged venture. Rachel anticipated their hesitancy and she smiled broadly at Pinkie.

"Well, gentlemen..." Rachel said leaning back in her chair, "...There is little point in arguing over small things. Let's take a break. I'm sure you'd like to unwind a little after such a long journey."



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"Come over here, honey buns," Rachel called from across the room.

Peals of laughter followed Pinkpanties as she rushed to stand by Rachel's side. For a brief moment she felt safe.

"Oh, thank you... thank you, Ms. Sinclair," Panties whispered, adding a long exhale to relieve her pent up tension.

Rachel smiled back, a mischievous glint in her eye. She brushed her hand over Pinkie's protruding structure and giggled.

"All this attention is getting you hot and bothered," Rachel pouted her lips as if speaking to a small child, "Poor thing. You're just ready to burst through your pretty dress, aren't you?" she added, pushing aside a few strands of blonde hair that had fallen in front of Pinkie's face.

Rachel turned her attention back to the men, now standing in a close group all eyeing the worried secretary. Panties' eyes darted to and fro, her hands unable to conceal the hard problem under her dress.

"Gentlemen, we are all adults here. You didn't think I brought along Miss Pinkpanties for her note taking skills, did you?" Rachel laughed, "I think you'll find Goodwell Industries to be very generous on many levels. I wouldn't be much of a hostess if I didn't make all of you as comfortable as possible. Miss Pinkie here will be more than happy to assist in your relaxation, won't you sweetie?"

"Puh... please, Ms. Rach... I mean Ms. Sinclair," Pinkpanties stuttered fearing her mistake in words, but not as much as the fear caused by Rachel's invitation.

Rachel's right hand swooshed through the air and landed square on Pinkie's blushing cheek. The blow snapped Pinkie to attention and her eyes became moist. There was no need to emphasize the error she had made with words.

"Now, sashay your little bottom over to the bar and make drinks for these gentlemen," Ms. Sinclair ordered, adding another slap to Pinkie's rear as she teetered away. "I do apologize for her behavior, gentlemen. I'm sure you can appreciate the value of good discipline in the work force."

"You know well, Ms. Sinclair... we are Japanese and our traditions are built on discipline. I like your style... and your taste in employees!" Kato replied, accepting another glass of Scotch from Pinkie's trembling hand.

Once all the men had a full glass, Rachel stood and grabbed Pinkie's wrist tugging her into the adjacent bedroom. The men followed. Rachel stood behind Miss Panties running her hand gently along the curves of Panties' waist and hips as if showing off a visual aid during a board meeting.

"You can see that she is very happy to meet all of you. I could barely tear her away from the dressing room this morning. She spent hours fussing with her make-up to look her best for tonight," Rachel added, her hand gingerly toying with Pinkpanties' breast and tweaking her nipple to illustrate the point. "Just look under her skirt and you'll see just how delighted she really is."

Panties went into another panic; her eyes wide in shock, that sickening feeling in her stomach began to twist her gut. She stood riveted to the spot, too frightened to move a muscle. Mr. Kato eagerly stooped down and peeled away Pinkies' dress and along with it her last remaining hope the inevitable could be avoided.

"Now there's an offer I cannot refuse!" Kato exclaimed excitedly. Written across the back of her panties were the words: Fuck Me in neat red embroidered girlish script.



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Rachel stepped aside leaving Pinkie standing alone at the center of the closing ring surrounding her. Ms. Sinclair smiled as she watched the men encircle Pinkie, their hands groping her body violating her personal space. One man gripped her upper arm with vice like force. Pinkpanties protested a weak squeak and struggled to move away. The manhandling was too much to resist, her arms were pinned by strong hands. She felt the rough skin of more hands on the tender flesh of her inner thigh through silk stockings. The hands were spreading her legs apart and exploring her most sensitive areas.

Gordon Goodwell knew the men wouldn't stop. It wasn't that long ago he was chasing Julie Newberry around the conference room table after hours one Thursday night.

"I know you want it, sugar lips. Don't be such a tease," Gordon had whispered in Julie's ear after pinning her spread eagle on the table. "You do want that raise, don't you, honey?"

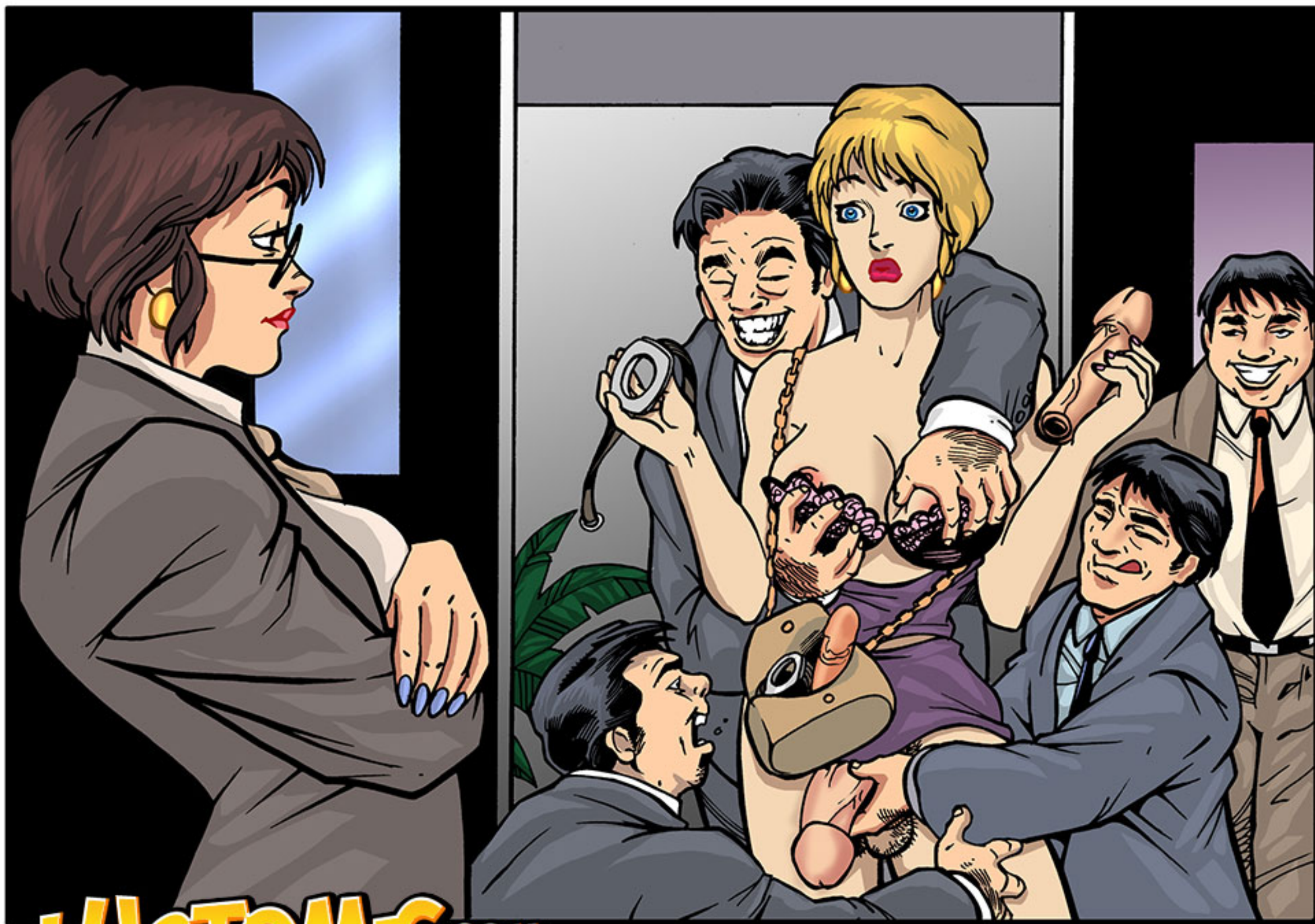
One of the men suddenly looked over at Rachel, a confused expression on his face.

"Oh, don't worry about it Taka-san. Her panties will keep things neatly tucked away. It won't give you any problems... I promise." Rachel beamed, answering his query without the question having to be asked.

Satisfied, Mr. Taka turned back and eagerly slipped his hands into Pinkies' low cut dress and popped out a round fleshy breast to toy with. His lips encircled her pink spot like a suction cup and his teeth began lightly chewing on her nipple. The flickering of his tongue on the very tip sent tingled waves on a direct course to her groin. She still had needs, especially after months of enforced chastity. Rachel had ensured there were no unnecessary accidents during Gordon's transition. The measures were needed to make sure Pinkie would perform her best at times like these. Pinkie was overcome by loathing and sexual excitement, not sure which feeling was strongest or worse. Fluid began to drip from her member staining the front of her pink panties with a round dark spot.

"Oh, and ah..." Rachel began, motioning to Pinkie's purse, "She's brought a few of her favorite toys along too. Darling, why don't show them your little party favors!"

Panties relinquished the purse and a tear edged down her cheek.



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"No! Oh Please!" Pinkie exclaimed in one last effort of resistance.

She watched with wide eyes as the contents of her bag were yanked from within.

"Ah yes... naughty girl like naughty things!" Mr. Kato said, fondling a fleshy colored phallic shaped device, "You have many surprises, don't you, little girl?"

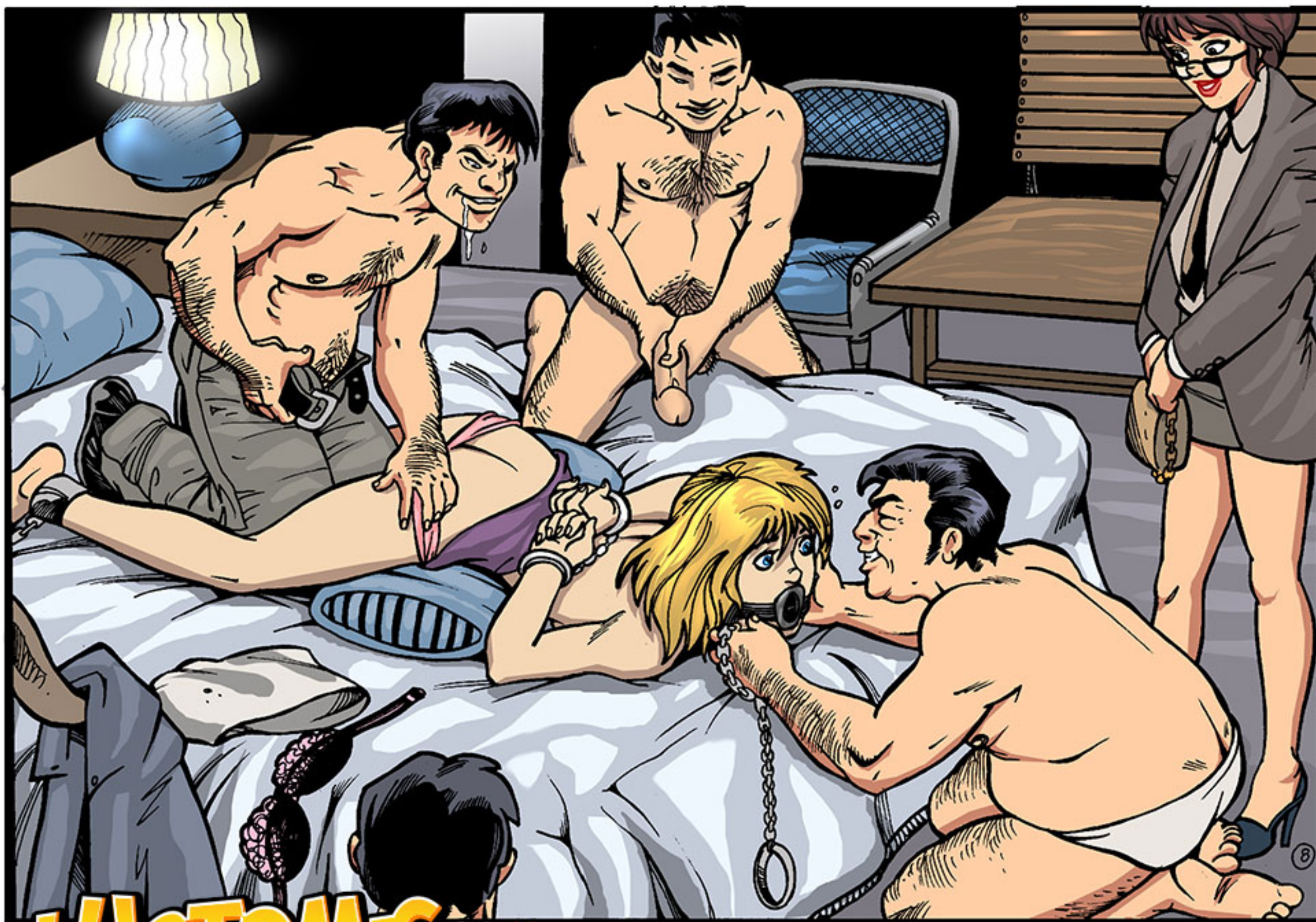
"Yesss, Kato-san... and another surprise right here," Mr. Taka announced reaching between Pinkie's crotch from behind.

The other men emptied the purse and put its contents on display for all to see: a short chain leash, collar, ring gag, and some more interesting equipment.

"Give me that!" Mr. Taka half shouted in excitement as he reached for the ring gag.

Rachel giggled merrily as she watched the scene unfold. The men were behaving like children unwrapping a birthday present. All men are like little boys when they have toys to play with, she mused, watching the scene unfold better than she'd planned. Before Pinkie could seal her lips, the ring gag was jammed between her teeth forcing her mouth into a perfect o shaped circle. Rachel noted the masculine force with which the leather collar was strapped and buckled around Pinkie's neck. That'll be uncomfortable, she grinned, casually sipping her drink. Handcuffs snapped around each wrist forcing Pinkie's arms behind her back. Pinkie's struggling was barely evident during the frenzy. These guys are good, she thought. I can't imagine what they must get into in Japan. No wonder old Gordo liked to travel to Tokyo so much.

Rachel finished her drink and decided to make another. The open jawed unintelligible squeals coming from Pinkie's gaping mouth filled the room. She could hear the sound of zippers being jerked down and heavy panting. Rumors of Gordon's after-hours activities had always buzzed in the office hallways, even more so now that he had become Miss Pinkpanties. Prior indiscretions quickly became public knowledge and subtly Gordon paid for each one as his daily humiliation continued unabatedly. He would pay not so subtly this evening. Revenge, Rachel thought, was best served long and hard. She pondered back to the cold fall day this whole bizarre arrangement began. Her hand reached behind her and she gave herself a feel pretending it was Gordon's meaty paw patting her bottom in the conference room. She blurted out an audible laugh and sauntered back to the center of activity, drink in hand.



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Several unyielding tugs at the cuffs and Pinkie knew there was nothing she could do but succumb to the aggressive attentions. She had given up the vocal protests; none were answered or cared about. All that frantic huffing and puffing seemed only to spur the men on. She was roughly hoisted face down on the bed arranged in the perfect position to afford easy access to all entrance points. The men worked precisely, an obvious Japanese attention to detail, adjusting her ring gag to ensure unimpeded entry. A few pillows raised her hips to just the right height. Once Pinkie was firmly in the correct position, the salivating pack undressed. From her hindered vantage point all Panties could see were engorged male members and flabby guts spilling out over dress pants as belts were unbuckled and trousers dropped to the floor.

"You've got sweet lips, little girl," Mr. Kato hissed, his hands pulling on Pinkie's ears. "I've got something more sweet right here!" he laughed.

From behind, Mr. Taka took hold of Pinkie's panties and yanked them down nearly tearing the delicate silk fabric from her body. His rigid tool was dripping with excitement, a few drops landed on Panties' exposed flesh. Panties jerked to one side trying to avoid another dripping, but a hard open palm strike of Taka's masculine hand on her left cheek said otherwise. Panties squealed through the ring gag and they all laughed.

"Going someplace, little bitch," Taka asked to the delight of the audience and added another sound slap for effect.

Rachel noticed that Pinkie's pink lacy bra had disappeared, stuffed into a pocket no doubt to become someone's souvenir of the evening's activities. She'd be punished later for losing it, Rachel smiled.

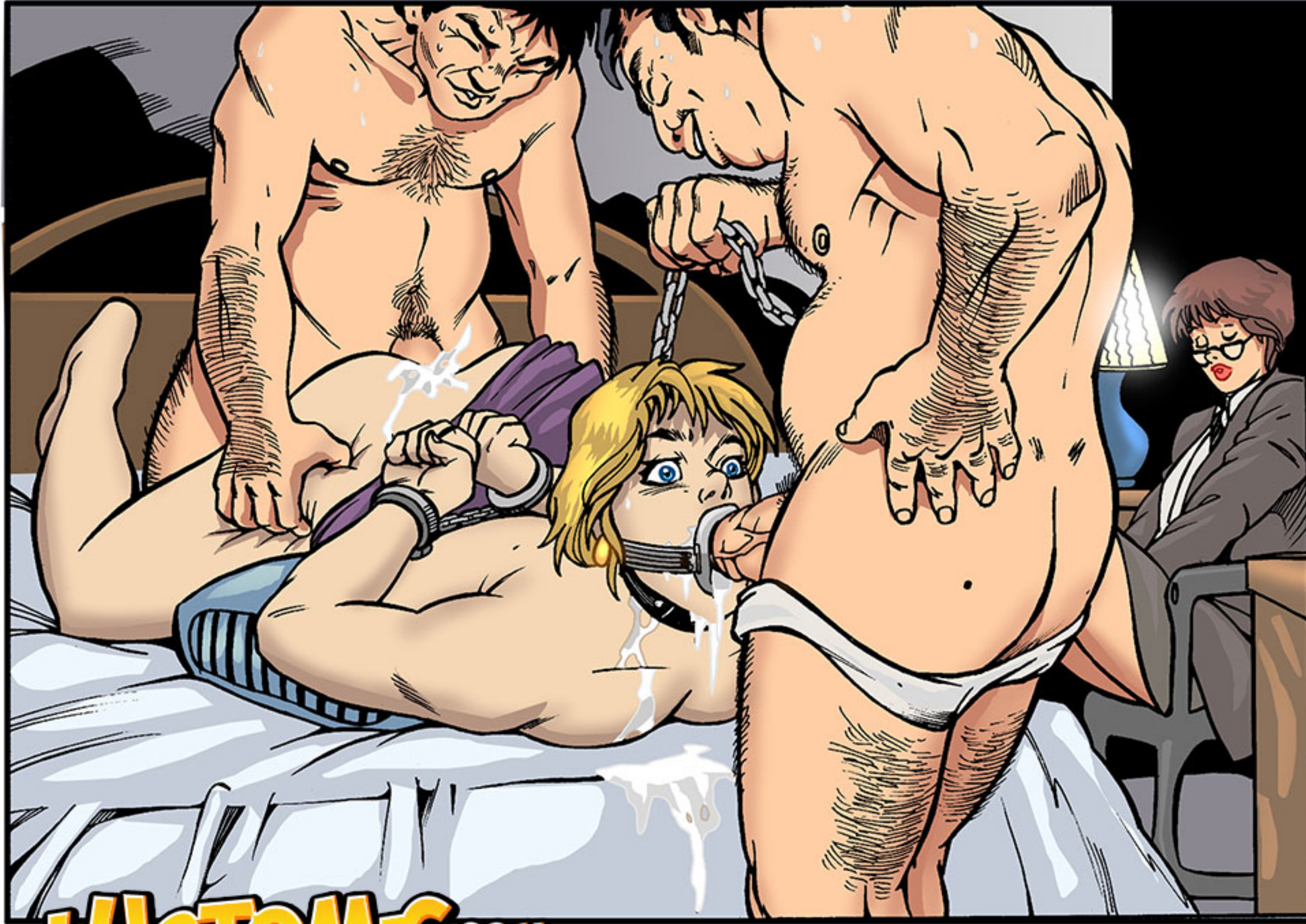
Keeping with Japanese tradition, the senior members would take the first stab at their corporate incentive. Much chatter was thrown around the room and although Rachel didn't speak fluent Japanese, she had a good idea what they were talking about. While Kato and Taka adjusted position, the other men busily stroked themselves patiently waiting their turn.

Rachel took the opportunity to feel her own excitement growing between her legs. Her arousal the product of Gordon's latest predicament, not from any thought of the men around her. She found them to be less than tasteful and regarded their activities as shameless. That, however, made it all the worse for Gordon, which was the point. She'd not only get to witness Gordon's ultimate humiliation, but Miss Pinkpanties would seal a deal that would almost double earnings for the fiscal year.

Mr. Kato held his member at its base and playfully slapped Pinkie's cheek, leaving behind a trace of his fluid. He squeezed his fleshy tool and pushed out a little more sticking just the tip into Pinkie's open mouth. The sour taste made her gag, but nobody noticed. Her eyes opened in wide circles when Kato grabbed her head from behind. He pulled hard and thrust his pelvis in one motion to squeeze his bulbous head through the tight ring. Another deliberate yank and he was all the way in, his prickly sack bounced off of Pinkie's chin and his floppy stomach rested on her forehead. The warm probe reached to the very back of Pinkie's throat evoking a gag reflex. It withdrew suddenly. Pinkie inhaled deeply catching her breath before it shot back in and produced another retch, another breathless cough. Kato's moistened gut coated her face with a thin covering of sweat. The ring gag was tight around him. It became tighter with each quickening stroke, her mouth arousing his excitement to even greater hardness. Pinkie's jaw ached, but Kato maintained the cruel pace to match his level of his stimulation slowing the fervent pitch only when he wanted to extend his pleasure.

"Kato-san... how does she feel?" one of the spectators asked in Japanese, his own dripping bulb stiffening from quick strokes.

Kato grunted a reply and tightened his grip on Pinkie's ears.



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Pinkie could hardly catch her breath. Kato's engorged member filled her mouth as his gut smothered her nose with each thrust forward. Every muscle in her body tensed in unison feeling the intense pressure building from behind. Taka's implement was unrelenting. He gripped Pinkie's tender thighs in strong hands and jerked her back to meet his rigid cock, its slick head popped inside her painfully. His body went forward and with it the entire intrusion shot inside Pinkie until his scratchy crotch hair tickled her fleshy bottom. Taka was abnormally large for a man of oriental descent. The sudden thrust of his inflated tool nearly tore Pinkie in two, or so she believed, the pain intense. Taka pulled back, groaned while tightening his grip around Pinkie's waist and pushed all the way back inside. The process was repeated. He quickened the pace and then slowed. Pinkie's inaudible squeals and struggling produced added vibrations in her oral cavity still being explored by Kato. This only served to intensify his pleasure and caused him to work harder, his cock reaching further back into Pinkie's throat to take full advantage of her vibrations.

Beads of sweat dripped from Taka's nose and plopped on Pinkie's ass. His rhythm imitated that of Kato until both men were in sync pushing and pulling in unison. Pinkie recognized the signs. Their members twitched and muscles stiffened.

"Ah, yes... little bitch! That's it... that's it," Kato moaned.

Taka sucked air between clenched teeth taking his pace up another notch. Kato was first. Suddenly, the onslaught in Pinkie's mouth stopped briefly, he pushed all the way back and tugged sharply on the leash. The first explosion coated Pinkie's throat in salty fluid. She coughed and twisted trying to gasp a breath while the liquid slid down into her stomach. A moment later another eruption spewed Kato's juice on her tongue. His release was timed and disciplined to give maximum enjoyment. Taka was getting ready from behind, his muscles flexing to resist his urge to the last possible moment. It was as if Taka's erection was a tube of toothpaste and someone just stepped on it. He went off in one forceful blow, his warm semen felt by Pinkie from the inside. His sticky mess followed him when he withdrew, it dripped down Pinkie's crack and collected between her legs. Taka took a deep breath and slapped Pinkie's bottom leaving a dark pink handprint on her white skin. He laughed out loud.

"Nice," Taka hissed.

The other two men, now feverishly stroking their excitement, wasted no time in replacing Kato and Taka at both ends. Pinkie barely had enough time to suck in a few needed breaths before she was entered roughly in front once more. She didn't know what tasted worse, the men's belly sweat or their musky sex fluid. This time, the two men decided to switch positions half way through their course. Pinkie got a taste of her own ass and whatever was left over by Taka when the man from behind stuck his member in her mouth. They switched back and forth a few times until they too were ready to release their pent up desires. The man in front pulled out of Pinkie and stroked himself hurriedly until his mess shot out in streams all over Pinkie's face. His fluid stung her right eye and dripped down the side of her face carried by her now tearing eyes. The man from behind also decided to withdraw and left his seed on Pinkie's bare back.

Rachel watched intently fascinated as they used Pinkie over and over again. She toyed secretly with her own excitement. Her face however betrayed nothing but small gasps of pleasure exhaled from her lips. It was already late and Rachel lost count of the number of times the men released. How long can they keep this up, she wondered. It was more than she hoped for when planning the meeting.



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Still breathless from his activity, Kato sat with Rachel sipping coffee. The other men continued the foray unashamedly in the nearby bedroom.

"I believe we have a deal, Miss Sinclair," Kato announced.

Yes! Rachel congratulated herself. Kato scribbled his signature on several of the documents.

"It is a pleasure to finally do business with Goodwell Industries, Miss Sinclair," Kato said handing back the signed papers, "And a pleasure to meet your assistant," he added with a wink.

"I'm sure you will find many benefits through our arrangement, Kato-san," Rachel beamed.

"I look forward to these benefits, Miss Sinclair, and to a long and prosperous future between our companies," Kato said.

"I really must be going, Kato-san," Rachel advised, collecting the signed documents.

Pinkie finally relaxed as best she could when she heard Rachel's excuse to leave. She could hardly wait to have the cuffs, now digging into her skin, removed and get back to her one room apartment to shower this night out of her memory. Rachel made no movement toward her. Instead she began walking to the door. No! Please! Pinkie could only speak to herself, her mouth was still being used.

"My attorneys will prepare all the necessary follow-up documents, Kato-san. Again, it was a pleasure to do business with you. I'll send a car around in the morning to collect Miss Pink-panties. Please feel free to indulge as long as you like this evening, Kato-san... but I do need her to be ready for work on Monday morning, of course," Rachel concluded.

"Of course, Miss Sinclair. Do not worry. We will take good care of Mr. Gordon Goodwell," Kato replied.

Pinkie's eyes went wide. Rachel shut the door behind her.

The End