

Joe is chairman of the board of the Holding Corporation and CEO of the casinos corporation. Sue is Joe's long term, live in, girl friend.



A month later, Joe was sitting on his patio eating breakfast overlooking Roman style pools and his beautiful manicured yard on a Sunday morning. It was about three weeks since he was sitting there in his underwear when the bikers showed up. He was in his underwear again, as usual.

The doorbell rang. Joe could hear Rosa, his housekeeper and cook, heading for the door. Normally, only the gate button rings with a different sound. They have a big fence and gate, but Sue's battery was dead in her remote so she left it open when she went to the temple.

Joe was surprised to see a woman and a girl standing in the middle of his game room. He sat still because he knew he was in his underwear. The Spanish looking girl took off with Rosa to the Kitchen.

The lily-white woman with a long, out of style dress, headed toward him. She had reddish blond hair and fairly cute, round face. The long, dark blue, dress didn't look right on her. She walked right up to Joe before she noticed he wasn't decent.

She said, "OH".

Joe responded, not knowing who she was. "Sit down and relax". He thought it might be someone from the company so he added, "Want some coffee or breakfast?"

"No thank you. My name is Joan." She sat down opposite from Joe at the big outdoor granite table. "I see you are not in church on this Sunday morning".

"That is true. My wife is at the temple now; I had a little hangover so here I am".

"I represent the Church of the Saturday Adventist. We meet on Saturdays. You mention temple; are you Jewish?"

"I was. Now I don't fall for any of that bullshit."

"Oh, Jesus died for your sins".

Joe had taken several philosophy classes; one was history of religion, where they studied the evolution of religions over the 6000-year history. He knew their fundamentalist Christian thinking. He decided to play with her head, because he didn't have anything better to do.

“How do you figure that?”

“God said: Jesus is the way, the truth, and the light.”

“God didn’t say that; some guy named John or Paul said that, no god said that.”

“Yes, God said that.”

“God didn’t say anything. People just say that god said that.”

“It says in the Bible...”

Joe stopped her. “God didn’t write the bible, your god was illiterate. People wrote pieces of philosophy, and the church compiled what they wanted people to think, in around 360 AD into the bible.”

“Oh”.

Joe had taken her off guard; she didn’t have the knowledge to put up a good argument.... Thinking of the saying in debating: “You can’t argue with ignorance”.

He changed the topic, “How old are you?”

“That is not a proper question, but 31. How old are you?”

“Sixty. How old is the other girl?”

“Eighteen, she’s in training yet”.

“She must be doing alright with Rose”.

“She speaks Spanish”.

“No, I mean converting a Catholic to your religion, she is still in there.”

She nodded without making a comment.

Joe asked, “Are you married?”

“No”.

“A Virgin?”

“Yes. The right man hasn’t come along.”

“I can see the shape of a beautiful body under that dress. I can’t believe no guy has jumped on you.”

“Several men have wanted me, but I don’t have strong feelings for them. I may end up just serving the Lord the rest of my life.”

“Didn’t it say in your Bible to go forth and multiply; or something like that?”

“Yes”.

“The problem with the earth is that ugly and stupid people breed like rabbits, and intelligent people use birth control. So the average intelligence level on the earth is going down.”

“That is somewhat true”.

“Here is a perfect example: A gorgeous girl with perfect genetics, I mean look at you, blue eyes, reddish blond hair, real light skin, cute face, and I bet, a beautiful sexy body.”

“Oh”.

Joe could see her nipples begin to harden, poking her loose fitting dress. He decided to play with her head about sex.

“Now that you are a little more relaxed; do you want some coffee?”

“We don’t use stimulants”.

“Orange juice?”

“That would be great”.

Joe just remembered that Rose was busy and he was in his underwear. He decided to proceed anyway. He went and got two glasses and the orange juice, and then poured her glass full, setting it in front of her. He tried to look down the top of her dress, but it was too tight. From his angle of view above her, her breasts looked bigger. He sat back down.

She ignored the fact that he was in his underwear. “Thank you”, was her simple response. She took a big drink.

“Come over to this chair over here; you are too far away for this old man’s eyes.”

She reluctantly moved, “Okay”.

As she sat down, he could see more of her body, “When you stud up I could see the outline of a beautiful body there”.

“I better go”. She said one thing but her body language said the opposite: She had a big smile on her face and her legs came uncrossed.

“No, wait, you are a fascinating woman. Do you have a boy friend?”

“No...sort of; I do a lot of activities at the church.”

“What do you do? Tell me about your life.”

“We go places with the church group, like bowling, dinner, and church conferences.”

“Do you at least kiss him?”

Her face turned a little red, “Occasionally”.

“Well that is a good start; you’ll be married in no time.”

“No; not him”.

“What is wrong with him?”

“He is not intelligent enough”.

“Whoa, bad breeding material; why waste your time?”

“He is nice to be with; he treats me nice”.

“Have you had other boyfriends?”

“Yes”.

“But not one you would marry?”

“No”.

“Do any of them go beyond kissing you?”

“Yes, a little”, her face was a little red again.

“What did he do?”

Her face got real red, “That is not a nice question”.

“I know; he touched your beautiful breasts.”

“Yes; I’m ashamed”, her face got real red.

“Why? That is the appropriate next step for a man that likes you.”

“The Bible says not to fornicate”.

“That is not fornication; that is natural fun.”

“It felt good, but it’s not right”, her body language was showing positive reactions: her legs were spreading further, she slid down on the chair to a more relaxed position, and her blush continued.

“And you have a good feeling between your legs too?”

Her face got bright red now. “It’s not proper to talk about those kinds of things.”

“It doesn’t say that in the Bible anywhere”.

“I don’t know; it’s not right. How did you know that?”

“I have been married twice; I know how to make girls feel good.”

“Oh”.

“There are lots of ways to make women feel real good between their legs without going all the way; it’s not bad, it’s normal, it’s fun.”

“I suppose, but I never did it, it must be a sin.”

“I can see you are feeling good right now, and I haven’t touched you.”

“How can you tell?”

“Your nipples are hard and poking out your dress.”

She looked down to see, “Huh”.

Those nipples are crying to be sucked”.

She didn’t respond vocally, but drank the last of her orange juice, then without thinking, she rotated her chair toward Joe, another strong body language move.

“You have kept yourself stifled too long. You need to get a real boyfriend or get married. You are a beautiful woman and need to let yourself feel good. I bet you got that good feeling between your legs right now.”

“Your dirty talking did it”.

“It’s not dirty, it’s fun.”

Her body language responded even more: her legs were real apart, she slid lower in the chair, and she was running her fingers through her hair regularly. Her skirt had slid up exposing the bottom half of her legs. She was real hot. They didn’t talk for a few seconds. She unconsciously unbuttoned the top button of her shirt to get some air.

Joe was thinking that his fun would be over any minute now when the girl and Rosa would appear on the patio.

“I bet if someone would touch you between the legs you would explode”.

“Oh, you are right; it is wrong to feel this way. Don’t do this to me; I better go.”

“No unprotected sex is wrong, that is what fornication is. Playing with your fun body parts is normal.”

“What I feel like is wrong, but I want to do it regardless. I want to be touched, but they don’t do it.”

“That is because you said you stopped them.”

“Yeah”.

“Next time when they go to touch you don’t stop him. Reach around and touch him. Enjoy life, don’t stop it.”

“I think you are right”.

“When you get home touch yourself; drive yourself to the pleasure you need”.

Just then the eighteen year old walked up to them, “Are you about ready to go?”

Joan replied, “No, we are still talking”.

The girl sat down at the table.

Joe was covering his erection with his arm.

Joan said. “Go on back to the church; I’ll take a cab in a while.”

“You want me to leave you here?”

“Yes; I’ll manage.”

“Okay”, she walked away.

As soon as the girl was gone, Joan said, “We didn’t introduce ourselves, my name is Joan”.

“I’m Joe Kass”.

“I am thirty one, almost thirty two, I will never get married. Either I don’t want the man, or the one’s I want, like you, are already married.”

“That is the way it goes, I have noticed the same thing about girls when I was single too.”

“I want to have a baby anyway, before it’s too late. I want you to suck on my breasts and touch me, and everything! I want you to make me pregnant.” She unbuttoned the top of her dress.

Oh... I could see sucking on those beautiful breasts and touching you until you go nuts, but making you pregnant? You wouldn’t be a virgin?”

She got up and walked toward Joe. She noticed his hard-on. “Wow, you are ready? Put some stuff in me.”

Joe got to thinking that Sue would be back any minute. “I don’t want to make my lady mad, let’s go over to where I work.”

“Okay”.

“Button your dress, I’ll get dressed”, he ran in and put on some sweats, and returned in a flash, “Let’s go”.

“I don’t want to cause problems with your wife”.

“Don’t worry”, he grabbed her with both hands on the sides of her face and kissed her intensely. She about fainted. He led her to the garage.

A few minutes later, they were at the valet door of the Coronado. Several Guys said, “Hi Joe” as they walked in the main casino door.

Joan asked, “All those people know you?”

“Yes, I own the place”.

”Wow”!

A minute later, they were entering 2005, the special suite the partners had built ten years ago as a place to bring girls, or just get away from the office, their current girl friends, or their wives. It has been used many times.

“Wow, I never saw a hotel room this nice”.

“We just bring special people up here”.

“Touch me Joe, touch me Joe”, was coming out of her as she was removing her dress.

Joe could see that she was ready to go, so he bypassed the normal formalities. He grabbed her with the same kiss as in his patio, then after only about one second, eased her onto the bed.

He still had his sweats and tennis shoes on. Her bra was on but she didn't have any panties on. He pushed her bra up to her neck, then started sucking on her neck, and then started sucking on her right tit. She was lying on her back, ready to go. Joe reached down with his right hand and started to massage her clit, while still sucking on her tit. She went nuts with a tremendous climax, jerking around and releasing a serious flow of juices.

She started yelling, "Make me pregnant now, put your juice in me, hurry up, make my baby, don't wait, make me pregnant, now, now!"

Joe complied; he pulled down his sweat pants and screwed her. She stroked and jerked so much that he blew his wad fast, but he didn't pull out.

She said, "Oh, oh, oh, put some more in me".

This time he took his time.

Fun, fun, fun.

When they were done, and lying on the bed she said, that was great, if I would have known it felt that good, I would have done it a long time ago. You are right; I should have let them touch me. I am glad I am going to have a baby.

Joe didn't ruin it for her by telling her that he had a vasectomy. "You could have been having that fun for fifteen years, with birth control pills. From now on when a man wants to touch you, let him, and touch him. However, get some birth control pills so the wrong man doesn't make you pregnant.

"I thought a girl couldn't get pregnant if she is pregnant."

Joe wanted some more of these fun afternoons, so he said, "You don't necessarily get pregnant from one time. It's probably only about a 5% chance of getting pregnant. That is what makes married life so good; doing that hundreds of times."

"You have done that hundreds of times?"

"More likely six or ten thousand times".

"Oh, I want to get married then."

"You will find the right man, now that you know what to do. Go after the one man you want. Tell him what you want. Forget the other ones."

"I want YOU to make me pregnant, let's do it again, now. The Mormons have more than one wife; make me a second wife; I want you to do that to me a thousand times."

"That is not legal in Nevada".

"Well we did fornication one time, so it won't be more of a sin to do it more."

"It's not a sin if you want to get pregnant".

“Okay, do it again.”

“You got me worn out now, let me show you something.” He proceeded to give that orange haired pussy some head. She immediately went nuts with ecstasy.

After a while he showed her the features of 2005. Joe walked over and fired up the massive sound system with Pink Floyd’s *Dark side of the moon* CD.

It was a very large main room, about 30 X 40 feet with four leather couches, big overstuffed chairs, granite coffee tables, Spa, Steinway grand piano, a refrigerated wine rack three projection TVs with a satellite system, some exercise equipment, a well stocked wet bar, one full wall of bookshelves full of CDs and books, and a large balcony. The adjacent bedroom connected by huge mahogany double doors had a custom oversize bed, big screen TVs, and large walk in closet, with shelves and drawers on one full wall. The bathroom was equipped with a huge glass shower with three heads, a bidet, tanning booth, two sinks on a granite counter/dressing table, mirrors all around, built in TV, speakers for the sound system, and a super quiet flushing toilet. The closets were stocked with emergency cloths for Sheldon, Tony, Bill, Marty, and Sheldon, with some items for girls stocked by Cindy for emergencies.

The bar was stocked with a complete collection of alcoholic beverages displayed on glass shelves, a large fully stocked refrigerator, icemaker, cigar humidor, and all the appropriate tools.

Joe opened a bottle of wine, and poured two large glasses. He gave one to Joan, who accepted it without a religious comment.

He pushed a button and the entire wall of totally light blocking drapes slid, disappearing into a wall, giving them the full 40 feet of full floor to ceiling windows with a good view of the strip.

He pushed another button and the spa started filling with hot water; Joe said, “This is nice to relax in after a little sex”.

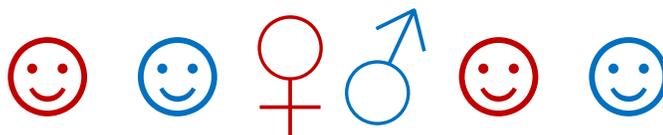
Joan said, “This music is wild, I never heard it before”.

“You really have led a sheltered life”.

“I want you to be my boyfriend permanently”.

“That would be mistress”.

“Yes! Mistress forever!”



Twila is the first very successful musician in the recording company they are just getting going.



Sheldon had been driving all day and was almost back to Las Vegas when Twila called. "...The Fun With Dick And Jane' radio show called." She was very excited. "They want to interview me about the Tony song and the CD pictures. I told them I needed to talk to you first."



"Oh shit! I was afraid this would happen. A couple important things: Tony is fictional! Got that?"

"Oh, I know what you mean; we should have changed the name." (Tony was a partner that did a good job of giving girls a strong sexual climax, so they always wanted him again. He is in prison for two years, for money laundering, right now, so several girls got together and made a song about him while they were stoned on weed and wine.)

"The other is: you don't know who the photographer was of those pictures."

"Okay, that's easy, anything else?"

"Obviously don't mention most of your sexual partners."

"Not me, I'm almost a virgin... They want to send a driver for me now. I'll take their plane to Las Vegas tomorrow afternoon."

"Have fun."

The next morning the syndicated show that plays on hundreds of stations played Twila's Tony song, while Twila was being seated in the little radio studio room.

Dick said, on the air, "Wow, that's a hell of a song. How did you dream that up?"

"Some friends and I were fairly drunk and had smoked some good bud".

Dick and Jane both laughed. Jane said, "Some good bud?"

They laughed again.

Dick said, "Your voice is so smooth and mellow, and that piano player is super talented".

Twila said, "That was Joan Jones. She has about a dozen CDs out, some are jazz, and some are classical."

Jane asked, "I never heard of Studio-B Records, where are you located?"

"We are in the basement of a 120 year old theater in Seattle. My friends cleaned it up, and opened it back up. It was closed about forty years. It's a beautiful building inside; anyway, we are in the dungeon."

Jane asked, "Tell the people the website so they can look it up?"

"Studio-B.com; simple."

Dick said, "This photograph folks would qualify for Playboy centerfold; this chick is hot. It's indescribable. She is lying on a couch with a skinny pink top and a g-string that doesn't look big enough to cover what it does. This is hot. Good thing this is radio. It's too hot for TV."

Jane added, "I wouldn't normally comment on Dick's choice of women, but, this is hot, I would have to agree".

Dick said, "And to top it off, she has another CD with a five piece jazz band. She is pulling her pants to give the five musicians a peak at her...can we say slit on the radio?"

Jane answered, "Slit isn't a taboo word".

Dick said, "The look on these guys' faces is of total surprise and curious pleasure. It's hard to describe. She looks so inviting, like she wants all five.

Twila stud up and did the thing with her pants for dick.

Dick said, "Holey shit folks, she did it here. Whoa, that would never play on TV."

Jane added, "That would be porn TV".

Dick said, "This girl is amazing. A terrific singer and... Wow, I can't describe the cute face and sexy body. A straight up ten!"

Jane asked, "I bet that move gets you the guys you want".

"Yes, one time the guy was stumbling on his pants trying to get them off and started squirting before he even got his pants all the way off. He made a big mess."

Dick asked, "Do we need to bleep that?"

Jane answered it would be worth another half million dollar fine to let it go. Infinitely Big Corporation can afford it.”

Dick said, “This is probably a true story folks; this girl is truly that beautiful”.

Twila said, “You can see more photos of my at that Studio-B website and at Pornco.com/Twila.”

Dick asked, “Can we let that extra plug go?”

Jane laughed, “It’s pertinent to the show”.

Dick said, “Infinitely Big will probably fire us now”.

Jane said, “Let’s check it out”.

There was a couple seconds of silence as they brought up the website on the computer in front of them. Dick said, “Holey! Shit! Holey! Shit! I can’t describe this on the radio. Pay the \$10 Jane; Infinitely Big can afford it”.

Jane asked, “Are you 18? That’s... oh shit. That’s small; it’s like an 11 year old.”

Twila answered, “Yes I’m 18. Those people had to get my birth certificate and compare my footprint before they would take my pictures”.

Dick asked, “Where were you born that such beautiful girls come from?”

“Boring Oregon”.

Dick and Jane both laughed. Dick asked, “Is it that Oregon is boring, or there is a town called Boring?”

“It’ a town; it is boring.”

“It must not have been boring for your dad; did those fine genetics come from your mother or your father?”

“Both”.

Jane said, “Look at this dick, Dick; this is a dick!”

Dick asked, “Holey shit! That’s huge. Where did you find a guy like that?”

“Chatsworth.”

Jane said, “Chatsworth? I never have seen that part of Chatsworth”.

“It’s over by Sherman Way.”

Dick said, “Oh my god, he put it. I can’t say on the radio. Oh my god. All of it”.

Jane asked, “Does your boyfriend approve if this porn?”

“Oh I did that stuff a long time ago, I don’t do that anymore. That’s why I got into music and radio, to get away from Chatsworth”.

Jane said, “Well that’s it for that website; it froze up”.

Dick said, “And what timing, just as it snapped shut”.

Jane said, “We are going to get a fine over this show”.

Dick said;”It was with it...folks, we haven’t commented on the music, that is what we are here for”: Recommend! Recommend! Get these two CDs kids, if you like jazz or good photography, you can’t miss these CD covers in the stores.”

Twila said, “It’s not in many stores, we only made 7500 if each CD”

Dick said, “Holey shit girl; someone’s got their head up there ass over there, you’ll sell five million easy, maybe ten”.

Mean while up in Seattle, Lori came to work. She noticed that all ten lines were ringing, and the Internet computer was hung up. She rebooted the computer and it worked for about two seconds. She went into the diagnostics; she was thinking to herself, “What the fuck; it says 20,000 hits per second. It’s broke”.

The girl from the old hotel walked over to Lori’s office, “All the phones quit working about ten minutes ago, are yours working?”

“They are all ringing.”

“Lori answered one, “...I want to order those CDs of Twila...” Lori wrote it all down.

She called Sheldon on her cell phone. “...All the phones on the theater and Studio-B are ringing, phones at the hotel are broke, and the Internet computer is broken.”

“It’s Twila she is on the radio”.

“No it’s playing classical now”.

“I mean a big radio network with millions of listeners. She mentioned the website on the air. Tune her in; it’s bound to be on a station there. It’s on one here, call me back when it’s over.”

Meanwhile Mark’s computer wizard went to Mark. “...Something is wrong with the Internet system. It says we sold 60,000 of the \$10 temporary subscriptions in the last 10 or 15 minutes, just before it broke... This says we are getting 120,000 people trying to log in... It only was made to have 2000 simultaneous downloads, and we never got anywhere near that.”

“Must be Twila on Sheldon’s radio stations, she must have plugged the site... It will settle down in a while.”

Mean while back at the station.

Jane said, “They are waving over there. We need to take a station break.”

Twila quickly commented, “That’s what I like about our radio station, there is only one commercial every four hours.”

Dick said, “We will talk about that when we come back”.

Dick, Jane, and Twila talked during the five minutes of commercials they had to catch up on.

Then back on the air later, Dick said, “Twila works at a station that only plays commercials every four hours, of course we can’t mention the letters, and they make money? So let’s get this straight for the kids; you work for a radio station, the theater, the recording company, and sing at the Coronado?”

“Yes, I do Saturdays on the radio, it’s just a computer. We are just starting the recording business; I help package the shipments and answer the phone. Sometimes Joan and I are the opening act at the theater, and sometimes I sing with Joan or the Jazz guys in Sheldon’s steakhouse, in the Coronado.”

Dick asked, “And sometimes you are in the porn movies?”

“No, I don’t do that anymore.”

Jane slipped in, “Well you will be busy shipping CDs now”.

“We are moving the CDs to Las Vegas right now, and I am here, so nothing will get shipped today. All the CDs and the radio stuff are in big trucks going to Las Vegas today. Only one person is in Seattle today, so all this publicity is wasted; but it was fun.”

Dick said, “Ha, ha, it was the best show we ever had. Why do you wear such plane cloths now when you could be sexy all the time?”

“People thought I should look more formal to do classical and jazz. Once I get to Las Vegas I might throw away all my Seattle clothes.”

Jane asked, “People dress different in Seattle?”

“Oh yes, they are boring in that place”.

Dick asked, “If you could wear whatever you want, without people telling you, what would you wear?”

“Nothing, absolutely nothing”.

Dick said, “Wow, my kind of girl”.

“You’re my kind of guy too. I could see slipping in the back room with youuuuuu.”

“If I wasn’t married Jane would be finishing the show”.

Jane said, “I wouldn’t be finishing the show; the time is already up. See you tomorrow morning, thanks for tuning in, Bye”

Twila asked, “Is it off now?”

“Yes”.

“Here is my cell number. Youuuu callll me when yiuuuu get to Las Vegas.”  
“I would love to look at your little radio set up.”  
“It’s just computers and microphones, like here”; she pointed to her snatch.  
“Oh yes. Yes you are beautiful...sexy...I would love to visit you”  
“Can you make a copy of the interview?”  
“No problem”, he put a blank CD into his computer.  
“Can I play it on our radio”?  
“Hum, I don’t know... Hell yes, I own the rights... If there is a problem, the ass-hole attorneys will call you.”

Sample Story