

Joe is the CEO and Tony is the PR department head at the Las Vegas casinos and hotels. JR is Joe's son that just finished law school at Harvard and in doing an analysis of all the companies properties, sort of undercover. Jose is from Cuba, but has a phony diplomatic status ID from Panama.



While still on the first hole Joe's cellular rang, it was JR. "We have a real problem up here in the Seattle hotel. I took the manager out for a few stiff drinks, and he really unloaded, Phil is pocketing the rent on about ten rooms that he is collecting on the side from some weekly people. Do you want me to fire him?"

"No! Don't blow your identity now. Move on to Portland or Hood River. Do it right-now so the guy won't suspect anything."

"I already was there. The Hood River guy is a real loyal guy, and the manager of the Portland place is doing okay. I e-mailed the reports to your computer. Didn't you read them?"

"No. I was sidetracked that day... Now that I think about it, I saw the reports in there. Keep on going with the project, and I'll have someone go up and replace the fucking jerk. Damn, that pisses me off; Tony told the guy we never want to deal with weeklies. Why don't you head over to Boise next? The guy there wants us to purchase the land behind the motel to add another 120 rooms. See if that would be practical."

"This guy should be punished, somehow, instead of just firing him. Can you send some thugs to beat him up or something? What do you do with people that rip you off that bad?"

"We can never resort to violence. We have to keep a real clean image. Loraine will give him a hard time with legal problems." (The truth is they had wacked many rabbits by now, but they never wanted to let the next generation know that.)

"You should make an exception with this guy; he's been stealing at least a grand a week, for years."

"No. We'll deal with him through legal manners. I'll send Tony up there; he was the one who set the guy up in the first place. We will recover most of the money by getting everything he purchased in the last two years."

"Yeah, he just purchased a new salmon fishing boat, and it looks like he has two new Infinities".

Once off the phone Joe relayed the message on to Tony, Jose, and Ken

"Looks like we have a real bad manager, up in Seattle. He's probably been stealing a grand a week ever since we purchased the hotel. Now he's got a nice fishing boat and two new Infinities."

Jose spoke right up, "I'll take him fishing, with the fishes, or I'll give him a Colombian neck tie like O.J. did, if you want boss. Anyway, I never have been to Washington. I'll do it cheep, like a discount, since I didn't follow the last guy over to Arizona, like you wanted."

Joe replied, "No! We have done enough killing. I want Tony and Loraine to handle this in a proper business manner. Can you fly on up there tonight or tomorrow with Loraine? Call her right now and see what she can set up. Jose, I want you to disappear back to Cuba, Panama, Costa Rica, or Mexico, just in case we need to lay Bill and Sandy off on a gone guy. I just know we are going to have to go through a rough investigation over these two. If we disappear some employee up in Washington, the Federal bunnies might get involved. There's just too much going on now. The heat over Marty has just now cooled."

Ken inserted, "You worry too much. There is never a body lying around. So they can never prove we ever did anything."

Joe replied, "That is not true. You left the armored car guys for them to find, and the little girl that killed Marty might have led the sheriff to that mineshaft. Plus, we have too many people that know stuff. If they were ever interrogated by the high-pressure Federal ass holes: Lori, all of us, the guy that cut the hole in the vault, Nick, Michelle, some of the rent-a-girls, the maid that was just up by Bill's room. Shit, we have probably a hundred people that could trigger further investigations. Now we have to deal with all of Bill's and Sandra's relatives."

Tony's dick was getting hard on the thought of spending a couple more nights with Loraine.

"Joe's right. I'll deal with this through legal channels. I'll get Loraine on the phone right now."

Tony called Loraine between shots on the next hole. She called back a half-hour later.

"...The last straight up flight to SeaTac leaves at seven. Shall we take it, or go at 6:10 in the early morning?"

"I could see going now, if you want to. Call the newspapers up there and get a big ad in tomorrow's paper for a hotel manager."



About 10:30 that night they drove the rented Cadillac into the Coronado Hotel in Seattle.

The guy, his wife, and kid were in the process of packing their things. The newspaper had called at the hotel to get the billing address, thus tipping them off. They assumed that Tony would be there in the morning, so they would be gone by then.

Tony calmly started the conversation with the guy, "Well looks like you know today was your last day here. Loraine; call the police to round-up this mutt."

Phil replied, with a heavy Canadian accent, "Police? For what? Eh?"

"For stealing about a grand a week for over two years. Loraine forget the police for a few minutes."

"I wasn't going to take the cars with me, they belong to the hotel".

"What about the boat?"

"What boat?"

Tony whispered to the guy, with an emphasized Italian accent, "The fucking fishing boat".

Then turning to Loraine; "I see we will need the police involved here, after all."

"Oh that boat, ea. I wasn't going to take it in my old Ford. Eh?"

Lorraine inserted, "We don't need the police to recover the cars or boat, unless you want to go after them for criminal charges".

The wife piped up, "We'll just load some clothes and leave everything else here; all the furniture, artwork, jewelry, everything."

"Lorraine, can you write up a legal contract to that effect? This may be a good solution here."

"Yes. Where are the titles to the vehicles and boat? They need to be signed off."

"They are in the file cabinet. I'll sign them now. Eh?" Phil replied as he headed toward the office.

A customer approached the front desk. Tony told the lady, "Go out there and deal with your last customer; real friendly now."

Tony noticed that the daughter was going to carry a pile of her clothes out to the old Ford, but her purse seemed to be too full.

"Wait a minute little lady. Dump that purse out on the table here, and let's take a close look at the pile of clothes".

"I didn't steal anything from your company. I'm not a hozer! Eh?"

"Well dump it out and we'll see".

Tony grabbed the purse and dumped it on to the table. A lot of jewelry fell out, plus the regular stuff.

"Okay, we'll keep the rings and so on, except you can keep the one hooked through your eyebrow".

He sorted out the contents into two piles. There was a Trojan rubber that looked like it had been in her purse for a long time.

"You look a little young for this, aren't you", as he flipped it onto the pile of her stuff?

She quickly grabbed it up and put it in her jeans back pocket.

"I'm fifteen! I can have them."

The shape of the rubber showed through her real tight fitting jeans. Tony could see that her pockets were probably completely empty, but knowing her folks were in the other office, he reached out with both hands to feel her pockets real good. He intentionally rubbed her nice ass, and put one hand between her legs to get a feel of her crotch, and give her a quick 1/4-second massage on her clit.

"Okay, you can load your purse back up".

Tony gave her one more pat on her ass, and brushed past one of her over-developed breasts. He sort of moved her long black hair out of the way from hiding her breasts. "Nice hair, and..."

Just as he concluded the lady came in with \$45 and handed it to Tony.

"I can see it will be an all day job sorting out all this stuff, and we need a desk clerk until we hire a new manager tomorrow. You folks can sleep in one of the rooms tonight. I'll stay right here in the office all night."

Lorraine and Phil walked in. Lorraine handed Tony the titles and he put them in his suit coat pocket.

Tony spoke up. "Phil; empty your pockets on the table; lady your purse too."

The lady responded, "My purse is private".

"Well Lorraine, it looks like we need the police involved, after all".

"Okay", was the woman's quick response.

She dumped the purse but there was nothing of big value.

Tony grabbed the keys from both of their piles.

"Which key fits the Ford? Oh, I see the Ford type here."

Tony removed the Ford key from both key rings and tossed the balance to Lorraine.

Lorraine said, "Let's get a Xerox of both of your IDs".

Tony walked over to the key rack.

"Looks like 406 is empty, you-all can go up there".

The lady spoke up, "We need a room with two beds, how about 423? Eh?"

Tony asked her, "Who works what shifts"?

"Phil usually stays up until four, and then he wakes up Liz. I take over at seven when she goes to school."

"Okay ladies grab your personal shit and hit it. Loraine, when do you want to sleep?"

"I'm wired; I'll stay up half the night".

Loraine walked over to Tony and whispered in his ear,

"I was looking forward to spending the night with you. Guess it'll have to wait till tomorrow."

"Yeah, I'll grab 406. See you in the morning."

About 3:30 in the morning Loraine called up to Tony to wake him up.

Tony was looking through some of the business records, when Phil announced he would go up and then send Liz down.

Tony responded, "Call up there and wake her up. I want one of you here at all times."

A few minutes later Liz showed up wearing a nightgown, and headed directly to the bathroom behind the office. The guy left, slamming the door.

About a half-hour later Liz emerged wearing the same tight jeans, but a much more revealing white shirt, that was way too small for her, and no bra, exposing portions of her breasts through the cracks between the buttons and revealing another little gold ring through her belly button. She sat down on the old oak chair next to the desk that Tony was sitting at.

Tony always held the view that if a girl flashed slight views of her tits or crotch, she wanted to screw him, and that usually always turned out to be the case. The rings situation was new to him, he wasn't sure of their significance. Tony was about fifty now, and knew that fifteen was way too young for him, or he was way too old for her.

"Good morning", Tony said, as he slightly got up in a courteous gesture, then sitting there in silence for a few seconds starring into her big brown eyes. "You know how to make coffee"?

Liz disappeared into the kitchen for a couple minutes than returned to the same chair and posture. "It'll be ready in a few minutes".

"Where are you folks going to move to"?

"Grandma's".

"What grade of school are you in"?

"I'm a freshman, in high school".



Tony was always good at reading body language; and noticed that her nipples were now enlarged and firmly pressing against her shirt.

"You carry a rubber, and wear rings in your eyebrows and belly button, and act like you are a regular slut. But, I would guess you never used one."

"No; but I want to be ready; I don't want to get pregnant, or AIDS. I almost used it one time. The rings don't mean I'm a slut."

"You decided not to screw him"?

"No. He climaxed before he screwed me."

"So, you never did screw him"?

"Damn, that is personal. Eh? I made him quit. I got scared."

"Then what happened? He's not your boy friend anymore?"

"He was too embarrassed or scared to try it again. I'll get another boyfriend anyway".

"Ah, yes, a beautiful girl like you will do all right that way".

Liz jumped up to get the coffee, returning with one cup of coffee, a box of corn flakes, some sugar, and a carton of milk. She set it all down on the desk as if it was the kitchen table.

When she was within reach, going around the desk and behind him to get to the chair, Tony patted her ass, like he was thanking her for a good job. She didn't react negatively, so he pulled her down on his lap, sort of tripping her into place with his leg. His other hand pulled her head toward his face so he could kiss her. She kissed back intensely. His hand that patted her ass slipped up under her shirt to feel her breasts. She kissed even harder, hugging him tightly with both arms. He slipped his free hand between her legs and rubbed on her crotch through her jeans. His hand, that was on her breasts, succeeded to unbutton her shirt, allowing her breasts to pop partially outward.

All of a sudden she jerked loose and stood up, buttoning her shirt. "I'm not going to take off my clothes unless you do it first. Eh?"

Tony came to his senses. "We better find a room with a lock on it. I would hate to see your dad walk in about now."

"Let's go into the apartment, it locks."

Tony jumped right up, and took her hand, leading her into the main living room. (1/2 hour of pleasures can't legally be described in the US).

"Damn, that felt good. I can't believe I didn't do that, years ago. I want to run away and live with you. Eh? Will you take me with you, Tony?"

"I'm already married, or I would bring you home for sure".

Tony reached in his suit pocket for the glasses he hardly ever wears, and put them on. "Damn, you are perfect. You are the most beautiful girl I ever screwed."

"Is Loraine your wife"?

"No, she is my lawyer. In a few years, when you are eighteen, or whenever you are ready, come down to Las Vegas, I can always use a sexy girl like YOU around."

Tony was thinking of getting her some fake ID, then using her in some porn's and at the tit joints, but didn't want to take the risk like in the old days.

"It wouldn't be legal to transport a fifteen year old runaway. You have to take the initiative and make the move. You can make a lot of money in Las Vegas. Keep that pile of jewelry I pulled out of your purse; that may help you."

"Well that was sure fun with you, but I don't think I want to do it for money, with every guy that comes along. I'll think about it, but I want to finish school so I can get a good job. I was thinking about getting into hotel management like my dad, but not steel from the company."

"In that case, we have a little scholarship fund. If you can make it through high school with a 3.4 average, I will see to it that your complete college expenses are covered down at UNLV." Tony gave her one of his cards, and wrote his personal office and cellular numbers on it. "Call me when you come down, or want to plan on college".

