

## Cedar Breeze

Are we hiring? Funny you should ask.

*Diversity hire.* That's what I was told when I got hired on. I didn't like the way I was told it, honestly. I'd had my share of jobs over the years, so I could imagine a scenario where somebody told me "oh hey, we don't get a lot of male applicants, cool beans." When you're applying for a management role and you get a "our girls could really use a man's touch" – yes, you read that right – it gives one pause.

It does not, however, give one's landlord pause, so here I am.

I gave the building another look. *Cedar Breeze Luxury Spa & Suites*, proclaimed the sign out front in elegant cursive. It was a gorgeous place, I had to hand it to them. They'd really splurged on the landscaping, flowers and tiered planters and some artsy statue of nothing in particular in the middle of a koi pond. It all had a *Wizard of Oz* vibe about it – not in the wholesome family adventure kind of way, but rather that it looked like someone had just discovered technicolor and vomited it all over the place.

My only question about it was why anyone would bother.

There were no fewer than four other hotels closer to the interstate that folks would have to pass on before all this curb appeal had a chance to kick in. It wasn't near the city center, either, where the "spa" part of the business might appeal to some locals. In fact, we were way out in the boonies, the last building on a road with an emergency vet, a recycling center, and some kind of storage yard for equipment for the parks department. It was the sort of road where people found dead bodies in cold case podcasts.

Except for Cedar Breeze.

Well, whatever. I wasn't here to reinvigorate my career by innovating and motivating and renovating. I honestly didn't give a shitovate. I just needed some money to get back on my feet. The divorce was two years past now, but my accounts were still in mourning. I'd been putting in for any job opening I could find in four counties, and I was just stoked I'd rocked that Zoom interview so hard that not only had they skipped a face-to-face before hiring me, but they did it in time that I didn't have to start the most recent gig I'd landed, slinging curly fries at the local Arby's.

(Fast food cook isn't as glamorous as hotel manager, I know, but my last job before that was at the car dealership where I'd come in still drunk from the night before and wrapped a Buick around a bigger Buick. I was lucky I didn't get sued or locked up, to be honest, though the fallout left me in a position that was a lot closer than I'd like to a literal confrontation with the old line about beggars and choosers.)

I gazed up at the building from my vantage point in the mostly vacant lot. "Take that, Arby's."

“I’m sorry, did you say something?”

In my head, my arrival was to play out as follows: *Take that, Arby’s*, I’d say, swaggering up to the sliding glass door. I’d smile, charming as all get out, breath minty, hair gelled. I’d sus out which employee seemed like the biggest suckup and have them take me on a tour, spark a conversation about staff dynamics to figure out who to keep my eye on, then go to my office, read the manual, and jack off to internet porn a time or two. (Divorced life had been lonely, and my opportunities for self-love life had taken a big blow when I ran out of budget for internet service. And then that prick in apartment 308 changed his wi-fi password. It was pointless trying it on imagination alone.)

Instead of that grand plan, I only got as far as the Arby’s line and about three swaggers before the sound of another person’s voice startled me so badly I tripped over the curb, stumbled four or five steps and crashed headfirst into a glass door that, it would seem, was not up to OSHA standards for swiftness of opening. I’m pretty sure it was I who managed to heroically flop myself like a dying salmon onto my back, but it’s also possible I was rolled there by some horrifying insectoid devil monster. It looked down on me, and like that, I knew I was going to die. If I wasn’t dead already. That face was the most terrifying thing I’d ever seen.

(More on that in a sec once I regain consciousness.)

“Oh my god! Are you OK?!” it shrieked in a human woman’s voice.

“OSHA...?” Things went mercifully black.

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The feel of someone’s lips on mine snapped me back into the world. It was probably about the worst someone’s lips had ever made me feel aside from the time my ex-wife went overboard on psilocybin and woke me up riding my face and yelling “HYAH” like she was Howard fucking Dean.

As sight returned, it was to a silhouette surrounded by a glowing halo. It slowly refined itself to the shape of a woman’s face blocking the sun, and in a few moments I could see she was beautiful, a gleaming blonde angel, and she smiling in relief at yours truly. The only thing stopping it from being fully cliché was that in the next moment, the pain reasserted itself and I threw up all over what turned out to be her hand, planted on the concrete beside my head.

“I’d say he’s alive,” the woman said. The girl, really, probably only a few years out of high school. I was pretty sure she’d hit her sexual peak this very morning, a trim athletic body stuffed fetchingly into a form-fitting spandex sheathe. She didn’t sound pissed, though, even as she wiped her hand on a big fluffy towel. Where she’d gotten it so fast, I couldn’t–

Nope, brain's starting to work again. She's the lifeguard, Toby, ya stupid. The girl's wearing a goddamn swimsuit for fuck's sake.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry. I... Oh man. My *head*."

She nodded, crouching down beside me. My head was throbbing like it was trying to squeeze my brain so hard it fired out my asshole, but even so, I couldn't help noticing how fucking gorgeous this chick was. I didn't know if I should be hoping she was a virtuous girl so I wouldn't have a chance to find out if my meager managerial power could corrupt me into trying something sketchy, or if I hoped she turned around and showed me a tattoo of her favorite vices marching right up those glorious thighs and right up into her ass.

"Just hold still," she instructed me softly but firmly. "Sofia already called an ambulance. They're on their way. Try not to move – Jazlynn said you hit your head pretty hard. You seem like you're moving all right, but let's not risk upsetting your spine, all right?" She crouched beside me, stroked my cheek softly. "You poor thing. I'm Grace, by the way."

"Grace. Sofia. And... Jazlynn...? Am I supposed to know who these people are?"

"You're supposed to know I'm Grace because I just said I'm Grace," she said, smiling sweetly. Holy shit I wanted to spread those teeth and stick my dick in that face. (Good *god*. I swear I'm not this much of a fucking pig normally. She was just *that* hot, and my head hurt like a motherfucker, so fuck off, don't judge.) "Sofia is the secretary. Jazlynn is the groundskeeper." She pointed behind us towards Cedar Breeze's front windows, but just trying to turn my head made me so dizzy I could almost puke again. I waved blindly at our observers.

"And do you remember *your* name?" Grace asked gently.

"Toby," I said, extending a hand. "Powell. My brain's OK, I guess. OK as it ever was anyway. Though... I swear, before I passed out, I saw... I don't know. This is going to sound crazy, but..."

"A giant fat monster with the face of a hornet?"

"Uh... yep. Shit, so we're *both* crazy?"

Grace laughed. "That was Jazlynn. See, she's..." Upon realizing turning around wasn't an option, she produced a phone from somewhere and after a moment shoved a picture in my face. I felt better with my eyes shut than open, but I squinted enough to get the gist. Great big fat fella – fellarina, whatever – in a beekeeper's bonnet, her body swathed in a beekeeper suit made out of enough fabric to gift wrap a Hummer. I didn't think they made them that big. Or maybe she'd just wrapped herself in a tarp. The bonnet part, however, looked more like one of those masks you see Olympic fencers wearing, a mesh screen on which was the visage of some kind of huge bug. A hornet, I thought. Or duh, no, a bee.

Grace pulled the phone back before I could study it, but went on to explain, “She painted it. Freaks everybody the hell out the first time they see it, but you get used to it. There’s a whole colony, or farm, or... hive-swarm, whatever you call it, just past the fence by the outdoor pool. They’re not ours or anything, but they’re good for the flowers, she says.”

“Oh.”

“Yep.”

“Aha.”

The ambulance arrived after a long and uncomfortable silence, her worrying that her new boss almost died on her watch, and me worrying I was too much of a lecher to work with a girl that hot without drooling on her flip-flops.

The EMTs checked me out and agreed I needed to go to the hospital. Grace promised to relay a message to notify... who was my boss? We’d spoken in the Zoom interview and again in another Zoom when he offered the job, but that was pretty much it. Jack... something? Or Greg. Chris? Whatever. It’d come to me.

I passed out in the ambulance and thanks to the pain meds, stayed that way for most of a day. At least I think it was a day. I didn’t have anybody to notify or anything, so I just pumped myself full of as much morphine as they’d give me and slept like the dead.

When I was awake, things were kind of a blur. Doctors and nurses peppering me with questions, paperwork I signed without a clue what I was signing away. The hospital kept me overnight, and when I was coherent enough to comply, they took some x-rays, cooked me a while in the MRI machine, the whole deal. I didn’t even have my insurance card yet, but I guess that Sofia lady, the secretary from Cedar Breeze whom the cartoonishly fuckable lifeguard mentioned, told them what they needed. Concussion was the prognosis, and while they insisted that “minor concussion” wasn’t a thing, it sounded like that was what they meant. No skull fracture, and no spinal damage thank god. They gave me some meds and sent me on my way.

Perk of not going to the hospital closer to my apartment: they didn’t know me well enough to assume I’d gotten drunk and injured myself, so I didn’t even get judgmental looks from the nurses.

I dropped a line to my boss, Cedar Breeze’s owner (Hal? Benny? Nick?) and left a message with his secretary saying I’d be back to work in a couple days, doctor’s orders. The only response was a basket of flowers sent to my apartment. A little card was attached wishing me swift healing and hoping my next arrival at work was happier than the last. I couldn’t make out the signature, so I still didn’t know the sonofabitch’s name. If that was even his signature and not his secretary’s, which was my bet. I dumped the flowers in the trash, popped a pain pill, and went back to sleeping off the throbbing headache.

“Take that, Arby’s,” I said again after a two-day misfire. Back by my car this time, just in case. That chunky beekeeper in her lumpy beige beekeeper uniform waved from way off by the trellises along the gate. I waved back. She was way far off, but now that I was looking, I could see the paint, big yellow eyes and some spooky mandibles and whatnot over the mesh of the facemask. At least that was one employee I wouldn’t have to watch my eyeline around.

Then... there was Sofia.

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“...establishment functioned very well under the previous manager, and I hope that going forward...”

I nodded. At least it looked like I was nodding. Actually my neck was reacting naturally to what my imagination’s vivid depiction of what Sofia’s gigantic fucking titties would be doing if I bent her over and gave her a pat or two on the back. *Boing, boing, boing.* I’d been so gobsmacked by the sight of her I’d made a real try to dart past her station at the front desk and into the manager’s office where I could gasp in awe unobserved. Instead, Sofia had insisted on following me in, launching into this endless babbling speech the split second the door was closed.

“...make the guest’s overall experience my top priority. Cedar Breeze can’t rely on...”

“Mhm,” I agreed to whatever she was saying. I couldn’t hear words. My daydream was plastering subtitles over her lips, though I had my doubts that it synched with her speech. *Let’s make body oil an official part of the uniform, Mr. Powell,* they read. An outstanding idea. Good god. How a woman could show that much cleavage without men constantly running up and stuffing dollar bills in it was anyone’s guess. And me, all out of cash.

(Could I borrow from the register?)

“...take direction well, I feel. That’s why I always ask myself before I make a decision, what’s best for...”

“Too right,” I murmured to her left tit, assuring it that it deserved to be showcased every bit as much as its partner in crime. Sofia planted her palms on my desktop, those hoodlums scheming to partner up with the gravity boys and bust out of that minimum security neckline. Make no mistake, I appreciated the merits of an attempted looming as much as the next short guy, but stacked as she was, she ought to rethink her rhetorical approach.

“...hope you know you can rely on me to put your agenda first and...”

I made myself regain eye contact. Fuck me, but that barely helped. She was nearly old enough to be Grace's mom, but no less gorgeous for it. Maybe more so. Definitely more so. Looking at her face actually felt more lecherous than leering at her tits.

"...on behalf of the entire staff when I say, sincerely, that we're all excited for what your leadership brings to Cedar Breeze, and we're all very deeply committed to your success here."

Sofia bent over further, her speech concluded. I glanced at the clock; had she really been talking at me for twenty goddamn minutes? There was no mistaking her move this time, though. This was not posturing any more. Nope, this was getting real, for real, really, right now. This was a woman making sure I had nowhere else to look *but* her tits. Whether it was some skank at the bar or my conspicuously attractive staff, that always meant only one thing.

Trap.

I stood up hastily. "Thanks, Sofia, that was... great. I feel so welcome here already. If it's all right though, I think I could use a few minutes to get my bearings. So if you don't mind..." Careful not to touch her, I gestured to the door of my tiny office. After all, I didn't want to do anything the least bit inappropriate, even if her flirtation had been brief and relatively minor.

Sofia threw herself at my feet, raining kisses on the zipper of my slacks. "*I LOVE THIS JOB!*" she moaned.

The front desk was right there. Just on the other side of the lobby I'd seen the spa end of things. From the scent of chlorine permeating the area, I'd wager Grace and the pool weren't far either. Meanwhile, here was this gorgeous lunatic setting me up for a hell of a sexual harassment lawsuit. Or worse, she was actually this pathetic.

"Holy shit would you keep your voice down!" I hissed.

"*YOU CAN'T FIRE ME! I NEEEEED THIS JAWWWWWWWB!*" she bawled into my bawls.

"If you keep making all this noise I won't have much of a choice, will I?!" I snapped, gesticulating emphatically.

My emphasis must have been unclear, because instead of shutting up, Sofia took those gesturing hands and thrust her throat into them, holding my hands around it and squeezing way more tightly than I would have felt comfortable with even if choking a woman was something I had a comfort level with in the first place.

Though I had to hand it to her – it shut her up.

"Or... maybe you'd... like to... silence me... some... other way..." she gasped, eyes imploring. (Cannot stress enough: *she* was the one choking her. Like 99%.)

(OK, 90%. I'd seen enough porn to be a *little* curious.)

Anyway, she got my pants down before I realized that she was trying to, somehow using only one hand so she could keep encouraging the grip on her neck with the other.

“Please, Mr. Powell, *please* don’t fire me,” she croaked desperately. “I’m a hell of a cocksucker. Ask anyone. My husband can’t get enough of my slutty little mouth. Please, just let me earn my keep here. I want to work for you *so bad*. Please, I just—”

She gulped me down in a go. It was the first time in my life I’d ever had my cock in a woman’s mouth without already being hard. Always had a bit of a hair trigger when it came to that kind of thing – just the suggestion of genital contact was enough to get my pilot lit. I somehow hadn’t seen this one coming.

It took Sofia seconds to catch me up, divine seconds of lapping at my junk like a dog. A hot slutty dog, whimpering out a “please” every few licks until I wasn’t sure if she was begging for mercy or for cock. Once I was ready, my slutty secretary inhaled my dick so far down her throat that the grip on her neck felt particularly superfluous. No way she could breathe around that thing. Shit, maybe the slut just had something against air. She locked her eyes on mine, making sure I didn’t miss how willing she was to abstain from breathing if it meant hugging my shaft with her slut throat.

I realize I’m calling her a slut an awful lot, but believe me when I say that I mean it as a positive. Besides, smearing my spit-slicked dick on her face while telling me, “you can do anything you want to me, anything, please, just please let me stay, please let me serve under you Mr. Powell” wasn’t exactly *unslutty*.

In any case, trying to keep a two-handed grip on her while she blew me proved to be a chore real fast. So I figured, what the hell, we were doing this and she seemed to like it rough, so I took hold of that tight little bun on the back of her head and used it as a handle.

“You’re fucking my face,” she observed, rather unnecessarily, when I let her up for air.

“Yeah... Is that OK?” I might be harshly fucking my secretary’s face to assuage her totally unfounded fear of termination, but that didn’t mean I didn’t respect the merit of seeking consent.

Sofia shucked her blazer off her slender shoulders, then jerked her blouse apart in a motion. It was ruined in an instant. I was still marveling at the tits straining at a sexy little black bra when she hiked up her skirt.

No panties. Had this slut come to work today braced for this? What kind of 30-something married woman shaved her snatch? Or was she—

“So long as I work here, you can fuck anything you like, Mr. Powell,” she assured me. I guess she thought in case I doubted her, may as well go ahead and jack me off with one hand and spit-lube her pussy with the other.

What had I been wondering about? Because if it wasn’t “what do I want to fuck,” I had less than no recollection.

“On my desk, madame secretary.”

She leapt up nimbly, landing on her back and spreading her legs as if by reflex, an unspoken promise that she wouldn't consider backing down. As her thighs hugged my waist, she helped aim me into her snug tunnel and...

"Oh thank you, Mr. Powell! I know you don't have to fuck me, but thank you, thank you thank you for taking care of me. I'll never disappoint you again, sir! I'll work so hard for you, I'm all yours, day and night and day again my *gawwwd!*"

It was 9:27 AM. I doubted I was up to another night and day of this.

Lord, how those tits bounced while I plugged Sonya. Sandra. S-something. Err, somebody. Whatever. (You didn't go through jobs as fast as I did without forgetting some names, OK?)

Whatever her name was, she was a vision. I'd fucked a cheerleader in high school once. Bit of a butterface, but she had the body. I'd been pretty proud of that notch on my bedpost until today. She had nothing on this chick. My new secretary screeched and moaned and begged until I put my hand back on her throat and once more silenced her, at which point she just came and came, like nothing turned her on more than being made to shut the fuck up.

I felt my own starting to get close – sooner than I'd like, but thankfully I'd had little Grace pay me a visit in my imagination that morning in the shower. I'd figured it might help keep my libido in check when I bumped into her at work, but it was coming in handy for prolonging this chaos instead.

"Where do you want it?" I asked, loosening my grip.

"Wherever you like, sir! I'm a team player to the end!" she answered, panting. I'd sorta figured she'd say something skanky like that, but she'd said something about a husband, too, so who knew. Either way, this was already probably going to cost me my job when corporate found out the whole building could hear me sticking it in my secretary on my first real day of work; no sense exacerbating things by including a couple decades of child support on top of it. I pulled out and she squirmed around to jack it at her face before I could make a secondary decision.

Bam. Splat. Splat splat. All over her face, all over her tits and what was left of her blouse.

The lady lay there, tits heaving as she shoveled blob after blob between her dark red lips. It was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.

"What else can I do to persuade you, Mr. Powell?" she asked, still splayed out on my desk, a slutty secretary bobblehead freshly donked.

"Remind me of your name," I said awkwardly. I wanted to make sure I'd remember it when I beat off to this for the rest of my life.

"Sofia, sir. Or Mrs. Puckett, if it pleases you to use a reminder that you stole me from my husband and used me like your personal whore."

Fuck. Me.



“You can stay on, Mrs. Puckett.” I gave her tit a little squeeze. To comfort her.  
“Just don’t make me regret.”  
“I would *never*, sir.”

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I didn’t get fired. Not right away, anyways. Every few minutes my eyes would dart to the phone on my desk, its only decoration apart from a laptop and a few dried bits of mine and Sofia’s cum. It never rang, though. Nor did I have any of the other employees – neither Grace nor that Jazlynn character nor... probably others? – banging on the door to confront me. They had to know. Guests on their way to check in tomorrow would have heard all that racket Sofia made. But nobody complained. At least, not to me.

So while I waited for the hammer to fall, I logged into the laptop and tried to train myself. I didn’t know the first thing about running a hotel, whatever smoke I’d blown up their asses during my interview. There was software on it that probably did all sorts of useful things, but I didn’t have a login and I wasn’t about to hasten my firing by calling the owner to ask for one. (“*Oh, and while I’ve got you on the line Toby, what can you tell me about these stories I’m hearing about you making Sofia fuck you to keep her job...?*”) So I just browsed Cedar Breeze’s website and googled “how to run a hotel,” reading through the top results.

The google search, lazy as it was, turned out to be the more informative of the two avenues of research. Cedar Breeze’s website was bare bones to the point of being cryptic. Vague promises of luxurious accommodations and competitive pricing, hard-working staff committed to making your stay great. Scenic and restful and all very pleasant. It didn’t even have our street address or phone number. The amenities page listed “spa services” with no further explanation of what that meant, along with a picture of a palm tree. It didn’t even mention pricing, the pool, nada. So once I got bored of “how to run a hotel” I meandered on over to “how to make a website good” and spent the afternoon on that. I might not be a tech whiz, but I sure as hell couldn’t make the site any worse than it was.

At 4:59, I put on my jacket and, with a few anxious breaths, opened my office door for the first time since Sofia had left that morning. No lie, but I did feel sorta bad. She’d been so distraught about getting let go, and I’d taken advantage big-time. Yes, she pushed hard and caught me by surprise, but by the time I nudded on her pretty face, I’d long since known what I was doing. If she seemed like she enjoyed herself too, well, good luck selling that narrative to HR. Or a judge. Google hadn’t had guidelines for how you made that apology, so I figured I’d just stick to my guns and act like it had all been how we’d made it out to be. *Good night, Sofia, good work, sleep well, I’ll most likely kill you in the morning*, as a fellow once said.

Come to think of it, I hadn't re-watched *The Princess Bride* in ages. Maybe once they fired me I could indulge myself. For now, though, time to make my escape and bid good evening to the married woman I'd fucked senseless on my desk.

"Hey Sofia, I... JESUS."

The vision of sex appeal standing on the employee side of the front desk turned. It was *not* Sofia. When she turned, I noticed she was already smiling. Like she'd just been standing there, smiling at nothing, all alone in the lobby. Which might sound insane, except that anybody who looked like *that* had ample reason to smile. A little redheaded Asian chick a head shorter than me, pretty as a postcard and stacked as a care package. I couldn't even make sense of her little skirt, a little plaid schoolgirl thing that was tight across the ass but with a slit along the hip that gave it the appearance that a strong breeze would whisk it off of her. She was bent forward, patiently waiting for a guest I suppose, but straightened when I arrived.

"Hi, Mr. P!" she said in a voice so high-pitched I would have wondered if she was fucking with me if not for the rest of her.

"Uh... hi. You're not Sofia. Where's Sofia?"

"Sofia clocked out already," she explained, her face and voice making it plain that she understood I would take this as bad news. "I'm Amber, the night clerk! She said to tell you she was sorry she didn't get to touch base with you, but... here." She withdrew an envelope from under the desk and placed it in my hands. Then stayed like that, her hands resting on mine. "She left this for you."

"Oh."

Smiles.

"Neat."

Bright smiles.

"Well, I'll just..." I took an awkward step back into the doorway of my office. Her hands followed, so I took another step, out of her reach. The envelope wasn't sealed, a fact that became rather unsettling when I pulled it out and found a crisply folded printed picture of Sofia standing in front of my office door, topless. It wasn't a selfie – or if it was, she'd used a timer and set the camera a good half dozen paces away. There were clocks decorating the wall behind her set to various times around the world – London, Paris, Dubai, Sydney, and so on, as if Cedar Breeze routinely hosted guests from around the globe – but in our local time zone, she'd apparently been standing there half-naked at just after 4 PM.

As I stared, I realized two things. First, that there was something written on the back. I turned it over, and in crisp penmanship was written:

*Sir, thank you for your generosity and leadership during this transitional time. It was such an enjoyable experience meeting you, and I look forward to*

*greeting you again in the morning. I can't thank you enough for giving me a chance to work under you.*

*Respectfully yours,  
Mrs. Sofia Puckett*

The second thing was that Amber was watching me read it, which meant she was getting a great view of that photo. I flipped it around hastily and stuffed it back into the envelope. If Amber's smile was wider, I couldn't tell.

Only on my drive home would it occur to me that the envelope had been unsealed before she ever handed it to me, and also that she was the most likely candidate for the pic's photographer.

"So how was your first day? Pretty crazy around here, huh?" Amber observed, like she hadn't just seen what I'd seen her seeing. "Looks like you're feeling better after the other day. Grace said you almost died!"

I waved it off with faux toughness. "Oh, a little concussion wouldn't keep me from this place for long. I'm feeling much better."

"That's a relief. We seem to go through staff like crazy around here, but losing somebody on the first day would just suck, ya know?"

For a moment, I was trying to imagine how any man would ever quit this job – I'd take a paycut just to have a window looking out at the desk to watch Sofia and this Amber girl standing there doing nothing. Then I remembered women existed, and some probably wouldn't enjoy working in what I was quickly realizing seemed to be some old lecher's private hot-girl warehouse. Aside from the fatass gardener Jazlynn, anyway.

"That it would. So, um, is it just you here for the night?"

She shook her head. "Oh no, not at all. Tegan is the our housekeeper; she'll be working for hours yet. The spa is still open until 9, so Isis has a ways to go yet. Our maintenance guy Tilly, is always staying late to putter around with this or that, and—"

"I'm sorry. Did you say 'Isis'...?"

Amber laughed. "I know, right? But she was born before it became that other thing. It's a really pretty name I think. And I think the whole ISIS thing over there is *super* sad, honestly." She somehow managed to frown while smiling.

"Yep. Put a petition in front of me and I'll sign it." Tilly? Tegan? I'd eat my hat if they didn't turn out to be babes, too. And if so, how lucky for them that they were born with strippery names to go with their strippery bods. "But... yeah, about that, um, envelope..."

I didn't know what excuse I'd been going to make, but it turned out I didn't need to. "Isn't Sofia the absolute sweetest? She can be kinda bossy sometimes – not that I don't love bosses! – but it's just because she loves this place so much, you know? She's

basically like everybody's mom, always taking care of everybody. Guess I don't need to tell you that, though, huh?"

"Oh. Um. You heard. Um. About... that."

"Heck yeah! I asked her about the new boss, and she just would not shut up about you. Honestly, she went on so long I actually got sort of, like... You know..." She shrugged. "*Super* horny. I hope that's not TMI or anything, Mr. P."

"I... excuse me?"

"Sorry! I can be such a blabbermouth, you know? I'll just..." Amber pursed her lips tight, twisted an imaginary key in them, then opened up and swallowed the key with a charming little giggle.

Holy *shit* did I want to fuck this girl. Being adorably fuckable was, as near as I could tell from our brief interaction, most of her personality.

"Yeah. It's... fine." It was insane, but I wasn't going to figure out how to process that standing here gaping at the freshest volley of infernal temptation. I hurried past her toward the parking lot.

"See you in the morning, Mr. P! It was awesome meeting you!" I didn't turn around, but I was pretty sure I heard her blow me a kiss.

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An ever-so-slightly less effervescent Amber greeted me on my way in the next morning. I was sneaking in an hour early, figuring I could hide in my office before Sofia got in to relieve her and barricade the door. It was all going according to plan until the first opportunity for something to go wrong, because there in my office was none other than Sofia, on her knees, naked from the waist up. I'd bet anything she wasn't wearing any panties under that smart little pencil skirt of hers.

"Good morning, Mr. Powell," she said, cupping her tits together invitingly. "I wasn't sure when you'd be in or how you take your coffee, but if you'd like me to satisfy that need before the other, I'm happy to accept direction."

I threw my hands up. "I'm sorry, did you just greet me with a choice of coffee or a tittyfuck? What the hell is wrong with you?"

Probably not the reaction you'd expect, I know. I'd been up half the night, though, trying to figure this lady out. This hotel, too. I'd come up with nothing beyond what had been presented to me. Pervy owner who was a sucker for a hot girl, hot girls who were stoked to get a job working a hotel in the middle of nowhere with hardly any work needing doing. My third morning arriving here, and I still hadn't seen a guest and the lot still had the same few cars, probably the employees'. As for Sofia, she was an anxious lady with a neglectful husband who loved her job and had a slutty way of hanging onto

it. She was probably shit at it, too, if she was this desperate. Even a mediocre employee would try to suck *up* to the new boss before sucking *off* the new boss.

That's what I told myself anyway. Because my other hypothesis was that I was going insane, and I wasn't ready for that.

Assuming this was real (and did I ever hate having to classify that as an assumption), the whole thing put me on edge, made me nervous. Was I fool for taking this job? I'd figured I'd gotten lucky, found somebody desperate for a quick hire for an easy job who didn't realize their candidate had used his own number for one of the references. If not for the fact that the insurance came through, I'd have wondered if I was even set up to get paid or what.

In response to my rebuke, Sofia dropped her tits, the both of them bouncing hypnotically like they were dangling from a slinky. *Boing. Buh-boing.* "I'm so sorry, sir. I'll excuse myself."

Like that, she was crying. Great. Sofia darted past me, past Amber, and out into the hotel. I tried to follow but stopped myself at the stairwell. Chasing a half-naked sobbing woman out of my office wasn't a great look considering how I'd started off yesterday. Plus, there on the landing looking after where Sofia had run by and then down to me was what could only be another Cedar Breeze employee. I would have recognized her as such even if not for the nametag and coveralls. She had the look. Ambiguous ethnicity – Latina or Middle Eastern or Pacific Islander or fuck if my ignorant ass knew – with tits that plainly resented the zipper despite its failure to properly conceal them. Maybe it was how all coveralls looked, but I had a feeling like these were made to fall to her ankles if that zipper even made it halfway down.

She regarded me with deliberate indifference. "Well then. You must be the new manager. Everything all right? I just saw..."

"It's fine. Mrs. Plunkett and I had a little... miscommunication." Holy shit, that sounded stupid. This lady didn't seem to mind. Her nametag identified her as Tilly, the "maintenance guy" Amber had mentioned last night.

She arched an eyebrow at the absurdity of it. "Oh, I think she understands you just fine, Chief." I was picking up a touch of a Southern accent. Or maybe something trailer-parky? It only complicated my white-guy need to understand her origin. The confusion was the least I deserved, I supposed.

Well that didn't take long. "Look, I can appreciate how yesterday might have looked, but—"

"Not much of a 'might have' about it," she said, sitting down on the steps a few feet ahead of me. "New boss, cock of the walk. Nobody look over his shoulder, so he figures he'll run things however he likes. We see how it's gonna be. So if this is how business is done here now, then, well, I guess I like my job well enough to."

I didn't have a response – mostly because as she spoke, Tilly was undoing the zippers on both her coveralls and my pants. Impressive coordination, so much so I didn't have the presence of mind to stop her. I'd worn my tightest whities today, hoping they'd help keep everything reeled in just in case, but the grungy old things didn't give her pause, and it turned out they weren't tight enough not to fall to my ankles along with my pants at her slightest tug.

“Holy shit, woman, right here in the stairwell?! Do you have any–”

“Fine, fine,” she grunted. Her zipper stayed down, revealing most of her tits – no bra, which felt pretty on-brand for these Cedar Breeze sluts – halfway down to her crotch. She reached back for my hand and dragged me behind her. I followed her up the stairs instinctively, which necessitated leaving my clothes behind where she'd removed them. Half-naked, spellbound I followed the half-naked handygirl in the direction my half-naked secretary had just run off. There was nobody up and about, thank god – if there were even guests at the hotel in the first place, which, despite my managerial expectations I really hoped there weren't. By the time she pulled me into her dingy maintenance closet, I didn't think I'd been seen.

Not that that would be much help once somebody found my discarded pants and underwear on the stairs. Christ.

It was cramped in here, and dim. No window, and only one of the fluorescent bulbs was working, barely. The flickering in the room was a seizure waiting to happen. Speaking of, Tilly seized me by the tie and dragged me up in front of her, sitting down on an upturned plastic bucket.

“All right, looks like it won't take much to get you ready,” she said, spitting in her palm and commencing jerking me off. “So what's the price? Hand, mouth, or something more personal?”

“Is this how everybody here negotiates contracts?” I asked huffily.

“Hey, you're the one who devised the system, Chief. Made your secretary bang you to keep her job. You wanna just have me zip up and get back to work and leave you hanging then that's fine with me. Not that you're, ya know, hanging.”

The truth was, I didn't. That apathetic look on Tilly's face as she awaited my choice of orifice turned me on every bit as the desperation on Sofia's had yesterday. I hadn't been working here 24 hours and already these women were turning me into Harvey fucking Weinstein.

Fuck. Why did I have to think that name, of all names?

Tilly gave me a lick, continuing to doggedly stroke my cock, awaiting my decision.

Fuck!

“Hey, look, I appreciate what you're doing, but I really don't operate like this, I swear.”

She rolled her eyes. “Really? Because the sobbing secretary I saw run past me a few minutes ago sure seemed to think you do. But maybe that was some other manager who was making her howl in your office. What do I know? I’m just the maintenance guy.”

Mind, I would have backed off and made her stop, but there was really nowhere to go. It wasn’t a big closet. I mean, I probably could have, I guess, but like, at this point...

“I didn’t make her do that. She offered. She was throwing herself at me before I knew what was happening. I only choked her so she’d stop being so goddamn loud about it!”

She nodded placidly, still jacking me off like it was incidental to our conversation. “Right, I can see how you wind up accidentally choke-fucking your secretary to silence her without it being some kind of power play on your part,” Tilly observed dryly. She planted a few kisses along my shaft, wet ones. “Clearly the subordinate with the hand on her throat was the one in the driver’s seat.”

“I didn’t ask you to do what you’re doing, and you’re doing it!” I snapped.

“Do you not remember, when was it... Oh right, not quite a minute ago, when I told you I’d stop if you wanted and instead you started doing that little low-key thrust thing with your hips trying to ram your dick into my face...?”

I stopped doing it. “I’m not doing any such thing!”

“You want me to stop, tell me to stop, but until then, I’d like to keep my job, thanks.” She brought a second hand to bear, working them in tandem. I hadn’t thought I had a two-hander of a cock, but these Cedar Breeze sluts really brought out the baseball bat in me it seemed. “Chief.”

I came right in her eye.

“What the...! Way to warn me, fuck!” she griped, looking around with her unplastered eye for a rag. She finally found one on a shelf, one that looked to have seen enough use that I sure as hell wouldn’t have put it in my own eye, cum-wad be damned.

“Sorry, I just... sorry, OK?”

“Eh, whatever,” grumbled Tilly, inspected the wad of good in her rag. “So... we’re good, Chief?”

“I... I mean...” Shit! Shit shit shit! But also, *fuck*. “Yeah. We’re good.”

“Good. I’ll send up Amber with your clothes. Assuming she’s not just waiting right outside with... hey, Amber?” She raised her voice.

“Hi, Tilly! Hi, Mr. P!” chirped a spritely voice from just the other side of the closet door.

“There ya go. And next time you want to do one of these spontaneous job interviews, try to give a lady some warning so she doesn’t have to do it looking like total dog shit, yeah?”

My maintenance guy's plush round derriere sashayed into the hallway with her bare, beautiful, cum-stained tits leading the way. I heard her zip up a ways down the hall, apparently content to just get back to work still coated in my spunk, but not before Amber invited herself into the closet.

"Super sorry to eavesdrop, but I figured you'd want your pants back ASAP, you know?" She held them out, rising up on her tip toes to maintain her raptor gaze at my cock over the out-thrust offering.

I snatched them up. "It's fine, Amber. Do me a favor and see if you can't find Sofia and send her to my office? I need a minute, but then I wanna talk to her."

"You got it, Mr. P!" She about-faced, but paused in the doorway, glancing over her shoulder.

"Was there anything else you needed...?" I inquired, fighting to turn my pants legs right side out so I could get dressed. An open closet door was a fine motivator.

"Um, no, I guess not, but um... did I do OK, bringing you your stuff?"

"Uh... yes? Yes, thank you." She didn't moved, just turned and peered over her other shoulder, cocking her butt to the other side.

"Oh. I mean, good! Yeah, good. That's good. It's just, um..."

"Spit it out, Amber."

Her shoulders bent back, and she folded her hands behind her back, right over her butt. "No, it's nothing. Just, um, when somebody does a good job, sometimes it just feels nice to..." She shivered visibly. "No, never mind."

She still didn't move. I waited. Still. "Out with it, seriously. Sometimes it feels nice to... what."

"Sometimes it's nice to be told you're a good girl and get a little pat on the tushy. An attagirl, you know? That's all. It's fine if you don't wanna. But if you did." She bent forward, thrust her butt back, fingers teasing at her cheeks through her flimsy skirt.

I sighed. Whatever. This whole place was fucking crazy, but if the fastest way to get her out of my face and close the door before a guest happened by was to...

"Good girl, Amber." She sighed, enraptured, and pulled up her skirt just in time for my pat to land on her bare bottom.

"Oh, *thank you*, Mr. P!" she squealed. Like that, she was literally skipping away.

As for me, I was beginning to suspect my second theory might be the better framework for this place.

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Sofia came down later that morning while I was still trying to figure out if there was any practical way of doing my job without risking a call to the owner. (Mark. Nigel? Not Nigel. But I was getting close.) The poor thing looked like she might faint if I took a



stern tone, so I simply explained that as far as I was concerned she was an employee in excellent standing, and there was no expectation of any further sexual favors. She apologized – yep, you read that right – and promised she’d try to use better judgment, and then thanked me – yep, that too – for being so patient with her.

And that was that.

I pivoted then to my other problem, namely that I had no idea how to run a hotel. Sofia simply laughed it off and explained that she took care of the financial end of things from start to finish. Personally, I didn’t know enough about such things to even ask intelligent questions, so I let her have it. (She seemed pretty committed to keeping her job here, after all.)

As for me, she explained that I was mostly here to manage employees, and if a guest was having or causing problems, they’d call me in to handle it. Beyond that, she said, I was free to just walk around and pitch in where it looked like a couple extra hands would do some good, and to otherwise help promote a relaxed, welcoming atmosphere to Cedar Breeze. She said this as though that was not only a real job, but that it was a high calling worthy of great esteem.

Once upon a time, I’d actually worked at a hotel basically doing Amber’s job, a job so old and irrelevant I’d only put it back on my résumé for this opening. It had been a really solid gig for barely 20-something Toby. Lots of down-time, no worries if I came in hungover or even still tipsy. Some simple clerical work, a bit of grunt labor when furniture needed moving or whatnot, but most nights I spent more than half my shift playing minesweeper or napping on the futon in the duty clerk’s office until somebody hit the bell loud enough to wake me. There were exciting moments now and again – checked in Eddie Murphy once when he was a smaller deal, still touring as a comedian, which was pretty cool – but it was mostly like she said, lots of filling downtime. So as it turned out, I did indeed have relevant experience at this job. Who knew.

First things first, I figured I should meet the rest of the staff. “No more handies,” I promised myself as I looked myself over for jizz stains or any dust and dirt from that closet before setting out.

I started by heading across the lobby to the spa area of the Cedar Breeze Luxury Spa & Suites. According to Sofia, they – meaning Isis, the one-woman show who ran everything there – were officially an independent business renting space in our hotel, but their contract left them pretty beholden to us. I wasn’t technically Isis’s boss, but I may as well be. I was just glad to hear the spa seldom needed any direction from me. Sounded perfect. I knew even less about managing a spa than I did running a hotel.

Are you sitting down? Because I don’t want you to fall and hurt yourself when I tell you: Isis turned out to be a knockout.

She was hanging out in the juice bar area of her business in a skimpy floral sarong and bikini top, looking like the tastiest little snack in the place. Who’d have

guessed, right? I interrupted her in the middle of wiping down the gleaming tabletops – not that they looked like they needed wiping. I guess it wasn't supposed to get to the point that they looked like they did, though. My ex always bitched that I had a rare talent for not noticing messes until they were catastrophes.

"It's a genuine pleasure to welcome you to Cedar Breeze, Mr. Powell," she said graciously, shaking my big paw in her two tiny little mitts. "I heard about what happened the other day, and I just wanted to say–"

"I know, I know. Sleeping with an employee on my first day. First hour, really. I'm embarrassed I let it happen. I've spoken with Sofia, though, and we've agreed it was an odd miscommunication that simply got out of hand, and... What."

Her head had slowly tilted to one side as I'd made my unwitting confession. "You... slept with Mrs. Plunkett? Your administrative assistant?"

"I... you didn't hear that? It was right across the lobby, and we, erm, weren't exactly as discrete as we should've been." Not that that would have made it better, but by now I think we all understood I didn't know the first fucking thing about discretion.

"I usually don't come in until around ten," she said. "You really slept with an employee on your first day?"

"And my second," I blurted. No sense pretending it hadn't happened. Whatever Isis might think of me, she wouldn't think I was a liar. "Well, not slept with, but... Anyway."

"Oh. Um, good for you, I guess?" She laughed awkwardly.

"But then, what did you mean when you said... what did you say? I thought you said you'd heard."

"I meant about your head. The fall? You're feeling better, I take it?"

Oh right, the concussion. I'd somehow forgotten almost having my brain spill out on the sidewalk. "Aha. Well, thanks for your concern. Yeah, I'm doing great. Barely even bruised any more. Haven't really had a chance to think of it "

"Oh good. You know, my schedule is free all afternoon. I studied physical therapy in college, as it so happens. If you're feeling stressed about getting off to a rough start, I'd be happy to help you relax." There was that soft, delicate hand touching mine again. "It's my job, after all, but I like to think of it as a calling."

"No! I mean, no. Thank you. No thanks."

She smiled, then raised my fingers to her lips and kissed them one by one, eyes slowly sliding shut like she was the one being doted on. "Well then. It's a pleasure to have met you, Mr. Powell. If you ever change your mind, I'd be happy to work you in. No charge, of course. I can always use the practice, and you look like you'd make for very good practice. "

I escaped before she could elaborate any further on what it was I'd be helping her practice.

Next I headed upstairs, hoping to bump into a guest checking out. Anyone but another horny Cedar Breeze slut looking to suck up to the new manager. Instead, whom should I bump into but, at a glance, of course exactly that.

“Tegan?”

She looked a little less the part. Gorgeous – shockingly, head-turningly gorgeous – but she wasn’t dressed as slutty. Just some lived-in looking purple leggings and a loose sweatshirt hanging off of one shoulder. She was in the midst of vacuuming, which warned me just in time to get caught trying to turn the other direction before another weird sexual encounter could transpire.

“Sir.” She switched off the vacuum and snapped the laziest salute I’d ever seen. Contemptuously so. Even those few words were enough to clue me in to an accent, though.

“Hi. Um, Tegan, is it?”

“Yes.”

She said nothing more. Didn’t flash me her tits, didn’t drop to her knees, didn’t turn around and bend over to avail me of a perfectly placed hole in the crotch of her leggings. Just stood there waiting.

“So, yeah. Sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt.”

“You are the manager, are you not?” Russian? Eastern European? Something like that.

“Guilty as charged.”

“So if you are my manager, how can it be an interruption? I work for you. If you say clean, I clean. If you say talk, I talk. If you say–”

“Message received.” I didn’t know if she was about to go for something slutty, but I cut her off just in case. Sofia, Amber and Tilly were more than I could handle as it was. “Really though, I was just giving myself a tour is all. I wasn’t meaning to be a distraction. It’s nice to meet you, though.”

“Is it?” Her hands went to her hips. “I hear you like... more intense meetings. Don’t you go thinking that because Mrs. Puckett permits you to dishonor her marriage that we all are such trash.”

Ouch. “Um, no. No, I wouldn’t have assumed any such thing. And Sofia and I worked things out. No more hanky panky, I promise.”

“Good. Taking advantage of a weak woman in a weak position is the behavior of a weak man.”

Why was her condemnation turning me on? Probably more to do with the way her slit was visible through those leggings. Pointing out what a prick I’d been wasn’t doing anything to back me down, though. “I... wouldn’t. Again. Truly. And say, if you don’t mind my saying so, I love your accent. Is that... Romanian?”

(It was the first country in eastern Europe that came to mind; I figured being slightly more specific could lend me a worldly air. Undeserved entirely, though. I'd never left the continental U.S., and hadn't even left the state in years.)

My inquiry put her hackles up instantly in a very visible way. Shit, was this going to be one of those weird European racism things where her people had some long-standing contempt for Romanians or something? Say what you like about Americans, but at least we confine our racism to the visually confirmable. One of my neighbors as a kid was this Greek lady who, for reasons that she never quite articulated, had this vendetta against Macedonians, an ethnic group I'd honestly thought rebranded itself out of existence a thousand years before the Visigoths rebranded into Germans.

"Say what you mean to say, Mr. Powell," Tegan said gruffly.

"What? No, just... I don't meet a lot of people with accents is all, so I couldn't quite place it. I just wondered about your background, that's all."

She folded her arms across her chest. "So. Someone wasted no time reading files, I see."

"Files? What do—"

With an exasperated sigh, she took her sweatshirt off faster than I could have undone a button. It hit the floor of the hallway as she tossed it aside. Not very tidy of our cleaning lady. There were her tits, though, and they were stupendous. Too small to droop, too big to not want to suck them right off her chest. She re-crossed her arms, shelving them atop her forearms.

"There. This will suffice, I hope?"

"Suffice? I mean, they're – you're! – amazing. But I really don't think that—"

She growled. "I thought not. So be it."

"What are you..." That was as far as I got. As for Tilly – no, Tegan, this slut was Tegan, how was I learning cup sizes faster than fucking names? – she got far, and fast. Her leggings peeled down long legs. No panties. No pubic hair. The closest thing to an imperfection was a little mole where her pubes ought to be, just left of center. It was, I thought, just barely heart-shaped. I wanted to kiss it. For a day.

"So what will it be? My pussy? My asshole? My titties?" God, the way she said *titties*. Like it was two words, *tit-tyess*. She was rapidly softening my stance on immigration with that accent. "You do not seem like a man who settles for something so simple as oral pleasures, but... as you like it."

"Why... why are you offering me... that? Those? What on earth is—"

She rolled her eyes. "Please. You are the one who brought up my immigration status. Manager at my last job was a pig, too, but only a little piglet. He made himself happy to slobber on my titties, suckling like piglet. Not real man, who needed full experience of real woman. I see you are full-grown piggy. So. What does it take to satisfy the appetite of piggy?"

I blinked. “Wait. You’re... you’re an illegal immigrant? And you think I...”

Her eyes slowly widened. “You did not know...?! Shit! Where is...” She looked around for her clothes. Having thrown them to opposite sides of the hall, her eyes flitted back and forth between sweatshirt and leggings several times before returning to me. “But you know now, hmm.”

“Um, yeah. I suppose I do. Now.”

Tegan’s hands flew in the air with a brief shriek of feminine rage. “So you admit you tricked me! You are not a good man, Mr. Powell, using your cunning to beguile me into becoming vulnerable to you.” She turned and bent at the waist, thrusting out a spectacular little ass. It split handily, once more offering those holes she’d mentioned. “Well then, do as you will. Take my pussy, piggy!”

Man. Fucking tempting. Still, I’d learned a lot in the past 36 hours. Sofia had begged for it, and had loved every second of my submitting to her submission. This woman wasn’t begging. I wasn’t about to take advantage of a woman who didn’t want it. I wasn’t *that* big of a dirtbag.

“Hey now, I’m not going to—”

She switched on the vacuum. The rest of my words were drowned out. “I said, have your way! The hoover will cover your grunts and squeals,” she shouted over the din. “Perhaps I will even make some of my own. Make me come, Mr. Piggy, and maybe next time I give you my asshole!”

Tegan began vacuuming a narrow spot, back and forth, not moving her feet, not straightening her back. I couldn’t help but stare. Sure enough, as the seconds past, the broad panel of light streaming in from the window at the end of the hall caught something dewy between those legs. A patch of moisture, right where I’d been invited to go.

Tegan wanted it. She couldn’t possibly give it up this easily if she didn’t.

I dropped my pants and came up behind her, letting my cock sit in the cleft of her ass cheeks. “Beg for it,” I barked. If she wanted to be used “against her will,” she was going to have to work for it. I was her boss, after all, and she was on the clock.

She laughed bitterly. “Oh, *please*, Mr. Piggy Man, please show me how limp-dick American man fails to satisfy a-hay-haaay-HAAAAAY WOOOOMANNN!”

I’ll let you judge for yourself which syllable she was on when I stuck it in her.

Don’t get me wrong, I’m not such a stud that I thought she wasn’t hamming it up. She was good at it, though; you’d never believe she didn’t love every thrust. Not from the way she rocked into me, vacuuming the shit out of the same perfectly clean spot. Not from those high-pitched moans and foreign, perhaps Romanian, curses just audible over the noise. And certainly not from the way her pussy gushed around my cock. By the time I got around to pulling her upright with two handfuls of *tit-tyess*, her nipples were dagger points in my palms.

“If I’m a pig, then what does that make you?” I grunted into her ear. Managing this place was a fucking workout, I tell ya. She wanted it rough, she wanted to play her little non-con game, so fine. I’d play.

“A sow!” she howled. “I’m a sow! A little brood-sow for my boss to fuck his piggy seed into! Fuck your sow, sir! Fuck your sow!”

Jesus. Played that one right, sounded like. I reached around and within seconds of locating her clit, that vacuum handle and my dick were the only things holding the slut upright. The motor didn’t do jack shit to drown out the howl of pleasure as Tegan the cleaning slut came all over her swine boss’s cock.

As for me, I wasn’t there yet. I’d already been with Tilly, and jerked off before work, though, so...

“So I guess now that I made you come, that’s your way of asking me to try your ass, huh?” I patted her rump possessively. A man could get used to this, even if a very quiet part of me was trying to insist I not do so.

“You know I can’t say not to you,” she groaned, gripping the vacuum handle with white knuckles. “Take my asshole if you must, but know it only confirms you are the pig I told you that you were!”

“I guess I am,” I said, and stuck it up her butt.

For the first time, I appreciated the meaning of the phrase “happy as a pig in slop.” Tegan’s cum was the only lube we had, but it was the only lube we needed. She fell forward, clinging to that vacuum with both hands, her body thrashing from the on-going stampede of orgasms as much as my gentle (but honestly not *that* gentle) pounding of her ass.

The tiny meaningless back and forth of her vacuum had made a brighter colored strip on the floor by the time I flooded Tegan’s bowels with my jizz. Ordinarily I tried to be a good sport, to keep going for my partner’s gratification until nature wouldn’t let me, but my cleaning lady’s ass was too damn tight to not squirt my flagging cock out before I was even done splashing her insides. Not that she hadn’t seemed to be coming the entire time anyway. The last few spurts just shot out onto the floor, where Tegan was now lying in a tremulous heap.

Slowly she collected herself, switching off the vacuum and then looking up at me in what I could only describe as awe. It was heady. “So now that I have let you do this, I can stay, yes?”

“In America? Sure. Though if you want to stay here at Cedar Breeze...” I looked downward. “Cleaning ladies need to keep things clean.”

Tegan’s jaw tightened, but she gave a resigned nod. I was treated to a front row view as she crawled around, ass and pussy arched enticingly at me, and put her mouth to the floor. Tongue extended, she lapped up what she could of where my semen had

dribbled onto the carpet. She wasn't reserved in her efforts, either. When she at last looked up at me, she extended her tongue to prove she'd swallowed every last drip.

"Satisfied, Mr. Pig?"

I chuckled. "Actually, I meant my cock, Tegan."

Her nostrils flared. Her glare remained fixed on my smirk as she sucked me clean. She didn't stop even as I started to get hard again in her mouth. "All right, all right, that's enough. Save some for Mrs. Puckett," I joked.

She spat my cock out of her mouth. Then spat on my cock. Then sucked the spit off and spat it back out again. "You are not a good man," she accused.

"If that's how you want to play it," I said, pulling up my pants. She was still kneeling naked in the middle of the hallway as I strode away.

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I holed up back in my office for the rest of the day. This might be the best possible way to go insane, but it was still insane. It would have been messed up just to work with a staff that looked like these women, much less a staff committed to finding any excuse at all to fuck their boss. Sluts like these, they were probably fucking the guests, too. It would take a team of men working around the clock to satisfy these sluts.

The rumor mill seemed to be keeping pace, too. Sofia rapped on my door that afternoon to ask if I'd met everyone yet, following it up with a subtle question as to whether I'd like her to notify ICE of Tegan's immigration status. I put a hard stop to that line of thinking, insisting she'd just been trying to get in good with the new boss, same as Sofia, to which my secretary replied, "But you already have someone to satisfy your sexual urges, sir. Surely we don't need a custodian who can't be trusted to focus on her chores."

So I let Sofia blow me, again, with even more relish. She didn't stop after swallowing down my cum, remaining in the nook beneath my desk, sucking and licking my cock like it was a hard candy she meant to savor all day. Amber blundered in, knocking as she opened the door. "Hey, Mr. P! Just clocking in. I usually check in with Sofia, but I can't find..." Her head cocked slowly to the side. "Oh. Oh! Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry! I didn't realize. Is it, um, OK if I watch...?" She lifted her skirt, sliding a finger between her unpantied labia.

"Someone has to mind the front desk, Amber," called Sofia, releasing my shaft from between her lips only long enough to say that and no more. Amber thrust out her lower lip, gave herself a few more strokes, and left us to it.

So... yeah. I showed up the next day with some viagra I bought off my cousin, whom I recalled mentioning last Christmas raving about the stuff. Ryan was stoked to see me moving on from the divorce and asked about who the lucky lady was, but I didn't

know what to tell him. *Oh, just so I can stay hard and fuck the supermodels staffing the new luxury hotel I'm pretending to manage* just didn't sound plausible. He didn't press for details, thankfully. They weren't believable. The drunker I got that evening, the more I didn't believe it myself.

Amber met me at the front desk the next morning with a thorough report of how hard she'd worked the night before – restocking the snacks we sold at the desk, organizing the drawers, tidying up my office.

“If you were in here tidying, then can I ask...” I pointed to a conspicuous messy smear on my desktop catching the light so as not to be missable.

“Aw dip, busted, Mr. P.,” Amber said, folding her hands in front of herself in embarrassment. “I couldn't get the image of you and Sofia out of my head, and I guess I forgot to wipe your desk down after I came on it. Here, let me just—”

I caught her wrist and used it to throw her down over my desktop. “No sense cleaning it up if we're just going to get it dirty right away.” Her skirt was so short I didn't even need to lift it to fuck her. Her pussy was so wet I didn't even need to touch her to slide right in. Her lust was so intense I couldn't resist slapping the hell out of her perfect little ass while it bounced and rippled for me after I went ahead and lifted up that skirt anyway. That morning it was Sofia's turn to walk in and catch me in the act with Amber; she simply smiled and bade me good morning, then asked if in the future I'd prefer she shut the door when I was evaluating a staff member.

Oh right. Probably shouldn't fuck my staff with the door open. I supposed. Eh.

I came in her, the usual 3:1 orgasm ratio with the Cedar Breeze babes, and patted her ass appreciatively for her good work. She left with a dreamy sigh, but I received a text a few minutes later, a short low-quality video of Amber masturbating in the Cedar Breeze lobby women's room, giggling at what a mess I'd made of her pussy and her mind. I deleted it, then headed over to see Isis about that massage she'd offered.

It was sexually charged from the inception, her oiled fingers probing my inner thighs and pelvis and ass while she was still making idle chitchat about the weather. She soon segued into a discussion of whether or not I'd been briefed on considerations of increasing the rent she paid to run her business in our hotel, which of course became a flimsy excuse for her to ingratiate herself to the new manager as negotiation tactic. A woman so committed to satisfying clients, she argued as she humped my shoulders and both kneaded and chewed on my ass, was an asset to my business as well, and if I didn't believe her, she was happy to provide a sample. I believed that bullshit as much as I believed that slut Sofia was worried about getting fired.

It was the slipperiest sex I'd ever had. She'd somehow managed to strip and oil herself down *while massaging me*, which I thought was far more impressive than her sales technique. We soon made our way to the jacuzzi where she demonstrated her impressive lung capacity blowing me under the rippling water. I'd been enjoying her



particularly tight little pussy though, so I draped her over the rim of the tub and fucked her from behind, splashing water everywhere. Not like I had to clean it up, after all. I pulled out and came all over her tight little ass and thanked her for the demo; hanging limp upside down, dripping with sweat and water and massage oil and cum, she peered up at me and insisted, “No, Mr. Powell, thank *you*.”

After washing up in one of the hotel bathrooms, I located Tegan by the position of the maid cart. She was in a bathroom scrubbing the sinks and toilet. Not that they looked like they needed it any more than the pointless busywork Isis or Amber had been doing. After how easy they’d been for me that morning, I was looking forward to a little sass. In fact, after she grumbled something in her native Romanian-or-whatever as I bade her strip, I changed my mind and led her through the hotel naked to find Tilly, who was taking her lunch in the employee break room. She didn’t even ask for a rationale, just rolled her eyes and accepted that this was how we did business at Cedar Breeze. If the manager wanted her to strip naked with the cleaning lady and double-team his cock with their slut mouths while he sat back and finished off the last of her sandwich, that was apparently enough for her.

I saved a few bites for Tilly. That was where I came, in fact, wrapping my dome in her coldcuts and spurting. I watched her finish it with a sour expression. If she was embarrassed to reflexively lick her fingers clean when she was done, she forgot to let it register on her face.

I fucked Sofia in one of the beds in the same room Tegan was back at cleaning. I locked eyes with my tasty secretary, sucking her ring finger and the tiny, gawdy jewel on it into my mouth and tongue-fucked it while she came for me. Tegan finished cleaning the bathroom while we were still at it, pausing to glower at us, to warn Sofia about being “too friendly with the livestock,” and then stand by and wait for us to finish so she could re-make the bed. I had her go ahead and clean out Sofia’s pussy with her tongue first. When she complained, Sofia reminded her that if she wasn’t able to keep up with the brilliant new direction of managerial direction I had brought to Cedar Breeze, she could always pick up the phone and create a vacancy to be filled by someone who would.

It was the smell of chlorine that reminded me that somehow, in all that, I’d managed to forget about my first Cedar Breeze crush. I followed the signage to the pool, but there was no sign of my Grace. It made sense – couldn’t be much call for a lifeguard at a hotel pool in the first place, especially in the middle of the damn day. Come to think of it, what the hell had she been doing there the morning we’d first met? 8 AM was awful damn early to be lifeguarding. Did Grace have a second role here, or did she just hang out all day in case the boss wanted a quickie with the not-quite-jailbait pool slut?

Anyway, I kept at it and soon learned that the hotel had both an indoor *and* outdoor pool. She’d been out by the latter, only when I came out there, she was bent over awkwardly by the edge of the pool, her swimsuit wedged deep between two toned,

tanned ass cheeks as the trim blonde beauty struggled with something in the water. This, I ruminated after deciding her butt in the air might not necessarily be a *carte blanche* invitation to use her, was something new.

“Grace?” I called as I made my way over.

“Oh thank god!” she gushed, speaking in a panicked babble. With her face down by the surface of the pool, I could barely make out her words. “Who’s there? Look, whoever it is, you need to go get help, OK? I saw something floating into the filtration system. I think it was a plastic bag but I don’t know. I tried to grab it but I missed it and then I reached in deeper and now my smartwatch is caught on something and I’ve been stuck here for what feels like hours and thank god you’re here!”

“You’re... stuck?” I asked.

She nodded. “So bad. I think it got lodged in some kind of little motor or something because it grinded for a second and then stopped and now I’m... Go get help, OK? At the center desk, there’s the manager, Mr. Powell, or his secretary Mrs. Plunkett. They’ll know what to do. Just please hurry, please!”

Naturally she wouldn’t recognize my voice even if not under duress. I studied Grace’s plight, trying not to linger on her butt or the way her sideboobage was trying to make a break for it. Her arm was lodged down there pretty far, her face only a few inches out of the water. Her free arm was behind her, trying its best to keep all of her weight away from the pool. It looked like if she lost her balance and fell in, either she’d get lucky and it would wrench her arm loose from the filter, or else she’d be in serious trouble. There was a possibility of breaking her arm or popping a shoulder out of socket from being wrenched at the weird angle, or simply hitting her head on the wall and falling unconscious and drowning.

I was about to heroically dive in and try to wrestle it loose when I remembered where I was, and who she was.

“Your arm is stuck,” I repeated.

Grace nodded, her nose dipping into the placid water. Her hair was only kept out of it by a messy bun. She snorted irritably. “So stuck. Please! I know how this looks, but... I need help. I can’t move a muscle, and I’m so tired I can barely hold myself up. Please, just *please!*”

Good lord. Taking it to the extreme, this one. I had to admire her commitment to the bit. How long had she been posed like this waiting for me to swing by?

“Your arm is stuck, and you’re huddled here with your butt in the air in this skimpy little swimsuit. Stuck. Exposed.” I sighed. “Like in the pornos.”

“Like... what? Oh! Oh god. No, no, I’m definitely not—” She shook her head. “Oh god. You’re not... Are you...?” She shook it harder. “Look, fine. You can do what you want, but then help me, OK? I don’t want to die like this, mister, please! Just make it fast, all right?”

My pants were already off. I used them to separate my knees from the hot concrete. Must have been hard on her poor knees, waiting for me like this. “How fast I make it us up to you, honey.”

“I... oh god. You’re really... oh *god*,” she whined as I pulled her swimsuit to the side. “Oh god. This is really happening. Thats so... This is so...”

“Hot?” I suggested.

“Wrong,” she finished. Only then, as she felt my tip pressed between her soft wet lips, she conceded, “But... yeah. *Hot*.”

I fucked her. Sweet little Grace, who’d probably saved my life right after she’d probably almost killed me. She was damn good at her job. Even with her arm “stuck” in that filter, she fucked back like a champ. Not without keeping up appearances, of course – “oh god, don’t let me go, don’t let me fall, my life, ungh, my life is in your hands, don’t let me go, I’m completely yours, helpless, don’t let go, don’t, oh *FUCK*, don’t you dare stop” – but the roleplay was part of the fun.

“You can come in me if you want,” she panted, “but I’m not on the pill. Oh god, if you knock me up, I won’t even know who the father is, just some guy who took advantage of me and fucked me and saved my life.”

Just... wow. That body had clearly not been through childbirth, which that snug little cunt of hers doubly confirmed, but the pretense was a nice touch, I felt. I came in Grace extra hard, imagining it was the moment that sent her life down a trajectory of raising my bastard offspring, forever wondering whose face they wore. Definitely hot. If only because, as I was increasingly convinced, it probably wasn’t real.

I pushed myself to my feet off her trembling back. “That was fun, thanks. You can get yourself out, right?”

She shook her head, wisps of blonde hair fucked loose from her bun dragging back and forth through the water. “Please help me, sir.” Her voice was coy this time, though. Playful. Whorish. “I think you need to... pull it out. My arm, I mean. If you don’t want me to see your face, you could just blindfold me or something. I wouldn’t scream or anything. I’ll be good. I’ll behave.”

I scooped some of my cum out of her pussy with a finger and, for no reason at all really, shoved it in her ass up to the knuckle. “You’re lucky I’m partial to blondes,” I told her as I undid my tie.

It worked fine as a blindfold, and Grace practically purred as I tied it around her head. Then I took off the rest of my clothes and hopped into the pool. She squealed giddily as the water splashed her. “Freeing” her took hardly any effort, just taking her arm and giving it a little tug. She resisted to make it seem like she’d ever been held in there at all, then drooped forward and into the pool.

“You saved me,” she breathed as she hopped up, wrapping her arms and legs around me. “I’ll be in your debt forever. Please let me repay you?” She sounded like she

really needed it, so I accepted, tugging her swimsuit out of the way. In I went again. Those fucking pills, I tell ya. We live in an age of miracles.

That was my afternoon, sitting around the pool fucking Grace. Or Gracie, as I called her once, at which she conceded that really was a better fit and she thought she might go by that from then on. Like that, her name changed at my whim. I came *extra* hard at that one for some reason. Or, well, the reason was mostly the lap dance she was giving me as part of her next charade, that she was trying to “make it” on TikTok and thought if she showed me some of the dances, would it maybe be OK if she sometimes recorded herself at work? I could watch, if I wanted, or help her practice the dances. Give feedback, fuck her if I thought it was hot enough, whatever.

(No more pretending she didn’t know who I was by then, though only after we tied her arms behind her back with her own swimsuit and we went through the farce of her having been abandoned by her savior but left in this vulnerable state, please don’t take advantage of me sir, I’m helpless you know, you wouldn’t fuck a naked helpless gorgeous young slut who can’t stop you or identify you or do anything but milk your balls dry, would you sir?)

Sofia came by and brought us each a bottle of water – “it’s important that you keep hydrated if you’re going to keep expending so much fluid, sir” – and shrieked in surprise as I pranked her with a hard shove into the pool. She took off her drenched clothes, then laid herself out on a pool chair beside the one I was fucking Grace in to dry off, jilling herself off as she watched, occasionally interjecting some comment about my incredible leadership, something about being a “pillar of the community” that I later considered was probably a metaphor for my cock. Nobody was manning the hotel, but I’d been there for days and not seen a single trace of any guests. Frankly, if they just swiped a key and helped themselves to a room, I could give a shit. Sleep tight.

Amber showed up shortly after Isis popped over with some fresh sushi, hand-feeding me on my lap while Sofia and Grace bickered over whose turn it was to suck off the new boss, my cock upthrust between Isis’s smooth, slender thighs as it waited for them to resolve the debate. It made for amusing theater, Sofia insisting she needed to secure her position here, and Grace countering that Sofia was just a selfish old slut who got off on cucking her husband and was inventing reasons to do so, whereas she was a horny young woman with legitimate *needs*, one of which was displaying the full depths of her gratitude to the man who saved her life.

Amber just watched for a minute, laughed, slipped out of her clothes and started 69ing Isis on a beach towel, the both of them watching me to make sure I understood they weren’t gay, just two Cedar Breeze sluts who got off on putting on a slutty show for their boss. For Isis, it kept her rent down, and for Amber, she got a lot of patting on her behind. Win/win. Meanwhile Tegan and Tilly, both stripped to the waist and glaring at the injustice of it despite my never having asked them to do so, sat on the side of the

pool with their toes dipped into the water and had a gripe session about how unfair it was that the new manager was already so openly playing favorites. I lost track of it in the course of Sofia and Grace's amicably resolved double-makeout-blowjob-extravaganza, but the next time I looked up, the rest of their clothes were off and they were scissoring each other on the broad top step at the shallow end of the pool, gushing and splashing inside and out as they glared at me as they came.

So there it was. Totally goddamn insane. But at least I finally understood what was going on.

Clearly I was still in the hospital, my head split open but its contents still functioning well enough to let me die with this immensely happy fantasy. Once I'd realized that, it was a lot easier to kick back and enjoy it. Maybe I'd get lucky and the doctors and nurses would bring me out of it, fix my cracked skull and return me to the land of the living. Maybe I'd get *really* lucky and this was the start of a multi-year lucid coma and I could just chill here in my imagination with these gorgeous babes and think the nutrients they were pumping into my unconscious body were really fruity cocktails and homemade treats Sofia's husband paid for that she let me eat off of my sullen cleaning lady's naked ass. I could watch Grace swell up with my child and fuck one into each of her coworkers if I liked – or if I decided the prego thing wasn't doing it for me, I'd just come into work the next day and greet my trim, unimpregnated staff with a fresh and ready cock. Maybe I could dress Tegan up in a suit and make her my secretary for a day, get a sensual massage from Amber at her spa, drag Isis into a freshly cleaned room and teach my new feisty maid how to lick up cum before it stained our sheets, and hear Tilly tittering at the front desk as she listened to me fucking the lifeguard in my office.

The lifeguard would always be Grace, I knew. That was non-negotiable.

It was, sadly, the only way it all made sense. Women like this didn't have jobs like this. They didn't fuck like this. They didn't wiggle and giggle and jiggle when men snapped their fingers, especially if the man was some nobody like me. Hotels didn't remain open when nobody stayed in them, and corporations didn't just forget they hired a new manager for their remote locale and ignore reports that he was fucking the entire staff.

Almost the entire staff, that is. There was still one piece of it that I couldn't quite put a finger on.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Powell?" asked Sofia. She and Amber and Isis and Grace and Tegan and Tilly were all kneeling around my pool chair as I sipped my cocktail and watched the sunset. Someone was gently caressing my balls, somebody else gently stroking my cock. I couldn't tell whose hands were whose, and I didn't care anyway. They were all just me, sexy little nothings in my broken brain. Somewhere out there was a distraught and confused nurse who checked in on me a few times a day and always had to wonder why my diaper was full of cum. It was almost funny.

“No, it’s nothing.”

Sofia shook her head, looking gravely concerned at the momentary lapse in my pleasure levels. “No, please. What’s wrong? It’s my job to assist you in any and every way. How can I help?”

“It’s... No. Don’t worry about it.”

“Sir.” Her tone was as firm as a woman could be with fresh cum on her face and someone else’s slobber still hanging from her chin from one of several group blowjobs.

“No, it’s... Well. It’s nothing *bad*. Just... you all are so beautiful,” I said.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Aw, thanks, Mr. P!”

“Good thing, or you might’ve let me drown, huh? Nah, I’m just playing, Mr. Powell.”

“You think we like being your servile little pets, Mr. Pig?”

“Yeah, my job is supposed to be servicing equipment, not your cock. But thanks, Chief. I guess.”

“Don’t let them rebuke you. That was a lovely compliment, Mr. Powell,” sighed Isis, rubbing my shoulders with a fondness like I was the one doing her a favor by letting her.

What an incredible way to die.

“Right. Anyway, I just... don’t get...” I sighed, then pointed. Through the gate around the pool area, a long ways off by the tree line separating Cedar Breeze from the rural wilderness around it, was fat Jazlynn, watering some wildflowers. “What’s *she* doing here?”

“I told you, she’s the gardener, Mr. Powell,” said Grace.

“No, I know that, but I mean...” I gestured around to the half dozen perfect faces and dozen perfect tits ringing my chair. “You’re all perfect. And I’m not, ya know, ‘fat shaming’ or whatever you want to call it. But just... it’s weird.” Why I’d invite that blimp to my fantasy was totally beyond me.

The girls looked around at each other, then as one, burst into fits of laughter. I watched it, perplexed, but not in any rush. I could sell admission to the bouncy booby show they were putting on for me laughing like that and retire tomorrow. If I could find a way to invite people into my mindscape, that is.

It was Amber who ran over to the fence and did that two-fingers-in-the-mouth-piercing-whistle thing that I’d never been able to figure out. The heavysset lady in her yellowjacket beekeeper hat turned, and when Amber waved her over, she lumbered heavily in our direction. Everything about her movement was awkward, a woman uncomfortable in her lumpy body. I honestly felt bad for her. The fence turned out to be a serious barrier, requiring Sofia to dart back to the center desk

buck-ass naked to retrieve the key to the gate padlock. Finally, Amber ushered Jazlynn into the pool area and over to me.

My imagination might have slipped up and let a fatty sneak into the cast, but it was on point enough that she didn't seem to react to the presence of the rest of the hotel staff kneeling naked in worshipful submission. Maybe more in sullen resignation for Tegan and Tilly. I guess my subconscious hadn't decided how sincere they were about it all. Whatever. They obeyed. It was more than enough.

"Um, hi," I said, feeling a bit awkward greeting her with my cock being lovingly stroked by Isis. (And by the way thanks, subconscious, for familiarizing me with the phrase "my cock being lovingly stroked by ISIS.")

"You wanted to see me?"

*Not really*, I thought at her. "Uh, yeah. Yeah, I did. We were all just, you know, hangin' out. Thought maybe you'd like to join us. For a bit." Not for long. I wanted to keep my wood intact. The viagra didn't leave much room for performance anxiety, but still. I'd fucked my share of fat chicks, but I'd sure never made it a core part of my fantasies.

"Oh," came a soft voice from behind that mask. "Sure. That sounds nice. Would you mind if I...?"

Oh god. Oh GOD. She meant to strip off her beekeeper outfit. It didn't even look like the ones I'd seen on TV, more like someone had taken a rug and molded it to the Liberty Bell. This was not going to be pretty. "No, you don't have to do—"

The helmet came off first.

"Have to do what, Mr. Powell?" asked the gorgeous, lean-faced girl squinting at the sudden influx of light.

I stared in awe. "You're... beautiful."

She smiled, and I wanted to swoon into her fat arms. Only then, off came the huge wrap of fabric coating her. Amber's doing. She hovered behind Jazlynn, working unseen zippers and buckles on an inflatable fat suit. Over the next couple minutes, the thing slowly sloughed off of her, revealing a thin, gorgeous young body clad in nothing but stark white lacey lingerie that contrasted exquisitely with the darkness of her skin. A goddess, like the rest.

"You sound surprised," Jazlynn laughed as Amber helped remove the fat suit. "Did the helmet really hide me that well?"

"Why would you hide *that*," I asked, gesturing to all of her, "in *that*?" I pointed accusingly to the lumpy inflatable thing and the beige tarp-sized cloth that had encased it.

"What, the sumo suit? Oh! Yeah, see, I tripped last fall, skidded down the hill out front and it wrecked my beekeeper suit. Put like eight holes in it, and a few more in me." She winced at the memory, even though I guess it was just something my subconscious

had imposed on her. “They’re expensive, so I thought, what about my dad’s old sumo suit? I figured if I fall again it’s cushioning. I don’t inflate it all the way, so I can still use my arms. I just wrap it up so it looks a little less dumb. Though I guess still pretty dumb, huh.” She laughed.

“That’s... yep. That’s par for the goddamn course around here, I guess.” I tried to make sense of it. I guess I’d seen a fat chick working here on day one, right before I hit my head, so now I was... rationalizing? No clue. I guess it made sense the way dreams did.

“Keeps the bees from stinging me, too,” she said. Then her eyes flicked down to Isis and her hand, glistening with massage oil, adoringly stroking my shaft. “Of course... I guess I wouldn’t mind a prick from *that*.”

I smiled. There it was. “Hurry up and fuck me, you beautiful slut,” I said. And she obeyed, and I fucked her while the others watched and cheered and jeered and friggled their cunts raw, because this was Cedar Breeze.

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I didn’t bother going home the next few nights – or imagining going home, as it were. I got a room at the hotel and stayed there, and my staff stayed with me. We didn’t talk much, since it would only be a conversation with myself speaking through their lips, but we managed to find other things to do. They objected to nothing, and if their roles prohibited some of them from acknowledging their bliss, that was fun, too. Watching Tilly scowl as she took off her clunky boots to bestow a footjob with surprisingly soft soles was way more fun than it would have been seeing Jazlynn meekly comply with the same order.

I know, because I gave her that order, just to scratch the itch of curiosity.

It was fun, seeing the unexpected twists and turns my subconscious had imposed on these delectable figments. Sometimes it felt too real. I guess when the real me, out there dying in that hospital room, got hungry or had to take a shit or got a headache, it happened in here, too. I had good company, though. The staff all lived at the hotel, they said, so they could always be available to Cedar Breeze at all times. I asked Sofia about her husband, but she said she’d left him years ago and only kept the Mrs. and the ring to provide a cuckalatory thrill.

“What if I wasn’t into that?” I asked.

“But some of the guests might be,” she answered.

Which only led to a hilarious talk about that. I got why I’d set this fantasy at the hotel – I’d bumped my head on the way in, so it had just seized on the setting as a framework. As the girls gushed about how they loved sucking and fucking and being used in every imaginable way by the guests, though, I just rolled my eyes. No idea how



the concept of sharing my harem with strangers entered into it, but so long as they did as I commanded, fine by me. If it annoyed, I could just tell them to shut up. Or pull a Sofia and choke-fuck them into silence.

On the third day, I must have been looking for new horizons to explore, because as I sat at my desk watching Tegan flit around dusting and tidying in one of Grace's swimsuits – too small on Grace but *much* too small on the taller woman – the door to my office opened.

Sofia peered in. "Mr. Powell, sir? Mr. Mazur is here."

"Mazur? I hardly know 'er," I joked.

She shook her head, looking embarrassed by my stupid joke. "He wants to speak with you? Now, I believe. Sir."

Mazur. That sounded familiar, though I wasn't sure from where. But Mr.? Why would I let a dude into my little paradise? "Tell him to fuck off," I instructed her.

Sofia's eyes shot wide. "Sir! I... I can't tell the *owner*..."

"The owner! Oh right, Mazur, from the Zoom thing! I don't suppose he gave a first name, did he, because I have been trying and failing to recall it for a week now. Let's go with Dickface, huh? Dickface Mazur."

"Sir!" she yelped, mortified.

I waved her panic aside. "Relax, babe. But seriously, no thanks. Ha! I wish that stupid sonofabitch really was here. Bet he's out there somewhere freaking out about a lawsuit for when his new manager almost died on his doorstep. Wonder if he'll ever even find out I bullshitted half my résumé and lied my ass off through the interview. What a fucking loser!" I guffawed.

Both Sofia and Tegan looked apoplectic – a nice affect from the part in my subconscious that genuflected to authority – as a man I vaguely recognized from that Zoom meeting a couple weeks back stormed into my office, a grim scowl on his face. With him was a woman, pretty, if not Cedar Breeze pretty.

"Toby." He folded his arms, his face and tone dark.

"Dickface," I answered cordially. I then addressed his companion. "And hi, I'm Mr. Powell, manager of Cedar Breeze. You're a bit of an uggo compared to what I'm used to, but not a total waste, I guess. If you want to slip off that frumpy business suit I guess I could give you a few thrusts on the desk."

Even Mazur looked shocked at that. "That's my fucking wife, man!"

"Oh I plan on fucking your wife, buddy. Tell you what, Dickface. Apologize for that tone, and I might even let you watch."

Mrs. Mazur planted her hands on her hips. Another feisty one. She definitely wasn't hot enough to be resisting like that. If I wanted a hot bitch who pretended not to love it, I'd whistle for Tilly.

“Have you lost your goddamn mind, Toby? And what’s this about your résumé? Did you lie to me in your interview?”

“Through my teeth, asswipe. Which, if you’ll step aside, is where I think I’ll put my ho-hum in your pretty wife.” I came around my desk and gave her tits a couple honks. “Pretty-ish, anyway.”

So... yeah. You can probably see where this is going.

Turns out I was neither dead nor dying nor comatose. Nope. As Mr. Mazur – Alistair, as it so happened; I’d been *way* the fuck off – explained, the Cedar Breeze Luxury Spa & Suites was a specialized whorehouse for the ultra-rich. Model-grade babes brainwashed so they’d be willing to commit to any perversion, no matter how perverted. I’d been introduced to their default personas, but however they were controlling the girls, they’d given them each a master class in the performance arts. They’d pick up or put down roles and accents like they did the clothes that went with them. He’d picked the location because it was cheap and easily renovated and had, as I’d noted, some nice curb appeal for its partial role in the hospitality industry. A rich guy fucking mind-controlled whores felt more like a king in a swanky hotel than he would in some top secret underground bunker. So here we were.

I had no idea what a night’s stay cost aside from Mazur’s assertion that it was more than I made in a year. The payments went through him, not me. I guess they didn’t trust old Toby Powell, drunken scum-bum, with the occasional duffel bag of cash. For whatever the sum was, a guest got full access to the amenities and moreover to the staff, who gave every guest the boss-grade treatment. A treatment they in fact did not usually give their boss, but apparently they’d given me an upgrade after nearly dying on my first day. Just to be a nice guy. Which I thought was pretty cool of him, all things considered.

I did get to keep my job. More or less. Evidently guests didn’t like having other men around while they were prowling the hotel for pussy, but Mazur couldn’t leave a woman in charge. Whatever subliminals or hypno-massage-oil or whatever it was they were using to turn these babes into fuck toys (he wasn’t about to spill the beans on the details), they couldn’t distinguish between manager and slut. Sofia had been their final attempt, but after months of tweaking all she’d been able to do was wandering around making everyone let her pleasure them.

So they’d posted a job to find somebody devoid of vagina to keep an eye on things, and now they had me. Mazur had given me a week to enjoy myself before coming down to talk about the business end of things. He said he understood someone might have some objections to what had been done to the staff, but that spending a little time getting to appreciate it would help me get over it. Which it had. A hotel where the hottest women in the universe begged you to let them pleasure you? I didn’t need a full commercial break to get over my objections to *that*.

Only now that I'd spilled the beans... No more VIP treatment. They were breaking me just like they'd broken the girls. By the end of the week I couldn't bring myself to try to touch the girls, though they still offered. Within a month I didn't even want to. I wanted to want to, but Mr. Mazur said I had a few years of dutiful service to go before my apology would be accepted. Which I thought was fair. Because I thought everything he said and did was fair. Or brilliant. Persuasive. Compelling. Interesting. Memorable. And all the other shit they stuffed into my head. Looks like if you have the moxie to turn a dutifully married MBA into a bottomlessly submissive slutty secretary, you can program a dunce like me to be a halfway capable manager.

So, yeah. Most guests come and go without ever knowing I'm hiding in my office, jerking my limp dick – right, I didn't mention, I had to re-earn erection privileges – to the memory of that first week here. They check in, and Sofia welcomes them with a kiss, ushers them over to get a nutritious meal and an oily-slick fuck from Isis, then off to the pool to rinse off under Grace's watchful eye and energetic cunt. Dry off on a walk around the grounds with Jazlynn, gape as you get to discover the hidden flower of Cedar Breeze's gardens. Then fuck the shit out of the flower. By then you're probably getting tired, then up to your room where Tegan's on hand to make sure you're absolutely satisfied with every detail of your room, and when you're not, she summons Tilly to help fix it. When you get hungry, come back down to the lobby where Amber's cheerfully awaiting to feed you and laugh too hard at your jokes and earn a butt-pat. Or a butt-fuck, whatever you're in the mood for.

So yeah. Sofia told me you wanted to talk to whoever was in charge, and I hope I shed some light on things. But I guess to give a simple succinct answer your question: no, we're not hiring.

We hope you come back soon, though.