

Billion Dollar Booty Call

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A hot limo ride, a private jet, a stripper pole...what will this reporter do to get the story?

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Chelsea was late, the victim of a failed alarm clock and cab shortage. She silently cursed her tight skirt and heels as she flew through the lobby, skidding across the polished marble floor just in time to catch the elevator. Breathless, she jumped in, glanced at her watch, and exhaled in relief. The button to the fifth floor was already glowing, pressed by the elevator's only other occupant. When she turned to say good morning, the words stuck in her throat. It was Liam, the gorgeous new cameraman at the station where Chelsea was steadily making a name for herself as a gifted reporter. Liam and Chelsea were often sent on assignments together, and they had developed a reputation for producing quality pieces. Liam had also developed quite a crush on Chelsea and had been repeatedly asking her out for weeks. Chelsea couldn't lie to herself and say she wasn't attracted to Liam too, but it was important for her to keep her professional and personal lives separate, especially since she was vying for a promotion to morning anchor. So she kept turning him down. Now he was looking at her through impossibly long lashes that framed impossibly blue eyes. Chelsea checked her watch again and tried to find somewhere else to look. Anywhere but those eyes. She could drown in them. "Good morning, Chelsea." His deep voice cut through the silence and made her jump. A faint blush crept into the reporter's cheeks. "Umm...hi, Liam." She grinned nervously and tugged at an invisible thread on her jacket sleeve. She was uncomfortable with him in these close quarters, sure that he could sense the rise in her body temperature when he was around. "I heard they've got an out-of-towner for us tomorrow. Maybe you'll have dinner with me when we're finished, wherever we end up?" His smile was crooked and sexy, and Chelsea felt her mind go completely blank. She had yet to go out of town with Liam, and she wasn't sure she could keep up her resistance. She was saved from the inevitable stuttering as the elevator doors slid open. She stifled a sigh of relief and followed Liam into the producer's office, silently praying for the ability to speak coherently. "You're both aware of the recent death of Cliff Davis," the producer began as they settled into their seats. Obviously they were: the untimely death of the flamboyant multi-billionaire had topped headlines for weeks now. "Well...I have a project for you two. It involves a bit of travel. Cliff Davis's son, Dirk, is expected to inherit everything. As you can imagine, his personality gives us vast potential for some serious drama. I want you to travel with him from New York to Los Angeles for the reading of the will. He has given us exclusive behind-the-scenes access for the trip, and he requested you, Chelsea, specifically." Both men were

looking at Chelsea, eyebrows raised in an unspoken question. She sighed deeply and closed her eyes. "I knew Dirk Davis. We graduated together from Columbia. I might have gone out with him. Once." When she opened her eyes again, Liam's mouth had fallen open. Even her producer looked shocked. "What?" she snapped. "You dated Dirk Davis?" Liam asked. "Is that so hard to believe?" "Well...he's Dirk Davis." Liam held out his hands, as if searching for a gesture big enough. "He has a yacht the size of a city block. He owns a baseball team." "It's his daddy's yacht and his daddy's baseball team. He's just an ass who tries very hard to buy his way through life." Chelsea seethed at the memory of the man who had demanded sex on their first date, just because he had taken her to Masa for dinner. She hadn't asked him to spend 900 on dinner. She didn't even like sushi. Liam watched Chelsea intently for a moment, then turned his attention back to the producer. "We'll do it," he said. "What? Are you speaking for me?" she asked incredulously. "Ummm...let me think...yes? Cliff Davis's heir will be the focus of every news outlet for weeks, and he requested you for an exclusive. 'Yes' is the only possible answer here." Liam shifted his attention back to the producer. "Any other instructions for us?" Now it was Chelsea's turn to be dumbstruck. How could this man have the audacity to make decisions for her? She sat staring at him while her producer spoke. "Just a word of advice. This opportunity has far-reaching implications. Keep in mind that any footage you obtain that isn't particularly suited for our market could still be sold to more, uh, liberal channels. And, Chelsea?" She forced her eyes to return to the producer. "The more financially lucrative you prove to be, the better your shot at a promotion. Read between the lines and do what you need to do. The receptionist has packets for you with your itineraries. That's all." And with a wave of his hand they were dismissed. The two stepped quickly out of his office and picked up their packets from the receptionist. As they approached the elevator, Chelsea was startled by the feel of Liam's hand on her lower back. He leaned in close and murmured, "I have another appointment, but I'll see you tomorrow." Then he pressed the elevator button for her and walked away. Chelsea headed back to her apartment, lost in thought. As she packed a bag for her trip to LA, she couldn't stop the thoughts running around in her head. Why did Dirk Davis want her to cover the story of his inheritance? What would she be able to do with this assignment that could help her career? And what was she going to do with Liam Jennings? Would she be able to travel with him and still resist his advances? She would have to figure out how to deal with that situation, soon. The next morning found Chelsea waiting in the vestibule of her building, impeccably dressed in an ensemble she had debated over for hours the night before. While she wanted to look professional, her attraction to Liam inspired something a little bit sexy. She also wanted to maximize her chances of scoring some good dirt on Dirk Davis, so impressing him was high on her list as well. In the end, she chose a knee-length white skirt that complemented her tanned skin. The neckline of her silk tank top dropped in gentle folds to show just a bit of cleavage, which she accentuated with a pretty necklace. A red suit jacket would keep the chill off her bare arms, and red stilettos eventually drew the eye down to her toned legs. Chelsea felt confident and ready to conquer the world...or at least this assignment. The black limousine pulled up to the curb at precisely 7:30. The driver stepped out and retrieved Chelsea's bags from the doorman, then opened the limo. Liam was sprawled out across the back seat, a broad grin on his handsome

face. He patted the spot next to him. "Good mornin', beautiful. Join me?" Chelsea's heart skipped a beat. Ignoring the nagging voice that told her to steer clear, Chelsea slid in beside Liam so that his arm rested lightly across her shoulders. Her skirt rode up her thigh, exposing her fit, tanned legs, and she watched with amusement as Liam's blue eyes traveled slowly and appreciatively from her manicured toenails all the way up to her hint of cleavage before focusing on her own hazel eyes. "So...it's probably a 30 minute drive in traffic. I say we make some good use of our time," he grinned, flirting with her as he often did. But this time his voice was huskier than usual, and she realized he was genuinely affected by her closeness, just as she was by his. Chelsea engaged in a ten second struggle with her professional conscience as it screamed for her to slide far away from this gorgeous man and his enticing body. Then she distinctly told her conscience to fuck off, and she gave herself permission to flirt back. At least a little. "Define 'good use of time' for me, just so I know what to expect," Chelsea said, opening another bottle of water and settling back against the seat. Liam leaned forward and hit a button that closed the barrier between the driver and back of the limo, as Chelsea's heart began to pound against her ribcage. "Don't be coy with me," Liam said, turning towards Chelsea and taking the water bottle out of her hand. "I've been asking you out for months, and you keep turning me down. Why?" "I've told you every time you ask. It's unprofessional to date co-workers. Suppose it didn't work out? Our ability to work together could be ruined." "But you are attracted to me," he said. It was a statement, not a question. Flirting was one thing, but she couldn't bring herself to admit to the attraction, so she shook her head. "Bull shit," he said. "Excuse me?" She dared a peek at him, and his eyes were blazing. "You heard me. BULL-SHIT." Liam drew the word out longer, as Chelsea quickly dropped her gaze again, staring at her lap. He leaned forward, his mouth close to her ear. "I can just look at your body and see how it responds. When I move, you move. It's like we're tuned in already and we haven't even touched. You want me, just like I want you. And I'm pretty good at getting what I want." There was no sense denying it. His cocky self-assuredness quickly wore a hole in her resolve, and there was nothing to do but own up. She nodded, almost imperceptibly, her cheeks burning with embarrassment and, of course, desire. Her eyes met his again, and she leaned into him, anticipating the inevitable kiss. At the last moment, he stopped, his lips nearly touching hers. "Tell me about Dirk Davis," he murmured. Chelsea jerked back, instantly suspicious. "What? Why?" "Calm down. I just want to avoid any false steps here. You only went out with him once. Why?" "He demanded sex on our first date," Chelsea replied without hesitation. "You do realize that I'm about to demand sex and we haven't even had a date," Liam said, and Chelsea's heart did a little flip. "What are you going to say to me when I do?" "It's different," she explained. "He thought I owed it to him, as payment for an expensive date." "Ah...and if you offer sex in exchange for an expensive gift..." "Exactly. I'm not a prostitute. You can't buy me." "No, and I wouldn't want to. But I feel pretty confident I can make you give in to my demands," Liam murmured, sliding his hand up her thigh and leaning over to plant a soft kiss on her neck. "I think you probably can," Chelsea murmured, and that was all the encouragement Liam needed. His mouth moved from her neck to her lips, scorching them with the heat that had been building between them for months. She wrapped her arms around him and melted against him as he wrapped one hand in her hand and

ran the other up the back of her shirt. Desire built from deep within Chelsea as she ached to feel more of him, but the more conservative, traditional side that did not fuck men on the first date wouldn't allow her to take the initiative. So they kissed, and the kisses grew hungrier and more insistent with every passing minute. Finally, Liam pulled away, gasping. "Fuck, woman. What do you want?" "Isn't it obvious?" Chelsea panted. "I want you." Liam grinned that adorable crooked grin and kissed her again, but this time his hands moved freely. He reached under her skirt, sliding his palms around her ass and squeezing before one hand slid her panties to the side. He slipped one finger inside her, testing her readiness and finding her dripping with need before he reached down and unzipped his fly, freeing his cock, which Chelsea eyed with lust. It was long and thick and hard, and showed her exactly how much he wanted her. Then he lifted Chelsea so that she was straddling him on the seat of the limo. Again sliding her panties to the side, he positioned his cock at her opening and pressed down on her shoulders, groaning as his entire length invaded her tight pussy. Chelsea gasped at the sensation of being filled, and then Liam's mouth was on hers again, kissing her as he held her down on his lap, trapping his cock. Chelsea couldn't get enough of him. With an urgency she had never experienced, she began to ride his cock, lifting and lowering, rotating her hips in an effort to feel more of him. As the friction began to build, their breathing quickened and their kisses were punctuated with moans and gasps for air. Finally, Chelsea reached her climax with a shuddering intensity. "Oh, Liam," she cried as she clutched his shoulders and came on his cock. Liam responded with a shout as he erupted inside her. "I've wanted to do that for a while," he whispered to her, kissing her ear. "Me too," she murmured. When she pressed her lips against his again, he moaned softly and opened his mouth to deepen the kiss. Chelsea felt another wave of desire, and found herself wishing for a traffic jam to give them time for one more round. The car arrived at Teterboro about forty-five minutes before their scheduled flight. One of the luxuries of flying on a private plane was the absence of security checks, resulting in an easy boarding process. Chelsea and Liam found themselves with ample time to clean up in the restroom and enjoy the lounge area. While it was really too early for drinks, the two of them were glad to spend some time talking. Liam was charming and funny, and Chelsea found herself hoping that they had started something that would transcend a quick (albeit extremely hot) fuck in the limo. At precisely 8:45, commotion at the entrance to the terminal announced the arrival of Dirk Davis. Chelsea's jaw dropped; not from the sight of Dirk, but his entourage. He was completely surrounded by women, all wearing what might possibly be considered flight uniforms. The female pilot and co-pilot walked beside him, dressed in black micro-mini skirts with midriff-bearing, low-cut, white shirts tied under their breasts. Garters showed below the hems of their skirts, and their classic black stilettos clicked on the floors as they strode towards Chelsea. Even more amazing was the flight attendants, trailing a few feet behind Dirk, talking and laughing. There were three of them, a blonde and two brunettes, all clad in black lingerie, white scarves, stewardess caps, and thigh high boots. And then there was Dirk. Blonde, tan, and casually handsome in khaki pants and a turquoise button-down, he had yet to remove his Louis Vuitton sunglasses; instead, he slid them down his nose and grinned at Chelsea. She just shook her head. He had always known how to make an entrance. Chelsea stood to greet Dirk with hand outstretched. He gallantly brought

her fingers to his lips, and looked suspiciously at Liam. "Hello, Dirk," Chelsea said, stepping away from him and linking her arm through Liam's. "This is Liam Jennings. He's an outstanding cameraman and will be helping me with your story." "My story. You could have been a chapter in my story, Chelsea, instead of just a footnote. I hope this isn't too painful for you," Dirk said smugly. Chelsea fought back a stinging retort. She was in the unfortunate position of having to humor Dirk Davis. If he clammed up during the flight and failed to provide them with any good material, her job could be on the line. Instead she pasted a smile on her face. "I think I can probably handle it. Can we see your jet now?" Dirk's face lit up at the prospect of showing off his expensive toy. A nod towards the scantily clad pilots and flight attendants sent them scurrying to prepare the plane for the three passengers to board. Chelsea and Dirk gathered their carry-ons and equipment while Dirk launched into a monologue about the pressures that went along with having money. Chelsea flipped her recording device to "on" and stuck it in her pocket with a weary glance at Liam. It was going to be a long flight. The private jet was truly spectacular, and exactly what Chelsea would have expected from Dirk. The large cabin was furnished with white leather-upholstered seats clustered in small conversation groups. Along one entire wall stretched the largest bed she had ever seen; easily the size of two king beds set side by side. A hallway next to the bed led to the restrooms and cockpit, and a spiral staircase on the left side led to an upstairs cabin that Dirk did not offer to show them. Chelsea decided she would rather not know what was up there. But the most striking and unusual feature of the jet was a polished chrome pole that extended to the ceiling from a circular mirror on the floor. They didn't have to wait long to see what that was used for. A sultry voice flowed through the speakers: "Passengers, welcome aboard Davis Two. We have just been cleared for takeoff. Ladies, please prepare the cabin." Dirk indicated that Chelsea and Liam should follow him to the grouping of three chairs that flanked a small table on the right side of the cabin. They sank into the soft leather as the sound of the voice through the speakers was replaced by a dreamy, pulsating rhythm. The three flight attendants glided in from the hallway, still clad in their lingerie and high-heeled boots. The blonde moved immediately to the pole and began to grind on it while the brunettes stepped over to Dirk and Liam and buckled them in to their seats. Chelsea watched intently as the short-haired brunette ran her hands across Liam's chest and pushed him back into the seat before adjusting his shoulder strap and buckling his lap belt. Chelsea thought the woman's hands lingered just a bit too long in Liam's lap, but was gratified to see that Liam, ever the professional, continued to film the gyrating pole dancer in the center of the cabin and didn't seem to notice the attentions of the pretty brunette. Chelsea was also amused to note that the flight attendants didn't offer to buckle her belt. "So, Dirk..." Chelsea had a question framed in her mind, but it died on her lips as she stared at him in disbelief. The brunette with the long hair had unzipped Dirk's pants while buckling his seatbelt and was now kneeling on the floor in front of his chair. Chelsea got a glimpse of Dirk's long, hard cock as the brunette slid her hands up and down its length. Then a chill ran through Chelsea's body as Dirk's eyes met hers. He placed his hands on top of the brunette's head and pushed her down towards his cock, while his eyes never left Chelsea's. "Suck it," he commanded. The flight attendant moaned as she slid his cock in and out of her mouth. She paused to lick up and down his length, then paused at

the tip to lick and tease for a moment before plunging back down on it. Dirk grabbed her hair with both fists while his hips thrust out of the seat and he forced her to take him deeper down her throat. Chelsea could hear the girl gagging, but she never relented as Dirk fucked her mouth. Finally, he threw his head back and yelled, "Oh, fuck, yes!!!" His hips lifted and held as he pumped the brunette's mouth full of his cum. It dribbled down her chin, but she swallowed most of it and licked up the remains after she finished. The short-haired brunette materialized from nowhere with two towels and proceeded to clean Dirk's cock before zipping him back up again. Chelsea looked over at Liam, who had the camera pointed directly at Dirk, his lips turned up in a smirk. She raised her eyebrows in an unspoken question, and he answered with a discreet thumbs up. They had Dirk Davis on camera receiving a blow job from one of his employees. This footage was beyond valuable. Chelsea could hardly contain her excitement. "So, Dirk," Chelsea started again with her line of questioning. He turned lazily towards her as the flight attendant completed his clean-up, smoothed her skirt, and sauntered to the center of the room where the blonde was still dancing. The two women began kissing and groping each other as they each wrapped their legs around the pole in an erotic tangle of female bodies. Liam couldn't decide where to aim the camera, but settled for a quick shot of the hot flight attendants before focusing back on Dirk and Chelsea. "This is quite a plane. Tell me about some of its unique features," she said. "Well...obviously the real stars of this beauty are the employees. They go through an extensive interview process and a grueling training regimen before they are promoted to work on my flights. These girls are completely devoted to making each flight memorable and pleasant for every man who comes on board." "Every MAN who comes on board?" "Yes, Chelsea. It's my jet and my employees. And I believe that women were created to serve men, so that's the way we do things." "So basically, you're a sexist who employs prostitutes," Liam said. Chelsea frowned at him. Although he had voiced her exact thoughts, they had to refrain from angering Dirk. "I think my ladies would be offended by the use of that term. I employ highly skilled professional flight attendants. Their job descriptions consist of ensuring the pleasure of male passengers on this jet. They have an arsenal of techniques at their disposal to ensure that this goal is achieved. I don't tell them how to perform their jobs, but they have free reign to do whatever they believe will result in the greatest pleasure for my guests, and they are very, very good at what they do." Chelsea wanted to wipe the smirk off the face of the womanizing bastard in the chair next to hers, so she moved on to her next question. "Have you ever been in love, Dirk?" Dirk's look of shock was absolutely priceless. She could see him struggling to regain his composure as he searched for an answer. "I...well, I...yes. Yes, I have been in love." "Really?" Chelsea couldn't help the surprise in her voice. "Please tell me about her." "You knew her. Julie Morris. I was in love with her." Chelsea frowned. Yes, she knew Julie Morris: beautiful, smart, and way too good for Dirk. She found it hard to believe Dirk had really loved Julie, based on the horrible way he had treated her. He was irrationally protective and jealous to the point of suffocating, while he openly cheated on her with several girls at Columbia. They were still together at graduation two years ago, but at some point after that they had broken up, which Chelsea knew from Dirk's frequent bachelor appearances on Page Six. "So what happened?" she asked quietly. "She left me. She found someone richer, apparently. Can you believe

that?" At some unspoken signal, the short-haired brunette appeared from nowhere with a drink in hand. She handed it to Dirk with a kiss on his cheek and settled herself onto his lap. He pulled her close and began to absently finger her nipples through the lace of her bra. "The bitch broke my heart." Good for her, Chelsea thought. She was about to ask Dirk another question when he abruptly stood up, lifting the flight attendant in his arms and carrying her to the bed at the other end of the cabin. "I'm getting tired of talking. That's not why I asked you here. I was never remotely interested in what you have to say, but I've never stopped wondering what it would feel like to shove my cock into your tight little pussy." Dirk dropped the flight attendant on the bed, then turned around and gestured for Chelsea to join him. She could barely think straight, trying to process what he had just said to her. Her gaze shifted to Liam, who was absolutely rigid, his biceps bulging in what appeared a Herculean effort to hold himself back. Dirk laughed and sat down. "Oh, come on, Chelsea...what did you think? Did you think I was so impressed with your journalistic skills that I had to have you with me for this story? I could have had anyone. Barbara Walters' people even called me. Do you think you're better than Barbara? Or maybe you thought I was still pining over you after you ditched me in college. What did you think, you little prick tease?" "I didn't know what to think, Dirk. But I had hoped that you would be different. Maybe you'd matured and stopped letting your dick control your life. Maybe you'd no longer be a misogynistic asshole...but I guess I was completely wrong." As soon as the words were out of Chelsea's mouth, she regretted them, but it couldn't be helped. She hated Dirk Davis and everything he represented, and she couldn't be silent about it any more. Dirk just smiled and reached out for the brunette, tearing her panties off with one rough gesture and pulling her to the end of the bed. As if on cue, the blonde and the other brunette walked into the cabin. Dirk stood up and reached his arms above his head. He really did have them well trained. The blonde moved behind him and took off his shirt while the long-haired brunette removed his pants. "How are we going to do this today, ladies?" he asked. Like a robot, or a well-trained pet, the short haired brunette moved immediately to the center of the bed, raised her legs and made a V in the air. Dirk snapped his fingers at the blonde, who moved close enough for him to pull her panties off and slap her ass. She squealed and jumped on the bed, hooking the brunette's legs over her shoulders and burying her face in her pussy. The brunette immediately began to moan as the blonde ran her hands up the woman's body and began fingering her nipples. Dirk's cock was standing straight up by this time. He snapped his fingers at the other brunette, who pulled off her panties and climbed onto the bed with the other two, straddling the short-haired brunette's face. The woman knew what to do and immediately shot out her tongue, and soon there were two women on the bed who were being eaten into a blissful state. Dirk watched for a few minutes, stroking his cock at the erotic sight before him. Then, with a smug glance towards the camera, he moved behind the blonde, who was on her hands and knees enthusiastically tonguing the brunette. He teased her pussy for a moment with the tip of his cock before slamming it into her with a shout. Chelsea couldn't help watching as Dirk aggressively fucked the blonde flight attendant, holding her hips steady as he pounded her furiously. The observers could tell that all parties in the orgy were getting close to climax, but they were surprised by the unspoken language that the women seemed to understand. With a snap of Dirk's fingers, the long haired brunette came

on command, writhing on the other woman's tongue and moaning in ecstasy. Her orgasm seemed to trigger the other two. The short-haired brunette moaned into the pussy she was eating and her legs began to twitch with her orgasm, and the blonde seemed to convulse for a moment as her climax wracked her body with unstoppable waves of pleasure. Dirk snapped his fingers once more, and the long-haired brunette moved towards him, cupping her breasts together. He withdrew his cock from the blonde's sopping pussy and thrust it in between the brunette's tits. He fucked her tits for a moment, but it didn't take long before his cum was shooting up onto the woman's face, covering her in his sticky mess. The sounds of orgasmic bliss had barely subsided when a melodic voice poured through the speakers: "Mr. Davis, your presence is urgently requested in the cockpit immediately." Dirk shot Chelsea a wicked grin. "I service my pilots on every flight in the COCKpit. Pilots need maintenance just like jets do. I think they're feeling a bit neglected at the moment. If you'll excuse me, please. Ladies?" He rose from the bed and sauntered towards the hallway, all three flight attendants scurrying after him, leaving behind the unmistakable scent of sex. Chelsea was stunned, staring after the disappearing naked bodies with astonishment at what she had just witnessed. Then she realized they had the whole sexual romp on video. As she turned towards Liam to congratulate him on his new porno film, he dropped the camera into a chair, grabbed Chelsea and pulled her roughly towards him. "I'm so fucking horny, baby," he said, before his mouth captured hers. She was too, and she gratefully, hungrily responded to his kiss. She hadn't even realized how much the recent sexual display had turned her on. Liam was not the least bit tentative or gentle as he tore at Chelsea's clothes, dropping her panties in a heap at their feet. She fumbled with his zipper, but finally got his pants and boxers to slide down his hips just far enough to free his cock as he turned her around and slammed her back against the wall, trapping her body with his. Bending at the knees, he positioned his cock and thrust it into her, driving her upward with a gasp. "Do you like that?" he asked, breathlessly. "Mmmmmmm...yes..." she moaned in response as her body was repeatedly impaled by his rigid cock. Liam lifted Chelsea off the ground. "Wrap your legs around me, baby...that's it." Then he drove into her again. Her body moved in perfect rhythm with his, and the heat between them was exquisite. "Damn, I love fucking you," he gasped, ramming her harder and deeper with every thrust. He began to quicken his pace, driving into her with fast, hard strokes. "Oh, God!" Chelsea gasped, squeezing her legs tighter around him. "Right there, Liam. Please don't stop!" She locked on to his eyes and her entire body shuddered as her pussy clenched around his cock. She screamed at the apex of her orgasm, which subsided in waves as Liam continued to pound her. He clutched her tighter as his climax followed hers. He leaned into her and rested against the wall, burying his face in her hair as he waited for their heartbeats to slow. Then he gently set her down as his lips found hers once again. Chelsea felt she could kiss him all day, with each touch of his lips causing a new hunger that demanded to be satisfied. Exhausted, but still riding that post-sex high, they finally broke apart to find the restroom and help each other clean up. When Dirk finally reappeared in the cabin, he was wearing a designer suit with a red power tie and a very smug expression on his face. "Mission accomplished. My pilots are sated and happily smoking cigarettes at the moment. Yet another perk of owning your own aircraft." He settled into a seat and illustrated his point by lighting up a cigar. He

offered one to Liam, but the cameraman refused as he refocused his lens on the playboy. The three sat in uncomfortable silence for a few minutes before an announcement was made to prepare for landing and the flight attendants swept through the cabin, buckling the men into their seats as the landing gear descended with a grinding sound. As they prepared to disembark, Chelsea nodded to Liam to keep the camera running. "Dirk, I just have to verify for the record that you are aware we recorded all of the events that unfolded on this flight and that we have your permission to use the recordings as we see fit." Chelsea knew she had this in writing, but she wanted to hear him say it, just to be sure. "Yes, Miss Evans, I know you recorded everything. And in a few hours I'll have enough money to buy your little network and all the people who work there. That video won't ever see the light of day. And you, my dear, may find yourself begging for a job as a flight attendant." With a wicked smile, he stepped off his jet and onto the tarmac. Chelsea's head was spinning as she and Liam were whisked off the plane and into another limousine. She knew Dirk was up to something, but she had never considered that he might soon hold her career in his hand. Liam seemed to read her thoughts. He leaned over and kissed her cheek. "You did everything right, Chelsea. You'll get through this. And I'm here with you." He took her hand and squeezed it, a reassuring gesture. She nodded, staring out the window as the car wound through the dense LA traffic to the lawyer's office where the contents of Cliff Davis's last will and testament would be revealed. The reporters caught up to a very smug Dirk Davis in the ornate lobby of the law building. He was lounging in one of the overstuffed chairs with his feet propped up on the coffee table and watching Chelsea like a hawk as she walked through the room. She avoided his gaze and prayed for the next hour to pass quickly. Liam flipped on the camera and stepped into the corner as Dirk and Chelsea were ushered into the lawyer's spacious office. A small group already sat inside, but Chelsea's eye was immediately drawn to one beautiful, familiar face that stood out from the rest. Apparently Dirk noticed her at the same time, because he immediately went deathly pale. "Julie? What are you doing here?" he asked, clearly flustered at the sight of his ex-girlfriend. Chelsea understood the situation a split second before he did. "You said she left you for someone richer, Dirk. You were right." As the camera rolled, the lawyer proceeded to read the will of Cliff Davis, leaving everything to Julie Morris. Dirk's incredulous gaze swiftly changed to one of crushing defeat. Chelsea caught Liam's eye and mouthed the words, "Zoom in!"