

I'll Do Anything, Sir

by [SecretSecretary](#)©

"Miss Jones, I need you in my office, now," Mr. Proctor's voice barked through the intercom. His voice crackled.

Michelle pushed a button on her phone and replied, "yes, sir." He ended the call, the light on her phone flickering off. Michelle sat back in her seat, the scratchy fabric of the computer chair rubbing against her neck, making the skin between her blouse and the bottom of her bun itch. She stretched her legs under her desk, pointed her toes in her black stiletto heels and then relaxed.

She wondered what Derek had been so testy about lately. Attorney Derek Proctor was one of the best bosses she had ever worked for during her years as a secretary. He was wonderful at his job, smart and successful with a sharp tongue and a quick wit. He was also a kind and generous employer. Their small office, twelve people in all, respected the man. But for some reason these last few weeks, Derek had been unusually testy with Michelle, quick to anger whenever she asked a question or made a small mistake.

Michelle stood, teetering on her heels as she shimmied out from behind her cramped desk, piled high with red wells and letters. She smoothed her tight black skirt, adjusted the sleeves on her cream colored blouse and walked down the hallway to Derek's office.

She slipped in between the small crack he had left open. Papers were littered all over the room—it was a miracle the man could find anything in his office. "Close the door behind you," Derek's deep voice ordered. The back of his chair was facing her. It was a heavy, ornate red leather chair lined with bronze studs. Michelle could see the thick head of wavy brown hair just above the edge of the leather chair.

She obeyed, turning to push the door closed. She heard a click. The soundproof door would be locked from the outside. Emily gulped, her palms beginning to sweat. Mr. Proctor never closed the door unless he was in a very important meeting.

She shook on her shoes, wondering if this was it, if he was letting her go after the Jackson case screw up.

"Sit down, Michelle," he instructed. As she sat down in a small chair across from his desk, his own chair swiveled around so he was now facing her. His brown eyes glittered under the lights. His crisp gray suit molded perfectly to his well worked out body. His eyes scanned over Michelle, soaking in every delicious curve. Her red hair was in a perfectly tight bun, her clothes tight, professional, but a bit to immodest. Derek could see deep cleavage and her hips seemed to spill over the edge of the chair. She crossed her legs, a quick flash of her garter showing before her pulled down the hem of her skirt. She wore tall, black stilettos, Christian Louboutins. Michelle was the only secretary he knew that had such a weakness for designer shoes.

"You wanted to see me, sir," Michelle said, leaning back in her chair.

Derek smiled. Oh, if only his little secretary knew... Derek could feel his cock beginning to harden just enough to annoy him. "Do you know why you're here, Miss Jones?" She shook her head, flashed of her tight bun peeking out from side-to-side. "The Jackson case, Michelle. Think about it."

He had her now. She flinched as if he had slapped her. Her face blanched, only small circled of pink blush colored her. Her skin had turned ghostly pale. "Sir, that was just an honest mistake. Really, I hadn't meant to" "You didn't mean to sign the Order to end the case in my name? You didn't mean to send that order to the insurance company so they could file it with the court? Because of your fuck up, Michelle, we now owe our client for a case we can't collect on because you signed my name to the wrong damned paper." Michelle shook like a scared kitten in her chair. A small tear slipped from the corner of her eye. Her knuckles were white as she held onto the chair, too afraid to move and brush away the tear.

Derek stood, towering over her as he stalked around his desk, stopping in front of her. He moved his hand down, brushing away her tear. She flinched. Derek seemed to fill the room and suck out all of the air. Michelle couldn't catch her breath. Her boss' eyes glittered, she could feel his hot gaze invading her space, making her itch in places she couldn't scratch. "I'm so sorry, sir," she whimpered.

"I'm sorry too, Michelle. I'm afraid we're going to have to let you go for this," his lips flattened in a straight line, his eyes dancing wildly.

"No," Michelle whispered, shaking her head furiously, "No, please Derek, Mr. Proctor, sir, I can't. I need this job. I have to pay my rent. I have nowhere else to go," she murmured.

"Miss Jones," Derek sighed in defeat.

"Please!" she almost yelled.

Derek sighed and ran a hand through his hair. He had her right where he wanted her, but he had to play cool. No smiling. "Look, I have to be in court in ten minutes. I won't be back until late, but stay and we'll talk. I'll see what I can do. Fuck," he muttered, turning back to his desk. "You can leave my office now, Michelle. I'll be back from court around five thirty."

Michelle nodded and left. She kept her head hung low as she strutted back to her desk, trying not to slouch. She should have seen this coming. She wondered if she could come up with a way for her to stay. Maybe he would simply dock her pay, or cut back her hours, or maybe volunteer to file on the weekends. She sighed.

It was two thirty. She had to find some way to keep her mind off her horrible situation for another three hours. She began rummaging through her filing, organizing, typing, re-filing. Time dragged as four thirty came, then one-by-one, the office left for the day.

"You coming, Michelle?" asked Michael, one of the junior associates at the firm. The attractive blonde was dressed in an impeccably crisp blue suit, his smile warm and inviting. Michael had asked Michelle on a date three times. Each time was met with a clichéd "I don't date coworkers," brush off. Maybe after tonight, Michelle wouldn't have that excuse. The thought left her feeling nauseous.

"No, I have some paperwork to file before I leave." She stood up and smoothed down her tight pencil skirt.

Michael's eyes followed the path her hands made. "Right, well, have a good weekend then," he said. He walked down the hallway and Michelle heard the office door click closed behind him. She was alone, and it was five twenty.

Michelle rummaged through the files, blindly stuffing papers into manila folders, wondering what she was going to do if she was let go. She had worked as a waitress, maybe she could work at a diner until something more promising came along? She had good recommendations from her old bosses. She should be able to keep her head afloat and pay for her rent if she found a

roommate.

Michelle was beginning to feel better when the office door opened. Derek turned the corner and walked into his office. He left the door open. Michelle's stomach began to flutter. She inhaled a long, deep breath and began shaking in her heels. She walked.

She tapped on the doorframe, watching as Derek shrugged out of his coat, his back towards her. He was watching the city grow dark as the sun set behind city hall. His tall frame was perfectly outlined by his dapper black suit, cut to show off every sharp edge. "Close the door, Miss Jones."

Michelle entered and shut the door firmly behind her. Michelle shifted her weight from one foot to the other and she waited in silence. Derek finally turned to face her. His smile twitched into a smirk. "How badly do you need this job, Michelle?"

"You know I need this job, sir," she said, still quaking in her shoes.

"And what will you do to keep this job?"

Michelle's mouth dropped. This was beginning to sound like the beginning of a poorly scripted porno. But she knew lying and doing the flirty "I'll do anything for you" crack was not going to get her anywhere. She straightened her back. "I'll work weekends. I'll work overtime. I'll even take a pay cut if necessary, Mr. Proctor."

Derek stepped away from his desk and closed the gap between him and his secretary. She was trembling, but trying to be proud. Her red lips were pursed, her mascara was smudged from crying earlier, and she couldn't seem to look away from him as he began slowly circling her. He wanted her to beg. "Well, is that so? And how do I know you won't slack off on the weekends? Or while you're alone in the office, working overtime? You're not very convincing, Michelle. One last chance. What will you do to keep your job?"

Michelle took a long, deep breath. So that's what he wanted? He wanted her to be some porn star bimbo who would say she'd do "anything" to keep her job. "Fuck you," she spat and turned.

Derek grabbed her bun and yanked her head back, her whole body following. She stumbled in her shoes, nearly falling. A sharp pain pulled on the back of her head. She yelped as his large hands dug into her shoulders, dragging her away from the door and behind his desk. "You're hurting me. Get off of me you

fucking asshole," she swore.

"You want this job? Well you'll have to work for it." Derek lifted the small secretary until her legs were flailing and dropped her gracelessly to the floor, her head smacking into the wall. She was sprawled under him, her legs sticking out under his desk. Her skirt had hiked up and he could see the lacy edge of her black stockings. His cock stiffened more.

He seized the few seconds he had and grabbed her shoulders, hoisting her to her knees. He hurriedly yanked off his tie and looped them around her wrists, tying her hands behind her back. The scratchy carpet felt rough on her knees. His hands felt too big for her to escape. He was everywhere. "No, stop," she begged. She tugged and pulled on the tie, but it only seemed to tighten further.

Derek unzipped his pants, shoving them and his boxers to his knees, his rock hard cock springing free in front of Michelle. Her eyes widened. She scrambled backward and hit the wall. She was cornered between a wall, a desk, and his thick cock. "No, please," she shook her head. He grabbed her bun and pulled, freeing her hair. She cried out in pain. He grabbed her hair and rammed his cock into her warm, wet mouth before she could close it. Michelle gasped for air, gagging on him. "No," she screamed with his cock down her throat.

He felt her teeth graze him. "You even think about it bitch and you won't make it out of here," he promised. Michelle whimpered. He smiled. "Good girl,"

Derek invaded her mouth, his salty pre-cum coating the back of Michelle's throat, making her gag harder. His hands tugged and pulled on her hair, keeping her face still as he humped her lips, the heavy head of his cock stretching her unwilling throat. She tried to breathe, her tongue moving to try and make room.

She began crying, steady stream of tears running down her face. She wanted to leave. She never wanted this to happen. She never thought Derek—respectable, hardworking attorney, Derek Proctor—was capable of raping his secretary. She wanted to run. She wanted someone to come back to the office and discover them.

He slid his cock from her lips and bent down, pulling her up by her shoulders. "No, Derek, please. This isn't you. Please, don't do this to me."

"Oh, this is me," he said. He pushed her until she sat on the edge of his large wooden desk. His hands tugged apart her

blouse, buttons scattering around his office. He shoved the shirt down her arms. Her large breasts nearly spilled from her black lace bra, her hard nipples puckering like pebbles under the skimpy fabric.

"You think you can walk around in tight shirts and not let me play with these?" His hand reached out and cupped her firm breasts. Michelle moaned. Derek froze. "So you like that, do you?" he asked. "No," Michelle pleaded, "No, please don't." As his hands explored, Michelle realized how hot and wet the junction between her thighs felt. Her pussy ached and her clit tingled. Was she really enjoying this? What was wrong with her?

Derek stepped back and opened a drawer. He reached in and withdrew a long pair of scissors. Michelle's eyes widened. "Get away from me. What the fuck are you doing with those? No, stop," she screamed as he leaned over and snipped the straps of her bra. He dropped the scissors back in the drawer before leaning towards her. His arms wrapped around her small waist and unclasped her bra, tossing it across the room. Her big breasts sprung free, two large, perky globes tipped with perfect pink nipples.

Derek leaned down and suck on a little nub. Michelle shrieked and jumped, almost falling. "Oh, so you like that, do you slut?" Derek asked, slowly licking the other tit.

"No, please stop, please, sir, stop," Michelle begged, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Stop? But it feels so good, doesn't it? You're so sensitive," he said

"Stop it!"

"You know my tongue feels so warm against these tits," he said before dipping his head to suck and nibble on one tit, his hand reaching up to cup her other breast and squeeze hard.

"Ah, God," Michelle gasped.

"Now we're getting somewhere. You like this, don't you, you little whore."

"I.. I..." Michelle gasped, her eyes closed and head thrown back, pushing her breasts closer to his hungry mouth. Sparks of pleasure were bursting behind her breasts, sending shivers throughout the rest of her body. She was almost on the edge. She was excited. She was scared. She had never been so turned on in her life. She squirmed on the desk as Derek kept up his assault

on her breasts.

He stopped suddenly, pulling his head and lowering his hands. He grabbed her waist and dragged her to her feet. On shaking legs, Michelle stood and said nothing while Derek unzipped her skirt and slid it down her legs.

He took the scissors again and snipped the sides of her panties, pulling the useless black lace aside and tossing the scrap of fabric on top of her destroyed bra. He kept the stockings and garter belt on her. They framed her long, slender legs perfectly. He pushed her on the desk, laying her down on her back. Michelle as still in a daze when she screamed, his tongue licking her pussy.

"Fuck!" she screamed.

Derek's tongue slid from the tip of her clit to her entrance, the tip of his tongue poking, trying to slide in her hole. She was so tight. She was wet too, dripping on his face, his beard damp and scratching the skin on her thighs. Her legs hung wide, letting him taste and explore, forcing his tongue between her legs, tasting every inch of her delicious pussy.

He slid his middle finger deep inside her, loosening her before he fucked her. His tongue teased the top of her clit where she screamed loudest. His fingers slid in and out, fucking her while he teased her with his tongue. He knew she wouldn't last much longer. He slid in another finger and Michelle came apart. "Yes, oh fuck yes, Derek. Oh my God!" Michelle moaned, screaming his name as she came on his fingers. As she calmed down, he pulled his fingers out slowly, letting her feel him. "So that's a yes? You want me to fuck you?"

"What. Oh, um no," Michelle shook her head, trying to close her legs. Derek grabbed her knees and ripped her legs open, her wet pussy shining at him, a damp invitation. "No, don't," she said, trying to pull herself higher up the desk.

Derek held under her legs and pulled her back down, lifting her legs high and stepping between them. "No, don't. That's rape, Stop. Fucking stop!" she yelled as the head of his rock hard cock nudged her tight entrance.

"You said yes. That's not fucking rape you slut. You're so fucking wet and you came so fucking hard. I can't wait to feel you cum on my cock," He slid into Michelle as she screamed and begged him to stop. She squeezed him like a virgin, his cock surrounded by a tight, damp warmth that sent shivers through his balls and spine. His little secretary felt so good.

"Oh yeah, that's it you little whore. Take it. Fuck I've wanted to screw you on this desk for the longest time." His hips pumped like piston into her, his hands holding her hips close to him. He watched her breasts bounce, her eyes rolling into the back of her head. Her pussy tightened around his cock.

He leaned over her and sucked on one of her perfect tits. He fucked her harder as he sucked. "Yes, yes, oh fuck yes! Just like that! Oh, yes sir, fuck your secretary!" Michelle screamed when she came, her pussy clamping down hard on his cock.

Derek swore, his own orgasm taking him by force and surprise. His little secretary felt better than he had ever imagined. She squeezed him perfectly, her silky smooth stocking covered legs wrapping around his hips, her heels digging into his ass as he pumped her pussy full of cum. He leaned over her, breathing heavy as he emptied his load deep into her womb. He wondered if she was on the pill. He hoped she wasn't. It was hotter that way.

"So, about that job?" she breathed under him.

"I think we can come to an arrangement. A pay cut might not be necessary, but no reason you can't work with me on Saturdays from now on," he smirked.

She smiled a sexy smile as she squeezed his cock with her pussy. "Of course, sir. I'll do anything to keep my job."

I'll Do Anything, Sir Ch. 02

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"Miss Jones, can you come to my office please?" the intercom buzzed on Michelle's desk. Her boss, attorney Derek Proctor, was back from court later than he had planned. Michelle was beginning to pack up her desk for the weekend, ready to go home and enjoy a chilled glass of Merlot. The week had been long and stressful. Mr. Proctor—Derek as she called him in private—was working her harder than ever, now six days a week. Monday

through Friday, he loaded her with extra work. This was his public punishment for the costly mistake she had made, which cost the firm more than her salary doubled. He had intended on firing her until she agreed to work Saturdays too.

Saturdays had become a different kind of work for Michelle. Rather than sit behind her desk, she was often kneeling under Mr. Proctor's desk, or bent over his desk. He had arranged for her to work exclusively for him 9-5 on Saturdays under the pretense that she was working twice as hard for the same pay to make up for the money she had lost. No one in the office knew what types of jobs she was expected to perform on Saturdays.

It had been two weeks since their arrangement. Derek had begun testing the waters with Michelle. They tested out positions on his desk. He made her dirty talk in his ear while he jerked off to a porno. She had swallowed loads and loads of his cum. She had taken it in her pussy so much she'd lost track. The one perk seemed to be how hard Michelle came when he screwed her in his office. The thrill of someone coming in to grab something and catching them excited Michelle. The feeling of helplessness whenever she walked into his office on Saturday mornings and sat down in a chair as she waited for him to show was more exciting than anything she'd ever experienced with her old boyfriends.

Michelle pressed the intercom button on her phone and said she would be right there. Cindy, the last secretary to leave for the day, waved goodbye and Cindy slung her purse over her shoulder and left. Now Michelle was alone with Derek. 5:05 on a Friday.

She wondered what he needed from her. Would he torture her by making her file for the next few hours? Would she have to type a small pile of handwritten letters he had created over the week? Would he have something dirty in mind? Or was he simply giving her instructions for their rendezvous tomorrow?

Michelle stood in her Jimmo Choo nude stilettos. Straightening the bottom of her cream colored dress, she tucked a strand of red hair behind her ear and walked into Mr. Proctor's office. As usual, Mr. Proctor had his chair turned around. She could see only the top of his hair behind the large leather chair. She heard him clacking away at his laptop, furiously working. "Derek, you wanted to see me?" she asked.

"Is everyone gone for the day, Miss Jones?"

"Yes sir," she replied. She took a few steps further inside and sat down on one of the small leather chairs across from his desk. He had no knick-knacks cluttering his desk. He kept them on a bookcase along with intimidating volumes on civil law,

contract law and some terms Michelle didn't understand. More than once, Michelle had been tempted to ask what torts were, but she bit her tongue. His desk was bare, clutter free, and his filing was organized. He kept his office and his appearance crisp and clean and professional.

He swiveled in his large chair, his shoulders straight, his arms relaxed. "Good," his smile bordered on a smirk. Michelle's stomach fluttered with nerves. She knew from the flash in his eyes that he had dirty images rushing through his mind. He was planning something kinky and torturous for her tomorrow. She was afraid to ask what. "Don't look so frightened of me, Michelle. You know I won't hurt you more than you can handle." His smile turned friendly, as if this was just a joke to him.

Michelle simply nodded. She bit her cheek so she wouldn't say something she'd regret. She wanted to tell him off. She wanted to tell the dirty old man to go screw himself. He was twice her age. He was manipulating her. He knew how badly she needed to keep this job, and he knew she was stuck.

He stood, his handsome face staring down at her. He walked around his desk, his shoes squishing on the plush carpet. He stopped a foot in front of her and leaned back against the edge of his desk. Last week, he had dragged Michelle to her knees and made her give him a long blowjob in this same spot.

"I don't want you to come to the office tomorrow, Michelle," he said. His face gave no clue as to why. Was he letting her go?

"Um, ok?" she said.

"I plan on working from home tomorrow. I have a lot to do and I think the day will be much more productive there. But, since our arrangement says you have to work Saturdays, I see no reason why you can't work from my house as well. Don't you agree, Miss Jones?"

Alone in his house for eight hours. Michelle's stomach lurched at the thought. The sicko would probably throw her in his basement and keep her locked in some damp dark room for hours. He might even be one of those perverts with some sex dungeon.

Her brows furrowed. Derek almost laughed at how adorable she looked when she was angry. Her skin flushed red and she was about to scream. Her chest heaved and strained against the tight, heavy material of her dress. Derek's mouth watered as he stared at her large chest. His stiff cock jerked in his pants. "Remember our deal, Miss Jones. I'd hate to see a pretty little thing like you out on the street with no job."

Michelle sunk lower in her seat, her face still red, and her eyes damp and dewy. She wanted to curse him out, slap her hand across his cocky grin and leave. He knew she hated their arrangements. She hated him for forcing her. She hated him for how hard she came when he fucked her. She hated that she had no choice if she wanted this job. "Here's my address Michelle. I still expect to see you at nine sharp," he handed her a post-it note with his address. "That will be all Miss Jones. Have a good night." He turned and walked back to his chair. He sat down, turned around, dismissing her. She heard the keyboard keys clacking away again. She stood on numb legs and left.

Michelle took a long deep breath as she stood on Mr. Proctor's doorstep. She had thought a dozen times about turning around and running away. She wore her running shoes just for the occasion. And sweatpants. And an old high school cheerleading t-shirt. Which she covered with a baggy hoodie that had a red wine stain on the left breast. She was determined not to impress him. She wanted him to think less of her and to end this ridiculous arrangement.

She rang the doorbell. Her stomach fluttered as she heard a shuffle of feet behind the door. Seconds later, Derek pulled open the heavy wooden door and stepped aside. "Nice outfit," he commented with a smirk. Michelle had the gross feeling of snakes sliding up her spine.

He ushered her inside with a wave of his hand and closed the door behind her. "You're late," he said. She looked at the clock. It read 9:05.

"Traffic was bad," she answered.

Derek turned towards her, his tall frame overpowering her as she stared up at him. His eyes were flickering like candlelight. He was thinking something, planning something. He had the same look in his eyes before he went to trial. "You live ten minutes away, Michelle. Now tell me, were you late on purpose?"

"No."

"Did you have an emergency?"

"No."

"Clearly you didn't spend any time primping for me, so you weren't late because of your wardrobe choice. Is it laundry day,

Michelle?"

"No."

"Then why would you think it's appropriate to wear those clothes to work?"

"Well, we're not in the office sir," Michelle began, a thin sheen of sweat covering her neck. The house was warm and his gaze was hot. "I thought I'd be more comfortable working in your house if I just dressed, I don't know, normal I guess."

"Take it off," he commanded.

Michelle froze. He couldn't be serious, could he? "Take off your clothes Michelle. If you can't dress professionally for your job, then you shouldn't be dressed at all." Michelle remained frozen, terrified at the thought of staying naked, all day, for him. She would be even more open to him. He could see every curve and every inch of her. There was so much more space in his house than his tiny office. Hell, there was room for two couches, a TV, a fireplace, a coffee table and a plush armchair in his living room alone.

Derek rolled his eyes. Michelle crossed her arms over her chest. He strode towards her and grabbed the hemline of her hoodie. "No, please," she begged, shaking her head. Tears began to pickle in the corner of her eyes. Her stomach clenched.

"Unfold your arms, Michelle. When I give you an order, I expect you to follow it. You are, after all, my assistant." He released her hoodie. "For now anyway."

He took a step back and eyed her. Her red hair was falling in waves around her sad, flushed face. Her bottom lip trembled. He wanted to lean down and bite it gently, carefully. His cock stirred in his pants.

Michelle shook as he gazed at her. He wasn't stepping away. He was invading her space, so much so that she felt suffocated. The air in the room was gone. Her head was spinning. She gave in and took the edge of her hoodie. She lifted it over her head, slid it down her arms and dropped it on the floor. Next came her cheerleading t-shirt. The warm air suddenly felt cold. Michelle looked down at the floor. She could feel her nipples straining against the fabric of her bra, scratchy and tingling. The flutters in her stomach softened. She almost enjoyed the feeling.

She froze again. She didn't know if she should keep going. She

knew she should, but something about stripping out of her pants in front of her boss felt so wrong. He hadn't told her to take off the t-shirt yet, but she did it anyway, without asking. What was wrong with her? She took a long deep breath.

Derek stepped closer again and grabbed the elastic band of her pants. He pulled them down to her ankles. She kicked off her shoes and shimmed out of the pants. Bending down, she slid off her mismatched socks. One was lime green. One was pink with Hello Kitty. Michelle was mortified at the childishness of her socks. Only her underwear matched. She cursed the mild OCD she had when it came to her underwear. Everything she wore had to match. Otherwise, she went braless or pantie-less until she had matching lingerie again. Right now, she stood in matched red satin underwear. Her panties were a tight red thong and her bra was barely push-up. She never needed to wear push-up bras. She had enough of her own breasts without faking them.

Derek took her by the arm and led her over to one of the couches. He sat down. Taking her hips, he walked her so she stood in front of him. He leaned back and admired her. She watched him, his gaze tracing over every dip, every curve. Michelle felt excitement pooling low in her belly. She loved when men watched her. She loved being desired, wanted. Now her boss was here, sitting in front of her, soaking in every detail.

He twirled his finger and she turned, facing away from him. After a minute of silence, she felt his large hands slide up her back, strong and hot. He unclasped her bra and she let it tumble to the floor next to the coffee table. His fingers slid under her panties, over her hips. He slid those down too until they pooled around her ankles.

A sharp pain and a loud slapping sound against her ass made Michelle yelp and jerk forward. "Put your hands on the coffee table, Michelle," Derek instructed. She obeyed, her mind rushing like an express train, wondering what he had planned. "And what's this? Enjoying your job, are you?" His fingertip dipped into Michelle's pussy, rubbing against her clit. She could feel how wet she had become. She blushed. He pressed her clit harder, rubbing the little nub in just the right way.

Michelle whimpered loudly, her back arching. Her hips pushed further towards his touch. "Like that do you?" he asked.

"Yes," her voice was a breathy gasp.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir?" she said.

"Good girl." His hand came down hard on her right buttock. She squealed, lurching forward. His hand came down harder on the left side.

"Get on all fours on the table," he instructed. Michelle obeyed. "Good girl. I'll be right back," he stood and left the room. Seconds later, he was back. Several long lengths of white rope were wrapped in his hands along with a small gag.

A rush of panic swept over Michelle. She began to stand and back away. "No, don't Derek. Please, don't." He grabbed a fistful of hair and yanked her head down. He pulled her arms and legs back into position of the coffee table. He gagged her and quickly knotted her wrists and ankles to the table. Michelle's tears flew freely down her cheeks. She shook her head, trying to tell him "no," with a gag still in her mouth. When he finished, Derek tugged on each of the ropes. They were tight. She couldn't move more than a few inches in each direction.

His hand fell on her ass again. The pain made Michelle yelp and scream into the gag. His hand fell down hard, over and over. He slapped the backs of her thighs. His hand even found her pussy a few times. Michelle could really scream when he slapped her pussy. She was shaking on the table, a strange feeling building in her gut. She hated this. She hated him, but she could feel her pussy, soaked and beginning to drip onto the table, her lube running down her thighs.

Why was she enjoying this? Slap. What was wrong with her? Slap. Why did she agree to this? Slap. Slap. Oh God, would he just stop? Slap. She needed more than this. Slap. She needed... Slap. Needed... Slap. Oh, what the hell did she need?! Slap.

Long minutes ticked by. Michelle didn't know how long Derek had gone on spanking her on the table. With his hand. She heard the buckle of his belt being undone. She whimpered in relief. He was going to fuck her now. He was going to fuck her and get this over with.

Derek stood back, admiring his handiwork. Her ass was a pale, bright pink. He could do better than that. Her pussy glistened, the small landing strip of hair damp from her cunt. She wanted this. She was fucking loving this. His cock strained harder in his pants. She would be so tight right now. He would slide in with one hard fuck. He would fuck her balls deep and it would feel fucking amazing. His secretary had such a tight pussy. But he was a patient man. If he waited, it would be even better.

She heard him slide the leather out of the belt loops. He was

really slow getting undressed. Smack. Michelle screamed, her back arching and twisting as the harsh leather of his belt came down hard on her already tender skin. Again and again, he lashed her ass with his belt. The pain almost overwhelming. Michelle's tears came in a fresh wave, dripping along with her own lube onto the coffee table.

The pain was harsh, but not much more than his hand. The sound scared her. It was so much louder and intense, but the pain was bearable. Derek continued his assault on her. Her ass was turning a deep pink now. He pulled back, dropping the belt to the floor. He watched her body relax instantly when she heard the belt fall. He spanked her ass cheeks one more time. She needed to know that was not nearly over yet.

Derek kneeled down, his face level with her damp pussy. She smelled sweet and musky and he knew she would taste fantastic. His tongue flicked out over her opening. He prodded, his tongue barely entering her. She was so tight. He was going to enjoy this. He turned his face under her now. He clamped his lips over her swollen clit and sucked. He chuckled as she screamed into the gag. Her hips tried to buck, but he grabbed her hips, his fingers digging into the soft, pale skin. He would leave bruises, but he liked the thought. Michelle must have enjoyed it too. A fresh, warm wave of her juices slid from her hole. He lapped them up, tasting her sweet honey. She moaned and whimpered behind him. His tongue darted in small circles, then licking every inch of her, lapping at her sweetness like a dog.

Michelle moaned and arched, her clit was so sensitive and his tongue felt so good. Her skin was hot and tight. Small pricks of pleasure were shooting through her like tiny bolts of lightning. Her nipples felt tight. Wave after wave of pleasure were crashing over her. She could feel her orgasm building, her limbs tensing. She was getting close. His tongue was not stopping. She didn't want it to stop. She tried to remind herself that this was Derek, her boss, her boss who was twice her age, who could fire her at the drop of a hat. None of this slowed down her need to cum. It made her grow hotter, wetter. His beard scratched the soft skin on her thighs and his tongue was gentle and slippery. He was so much better than her old boyfriends and dates. The man had enough experience to know how to use his tongue. It felt fantastic.

Derek leaned more onto the table, one hand sliding back. His fingertips grazed over the sensitive skin of her stomach, then her ribs. He found one of her large breasts and gently rubbed the soft skin. Michelle moaned harder and louder into the gag. He pinched and tweaked a nipple and she screamed. Michelle's orgasm was right on the edge. Derek could feel her tensing over

him, her pussy dripping lube at a steady rate now. With one last lick, he stopped.

He slid out from under her and she whimpered and groaned in protest. She shook her hips towards him, her ass still pink from spanking. Her pussy glistened with her lube and his spit. He smiled at the pretty picture she painted for him.

He stepped around, watching her back arch as her head tried to turn far enough back to watch him. He walked around the table, stepped in front of her and took the ball gag from her mouth. Spit covered the ball and her lower lip. A small puddle of it had pooled on the carpet. He tossed the gag aside. "What're you-" Her question was cut off as he began to unzip his pants.

Michelle watched, her eyes riveted to his zipper. Slowly, inch by inch he pulled it down, teasing her. He unbuttoned the button on his pants and slid them around his knees. His hard, heavy erection slipped out of his pants and smacked her across her lips. By instinct, she opened her mouth and stuck out the tip of her tongue.

He stepped closer, his hand gripping the back of her head firmly, his fingers lacing in her silk red hair. He took his cock in his hand and guided it into her mouth. Derek closed his eyes and groaned, his head rolling back. Her mouth felt so damned good. Her tongue flicked out to taste him, swirling around his head. She lapped at a bead of pre-cum that oozed from the tip. He slid in deeper, her lips stretching. Her cheeks hollowed and she sucked hard. "Christ," he muttered.

He moved his hips back and forth in small motions, only sinking half of his cock into her warm, wet mouth. She felt amazing around him. He looked down. Her lips were flushed red, stretched wide around his cock. He could feel her tongue rubbing against the underside of him. Pleasure shot through his cock to his balls, reaching his lower back. His toes curled and his knees buckled slightly.

He gripped her hair. She stopped moving her tongue. Her eyes looked up at him. She tried to move her head back, but he kept her still. In one quick thrust, he shoved his cock deep into her throat. She gagged. Music to his ears. She gasped for air around his dick as he slid it out, keeping only the head in her mouth.

He was stretching her throat. She felt trapped, her arms and ankles starting to hurt from the ropes. She wanted him to let her go. She could throat fuck him, but she wanted it at her pace. He was too much for her to take all the way down her

throat like this.

His grip tightened and he slid his cock, balls deep in her mouth again. His balls rubbed against her chin. She gagged, her lips brushed against the hair on his groin. He moved his hips in a steady rhythm now. Her mouth felt so fucking good, gasping for air around his cock, taking in every inch. He thought his mind would explode every time she gagged on his cock, her throat tightening on his head. He could feel his balls tighten. This wasn't how he wanted to cum.

He released her hair and slid his cock out of her mouth with a loud pop. She gasped for breath, her head bobbing as her face flushed. She strained against her bonds.

He kicked off his pants and walked back around to her backside. He smacked her deep pink ass once on each cheek. She was dripping wet again. A small puddle of her pussy juice was dripping in long, heavy drops onto the coffee table. Derek never would have guessed that his little secretary liked getting throat fucked.

He nudged the head of his cock against her swollen clit. She bucked and moaned. She was so ready. Her pussy look tight, like a small pink fist waiting for his cock. He nudged her opening with the tip of his dick. She leaned back against him, trying to take more of him. He slapped her ass again. She yelped. His cock twitched.

He grabbed her hips, his fingers digging tightly into the soft pale skin. In one quick thrust, he shoved half of his cock deep inside her hot cunt. She screamed, her back arching. One more shove and he had landed balls deep inside her tight little hole. She was so hot for him, so wet.

He felt so big inside her, stretching her beyond her limits. He was so thick and swollen, his cock so hard. Michelle tried to wiggle against him to make more room for his cock. His fingers dug tighter into her hips.

He slowly began to fuck her. Michelle moaned, pleasure filling her lower belly as her boss took her from behind like a dog in heat. "Oh, fuck yes," she moaned as he filled her hole, stretching her. She could feel how wet she was around him, slippery and hot. This was incredible. So wrong, but so amazing.

Derek reached one hand down between her legs and found her swollen sensitive clit. He moved his fingers in small circles.

She squeezed his cock, more lube gushing onto him. "Oh yeah, that's it. Fuck yes!" she screamed.

"Such a good little secretary," Derek groaned behind her, his fingers moving faster. Pleasure was shooting like sparks through her whole body. Michelle could feel herself building to an intense orgasm. Her legs and arms were so sore and stiff, but the thought of stopping sounded like insanity. She didn't want him to stop. She would die if he stopped. She was so close.

"Cum for me, you little slut," he got go of her hip and spanked her. His fingers quickened more, his hips now his cock into her pussy in a quick fury. Michelle screamed his name as she came. Her back ached beneath him, her pussy squeezed his cock. His balls tightened painfully. He was going to lose it too.

He bent forward and squeezed her breast tight, his finger slippery with her lube as he teased her clit, her orgasm building again into a quick, intense second. "No, sir no, please! No, fuck sir, not again! NO!" she screamed so loud for a split second, he wondered if the neighbors could hear him taking his little secretary. He didn't care.

Michelle shattered beneath him, cumming so intensely she nearly fainted. Stars exploded behind her eyes, her whole body shuddering as he fucked her, her orgasm washing over her, drowning her in pleasure.

She squeezed him again and his cock exploded inside her. His balls tightened and released, his cum shooting deep into her belly. He knew she wasn't on the pill. He told her not to take the pill while she worked for him. Fuck, if this didn't get her pregnant he didn't know what would.

As she calmed down, panting against the coffee table, her arms and legs began to give out. Derek took long deep breaths and, slipping his softening cock from her pussy, he walked around in front of her. He grabbed her hair and lifted her face.

Her cheeks were flushed, her lips swollen and pouty, a deep red, near purple. She was panting for air. Her eyes were foggy with a strange afterglow. He slipped his cock between those swollen lips. A strong tingly feeling shot through his dick as her puffy lips worked him. "Clean me," he ordered, "then I'll let you go home for the day." Her tongue and lips slid around his cock perfectly. She sucked on him gently, her tongue licking away their juices. She could taste the last few drops of cum sliding out of the tip, her own lube coating him. They tasted amazing together.

"As much as I like working from home," he said, "next Saturday we're back to working in the office."

As he slipped his cock from her lips, Michelle smiled. "Yes sir," was all she could say.

I'll Do Anything, Sir Ch. 03

by [SecretSecretary](#)©

"Mandatory Meeting. 2:00 PM. Today. Large conference room. Send email." Michelle read the Post-it note on her computer screen and wondered why Attorney Derek Proctor was calling for a mandatory staff meeting with no warning. It was an early 9:00 in the morning, and Mr. Proctor hated last minute anything, especially last minute, unprepared for meetings. Michelle sent out an office wide email and leaned back in her desk chair, chewing on a pen cap and tried to figure out why they were having a surprise meeting. The firm's business had been steady, if not growing, so certainly Mr. Proctor wasn't planning on firing anyone. Were they merging with another firm? Was another attorney going to be promoted to partner? Was someone leaving?

"Hey Cindy," Michelle called from her cubicle to the blonde on her left, "any idea what this meeting is about?"

Cindy turned, her bob haircut swooshing around her tanned neck. "No idea," she shrugged, "maybe Proctor's retiring? He made five million off that Campbell settlement last month. Maybe he's leaving? I still can't believe they got five million dollars from that BS case."

Michelle smiled. "Yeah, me neither." After the surprising and undeserved settlement from two insurance companies, Mr. Proctor had treated the office to lunch at the swankiest restaurant in town, followed by surprise bonuses. Michelle was quiet when the secretaries gossiped about what they received for a bonus. Michelle's bonus had an extra zero at the end.

But oh, if the office only knew what she had to do on Saturdays for that extra zero. For months, she was Mr. Proctor's... well... sex slave? The slave part was slipping away week-by-week. Michelle was enjoying her overtime work with Mr. Proctor. The harder he worked her, the more she loved it.

She turned back to her screen, trashed Derek's note and continued to work. The hours ticked by slowly as the office began to hum with curiosity. Derek had been behind his closed office door all day. No one could hear what was going on behind those sound proof doors. He hadn't even popped his head out for a lunch break. At 1:55 PM, the staff slowly rolled into the conference room in one large wave. They all sat around, pens and paper and cell phones in hand, waiting for the boss. At 2:05 PM, Derek stepped inside the conference room and closed the door.

Michelle's breath caught in her throat. Derek was smiling, beaming in fact. His smile was a positive sign and everyone in the room seemed to release a silent sigh of relief. The boss looked healthy, younger even. Gone was the scruffy half-beard he kept constantly trimmed and neat. His hair was combed back and his figure seemed even taller and prouder than ever.

"Everyone, I have some great news," he announced. "As you know, I have been discussing the future of this law firm with some important people. People who can help this firm grow and expand more than I could have ever thought possible. With our name, their expertise and their financial backing, I know this firm can become one of the most recognizable in the city within a matter of five years."

Everyone was stunned. Expanding the firm? No one had even thought of it as a possibility. Commercials, billboards, bus signs. All of them, featuring their name, their pictures. More cases. Higher salaries. Tenure in the company, promotions and more. There was an unspoken buzz of excitement around the room.

"I'm going to have to meet with Michael and David tomorrow. Michelle," his eyes locked with hers. Tension crackled and his eyes stared glittering. "I need to see you in my office to go over travel arrangements for our visitors." Michelle nodded, her red hair bobbing up and down. She bit the tip of her tongue to stop from smiling. She was sure travel plans weren't the only thing he wanted to go over in his office. "I'll let you all get back to your work. Michelle, meet me in my office and bring a pen and paper," he ordered and left the room.

She hurried after him, pen and paper already in hand. She walked into his office and closed the door behind her. He stood behind his desk, both palms pressed flat against the wood. "Sit," he ordered. She obeyed, crossing her legs, revealing a glimpse of her lace top thigh highs under her dress.

"I'll need you to book three round trip tickets for our guests. They have to be direct flights. I don't want to inconvenience them with stops. Get first class seats and put those on my

personal credit card. Book them their own separate rooms in the Sheraton. I have a discount there, and make sure they have all the accommodations they will need. Let the hotel know these are important people so the rooms better be clean. No problems, understand me?" He fished around in his suit jacket and pulled out a black Amex card.

Michelle's mouth watered a little at the sight of the tiny piece of plastic. She blushed and nodded. He handed her the card, which she tucked into the pocket of her dress. "Good. I'll want breakfast and lunch ordered here to the office when they are here as well. Also, there has to be entertainment while they're here. That's where you come in." Michelle stopped writing and looked up into his flashing eyes. She felt her palms begin to sweat. This was not good.

"Michelle, I think we're almost finished with our little arrangement. You've been paying off your debt for months now. I think we can call it finished, on one condition."

One condition? Entertainment? Finished? Michelle mind whirled. What was he thinking?

"You're going to entertain our guests the same way you've been entertaining me for the last few Saturdays. Three very important guests need special accommodations after all." He smirked as he leaned closer, towering over her shaking figure.

"What?" she squeaked.

"You're going to be the entertainment. This is how it's going to play out. You're going to wear a special outfit I bought you. It's in that bag in the corner." He pointed to a plain brown bag, with no labels or hints. "You're going to wear what's in the bag next week, the first day they are here. You're going to be a perfect little Mad Men secretary, all smiling and cheerful. And you're going to work overtime. Now, when the rest of the office leaves, I am going to offer to take you and our guests to dinner. You will be polite. You will be friendly. And you're going to get yourself very drunk on my tab. Then we are going back to their hotel, where you will entertain them. Somehow. Someway. And when they are done with you, take a cab, or spend the whole damn night with one of them and buy new clothes in the morning. I don't want you doing some slut walk of shame into work the next day Do you understand me?"

Michelle's red lipped mouth gaped open like a fish, too dumbfounded to speak. She nodded, stood, and took the bag.

"Oh, and Michelle," Derek called, "I won't need you working this

weekend. I think you're overtime can be better served next week. Enjoy your Saturday."

***** The week went by in a blur. On Saturday, Michelle went to the gym, cleaned, cooked, and did everything she could think of to distract herself from the upcoming Thursday—the day the firm's visitors would be coming and the night she was dreading. But this was her chance to be finished with Derek and their "arrangement." As much fun as she had with the man, she wanted to Saturdays to herself again.

The work week sped by and the visitors were comfortably checked into their rooms. Michelle had seen to it when they walked into the office on Thursday. Mr. Wilks was a tall, sturdy black man, shorter than Mr. Proctor, but younger. He looked like he had been a good football player in college. And he was handsome, so much so that Michelle almost didn't mind the arrangement Mr. Proctor was planning.

Mr. Jameson was a tall off the boat Irishman, with a thick brogue and thicker eyebrows. His flaming red hair was bright enough to see down the block, but he looked good for a middle aged man. A little heavy, but nothing horrid about him. He was a pleasant man who enjoyed jokes and laughing. He kept touching Michelle's shoulder and calling her "sweetheart." Michelle wondered if Derek had told them about the arrangement.

Miss DeFleur was a gorgeous, skinny woman with mile long legs, soft brown hair tucked into a modest chignon and perfectly pink lips. Her tight black dress showed barely there cleavage and soft curves. What could Michelle possibly do to entertain her? The answer stuck her when Derek met with her and kissed her twice on the cheek. She was for him to entertain tonight, judging by the dapper smile and his flashing eyes.

The meeting had seemed to go well with the attorneys. The paralegals and support staff were interviewed one by one. Numbers were examined and crunched behind closed doors. The day flew by with little interruption to the daily office routine.

At six o'clock, Michelle smiled and said good night as each person filed out the door, leaving only her, Derek and their three guests. "You sure you can't meet up for drinks tonight? I mean, it sucks that Derek made us all stay an extra hour. Maybe you should unwind a little?" Michael asked as he shrugged on his suit jacket and started walking towards the door. Michelle shook her head and apologized. She had to work overtime.

She smoothed down her tight red dress, with her generous

cleavage threatening to spill over the top, the slit in the back so high that someone could almost see the tops of her stockings or a strap of her garter, courtesy of Mr. Proctor. She reapplied her lipstick, smoothed her hair in her small compact mirror one last time and knocked on the partially open conference room door where Mr. Proctor was meeting with their guests. "Come in," Mr. Wilks called out.

"Hello. Sorry to interrupt, but your dinner reservations are in twenty minutes."

"Michelle, do you have plans tonight?" Mr. Proctor asked right on cue.

"No, sir, I don't."

"Good," he leaned back in his chair and smiled, "come join us for dinner," he offered and the four of them stood to leave.

"Oh, no, I couldn't impose like that, Mr. Proctor," she smiled. They had rehearsed this part yesterday.

"It's no imposition at all."

"Besides," chimed in Mr. Jameson, "we'd love to have the company of yet another lovely young woman." Michelle smiled and blushed.

She giggled. "Well, alright then. I'll call the restaurant and tell them to add one more." She left to get her coat and purse, pretended to call the restaurant, and left with the rest of them.

Dinner conversation was light and pleasant. Questions flew around the table about possible expansions, new office locations, promotions. Michelle felt excited and giddy to be there. Her nerves were slowly vanishing. The four gin and tonics she drank were helping too. Before the main course, Mr. Wilk's finger traced the edge of her dress. Before her third gin and tonic, Mr. Jameson's large hand patted her knee. Before dessert, she caught a glimpse of Ms. DeFleur reaching over under the table and Mr. Proctor's eyes widened. Tonight would be interesting.

The bill was paid and the five of them left, nearly stumbling across the street to the Sheraton. "We should see you to your rooms. Make sure everything is alright," Mr. Proctor said. No one argued. Michelle was giggling and giddy. Her face was numb and the sensitive spot between her legs was damp and sensitive. She was drunk and excited. She didn't know why but she liked the butterflies-in-her-tummy feeling.

They piled into the elevator and stopped on the eight floor. They all piled out. "Can I stop in here and use your bathroom," Derek asked as Mr. Jameson pulled out his key card to enter his room.

"Sure, sure," the Irishman waved and entered the room. Everyone followed. The room was spacious, large, one of the better business suites in the hotel. A large king sized bed dominated the focus of the room, but left enough space for some play. The writing desk looked sturdy. The TV was a newer model, an HDTV with a small plastic pamphlet next it showing a variety of pay-per-view programs.

Derek went into the restroom and closed the door, returning a minute later. Michelle sat on the bed, talking to Mr. Jameson who rested his hand on her knee. Mr. Wilks sat behind her, leaning her against him as his large hand stroked her soft skin. Ms. DeFleur watched as Mr. Jameson leaned in to kiss Michelle. Michelle giggled from Jameson's scratchy beard tickling her chin. She turned her head and Mr. Wilk's warm lips found her neck, reaching the sensitive spot in just seconds.

Ms. DeFleur took Derek's arm and tried to pull him out of the room. "No, let's stay," he insisted. He gently pushed Ms. DeFleur up against as wall, her thin body pressed against him. Her small breasts crushed against his chest, her legs parting to let him in closer. He kissed her, her soft lips playing and teasing him.

He heard Michelle giggle again, breaking his concentration. He looked over. Ms. DeFleur kissed his neck, her arms reaching around him, her soft lips teasing his skin. Soft shivers pricked at his skin, his cock growing and hardening in his trousers.

Michelle was kissing Wilks, her red lipstick smudging around her lips. His large dark hands traced her pale skin, up and down her lean arms. He watched her shiver as Wilks pulled her down onto the bed, laying on her right side, her head tilted away from Derek. Jameson stood and kicked off his shoes and laid down on her left side. His hands pushed her skirt higher up her pale thighs. Derek could see the strap of her garter belt, the lace top of her thigh high stockings. His mouth went dry.

DeFleur's hands found his cock stirring in his pants. She massaged and teased his dick through his pants while her lips traced around the collar of his shirt. She reach up and slid the jacket off his shoulders, dropping it to the floor. Her fingers laced under the knot of his tie and pulled his head back to her. She kissed him hard on the lips, her tongue snaking her way into

his mouth and dancing with his. She let go and pulled off his tie, dropping in onto his jacket. Derek's hands reached up behind her and pulled down on her dress' silver zipper, which ran down the entire back of her dress. It slid off her and onto the floor between them.

Her red bra and panties clashed with her black garter and stockings, which made him stiffen further. Her taught body, which was tapped beneath him, was long and lean, a sharp contrast to Michelle's petite and generous curves. His hand reach down and cupped her sex. She moaned as his fingers slipped between her thighs, her mouth parting in a breathy gasp. "Oh," she moaned as his fingers teased her damp clit, beneath her soaked panties. Her head leaned back against the wall, mussing up her hair. Her breasts arched out to him and he reached for them with his free hand.

He slid one breast—he guessed a B cup—out of the shell of her bra, her nipple puckering under his palms. He squeezed it gently and she moaned louder, her head thrown back and her body arching towards his touch. His fingers worked faster between her legs, one finger working under her panties and sliding deep into her dripping cunt. She was soaked.

DeFleur moaned, twisting and writhing under his skillful hands. He leaned down and flicked his tongue across the tight tip of her breast, eliciting little yelps from the power hungry woman's mouth. Oh, how she was so supple and sweet when she was getting off. Or so he thought.

As her orgasm drew closer, she pulled away from his fingers and turned him, pinning his back against a wall. She unbuttoned his shirt buttons one by one, then slipped the shirt off his shoulders. She yanked at the hem of his undershirt in hurried frustration and pulled it over his head. With expert swiftness, she unbuttoned his suit pants and had them and his boxers around his ankles in seconds. His cock spring out, long and heavy.

DeFleur reached down and teased the head of his cock with her long fingers. Her red painted nails were wrapped around him, squeezing and teasing. Her eyes glinted with power she knew she had over him. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth, her lipstick smudged in a pink ring around her lips.

She squeezed harder and his cock twitched. His smirk faltered and she let go of his cock., leaning closer to him, her tits brushing against the hair of his chest, her whispered in his ear, "I want to taste you." She lowered herself, kneeling at his feet. Her pink lips opened and her tongue stuck out, licking the underside of his cock. He twitched on her tongue and groaned as

sparks of pleasure shot from his balls to the base of his spine.

Her tongue was so soft, applying perfect pressure to the head of his cock, swirling around the tip like she was licking an ice cream cone. His balls tightened when her lips finally took the head of his cock into her mouth. They stretched, pink and pretty around his thick heavy member. Sweet pink against a deep tan. She looked like a fetish porn star in that position. He took her hair in his hands, pulling on it until it was out of her tight style and falling in waves to her shoulders. He took the silky locks between his fingers and held on for the ride.

Michelle was overwhelmed by both men beside her. She could hardly keep track of whose hands were where and what they were doing to her. All she could feel was pleasure. The men turned her head back and forth to kiss her and their hands unzipped her zipper and slid her dress down off her body. She looked down and could see one dark skinned hand between her pale thighs, one light, long fingered hand groping and squeezing her breasts over the bra her boss had made her wear. Pleasure was swirling throughout her body, radiating from her thighs and breasts. She closed her eyes and let the men work their magic, her body losing itself to their touch. He writhed on the bed, her hips pressing harder into Wilks' hand, which teased her thighs. Jameson was unclasping her bra and sliding it off her shoulders. Both men took a nipple into their mouths and sucked. Michelle whimpered, a strong tingling shooting to her low belly.

Wilks' hand moved faster. Derek had made sure she hadn't worn panties at work and now she was grateful. His fingertips teased and rubbed her soft skin with no lace between them. Her thighs were sticky and damp as he pulled her legs further apart. One finger slid deep into her belly, his thumb tweaking her clit. She yelped and moaned.

Jameson released her breast and slid down between her legs, stripping as he went. In his boxers and undershirt, Michelle could see a stout, thick cock stirring under the fabric. Her sex clenched on Wilks' fingers at the sight. Wilks slid his hand from her legs and Jameson settled down between her legs, resting her curvy thighs over his shoulders. His hands reached up over her gently curved stomach, then he pinched her tits. She yelped, her hips bucking towards his face. "You smell so sweet," she heard before his tongue flicked out and licked her opening.

Michelle opened her mouth to moan, but Wilks' long dark cock was sliding between her lips. He had stripped completely, the large well built, dark man looming over her where Jameson had been laying seconds ago.

Jameson's tongue pressed harder onto her clit, making her moan, taking Wilks' cock further down her throat. Wilks' grabbed her hair and hammered his cock to the back of her throat, making her gag over and over as pleasure built up between her thighs. Her lips stretched tight around the black cock in her mouth. She screamed on it when Jameson slid two fingers deep in her wet cunt, his tongue never stopping, and proceeded to finger fuck the squirming redhead.

She screamed as her orgasm overtook her, stars shooting from the back of her skull, pleasure washing over her and consuming her. Wilks' cock brought her back to reality as it slammed quick and hard down her throat. A burst of hot, heavy cum shot to the back of her throat, making her gag as she tried to swallow Wilks' load. Her lips tightened and she sucked, the last of her orgasm ebbing away. Jameson's tongue and stopped and his fingers slipped from her legs.

Wilks' finished with her mouth. He stepped off the bed and made room for Jameson, whose short fat cock seemed to reach for its turn. Michelle knew she wouldn't quite gag on his cock, but she wondered if it would even fit in her mouth.

Behind Jameson, Michelle could see Derek, pinned against a wall with DeFleur on her knees, working his cock in her mouth. His eyes were staring down at DeFleur with hunger and lust. A spike of jealousy shot through Michelle. That look should have been only reserved for her.

Jameson slid his cock between Michelle's lips, blocking her view of Derek. Wilks took his place between her legs, sliding her thighs wider over his broad shoulders, exposing more of her wet cunt to his mouth. She moaned loudly, louder than necessary, when his tongue found her clit.

Derek's head shot up and he nearly blew his load into DeFleur's mouth, stopping himself just in time. He could see Michelle trying to take Jameson's soda can sized cock into her petite mouth, her red lipstick smudged all around her lips. Wilks' dark head was between her thighs, a sharp contrast to her pale skin and the small, neatly waxed tuft of red hair running along her mound. Derek's cock twitched in DeFleur's mouth. DeFleur, try as she might, could not deep throat him as deep as Michelle, nor as well, but her tongue still felt good. Derek watched as his little secretary came on a black man's tongue and gagged on an Irishman's load while cum dribbled onto her chin.

DeFleur pulled herself away from his cock and turned around to

see what was distracting Derek. She stood and walked over to Michelle who was shaking on the bed, her last orgasm taking a toll on her energy. "You're not finished yet sweetheart," DeFleur purred. "One of you get under her back." Wilks obeyed, his cock stirring again. He slid under Michelle, tucking her body close to him as her back pressed against his chest. He slid her legs wide on either side of him and slipped the head of his heavy cock into her wet, open hole.

Michelle moaned at the invasion, staring at everyone around her, wondering how and why this was happening. She was dazed, confused and drunk, but everything felt so good. She watched in almost awe as Wilks' big black cock buried itself balls deep inside her tight hole, filling her. She let her head rest back on his chest and moaned. Wilks began to move inside her and stretched her, his cock reaching her womb.

Michelle yelped when DeFleur's tiny tongue flicked out and licked her cunt. DeFleur knelt on all fours in front of Michelle and licked the secretary's pussy. Michelle twitched and bucked and DeFleur took the swollen clit between her lips and sucked, tasting Michelle's juices on her tongue.

Derek stood behind DeFleur, his fingers prodding her opening, rubbing her clit. With his free hand, he guided his thick cock to DeFleur's damp opening. She was tight, but not as tight as Michelle. It felt like DeFleur was a woman who got around a lot. He slid his cock balls deep into DeFleur in one hard thrust. She moaned, her head pushing harder against Michelle's pussy.

Derek watched as the woman beneath him rocked back and forth with his thrusts, her head moving closer, then further from his secretary's dripping pussy. He watched Michelle, her tits bouncing in Jameson's hands while the Irishman pinched and teased her nipples. Michelle's head was thrown back in ecstasy from the tongue and cock working her hard. She could not handle so much pleasure and he knew she was close to cumming a third time.

Derek watched and pounded his cock harder into a strange woman's pussy as he stared at Michelle. Her dark red lips were parted and her eyes were closed. Her pussy was tight, squeezing around the dark cock thrusting in and out with increasing enthusiasm. She was writhing on Wilk's big, black cock. Derek smirked as he watched her face twist one last time. She was about to cum. He couldn't touch her, couldn't feel her, but he could sense that she was about to cum. He knew her body well.

"Fuck!" Michelle screamed, shuddering and shaking above Wilks. Wilks grunted twice, his cum spurting deep into Michelle's

belly. Thick white semen leaked from Michelle's wet cunt and onto the bedsheets. After a minute, he slipped his cock from Michelle and moved out from under her. Derek pounded DeFleur's pussy harder. He could feel her tightened around him, her face still buried in Michelle's cunt.

"Lick her," he commanded and DeFleur listened. Her tongue stretched out and licked Wilks' cum mixed with Michelle's lube. Derek tweaked her clit one last time and DeFleur came screaming. Her pussy clenched and squeezed on his cock, trying to milk Derek for his cum. He wanted to cum, but he also wanted to wait. He knew what he was waiting for. When DeFleur's orgasm had ebbed away, he pulled her up and slid his cock from her loose hole with a heavy plop. He helped her stand off the bed before walking across the room to look for his pants.

Jameson laid on the bed and flipped Michelle over. She straddled his hips and wiggled to let his thick cock into her pussy. She used Wilks' cum as lube and slid the Irishman's cock balls deep into her. She moaned and bucked, his cock thicker than any toy she had ever used before. Jameson's brow was furrowed in concentration and Michelle knew he would be finished in a matter of minutes.

She rode Jameson's cock with wild abandon and enthusiasm like porn stars she had watched. "Oh yes, oh God yes," another orgasm was building, her pussy was so sensitive now and the head of Jameson's cock was rubbing her G-spot. Jameson reached down between her legs and teased her clit, her orgasm rocketing closer and closer. She pinched her tits and rode the cock under her, everyone around them watching.

Michelle stared at a breathless DeFleur, a worn out Wilks, but she could not find Derek in her field of view. She wanted him to see her like this, wild and free, riding a thick cock for him, because he told her to. She wanted to please him more than any man she had fucked before, more than any man she was fucking now. She wanted him to see her acting like the slut he loved to watch.

Jameson's face twisted. Michelle's pussy clenched and squeezed as another orgasm overtook her. She moaned and screamed and bucked on Jameson's fat cock, her pussy sore, stretched, swollen and satisfied. Jameson groaned her name as he held her hips in place, letting her spasming pussy milk him for his cum. After a few seconds, pleasure overtook him and he came, thick, heavy spurts of cum mixing inside Michelle's womb. They both panted and moaned as their orgasms faded away.

After he caught his breath, Michelle rolled off of Jameson, who

stood, leaving Michelle alone on the bed. Michelle saw Derek. He had been standing at the foot of the bed, his cock still hard and thick. He was waiting for her. He held a small bottle in his hand. "On all four, Miss Jones," he instructed. On shaky legs, she turned over and obeyed, cum dripping from her cunt and onto the bedspread.

Derek kneeled behind her on the bed, feeling the eyes of everyone else around them watching his every move. His cock stiffened harder. He took the bottle of lube and lubed his fingers. He dropped the bottle next to him and teased her ass, the only hole he had never used before. His finger prodded and poked. Michelle squirmed against the strange sensations at first, but then relaxed, allowing his finger to slide all the way into her, stretching her. With more lube, Derek slid a second, then a third finger into her opening, stretching her for his cock. Michelle whimpered.

Derek pulled his fingers from her tight, soft hole and lubed his cock then slid more lube over her entrance. His hand reached around and cupped her swollen sex, his fingers stroking her clit. "Relax," he said and began to enter her. Michelle's body tried to jerk away at the invasion, but he pulled her back to him by her hair, her head yanking back. She screamed as inch by inch, Derek invaded the most personal, intimate area of her body. Her eyes stung as tears fell from her cheeks. Small shots of pleasure mixed with the pain as Derek's fingers worked her clit, spiking her interest.

Michelle moaned as Derek's balls slapped against her pussy's entrance, damp, sticky and still dripping with cum. Derek reached under Michelle's arms and pulled her up against him, cupping one breast with his free hand, his fingers still working her clit.

The tight ring of her entrance squeezed him harder than any fist. Her hole was softer than any mouth. This was amazing. He fucked her fast and hard in short quick thrusts. Derek knew his secretary had never been ass fucked in her life. Her opening was so tight and her hole was so soft, so foreign to him. He could not hold out much longer. DeFleur had been a tease, a distraction revving him up for his big finale.

He held her body close to him, his fingers pinching her large, swollen tit, his hand rubbing her clit harder and faster in just the right spot. Michelle was moaning "Oh God" over and over again, her mind lost to the feeling of his cock, stretching her, branding her, fucking her.

He leaned down and whispered so only she could hear, "This is my

hole. No one else can ever touch it. No one else's cum can ever enter it." His thrusts came harder and faster.

Michelle was shaking, pleasure spiking from her ass throughout her body. She could feel an intense orgasm building up in her, stronger than any she could remember.

"You are my slut. You are mine to share. You're my bitch, Michelle."

Michelle screamed his name as her orgasm broke over her, knocking the wind from her lungs. Pleasure exploded and her whole body shook uncontrollably. In the distance behind her, she heard Derek whisper "I love you," in her ear before he moaned her name, his cum squirting deep into the only area she swore no man would ever touch.

Their orgasms meshed together, Michelle shaking and falling onto the bed, her body limp, spent and exhausted as the last of Derek's cum shot deep into her body. He panted above her and slapped her ass once, a deep pink handprint left behind as stinging reminder of what he whispered and what none of the other lovers in the room could hear.

Janni is Forced to Face Her Fantasies

by [loveking](#)©

Author's note:

Janni contacted me some time ago after reading my stories. After exchanging emails for many months I suggested that I write the following story about her. I hope that both you and she enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Jack

Janni was naturally athletic and in her younger years had trained almost daily as a track athlete. She was in her mid twenties and quite petite at 5feet 3inches tall and weighing 55Kg (120pounds). Her 32B breasts complimented her slim build perfectly which was topped by shoulder length blond hair.

It was an early Friday morning in the suburban Denmark town where Janni was busily getting ready to go to work. She enjoyed her work with a small property company. Her overall boss and owner of the company, Frederik, had always been courteous and friendly and she got on well with the rest of the staff. However during the past week things had changed; changed a lot.

It had all started the previous Friday afternoon. Frederik seemed different somehow as she entered his office for an informal meeting. In all the years she had worked for him he had always behaved like a perfect gentleman. He had told her on a few occasions that she looked nice in a particular outfit but had never made suggestive remarks or touched her in any way.

It was quite usual for him to call her into his office on Fridays to discuss how the week had gone and to plan ahead for the following week. Sometimes Magnus, her immediate boss would join them but today he was out on business and so it was just her and Frederik.

He usually stayed seated behind his desk but today he was sitting on one of the two sofas that faced each other across a low coffee table.

As Janni entered he beckoned her to sit next to him.

Although she had no way of knowing yet, Frederik had read all of her private emails that she had been accessing during her lunch break at work over the past few months. Emails she had been exchanging with an older Englishman called Jack who wrote erotic stories for a well known web site. In these frank exchanges with Jack Janni had opened her self to him, telling him of her sexual fantasies and how she regularly masturbated whilst reading his stories and those by other authors; her favourite topic being tales of submissive women being sexually dominated and humiliated by one or more men.

Before he called her into his office he had again read of her fantasy involving him groping her at work. He had also checked out the explicit pictures she had sent Jack of her in various naked poses.

By the time she entered his office he was already very aroused.

As she sat down next to him he tried to keep up the business like atmosphere by opening a file on the table and asking her about the figures on the account.

He hesitated before making his move; nervous that he had somehow

got it all wrong but the painfully hard erection straining to get out of his trousers convinced him that she would just submit quietly as she had stated in her various emails to her author friend.

With a little trepidation he placed his hand on her knee. She turned her head toward him but, other than a faint smile, did not react in any other way. Encouraged by this he slowly moved his hand upward, pulling the hem of her skirt up with it. His heart was pounding in his chest but outwardly he appeared calm and in control as he moved his hand inch by inch, higher and higher until the tops of her hold ups became visible. He had read in her emails to Jack that she always wore holdups but now he knew for sure. Just the thought of touching the naked soft flesh of her thigh above the tops of holdups made his erection twitch.

Janni let out an involuntary sigh but remained otherwise passive as Frederik's hand reached the naked flesh of her upper thighs. She knew that any of her colleagues could enter the office and see what she was doing but she obeyed immediately as he turned to her and instructed, "Open your legs".

He squeezed and stroked the soft flesh of her thighs; his fingers lightly brushing the gusset of her knickers. He could feel that she was wet and, using a couple of fingers, he pulled the moist gusset to one side and pushed a finger straight up into her hot wetness.

He felt her start to move her hips but immediately pulled his hand away, denying her the chance to get more pleasure.

Their eyes met briefly as he said, "I didn't ask you in here for your pleasure; you are here to please me. Now, kneel in front of me.

Janni slid from the sofa. Frederik shifted his knees apart allowing her to kneel between them. He noticed how her cheeks were flushed as he told her, "get my cock out Janni and suck me until I cum."

He leaned back on the sofa as she obediently unzipped him, fished around inside and eased out his throbbing erection. He knew he wouldn't last long as she lowered her head, opened her mouth and took him into her mouth.

This was just part of what he had always dreamed of since Janni had first joined the work force but now it could all come true.

Her young tender mouth sucked him eagerly as he placed his hands

on her head and started to fuck her mouth. Her blond hair felt soft and her sweat mouth hot and eager but his overwhelming desire was to ejaculate into her mouth and feel her swallow it all.

Just the thought of any of her colleagues suddenly entering the office and seeing her doing this to her boss mortified her but her desire to please Frederik over ruled these fears.

She liked the feeling of his stiff shaft thrusting between her lips; the familiar male salty taste on her tongue as the exposed head of her boss's erection snaked over it. She could feel him gripping her head harder and pulling her toward him as his thrusting became more urgent. She gagged a few times as the tip of his cock touched the back of her throat but she didn't care. Her total focus was to please him; to feel his cock pulsate between her lips and then ejaculate into her mouth.

She didn't have to wait long. She felt him tense his body as he gripped her head. She tightened her lips around his shaft as she felt it pulsating. She started to suck hard, as if trying to draw the spunk from him and then felt his hot salty fluids flooding her mouth. She gulped and swallowed, feeling the salty slime slide down her throat and felt pleased with her self at what she considered a job well done.

Frederik released his grip on her head as she let his softening penis slip from her mouth.

There were a few last dribbles of spunk still coming from his cock and, much to his delight, she instinctively licked him clean.

There was an awkward silence as Frederik stood to zip himself up. Janni then stood up, straightened her skirt and wiped her lips. After the spell of silence Frederik just said, "Have a nice weekend Janni," as though nothing out of the ordinary had just happened.

He then returned to his desk and Janni left his office.

Janni felt relieved that her colleagues had already left for home as she tidied her desk and prepared to leave herself. Her mind was racing all the way home. The incident with Frederik had taken her completely by surprise. It was the type of encounter that featured regularly in her fantasies but never for one moment did she think it could happen for real.

During the journey home she knew that things had now changed at work. From her past experiences with men she knew that Frederik

would now want more from her; want and demand more. She started to worry if he would tell others at work. She had always dressed very conservatively and prided her self in her professionalism in the office. Now, as the taste of Frederik's spunk lingered in her mouth she had a strong feeling that she risked becoming the office tart.

The idea both horrified her and aroused her to the extent that by the time she reached her apartment the desire to satisfy the burning lust inside her was almost overwhelming. She opened the front door and rushed inside, pulling her knickers down as she hastily made her way to the bedroom. By the time she collapsed onto the bed she had already lifted her skirt and plunged a hand between her legs. Her pussy lips were engorged and aroused, oozing her musky mucous as she brushed her fingers over her clit. Her eyes were closed and images of the afternoon's events flashed through her mind. Frederik in his smart business suit and tie; his erect penis jutting out from his open fly; the look of pure lust in his eyes as she knelt subserviently at his feet, gazing up at him as she took him into her willing mouth. The way his hands had gripped her head as he used her mouth for his own selfish pleasure and the final eruption of his spunk.

The recollections were all too much for her as she felt her orgasm building rapidly. With her hand pressed against her clit and a finger delving into her wetness, her whole body convulsed with pleasure as she thrashed about on the bed and reached her orgasm.

The weekend passed by uneventfully but by Monday morning Janni felt nervous and apprehensive as she prepared for work. She dressed in her usual conservative style; simple white cotton bra, matching string bikini knickers and white hold ups beneath a knee length full skirt and white cotton blouse fastened to the neck.

After her initial apprehension everything appeared normal as she greeted her work colleagues and settled into her chair to start work.

After about an hour and a coffee, Frederik called from his office, "Janni, please come in here for a moment."

Her heart started to race as she stood and walked over to his office and paused by the open door.

"Come in Janni", he said jovially, close the door and come and stand next to me."

As she walked over and stood next to him he said, "Janni, the

events of last Friday in my office happened for a reason. We have been monitoring private internet usage and emails by staff members during working hours."

Janni felt flustered and gazed down at the floor as he continued, "And last Friday I was reading your frank admissions of your sexual fantasies to your friend Jack, the author whose stories you read on that erotic story web site you frequently visit. In case you are in any doubt I also saw the revealing pictures of your self that you had sent him."

At that moment Janni wished that the floor would open up and swallow her.

Now at least she understood Frederik's sudden change in his behaviour toward her last Friday but felt nervous and afraid of what action he might take.

"Janni," he continued in a stern voice, "at first, when I was shown the emails my first reaction was that I should sack you for gross misconduct."

Janni continued to stare down at the floor, even more embarrassed as it was now apparent that if Frederik had been shown the emails then at least one more person at work must have also seen them.

She was about to beg him not to sack her as she began, "please, Frederik I ...

"I'm not going to sack you Janni so don't look so miserable. However, after reading about your sexual fantasies, seeing your revealing pictures and sampling your skills last Friday I have decided to change your duties a little."

Janni felt the sudden relief of keeping her job rush through her like a pleasant warm glow.

Frederik continued, "I was impressed by your little performance last Friday."

"Good," she replied softly, blushing and gazing down at the floor as she remembered fondly the moment when he had cum in her mouth; knowing that she had given him great pleasure and pleased him.

She then raised her head and their eyes met. She became aware of him checking her out in a way she hadn't noticed before; slowly appraising her from head to toe.

"You have a nice figure Janni; the type of figure that should not be hidden under those conservative clothes. So, as part of your revised duties we have decided that you should dress differently for work every Friday afternoon."

Except during extremely busy times the company usually closed at lunch time on Fridays.

"What do you mean differently?"

"I mean much less conservative and more revealing Janni; clothes that show off your body rather than concealing it."

Now lift up your skirt and show me your legs Janni."

Frederik felt pleased by her submissive response as, with only the slightest hesitation, she reached down, gripped the hem of her skirt and started to lift it up. She stopped as the tops of her hold ups were revealed.

"Why have you stopped?" Frederik said in a very stern voice; "you'll stop only if I tell you to. Now lift it higher."

Frederik watched as she slowly revealed more and more of her thighs, aroused not only by her looks but by her obedience. Finally the crotch of her white knickers was revealed and once again she paused.

"What did I say earlier Janni," he barked.

"She immediately apologised, "sorry, I'm sorry."

"Stop apologising and lift it right up."

She stood passively with the skirt pulled up around her waist while Frederik stared directly at the crotch of her knickers.

"I noticed in the pictures we saw that your pussy was hair free. Do you always keep it like that?"

"Yes," she mumbled, embarrassed by his reminder that he and someone else had seen her naked in the pictures she had sent to Jack.

At that moment the office door opened and Frederik's secretary Christina walked in.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I did not mean to interrupt you Frederik," she said.

Much to Janni's embarrassment Frederik said, "no, please come right in, Janni was just showing me her knickers."

Janni had quickly let go of her skirt allowing it to fall back down and cover her.

At the same moment she saw the severe look of disapproval in Frederik's face as he barked, "I did not say that you could let go of your skirt Janni. Now lift it up again, right up like before."

Janni did as he asked; her cheeks flushed scarlet as she stood with her knickers revealed to both of them.

Frederik's secretary Christina was a little shorter than Janni at about 5feet 1inch. Like Janni she was slim and well toned; the result of daily workouts at the gym. Her hair would be described as dark blond or light brown framing an attractive face. Unlike Janni, Christina regularly wore much more revealing clothes to work. This morning she was wearing a tight dark skirt cut a few inches above the knee and a close fitting top with a plunging neckline which, when she walked up to Frederik's desk and, with her hands placed on the desk and leaning towards him, gave him a good view of her firm 32B breasts.

Speculation that Frederik and Christina were having an affair had been office gossip for a long time but this seemed to contradict another popular rumour that she was a lesbian. What ever the truth Janni was in no doubt that she was enjoying Frederik gazing down the front of her top at her breasts.

As she brazenly showed her breasts off to her boss she looked at Janni, or more specifically looked at the toned soft flesh of her upper thighs and the gently feminine bulge of her vulva beneath the white cotton of her knickers.

"Christina, I've been telling Janni that the email communications we uncovered are unacceptable but that she would not lose her job over it. I have also told her that as part of the deal to keep her job she would be given extra duties. Christina, as it was your idea perhaps you would like to explain to Janni what will be expected of her."

Janni could sense how much Christina was relishing the situation when she turned toward her and said, "As I think Frederik has already said you will dress quite differently at work each Friday afternoon. Your underwear is OK; especially the hold ups but your tops and skirts will need to change dramatically. Frederik gave me a budget to spend on your clothes so at lunch time today I'll show you what I bought and you can try some on

for size."

With that, Christina walked out of the office.

Janni was still standing self consciously displaying her knickers to Frederik. She tensed as he reached out and touched her knee.

"Just so that we are clear Janni," he said, "during the week from Monday to Friday morning, your duties and dress code will be unchanged. Now move your feet apart."

She did as he asked, tensing as his hand immediately slid up the inside of her thigh until he was gripping the flesh of her labia through the fine cotton of her knickers. He both caressed and gripped her tender flesh, enjoying the discovery that her knickers were wet, as he continued, "On Friday afternoons you will dress like a tart, short skirts and low cut tops to show off your body and accept the fact that you will be treated like one."

He gave her labia once last squeeze before removing his hand as he said, "now go and get on with your work."

Christina and Janni both had desks in the main reception area and as midday approached Christina walked over to Janni's desk and said, "Let's go; the clothes are in Frederik's office."

It had not occurred to Janni that she would be trying on the outfits in front of Frederik. The idea made her feel both awkward but at the same time aroused. She already knew how Frederik was excited by her and the chance to please him again in what ever way appealed to her.

She got up from her desk and followed Christina into Frederik's office. As usual his door was open and they walked straight in. Frederik was seated at his desk. Christina walked over to a pile of clothes that were piled on the coffee table that was between the two sofas on the opposite side of the office to his desk.

Frederik looked up from his desk; "shut the door Janni," he said, "then go over to Christina and she'll help you with the outfits while I watch."

Frederik could see how Christina both looked and sounded excited as she said, "Janni take off your skirt and blouse and we'll try on some of these outfits I've chosen for you."

Janni hesitated and nervously glanced across to Frederik. He just smiled as Christina said, "come on Janni, let's get those

sensible clothes off and let's show Frederik how good you look dressed as a tart."

With that Janni started to slowly unfasten her skirt. Her actions were obviously too slow for Frederik as he said, rather impatiently, "Christina, give her a hand to get undressed."

While Janni was still unfastening her skirt Christina quickly unfastened her blouse. Both the blouse and skirt were soon laying on the end of one of the sofas and Janni was stood self consciously dressed in just her white cotton string bikini knickers and bra set off nicely by her white holdups.

"Take off the holdups as well Janni," said Christina, "I've got some sheer black ones here that are more suitable for a tart."

Christina passed the black holdups to Janni and then waited and watched while she took off the white ones and pulled on the black ones.

In the mean time Christina had pulled out a red micro skirt from the pile of clothes on the table. "Put this on," she said, handing the miniscule scrap of stretchy fabric to Janni.

She felt awkward as she stepped into to skirt and struggled to pull it up to and over her hips. It felt tight as the fabric stretched over her upper thighs and hips; barely covering her and at the same time hugging every inch beneath it.

Christina then held up another scrap of white fabric and said, "Take your bra off Janni and we'll try on this top."

Janni knew that at any moment someone could walk into the office. She heard the excitement in Christina's husky voice and saw the look of lust on Frederik's face. She felt shy and humiliated by the thought of baring her breasts to the two of them but at the same time aroused by the idea of pleasing them.

She reached up behind her back and released the bra. As she removed it and bared her breasts she gazed down at the floor; her cheeks flushed but with a growing feeling of arousal flooding her senses.

She gasped as Christina suddenly pinched one of her nipples whilst commenting, "Janni, I think that your nipples should show quite clearly through this top."

Janni took the flimsy scrap of white fabric that Christina gave

her and pulled it over her head and down over her breasts. The top was just a stretchy tube of fabric, just sufficient to cover her breasts. Now that it covered her breasts Janni glanced down and saw that her nipples did in fact protrude quite visibly through the thin elasticated boob tube.

As Frederic leered lustfully at her he said, "Janni, your transformation is almost complete. All you need now are the new shoes."

Christina then passed Janni an opened shoe box. "Put those on Janni and then walk around the office."

Janni lifted out the six inch heeled shoes. She would never wear such high heels let alone the skimpy clothes she was now wearing but she did as she was told, put them on and walked slowly around the office. The skirt barely covered the tops of her holdups. The high heels accentuated her well toned legs and the tiny top left her taut midriff bare and accentuated how generally exposed she was.

After she had walked round the office twice Frederik said, "Come and stand in front of my desk so I can get a good look at my Friday tart."

Just hearing her boss refer to her as a tart made Janni flinch with both indignation and embarrassment but the implication of what it meant to her on Friday afternoons from now on made her whole body tingle with a deep arousal.

She did as he asked and stood in front of his desk.

He looked at her for a few moments, his eyes appraising her from head to toe before saying, "Christina, pull Janni's knickers down to her knees so that we can see what a tart looks like when she is ready to be used."

Janni stood motionless as Christina did as she was asked. She felt anxious that at any moment a colleague could enter the office but she remained passive as Christina reached under the ridiculously short skirt and eased her knickers half way down her toned legs.

"Now Janni, said Frederik, "Turn around and face away from me, move your feet apart until your knickers are stretched across your knees and then slowly bend forward. I need to check that the skirt is revealing enough when you are bent forward.

With her knickers stretched between her knees Janni shuffled round until she was facing away from Frederik. In a bizarre

moment she felt like protesting. Not about what he was asking of her or the way in which he had made her dress like a tart but the fact that it wasn't a Friday afternoon!

However she remained silent and obeyed, slowly bending forward; feeling the short skirt start to ride up over her slim buttocks.

She felt her face flush as Frederik commented, "Oh yes Janni, that is perfect, I can just see your cunt lips. Now stand up and turn back to face me"

As she did as she was asked she reached down to pull her knickers up. She stopped abruptly as Frederik said sternly, "leave them where they are. You'll pull them up only when I say so. She wriggled her hips and pushed the hem of the tight skirt down to try and cover some of her dignity.

"Frederik was silent for a moment, just staring at her until he said in an uncharacteristically loud voice, "now come closer to me Janni."

She shuffled forward with the knickers still stretched between her knees.

She stood silently as he slowly and very obviously ran his gaze over her.

"Christina, pull Janni's top down so we can see her tits."

Janni tensed but remained passive as for the second time that day her breasts were exposed to Frederik.

She felt his eyes feasting on her breasts, his gaze shifting from one to the other.

With Frederik now alternating his gaze from her breasts to her eyes he said, "Christina, see what you can do to arouse Janni's nipples.

Janni felt Christina close behind her and then her arms reaching round to touch her breasts.

She squealed as Christina, having gripped both nipples between her finger and thumb squeezed them both as hard as she could. The pain was short lived, gone in a moment as Christina slackened her grip and then delicately caressed them. The response was immediate; an arousing tingle radiated through Janni's body. Her nipples, now swelled, engorged and sensitive, as Frederik gazed at them, his eyes filled with lust.

"Christina, what do you think of a female employee who willingly dresses like a tart with her body so brazenly displayed in her boss's office?"

Janni could both hear and sense the excitement in Christina's voice as she replied, "I think that such an employee should be taught a lesson and punished by her boss."

Janni physically trembled as Frederik said sternly, "Its time you were shown some discipline Janni." As he reached out and grabbed the waist of her skirt, pulling her to him and then forcing her face down over his lap.

She could feel the bulge of his erection pressing against her as he grabbed the hem of her skirt, roughly pulling it up and over her naked buttocks.

Christina almost swooned at the sight of Janni wriggling around on Frederik's lap with her knickers around her knees and her toned buttocks completely exposed. Oh how she yearned to touch Janni, but knew that in the weeks ahead she would get her chance. For now she would just enjoy watching.

Frederik ran his hands over each of Janni's buttocks, gripping each cheek in turn with his large hands. At times, as he gripped each cheek and squeezed, the tips of his fingers momentarily touched her labia. Janni felt him repeatedly easing her cheeks apart and realised that he was exposing her to Christina's inquisitive gaze.

The light touch of his finger tips felt exquisite but at the same time filled her with shame as she felt what must have been the obvious wetness of her arousal oozing from her; shame that her boss was now certain as to how much she was turned on by his and Christina's humiliation of her.

She felt lost in the pleasant erotic mists filling her senses but then suddenly back to reality as Frederik's large hand crashed down onto her left buttock with a resounding smack. Janni gasped as the hard stinging slap took her by surprise. Before she had recovered Frederik slapped her hard again but this time on her right buttock.

She tried to raise her self up from his lap but his free hand, pressed into her back, was holding her firmly in place.

"Please, not so hard," she pleaded, but even before she had finished speaking his hand crashed down again, repeatedly slapping each buttock in turn, rapidly turning them red.

Janni wriggled and protested as Frederik continued to slap her buttocks but when he suddenly stopped she found her self tensing her buttocks, waiting for the next cruel slap. She tensed some more as he teased her by raising his hand but the next slap never came.

The office was silent as both Christina and Frederik stared at Janni's reddened buttocks. Christina felt her own nipples tingling and crotch becoming wet as she secretly wished it was her across her boss's lap. She also felt other strong urges. An overwhelming desire to humiliate Janni further, to touch her, or maybe to sit on her face, but she knew that if she was patient these desires would perhaps soon be fulfilled one Friday afternoon.

In the mean time she encouraged Frederik saying, "Is Janni wet?" and then enjoyed watching as he slid his hand between the tops of Janni's thighs.

Janni gasped a low involuntary groan as Frederik brushed his finger tips between her oozing labia. Without any further instruction she allowed her thighs to fall open sufficiently for Frederik to slide his hand all the way up between her thighs. She gasped again as he eased his thumb between her soaked lips, pushing it as far as it would go into her vagina. With his thumb stuck up inside her he cupped her wet flesh in his hand, feeling the hard bud of her clitoris pressed against one of his fingers. He glanced across to Christina, grinning wickedly as Janni immediately started to rock her hips and grind her labia against his hand.

He matched her thrusts with his hand and within a very short time Janni had lost control. She writhed with ecstasy on his lap, trying but failing to suppress a scream and completely lost in the moment as she reached her orgasm.

As the moment passed slowly, she felt her self return to reality and the shame of what she had just done.

Frederik slipped his hand out from between her legs, and said, "Now get up, get dressed and return to work."

Janni slipped off his lap and self consciously walked over to where her normal clothes were. As Christina and Frederik watched she pulled up her knickers and stripped off the revealing clothes. Christina walked over and helped her to dress and as Janni was about to leave she said, "I will keep your selection of tart's clothes here in Frederik's office. I have also bought extra pairs of white string bikini knickers so you can change into fresh ones as the others become soiled."

Each Friday lunch time you will report here and change, ready for whatever is required of you during the afternoon. Is that clear?"

"Yes," said Janni.

With that, Janni walked out of the office very aware of how dramatically her working life had now changed but also of the wetness that had now soaked the gusset of her knickers.

For Janni the rest of the week passed relatively normally except for her growing feelings of anxiety as Friday approached.

On the other hand Frederik felt a growing feeling of excitement as he anticipated what he had in mind for Janni on Friday afternoon.

He had sent an email to Jack explaining who he was and the fact he had discovered Janni's email exchanges with him.

Jack's response had been instantaneous and Frederik could hardly contain his excitement on Friday morning when Jack called and confirmed that he was staying in a hotel nearby. They quickly agreed a time for him to arrive in the office.

For Janni the rest of the week flew past quickly and suddenly it was Friday. As she prepared to leave home in the morning she felt very nervous about what would happen at work after lunch. She tried to push the thoughts to the back of her mind as she showered, got dressed, left her apartment and headed for the train station.

She didn't take a lot of notice of the older guy who had been waiting close by and then followed her. He stood next to her on the platform, close enough to breathe in her natural fresh aroma. He felt aroused, his erection bulging inside his trousers as he anticipated what he had in mind for her during the train journey.

The train pulled into the station and as it slowed to a stop the throng of rush hour travellers surged toward the opening doors. It was already crowded but somehow all of those waiting, including Janni and the older man managed to squeeze into the over crowded carriage.

Janni found her self standing with her back pressed up against the older man in one corner of the carriage.

The man was standing in the corner with just the carriage walls

to both sides and Janni pressed against him facing away; exactly as he had intended.

As the doors closed the train started to move. Janni moved her feet apart a little to balance herself as the train accelerated. Almost immediately she felt a large hand press against one of her buttocks.

The man kept his hand pressed against the young firmness, gently squeezing and feeling with his fingers.

Unable to move away, Janni turned her head abruptly but was faced with the man's icy and authoritative stare. Maybe she should have screamed out or shouted but somehow the man's demeanour oozed authority and she just found herself passively accepting his groping hand. She dismissed it in her mind as harmless; after all he was only pressing his hand against her clothes.

The train was soon at the next stop and as it slowed to a halt Janni hoped that some of the passengers would get off and allow her to move away but they didn't.

Instead, as the doors closed she felt the back of her skirt being slowly lifted up. Once again she turned and glared at the man but he just smirked. The train rocked as it passed over a rail junction causing Janni to move her feet apart again to keep her balance. With hindsight she could not have fallen because of the people either side of her but it was more of an instinctive reaction as the floor moved beneath her.

The man chose his moment of opportunity perfectly and as she moved her feet apart he lifted the back of her skirt and thrust his hand up between her legs. He chuckled inwardly as this time she did not turn her head or visibly object.

Janni knew she should be objecting as she felt this stranger's hand pressing the fine cotton gusset of her knickers up against the soft flesh of her vulva. After all, this was an indecent assault, a crime, something that should be reported to the police. She knew from the moment she felt his hand start to grope her that she would submit.

She had already felt anxious as she had left her apartment; anxious but guiltily horny as she anticipated what humiliating fate Frederik might have planned for her as his Friday tart.

Now, with the stranger's hand between her thighs she was mortified to feel the all too familiar feelings of arousal. Her nipples tingled but more embarrassingly she could feel her

juices oozing into the gusset of her knickers; a fact that the stranger must already be feeling.

The man pressed the gusset of her knickers up between her engorged labia, relishing the hot wetness that had soaked the fine fabric. The next part of his plan was slightly tricky but as he reached into his pocket with his free hand he felt confident that it would work. He carefully pulled out a small pocket knife and briefly glanced around to be sure that he was not being watched.

Janni froze with fear as she felt the cold steel of the small blade touch her hip as the man eased the small blade between the soft skin of her hip and the side string of her knickers. With one small slicing movement the string severed. Janni felt her knickers start to give way. Just like he had rehearsed in his mind, the man swiftly swapped hands; the hand that had just been holding the small knife was now pressing the soaked gusset into Janni's wetness as the other hand swiftly sliced through the one remaining side string of Janni's knickers.

The train was approaching the penultimate station of her journey and as it passed over another rail junction and started to brake she felt the man grip the gusset of her knickers and pull them from her.

She actually heard him chuckle as he pulled her knickers out from under her skirt,

Crumpled them into a ball and stuffed them into his suit pocket.

The doors opened and a few more passengers squeezed into the carriage. Janni felt humiliated and vulnerable as she stood there, now with no knickers in the crowded commuter train, knowing that at any moment the man's hand would certainly be back between her thighs and seeking out her wet and now naked pussy.

The carriage doors closed and as the train accelerated out of the station Janni stifled a gasp as the man's hand slid straight back up under the back of her skirt, between her thighs.

She could have clamped her thighs together, but she didn't.

She could have stamped on his foot or struggled, but she didn't.

She could have screamed or shouted for help, but she didn't.

Instead she stood submissively, humiliated by her irrational desire to please this stranger.

The man no longer hesitated or held back. Now fully confident of Janni's submissive nature he pushed one of her feet with his to open her legs a little and then slid his hand right up between her thighs until his fingers were feeling and groping her wet labia. He used the tips of his fingers to tease her wet lips apart, moving back and forth in her wet slit, seeking out her clitoris a few times.

Janni failed to suppress a groan as the man suddenly eased two fingers into the silky wetness of her vagina. A few of the passengers turned and looked at her as her cheeks flushed red, but quickly ignored her and resumed their own thoughts as the train sped on its way.

She knew that her destination station was now only a few minutes away as the man behind her continued to abuse her with his fingers.

He was now fucking her with his two fingers, feeling her juices oozing over his hand and delighting in the response of her moving her hips subtly against him as if encouraging him.

Janni felt as though she was about to cum as the train suddenly slowed. With Janni on the verge of an orgasm the train pulled in to her work destination. The doors opened and as the surge of people pushed toward the exit she felt the fingers slip out from inside her. In the rush of people the man disappeared. As she left the station she felt half naked, feeling the wetness at the tops of her thighs as she walked along briskly, her skirt covering the fact that she was not wearing knickers.

She thought she saw the man again as she approached her office but she then lost sight of him again.

Entering the office she approached Christina, who was already sitting at her desk, and said, "Please help me, I need a spare pair of knickers."

Christina looked at her and grinned, saying sarcastically, "what, practicing already to be a tart this afternoon?"

"A man attacked me in the train on the way to work this morning."

For a second or so Christina looked shocked and asked, "Are you OK, did he hurt you?"

"No, I'm OK, just a little shaken. He just groped me in the crowded train."

"So how did you loose your knickers?"

"He cut them off with a knife!"

Satisfied that Janni was OK, Christina grinned as she said, "considering that you will be dressed like and treated like a tart this afternoon I think it will do you good to get in the mood by not wearing any knickers this morning."

Janni could sense that there was no point in arguing. She sat down at her desk, with the feeling that somehow everyone would know the secret hidden beneath her dress.

During the morning some of the builders arrived for their regular weekly meeting with Frederik in his office together with the architect and another older looking guy that somehow looked familiar. As midday approached Janni felt more and more nervous. On previous Fridays the builders and architect always left her boss's office around eleven leaving for an early lunch and early arrival home. Today as she nervously watched the office clock reach twelve they were all still in his office. She could hear them through the closed door, loud and laughing. She usually enjoyed their crude banter when ever they visited the office; usually making her blush but also flattering her with their attention.

Today she felt different as they arrived one by one. Greeting them whilst not wearing any knickers felt awkward and embarrassing, even though there was no way they could have known.

Janni's immediate concern now though was that she would be expected to change her clothes at any time now and the men were all still here in her boss's office. She tried to push the idea away but deep down she knew that before the afternoon was over Frederik would make sure that she, his Friday afternoon tart, would be introduced to them all.

As her thoughts fully occupied her mind Christina interrupted saying, "Janni, its time for you to change. As Frederiks office is busy I have already moved the clothes into Anders, the architect's office. He is out so we can use his office for you to change."

They both walked over and entered the Anders office, closing the door behind them. Janni looked at the scraps of fabric already laid out on the office desk and blushed.

On the desk were the skin tight red skirt, sheer black hold ups,

white boob tube and white knickers. On the floor beneath it were the ridiculously high healed black shoes.

Christina pulled out a chair and sat facing Janni saying, "OK Janni, take off your clothes and change; its tart time."

Janni felt uncomfortable as she started to undress in front of Christina, but knowing that she would probably have to do a lot worse during the afternoon, she was soon naked and then dressing like a tart in the revealing skirt and top.

She could sense that Christina had been gazing at her the whole time and as she wriggled her hips to try and make the red skirt cover the tops of her hold ups she gasped as her eyes were drawn toward Christina, or more specifically between Christina's legs.

Having caught Janni's attention, Christina looked directly into her eyes, opened her legs, shifted in her seat and, moving her buttocks forward, said with mock horror,

"Oh dear, I also seem to have lost my knickers! Now get on your knees, crawl over here and lick me you tart!"

Janni had never even thought about sexual contact with a woman but with the short, skin tight skirt stretching round her thighs she obediently knelt on the floor and then crawled toward Christina's open thighs. As she inched forward between her thighs she caught the fresh musky aroma from Christina's rapidly moistening and parted labia. Although she found the idea of giving oral sex to a woman mildly repulsive she tentatively moved closer and then ran the tip of her tongue between Christina's parted lips. Tasting the clear mucous that was now oozing out between Christina's lips was much more pleasant than she had imagined. Knowing how she like her own pussy licked and eager to please her, she briefly flicked her tongue up to Christina's clitoris.

She felt pleased with her self as Christina gasped and wriggled on the seat. Janni felt no real sexual desire toward Christina but her innate desire to please was enough to overcome her initial fear.

As she warmed to her task she felt Christina grip her head tightly, pulling her closer; forcing her open mouth to press tightly against her labia. She pushed her tongue into Christina's wetness, feeling her own lips rubbing against Christina's engorged labia.

Janni felt pleased with her self as Christina started to move her hips with a regular and urgent rhythm against her mouth.

Suddenly Janni heard the office door open. She tried to lift her head but Christina held it tightly. She had no idea who was there as she heard the door being closed and then felt hands rolling the tight skirt up over her thighs. The office was silent except for the creaking sounds of Christina's chair and her soft moans of pleasure as she continued using Janni's mouth for her pleasure.

Janni tried to move her head and look to see who was there but it was hopeless. Her head was held fast by a combination of Christina's hands and her thighs. Janni felt the skirt being rolled right up over her buttocks and then her fresh clean knickers being pulled down to her bent knees. She then heard the unmistakable sound of a zip being pulled down. There was no foreplay, just two hands, roughly pushing her knees apart and then a single hand suddenly thrust between her thighs. She felt fingers probing between her rapidly moistening labia; pushing, probing and entering her vagina. The fingers, obviously satisfied that she was wet enough, pulled out. She felt the mystery man kneeling behind her and then the head of his erect penis seeking out her entrance.

"Keep licking, you tart!" said Christina as Janni had momentarily stopped. Just as she pressed her tongue against Christina's clitoris, Janni gave out a gasp, muffled by the wet pussy pressed against her mouth, as the kneeling man thrust his erection deep into her vagina.

Janni sensed the man's immediacy when strong hands gripped the flesh of her outer thighs as the man pounded into her.

Janni realised that whoever was fucking her would soon cum. She also knew that Christina would have a clear view of the man pounding into her from behind as she licked her closer and closer to a climax. With her tongue now flat and pressed against Christina's clit she felt her self being pushed against Christina with each and every inward thrust from the man behind her. She sensed Christina's imminent orgasm and then heard her cry out as she writhed on the chair. At the same moment the man's fingers dug painfully into Janni's flesh as she felt his hot ejaculation flooding her insides.

Cruelly, as Janni felt the beginnings of her own orgasm, the man pulled out, wiping his still dripping penis on her buttocks.

"Thank you Janni," said a familiar voice, "I've wanted to fuck you from the first time you came to work here and finding you in such an inviting position in my office was just too much to resist."

Christina released her grip on Janni's head allowing her to turn her head and confirm that it was her immediate boss Anders who had just fucked her.

She felt her cheeks flush as he stood and looked back down at her; she could feel Christina's juices wet around her mouth and Anders' sperm starting to trickle from her vagina. She felt very cheap as she tried to pull up her knickers and then roll the skirt back down.

"Stop!" said Christina; we'll have to clean you up before I take you into Frederik's office.

Anders chuckled, zipped him self up and left. Christina stood up and went to a cupboard; returning swiftly with a box of tissues.

"Here, clean your self up, get dressed properly and put on some fresh lipstick."

"I don't usually wear any," said Janni.

"I know, don't worry, I bought some nice tarty bright red lipstick for you," said Christina as she reached into her handbag and handed the lipstick to Janni. "Put it on nice and thick."

With Christina's help Janni pulled up her knickers and then rolled down the red skirt that barely covered the tops of her sheer black hold ups.

There was a mirror in the office and as Janni looked at the image of her self all she saw was a cheap whore gazing back. Knowing that in a few minutes she would be in her boss's office with the builders and other men filled her with embarrassment. She looked at her bare midriff then shifted her gaze up to her breasts; her nipples clearly showing through the thin and flimsy boob tube. The skirt looked like it had been painted on with red paint it was so tight. Despite her constant pulling down of the skirt hem the dark tops of her hold ups could be seen with every slight movement. Then there were the heels. These were much higher than she would normally wear and she was finding it difficult to keep her balance.

She was momentarily lost in her own thoughts until Christina said, "OK, Janni, its show time!"

Christina took her hand and then led her out of Anders' office and on toward Frederik's.

Janni felt very nervous as they approached Frederik's office.

She could here male laughter and wondered if she was the topic of their conversation. She felt semi naked as she tottered along on the high heels next to Christina. They paused outside the office; Janni felt very nervous as she anticipated the men's reaction when she entered. Part of her just wanted to just cut and run but her deep and usually hidden sexual preference of being dominated had already been awakened back in Anders' office and despite the embarrassment and humiliation that she knew was about to happen she felt her nipples tingling beneath the boob tube. She glanced down at her stiff and protruding nubs clearly showing through the top knowing that all the men in her boss's office would soon be looking and commenting on them.

Her heart was pounding as Christine knocked on Frederik's office door. Janni heard all of the conversation in the office stop as his familiar voice shouted, "Come in."

Christine opened the door and led Janni in by the hand. Janni felt every man in the room gazing at her, appraising her, their minds filling with lewd thoughts as to what they would like to do with her.

She gazed down at the floor, feeling embarrassed and self conscious as Frederik said, "Gentlemen, this is our Friday afternoon tart. Most of you will recognise her as Janni but this afternoon she will just be referred to as 'tart. Before I introduce her to you in a; shall we say, more intimate way, I would like to reassure the tart that you have all signed an agreement stating that what ever happens with the tart on Friday afternoons will remain unspoken of at any other time. During normal working days, from Monday through to Friday noon, Janni will be treated as usual with the utmost respect as a work colleague. However, on Fridays after midday the tart can be used in any way you wish."

Janni, found the courage to raise her head and quickly look round the room. All of them were looking at her, some, mainly the builders were openly stroking the fronts of their trousers as they ran their eyes over her from head to toe. To add to her embarrassment, as well as Christina, Emma her assistant and Emilie the accounts assistant were also in the room.

Finally her eyes met the stranger she had seen earlier. He still looked vaguely familiar, older but still quite handsome. The stranger smiled at her and said, "Come over here Janni so we can all see you properly."

Janni tottered over to point just in front of Frederik's desk.

The stranger reached into his pocket and to Janni's complete

shock and embarrassment pulled out her panties from earlier that morning. "Hi Janni," he said, "Perhaps I should introduce myself, I'm Jack. Do you want your knickers back?"

Her cheeks flushed brilliant red as she looked at the man that she had shared so many secrets with during the past year as they exchanged emails and pictures. This was the man who had fingered her almost to an orgasm in a crowded train after cutting off her knickers.

"No thank you," she murmured.

She watched as Frederik handed Jack a blindfold and said, "Janni, to preserve all of your colleague's anonymity you will wear this blindfold."

Jack held up the blindfold and then tied it around her head.

Janni then listened as Frederik said, "From this moment on the tart will not know who has done what to her. As far as you are all concerned she is just a convenient, willing and very attractive sex object who is here merely to be used and please you all in what ever way you choose. In a moment Jack here will bring her round amongst you so that you can check her over but first, just in case some of you might wish to fuck her anally, Jack will make it easier for her by getting her prepared."

Janni felt her buttocks clench involuntarily at the mention of anal sex. She had only experienced it a couple of times and each time it had been painful. One of the many things she had confided to Jack. Now she knew she had no choice.

Janni was standing in front of Frederik's desk in full view of all the men when Jack said, "I'm going to turn you around so that your back is facing your colleagues."

She felt his hands on her shoulders as he twisted her round slowly. It felt awkward being unable to see and struggling to keep her balance on the high heels.

"Now lean forward Janni and rest your hands on the desk." She tentatively started to lean forward, feeling a little disorientated with the blind fold on, until her hands found the desk top. As she leaned on the desk Jack continued, "Now move your feet back, away from the desk so that you are bent over."

Janni then felt Jack ease the hem of the ridiculously short tight skirt up over her buttocks. She heard the crude comments from the men gathered in the room as they talked amongst themselves excitedly.

She felt the humiliation before it actually happened as she felt Jack hook his fingers under the waist band of her knickers saying, "I don't think a good slut would need to wear these, they will only get in the way."

With that she felt Jack start to pull her knickers down. She could feel the elastic of the waist band slowly rolling down over her smooth buttocks and then down over her upper thighs. As they reached her knees gravity took over and they fell to her ankles.

"Kick them off Janni," said Jack.

She hesitated briefly, but then quickly lifted each high healed shoe in turn and with a bit of a struggle kicked her knickers off.

"Now move your feet apart and show everyone what a good tart has on offer."

It was as if she could physically feel the collective gaze of all the men focussed on her buttocks, waiting for what she knew would soon be a very intimate view as she did as he asked and moved her feet apart.

"Wider Janni, and push your bottom up so we can all see your pussy."

Her feeling of humiliation was intense as, visualising the girls in some of the pornographic videos she had watched, she obeyed and pushed her buttocks up, knowing and feeling that the most intimate parts of her body were now displayed crudely to her work colleagues and builders whom she saw regularly during the every day work. The colleagues who had only ever seen her dressed demurely and professionally at work.

Her humiliation she felt was intensified as Jack eased her buttocks apart and she was left in no doubt as to what they could all see when she heard the lewd comments around the room, such as, "I just love a hair free cunt."

And, "Can't wait to get my cock in that!"

And, "What a neat arsehole."

Of course, what Jack already knew from their email exchanges was that Janni loved to read stories about humiliation. She would lie on her bed and masturbate as she imagined her self being humiliated like the girls in the stories she read. He knew that

she would often have multiple orgasms thrusting her self against her hand as she imagined the humiliation.

Now it was happening for real and was about to be intensified even further when Jack released her buttocks and said, "Rest your upper body on the desk and then reach behind you with both hands and display your self properly to your colleagues."

She wasn't quite sure what he meant as she lowered her body down and freed her arms and hands.

As she hesitated, Jack said, "Reach behind you and pull your buttocks apart."

Her face, hidden from view against the desk was flushed scarlet as she eased her fingers over each buttock and then tentatively pulled her cheeks apart a little.

"Spread your fingers apart Janni and use the tips to pull your pussy open."

She did as he asked, easing the tips of her fingers into her now moist outer labia.

"Now pull your self open Janni. We want to see how a tart displays her wares."

Slowly but surely she eased both her labia and buttocks apart, feeling ashamed but highly aroused as she felt her lubricating mucous flooding her increasingly exposed vagina.

"Wider Janni, we want a nice clear view of your cute little anus."

She opened her self some more, much to the delight of her colleagues and, as if to demonstrate how exposed she now was, she suddenly felt Jack brush the tips of his fingers between her wet open lips and then up over her exposed anus.

"Now stay like that Janni so that your colleagues can enjoy the delightful view of your wide open pussy while I prepare your other delightful tight hole."

Jack reached into his pocket and retrieved a tube of lubricating gel. He removed the top from the long nozzle and squeezed a small amount out onto one of his fingers.

Janni felt the sudden coldness of the gel as he smeared the small blob around her anus.

Janni felt her self tense her pelvic floor involuntarily as Jack eased the tip of his finger into her tight rosebud.

"Just try to relax and keep your self spread open," said Jack rather sternly.

Janni did her best as she then felt him easing the long nozzle into her rectum. Once inserted he gently squeezed the tube as he slowly pulled it out. Janni could feel the cool gel as it exited the nozzle, coating the walls of her rectum.

He pulled the nozzle free and then coated his index finger with a liberal coating. The room was now completely silent as all of her colleagues watched Jack start to push his gel coated finger into Janni's rectum. She tensed her pelvic floor again as she felt his finger start to enter her but the inward pressure was relentless and she found, much to her surprise that if she concentrated on relaxing her pelvic floor the invading finger slipped inside her much more easily than she had imagined it would.

Feeling and looking like a complete slut Janni kept her buttocks and pussy held open as Jack moved his finger around inside her. As well as pushing it in and out he pulled it sideways, slowly but surely causing her to open a little more.

Janni felt a sudden feeling of emptiness as Jack pulled his finger from her. Her colleagues watched silently, the atmosphere in the room electric and sexually charged as he squeezed more gel onto two fingers this time and then eased both tips an inch or so into Janni's anus.

Janni winced, feeling that she was being stretched beyond what she was capable of but again did her best to accept the invading fingers. By closing her eyes and breathing deeply she felt her anus being eased open and Jack's two fingers slowly stretching and entering her.

Jack could feel her sphincter gripping and resisting his two fingers but like before, with slow but relentless inward pressure he felt her hot tight hole slowly accept the invasion.

Janni concentrated hard to try and relax her pelvic floor. She felt constant pressure on her sphincter but then, in this humiliating position, she felt bizarrely proud as the tips of Jack's fingers breeched her sphincter and with one final push he had both fingers in her rectum.

Like before he moved them around inside her. Stretching her from side to side and moving them in and out of her.

Satisfied that she was now ready he said, "Frederic, can you please pass me the butt plug that Christina bought earlier.

Janni had forgotten that Christina was still in the room; watching her humiliation with the rest of her colleagues.

Janni had seen butt plugs for sale when she had purchased her own rabbit vibrator from an on-line store. She knew what they looked like but could not imagine for one moment how one of these conical rubber plugs would be able to fit inside her.

Jack could sense her panic but was also grinning as he coated the butt plug that Frederic had passed to him with liberal amounts of gel. The plug was not ridiculously large, just enough to 'educate' her sphincter and rectum to be able to comfortably accept an erect penis later on.

Jack touched the pointed end against Janni's anus which, much to the delight of both Jack and her work colleagues, was already partially dilated from the preparatory work Jack had done with his fingers.

Janni felt the slippery cold rubber start to press into her. The fact that all of her colleagues were watching as her anus started to stretch over the plug slipped into the back of her mind. She felt determined to somehow accommodate this invasion of her tightest hole. She felt what she had always tried to keep secret in her life. She felt, what was to her, an overwhelming desire to please Jack; to please them all.

She breathed deeply, feeling her anus stretching as Jack pressed the plug inwards. The progress was slow but sure. Near the front of the crowd of colleagues was Christina, trying to hide her own excitement as she watched Janni's anus stretch over the invading plug. It was almost there, a large dark circular mass framed with the delicate pinkness of Janni's anus.

Just at the point where Janni felt she could not stretch any further it reached just past the largest point. Her anus muscles then did the rest as the bulk of the plug suddenly slipped inside and her anus closed back around the much narrower neck leaving just a ring and rubber disk visible.

"Now stand up Janni and I'll walk you around the room to meet your colleagues."

She stood up, feeling disorientated with the blind fold on and very conscious of the rubber plug that was in her rectum. She felt for the hem of her skirt and rolled it back down over

her buttocks to cover her nakedness.

Jack looked at her thinking how well Christina had chosen the outfit. Janni looked every inch a tart. The hem of her short skirt did not quite hide the tops of the sheer hold ups. The heels were just that little bit too high to make walking difficult and the boob tube just looked like it was meant to be pulled down at the earliest opportunity.

Jack took her hand and led her into the eager throng of her colleagues.

Janni could sense the men all around her as soon as she took a few steps forward. Knowing that they had all just seen her exposed so intimately and then watched as Jack had inserted the anal plug filled her with a sense of total humiliation. Now, as Jack led her amongst them she felt random hands reaching out and groping her. Some slapped her buttocks playfully whilst others swiftly slipped a hand up under her skirt. She tried to keep her thighs pressed together until Jack said sternly, "Now that you are amongst your colleagues you should stand still with your hands on your hips and your feet apart like a tart looking for business.

Janni felt awkward as she tried to do as he asked. She placed her hands on her hips and then moved her feet apart. Almost immediately she gasped in surprise as a hand swiftly grabbed at her boob tube and tugged it down.

Her cheeks flushed as she heard an instant chorus of "Nice tits!"

With her breasts now exposed she felt unknown hands grabbing them and squeezing them whilst another hand wasted no time in slipping up under her skirt with fingers seeking out her pussy. The fingers soon found their target and the man responsible exclaimed, "Guys, her pussy is very wet."

Others grabbed her hands, pulling them to the fronts of their trousers and forcing her to feel the obvious bulges of their erections.

The next voice she heard was Frederik's as he said, "OK, does any of you want to use the tart in here in front of the rest of us?"

Janni tried to recognise the man's voice but could not quite place one of the builders that she regularly talked to in the office as he said, "yes, she can give me a blow job."

"Excellent," said Frederik.

Janni sensed movement in front of her and then two large hands pressed down on her shoulders. She knew what was expected and knelt down on the floor. She sensed the testosterone in the room and heard a zip being pulled down inches from her face.

Christina and the other girls could not disguise their curiosity as they watched.

Janni smelled the unmistakable aroma, faint and not unpleasant, of a man's penis as it brushed across her nose and then her lips. The room was now completely silent as the man held the exposed head of his penis against her lips. She pushed her tongue out and licked it, the overwhelming urge to please this man filling her senses. She opened her mouth and he pushed an inch or so inside her. She closed her lips around the shaft tasting and sensing his urgency. She started to suck and move her head forward and back. She felt the man run his hands through her hair and then grip the sides of her head. He was starting to push deeper into her mouth, pulling her toward him with each inward thrust. She could feel his urgency reaching new heights, desperately suppressing the urge to gag as the head of his erection was now repeatedly entering her throat. Finally, with a loud series of grunts and her lips crushed against the front of his trousers, he ejaculated directly into her throat, his hot salty slime slipping down her gullet like a warm oyster.

He pulled out; wiped the head on her cheek and walked away.

"Anyone else like to use the tart in public?" said Frederik.

Janni felt a strong hand grab hers and pull her up from the floor. She tottered on the heels as the man led her to what she knew was one of the arm chairs in Frederik's office. She felt the back of the chair push against her belly as the man bent her over the back. He pushed her head down toward the seat leaving her buttocks the highest point. She then felt her skirt once more being rolled up over her buttocks. She heard his zip being unfastened and then he kicked each of her feet apart before quickly running his hand up the inside of her thighs and pushing two fingers straight up into her sopping wet vagina.

The fingers only stayed there briefly before she felt him close up behind her and the head of his erect penis seeking her wetness. She felt the head slide between her oozing labia and then, as he grabbed her hips, he thrust his erection all the way up inside her with one big powerful movement. It almost took her breath away and she felt grateful for the way he paused momentarily with his penis buried to the hilt inside her. She

was now very aware of the anal plug as both the large erect penis and the big rubber plug filled her petite lower body.

The respite was brief as she felt his fingers dig into the flesh of her hips as he started to pound unmercifully into her from behind. She imagined the scene in her mind; her with her breasts freed from the boob tube bent over a chair like a common tart being fucked from behind as all of her colleagues watched. The shame and humiliation somehow faded into her mind as her own urgent needs were starting to fill her senses. Her naked breasts were tingling, centred on her hardened nipples. She could feel her own orgasm building as the man plunged into her.

Suddenly he gripped her harder, pressing his fingers painfully into the soft flesh of her thighs and then she felt his penis flood her insides as he ejaculated deep inside her.

"Just a few more strokes please!" she pleaded silently in her head as he pulled out leaving her almost sobbing with the desire to reach her orgasm.

Janni stood up and with help from Jack turned to face away from the chair and pulled the hem of her skirt back down. She started to pull the boob tube back into place but stopped abruptly when Frederik said, "Leave it, tart. You look much better with your tits displayed for everyone.

Frederik then said, "Any more want to use the tart in public?"

The room was silent as Janni felt the guy's cum starting to trickle down her leg. She then listened as Frederik said, "OK, We'll leave the tart in my office while the rest of you leave. She will be available for the rest of the afternoon to use as you please either on your own or with others. I suggest you keep the door closed when the tart is in use and when you are finished you leave the door open ready for the next person.

Before we disperse I suspect, judging by her erect nipples and flushed cheeks that the tart needs to cum. Is that right tart?"

Janni just mumbled quietly, "yes."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Frederik, "just for this part Jack will remove your blindfold so that you can see us all watching you."

She felt the blindfold being untied and then the bright lights of the office momentarily blinding her.

All of her colleagues were staring at her. Her breasts were still exposed and the dribbling spunk almost down to one of her

knees as Frederik said "Lay down on the floor."

She did as he asked.

"Now pull your skirt right up and open your legs so we can all see your pussy."

As she shyly did as he asked she watched most of her colleagues gather round her feet and stare between her legs.

"Very good," said Frederik, "now masturbate while we all watch. I want you to show everyone how a tart will shamelessly play with her self in public until she cums."

Janni felt the conflict in her head. She had a strong and overwhelming desire to fulfil her orgasm, the orgasm so cruelly denied her when a few minutes earlier; but also the thought of masturbating in front of her work colleagues filled her with a feeling of complete humiliation.

With her own sexual desires ruling her head she slowly moved her hand down between her open thighs. With everyone watching she pressed her fingers against the wet flesh of her labia and started to move them around. Seeking out her clitoris she brushed her fingers over it, causing her whole body to writhe in ecstasy.

With her hand now pressed firmly over her vulva and a finger touching her clitoris, she started to thrust her hips unashamedly against her hand. With her eyes closed she felt completely oblivious to her watching colleagues; her whole being focussed on the wonderful sensations radiating from between her thighs. She started to moan loudly and her body writhed on the floor as wave after wave of pleasure ripped through her body. Finally it subsided and she opened her eyes.

Everyone was staring down at her and the sudden feeling of humiliation swept through her mind.

Jack offered his hand and helped her up off of the floor and then replaced the blindfold.

She listened as Frederik said, "Christina, can you fetch the cuffs and ropes from the next door office please."

Just the mention of cuffs and ropes sent a nervous shiver of expectation through Janni.

She heard Frederik say, "thanks Christina, now could you clear the top of my desk and fetch a cushion from the sofa."

Jack led Janni to Frederik's desk where Christina was waiting with four cuffs.

"Hold out your arms," said Christina.

Janni did as she asked and felt soft leather cuffs being attached to both wrists. She then sensed Christina kneeling in front of her as she felt two more cuffs being fastened around each ankle.

Jack then said, "Janni, climb onto Frederik's desk and lay across it." He offered his hand saying, "Here, I'll help you."

With a bit of a struggle Janni was now on Frederik's desk. She lifted her self momentarily as Christina placed the cushion under her back. Jack and Christina then positioned Janni across the desk, the narrow part from front to back.

The cushion was beneath her back and partly supporting her head which hung over the edge. The width of the desk was such that her buttocks hung over the opposite side.

Janni then felt the skirt being rolled up over her buttocks and the boob tube pulled right down to her waist.

She then felt ropes being tied to the wrist cuffs by Christina and then her arms were pulled out straight either side along the top of the desk. Christina then tied the ropes down over the edges to the legs of the desk.

Janni then felt ropes being tied to the ankle cuffs and then Jack lift each of her legs in turn; folding them back and apart before securing the ropes from the ankle cuffs to the wrist cuffs.

In this position Janni felt completely and utterly exposed and helpless. She could feel her labia gaping open and was very conscious of the anal plug still lodged in her rectum.

As if to remind her how exposed and vulnerable she was Christina slapped her exposed and wet vulva before pulling briefly on the ring of the plug. Of course Janni had no idea which of her colleagues was responsible.

The room emptied and Janni heard the office door close leaving her alone for the time being. She remained tied to the desk, feeling both vulnerable and nervous knowing that the afternoon was only half way through.

She longed to be able to touch her self, brush her fingers over her sensitised clitoris, feeling the need to cum again, but with her hands tied and her thighs wide open she could do nothing.

She tensed as she heard the door open, the sudden rush of cooler air wafting over her wet and exposed labia. She heard the door close again and the foot fall of two people coming toward her.

She felt someone close to her head and then the unmistakeable sound of a zip being drawn down. She moved her head trying to feel where the person was and then felt a large erection rest on her face. The man just rested it there, lying across her chin with his scrotum resting on her nose.

On the opposite side of the desk she felt someone pull at the anal plug. Each time it moved she felt her pelvic floor and sphincter tense in direct response. She felt relieved when, having been reminded of the large rubber bung in her rectum, the teasing of it stopped and she felt the head of a stiff penis press between her open labia.

As the penis sought her vagina the man standing by her head moved back a little and then she felt his erection being brushed over her lips. Fingers suddenly pinched her nose and as she opened her mouth to breathe the erect penis slid straight in over her tongue. At the same time she felt the other erection plunge into her vagina.

There was no affection or tenderness from either man, just a sense of pure lust as they both began pounding into her from each end.

The one in her mouth reached over her and roughly gripped her breasts in each hand as he fucked her mouth whilst the other gripped her outer thighs as he relentlessly pumped urgently into her vagina.

She could feel the man in her mouth approaching his orgasm. His fingers were gripping her breasts painfully and her lips were repeatedly crushed against his pubic hair as the head of his penis entered her throat with each urgent inward thrust and his scrotum slapped against her nose.

She could feel it growing larger in her mouth; her lips felt the whole shaft start to pulsate and then his hot spunk exploded directly into her throat. She swallowed rapidly, avoiding choking as she felt his salty gloop sliding directly into her gullet.

The man between her thighs was still thrusting powerfully into

her and she felt she could soon cum. However, just a few seconds later she felt him tense and change his stroke a little before he released his hot load deep inside her vagina. Although humiliated and used, she once more felt cheated out of her own orgasm.

Both men paused for a minute or so before withdrawing from her body. She felt them wipe the last few drips of spunk both on her face and on the inside of one thigh before the office door opened and she was alone once more. She could taste the remnants of fresh spunk as she wondered which of her colleagues, or maybe it had been two of the builders, had just used her.

As she lay there she could feel the spunk start to trickle out from her vagina. She imagined how cheap and obscene she must look tied to the desk, her breasts, vulva and plugged anus completely and crudely displayed whilst still dressed in the sheer holdups and high heels.

She tensed as she heard the office door being closed and then someone approaching her.

Her breasts felt bruised from the last encounter but her nipples tingled with arousal and her body yearned for some sexual release as the unknown person moved closer.

Janni sensed the faint perfume of a woman and knew it could only be one of three. Just the idea of her female colleagues seeing her like this made her cringe with embarrassment although Christina was the most likely one; Janni did not recognise the perfume as belonging to her. That meant it must be either Emma or Emilie.

Emma grinned as she gazed at the obscene spectacle of her immediate work superior tied to the boss's desk.

Her eyes wandered over Janni's rudely exposed body noting how stiff and erect her nipples were and the way in which her dripping vulva looked swollen and engorged.

Emma reached up under her own sensible work skirt and quickly pulled down her knickers. Stepping out of them she picked them up and stuffed them into a pocket in her skirt. She felt aroused, her own nipples pert and hard beneath her sensible blouse. She could feel her vulva starting to ooze as she moved closer to Janni, reached out tentatively and touched Janni's clitoris with her finger. Emma had always enjoyed teasing and when Janni's body twitched at her touch she just grinned again, sensing how close Janni must be to an orgasm.

With growing confidence she moved closer still, giving the ring of the anal plug a quick tug and watching how the whole of Janni's pelvic floor reacted. She prodded and pulled at Janni's labia before once more brushing her finger over her clitoris and watching with delight as Janni writhed in the ropes.

For a brief moment Janni was convinced that the mystery female would give her the relief she craved but it was not to be.

Emma walked slowly round the desk until she was behind Janni's head.

Janni sensed her presence and then, as Emma lifted her skirt right up, for the second time that afternoon Janni smelled the clean but unmistakeable scent of an aroused pussy.

Emma moved closer, opening her legs until she was stood astride Janni's head. She reached down, placed her hands under Janni's head and then pressed her oozing labia against her mouth.

Janni knew what was expected of her and was soon licking and slurping Emma's parted lips. Emma began rocking back and forth, using Janni's mouth and tongue. Emma noticed the slight bruising that was showing on Janni's breasts and imagined how it must have got there. As her orgasm rapidly approached she too reached forward and grabbed Janni's breasts, using them as handles to grip on to as she relentlessly used Janni's face. As she leaned forward a little she could feel Janni's nose, like a small cock between her parted labia, as she shamelessly rubbed her clitoris against her mouth. Emma felt her body tense as what was probably the best orgasm she had ever had racked her body. She ground her hips over Janni's mouth, struggling to keep standing as she gripped Janni's breasts and howled with pleasure.

After a minute or so she moved back, and looked down at Janni's face. She could see her own juices glistening on both her nose and around her mouth as she smoothed down her dress and then quickly left the office leaving the door open for the next visitors.

Janni still felt at the height of arousal but the need to reach orgasm was becoming unbearable.

All she could think about was that the next person to enter the room would hopefully make her cum whilst pursuing their own pleasure from her body.

She heard someone enter the room and the door close. Whoever it was wasted no time. She felt his presence behind her head, heard his zip being pulled down and then a stiff penis pushed roughly

into her mouth. No time to lick it or for her to savour the sensation and taste. His hands held the back of her head as he just fucked her mouth. Like before she felt her lips being crushed against his pubic hair and then the eruption of his salty slime flooding directly down into her stomach.

She started to realise that the men must have been talking to each other about her ability to 'deep throat' as one after another came into the office to use her mouth.

Ten minutes or so after she had swallowed the last load she realised that she must have satisfied all of her colleagues; at least for now.

After what seemed a long time she heard someone else come into the office and close the door.

Unlike the others he moved up close to her and said, "Hi Janni, it's Jack. She said nothing as she sensed him slowly walking round the desk. She wondered what she must look like as she felt some of the spunk she was unable to swallow quickly enough in slimy trails from the corners of her mouth, down across her cheeks and into her hair.

She felt him move round the desk until he was standing between her open legs.

The aching need to cum was still there and for the first time that afternoon she spoke, saying, "Please fuck me Jack. Please, I need to cum."

She felt his hand rest on her belly and then he leaned forward and tenderly caressed her bruised breasts.

Then, releasing her breasts and standing back straight he said, "I'm really surprised that the anal plug is still in place. Did no one fuck your arse?"

"No," she said quietly.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed, so it's all mine." I'm really looking forward to fucking your tight neglected arse."

As he finished speaking she felt him grip the ring of the anal plug and start to pull. She started to panic as she felt as though it was too large to come out. Jack kept up a steady pulling force on the ring saying, "try to relax Janni and remember it went in OK."

She felt the pressure building as her anus stretched more and

more. Jack felt his penis twitch with anticipation of the treat he had to come as he watched her rose bud open and stretch over the black rubber.

Just when Janni was convinced the plug was stuck inside her for ever she felt the sudden relief as the plug popped out and her sphincter relaxed.

She heard the sound of Jack's zip as he quickly released his erection from the confines of his trousers. All afternoon she had been dreading being anally penetrated. She had only experienced it twice before and both times had been painful. She remembered the many email exchanges she had with Jack and how he had tried to convince her that anal sex, when the woman is properly prepared should not be painful. In truth she was far from convinced but knew she was about to find out.

Jack gazed at Janni's crudely displayed genitalia noting how engorged her parted labia looked and her clitoris peeping from its hood. He could see her vaginal mucous oozing from her; the good indicator of her heightened arousal. His gaze then shifted from her vulva to her anus. What had once been a tight rose bud earlier in the afternoon, before he had fitted the plug, was now partially dilated, looking a little like a sunflower but with dark pink petals radiating from the darkness of the open centre.

Jack quickly squeezed some lubricating gel onto his erect penis from the tube he had kept in pocket. He liberally coated the head and then the shaft.

Tossing the tube to one side he moved forward, holding his penis with his fingers as he guided it to the dark open centre of Janni's anus.

Janni felt the slippery head as it nestled in the entrance of her tightest hole.

Jack knew from previous experience that the anal plug had done its job.

Janni had no idea though and as she felt Jack increase his inward pressure she was mentally braced for pain. Jack paused with the head of his erection an inch or so inside her. Just the thought of the exquisite pleasure he would feel in a moment or two excited him immensely.

Jack moved his hips two and fro just a little, teasing her anus by moving his penis with tiny in and out movements, building confidence in Janni's mind.

Janni was surprised as she felt this partial entry. There was no pain or discomfort just nervousness at the impending thought of Jack's penis finally entering her rectum.

Jack continued the small in and out movements, trying to judge Janni's anticipation as he counted slowly in his head, "three, two, one," and then, with one long powerful thrust, pushed the whole length of his erection up into Janni's rectum.

Janni's reaction was a muted scream as her expected pain did not materialise, just a strong and surprised feeling of something long and fat filling her insides. She was surprised that it was not unpleasant and as Jack started to fuck her she was also surprised to feel some sensations in her vagina.

Jack knew he would not last long as he looked down to watch his penis thrusting piston like back and forth in her anus. The once delicate rosebud stretched accommodatingly around the girth of his shaft.

Still looking down between her thighs he used his fingers to probe and pull her labia whilst anally fucking her. He could feel Janni trying to thrust her hips, knowing that she was desperate to cum. Her clitoris looked like it was protruding like a beacon, eager to be noticed and get attention.

As Jack felt his spunk start to rise he placed two fingers either side of Janni's clitoris, pressing them lightly together and trapping her pleasure bud between them. Even with her hands and feet tied, her buttocks were now thrusting up off of the desk, pushing her clitoris against Jack's fingers but also pushing her self against his cock forcing it as deep as it would go.

Janni could feel her whole body start to convulse uncontrollably and, as Jack's erection swelled and throbbed deep inside her, his hot spunk suddenly flooding her rectum; Janni, with a long howling scream finally reached her own orgasm.

Satisfied that the last of his spunk had dribbled out inside her Jack pulled out of her with a wet sounding plop.

He stood there for a while until he saw his spunk start to trickle from her anus, wiped his penis on her hold ups, zipped himself up and walked out of the office.

Janni felt exhausted as she slowly came down from her orgasm. Suddenly she was aware of people entering the office. She sensed them gathering round and heard them talk of second helpings.

This time the action was mostly between her thighs both vaginal and anal as now, in a permanent state of arousal, her own orgasms and what seemed like a never ending procession of erect penises penetrating her and filling her blurred into one.

Finally she realised that she was once again alone still tied to her boss's desk. She could feel the copious amounts of spunk dribbling from both her anus and vagina as a female voice said, "Let's see if we can clean you up."

She recognised Emilie the accounts assistant's voice immediately and then gasped with complete surprise as Emilie started to lick her clean. She felt her licking the spunk from around her buttocks and then her mouth moving to her anus. Until this afternoon Janni had never associated her anus with pleasure but as Emilie licked around it, pressing the tip of her tongue partially inside it felt very erotic. Satisfied that her anus was now clean, Emilie moved up to Janni's vulva. It looked red and sore as she gently licked it clean, easing her tongue between the labia to get at the last of the spunk.

When Emilie had entered the room Janni had felt completely exhausted and the thought of a further orgasm seemed physically impossible.

Now, with Emilie cleaning her most intimate parts with her tongue Janni just sighed deeply and said quietly, "please."

Emilie had her tongue pressed between Janni's labia and as she heard her plea she slowly moved up until she felt the nub of Janni's clitoris under her tongue. She just pressed her tongue against Janni, slowly licking and pressing against her. Within seconds Janni was writhing on the desk and screaming uncontrollably.

Emilie kept up the stimulation until she thought that Janni could not take any more and then gradually stopped licking but kept her tongue resting on her clitoris. She felt pleased with her self as Janni continued to spasmodically twitch and groan until she was finally completely exhausted.

As Emilie got up and licked her lips Janni mumbled, "Thank you."

Even in the now uncomfortable position tied to Frederik's desk Janni must have momentarily dozed off. She felt startled and opened her eyes as she felt someone untying the ropes. A helping hand supported her as she eased her body off of the desk. She felt the bind fold being removed and then Christina said, "Everyone else has left. I've put your normal clothes in the kitchen. I thought you would want to freshen up in the bathroom

before getting dressed."

"Thank you," said Janni.

As Janni kicked off the high heels and walked toward the kitchen and bathroom Christina shouted after her, "Well done Janni, you did well."

Lori Is Taken

by [Lorrune](#)©

Lori walked into the conference room with confidence, swinging her hips with each step. Her boss, Nathan, gazed at her legs as she strode past him, her heels clicking loudly on the floor. She took a seat next to his, crossing her legs with a rasp of fabrics as her black pencil skirt slid over her nylons. The meeting chairs were leather, cozy, and the large table was glass. Sitting next to Lori, Nathan had an excellent view of her legs and that's the way he liked it.

"Welcome to the meeting" Nathan said as he looked down at her feet. Lori's ruby red toenails shimmered under the light reinforcement of her sheer nylon stockings. She'd worn a pair of her favorite black four inch heels which had a tiny peep toe. The heels wrapped around the front of her foot with a faux bow, presenting two toenails with a third just peeking into view. Her legs looked fabulous covered in a shade of nylon that gave a look of glazed honey to her smooth skin. Nathan admired Lori's legs in a subtle way that wasn't gawking, yet, clearly, he studied every inch of her silky legs.

Lori looked at Nathan and saw that his attention was still focused on her long silky legs. She smiled warmly at him and said "Thank you." Slowly she slid her legs together causing a soft rasp. Lori enjoyed playing the puppet master, pulling the strings that made men wiggle. Nathan was her boss, but she was certain she could get him to do anything she wanted.

Nathan's gaze was still fixated on Lori's silky stockings while she crossed her legs again, treating Nathan to that rasping only nylons make as they slid across each other. She then made a show bending over to examine the back of her leg. Presenting the back of her calf and checking the dark brown seams that traced the back of her stockinged legs, she ran a ruby red fingernail along the back of her stocking.

As Lori bent forward, she leaned subtly toward Nathan. This let Nathan have a clear view down the front of her blouse. The white satin top covered her but from the angle she gave Nathan, and with the top button undone, he would have a view of her firm breasts. Nathan didn't hesitate to sneak a glance at her cleavage that was now aimed at him. He could make out the lacy white top of her bra, just visible inside her blouse.

Lori couldn't see, but she could tell by the way Nathan shifted in his chair that he was getting a good look at her full breasts. Once Lori was sure that her seams were properly aligned she sat up and smiled and looked at Nathan, watching his reaction.

Unlike the other men in the office, Nathan was much more subtle with his body language. Were most men would now be shifting awkwardly in their chair, trying to hide the erection growing in their pants, Nathan sat calmly and he unabashedly ogled her curves. He knew she was giving him a show and he wasn't afraid to admire her beauty.

Teasing the men at work had become a hobby for Lori. Success came when she knew she had aroused a man to a point where he was no longer able to think clearly. But Nathan was always in control. It excited Lori that he was obviously interested in her, but frustrated her that she couldn't get him flustered. She had ramped up her efforts over the last few months, hoping to win a small victory and catch Nathan gawking at her, his last thought lost in the reflection of the light in her nylons.

Others began to enter the conference room but Nathan kept his attention away on Lori. Considering that most of the people walking in were also men, Lori realized that Nathan could stare at her and make suggestive gestures, but the men in the room wouldn't notice since they were doing their best to covertly ogle her sexy legs.

Lori didn't think any of them would notice Nathan studying her body since they spent all of their time doing the same. Lori grinned, amused at how all the men gawked at her while at the same time trying not to show it. She already had them conquered and paid them little attention. For now, she pondered what else she could do, within the limits of the dress code, to surprise Nathan.

Lori hadn't always been a cock tease. In the past she had been a most conservative dresser. She wore trousers most of the time and "comfortable" shoes. She didn't wear stockings or hosiery of any kind. Lori didn't even shave her legs regularly. Despite her

work ethic and long hours she was passed for promotion for three years. Then after a long chat with her best friend, Cynthia, she changed her approach to Corporate America.

"It's a Man's world, Sweetie." Cynthia had said to her. "But dressing like a man won't help you."

"What are you talking about?" Lori had said to her.

"It's easy, dear. All you have to do is show off those legs, give a peek of cleavage and you'll see."

"I'm not a slut." Lori stated flatly.

Cynthia giggled at her. "You don't have to sleep with them silly. Just tease them."

Cynthia's giggle echoed in Lori's head as she popped her shoe halfway off her foot and dangled it in front of Nathan. He could clearly see the dark reinforced area on the back of her heel as her foot waggled. Nathan cocked an eyebrow but otherwise made no sign that his thoughts were drifting. A few other men tried to get a better look at the stockings Lori wore.

Lori's fully fashioned stockings were a rare sight in a modern office and the men gawking reminded Lori of puppies. Eyes fully intent on the treat you hold in your hand, just out of their reach. Puppies that would sit and wait, indefinitely obedient, for a treat that would never come.

The other men subtly fought to find seats either close to her, or in a position where they could drop a pen and have a nice view of her legs as they picked it up. Lori noted that the few women who now walked into the room also tried to hide something from Lori. Their disdain for her.

Lori knew that the few women in the room hated her for what she did. They wanted the attention she was getting, but found her methods distasteful. To their annoyance, Lori never wore anything that would be considered inappropriate. her skirts were never unduly short and her tops never exposed too much cleavage.

What those women didn't realize was that Lori used her legs, and more importantly, high quality hosiery to get the attention of every man who glanced her way. Some of the women wore "fuck me" heels that were more daring than anything Lori slipped her feet into. But they all missed that key ingredient that dazzled every man in the office.

Their bare legs were smooth and sexy, but Lori's ultra sheer

stockings drew a man's attention every time. Now as her foot, adorned in a classic fully fashioned stocking, looked as if it was dressed for an evening on the town. The nylon gave her foot an added something that bare feet didn't have at all.

Thinking back, Lori hadn't really believed Cynthia at all. She thought it was a fallacy to dress up for a man and hope to get her own way. She felt it would diminish her. But, Lori knew that her darling husband, Michael, would always gaze longingly at a woman in a skirt. He wouldn't fail to look if she wore hosiery of some kind under it. Lori always pretended not to notice Michael's gaze stray as a woman in short skirt and heels wiggled her ass past him. But she knew he looked every time.

After a while Cynthia's advice and her husband's actions convinced her to try it out. Lori wore a pair of sheer pantyhose and skirt that showed off her legs a bit more. Legs that she had carefully shaved then treated to soft creams to bring out her skins natural shine. Checking herself in the mirror, Lori decided that her flat shoes didn't look right with the skirt. She tried on her only pair of black pumps with a three inch heel.

The effect was amazing! Lori had to admit that she did have a nice pair of legs, and the heels helped shape her calves, thighs and ass. She went downstairs for breakfast and found that her husband was leering at her legs in a way she had never seen. When she made it into the office Lori became aware that everyone else was noticing her. Every man she passed took an extra glance at her. Lori was now the woman turning heads and it felt wonderful!

When she got home, Michael wanted to tear her out of her clothes and make love to her. Lori was more than happy to comply, ecstatic that she had found a way to rev up their sex life. But Michael was almost too excited and his endurance didn't last as long as it would take to slide on a pair of sheer pantyhose.

Lori wanted more. She hoped that Michael would build more endurance over time. She bought more skirts, shorter and tighter than anything she had ever worn. Her flats turned into heels with open toes and four inches of lift. Pantyhose gave way to stockings with garters. Her "Granny Panties" tossed and sexy thongs replaced them.

But Michael's performance didn't improve. Worse, Michael's attention started to wane and soon it didn't seem to matter what she wore. The side effect to Lori's new wardrobe was that men flocked around Lori. They thought of any excuse to be around her and talking to her any chance they had. Lori felt sexy and

secret fantasies of a man who would satisfy her sexual hunger grew.

The other side effect was that Lori's boss took notice of her long silky legs as well. "I told you so!" said Cynthia when Lori met her for lunch one day.

"Now what do I do? I'm still on the bottom rung, I just have men pestering me all the time."

"You tease your boss." Cynthia said with a grin.

Lori felt uncomfortable with that. She was very much the good wife and the thought of making sexual advances toward her boss didn't seem right. Daydreams and fantasies were one thing but cheating on her husband didn't sit well with Lori.

"Wouldn't he get the wrong idea?" "I'm not going to sleep with my boss--"

"No, dum dum." Cynthia cut Lori off in a warm tone that eased the insult to her long time friend. "I said tease, not flirt."

"There is a difference?" Lori said, puzzled.

"Oh yes." Cynthia said sternly.

Cynthia explained to Lori that the trick was to kept up a frosty attitude toward any sexual advances. Cynthia told her that, no matter how slutty she acted, any man who thought her actions were for his sole benefit would be told to mind his own damn business, or face a lawsuit for sexual harassment.

"These days everything is on your side." Cynthia said. "You can even 'accidentally' rub your ass against him, and if he grabs you, it's a sexual 'assault' allowing you to take him to court. They won't get the wrong idea if you make it clear you aren't interested, and you're willing to report them."

"But what's the benefit?" Lori said, still puzzled.

"Honey," Cynthia said, peering over her glasses at Lori "Those men will do anything hoping that you suddenly change your mind, zip down their pants and suck their cock. As long as they think they have a one in a million chance, they'll do anything you want."

"I don't know."

"Try it."

Lori did. Nathan had been her supervisor for two years. He hadn't given Lori much thought during that time. At least, Lori never felt Nathan paid attention to her. In her mind, Nathan only saw a frumpy girl who maintained a database. When Lori showed up in a pencil skirt, heels, stockings the color of French Coffee, and a tight fitting low cut blouse, Nathan couldn't keep his eyes off her.

Lori carefully teased Nathan, but kept up a show of indifference that made it clear she wasn't interested in Nathan's physical attention. It wasn't long before Nathan found a way to have her in view much more often. Lori went from a database manager to his personal secretary in less than two weeks.

Lori was happy because, as Cynthia promised, she didn't have to spread her legs to move up the corporate ladder. Once, during a private meeting when Nathan and Lori had discussed her salary, she had "accidentally" slid her silky foot along the inside of his calf. It was just long enough to leave doubt as to if she had done it intentionally, but the touch of her nylon foot against his leg was enough for him to promote her as his personal assistant the same day.

Nathan had made a pass at her once. During a meeting, like this one, Nathan had placed his hand on Lori's thigh, just above her knee. The lights were dimmed low for a power point presentation, and no one else in the room would have been able to see him grope her. Lori let Nathan have a moment to feel her firm leg and the soft stockings she wore, then she took him by the wrist and sternly moved his hand off her.

Nathan gave no reaction at her rebuff and he acted as if nothing had happened at all. He hadn't made any further advances since then and Lori felt Cynthia was right in her assessment. For the last six months Lori had enjoyed good pay and an easy job. She did very little as a "personal assistant." In fact all she seemed to do was dress sexy and tease the men in the office. Lori was happy to do just that and Today was no different. Her tight skirt, silky blouse and sexy stockings kept Nathan, and every other man, peeking at her. Meanwhile, Lori was getting paid to simply look pretty.

As the meeting started Nathan slipped her a note. Lori looked at it. It was short and to the point: PRIVATE MEETING AT 5PM. Lori looked at Nathan but he wasn't looking at her. He started the quarterly report and didn't seem to pay any more attention to her. Lori smiled quietly to herself and slipped the note into her planner. She knew she had Nathan wrapped around her finger. Maybe he had another promotion in mind. If he didn't, she knew

how to handle him.

The meeting was dull but ended quick enough. Lori was the first to get out of her seat and waltz out of the room, fully aware that more than one set of eyes watched her leave. Once back at her desk, she sat and idly surfed the internet waiting for time to pass. As the day grew late more and more people left the office. Hardly anyone would be around at five.

Finally the time managed to drag by. Lori got up from her desk, stretching from the hours of waiting. She made her way to Nathan's office and as she did she realized something was missing. Usually as she walked down this passage men would peek over their cubicle walls to look at her, or suddenly realize they had something at the copier to pick up. But the office was a ghost town. Lori stopped and walked down one of the rows of cubicles. Nobody was around.

It occurred to Lori that she had never been in the office this late. She walked in about eight in the morning and was usually on her way home by three in the afternoon. Had Lori been a real assistant, doing her job rather than teasing, she would put in a full eight hours of work. Lori didn't know that almost the entire office was empty by half past four.

Turning the corner, Lori saw Nathan's office. His door was open and the light was on, a sure sign that he was still there. Lori sighed in relief and excitement grew in her chest. Her curiosity was starting to overcome her patience. When she walked into the office she saw Nathan at his desk, looking at something on his monitor. Across from the large executive desk was a black leather couch. The couch was long and made of high quality leather. Nathan enjoyed watching Lori sit in it because it offered such a wonderful view of her legs.

"Hello, sweetheart." Nathan said as she walked in. Lori cocked an eyebrow and looked at him with a puzzled stare. He had never called her sweetheart before. Keeping her cool she took a few short steps to the couch, and sank into the soft cushions. Slowly Lori crossed her long silky legs allowing the nylons to rasp seductively against each other.

"Don't call me sweetheart, Nathan." Lori said in a frosty tone. Then she started to slowly kick her leg idly, knowing that this drove men wild. Lori felt that Cynthia would be proud of her. Nathan took notice of her dangling shoe but didn't seem to acknowledge her warning.

"Okay, Sugar Tits." Nathan said with a big smile on his face, and stood up. This time both of Lori's eyebrows shot up in

surprise.

"Excuse me?" she said. She stopped kicking her leg as Nathan walked around his desk to lean on it and gaze down at her legs.

"Today you start earning your pay. You can't just sit around looking pretty anymore."

"But-" Lori started to say before Nathan Cut her off.

"You've worked for me for almost three years now." Nathan said pausing to lean forward, obviously looking down her blouse.

"It's time you start doing what a personal assistant is expected to do." He said.

"Like what?" Lori asked, her hand involuntarily closing off the view of her cleavage.

"For starters, you can take that skirt off." Nathan now looked her right in the eye and the grin on his face made her nervous.

"Mr. Colton." Lori started, iron in her voice. "I think you've-"

"Oh don't go cold on me, Sweetheart." Nathan cut her off again.

"You've been teasing the shit out me and I'm done with it."

Nathan reached out and pinched her breast, startling Lori with his sudden physical attack and with is uncanny aim. He had pinched her nipple perfectly.

"Hey! You keep your hands off me!" She snapped.

"Ah, no. I plan to put my hands all over you." Nathan said.

"Stand up and take that skirt off."

Lori's mouth dropped open. This was was she was most afraid of and she realized now wast the time to threaten Nathan with legal action.

"This is sexual harassment and-" Lori was cut off by a swift slap across her face. The sting and pain didn't shock her system as much as the sudden act by Nathan. Fear gripped her as she realized how much bigger he was that she, and how much faster and stronger.

"I need to go." Lori said and started to stand up.

"No." Nathan said and his cool and calm demeanor had the same effect on her as if he had shouted it. "I'm going to fuck you silly. Right now. Right here. And when I'm done fucking you, the only thing you'll be able to think about is my cock. You'll

crave for the next time I tear your clothes off and drive my shaft into your soaking wet pussy."

Lori could only gape at him. He had spoken in a matter of fact tone as if he owned her and he was giving her orders. Lori couldn't speak but she managed to shake her head.

"Look at those nipples." Nathan said. "You're turned on bitch. Admit it."

Lori panicked and tried to bolt from the room. She didn't get far. Nathan grabbed her by the arm and spun her around. Lori twirled on the balls of her feet and wobbled as she tried to keep balance in her heels. The look on her face was a mix of anger, surprise, and confusion. "What the Fu-" She started to say.

Nathan covered her mouth with his hand, cutting her off, then he shoved her over the arm of the office couch. Nathan enjoyed the view now as Lori fell with eyes wide and arms out, her legs flicking upward fast enough to launch one of her shoes off her foot. The open toed pump flipped high until it almost hit the vaulted office ceiling, then landed on the other side of the couch.

Before Lori's shoe hit the floor, Nathan had snatched Lori by her ankles, keeping her silken legs wide apart and trapping her on the couch. He quickly knelt over her and then lifted her legs more forcing her to slide toward him. Soon he was pressing close against her, pinning her to the couch. Lori could feel his cock, rock hard and straining against his pants.

Lori's skirt, spread by her legs, had slid up her silky thighs revealing her stocking tops and garters. Lori was shocked at how quickly Nathan had immobilized her. She tried to kick free but he was holding her up by her ankles.

"Goddamn, you have nice legs." Nathan said, his eyes focused on her calves. Lori tried to pull herself away from him but she couldn't get any leverage on the couch.

"Let go of me!" She yelled, and the desperate tone in her voice only made Nathan smile.

"Do you hear that, Sweetheart?" Nathan said, looking down at her. "That's the sound of no one coming to your rescue." Nathan paused for a moment as the impact of his words hit her. "Now, shut up. Don't speak unless I ask you a question. Understood?"

Lori didn't answer right away. Again, Nathan's tone was one of command and she wasn't sure how to respond. Suddenly Nathan's hand left her ankle and again she was slapped across the face.

"I asked you a question, bitch." Nathan barked. It was the first time he had raised his voice and it shocked an answer out of Lori.

"Yes, Sir!" Lori squeaked.

Nodding, Nathan let go of Lori's legs and tore at her blouse, pulling it apart and ripping the delicate fabric. In seconds, he had torn it off her, exposing her lovely breasts and the white lace bra they were tucked into. Lori let out a shriek, shocked by his sudden attack as he pawed at her breasts with his large hands.

Lori's pushed at Nathan and her legs kicked, but she didn't have the strength to push him off; he was too close to kick effectively. Nathan continued to grope her breasts and he started to pull her bra down and she tried to scream. Nathan's hand clamped down over her mouth and a muffled squeal was all she got out.

Nathan leaned close, his hand still clasped over her mouth. He spoke to her in a low growl as his other hand pulled the bra cup down, exposing her firm breast, "Listen up, bitch. This struggle is pointless." His fingers found her nipple and he started to pinch and twist it. "You're getting fucked today. There is no way around it. Understand?"

Lori squirmed and squealed as he tormented her nipple. Still shocked that he had attacked her like this Lori tried to break free. Then, slowly building inside her, Lori realized that his actions had sparked something in her. The way he had manhandled her was actually making her wet.

Lori tried to push Nathan's face or grab him by the hair. Her legs kicked and squirmed around his torso with a new panicked desperation. She didn't want him to know she was turned on! Nathan let go of her nipple and with a quick motion he snagged her ankle again, pulling her leg forward as he pressed into her.

Flat on her back, Lori's long leg was stretched over her head and her nylons reflected the bright lighting of the office. "Hell," Nathan said with a grin, "just these stockings alone are enough for me to want to fuck the shit out of you." Slowly he brought her foot close to his lips and he kissed her toes softly. "When you show them off the way you do, it's impossible to resist!"

Again he burst into a flurry of action. Letting go of her leg and mouth, Nathan's hands moved all over her. As he forcefully groped and squeezed every inch of her supple body, Lori squealed and moaned. She was struggling but mostly she was just trying to keep from getting hurt in his flurry of motion. Suddenly, Nathan cupped his hand over her mouth again and took a fistful of her hair.

Nathan stopped to enjoy Lori's struggles as her silken feet kicked and twisted around him. "The more you struggle," he said "the more I just want to fuck you." Lori stopped moving and looked up at him, breathing hard through her nose. "Oh don't stop," he taunted "I like the way your legs feel as they slide around my body."

Nathan let go of her mouth and hair then reached back to grip Lori's Calves. Ogling her silken legs, he lightly ran his hands upward, slowly groping her firm thighs and well shaped legs. Lori held still and she started to tremble under his touch. Nathan continued to grope her legs. "See?" he said with a grin on his face. "I own you now, bitch."

With a sudden rush of movement Nathan was off the couch and pulling Lori behind him. He drug her by a wrist over to the desk. Lori, with one heel on and the other lost in the struggle, had a hard time not falling as he pulled her across the room. Once there he let go of her. Lori stood awkwardly still in shock and confusion, just in front of his large oak desk.

Nathan stepped away from her but was back quickly. Lori noticed that he had retrieved her missing shoe. He knelt and set it next to her foot. "Put that back on, bitch." Lori obeyed and her stockinged foot slipped back into her shoe with a soft "zop."

"Take off that skirt." Nathan ordered in a voice that Lori found hard to ignore. She reached back for her zipper then hesitated. Nathan didn't hesitate and with an open hand slapped her hard on the ass. Lori gasped at the sudden pain. "Take it off, bitch." Quickly Lori unzipped her skirt. Before she could slip it over her hips Nathan yanked the skirt down hard, pooling the garment around her feet. Lori was now only wearing panties, a blue garter belt and her silky stockings. As she stood in her heels, her ass and legs fully exposed, Nathan took a moment to indulge himself in groping her thighs. He took special delight in running his fingers along the seams of Lori's stockings. He ran his hands over her stocking tops then gave her ass, bare except for a white satin thong, another hard slap that rang loud in the office

Nathan took a fistful of her hair and lifted upwards, forcing Lori on her toes. The spikes on her heels came off the floor as she tried to reduce the strain on her scalp. "When I tell you to do something, you do it. Understand me, bitch?" Lori tried to nod, but that wasn't how he wanted her answer. He swatted her on the ass again and this time Lori let out a short cry of pain.

"What?" Nathan demanded.

"Yes." Lori breathed.

Nathan slapped her ass. "Yes, what?!" He demanded again.

"Yes, I understand." Lori said quickly.

Again, he slapped her ass. "Yes, I understand, what?" Nathan asked.

"Yes, I understand, sir." Lori said.

As soon as the words were out of her mouth Nathan pulled her close and kissed her hard. Lori moaned and was startled by the act and was swept away at the same time. The passion in his kiss was far beyond anything her husband had managed in their six years of marriage. As quick as it started, it was over and Lori felt light headed.

Grabbing her by the arm, Nathan spun Lori around and stripped her bra off her. Her D cup breasts fell free and Nathan took a moment to run his fingers over her skin lightly. With a flash of his hand, Nathan slapped her breast, causing it to jiggle. Clearly amused, Nathan slapped her right tit again.

"Look at those nipples get hard. You like it rough, don't you bitch." When she didn't answer, Nathan reached around and swatted her on the ass. "I asked you a question, slut."

"Yes, Sir!" Lori said with a wince.

Nathan slapped her ass again. "Yes, what?" he demanded.

"Yes, Sir! I like it rough, Sir." Lori said.

Nathan reached for his zipper and Lori glanced down. Her eyes widened as his long hard cock shot out stiff and erect. Nathan started to stroke himself and as he did so, he cupped her breast with his free hand, tickling her stiff nipple with his fingers. "You're a real hot bitch, Lori." He said softly. "I never would have guessed it when you used to plod around this office dressed like a lesbian. Cynthia did a fine job on you." Lori stiffened

when she heard the name of her best friend.

"God..." Nathan said, still stroking himself. "I could probably just masturbate on you and be satisfied." Lori held still, hoping to keep Nathan on this thought, and desperately wanting him to explain how Cynthia was involved in all of this. "But if I wanted to masturbate I would have just taken a picture of you." Nathan sneered.

Nathan took Lori by the hair and yanked her head close, pressing his lips against her ear. "Kneel, bitch. Kneel and suck me off!" Letting go of her, Nathan stepped back a pace and presented his up-cocked penis. Lori knelt and looked at his cock. Looking up at him she slowly leaned forward and took the tip of his penis into her mouth.

Nathan took two handfuls of her hair and pulled her toward him as he thrust further into her mouth. "I said suck it, whore. Not kiss it!" Lori's hands pressed against Nathan's thighs as she fought her gag reflex. "Come on." Nathan encouraged. "Suck it!"

Lori did her best to suck on Nathan's cock as he thrust it into her mouth. As her saliva and his precum started to lubricate his dick, it slid more quickly and easily between her lips. Soon, his ball sack was smacking against her chin with each thrust and Lori let out a gargled grunt each time the tip of his cock crushed into the back of her throat.

Lori wasn't sure how much longer she could stand to be skull fucked when it was abruptly over. Nathan pulled out and then, grabbing her by her hair and throwing her head forward, spilled Lori to the floor. She flopped down, ass still up in the air, and she took deep breaths as she tried to recover from having Nathan's massive cock shoved in her mouth.

Nathan was far from finished, however. Taking Lori by her hips he angled himself to slide into her slick cunt and mounted her. Lori gripped the carpet and let out a deep moan as Nathan started to thrust deep into her pussy with his hardened shaft. With increasing intensity, Nathan thrust into Lori, each time his loins slapped against her ass, she let out a mewling cry. The force of his penetrations took their toll and with each flex of his abdominal muscles, Lori's legs slid further down, pulling the garter straps taut on the front of her stockings. Soon it was apparent to Nathan that he would need to adjust his position.

Thrusting deep into Lori, Nathan moved his right leg on the outside of hers, and using pressure to guide her, helped Lori slide her right leg down and flat against the floor. Keeping his

balance and his cock firmly stuffed into her pussy, Nathan got Lori's other leg down and straight behind her. The result was Lori lying flat on her stomach, both legs close together and Nathan mounted with his flanks pressed firmly against her round ass.

Nathan slid his legs along the outside of hers and he made a satisfied grunting noise as his skin slid tantalizingly along her silky nylon legs. Lowering himself closer to Lori he wrapped one of his arms around the front of her shoulders lifting her up slightly, only her breasts touching the floor. Lori got her elbows down to help balance her and she held still, unsure of what he was going to do to her next.

Nathan reached around with his other arm and clasped his hand firmly over Lori's mouth. She let out a moan of protest but with his cock still buried deep into her pussy and his burly arms holding her tight, there was little she could do. Violently, Nathan started thrusting into Lori, contracting his abs to thrust his cock deeper into her cunt until it was slamming against her cervix.

With each thrust, Nathan pulled hard across Lori's shoulders, driving her body toward his thrusting cock. Lori had never been fucked like this and his rapid contractions caused her to let out a squeal of surprise and stimulation. Lori's body was ravaged under his thrusting assault, causing her limbs to flop as he pounded into her. Her breasts undulated and her heels clicked together as Nathan fucked her as hard as he could.

Lori's shock at Nathan's sudden humping assault morphed into amazement at how long he sustained the violent thrusting. Soon, her emotions were blanked by the driving ecstasy of an orgasm spawning directly on her cervix. Her clitoris was dragging against the carpet and the friction was only adding to the blinding sensations now pulsing through her body.

Lori erupted in a howling orgasm that drown out the sounds of Nathan's grunting and her heels clattering against each other. Lori could feel nothing but her own body pulsing with waves of warm stimulation. And then Lori could feel Nathan's cock start to convulse and the the hot slap of cum as it was ejected into her vagina. Nathan let out a sighing moan as he came on Lori, his rapid humping now slowing to easy and measured thrusts.

Nathan came to a complete stop and allowed himself to breath deeply. The room was quiet except for his deep breathing and the quick nasal breathing from Lori. Abruptly Nathan pulled out of Lori and stood up. Lori gasped for breath now that her mouth was free but her reprieve was short lived. Taking her by the hair,

Nathan pulled her upright so that she was on her knees and forced his cock, dripping with fresh cum and her wet juices, into her gaping mouth.

"Suck me off, slut." Nathan ordered and soon Lori was eagerly sucking on his shaft. She was amazed that he was so hard but that thought was secondary to her need to worship the penis that had made her feel so amazing. Nathan had to do nothing but stand as Lori slurped on his shaft as if she was a porn star during a class A shoot.

"Never been fucked like that, have ya sweetheart?" Nathan laughed and Lori looked up briefly to lock eyes with him then closed them again as she sucked on his shaft. "You belong to me now, bitch. You understand me? I own you."

Lori pulled his dick out of her mouth briefly and looked up at him. "Yes, Sir." she said quietly and then went back to bathing his cock with her tongue.

"Good." Nathan said with a grin. I'll have some assignments for you now and then, but for now, keep wearing those stockings. And stop wearing panties. Understood?"

"Yes, Sir." Lori said around a mouthful of cock. Whatever he wanted, she would give it up to him. Anything to feel that amazing cock ignite her inner fire. Anything at all.

Office Hotty

by [Boxlicker101](#)©

Brandy was the newest employee in the office, and just then, she was probably the most worried. Only 18 years old, just out of high school and on her first job for only a week, but even she knew the importance of the file and that it should never have been deleted. A more experienced clerical worker might have been able to cover up her mistake, either laying the blame on somebody else or otherwise appearing innocent. However, Brandy was both naïve and honest. She knocked on her supervisor's door, went in when ordered to, and confessed her booboo, telling him how sorry she was.

"You did what!" Maxwell Strong roared. "Do you realize what this means? We are going to have to put in weeks of overtime to restore all the data you lost, and, even then, I'm not even sure

we can do it."

Actually, he was making that up. The company's information management department had sense enough that they would never have allowed such an important file to even exist without multiple backup. As soon as it was deleted, the mainframe had noted the fact and replaced the file with an exact copy. No harm whatsoever had been done. However, Strong was sure the young lady in his office didn't know that, or she wouldn't have even bothered coming to tell him about it.

He had been watching Brandy ever since her first day, not only to evaluate her work, but because she was such a beauty. He watched all the young hotties that worked for him, and she was the hottest of the bunch, tall, with long, dark hair, big tits and a gorgeous ass. He hadn't gotten a good look at her face before, but he did so now, and it was just as pretty as her body was sexy, with a clear complexion, big, brown eyes and a very pretty mouth. As he looked at her, his main thoughts were to scheme how he could get his cock into that pretty mouth, and into her cunt, and he believed this was his chance.

Mr. Strong had been sitting in his swivel chair but he got up and, after locking the door, returned to stand in front of his desk, the better to confront and intimidate his intended victim. Although she was tall, he was well over six and a half feet from his black wingtip shoes to his iron grey hair, and he towered over Brandy as he scowled at her.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he asked. "You're on probation here, aren't you?"

"Y-y-yessir."

He had known that, but he wanted her to say it. Everything was going fine, so far. "Well, answer me. What are you going to do about it? I could fire you right here and now, you know. You're on probation and you really fucked up. That's two reasons I could fire you, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. I'm very sorry, sir."

"I asked you what you're going to do about it. Are you deaf as well as dumb?"

"No sir. I'll do anything you want to make up for it. Please don't fire me."

"Why not? Why shouldn't I fire you after you fucked up so royally?"

"Please, sir, I'll do anything you want if you don't fire me."

"Anything?"

"Yes, sir. Anything."

That was what Maxwell Strong wanted to hear, and he was sure she meant it. "Unzip my pants," he ordered the trembling young woman.

"What?"

"You heard me. I said to unzip my pants. Maybe you really are deaf. I know you must be pretty dumb to fuck up the way you did."

"No, sir. Brandy reached out and pulled down on the zipper tab on Mr. Strong's fly.

"That's better. Now, take out my cock."

This time, she didn't question his order. From the fun he was having intimidating the beautiful girl and the thought of what he intended to do to her, his cock was almost erect. When her soft hand reached through the fly of his boxer shorts and wrapped around it, it got even stiffer. This gave Brandy a problem.

"It's too big, sir. I can't get it out."

"Then, take off my pants and shorts. Can't you figure that out?"

The scared young woman, trembling over the thought of what would happen next, obeyed his latest order. She unbuckled his belt, unhooked the clasp on his charcoal gray flannel pants, pulled them down to the floor and knelt there to pull them off Mr. Strong's feet as he stepped out of them. He wanted to leave his shoes on for better effect, so he didn't say anything about them. After unsnapping the waistband of his shorts and pulling them off the same way, she remained kneeling. She was not a virgin, and had even sucked off some of her boyfriends but she had never seen a cock as big as the one that was bouncing up and down inches from her face. Brandy was sure she knew what the next order would be, and she was right.

Although his outward visage remained stern, Mr. Strong was exulting inside. Everything was going perfectly, just the way he wanted, and he would see that it stayed that way. He looked at the girl kneeling at his feet and staring at his cock as if she

had never seen one before. For all he knew, or cared, she hadn't.

"Stay right where you are. Stay on your knees and suck my cock," he ordered her, roughly putting a hand on her shoulder.

"Oh, please, sir. Don't make me put your big, nasty thing in my mouth. I can't do that."

"Oh, yes you can, and you will. If you don't want to go to prison for fucking up the company's records, you'll suck my cock." When Brandy still seemed reluctant, her tormentor grabbed the sides of her head and tried to jam his cock into her mouth, which remained closed.

"Open your mouth, and open it wide!" he commanded. When she did, he thrust his cock all the way inside the wet cavern, feeling it press up against the back of his victim's throat.

"Now suck it!"

Slowly and, at first, with the greatest reluctance, Brandy started to obey his latest order. She moved her head back until just the tip was between her lips, paused and moved forward, enveloping his cock again. Looking up into Mr. Strong's face and seeing that she was doing what he wanted, Brandy repeated the process. She repeated it a second time, but this time, when the tip of his cock was between her lips, she licked it, rather liking its velvety feel. Over and over, she stroked his big cock between her lips, with her tongue becoming more active as she continued. Besides licking the tip, she laved the entire shaft as it plunged into her mouth and as it was being withdrawn.

All the time she was sucking his cock, Brandy looked up into Mr. Strong's face, hoping she was doing it right. She was also hoping he would tell her she could stop. He did, finally, but it was not because of any mercy he may have had for the girl who was on her knees; it was to humiliate her even more.

"Take off your blouse and be quick about it. Fuck my cock between your tits."

After removing her mouth from around Mr. Strong's big cock, Brandy unbuttoned her white nylon blouse and shucked out of it, letting it drop to the floor. Reaching behind her back, she unhooked her bra and pulled it free too, allowing her succulent breasts to spill out in front of her. Mr. Strong smiled lewdly when he saw the twin beauties, and he smiled even more when Brandy moved closer and held one in either hand with his cock nestled between them. Slowly, she began moving her body up and

down, caressing his cock with her big, luscious tits.

Her mouth had been warm and wet and wonderful, and Mr. Strong had derived immense pleasure, both physically and from the feeling of power it gave him when he made the hotty suck his cock. Her tits, one of the biggest and best pairs he had ever seen, felt great surrounding his cock, but he wanted more.

"Lick the end of my cock too."

He watched with mounting satisfaction as the girl lowered her head while she stroked his cock with her tits, taking the head between her lips and licking it. He was fucking two warm pillows of flesh, some of the best sex he'd ever had, and her lips and tongue were combining with them to drive him toward ecstasy. As great as everything felt, however, he knew the best part would be her cunt, and he was ready to start fucking her now.

"Okay, that's enough," he told her. "Now stand up and lean on my desk, right here."

"What are you going to do now?"

"You'll find out. Just do it."

Once again doing what she was told, Brandy stood a couple of feet in front of his desk and leaned forward, placing her hands on the edge. To maintain her balance in her high heels, she kept her feet apart.

"Put your feet together," she was ordered. Once again, Brandy complied.

She was wearing a short blue skirt, tight enough to show off her gorgeous ass but not tight enough to present any difficulty to Mr. Strong. Taking hold of the hemline, he raised it up and over her back, exposing her ass, covered only in skimpy blue panties that matched her bra. When he put his fingers in the waistband preparing to pull them down, she shied away.

Mr. Strong slapped her buttock hard, stinging her with the palm of his hand. "Stand still!" he snapped.

Once again, Brandy did as she was told, and she felt her panties pulled down her legs to the floor. Without needing to be told, she raised one foot at a time and the panties were pulled away. Later, she found them in a pile with her blouse and bra.

"Now spread your legs," he ordered her. She did, but not far enough, and Mr. Strong nudged one foot over until they were far

enough apart for what he wanted to do.

Maxwell Strong feasted his eyes on the beautiful naked ass in front of him, curvaceous, with creamy white skin, except for the angry red handprint where he had slapped her. He caressed the sexy girl's hips and every bit of her body that had been covered by her panties, from the waistband down to where her ass curved around to meet her legs. He even cupped her succulent buttocks in his hands and, with his fingers, fondled the entire delicate area inside her cleft. She was flawless, absolutely smooth, with skin that was soft to his touch, but he could feel the firm youthful flesh under it.

When he bent over to look at her cunt, before starting to fuck her, he beheld another thing of beauty. The girl had probably shaved that morning, and the skin surrounding her slit was the same creamy white as her ass. The slit itself, he could see, was tight, but her beautiful pink inner lips were blossoming inside. He reached under her and stroked the creamy area and where he knew her clit would be, and he could feel it hiding under its protective hood. This would be the hottest girl he had ever fucked. He had admired her and lusted for her body from the first day he had seen her and now she was about to be his.

Because he neither wanted to knock her up, nor leave any evidence for some phony sexual harassment claim, Strong knew he had to use a condom. Although she looked hot, he expected her cunt to be dry so he chose a pre-lubricated one from the supply in his desk drawer. He always kept several there, because one never knew when a chance like this would arise. Strong removed it from the plastic packet and rolled the condom onto his stiff cock. Later, he would flush both the used condom and its wrapper down the toilet, eliminating any evidence.

As she leaned against the desk, legs spread, Brandy was trembling. Although she didn't know exactly what was going to happen next, she could feel Mr. Strong's hands resting possessively on her hips, and she knew his big cock was going to be rammed into her somewhere. She fervently hoped he wouldn't make her pregnant or give her any terrible disease. When she glanced to the side, she saw him toss something on the desk. It was a wrapper that had contained a rubber, and she felt some relief at that, but she still didn't know what to expect.

She found out immediately. "Open your cunt. I'm going to give you the best fucking you've ever had," was the pronouncement from behind her.

Brandy was trapped and she knew it. She felt there was no way out so her best chance would be to cooperate and get it over

with. While one hand stayed on the edge of the desk to keep her upright, the other reached under her body to spread her pussy lips. While her fingers were still there, she felt a hard cock head, apparently covered by some kind of lubricant, slide between her fingers and invade one of her most private places.

When the head of his cock wedged into the girl's cunt, she gave a start, and Strong smirked about that. "Probably the best she's ever had in her cunt," he told himself. "I'm going to really give it to her."

Making the deed follow the thought, he gave a hard push and felt more of his stiff shaft slide into the channel that was all his to enjoy. He heard the girl moan but didn't know if it was pain or pleasure, and didn't care. With another push, most of his cock was in her, and he left it like that for a few seconds, reveling in the tightness that surrounded it. Holding her hips with his big, powerful hands, he slowly drew it back, paused and rammed it all the way into her cunt again, pulling her body toward her as he did. She was tight, but his well-lubricated cock slid in and out with almost no friction.

Over and over, Maxwell Strong thrust his cock into the girl, pulling her against him to drive it in even deeper. The fucking was great, but even better was knowing how he was dominating the young hotty. "Do you like this?" he asked her. There was no answer.

"Do you like this?" He slapped her ass again, leaving the same kind of red hand print as he had left on the other side. "Tell me you like this. Tell me you like what I'm doing."

"I like what you're doing, Mr. Strong."

He started ramming his cock harder and faster and deeper into the hotty's cunt, and knew he was getting close to cumming. He was having even more fun out of making the girl say things he wanted to hear, so he continued.,

"I'm fucking you. You like the way I'm fucking you, don't you. Tell me you like it." He slapped her ass again.

"I like it Mr. Strong." After a few seconds, Brandy added "I like the way you're fucking me, Mr. Strong."

"I'm fucking your cunt with my big cock. Tell me you really love it."

"I love it, Mr. Strong. I really love the way you're fucking my cunt with your cock."

"With my big cock."

"With your big cock. I really love the way you're fucking my cunt with your big cock."

The last display of the girl's submissiveness was enough. Strong could feel his climax building up like a volcano. He fucked her harder and faster, but only for a few strokes. His pleasure welled up from within his body and erupted out his cock. Semen spurted into his condom; he kept plowing it into her and it spurted again and again until he knew he was done. Strong was a little tired from the great fucking he had just done, but he felt really good about it.

"Get dressed and get back to work," he told the girl. "If you tell anybody about what we were just doing, I'll convince them you're a liar. You can't prove anything, and you'll get fired and never be able to get a job anywhere. Now, go!"

Brandy quickly put her panties back on, as well as her shoes that had come off while she was leaning against the desk. Mr. Strong watched as she smoothed her dress with her hands and once again covered up her lovely breasts with her bra. Hurriedly, she put her blouse back on and buttoned it. Once she was dressed again, she looked back at Mr. Strong, but he dismissed her again with a wave of his hand. She almost ran to the door, and pulled it shut after herself.

With a satisfied smile across his face, he picked up the condom wrapper and stepped into his private bathroom where he removed the condom from his cock and threw it and the wrapper into the toilet. After urinating, he flushed everything away and washed his hands.

When he returned to his office, he picked up his boxer shorts and pants and put them back on, smiling as he thought of all the things he had made the girl do and say. She was the hottest girl he had ever fucked and he looked forward to more of the same, maybe even a weekend in an adult motel, where they could emulate the actions of the characters in the porno movie. He would make her suck him off and give her a big mouthful of his cum to swallow, as well as filling her cunt again with his cock. She would be his, to do with as he pleased. Whatever he decided to do, this was a really great day for him.

Brandy walked back to her desk with some difficulty because of the pain that lingered on her ass and the soreness in her pussy from the big cock that had just been stuffed into her. Even so, a smile flickered across her face; the day was off to a great

start for her. She had just been fucked by the biggest and best cock she had ever gotten in her pussy and, just before that, she had sucked that same wonderful tool. Brandy had almost cum from the way it filled her mouth so satisfyingly. She smiled at the memory of its hard roundness surging between her lips and the firm, velvety head against the back of her mouth and the smooth skin, so tight where she had caressed it with her tongue. A few seconds of playing with her clit would have been enough to get her off, but she had fought off the temptation. She had cum from the great fucking she had gotten, but the pig doing it didn't seem to know or care.

He would care, though, and probably very soon. The sucking and fucking had been great but, far more important, she had cinched her future in the company. She would pass probation easily, with the biggest pay raise possible, or the whole damn company, and Maxwell Strong in particular, would be faced with an enormous sexual harassment suit. Her description of the unusual tattoo on his hip bone would be all the proof that anybody would want of what she had just been forced to do.

Being young and beautiful, Brandy was often underestimated, but there was nothing at all wrong with her brain. She really had accidentally deleted the important file, but she had also realized that anything that vital would be fully backed up. Sure enough, seconds later, there it was, just as if nothing had happened. She had heard gossip that Maxwell Strong was a terrible womanizer who sometimes sexually harassed the new female employees. With the happenstance of the deleted and restored file, she decided it would be a good opportunity to check the accuracy of that gossip and, maybe, put herself in a position where she had control over her future.

Although the fucking and sucking had been great, she hated Maxwell Strong for what he had meant to do to her, and had certainly done to other women. His cock had been great in her mouth and pussy but if it ever went into either place again, it would be at a time and in circumstances of Brandy's choosing. Maybe with him lying on the floor and her in the cowgirl position and after he had eaten her pussy until she had cum a couple of times. She thought also about her strapon and wondered how he would like the attached nine inch dildo shoved all the way into his asshole. Whatever she decided to do, this was a really great day for her.

Paralegal's Punishment

by [SecretSecretary](#)©

Special thanks to allabout me for editing this story! You were awesome.

Rachael stirred her vanilla yogurt with a plastic spoon as she stared at her computer screen, waiting for a PDF file to upload. She licked her lips as she swallowed down a spoonful of the sticky white glob, with a sigh moving around in her seat slightly. It was just another dull Friday morning at the Law Offices of Marc Silverstein. Just as the file finished uploading, Martha, the office's secretary walked in and waved.

"TGIF" the middle-aged woman said and smiled at Rachael as she sat down at her desk across from the lobby. "Heard anything from Marc about the expansion?" Martha asked in lieu of her usual good morning

Rachael shook her head. "Nope. I thought he was going to tell us by this week for sure if we were hiring more people. At least another attorney."

Martha shrugged and booted up her computer. Rachael crossed her tanned legs under the desk, feeling her bare, smooth skin touch. She loved the feeling of being fully shaved and fully waxed. She had another blind date tonight, but with any luck, it might go into tomorrow morning. She spent last night at the waxing salon just in case. Thank God it was July, the heat was always a good enough excuse not wearing tights.

She skimmed through the PDF full of medical records before Marc finally made it into the office. "You're late again," Martha teased.

Marc's smile could win over any woman, and Martha was no exception. One smile and she suddenly forgotten about his tardiness and was instead asking if he wanted a cup of coffee.

He nodded, and with a simple "yes please," Martha bolted off to the kitchen, eager to assist. "Morning Rachael," Marc turned to her, smiling again.

Rachael hated that her boss was attractive. Almost ten years older than her, but he was still in his prime. His thick locks of gold hair fell in tidy waves, almost touching the collar of his tailored black suit. His green eyes sparkled when he smiled, and despite the budding crow's feet at the corners of his eyes, he still looked youthful and ready to take on a challenge.

Rachael crossed her legs tighter, lessening the tingling sensation that was building up around her clit. She leaned forward and arched her back slightly as her nipples puckered. Must be the air conditioning.

"Morning Marc," she replied.

She took a large spoonful of vanilla yogurt and slid it into her mouth. She stared into his eyes as inch by inch, she pulled the plastic spoon from between her lips, until it slid out with a soft pop. A droplet of white yogurt dripped onto her bottom lip. Marc's smile disappeared. The spark in his eyes heated to a full on blaze.

"Coffee?" Martha chimed in, thrusting a Styrofoam cup into Marc's hand before returning to her desk.

"I'll be in my office," he said, his eyes lingering on Rachael for just another moment.

"Don't forget you have your settlement conference this afternoon," Martha called out to him.

He smiled at her again before closing his door.

The hours passed slowly, as it always did on Friday's. Rachael skimmed through some discovery records as she imaged her blind date tonight. She knew almost nothing about him, other than that his name was Henry and he was a friend of a friend. He did something in marketing, he liked dogs and women with big asses. Rachael knew she, at least, fit his type then.

Her ass had gotten her hired at Hooters back in college, where she was able to pay most of her student loans, thanks to the generous tips from perverts in their large city. In a city with a few million people, there was an abundance of perverts with thick wallets. Red lipstick and charm seemed to get her anything she wanted back then and even through her last job. She had been promoted from secretary to a paralegal in less than two years. Rumors had flown around the office about her sleeping with her boss for the promotion, but she had never even thought about that as an option. She wouldn't stoop so low.

Rachael took a hair clip from a drawer in her desk and swept her long, dark brown hair into a bun before clipping it up and away from her face. She applied a fresh coat of red lipstick after finishing her yogurt.

"You should leave your hair down more, dearie," Martha suggested. "It matches your pretty brown eyes."

Rachael blushed. Martha was always quick to hand out compliments. The sweet woman had been working for Marc since he started out at a mid-sized firm, fresh out of law school. When he decided to open his own firm three months ago, Martha went along. Rachael had wondered if she saw Marc as a son, a man or just as a good boss.

Before Rachael could respond, the phone rang. "Good morning, Law Office of Marc Silverstein."

"May I please speak to whoever is handling the motion for Spark vs. Hunt, This is Mary Jones?" said a high pitched woman on the other line.

"This is Rachael, how can I help you, Mary?" She asked, beginning to pull up the file.

"I'm trying to confirm the deposition of your client for this morning? I left a message for you yesterday but no one got back to me," She sounded irritated but tried to hide it.

Rachael rolled her eyes. Defense Counsel Offices were always irritated about something. "One moment, let me pull up the case file."

Rachael skimmed through the file and saw the court order, clear as day, but no letter to their client. A small feeling of panic rose in her chest.

"One moment, I'm sorry," Rachael said, turning quickly to grab the thick redwell folder from behind her desk.

"You did agree to this deposition, remember?" Mary stated annoyingly on the other end of the phone.

"Yes, yes I remember," Rachael snapped as she shuffled through a folder labeled correspondence.

Rachael thought she heard the woman mutter something like 'bitch' on the other end but she ignored it. Her eyes closed as she thought quietly to herself, 'No letter. Fuck. Fuck! Marc is going to kill me.'

"Mary, can I check with our secretary and call you back. I haven't heard from our client yet, but maybe she has," Rachael said, trying to bide herself some time to straighten this out before she had to tell Marc.

"Alright, but it's supposed to start in half an hour. If your client doesn't show, we're going to file a motion for the sanctions to be against you. The sanctions we usually end going for are severe fines." She threatened.

Rachael bit her tongue about the comment and simply said, "Thanks." Before hanging up. "Bitter old crow," She added to the phone.

"You talking about me?" Martha joked.

"Martha, any chance you've heard from Eric Spark about his deposition today?" Rachael asked.

Martha shook her head.

"Fuck, Marc's going to kill me." Rachael dialed the client's phone number. Maybe by some miracle, their client could come in today. After a fifteen minute discussion with a very annoyed Eric Spark who was in fact out of town for a funeral, Rachael hung up the phone. Her yogurt threatened to come back up...

"Do we have any large boxes?" Rachael asked Martha.

"We should have some paper boxes in the copy room. Why?" Martha asked.

"Because I have a feeling Marc's going to fire me over this one," Rachael said before explaining what happened.

Martha sighed. "Best go and tell him now before it gets worse. The Defense Counsel might call him up in a minute and blindsides him about this."

Rachael nodded and standing on shaky legs, she walked to the door and knocked. "It's open," Marc said.

Rachael went inside and shut the door behind her. "Marc," she said.

He turned in his chair, his smile slipped as his brow furrowed. "Looks like something's wrong," he observed. "What happened?"

Rachael told him what had happened, about forgetting to tell

their client he had to appear for his deposition today. About the annoying secretary threatened to file a motion against them. About calling their client who wasn't available.

When she finished, her legs shook even harder. She shifted her weight, holding onto the back of a chair.

"I have some calls to make," he said, turning away from her towards his phone. He looked up the attorneys' phone number in the electronic file and said nothing to her. Rachael took the hint and left the room, closing the door behind her.

"Well?" Martha asked.

Rachael shook her head. "He didn't say a word. Didn't even tell me to leave his office. I'd rather have him yell at me or something."

"You know he gets passive aggressive when he's annoyed. Don't worry, it'll pass. Besides, he'll be in his office all day getting ready for trial next week. This will be the last thing on his mind by lunchtime."

Rachael smiled. "I hope so."

Half an hour later, Rachael's intercom buzzed. "Rachel, come see me in my office. Bring the park vs Hunt file with you."

Rachael's heart plummeted into her stomach. Maybe she really was getting fired today. She took the file in her trembling hand and slipped her high heels back on her feet. She walked, each step clacking loudly around the lobby before she opened the door to his office. Marc sat, glaring at her, his green eyes looked almost blue, and the vein in his neck throbbed just above his white collar.

"Close the door," he said. His calm voice struck Rachael, filling her veins with an icy venom. She closed the door. "Lock it," he said.

Rachael's fingers fumbled and she turned the latch, the door lock clicking closed behind her. Panic began to rise in her chest like mercury in a thermometer put into boiling water. She felt more trapped and worried with each second.

"Sit," Marc commanded.

He watched her, his eyes trailed her every move as she sat in the chair, her long legs crossing over one another. Her skirt rose up enough on her thighs to reveal no stocking and no

garters. Rachael followed his line of sight and noticed he was staring at her legs. She thought about straightening her skirt, but then decided this might work to her advantage at the moment.

"You fucked up," Marc said loud and clear, and she nodded.

There was no doubt she had messed this up, and now they had a mountain to climb to keep this case from getting fined or thrown out of court.

"Marc, please, it was a mistake. I know that." Rachael tried to defend herself.

"This was more than a mistake, Rach. This was completely carelessness on your part. I hired you to keep my files in order. To keep shit like this from happening. Now the question is, do I let this go, or do I find a paralegal who actually has half a brain." Rachael winced.

Marc pressed the intercom button. "Martha, I need you to do me a favor. Go to the bakery on 20th and main and get one of their vanilla cakes. Tell them to write Happy Birthday Anna on it. Today's my sister's birthday. Wait for it to be finished and bring it back to the office. Also, stop at Hallmark and get a birthday card for her please. Then when you get back, send a bouquet of flowers to her house. Her address is in my contact information on the computer drive. Charge it all to the company card. You got all that?" he asked.

"I'm on my way," Marta's cheery voice sounded through the intercom.

Rachael wanted to scream out for Martha to stay. 'Please, don't leave me alone with him...'

When they heard the door close as Martha left, Marc turned back to Rachael. "Stand up," he ordered. "And put the file on the desk." Rachael obeyed, standing and staring down at the red file on his polished oak desk. "Now put your hands on the desk," Marc ordered.

Rachael placed her palms on the cool wood, her chest leaning low, cleavage visible from this angle. Her mind was a whirlwind of confused thoughts and emotions. And her panties were starting to dampen a little. Why was this turning her on?

As if he could read her mind, Marc said, "Take off your dress." Then he stood up from behind his desk.

Rachael was frozen. Her hands couldn't move. Her feet couldn't

run. She felt trapped. Her nipples puckered against the lace of her bra.

"I'm not going to fuck you," Marc said, walking around the desk to stand behind her. He towered over her, inches away from her trembling body. "Do it, now!" his rough voice fell over her in a rush, like standing beneath a waterfall.

Her hands moved and pulled her dress up over her head. She dropped it onto the desk and placed her hands on the wood.

Rachael winced as Marc's large, hard hands tugged at her bra strap, unhooking it and freeing her breasts. The straps slid down her shoulders. She moved her hands out of them and pushed her bra aside. Her entire body visibly shook, adrenaline spiked through her veins, her fight or flight instincts were not working at all. The cold air teased her nipples until they were at stiff, tight peaks.

She let out a soft cry of pain as Marc grabbed the hair clip and snapped it off her hair, breaking it into two pieces. He grabbed a fistful of hair and turned her around to face him. His lips came crashing down on hers, his free hand reaching up and pinching one of her tight nipples. Rachael let out a soft moan as his fingers teased her, circling around her breasts, flicking over one nipple, then the other. Shivers racked her body as pleasure slithered up and down her spine, pooling between her thighs. Her panties were beginning to soak through. If he didn't reach down and touch her there, he'd soon see for himself how aroused her body was.

Marc pushed her backward until her bottom pressed against the wood. He slipped two fingers beneath the skimpy lace and tugged her panties down to the middle of her thighs. Sliding his hand higher, he raised her just enough to set her bottom on the edge of the desk. He released her breasts, both of his hands grabbing onto her lace panties.

A loud tearing sound snapped Rachael back to reality. What was she doing? This was her boss! She made a move to get off the desk, but Marc stepped between her legs, pushing her back. "I'm not going to fuck you," he said again. He leaned low and took a nipple between his warm lips. Rachael moaned, and squirmed under his mouth, his tongue working the worries out of her body. She felt small, helpless under his body. A flash of excitement raced up her spine, and a droplet of her excitement leaked out between her thighs and onto the desk. She wanted, needed, something. But what?

The answer came when Marc's fingers reached out to stroke her

clit. Rachael's' cry was so loud that the offices next door probably heard. Rachael's eyes closed, her head lulling back as Marc's fingers teased her in slow, methodical circles. The man definitely had enough experience to know what she needed.

Dry fabric crammed between her lips and Rachel's eyes snapped open. Marc's eyes glittered with excitement as the shreds of her panties were bunched up and stuffed into her mouth. A sharp tug on her hair caused Rachael to yelp in pain, but the gag stopped her from making more noise. Marc was pulling her off the desk by her hair and turning her around again. Her body slammed forward, pressed against the desk as Marc bent her over. Her heavy breasts felt cold against the wood, her cheek pressed against the desk.

Marc stripped off his tie and grabbed onto both of her wrists, trying them together in a tight knot. She struggled but could not free herself. Her heart thudded, she had to get out of there. She tried to stand, but Marc pressed her back down.

"I'm not going to fuck you," he said through gritted teeth. This time, Rachael wasn't so sure she believed him.

He pulled off his belt. The clicking of the belt buckle sent a paralyzing needle of fear through Rachael's body. She couldn't move. She didn't want to do this... 'WHACK!' The sound of the belt that came cracking down across her ass made her entire body stop. The sound and bite of the belt so deafening that she literally could not respond. 'WHACK!' The belt sounded again pushing her back into reality as the pain seared through her entire body. Her yell would have been heard by the entire state had the wadded up panties not been in her mouth. Rachael jumped, trying to get away.

"Stay still," Marc commanded. Rachael settled back onto the desk before the belt came down hard on her thighs. She yelped in pain as tears prickled her eyes.

"Did you think I was rewarding you for fucking up?" Marc teased, another strike hitting her left buttock. "Did you think you could get away from getting into trouble?" Another blow hit her thighs again. "Think you could walk into my office every day in those low dressed and short skirts and not expect me to do something about it?"

By his eighth blow, Rachael's tears streamed down her face. "Please," she begged through the gag, but she knew he couldn't understand her. By the twentieth blow, she was so aroused and frightened and sore she couldn't understand what she was trying to say anymore.

Marc dropped the belt. A rush of relief flooded through Rachael, her body sagging against the desk. He was finally finished with her, her quiet sob and his heavy breathing the only sound in the room. She heard a faint zipping sound before his hands pulled her ass cheeks wider open. His fingertips dug into the soft flesh on her hips, pulling her closer to him. The tip of his cock nestled against her opening.

Rach bucked and fought, trying to stand up, but Marc's strong arms pinned her down in place. Her entire body froze as he ground the very tip of his cock into her body, her body shivered as she closed her eyes. Inch by inch, he slipped his cock inside of her.

"I lied," he said hoarsely, plunging his cock further into her until he was sheathed completely inside her wet pussy. Her warm walls squeezed against him, trying to force him out. "I've wanted to fuck this tight little cunt for too long. I'm not going to wait," he said.

Rachael's tears blurred her vision as Marc pulled his cock out all most all the way, then slowly, at first, he drove back to the hilt. One long, slow thrust after another, his fingers gripping her tighter as he groaned at the fit of her pussy. He took his time, making sure her body could feel every inch of him invading her, taking her. It felt wrong, dirty, but her body was responding. Her pussy was getting wetter, dripping onto his cock now. Her clit felt sore and swollen. She needed to cum.

Her body began to rock back against him, her nipples rubbing against the desk as Marc fucked her harder and faster from behind. "Fuck, you have such a tight pussy. You're not a virgin, are you Rach?" She shook her head. "Good," he said before his hand smacked across her ass. Once. Twice. The third time, he fucked her harder.

Rachael could feel his cock beginning to swell inside her. He was close, so close, and she was just at the edge. Her body was tight waiting, hoping he would make her cum. Her pussy muscles squeezed on his cock as he stroked deep into her frame. He grips onto her hair yanking her back slightly as he dug deeper into her. His hand pushes around her frame to touch her engorged clit. He began stroking and tugging at her clit, slapping it lightly and grinding his hand down harder against it, as his cock drove faster into her.

"Come for me," he commanded, rubbing her clit harder as the first jets of his cum shot into her.

Rachael screamed into the panties as pleasure exploded from her clit, echoing throughout her body. Her body shook and the walls of her greedy pussy clamped down on his cock like a vise, milking Marc for the rest of his cum. His hot seed filled her deep in her lower belly, a few droplets leaking out of her as Marc pulled his softening cock from her pussy. He untied her wrists and fixed himself, putting his belt back on and grabbing a tissue to clean her juices off his cock.

"Go fix yourself up," he commanded, looking at her leaning across his desk. Her skin was flushed pink. Her ass was bright red and her pussy looked well used. "And next time, pay more attention to your work. I don't want to have to punish you again, Rach."

On shaky legs, Rachael changed back into her bra and dress. She pulled the lace from her mouth and dropped it on the desk in front of him before walking out. As she took the key to fix herself up in the ladies' room, she wondered what else she could do to earn herself another punishment...

Taming Tami Ch. 01

by [busty_fucker](#)©

Jonathan Grant gazed out of his office window overlooking the Virginia Street Bridge, which was loaded with both foot and auto traffic. When furnishing his office, he had made sure to have the furniture arranged in such a way that the great view was available to him throughout his workday.

Phil Myers tapped on the doorframe to Jonathan's open office door rousing him from his reverie.

"Hey, Jonathan, can I see you for a second?"

"Sure Phil, what's up?"

"We may have a live one for a takeover. I want you and your team to put together a full report and presentation for the board." Phil stated as he handed Jonathan a manila folder.

"Rowe and Brookshire?" Jonathan said, scanning the first page. "Oh, okay, I've heard about their problems."

"The boss is going to want facts, figures and every angle covered."

"I'm sure he does," Jonathan imagined aloud. "What does the third floor have to say about this?"

"Rick thinks that Romine and Goldberg may take a stab at a buyout. Third floor said that you'd be able to get a better handle on it though, just like you did with Corbin."

Jonathan laughed at that. "That was a different situation, pal." He paused. "I'll get my team on it. Honestly, I feel that we've got a better shot than Romine and Goldberg. We have a lot more capital," Jonathan said with confidence.

"I concur," Phil stated.

"Okay, let me get to work on this," Jonathan said, sitting at his desk as Phil turned and left his office.

Jonathan Grant's team had just finished their meeting in the conference room when Jonathan turned to see the tanned and slender legs of Tami Miller emerge from under the conference table as she swung them around to get up from her chair. If he was going to have an office affair, this was the woman he'd do it with. To him she was a stunning beauty in every conceivable way. Her five-foot-six-inch body looked sculpted, a body to die for. He could hardly believe that she had three kids at home with that body. At thirty-four Tami was one of those rare women who seemed to get better with age. She drew men into her orbit without having to bat an eye or even flash a smile. She was gorgeous, classy, friendly and hot all at the same time. She possessed a certain girl next door charm that really made her quite popular around the office.

Her voice matched her face, beautiful, musical. Her eyes seemed to twinkle. Her beautifully curved upper lip resting on a slightly bee-stung lower lip held the promise of sweet, delectable kisses. Her face was framed by shoulder length brown hair.

Jonathan found her undeniably sexy.

Tami was one of those women who gave off a certain wavelength of fuck-me vibrations. Many women in Jonathans experience did that, but that wavelength could only be picked up by certain men who were tuned to the right frequency, which, he believed, was determined by birth or accident or perhaps both, but not by

choice. Some women didn't even realize that they were transmitting these vibes; Tami sure as hell didn't have a clue.

Tami was dressed conservatively, as always. The skirt she was wearing was a black mid-calf length and her white blouse was buttoned all the way up to her neck. Jonathan bet that beneath those clothes she had a beautiful body, but she never let it show. When she was at work she remained professional at all times.

Jonathan decided that he was going to find out more about Tami. He was going to get all of his facts together before he made a play for his sexy co-worker. He was one of those men who weren't put off by the prospect of failure. The chance for defeat was always there, but men such as he were of the type who see opportunities where others see danger.

First off, he thought as he watched Tami, he would have to deduce if her marriage was a good one or not. If she was happily married he would back off. He knew that he wouldn't be able to look at himself in the mirror if he broke up a happy marriage, even after his own marriage had dove into the shitter.

And since there were kids involved, he definitely didn't want to split up a marriage and put her kids through that particular hell.

No, he'd only make a move if her marriage was as bad as his.

He wouldn't use his status or power to draw her to him. He would make his play, but it would be her decision as to whether she'd reciprocate his advances, if he decided to make any advances toward her.

Tami walked over and sat down next to her boss, opening up a leather bound folder and extracting several financial statements.

"I've gathered all of those figures you requested, sir," she told him, a tentative smile on her face.

"Great. Hey, uh, Tami? Relax, okay?" She nodded. "And call me Jonathan," he instructed her with a friendly smile.

"Okay, Jonathan," she smiled back at him. He liked the way his name rolled off of her tongue.

"Now then, let's see those figures."

Having Tami sitting right beside him as they worked with the

rest of the team gave Jonathan a warm feeling, right in his groin. He couldn't help it. Her small body, close to him, soft and round in all the right places had him thinking that if circumstances were different, he would happily have chased everyone from the conference room and locked the door, push all of the papers off of the table, and banged her brains out right then and there -- he was going to have to work on changing those circumstances.

She smiled and asked, "So, the Rowe situation looks to be under control...you don't think there could be a problem that creeps up, do you?"

Yeah. There could be a problem, he thought. You could find your skirt hiked up and your panties down around your ankles in about five seconds from now.

"No, not really. Obviously we've given Rowe a great offer but you always have to be careful of taking too much for granted. Until the deal is finalized we can't quit working it."

"Understood, sir...I mean, Jonathan," she corrected.

"You've done a great job today," he said, pushing his chair back, gathering his paperwork, preparing to leave.

Tami's glasses slid to the tip of her nose and she pushed them back up as she looked around the conference room. She leaned closer to him placing a hand on his jacket sleeve, looking at him, eyes wide behind her glasses. "Don't leave me alone in here with old man Crofton. He makes me nervous."

"Rick? He's harmless."

"He looks at me like he's undressing me. It's really unnerving."

"Really? I'll talk to him about that," he declared.

"I don't want to cause any waves. I mean, I'm new to the team and all..." Tami said, glancing down at her hands.

"Tami, he's the one causing the waves. Okay? I have to have everyone on my team performing at peak efficiency, and if you are nervous to be around another team member, well, that is unacceptable. Besides, what you described can be construed as sexual harassment."

She nodded at him.

He looked at her and for half a second her heart caught in her

throat. She found him incredibly attractive. His intense gaze rattled her, because she saw yearning in his eyes. Or was she simply imagining it? It must have just been her imagination.

"Look, I've got to get back to my office and make a call. I'll have a talk with Rick when I'm finished with the call. Come by my office after lunch and I'll let you know how it went. Okay?"

She smiled at him. "Okay."

Jonathan's personal office was in a corner on the fifth floor, and plush enough, with thick beige carpet. His desk was either mahogany or well-seasoned oak, Tami wasn't sure of which, but it was polished like glass, and probably cost more than she made in a year. Behind his desk was a credenza covered with the usual framed family photos.

When she entered the capacious room, he turned from where he'd been standing near the windows, gazing out at the street below. He had his suit jacket off, draped over the back of his desk chair. She'd heard that he didn't like to wear his suit jacket in his office.

"So, how do you like working on my team, Tami?"

"It's really a nice change of pace. I actually feel like I'm accomplishing something for a change. It's fun," she replied.

She did have a nice sultry voice, he decided as he subtly took in her body. She was wearing a simple white button-down blouse tucked neatly into her calf length black skirt. The cut of the skirt accented her small waist.

Her heartbeat did a little rat-a-tat-tat when his liquid blue gaze settled on her. She was really hoping that he wouldn't notice that her nipples had peaked. Since joining Jonathan's team Tami had noticed that her new boss liked to look at her. It wasn't that he'd blatantly stare at her, or that his glances over her body had been offensive. Quite the opposite. The way he'd casually raked his gaze over her -- more than once -- had aroused her.

"We're sort of the firewall for the firm. We're the ones who make sure that any deal that is made is a sound investment," he stated.

"I like the challenge. It keeps me on my toes," she replied.

Their eyes hooked and he tumbled right into them, the pull was extraordinary.

"I talked with Rick. He won't be a problem."

"Thank you," she smiled.

Jonathan felt as if his throat had constricted and he couldn't breathe. He could hear his heart pounding, and feel his face getting warm. God, he had never known that the smile on a woman's face could be so potent. He wanted Tami more than he ever wanted another woman.

"Look, Tami...I didn't ask you to come to my office just to tell you about Rick. There was something else I wanted to talk with you about."

"Okay," she answered, caution in her voice.

"You're doing a fantastic job; in fact, you've performed so well that I want you to make the presentation to the board on Friday morning."

Tami blinked. "I've never done anything like that before, made a presentation, an important presentation," she nervously replied.

"You'll be fine. I've been watching you, you work well under pressure."

"Well..."

"You'll be fine," he repeated. "You're the rising star on my team. I want you to start taking on more responsibility."

"I'd better start putting my presentation together then, I have less than a day and a half to prepare."

"Look. If I didn't think you could handle it I wouldn't ask you to do it. I have the upmost confidence in your abilities. You're a top notch analyst; you express your views and deliver your thoughts in a clear and concise manner. You're ready."

"Well, since you're building me up to be such a star, I'd better not let you down," Tami said, a vague look of amusement on her face -- the right side of her mouth was pulled up slightly -- but it changed quickly into a wide, knee-weakening smile.

"I don't believe for one minute that you'll let me down," he replied. "If you need anything, let me know."

He watched her eyes as she left the room. The expression was like that of a child who'd expected to be caught doing something naughty, but hadn't. He thought that the look seemed so misplaced on her angelic face, but he also realized that he'd like to find out just how naughty she could be.

Still smiling, she walked out of his office. His last sight of her as she rounded the corner was of her swaying hips.

The bad weather came in overnight on Thursday in the form of a Canadian front. A dark wedge of clouds had piled in from the northwest. You could smell the cold. It wasn't a scent, exactly, but had something to do with the sense of smell: you turn your face to it, and your nose twitches, and you think winter.

The snow started as just a few flakes and gradually got heavier and continued to thicken through-out the night. By the time the storm wound down in the morning there was a blanket several inches thick of fresh snow covering the city.

Tami left for the office an hour earlier than she had planned to give herself extra time to navigate through the sloppy morning traffic. It only took her fifty minutes to reach her destination so she was left with seventy extra minutes to prepare for the presentation. When Jonathan tapped on her office door to walk her down to the conference room she was surprised. It felt like she'd just arrived.

They walked down the hallway, which seemed to Tami as if it stretched out into infinity, her heels echoing with each step.

Jonathan glanced at her. "I made sure that the images for your presentation are already in the computer and set up. Nervous?"

"Yes. I'm very nervous."

Jonathan stopped and turned to her. "Settle down. Take a couple of deep breaths. The CEO has read several of your reports and he's impressed with your work."

She took in a lungful of air and smiled weakly at Jonathan.
"Okay."

"Ever meet the CEO?" His deep male voice asked as they started down the hallway again.

"No."

"He's a pretty good guy, pretty sharp, pays close attention to the information given during meetings. All in all you'll find that he's a pretty regular guy. Just be ready when he asks you questions. Don't let the sleepy look fool you. I think he uses that to fool board members."

"They fool easily?" Tami wondered.

That got a laugh. "Some of them."

Tami followed Jonathan down that hall to the elevators. Five minutes later, they were sitting in the firms' boardroom under the harsh glow of the overhead floresant lighting. The room consisted of a long mahogany table in the center with comfortable leather-cushioned chairs around it. There was a telephone, a pitcher of water, and a computer monitor with slide out keyboard underneath it at each station.

One wall consisted of large, plate glass windows overlooking the snow-covered wooded park outside. The other walls held large HD monitors. Tucked into a small alcove was a desk with two secretaries who were responsible for keeping the minutes for the meeting and for bringing up any necessary information on the monitors.

Jonathan noted that Tami appeared a little pale now; he remembered his own first time making a presentation to the board. It could be quite intimidating in this room due to the power that was wielded here.

The meeting was held at mid-morning. Everybody wore a suit. Even the women. Most of the board members had leather folders with yellow legal pads inside.

Tami glanced around the room and her eyes locked on one of the female members, eyeing her expensive, well cut clothing with envy. The woman's business suit was definitely designer and well tailored with a silky texture that was pleasing to the eye. Beautiful expensive clothes were something Tami would love to have but doubted she'd ever be able to afford. She continued watching as the well dressed woman sipped at her coffee and gazed out the plate glass window at the snow covered landscape beyond.

Tami thought back to the beginning of her morning as she'd rummaged through her closet to find something appropriate to wear for this big meeting. She had tried on three separate outfits, tossing each aside before she'd finally settled on the rusty-brown wool-blend suit, with a calf-length skirt that she'd purchased at J.C. Penny. It must be nice to have money enough

for great clothes she thought to herself.

The CEO arrived a minute later. Everyone in the room looked up when he entered the room and watched him until he sat in his chair at the head of the table. He said a few quiet words to the woman in the expensive suit, then looked pointedly at Jonathan and Tami.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if we can bring this meeting to order. Mr. Grant's team has the proposal on the Rowe and Brookshire take-over."

Tami slowly stood, feeling every eye on her, appraising her. She took a sip of her water and proceeded with her presentation.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Tami Miller. The subject matter that I will cover pertains to the possible take-over bid we may submit on Rowe and Brookshire," she began. "Before I get into the specifics it will be necessary for me to lay down a little groundwork. Please feel free to interrupt me with any questions you may have at any time during this presentation."

And so the meeting went. Tami performed remarkably well, leaving Jonathan to smile. After all of the information was disseminated and the last question asked Jonathan arranged for shuttle transportation and treated his team to lunch.

After lunch, Tami stood and donned her coat, pulling knit gloves and a matching cap from the pockets.

"I need to get a little exercise after all of the food I just ate. I think I'll walk back to the office."

Rick Crofton began to move, but before he could speak, Jonathan said, "Mind if I join you?"

Tami shot him a thankful smile. "Sure, why not."

Jonathan put on his tan trench coat as Tami adjusted her cap and pulled on her gloves as they walked to the front of the restaurant.

Once they were outside she turned to Jonathan and said, "Thanks for talking to Rick. He really makes me nervous."

"Rick makes me nervous," he laughed, "and you're welcome."

After closing the door they walked down the sidewalk together.

The sun was warm and bright reflecting off of the fresh snow, but the wind was cold.

"I really have to exercise a lot when I cheat on my diet," she stated, making small talk.

"Worried about your figure?" Jonathan asked a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"As a matter of fact, I am. I've got ten, maybe fifteen pounds I should lose but just can't seem to do it."

"You don't need to lose them, you're perfect just the way you are."

"I'm far from perfect," she protested.

"That's a matter of opinion."

Tami laughed, loving him for telling her such sweet lies.

They strolled peacefully, not talking for awhile, enjoying the crisp fresh air and each other's company.

"My brother has fifty-two acres on a lake down state," he said, ending the silence. "I love to go down there and just walk through the woods on days like this."

She looked up at him, smiling. "Days like this are wonderful. When I was a little girl my father would go for long walks in the country with me."

"I used to try to get my wife to go on walks with me, but she wouldn't do it. She said that the woods were no place for a lady." He laughed and said, "Things like that, it makes me wonder why I married her. We're so opposite."

Surprised by his personal confession, Tami stopped dead in her tracks. "Your wife sounds a lot like my husband. He never wants to do anything that I find interesting. I'm very lucky that my children share many of my interests, so I guess I'm fortunate when it comes to family. Sometimes I wish..." Don't go there, she thought, you don't want to get too personal with your boss.

"What do you wish?" He asked.

"Nothing. It's silly." Tami's expression changed. For the first time, Jonathan saw the sadness that she kept hidden beneath her smile and the longing in her eyes.

"A wish, a dream that you hold is not silly. So what is it?"

Tami laughed. "Okay, but its woman stuff. I want a husband who cares about me. Someone who puts me at the center of their universe. I want to know what that is like. I want to be the movie star instead of the character or supporting actress."

"That's not a silly wish."

"Yes it is. It's not reality," she said. "My husband treats me like a piece of furniture and that's typical for a couple who've been married as long as we have, as far as I know."

"You shouldn't have to settle with being treated like that. I wouldn't tolerate it. In fact, that's kind of along the lines of why I separated from my wife and we're exploring a divorce."

"I couldn't do that, divorce I mean. I owe it to my kids to try to make things work," Tami replied.

Jonathan frowned. "Not that you're asking for my advice, but don't you think you owe it to your kids to be happy? If you're in a miserable relationship then you're living a miserable life and that general unhappiness radiates from you and your kids can pick up on those vibes. I know my kids picked up on it. My daughter told me that she was glad that I split from her mother, she said that she couldn't ever remember seeing me more relaxed and enjoying life."

Taming Tami Ch. 01

by [busty_fucker](#)©

"How old is your daughter?"

"Rachel and my son Brent are both eighteen, they're twins, obviously," he smiled. She liked his smile, her husband hardly ever smiled at her.

They finally reached the office building and Jonathan held the door for her. On the way up on the elevator he said, "I'm sorry if I went over the line with my advice."

"Don't be. It was good advice, I just don't know if I can follow it," Tami said, giving him a sideways glance.

"Well...think about it, at least. A relationship should be full of passion. You deserve to be happy, maybe even delirious; life

is too short not to be."

"I'll think about it," she said as she left the elevator and headed toward her office.

Tami did think about it. She sat at her desk that afternoon running her options, thinking of her husband, and thinking of Jonathan.

Jonathan.

Tami smiled to herself thinking of her boss as she swiveled in her chair to face her computer monitor. Why couldn't Russ be more like Jonathan?

When she'd met Russ seventeen years ago he was attractive, smart, and seemed stable. He wasn't very creative, and he never glowed in a supernatural way, like Jonathan. If there were such a thing as past lives she could imagine Jonathan having lived dozens, all those souls still coursing through his veins. She couldn't see anyone in Russ except Russ.

But now, life was far from perfect. Russ had numerous affairs over the years. Lately he'd become open about it, flaunting it. He'd really been hitting the bottle over the past couple of years also. Their marriage was in a plummeting spiral. Russ was chauvinistic, a bigoted man who held to a perverted interpretation of marriage which caused a great deal of strife. As a couple, they were constantly arguing and once, several years ago, he'd actually hit her. The only reason she stayed with him was for the children's sake. She felt that they needed a stable home.

Who are you kidding, she asked. What's stable about their home? Their father is hardly ever home and when he is the tension is sky high.

Jonathan sat alone in his own office, staring out the window, thinking about Tami. He'd noticed the barely concealed affection in her eyes. Whenever they worked alone he felt dangerously close to her. There was most definitely something there, an intoxicating, seductive pull that he knew he'd eventually succumb to.

He was a married man, yet separated. He hadn't had sex with his wife in months. She had changed. A lot. She was no longer the

adoring, attentive, and energetic woman he had married. She was now a woman, who at times, he felt may actually hate him. She regarded him with cold eyes and a non-existent heart.

Nineteen years of her bitter, cold treatment had worn him down. That was why he'd moved out.

In Tami he found warmth. She was caring, had a welcoming soul. Tami was one of those genuinely good people that everyone enjoyed knowing and counted themselves as fortunate to have met her.

Tami. Maybe something could happen there, but she'd have to decide that she wanted to take a shot at happiness also.

Maybe.

The following week, toward the end of another productive day, after a just concluded team meeting, Tami and Jonathan were the last two members left working in the conference room, going over some final accounting figures. She always enjoyed these one-on-one sessions with Jonathan. They always accomplished a great deal and as a bonus, he was great company.

As she looked over at him Tami was once again taken by his great looks and charming manner. He was everything that she'd always wanted in a man. Acting on impulse, she reached up and touched his face. First she ran her finger-tips from his cheek to the place where his ear meets his jaw. Her fingers traced the length of his strong jaw and then outlined the shape of his lips. She lingered over them as if she were committing their touch to memory.

The look on Tami's face was of uncertainty and somewhat defiant, she seemed to be in an almost trance like state. Jonathan noticed the conflict within her, she looked uncertain, but her touch was willing.

"What are you doing?" Jonathan muttered, breaking the silence.

"I'm sorry. I'm not sure why I did that," Tami said as she pulled her hand away. "You have great facial lines..."

"Yeah?" he answered, looking into her eyes with an unmasked longing.

"You're looking at me like you want to kiss me," she whispered, silently inviting him.

Taking her hand in his, looking into her eyes, he confessed quietly, "I do."

The wistful, tender way he'd spoken hit her hard. She squeezed his hand. He leaned closer.

"We can't do this, we're both married" she weakly protested. "I can't cheat on my husband."

"It's just a kiss. There's no harm in kissing."

They hovered there. Their lips close to each other, feeling the others hot breathe. Then he leaned to her, slowly, when she didn't pull away he kissed her fully on the lips, deep and passionate, and then just as quickly he pulled away leaving Tami sitting there confused, wanting more. Jonathan suddenly realized what was happening and stood up and backed away from her.

He had a look of shock on his face, "Oh my God. Oh no, no, no...I'm so sorry. What have I done? I'm so sorry Tami. You're right, we shouldn't do this. I shouldn't have pressured you."

"It's okay. Really," she said, attempting to reassure him, hoping that he'd kiss her again.

"I should have never done that. I'm your boss."

He'd began pacing the room, repeating how sorry he was, appearing truly concerned and agitated by his bold actions, leaving Tami more confused and now feeling a bit guilty about possibly leading him on.

He stopped pacing and looked at her. "You honestly don't know the kind of effect you have on me, do you?"

Tami just stared at him, genuinely puzzled by his question.

"Don't you know that when you smile at me, I want to kiss you? When you laugh, I want to wrap you up in my arms? And when you look at me like I'm the only man in the world, I just want to make love to you until we're both so exhausted to move?"

"No...I didn't know."

"Yeah? Well now you do."

Jonathan reached out and brushed his finger tips along her cheek. She stared up at him and just knew in her heart that he was going to kiss her. She had never wanted anything more in her

life.

Without saying a word, Jonathan turned and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

The next morning Tami stood outside Jonathan's closed office door for several minutes, contemplating what she was about to do. She was wearing a tan business suit, and matching heels, the skirt hugged her curves and was cut just above the knee. This was her sexiest business attire.

Tami took a deep breath, ran her hands over her clothing, smoothing the unseen wrinkles, and lightly tapped on the door.

"It's open," she heard Jonathan say from the other side as she reached out, took the knob in her hand and opened the door.

"I just wanted to pop in and say hello," she spoke firmly, very matter-of-factly as she stepped into his office and closed the door behind her. "I also wanted to let you know that I'm really okay with what happened last night, and I really don't want you to feel in the least bit guilty. Okay?"

"Okay," Jonathan said, looking up from behind his desk, a hint of a smile on his lips.

"Okay then," she said, smiling. "I'll get out of your hair and get to work." As she turned to step out of the office she said, "You're a great kisser."

Before Jonathan could reply, she was gone with the door was closed behind her.

Well, what do you know, he thought.

That afternoon Jonathan was sitting alone at one end of the conference table, leaning back in a chair, taking notes on a legal pad.

We want to pay a certain price for those stock options and it's my team's job to find a way to get that price, he thought. Now then, how do we get Rowe and Brookshire to go along?

From behind him, Jonathan heard Tami say, "Whoa, hold on. What have we here?"

He recognized that familiar 'something's-wrong' urgency coming through in her voice. As he approached the workstation she occupied he saw one of the other team members with her hand over her mouth, as if she'd just witnessed a car crash. At that Jonathan hurried to the computer.

"What do you have Tami?"

"I'm trying to figure that out. It looks like I've uncovered some creative accounting practices with Rowe and Brookshire. I'll have to run the numbers again, but the preliminary numbers I've already run look good."

"What do you mean, they're cooking the books?"

"It looks like they've been publicizing one set of numbers that don't quite correspond with the numbers we acquired. It also seems that they have a couple of off shore accounts," she stated.

"This isn't good," Jonathan said. "Can you print this out? Make a hard copy we can run in to the boss?"

"Give me some time to connect a couple of dots here. I'd like to put some hard numbers together so we can figure this thing out," she answered.

Jonathan was annoyed. He didn't enjoy putting clues together and solving mysteries. He liked information orderly, complete, and now. But Tami was right, if they were going to take this to the CEO they would need hard facts.

"Okay, get your numbers together and then we're going to see the boss."

The CEO's door was closed. His secretary was busily typing away on her keyboard.

"Who's in there?" Jonathan asked, pointing at the door. Tami was standing on his heels.

"Jackson from accounting," the secretary said. "Mr. Grant, wait, you can't go in there..."

Jonathan pushed into the office, with Tami trailing self-consciously behind him. Arthur Fleming, startled, looked up in surprise, saw their faces, and turned to the accountant.

"I'm going to have to throw you out, Ron," he said. "I'll get back with you this afternoon."

"Uh, sure." Ron Jackson picked up the stack of computer printouts he'd brought in, looked curiously at Jonathan and Tami, and walked out.

Jonathan pushed the door shut.

"Boss, we've got a problem," Jonathan said, unceremoniously.

The CEO's eyes changed a little, as they might when the last card was laid in a high-stakes game. "How much of a problem?"

"A large problem. It would seem that Rowe and Brookshire have some accounting issues that happen to involve a couple of offshore banks in the Cayman Islands," Jonathan explained as he handed over a binder.

The CEO flipped open the binder's cover, and kept flipping through the pages, skimming them as he went.

"I can see where your concerns are. I didn't realize that their bookkeeping practices were so...interesting," the Fleming murmured.

"'Interesting'?" Jonathan replied with a smile. "That's a nice choice of words. Keep reading."

The CEO continued to skim through it.

"Those son's-of-bitches! They're playing us! We're lucky that their secrecy failed them otherwise we'd really look foolish, on top of losing a ton of money" Fleming replied.

"You know the rule, 'If two people know about it, it's probably not a secret', especially where monetary funds are concerned," Jonathan said. "Thanks to Tami, we won't get caught up in a money pit by acquiring their over-inflated shares."

"You're right. Great work young lady," Fleming said. He was silent for a moment, then he smiled in a crooked way. "I want you two to look into a way for us to shove this right back in their direction...right up their ass."

"Looks like we'll be working late this week," Jonathan smiled at Tami.

"Fine with me," she smiled back.

Late in the evening of the next day.

Mr. Fleming wanted hard facts to present at the shareholders meeting by the next morning so the proposed merger could be nullified and he wanted a plan, if it was feasible to really hammer the crooks over at Brookshire. It was approaching 9pm and they had fallen a little behind but had just finished up.

They were working in a conference room, with stacks of documents spread all over the table, and empty Chinese take-out boxes littering the rest of the space. They were both getting pretty tired and were glad that their work for the day was done.

"Finished," Jonathan said, unceremoniously.

"It's about time." Then she paused. "I want to say something to you. I don't want this to offend you." Tami said.

Jonathan turned and grinned. "You won't."

That statement earned him a crooked smile.

"Remember what you said to me about being happy? That I should think about leaving my husband?"

He nodded.

"Were you bullshitting me?"

"No," he said, seriously. "I meant it, everyone deserves to be happy."

"Well, I've been thinking about it," she said as she looked down at a note pad on the table. "Your kiss helped me make up my mind."

"Uh oh," he breathed.

She looked up and smiled. "Am I scaring you?"

Jonathan moved to her side of the table. "I hope that you put more thought into it than just a kiss."

"I have. I'm tired of being taken for granted, of staying in a marriage with an abusive alcoholic. I'm tired of being faithful to a man who I've lost count of the number of affairs he's had..." she looked at Jonathan, a thoughtful look on her face. "I probably have crossed some kind of line here...dumping all of

my dirty laundry on my boss."

"No, that's okay. I want to help. What I told you last night, it's true. I really like you, Tami. But I'd like this to be on your terms, I don't want to pressure you."

Without another thought, she took off her glasses, lay them on the table and she leaned over and kissed him, a full kiss, their lips parting and tongues dancing. When she pulled away, Jonathan just stared at her with what he was sure must have been the goofiest look he could have on his face, considering the situation.

For her part Tami just smiled at him as he continued to stare. He liked her smile, it was sweet, a smile that went with seduction but it also showed a hint of a woman getting her way. This surprised Jonathan but also emboldened him.

Jonathan's leaned forward and kissed her. She sank back into her chair, and returned his kiss. Her mind kept trying to tell her that she was still married and that it was wrong, but right now she didn't give a damn. She wanted to feel a man's touch, the touch of a man who really cared about her, who wanted her.

Tami sensuously explored Jonathan's mouth with her hot tongue; he pulled her against him, chest to chest. He felt her trembling lustily, helplessly in his arms.

She didn't know when it happened but she noticed that his hand was on her thigh, just above the knee. He wasn't trying to move it any higher so she let it stay. Just a little harmless touching she thought to herself.

After a few more minutes of kissing she realized his hand had moved several inches under the hem of her dress and up her leg. She didn't know when he moved it but he had stopped again.

Despite her very conservative lifestyle, Tami was becoming aroused. Her breasts had always been very sensitive and she could feel her nipples swell and harden against her bra. His touch had caused her pussy to cream, soaking right through her panties. Tami knew her pussy was getting very wet, yearning for the feel of his hard cock on her now slick, pink lips.

When Tami didn't protest where his hand was Jonathan decided to move it higher. He wanted Tami in the worst way. His cock was painfully erect, straining against his confining pants.

While Jonathan continued to kiss Tami, her head was now swimming; his hand never left her leg. He moved his hand again,

this time it covered the crotch of her panties. They were soaking wet and he could easily feel the heat from her cunt. Jonathan was encouraged when she made no attempt to stop him from rubbing the palm of his hand over her panty-covered pussy mound. Instinctively Tami arched her hips forward and spreading her thighs apart to meet the hand.

Having his hand on her cunt felt so good that it took a moment for it to fully sink in and for her to react. She reached down and half-heartedly tried to pull his hand away but he wasn't interested in relinquishing his prize. Since she couldn't remove his hand, and not knowing if she really wanted to, she decided just to try to keep him from going farther. She probably could have gotten him to remove his hand if she would have said so, but she didn't. Tami had a fleeting thought of her husband, of what he would do if he knew his wife was letting her handsome boss fondle her in an office. She felt as if she were in enough control of this situation that she could, would stop it from proceeding further. She also knew she didn't give a fuck what her husband would think about this.

When she didn't object and while all of those thoughts were going through her mind his persistent finger found its way under the leg of her panties and was sliding along her now soaking wet slit. As he ran the digit along the length of her pussy lips a few times Jonathan realized she was very moist. He knew she was enjoying this because her hips were thrusting against his hand.

Up and down her well lubricated pink pussy opening his finger slid; every once in a while stopping long enough to flutter over her now engorged clit. It felt so damn good that she released her grip from his hand and without thinking of the consequences; Tami spread her legs a little further and scooted her ass forward in her chair to give him more access to her slick cunt.

She was so far gone that when he broke their kiss and whispered in her ear for her to lift her ass off the chair she did it without thinking. She couldn't ever remember being so hot. He pushed her dress up and around her waist as he pulled her panties off and dropped them to the floor before returning two fingers to their task, working them rapidly in and out of her exposed cunt.

Tami was so horny she couldn't control herself. She wanted to feel him. She shuddered as she slid her hand down to rest her fingers over his huge prick, she felt his heat before her fingertips tentatively touched him. She ran her fingers along the outline of his cock, feeling the incredible size of it, even through his pants. Then, very gently, she squeezed his swollen balls. She slid her fingers back up and began to hungrily

squeeze his cock through the material of his slacks.

She ran her fingers up and down his cock shaft, measuring its length and thickness through his pants. It sure felt like a big one.

Tami knew that she should stop, she should stop Jonathan, but the craving between her legs demanded release, needed to be satisfied, she needed to cum. Just one small orgasm, then she would stop this madness.

He continued to easily pump his fingers into her wet pussy, sliding into his co-workers eager cunt. Looking at Tami he saw her mouth was slightly open as she emitted a low moan. Her eyes were fluttering as he finger fucked her increasingly horny pink snatch.

Jonathan's cock was painfully hard throbbing in his pants, about as stiff as a prick could get.

"Take my cock out," he whispered into Tami's ear. "Take it out and stroke it."

"I can't," she replied as she continued to rub his hard cock while he fingered her dripping wet snatch.

"Please, Tami," he whispered. "My wife wouldn't have sex with me there towards the end and it's been months since I've had any satisfaction."

"I don't know...it's wrong...I'm still married...I can't cheat," she weakly protested.

"Just return the satisfaction I'm giving to you," he said as he worked his thick fingers inside her cunt, curling them against the top of her fuck-tunnel, stimulating her g-spot. "I need a release. Do it for a friend. You're not cheating; it's just a hand-job. It's not really sex."

As he talked, Jonathan reached up with his free hand and started unbuttoning the top of Tami's dress. She slumped back into the chair, breathing hard, trying desperately to control herself. Tami watched him open her dress and expose her tit filled lace bra. She liked the way his eyes ogled her beautifully ripe tits. He then reached around her and unhooked her bra and pushed it out of the way, uncovering her firm tits and lust-engorged nipples.

Yes, he's right! Tami thought miserably, groaning with frustrated lust, loving everything that his magical fingers were doing to her as she sat in a conference room, her body completely exposed.

It wouldn't be cheating, she thought. The flush in her cheeks turned nearly crimson, as she realized that she'd lost all control over her self reason.

"Okay, just a hand job," she said dazedly. "I'm just helping out a friend."

Shaking with lust, the fuck-hungry mother and wife impulsively reached down with her hands and worked on his pants, unsnapping and unzipping them. With little effort, she managed to unfurl his stiff cock, releasing it, pulling it free from his pants, exposing his gigantic, rock-hard cock. His incredibly long, fat meat pole arched stiffly erect, capped by a puffy, helmet-shaped knob that oozed milky pre-cum.

"Oh, God," Tami moaned quietly when she saw the long, hard, enormous erection.

She reached out with her hand and placed it on his stiff cock. It was much bigger than her husband's, pulsing in her hand with arousal. Her pussy began to tingle at the sight of it. Slowly Tami began to stroke her long, delicate fingers up and down the hard shaft, from the angry purple head all the way down to the base and then back up. She stared shamefully at his bulging, throbbing cock, lustfully wondering what it would feel like plowing into her cock neglected pussy.

Tami was sprawled out on the swivel chair, naked for all intents and purposes, her slender, delectably formed thighs were now spread wide, her body writhing as he pounded two fingers in and out of her drooling pussy, her head back and eyes closed, enjoying everything about this.

She held her cunt lips open with one hand while Jonathan madly finger-fucked her. She fantasized that his fingers were really the big, horny cock she was stroking in her other hand and that she now wanted so badly.

Her pussy was freely flowing with her slippery lubricating juices as he fingered her pink slit between her naked thighs and she stroked his fat cock in her tiny hand. Jonathan started to rub her clit rapidly as he diddled it with two fingers, then he worked those same two fingers back inside of her pussy. Tami could hear the squish-squish sound as he pumped into her and realized that her pussy was soaking wet as his fingers found

plenty of lubrication.

This was the first time she'd ever done anything in a public type of place. Just the thought of someone walking in on them and catching her with Jonathan's fingers in her horny little cunt as she stroked his cock was really tuning her on.

As her arousal climbed to new heights Jonathan bent down, stuck out his tongue, and started licking her supersensitive nipples. A little sob of lust escaped Tami's lips. He squeezed her heaving tits one at a time, and flicked his hot tongue over one nipple and then the other, causing Tami to shudder with pleasure. She opened her eyes and looked down at her boss licking her tits. As she watched, he opened his mouth and slid it down around a stiff nipple, enclosing it in his lips. She sobbed, stifling a loud whimper of longing. He continued to noisily suck on her swollen nipples, one and then the other, driving her crazy with desire.

His ministration of her tits pushed her over the edge. Tami was thrusting her pussy up and down and onto his probing fingers as she wiggled her tight little ass on her chair, circling it around Jonathan's fingers. Her breathing became heavy and uneven. Her eyelids were droopy, like she was having trouble keeping them open.

Suddenly she clamped her thighs with a vice-like grip around his pleasure giving hand, and emitted a loud moan as she came.

Her whole body stiffened and shuddered. Her eyes were shut tight, and her beautiful face showed pure lust as a violent orgasm exploded in her pussy.

"Oh, God, Ahhhhhhh! I'm coming... oh...yes... feels so good!" she moaned.

Jonathan placed his mouth over hers to muffle her moans, not wanting anyone else in the office to suspect anything. Suddenly their tongues were probing and dancing as they passionately kissed. Tami reached out and placed a hand behind his head, pulling him toward her. She no longer had any thoughts of fighting this, she was cooperating with Jonathan in every way.

Tami spun in her chair next to her boss, wrapping her hand tightly around his massive cock and jerking it very hard, making Jonathan wince with pleasure and pain as she yanked her fist up and down his rigid prick. She shuddered with lust as she felt how hotly and stiffly it throbbed against her palm as she stroked it.

Jonathan groaned as this cock-loving beauty jacked his prick for him, stroking her fist rhythmically up and down his jutting, huge, twitching erection.

"Now I get to help you," Tami whispered breathlessly. "I can't let a good deed go unrewarded...can't leave you with such an enormous hard-on." She paused. "I... mean, it's my duty to... to give you relief. Right?"

"Oh, God yes, Tami."

"It's awfully stiff," Tami purred. "This is the biggest penis I've ever seen..."

She was pumping her fist up and down the hard, throbbing cock. Jonathan leaned back against his chair, moaning with pleasure as her slender fingers zipped up and down the lust-stiffened shaft of his prick.

Tami couldn't believe her excitement was mounting once again as she worked her fist up and down her boss' throbbing cock, holding it between her fingers. She pumped steadily faster and harder, and he moaned louder, his handsome face flushing with lust. His cock jerked and twitched in her pumping fist, oozing a great deal of pre-cum from the angry, purple head. Tami eyed the glistening cream and hungrily licked her lips.

When Jonathan saw Tami eyeing his cock and licking her lips he lost control. "Oh, fuck! I'm coming!"

His whole body began jerking as thick ropes of sperm began boiling out of his balls, shooting from his exploding cock. Tami angled his cock away from them and he shot his load of sperm onto the floor in front of them and on Tami's hand. She stroked him a few more times as she panted, still recovering from her own orgasm, getting her hand soaked with her boss' sticky white cum.

She had an almost undeniable desire to bring her hand up to her mouth and lick it clean of the sperm, but she caught herself and instead grabbed a wad of leftover napkins from the table, and tried to clean up the mess. Jonathan had a small wet spot on the front of his pants, but there was nothing to be done about that. He stood and tucked his cock back into his pants, much to Tami's disappointment.

When she regained some composure and remember where she was she looked around to see if anyone had entered the room and may have seen them. Thank God they were alone. She grabbed some more napkins and bent forward in her chair and wiped his sperm from

the tile.

As she cleaned up the floor Jonathan picked up her panties and placed them in his pocket. When she was finished she began to put herself back together, redoing her bra and buttoning up her dress.

She realized her panties were missing but couldn't remember them being taken off. How had she let herself get in such a state?

"Where are my panties?"

"I have them."

She held out her hand, palm up. "Give them to me."

"Nope," Jonathan answered with a mischievous grin. "We're finished here and we're both going home. You get to go home without panties, explore your wild side a little."

"Jonathan..." Tami pleaded. "I'm wearing a dress, I need my panties."

"Nobody will know that your pussy's naked under that dress but you and me. Just do it, drive home with that knowledge and let me know tomorrow how it makes you feel."

Tami looked at him, evaluating him, a thin smile coming over her lips. "You're trying to make me naughty."

"A little adventure in life can be a good thing," he said.

"Oh, alright, I'll do it," she said as she leaned in and kissed him full on the lips and then pulled away.

"We'll leave the paperwork on the table and I'll lock up the room. I'll get a couple of interns to file everything away tomorrow."

"This room smells like sex," she said, concern in her voice. "Whoever comes in here will know."

"Tami, by tomorrow morning the buildings air-exchange system will take care of that. Don't worry."

She gave him a 'if you say so' glance, but left it at that.

Jonathan walked her out to her car. When she stepped outside she immediately felt a sudden rush of cool air flow up her dress and caress her bare pussy. It was a surprisingly welcome feeling and

she notice a small itch deep in her pussy.

As she drove home that night Tami ran the events of the night through her mind. Wondering if it was wise to have become sexually active with her boss. She was still married, but she was married to a complete loser who was a womanizer as well as a drunk.

Jonathan said it was alright. But of course he would say that, all men said that when they wanted to get into a woman's pants and Jonathan had admitted that he wanted to make love to her.

But he had made a point of differentiating that he wanted to make slow, long love to her rather than just to fuck her which is all that her husband had ever done to her. Besides, she could talk with Jonathan; he was a caring soul, genuinely concerned about her.

What had happened tonight wasn't a bad thing, was it? No, it was nice. Two lonely people helping each other. It wasn't cheating, not really. How could you cheat on a cheater anyway?

As Tami reran the events of the evening through her mind once again her pussy began to flow with its newly aroused juices. Absentmindedly, as she navigated the car down the city streets, Tami slipped a hand through her coat and up under the hem of her dress and began stroking her naked pussy.

She found it extremely exciting to drive down the street; her fingers working on her pussy as she drove through traffic, knowing that at any second she could be caught masturbating in public by a complete stranger.

By the time she pulled into her garage at home she really needed to get herself off. She sat in the car and fingered her cunt until she experience a mind shattering orgasm.

God, that was great, she thought. Jonathan was right; going out in public without the panties was a good idea. She could hardly wait to tell him about it in the morning.

The Fixer

by [StephenWolfe60](#)©

Last May I came in one morning to find the regional operations

manager sitting in front of my desk. He tells me he needs my help to fill in at one of our satellite offices for a few months, just for the summer more or less.

The guy knew how much I liked my corner office downtown, and he knew it was an imposition but he said it was kind of an emergency and that he would consider it a personal favor.

I ask him what's the big deal with the place, he just says they lost the accounts manager in the office and needed to get somebody in there fast who wasn't going to screw things up.

The Stony Brook office was about a hundred miles from the city, but if they were willing to pay me a little bonus plus time and miles to spend a couple of hours a day cruising the freeway in my beloved CTS, I guessed I would be a good player and do what needed to be done for the team.

My name is Derek. I'm the "Fixer".

Taking this transfer would have been a dream come true if I was the outdoors type, Stony Brook was located on a scenic byway, but scenery and outdoor recreation are not really my thing. I like the city, the bars, the clubs, and especially the girls.

You need to be in civilization to maintain a lifestyle like mine. I don't really like to brag, but frankly, for a guy in his 40's, I get more ass than a toilet seat any given week.

I have to laugh sometimes when I hear about some of my buddies who have a hard time getting lucky. Some of these guys look like movie stars. Me? I don't have a pretty face or a great head of hair, I don't have charm school etiquette, and I don't act overly intelligent.

What I do have is masculinity. I'm tall, I have wide shoulders and I'm lean and fit looking. I work out a bit, but cigarettes keep the fat off. I keep my hair buzzed high and tight.

I make good money, dress sharp and keep my Cadillac shiny, but the thing that really gets me laid is confidence.

Girls love confidence, and frankly, confidence comes pretty easy when you've got a big dick.

Well, it's only about as big around as a coke bottle, mind you, but it's just shy of 10 inches long.

Okay, I take it back, I do like to brag.

I figured out how to finesse a girl into dropping her panties for me way back in my teens, but I've done way better in the past 10 years.

The internet has changed everything this last decade.

I started using craigslist to find pussy a few years back when I started getting too busy with work to troll the meat markets, and I have since waded through enough bullshit hook-up websites to finally find a couple that really make good on their promises.

Last year I stumbled on to one that advertised local married women looking for "no strings" fucking. I was skeptical at first, but I signed up and posted a chest down selfie with my half hard cock angled for effect and within a week the MILF's started hitting the bait. It was like chumming the water for sharks.

Of course, I love young women, with their smooth skin and tight little bodies, who doesn't?

I don't think I'll ever get tired of giving an 18 year old her first bigcock experience. But young women had all begun to seem kind of predictable to me.

I had fucked a few married women over the years and didn't think much about it, but the girls I met on this site, my God! I had my choice of the lookers; some of them were drop dead gorgeous, but there was more to it than that.

They all had this attitude, this frustrated horniness that you could just smell. I started to develop a nose for it, and I quickly developed a preference for it. They were so pliant, so insecure and so eager to please.

Every now and then younger girls screamed and ran off when I pulled Derek junior out of my pants, but that was less likely with these 'broken in' bitches.

Most of them had given birth and knew that larger things could fit into their precious little kootchie, even if it did take some stretching. Seemed like all of them were looking to get stretched whether they knew it or not.

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Dinner, gas, a couple of drinks: Fifty, maybe a hundred bucks, sometimes less.

That look on her face when I park my Cadillac in her Mini Cooper sized garage: Priceless.

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I won't lie about it, I get off on the feeling that I'm taking something that's officially "off limits".

It's an intoxicating kind of power knowing that while some faceless jerk is busy slaving at his job to pay off a mortgage and keep his sweet little wife in new shoes, she's on her knees in the middle of his expensively decorated living room trying like a champ to get her sweet little lips around my king-sized knob (Mm, no teeth baby, just pull the foreskin back and lick the head, there's a good girl).

Guys turn into work-a-holics to keep and maintain all their stuff, but somehow forget to fuck these delicious little bitches they've given their lives up for. I feel like I'm performing a service!

I don't try to make sense of it. I just smile every time I line my big tool up at the entrance of his wife's tight, neglected little pucker for that first time and wait for the guttural grunt when I ram it home.

When I bend her over his dining room table and bottom out in her sweet little Susie-home-maker ass, when I pop my sch-long out and make her get on her knees and beg me to put it back in while she's licking my balls, well, there is a feeling of power and deep satisfaction in that I just can't seem to find anywhere else.

Once in a while I get a soccer mom who desperately tries to maintain a sense of decency or some illusion of self-respect while she's getting pounded like a cheap cut of meat.

These uptight bitches are my favorites, and I have learned how to play them exactly. There is nothing more rewarding than breaking, degrading and humiliating them. I simply use her own lust to turn her into my bitch, then all I have to do is let her know who she is and enjoy that look of debasement on her face as she realizes she's my helpless little fuck-toy.

I like to leave that kind parked with all fours on the living room floor, with all three holes fucked raw and red, and her mouth full of my hot, ripe sperm.

She may not want to swallow, but she damn sure doesn't want to get any on the carpet.

I walk out the front door thinking to myself I'll never hear back from her. Then a couple of weeks later I'll get an e-mail begging to hook up again.

It's all I can do to keep myself from breaking into an end zone dance when I realize I've got one of these bitches on my line, which brings me back to the story of my temporary commute.

When I drove into Stony Brook that first day, I took a quick run through the local car wash then found the office quickly and parked my Cadillac right in the number one spot in front of the office window. A pale, slender face popped immediately up from behind the desk on the other side of the glass, like a scared rabbit poking its head out of a hole.

I walked through the front door and found myself facing the office manager, Diane, I knew right away this wasn't going to be as bad as I thought.

She was a prim, uptight little MILF straight out of my wettest dreams, standing there smoothing the front of her slacks with nervous hands.

I've fucked plenty of better looking women than Diane, but I have definitely done worse. She looked to be in her late 30's, a little shop worn, a few wrinkles, but she was still slender and elegant looking.

Shoulder length brunette hair and dark rimmed glasses framed the pale skin of her pretty face, Diane exemplified the sexy librarian look.

Her ass was a little skinnier than I normally like, but there looked to be some nice perky C cup's straining just slightly at her cotton blouse.

Diane was polite, but she couldn't disguise the fact that she didn't much like me; it was written all over her face.

She shook my hand tersely and recited a customer service welcome straight out of the company handbook as she eyed me with obvious distaste. She made eye contact briefly but it seemed to take a lot of effort.

She was really nervous, I love that. I held on to her hand a little longer than normal, long enough to visibly increase her discomfort level, but broke it off before she had the chance to. Think fast baby.

It was a little more cramped in this office than what I was used to, but I'd make do. Diane showed me around while I walked behind her.

She kept looking nervously back around as she talked, so she caught me staring at her ass within the first five minutes of my arrival.

There was the main shared office space, a small restroom and a storage room. Not much more than an eight by twenty foot closet, the storeroom had a narrow passage down the middle with broad sturdy shelves made out of 2x4's and plywood down both sides. As she walked in ahead of me and pointed out the merchandise, supplies and dusty boxes of old records, I couldn't help but picture Diane bent over the bottom shelf in front of me getting her skinny MILF ass pounded.

My desk was in the corner and shared a wall with hers. Her desk faced the front door, mine faced the wall. I guess she felt like the arrangement put me in my place, but I figured what the hell.

I laid down my case and got my desk quickly in order then got started to work on my long list of phone calls.

In the course of that first day as I chatted her up lightly, I learned that Diane was unhappy about the departure of my predecessor. I figured that was probably part of the reason she didn't like me and part of the reason I was here, which was a bit of a mystery.

She got started talking about the guy and it was obvious she worshiped him like a saint. He just sounded like a pussy to me.

As the rest of that first day went on, we asked each other the usual get-to-know-you questions, married? family? kids? My answers were "No, no and no"; she told me a little about her husband and a couple of teenage kids.

I told her I dated a lot and hadn't found that 'special girl' yet, but was having so much fun trying them out that I didn't really care. She gave a phony little laugh.

When I told her I dated girls I met online, she raised her eyebrows in obvious disapproval. When I expounded that my relationships were all no-strings-attached hookups, her expression was a humorous mix of disgust and discomfort, masked with that perfect phony smile.

She was obviously offended by my lifestyle, obviously didn't want to hear about it, but laughed uncomfortably and nodded

along anyway.

The uncomfortable laugh, coupled with that puzzled, conflicted, fake smile on a woman's face, it clues me in every time; she's submissive. She could be easily manipulated.

Diane was an open book, and that first day she told me way more than she intended with her body language and the little things she said when she was concentrating on something else.

As the days went on and she adjusted to my presence in the office, Diane revealed her nervous habit of prattling on while she worked through the pile of papers on her desk.

I acted like I was listening and made sure I seemed interested in her. She was a gold mine of tantalizing information about herself, and with every day that passed, the forbidden fruit just seemed to ripen.

It made me wonder how much she would spill if she did like me, although she continually made it clear she did not.

In the course of that first week, I learned that her husband was a broker or day trader or some shit like that, and she emphasized that he was a "stay-at-home dad".

I couldn't help but wonder right away why she would be working in this dump if he was any good at his job. I noticed she didn't sport any "Broker's wife" bling. She drove a sporty but slightly dirty Japanese coup that was over ten years old and it was obvious she hadn't updated her wardrobe in a while. Of course, even I'm not rude enough call attention to those things.

I didn't get to where I am in my business without being able to quickly read people.

From the way she talked about her job it became obvious that she was resentful about having to work, and it wouldn't take Sigmund Freud to figure out that her resentment rested on good old hubby.

From what she let drop and the blanks I filled in, it sounded like he had done pretty well when they were first married. She spoke wistfully about having traveled to Italy, Singapore and a shitload of other exotic places I didn't give a fuck about.

One afternoon she got a little carried away talking and had gone on a little long about the lush life that she was obviously not living anymore. I dropped a little test question.

"So why are you working here honey, just to make a little extra shoe money?"

I could tell it hit hard and I instantly thought I might have gone too far, but she deflected without even looking up from her desk. She spoke with a barely detectable hint of resentment "I'm just doing my part to help pay the bills for a little while." She tried to put a light spin on it when she added, "And it gets me out of the house a bit."

Sure baby, whatever helps you sleep at night.

I have worked with plenty of women who didn't really need to work, and she was clearly not one of those.

From what I sussed out as she talked over the next couple of weeks, her husband's business must have crashed back in the dot com bust and never bounced back. I figured she was carrying their bills and totally dependent on this job to make ends meet.

I overheard phone conversations where she whispered the words "His depression", "anxiety meds" and whined that "all his pills are costing a fortune."

Diane expressed plenty of anxiety about what the higher ups at corporate thought of her, so it was obvious she was paranoid about her position. I should be ashamed at what a manipulative son of a bitch I am, but I'm always keeping an eye out for leverage in people's situations, especially when it comes to women I'd like to fuck.

One slow afternoon the workplace banter turned uncharacteristically spiritual, and I was just losing interest when she let drop that she grew up catholic. Kah-Ching!

She had the disciplinarian father, schoolgirl uniform, the fucked up sexual identity, the whole package.

Even though she continued to eyeball me like something that just crawled out from under a rock, Diane just got more attractive to me every day.

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I adapted to the new schedule, the drive could be a pain in the ass sometimes, but I learned to deal with it. It was definitely a plus having a co-worker with a nice rack to look at. It helped me to get past her annoying personality.

Diane had a lot of irksome repetitive habits that seemed to

annoy the shit out of me. Like the way she always popped off with "REALLY!" out of the blue anytime anything upset her in the least, which was all the time.

As much as she talked on and on when I was in the office, she still looked at me like I was something dirty on the bottom of her shoe.

I was definitely having a hard time keeping my eyes off Diane's rack. I figured she was probably used to guys ogling her boobs, so I didn't try to hide it.

Of course, she got noticeably tense when she busted me looking. I'm sure she was used to men awkwardly shifting their eyes when that happened, so when my gaze didn't waiver, she would be the one to do the awkward looking away, along with some shoulder slumping, turning away or suddenly finding a use for the stack of papers in her hands. Sometimes she seemed to search around uselessly with her hands for something to hold to her chest, I loved that one.

Whichever manner she chose to react in, it was always a weak, submissive move, a move that a bunny might make when cornered by a wolf.

It did strike me a little odd that she chose well-fitted tops that showed the girls off a bit, nothing slutty, just form enhancing.

All the guys who call themselves "top pickup artists" say that you shouldn't ogle a prospect that you're working, that it creeps them out too much.

I don't give a fuck, I like intimidating women, especially when they are too submissive to say or do anything about it. As a pick-up tool, I can't recommend it for everyone, in every situation, but it has worked for me.

After a few more weeks of random testing and casual, subliminal probing, I was fairly confident that Diane would never be one to cry sexual harassment, no matter what I said or did. Diane was far too concerned about not rocking the boat. Hell, she was far too concerned about even being noticed by anyone in authority at all.

Catholic girls!

Thank God they put them in school with nuns and rulers. Those girls generate all that pent-up nascent sexual frustration, then they complete each others twisted sex education with their own

specific tidbits of misinformation and girlish fantasy.

The nuns manage to teach them by negative reinforcement that married sex is a duty, and that the hot, sweet sex they really want is dirty, sticky, tantalizing forbidden fruit.

I'd dated enough catholic girls in high school to know that they'd put their sweet lips around cock in the back seat if they suspected they were not getting asked to prom. Of course this was always accompanied by a request not to watch her while she did it, followed right at the moment of truth by a request not to ejaculate in her mouth.

I would always agree to the terms, shoot my load on her clothes or in her hair, then ask some other girl to the prom.

All this made me have to wonder about sweet little Diane's history. Those tits must have been irresistible back in her teens, it's a sure bet she got asked out a lot. You had to wonder...

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I still had to do road trips and sales calls quite a bit, so I was out of the office a lot. I gave Diane my agenda before I left and usually called and updated from the road.

One afternoon a client no-showed on me and left me with nothing to do, so I had a long lunch and headed back to the office.

I walked in to find Diane with her arms around a tall good looking guy in a nice suit. It might have been just a friendly little hug, but the way she broke it off and jumped back lead me to believe it had been going on for a while before I arrived.

The busted look on her face was priceless, and I couldn't help myself, so I blurted out. "Wow, maybe I should tell your husband that you're hugging strange men at work."

I'd never met her husband, and I would have assumed this was him if she hadn't started acting so suspiciously. I continued over to my desk and flopped casually into my chair.

Diane was red-faced and flustered, but she got her awkward little smile on and made polite introductions, "Kenneth, I don't believe you've met our new accounts rep, Derek. Derek, this is my friend Kenneth, he manages the branch in Bridgeport."

So this was the legendary Kenneth, the guy who sat in this chair before me. The name had always made me picture the Kenneth on

Thirty-Rock.

I didn't get up, just nodded and smiled. Diane's phone rang right on queue, and she hopped over to look at the screen, "Oops, I have to take this!" She picked up and gave her usual uptight phone performance while he stood there, awkwardly.

I still had my sunglasses on and was eying him like a cop, smiling, getting things figured out here. Kenneth tried small talk, asking if I liked working in Stony Brook, which I answered with a shoulder shrug, and an "It's alright."

I just sat there stretched out in my big leather chair watching the show while Kenneth nervously waited for Diane to get off the phone.

She gave him a little "One minute!" hand motion and mouthed a little pouty faced "I'm sorry!"

Diane was acting unusually stiff as she talked on the phone, even for a broad who was normally pretty uptight.

Kenneth was a tall, good looking guy with a friendly face and wavy blonde hair. You could tell he was the sort of guy who was fussy about his appearance, probably fucked around with his hair for a half hour in the morning. His suit and shoes were impeccable. He was obviously hot for Diane; that much was clear as he hovered there nervously watching her.

She finally broke off her call and hung up and was checking through her lunchtime voice mails. She looked briefly up from her desk at Kenneth, "I'm sorry, it's one of those days, the phone's been ringing off the hook and I've got a lot of calls to return!" Kenneth didn't miss a beat, "Sure, that's fine I have to get going anyway."

It was obvious some magical spell had been broken by my arriving on the scene, and I was loving every minute of it.

Diane tartly asked me to cover the phones and walked Kenneth out to his car. I could see them across the parking lot, they shook hands like associates, giving their relationship the official public eye treatment for the bank of office windows.

I just chuckled inwardly. Diane had something going on with this guy, but I would bet good money it hadn't progressed past the hugging and hand holding level.

Diane was the kind of girl whose life was ruled by the outward appearance of decency, and Kenneth impressed me as the kind of guy who was too nice to push things to the point where he got what he wanted.

Diane didn't look at me or talk to me when she came back in, just went straight to the phone.

She was intensely pissed off, and she wore it all over her face and body. I knew she'd never bring this situation up, and I left it alone for now.

She didn't say a word to me for a couple of days.

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I had a couple of girls who were fairly regular fuck-buddies, and I tried to maintain those relationships as best as I could, given my new found commuter status. At first I made sure I only made those calls from my car just so I didn't get slapped with any sexual harassment trouble from Diane.

I don't like talking on speaker phone in the car though, so as I got to know Diane and I was comfortable with the level of sexual discomfort she'd allow, I started making those calls and even doing video chat at the office.

I was pretty discreet, but I could tell Diane overheard sometimes and that it made her uncomfortable and even pissed her off, but fuck her, I didn't care.

One time she whined a little and asked if I could take my call outside. I just told her "Hey, you might love the small town life out here in the middle of freaking nowhere, but some of us have a social life to maintain back in civilization!"

One afternoon Diane was on a break away from the office and I got a call from one of my favorite bitches. Cindy was in bed, naked and wanted to hear my sexy voice while she abused her little cooter with all the toys she had spread out on her bed. I obliged and told her everything she wanted to hear, and I was getting an aching boner out of the deal.

I was sitting back relaxing at my desk, facing out into the room when Diane walked in. I looked down and noticed my hard-on clearly outlined against my pant leg, on display in plain sight, and Diane looked down and noticed it right at about the same time.

She apparently went on noticing it, because she just stood there

frozen for a few seconds gazing at my package with her mouth hanging open and her face gone red.

I could tell she was impressed. It does go halfway to my knee, not something you see every day. I was fairly sure gauging from her reaction that it was unlike anything Diane had never seen before.

I quickly talked Cindy down, begged off and hung up as Diane broke off her stare and ran to the toilet. When she finally emerged and went back to her desk, her face was still beet red.

Diane was extra chilly towards me for the rest of that week, and hasn't warmed up much since. But I have caught her occasionally trying to catch another glimpse.

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My 'temporary' transfer had gone all the way through summer and into September. The regional manager was pleased with the progress I'd helped bring about and assured me they had a couple of good candidates for the position and I'd be back to my old life in no time.

That was last month.

Three weeks ago I had a meeting in a town about two hours away. I planned to be gone all day and even though I would be passing through Stony Brook, didn't figure I would stop at the office, so I called Diane and let her know.

She did her best to sound like she didn't give a shit where I was or if I ever came back.

The meeting was perfunctory and wrapped up early. The secretary at my client's office was a knockout and knew it. She noticed me checking her out and put the tease on, so I'd been horny all afternoon and still was.

I was anxious to get back to the city and scare up some gash. I was even thinking I'd get a call girl if none of the usual suspects were available.

I was passing Stony Brook way earlier than I thought I would. I thought about just barreling by and heading straight to the city without pulling off the freeway, but my sense of duty prompted me to pull back to the office and tie up a few loose ends.

Actually, it was my sense of always going the extra mile to make sure I looked like I always had my shit together that motivated

me. I never want anything coming back around to bite my ass except for the occasional soccer mom.

I pulled in to see the place closed up but the lights still on. Then I saw Diane's car across the lot. She was working late again. This wasn't unusual for Diane, since she was an insecure workaholic. I was going to bust through the door and yell, "Honey, I'm home!" but my sneaky sense suddenly told me to keep it down, and I always listen to my sneaky sense.

There was loud music vibrating the glass as I turned the key and quietly moved inside. Glancing around, I saw no sign of Diane, just her iPod blasting an 80's tune through her desk speakers. I unlocked my computer and sat down at my desk thinking she must be in the car or down the hall.

I let the music rock on, loud. I knew what kind of stuff she listened to, and the mix of hairspray band 80's rock and hip dance music just seemed kind of weird to me, she being uptight, fussy Diane and all. I started knocking out my paperwork thinking if she didn't show up pretty soon I was turning this shit down.

All of a sudden that song "Get Lucky" comes on. It had been playing in the clubs all summer, so I was pretty familiar with it and fairly sick of it by now. Hearing it coming from Diane's i-Pod was a shocker; her kids must be downloading mp3's for her.

I laughed to myself, knowing how the song went; "We're up all night to get some, We're up all night to get lucky". Those just were not Diane's kind of lyrics! Where the hell was she anyway?

The flush of the toilet answered that, followed by water running, thorough hand washing and...wait a minute, what was that?

It was Diane...singing.

I turned in my chair towards the bathroom door, relaxed with my legs splayed out in front of me and my hands behind my head. The door knob turned and Diane danced into the room.

Yep, she was dancing.

She was pulling her best white girl party moves and singing, "She's up all night to get some, she's up all night to get lucky!" with a big corny grin on her face, eyes closed.

I wished I was invisible, I wished...OMG I wished I was getting this on video! I knew there wasn't time the second she opened

her eyes and saw me sitting there grinning.

She jumped and screamed of course, scared shitless. I half expected her to be pissed off with embarrassment, but she surprised me with a weak smile, after she recovered anyway. She reached over her desk and cut the speakers, flooding the room with silence, broken by her "O-M-G!! You just scared the you-know-what out of me!!"

She covered the few steps between us and punched me on the shoulder with her tiny fist.

I really didn't think about it, just instinctively grabbed the fist as it glanced off, simultaneously got to my feet and used her momentum to land her smack against my chest, placed my other hand on the small of her back, carried her all the way through until she was laying back on my arm in a perfectly landed ballroom dip. My uncle told me dance lessons would pay off in a lot of pussy, and I took him seriously.

She tensed up like crazy, but the grin never left her face as I swung her back upright in front of me.

"You got some moves girl, I was just gonna hop up and join you but you shut it down!"

She was standing there a little dazed from the sudden dip, and suddenly she started laughing. I guess it was my turn to be shocked; it was the first time I'd ever really seen her laugh. She was actually quite beautiful.

She quickly extracted herself from my arms and headed to her desk. "You can't tell anyone Derek!!" She still had a little smirk on her face as she started back at her pile of work.

"And, next time let me know you're here so I don't have a heart attack!" she threw out with mock anger, still smiling.

"What? And miss Diane's geeky white-girl dance party? Sorry, that's not gonna happen," I retorted.

This teasing banter was something entirely new. It was comfortable and fun. I could get used to this, I thought.

"Well, if I ever walk in on this again, I'm going to get some blackmail video!"

She laughed again, lightly, not her usual awkward laugh.

She suddenly offered a cheery, "Hey, I'm gonna have some gum,

you want some gum?"

I laughed and shook my head, "Sure baby."

I walked over to her desk and received her offering. As I turned and walked back to mine I looked back over my shoulder and sang, badly:

"She's up all night to get some, she's up all night to get lucky".

That got an eye roll and an over-the-glasses hostile glare, tempered by a cute smirk.

I asked, "What are you doing here this late anyway?"

She got back to her pile, "Well, I could ask you the same, but I'm busy boxing up all these files that have to get stored for the end of the fiscal year." She took a big stack of manila folders and dumped them unceremoniously into an open banker box on the floor.

I kept working at my small backlog of papers, but suddenly I wasn't in any hurry to go anywhere. I had to admit I was a little taken aback at Diane's uncharacteristic behavior.

After some further sorting and stamping I noticed Diane putting the lid on the box out of the corner of my eye. She got up, turned her back to me and faced the heavy box, as she squatted down to grab the handles. She paused at the bottom of the squat, apparently preparing for an OSHA perfect lift.

The fabric of her pants was thin, and her feet were wide apart, and that squat afforded me a picture perfect view of her cute little ass, the fabric pulled tight to her skin, displaying all her contours exquisitely.

As I've mentioned Diane has a skinny ass, which I don't normally go for. I like 'em thick and chunky like everybody else, but the combination of tiny buns with those skinny thighs creates a lot of open space where her legs come together, putting her little cooter out there in open view, which made me absolutely adore her tiny little dumper.

Then I got another little shock. I couldn't believe my eyes; Diane was arching her back slightly, which put her pooty on perfect display, cupped tightly into a little pouch of trouser at her crotch.

Was she purposely doing this for my benefit or was this just her

lifting technique? Maybe it was a subconscious primal display from a creature that had gone a few mating seasons without getting boned.

I didn't care, my cock was already hard and getting harder by the second.

I leaned back in my usual desk break position, hands behind my head, legs splayed out in front of me. My schlong was straining hard against my pant leg, and I didn't care if she saw it when she turned around. I was thinking to myself "Yeah baby, take a good long look at what your hot little move just did to me, sweet little bitch."

She took her time getting into position and finally pushed herself up to a stand. She turned around and saw me watching her, and her eyes dropped down my leg. She gave me an odd, pleasant little smile as she headed for the storage closet. Even carrying the heavy box she had a little bounce in her gait.

I was just turning back to the task at hand when I heard Diane cry out, with no small amount of alarm in her voice, "Derek, please come quick, I need help!"

I jumped up, quickly crossed the office and poked my head through the door to see Diane at the opposite end of the narrow room, the banker box pushed up against the top shelf but not quite on it. Diane's arms were fully extended and the box was threatening to fall back on her.

"Please hurry!" she cried weakly.

I got behind her quickly and pushed the box up on to the shelf and back. Her arms were still up, palms against the rough two-by-four and plywood shelf when I was suddenly very aware that the entire back of her body was pressed tightly against the front of mine. Her head leaned back against my chest, and my fully erect penis was snugged up against her soft little ass, running right down her thigh. And right then, it started throbbing.

I heard a little catch in her throat, but I wasn't about to let her speak up and end the moment, which I figured she was just about to do.

I quickly slid my big hands down the outside of her arms. Her arms stayed put, her hands even appeared to grip the edge of the shelf.

I slowed down just slightly as I got to her armpits, preparing

for the big forward plunge. I felt more than heard another catch in her voice, then she faltered slightly, getting out a stuttered "I, I..." just at the moment my hands slid past her armpits, grazed the top of her ribcage and slid underneath to cup her breasts.

She started to tense up in protest and her hands let loose of the shelf as I slid mine across her breasts, cupping, kneading, pinching slightly. Her arms hung uselessly in the air, faintly fighting gravity on their way slowly down.

I could feel her hesitance start to fall away, her body's resistance breaking in my arms. I brought my left hand back and slid it up her neck to grab a handful of soft brown hair at the base of her skull and gripped it tightly, pulling her head back gently, yet sharply. I knew it was all over for her when I heard the breath come out of her lungs in a long, groaning sigh. It was a symphony of pent up sexual energy, longing and relief.

I pulled her head back and kissed her full on the mouth. I smeared my lips against hers, long, roughly, sucking her lower lip between mine. It was a kiss that said, "This thing is going to happen, my horny little bitch, just in case you had any doubts."

I kissed her mouth and chin and started kissing my way down her neck, still gripping her firmly by the hair, my right hand quickly and expertly unbuttoning her blouse. I got enough buttons apart to slide my hand into her left cup and push it down, pushing out and smoothing her bra strap and the left side of her blouse over her shoulder and down, popping her tit out into the open air.

I had been hoping that her boobs were genuinely firm, not just held in place by a really good bra.

I've been surprised by saggy ones before that way, but not today. Diane had first rate knockers, I knew it. I yanked the strap down on the right. I had to get both of them out and start playing with them.

I breathed hotly into the hair behind her ear, "I have wanted to get my hands on these for so, so long, and they are absolute perfection!"

She didn't say anything, but her breathing grew heavier, and the hand that had been hanging uselessly in the air fell on the back of my neck and gripped hard.

My lips fell on to her neck and I smeared strong, sucking kisses

along its length, finding her pulse with the tip of my tongue. It was pounding like a little velvet hammer, and my tongue tip followed the beating along the vein down into the cleft between her straining neck muscles.

I my tongue exploring her neck was apparently enough distract her as I sent my right hand exploring the land down under. When my thick fingertips homed in on her Venus mound through the thin fabric of her slacks I felt her stiffen a little, but it was definitely too late for her to turn back. My left hand renewed and intensified its dominating grip on the handful of hair at her nape, just a little signal to her that I was in control here.

I quickly figured out the delicate, complicated feminine version of the fly button at her waist and made short work getting it out of the way and got her zip down more quickly still. I started to shove my fingers roughly under the elastic of her panty-waist, but slowed down slightly after breeching the border. She was quaking in my grasp as I slowed the pace ever so slightly, snaking my fingertips sinuously down through her jungle of pubic hair.

I am not into big hairy bushes, I like my pussies shaven. A little triangular landing strip is always cute, but I like to eat pussy and don't want to pick my teeth afterward. I had expected an untrimmed snatch on Diane though, given that she had been out of commission a while and probably didn't deem her deadbeat husband worth the effort of shaving. If this turned out to be a repeatable offense, maybe I could talk her into shaving it later.

I ran my middle finger all the way down and dove the tip between her labia to find exactly what I expected, the hot, wet slippery feel of a woman who is extremely ready. She must have been wet when we were sitting out in the office before. In fact, she was so sloppy I could feel her wet panties against the back of my fingers.

I played over her clit teasingly with my right hand and let go of her hair to play with her left nipple from behind. I tested her with some mild nipple torture, quickly pinching hard and pulling away, letting suddenly go just to gage her reaction, which was positive. She took in a series of small, choked gasps in time with the pinching and pulling. She liked her nips mistreated a little, this was a good sign.

I brought both hands up and simply enjoyed the firm velvety softness of her breasts for a few moments and then, so suddenly it made her cry out loud, I let go, slid my hands down her

sides, hooked in to the waist band of her panties and bared her ass in one swift motion as I sank to my knees behind her, smearing big rough kisses across her sweet little butt, taking little bites, pulling gently with my teeth, letting the soft white flesh spring away as I let go.

She started to straighten up and lean back. Maybe she was thinking this had gone too far, I don't know, but I stood up, grabbed hair in the same place as before and used the force to bend her forward over the sturdy, rough plywood shelf in front of her waist.

I grabbed her hand and held it down on the shelf and whispered affirmatively in her ear, "Stay just like this, don't move." Her only answer back was her ragged breathing. I gave a couple of very hard love spanks to each of her ass cheeks just to let her know I wasn't fucking around. If she felt like running away now, she didn't show it.

I loved the way Diane's body felt. She was skinny, but she wasn't a hard body. She had the luxuriously soft flesh of a lazy suburban housewife, and it was like play doh in my hands.

I got back down behind her, took her butt in both my hands, spread her ass cheeks roughly and started eating her like a ripe peach, sucking her lips into my mouth and tonguing her clit. I spanked her ass hard and ordered her to arch her back and shove her ass in the air.

She obeyed like a yearling puppy.

In fact, she arched her back and sat back on to my face, smearing her cunt all over my mouth and chin. She was starting to get a little noisy too, little tense whiny noises started eking their way out of her throat, like she was trying to hold back and keep the noise level down but could barely keep it under control.

I gave her the cunt eating of her life, sticking my long thick tongue into her hole and fucking her with it.

She gasped loudly when my tongue tip circled her asshole. She cried "Oh my God, what are you doing?" in an almost panic stricken voice. I answered by sticking my hard tongue into her sweet little asshole, and her puzzlement turned into louder moaning.

I got my fingers in to the game, reaching up and gathering about an inch of pussy flesh between my thumb and forefinger, with her

clitoral sheath pinched right at the center. I tugged back and forth on her sheath with purpose, jerking her clit off like a little dick, snaking my tongue up from behind delivering rapid-fire flicks to its tip every time a rearward pull unsheathed it. After about the third tug, she couldn't stay quiet anymore.

I thought she was crying at first, the way her body was quaking. The sound that came up from her throat was like the sound of a woman sobbing loudly. It soon became obvious that Diane was having a particularly violent and wrenching orgasm.

Her legs went weak and I felt the full weight of her upper body resting on me as she bucked her ass up and down, rubbing her pussy all over my face, sobbing and groaning like she had lost possession of her mind.

She started bucking faster and faster, and I heard her mouth the words, "Please don't stop, please...please"

I have large hands, I don't remember if I had mentioned that. My middle and index finger combined are the size of the average guy's erect penis. Diane found this out very quickly as I stood up and shoved them into her tight little pooty.

Her upper body collapsed forward onto the shelf in front of her as she submitted to my digital invasion. She was very tight for a tall skinny girl. I shoved the two fingers all the way in up to the knuckles of the other two, and kept hammering away, like I was punching her in the cunt. As she lay there in a quaking pile on the shelf, moaning loudly, I was pretty sure she was having a chain of orgasms.

I thought it was a good time to introduce her to the schlong. I wanted get her on her knees sucking cock, but held myself back again. I didn't want to push her too hard this time around. I was already raging hard anyway.

I undid my pants and let them fall to my feet. I decided not to plunge it right in, although that would have been a nice eye opener for her, I wanted to tease her with it a little. Instead I pushed the schlong down with my hand and maneuvered it forward right between her legs, then let go of it. The back of my cock slapped straight up against her sloppy wet gash. That got a nice little cry of shock from her.

I kept thrusting the length of the cock back and forth underneath her wet slit without entering her. I reached forward and grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her upper body back towards me with it, making sure she got the idea she was my little pony.

I leaned towards her ear as I pulled her head back and whispered in a deep, ominous voice, "So, you don't want me to stop, huh?" I thrust my cock long and slow. Her cunt was leaking profusely onto it, and she was riding it tentatively, up on her tip toes with her hands gripping the rough wood edge of the shelf, not quite letting her weight down on it.

I pulled my cock suddenly back and out from under her and let it rest between the cheeks of her ass for a second as I reached around and grasped her face, still gripping her by the ponytail with the other hand. My big hand covered the lower half of her face, and I gripped her somewhat roughly, distorting her lips. I leaned forward and whispered, "Beg me not to stop." She hesitated and I shook her head slightly, "Beg me or I'll put my cock away and drive off right now."

Diane was clearly dealing with conflict here. I helped her by pushing the schlong back down between her legs, grabbing it by its thick base and slapping the length of against her pudendum, slapping slowly at first, then building up speed. She was making the 'O' sound with every slap. I built to a fast rhythm going and then stopped suddenly, holding it the schlong down, rubbing it tantalizingly against the insides of her thighs.

Her voice was small and and sounded far away, "P-P-please, please Derek, please don't stop."

I started slapping my meat against her pooty again, alternately sliding it against the opening of her wet gash.

Every few strokes I would angle the head back and push it against her opening, letting it slip forward just as it started to push against the resistance of her tight hole.

She came down off her tip toes and started to let her weight down on my cock, pushing down on it. She also started rocking her pelvis slightly, sliding her pussy back and forth along the length.

I kept teasing the opening of her hole with my big fat cockhead, pushing past it at the last minute and slapping the knob against her clit. This always elicited a chorus of O's from her sweet throat.

As I rubbed her clitoris with the backside of my cockhead, she tensed, sucked in a big breath and went over the edge again, whimpering and whining her pleasure as she shuddered in my grip.

I decided it was time to take the plunge. I Stood her up,

pulling her back against me. I let go of her hair and ran my hands around her front and got my hands under her boobs. God, they fit my hands just perfectly!

Gripping her breasts roughly, I slammed her body back against my chest and brought myself up to full height, the back of my raging hard-on pressing up against her pussy, lifting her up on her tip toes again. I told her to look down. She obeyed, and I knew she was seeing the fat knob of my ten inch schlong poking out into the air in front of her. I gave it a couple of good thrusts for effect; lifting her body and making her whimper and cry.

"If you want it inside you, you have to ask me nicely baby."

I was a little taken aback by her response.

"Please, I-I want you to put it inside me, BUT..."

BUT?

She hesitated, obviously thinking things through. I kept up the sliding thrusts, all the while teasing her nipples with my fingertips, circling her aureoles, tweaking and diddling the erect tips.

She got a little lost in a round of moaning, then found her voice, "...but, I need you to use a...a condom. Please?"

"What?" I couldn't help the slight incredulity in my voice. I got a little rougher with her nipples without realizing it as I spoke, "You want me to wear a rubber? Don't you think I'm clean?"

She had been docile when she asked, but I could hear a little resolve starting to build in her voice.

"Well, I do NOT want to catch an STD, but aside from that, I'm not 'fixed'."

She paused, thinking.

"It's a long shot, but I could get pregnant."

I backed down a little, "Ok, baby, I'll have to run out to my car, I've got some in the glove box."

I was again a little shocked by her retort. "You were supposed to be this big player," there was a little bit of minx in her voice, very uncharacteristic for Diane, "I figured you'd carry

one in your wallet."

I let go of her tits and got both my big hands around her throat, squeezing just slightly. She groaned and shivered responsively.

I moved my lips up against her ear, and whispered low, "I'm going out to my car to get a condom, when I come back, you're going to find out what kind of 'player' I am baby.

When get back I want to find you with your pants all the way off, bent over with your hands on this shelf and your legs spread, ready to fuck, is that clear?" She nodded her head quickly. I could feel her hot pulse through her pussy against my dick. I gave her throat just a slight squeeze, then let go.

I pushed her forward and her hands fell back onto the shelf in front of her. I reached around and pinched her clit sheath between my fingers, pulling and stroking it as I slid my cock back and forth against her slit. I could feel her ridiculously swollen labia protruding from her cleft. I grabbed her right wrist and guided her hand to her pussy. "I'll only be gone a minute, you keep this thing hot and wet until I get back."

I could tell it was humiliating for her, felt an intense resistance in her hand as I placed it over her hairy mound. "Please Derek, I, uh..."

"Listen Diane, I know you know how to play with yourself," I noted sarcastically, "Do as I say. I'll be right back."

I got my pants up and headed out to my car.

On the way out my mind was active with thoughts of how I was going to play this. I was thinking fast, on the fly, and it was intensely exciting.

I got into my glove box and retrieved a strip of condoms, along with a small bottle of lube. I realized suddenly that Derek junior was starting to get a little relaxed, but I knew it wouldn't be a problem, I'd get hard in a few seconds slapping it against Diane's sweet little ass.

Then a brilliant and marginally evil thought came to my mind.

Starting right at that moment, I began to think the most boner shrinking thoughts I could imagine, starting with baseball scores, boring clients, and then I had my 'aha!' boner-killer moment.

Loretta, the logistics supervisor at the main office, a big, loud ugly woman, about the most un-attractive woman I could imagine. I began to visualize her as I never had before, and it worked. My erection began to fall and soften.

The chill autumn air helped a lot too.

I dug in the glove box for the one other item I would need for little miss tight ass and headed back inside. I was focusing on Loretta's face with all my might.

I half expected Diane to have panicked, got all buttoned back up and headed out the other exit. It wouldn't have surprised me much if she bailed.

But when I got back to the storeroom there she was, like a dream come true, stripped to the waist and bent over the shelf at the back of the dimly lit little closet.

I had to laugh a little; her pants were folded on the shelf, with her panties laid neatly on top. It looked like she was even obeying my commands and diddling herself.

I left the door open slightly behind me, letting in just enough light, set my go-cam on the shelf between some boxes, and aimed it as best I could.

I walked up behind her and ran my hand soothingly up her back under her blouse. She melted under my touch.

"God what took you so long?"

Her voice was edgy, and I could tell she was getting nervous about this whole thing, probably looking for any excuse to bolt before it was too late.

"Sorry baby, they weren't in my glove box, I had to dig through my case. You've been a good girl though; I've got a nice big reward for you,"

I let my words hang for a moment, and then threw down the gauntlet,

"...but first I need you to fluff me up a little so we can get this condom on."

Her puzzled little voice resonated back to me from the wall and shelves in front of her face.

"You need me to wh-what?"

I was as nonchalant as I could be, "My cock went a little soft on my scavenger hunt, I just need you to get me hard again so we can get this condom on it."

"Well...well what do want me to do?" I was on the verge of chuckling at her innocent little girl voice.

"I just need you to turn around and give me a little blowjob baby, that's all. It won't take long."

That much was the truth, I could feel myself starting to swell just thinking about it. Loretta, Loretta, Loretta...

She turned around and looked up at me, disgusted.

Her face was a mixture of frustration and distaste. She sighed, let her chin drop slightly, glared at me over her glasses and gave me a perfect Tina style "Really!?"

"No big deal baby, just get on your knees and get it hard."

She looked down at my schlong, curved downward in a nice long arc, still soft enough to legitimize my request. A slightly startled look came over her face, mixed with disgust.

"Oh my God, you...you shave your gear?"

I chuckled and nodded. "Most ladies like a smoothly shaved cock and balls, baby. I like to get my balls licked; shaved balls get a lot more love."

She frowned and wrinkled her nose, "Unggh, Grr-ross!"

"L-look, I'm..." She hesitated and drew in a breath, "I'm not very good at...at...the blowjob, and I don't...I just..."

I put my hands comfortingly on her shoulders and squeezed gently. It's been my experience that when a woman tells you she gives lousy head, she ain't lyin'.

That can usually be interpreted as "I hate sucking cock."

"It's okay, hon, doesn't have to be pro-level, just get down on your knees and I'll walk you through it."

I was beginning to think I'd pushed the whole thing beyond the breaking point, and my dick was dropping in earnest, when she lowered her face, shook her head slightly and sighed.

"Alright, fine I'll do it."

She grasped the shelves on either side of the narrow passage and lowered herself reluctantly to the floor in front of me.

Thank god for perfect shelf height!

If I hadn't screwed up the positioning or the low light setting on my cam, then I had the tip of my dick in place for a perfect side shot.

I took her right hand from the shelf opposite the cam and guided it gently over to the base of my cock, laying her cool, slim fingers over the top of my soft shaft and guiding her thumb around underneath.

I could feel her tighten her grip, instinctively trying to gauge its girth. Even as soft as it was she couldn't quite close her hand all the way around. She didn't look up as I spoke softly but firmly.

"I don't know who told you aren't good at giving head, but if you stick to the basics and keep your teeth out of the game, there's really nothing to it. Here's step one, get a good grip with your right hand."

I wrapped my right hand around hers, then reached down with my left hand and wrapped it around her delicate little wrist. Slowly, coaxingly I started pushing and pulling her wrist, using her hand to stroke myself.

"Stroke the cock nice and steady like this, and then just start licking the tip. If that's all you do, you can make most guys happy. It will definitely get me good and hard. You can develop your technique from there"

She had her head tilted forward to keep me from watching her as she feebly darted her tongue out and repeatedly licked the very tip of the head, like a kitten lapping at a saucer of milk.

I'd let the head tilt go for now. Whatever dignity she thought she was preserving would be decimated on video. I just hoped the cam was working.

"Mmm, that's good baby, keep going. Now reach up your other hand and cup my balls."

Again, she let out that sigh of resignation mixed with a groan of distaste. I loved it. She reluctantly let go of the shelf with her left hand, brought it up from under and gingerly

weighed my ballsack.

There's nothing I love more than a girl who really doesn't like to give head but gets down on her knees and gets the job done anyway. I'd take a girl like that over a cum guzzling whore any day.

"Mmm, very nice. Nice job baby. Now move your hand up towards the head and start pulling the foreskin back while you stroke the cock, and swirl your tongue all over the head, not just the tip."

She paused and let out a little huff of indignation, "Do you have to talk to me while I'm doing this? It's degrading enough just being down here on my knees."

"Sorry baby, just trying to give you a little guidance to make this go quicker, I'll shut up if it makes you feel better, but yeah, more tongue please, and work the underside of the head a little more."

Diane hesitated, shook her head a little and let out a disgruntled huff, but her mouth went back on the knob. She skinned it back and increased her tongue action, just as she was told.

"Oh, just one more thing, if I may?"

I heard the breath snort out of her nose, but her tongue didn't leave my knob as she asked "Whuth mnow?"

This was too much fun. I blurted quickly, "Just, um slowly, steadily increase your stroke speed, make sure your lips cover your teeth and alternate your licking with a little sucking on the knob, and get the scrotum hand busy too, try gently massaging and pulling at the balls a little."

She brought her mouth off my cock briefly but didn't look up as she spoke in a curt monotone,

"Doing my best here."

She went back to work and much to my surprise, she followed instructions very well, even somewhat enthusiastically.

I rested my hand on the back of her sweet little head and started rocking my pelvis ever so slightly. I had the strongest urge to grab her by the ears and skull-fuck her, but good sense won the day. Instead I gently poked the head of my cock in to her mouth just up to the glans with every stroke.

She pulled her lips off, bucking a little at the hand on her head. Her voice was fraught with bitchy impatience.

"This is taking a long time, isn't it hard enough yet!?"

I just smiled, "Not quite yet baby, but you're doing a great job!"

She was turning out to be a first rate cocksucker. I was tempted to tell her she could go pro, but decided to withhold that comment until it was too late for her to quit.

"Here, let me speed things up a little. Take your hand off the cock and stick your tongue out as far as you can."

She did as I asked, but tried to keep her head down so I couldn't see. That wasn't working for me.

I grabbed a knot of hair at the back of her head and pulled back ever so gently, grabbed my mostly solid shaft at the base, and began stroking my shaft and slapping my cockhead against her tongue.

The look on her face was priceless, her eyes blinking in shock. She didn't have much to say, just barely audible grunts escaping through her nose. I could tell she half wanted to protest, half wanted to get me hard and get this over with.

Fortunately, I had read her submissive tendencies correctly.

She pulled her tongue back in and I beat off against her lips for a few strokes, and followed up by rubbing my slobbery pud across her lips and cheeks.

"There, it's hard enough now, let's get a glove on and get going."

You have now been sufficiently humiliated and degraded, you stuck-up cunt.

She got to her feet, shuffled in a daze for a second then turned, bent over and grabbed the shelf.

I didn't expect her to just jump up and assume the position, but then I figured she probably didn't want to look me in the face me while I fucked her either.

I rolled the condom onto my turgid member and applied some of the lube to my fingers and in turn to her slightly air-dried

vulva. I lubed her interior nicely with my index and middle finger.

I poked the tip of my slick, coated thumb into her tight little brown-eye. I just said "Oops!" and laughed as she jumped and grunted.

I grabbed her ass cheeks in both hands and spread them quickly and roughly, then stood up straight to slap the back of my pud against her slit.

She stiffened up a little as I instructed her, "Ok baby, grab the big pole and put it in your little hole!"

Diane bitched a little under her breath, "Unggh, do you have to be so crude, REALLY?" she obeyed, reached back and got hold of the schlong.

As she got her hand around my knob, she pushed it down and away and spoke quickly and a little desperately, "Okay Derek, we both know you're thing...you're...it's BIG Okay?, so could you please go very slowly? I need to adjust, PLEASE?"

"Oh, so you haven't had a big cock before?" I asked with a chuckle in my voice.

Even though she was facing away, I could hear the eye roll in her sarcastic reply.

"I'm sure you never get tired of hearing this Derek, but no, I have not had anything this big in my vagina since the last time I gave birth. Does that make you happy?"

She was right; I never get tired of hearing that.

I chuckled quietly, "Don't worry, I'll go easy on you".

Her fingers were coated in lubricant, and I gave a couple of hip thrusts and fucked hand lightly with my condom encased sausage.

She got the message and gingerly rotated her hand underneath it, snugging the top of the head up against her slippery opening.

Her hand was pressing up under it, sliding it back and forth between her slippery labia as she attempted to push it up into her hole. The head kept slipping past the tiny opening.

I let her have a half dozen tries at it, then I tightened my grip on her hips, lined up my poker and gave a short quick thrust, pushing quickly past some pretty serious resistance, and

planted the head just inside her tightly stretched opening.

Diane cried out loud and jumped, her whole body convulsed like she'd just received a 100 volt electrical shock.

I rocked my pelvis forward and back, fucking her with just the head.

Her moaning took on a new characteristic, a surprised quality, like every thrust into her tight gap was a voyage of discovery into a strange new territory.

She was hot inside, and I wanted to plunge my heat seeking missile all the way in to the source, but I was playing the long game with Diane.

She wanted it slow? I was just going to slip the meat to her one inch at a time and make the little cunt beg me for each and every inch.

I kept rocking it into her, asking how she was doing down there. "When you want more cock, just ask nicely and I'll stick more into you, okay sweetheart?"

She didn't answer, just moaned disconnectedly, but before long, she started to rocking her pelvis slightly to meet my thrusts. Bent forward with her elbows on the shelf, she didn't have a lot of freedom of movement, but I didn't like her thinking she was taking any control here.

I started spanking her ass, timed with my thrusting cock, alternating butt cheeks. Gauging by her reaction, she liked the spanking, because started pushing back a little more and actually gained an inch.

I pulled my cock out of her, grabbed a handful of hair at the back of her head and shoved her all the way forward, pressing her thighs tight against the shelf in front of her. I pushed her torso down onto the rough plywood and put pressure on her neck.

The thought of her soft tits pressed down against the unfinished wood made the blood rush to my cock.

"I told you were going to have to ask nicely if you wanted more, did I not?"

She answered breathlessly, "Yes, yes you did."

She yelped loudly as I spanked her hard on both cheeks.

"Well, let's understand something: I'm in charge, and if you want more cock, you have to ask nicely for it, say "Please", address me as 'Sir', and thank me if and when I pork it to you, got it?"

She gave a pleasantly compliant, "Y-Yes...yes sir!"

I shoved a couple more inches of cock into her for good behavior, eliciting a long 'Ohhh!' from deep down in her gut.

After only a few more strokes she meekly asked for a little more, adhering to the protocol. I kept her held down anyway, she couldn't move forward or back in this position, and I liked being in charge of her body. If she got splinters in her nipples, well, that would just make her think about me later.

I held her by the hair for a bit longer, and continued to deliver nicely timed love spansks across the top of her ass with my free hand.

After a short time I moved both hands to her back and held her down in her place with my upper body weight.

We continued in this fashion. She repeatedly asked for more and I would make her ask "pretty please", and then begrudgingly give her an inch in short, slow strokes. Before long I was about halfway in.

That's when my cruel streak kicked in to gear.

I waited for the next, "Sir may I have some more?", then said with a sardonic grin in my voice, "Sure baby, but answer me a little question first: does your husband's cock go this deep?"

She was silent for a few seconds, then sighed,

"You're a pig."

"True" I grinned wide, "but you're not getting any more cock until I get an answer, baby doll."

She thought about it all of three seconds then caved, "No, my husband's penis does not go in this deep, okay?"

"Wow really? Even when when it's in all the way to the hilt huh? I mean, you're asking for more cock, so I'm just wondering..."

Diane didn't qualify that with a response, at least not until I put in another inch or so, using the wet line on my cock shaft as a depth gauge.

I stroked in and out of her, giving her a little of the old side to side, up and down.

I started rocking up and down from my heels to my tip toes. With half my cock inside and half outside, the length of my iron hard rod acted as a lever, and the tight 'O' ring of her opening acted as a fulcrum, resulting in the head of my cock attempting to spiraling around inside her in a long arc against her well lubricated, tightly stretched resistance.

It was a safe bet she'd never been fucked like this before. As I worked the head around in a death spiral inside her, Diane's moaning increased to an unprecedented intensity.

"...You must have been wanting something bigger for a long time, being married to a guy with a small cock. Does he even fuck you anymore?"

It must have been difficult for her, trying to protest while so obviously loving the cock pounding she was taking, but she managed a quick, quiet, "Can we please not talk about my husband? Please?"

"Sure whatever, I just thought we could have a conversation like two consenting adults having a hot fuck in the closet, that's all."

I let her off the hook and continued porking her like a spiral cut ham, increasing the radius of the spiral by lunging up on to my tip toes every other stroke. I still had my cock only halfway in.

She asked for a little more and I answered, "Oh, so you're ready for me to boldly go where no man has gone before?"

She sighed impatiently and answered with characteristic sarcasm, "Yes Sir, your penis is the biggest. Please put it in deeper, Sir."

I obliged and stretched her walls a little wider.

"Do you have to be so crude? I mean do we really have to talk while we're doing it?"

"While we're doing what, baby?"

"While we're...mm...um, making love."

I couldn't keep from laughing out loud, but continued

methodically fucking her while I talked;

"Honey, I hate to remind you, but you are bent over in a storage closet getting the shit fucked out of you by a man you don't even like."

I fucked her hard as I spoke, pounding my cock into her in three strokes timed precisely with the words "Shit, Fucked, Out".

"Can you really call that 'Making Lu-UV'?"

She answered quietly with a terse, "No, I suppose not."

"Well it's not baby, I don't love you, you don't love me and what we're doing here is fucking, plain and simple. If you wanted 'Lu-UV making, you could have called up your boyfriend Kenneth."

She reacted, deflecting, "Kenneth is NOT my boyfriend!" She guffawed. "let's leave Kenneth out of this please." She sounded as though I'd burst her defensive, pathetic little bubble.

"Diane, Diane, you and I both know Kenneth probably thinks about 'Making Luuvv' to you all the time. He'd probably buy you dinner, get a nice hotel room, run you a bubble bath, order champagne, put rose petals on the bed, all that shit, you know it and I know it."

She didn't put up any argument, just quietly grunted as I packed my meat into her.

I just thought I'd make the experience a little more degrading for her by reminding her that given her choices , she went with a mop closet fuck with the rude, ugly guy and his big cock over a romantic date with her handsome guy pal.

"Let's face it baby, Kenneth can't give you what you need like I can, because I'm sure you don't want him to know what you really need."

"And what is it I need exactly, Mr. Know-it-all?"

"I'm pretty sure we've both figured that out tonight baby."

I held her body in place as I pulled my cock out for a little demonstration. I shoved a single finger into her vagina and started fucking her with it.

"Ok, this is Kenneth here: 'Oh, Diane my dear, how do you like it? Did you cum yet? Am I being too rough with you darling? No?

Faster?, okay dear, I'll speed up but..." I ramped up the finger fucking, "... but it might make me shoot my, Oh my goodness, oh, oH! OH!!" I poked my finger erratically around inside her. "Oops, sorry darling, I came too quick..." I let my finger go limp inside her.

I could make out some barely perceptible nasal snorting, but I could definitely see her back shaking with suppressed laughter.

"All right big guy, you've made your point. Can you please just put your enormous thingy back into my Hoo-Hoo and concentrate on the business at hand?"

Glad she could see the humor even when she was pissed.

"Ok, are you ready for the whole enchilada baby?"

She seemed a little taken aback, but she was pretty worked up and getting a little frustrated.

"Do you mean all the way in?" She hesitated.

"Yes, yes, put it in all the way, please. Sir."

I loved torturing her with rhetorical questions while I fucked her.

"When I put it in there what do you want me to do with it baby?"

"Oh God, really? Come on Derek, you already know!"

"Yes, but I want to hear you say it, my little fuck doll." I gave her a couple of quick and painful ass slaps. "And ask nicely, got it?"

"Yes sir."

She cleared her throat, "Please sir, please put your big cock all the way inside me and fuck me with it."

"Well sure, ok baby, if you're going to put it that way. All you have to do is ask you know!"

She let out a bad punch-line groan of disapproval.

I reared back and pulled it almost all the way out. I could hear her take in a big breath and hold it, her body tensing for impact. I played the head around in her tight opening, like a fisherman dangling the bait. I put my hands on top of her hips, gripped hard, and slammed the torpedo home.

My cock has made a lot of women scream out loud, you might say that's a forgone conclusion. I don't recall ever hearing one quite like this.

Most of the women I fuck at least know their own needs and have reached out into the world through the internet to have those needs met.

The unique thing about Diane, I was realizing right at that moment, was that she had not only kept the knowledge of her basic needs from the rest of the world, like most people do; she had been successful at keeping that knowledge from herself.

It made me realize how supremely lucky she was that I came along, with my big cock and certain knowledge of how to use it on her.

I pounded the cock home in one long stroke, eliciting the scream.

She came within two more strokes. In the midst of her screaming and moaning, she announced it by stammering the words "I'm cuh-cuh-Cumm-mmmning!", then continuing in a rhapsody of ecstatic screams and cries.

I'm pretty sure she was loud enough to be heard through the walls, but she didn't seem conscious of it.

I let go of her hips and let 'er buck, and she went at it with a vengeance.

She pushed back, grabbing the edge of the shelf. She met every thrust with her skinny, wet ass. I spanked her freely swinging tits and grabbed her by the nipples pulling back and forth with her thrusting.

The blank walls of the little storeroom echoed with the carnal slapping sound of slippery wet flesh colliding and Diane's high pitched, monkey lust grunting.

I thought the moment was finally right, so I went ahead with something I'd wanted to do from the beginning.

I got a good mouthful of saliva worked up, then let it fall right on target into the cute little brown eye that had been winking up at me for the past half hour. Without a great deal of ceremony,

I drove my middle finger unannounced all the way into Diane's

presumably virgin asshole. I slammed it home all the way to the knuckles.

She howled like a banshee, but it was too late for her to protest much since she was already riding the backside of the wave of a huge orgasm. In fact, I think it actually made her cum some more, and harder.

I smiled as I looked down, flipping the bird at Diane with my thick finger ass fucking her. Fuck you , you pretentious little cunt.

She grunted like a sow in labor as her body stiffened, convulsed and writhed, then finally collapsed face down in a pile on the plywood shelf.

I could have gone ahead and shot my wad then too, especially after Diane's little demonstration, but I knew I could keep it up a lot longer.

Now that she had been blown off the summit of a big orgasm, the degradation of the whole depraved mop closet fuck scenario would be setting in soon, the recognition of her exposed inner slut and all the remorse that goes with that. It always does, especially with a catholic girl like Diane.

I just kept steadily slapping her the meat.

Now that she was slumped forward as relaxed as I could have ever imagined uptight little Diane, it was literally like slamming my dick into a pile of soft, wet meat, and I wanted in the worst way to let her know that's exactly what she was.

"You're welcome baby," She didn't respond, but she slowly propped herself up on her elbows as I continued rhythmically slapping my pelvis against her ass. "Feeling alright? Your husband ever make you cum like that?"

No response.

"Let's turn you over." I didn't wait for a reply as I backed out, stood her up and turned her around by her shoulders. I grabbed her by the waist and jumped her bare ass up to a seated position on the shelf, holding her shoulders as I gently pushed her back.

I reached down and grabbed her behind the knees and she instinctively lay her upper body back onto the shelf as I pulled her legs up and held them to either side of my torso, pulling her ass out over the edge of the shelf.

She grimaced as I slipped the sch-loong back into her and started slapping my wet pelvis' against hers.

I renewed my grip around her skinny thighs, just above her knees and pushed her legs back roughly along her sides. For a girl who probably never worked out, she was incredibly flexible, but she grunted and groaned as I stretched her hips for her.

The repositioning exposed and thrust her sex out into the open, and even through her thick bush I could see that the flesh around her pussy was red and inflamed as my dick smacked into it's stretchy softness.

I had no mercy and started stoking it to her hard and fast, slamming my dick all the way into her with every rapid thrust. Her pussy was making little squelchy farting sounds.

The corners of her mouth turned down and her lips drew back from her teeth in a grimace. A steady high pitched groan came from her throat, punctuated by a percussive grunt every time my pelvis slammed into hers.

I was enjoying the way her tits were bouncing, circling and wobbling freely as I pumped her. She looked up and saw me taking in her full frontal nudity, she quickly grabbed the corners of her blouse and drew them together over her slight midriff bulge. I smiled at her self

consciousness.

Most housewives have those little bulges, and and they all seem to think it's the ugliest thing in the world. Just one more thing I use to exert control over them.

Her voice was weak, and as she spoke it sounded like she was far away.

"Derek..., are you about done?"

I kept a straight face, "Done?, um, no honey, just getting started why?"

She sighed long and hard, then spoke like a shy teenage girl in the back seat.

"Well, it's getting pretty late, and besides that..."

She hesitated, her voice interrupted by a pussy fart and the sound of my hard pelvis steadily slapping against her soft, wet

flesh.

"...besides, I, uh, I normally just have one orgasm. After that I get pretty sensitive...you know, down there."

She breathed deep and sighed again, then rolled her eyes, "I came a few times tonight and I'm getting pretty sore." She said it as though she really hated to admit it.

She gave me a pleading little pain smile, "So-oo, could you please finish up soon, pretty please?"

I gave her another sample of my evil chuckle, "Well that's difficult with a condom on baby, makes my cock a little insensitive. I'll have to go extra hard and fast to make it happen.

She groaned, and not in a good way. "Well, I really can't take it very much longer, okay?"

"Okay baby, I'll try to cum quick," I lied.

I tried to speak casually as I suggested, "Of course, you could always finish me off with a nice blow job, that usually works..."

She grunted her disapproval through clenched teeth. The grimace on her face was intensifying, and the sound of her breath through her teeth was growing louder by the second as I picked up my pace.

"...Or if you want I could stick it up your ass and buttfuck you..."

Her eyes widened with fear and she shook her head violently, "NO! That is NOT happening!!!"

I laughed, getting the reaction I'd wanted. A little fear is always nice to have on your side when dealing with a bitchy, superior type of girl.

"Ok, baby, just checking, lots of girls like it up the pooper..."

"NOT this girl!" She interrupted. She went quickly back to grimacing and grunting.

I was conciliatory, "Okay, baby, I'll have to stroke pretty hard and fast, but I'll try to cum as quick as I can. Uncover your boobs, it turns me on to watch them bounce around while I fuck

you."

She reluctantly pulled her blouse apart, exposing her knockers, which were moving around on her chest with a mind of their own as I boffed the shit out of her.

I banged the fuck out of her for another five minutes or so, but it didn't take very much longer for her to give up. She struggled in my grip, trying to push my hips away with the flat of her palms.

"Okay derek, I have to stop, I'm so sore I don't know how I will be able to walk after this. I'll do the blowjob, anything you want, but I can't do this anymore."

It was everything I could do to keep from snickering. Do the blowjob?

I tried to act cool.

"Sorry baby, most girls are happy to have a big cock they can ride all night, but okay if you insist...."

She was slightly apologetic, as much as a stuck up bitch like Diane could be.

"I'm sorry Derek, it's not...it's just that...I'm not used to that."

"It's okay honey, but if you don't mind, I'd like to have at least one orgasm myself."

I stood back as she got down off the shelf, moving a little gingerly. It was pretty obvious her pussy was sore. Wondered if she'd call in sick tomorrow with a UTI.

Diane stood there for a second, acting like she didn't know what to do. She started to say something and I reached over and gently pulled her in to me. She started to reach up around my shoulders, like she thought we were going to hug, as I reached up and put my hands on her shoulders, pushing her down to her knees.

I rolled the condom off my dick and let go of it, letting it bounce around in the air near her face, whacking her chin. She was a slow starter, acting awkwardly.

I spoke up, "Same thing as before baby, you haven't forgotten how to suck cock already have you?"

She glared up at me over the top of her glasses then looked head on at my dick and got that determined, "Let's just get this over with" look on her face, opened wide and took it into her mouth.

Apparently she did remember my impromptu instructions and began doing an admirable job, stroking it, skinning back the head, licking, sucking, stroking the scrotum. It felt pretty good, but all the same, I knew her level of effort was not going to make me bust nut.

I told her to grip the cock as tight as she could, then grabbed her by the wrist and started jerking off with her hand. Her soft little hand did feel pretty good.

I told her to open up as wide as she could and stick her tongue out all the way. I started mouth fucking her, and she tried to move her head backwards with every stroke. I wrapped my hands around the crown of her head and held it in place to keep from chasing her as she strained her neck.

This was starting to do the trick, and I did a little moaning and groaning myself, feeling the tingle as my burning load started making my prostate spasm.

She obviously got the idea that I was on the verge too, because she suddenly stopped, popped the cock out of her mouth and hesitantly asked:

"Derek, would you mind not cumming in my mouth?, please?"

I had expected this, but acted supremely disappointed. I threw her a mock "Really!" and an eye roll to go with it.

She looked up pleadingly, "If you cum in my mouth I'll throw up for sure."

She made a cute little frowny face.

I acted grumpy about it and said, "Aww, okay..."

In reality, I would have been happy to shoot off in her mouth and watch her throw up, but I'd save that for another time.

I almost felt like I had degraded her enough when an idea occurred. I didn't even consider asking nicely.

"Lick my balls baby."

Again the hairy eyeball look over the top of the glasses, but no verbal argument.

She grabbed the cock, hoisted it and began to lick my nutsack. She was no pro, but I pushed her hand off and took over on the jerking, flopping my nuts against her tongue with every stroke. Now that felt good.

I smiled down at her as she avoided my eyes.

She actually responded and dug in with her tongue the more I groaned. I could tell she wanted nothing better than to get me done and get out.

I turned around and swung a leg up on to the shelf, dangling the balls right over her upturned face, with my asshole parked right at eye level.

I grabbed her hand and put it on my cock, ordering her, "Stroke the cock while you lick that nut sack baby, make me cum!"

She obeyed, and I think she was actually giving it a good effort, but I still urged her on, talking down to her as though she wasn't.

I ordered her to suck my balls and she obeyed, wrapping her lips on the egg sized testicles one at a time and sucking. That got her nose right up in proximity to my sphincter, which just about made me toss my load. I'm pretty sure it was just about to make her toss too.

I didn't want her to get away with jacking my load on the shelf in front of me. That would just be too easy.

I swung my leg down and turned, putting my cock back in her face.

I grabbed the bottle of lube off the shelf, upended it over her boobs and squeezed a generous amount into the canyon between them. Diane shook her head and let out a loud "Eeeew! What are you DOING!"

"Hold your boobs together baby, I'm going to fuck your tits. I'll get off quick and easy that way, I promise!"

She was getting really tired of my game, I could tell, so this would be the last time I could jerk her around.

Diane shook her head and begrudgingly got her hands along both sides of her breasts and pushed them together. I parked my knob at the rounded bottom of the crack and shoved it up between her globes. It felt fantastic. I was so glad I grabbed that bottle

of lube.

I grabbed her by her thin shoulders and stuffed my schlong up between her tits over and over. It felt so good I went slow at first, enjoying every sliding thrust. Several times I had to order her to keep 'em pushed together. I pushed my cock to the top of the stroke and had her lean down and lick the head.

I was thinking how degrading it would look from a side view, Diane on her knees bent forward as I leaned my weight on to her weak little shoulders and rutted my cock between her tits with an ever increasing frenzy.

I decided it was time to pop my rocks, got a good grip on her shoulders and started fucking her tits for all I was worth, grunting like a rutting boar.

I knew my load would be big, after all I had been worked up all afternoon and had been Fucking Diane for the better part of an hour, but I didn't expect the blast that I gave her, and I was damn sure she hadn't expected it either.

When I shoved my cock up that tight cleft for the last time, the tip of my cock exploded with a blast that sent a thick wad shooting up over the top of her head to land in her hair, followed by more scatter blasts that splattered all over her chin and shoulders, up the sides of her face, into her hair and over her chest.

Diane let go of her breasts and just knelt there with that shell shocked look on her face. I wasn't quite through, grabbed my dick at the base and spanked it across the top of her wet tits, realeasing the last of my payload and spattering it abroad.

She looked down at the semen sprayed all over her tits, and looked up at my arching dong, still draining a long rope of cum onto her tits.

Diane's chin started to wrinkle a little, and her shoulders shook. Her upper body lurched as she started to gag.

Her hands went to her mouth as she jumped to her feet and very quickly bolted through the door to the adjacent restroom.

Guess she really doesn't like cum, I thought to myself.

I pulled on my pants and shoes and retrieved my video cam from its spot on the shelf.

I also grabbed Diane's panties off the shelf and pocketed them,

after briefly considering taking her slacks too. How humiliating to have to find some way to go home with nothing on from the waist down. That would have to wait for another time too.

I walked past the restroom and could hear Diane emptying her stomach into the toilet.

I straightened myself up a little and got ready to leave.

I didn't figure Diane would come out to kiss me goodbye. She only got up from the toilet to slam the bathroom door closed and lock it.

I left a little note on her keyboard on my way out:

"Thanks for a good time baby, can't wait for the next one!"

- Luuv, Derek

I was pretty sure she was not counting on a next time, but I was already making future plans.

I had checked the video cam briefly, and the low light setting had worked perfectly.

There is definitely going to be a next time, and as many next times as I want, until I get tired of her skinny ass. She obviously got the idea that I was on the verge too, because she suddenly stopped, popped the cock out of her mouth and hesitantly asked:

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I walked past the restroom and could hear Diane emptying her stomach into the toilet.

I straightened myself up a little and got ready to leave.

I didn't figure Diane would come out to kiss me goodbye. She only got up from the toilet to slam the bathroom door closed and lock it.

I left a little note on her keyboard on my way out:

"Thanks for a good time baby, can't wait for the next one!"

- Luuuv, Derek

I was pretty sure she was not counting on a next time, but I was already making future plans.

I had checked the video cam briefly, and the low light setting had worked perfectly.

There is definitely going to be a next time, and as many next times as I want, until I get tired of her skinny ass.

Working Overtime

by [Patrick7](#)©

I had just graduated from college with a degree in accounting, and my first job was as a junior accountant for one of the big firms. Not very exciting, but it was a job, and the best part was all of the attractive women that I got to see on a daily basis in their pantsuits and dresses. For a horny guy like myself, that was quite a treat. The hours went by relatively quickly with that kind of eye candy around. I spent half the time in the office with a boner, looking at all these girls and fantasizing what I would do with them if I ever got the chance.

The main object of my fantasies, right from the start, was my supervisor, Laura. She was a beautiful tall brunette, about 10 years older than me, and married. She always dressed nicely in high heels and either a dress or tight skirt. She was very strict and demanding with the way she wanted things, and there were times that I thought she was meddling too much with my work, but then I would just picture myself bending her over a desk and nailing her hard. That would make me feel better.

Anyways, about a year after I was hired, the thrill was gone. I was doing good work, but there was no chance of a promotion in sight, the hours were as bad as ever, and my pay raises were almost nonexistent. To make matters worse, I had no time for any kind of social life and was in a long dry spell as far as sex was concerned. I don't think I had gotten laid more than a couple times since I finished school.

The final straw came one Friday afternoon. I was staring at my watch, waiting for the day to end so that I could go home for the weekend, when Laura walked into my cubicle.

"Patrick?"

I looked up at her. "Yes?"

"I'm going to need you to come in to work tomorrow."

I was stunned. "Um, well..."

"We're a little behind on everything, and we all need to catch up. I'll be here, and you will be, too."

And she left. I was just so pissed at that point. I had worked my ass off this whole week without one hint of appreciation from anybody, and now this. My whole routine had been: go to work, go home, jerk off, sleep, and repeat. There was no time for anything else. Laura probably had her husband giving it to her every night, but what about me? Well, I just decided enough was enough. I was going to get back at her somehow.

The next day, I came in to the office bright and early, armed with a couple pills that I had bought awhile ago but thought that I would never use. They were going to come in handy now. I had counted on the office being empty, and I was right. Laura and I were basically the only two people on our floor. Usually, I would have been annoyed about that, but today it would work to my advantage. I knew that Laura liked her coffee. She used the coffee machine in the lounge every day, multiple times. She brewed a fresh cup in the mid-afternoon, and when she stepped out for a second, I went in and dropped the pills into the cup.

They dissolved instantly. She would never even know what hit her.

So I went back to my cubicle. A few minutes later, I saw her walk to her office with the coffee, and then I waited. Fifteen minutes. Half an hour. I was buzzing with excitement, my dick hard in anticipation. I got up and knocked on her door.

"Laura?"

No answer. I opened the door, and sure enough, there she was, slumped back in her chair with her mouth open, snoring softly. I grinned to myself and locked the door behind me. The guy who sold me the pills said that they would knock someone out for several hours, which was more than enough time for what I had planned.

I walked over to her. "Hey!" I called.

She didn't even stir. I touched her cute face and felt her ample breasts for the first time, and she still didn't react at all. Perfect. I first took her out of the chair and laid her gently on the floor. Then, I got undressed. My cock was as hard as a rock, and I decided that I wanted to enjoy her mouth a little bit. I bent over her and put my dick to her open lips, and she started sucking lightly, as if on instinct. That was so hot.

I let her work her magic on my cockhead for a few minutes before running my hands down her luscious body. That day, she was wearing a black dress that went down to her knees. This made things easier for me. I simply pushed the hem of her dress up to her waist, exposing her thighs and lace panties to my gaze. Her legs were long and smooth; you could tell that she kept her body in shape. I slid the panties down her legs and grinned at the sight of her bare, shaved womanhood. What a slut. I spread her legs as far as I could and then crawled between them. Her pussy was kind of dry, so I pressed my mouth to it and gave her clit a good tongue-lashing. She got excited in no time.

Soon, she was wet and leaking for me. I couldn't wait any longer, so without further delay, I climbed on top of her and slid my cock into her love tunnel with one stroke. I had thought about using a condom but figured that since I was already taking a risk, I might as well go the whole nine. I immediately knew I had made the right decision by going bareback. She was even better than I had imagined. So warm, so welcoming. Maybe it was because I hadn't gotten laid in awhile, but being inside her cunt just felt incredible. I actually felt alive for once, taking a woman without her consent, the way it was meant to be.

For a few moments, I stayed still and savored the feeling of being inside Laura, but instinct quickly took over, and I started thrusting slowly. Her tight, wet passage gripped me very nicely, and as I banged her harder and faster, her breathing got heavier, as well.

I smiled down at her sleeping face. "Stupid bitch. You love being used like this, don't you?"

She just sighed weakly in response. I fingered the wedding ring on her hand and realized that this was the first time I had fucked a married woman. That turned me on even more.

After a few minutes, the pressure in my balls started to build, and I knew that it was time to finish this off. I started thrusting like a madman and, with a loud groan, finally fired my seed into her defenseless pussy. I came so hard, and it seemed like I would never stop. When the ride ended, I collapsed on top of her, trying to catch my breath. We were both sweating. Her dress was kind of wet, and her hair was disheveled from the pounding that I had given her.

I basked in the afterglow for a few minutes before getting up and putting my clothes back on. Laura was still lying on the floor with her dress pushed up to her waist and her legs spread wide open. I smiled and tried to burn that image into my memory. Then, I put her underwear back on her and pulled her back up and into the chair. I tried to fix her appearance, too. Other than having a sore pussy, she probably wouldn't notice any difference. Then, I left and went back to my cubicle.

A couple hours later, she walked by. There was a slight flush to her cheeks, but she looked no worse for wear.

"You're still here?" she asked.

"Yeah," I said. "Working hard, you know?"

She smiled. "All right. You can go home now."

So that was it. Laura never suspected a thing. But a few months later, she had to go on leave because she was pregnant. I didn't know much about her situation, but the kid ended up being born almost exactly nine months after our encounter, so you can make of that what you will. She missed work for awhile after that to take care of her baby. My new boss was actually much nicer than she was, so that was good.

Overall, things got much better for me. The only downside was that I didn't get to see Laura's smoking hot body at work

anymore. But hey, what can you do? Those things happen.

Temptress in Yoga Pants

byiggyspear©

"Thank God I was born in the yoga pants era," Mike said as Serena bent down to grab a roll of pennies under the register.

Serena laughed. "And I thank God everyday that you don't wear yoga pants to work."

These two had been working together for little over a month, and in that time the flirting had been nonstop. However, it was only recently that Mike had grown comfortable enough to joke with Serena about her amazing ass.

Serena was well aware that she'd been blessed with a tremendous ass, and she loved to tease Mike with it. It seemed she always had a reason to bend over to grab something in his presence. Mike loved it, and to Serena it was all a game.

Although only twenty years old, Serena had been dating the same guy for years. She unquestionably felt an attraction to Mike, but she wasn't willing to jeopardize her relationship for him.

Mike, on the other hand, was single and horny as a goat. He'd regularly spend half his workday fantasizing about violating Serena's sweet ass. Sometimes he'd even get himself so worked up that he'd go jerk off to her in the bathroom during his lunch break.

Fantasizing about Serena was fine, but after more than a month of staring at and being teased by her juicy ass, Mike was more than ready to make his fantasies a reality. He knew it would be easier said than done. Not only was Serena already in a relationship, but she was a Church-going Christian girl that still lived under her ultra-conservative Dad's roof. Just asking her out to lunch during their break created a moral conflict for Serena, so Mike knew that getting her to suck his cock would probably present quite a big challenge. Nonetheless, he thought it was worth it.

The day Mike finally made a move hadn't begun with him planning anything. It was a pretty typical workday, only Serena looked even sexier than normal. For whatever reason, she'd done herself up in the classic, sexy librarian look. Normally she wore her long, straight brown hair down, but on this particular day she wore it up in a messy bun. To complete the librarian look, she wore thick-rimmed glasses that only served to magnify her already large, doey blue eyes. However, the look of innocence about her face was completely juxtaposed by her scandalously tight yoga pants. Her face was nice to look at, but as was always the case, Mike's eyes were more drawn to her ass than anything.

All day long Serena gave Mike a million opportunities to check out her ass. Sometimes this took the form of her bending over to grab rolls of coins. Other times she gave him a wonderful view of her spread butt cheeks as she kneeled down while looking diligently through shelves. But Mike's favorite view of the day came when Serena reached up to rearrange items on one of the top shelves. While standing on her tippy toes, her polo shirt rid up, exposing a narrow stretch of her pale, white back. And on top of that, the very top of her tiny, pink thong made itself visible as well. If this had happened earlier in the day, Mike would've put it in the spank bank and pleased himself during his lunch break, but as it were it came near the end of his shift.

As luck would have it, only Mike and Serena were scheduled to close down the store that day. "I need to talk to Caroline about the schedule. I get stuck closing with you way to often," Serena joked.

"How do you think I feel?" Mike responded. "Now I have to do all the heavy lifting myself."

"Don't pretend you don't enjoy watching me bend over to pick up boxes. Most guys at least try not to be so obvious when they want to catch a glimpse."

Mike shrugged. "Whatever. You know they're gonna stare anyway, so why be discreet about it?"

"You might as well just start taking pictures," Serena said as she bent over to grab a box. In doing so she intentionally let her ass wiggle more than normal.

"That's not a bad idea, but I'd rather not view the world through a screen like you youngsters."

Serena playfully punched Mike's arm. "Sheesh, you're only five years older than me!"

"Yeah, well back in my day young ladies had the common decency not to prance around in skin-tight yoga pants at work."

Serena laughed, then turned around and put her hands on the counter. She stuck her ass out and did a little shimmy. "Oh, you love it. I know it's the only reason you work this shitty job."

That was pretty much the truth. Mike didn't enjoy the job one bit, but working with Serena made it bearable. Aside from her great looks, she had a charming personality as well. And while closing was usually Mike's very least favorite aspect of the job, closing with Serena made the time fly by. It was nonstop flirting and laughing, right until the time came to lock up. "You ready to roll?" Mike asked as Serena finished counting her drawer.

"Almost, let me just put everything in the safe."

The safe was located under a desk in the back office room in which they were hanging out. Mike knew that watching Serena put money in the safe would be the last chance he'd have to see her bend over for the day, and Serena must have known it too. She bent over in slow, deliberate fashion, and as she did, her pink thong once again popped out over her yoga pants.

This was simply more than Mike could take, and he instantly got hard. Although he thought he might be crossing the line, Mike mentioned, "Pink's a good color on you, but I think purple would match your skin tone better."

"Huh?" Serena responded while she continued to fidget with the safe.

"You got some nice whale tail going there."

While working the combo with one hand, Serena reached back with the other and ran it over her ass. She tried to pull up the waist band of her pants, but it had little effect. "Why don't you take a picture, you perv," she said with her trademark sassiness.

Every now and then a man gets pushed to the point where their horniness overrides all sensibility, and Mike was at that point. While normally a fairly shy and respectful guy, Serena's juicy ass had brought out the worst in him. He walked over to Serena and put his hands on her hips while she was still bent over in a prone position. "I have a better idea," he said.

Things got serious real quick, "What are you doing?" Serena said, without an inkling of humor in her voice as she stood upright.

"I'm sick of playing these games," Mike replied as he ran his hands over Serena's ass.

Now Serena was legitimately frightened. "This isn't funny," she said.

"Who the fuck said it was supposed to be funny?"

Serena had never seen this side of Mike, and quite frankly had no idea this side existed. She was scared shitless about what might happen, but at the same time a little turned on by Mike's inner bad boy. "If you don't stop, I swear I'll yell as loud as I can."

Mike responded by forcibly wrapping his right arm around Serena's waist while covering her mouth with his other hand. She could feel his hard, large cock pressed against her big ass. "Shut the fuck up! Scream, and I'll stick my dick down your fucking throat! I'm going to take my hand off your mouth, and you better not say a fucking word!"

Mike removed his hand, and Serena obliged. She hated Mike more than anything at that moment, and yet to her chagrin she could feel her clam starting to get wet. In the deep recesses of her mind she'd fantasized about being dominated, and had even dreamed about fooling around with Mike. But that was just a fantasy, not something she necessarily wanted in real life. Besides, when she'd thought about what sex with Mike

might be like, she'd imagined he'd be a tender, fun lover. The monster with his dick pressed up against her was hardly someone she recognized.

"Bend over!" Mike commanded as he grabbed a handful of fleshy ass.

Tears filled Serena's eyes. "Please don't," she pleaded in a hushed whisper.

Mike grabbed the nape of her neck, and pinned her head down to the desk. "You're making this much harder than it needs to be."

Serena was getting desperate, so she played the last card she had left. "Please don't do this," she said, nearly weeping. "Let's just forget this happened, and maybe go out to lunch tomorrow and see where that leads."

Mike laughed. "Why waste my time? You're a dirty little slut. I wouldn't bother wining and dining a nasty slut like you."

"I thought you were a nice guy," Serena whispered in an utterly defeated voice.

Mike tightened his grip around Serena's neck. "I was. I am. Know that you made me do this. You can't prance around being a little cocktease all the time and expect nothing to come of it. Now let's see what your working with under those yoga pants."

With one hand still around Serena's throat, Mike pulled the pants down with the other. Serena's ass was pale, large, and round as a wheel. It was even more perfect than Mike had imagined, and it looked all the sexier with the slutty, little thong Serena was wearing. Instinctively Mike gave her ass a hard slap. "You like that?" he asked.

The truth was she kind of did. She had never been spanked by her boyfriend, and she found it oddly arousing. However she didn't say anything, so Mike spanked her again, this time even harder. Serena yelped in pain. "I knew you like it, you little slut," Mike said.

Mike spanked her again and again until her ass had turned bright red. Any pleasure Serena had felt at the onset had dissipated, as each slap caused her to wince in pain.

Finally, with conviction she said, "That's enough!"

Mike's right hand was raised, and he kept it hanging in the air. With his left hand he grabbed Serena's thong and pulled it tight, giving her a wedgie. "Tell me what a naughty slut you are, and I'll stop."

In a completely listless, monotone voice Serena responded, "I'm a naughty slut."

Mike slapped her ass a little softer than before. "Say it like you mean it! Tell me how you love being my dirty little whore!"

This time Serena feigned excitement. "I love being your dirty slut! I love it when you use me!"

Mike smiled and slapped her ass in a light, playful way. "Now tell me how badly you want my big dick."

Sensing that Serena had completely submitted to him, Mike's grip around her body had relaxed. Noticing this, Serena attempted to break away, but Mike immediately grabbed her by the shoulders. "That was a big mistake!" he bellowed as he violently slammed Serena against the desk, so her ass was once more in his crotch. "I control you bitch, don't forget that!"

Serena whimpered, "Okay."

Mike grinned. "Good. Now pull your thong down."

Serena did as she was told, baring her glorious milky, white ass for Mike's pleasure. "Goddamn that's a great ass," he said. "You're going to let me play with it right?"

Feeling utterly helpless Serena replied, "Of course."

Mike ran his hands all over it as he knelt down. Eventually his hand found its way on top of Serena's clam. He was surprised by how wet she was. He ran his middle up and

down her slit, as she began to squirm. Secretly she hoped Mike would insert a finger, but instead he surprised her by biting her ass in a playful manner. Without really meaning to, Serena instinctively reacted by grabbing Mike's head and forcing it up against her sweet behind. Mike nibbled on her cheeks some more, intermixing playful bites with kisses and licks. Serena even gently spanked her own ass so that it jiggled. All of a sudden she felt in control, and she liked it. "You like that ass?" she asked.

Mike was too busy munching on her asshole to respond. He had her cheeks spread wide apart with both hands while he tongued her asshole, giving it little licks that made Serena mad with desire. Her moaning and squirming gave Mike the signal to keep working her, and he responded by inserting two fingers in her pussy, thrusting them in an upward motion. It was the first time Serena had ever known the pleasure of having her asshole and pussy played with at the same time, and she couldn't believe just how amazing it felt. Her boyfriend had never given her a real orgasm, but now she was feeling on the brink. But before she could cum, Mike removed his tongue and fingers. "Turn around bitch!" he commanded.

Serena did as she was told. "Now sit down and open wide!" Mike continued.

Serena hopped up on the desk, and shimmied her yoga pants and thong down until they were completely off. "Umm...that's nice," Mike said. "Now take off the shirt."

Serena was wearing a baggy, polo shirt that was part of the work uniform. When Serena took it off to reveal a lace, pink bra, Mike was shocked by how big her tits were. The baggy polo had concealed them quite well. "Holy shit!" was all he could think to say.

Initially he thought he'd have Serena take the bra off too, but something about her wearing a bra and nothing else was quite a turn on. Mike admired her nearly nude body for a few seconds before putting his hands on her knees. He kissed her neck, then the top of her breasts, before making his way down to her flat stomach. "Open them for me," he said as he gently pried Serena's legs apart.

Serena was still very conflicted by the situation, but figured there were worse things that could happen than getting eaten out, so she opened her legs nice and wide. Mike brought his face to within inches of her pussy. It was completely shaved, and so tight that Mike could've run a credit card down it. In fact, it was positively glistening with

Serena's juices, and looked tasty as hell.

Mike began by planting alternating kisses on her thighs, slowly working his way closer and closer to the promised land. When he finally got to her clean, perfect treasure he pressed his tongue up against it. Using his tongue he probed Serena's hot snatch, first running it in a circle over her outer lips, then her inner lips. He could taste her sweet juices running down his tongue as he pressed it up against the very bottom of her opening. He then slowly ran it up her slit until it was pressed firmly up against her clit. Before licking it proper, he took his mouth away and breathed hot breath on it. This caused Serena to slither like a snake.

After teasing her some more with butterfly kisses in and around her pearl, Mike went all in, lavishing Serena's hard clit with long licks. It was as though he was a kitten lapping up milk, and Serena loved it. To increase the sensation and exert her power, she wrapped her legs in a death grip around Mike's head. This made it a bit difficult for him to breathe, but he kept going until he really needed some fresh air. As he tried to pull away, Serena wrapped her legs even tighter, forcing Mike to eat her out some more.

Sensing a change in the power dynamic, Serena made a bold move. While Mike continued feasting on her gorgeous snatch, Serena slyly reached back to grab a three-hole punch off the desk. Then before Mike had the slightest idea what was happening, she whacked him in the head with it as hard as she could. "Fuck you, you fucking asshole!!" she yelled.

She then whacked him again and attempted to make a break for it, but didn't make it far before Mike grabbed her and vigorously slammed her up against the wall. "Big fucking mistake bitch," he coolly whispered in her ear.

Serena tried to squirm away, but there was nothing she could do. Mike was just too strong and powerful. Wrapping her up by the shoulders, Mike forcibly walked her back over to the desk. Once again she attempted to scream, but Mike covered her mouth. Serena kept struggling to break free, but she had a tiny frame, and couldn't gain any traction. Keeping her nearly naked body pinned to the desk, Mike opened a drawer and pulled out a roll of duct tape and some zip ties. With no regard for Serena's well being, he then grabbed her arms and zip-tied them behind her back. Next he covered her mouth with the duct tape. To top things off, he grabbed a pair of scissors and cut her bra

off. After a while Serena gave up hope, and didn't try to resist.

Still, Mike was reckless and forceful with her. Putting his hand between her shoulder blades, he bent her over and propped her up against the desk. His other hand was busy fidgeting with his zipper, and in seconds flat his pants were around his ankles, and his shirt was off. To him all the trauma was a turn-on, and he was still rock hard. Holding his large rod in his hand, he smacked Serena's ass with it as though it were a baton. "I hope you know how to take a dick bitch," he said as he spread her cheeks apart.

Serena was terrified. Earlier in the ordeal she had entertained the possibility of getting fucked by Mike, but that was before he'd tied her up. Additionally, she had no idea he was hung like a horse, and she feared he would sodomize her. Her fears certainly seemed warranted as Mike pressed his thumb up against her asshole. Serena tried to scream, but against the duct tape it came out as nothing but muffled murmurs. With Serena effectively immobilized, Mike stuck his thumb right up her back door, working it in and out until her previously tight asshole was gaping. He then grabbed his cock and pressed the tip right up against the opening. Serena began to cry. "Don't cry you little slut," Mike said. "It's such a turn-off. Besides, you've got the kind of ass that's meant to take a dick."

Serena closed her eyes and prepared to accept the inevitable, but to her surprise Mike didn't penetrate her ass. Rather he slid his cock down her crack until it was right on top of her warm pussy. "I'll save that for another time," he said, much to Serena's relief.

Serena was still soaking wet, and Mike didn't need to use any lubrication at all. Acting surprisingly gentle he inserted his mushroom tip, and slowly pushed it deeper until his entire, thick shaft was engulfed by Serena's delicate flower. He preceded to grab two handfuls of Serena's ass as he rocked it back and forth on his engorged cock. The more Serena's ass jiggled on his pole, the more turned on he got.

He began to pick up the rhythm, and even with the tape covering her mouth, Mike could hear Serena moaning loudly. Taking the cue, he began to pound her like a jackhammer, moving his hands up to her breasts to pinch and twist her nipples with gusto. He loved having her huge tits in his hands while he fiercely penetrated her like she was a lowly dog. He kept fucking her in this way for what felt like an eternity to Serena.

Her lower back was covered with sweat, some of it hers, and some it sweat that was dripping off Mike's nude body. Serena's body was involuntarily convulsing so erratically that it was almost like she was having a seizure. She was completely subservient to Mike, and to her horror, she realized her body liked the feeling of being used and abused. She even began to gyrate her ass on Mike's dick to give him more pleasure. Instead of being appreciative, Mike removed his hand from her right tit and slapped her across the face. Her gyrating had almost made him cum, and this was his way of making the affair last longer.

However, the violence only turned Serena on more, and she began to slap her backside into Mike's dick with vigor. Mike responded by grabbing her sweaty hair out of its bun, and yanking it as he pulled her goddess-like body onto his throbbing cock. Wanting to cause her even more pain, he preceded to rip the duct tape off her mouth.

"Fuck me! Fuck me harder, you big-dicked bastard," were the first words out of her mouth.

Mike was slamming her as hard as he could, as each thrust of flesh against flesh sounded so loud that it resembled a thunderstorm. "Deeper! Deeper!" Serena yelled. "Fuck me with all that pent up desire!"

Needing better leverage, Mike put one leg up on the desk and started drilling Serena like he was probing for oil. "Tell me how much you love being my cock slut," he said as he wiped the sweat off his brow.

"Ohh..." Serena moaned. "Oh my god...that dick is so big...oh yes...Umm...I love being a slave to your cock! I love being your little cockslut!"

Serena had never been fucked like this in her life, and probably never would again. It was like there was an earthquake inside her body with way she was convulsing, and underneath the desk was a puddle of her wetness. And then for the first time in her life, she knew what a true orgasm felt like. Her body went completely limp and lifeless as she gave herself completely over to Mike's powerful thrusting. It was as though she had melted into him, and lost all will to move. She was completely paralyzed and delusional with pleasure.

When her orgasm finally ended, what had once felt so pleasurable suddenly turned to an acute pain. She pleaded with Mike to stop, but he didn't care. He was going to keep fucking her like a rag doll until he got off too. He was yanking on her hair so hard that clumps were falling out, and Serena's eyes were watering out of sheer pain. In fact, this was the only pain Serena felt as her pussy had gone completely numb. But to Mike there was no feeling but pleasure, and he was ready to cum. "You on the pill?" he asked, right as he was ready to explode.

"No! Pull out! Pull out!" she yelled.

Not wanting to get her pregnant, Mike took her at her word. "I hope you're ready to suck then, slut," he said.

"Fuck you," Serena whimpered. "I'm not putting that horse cock anywhere near my mouth."

"Don't get smart with me!" Mike yelled as he threw Serena to the ground.

She looked completely helpless lying there with her hands tied behind her back, which turned Mike on even more. Grabbing her by the hair, he lifted her listless body up until she was on her knees, and then shoved her face into his crotch. He pressed his dick flat against his stomach, forcing his balls right on Serena's lips. "Lick them good," he demanded.

Serena shook her head no. Mike said, "You're making this harder than you need to. Look over there." Serena looked in the direction Mike was pointing, and for the first time noticed that his phone was propped up with the lens facing their direction. "I've been recording the whole time. Do you want me to show everyone me fucking you while you're talking about what a slut you are, and how badly you want my dick? You think that pathetic boyfriend of yours will like that? Now be a good girl and suck my dick."

"You asshole," Serena said crying.

Feeling resigned to her fate, she wrapped her hands around Mike's thighs. She had

never actually given head before, and wasn't sure if she would now. Instead she contemplated trying to bite Mike's dick off, but as Mike pressed his thick cock to her lips, a sudden change came over her. It was such a gorgeous cock, and it had given her so much pleasure. With Mike smacking it against her lips, Serena felt nothing but the urge to lick, kiss, suck, and pleasure it. She had no idea what she was doing, so she mostly licked Mike's dick like she was eating an ice cream cone. She figured it couldn't be too much different. "That's good," Mike said. "Now kiss my balls."

Serena obliged, planting kisses on Mike's ball sack, and even running her tongue up the sensitive seam between his two testes. "Mmm...that's good," Mike moaned. "Now suck me off and swallow every last drop."

Having no experience giving blowjobs, Serena was only able to get the tip of Mike's large cock in her mouth. She gently massaged the tip with her lips and tongue until she felt his dick start to twitch with desire. Mike grabbed the back of Serena's head and forced his dick down her throat until she gagged. Then like a volcano that's been dormant for too long, he shot load after hot, sticky load into Serena's mouth. Like the good cockslut she was she licked it all up, even continuing to suck him long after he stopped cumming and had gone limp in her mouth. It wasn't until Mike grabbed his dick and pulled it out from between Serena's sultry lips that she stopped.

"Whew," Mike exclaimed as he went to grab his clothes. "That was intense."

Serena was too stunned to respond, so Mike continued. "Sorry if I got a little carried away. Of course I won't show anyone that video or anything, but I'll send you a copy if you'd like."

Serena kept staring in stunned disbelief. It was like a total Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde situation. "Here, let me help you with that," Mike said as he cut the zip tie of Serena's wrists.

While Serena sat there catching her breath, Mike grabbed her clothes and helped her get dressed. When all her clothes were on, Mike said, "Come on, I'll walk you to your car."

It was a good thing he offered because Serena had been fucked so viciously that she could hardly walk without support. She leaned against Mike while he led her outside and locked the door. Before she got into her car, Mike said, "Once again, I'm sorry if I got too rough with you. I know I can get a little carried away. Maybe I can buy you lunch tomorrow to make up for it."

Looking completely dazed, Serena just shrugged. "You are going to come in tomorrow, right?" Mike asked.

For the first time since the ordeal began, Serena smirked. "Yeah, but I don't think I'll ever wear yoga pants to work again."

consent

A Steady Diet of Great Sex

by [walterio](#)©

TUESDAY EVENING AT THE INTERLUDE

Cathleen and I were naked in bed together at our favorite romantic interlude. I was propped up sitting back against the wall and she was stroking my stiff dick. Usually we had a room with a Jacuzzi tub but that evening none were available. She had the cute whimsical smile on her face as she stroked my cock.

"I love playing with your cock."

"I love that you do."

She wasn't a beautiful woman but attractive with short strawberry-blonde hair. She was incredible fit from hours of aerobics with a well-toned body. Her breasts were small and looked more like pecs. Her belly was rock hard and her legs were toned and firm. Cathleen was 5'6" and weighed about 130 pounds. The best feature about her though was her incredible ass. It was round, curvy and plumb. It stuck out further than most bottoms and beckoned to be touched and fondled. There wasn't a flawless mark on her 36-year-old body.

"Ready?"

"Always."

She then leaned over and took my 7+" cock into her mouth. She liked to take it as deep as she could and nearly had the entire length in her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down and she fondled my ball sac. It wasn't long that she moved to the next step because she always got turned on sucking my cock.

"I'm getting hot. I need to sit on your dick."

She mounted me and slowly lowered her pussy onto my shaft. Once it was in all the way, she rode me toward her first orgasm. I reached around and held her by the cheeks of her ass. I loved to

hold onto her bottom when she rode my cock. Her ass flesh felt so good in my hands as I fondled the curvy buttocks. I could tell by the increase in her movements and the expression on her face that she was close to her first orgasm.

"Oh, hold me, hold me."

She cried out as I pulled her to me and held her tight. Her cries of ecstasy were always vocal and she didn't try to stifle them in the interlude. Her body shook and her face was distorted briefly as the crescendo rocked her. I held her to me until I felt the tautness leave her. She laid her head on my shoulder and sighed.

"I wish we had the Jacuzzi room tonight."

"I'll make up for it, would you like a massage?"

"Oh yes, I would love that."

Cathleen got off of me and lay face down on the bed. I rolled my 6'0" 195-pound body out of bed and caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. At 35-years-old, I felt good and looked good. I was very fit as I worked out nearly every morning before work. I also played tennis, golfed, SCUBA dived and loved to downhill ski in the winter. Locating my tote bag, I retrieved the massage oil and then returned to Cathleen.

"Front first tonight."

She rolled to her back and smiled. Sitting alongside of her, I poured the oil between her breasts down to her pubes. Beginning with her tiny breasts, I massage my way down over her firm belly to her pubes. I bypassed her pussy and massaged each leg. I lifted her foot to my shoulder and ran my hands the length of each leg purposely grazing her pubes. She was turned-on again and ready to be fucked. I moved between her legs and eased my cock into her.

Cathleen wrapped her legs around me, pulled me in closer and humped up at me. I had my arms on either side of her body so as not to crush her as I fucked her steadily. In spite of her early orgasm, she was ready for another one and she cried out. This time she pulled me to her and held tightly as she humped herself to another climax. Several seconds another the intense orgasm, she released me and flopped back onto the bed.

I rolled her near lifeless body over onto her belly and resumed the massage. Normally I would take my time and tease her a bit before I got to her ass but not this time. I massaged her back

and legs quickly before moving my oily hands to her glorious bottom. There was nothing quite like massaging her shapely globes and my cock was at full attention. Pouring oil into the crack in her bottom, I massaged the anal area. Unable to hold out any longer. I lifted her by her hips and slipped an oily finger in her anus.

She cooed her approval as she loved anal foreplay and more than that she loved me to fuck her ass. I fingered her briefly and then lined up my cock with her nether hole. Pressing forward my spongy mushroom head pushed past the rubbery ring and settled in her chamber. Gradually, I eased more and more into her until my entire cock was in her ass. Looking down at her fantastic ass with my cock in it was the most erotic sight ever. Holding onto her curvy buttocks I fucked her slowly, relishing every minute I was in her treasure.

I held on as long as I could but I was too turned-on as the sight of her was overwhelming. Pushing forward and holding on to her cheeks, I fired a massive load into her rectum. She always loved it when I came in her ass and she moved her bottom around almost in celebration. Her sphincter was active and I could feel it gripping and releasing my shaft. My cock was not going soft and she kept squeezing it. Finally, we separated and I watched as she flopped face down. My seed bubbled up and oozed from her anus, trickling between her legs. I lowered my body and lay next to her.

"You were really excited, that was a big load."

"You're right. The foreplay and your incredible ass was too much."

"You know what is great, we have been having an affair for three years now and we are still insatiable lovers."

"That's true, we never tire of our sex together. I think that's because we have been creative and enjoy each other's body so much."

"Yes, we've taken some risks too and that made it interesting."

"Definitely."

"Are you going to be able to fuck me again?"

"Of course, I want another shot at your lovely bottom."

"Okay, but you have to earn it first. I want you to eat my pussy and fuck me. Then you can have my ass again."

Cathleen rolled over and spread her legs. I lowered my mouth to her quim and ate her until she wanted my cock back in her. I slipped my dick back in her pussy and we fucked for a seemingly long time before she climaxed. I was then rewarded with another great ass fuck and then we were done for the evening. We were always careful with health risks as she always douched her pussy and ass before and after sex. She kept herself extremely clean.

We showered separately, dressed and left the interlude. She always parked in the private car port and I always parked in the secluded lot. Her home and my condo were in an opposite direction, about a 40-minute drive for both of us. I would see her, my administrative assistant, in the morning at the office.

OFFICE AFFAIR

I was hired as a VP to manage the company's IT division. Cathleen was my secretary who after a year I promoted to administrative assistant, putting her on a pier basis with the other admin assistants. Our affair began quite innocently one evening after we had stopped with other for drinks after work. It was oral sex in her car after she asked me to walk her to the car and then sit in it. I had let my guard down and was worried about repercussions. As it turned out, I had nothing to fear and started an affair with a super fine piece of ass.

Over the years we had sex in our cars, in the office, hotel rooms, my condo and our favorite the romantic interlude. Cathleen always wore very conservative clothes to the office with long skirts and dresses. Office sex began with oral and it was a matter of me fishing my cock and balls through the fly openings of my boxers and trousers. Reciprocating for Cathleen was awkward as she always wore pantyhose and panties. We eventually remedied that. I gave her money to buy different undergarments so that I could have easy access to her pussy.

She purchased several pairs of crotchless pantyhose and silk panties. The first time I lifted her dress over her back and saw that marvelous ass framed in hose, I nearly came on the spot. It was sight to behold. The crotchless hose had a waistband and side panels and it looked like she was wearing garters. I loved to peel her panties down and unveil her magnificent bottom. All the sex in my office was with the door locked and us partially clothed.

Cathleen would put her panties in her purse when we had sex. Depending on my calendar and time available, we would have oral, vaginal or anal sex. Sometimes more than one. It was low risk as if someone knocked on my door, Cathleen would simply stand up

and let her dress fall into place as I tucked my cock and balls back in my pants. We felt very safe in my office even though there was risk involved.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, she had aerobics after work. Sometimes we would meet afterward and either have sex in a hotel or one of our cars. We couldn't go to her house as she was still married, even though the guy was a drunk and a coke user. She was also convinced that he was banging some fat chick in the same building where he worked. He was out most every night, which is why we were able to hook up after work. My condo was a bit risky as other company employees lived in the complex, but we managed a couple of times.

We never had office sex on the same day we planned to hook up after work, saving ourselves for the evening. We stopped going to hotels because some of our vendors stayed there when in town. That's when she told me about the romantic interlude. I had heard of the more popular one which was harder to book, so I was glad she knew of this one. It was a fairly long drive for both of us but always worth it.

The first time we were both completely naked together was in a hotel room. I arrived before her and called with the room number. That way she could come straight to the room. We undressed and showered together which is when I saw her douche her pussy and ass. That in itself was a bit of a turn-on. It also signaled that anal sex was in her plans that evening. Until then, it had just been oral and vaginal sex.

Cathleen liked to direct the action and I was fine with that. First, we were in a 69-position with her on top. She loved to suck cock and have her pussy eaten. Once she got hot, she spun around and mounted me, riding me hard. Her first orgasm was always intense and she was very vocal. I loved watching the expression on her face change as she approached her climax. Her body would shudder, she would call out in some unrecognizable sound and then tell me to hold her tight as she collapsed on my body.

I would hold her to me and let my hands slide down her back to her magnificent buttocks. It was wonderful to mold and fondle her ass flesh as she slowly recovered. Teasing her anus caused her to wiggle her bottom and then she whispered to me.

"I know you like my ass. Would you like to fuck it tonight?"

"More than anything."

She got off of me and went to her purse where she retrieved a

tube of lubricant. Returning to the bed she handed me the lube and knelt alongside of me. Her head rested on the mattress with her face turned to one side and she had a blissful expression her face. I knelt behind her and applied the lubricant to her nether hole. Eventually I had my index finger sliding in and out easily. I pushed my middle and ring fingers into her pussy and finger fucked both holes simultaneously.

"Oh, I like that. I like your fingers in my ass and pussy at the same time."

My index finger was one thing, my thick cock would be another. I replaced my index finger with my thumb and returned two fingers to her pussy. It reminded me of gripping a bowling bowl. My thumb was thicker and the fit was snuggler but she opened up. As much as I loved fingering her lovely bottom, I could not hold out any longer. I liberally applied the lube to my rigid cock and moved in behind her. Lining up the head at her anus, I pressed forward and my mushroom head disappeared.

Cathleen let out a soft moan as the head cleared the taut rubbery ring and settled in her rectum. I eased more into her and I was surprised how it went in without a lot of resistance. She had definitely had anal sex in the past. Another couple of inches entered her and then I felt her hand on my thigh. She whispered and sounded out of breath.

"Go slow, it has been a while."

I had my answer. She obviously had anal sex in the past but not recently. Ever so slowly, I kept feeding it to her letting her control the penetration. She kept her hand on my thigh and pressed against it when she wanted me to pause. Then she would relax her hand and I would feed some more to her. Eventually I was all the way in her bottom and it was both a marvelous feeling and sight. I had always been a fan of anal sex and watching my cock slide in and out of a shapely ass. Now I was in the most magnificent ass ever.

Sliding in and out and caressing her curvy buttocks was like being in heaven. It was so erotic and overwhelming that I was going to cum quicker than I hoped. I slowed down but I was too far gone and I knew that I would shoot within minutes. Her sphincter was gripping and releasing my shaft which served to accelerate my ejaculation.

"Cathleen, I'm really close."

"Cum in my ass, I want to feel you cum in me. Give it to me, give me your cum, Walt."

Those words were music to my ears as I loved to cum in a woman's ass. My toes curled, my ball sac tightened and I felt the surge rush through my body. I pressed against the scrumptious bottom and unleashed a massive load into her rectum. It seemed as five or six forceful shots fired into her bottom and then I just leaned over her back. My cock stayed hard as she used her sphincter to squeeze it. It was several minutes before I rocked back on my haunches and stared at her dilated anus.

Cathleen remained in the same position and let my seed ooze out of her bottom. It trickled down her inner thighs and also run over the outer lips of her pussy. There was a lot of it and she continued to expunge it from her rectum. I was overcome with the sight before me as I had never witnessed anything like it before. She turned her head toward, smiled and said softly.

"Get me a warm washcloth."

I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. Running the water in the sink until it was warm, I then soaked a wash cloth and rung it out. Cathleen took the cloth and wiped the semen from her legs and pussy before wiping her bottom. Then she got out of bed and headed for the bathroom. After several minutes she returned and got back in bed on her back.

"That was fantastic, now I need you to eat my pussy again."

Without hesitation I was between her legs with my mouth fastened to her quim. She moaned and caressed my head as my tongue dipped into her and I swiped it over her clit. It was just a prelim to more fucking as she pulled me by head up and then told me to put my cock back in her pussy. My weight was on my elbows on both sides of her body as I drilled her. She maneuvered her body so that her clit stayed in contact with my shaft and then she had another intense orgasm. I loved making her cum like that.

I stopped moving as she slowly came down from her crescendo and eventually moved off her. She rolled to her left side and I moved in behind her to put my cock back in her pussy. However, she guided me back into her ass and we fucked in the spoon position. It took much longer for me to cum a second time but I didn't mind nor did she. I loved being in her ass and she loved having my cock in it. Eventually, I ejaculated in her bottom again and stayed in her until my dick softened and slipped out.

We rested for several minutes and then showered separately and got dressed. She left the hotel room before I did and I followed 15 minutes later. I drove home that Thursday night feeling wonderful as I had just had the best anal sex ever. Now I knew

that I would have her ass over and over again. It was the first time we had been completely naked with each other and I was looking forward to a repeat performance.

FRIDAY IN THE OFFICE

On my way to work on Friday, I kept thinking about Cathleen's fantastic ass and how wonderful it had been to fuck it. In spite of the great sex we had the night before, I was anxious to see her lovely bottom again. The morning was very full with appointments and meetings. By 2:00 PM things had slowed down and my calendar was free the rest of the day. Cathleen as always was wearing a long skirt that concealed her curves.

It was 2:30 when I called into my office and locked the door. She smiled as she knew it was time for sex. I had her stand next to me as I sat in a side chair. Slipping my hands under her skirt, I ran them up her legs to her panty covered ass. I fondled and squeezed her buttocks through the silk fabric and then I had her lean over the small conference table.

Lifting her skirt up, I draped it over her back and marveled at the sight before me. Her bottom was covered with silk panties and framed in the crotchless panty hose. I slid the panties down her legs and she lifted her feet for me to remove them. The view was magnificent with her luscious globes seemingly poking out to be loved. Keeping the hose on was a more erotic sight than her being naked. I massaged the ass flesh and she cooed her approval.

Unfortunately, we were not prepared for anal sex that day as I did not have any lube in my office. I also did not have anything to clean ourselves either. Cathleen turned toward me and as she did her dress fell back into place and hid her treasure. She dropped to her knees and freed my cock through the fly openings in my underwear and trousers. I was rock-hard and she took me in her mouth. As always, she gave me a fantastic blow job and as always, she got hot doing it. She stood up, lifted her dress and lay back on the conference table. I stepped up between her legs and pushed my cock into her moist pussy.

Once she was hot it didn't take long for her to orgasm and that day was no exception. Her body shivered and she covered her mouth with the crook of her arm to muffle her cries of ecstasy. I felt the moistness surround my cock. Allowing her to recover I resumed fucking her but she didn't want me to cum in her. I told her I was close and she scrambled off the table to kneel and take my cock in her mouth. I exploded and fired several streams into her mouth which she quickly swallowed. Cathleen took my entire load in her belly and kept my cock in her mouth. She

nibbled the soft head sending shivers through me and I had to push her away.

"You are really something, no one sucks cock like you do."

"I love your cock. Thanks for not cumming in me today. We need to get some supplies for your office."

"Okay, I'll pick up some paper towels and mist wipes."

"Get some lube too, if you want to fuck my ass."

"I'll do that. I'll pick everything up on my way home."

"What do you have planned this weekend?"

"Golf with my foursome on Saturday and tennis Sunday morning. Then I usually hangout by the pool and hit the Jacuzzi afterward."

"No dates this weekend?"

"No, after a week with you, I don't feel the need to go out. I may hit a bar on Saturday night but no plans. What have you got going on?"

"No plans, we may ride our motor bikes or just hang out at our pool. It depends how hung-over Jerry is."

As we were talking she slipped on her panties and smoothed her skirt. I had already tucked my cock back in my pants. She unlocked my office door and returned to her desk. Before our affair, I used to go clubbing on a Friday night and often ended up with a date for Saturday. Now, I had no urge to chase pussy on Friday night and if I ended up with a date on Saturday or Sunday that was fine. There were a couple of women who lived at the condo complex that I saw occasionally. It was always impromptu with them.

WEEKEND LOVERS

We had gotten in ten holes on Saturday morning hoping to beat the rain but the skies opened up and we got drenched. There were no signs of it letting up so we headed home. My body was wet chilled to the bone. By the time I arrived home at my condo the rain had subsided and was then just a slow steady rain. I decided to hit the Jacuzzi and get the chill out of me. I tossed on my swimsuit, flip-flops and a sweat shirt.

The pool area was vacant as was the Jacuzzi. It was tucked back inside a small gazebo like building. I turned on the timer and sank into the hot bubbly water and did it ever feel good. It was the best way to warm and rejuvenate my body. I was in the hot tub for about twenty minutes when one of my neighbors showed up. I saw Jodie entering the gazebo. She smiled at me and walked toward the Jacuzzi.

She was wearing a simple summer cotton dress that she let slide off her lovely body. She had on a skimpy bikini. Jodie was as cute as a button and at 27 years of age she looked more like 18. Her breasts were 34 B with no sag to them and complimented her 34-28-34 figure. She had lovely shapely legs and a nice curvy bottom. At 5'5" tall with curly short brown hair and large round brown eyes, she looked very innocent. However, she was a sexual dynamo. I had heard rumors that she slept around but was very selective. She climbed into the hot tub, slid into the water and sat across from me.

"Where is George?"

"He went to the office. I see someone else likes the hot tub in the rain."

"As long as it is not a thunderstorm. I got soaked playing golf and had to get the chill out of my body."

"You should have called me. I could do that for you."

"Yeah, right, you're married, remember?"

"That's okay, I know that you are discreet."

"You do."

"Sure, I know that you fucked Vicki because she told me but you never said anything."

Jodie slide over to sit by me and her hand immediately searched for my crotch under the water. She told me that she loved to play with a cock and suck it. I slipped my hands under her bikini bra and fondled her cute titties. We both were getting hot.

"Sit on the edge so I can suck your cock."

"We're outdoors."

"No one is going to come here in the rain."

"We did."

"Sit on the edge facing the opening. You can tell me if anyone is coming."

Moving up on the edge of the Jacuzzi I allowed her to fish my erect cock out through the leg opening in my Speedo. She smiled at me and stroked my cock.

"Hmm! Very nice."

"You know one day, George is going to find out about your extra-curricular activities."

"Only if someone tells him, I'm not going to tell him."

She dropped her head and engulfed half of my cock in her sensuous mouth. Jodie was clearly an accomplished cocksucker and seemed to take pride in it. She just didn't suck my cock she made love to it. Her tongue would dance up and down the shaft and tickle the pee hole before taking back in her mouth. I would really get excited watching her innocent looking face as she boobed up and down. Only Cathleen matched her skill but Jodie had such a pretty face.

"I'm getting hot. I need your dick in me. Sit back down."

I sat back down and she pulled her bikini bottom to the side and straddled me lowering her pussy onto the shaft. Emitting a slight gasp, she closed her eyes and began to ride me. My hands went to her curvy buttocks and I held them and fondled them as she rode me toward her orgasm. Her face was buried in my shoulder and I could feel her firm titties pressed against me. When she orgasmed she really let loose.

"Oh God, oh God, I'm cumming. Hold me."

I held her tight to me as her body shivered and trembled with the intensity of her climax. We stayed still for a few minutes and then I started to move in her again.

"I love the feel of your cock in me."

I stood up lifting her with me and then I lifted her off my cock. Turning her around so that she was facing the opening in the gazebo, I pulled her bikini down below her buttocks and re-entered her from behind. She leaned over and arched her back as I fucked her doggy style. I loved looking at her shapely ass and I fondled her buttocks lovingly. My ball sac tightened and I knew I was close. She sensed it too.

"Don't cum in me, cum on me."

I pulled out and stroked my cock ejaculating on her buttocks and back. Several streams hit her with force and then my seed trickled out and landed on her sweet cheeks. Jodie then turned around and took my cock back in her mouth and sucked it dry. Then she teased me nibbling on the soft mushroom head until I had to push her away. We both sat back down side by side and I put my arm around her and cupped one of her breasts.

"I really liked fucking you doggy style and looking at your ass. I would love to fuck your ass."

"Well that's not going to happen. I have no intention of ever doing anal. Even if I did I could never envision taking your cock in there."

"Let's go to your condo. It will be more private there. I want to continue this."

I knew that we both were taking a big chance but to be with this woman was worth the risk. Once in my condo, we stripped and went right to my bedroom. I got in bed and awaited her. She glided seductively across the floor and upon reaching the bed she bent forward and nuzzled my throbbing cock. Jodie brushed her full moist lips against the stiff shaft and she lightly grasped it in her warm hand. She began to rub the sensitive, pre-cum covered cockhead across her lips and against her smooth tanned skin. I threw my head back and groaned again as I arched my hips trying to shove my cock in her mouth. She slid her body slowly up my already steamy body and let my hard member nestle between her lovely breasts. My hips thrust uncontrollably just at the feel of the warm tan skin as it caressed my throbbing shaft and the swollen sensitive cockhead.

As if she knew that she could push me over the edge at any time, she toyed with me awhile longer and teased me with her sensual body. She pressed her warm pussy against my rigid cock and she began to slowly move her hips against me. I knew she felt the familiar throbbing in her clit as her pussy gushed in anticipation of my hard cock penetrating her. My trembling fingers searched out the hard-puckered nipples and I lightly began to strum and tease them. Jodie threw her head back as electric shocks seemed to shoot from her nipples straight to her throbbing clit as she grinded her pussy against my raging hard on.

"Oh, yes, I love that. You like my tits, don't you?"

"Yes, I love them, you have beautiful tits."

Jodie smiled at my response and I replaced my fingers with my hot lips and teasing tongue. Her nipples, already rock hard, began to throb and ache from my sensual assault. With a gasp, she pulled her breasts away from my hot lips and cried out.

"I need you inside me. Give me your big hard cock."

I reached between her legs and slipped my fingers along the crease of her pussy, nuzzling between her swollen lips to search out her swollen clit. She grasped my shaft in her soft fingers and pushed my hand aside. She began to rub the head of my cock against her dripping pussy, easing her lips apart as she inched it inside her treasure. I was out of control with lust and I tried to thrust my hard cock into her warm wet hole. However, Jodie maintained control and countered my desperate thrusts with skillful twitches of her hips. She continued to tease me until I was ready to burst. I desperately reached for her hips and she let out a deep throaty groan as she surrendered and plunged her hot pussy down on my straining cock. Her warm wet pussy easily swallowed my cock inside her hot moist hole.

Giving herself up to her own imminent orgasm, Jodie began to ride my cock. She fucked me slowly at first, but with mounting intensity as she stared down at me through lust filled eyes. My eyes were locked on her firm breasts as they bounced up and down with each thrust onto my cock. My mind was lost in a cloud of sensation as every nerve in my body seemed to center in my balls and run right up to the swollen head of my cock. The furthest thing from my mind was fucking her in my bed with her husband at work.

"Oh yes, that's so good, fuck me just like that. Do you like fucking me?"

"God yes, you're so fucking hot."

"Do you want to cum in me? Do you want to fill this tight pussy with your cum and feel me milk it from your hard cock?"

I was surprised by her language but I was lost in my passion. With a satisfied smile, her hips began gyrating faster and faster, driving us both towards an earth-shattering climax. Her hands were now on my chest and her fingers sought out my nipples and she pinched each one. No woman had ever done that before. She wailed out with the beginnings of her orgasm. That was all it took for me and my hips began to hammer out of control as a massive climax started deep in my balls and raced up my shaft, exploding from the head into her hot tight pussy. Both of us

were grunting and groaning with our shared orgasms as we continued to grind against each other's body. Her wails continued as her orgasm wracked through her body, causing her whole body to twitch uncontrollably as the spasms raced from head to toe and back again. I drove my hips deep into her pussy as I continued to shoot stream after stream of hot syrupy cum deep into my newest lover.

Finally, she collapsed on top of me; with our bodies in a sweaty tangle as we both tried to recover from our orgasmic bliss. Slowly as we both recovered, I looked up at the gorgeous nubile Jodie, still straddling my hips, with my softening cock inside her pussy. I gasped as Jodie slipped off of me and nuzzled up beside me.

"My god, that was the great sex."

"It was incredible."

"We can do this again and again as long as we are discreet."

"I would like that and my lips are sealed."

"Can I take a shower here? I should get going."

"Of course, I'll get you some towels."

Jodie showered and put her bikini and summer dress back on. We had thought to throw them in the dryer earlier. I put on a pair of nylon shorts. She smiled and hugged me before she left my condo. I got a beer and turned on the TV to watch the golf tournament. I thought to myself, that was a surprise, a wonderful surprise. I also wondered how often I could expect Jodie to show up in the future. I certainly couldn't approach her.

LOVE GAMES

On Sunday morning we played doubles tennis and next to our court four ladies were also playing doubles. One of them that I found striking was Annie, a very fit brunette with almost a tom boy look. On the tennis court she looked very athletic with her firm shapely legs, narrow waist and small bust line. Annie was almost flat chested but she had a killer ass. She showed it off by wearing tight fitting shorts rather than a tennis skirt.

After tennis that morning I was seated in the lounge drinking a smoothie. The other guys had taken off as they were going water skiing later. They had invited me but I passed. Normally I did join them but I was very tired that morning. Minutes later the

four women came out of the locker room and Annie stopped to get something to drink. The other three told her they would see her next week.

As she faced the counter, I looked closer at her in her tight-fitting jeans that clung to her curvy ass and shapely legs. My cock stiffened and pressed against my shorts. Annie got her drink and walked over to where I was sitting, smiled and spoke to me.

"Hi, can I join you?"

"Of course, please have a seat."

"I see you passed on the water skiing today."

"Yeah, I just wasn't up for it. I had a busy week and I'm a little tired."

"Too tired for some fun?"

"I'm not sure what you mean by that Annie."

"Oh, sure you do Walt, I see you checking my ass out all the time."

"If I'm not mistaken Annie you are married."

"I am, you know that, but not much is happening on the home front these days."

"Sorry to hear that."

"If you are then you can help me out. Can we go to your place?"

"This is happening very fast, I'm not sure what to say."

"Say yes, before I change my mind."

"Yes!"

We left the tennis club and she followed me in her car to the condo complex. I let her park in my two-car garage and we entered the condo. I was still in disbelief with her assertiveness and being so forward. Yesterday Jodie came onto me and now another married woman. She had a lustful look in her eyes as she spoke to me in a raspy voice

"Can we take this slow, you know really make love?"

"Absolutely"

"Let's undress each other, I love to do that and play with each other as we undress each other."

I took the lead and took Annie into my arms. I kissed her deeply and our tongues intertwined. Her breath was taken away momentarily as we kissed but then she recovered and returned the French kisses. I slipped her top over her head and then reached behind her and unfastened her bra. I slowly slid the bra down her arms freeing her small hard tits. Her nipples were at attention and rock hard. I fondled her tits and sucked on her sensitive little nubs causing her to sigh loudly. As I continued working on her tits I unbuckled her belt and unfastened her jeans. I then dropped to my knees and slowly pulled the snug fitting jeans down her legs. Annie's hands went to her tits and she played with her nipples as I removed her jeans. I lifted each foot and removed them from her body.

Annie stood naked except for her hot looking panties. I could smell her sex and I pressed my mouth to her panty covered crotch. I took hold of the panty waistband and slowly lowered them baring her pretty pussy. Annie had a neat little tuft of brown hair just above her vagina. I leaned in toward her and kissed her pubes and thighs as I finished removing her panties. Annie shivered and trembled under my hands and kisses. She cried out when I first swiped her pussy with my tongue

Annie had forgotten about undressing me for the moment as she reveled in my attention to her pussy. I eased her back on the sofa and knelt between her legs. I lifted her legs up to my shoulders as I covered her pussy with my mouth. I could feel the firmness in her thighs and muscular quads. She clamped her legs tightly around my neck as I delved in to her inner depths. I located her erect clit and sucked it into my mouth emitting an audible gasp from her. I reached under her and grabbed a hold of her buttocks. I loved the firmness of her muscular ass cheeks as she tightened her glutes. She was really hot and she humped my face as I sucked on her clit. She started to cum and I held her thrashing body tight against my mouth. My hands dug into her firm ass flesh as she went wild with her first orgasm. She screamed as her orgasm rocked her body.

"Oh, oh, oh God, here it cums,"

I held her tight and sucked every drop of female love juice from her pussy. Annie writhed and gasped all throughout her intense orgasm until finally her climax subsided and her body calmed. I licked her tenderly until she couldn't take any more and she gently pushed my head away from her pussy.

"Wow, you certainly know how to eat pussy!"

She slowly recovered and then had me stand up as she remained seated on the sofa. My erection was very obvious in my shorts. Annie pulled my shorts down allowing my hard cock to spring free and bob in front of her face. She leaned into me and took my cock in her mouth gently nibbling on my cock head. I peeled off my shirt as she sucked me deeper in her mouth. She took her mouth off of my cock long enough to tell me that I had a beautiful cock then she sucked it back in her mouth. Annie sucked me for a while longer until she was hot again.

"I am really hot. I need your cock in me."

I could not help but recall how Cathleen said that all the time after sucking my dick. Yesterday, Jodie said the same thing. They all got hot sucking cock and then needed to be fucked. I had never had other women say that to me in the past.

"Let's take it into my bedroom."

Annie stood up and I led her by the hand to my bedroom. I let her enter first and as she walk toward the bed did I admired her fantastic ass. God what an ass she had, I would love to shove my cock up that beauty I thought to myself. She climbed in bed, spread her legs and she beckoned me to come to her with her arms open. I knelt between her thighs and slipped my cock into her pussy. She closed her eyes and sighed as my rock-hard cock entered her. I began to fuck her slowly as my cock settled into her snug pussy.

"You feel good in me. I like your big cock in my pussy."

My cock was all the way in now and Annie wrapped her muscular legs around my lower torso. We picked up the pace as we fucked and I soon found myself pounding her pussy. She pulled me into her with her strong legs as I fucked her and we both raced toward our climax. I could feel my orgasm building in my balls and I knew it would be a big one. My more thrust and my body tightened as I emptied my balls into her. Annie felt the surge of my semen flood her pussy and she fucked even faster in search of her own climax. She made sure that her clit stayed in contact with my shaft as she raced toward her orgasm.

Annie stiffened and cried out that she was cumming as her legs clamped tightly around my body. Her pussy involuntarily squeezed my cock. I could feel the vaginal muscles clench and release my cock over and over again until she finally went limp under me. We were both sweating from the intense fuck session when I

rolled to my side allowing my softening cock to slip from her cunt. Annie just lay on her back looking up at the ceiling and breathing shallowly.

"Walt you are a good lover. That was a great fuck."

"I would say that you are very good too."

Annie snuggled into me and I put my arm around her. I stroked her small firm tits and teased her rock-hard nipples. We didn't say much as we lay together. Annie began to stroke my cock and held it lovingly in her hand. I started to harden again and she smiled at my response to her fondling. She slid down my body and took my cock into her mouth again. I moved her hips over my face so that I could lick her pussy and we settled into a comfortable 69 position. I caressed Annie's incredible ass and teased her nether hole as we ate each other. I moistened her anus with her own pussy juice and my saliva before pushing my finger into her ass. She seemed to accept the finger in her ass but she was so tight that I was sure that she had never been butt fucked. We ate each other until we both came again and then returned to a side by side position. She sighed and whispered.

"I'm done, I have nothing left. There is no way I can cum again."

"Me too, I'm finished, you did me in for the day. I'm curious, have you ever had anal sex?"

"I guess I have in a way but I have never been fucked in the ass, if that's what you mean."

Annie then went on to tell me that she had fingers, tongues and recently anal beads in her ass but never a cock. She said in college that guys were always grabbing her ass and many tried to get her to give it up but she never did. Her husband wasn't interested in her ass in fact lately he was only interested in getting off. Annie told me that their sex had waned and that her husband would fuck her until he came and then roll off her and go to sleep. He was not into oral sex and not interested in making sure that she was sexually satisfied. I had a hard time believing that he could ignore a piece of ass like Annie but apparently, he did and she discretely sought out other partners.

Annie got up and showered in my bathroom. I gave her clean towels. It was like deja vous with her and Jodie. Two married women back to back in my condo for sex. It was the last thing I expected that weekend. She got dressed and kissed me good bye, telling me that she hoped we could get together again. As I had done on Saturday, I grabbed a beer and turned in the TV to watch

golf. Later I put in a frozen pizza as I did not feel like cooking.

Reflecting on the week I realized that I had sex for seven straight days. The last time that happened was ten years ago when my then girlfriend and I spent a week in the Caribbean. I was also facing another five straight days with Cathleen and we had plans to go to a romantic interlude Tuesday evening. In a way I was grateful that Monday was always a jam-packed day at the office and I only had time for one of her signature blow jobs.

A Boss and His Admin Assistant Ch. 01

bywalterio©

Paul had decided to go into the office on Saturday morning. It was a crummy rainy day and his gold game had been rained out. He opted to get caught up on some paperwork rather than sit at home drinking coffee. He would stop at the gym afterward to get a workout in before returning to his home. Paul showered and as he dried off he checked himself out in the mirror. At 38 years old he was in great shape. He stood 6'1" and weighed a fit 180 pounds. His body was well toned and firm. He always kept his light brown hair cut short a habit from his Marine Corps days. He dressed in a golf shirt and slacks and donned a rain resistant windbreaker. Skipping breakfast at home he stopped at the bakery and picked up a muffin and coffee.

Paul arrived at the office building and signed in with the security guard who greeted him pleasantly. He went to his office and ate the muffin before beginning his admin work. He went through the mail that he ignored during the week tossing most of it out. He sorted through a number of documents that needed his attention and placed some in a stack to be filed by his assistant. As he created the pile for Crystal his admin assistant, he thought about her. He pictured her bent over his desk or the small conference table in his office with her dress tossed up and her panties pulled down. He thought about the many times that his cock was either in her mouth, pussy or ass.

Paul and Crystal had been having an affair for the past year. It had all started innocently enough after an office party. Paul thought it would be a one night stand and that he wouldn't happen again but just the opposite did. They got together at least twice

a week at Paul's house and they had brought sex into the office. As he was thinking about their escapades, he suddenly wished that she was there. Just then the phone rang and it was Crystal.

"I tried you at home and there was no answer. I knew you wouldn't be playing golf in this weather so I assumed that you might go to the office."

"You're right, just getting caught up on some paperwork."

"Want some company?"

"Sure, I'll need another hour and then I can meet you somewhere."

"No, stay there, I'll be over in 15 minutes."

"Okay, see you soon."

Paul hung up the phone and returned to his work. He wondered why Crystal wanted to come to the office but it must be because she was close to the building. She must have been out running errands to be so near. It was unusual for Crystal to be available on the weekends. Her husband must have something going on Paul figured. Minutes later she arrived and as always she was neatly dressed. Crystal was dressed in a tasteful full length light blue summer dress. It concealed her shapely body but Paul knew what was underneath.

"You look nice today, what's up with Jerry?"

"He played cards and got drunk again and crashed at one of his buddy's pad. I decided that I wasn't going to stay home alone this morning."

"You should have called me at home and we could have met somewhere."

"I thought about it and when I did you were already gone. I was hoping to catch you here since I knew golf was rained out."

"Well you did and it's good to see you. We have never been together on a Saturday before."

"I know," Crystal replied softly as she walked up to Paul and kissed him.

He held her tight to his body as they kissed. Crystal pushed him away and slowly slid down his body until she was on her knees. She looked up at him as she unzipped his pants and reached inside and grasped his throbbing penis.

"Oh," he moaned as he watched her struggle to pull his big dick through the fly in his pants.

When she had it out in the open, a little moan escaped her lips. She loved his large penis. While she only had three others to compare it to, it was much longer and wider than those. Crystal stared at the pulsing shaft in her hand. The slit in the head began to ooze his pre-cum juice. She moaned and opened her mouth to take the dripping head inside.

"Oh God you're good," Paul gasped as he watched his assistant suck him. He never grew tired of the sight of her bobbing up and down on his cock. His hips began to move back and forth as his excitement grew. He watched her cheeks suck inward when he pulled back and then bulge outward as his penis pressed toward her throat. His balls began to tighten and his hips began to move faster with his growing excitement. Paul didn't want to cum in her mouth nor did Crystal. They wanted something else, so he pulled her willingly to her feet and led her over to the small conference table.

Paul locked his office door with the dead bolt and placed a door stop underneath. He didn't expect to be interrupted but security had a master key and he wasn't taking any chances. As he secured the door, Crystal leaned over the conference table awaiting his return.

"I douched my both ass and pussy this morning."

"Are you trying to tell me something?"

"Just that I am squeaky clean in case you want to use your tongue somewhere."

"I see. Are you telling me that you would like me to rim your sweet anus and make love to your lovely bottom?"

"Only is you want to," Crystal replied in a shaky voice.

Crystal moaned as she was bent over with her ass in the air. She knew what was coming and her heart began to pound in her chest. Paul raised her dress and draped over her back and knelt behind her taking in her beauty. Crystal was an attractive 35 year old woman. She had an athletic figure with small breasts, flat belly, shapely legs and a marvelous ass. She was 5'5" tall and weighed a very fit 130 pounds. A gasp escaped Paul's lips as he stared at her panty-covered ass. She was wearing his favorite pantyhose and panties. The crotchless pantyhose had side panels that attached to the waistband creating a frame for her gorgeous ass. The silk panties barely covered her cheeks. There was a beautiful contrast of her light blue panties, white cheeks and brown hose.

Slowly Paul began to pull the panties down, revealing the divide between her soft white buttocks inch by inch. He left the panties at her thighs and leaned forward and kissed first one soft cheek and then the other. Crystal groaned as his lips left a trail of wetness, moving slowly across her soft cheeks. Paul smiled as goose bumps appeared on her smooth skin. Crystal was excited and ready for anything. She knew where this was heading and she trembled in anticipation but first she needed something else.

"Fuck my pussy first, I am so hot," she pleaded in a whisper.

Paul removed her panties and turned her around. He lifted her onto the conference table and she raised her knees to her chest exposing her lovely blonde pussy. Paul leaned in and kissed her inner thighs working his way toward her treasure dripping with desire. As unfastened his pants and drooped them along with his underwear to his knees.

"Oh, I'm ready," Crystal called out as she gasped his head and pulled it away from her pussy.

Paul moved between her legs and his 7+" thick cock looked ominous around her twitching pussy. He aimed his shaft at her opening and slowly eased it into her womb. Crystal gasped loudly with the penetration that she experienced so many times. He moved slowly and steadily between her legs thrusting into her and keeping his cock in constant contact with her clit. Crystal was going wild and she knew that she would cum quickly. She felt the orgasm building and then she climaxed covering her mouth with the crook of her arm to muffle her cries of ecstasy.

"Oh, hold me," she called out after her intense orgasm.

Paul pulled her up and held her as tremor ran through her body. He waited until the calm after the storm before he eased his cock out of her. Crystal lay back down on the table but not for long. Paul stepped back, lifted her off the table and turned her around. Once again he bent her over the table, flipped her dress back up and went back to work in her lovely bottom. He smiled as he watched his beautiful assistant squirm in front of him. He loved to tease her. He would sometimes take an hour or more making love to her bottom. He loved the slow and sensual seduction.

"Oh God, Paul," Crystal moaned. "Please!"

Paul gently nibbled the soft flesh. He stood back slightly and paused to take in the view. Her firm buttocks were perfect. His hands trembled as he reached out and caressed the soft skin. He again saw goose bumps rise on her cheeks and then run down the back of her thighs. Slowly, he opened her cheeks. Both of them moaned as Crystal's tiny rose was exposed. He stared in amazement. He loved looking at her puckered little hole. Crystal couldn't stop her hips from squirming as she felt his adoring eyes centered on her private place. Suddenly, she could feel his breath on her pulsing hole.

Paul's lips were so close that he could almost taste her. His tongue came out and he touched the little hole. He circled his tongue around the hole in a teasing fashion. When Crystal pushed her bottom back, he pulled away teasing her. Next he moved his tongue to the top of her buttocks before sliding it down one cheek and then the other, leaving a trail of his saliva.

Crystal was growing impatient. "Oh please don't tease me any longer!" she moaned as she felt Paul begin to lick her again. This time, his tongue started at the top of her crack and moved slowly downward, edging closer and closer. The excitement in the office grew when Paul's tongue moved between the cheeks. Finally his tongue touched the tiny hole.

"Yesss!" Crystal groaned and pushed her ass back toward his tongue again.

Paul stiffened his tongue and pressed forward. Crystal screamed and her body began to shake. Paul had done this to her countless times but every time seemed like the first. She felt his wide tongue separating her sphincter and slipping into her body. She moaned as she felt his tongue begin to move in and out of her slowly stretching hole. He could lick his wonderful assistant's ass for hours, but not today because he was too excited. When he pulled his tongue from her anus, it made a little pop as it shut.

Suddenly, Crystal felt empty and her anus pulsed, as if it had a mind of its own. Paul went to his desk and took out a bottle of lotion and paper towels. He returned to her and thoroughly lubricated her anus and his stiff cock. He brought his now throbbing erection to the divide between her cheeks and rested at the top of her crack. He added saliva to his lotion covered cock which provided the necessary lubricant.

The head touched the puckered rose and they both groaned. Crystal was going mad with desire now. She had to have it inside her. She pushed her hips up and back in desperation. Paul let the head touch the hole again as he pulled the cheeks even further apart. He centered the large head on her anus and pushed forward, gradually increasing the pressure. The tight sphincter resisted for a second before it opened up to receive him.

"Oh my!" Crystal moaned as the impossibly large head opened her hole. She concentrated, trying to relax. She knew that the head was always the toughest part. She held her breath and bit her lip. With a final push from her hips and Paul's, the crown slipped inside and air rushed from her lungs. The stretched muscles of her sphincter gripped the head below the mushroom head, trapping it in a warm vise.

"This is so good doll!" Paul moaned as he felt her anal canal open to welcome him. Slowly he slid in, inch by inch, pausing occasionally to let her adjust until finally, his

swollen testicles touched her dripping vagina. He stopped moving as he always did, allowing for Crystal to get used to the length and width of his large tool. The office was now silent but for their heavy breathing. By then he pants and underwear had dropped to his ankles. It seemed like an eternity for both of them before he started to move. Finally when he felt she was ready he slowly but steadily moved in and out.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck my ass!" Crystal cried out in a raspy whisper.

Paul smiled at her urging and began to move his hips faster. It was always like this; once she loosened up he didn't have to be gentle any longer. He pulled his hips back to where only the cock head remained in her and then pushed forward sliding all the way into her with one thrust.

Crystal cried out with incredible pleasure. She could feel every inch of his hot shaft as it slid past the sensitive nerve endings deep in her canal. Paul gradually began to move more rapidly until he was pounding into his assistant's tight ass without reservation. The table rocked beneath the two of them and the room filled with the slapping sound of skin against skin.

"Oh Crystal, I'm going to cum," Paul moaned in warning.

"Yes, yes, yes, cum in me, cum in my ass!" Crystal begged as a strong climax overtook her. She could feel her anal canal pulsing and squeezing Paul's long shaft. Each of her contractions brought a return throb from his hot shaft. Suddenly, Paul grunted in pleasure and began to pump his thick sperm deep into Crystal's waiting hole. It felt like his balls were going to explode from the release of the building pressure.

Crystal could feel it as always. She loved the feel of the hot cum pouring into her canal. It was almost as if a soothing balm was being pumped into her ravaged hole. She gasped for breath until her climax began to wane.

Finally, Paul fell across his insatiable assistant. Each convulsion made her sphincter squeeze a little more of his dwindling release into her hole. He sighed as the last drop was pulled into her already overflowing hole. He kissed her neck tenderly and whispered, "I love your ass."

Crystal let out a big sigh in response. Gradually, Paul's penis lost its stiffness and slipped out of his assistant's bottom. He stood up and smiled down at her still trembling form. A trickle of his sperm dribbled from her hole and ran down her leg. Paul took the paper towels and caught his seed as it oozed out her anus.

"Oh Paul, that got me so hot, I need to cum again. Eat my pussy, please eat my pussy."

Paul turned Crystal back to him and lifted her back up on the table. She raised and parted her legs giving him full access to her pussy and he dove right in. Paul was a very accomplished cunt lapper, not that Crystal needed much at that moment. Within minutes she was cumming and drenching his face with her love juices. Crystal held his face lovingly against her quim as his tongued danced around her swollen clit. Her orgasm was intense and she again he to muffle her cries of joy in her arm.

They parted slowly and Paul looked at his lovely assistant sprawled out on the conference table. It was an erotic sight as she was still dressed except for her panties with her lower body framed by the pantyhose. Crystal cleaned her body the best she could with the paper towels before making her way to the ladies room. Paul cleaned up the office while she was gone and straightened his own clothes.

Crystal returned with a smile on her face and asked teasingly, "How was your Saturday morning?"

"The best ever, I have never had a Saturday start off like this one."

"So are we still on for the trip?"

"We are, all the arrangements have been made. Is Jerry still going on his trip?"

"Yes, thank God. I am really looking forward to spending a week with you in the Caribbean."

"I am too. It will be the first time that we will spend a night together, in fact six of them."

"I should get going. See you Monday," Crystal said and then kissed Paul on the cheek.

Crystal left the office and Paul got another cup of coffee and finished up his admin work. He locked up the office and headed to the deli for lunch. After lunch he worked out at the gym before returning home. The rest of the afternoon he watched gold on TV and read the paper. He thought about the upcoming trip to a couple's resort with Crystal. It should be quite a vacation. He liked all-inclusive resorts as they were hassle free.

THE VACATION

Two weeks later Paul and Crystal were on the plane on the way to the Caribbean resort. Crystal was excited because the resort had a nude beach and she had always wanted to sunbathe nude. On the flight down they reminisced about some of their experiences before they hooked up and the first time they made it. Paul shared some of his affairs when he traveled particularly about one girl named Bonnie.

"She had the perfect body and there wasn't anything she wouldn't do. I particularly liked her curvy ass and fucking her on all fours. One time I looked over at the mirror and saw us. Bonnie was on all fours in her bed with her luscious tits hanging down while I fucked her in her incredible ass. It was an incredibly erotic sight. What about you? When was your first anal sex?"

"Well believe this or not, you are only the fourth guy I've had sex with and you are the only one since I got married. The first time is when I worked in Washington, D.C. I worked as a secretary in a government office. One Friday night we all went out for drinks and I ended up with two guys in their apartment. Before I knew it we were all naked and I was on all fours sucking one guy's cock while the second one fucked me in the ass."

"Was that your first time anal?"

"Yes but they took turns with me all night. I sucked both guys off twice and both guys fucked my ass twice. On Saturday they were back at me but I made them take care of my pussy too. There was always one of them in my ass though whether the other cock was

in my mouth or pussy. They made me stay with them all weekend and by the time I left, my ass was really broken in and stretched out."

"Wow that was some weekend. I heard that in D.C. a lot of girls are on the make."

"Yeah, most of them power hungry. They like being with people of power, it's a turn on for them."

"So how did you meet Jerry?"

"He worked for a search firm and he found me my first job in Chicago. We hit it off, dated and then got married. The first five years were fine but then he started drinking heavy and using. He hung out with guys that were into drugs, that's when our marriage went downhill. We hadn't had sex for nearly a year when you and I hooked up."

"Did you and Jerry have anal sex?"

"A couple of times but he didn't get into it even though I always cleaned myself first."

"His loss, you have a beautiful ass and I loved fucking it."

"I know and you will have unlimited access to it this week."

Just then the flight attendant announced that the plane was on the final approach and to fasten seat belts. Crystal hugged his arm and cuddled up to him as she was excited about a week in the Caribbean. They both looked out the plane's window and saw the deep blue sea. It was absolutely beautiful and Paul was looking forward to a great vacation and a week of great sex with Crystal.

After the landed they went through customs and reclaimed their luggage. Next they took the shuttle to the resort and Crystal was surprised by the third world appearance of the island. Paul told her that the money the resorts made went to the corporations and the government, unfortunately very little of it made its way back to the island residents. The shuttle ride was about 45 minutes before they arrived at the resort.

Crystal, Paul and three other couples got off the bus and retrieved their luggage. They were ushered into the main lobby where they checked in and were given a map of the resort and the itinerary for the week. Crystal and Paul were shown to their room by a very polite resort employee. Paul learned the man's name was William and he tipped him for bringing the luggage to the room.

"I thought that you weren't supposed to tip," Crystal stated.

"You don't have to, but a dollar here and there goes a long way and we will get great service in return. We have an hour before dinner. Let's walk around and get familiar with the grounds and then eat."

Crystal freshened up in the bathroom and then they were on their way. The resort had three swimming pools and four Jacuzzis. One of the larger Jacuzzis was on the nude beach. They walked down to the nude beach but it was vacant except for a few naked couples at the bar. They continued their tour and checked out the fitness center and four bars. There was also a disco and piano bar. Finally they arrived at the main dining room where dinner was served buffet style. The resort also had a restaurant where you could make reservations and order from the menu. Paul made reservations for Sunday evening.

Crystal was impressed with the quality of the food at the buffet and they had a good dinner along with several glasses of wine. They dined with three other couples at their table all who seemed nice. After dinner they went to the piano bar where the microphone was passed around. Neither Crystal nor Paul could sing but they enjoyed listening to those that could. Of course there was always one or two who thought they could sing. Saturday was check in day so there was no entertainment planned at the resort. After several hours at the piano bar, Crystal and Paul returned to their room.

Crystal and Paul entered the bedroom and Crystal undressed and got in bed on her back. She watched Paul as he undressed. By the time he removed his shorts his cock was already hard and stuck out from his body. Paul was in an unmistakable state of desire as his huge cock stood out at attention. Even after a year, Crystal was still in awe of his cock as she looked at it. His cock was not menacing to Crystal but impressive and beautiful, that is if a cock could be called beautiful. Although she could still remember how he stretched her asshole the first time.

Crystal lay back in the bed and Paul moved to her kissing her face and lips. Paul then began his journey down her body and his first stop with her breasts. Paul sucked on her tits and rock hard nipples for a long time. Crystal had never realized just how sensitive her breasts were until Paul sucked on them. Crystal was groaning and she could feel the tingling in her loins.

Paul continued his descent down her body and spent a lot of time kissing her flat firm abs before he bypassed her pussy and kissed and licked her thighs. Crystal's pussy was sopping wet and she dying for Paul to tongue her pussy again, Paul lifted Crystal's legs up and placed them on his shoulders then he kissed her inner thighs and blew lightly on her pubes. Crystal flinched at the sensation and then she tried to push her pussy toward Paul's mouth. Paul prolonged the teasing until she pleaded with him.

"Please Paul please," Crystal pleaded.

"Oh would you like me to eat your pussy? Do you want me to stick my tongue in there and lick your clit?" Paul teased.

Paul tickled her outer lips with his tongue and then let it slip inside her vagina. Crystal was so wet that his tongue slid in easily and she unconsciously tightened her grip on his head. He moved his mouth toward her and closed it over her pussy shoving his tongue into her wetness. Crystal cried out and grabbed his head again and held it tight to her quim. Paul lapped at her pussy, spread her pussy lips apart and located her throbbing clit peeking out from its protective hood. Crystal was really excited as her erect clit looked like a teeny dick sticking out. Paul sucked on her hard clit and she bucked her hips up into his face. He reached under her and cupped her shapely ass cheeks in his hands as he drove into her pussy with his tongue and nibbled on her clit.

The climax rocked her body and Paul held on for dear life as she thrashed, twisted and bucked all over the bed. Paul kept right on eating her pussy and he held onto her shapely ass as she thrashed about. Crystal slowly calmed after her intense orgasm but Paul continued to lick her until her pussy was dry. As they lay on the bed Paul continued to lick and kiss her bare thighs as she ran her hands through his thick hair.

Paul moved up between her legs as Crystal stared at the big cock about to enter her

pussy. She was still amazed that she had taken him so easy the first time and now she couldn't wait for him to fill her pussy with his meat. Paul slid in and out of her pussy slowly allowing her to adjust to his size and continued to go deeper with each thrust until he was buried balls deep in her pussy. Paul could feel his balls start to tighten and he knew it wouldn't be long before he filled her pussy with his cum. Crystal stiffened and then had another violent orgasm.

She yelled, "Hold me, please hold me, I'm cumming!"

Paul reached around behind her and pulled her toward him as she shook and trembled throughout her intense orgasm. As she was cumming so did he and he fired a barrage of cum into her pussy. As she started to recover Paul laid her back down on the bed and slowly fucked her as his cock softened. Paul's cock was swimming in her cunt; there was so much cum in there mingling with her own juices.

Paul eased his big cock out of her pussy and lay down beside Crystal on the bed. He reached over and stroked her firm tits and hard nipples as she still breathed deeply from the intensity of her orgasm. After a few minutes Paul was hard again so he rolled Crystal over on her side and slipped his big cock back in her pussy. He reached around with both hands and diddled her pussy with one and stroked her tits with the other. Paul seemed to be tireless and Crystal was beginning to feel insatiable. She wanted Paul to fuck her forever or at least as long as they both could last. Paul then slid his cock from her pussy to her ass and pressed ever so slightly then he put it back in her pussy and then he repeated the action.

Paul began dipping the head of his cock into Crystal's wet pussy and then sliding it back to her ass. It made her body quiver. Crystal pressed against him, wanting his dick inside, needing to feel him in her. The head of Paul's dick was coated with the wetness from Crystal's pussy and his cream from his earlier cum shot. Paul used his fingers and cock to smear the slippery natural lubricant around on Crystal's inner thighs and the crack of her ass. Paul pressed his wet, throbbing dickhead against her tight asshole, and continued to stroke and rub softly against the lips of her pussy.

Paul did not hurry his actions, even though he could feel Crystal straining frantically against him. He continued to finger Crystal slowly and fondled her tits gently, teasing her body mercilessly. Although Crystal was aware of his cock pressing against her asshole,

her attention was focused on the feelings flooding through her nipples, clit, and pussy. Even though the movements of his fingers were tender and measured, her erect nipples and distended clit throbbed and pulsed with desire. Paul continued pressing his dick into Crystal's ass with the same slow steady rhythm.

Crystal realized that she was going to be butt fucked again. Paul inched his cock into her ass, pressing steadily but slowly and continued to finger softly around her clit. As he further penetrated her tight ass, Crystal stiffened as she became aware of his thick dick as it stretched her open. He immediately thrust his fingers into her creamy cunt and continued pushing his stiff meat further into her tight tunnel. His fingers made her crazy. Paul shoved two thick fingers in her deep and hard. He thrust and plunged in a way that made her feel like she was being fucked with a cock. He held her pussy cupped in one hand with his fingers digging relentlessly into her dripping wet cunt as his thumb diddled her clit. The muscles in Crystal's pussy squeezed and contracted with pleasure as Paul shoved his fingers in and then withdrew them only to ram them in deep again.

As Paul fingered fucked her sopping wet pussy with his fingers, he continued to work his rigid cock into Crystal's asshole. Crystal felt the intrusion but she was so overcome with desire due to the manipulation and titillation, the intrusion seemed to be a subtle awareness. The distraction worked exactly as Paul intended as Crystal was focused on the burning ache deep in her pussy. Crystal gyrated and pumped her throbbing hot cunt against Paul's fingers and subconsciously relaxed her ass and offered no resistance as Paul pushed his dick all the way into her ass.

Crystal loved the fullness and the depth of his cock as it throbbed in her tight snug ass. Paul remained motionless for several minutes, allowing Crystal's body to adjust to his stiff thick cock. Crystal felt stuffed and she could feel his cock throbbing and pulsing in her anal channel. Paul continued to thrust his fingers in her wet cunt and brush his fingers over her hard erect sensitive nipples. Every nerve ending in Crystal's body seemed to be alive. Paul smiled to himself savoring the moment as Crystal gave up her ass to him.

Crystal liked the feeling of Paul in her ass and her pussy at the same time. Paul turned her head toward him and then he kissed her deeply plunging his tongue deep in her mouth. Crystal sucked on Paul's tongue as if it were a cock. Paul began to move his cock very slowly grinding into Crystal as he kept his cock buried in her ass

Paul began to pull his cock out slightly and then push it back in. He made gentle short thrusts into Crystal's ass. Paul worked his fingers in her pussy and on her tits as he French kissed her shoving his tongue down her throat. Crystal felt as if she were being fucked in all three holes at the same time. Paul knew her body well by now and he drove her toward her climax. Crystal's body responded just as Paul planned and he smiled to himself as her ass gyrated and grinded on his thick cock.

Crystal was overcome with desire and she wanted nothing more at that moment than to cum. Their bodies slammed together and Paul pulled his fingers from Crystal's cunt to grab both her tits and tweak her hard nipples. Paul picked up the pace and rapidly slid his cock in and out of her hot ass in search of his own release. Crystal felt the length of his cock slide in and out of her ass. It was not comfortable for her but at least it was no longer painful. Crystal felt full in a very different way with his cock in her ass rather than in her pussy.

Paul then moved his fingers back to her clit and rub the spot to make her cum. Crystal lost it and her body gyrated and twisted as Paul had her pussy on fire. He drove his cock deep into her ass and then pulled it back out only to thrust it all the way in again. Crystal felt a little twinge of discomfort as Paul frantically fucked her ass but she was beyond caring at this point as she needed to cum. Paul really picked up the pace fucking her ass and Crystal could feel his big thick shaft scrape along her insides. As Paul masturbated her toward her orgasm he began to fuck her ass with shorter quicker jabs as he approached his own release. Paul then increased the length of his strokes until he was close then he thrust deep into her ass and held it in place.

Crystal came all over Paul's fingers and her body spasmed and jerked. Just seconds after Crystal orgasmed Paul exploded in her ass and filled her rectum with his seed. Crystal once again felt the strange sensation of semen flooding her ass and the slight burning caused by his salty seed. Crystal realized that her ass was sore a feeling she had not felt before. Paul held her tightly as he let his cock slowly deflate and slip from her asshole. Crystal felt a strange emptiness in her ass when his cock slipped out but she took comfort in Paul's embrace. She felt the semen seep from her ass and trickle over one of her ass cheeks and she felt the traces of spunk on Paul's cock head as it rested against her buttocks. They fell asleep in each other's arms and slept soundly for the first time together.

A Good Man Is So Hard to Find

bycocoa_delight©

Life had been rough on Gia. She couldn't find a decent high paying job to save her life even though the Recession was supposedly over. And after coming back home from out of state, she settled with living with her mother in order to save up enough money to have her own apartment and get back on her feet. Although most 20 something singles would rather have a limb removed before living with their mothers, Gia needed some company after trying to mend another broken heart. She'd just gotten over a failed engagement a few years back and moved out of state in the hopes of starting a new life only to be heart broken by another creep. It didn't help that Gia's 30th birthday was slowly creeping up and the cruel reminder that she was nowhere close to finding a decent man. It wasn't that Gia was unattractive. She was 5'7", with a luscious curvy body and blessed with a large 36DD chest to compliment her milk chocolate complexion. She would often find men staring at her but she would rarely get asked out on a date. She was often the one who had to do the asking and she was getting tired of it.

After her last break up, she'd finally decided to take control of her life and start looking for men she wanted instead of settling for whatever came her way. Since she was young, she had always lusted after white men but the opportunities to make her fantasy a real relationship never truly worked out. She had brief relationships and her longest was with a foreign student in college, but his feminine mannerisms made him more of a shopping buddy than lover. This time Gia was going to satisfy herself and make it about her. After landing a mail room attendant job at an Accounting Firm downtown, Gia decided she was going to try to find a decent man.

Daniel was a successful business man at Goldmann & Petersburg Accounting Firm but a bit of a workaholic. For Daniel, being successful left little room for an active social life. His only "friends" were his coworkers and he was always getting dumped by his girlfriends who would complain that he had no time for them. However, it was always easy for Daniel to find another woman. His 6'3" height, dirty blonde hair, greenish-blue eyes, faint Irish accent and athletic body seemed to always do the trick. He often dated Caucasian women but got tired of the same mold. He'd often find himself staring at the black secretaries with their curvy bodies and gorgeous dark skin. Since he hit

adolescence his porn collection was always filled with ebony women satisfying white men and he had always fantasied of having an ebony goddess wrapped her beautiful full lips on his cock and him sucking on her beautiful brown pussy till she'd cum in his mouth. He'd tried a few black call girls but they were often more business minded than sensual and he didn't like paying for a woman's affection. And after he landed his dream job at the firm straight out of grad school, his love life took a back seat to his professional life.

It was Friday afternoon and Gia was making the last rounds of delivering mail to the Accounting staff. She was quick to finish up so she could grab some fast food afterwards. She was starving. She finally made it to her last drop off spot when saw him. He was so gorgeous. She was so in awe of him that she actually dropped his mail in front of him. Daniel looked up and saw her. He immediately stopped his work and smiled at her. She was the epitome of every physical thing he wanted in a black women. Gia had those large gorgeous brown eyes with long lashes, juicy full lips and a body to rival Jessica Rabbit.

"Can I help you with that", asked Daniel as he got up and helped Gia sort out her spilled mail.

"No no, I got it. Thanks", as Gia could feel herself blushing. God he must think she's such a klutz.

"I've never seen you around here. I'm Daniel. Are you new?"

"Yeah, I just got hired to deliver the mail. My name is Gia by the way"

"Well, nice to meet you Gia. I wish they told me. I would have been the first to take you out to lunch to celebrate your first day" Daniel said as he smiled and stared at her lovely eyes. He knew he was coming off too strong but he couldn't help it. No woman had made him feel this excited in a long time.

Gia was speechless. She didn't know how to react. It had been a while since she interacted with a sexy man. She couldn't help but wonder if he just being nice or if he was just the office creep trying to get in her pants? But after looking into his light

greenish blue eyes and hearing his sexy accent, Gia didn't care.

"So what's a beautiful girl like you doing in a boring Accounting Firm downtown" as Daniel handed her the last of her dropped mail.

"I'm just doing the mail gig to help save up and get back on my feet and hopefully move up in the company"

"Obviously! You sound way too overqualified to be doing mail. I have a good pal at the Human Resources Department. Maybe I could have a word with him and get you into an Entry Level position if you'd like" he smiled.

"Oh my goddess. That would be wonderful. I'd really appreciate that. It's so hard to find a good job these days." Gia gushed with great appreciation over this handsome stranger's kindness.

"No problem. I bet your boyfriend would like to see you behind a desk rather than hauling mail" Daniel said as he went back to sitting on his desk.

"Oh. I don't have a boyfriend" Gia admitted and felt a bit pathetic. She hope he didn't think she was a pathetic single girl who couldn't get a man.

"What? No way. I know guys that would be dying to have their way with a girl like you" Daniel knew he was going too far with this girl. With his lame pickup lines, he didn't want her thinking he was the office creep. It's just that Daniel didn't want Gia to get away and he was going to take every opportunity to have her for himself. Even if he came off as overly aggressive.

"Well, I guess I never meet those guys" Gia said sadly.

She wished one of those guys were Daniel. She knew what guys like him were all about. She attended a small liberal arts college filled with business and accounting majors who came from old money. The typical handsome successful types who were more into their perfect Abercrombie & Fitch fraternity lifestyle filled with Playboy bunny girlfriends and they were nowhere close to opening their minds to anything interracial.

She could easily see Daniel on the arm of a Giselle or Paris Hilton type girl, but never with someone like her. The sad memories of failed relationships with white guys she had dated would often end with "You're a wonderful girl....but..." or "we just don't make sense" breakup lines. Gia would have much preferred straight talk like "you're black, I'm white...it was fun, but goodbye" approach.

Daniel decided to be bold and put his cards on the table. He wanted Gia and he wanted her now.

"Well, what if I was one of those guys Gia. Would you be interested?"

Gia could not believe her ears. Did he just ask her out?

"I don't understand. Are you proposing you and me...?"

"I'm proposing this", he immediately got out of his seat, walk up to her and kissed her on the lips, softly and slowly. God, her lips were so soft. He knew he had gone too far, but he also knew he had to have more of her. He continued to wrap his arms around her and massaged her shapely large ass. Gia immediately responded to his kiss and smelled his cologne. He sure knew how to kiss, and for once an attractive man was putting the moves on her.

"Oh fuck, Gia...you feel and taste so good" as he parted her lips with his tongue and heard her moan.

He quickly made sure his office door was closed and started to undo her shirt and pull her bra straps down. She didn't resist as he pulled away from her kiss and saw her luscious large breasts with the huge dark areolas just the way he liked them. He quickly bent down and put her whole breast in his mouth as he longingly sucked on one then the other. He looked up to see Gia watching him and moaning louder with each motion of his mouth on her large tits. He was in heaven as he pressed her tits together and took them both in his mouth. Gia tried to not moan louder but could not help herself. He was attending to both of her tits so well as he covered each of them in his saliva. And she grabbed the back of his head to increase the pressure of his mouth as it did delicious things to her.

"You want more Gia"

"Yes, Daniel"

He quickly lifted her up and sat her on his desk. He sat back on his chair and pulled her skirt up to her stomach. He pulled her lacey black thong to the side to reveal a thick black bush and a wet dripping pussy. Daniel slowly played with her wet slit and looked up at her.

"You're so fucking beautiful. I wanted to taste you the minute you walked in my office," as he lifted his finger to his mouth and licked her moistness with a straight face.

"Such a sweet tasting pussy" he whispered to her.

"Oh God, lick my pussy now" Gia begged knowing what they were doing was work place inappropriate and would probably get them both fired, but she wanted it anyway. She hadn't had a man give her this much pleasure since God knows when. Her ex-boyfriends were always concerned with her pleasuring them and making sure they got their rocks off. She'd never had a man make it all about her. She felt like such a slut for succumbing to his advances so quickly but she also didn't care. At that moment, all she wanted was for Daniel to satisfy her desires that she has put on pause for years.

Daniel grabbed the back of her ass and buried his face in her wet gushing pussy licking and sucking her sweet juices.

Gia guided his head as he licked and sucked every inch of her dripping pussy. She was paralyzed with rushes and chills all over her body with each stroke of Daniel's very gifted tongue attended her wet pussy. Never had she felt more desired, more delicious, more wanted and she wasn't going to let it stop.

Daniel grabbed both her legs and lifted them over his shoulders to get better access to her. He knew this was a beautiful woman who hadn't been satisfied properly in a long time. He wanted to make it so she would not only enjoy but never forget him. He kept sucking her large clit faster and faster like it was his last meal. Gia watched him as she

glided her hands through his soft silky blonde hair pushing him deeper into her. Daniel wanted more of her and pressed his tongue deeper into her cunt and Gia screamed louder in pleasure.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck Daniel"

Daniel finally sucked long and hard on her clit which allowed Gia's orgasm to shudder throughout her entire body while he watched her large tits bounce in front of him and took one in his mouth as she finished. Gia had never felt so slutty yet so deeply satisfied. Here she was being pleased by a virtual stranger but loving every second of it. She wasn't raised to be this easy but Daniel had definitely put down her guard.

As Daniel finished with Gia, he looked up at her and realized what he had done. He's just seduced the new girl. God only knows if she'd tell her supervisor and get him fired for his inappropriateness. But somehow, he still wanted Gia.

"Oh Gia, I hope you don't think badly of me for going so fast. I couldn't help myself. You turn me on so badly" as he laid his head on her chest.

"You do the same to me, or I wouldn't have cum so hard or let you do what you just did" Gia reassured him.

"Well, I guess you probably want to get out of here no doubt" Daniel helped in dressing Gia. "But ummmmm...I still hope you'll let me take you out sometime. I really like you Gia".

"Seriously Daniel?" Gia couldn't believe this guy was for real. "Honestly, you have nothing to feel guilty about. And I'm not going to tell anyone anything about this"

"No Gia, I'm serious. I want to get to know you. I'm never like this around the office. I'm usually boring workaholic Daniel. I don't want to be that guy anymore. I want to be able to take a lovely woman like yourself out to dinner, make love to her and treat her the way she truly deserves to be treated....like a princess".

All Gia could think was if this guy was feeding her bullshit, it was the best she had ever

been fed. Or maybe it had been so long since she had some, she was willing to take any bullshit. She's couldn't figure out which it was.

"Promise me you'll meet me at Georgio's Bistro tonight at 8 so you can get to know the real me and maybe we can have a nice evening together" as he slowly grabbed her hand and kissed it.

Gia groaned. She'd never had a man offer to romance her before or try to be a true gentleman. She was more use to the wham, bam, thank you ma'am types. And it had been forever since she's gone out on a date.

"Damn it Daniel. All I can say is you better be there tonight or you'll be missing some mail"

"It's a deal" Daniel responded as he gave her another one of his sexy smiles and final kiss on her hand.

----8:00 pm at Georgio Bistro-----

Gia barely had time to get ready for her date. She couldn't help but think they were doing everything in reverse, but it was nice to let go of "the rules" for once. She was wearing a tightly fitted strapless black dress with high heels. She'd put her hair up in a cute bun letting a few strands fall down to her cheek and applied a bit of make up with her signature red lipstick to add to the look. She made sure to leave the house before her mom got home so as to not encourage any questions. Gia never liked talking about any men in her life until things were legitimate so as to not get her hopes up too high just in case everything went to shit. She had to learn that the hard way.

She'd had always wanted to go eat out at Georgio's Bistro but didn't have the money to splurge on a five star restaurant. As she walked in the doors, she saw the hostess and said she wanted a table for two.

"Oh mademoiselle, you're being expected by Mr. Petersburg."

"Wait Petersburg as in Goldmann & Petersburg" Gia said with shock as she finally put two and two together to realize she was on a date with one of the partners of the firm where she worked. Daniel had never told her his last name. God, how stupid of her not to notice.

"Yes, he's right over there. Enjoy your evening miss"

That's when she saw him sitting alone looking at his blackberry phone. He was well dressed and looking gorgeous as usual. She couldn't believe this is the man that had pleased her only a few hours ago. Was she dreaming or was this his way the firm fired their naughty mail room workers?

He looked up and saw her. She was more beautiful than ever. She had even taken the time to get dressed up. Her dress accented her curves and made him wish he had made arrangements for them to go to a hotel after dinner. But he was glad he didn't. This was his chance to show Gia that he was a gentleman and treat her to a romantic evening. And if she wanted he'd let her choose if they should take it to the next level tonight. He had a feeling they were doing everything backwards. But he loved being so spontaneous with Gia. It made him feel alive.

He quickly stood up and opened her chair for her and then sat down.

"You look so lovely tonight"

"Aw, thank you Daniel Petersburg" Gia said without thinking.

"Oh, you just figured that out huh. I wasn't sure if you knew or not. You spoke to me so casually at work I was certain you didn't."

"Yea, I didn't or I would have showed you a little more respect and not done what

we....um...did today" Gia blushed.

Daniel grabbed her hand and said, "I'm glad you didn't. Most people treat me with so much respect; it's as if they forget I'm just a guy. Yes, I'm a partner of the firm, but I'm not a statue. I'm a regular guy with needs"

"Umm, Daniel. I know I agreed to come on this date and all but I just want you to know, I'm not an easy mail room slut. I actually am college educated and I don't sleep around to get ahead at work. I plan to...."

"Gia, say no more. I know you're a good woman or I wouldn't have pursued this. I'm pretty good at measuring character quite quickly. There's nothing about you that comes off as slutty. In fact, you fascinate me. How is a woman like you still single?"

"I ask myself that all the time", Gia responded with a smile.

-----After Dinner-----

"I had a lovely evening with you Daniel"

"Me too Gia. I haven't been out in a long time. But you inspired me to get out for once"

"Well, I hope I do a little more than that" Gia replied as she gently kissed him.

He kissed her back and felt his lust for her increase once again. His cock was getting hard and he didn't want her to see it, but she ran her hands against his crotch area and looked up at him and smiled.

"Do you want to um....take this somewhere else Gia?"

"Hell yea!"

He quickly hailed a taxi and opened the door for Gia. As they made out in the car, he remembered to tell the driver to take them to the Hyatt hotel.

As they rushed inside the hotel, Gia waited in the lobby as she watched Daniel make all the arrangements. It was nice to see a guy taking charge. Even if he was merely led by lust alone. But she didn't want to think about the future or where this was going. She just wanted to enjoy her night with her Daniel. Tonight, he belonged to her and only her.

As they walked out the elevator, Daniel opened their hotel room suite with his key and let Gia in first. She looked around in marvel. The room was a scene out of *Pretty Woman*. Oh my god....was she the whore for the night? Did he take all his girls here?

"Would you like some champagne?"

"Um...sure"

God, why was he pulling out all the stops for her? Maybe he just wants to have some fun and they won't even communicate after the weekend is over. Gia made a mental note not to think about the future again and just enjoy the moment. Who fucking cares girl. You're not going to get treatment like this again. You better enjoy it while it lasts. If he wants to have fun, you have yours too.

He handed her a glass of champagne and held on to his. They both took a sip and stared silently at each other. She still couldn't believe where the day had taken her. And Daniel couldn't believe his luck with Gia. She walked to the back of the room to see the view of the city. It was breathtaking. As she was watching she felt Daniel's lips kissing the back of her neck, and whispering "I want you so much right now" and his arms wrapped around her small waist as he continued to administer his kisses on her back. Those same chills came back and she couldn't take it anymore. She'd been enough of a lady today.

She turned to him and kissed him passionately. He responded by instantly grabbing her strapless dress and pulling it down to reveal her large breasts that he loved seeing so

much. He picked her up and she wrapped her legs around his back. He walked her all the way to the bed and laid her down. She got in front of him and undid his pants.

"I forgot to return the favor from this afternoon" she smiled

As she undid his pants and he took off his shirt to reveal his muscular body, she immediately went to work and took in his entire cock in her mouth. He groaned loudly.

"Oh fuck Gia!"

It took all his strength to not cum in her mouth that instant watching her luscious full lips suck on every inch of his manhood. Watching her red lipstick leave stains all over cock drove him crazy. He was so glad it had all come to this. She continued to loudly slurp on the tip of his penis as he grabbed the back of her hair and released it out of its bun to reveal her long black hair and tried to hold on to the last strands of control he had. He wanted this moment to go on all night. She was the best cock sucker he had ever had in his god damned life. And he had had plenty!

"Oh Gia, I have to cum" he moaned.

"Cum in my mouth baby" she instructed.

He did as he was told and let his cock jizz in her beautiful mouth as he watched her swallow every drop.

"God! You're amazing."

He practically ripped her clothes off and took off her thong with his teeth. He allowed her to keep her thigh high black nylon stockings and garter belt because he thought she looked so fucking hot in them. Then there he was again, staring at her beautiful pussy. He started to lick it again as he stared up at her.

"Did you miss my tongue on your pussy?" as he looked up at her and licked her some more creating a nice tease sensation for Gia.

She could barely breath or talk as he slowly licked her some more. "Yes baby, I did", as she felt the warm tip of his tongue on her twat.

She tasted so damn good. She was just what he needed. He hadn't even fucked her but he knew he wanted her beautiful body around him every day for the rest of his life.

"Oh Gia, if only you knew what you were doing to me with that body of yours" as he sucked on her cunt harder. He spread her pussy lips wider to reveal her wet clit but this time he wanted more. He took one last long taste and blurted out, "Fuck, I need to be inside you now"

Within seconds, he slipped his hard cock into her wet pussy and almost went weak at the contrast of colors between them. He immediately remembered that was why he loved black women. He loved seeing his white cock disappear in Gia's black chocolate mound. He fucked her nice and gently at first but lost total control as he saw her tits bounce with each thrust.

He quickly went to fucking her hard as he put her legs over his shoulders and entered her deeper. He loved knowing he was fucking every inch of that wet pussy of hers as she moaned with each of his deep thrusts. He especially loved seeing her tits bounce harder. It only made him fuck her harder.

Gia was sweating as Daniel continued to fuck her good. She continued to spread her legs as his thrusts got deeper and deeper. She was so close to cumming but wanted him to continue. He was plowing her deep as she felt herself convulsing with a big orgasm. She started screaming in pleasure not caring if anyone heard. Daniel loved hearing her scream. He loved knowing that he was fucking his woman well. Then he started to feel his orgasm come over him as he gritted his teeth and moaned deeply and just as loudly

Afterwards, they both collapsed on the bed. "Cum in my mouth baby" she instructed.

He did as he was told and let his cock jizz in her beautiful mouth as he watched her swallow every drop.

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scream. He loved knowing that he was fucking his woman well. Then he started to feel his orgasm come over him as he gritted his teeth and moaned deeply and just as loudly

Afterwards, they both collapsed on the bed. Then Daniel looked down at Gia and stared at her.

"You know this is just a fuck, right"

"Yea, I know"

"I think we're going to have a lot of fun"

"I know, me too Daniel"

A Good Man Is So Hard to Find Ch. 02

bycocoa_delight©

It was Sunday night and Gia was still reflecting on the events that had taken place that weekend. There she was laying on her bed with a big smile on her face, but so much on her mind. One second, she was doing her job delivering mail to the accounting firm partners and the next minute, she's hooking up with Daniel Petersburg in his office. She couldn't help but recollect the past few days as her and Daniel enjoyed a lovely dinner at the Bistro and spent most of the night talking about their lives, their ambitions and hopes and then hurrying off to the hotel for some much needed "dessert" to quench their sexual appetites for the night.

A few weeks ago, Gia remembered telling her girlfriends how she thought her sex drought would never end, how unlucky in love she was and how there were no decent men left out there. Now, she couldn't stop thinking about the hot and heavy sex she had with Daniel. It was so good that they didn't leave the hotel till the late afternoon of the following day so as to work in a few more sex sessions.

Nevertheless, Daniel's hot looks and powerful position was starting to rub Gia the wrong way. There definitely was a sick awkward feeling in her stomach considering she might have to face him Monday morning if he needed his mail delivered. Dear Lord, would he even talk to her or would he act like what they did never took place? After all, she hadn't gotten any new texts or phone messages on her cell phone. It didn't escape Gia's mind that it's possible Daniel may just be using her for sex. As offensive as that thought may have been, Gia couldn't help but wonder if she should just let him. After all, why should she end this if she actually liked Daniel? She kept thinking about their Bistro date and how he told her about his days growing up as a kid in Ireland, his golden opportunity to study business in the States and how his success as a firm partner was a double edged sword in that he barely had time to have a relationship.

But then again, Gia knew that Daniel was risking quite a lot if he continued to be with her. A firm partner sleeping with a mail room attendant did not look good or sound good no matter how you put it. They could never be together if they worked together, could they?

Gia finally decided that tomorrow morning if she saw Daniel, she was going to just follow his lead and let the chips fall where they may. If he wanted her, he'd let her know. If he was done with her and it was just an office fling then she'd just be a big girl about it and move on. She refused to be the victim this time.

It was Sunday night at Daniel's loft and he couldn't sleep. His hot weekend with Gia was still heavy on his mind. He kept staring at this BlackBerry phone wanting to call her and tell her how much he enjoyed their date and their after date events, but he didn't. It was finally hitting him that he could get in big trouble with his firm if he continued his relationship with Gia. Daniel was sane enough to not want that considering how hard he worked to get at the top of his career with the company. It took him forever for his coworkers to respect him considering he didn't have that All-American background like the rest. However, he didn't want to lose Gia either. Although his mind could not escape the amazing sex they had, he kept thinking about their great conversations during their Bistro date. Daniel remembered seeing the passion and life in her eyes as she confided in him about her dreams to become a successful working professional, her fun college days, her failed romances and her hope to one day find Mr. Right. He loved hearing her talk and could have listened to her for hours if the Bistro's maître d' hadn't told them that they were closing.

Behind Daniel's high position was a story of struggle that he actually was able to tell Gia. He'd never told anyone at his work about it. Daniel came from a very poor family in Ireland. He never knew his father and his mother worked several shifts in a factory trying to save every penny to have Daniel attend the most elite prep school to increase his chances to going off to the States to study. Daniel hated prep school. He was always teased for being poor, but he kept his head in the books knowing that he and his mother had a mutual goal. When he was offered a full scholarship to an Ivy League University in America, his mother soon died in a car accident on her way back from work. After her death, Daniel knew he had to do everything in his power to make her proud of her efforts even if she wasn't alive to see it.

While in college, his lack of being an upper class snob locked him out of several upper crust social events. If Daniel did date, it was with lower class women in his same position. There were a few brief relationships with a few black female classmates but they were more interested in dating black men. This is what started Daniel's efforts to seek out black call girls, but he soon grew tired of it. He wanted to have a real connection with a black woman. But the demands of school and working two jobs rarely allowed him the time or opportunity to find one. He soon landed a big time internship at a Forbes top 100 company. The company was so impressed with him that they agreed to pay for his business school education in exchange for his return as a full-time associate. Within a few short years, Daniel became a partner for that same company.

Along with his position came the luxury of dating tons of women. He remembered being introduced to a new batch of women who were the cream de la crème of the city's rich, successful, intelligent, and sophisticated elite. It's not that Daniel didn't like these type of women. Any one of them could have easily graced the cover of a fashion magazine. It's just that Daniel thoroughly remembered the days when women like that would not give him the time of day. That's why Daniel liked Gia so much. She was the type of black woman he had always been searching to find. Plus, Gia reminded Daniel of himself. Not only was she an unbelievably gorgeous black woman but she wanted to be a successful professional in her life as well. Daniel wanted to see to it that Gia's dreams were accomplished in some way. He wanted her to stop working her menial job as a mail room attendant and help her achieve a higher paying Entry level position so she could afford to have her own apartment and the independence she so desperately wanted. He knew she deserved it.

Then a horrible thought came to his head. Was Gia using him? Was she a sensual seductress trying to climb the company ladder using her feminine wiles on him? Sadly, Daniel knew he'd fallen victim to it if that was her intention. He had acted too desperately to wine and dine her and eventually bed her without even thinking of what her true intentions had been. What if she didn't even like white men? Or worse, what if she was just a gold digger trying to get a few nice gifts before moving on to her next conquest. All these thoughts prevented him from calling Gia. Even though his mind was going wild with negative thoughts, he still couldn't escape the fact that the sex with Gia was beyond any experience he'd ever had with a woman. Just thinking about it made his cock hard.

-----The next morning-----

Gia dreaded coming to work. She was efficient in completing all of her duties for the day but realized there was a huge stack of new mail that needed to be delivered. She hoped and prayed she wouldn't see what she did not want to see in her mail buggy. She looked through the piles and piles of mail and soon saw a fat stack wrapped in rubber bands labeled: "To: Daniel Petersburg, CPA, CFE" in big black letters. As awkward as Gia thought seeing Daniel would be, she desperately wanted to know where she stood with him. But Gia still felt nervous about the whole thing and she decided to deliver his mail at the end of the day. When the time came, her heart was hammering so hard, she could barely walk straight. She prayed he was in a meeting or left early for the day.

Daniel was trying to pay attention to the boring online meeting he was conducting on his computer with the new hedge fund managers from Tokyo. He wanted to intervene in their disagreement about who to choose for investment advisors but he couldn't help staring at his office door almost every second hoping a certain someone would come by to deliver his mail. He purposely left the door wide open in the hopes that he'd see Gia. As the online meeting came to an end, Daniel sipped the last bit of coffee from his mug and gave up on seeing her. He wasn't against the idea of going downstairs to look for Gia in the mailroom and pretend he was missing some letters from an important client. No, no, no! That would be too obvious and too pathetic. Shit! He hoped she hadn't gotten a hold of her senses and decided to avoid seeing him all together. Get a hold of yourself Daniel! He hated when his mind wandered on things other than work. But then again, this was the first time in a long time Daniel was catching himself daydreaming. His

thought went to kissing Gia's full soft lips when all of the sudden...

"Am I interrupting you Mr. Petersburg" said Gia as she held a stack of letters in her hand.

God, she looked good, Daniel thought. She was wearing a tight white tank top which matched her short white jean skirt. He knew she wasn't following the company policy on correct dress code conduct but he didn't give a damn. He could see her hard nipples pinching against her low cut tank top. He licked his lips as he remembered how he had this same woman naked in a hotel room. He remembered tearing off most of her clothes to lick and suck the most sensual parts of that body almost seconds after meeting her last weekend. He wanted her right now, this second. If she was using him for whatever reason, he'd let her do as she pleased as long as she let him have her body. He wanted her body!

"Um, no...you're not bothering me Gia. Why are you called me Mr. Petersburg? You know my name", he smiled as he turned off his computer.

Gia tried not to blush but remembered she wasn't going to fall for his charms today. She wanted to see where he stood with her.

"Because that's your name and I don't want people thinking why I'm on a first name basis with you in such a short amount of time of working here."

"Gia, please don't worry about what other people think. Worry about what I think and how I've been waiting for you to come to my office so I could see what color bra you're wearing today"

"Daniel!! Shut up! People will hear you!" Gia almost screamed then quickly lowered her voice. But she couldn't help but smile at his naughty comment towards her. She knew he was being inappropriate but she was almost grateful his affection for her hadn't diminished over the weekend.

"And you're not going to see a peak of that bra. You didn't even call me this weekend Mr. Aloof!" Gia said as she attempted reprimand him, but knew she was failing

miserably.

"Actually, I had a lot on my mind Sunday night. I was thinking about us and how things should proceed considering how fast things have been going." Daniel said to her in a very serious tone he often used when discussing very important business with clients.

Gia looked around the office hall ways to make sure no one could hear their conversation.

"Are you saying you want to take it slow?" Gia asked. She heard that one before. Her heart was pounding so fast. Either they were going to go slow or not go at all. She knew where this was going.

"No, it's not that. It's just that I'm torn because I like you but our work place positions make it very difficult for us" Daniel said in complete honesty and a frown as he fumbled through some paperwork.

"Oh, I see" said Gia. She was preparing herself for the worst as she looked at Daniel's plants so he wouldn't see the disappointment in her eyes.

"So I spoke with Human Resources and they said it would be alright for you to start a new Entry level position as my personal secretary starting tomorrow" Daniel said with a big smile on his face. He loved the fact that he had made her squirm a little.

Gia's mouth dropped. She totally forgot about how Daniel said he would make efforts to help her find a better paying job in the company. In fact, she had hoped to talk him out of it considering how suspicious the change in her position would look in such a short amount of time to her fellow coworkers. She knew people would talk. And this time, they would be right because it wasn't that she looked like she slept her way to the top. She actually did without even trying. She didn't want people to think she was that type of girl! Even though, the evidence stating that she definitely was that girl.

"Daniel, I can't! Thank you so much but I can't!" she said.

"Actually, you can. You're just saying you can't Gia. You were the one telling me that

you want to be a successful professional one day. Now is your chance to make it come true. Our relationship has nothing to do with this. I just want to see you succeed."

As much as Gia wanted to tell Daniel no, she realized "no" wasn't a word she used too often with him. He was dressed to kill in his grey three piece suit which matched his light eyes which were looking up at her with lust.

"But..."

"But...nothing! Why don't you come over here so I can kiss my new secretary?" Daniel smirked.

He loved how being playful with Gia came so easily for him. Normally he was concerned about how to talk to a woman and would often double think his actions and speech but not with Gia. She made him feel comfortable. The way she looked at him, with so much desire only fueled his passion for her. He wanted to relive the first time he met her again.

Gia immediately closed the office door and practically ran to Daniel's desk. She straddled him and sat on his lap while facing him and kissed him passionately and hard. He reciprocated by running his hands through her hair and on her back, then put his hands under her skirt to feel her round shapely ass constricted with a dental floss like thong. He then went on to kiss her neck slowly and teased her while playing with her thong.

"Oooooooooooooooooo....Daniel, I've been thinking about this since we left the hotel all weekend"

"I know, so have I. That's why I'm giving it to you right now. To make up for lost time", he whispered in her ear as he kissed and nibbled on more of her neck. He took a quick peak inside her shirt and started to feel his erection getting harder inside his suit.

"Oh Gia! Is that a hot pink see through bra! You don't know what you're doing to me, do you?" as he grabbed Gia's shirt and quickly took it off to reveal her 36DD chest staring at him in her Victoria Secret bra. She was an erotic sight to behold. He could not

help himself as he pulled down the material of one of her bra cups to reveal her large dark areola with her hard nipple staring at him begging to be sucked. He obeyed by sucking on Gia's tit nice and loudly. She moaned loudly.

"Oh fuck Daniel. Do you know how much I missed you doing this to me" as she felt her pussy get wet so quickly from his sucking.

Daniel was in a sexual trance as he ripped her bra off to reveal both naked large tits with very erect nipples staring at him. He quickly got to work on both of them. He was licking her harder and sucking her nipples louder than ever to show her how much he wanted her body. He had hoped to have a civilized conversation about how he wanted to get to know her even better, but that damn bra. If she hadn't have worn it, maybe he would have stood a chance.

"Oh Daniel, do you think this is a good idea?" Gia moaned as she took one last chance to stop everything and try and exercise proper work place conduct.

Daniel's answer was to pick up Gia and sit her on his desk. He pressed her cleavage together with both his hands and sucked on both her nipples at the same time. He couldn't get enough of her massive knockers. Then like an animal in heat, he pulled off her skirt and pushed the side of her thong reveal that wet cunt he'd been thinking about all Sunday night. He bent down to get a nice long whiff of her essence and immediately lost control and plunged his tongue to suck on her sweet nectar. She always tasted too fucking sweet! He spread her pussy lips to taste more of her. He realized right then that he was obsessed with her taste.

Gia moaned even louder as Daniel attended to her wet drenched sex. She spread her legs to make more room for his tongue. She loved looking down to see his face buried in her cunt as she grabbed the back of his head to get him deeper inside. In a sick and twisted way, Gia got off knowing that this powerful man couldn't get enough of her body. She loved watching him suck her off like a thirsty man in the desert desperately searching for water in her love jewels. Had Daniel not been so gifted in this department, Gia would have put an end to this entire situation. But she could do no such thing because Daniel knew her ultimate weakness. He knew exactly how to worship her pussy.

In a matter of seconds convulsions of orgasms were flowing through Gia's body as she

fucked Daniel's face even harder. She wanted each orgasm to last as long as humanly possible so she continued to fuck his face. She kept looking down at him with lust in her eyes saying,

"Oh yea baby, eat that black pussy. You love the taste of black pussy don't you? Yea, get some more of that pussy juice with that nasty tongue of yours!"

Each whisper drove Daniel crazy as his face was practically covered in her juices. He opened his pant zipper to reveal his long thick cock. He needed get some release for himself because his arousal level was way too high. He couldn't take it. He rubbed and jerked on his cock faster and faster as he kept attending to Gia's fat swollen twat. He proceeded to smack her large ass cheeks matching the loud noises of her moans. This woman was going to be the death of him, he thought as he slurped on her clit and brought her to a nice long full body orgasm. Gia pressed his face as close into her cunt as possible with one hand as she screamed one loud grunted moan while her hips shook and trembled.

"Turn over" Daniel demanded.

A fully satisfied Gia turned over for Daniel to get a breathtaking view of what looked like two dark brown globes pressed together. Daniel knew at that moment, he had to have her ass. He pulled her thong down to her thighs. He didn't waste any time trying to figure out how to get her dental floss like thong off her huge shapely ass. He massaged her ass with both hands and kissed each cheek several times. He felt his dick dripping in pre-cum as he started to kiss closer to her crack. He took a long lick between her ass crack.

"Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo....Daniel. More!", moaned Gia.

With Gia's blessing, he opened her cheeks and sucked inside her ass. He smacked her ass hard as he got deeper inside enjoying her taste from the other side. He licked deeper and deeper until he found her small puckering ass hole. He left saliva marks on her little puckered ass hole and began to suck on it, driving Gia crazy.

"Oh shit Daniel! Keep doing that to me! Ohhhhhhhhhh yea!!!"

Daniel couldn't take it anymore. He stuck out his tongue and slurped on Gia's asshole, licking it like a dog. He spread her asscheeks farther and farther apart smelling her ass and licking its salty deliciousness. He heard Gia's moans get louder and louder until he forced his tongue inside her asshole tasting her. God, it was almost as good as going down on her but this time...it was more primal. He loved being between her ass and seeing her backdoor. He decided to get even nastier put his entire mouth on her asshole and suck on it even louder creating the loudest sucking noises. He wrapped his hands around both her ass cheeks and squeezed them hard. First he squeezed and then he smacked as he continued this erotic pattern and slurped her delicious ass.

"ooooooooooooooooohhhhhhhh fuck Daniel!!!" Gia moaned!

At that moment, Daniel didn't care anymore. He had to fuck her as he turned her over and undid he pants. He had to do it. He couldn't resist her. She had taken him to a place where self-control was irrelevant.

He took out his hard white dick and spread Gia's legs open seeing her wet cunt lips ready for some cock. He gently slid it inside as it disappeared and he got ready to fuck his hot sexy black goddess. He grabbed the back of Gia's ass and slammed her against him several times. Books, papers and pens were flying everywhere. His desk was a mess as he fucked his soon to be secretary and kept smacking that round brown bottom. He kept at it feeling himself getting hot and feeling Gia's face gasping for air and close to orgasm. It finally was building in him and he knew he was about to cum as he released his hot white seed inside Gia as he grinded into her as hard as possible before they both moaned loudly in pure and utter pleasure.

"Are you ready to do more work for your boss?" Daniel asked.

"Yes sir", Gia giggled.

"Good, then meet me at my place in an hour. We have some important business to take care of that only you can help me with" as he caressed and kissed her face.

Company Policy
byRed_Jakal©

Note: This is an entry for the Valentine's Day Contest 2014. Enjoy!

The taxi came speeding down the city street straight at me, and there was no way it was stopping in time to miss me. My life began to flash before my eyes. In second grade I had pushed Emily down and denied the whole thing, I still feel bad about that. In third grade I.....

Instinct cut in as the blaring horn of the taxi cut through my whirling mind; and, my muscles went into involuntary overdrive. Somehow, somehow, I propelled my body into a lunge forward, narrowly avoiding becoming road kill. I looked up and around the busy city corner, but no one returned my glance. Just another day in the city.

I crawled up from the ground; and, as the adrenaline from my near miss began to wane, I realized that I had landed, if only partially, in a puddle of icy slush. I made a chide remark about how the icy puddle and the freezing wind did nothing but improve my mood. Brushing myself off the best I could, I made my way down the street and into my office building. I didn't wave to the door man today, nor did I stop to chat with the janitor. Instead I stormed into the elevator and went straight to the 15th floor.

I slammed the office door, walked into the small lobby entrance of my firm, and then slammed into the small door in front of me as I attempted to open and walk through it in one quick motion, only to be foiled by the lock.

"Oh! Sorry sir, you're early sir!" The girl sitting at the desk behind the glass tellers' window buzzed the door open; but, I didn't move for the door. Instead I hung my head, put my hand against the door and took a deep breath. I turned toward the girl behind the desk and played a quick mental game of guess who. Sally? No, Sally has red hair. Jen? No, no... Jen had more weight to her. Think, Brandon, think. Ah!

"Cher!" I exclaimed out loud in my 'aha' moment as I involuntarily pointed at her.

She shied back away from the window, looking at me like I was about to come through it at her. I threw my hands up and shook my head at the misunderstanding.

"Sorry, I wasn't yelling at you. I just couldn't remember your name. Then when it came to me, it kinda jumped out of my mouth. It's no big deal."

"My name is Claire." She said timidly from the other side of the window. I couldn't help but chuckle at how absolutely horrible everything was going, and now here I was, making a complete fool of myself.

"I'm sorry Claire, it's been a rough day, and it's only seven. Plus we have like, six interns in the office that all started two weeks ago, and as you may have gathered, I don't spend much time out of my office."

"It's ok, really, I'm sorry about the door." The poor girl still looked like she was terrified of me. I guess my foul mood wasn't very welcoming. "Um, you're all wet, Sir."

I looked down at my coat and suit, dripping wet on my left side, and covered in a murky stain. Good thing I wasn't going anywhere important today.

"So I am. I tried to jump over a taxi this morning, and things didn't work out quite the way I was hoping." I fiddled in my pocket trying to find my bathroom key as she puzzled that out. Sighing in dismay, I realized I left my office keys back at the condo. "Claire, would you happen to have a spare key to the men's bathroom handy? I'd like to try and clean up the best I can, and I seem to have misplaced mine."

"Let me see if it's in here somewhere." She took to opening and closing the drawers and fiddling around inside of them. "I'm sorry sir, I don't really work the front desk, I'm just covering for Amy this morning. I can't find any keys."

"Please, don't call me Sir. My name is Brandon, but you can call me a mess. I'll just make do."

"One second." She reached into something under the desk near her feet - it must

have been a purse or bag of some sort, and came up with a couple keys. "I have the keys to the women's room. You could use it really fast. No one really gets here before 8."

"I think I'll pass." She was right, most people didn't start til 9, and precious few arrived before 8:30; but, with my luck so far this morning, I wasn't about to take any chances. "I don't want to risk making an even bigger fool of myself today."

"I could stand outside the door and watch the hallway for you." She offered.

"Well, I really do need to wipe some of this off of me, and I don't have any other options. So if you stand guard, then I'll give it a go."

She smiled, hopped up off her chair and came around into the lobby as I ventured off toward the bathrooms. Once inside the ladies room, with Claire posted outside to keep lookout for actual ladies, I took off my jacket and began to use the paper towels by the sink to pat myself down and wipe away some of the muck. Once I was fairly cleaned up, I threw some water on my face and looked into the light brown eyes in the mirror. My brown hair had an ashy tint to it that I was terrified would turn grey at an early age. I was only 24 but the last few years hadn't been nice to me. I worked out at the gym to keep my body in some sort of shape and to burn off some steam. I spent decent money on good clothes, and tried to look kept. Try as I might though, no matter what I did, I still had that tired, over worked, over stressed look that made people add at least five years to my age.

I had been successful early on. I got a lucky break and was managing my own department at the R&D firm. I only had a 2 year degree; but, I knew someone at the firm and got a temp job that turned into a permanent position. It helped that I lacked a personal life. I immersed myself in my work and rode a slew of promotions until I was handling our biggest client all within 3 years. It came at a price. I lost a lot of friends who moved away from the city; and, the girl I dated in college left me when she went to continue her own education, partly because of the distance, but mostly because I didn't have as much time for her as she wanted. So now I worked during the week, researched when I got home at night, and went to conferences and expos during the weekend. My company loved me for it; and, both their pocket book and mine benefited. But I doubt running that myself into the ground was doing me any good. I tore away from my reflection and went out into the hallway where Claire was waiting.

"How do I look?" I asked, holding out my arms.

"Give me a twirl." She made a loop in the air with her finger that looked condescending; but, she sounded completely serious.

"What?"

"You had some on the back of your jacket. I want to make sure it didn't soak through."

I tried to look at my own back and turned at the same time. I probably looked like a dog chasing its tail. What a fantastic start to my morning, indeed. When I finished 'twirling' once, she gave me the thumbs up sign.

"Thanks for all this by the way. Here's your key."

"No problem." She smiled warmly, took the key and started off toward the office. I took the opportunity of being behind her to give her the mandatory once (over. I am but a man, for I am weak. Her blonde hair came down just past her shoulders atop her thin frame. She had on a small suit jacket, and her white blouse poked out the back just underneath. I scoured mental images and didn't recall seeing any cleavage this morning. I, therefore, assumed she was either conservative, or didn't have appropriate work attire that looked decent but also managed to show off what were either a pair of large A cups or small B cups. She had on what looked to be a pencil skirt that was probably a size to big, as it didn't really hug her hips and legs the way I thought it was meant to. Then again, I am a guy and my knowledge on women's clothing or fashion of any kind is near non-existent. It could also be that her petite frame just wasn't built for form fitting skirt suits. My eyes slipped off her cute and round, if small, butt to her legs that complimented the rest of the body they carried. I made a mental note to take her to lunch a few times to see if I could stuff a few pounds into her. Girl needs a sandwich.

We reached the lobby, where I was able to walk about 4 feet before I ran into Claire. We both cursed out loud as I grabbed her hips to keep her from toppling and almost fell forward into her. She threw her hands up and caught the door to break our fall. We regained our balanced and got a grip on the ground. I silently thanked my stars that no

one else was there to see us, with my hands on her hips, my body pressing into her as she held herself up with the door; it was a compromising position to say the least and I was immediately embarrassed. She swore again as she smoothed her clothes out.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't know you were stopping an-" She cut me off.

"No, not you. The door. Amy works the front, so she gave me the key for this morning. But I didn't put it on my ring with the rest of my office keys."

I looked at her, at the empty desk, then back to the door, and finally at my watch. 7:15. I had entirely too much work to do to wait for someone else with a key to show up.

"I have an idea." She went to the window that looks out into the lobby from the front desk and slid it open. "I already unlocked the window!"

"Oh good! Can you reach the key?"

"No." She looked back at me and shook her head. "It's in my purse under the desk. But I think I can fit through the window, if you help me up."

"I'm willing to try anything once, let's give it a go." I walked toward her but stopped a foot away. It was a more than a little awkward.. How do you lift up someone that you don't know? Where do you grab? My thoughts must have been painted on my face because she took the initiative.

"Just grab onto my waist and give me a start up. Once I can get my knee inside the window, you can let go and I can just crawl in." I nodded and she turned around toward the window and I gently grabbed her waist. She put her hands on mine and turned her head back toward me. "Just don't, like, look up my skirt or anything."

I chuckled, "Of course not."

"You don't seem like the sleazy type, but you can never be too sure." She laughed, trying to break up the awkwardness.

"All men are dogs, never trust them." I joked.

"I guess you would know. Ok, on the count of three I'll jump, you lift. One, two, three."

She hopped off the ground and I lifted her up into the window. It worked as planned and as soon as she was up on the ledge, I turned the other way to respect her privacy, but quickly turned around again when I heard her gasp and cry out. She was slipping into the window, threatening to go heels over head. I quickly grabbed her waist to keep her from falling in.

"Are you ok? What happened?" I said from behind her.

"I forgot the desk is lower than the window ledge and lost my balance." She sounded a little scared from the close call, so I didn't let go right away in fear that she would fall again. For the second time in the past few minutes, I found myself in another compromising position with Claire, her knees on the window ledge, my face level with her butt, still covered by her pencil skirt, (though the slit in the back threatened to undo that) and my hands on either side of her tiny waist. Almost too tiny.

"Can I take you out to lunch some time?"

She turned around, eyes wide in astonishment, as I stood there, holding her waist, and cursing the day that God handed out filters for mouths and I missed mine. I smiled hoping she would take it as some sort of joke, and to my relief she giggled.

"Sure, get me in the office and I'll buy you whatever you like."

"I'll hold you to that. Are you good now? I'm going to let go."

"Yeah, I'm good, thanks for catching me."

For the second time I turned around to avoid seeing anything indecent. I heard a click and short buzz and turned around to see her sitting at the desk, her blue-grey eyes looking innocently at me.

"Good Morning, Brandon. Have a good day."

"Why thank you, Claire." and with that I entered the firm and headed to my office.

The next couple days I didn't see Claire much, though I did recall her bending through the office window one particular night while I was alone in my city condo.

As luck would have it, about a week later Claire knocked on my door and poked her head into my office.

"Brandon?"

"Claire, nice to see you again. "

You remembered my name." she laughed.

"Difficult to forget now, how can I help you?"

"Actually, how can I help you?"

"Help me?" I said, confused. I didn't have an assistant, and never needed one. I didn't request any interns, and I didn't remember being asked to give any of them work.

"Yeah, Mr. Debeur told me that I'd be helping you with the two deadlines you have coming over the next 2 weeks."

"Deadlines?" Kevin Debeur was the head of our firm, and often checked in on the inner workings of each department personally; but, I only had one client report coming up on the 13th of February. I racked my brain for anything I had forgotten, nearing panic mode when Kevin walked in behind Claire.

"Brandon! How's it going? Oh Claire! You beat me to the punch I see. Brandon, listen, we got a request for a proposal I'd like you to handle. I know that you have that FOIA report due the 13th, so I asked Claire to be your personal assistant and help you with

both projects.

"Oh, sure. Not a problem Kev, when is the proposal due?"

"The presentation is in the morning on Monday the 16th. I know it's already the end of January, but with Claire helping you should be fine. She's the best intern in the place and we're paying her for her hours with you. If she does well, we may have to give her your job." He winked at her and I chuckled.

"It's hers now if she wants it. I need a vacation anyway."

"Very funny Brandon, you know damn well you can't quit until we say you can. You're ours for life." He laughed as he walked out leaving me and Claire alone again.

"Well? What'll it be, boss?" Claire turned and asked me.

"Ugh, no. Don't call me boss either. Just Brandon."

"Ok Just Brandon, what are we doing today?"

This was new territory for me. I've never had any help before and I tended to micromanage my projects. But if I was going to do everything before the deadlines, I was going to have to accept her help. That meant telling her to do things. I was never very confrontational, and I never had to be anyone else's boss. I preferred doing things all by myself over putting someone else to any tasks.

"I'm not sure where to start to be honest. I'm so used to doing everything myself."

"Just tell me what you want me to do." She shrugged.

"Um, well, go get us some coffee, and we can discuss the mechanics and details of each project, and decide where to go from there. I'll get out the paperwork I have so far on the FOIA request while you're gone."

"Ok, I'll be right back." And she darted down the hallway.

The next several days were a blur of numbers, reports, and information about our new prospective client, while trying to keep things on track for the FOIA request.

Before I knew it a week had gone by and I didn't feel as if we were making nearly enough headway on either project, even with Claire doing nearly as much work as I was.

With a week and a half to go, I took to staying late after everyone left and working overtime. It wasn't the first time, and I enjoyed the time in the office to myself. I turned my music up too loud, took off my suit, tie, and dress shirt, kicked off my shoes, and had few beers while I chipped away at the excess work I couldn't fit into the work day.

On the Friday before the first deadline, I found myself still sipping some wine left over from a retirement party earlier that afternoon with Billy Joel blaring on my speakers, singing something about Catholic girls. Pandora wasn't perfect; but, I could forgive Billy Joel.

I must have had more of the wine than I thought because I was singing along as I compiled and organized the chart. I had just got to the last chorus when Claire popped her head into my office. Whoever said white men can't jump has never seen me scared, because I'm sure that I could have shown Jordan a thing or two about getting some air.

"Holy shit!" I yelled after reentering orbit.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to startle you." She claimed, not looking one bit sorry.

"Its ok, I wasn't expecting anyone else to be here. How did you get in?"

"I got a copy of the key from Amy in case I need to cover for her again. I forgot my wallet, so I came back to grab it real fast. What are you doing here?"

"I've been working late, to keep on track with the deadlines. "You know, it's a violation of company policy to make unauthorized copies of keys." "Brandon! You've been working late, and haven't asked me to stay? "

"Um... no. I didn't think you'd like to stay. And I enjoy kicking off my shoes and relaxing in the office."

"And singing Billy Joel?"

"Hey now, don't knock the classics." Great, I sounded like a hippy.

"Brandon, it doesn't matter what I want to do, if you need me to stay late, just tell me to. I'm your assistant, remember. You're supposed to tell me what to do."

"Yeah yeah... I know, I just assumed you had other things to do."

She smirked at that and waved, as if dismissing my comment all together.

"So where you off to now?"

"Oh, just back home. Going to catch up on some TV shows. Don't stay too late Brandon, I'll see you Monday."

"I won't, have a good weekend Claire."

She smiled warmly and disappeared from sight. I heard a phone ring and she stopped moving to answer it. I couldn't help but overhear her conversation.

"Hello? Yes I found it. I know honey. I'll be there soon." She paused and giggled. "I love you too."

Ahh... so she was seeing someone. This had to be a fairly new development, because word around the office a few weeks ago was that she was single. And why should she be single? She was an attractive young woman, she should have no trouble finding someone to make her happy. I was happy for her; but, happiness felt an awful lot like a missed opportunity.

The weekend came and went too fast; and, before I knew it, Monday had reared its ugly head. I made it through the morning without wanting to kill anyone, and stumbled into the lunch room to find Claire eating some vegetables out of a plastic bag, and a salad that clearly didn't understand the adjective 'exciting'.

"Oh for christsake, put the plants in the fridge for later. I'm taking you to lunch." It was no wonder she looked so tiny.

"Brandon! I was looking for you this morning, I finished my usual things and I'm ready to help with the projects some more. But you weren't in your office."

"I had to run a few errands and stop by the courthouse to pick up some deeds, but we can work after lunch. Let's go, put the bird food away, I wasn't joking. Were getting you a burger, maybe two."

"Hey, I like eating healthy!"

"You can get light grease on yours then, and I'll eat your fries."

"I don't joke about fries, reach for them and I'll put a fork in your hand." She was stone cold serious.

"That's more like. Let's ditch the carrots and go get you some fries."

She laughed and gathered her things to join me at the elevator. I was able to give her a glance down on our way there. She had on a Navy blue pants suit that looked pleasantly tight in the rear with a frilly blouse that had ruffles around the v-shaped neck line that threatened to show the tiniest bit of cleavage if she was to lean all the way forward. Maybe.

"So tell me about yourself." She turned and looked at me while we waited for the slowest elevator system in the city to begin moving toward our floor.

"Hmm? Uh, like what?" I asked.

"Well, anything. I mean, I don't know anything about you other than where you work, and what you do here... other than stripping down to just your t-shirt, pants, and socks and rocking out to Billy Joel when everyone else leaves." She turned back toward the elevator with a sly smile. Some things you just never live down.

"It was one time! Ok, let's see. I live in a condo a few miles outside the city, north of the loop, and a few blocks away from the lake. I got my two year degree at a community college up north. My favorite color is orange, and I have a cat named Killer." The elevator finally arrived with a ding, and we were able to begin the descent down 15 floors that felt like 30 at the crawling speed of the old machinery.

She giggled, "You don't seem like the cat type."

"Oh, it's a manly cat. Very fierce."

"How old is he?"

"She." I corrected. "She is three years old, and the cutest damn thing you've ever seen." She stifled another laugh as I said it.

"So is it really your cat, or do you have a girlfriend or something?"

"Just me and Killer in the condo. Killer is very jealous, so I don't bring any girls home. What about you?"

"I have 2 cats and a puppy at home. None of them sound as fierce as Killer though." She answered. I was looking for more guidance on her relationship status, but I felt like my intention in that question was clear. She was obviously avoiding answering it, so I dropped the subject. I was trying to think of something else to ask to avoid any awkward silences when she beat me to it.

"So how old are you, like really?"

"What do you mean, 'like really'? Why would I lie about my age?"

"It's not that, it's that everyone in the office really doesn't know anything about you. I mean, I'm sure Kevin does, and maybe some of the other department heads and supervisors, but all of us unimportant people and interns rarely see you, let alone talk to you."

"First off, everyone in the office is important, even the interns. Second, I'm just so busy all the time. I get to the office, I stay in my office, and I run out for lunch and then back to my desk. Actually, you're the first person I've gone to lunch with that wasn't for something business related or at the company's expense." We finally reached the lobby and headed out onto the street.

"You didn't answer my question," She pointed out, ignoring everything else I had just said.

"I'm 24." I said, while simultaneously pointing toward my favorite burger joint just a block away.

"Wow."

"Wow? What the hell does wow mean?"

"It's a statement of wonder."

"Hilarious, why are you using it?"

"It's just that we all thought you were 30, or at least closer to it."

"Fantastic, next you'll tell me these pants make my ass look fat."

"Nope, your ass looks great in those slacks." She stated very matter of fact.

"Uh, thanks." I stole a glance in her direction, but she wasn't showing any notable emotion. We walked into the burger place and were seated near the back, where we quickly placed an order for two burgers and fries. I ordered a beer to wash it down.

"Isn't that against company policy?" She accused.

"Not when I do it. Now keep your mouth shut, or I'll sing like a bird about that key you have." I shot back. She put her hands up in mock surrender.

"Whatever you say, as long as I get a sip of your beer."

"You got yourself a deal. Now, tell me a bit about yourself."

"Well, let's see. I'm 18, I just started college last semester at UC, and I live about 30 minutes west of here in the suburbs." My beer arrived as she finished.

"Did you say you were 18?" I clarified.

"Yeah."

"You definitely cannot have any sips of my beer then." Then I promptly took a long gulp from my beer.

"Oh come on. Did you seriously think I was 21?"

"I didn't really think about it. I'm not used to hanging around with anyone under the age of 40 anymore."

"Into cougars then, I respect that." She joked as our food arrived.

"Ha. Ha. Very funny, my love life is no concern of yours, little girl."

"Oh, I'm a little girl now?" She rifled through her purse and came out with her phone. I was about to ask her what she was doing when the flash went off.

"What the hell was that for?" I asked while trying to blink away the spots in my eyes.

She turned her phone toward me and on the screen was a picture of me, holding a beer. There was a long pause, then I checked for any staff and handed her my beer, which she gladly accepted and took a smug swig from.

"I can't believe you just blackmailed me."

"So what do you do for fun, Brandon?" She took another swig of my beer.

"Oh you know, provide alcohol to minors, cards every Wednesday, late night Netflix."

"So you don't have any hobbies? Nothing you look forward to doing?"

"Well, I used to go to a lot of concerts, I love music, and I really do play cards with some guys from my condo association on Wednesday. I used to read a lot too, but I just don't have the time right now."

"That's sad; you should make more time for yourself."

"Oh, you know, one day I will."

She shook her head at me and finally gave me back my beer.

"Do you have any family?" She asked.

"Yeah, they're all in Idaho. They moved there when I was in middle school. I moved back as soon as I finished High School. I couldn't stand the emptiness of the area after growing up in the city. I needed something busier. Sometimes I think that was a mistake." The waitress came by and placed two heart shaped cookies in front of us. I stared at them in confusion but was never one to turn down free cookies. "What about you, any family?"

"Yeah, I still live with my parents now. I can't afford to pay for college, work an internship that up until recently wasn't paying me anything, and live on my own."

"That's understandable." I assured her. "You'll get it together eventually. You probably have a job waiting for you at the firm when your internship is up. That's what happened to me."

"I would like to get my degree first."

"Then you can work part time until you're ready."

"Do you think they'll let me do that?"

"I'll put in a good word for you. Trust me, Kevin will do whatever I tell him is best. He's the reason I have this job, we go back a ways."

"How did you meet him?"

"He's my Dad's best friend. I've known him forever really. It's part of the reason I came out this way. I knew that I could get some experience and maybe a part-time job here until I could find something sustainable, but it just kind of worked out."

"That's really nice! Lucky you."

"Yep. Well, lunch time is just about over. Let's call it quits and head back to the office before they start wondering if I kidnapped you."

"It's always the quiet ones." She laughed.

We made it back to the office and parted ways under a disapproving glare from Amy at the front door. God only knows what that's all about, and why did she decorate the office window with little baby angels?

I focused the rest of the week on getting the grueling work for both projects out of the way, and handing over to Claire as much as I thought she could handle. Thursday, February 12th was here before I knew it and I had the FOIA request due the next day. My plan was to try and knock out the rest of the FOIA request today, and somehow finish

the proposal on Friday so I wouldn't have to work during the weekend. I was zoned in and punching at my keyboard when Claire popped in and yelled my name, succeeding in scaring me senseless for a second time.

"Brandon!"

"Damn it, Claire." I finally muttered while clutching my chest.

"You scare too easily. It's because you're so high strung."

"Is that what you came in here to tell me? Because if so, I'm going to throw this stapler at you." I lifted the stapler for good measure.

"No, it's snowing! Like, a lot. They say that it's going to be very bad. I wanted to make sure you didn't stay late tonight and get stuck in it." She actually sounded concerned.

"Well, I still have a lot to do, so I probably will stay late today. I'll be fine though, I promise."

"Brandon! If you have a lot to do, why haven't you given me more to work on?" She was visibly disappointed in me, like a mother scolding a child.

"I can finish the rest, really. I'll just need to stay a little later to get it done."

"Then I'm staying with you. We can finish sooner and get out of here before it gets really bad." Her tone didn't leave it open for discussion, and she punctuated it by walking out of my office.

About an hour later, with a half hour left in the day, she showed back up in my office, again without knocking. I was on the phone with someone else, so I held up a finger and she took a seat across from me. I politely listened to the client on the other line, adding affirmation or agreement where it was needed. I had already included this laundry list of items in our reports, but when the client wants to reiterate, you listen. I looked at Claire, who was on her phone, and I glanced at her chest, and then noticed that this was the first time I had seen her hair up in a ponytail. Wait a second. Was that cleavage? My eyes

darted back down and saw that she must have invested in some kind of push up bra, because she was showing off a little boob at the top of her low cut, black long sleeve shirt made from some thin and snug material. It was tasteful, but pleasing to the eye regardless. My eyes darted up just in time as she put her phone down and looked up at me.

"You know, cell phones are also against company policy." I pointed out for my amusement alone and possibly to cover the fact that I had just been ogling her body.

"Excuse me?" The client said on the other side of the line.

"Oh, no not you, sorry sir." I smacked my own forehead as Claire covered her mouth to stifle a laugh. "I was just scolding one of the interns as she walked past my office. You just can't find good help these days." I sneered at her and she stuck her tongue out at me. "Yes sir, I understand. Yes sir, you'll have it first thing tomorrow. Alright, have a good day, bye." I hung up and glared at her.

"Don't get mad at me for your own stupidity." She scolded.

"You shouldn't be on your phone anyway! You'll have to text your boyfriend some other time." She gave me a quizzical look and then shook her head.

"How late are you staying tonight?" She said instead.

"As late as it takes, probably another two and a half hours worth."

"Is that factoring in me staying tonight?"

"You don't have to stay; I told you already, I'll be fine."

"I'm staying. So we should be able to knock it all out in an hour or hour and a half."

"Is this why you came in here, to tell me what I'm doing?" I laughed.

"Pretty much."

"You know, I'm your boss. You're my assistant, remember?"

"Well then, when you start enforcing your rules with more backbone, I'll start listening. Just tell me what to do." She got all smug like she does when she thinks she's won something.

"Fine. Touche. Go grab one of the laptops. You organize everything and code each file, I'll finish the reports to send to you, and then you can clean it all up to send to the client."

"Deal." She hopped up and bounced down the hallway, her white flowing skirt was threatening to get caught in the flow of air and show more of her creamy white thighs than could be considered decent. I sighed inwardly. She had been dressing to impress more often. I guess whoever is dating her now must be feeling pretty happy about himself.

We knocked out the work in about an hour, clicking away and chatting idly about music and books that we had heard or read. By the time we closed up and looked out the window, there was probably two inches of fresh snow on the ground. Perhaps it was abnormal weather for the middle of February, but nothing to write home about.

"This, this was the bad storm?" I turned and asked her.

"Hey, the weather guy said it was going to be really bad."

"I want a job where I can be wrong half the time and still get paid."

"It's not that easy you know; they just go with what the numbers suggest and what has happened in these conditions before... I think."

"I wouldn't know, but I'm not about to defend them until they can tell me when it will and will not rain on a regular basis."

"I think it's supposed to snow more tomorrow and this weekend. I hope it doesn't ruin anyone's plans. Do you have anything going on?" She asked me while staring out the window.

"Not really. Just another weekend at home with Killer. I'll probably get started on some reading material for the next R&D conference in a few weeks."

"So no big plans?"

"No, should I have big plans?"

"Well, I just thought because of the holiday maybe you'd be up to something."

"Holiday?" I asked.

"Saturday is the 14th, Brandon." She rolled her eyes at me.

"So?" No light went on in my head.

"Of February." She exasperated. "It's Valentine's Day."

"Ooooh... Right." Images of heart shaped cookies and angels and pink everything floated through my consciousness connecting dots like the slowest dial-up connection from the 90's. "Well, regardless, I'm still doing nothing. Maybe I'll tip the Chinese delivery guy an extra five or something."

She laughed. "Ok then. I'm sure he won't find that creepy."

"I'll buy him a card too."

"Please do, and then get a picture of his face when you hand it to him." We shared a good laugh and sighed. I checked my watch again and glanced out the window.

"Well, thanks for staying with me Claire. I'll see you tomorrow, and we can knock out

this proposal and be done with everything." I held out my hand, which I immediately regretted because it was awkward as hell. She pushed my hand down and gave me a quick hug.

"Handshakes are for losers Brandon, I'll see you tomorrow." She made an 'L' sign on her forehead and took off down the hallway.

The following morning I woke up early to find an additional four inches of snow and shook my head. Half a foot was a little out of place this late in the winter. Still, it was only snowing lightly now and all the roads had been plowed and salted. I got to work early to find Claire already in my office, turned with her back toward me, bent over my desk, rummaging through papers there. Her blond hair was curled and cascaded around the sides of her face. She had on a short deep dark red dress made of some sort of cloth material that reminded me of a summer dress, but for winter. It hugged her form in a flattering way that made her look less wiry and more petite with hints of small curves. Her cute butt was perked up in the air and a few inches below were sheer black tights that led to dark red heels which matched her dress.

"Ahem, can I help you miss?" I said, part curious as to what she was doing, part embarrassed to have stared for so long.

"Oh!" She turned with a start and her dress fluttered up around her thighs, inching higher than it was originally intended to be. She brushed her curls out of her face so they set upon her shoulders and smoothed out her dress. The front was striking with thin dark lines swirling around in a design that accentuated her small curves. The top of the dress plunged down the front of her neck to about mid chest level, showing small soft creamy white mounds of flesh that perked up slightly more than usual. The bra she had on must do wonders, because the way they were pushed up and together made my hormones take notice. "Brandon! You scared me, creeping up like that."

"I wasn't exactly being sneaky. What are you doing here?"

"I came in early to organize all the client info files we put together so it would be easier to reference them during the proposal." She lifted a handful of the files that I had thrown together sometime last week.

"Awesome, well let's see if we can't bang this out so you're not late tonight." She gave me a quizzical look, and my eyes betrayed me and stole another glance at her dress. She looked down and somewhere a light lit up.

"Oh, I don't have anything going on tonight. I just wanted to wear this today, with Valentine's Day being so close and all." She explained.

"Wow, well you look great. I almost want to know what you'll wear tomorrow." I joked.

"Nothing impressive, probably just some warm pajamas and fuzzy socks."

"So, no date?" I asked, genuinely confused.

"I'm not seeing anyone right now. So, no." She went back to shuffling the papers on my desk.

"Oh! I assumed you were. I heard you on the phone the other day when you caught me singing."

"Ease dropping were we?"

"It was hard not to hear you; we were the only ones in the office."

"I was just talking to my little brother. He's the cutest kid you've ever seen."

"Oh, I see." My mind took note of the change in ground and I made a quick attempt to avoid awkwardness. "He's probably not as cute as my cat though."

"Nuh uh, he's probably ten times cuter than your cat."

"Ok, that's enough children." Kevin commanded as he walked into my office.

"Kevin!" I exclaimed. "You're here early."

"Yeah. I came in early to finish some stuff up. Word on the street is that the snow is going to pick up again early afternoon. I don't want to get stuck here."

"Really?" I asked.

"Brandon, do you not watch the news?" He asked. I heard a giggle and shot a look toward Claire who was grinning ear to ear.

"Nope, it's too depressing."

"You don't have an app on your phone?"

"I think I do somewhere. I just never check it. I live five miles away. I've never been too concerned about what the weather is going to be like. I get up, it's cold, it's warm, or it's raining. I dress accordingly and go to work."

"Well, today it's going to snow. So plan accordingly. Great work on the FOIA request, the client said they got everything they needed. How's the proposal?"

Claire, having finally stopped grinning at my lack of weather knowledge, chimed in. "We're almost done. Just a few more things, hopefully we can get it done before the snow gets too bad."

"Ok, good luck. I'll see you guys later."

As he walked out, Claire turned toward me. "We better get moving if you're going to make your date with Killer tonight."

"Oh shut it."

We worked the rest of the morning on organizing all our information and files. Claire went out and got us burgers and we scarfed them down. Somehow we got a few words

in between bites.

"So you're really single?" She asked.

"Yep. No time for a gal, work keeps me too busy to hold a serious relationship. What's your excuse?"

"Work and school take a lot of my time up. Living with Mom and Dad and my little brother doesn't necessarily invite the boys from the college in. They rarely leave the campus; all the easy girls are in the dorms."

"Where can I find these dorms?" I cracked.

"Yeah, let me just write that down for you."

"So you're telling me that there isn't a single guy in that college that is after something more than one night stands?"

"Oh, I'm sure there are, but all the guys I run into have the maturity level of a middle school kid. They still laugh when someone says boobs."

"So you're looking for an older, mature man. I hear Dave in accounting is single."

"Ew! He's like, older than my father!" She threw her napkin at me in mock disgust.

We finished our burgers while continuing to joke around. After Claire tossed the garbage she came over to the desk and handed me a piece of chocolate. It was a tiny little thing, shaped like a heart with red foil wrapping. She sat down and unwrapped one of her own while I looked at mine.

"It's not poison, see." She popped hers in her mouth and retrieved another from a small bag. "I just thought they looked cute, and you might like some. So I grabbed them while I was out."

"Thanks. Does this mean I'm your Valentine now?" I chuckled as I popped one into my mouth. She didn't respond, instead she looked out the window and gasped.

"Brandon! It's really coming down now!" I turned around and was met by the blizzard I had forgotten was coming.

"Shit. We better finish this written portion so you can get out of here." I quickly flicked my computer back to life and started adding the finishing pages on the proposal script while Claire stacked the files against the wall and loaded all the documents we had typed up into the company Cloud Drive. We finished everything around three o'clock and all I had left to finish were the presentation slides. I thought it would be best if I told Claire to go home before it got too bad. We had already accumulated six more inches on top of the six from last night.

"Really, it'll only take me a little bit." I assured her for the third time. "I can be out of here in an hour or two. If I can't get a bus or taxi, it's only five miles to my place and I've walked it before."

"It'll be dangerous. Call me so I know you made it home."

I assured her I would call her and bid her good luck on her five block trek to the train station. As soon as she left I took a few seconds to gather my thoughts. So, Claire was single. I assumed she was seeing someone because I heard her talking on the phone, and because of the way she had been dressing lately. Not that someone needs a significant other to dress up nice, but I figured that was the reason.

I took the next half hour to finish the slides and then went to print everything we needed. The damn copy and printing machine was giving me trouble again; so, I had to shimmy to the side of it, duck under a shelf and open up the back of the machine to get to the jam.

"Stupid paper. Stupid old ass giant printer. Stupid broken rollers. Just print the damn thing so I can go home." Needless to say, I wasn't exactly having fun.

I had just grabbed the last bits of paper out from a particular roller when I heard my

name. It took me off guard and I turned sharply, cutting my arm on a piece of the printer still jutting out. I swore and tried to stand up straight, only to run my head up into the shelf above me. I fell to the ground and tried to blink the stars away. I heard a gasp, but I was still groggy and in too much pain to care. That damn shelf hurt.

I looked over and saw Claire kicking off her snow boots. For the life of me I couldn't understand why she would be taking off her shoes at a time like this. As confused as I was about her boots, when she grabbed at her tights and yanked them down, I was absolutely floored. Either I had hit my head so hard I was now hallucinating wonderful things, or, I was still in the land of reality and my brain wasn't processing things right. I tried to voice my confusion, but before I could say anything, Claire had knelt beside me, balled her tights up and pressed them against my arm. The snow must be pretty high, because a part of them was cold and wet, even though she had changed out of her heels into snow boots. I looked over at Claire and saw that her face was bright red; and, as coherency flickered back to life through the pain, I found I could form words again with my mouth.

Unfortunately, coherency was slow to draw speed; so, the first think I managed to spit out wasn't anything profound. "What?"

"Are you ok? Are you ok?" She sounded hysterical.

"I'm... what are you doing here?" Two thought processes couldn't really run at the same time in my head yet. I wanted to tell her I was fine; but, I still couldn't grasp why she was back.

"Can you see ok? Is your vision blurred? How does your arm feel?"

"I'm fine. Why are you here?" I was finally getting back my full cognitive functions.

"I had to come. The trains have stopped. Are you ok? How do you feel? How is your arm?"

I used my free arm to grab onto her hands that were pressed so hard against my arm that I was forced to lean away from her. "Calm down. I'm fine." I was still in quite a bit of

pain, but it was starting to wane, and I could think clearly again. She took a few deep breaths but kept staring into my eyes like I might close them and die at any moment. I shifted my weight so I could sit up straight and rubbed my head. I didn't feel anything wet up there; so, I just banged it up pretty good. I could probably look forward to a headache soon. I looked down at my arm; it was still covered up with her tights.

"It doesn't hurt that bad, let me see." I said as I tried to push her hands away.

"No! Wait." She clenched her eyes shut and turned her head away. "Is it ok?"

I squinted at her, trying to figure out what the hell was wrong, and gave up trying to decipher it. Perhaps I wasn't functioning at one hundred percent yet after all. I pulled the tights away and took a look. It was just a light cut, albeit a long one; And, there was a minimal amount of blood smeared around it. I don't think it was even really bleeding anymore.

"It's fine." I said. "You know, it's not even that bad, you could have just gone and got some paper towels or something instead of ruining your tights."

"Yeah, well." She muttered with her eyes still clenched shut. "I don't like seeing other people's blood. It freaks me out. I kind of panic."

"I hadn't noticed." I quipped. "It's really just my head that hurts. Let me go clean this up."

"Did you cover it back up?" She asked timidly.

"Yeah, yeah. It's hidden."

She let out a sigh of relief and opened her eyes.

"Let me go clean up. I'll be right back. In the meantime, see if you can get this printer to give me the last few pages I need."

"Ok." She agreed. I went to my office and grabbed my button down shirt before I went to the bathroom to clean up. My head felt much better, but I was still going to have to nurse a small headache. I rinsed the little bit of blood on my arm, put my button up shirt on over my t-shirt and rolled my sleeves so the cut couldn't be seen before heading back to the printer. Claire had successfully battled the printer for the sheets I needed.

"So, why are you here again?" I asked.

"Well, I made it all the way to the station just to find out that they had stopped all outbound trains until the snow slows down some. They said the estimated delay was 3-5 hours. So, I called my house and left them a message that I was stuck at the office. I came here to help you. If I'm stuck down here, I might as well stay and finish."

"Oh, well, I'm all finished now."

"Oh." She paused, seemingly mulling something over. "Well what are you going to do now?"

"I guess I can stay here with you until the trains start up again, unless you want to try and catch a taxi to my place?"

Her eyes lit up for a second before she looked at the ground and muttered. "There are no taxis. I didn't see anyone else except for the people already camped out at the station.

"Well, we could walk to my place, but if it's as bad as you say it is out there, we're probably better off just staying put." I was slightly upset that I wasn't going to be bringing her back to my condo; but, I suppose being alone with her at the office wasn't all that bad either.

"Alright, well let's just get this all cleaned up, and then we can scour the office fridge for something to eat." She grabbed the papers off the printer and headed to my office, grabbing her boots along the way.

When we had everything set I slumped into my chair and stared out the window at

blizzard. It didn't show any signs of stopping. I turned to find Claire sitting in the chair across my desk slipping on black, thick, heavy knee high socks. When she crossed one leg over the other I glimpsed further up her dress than she probably would have appreciated.

"What? A girl has to be prepared." She said when she saw me staring at her legs.

"Oh not that." I said quickly, and then quietly cursed myself.

"Then what are you staring at?"

"I..." Good job Brandon, you should have just gone with her carrying around socks. "I just... you have nice legs." Nice legs? What the hell Brandon? Now she's definitely going to think you're a pervert.

"Oh." She blushed. "Well thanks. I'll go, um... check the fridge." She carefully uncrossed her legs, stood up and walked out of my office in her black knee high socks without putting her shoes back on.

I put my face in my hands and sighed. God, I could be stupid sometimes. I saved my work on my computer and shut it down for the night. I straighten up my desk the best I could in my attempt to stall and headed toward the kitchen.

When I got there, Claire had pulled out one of the tables from where they were all pushed together and put two chairs on either side. On the table was a vase of fake flowers that we usually kept in the entry way, and two old birthday candles lit on either side of it, sticking out of two apples.

There were paper plates set with plastic silverware and napkins from McDonalds. On the plates were some mini pizza bagels, half a hot pocket each, and some chips. I was still staring at the arrangement when Claire appeared in the doorway with two cans of Coke from the vending machine.

"It's not steak, lobster, and red wine, but it'll have to do for our makeshift Valentine's dinner." She said.

"You're a day early for that, you know." I chuckled.

She shrugged. "I guess you'll just have to make it up to me tomorrow.

"Are you asking me on a date?"

"No. I'm asking you to ask me on a date."

I couldn't help but laugh. "Now dating co-workers is definitely against company policy."

"Oh please. Everyone knows that Amy is screwing Kevin. I doubt anyone would care if two people in the office had a serious relationship."

"Well... what Kevin does in his spare time is none of my concern. Can't account for taste, but hey."

"Well? Are you going to join me or what?" She demanded.

"Hold on just a second." I ran back to the supply office and took a full bottle of wine out from a toner cartridge box. I saw Kevin hide it there after the retirement party last week. I came back to the kitchen and grabbed the plastic wine cups that we kept laying around for special occasions.

"Aha! We do have wine!" She exclaimed happily.

"I know a guy." I said with the best bold face lie expression I could pull off. Apparently she wasn't buying it because I seemed to have caused a fit of giggles.

"You're not half bad when you're not all wound up for work, you know?" She said seriously.

"Hey! I'm tons of fun, ask anyone." I protested.

"Compared to what?" She asked dryly. I took it as rhetorical, and sat down at our freezer feast.

"So..." I mused. "Come here often?"

"Monday through Friday."

"Yeah, I'm a regular here too." I sighed and filled the two wine glasses.

"A toast!" She held up her glass to me.

"A toast?"

"To us!"

"To us?"

"For finishing the proposals on time!"

"Oh, sure." We clanged our glasses together and I took a sip out of my glass. Claire, on the other hand, drained hers. I looked at her empty glass suspiciously as she held it out to me.

"Hey, I don't have to drive anywhere." She said defensively. I couldn't argue with that logic so I gulped down my glass and poured us another.

"I can be classy and hold to one glass of wine when you take me out on a real date." Claire giggled.

"I can't even remember the last time I was on a real date." I said, more to myself than Claire.

"It's been that long then?" She asked as she took another sip of wine.

"Too long. A couple of years probably."

"Wow, that is a long time."

"Tell me about it. I remember the good days in high school and college, back when I wasn't constantly working and busy. I'd have time to find a girl at a party, take her out a few times, give her a good time. Then there were those wild and crazy nights. Well, you know, typical young people stuff."

"I don't know actually."

"What do you mean? Didn't you go out and stuff in school?"

"Well I went on a few dates, but I never really partied or had any 'wild and crazy nights.'" She added her own finger quotations and rolled her eyes.

"What about your boyfriends? Were they all as tame as you?"

"My boyfriends were as tame as any other non-existent boyfriends."

"You've never dated anyone? I find that hard to believe."

"I've been on a few dates, but never anything official. It's hard to find a guy who is interested in more than just getting in my pants. Raging hormones be damned, I wasn't about to give it up to any of those assholes. I'd rather stay a virgin." She held out her empty glass to me as I choked on my last sip.

"You're a virgin!? You can't be serious." I hadn't considered that she had never been with someone before.

"I'm dead serious!"

"Everyone starts so... early these days though." I poured us some fresh wine.

"Not all of us." She sneered, then sighed. "Not for lack of trying."

"Don't rush, you'll find someone when the time comes." I assured her, mentally calculating how many dates it might take for that time to come.

"I know, I just get antsy sometimes. I want a real relationship that comes with all the perks." She accentuated the word 'all' suggestively.

"I hear you. Being celibate wasn't my first choice either." I joked.

"It's probably why you are so stressed out all the time. You just need a good lay!" She laughed, whether at her own joke or my surprised expression, I didn't know. I just didn't imagine she was capable of crude jokes.

"I'm not that high strung. Thank you very much." I crossed my arms in mock indignation.

"Brandon, please, you're like a rubber band ready to snap." Claire was clearly enjoying this opportunity to rib me; and, despite some of the truth behind her words I was having a genuinely good time. I felt a little warm and fuzzy as the wine worked its way through my system. I noticed Claire's cheeks looked a little flush, either from laughing or the wine. I suspected the latter.

"Well then little miss perfect. If you're getting as much action as I am, what's your secret to a stress free life?"

Claire ducked her head and looked around the room as she set down her wine glass, and then motioned with her fingers for me to lean forward. I went along with her act and leaned in, turning my ear toward her as she whispered. "They make toys for that kind of thing."

I pulled back with legitimate surprise on my face. This conversation had taken an interesting turn, and I feared for the state of the wine box.

"What, do you just go out and hook up with someone at a club or something?" She asked me pointedly.

"What? No. I told you I don't have much of a social life."

"Well then, what do you do about those... urges?" She gestured vaguely with her hands.

"The same way any other single guy does." I said defensively.

"Then why are you so surprised that I have a toy? Women have needs to you know."

"I... just didn't think about you that way. That's all."

"Is that why you were staring at my legs then?" Her eyes sparkled mischievously.

"No... uh... well... I just..." My mouth moved freely but I couldn't get any input from the cognitive parts of my brain.

"Look, Brandon, let's not pretend that we aren't attracted to one another. It's silly and downright frustrating. I know why you were looking; it's the same reason why I look at your ass when you walk down the hallway."

"You look at my ass?" I said incredulously.

"You don't look at mine?" She countered.

"I..." She gave me a no nonsense look that suggested she already knew the answer. "I do."

"That wasn't so hard, was it?"

"I don't typically find myself admitting to staring at a woman."

"And I don't typically find myself in the office flirting with my boss over a box of wine." She set her empty glass in front of me and winked.

"Oh, this definitely isn't flirting. That's against company policy. This is just... an employee bonding program."

"Oh is it now?" She said in mock surprise as she grabbed a small pizza bagel. "And do you treat all of your employees to such a grand meal?"

"Of course, though the boxed wine is only for the firm's best employees."

"So I'm one of the best then, huh? So can I ask you for a raise?"

"Nope. Sorry, that's Kevin's job." I laughed.

"I think Amy would have better luck asking for a raise than I would." She pointed out coyly.

"You don't need to sleep your way to the top. You're a pretty girl, you're smart, you have a great personality, you work well with others, and you know how to get shit done. You'll do just fine in life."

Claire might have blushed; but, her cheeks were already rosy, so it was difficult to be sure. She looked at me funny for a few moments but then shook her head and chuckled. "Why Brandon, that almost sounded like a professional recommendation."

"I can put it on company letterhead if you wanna use it as a reference." I stood up and began to clear the table of all but the wine.

"You're funny." She didn't look at me, but rather at the table when she said it.

"Me? You think I'm funny?"

Claire tore her gaze away from the fascinating fold up table and looked at me with a

goofy smile on her face. "Have you ever danced, Brandon?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "No. I most definitely do not dance." I dumped the plates and napkins into the garbage and went to the sink to wash my hands. I was startled to feel something touch my back and even more surprised to see it was Claire. I didn't even hear her get up. She rubbed her hand up and down my back as I rinsed the soap from my hands.

"You've never danced then? Not even a little bit?" She looked up at me. Her blue-grey eyes twinkled in the less than romantic florescent lighting.

"Does it look like I dance? How much have you had to drink?" I chuckled as I turned off the sink.

"I just figured that, with the way you keep dancing around the opportunities to make a move on me, you had to have started somewhere." She was still running her hand up and down my back, but was staring at the sink where I still held the handle.

I didn't know what to say so I just looked at her. She turned her gaze back over to me and her eyes met mine. I looked into them for a few seconds, but my eyes quickly dropped to her lips as her tongue darted across them. A light shade of red covered them and they glistened just slightly. I desperately wanted to lean in and take them between my own - to see what they tasted like. I was lost in the idea of spending hours kissing her, only pulling away long enough to breathe. Claire put her hand on my shoulder, and I snapped out of the day dream her lips had induced. She turned me slightly from the sink so that I was facing her and took a small step forward so that her body touched mine. She again looked up at me, this time expectantly.

My eyes darted from her eyes to lips several times in succession as my mind raced. Should I allow this? What was there to lose? What if she didn't like it? What if someone found out? I'm like six years older than her, is that weird? I'm her boss; that is definitely against company policy. I really want to kiss her though.

She interrupted my thoughts by leaning in toward me. Her eyes were staring right into mine and I couldn't break her stare as she inched her lips closer toward mine. I leaned in

slightly, trying to decide if I should hold her eye contact or close my eyes when she brought her face to the side of mine. I felt her nose brush against my cheek in a small semi-circle in an almost a nuzzling gesture. She put a hand on my neck and I lowered my face as she wrapped her fingers around the back of head and pulled me down toward her. Then she put her lips on the side of my face lightly and brushed them back to my ear. I felt her hot breath against the side of my face as she whispered to me.

"It's entirely too quiet in here for you to be thinking so loud." Her lips brushed against my ear with each word. Suddenly music was playing my eyes shot toward the source. Claire had just put her phone on the counter next to the sink and it was playing a soft light tune. She took my hand in hers and let her other hand fall from my neck to my back. Then she stood and waited.

I wasn't lying when I said I don't dance. I really don't dance, except for that one time at that wedding when I had entirely too much to drink. This wasn't that kind of dancing though. The music playing now only required that you hold each other and move slowly in a circle with some swaying movement in your body. Even someone with two left feet could accomplish that. So I placed my other hand around her waist and moved to the music.

I stepped on her within the first minute. I swore under my breath and apologized, but she only giggled and moved closer into my body. She let go of my hand and put it on my shoulder, and rested her head on my chest, leaving me to place both hands around her back. We were essentially hugging while moving in a circle in a barely noticeable rocking sensation that may or may not have been to the rhythm of the soft music she had playing. There was a dim light coming from the little birthday candles she had stuck in the apples on the table that helped set the mood in its own odd way. If you closed your eyes, it almost seemed romantic, the way Valentine's Day should be.

The song on her phone ended, but after being so close to Claire for the past few minutes I was sure I didn't want to let her go. I stopped moving when the music did and she looked up again at me, her eyes met mine and the blue grey color sparkled as she studied my face. I knew what I wanted, and I threw all cares and caution out the window as I slid my hands up her back and over her shoulders to pull her slightly away from me. I brought my face to hers, not all at once, but in small measures forward, ensuring she knew my intentions. I was so close I could feel her breath on my lips as I slid one hand to

the side of her face. Meeting no resistance, I closed the small space between us and brushed my lips against hers. It was a light brush but electricity flowed from the contact into my body granting courage I didn't have before.

I kissed her again and I felt her sigh as our lips locked together. I cradled the side of her face with my hand and used the other to pull her closer to me so that there was no space between us. She placed both of her hands around my neck and held me there, as if I might try to pull away. Warmth flooded my chest as I held her against me; and, our lips moved against each other, soft caresses of skin that folded into one another like perfect pieces of a puzzle. We stood still but her body seemed to move under my touch, slightly turning one way and then the other. I kept my body flush with hers as our kiss became less soft and more passionate. My face felt hot as we embraced and our lips devoured each other's. I sucked in her bottom lip into my mouth and slid my tongue along it; the faintest taste of wine lingered there. Then she caught me off guard as she pressed her tongue into my mouth and danced between my lips for a brief moment. I let my teeth scrape against her lips with each twist and turn of our mouths, desperately wanting more of her with each passing second.

I'm not sure when we started moving, but I found myself against the counter with Claire pressing into me. Her breath was ragged and I felt her heart beating in her chest nearly as fast as mine. She finally pulled her lips from mine, panting as she stared up at me. Her chest heaved; causing me to stare at the two small mounds pushed together showing liberal amounts of cleavage in her dress. Claire followed my gaze and giggled, but then took to kissing my neck. Her lips and tongue danced across my skin as she nipped at my neck and showered me with quick light delicate kisses. She began to unbutton the top of my shirt and continued her assault of kisses down the front of my chest. My muscles tightened and my skin tingled under her lips. I put my hand on the back of her head and felt her move lower with each button undone until finally the shirt was off and lips and tongue traveled along the top of my belt.

I think it was at that point that we both noticed I had an erection. I wasn't sure exactly what to say when she saw it. It dawned on me that she may not have ever seen one before if she was a virgin. I mean, there were pictures and movies and even her toys; but, it's not the same. She looked excited and nervous all at the same time as she sat there staring at it. I bent over and helped her up, bringing her into another passionate kiss, careful to keep from pressing my erection into her. I begrudgingly broke away again

and looked at her, unable to read her expression.

"Look, Claire, things moved pretty fast there. We should stop while we're ahead. Pick this up again when we're ready." Even as I explained it aloud, I felt opposing opinions forming up inside my body, each calling the other a bunch of dirty names.

She looked up at me and a smile spread across her face so big it was almost comical. Then she grabbed ahold of my erection and giggled. "Looks like you're ready now."

I tensed under her touch and felt my knees threaten to give out as the pressure from her hand sent a wave of pleasure throughout my body. "That's not what I meant." I managed.

"I know what you mean Brandon. Thank you for saying that, but I know what I want, and you're going to let me have it." She almost sounded cocky.

"I see." I chuckled under my breath. "And what if I don't let you?"

"I'll just have to tie you up." She smirked at me.

"Kinky." I said in my best deep faux-sexy voice.

She laughed and kissed me again. "Promise to take me out tomorrow?"

"It would be my pleasure." I said honestly as I patted my lips across her neck.

"Don't you stand me up either! I know where you work." She teased.

"Good thing I didn't give you my address then." I laughed and continued to peck her neck and shoulders.

"I've got a pretty good idea about where it is, you said it's north of the loop, about five miles outside the city. I think you also said it was just 'a few blocks from the lake.'"

I paused my kisses and pulled back from her. "You remember all that?"

She giggled and nodded. "I listened to everything you said, I took notes on the important stuff."

"My address was important?" I said suspiciously.

"No silly, but I remember that you said it."

"Man, I'm going to have to make sure they hire you. I could use an assistant like you around all the time." I silently considered more late nights at the office too.

"I'm sure that's the only reason you'd want me here." She laughed again as I lightly bit her neck.

"Let me run you through the employee benefit program." I picked her up and she squealed in surprise as I set her on top of the kitchen counter.

I gave her plenty of kisses up and down her neck, sucking, licking, and lightly biting as I went. She laughed and tried to push me away and turn her neck this way and that as I teased and tickled her with my mouth. She twisted and turned on the counter so I grabbed her hips to hold her still. Her squirming on the counter gradually stopped as I brought my lips lower down her neck over her collar bone and toward her chest. Instead of pushing me away, she hooked her legs on either side of me as my lips brushed against the exposed parts of her chest. I let my tongue leave small wet spots as I traced the border of fabric that eventually met with the other side of her dress in the middle of her chest. When I reached the bottom of her cleavage, I began the journey back up her smooth skin but she stopped me.

"No... more." She said breathily and emphasized her command by placing her hand on the back of my head.

Who was I to deny to her what she wanted? I used my nose to nudge some of the fabric back and lavished her chest with my lips. I could tell by the pressure on the back of my head that she was clearly enjoying it; but, I had a feeling she wanted more. As if on

cue, she shrugged her shoulder and tugged one side of the top part of her dress down. She had on a nude colored bra underneath. It wasn't particularly sexy, it was practical, but cute in its own way. I again applied kisses along the border of clothing that kept my tongue at bay, but once I reached the bottom I let go of her hip and brushed my hands up her arm and over her shoulder until I had the strap in my fingers. I expected her to breathe heavier when I started to slide it over her shoulder; but, instead I found that she was holding her breath. I ceased the removal of the strap and attempted to read the tone of her body for signs of unease or approval.

"Please..." She whispered so that I could barely hear her. "Don't stop."

I hooked my finger on the half removed strap and gently pulled it the rest of the way off. I let my lips and tongue slowly move the cup of her bra out of my way, now that there was nothing keeping it in place. Her chest didn't move. She had round perky spheres of perfect shape which probably could have foregone a bra altogether. There was a small round circle that appeared a bright pink amongst the not quite pale skin that surrounded it. It was accentuated with a tiny peak in the middle that displayed her excitement and anticipation. I made every effort not to go straight for it. I circled it with my tongue, placing kisses as close as I dared. Claire began to twitch under my touch and moved anxiously, either on purpose or subconsciously, toward the direction of my mouth. I let a little self control slip and sucked her nipple into mouth, pressing my tongue hard against it. She let out a long breath and a humming noise akin to something you might utter when sinking into a nice hot bath. I felt her nails lightly scrape the back of my head as she grasped me and pushed her chest further out. I wouldn't have let go if I wanted to, and I didn't.

I licked and sucked and nipped at her chest until it was a bright pink glistening with my saliva. Claire was writhing on the counter and against me, and now satisfied that I was pleasing her I snuck north for another kiss. Claire kissed me fiercely, her tongue darted into my mouth and her teeth captured my lips in her mouth. I moaned and ran my hands up her legs. I either had completely forgotten or on some other layer of consciousness intentionally ignored the fact that she was in a dress and no longer had tights on. I was momentarily surprised when I ran my hands from her knees to her hips to find my fingers flush with the skin of her thighs, and the very tips of my fingers touching a silky material that had to be underwear of some sort. Though I was temporarily confused, Claire took it in stride and moaned into my mouth at the

sensation of my fingers gliding over her naked skin.

My fingers were frozen in place, and my kisses slowed as I calculated my next move. Apparently I wasn't thinking fast enough for Claire, so she grabbed one of my hands and tucked it between her thighs. I was pretty certain it wasn't to keep my hand warm; but, you could have fooled me with the heat that radiated there. She clenched her thighs together and released a short moan, and I quickly acquiesced to her demands and moved my hand against the material there. Claire opened her legs slightly and it allowed me more access to move freely. The first thing I noticed was how wet she was. The silky fabric was soaked through and as I slid my finger up and down the length of the material she seemed to only get wetter. She mumbled a few words between kisses, but I didn't catch them and continued to explore the uncharted skin at my disposal. I noticed it was also completely smooth, I didn't feel any hair or stubble of any sort. Curious as to her grooming preferences, and almost without thought, I slipped my finger under the fabric and felt the wet skin to find it completely bare.

A harder nip than expected on my lips brought me out of my cognitive exploration and to the matter, which was quite literally, at hand. I pushed my finger into the folds there and met no resistance. I traveled to the top of the slit and applied pressure to the top of the area I was seeking and was rewarded with an involuntary thrust from Claire.

I moved my finger in circles slowly, to build tension, and each completion of a lap brought more squirming and movement from Claire. The kissing had all but stopped, she had both her hands around my neck and her mouth was open in a silent perpetual moan as I continued to press and circle and caress her with my fingers. I figured if she wasn't going to occupy my mouth, I would find something more useful for it to do. I kissed her neck and shoulder and returned to her exposed breast to give it some much needed attention, though I didn't linger long. I then crouched down quickly, not giving Claire enough time to think about it and kissed her inner thigh. She gasped in surprise and looked down at me, questions playing across her face. I broke her gaze and again kissed her thigh, this time closer to my final destination.

As I kissed and licked my way further up Claire's thighs, I studied her intimate parts as they came into view. Smooth white skin surrounded her upper thighs that looked like it might resemble porcelain. Black silky material obscured the rest from vision, so I hooked my fingers inside the bands on the side and gently tugged down once. I could feel Claire

hesitate, but seconds later her body moved up slightly, allowing me to pull them down and off her legs. I wasted no time in returning my mouth to the inside of her thighs and took in the new view. In the center of it all was pink skin that was a stark contrast to the surrounding pale flesh, like a pink flower upon fresh snow. I could smell her now, a feminine sent that was sweet and light. I felt my mouth actually water at the scent, and for the life of me I couldn't ever remember having that reaction to a woman before.

My tongue swelled and I knew what I wanted. I brushed my lips against her smooth skin until I was positioned just above her pussy. I pressed my lips against the pink skin and let my tongue slip out and tasted the wetness there. It tasted like the rest of Claire, only sweeter and more intense. I wrapped my hands behind her, pushing her dress skirt completely up and then rested my hands on the bare flesh behind her. The top of her cute little bubble butt was cold to the touch, much like the counter surface, but; I, don't believe her attention was on the counter. I stuck my tongue out and lightly touched the tip of where my finger has pleased her moments ago. I barely touched her and I felt her breathe in sharply, another light lick and she hissed the air out. I licked again, with more contact this time but still quickly and she again gasped in air. I put an end to the teasing and enveloped the entire area with my mouth and pressed my tongue flush against her. This time I didn't hear her breath, but instead I felt her legs tighten and lock around either side of my face, including my ears. I then felt her grab the back of my head and she held me in place for several moments before she loosened her grip by both thighs and hands.

"Sorry. That feels really good." She sounded embarrassed, it was adorable.

I didn't have a vocal response, so instead I did it again, harder this time. She again tightened her grip and bucked slightly against the counter. I figured with all the anticipation and stimulation, she was probably close to peak and decided to make a run for it. I sucked the skin there into my mouth as she held me and I gave it quick repetitive licks over and over, never ceasing my oral assault.

"Yesyesyesyes.... Yes.... God, Brandon." Her voice seemed higher pitched than normal and slightly bordered hysteric. I took it as a good sign.

I inched my face slightly lower and stuck my tongue between the pink flesh there, licking up and down like you might the most delicious ice cream cone in the world. The

wetness there rolled over my tongue and drove me to lick harder and faster until I was pressing my tongue as deep as I possibly could inside of her. Claire, the poor girl, was trying to ride my tongue and stay on the counter at the same time, exclaiming and dropping an expletive here and there between gasps of air. I switched again to sucking her clit into my mouth and flicking it with my tongue over and over and over, never ceasing or slowing down. Claire clenched her thighs tighter and her body became rigid signaling the coming orgasm. I move as fast as I could with my tongue and applied pressure to the most sensitive areas and moved my head with her rocking hips, desperately trying to coax her orgasm out before her involuntarily movements could sever the physical stimulation. Only a few seconds later did it happen.

Her whole body got tight. I could feel all the muscles seize up as she felt the build in intensity, then her entire body trembled and she let out a low airy moan. She must have shaken for 15 seconds before she finally regained control. Then she experienced several small tremors, aftershocks of some sort I assumed. I took my mouth from her and again she trembled and I felt scratches on the side of my neck. She shook twice more and then leaned back against the wall. I brought my hand to my neck and felt three raised marks, but apparently I wasn't bleeding so I had no reason to worry. Claire opened her clenched eyes and looked at me, a new light in her eyes reflected lust and passion that excited me to the point that I felt myself twitch below the belt. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand and before I even finished Claire had grabbed both sides of my face and began to kiss me, hard.

I grabbed her bare hips and pulled them toward me, I could feel the wetness between her thighs against my stomach as we groped and kissed one another. Finally she pulled away from me, I don't know what I expected to see on her face, but I know what I didn't expect: Determination.

"I want to give you that. What you just did with your mouth... Brandon, that was amazing. I want to make you feel that. I want to lick you and make you feel like I did. I want you to cum. I want you. Please." She waited for me to reply, which is like asking a kid if he wanted more candy after dessert.

"I would gladly accept that, if you are so inclined." I stepped away from the counter so that she could hop off of it, which she did. Then she grabbed my hand and started walking out of the kitchen. "Um..." I started to ask where she was taking me, but

apparently she was a few steps ahead of me both figuratively and literally.

"Your office. Chair. Let's go."

I gladly followed like an excited puppy, I probably looked ridiculous as I pictured in just moments Claire on her knees before me. I didn't care how I looked, I had a beautiful girl offering to give me a blowjob in my office; it was the stuff movies were made of. Well, adult movies, but movies none the less. It seemed to take forever to get to my office. A trip to Mordor would have been shorter and less nerve racking. My senses were on overload and when we finally made it to my desk I pushed Claire against it and satisfied myself with several deep long kisses. Then I slid her dress down and over her other shoulder so that both breasts were bare above her dress skirt that crumbled around her hips. I allowed myself several moments on each breast, giving them ample amounts of attention from my tongue.

Claire was clearly enjoying it, but it seemed like she had other things she wanted to get to because she shoved me off her and pointed at the chair. I stepped around my desk and took my seat. Claire came around the desk and stared at the tent in my pants. She actually bit her lip while looking at it, and it was single handedly the hottest thing I'd ever seen her do, until she started to remove her dress. She ran her hands down over her shoulders and cupped each of her breast in her hands, then lightly caressed them and traced her fingers along the outside of her small nipples. Then she slid her hands down and hooked her thumbs inside the dress skirt and wiggled her hips so that the dress fell down her ankles. She kicked it across the room and knelt down in front of me with only the knee high socks to cover her.

Her hands slid along my pants and up my thighs, slowly reaching the hardness that lie underneath. She ran her hand over it once, then again, seemingly sizing it up in her hands. I tried not to fidget, but it's extremely difficult to sit still when you have a gorgeous naked girl on her knees in front of you. Taking note of my movement, Claire sped the process up and undid my belt and unbuttoned the top of my pants. She took her time with the zipper, like a kid before opening a gift Christmas morning, peering slightly at different angles to get a glimpse of what might be inside. She looked up at me as she hooked her fingers in my belt loops and started to pull the pants down; she didn't break eye contact until she had them around my ankles.

I tried to read her expression as she eyed the bulge under my boxers. I couldn't decipher what was going through her mind and I started to worry. Her face took a quizzical look as she took her finger and traced the outline of my erection through the clothing. I wondered if she thought it would be bigger, maybe she was disappointed. I wasn't large by anyone's standards; but, at almost seven inches I had never been called small either. My worries washed away as she looked up at me and smiled... then licked her lips. She bent over my lap and kissed the tightened fabric from base to tip, then leaned forward and kissed my chest and my stomach as she worked her way back toward the elastic band. Her lips felt hot on my skin and her tongue made me sigh with pleasure. When she ran out of exposed skin she grabbed the bottom of my underwear and started to pull them down agonizingly slow, the whole while kissing and licking each inch of newly exposed skin. I felt open air on the tip of my erection as it sprang out under the boxer, but Claire ignored it and continued to tease the other areas of my skin.

Finally, when I didn't think I could handle it any longer, she slipped the boxers over my knees and tossed them to join my pants a few feet away. She moved her hands, slowly as if hesitant, toward my newly exposed erection. She gently moved her hand along it until she reached the base, where she curled her fingers around me and held me straight up in her hands. There was a long pause as she simply stared at it, I could feel the tension of my muscles tightening further as she touched me, and I felt myself pulse in her hands. Then she looked at me again, eyes sparkling and biting her lip like the hottest thing this side of the river.

"It's... very nice." She said softly.

"I'm... uh... glad you think so." I don't care who you are, when a girl like Claire has her hand around your pulsing cock, certain parts of your brain go on vacation. Maybe another time, with more thought and blood flow I would have come up with something better to say, but it was all I had at the moment.

Claire giggled; it was the cutest damn thing I'd ever heard, though I could be biased. She leaned forward and propped her elbows on my thighs and moved toward me with her lips slightly parted. Her chest rubbed against my thighs as she leaned in and I drew a sharp breath in anticipation. Claire stopped as I inhaled and looked up at me with a seductive look painted on her face as she realized I was at her mercy.

She settled between my legs once more and closed her eyes as she brought her mouth closer to me. Blonde ringlets fell to either side of her face, and then I felt her tongue against my tip. It was a quick lick, fleeting, like testing a hot cup of tea; but, it still sent nerves firing through the rest of my body. She took her free hand and brushed the curls back so that I could see her again, her eyes were open again and she stared right at me. This time when her tongue made contact it stayed, delivering a slow deliberate lick along the upper portion of my cock. When she reached the tip she reversed the movement and slid her tongue back down. She pulled away slightly so that she could reposition her head and began pressing her lips against my shaft. She kissed and licked me up and down the entire length, not dissimilar from the way we had kissed one another earlier in the kitchen, and certainly matched in our fervent passion.

I squirmed in my seat under her ministrations and was almost relieved when she pulled away again, giving me a moment to catch my breath. The break was short lived as she took me off guard by wrapping her lips around the tip of my shaft. I moaned in ecstasy as her mouth tightened around me and her tongue pressed against my tip, rubbing back and forth on my sensitive head she had captured between her lips. She brought my cock almost completely out of her mouth before dipping slightly further than she had before. The feel of her tongue pressed against the underside of my shaft, combined with the feeling of the inside of her cheeks sliding along the sides of me, and the pressure of her lips had me clenching the arms of my chair. I was desperately trying to hold out for as long as possible. Each up and down movement of her head brought me further into her mouth and after the first few minutes I already felt the strain of impending orgasm.

"I'm... I'm going to cum Claire." I warned her, unsure of how she would want to handle it.

I clenched the muscles between my legs and in my torso in vain, attempting to fight off the inevitable. My hips rose slightly as the pressure inside of me welled to a peak. Claire was moving faster, her head bobbed in my lap as I again tried to warn her, but the peak of my climax stole away every other bodily function and all I could manage was noises that solidified I was being thoroughly pleased. Like a broken dam, I felt the pressure in the base of my shaft snap and rush through me into Claire's mouth. I pressed back against the chair and let the waves of pleasure wash over me. Claire made a noise I recognized as surprise or shock as I erupted into her mouth; but, as the second and third

flow entered her mouth she made a very different noise. She sounded like she was enjoying it. She moaned around my shaft as I emptied myself across her tongue and she eagerly sucked my cock further into her mouth. I clenched my teeth at the overwhelming pleasure of cumming combined with the continuing movement and vibration of Claire's mouth.

Just when I thought that I had finally reached the top of my orgasm, my eyes shot open and confirmed what I had just felt. Claire was still sucking long strokes of my cock, and with each descent, her lips brushed against the base of my shaft. Claire looked unfazed at the feat, and continued to swallow what remained in her mouth with each stroke, prolonging my orgasm to astounding lengths. Finally she slowed and pulled away from me, leaving my now semi erect cock against my stomach. She wiped her mouth with the back of her arm and looked up at me, uncertainty on her face.

"Did... was it good?" She asked innocently.

I moved my mouth a few times, but gave up at word formation and nodded my head enthusiastically instead. She smiled at me and shifted uneasily on her knees in front of me. I reached out toward her and pulled her up into my lap so that she was straddling me. I wrapped my arms around her and kissed her passionately, ignoring the fact that we were naked for a few moments as I caressed her and let my lips press against hers before brushing them across her neck and up to her ear. I bit the bottom of it playfully and finally managed to get my voice back.

"Thank you." I whispered into her ear. She laughed softly and pushed me back against the chair so she could see my face.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it. I've never... you know... so I wasn't really sure what to do. I just did what I thought was right."

"You have got to be kidding me." When she said she was a virgin, I didn't realize that encompassed most other things too. The way she took me into her mouth, I assumed she had to have had some kind of practice.

"I read a few magazines... talked to a few friends... maybe I saw a movie once or

twice... I just strung together the important things." She explained as I stared at her amazed.

"Tell you what, I'm going to chalk that up to natural talent, or beginners luck for now. But later I want to see these magazine and videos you're talking about so that we can market them to the women in the world. Your tongue... and your lips... and... God... I mean, you took me all the way into your mouth."

"Isn't that what you're supposed to do?" Claire asked me with a confused look on her face.

"Uh..." I stared at her blankly, trying to form a response. "Let me put it this way, I haven't met many people capable of it."

"Well, looks like you'll just have to keep me around then!" Claire laughed.

"Damn straight." I agreed and pulled her in for another kiss. I let my hands wander up and down her body as we made out like horny teenagers. Well, she technically was a horny teenager I guess, but the point stands. I cupped her breast and rolled her nipples between my fingers and was rewarded with a gasp from Claire. I chuckled and bit her lip as I picked up the speed of my fingers. Claire began to squirm on top of me, making contact with me, still semi-erect, and leaving telltale signs of her excitement behind. Each brush of her soft wet pink skin against my cock brought new life to my erection. It wasn't long before she was grinding her swollen pussy lips against my erection as we groped at one another. She broke the kiss and leaned back as she caught her breath.

I took one look into her eyes and knew what was to come. She was overcome with lust, caught in the moment and filled to the brim with desire. She reached down between her legs and lifted up slightly so that she could grab ahold of my throbbing cock. I reached up and brought her face back to mine, kissing her passionately as she ran her hand along my length several times. She pulled away from me again and I felt her move my cock so that it slipped within the soft skin there, then she looked at me as her hand placed me against her opening.

"Slowly." I advised as she brought her hand away and began to press against my body.

"I... I think I'll be fine. Toy and all." She laughed nervously.

I nodded and she lowered herself slightly more. The pressure was enough to press me inside of her. She gasped slightly at the sudden change and held herself in place. She placed both of her hands on my shoulders, and I supported her weight by holding her hips. She again pressed down and succeeded on taking more of me inside her. She winced and I rocked my hips down to take back the ground gained.

"No, it's ok. Really. You're just... a little bigger than my toy I guess." Another nervous giggle followed, and I nodded my head in understanding. I also may have smirked at the compliment, intended or not, I was taking it.

She pressed down on me again, taking a small amount more than before then stopped again. She was incredibly tight and despite feeling amazing around my cock, I really didn't want to hurt her. She drew in breath and pressed down further, whimpering slightly as she did so. We were at the half way mark, and her grip on my shoulders was getting painful. I rocked my hips so that I slid out and then halfway back in, enhancing the natural lubrication between us in hopes of helping.

"Oh!" Claire exclaimed. Her eyes snapped open and she looked at me in surprise. Then she hastily nodded her head. "Yes. Do that again."

I grabbed either side of her hips firmly and began to rock her body with mine. Slowly she pressed down as we moved together taking more and more of me until there was no more to take. She unclenched her eyes again and looked at me again. She relaxed her body on top of mine and let go of my shoulders to take either side of my face in her hands. A torrent of emotions played across her face and I tried to read what she wanted. Her eyes glistened and I remembered back to my first time and understood.

"Claire?" I asked softly.

"Yes?" She said breathily.

"Will you be my Valentine?"

Claire looked at me and blinked several times, fighting any tears that threatened to spill forth. She smiled a huge smile and nodded her head. She leaned forward and kissed me several times in quick succession. I chuckled silently and ran my hands along her back as she kissed the side of my neck. She paused next to my ear and I felt her lips brush my skin as she whispered.

"What do you want me to do now?"

I didn't respond. Instead I moved her hips back and forth on top of me. Claire picked up on the movement and slowly grinded her hips down against mine as I rock underneath her. Claire lifted her cute ass into the air a little and I grabbed ahold of it as she started to bounce on top of me. We moved slowly for some time, kissing and touching and moving with each other, enjoying the feel of it all. I took her nipple into my mouth and began to run circles around it with my tongue while she pressed her hips down against me, each time taking me completely inside of her. She began to pant and moan more often and tried to move faster on top of me, taking longer and quicker thrusts. Apparently needing more, she leaned back away from me and grabbed on to my desk behind her, grinding forcefully on top of me.

I grabbed her hips and helped her move by lifting her ass up with each thrust. Her chest bounced as she continued to bottom out on top of me. Each bounce was accentuated with its own short moan and her skin turned red from her neck to her chest. She began to move so fast that I was having a difficult time keeping up with her pace in my current position, but I moved as much as I could to accommodate her. Claire stopped moaning and instead clenched her eyes shut and bit her lip, clearly chasing orgasm.

"Yes!" Claire called. "Don't stop. Please. Don't stop!" She pushed harder against me and I felt my chair start to move back. I scooted my whole body forward to offset the motion and Claire apparently enjoyed that.

"Fuck! Yes, Brandon. Yes!" I pressed against her again and forced her hips to move up and down at as fast a rate as I could keep up with as she grinded on top of me. I felt a clenching sensation around my cock buried deep inside of her and let out a loud moan. Claire began to tense on top of me, going rigid again as her orgasm neared. It made it

slightly more difficult to continue the stimulation, but I thrust and tried all movement at my disposal to help her get off. It happened rather suddenly this time, Claire let go of the desk behind her and flung her body forward into mine. I wrapped my arms around her and trusted upwards as Claire clutched her arms behind me, holding her body tight against mine. Then she cried out and I felt the walls around my cock ripple and wetness flood between us. She continued to grind on top of me and I felt her teeth on my shoulder as she rode out her orgasm. She shuddered several times before her body loosened around me.

She leaned back and kissed me several more times, each kiss causing me to twitch within her. Claire looked down between us and then back up at me. I raised an eyebrow and Claire pulled her body up and off of mine. I started to ask her what was wrong when she pointed to two stacks of files on the top of my desk.

"Are these important?" She asked of the papers.

"Uh..." My mind tried to connect the dots for the papers, straining to remember what they were for. Claire shook her head and pushed both piles off my desk, sending papers floating to the ground.

"Doesn't matter. I'll clean it up later." She said, and then she leaned over the desk and wiggled her hips at me. "Come here."

I smirked and hopped out of the chair and came up behind her. I lined myself up and slid my cock up and down her slit until I found her entrance. I pressed myself in, which was indefinitely easier this time, and began to slowly fuck her from behind.

"Harder." Claire turned back at me and smirked as she pressed back into me.

I responded with a sharp thrust deep inside of her. She cried out in what sounded like a mix between surprise, pleasure, and laughter.

"That's better." She said, a devilish look on her face.

I leaned forward and blissfully started to thrust into her at an increasing rate. After

only a few minutes, I finally felt a familiar tingling sensation at the base of my cock. I began to move in and out of her in long fast strokes, each inward thrust was met by Claire pressing back against me. The sound of our bodies echoed throughout the office until they were replaced by short sharp moans escaping Claire's throat. I reached around her legs and pressed my finger against her clit, moving it back and forth as fast as I could as I tried to hold off my own release. Claire straightened her back and lifted slightly at the stimulation, changing the angle of my entrance. It must have worked for Claire because within seconds she was calling my name and moaning louder than ever. I felt her clench around me again in quick successions as several small orgasms rolled through her body, peaking over and over with each thrust. The muscles in my body involuntarily clenched as I fucked her through her orgasm and I knew I was seconds from the edge.

"I'm going to cum Claire. I'm going to cum!" I called out to her.

Claire, clearly thinking with her head unlike myself, pulled forward, spun around, and dropped to her knees in the time it would have taken me to blink. I was stunned at first, but luckily Claire knew exactly what I needed. She grabbed the base of my shaft and started sucking my cock eagerly. Within seconds she was taking my entire length into her mouth and I immediately peaked to release, firing into her mouth shot after shot. Each spasm in my shaft elicited a hungry moan from Claire as she swallowed. When I finished unloading, my knees went weak and I fell back into my chair. Claire climbed into my lap and wiped the bottom corner of her lip with her finger before looking at me expectantly.

"That. That was fantastic." I said.

She beamed at me and showered my face with kisses. When she was satisfied that I had been kissed enough she looked out the window and sighed.

"It's stopped snowing." Claire said, she didn't sound happy.

"So?" I asked.

"I'm going to have to go home eventually. I just... I don't want this to end." She said sadly.

I looked up at her and smiled. "It won't end. I'll see you tomorrow. 7 o'clock. Don't be late."

She looked at me and matched my smile. "Are we... together?"

"It's just you and me here. At least I hope so." I looked around the office suspiciously.

"That's not what I meant." She said, slapping my shoulder. "Are we... dating? Or whatever you want to call it."

"I'm all yours." I said

"Good." She threw her arms around me and we spent a long time embracing and making out without a care in the world. Sometime later we managed to get dressed and I walked her to the train station through all the snow and cold before starting off toward my house, promising her I'd text her when I got there and that I would be safe. I took me double the time it usually does to walk the five miles in that weather. Claire was right, I couldn't find a taxi to save my life, but I kept warm with the memories of Claire replaying though my mind.

Valentine's Dinner ended up being Chinese takeout at my place, due to reservation issues (who would have thought?). We still had a fantastic time getting to know one another outside of the office. We laid down the ground rules for our professional behavior and screwed like rabbits throughout the night. I couldn't ask for a better Valentine.

~Epilogue~

I walked into the office lobby to Amy sitting at the desk and Claire inside the lobby placing little four leaf clover stickers on the office window. She turned when she heard the door and smiled at me, probably recalling the same things I was about the previous weekend.

"Hey Claire, how was your weekend?"

"Oh, fine. How was yours sir?"

I cringed as she said sir, but let it go for the sake of Amy. "Wonderful!"

"Oh, what happened to your neck?" She asked and pointed to three raised marks jutting out just above my collar.

"My cat got me in my sleep." I lied, even as my eyes sparkled in telltale lust. "Listen, I need you to come to a R&D meeting with me this Friday night, there's too much to do by myself. It's not far, only about 5 miles outside the city, north of the loop, just a few blocks from the lake. I hope that's not a problem." I tried to keep a straight face as I said it.

"It should be fine, I'll be able to make it. What's the dress?" She had a devilish grin on.

"Casual." I replied, not trusting myself not to slip up my own word play.

"Great. I'll stop by your office later today to get more details." She winked before she turned back to the stickers. She backed away from the wall she was facing and bent over at the waist to apply some clovers to the base of the window. She had on tight slacks that accentuated that cute little butt. I couldn't help myself. I pinched it.

Claire gasped, and Amy made a noise and gave me a rude look.

I looked at Amy and pointed. "Oh, don't even." That seemed to have taken her aback and she blushed slightly. I winked at Claire and made my way to my office. Life was good.

Sally Laid Back at the Office

byjohnthomas221Â©

I recently changed my career from being a sheltered kindergarten teacher to the more exposed dynamic world of sales. After just 6 months in the new job, Dave, the owner of the company, took the sales team of 5 women out to lunch to celebrate the good sales that month. Since I had brought in the highest sales that month Dave gave me a ride in his sports Mercedes to the restaurant, while the others went in their own cars.

The lunch was great fun with a lot of banter and jokes, which got raunchier as more wine was consumed. Unfortunately for me quite a bit of the banter was directed at me, once the girls discovered that my husband was away on an extended business trip.

The girls were all commenting that they would not be able to wait as long as I did for my husband's return before getting some sex. They could not believe that I did not even own a vibrator and had been always been loyal to my husband even though he travelled frequently.

"I love my husband and am quite happy to wait for him for sex," I kept replying as they teased me relentlessly.

"But Sally, I know you really enjoy yoga without getting into the full spiritual side of it. Good sex is like yoga without the spiritual element. Making love is like yoga with the complete spiritual thing. You can really enjoy both levels of involvement!!"

I tried to brush off the comments but they stung a bit -- but I had to admit that they did make me realize that I was missing out on sex with my husband.

I was quite relieved when Dave finally suggested it was time to return to the office. I wanted to get away from the girls' comments and digs at my sex life. It was good to get into Dave's car and just sit back and relax for the drive back to the office. I relaxed even more when I heard Dave tell the others that they need not go back to the office that day as it was getting late, besides the fact that we had all had quite a bit of wine to drink.

"So Sally, the girls gave you a hard time about not having sex, with your husband away," Dave said patting me on the knee as we drove away.

We chatted about it for a while, and he seemed so caring and considerate that I started opening up to him. Yes I did miss my husband and I even admitted that I was missing sex as well. Somehow the conversation was quite relaxed even though a fair bit of sex was discussed. It felt strange that I never discussed my sex life even with my closest friends and yet here I was being quite open with Dave. Probably it was the wine eased my inhibitions a bit.

As we got to the office, Dave invited me into his large corner office and offered to give me a shoulder massage to get me to relax more before I went home.

"I am supposed to give quite a good massage," he said giving me a modest sort of smile.

I thought I should be going home as everybody else had, but it felt quite special to be invited into the boss's office. Besides which, the prospect of a shoulder massage was quite attractive.

Dave pulled up a chair for me and as I sat down he moved behind me and started to massage my neck and shoulders.

"Let me help you relax and try to forget about the other girls."

The massage was great. Soon he had me totally relaxed and chatting freely again. Somehow Dave soon got the subject onto my travelling husband, and got me talking again about the sex I was missing. While chatting casually Dave dropped quite a few comments about how sexy I was and that my husband was very lucky. He made me feel great.

"Dave I don't think that is a good idea!" I reacted quickly as Dave's massaging hands moved to undo the top button of my blouse.

"Oh, don't worry. I just wanted to open up your shoulders a bit more so that I can massage them better," Dave calmly replied as he undid the second button and pushed my blouse just off my shoulders.

I didn't quite know what to do but since he did not go any further I let it ride. After all, the massage was really relaxing. I closed my eyes and let my mind drift off thinking of my husband and his travels. Dave kept me in a state of bliss rubbing my shoulders and slowly working his way down my arms. Too late I realized that Dave was sliding my partially buttoned blouse even further down my arms. Before I could react my blouse had slipped over my breasts and had trapped my arms at my sides.

"Come on Sally," he said sensing my tense reaction, "Surely other guys have seen you in your bikini before!!"

Well at least my breasts were covered up by my lacy bra. I felt a bit guilty about allowing this, but convinced myself that the situation was under control. Dave knew I was married and he would surely respect the fact. He had shown he was a caring considerate guy.

I closed my eyes again as the massaging continued, and was soon quite relaxed about Dave seeing me in my bra. It did feel a little naughty, but also a bit exciting for Dave to see me in my bra. I knew that he would be able to see my nipples through the lacy bra, but that added a small thrill element. Next I felt a gentle kiss on the inside of my neck. It felt very sexy, giving me goose bumps all over and made my nipples stand out.

"Ohhhh - that felt good" I said almost involuntarily, keeping my eyes closed.

They opened rapidly though when I felt Dave's hand drift down my chest and gently caress the underside of bra covered breasts. Instinctively I tried to bring my arms up to stop this intrusion, but I found them still trapped at my side in my partially buttoned blouse that was around my waist. Oh hell, I was not able to cover myself up.

"Dave, don't you think your massage is going a bit far now," I resorted to, as verbal protest.

Embarrassingly, my hardening nipples were clearly visible to Dave and showed that my body actually enjoyed the caressing.

Chuckling at my confusion and continuing the stimulating caresses Dave looked directly at me.

"Sally, you really have great breasts. I bet your husband loves them."

Well he still respects the fact that I'm married I thought. I knew I had nice breasts and was pleased for his compliment.

I found myself really quite enjoying Dave's gentle touching and was a little disappointed when he stopped.

"I want you to look me in the eyes and give me a few truthful answers. Will you do that?" he asked in a warm caring tone.

"Well, I guess so" I responded, not knowing what to expect.

Still being trapped in my blouse and looking deep into Dave's eyes had me feeling like he had me a bit under his control. It was a strange sensation but also gave me a little thrill.

"You look a little excited, and your nipples are hard. I would like to see your tits. Wouldn't you like to show me how beautiful your tits are?" he asked, moving his hand back to gently massaging my breast through my bra.

A bit shocked at this development and the undeniable pleasure of his touch, I looked down to see what he was doing.

"No Dave -- I don't think we should be discussing this!" I retorted.

He responded by smiling at me and sliding a hand inside my bra. He massaged my tit skillfully, giving my nipple a few tweaks. Since we had been married only my husband had touched my breasts. I could not deny the thrill that another man touch was sending through my body, and my nipples were now rock hard. But I knew it was wrong and struggled to get my arms out of the blouse.

"Does that feel good?" he said, chuckling at my clumsy struggles.

This felt very wrong! I was a married woman but had to admit that Dave's massaging of my tits was having a deep and very pleasurable effect on my body.

"Come on -- don't you want to be just a little naughty? Wouldn't it excite you to show me your beautiful tits?" Dave continued persuasively. I was getting very turned on by his

fondling now and found myself excited by the prospect of showing them off to another man.

I had never let another man see me topless, but persuaded myself that I would just enjoy the moment (and let Dave enjoy it) but that things would definitely not go further.

"Yes Dave - I want you to see my tits," I answered him a bit shakily as my excitement grew. Dave gave me a big, warm smile as he unclipped my bra, slipped it off my shoulders and started fondling my exposed tits.

"Hell you have gorgeous tits Sally. What a waste having them trapped in a bra!! You should be showing them off to the world" he joked.

Having got over the initial shock of allowing myself to be exposed, I starting relaxing and really enjoying his expert ministrations. As he started rolling my nipples with a bit more pressure I couldn't stop a moan escaping from my lips.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," I closed my eyes and tried to think of making love to my husband as I was getting rapidly more horny. Dave shattered my short lived dream when he suddenly released my tits and stepped away from me.

"Showing off got you quite turned on I see" he chuckled.

"Now I want you to take off your blouse and bra so that I can see your tits without any clothes in the way. Then I'm going to suck your nipples and get them nice and hard" Dave said in a more commanding tone of voice.

I found his candid sex talk quite thrilling but worried that things were going too far. I sat there torn between my loyalty to my husband and my growing passion.

"Sally, look me in the eyes again! Your husband is far away travelling. Follow your instincts. You know that it will feel great to have your nipples sucked. Isn't that right?" in that commanding tone again.

My resolve was weakening and Dave was right -- I really loved having my nipples

sucked. I stood up facing Dave and struggled out of my blouse, letting it and my bra fall to the ground. Here I was now totally topless in front of my boss, and finding it unbelievably exciting. I tried not to pay any attention my growing need and the moistness between my legs.

Dave just stared at me for a while, and then motioned for me to sit next to him. He gently pushed me back and quickly started sucking and licking my nipples while massaging my tits. He really knew just what to do to really turn a girl on.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh Dave -- what are you doing to me?" I groaned.

I never dreamed that it could be so erotic to have another man sucking and licking my nipples. My passion levels were climbing rapidly and the slit between my legs getting quite seriously wet. Dave could clearly sense my state of arousal. He kissed me full on the lips while subtly parting my wrap-around skirt with one hand. He kissed me again as he caressed my exposed thigh and slowly slid a hand up it until he touched my pussy through my panties.

"NO DAVE! I am a married woman" I cried out in panic. I knew I should stop this right there, but I was finding it very difficult to ignore my body's messages.

Dave responded by kissing me again and continued rubbing my pussy and clit through my panties. He knew he had me close to the giving in to him. My mind told me to close my legs but my body refused to respond.

"Sally you are incredibly wet and horny right now. You are a married woman, but your body is telling you that you need to be fucked. Your husband is not here to fuck you, so you need another man to give your cunt what it is craving right now. Let me take control."

I was stunned by this dirty talk, but found it turned me on ever more. Ever more driven by my pressing sexual needs I relinquished and nodded my head in consent.

"Good. Stand up, face me and strip off completely for me. I want to see absolutely naked and exposed."

As I dropped my skirt I realized that it was now only my small thong preventing me from getting fucked by another man. The huge thrill of being naked in front of another man, knowing what he wanted to do to me, was now completely dominating any remaining mental conflict.

As I stepped out of my panties I could feel the moisture easing out of me. I was trembling in anticipation. I could not believe how exciting it felt to be naked with another man, about to be fucked.

"You look incredibly sexy!! Now come and sit her, open your legs wide and finger your cunt, while I get undressed."

This was embarrassing. I had never touched myself in front of anybody before. Sexual need, however, soon took over and I complied, shoving 2 fingers in my dripping pussy. Far from being embarrassed, I found it hugely exciting as I worked myself with total abandon, watching Dave strip off.

He sat next to me again with a very hard cock pointing straight up. Dave instructed me to get down and suck his cock. I did not hesitate. I was so horny and in need of a really good fuck. I would do anything to get to that point sooner, rather than later. While enjoying his manhood in my mouth, I had one last fleeting thought about my husband. Would he like to see me doing this? The idea of that possibility was seriously thrilling, and drove me close to my orgasm.

Sensing the state I was in Dave lifted my head and looked me straight in the eyes.

"Sally, do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yessssssssssssssss" I answered, desperate to get release.

"Sally, I think you had better ask me nicely to fuck you," said Dave teasing me.

"Oh Dave, please fuck me now. I really want it," I panted, not caring how in control Dave was.

"Can I fuck you whenever I want, even if your husband is in town?"

I was stunned but too far gone to deny Dave anything. "Yes. Yes. Yes. Whenever. JUST DO IT DAVE."

With that he lead me over to his huge desk, made me lie on my back with my arse on the edge. He then splayed my legs, lifted them onto his shoulders and gently nudged my cunt lips with his cock. It felt incredibly erotic lying there with the lights fully on, legs wide open and my cunt and tits totally exposed. Since lunchtime I had been converted from a naïve, conservative, loyal wife to a wanton sex machine.

"Ohhhhhhh that is soooooooooo good" I exclaimed as Dave shoved his cock up my sopping wet cunt.

Soon I was approaching orgasm and my whole body was shuddering in anticipation. I wailed in frustration as Dave stopped pounding my pussy.

"Oh God Dave, don't stop now!!!"

"Sally - tell me you want me to shoot my cum right up your pussy, just like your husband does."

I was so desperate for an orgasm that I wantonly submitted to Dave's control again.

"Dave please shoot your cum right up me, just like my husband. But do it now!!" I begged, feeling totally submissive to Dave.

With that Dave pumped me with a few long strokes, while massaging my clit. Very quickly both of us reached resounding orgasms.

Lying on the desk, getting my breath back I felt Dave's cum oozing out of my pussy. In my totally satisfied state I found myself realizing that indeed there was indeed a difference between sex and making love -- just as the other girls had said.

I was really looking forward to making love to my husband soon again, and with revived vigor and interest. But I was certainly also was going to explore a lot more in the way of pure SEX!!!

Snowed In with the Boss
bym_storyman_xÂ©

Jennifer Lawrence

"Adam! My office!" I heard from my office door as Jennifer stuck her head into my office and then disappeared again, headed down the hall toward her own office. I groaned to myself, knowing that another ass chewing was coming. When the last service manager left I kind of expected to get promoted up into the position, being the most senior service engineer and having more than twenty years with the company. But that didn't happen. The CEO decided that he needed to shake things up and hired in Jennifer. I'll call her that for now, only because I avoid using any of the many derogatory nick names that circulate among the field service staff.

On the surface Jennifer seems like a nice enough person, pleasant smile, not bad looking if you look past her perpetually unflattering wardrobe of pants suits, making her look more like a man than a woman. Her obviously long auburn hair was almost always up in a bun, pulling her locks back from her face and making her look almost mean and intimidating. Of course at times like this, that was an appropriate look. If things were going well I rarely saw or heard from her. But if things were not going well, which seemed to be a lot more lately, I caught her wrath in the shorts.

I walked into her office and knocked on the door frame as I stepped in. She didn't even give me a chance to ask what was wrong and she was launching on me.

"What the hell is going wrong with the alpha unit at Kestor? It's down again. That's the third time this month. They're running production and trying to keep up with just the beta unit. Can't your people even fix a simple control board?" She snapped angrily at me. "I just got hauled over the coals by Brad for your people's fuck-ups. I'm getting tired

of it. Get your shit together. We're going up there and fix this once and for all!"

To say I was stunned was an understatement. Using the CEO's first name wasn't something you did, at least I didn't think so, and why the hell was it 'my people'? Wasn't she in charge of field service? Wasn't it HER people, or OUR people? "I can get Randy up there as soon as he's done at Honeywell, but with this storm heading in, it may be a couple days." I answered her, expecting another onslaught. I wasn't disappointed.

"Not good enough. Get your shit. We'll take Gene's truck since he's out on medical leave. It should have everything we need, right?" She said, glaring at me. "Or are you saying you're not capable of making a field service call anymore?"

"No. I can do it. I'll pack a bag and head up there." I said turning to head out of her office.

"Fuck that. Get your coat. It's only a four hour trip. We'll be home by midnight, unless of course you don't think you can fix it."

"It's gotta be the processor board. This is the third controller board that's gone out. We should have that in stock. Shouldn't be more than an hour's fix, even with the re-cal procedure." I said. "I should be back late evening."

"Good. Warm up the truck. I need about five minutes and I'll be out," she said, dismissively, looking back down at the papers on her desk.

"Um. You want me to wait for you?"

"Yes. I'm coming. Is that a problem?" She asked looking back up with a sweet smile that I knew was anything but. I felt more like a rodent being smiled at by the snake just before it struck.

"No ma'am. No problem. I'll grab my stuff and meet you at the back door in a few minutes." I said as I retreated quickly. "Shit." I mumbled to myself as I walked to my office to pack my laptop and grab my coat. Having to go out on this field service run was one thing, but having to drag her sorry ass along was going to make the trip unbearable.

On top of that they were calling for a snow storm in the next twelve hours and I had no plans on getting stuck out of town! I stopped by the warehouse and pulled spares for every part I could think of that might cause the controller board to go out and headed out the back door to warm up Gene's pickup.

Each of our field service people had a pickup, with what amounted to a small camper on the back, stuffed with test equipment, calibration standards, spare parts and tools. Pretty much anything they needed to fix any of our products in the field, except for the major components, which were taken on a job by job basis from the warehouse. Gene, one of my best people, was out with a broken leg, so his truck was sitting in the secure lot collecting dust and the remnants of the light snow we'd had two days before.

Twenty minutes after I left her office I pulled up to the back door of the facility, finding her waiting impatiently. "Bout fucking time!" she snapped as she climbed into the passenger side of the cab with her little soft side computer bag, unzipping her knee length coat before buckling herself in.

"Yes maam." I answered somewhat snottily, really wanting to tell her to fuck off. Early retirement was looking better and better as the day progressed.

"It's no wonder your wife left you if you were late like this all the time!" she said snippily as I pulled out of the parking lot onto the main street.

I slammed on the brakes, jerking the truck to a stop in the middle of the road, throwing her hard against her seat belt, and turned to glare at her. "Get this straight. My personal life is off limits. You want to bitch about work, fine, that's your right. But you keep your dyke ass out of my personal life or you can crawl out of this cab and back to the office right now!" I snapped angrily. "I've been putting up with your shit for six months now, so FUCKING BACK OFF!"

I was almost surprised to see a little smile come to her lips. "Fine. Drive!" she said softly. I wasn't fooled. I'd seen her talk softly and smile at lots of people, just before she ate them alive! "Bout time you finally grew a pair," she said loud enough for me to hear, but pretending that I wasn't supposed to hear it.

"You're a real piece of work." I said, still burning inside as I drove down the street. "You come into the company, taking the job that I should have rightly gotten, you tromp all over my staff and myself, you treat us all like your personal whores, and then you have the gall to make aspersions about why I'm not married any longer? Maybe she was a maniacal bitch like you and I didn't want to deal with her shit any longer!"

I actually heard her snort before chuckling softly. "Maybe she was. But then maniacal bitch is certainly not the worst I've been called."

"Not surprised." I muttered as I turned onto the acceleration ramp of the interstate and floored the truck, accelerating quickly to seventy five in the heavily laden pickup.

"Trust me, it isn't. I'm used to it. My job isn't to come in and play nice. My job is to come in and turn things upside down and see what shit falls out. Your department was losing money hand over fist. I was brought in to find out why!"

"Uh huh. And smear Gary's name at the same time? He was a good manager."

"He sucked. That's why I'm here. Gary retired because he was told to. It was that or get canned. Your department was losing nearly half a million a quarter."

"Field service isn't about making money. It's about keeping customers happy so they recommend your product and keep buying more." I snapped back. "Trying to make service a paying proposition is counterproductive."

"You see, that's exactly what Gary said right before Brad sent his ass packing! My job is to stem the flow and I don't care how many people I fire or chase away. We'll bring in new people if we have to until we get it right."

"And in the process trash your own goals. Field service is all about understanding the machine and how the customer needs to use it. I can train new technicians, but I can't train in the institutional knowledge that a tech that's been going to a customer's site for years has. It's those relationships that bring the customer back for more."

"Fair enough. So where is the money pit? You want my dyke ass, as you call it, gone?"

Tell me how to fix this shithole of a mess you're running!"

"Easy. We charge enough to cover the maintenance costs on the contracts. But we spend too much replacing assemblies in new equipment." I answered. "Our warranty costs are over the top. My department ends up eating that because that's included in the purchase price, not in a maintenance contract. I can't afford to hire more service guys and I shouldn't have to, not for the amount of product we're selling!"

"I agree. How to you fix it?" She asked in the most conversational tone that I'd heard her use since she'd come in over the summer.

"Engineering has to get the systems more reliable. We can't afford to go out and replace stuff so soon. The machines should work for at least a year out of the box. We'll never make money if we're doing warranty repairs four months out. It also leaves a bad taste in the customer's mouth. No matter how fast we get there to fix it, they lose production and test time and it looks bad on us."

"I agree. I'd pretty much come to that conclusion myself, but it's good to see that you know your own products shortcomings," she said as she stared out the passenger side window, denying me the opportunity to see her face and see if she was serious or being sarcastic.

We rode in silence for almost a full half hour before either of us said anything. "So tell me. Just why are you here?"

"I told you. My job is to clean up your department," she said, looking icily at me. "You weren't going to do it, were you?"

"The problem doesn't lie in my department." I snapped back. "I thought we just decided that!"

"We did."

"God damn you are the most frustrating, argumentative person I've ever met! If I say this truck is white you'd fucking argue that it's off white. Damn!" I swore angrily. I looked

over at her, sitting in the seat, laughing, presumably at me. "What the hell are you laughing at?" I snapped.

"You. You are such a fucking boy scout. Of course we decided it doesn't lay in your department. You think that solves the problem? I can't just go marching into Brad's office and say, hey jerk, it's your engineers! How the hell far do you think that will get me? I'll tell you. It'll get me tossed out on my ear. He doesn't want to hear that the systems have problems. He wants to hear how to fix the problems. In this case, if you wanna complain that the modules fail, get some fucking data on how and why and then we can do something. Just saying they fail too early isn't going to fly!"

I sat angrily driving along the interstate digesting her words for long silent minutes. "Okay. So answer me this. Why the hell do you seem angry at me all the time? What parade did I piss on to make you hate me so much?"

"Hate you? I don't fucking hate you! For that matter, I don't give much of a fuck about you one way or the other. Who do you think is going to take over the department when I get done? You are you dumbshit! I've learned enough about you to recommend Brad move you into it. No, I'm only here long enough to figure out what the problem is and how to fix it. I've solved the first half, it's the second that I haven't got covered yet."

"Wait a second. You're trying to tell me you're a temp?"

"God you ARE dense! I would have thought you'd have figured that out a long time ago. Of course I'm a fucking temp. That's what I do. I go into companies that are having problems and I piss people off, I make enemies and I shake the trees until I figure out what's broke, and then I figure out how to make them unbroken. I can't do that if I'm playing politics or protecting my job. I'm here on a one year contract. Period. End of job! Find the fucking problem and plug the hole!"

"Jesus Christ. So for the last six months you've been raking my ass over the coals for what? Fun?"

"Oh hell. I love what I do, but no, I don't do it for fun. I rake your ass over the coals so that you put pressure on the people below you and to see how you work under

pressure. That way I can see what bends and what doesn't," she said with a laugh. "But I have to admit. It has been fun watching you get pissed off at me."

"What a fucking dyke!" I snapped.

"Ohhhhhh better watch it sweetie. I don't take well to personal attacks either!"

"Yeah, like the one you made about my divorce?"

"That was different."

"How so? You accused me of running my wife off because I was always late. Well, I'm accusing you of being a lesbian dyke with no feelings whatsoever for the company or anyone in it!"

"You're three quarters right. But I'm not a dyke!" She snapped back, her eyes flashing with anger at me for a brief moment. "And as far as I'm concerned, take that fucking early retirement you've been thinking about if you're that easily offended."

"How do you know I'm thinking about early retirement?" I asked angrily.

"I would if I were in your shoes. Hell, your CEO just pissed all over you, brought in a strange bitch that's been riding you like an old mule. Yeah, I would be with how long you've been here," she said in a perfectly normal tone, almost as if we were just discussing the steadily increasing rate of snowfall we were driving through. I looked over at her in surprise. "What?" She asked, staring back at me icily.

"For a moment I thought you might actually be a normal person." I muttered.

"I am a normal person. I only get paid to play the supreme bitch. Let's face it. If I were a guy you'd have been in my face months ago. Being a woman I get away with a lot more. Acting like a total dyke...Well, that's just how I get the job done. I don't have to worry about cock fights or little pissing contests. I can piss off the women as well as the men, though I have to admit, it's fun to piss the guys off."

"You do a damn good job." I muttered as I drove. "So explain to me this. Why the hell are you here? Driving in a snow storm to fix this machine, I mean."

"What, you're adverse to company? Afraid that I'll spoil the trip or something? Hell, you just do whatever you usually do. I'm here to watch."

"I still don't know why."

"Because, I haven't had a chance to see what your guys do in the field, besides go to strip clubs and bars," she said a bit sarcastically.

"I don't think my guys usually attend strip clubs, but if you really have a need to, I'm sure I can find one someplace." I said in an equally sarcastic tone. "Unless of course your girlfriend wouldn't approve."

"I doubt my girlfriend would disapprove. She'd probably be disappointed I didn't take her along." Jennifer answered with a smirk, looking over to see my reaction.

I shrugged and simply answered. "Up to you. I think there's a gentleman's club not too far down the highway from where we'll be. Maybe we'll stop there for a few drinks on the way home."

"Sounds just fine with me. I can hang with the guys as well as anyone," she said with a smirk, making me want to stop at the club, just to see her reaction.

I concentrated the rest of the trip on my driving, the snowfall picking up in intensity with each passing mile. By the time we got to the plant it was late afternoon and there were six inches of snow on the ground. While the plant officially shut down, one of the maintenance workers volunteered to stay with us while we worked on the machine, getting it back up and running in just over three hours.

At eight in the evening we left the plant, over a foot and a half of snow on the ground and more still falling. Lunch and dinner combined was from an almost deserted McDonalds, eaten on the road as we drove slowly down the snow covered interstate, neither of us talking so that I could concentrate on trying to see what road there was in

the headlights and drifting snow.

"Shit. What's this?" I asked no one in particular as we slowly rolled up to a police car parked in the road. I rolled down my window and eased up to the officer standing in the falling and blowing snow. "What's up officer?" I asked as he stepped to our window.

"Road's closed. We're sending all the traffic off this exit."

"Oh. Okay. So what's the detour?"

"There isn't one. Closed because of snow. You might try and make it down some of the back roads, but I wouldn't recommend it without a good four wheel drive. Last report was they were all socked in with over a foot and some drifts up to three feet."

"Shit. So we turn around then?"

"Nope. Road back is closed too. There's one hotel up near town and a couple restaurants. Don't know if there are any rooms left though, we've been routing cars off for about an hour now."

"Okay. Thanks." I said with a frown, rolling the window up and turning to drive up the snow covered exit ramp. "This doesn't sound good. We might be sleeping in the truck tonight."

"Where? Here?" Jennifer asked in shock.

"Well, if we're lucky they'll still have a room at the hotel." I said as I drove toward a sign I could see through the blowing snow that cheerfully read "Welcoming Arms Hotel". I pulled into the car filled parking lot and double parked behind a few cars to walk into the office and see if we were going to be lucky or not.

"We need a couple rooms." I said as I walked up to the counter, Jennifer only a few feet behind me, the counter manned by a forty something woman with an absolutely massive chest, wearing a black turtleneck sweater.

"Sorry sir. We're full up," she answered with an apologetic look on her face.

"Nothing at all?" I asked, just to be sure.

"All our regular rooms are full," she answered.

"Okay. So how about your not regular rooms?" Jennifer snapped, practically elbowing past me to get the counter. "I don't plan on sleeping in the cab of a pickup all fucking night!"

The woman looked hurt and I couldn't help but feel sorry for her. I took Jennifer's arm and pulled her from in front of the counter. "Knock it off. We all know you can be a hardass, but this isn't the time or place." I snapped at her. Then I turned to the woman, leaned on the counter toward her and softly asked. "It's been a really, really, long day, and now the roads are closed, so we're stuck here. Is there any chance at all that you have something? I mean even sleeping on someone's sofa bed would be better than trying to spend the night in a pickup truck in the middle of winter, if you know what I mean."

The woman looked at me, with what I expected was her version of a sexy grin, and then at Jennifer and back at me again before leaning on the counter her face only a foot or so from mine. "I'm really not supposed to, but I have something a lot nicer than a sofa bed. Not that I wouldn't mind you sleeping on my sofa bed."

"What's that?" I whispered back, playing into her secretiveness.

"I have the executive suite. It's actually reserved, but with the roads closed, I'd bet that they won't show up."

"So what's it like?" I whispered, "and how much?"

"Well, it's a single king size bed with a really nice sexy whirlpool tub and sofa and everything. They used to call it a bridal suite, but too many people didn't want to stay in that, so we changed its name," she whispered. "It usually goes for four hundred a night."

"FOUR HUNDRED!?" Jennifer snapped from behind me.

I turned and glared at her, shutting her up before she could say anything else.

"That seems a bit steep. Any chance you can discount it any?" I whispered.

The woman looked around, presumably to see if her boss was looking and then smiled at me. "I can let you and your wife have it for three, but you have to promise not to tell my boss."

"She's not my wife, thank god." I whispered. "But three sounds just perfect!" I said with a wink, drawing a wide smile from her.

"Well, you never know these days," she whispered with another smile. "From the look of things you might be here a day or so. If you want some company, let me know," she whispered as she took my credit card. She worked her machine and then handed me the card and a key for a hotel room. "It's down on the end. That way if you get a little loud no one will notice," she said barely above a whisper.

"Oh? You know that from experience?" I whispered.

"Well, I have been known to get a little loud, once in a while. Once in there even," she said with a giggle. "But if you want, just call the desk. From the look of it I'll be here all night. Who knows? I might even need a place to stay tonight."

"If things get boring, I'll let you know." I answered with a grin and a wink before turning and walking toward the door.

"God, I can't believe you did that." Jennifer said as she climbed into the cab. "You totally came onto that woman to get her to give you a room!"

"Yeah. I did lead her on a bit. Who knows? Maybe she'll make a good playmate for you later." I said as I started the truck to drive down to the end of the hotel.

"Yeah. With a set of tits like that, she might be able to keep us both busy for a while. I'll let you know if I get bored though." Jennifer said I drove slowly through the deep snow to the end of the hotel and room 50, which was our room. We got out, locked the truck and I opened the door, feeling a bit odd going to a hotel without any luggage.

It was a nice room, big King sized bed with mirrors on the ceiling of course, a large overstuffed sofa, a couple chairs that looked like recliners, a small table with chairs and a bathroom complete with a large walk-in shower that could easily accommodate three or more people and an equally large whirlpool tub.

"If you don't mind I'm going to take a hot shower. My feet and legs are frozen from walking through that damn snow." I said as I walked toward the bathroom, leaving Jennifer to turn on the big screen TV and drop onto the sofa. I closed the door behind me and worked my shoes and clothes off, stepping naked into the huge shower stall. The shower was a large tile alcove with a pair of shower heads hanging down over one half, the water kept from spraying out into the bathroom by a clear floor to ceiling glass wall. The shower didn't need a door with the way the wall was designed, allowing me to just step around the wall and into the stall. I adjusted the water and then stepped under the hot spray, standing there with my eyes closed, allowing the heat to soak into my body.

I heard an unexpected noise and opened my eyes and saw Jennifer walking into the bathroom, closing the door behind herself.

"Hey!" I said, covering my dick with my hands as she walked toward the whirlpool tub.

"It's just me. You don't mind, do you?" She asked, apparently not really caring if I did or not, as she bent over the tub and started the water running into it.

"Actually I do." I answered as she stood back up and stepped to the middle of the bathroom.

"Figured since we were sharing the bedroom, that meant the bathroom too. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone," she said as she peeled the jacket of her pants suit off, tossing it onto the counter by the sink. I stood and stared as she unbuttoned her satin blouse and pulled it off, tossing it on the counter with her jacket. I'd always kind of looked at her

very slim boyish figure and didn't expect that she had much of a body worth caring about under her conservative pants suits. I had about six seconds to realize that her flattened chest was due to a very tight fitting sports bra, smashing her breasts flat. She peeled the sports bra up and off in just a few seconds, releasing a pair of what had to be at least C cup tits, maybe bigger.

"Whooh," she said as she slid her hands to her tits and cupped and squeezed them. "I don't want you blabbing around that I have tits, got it! I hate those damn bras, but they do the job," she added as if she had to explain to me why she was hiding a pair of incredibly sexy tits. Her areola were each oblong, nearly twice as tall as they were wide, with large pink nipples centered in each one. Her body from the waist up was tanned a light brown, brown enough that it almost completely hid the array of little freckles that must have run all the way down her chest, clearly visible in the two small white triangles around her bright pink areola where her bikini apparently didn't allow what had to be a tanning bed this time of year, get to.

I stood there, staring, trying not to let my cock get hard as she cupped and squeezed her tits, allowing her fingers to tease across her quickly hardening nipples. "Much better," she cooed after nearly a full minute of teasing her own breasts, her hands letting go of them so they sagged back down about half their size, her nipples turning up ever so slightly as the weight of each sexy orb deformed them into almost a teardrop shape. I wanted to protest, but suddenly stopped, staring at her as she nonchalantly undid her pants and pushed them down her legs, and over a pair of knee length boots. Her tits hung down and swung side to side slightly as she bunched her pants around her ankles and then unzipped the tall pair of high heel boots the pants had hidden. She wiggled each boot off her foot, stepping out of them and her pants in one motion before standing up straight again.

Okay. I'll admit it. I was getting turned on despite myself. Seeing her standing in just a pair of thigh high stockings and a tiny pink thong panty was doing things down below that I wouldn't have expected, and at the moment I was sure wasn't a good idea. None the less, my cock was quickly hardening as she turned away from me, lifting one foot and propping it on the edge of the sink while she bent slightly and rolled the stocking down her leg. I couldn't help but see her tits spread around her leg in the mirror as she reached for her foot, her well shaped, and obviously firm, ass pushing out at me, practically bare except for the little pink strings holding the thong in place over her

pussy. She swapped feet and rolled the other stocking down, taking her time to pull it off her foot before dropping it with the other on her blouse.

As if she didn't care if I was there seeing her or not, she pushed the tiny pink thong down over her ass and then bent over, her shaved meaty pussy pushing out at me, a good amount of soft inner lip protruding as she stepped one foot at a time from the pink panty. She dropped the panty on her blouse and then turned and walked the few steps to the tub and carefully stepped into the water, which was now about halfway up in the tub. She sat down in the water and leaned back, turning on the control for the jet and letting the water swirl around her as it continued to fill.

"I'd ask if you wanted to join me, but you'd probably think I wanted to fuck you!" she called from the tub. "Just the same. This feels pretty damn good if you wanna come in too."

"I'm not sure how appropriate it would be." I answered, still trying to hide my hardon.

"Oh fuck that. Look, we're going to be sleeping together, unless one of us is gonna sleep on the sofa, which I for one don't plan on doing, so we might as well accept that we're gonna see each other naked and get over it. Now the water feels nice and I'm offering to let you share it with me. If you're too damn embarrassed about having a hardon in front of me, then don't. I don't care one way or the other, about the cock or the water."

If anything she suddenly irritated me. Well, hell, two can play at that game. I turned the water off and stepped out of the shower, letting my hardon swing with each step as I walked to the tub and stepped in, making sure to lean well over her, my cock sticking toward her face only a foot or so from her before I lowered myself into the water, sitting across from her, our legs going opposite directions as we looked at each other, my cock head sticking up out of the water which was swirling just below her sexy tits as the tub continued to fill.

"Now, isn't that better?" she asked in a very soft voice, leaning her head back and closing her eyes as the water swirled around us.

"I have to admit, it is." I answered, leaning my head back as well and trying not to think about how close her naked body was from me. I heard her rustling in the water and opened my eyes to look at her, seeing her undoing the tight bun of auburn hair, which when freed, cascaded down past her shoulders, laying over one shoulder nearly to her breast. She leaned back again and sighed quietly.

I couldn't help but see where her hand went, or feel her foot as she pulled her feet toward her butt under the water, spreading her now bent knees apart to allow her hand access to her own pussy. Even in the swirling water I could make out her fingers teasing her pussy lips, her other hand moving to tease gently around one of her own nipples above the water. I couldn't believe she was laying there, naked in the tub with me, fingering herself.

"Feel free to have fun too. I'd just as soon not have you walking around the rest of the night with a hardon," she said, without opening her eyes.

"I don't believe this." I muttered, watching her tease her own body.

"What don't you believe? That I'm a girl inside or that you're staring at me finger fucking myself?" She asked a little sharply. "Damn it! Now look what you did. I was sooo fucking close and now you made me lose it!" She said in frustration, pulling her hand from between her legs and sinking down in the water almost to her neck.

"Sorry. I didn't realize I was staring." I apologized, honestly sorry for apparently interrupting whatever she was thinking about.

"You were," she said, moving her legs so she was totally under water, one leg now laying across mine and the other bent with her foot resting on my thigh, her legs spread wide under the swirling water. She reached up and turned the faucet off, shutting the water flow into the tub off just below the level of the overflow.

"I'll make it up to you if you want." I said, not sure what I was going to suggest was really a good idea or not.

"Oh? How are you going to do that? Turn into a little sex pot woman and lick my pussy

until I squirt all over your face?" She asked with a scowl.

"Look, I don't know what you're trying to do, but knock it off. Just when I start feeling some compassion for you, you have to go and say something stupid like that."

"Compassion? For what?" She asked, looking at me with a furrowed brow.

"Trust me, I know how it feels to be turned on, for whatever the reason, not saying you were turned on by me, but just that you were clearly turned on, but not able to get off. So yeah, I felt bad that I'd messed up whatever you were thinking about."

She looked at me for quite a few seconds before saying anything else. "You know. I actually believe that you do feel sorry for that. Thank you," she answered in a surprisingly soft voice. "I guess I get so used to playing the strict bitch that I forget that it's not who I really am. Amanda knows that, but sometimes I act that way with her too."

"Amanda your friend?" I asked.

"Girlfriend. Yeah. We live together."

"Ahhh. I see." I answered with a nod.

"No, you probably don't. Amanda and I, well, we find pleasure where we can. For the last couple years it's been together," she said as if that were the most natural thing in the world.

"Well, far be it from me to disapprove."

"Well, I learned the hard way that men are generally assholes that think more about themselves than anyone else. I just don't much care for putting up with their shit anymore. Women are...more considerate. They make love with more feeling and passion. They care about the whole thing, not just getting their wickies off."

"Is that why you hate men so much?" I asked, hoping I wasn't starting a fight.

"I don't hate men in general. I just consider them a lower life form. Kinda like horses. They serve a purpose but I wouldn't let one balance my check book," she said as she lay there with her eyes closed and small smile on her lips.

"Pretty horrible way to go through life."

"Yeah, well I've had my share of shitheads in my life. I'm fine without them," she said with a nonchalant shrug.

"Well, guess I won't offer what I was going to then." I mumbled to myself as I leaned my head back again and closed my eyes to continue enjoying the warm water.

"If you were going to offer to fuck me, not interested," she answered somewhat sarcastically.

"Wasn't going to offer that." I answered.

"Why not? You don't like how I look? Not interested in fucking me?"

"You look very sexy, which I'm all too sure you know, and under the right conditions, I might very well want to fuck you. Just not now."

"Like what kind of conditions?"

"Well, maybe in a bar, after a few drinks, or after a nice meal in a nice restaurant. But we're boss and subordinate here. Not particularly conducive to any kind of a relationship. Not to mention that you've spent the last six months treating me like shit."

"Okay. So what were you going to offer?" She asked curiously.

"I was just going to offer to help you get off, but since you're not interested. Hell, I don't even know if I want to offer anymore." I said without opening my eyes.

"You were really going to offer to get me off? How?"

"I know how to get women off with more than just my dick." I answered. "I've been called pretty damn good with both my tongue and my fingers. But in this case, I was offering fingers. Sometimes someone else's touch is better than your own, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," she said before going silent. We lay there for several minutes before she said anything else. "You were really going to offer to do that? Why?"

"Just because I felt bad that you'd lost it." I said with a shrug.

"That would have been nice," she said softly.

I sat there for almost five minutes before I opened my eyes and looked at her laying there, her body neck deep in the warm water, her eyes closed, and her lips slightly parted as she lay thinking of, well I don't know what. Definitely not hollering at a man. I sat up in the water and reached under the surface for her body, my fingers touching her thigh only inches from her pussy making her jump in surprise. "Easy. Just me. Just close your eyes and relax. Think about whatever you were thinking a short while back ." I said softly.

She looked at me suspiciously, and then lay her head back again as I started to gently stroke my fingers up and down her thigh as her leg lay over mine. She took a deep breath and let it out in a long soft sigh as she closed her eyes and let my fingers tease closer to her shaved pussy. "Mmmmmmmm" she sighed as my finger stroked down her protruding inner lips, my finger teasing them ever so gently. I stroked up and down slowly, letting my finger work slightly deeper between her lips with each stroke until the tip of my finger was pushing slightly into her tunnel opening and then sliding up her pubic bone to the top of her lips and her engorged clit. "Ohhhhhhh, god, yes," she moaned softly, lost in thought of someone else and someplace else as I teased my finger around her clit.

I traced my finger back down her slit, pressing the tip into her tunnel again at the end of my stroke, her hips lifting and rolling toward my finger to try and push it deeper into

her. I stroked up her slit again, teasing her clit for long seconds before stroking down again to tease her tunnel entrance.

"That's it baby. Push it into me," she cooed softly as my finger pressed deeper into her as she rolled and pushed her hips toward me. I wasn't sure it was really me she was talking to, but rather someone else she was imagining, either male or female, I didn't know. I pressed my finger into her and rotated my hand so that my palm was up. I pressed my thumb against her clit and rolled it in small circles while I teased the top of her tunnel with my crooked finger, drawing a gasp from her lips as she tried to lift herself higher toward my hand. "Ohhhh fuck yesssss!" she moaned louder, her hips rocking in time with my stroking finger, my thumb still stroking her clit in small circles. "ohhhhh fuck. You're gonna make me come baby!" she moaned very much louder. "God, yes. Ohhhhh that's perfect. Right there. Oh make me come. Don't tease me! Make me come!" she said even louder. "OH SHIT! YES BABY! OHHHH SHIT!" she squealed loud enough to echo in the bathroom as her pussy lifted all the way out of the water in her attempt to press harder against my hand, her legs and arms shaking and trembling. Ever so slowly she relaxed, easing her body back down into the water and then reaching for my wrist and gently pulling my hand from her pussy.

"Thank you," she whispered. "That was extremely enjoyable."

"You're welcome." I answered, leaning back and leaning my head back against the padded edge.

"I suppose I should return the favor," she said after a few moments.

"You don't have to." I answered without opening my eyes. "I did it because I wanted to. Not because I felt obligated to."

"I think you enjoyed it too, didn't you?" she asked.

"Yeah. I did. Why?"

"Because of how big your cock is right now," she said as she moved her leg from across mine. "I'm sure you'd love to just fuck me right now, but you'll just have to be

satisfied with a little less than that," she said as she swished around in the water. I opened my eyes and saw her standing in front of me, water dripping from her nude body. She lowered herself down into the water again, this time with her legs straddling mine, her pussy inches from my rock hard dick. She reached out and wrapped both hands around my dick as she settled onto my thighs, my balls almost nestled into the juncture of her legs and her hot pussy. "I know guys are visual, but if you wanna touch my tits while I do this, you can," she said as she began to gently stroke her hands up and down my shaft, only my head sticking up out of the swirling water.

Her hands slowly stroked up and down my shaft, her right hand rolling over my head with each stroke up my shaft. "Mmmmmmm that feel good?" she cooed as she stroked me. "I bet you can imagine this being pushed up into my hot cunt, my wet lips stroking up and down big fat shaft as I bounce up and down on it. Do you like that idea? Me riding your big cock with my hot wet pussy? Mmmmm yeah. Feel me around you. Feel my hot wet tunnel caressing your shaft and gobbling up your cock with each stroke. That's it baby. Let me ride your fat long cock with my pussy," she cooed as I became more and more turned on by her touch and her words.

I reached my hands out without opening my eyes and felt her hips. I slid my hands up her sides and around inside her arms, cupping her tits and teasing her nipples with my thumbs as she stroked her hands up and down my cock.

"Ohhhh that's nice. I like having my nipples teased," she cooed as she slowly stroked my cock. "Part of me wouldn't mind riding this cock right now. Especially the way you're getting me turned back on."

"Feel free." I groaned softly, reveling in the sensations her hands were sending through my body, little tingles and sparks shooting from my groin to the ends of my fingers and toes. "But hurry if you're going to, because you're doing a fantastic job of getting me close to coming."

I looked at her as she moved, sliding herself closer to me and pressing my cock between her lips under the water. "Not sure I'm going to do that, but how about this?" she asked as she started sliding her wet lips up and down my shaft, the top side stroked by her fingers and the bottom half by her wet pussy, her clit grinding into my shaft as she moved herself along it. "Oh yeah. That feels very nice," she groaned, looking down at me

with a look I'd never seen in her before, lust.

"Oh damn. I am so going to come any second." I groaned, suddenly trying to hold back to let her enjoy my hard cock a little bit longer.

"Let it go sweetie. Feel my hot wet pussy on your cock and just let go," she cooed softly, her body stroking far enough forward with each stroke so that my head disappeared between her wet lips, nestled tantalizingly close to her tunnel entrance.

"God damn." I groaned as her pussy slid over my head again. "Here it comes."

She smiled down at me as my hands involuntarily squeezed her tits and my hips jerked up toward her. A huge shot of cum lanced out of my cock, spurting into the air toward my head, landing on my chest and as far as the edge of the tub behind me. Again and again I jerked, spewing more shots of cum, landing on my chest and then finally only in the water surrounding my cock.

"Mmmmm that looked like a nice climax," she cooed softly with a small sigh. "Too bad you're going down. I was enjoying what I was doing too."

"Stand up." I said, moving my hands from her tits to her waist and trying to lift her out of the water.

"Why?" she asked even though she was moving with my hands, lifting herself and standing in front of me, her feet still straddling me. I didn't bother to answer her, but instead pushed myself to a sitting position in front of her and reached both hands to her ass, pulling us toward each other until I had my face nestled between her slightly spread legs. I reached out with my tongue and easily found her engorged and excited clit, giving it a quick flick with my tongue. "Oh shit!" she squeaked as she reached for my head and tried to pull me tighter to her pussy. I let go of her ass and moved my hands to hers, pulling them from my head so I could breath and then held them against her own ass, using her hands and mine to pull her back toward me.

I slipped my tongue into her wet slit and teased up her length, tasting her juices and

her excitement as I worked closer to her clit and then across it, getting a small involuntary jerk from her body and a gasp of pleasure. "Oh fuck yes. Ohhhhh god damn. That's it sweetie, lick my hot little twat! You like licking pussy? Sticking your tongue between hot wet pussy lips and tasting my cum? Ohhhh god you're good with that fucking tongue. Jesus, yes you are. Ohhhhhhhhhh god, yes. Ohhhhhhhh fuck yes!" she cried loudly as I stroked up her lips over and over, each time pausing to flick and circle her exposed hard clit with the tip of my tongue. The closer it got her to climax the more she tried to grind her pussy toward my face but I denied her, and backed my face away, controlling how much and how hard I played with her clit, holding her a breath away from climax for long minutes.

"Oh fuck. Let me come baby! Please let me come!" she cried, periodically trying to get her hands from mine so she could try and pull my face closer again. "Oh shit shit shit! God, baby please make me come! Damn I'm so close!" her loud cries echoed in the bathroom around us. I could feel her legs trembling and her arms starting to shake as I teased her a little closer, knowing that at any moment she was going to topple over that cliff and climax for me. "Ohhhh god. yes. Ohhhh shit baby. Oh god, I wanna come soooo bad! Oh OH OHHHH FUCK!" she cried suddenly, her hips bucking hard against my face and gushes of her juices spewing from her pussy over my face. I sat there and licked and flicked her clit while her body jerked and shuddered, two more long sprays from her pussy drenching me before her body began to still slightly, her chest heaving as she gasped for breath.

I let go of her hands and leaned back, looking up at her sexy naked body as she stood over me, looking down at me past her still heaving chest, a mixture of lust and confusion painted across her face. I scooped up some water from the tub and rinsed my face, getting rid of both of our cum from my face and chest while she continued to look down at me.

Suddenly she dropped to her knees over me and leaned heavily against me, pushing me back against the tub side and smashing her lips to mine in an urgent and aggressive kiss.

"Easy." I whispered, slipping my hands to her chest and pushing her back a little and separating our faces. "Gently. Kiss gently. I'm not going anywhere. Take your time." I whispered before easing my pressure on her chest and letting her lean toward me again.

This time she kissed more softly, giving my lower lips a few sucks and then teasing my lips with her tongue much as I had just done to her clit.

"Fuck that felt good," she whispered after almost five minutes of kissing.

"You're welcome." I answered with a grin. "But I think we better get out before we turn into prunes."

"Yeah. Yeah, I think so," she agreed with a grin, pushing herself up and then stepping out of the tub. "You know. I could call down to the desk and have that sweet woman come down for a while. It's not quite bed time and I know you'd still love to fuck someone."

"That's okay. I think I've had enough for one night." I answered as I got up from the water and stepped over the side, taking the towel from her.

"Your cock says otherwise," she said with a grin, reaching out for my hard cock and giving it a squeeze.

"No. Really. I'm good. I think bed is a good idea though. After that drive I really am tired."

"If you say so." Jennifer answered sweetly.

We finished drying off and headed to the main room with towels wrapped around us. "I'll take the sofa." I said as I headed toward it.

"Not likely. After what we've already done, you think we can't share a bed together? Seriously?" She asked, taking my hand and pulling me toward the bed. She pulled the covers back with her free hand and then pulled her towel off, tossing it on the foot of the bed before reaching for mine. She tossed my towel away and pulled me down onto the bed with her. "Don't move. I'll get the lights," she said quietly before sliding from the bed and padding naked across the room for the switch. The room plunged into darkness and in a few moments I felt her slip into the bed with me and pull the covers up over us. She snuggled up against me, her head on my shoulder and my arm pulled around her

shoulders, one of her leg draped over mine, her thigh nestling my balls and her hand gently holding my still hard cock. "You sure you don't want me to call her? I bet she'd be happy to fuck you silly!"

"Trust me, I'm fine." I answered softly. "But thanks for the offer."

"Least I could do, since you couldn't take me to the strip club," she answered with a girlish giggle.

"Yeah, about that."

"Don't worry. I would have had a great time. I love watching other women undress. You should see the collection of lingerie I have. Sometimes I dress up and then slowly undress in front of a mirror, pretending that I'm a stripper in a club. Gets me so damn hot. I can't help but play with myself after that until I come."

"So you wanna be a stripper?"

"Uh uh. I just have this fantasy about stripping for a couple and then joining in a nice three way with them."

"I see. You have some unusual fantasies." I chuckled.

"Oh? What kind of fantasies do you have?"

"Oh. Normal ones I guess."

"Now that's informative. I told you one, now you tell me one."

"I'd love to make love to a sexy woman in my boat. Just take off her swim suit and then fuck right there in the lake or in the boat."

"And you haven't ever gotten anyone to do that? What about your wife?"

"Errrrrr!" I said, making a sound like an electric buzzer. "Error. That just wasn't down my wife's alley."

"From what I've picked up, not much was."

"Not much." I agreed quietly, suddenly not feeling all that horny any more.

I woke up in the morning, light sneaking in through the gap in the curtains, spooned against Jennifer, my arm wrapped around her and one of her tits cupped in my palm. My normal morning woody was stuck between her legs, her hot pussy lips pressed against my shaft so I could feel her heat and wetness. I gently tried to pull it back, not sure she would really appreciate having it tucked where it was, which drew a moan of complaint, her hand moving to my ass and pulling me back toward her, driving my head between her lips. I felt my cock nestle into the entrance to her tunnel and held myself back, my hips wanting desperately at that moment to press forward and drive my shaft into her. I felt her hand pull on me again, her ass pushing back toward me, another moan slipping from her lips as my head pressed into her slightly, slipping past the entrance and sliding into her several inches of my nine. "Mmmmmmm," she moaned softly in her sleep, wiggling her hips and driving me slightly deeper into her. She started rocking her hips intermittently in her sleep, working an inch or two of my cock in and out of her pussy as we lay spooned with her deep in some dream.

I wasn't at all sure that where my cock was at the moment was where it should be. For that matter, in the light of morning I was having second thoughts about what we had done the night before. No, we hadn't had intercourse, but what we had done in most people's eyes was certainly sex. And sex in any form wasn't really supposed to happen given our employment status.

"You gonna lay there and let that wither or you gonna fuck my cunt?" she asked with a distinct edge in her voice, wiggling her hips again to move her pussy on and off my cock a couple inches.

"I didn't know you wanted me to." I muttered.

"Hell, you put it there, you might as well finish. That's what guys do, isn't it?"

"For the record, that wasn't intentional."

"Yeah, well, it's there none the less. Might as well get the job done and get it over with then!" She said in a less than flattering tone. "So come on stud. Show me what you've got. Fuck my hot little cunt and get your rocks off and get it over with."

"What is it with you?" I asked in confusion. "You want to piss me off?"

"I couldn't care one way or the other. You're the one that decided to fuck me in my sleep. That pretty much shows you don't give a fuck about me, so go ahead. Use me. Fuck my cunt and get your wickies off!"

I threw the covers off, exposing both of us to the cool air of the suite and reached out and smacked her bare ass with my palm, making a loud swack and a surprised cry of "OWWWW" from her as I rolled over, pulling my cock from her pussy and rolling off the bed. "What the fuck!?" she snapped as I walked around the bed to the bathroom, closing the door behind myself.

I found my clothes in a pile on the floor, my pants legs and socks still feeling every bit as wet as they were the night before. At that moment I didn't really care though. I dressed and walked out into the main room, Jennifer still laying in the bed naked. "I'm going to go down to the office and see if they'd heard anything about the roads!" I said grabbing my coat and heading for the door. I opened the door and was surprised to see knee deep snow across the parking lot. I stepped out with a silent curse and waded through the snow to the office, walking in and seeing the same lady that was there the night before, still wearing the same black turtleneck sweater dress.

"Well, good morning! I didn't really expect to see you this early," she said with a smile.

"Yeah, well, all good things must come to an end." I said with a frown. "Have you heard about the roads?"

"Still closed I'm afraid. The trooper said that they're drifting over almost as fast as they get them plowed. They may not get them open until the wind drops later today."

"Geez." I groaned, leaning on the counter. Just what I wanted, being trapped with Miss bitch longer.

"Sounds like you're not having fun sweetie," she said softly, reaching out and gently stroking my arm with her fingertips.

"Oh. My boss can be a bit of a bitch." I answered her.

"Awwww. I'm sorry sweetie. No fun being trapped with someone you don't really want to be around. If I wasn't trapped here too I'd tell you to come over to my house. I'm sure we could find some way to pass the time until the roads are open," she said with a crooked little grin.

I looked up at her from the counter and chuckled. "Somehow I bet we could."

"Oh I know we could," she said with a grin, looking around as if there were someone to see us. She stepped back from the counter and reached for the hem of her dress, which was knee length, and pulled it up until she revealed a pair of gray bikini panties on her curvy but well-shaped body, the crotch obviously dark with her own moisture. "Been thinking all night about just what we could do to pass the time."

"It looks like you have!" I answered with a smile.

"If I had a free room I'd just sneak us off to it and let you play with this to your hearts content," she said, reaching for the front of the panties and pushing them down to reveal her dark curls and full meaty pussy.

"Ohhhh. Nice! I wouldn't at all mind taking a dive into that." I said with a smile. "Too bad we can't though." I answered as she pulled her panties back in place and smoothed her skirt down.

"Yeah. It is too bad. Unless you wanna toss your boss out in the snow for a while and hang a necktie on your room door, if you know what I mean."

"Keep teasing me like that and I might just have to come around there and fuck you right here."

"Oh sweetie, if you want me to tease you, I'm only just starting!" she said, stepping back again and looking past me to make sure no one was coming to the door behind me. She pulled the dress up, this time pulling it up farther, all the way to her chest, uncovering a heavy duty bra containing her huge tits. She reached up to her bra and pulled on the cups with one hand and lifting her big tits out of it with the other until they were completely exposed. With her dress hooked over her big fat tits she reached for her panties and pushed them down to her thighs, leaving all of her best parts exposed.

"God. How big are those?" I asked as I stared at her tits.

"Forty two E. You like?" she asked, lifting her hands to her tits and hefting them in her hands, her fingers teasing across the obviously hard nipples.

"God yes. They're fantastic looking. A guy could spend hours playing with those."

"Mmmmmmmmm now that sounds like an invitation," she cooed as she stood there, half naked behind the counter, teasing her nipples and definitely getting both of us turned on. "Wanna feel?"

"I'd love one." I answered as she stepped toward the counter, bringing her body within range of my reach as I leaned across the counter. She removed one of her hands and let me lift her left tit with my hand, gently squeezing it as I lifted. "Very nice."

"How about a little turn around? I mean we can't fuck, but I'd sure like to see what I'm missing," she said, with a grin.

"Huh?"

"Show me your cock, silly!" she said with a bigger grin.

"Oh! Oh, yeah. Why not?" I said with a shrug as it sunk in what she wanted me to do. I

stepped back toward the office door, looked outside to see if anyone was close to coming into the office, and undid the front of my pants. It took me a minute to fish out my hardon from down the leg of my boxers, but once I got it out where she could see it, it was evident she was pleased.

"Oh fuck yes. I'd love to let you push that baby into me. God it looks so tasty."

"Glad you approve." I answered with a grin.

"Approve doesn't begin to cover it. Fuck I'm getting soaking wet just looking at it!"

"Well, maybe we'll find someplace to make it happen before I leave." I said, stuffing my cock into my pants as I saw motion outside the half frosted up windows. "Someone coming!" I barely got my pants zipped, and my coat pulled around my front to cover that my belt was still undone before the door opened. The lady behind the counter pulled her dress down but didn't have time to fix her underwear or bra, so her tits showed obviously within the tight knit of the material and I knew she was standing with her panties around her thighs.

"I was wondering where a good place to eat was?" the man asked that stepped into the office, a woman following him in which I assumed was his wife.

"There are two good places down the street. The closer one is really good and walking distance. The other is about half a mile down the road. CJ's." The woman behind the counter said as the guy tried not to stare as one of her nipples tried to poke through the thin knit material.

"Uh, thanks." He said quickly. "Come on honey." He added as he stepped back out into the snow, the wife giving the woman behind the counter a hateful stare.

"Oh god," she said as soon as he left. "I'm so embarrassed," she added as she pulled the dress up again and resettled her tits into the heavy bra. I was back in front of the counter, fixing my own belt and pants as she pulled up her panties and covered her pussy once again. "I'd still like to find a way to ride that big cock of yours though," she said with a crooked grin.

"Well, if you figure it out, let me know. Right now I wouldn't mind one damn bit." I answered. "I guess I'm going to go eat some breakfast though."

"Well, maybe we can have dessert later. I'll see what I can think of."

I laughed a little. "You do this to every guy that comes in?"

"Oh hell no. Only the really super-hot guys," she said with a grin. "And just between you and me, that isn't too damn many out here in the sticks."

"Well, I appreciate the compliment." I answered her with an equally large smile. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Lily," she answered. "Have a good breakfast Adam!"

"You too Lily." I said as I turned and headed back out into the cold.

"Bout fucking time!" Jennifer snapped as I walked into the suite from the cold. She was dressed and sitting on the edge of the bed with her coat on, but not closed up. "What'd you do, spend time fucking that big titted woman from last night?"

"No. I didn't. But you know, the more I think about it, I might just do that!" I snapped back. "I see you're still in fucking dyke mode. Well, you might as well pull your talons back in sweetheart, because we're not going anywhere but to breakfast! Roads are still closed and will be most of the day from the sound of it." I answered with a frown. "Now, there's a little place just down the road. I plan on walking down there and getting some breakfast. If you wanna come, that's fine, otherwise go fuck yourself."

"Would if I could dickwad!" she said angrily as she got up and zipped her long coat.

"What the hell has your panties in a bunch anyway?" I asked angrily as I turned and headed out into the cold to wait for her.

"Some dickwad that shall remain nameless got my engine started and then left me idling in the driveway!" she said as she stepped past me into the knee deep snow.

"Yeah, well it's a two way street, ya know? If someone had been sweet and gentle she might have gotten a nice fuck, but instead she had to be ugly and mean, so she got nothing." I said as I led the way to the parking lot tire tracks and wound through them to the road in front of the motel and then down the street several buildings to what was obviously a little café. By the time we were half way there I was second guessing my decision to walk as the wind cut through my dress pants and still wet socks, quickly chilling me. I was glad when I finally made it to the café and stepped into the warmth. There were quite a few diners there, presumably many from the motel and the many semi trucks parked on just about any parking lot they could find to wait out the road closure.

"Two?" A young waitress asked politely as she walked up to us.

"Yep." I answered with a nod and a smile. She led us to a booth and I slipped into one bench while Jennifer slipped into the other across from me, pulling off her coat and leaving it around her shoulders. She had her blouse on, but not her jacket, which I vaguely remember seeing on the end of the bed, and even more surprisingly, no bra. Her tits were just barely visible through the cream colored satin blouse and her nipples, hardened by the cold, poked the material slightly just above the table surface.

"What are you staring at?"

"Not staring. Just enjoying the scenery." I answered quietly before picking up the menu and opening it. "It's your own fault you know."

"What is?"

"That you didn't get anything good this morning. If you'd have asked, instead of being super bitch I'd have given you almost anything you wanted. Yeah, I was having second thoughts about last night, but if you were nice, yeah, I'd have come back for more." I said as I looked up and down the menu.

"It's not in my nature to be nice."

"The fuck it isn't." I practically whispered. "You were being plenty nice last night in the tub."

"That was different."

"Oh? How?"

"You just gave me a very nice orgasm," she hissed quietly.

"I see. So the bottom line with you is to make you climax before I talk to you about anything? I can arrange that. Just start wearing a skirt to work." I said half joking.

"I will if you will," she said with a scowl. "Skirts make you look like a girl."

"Uh huh. You see, that's the problem. Before last night I wouldn't have cared if you were an ogre. I wasn't interested and I didn't care. But in reality you're good looking, sexy, and after you've gotten some, a charming woman. Now, since we both know that the dyke show is all made up, how about putting it aside and play the charming woman for a while?" I asked, looking over my menu at her. "It'll make our day a whole lot better."

"I'm not a sweet anything," she said glaring at me.

"Oh the hell you're not." I said as the waitress came up to the table.

"Are you ready to order? Or can I start you with maybe some coffee?" the young lady asked politely, smiling at us.

"I'm ready to order. How about you?" I asked looking over at Jennifer.

"Yeah, I'm ready," she answered. "I want two eggs, over easy, hash browns and link sausage. I want the toast white with butter and grape jam. And coffee."

"And for you sir?"

"How about your western omelet, a side of bacon and coffee." I answered.

"Very good. I'll get that right in and be back in a moment with your coffee!" she said before turning away.

"Now you think for a second that she'd get anything for a tip if she was nasty? Of course not. That's why she's nice, even if on a day like today, she might not want to even be here."

"It's not my job to be nice."

"It's just you and me. No one else from work is here. We've been naked together, we've seen each other climax. You don't have to pretend to be a hardass. I've seen you at the other extreme. Try being nice and see what it gets you." I said. "If you want to be a dyke to everyone else at work, fine, but stop playing that game with me."

Jennifer glared at me silently as the waitress set cups on the table and then filled them from a carafe of coffee.

"Anything else?" she asked sweetly.

"I have a question." Jennifer said to the waitress. "If you have a particularly difficult customer, a real pain in the ass, how do you deal with them?"

"Me in particular?" She asked looking down at Jennifer questioningly. "Personally I pour on the sugar. The meaner they are the sweeter I am. That way when they realize how shitty they were they'll feel guilty. Sometimes other customers will even chew them out so I never have to say a word," she said with a smug smile before turning and walking away.

We hadn't said a word to each other by the time our food came and we ate in silence. I wondered what Jennifer was thinking, her mind obviously working over something. We finished eating and I paid the check.

"I have to go to the bathroom. I'll be right back." Jennifer said quietly, getting up and heading to the bathroom with her coat still around her shoulders. I sat and waited for her to come back.

She came back up with a roll of gray under her arm and her coat on and zipped up. I looked her up and down curiously as she stood by the table, realizing that I could see her boots, that almost reached her knees, and a strip of bare leg above the boot and below the nearly knee length coat. "I'm ready," she said evenly as she stood waiting for me.

I stood up and put on my coat, following her out the door of the diner.

"Okay, you wanna play soft, here's soft," she said, handing me the roll of gray. "Other than my coat and boots, I'm naked. Treat me like you would any other woman, not your boss, not a lesbian dyke as you put it. If this doesn't turn you on, then I don't know what will," she said as she turned around to face me, unzipping her coat nearly to the bottom and spreading it to show me that she was indeed completely naked.

"If it was warmer out here I'd probably just pull you behind that parked truck and suck those nipples." I said shaking my head. "But it's cold. Zip that up before you get frostbit nipples."

"I don't get you. Here I am, practically throwing myself naked at you and you're what, going to reject me?"

"Look. You're hot looking. Anyone with eyes can see that. But you are still my boss." I said as I started walking toward the motel again.

"Damn. Here I am, fucking butt ass naked under this coat, and by the way, that wind is blowing right up my coat and trying to freeze my pussy, and you don't want to fuck me. I don't get it!"

"Why do you want me to fuck you? There aren't any feelings between us. Or at least not a hell of a lot of positive ones."

"So? Do you have to be in love to fuck someone? You don't love that woman in the front office and I bet if she threw herself naked on the bed in front of you you'd fuck her in a hot second. Wouldn't you."

"So?"

"So, what's she got that I don't have?"

"Besides forty E tits?"

"OH? You know the size? Been doing something I didn't see?" She asked in a very teasing tone. "So, just pretend that my tits are forty E's and take me like you'd take her!"

"I don't get you. Not one bit."

"What's to get? You said the reason I didn't get satisfied this morning was I was playing hardass. Well, this is me playing super sexy soft woman!"

"Don't you have a middle ground?" I asked with a chuckle.

"Would it help?"

"I doubt it." I answered honestly. "Just tell me what you want."

"I want you to treat me like you would any woman on a date. Simple as that. We've been out for a meal, I've given you permission to take whatever liberties you want with me and now we're going to a motel room to act on that. So, show me. Show me how a gentleman, as you call yourself, would treat a woman, given that scenario."

"Even if that means fucking you?"

"Especially if that includes fucking me. I'm not against men. In fact, I can enjoy a good cock just as well as the next woman. It's just that I haven't found too many men that make me feel well treated. So show me that you're not all hot air."

"Damn, you are a complicated woman." I answered shaking my head as she stepped next to me and wrapped an arm around me.

"Now warm me up. I wasn't kidding about that wind blowing up my coat."

"Fine." I answered, wrapping my arm around her and pulling her tightly to my side as we walked toward the motel.

I didn't even have the door closed behind us and she had her coat off and was bent over in front of the bed, unzipping her boots, her ass pushed out at me and her fat pussy lips pushing between her legs invitingly. I stepped over behind her as I let my coat slide off my arms, tossing it aside before kneeling down behind her. I reached for her ass and grasped both cheeks, getting a surprised squeak from her at the touch of my cold hands. I leaned my face toward her and licked slowly up her protruding pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhh god," she groaned as she held her own ankles, staying bent over and pushing her ass even farther out at me as she arched her back.

"You like?" I asked before sliding my tongue up her lips again, teasing the tip between them to tease her delicate pink inner lips that were just trying to peek out at me.

"It isn't what I expected," she moaned softly.

"Then you won't have expected this either." I said, pushing on her ass and twisting her as I pushed her toward the bed. She twisted as she toppled, falling back on the bed with her legs hanging over and her ass barely on the bed. I lifted her left leg, pulling her already unzipped boot off her foot and tossing it aside. I rested her cold foot on my shoulder as I lifted her right leg and pulled her boot off that foot as well. I tossed her boot aside and grasped both her thighs, pushing them up and apart, spreading her legs and her pussy at the same time. I leaned my face toward her pussy and pressed my tongue between her wet lips, teasing it into the entrance to her tunnel and then dragging it up her slit until I felt her hard little clit. I teased across and around her clit for several seconds, drawing a gasp and moan from her.

"Oh my god yeeeeees!" She moaned softly as I went back for another stroke, driving my tongue deep between her lips and then dragging it slowly across her pubic bone to the end of her sexy slit. I closed my lips around her clit and sucked it into my mouth, teasing the now completely exposed nub with the tip of my tongue. "Jesus fucking Christ!" she swore quietly as she tried to buck her hips up toward my face.

"I take it you liked that?" I asked quietly after releasing her clit and getting ready to lick again.

"Oh god yes," she moaned as I drove my tongue down between her lips again. "Soooooo fucking good!" I grinned to myself as I licked up her pussy again, teasing her lips and flicking her clit with my tongue over and over again, making her body writhe and squirm on the bed in front of me. "Oh god damn! Oh stop teasing me and come fuck me!" she pleaded, reaching between her legs for my head, trying to coax me up from her pussy.

I smiled and then kissed first one thigh and then the other, leaving her pussy alone for a moment as she lay panting and gasping for breath. I worked my way from her thighs to her mound, kissing her soft tanned skin up over her firm stomach, working slowly toward her big soft tits. I slowly kissed her left breast, teasing my lips around her puckered pink oblong areola. I kissed past the little freckles in the creamy white triangle of skin and thought how sexy her body must look untanned sprinkled with the little pinkish dots.

"Oh god, you are a fucking tease!" she moaned, wrapping her legs around me and pulling me toward her, trapping my cock between us, her wet lips spread as she tried to grind herself against my rigid member. "You don't hurry up I'm just going to flip your ass over and climb on top of you!" she panted.

"Patience. You do know what that is, don't you?" I teased as I left one nipple to kiss the other.

"Just because I know what it is doesn't mean I want to practice it right this second," she groaned, her hips humping up against my cock even though I was holding her hips down with both hands.

"I thought you didn't particularly like cocks?" I teased letting her rub her pussy against my shaft a little bit.

"Don't be a shit! Just fuck me!" She practically commanded.

"Uh uh. Not until you ask nice." I teased.

"Ohhhhh fuck you! God stick it in me!" she said as I nibbled her nipple slightly.

"Uh uh. Not until you ask nicely. I don't fuck dykes. But I will definitely put all my efforts to work to pleasure a sweet woman. If you can be a sweet woman that is." I said, knowing damn well that I'd fuck her either way at that moment, but really enjoying being in control for a change.

"Ohhhhh god, you are a fuck!" she moaned as I pulled back slightly against her feet, lessening the pressure of my shaft on her clit and pulling her nipple with my teeth, letting it slip between them to snap down back to her chest.

"Just ask nice." I said softly before nibbling her other nipple.

"Okay. Okay. Will you pretty please put your cock in me?"

"I'll think about it. Why do you want me to?"

"OHHHHHH FUCK! Don't tease me any more please!?" She practically begged. "Please fuck me and make me come!" She moaned softly after a few more seconds of my teasing her nipple and making no effort at all to put my fat cock into her.

"Now that's much better." I said softly, pulling my hips back against her feet to give myself enough room to push my cock down toward her pussy. I reached down and pressed my head between her lips, feeling it dip into the entrance to her sopping wet tunnel, her heels digging into my ass again to pull me toward her.

"OHHHHHH FUCK! OH MY GOD YES!" she practically screamed as my cock pushed deep into her pussy. "FUCK ME BABY! FUCK MY HOT LITTLE CUNT!"

I pushed myself up from her body and slid my hands up from her hips to her tits, cupping both of them and squeezing them as I started stroking into her. She spread her legs wide, letting go with her heels, and moaned loudly as my hips slapped against her bare ass, her hands reaching for her own legs to spread them even farther.

"OH FUCK FUCK FUCK!" she cried loudly. "JESUS CHRIST YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME COME!"

"Good." I answered with a grin, slowing my strokes down to tease her a little longer.

"NOOOOO! No! don't stop. Oh please don't stop!" She begged more quietly. "God I'm so close. Please don't stop now!"

"Since you asked nice, I won't." I answered with a grin, driving my cock hard into her again. I pounded into her hard, slapping my hip against her body and beating her clit into the base of my cock with each stroke. She let go of her legs and grabbed the bedding, pulling and tugging the blanket as she rocked her hips in time with my plunges into her, my head smashing into the end of her sexy tunnel with each stroke.

"OH SHIT! I'M GOING TO COME!" she squealed after only a few short minutes of pounding into her, her arms and legs starting to tremble. "OH FUCK FUCK FUUUUUUCK!" she screamed so loud it echoed in the room as her whole body started to buck and shake in front of me.

I could feel her pussy clenching around my shaft, triggering my own climax that was barely contained from bursting forth for the last couple minutes. "FUCK!" I grunted as my body jerked, jamming my cock deep into her and pumping a huge gush of cum into her.

"OH FUCK!" she cried as she felt my cum lance up into her, her own body still jerking and shaking. "Ohhhhhhhh fuck!" she panted as she struggled to catch her breath, my body still between her legs, twitching and jerking as I added more cum deep into her

pussy.

"Damn." I panted as I stood there, my cock twitching inside her still pussy, her spasms trying desperately to still squeeze and milk my softening shaft.

"Oh my god," she panted, her chest heaving as I let go of her tits and gently stroked her thighs, her feet now resting on the bed near her ass, her legs touching mine. "Fuck that was good."

"Glad you enjoyed it." I answered.

"Ohhhhhhh you are such a shit," she said with a laugh.

"You didn't enjoy it?"

"Oh I didn't say that. In fact, enjoyed would be a significant understatement. I can't remember the last time I came so fucking hard!" She said, reaching for my stomach and teasing her fingers up and down what she could reach of my body. "Ohhhhhh yeah. So much better than just enjoyed!"

"Well, slide your ass up there a bit more and I'll come lay down next to you." I said, suddenly feeling a bit worn out as my body consumed the last of the adrenalin coursing through my veins.

She pushed herself up the bed and pulled a pillow down and tucked it under her head, pulling a second one down for me next to hers as I crawled up on the bed. I lay down next to her and she snuggled up against me on her side, one leg laying over mine and her head on my chest. "Now there's a sight I never would have expected to see." I said quietly.

"What's that?"

"Look up." I said with a grin.

She turned her head and looked up at the ceiling, the two of us laying naked, visible in the mirrored ceiling. "Looks kinda sexy. Wouldn't have thought that I'd say that about being snuggled to a guy though."

"You sure are hard on guys, aren't you?"

"You get that way when you get left at the altar," she said with a sigh. "But that was a long damn time ago and I haven't met a man that was really worth...well, anything."

"And me?"

"Jury's out on you. You've become...interesting," she said, laying her head back down on my chest. "So, why exactly are you divorced? You're not a serial killer or drug addict or anything like that, are you?"

"No. Not that I know of anyway." I answered, not really wanting to get into why I'm divorced.

"So?" she prompted again after a few silent moments.

"Oh hell. You're not going to let me avoid this are you?"

"Let's face it. We're intimate enough to have fucked, that makes us more than intimate enough to discuss why you're divorced, don't you think?"

"Yeah, I suppose it does. To be honest, I wanted more sex than she did. We tried to keep things working, but it became a point of contention when I was on the road one time and spent the night with a very pleasant and extremely sexy woman."

"Ahhhhh. Your wife wasn't willing to share huh?"

"Not even a little." I answered. "Not that I blame her completely. I mean it was my fault that I stepped out, but I could never get her to even acknowledge that she had a little culpability with her lack of willingness to even try to have sex more than once every

month."

"Once a month? Fuck I'm lucky if I can go more than three or four days without getting off," she said with a soft feminine chuckle. "Which is why I live with Amanda."

"Ahh. Amanda isn't going to be upset about this, is she?"

"Oh I doubt it. But if I'm not careful, she may want to get a piece of the action too. She's had no more luck finding a nice guy than I have."

"So I fall on the nice guy side all of a sudden?" I asked a little surprised.

"Not yet, but I have to admit I'm warming up to you," she said softly, snuggling up against me tighter and sighing a little contentedly.

I must have fallen asleep again, because the next thing I remember is Jennifer getting up off the bed and padding naked to the door. She opened it, letting a swirl of cold air in to find the lady from the desk standing on the other side.

"Just wanted to let you know that the road is open again," she said looking past Jennifer's still naked body to the bed where I was laying naked.

Jennifer looked over her shoulder at me, seeing what the woman was looking at and grinned. "Thanks. I appreciate the heads up." Jennifer answered, making no effort to close the door and giving the woman a good long look at me. "Guess we better get dressed and get back down the road. Unless of course you wanna come in for a few minutes."

"As much as I want to, and believe me, I really do want to...I better get home to my husband. But just between you and me, he's going to get one hell of a fucking this afternoon!" she said with a grin before turning and walking away.

"Seems like you made an impression." Jennifer said from across the room as she closed the door. "But we better get dressed and get south before the road closes again."

I pushed up off the bed and walked to the sofa where she was sorting out the pile of our clothes. I slipped my arms around her waist from behind and pulled her against me, my already hardening cock pressing between her ass cheeks as I kissed her neck. "We don't have to."

"Yeah, we do," she whispered back. "Unfortunately."

"Alright." I said, acquiescing and accepting that the surprisingly enjoyable interlude with her was drawing to a close. To my surprise she dressed without the bra, letting her big tits swing and wiggle in the blouse, finally putting the jacket of her pants suit on only when we were about ready to leave. She stood, slipping it on, her auburn hair mussed and tousled after the night in bed. "You know. Even the morning after, you still look like a very sexy woman."

She smiled but didn't reply as she finished pulling the jacket and then her coat on. I took the cue and pulled my own coat on before we headed out into the snow. She sat in the cab of the now running truck as I walked around and brushed the six inches or so of accumulated snow off the hood and windows before jumping in, my feet once again cold in my dress shoes .

"Too bad we have to go. I know exactly how to get your feet warm again." Jennifer said with a grin. "Of course, there's a whole lot more of you that I'd get warm at the same time."

"Yeah. You do a good job of that." I answered with a grin. I dropped the truck in reverse and backed out through the heavy snow and made my way back to the interstate.

It was late afternoon before we got back, having had a surprisingly pleasant drive back to the plant, the two of us chatting about all sorts of mundane issues. "You know. Once we pull into this lot, I have to ignore what happened last night. We can't even talk about it, or I'd never be able to get my job here done."

"Yeah. I understand. Don't worry. I'll tell all the guys just how much of a dyke you are and how horrible spending the night in the same room with you was."

"Good," she said curtly as I made the last turn into the parking lot. "Drop me at the front door," she said, her voice clearly commanding again.

I nodded and stopped the truck, letting her out and then heading back to the lot to park. By the time I got into my office I could hear her chewing someone out over the phone all the way down in my office.

The next morning I came into the office and found a vase with a dozen red roses sitting on my desk. I looked around and found a card sitting on my seat and I picked it up and read it slowly.

"I still need to ride you like white on rice, but when this is done, I want the chance to ride you in a totally different way."

"Nice flowers. Who are they from?" My secretary said as she stepped into my office.

"Just a friend I did a favor for." I answered her.

"Well, she must have been a good friend or it was one hell of a favor," she said with a smile. "Been a while since I've seen you smile. Keep it up," she said giving me a wink before disappearing back out the door again.

A Use Found For Dumb Office Girl...

by [cheeky_boy](#)©

I had employed Carly about 6 months before based on the fact that she had good experience and from her qualifications appeared that she could do the job expected of her. Carly was very conscientious and always began work before time and often stayed late when I required her to do this.

As the months passed by and the work given to Carly became more

complex to the level expected of the role it became clear that without significant help to do the job, Carly was just not capable of doing the job. Carly had a great personality and we shared a lot of jokes in the office. She had turned me on from the start, with her slim curvaceous figure. Carly was very slim, but had curves in all the right places and had gorgeous arse. She was quite short at 5ft 6inches, with jet-black hair and breasts that were larger than you would expect for a girl of her height. She was around 25 years old compared to myself who was now 42.

Carly always took pride in what she would wear to work and would always dress in a manner suitable for the office environment that we were in. Some days she would wear skirts that were a little shorter than you may expect, but I wasn't going to complain about this point. Carly would often wear skirts that would show lots of leg covered in the black stockings she always had on. There were several occasion where I would have meetings with Carly and all I could think about while she was talking was my erect cock under the meeting table and how I would love to stuff it into her mouth to keep her quite for a bit. If it was one thing that Carly did too much was talk.

A few more months passed by and the fact that Carly was so hot was no longer compensating for the frustration of her being poor at her job. I had spoken to Carly several times to try and improve what she was doing but there had been no improvement.

Today was the day that I was going to have to tell Carly that I was going to end her contract. As we worked in the meeting room I thought how good she looked in her tight cream coloured trousers that showed her perfect arse off to its maximum. As she moved in front of me I could see that Carly must be wearing a thong as any normal panties would have been visible in such tight trouser and all I could see was two lovely ass cheeks.

As we sat down I could see that Carlys top button of her black blouse had come unbuttoned showing her nice sized breasts. A question again came into my mind that did I really want to get rig of such a hot employee? I knew what I had to do this and I began the conversation.

From the start it was obvious that Carly had been expecting this meeting although he had clearly not realised the severity of her performance issues. As I explained the issues and arrived at the conclusion that she would be out of a job within the month the realisation came into her face. It was small tear at first that soon became a flood as she began to cry in front of me. I had expected this but it was still no pleasure to make hot girl cry. What happened next though was not what I had expected.

Carly got up from her chair and walked around to my side of the table she got to her knees and begged that I let her stay as she knew that she could improve on what she had been doing. Her head drooped into my lap with her head now inches away from my cock. I could also now see down the back of her cream trousers to see the glimpse of the pink thong that she had on today. To try and gain some dignity for Carly I picked her up and said that if she did everything that I told her in the next month then she may be able to keep her job. With this sentence thoughts ran through my mind as to what this might be, but they soon went as quick as they came.

Over the next couple of weeks it was if nothing had happened between us. Whether Carly was in denial and thought that I had given her a second chance for good I wasn't sure. Either way Carly was doing everything she could too impress, this included seeming to dress a little more inappropriately for my benefit. On one occasion she crossed her legs in a meeting to reveal the tops of her stockings, as the black skirt she had worn was too short to cover them.

It had been a long day in the office and Carly and myself had remained behind when others had left when like many times before. Even though he was now departing in only too weeks I still could not fault her keenness to do a good job. It was just a shame she was just not clever enough. I had regularly got my cock excited during boring times a work thinking how I would stick my cock in that over active mouth of Carlys. Today had been no exception and Carly was looking particularly hot as ever. She was wearing a very tight light red blouse that showed enough cleavage to get any man excited. It was also see through enough to make out the detailing on her white lace bra that was hiding her gorgeous tits. Her jet black hair was tied up into a bun and she was wearing her glasses for once as she usually had contacts. I had asked her about this and she was waiting for a new order. I didn't mind as they made her look more naughty. Her black skirt was short as normal with her usual black sheer stockings underneath. Her shoes were high heels and were red in colour too match the blouse that she was wearing. As she got up to walk out of the office my cock grew hard thinking of how hot she was making me feel today.

The thought came back into my head of what I had said in the meeting when she had cried. Would Carly really do anything to keep her job?

My cock was now pressing hard against the black pin stripes suit trousers that I was wearing and I reached down to rub it as no one was in the office. My balls felt full and swollen and I

wanted to relieve myself there and then. It had been a few days since I had last given my wife a good fucking and I thought that I would have to empty my balls into her later that evening whether she wanted me to or not. My wife my moaned that we didn't have sex enough, but seemed to moan every time I wanted to fuck her. She moans even more when I shoot a big load of my sperm up inside her ass letting it drip out as I take my softening cock out. These thoughts made me think that I would fuck her extra hard tonight before giving her a nice load down her throat. She especially hated it when I made her swallow my sperm down without taking my cock from her mouth. Only when every last drop was cleaned from my cock and down her throat would I remove my cock from the back of her throat.

My cock was not about to explode and I wondered if I would be able to walk out of the office with such an obvious erection bulging in my trousers. As I walked from the office with my suit jacket done up to try and conceal my erection I walked past the ladies loo. There was no one in the office now except for Carly and myself who had left a few minutes before. I knew that Carly all went into the ladies just before leaving for the night. With this in mind I waited outside for another few minutes to ensure that no one was in there and then I pushed the door open to go inside. Unaccustomed to the ladies toilets I was presented with cream tiles room with a series of cubicles along one wall and a series of basins across the other. The end cubicle was larger than the other for use by a disabled person. I decide that I would wait inside this cubicle. The door swung open to the cubicle and in there was a toilet, a basin and a small bench to rest thing on.

After a few minutes of waiting the ladies toilet door opened. I peered out of the cubicle to see that it was Carly fixing her makeup in one of the mirrors by the basins. She was adding some more red lip sick to her luscious lips. I opened the door and stepped out into the main area of the room Carly saw me in the mirror and spun around with a shock. What are you doing in here, she asked. Well Carly, I was thinking about what we discussed in the meeting a couple of weeks ago that you would be willing to do whatever it took to keep this job. Yes she aid with a slightly concerned and yet naïve look on her face. Why don't you come over her Carly and I will show you the task that I want you to do for me. Carly looked nervous as she stepped across the room her red high heals making a noise on the hard tiled floor.

She stopped in front of me looking at me wondering what I had in mind. I unbuttoned my suit jacket and stood there for a few seconds. I looked towards the ground and back up again. Carly wondered why I had done this and quickly followed suit. As she looked towards the ground she passed the bulge that was still

obvious in my suit trousers. With a quick second glance she returned her head to a normal eye level with a look of surprise on her face. My cock is hard for you right now Carly and it has been since you arrived. You are always getting my cock hard in meetings with the skirts and stockings that you wear. As the words were coming out of my mouth Carly began to try and retreat slightly. Remember what you said Carly, you will do anything to keep this job. With these words I placed my hand on the back of her jet-black hair and pulled her head towards me. Carly moved forward and I backed away bringing her towards the larger of the cubicles. With us both inside the cubicle door latched shut. Reaching behind her I slid the bolt across to make us secure.

I quickly swapped positions with Carly to block her escape from the cubicle. I knew Carly had a boyfriend and Carly knew that I was married. I was going to go home and let my wife satisfy this bulge in my trousers but as you were so willing to do anything to please me then I thought that you would like to do that for me. If he hadn't realised before my intentions for her with this task Carly now knew that I was serious in what I was suggesting. You walk around the office making me horny all day with no chance to relieve myself, does your boyfriend fuck you good when you get home each day? We have sex if that's what you mean. No, does he fuck you to the point that you can't be fucked anymore. With reluctance she replied no. Do you not want to be fucked hard like the teasing slut that you are? I like to be fucked was her response. I could see that Carly was a bit naïve and I decided that I would begin to show her the new task that she had.

Bend over for me so that I can see that nice ass of yours. There was no movement from her. I said turn around and bend over the basin so that I can see that ass of yours. Slowly Carly turned around and lowered her arms so that her hands rested on the edges of the basin, good I said as I moved closer placing one hand on her protruding ass. I moved both hands over her skirt squeezing a feeling what lay beneath, my cock throbbing inside my suit trousers. I reached lower down and placed my hand on her stocking clad leg. Moving slowly upwards with my hand I reached the top of her suspenders. The suspender were attached to her suspender belt and I gently pulled and let go on the elastic making Carly jump. Placing one hand on each leg I worked my way upwards until my hand forced her skirt up revealing her panties beneath. Carly began to straighten but I placed my hand on her back nudging her back into position over the sink. Her ass was now visible to me. Only a small white thong obscured what was a perfect ass. Her black stockings were still covering her slim legs. I gently squeezed her ass cheeks before pulling them gently apart to see the white thong sitting over her asshole. My hand slipped under her thong stretching the fabric from beneath

her cheeks before letting it shrink back to wear it had come from.

Turn around was my next instruction. Carly now knew that she had to do what I said and turned slowly around, her skirt slipping back into position. Sit on the bench for me. She sat down and I moved over to her with my crotch about two feet from her face. Undo your blouse and take out your tits for me, I want to see if they are as good as I have imagined them to be. With slow movements Carly unbuttoned each of the buttons on her blouse before letting it slip down onto the bench. She began to lower the straps of her lacy white bra. Once off she slowly lowered the bra cups to allow her ample tits to spring out over the top for me to inspect. Lovely tits Carly I said as I began to squeeze and move her breasts in front of her watching eyes. My hands roughly tweaked her large dark nipples which made them harden in front of me. Her nipples appeared even darker against her pale white skin. I needed to fuck those tits soon but first my throbbing cock needed to be released from its prison. Undo your trouser fly now for me, was my next instruction. Carly gently raised a hand and lowered the zip to its lowest point. Reach inside and take out my cock for me so that it is no longer restricted in there. Carly reached into with her right hand and lowered the top of my tight boxer shorts to grab and pull out my cock. My cock which is 9 inches long appeared out of my fly with ease. Although incredibly hard already the extra space allowed my cock to grow to its full length while Carly watched this inches from her face. I moved closer to her face with my cock before stopping a few inches away. Is your boyfriend this big Carly? She said that it was about the same but I could see that she realised that it was a lot bigger than her boyfriends. I grabbed my cock and rubbed the tip over one of Carly's nipples. I then felt one tit while rubbing my cock over the soft flesh of the other. Hold your breasts together so that I can fuck your tits. Carly cupped both her breasts and raised them upwards. I grabbed my cock and stepped closer. As I put my cock near Carly's breasts she released them slightly to allow my cock to lie between them. As she closed them together around my cock I could feel the pleasure already. With slow strokes I began to move my cock between her tits using the full length of my shaft. Before long I picked up speed fucking her gorgeous tits.

I had to stop fucking her tits as the pleasure was becoming too much and there were things to explore. I pulled my cock from between Carly's tits letting it spring up and down. Grabbing the base of my shaft I rubbed my cock on the sides of Carly's face and over her red lips smudging her lipstick. I pulled my foreskin back to reveal the swollen tip of my cock before ordering Carly to open her mouth. She did this slowly knowing what was coming. Letting go of my cock I moved forward positioning my cock inside her

open mouth. I moved in and out before giving the instruction to close her mouth and lick my cock clean. Carly reluctantly began to suck and lick my cock along the length of my shaft. Although she had made a good effort I pulled my foreskin right back again to allow her to lick and suck all around the base of my helmet. Once complete I forced my cock further into her open mouth making her cough before pulling it out. Take my balls out for me I ordered. Carly reached in and pulled out my swollen balls, resting on the top of my boxers outside my fly they were made bigger by my cock resting them against my trousers. They will need to be emptied Carly to save my wife the trouble. She has already had enough of my sperm in her holes I think its only fair that someone else has some. I am sure that she would agree that you could save her the hassle. This thought did not go down well with Carly as she tried to stand to leave.

My hand pressed her should down and forced her back onto the bench. As she landed on the bench my cock had been pushed back into her mouth with more force. I am now going to push my cock to the back of your throat and this time you will take it all in and not cough like a little school girl who is having cock for the first time. With this my cock slid in making sure I wiped it al around the inside of her mouth. Carly began to struggle after a few inches. Take it now I said as I pushed it in further. Carly took in about six inches when I could feel the back of her throat starting. This had been a fantasy for so long standing there with the length of my cock hanging out of her slutty younger mouth. I stood there leaving my cock in position before Carly began sucking and sliding her throat back and forward. I commented that she was using her initiative whilst laughing at the sight of her reluctantly sucking my cock and squeezing my balls with her other hand. This carried on for quite some time alternating between me fucking her tits and fucking her mouth with my cock.

Sit on the toilet for me. Carly stood up and moved to sit on the seat. Before she down I lifted up her skirt to reveal the front of her white thong that had a lace panel showing her well-trimmed pussy hair. Lean back and lift your legs in the air and spread them for me. I mover to kneel in from of her spread legs inches from her pussy. You can't go in there at the moment she whimpered its not the right time. Realising what she meant I was initially disappointed and I am sure that Carly though that this was a good thing. I slowly moved the fabric of her thong away from her pussy region to reveal her lovely pussy hole. I knew that this was off limits but I could not resist playing and licking her clit for a while before returning her thong to its original position. Standing up my cock slipped back into her filthy mouth for a few seconds before I pulled Carly to her feet. Not wanting to stain my suit I now undid my belt and undid

my trouser button pushing my trousers and boxers to the floor. I removed my suit jacket and shirt leaving me stood there with nothing in front of Carly. What is it like to have sucked an older mans cock then? Its ok. With this response I forced Carly to the floor and pulling her hair down I grabbed to head and thrust my cock in her mouth. You will suck my cock until you think it is good. I fucked her throat until she begged that it was now good. I felt her pussy and her panties were now wet with juices. I think that you enjoy sucking an older guys cock now at last.

Turning Carly around I pulled her white thong to one side so that it was no longer covering her asshole. Her hole looked perfect for fucking if not very tightly puckered at the moment. My finger pushed against the outside of her puckered hole to Carlys surprise. Do you not let your boyfriend finger you ass Carly? No I don't that is what my pussy is for? You have 3 holes for a reason, which is that they all need to be filled with cock on a regular basis. With this I licked my finger and pushed it into her waiting ass. As I moved it in and out of her ass she squirmed although this eased as I got some more lubrication from her ass. I knew that I would need some more lubrication to get my cock in there and so I spread a small amount of hand soap onto my fingers before placing two fingers deep into her ass. Carly was whimpering as I stretched her asshole nice and wide. With her ass now ready I rubbed my cock over her pussy and clit to get it nice and hard. Don't fuck my pussy she said as I moved the tip of my cock from her pussy hole to the outside of her ass hole. What the fuck are you doing, you can't fuck my ass with that big cock of yours? My wife will be grateful that you have saved her the trouble of having my cock in her ass tonight. With that I moved forwards forcing the upper part of Carlys body to be squashed against the back of the cubicle wall.

The tip of my cock half went into her ass, but he was still so tight. I removed my cock and let Carly suck it for a second tasting her ass on it. I replaced it in her hole and with a big push my head was into her ass. Relax slut or this will just hurt more. Carly tried to relax as I pushed 3 inches inside her ass. That's it take my cock in your ass. Fucking her with slow strokes her ass quickly loosened up. Now eager to get it all in there I forced it in hard pushing each inch in until my cock was buried in her hot ass. My thighs now touched her ass cheeks and I stood there feeling her warm ass wrapped around my cock. I played with Carlys tits as I moved my cock in and out no more than an inch either way. Carly was whimpering as I invaded her rear. I could feel that I was so deep inside her ass that there was a blockage stopping my cock from moving. With a few thrusts this was removed allowing my cock more space to expand in her ass. My wife hates having my sperm flood into her ass, do you

want my cum in your ass Carly? No don't cum in there, let me wank you all over my lovely tits. The thought was appealing but I knew that my load was going to end up deep in her ass. How was she going to let her boyfriend pick her up with cum dripping from her ass hole?

My thrusting was now harder than ever and Carly was struggling to take my cock any longer. She pulled her ass off my cock and spun round to take my soiled cock in her mouth. She licked it clean sucking it like she meant it this time. I fucked her tits again and I knew that he was desperate for me to empty my balls onto them right now. Maybe next time I would do this but for now I wanted to shoot my load into her gorgeous asshole. Sitting her on the toilet again facing me I lifted her legs wrapping them around me before inserting my cock back into her ass much to the displeasure of Carly. She watched as my cock slid in and out of her ass with ease as I played with her tits. My cock sprang out of her ass I Carly must have thought I was going to cum as he grabbed my cock and stuffed it back into her open mouth using her tongue to tease it.

I spun her around and forced my cock back into her ass fucking her relentlessly with long hard strokes. Carly could now hardly stand as he was struggling so much with my cock thrusting. He knew that she had no choice but to get me to cum in her open ass. She quizzed her ass tight and began to push back onto my cock. My cock was not fully wedged into her ass unable to move more than an inch at a time. I could feel that my balls were beginning to swell and Carly sensed this as she reached between her legs to squeeze them in her hand.

My balls tightened more starting to fill my cock with fresh sperm. The slowness of the fucking was now hurting my cock and I had to relieve the pressure. With one forceful thrust the first shot from my cock into Carly's waiting passage. Carly felt this and moved back onto my cock. I tried to resist coming for a few more seconds but I could hold on no longer as my cock shot spurt after spurt of hot sticky sperm deep into her rectum. Carly had now relaxed allowing my well lubricated cock to move in and out until every last drop of my cum was removed from my balls. As my cock softened I pulled out of Carly's ass that sat on the toilet seat with her head in her hands. I have to go home to my wife now; I can't have a soiled cock. With this I let Carly suck and clean my cock for me until it was in the state it had started. That's better I can fuck my wife well now tonight thinking that it is you. Carly now realised that he had fucked me for nothing as he would fuck his wife as well tonight. Cum was dripping from her ass into the toilet and Carly began to pee as she had been

desperate for this. She didn't care that I was still there after what I had done to her. She wiped herself clean and began to dress herself. I can't wait to fuck that pussy of yours when you are ready. Carly new that I was serious and reluctantly agreed to this, but said that I couldn't cum in her. We will see was my response. I couldn't wait to come to work the next day.

A Very Personal Assistant

by [walterio](#)©

PRELUDE

Coleen entered my office and sat in one of the chairs at the small conference table. It was time to conduct her performance review and I had the prepared documents on the table. I closed and locked the office door and then I put the door brace in place to guarantee that we would not be interrupted. I turned toward Coleen and she smiled at me knowing what was to come. I spelled out the approach for the morning.

"I have prepared your review papers and you can look at them any time and sign them. As you would expect I have given you an outstanding rating. There is no doubt that you are a very qualified Administrative Assistant and your work is impeccable. What I am going to discuss with you today is what else you bring to this position and the way you serve my needs. Before we begin I am going to remove your panties so that I can play with your pussy while we have this chat."

I moved my chair closer to Coleen and pushed her skirt up to her waist. I admired her shapely legs encased in thigh high hose with elastic tops and I recalled the day I took her shopping for them. I reached for her panties and pulled them slowly down her legs. She lifted her legs so that I could remove them and I place them on another chair. I ran my hand up her smooth skin above the hose and brushed her vagina. Coleen flinched when my hand made contact with her pussy and I found it to be sopping wet.

"You are wet already," I said as I dipped two fingers into her twat. I held the fingers to my nose and said, "You smell wonderful." Then I licked her juices from my fingers and said, "You taste even better."

I pushed my fingers back in her pussy, searched for and located her g-spot. With two fingers rubbing her g-spot and my thumb on her clit, Coleen raced toward her first orgasm. I would let her get close and then stop. Once she calmed, I began the masturbation again. She was going crazy and I loved teasing her.

"Now some of the skills that are not listed in the performance review should be discussed. Let's start with oral sex. Without a doubt you give better head than any other woman who has blown me. You are the best and most accomplished cock sucker of all time."

"Thank you!" Coleen replied with a blush.

"In terms of vaginal sex you are the best fuck I have ever had in my life." I began as I continued to work on her pussy. Coleen was dripping wet and she was soaking my fingers. "I love the way your body moves under me when we are in bed. I also love the way you ride my cock when we are seated in my office or the car."

"I appreciated you kind words," Coleen responded blushing again.

"I saved the best for last because there is no one who can compare to you when it comes to anal sex. You have the shapeliest, curviest, loveliest ass that I have ever fucked. I love caressing your smooth buttocks as I watch my cock slide in and out of your beautiful bottom. It is the biggest turn on for me and I am pleased that you like anal so much."

"I have to say something," Coleen offered, "I love your big cock. I love sucking it and having it in my pussy and ass. I love the feel of your seed shooting into my rectum."

"Thank you Coleen. That concludes the review now where would like it first today?"

"Are we going to the Chateau after work?"

"Yes, I planned on it and I already booked the room with a Jacuzzi."

"Wonderful, let's wait until tonight to do anal. I want you to fuck my pussy now but remember don't cum in me. I want you to cum in my mouth."

With that said I helped Coleen up on the conference table and spread her legs apart. Normally I would have eaten her pussy first but she was so ready that I dropped my pants and pushed my cock into her hot cunt. You moaned softly when I entered her and wrapped her legs around my torso. I fucked her slowly causing

her to orgasm twice before I was ready to cum. I told her of my imminent ejaculation and she dropped to her knees to take my cock in her mouth. Coleen sucked me deep and I came in her mouth seconds after I entered it. Coleen drank down every drop as she always did and then we both cleaned up and straightened our clothes.

I removed the door brace and unlocked the door. Coleen left my office and as she did she said, "Thank you for a wonderful review."

I smiled and replied, "You deserve it."

HOW THE AFFAIR BEGAN

I hired Coleen two years ago after my former assistant Bonnie got married and moved away. Bonnie had been my assistant for five years and the last three of those years we had a torrid affair. Bonnie was engaged to be married and I was surprised that she was so sexually active. I had always viewed the engagement period to be more sacred than marriage. It was not the case with Bonnie however.

Bonnie and I had sex in the office, in our cars and in a romantic interlude called the Chateau. Bonnie had introduced me to the Chateau. She had also been the reason I purchased the door brace for my office. The office door could be locked but facilities and security had master keys so I used the door brace to provide our security. It would have been very embarrassing if someone was to unlock the door and find me with my cock buried in Bonnie's ass.

Bonnie was a 30 year old sexpot when we began our affair. She was 5'6" tall, weighed a fit 125 pounds and had a respectable 33-26-36 figure. She was small breasted but she had a killer ass and she loved anal sex. Our times in the Chateau we would shower together first and douche her pussy and ass before entering the Jacuzzi. In the Jacuzzi I would play with her ass and pussy. She would lean over the edge and present her gorgeous ass to me to be kissed and rimmed. She loved having my tongue run up and down between the cheeks of her ass probing her anus.

As part of our foreplay I would lick her pussy and anus from behind and she would go wild. We then adjourned to the bed where I took good care of her pussy before I fucked her in the ass. We both loved anal sex and Bonnie was the best I ever had until Coleen.

It was nearly a year after I hired Coleen that we had our first encounter. It was totally unplanned and it just happened. It was

after our corporate Christmas party when I gave Coleen a ride home. I had always found her attractive with her flowing long blonde hair and 36-28-36 figure. She had gorgeous legs, seemingly nice breasts and a very shapely ass. Coleen was 5'7" and weighed a trim 130 pounds.

At 31 years old I was in good shape from working out and my other activities which included golf, tennis, skiing and SCUBA diving. I was 6'0" and weighed a fit 185 pounds. I kept my light brown hair cut short and I had hazel colored eyes. Coleen loved my eyes and eventually told me that they were seductive.

Coleen had gotten a ride to work the day of the Christmas party from her older sister whom she lived with. I had promised to drive her home after the party. At the party we found ourselves dancing together several times. It started out with up beat music and then a few slow dances. The last couple of dances Coleen pressed her body in close and slipped her leg between mine. I was in an unmistakable state of desire and I knew she could feel my hardness on her thigh.

People had been drifting out for the last hour so when we got to my car in the parking lot no one was parked nearby. Before we got in the car, Coleen looked up at me and smiled. Her eyes twinkled in the street light and I had the urge to kiss her. I took her in my arms and kissed her tenderly. She kissed me back but it didn't last long.

"Let's get in the car," she whispered.

We did not kiss again as I expected and Coleen shocked me with her aggressiveness. She leaned across the seat and unbuckled my belt and unfastened my suit pants. Then she pulled my pants and boxer shorts down to my knees. I instinctively lifted my hips up to facilitate her. My cock was erect within seconds.

"I have wanted to do this for a long time," she whispered right before she engulfed my cock in her mouth.

Her head bobbed up and down a few times on my 8" porker and then she lifted her head to speak again. "You have a nice cock," she said and then returned to sucking me.

Coleen was very accomplished in oral sex and I was as hard as a rock. Then she stopped sucking and I watched as she reached under her full length skirt and removed her pantyhose and panties.

"I am really hot. I need to sit on your cock. I want to fuck you," she announced surprising me with her language.

I had heard women use the words cock and fuck before it was just that I had never heard it from Coleen. Then with catlike movements and agility, she straddled my body and guided my cock into her pussy. She groaned as my shaft filled her vaginal cavity and I felt the wet silkiness of her cunt. Coleen rode me hard and fast and it was obvious that she was only thinking about her own orgasm.

"Oh. Oh, this is going to be a quick one," she gasped.

I looked at the car windows to see if anyone was spying on us but the windows were steam covered and it was impossible to see in or out. We did make quite a sight though as we fucked in her car. I was still in my suit jacket, shirt and tie with my suit pants and boxer shorts down below my knees. Coleen's dress was gathered around her waist and I held on to her shapely ass while she did all the work.

"I'm going to cum. Hold me!" she called out excitedly as her hips flailed on top of me.

I held her by her curvy ass and then my arms moved up and wrapped around her upper body as she screamed into my shoulder. Her screams were muffled in my shoulder as her body shook and shivered with the intensity of her orgasm. Coleen eventually stopped moving and relaxed in my arms briefly before easing her body off of mine. She sensed that I had not cum and in her desire to pleasure me she lowered her mouth back onto my cock. It was obvious that she did not mind the taste of herself as she gave me an incredible blow job.

Coleen fondled my testicles and ran her finger along my perineum as she swirled her tongue around my shaft. I felt my discharge building within me and I warned her that I was about to cum. Coleen never removed her mouth from my cock and she received a mighty discharge. Ropes of semen shot into her mouth splashing off the back of her throat but she never missed a beat. Coleen stayed glued to my cock until she had sucked every last drop of semen from my shaft. Tingles ran through my body and I felt my toes curl up inside my shoes. It was the best blow job ever.

We relaxed for a few minutes and then got dressed the best we could. At least I did. Coleen opted to stuff her hose and panties in her purse. Then we opened the car windows and let the air in. I waited until the windows were clear and it was safe to drive Coleen home. I would have the weekend to think about what happened. My current live-in girlfriend Marty would be home Saturday and Sunday which I hoped would help me forget about the encounter with Coleen.

MONDAY MORNING

On Monday, Coleen arrived at the office on time and she went about her duties as normal. There was no mention of the car sex that we had the previous Friday night. She did not bring it up so I decided not to mention it either. We both went about the day in a business like manner. Coleen attended an aerobic class in the building next to our office and she would often return to work afterward since I let her leave work early the day of her class. That evening after her aerobic class Coleen returned to the office wearing her snug spandex outfit. I observed her move around tidying up her desk and doing some filing before she left for home.

As I watched her I focused on her round curvy ass and I got a boner just from looking at her. It was all I could do to keep my hands off of her. I wanted to pull her into my office and pull her pants down and bare her ass. However I knew better and I restrained myself although it took all of my will power. If we hadn't had sex that Friday night before I would have never thought of doing that.

"Good night, see you tomorrow," Coleen said as she poked her head in my office.

"Oh, good night, don't forget that we are doing your first annual performance review tomorrow," I reminded her.

"I won't. I'm looking forward to it," she replied and then waved goodbye.

I returned to my work of finishing up Coleen's performance review. I gave her an outstanding review as she had been invaluable during her first year on the job. I recommended that her position be raised one level and that she be given the title of Administrative Assistant. That would be consistent with the other Executive's former secretaries who all now held the title of Administrative Assistant. I was sure that Coleen would be pleased with her review and promotion.

The next day I conducted Coleen's review at 10:00 AM thinking that we could go to lunch afterward and celebrate her good news. Promptly at 10:00 AM Coleen was seated adjacent to me at the small conference table in my office. I had locked the office door so that we would not be disturbed.

I opened the booklet containing Coleen's performance review and my evaluation of her work. As I read through each category and began to explain my rationale for the rating, Coleen just stared

at me the entire time. She seemed disinterested in what I had to say. About half way through the review she reached over and took my hand in hers. I stopped talking and looked into her dreamy eyes and sensed that she wanted something to happen.

"I know that you gave me an outstanding review and I appreciate that and the promotion. I want to show you how much I appreciate it," she whispered and added, "Stand up in front of me."

I stood up and remained still as Coleen unbuckled my belt and unfastened my suit pants. She took her time and then lowered my pants down past my knees. I could feel my cock rising to the occasion and my boxer shorts tented in evidence of my excitement. Coleen smiled as she reached for my cock and then she fondled it through the fabric of my boxers. I groaned as she gently squeezed my shaft. Then she slowly pulled my boxers down my legs allowing my stiff cock to get caught in the waist band. She continued pulling my shorts down until my cock cleared the waistband and bobbed in front of her face.

Coleen lowered my pants and shorts all the way to my ankles and then she pushed my dress shirt and tie up out of the way. I rolled up my shirt and threw my tie over my shoulder and watched as she lowered her mouth to my cock. Coleen looked up at me as she moved her head up and down on my cock and the expression on her face was one of pure ecstasy. She gently held my balls in one hand as she worked her magic on my cock and I did not last long at all.

"Coleen, I'm going to cum," I whispered.

Coleen, however, as she had done Friday night in my car stayed glued to my cock. I exploded in her mouth with one of my most massive ejaculations ever. It seemed like I kept cumming for minutes although I knew it was over in a matter of seconds. Coleen sucked me dry again as she had done the first time. She kept my cock in her mouth for a seemingly long time after I came and she nibbled on it teasing me and driving me wild. I had tingles running through my body and I had to push her head away as I began to feel weak in my legs.

I steadied myself by holding onto the table and then I began to redress. Coleen smiled at me again and licked her lips in a very sexy way. I had pulled my shorts and pants back up and then I tucked my shirt back in and buckled my belt. I sat back down and smiled at Coleen.

"There isn't any provision for me to evaluate that skill on your appraisal form," I said jokingly and then added, "But if there was you would receive the highest grade possible."

"Forgive me but that made me very hot. I need to cum," she whispered as she lifted her skirt and pulled her pantyhose and panties down just below her pussy.

I looked at her neatly trimmed pussy for the first time and liked what I saw. Coleen had a beautiful pussy with a little tuft of blonde hair just above it. I surprised her when I moved to my knees in front of her. Then I pulled her hose and panties down to her ankles. I did not remove them as I wanted her to be able to pull them back up if we were interrupted. I lifted her legs up and ducked my head under the hose and panties gathered around her ankles. Then I leaned in and placed my mouth on her pussy.

Coleen groaned when my mouth covered her cunt and then she emitted a squeal when I located her clit. Within minutes Coleen was cumming and juicing my mouth. She covered her mouth with her arm and moaned into the elbow joint stifling her outcry. I continued to lick her pussy as she thrashed around on the chair until she went limp. Then I kissed the inside of her thighs and eventually removed my mouth. I lifted her legs back over my head and then sat back in my chair. Coleen was in a euphoric state and she glowed in her pleasure.

Coleen then pulled her panties and hose back on and smoothed her dress as she stood up. She kissed me on the cheek and said softly, "That was an incredible performance review."

"It certainly was," I replied. Coleen then left my office.

THE SEX CONTINUES

It was the first of many office encounters. In the weeks to come, we had sex in my office and at times in the car. Coleen would give me marvelous blow jobs in my office. She loved to suck my cock and swallow my load. Sometimes we would play little games of seduction as if we were getting it on for the first time. Coleen would come into my office, close and lock the door and come around to my desk as if to show me something important. As she showed me some document I would let my hand move up her legs over her pantyhose up to her ass. I would fondle her ass for awhile and then lower her hose and panties to her knees. I played with her pussy as I fondled her ass and she squirmed on my hands and fingers.

"Yes, play with me. It feels so good. Make me cum, make me cum," she would repeat over and over.

And cum she did soaking my hand with her female juices. She had

to cover her mouth to muffle her moans of ecstasy. Then after she composed herself she would have me stand up and she knelt in front of me. Coleen unbuckled my belt and lowered my pants to the floor. Then she slowly pulled my boxer shorts down my legs. She loved it when my erection got caught in the waistband of my boxers and my cock would spring forward as it cleared my shorts. Coleen would then suck my cock until I came in her mouth.

We often visited a bar near her place and after a burger and a few beers it was sex in her car again. Sometimes we fucked and sometimes she just sucked my cock while she fingered her pussy. She would unbuckle my belt, unbutton my trousers and pulled them along with my boxers down to my ankles. As Coleen pulled my boxers down over my balls she would lick and suck them before kissing her way up my shaft. Looking up into my eyes, she would slide her lips over my bulging head with her hand still wrapped around my shaft. Her tongue would swirl under the ridge of my crown as she sucked me deeper into her mouth. She would test her gag line and take my cock down her throat.

She would pull me deeper into her mouth, pressing her lips tightly against me and sucking hard. The feel of my hard cock sliding between her lips and over her tongue would have me on the verge of a huge orgasm. Coleen would often slip her hand into her panties and finger her dripping pussy. The smell of sex would be rampant in the car.

When I felt my cock swell and I told her that she was about to receive my load. Muffled moans would escape from her throat as she eagerly sucked my dick awaiting my release. She would move her lips up and down over my shaft in rhythm with my thrusting motions. She would be drooling like crazy and I could feel the wetness running down my pecker onto my balls.

My breathing would become more erratic as I was about to lose control. Coleen would look up at me with those big eyes and nodded her head, letting me know she wanted to taste me and then she would cover my cock with her mouth just as I lost it. I always let out a soft grunt as I pumped stream after stream of hot cream into her mouth. She would move her hand under my scrotum to squeeze out the last few drops and then Coleen would have her orgasm. The feel of my throbbing cock in her mouth, the taste of my seed and her hand in her cunt was just enough to set her off. The pressure in her lower tummy would gush out through her pussy and soak her fingers.

My cock would fall from her lips and cum would drip from her lips and chin as her body would jerk and shudder in orgasm.

Coleen always looked up at me when she was done, blotches of cum glistened on her lips. The smell of pussy in the car was powerful. I would take Coleen's hand and licked her fingers clean. I would then pull my shorts and trousers back up and dress the best I could in the confines of her car.

One night when we were having a burger we discussed getting together in bed and being completely naked when we had sex. Coleen didn't know it but I was very hot for her ass and I wanted a shot at it. She lived with her sister so we couldn't go to her place. I lived with my girlfriend Marty who was a flight attendant. Marty had the international route and even though she was gone for days at a time, I couldn't risk having someone see Coleen enter my condo. I suggested the Chateau and Coleen agreed. She was curious as to how I knew about it but I never told her about Bonnie. I told her that Marty and I went there once for fun.

GREAT TIMES AT THE CHATEAU

Her first trip to the Chateau Coleen arrived before me and parked her car in the private spot adjacent to the room. I had paid for the room in advance. I parked in the lot which was secluded from the road and walked to the room. Coleen was already naked when I arrived. She told me that the rooms with the Jacuzzi tubs were all taken. I was disappointed but made the most of it.

I looked around as I undressed at the familiar surroundings, water bed, mirrors on the ceiling and walls. There was a TV with a porn station and a small mini bar in the room. Coleen was naked in bed watching me as I undressed and I could tell that she liked what she saw. I liked what I saw too as it was the first time that we were completely naked together. I moved to the bed and I was anxious to get at her ass all the while wondering if she would let me fuck her in the ass. I loved anal sex and fucking beautiful shapely asses. I was particularly hopeful that Coleen was into anal since Marty was not and I missed it desperately. I moved her to all fours with her ass elevated and she placed her head on the mattress turned to one side so she could see me. I started playing with her pussy and her curvy ass lubricating her asshole with her own cunt juice. Coleen moaned and cooed as I fingered her pussy and her asshole simultaneously. I tried to get her asshole wet enough with her juices and my saliva so that I could fuck her ass.

Coleen had not objected to the ass play so I knelt behind her and tried to insert my cock in her ass but it just wouldn't go in. Afraid of hurting her I tried more pussy juice and saliva for lubrication but to no avail. My 8" long and 5" around cock

just would not go into her tight ass. There are times when my cock feels bigger and this was one of those times. I was fingering Coleen's ass when she spoke.

"Use some cream," she said urgently, "There is some in my purse."

I got off the bed and retrieved the body lotion from her purse. As I did I realized that Coleen was going to let me fuck her in the ass. I returned to the bed and put an ample of amount of lotion in her asshole coating the tiny puckered opening of her anus and lubricating the rim. I added my saliva to my lotion covered cock and nestled my dick against the entrance of her anus momentarily before easing it inside her ass. I could feel my cock struggle to stretch the resistant muscles. My dick head burrowed in and her rigid passageway soon yielded to the determined action of my cock. Coleen moaned as my pecker filled her hole.

"Go slowly at first it has been awhile," she said sexily.

I fucked her with long and deliberate strokes until my cock was sliding easily in and out of her ass. I caressed her shapely buttocks as I watched my cock move in and out of her rectum worming around inside of her curvy ass. I caressed her ample tits and tweaked her nipples as I leaned over her body and whispered in her ear, "Coleen you have one hot ass, I love fucking you in your hot ass."

My hands freely roamed over her body and I pulled on her hips drawing her backwards impaling her on my inflated member. I reached for her pussy to finger fuck her and diddle her clit but I found Coleen's hand already buried in her womb. She was frigging herself frantically working herself toward an orgasm. Suddenly I felt my cock inside her ass swell up and I started pumping faster. Within minutes I knew that Coleen felt the warm fluid being squirted inside her anus and she immediately started to cum herself. Her cunt walls convulsed around her own hand fucking her cunt as her anal muscles squeezed every drop from my spurting cock. I grunted as my whole body became stiff and I slammed my cock harder into her. Coleen writhed around and her body arched off the bed as a climax of massive proportion tore through her loins.

My cock slipped from her ass with an audible pop and I flopped down on the bed next to her. She surprised me when she covered my cock with her mouth and sucked any remaining cum from my tool. Coleen then lay on her back, splayed her legs and pulled back the folds of her vagina.

"I need to cum again. Eat my pussy, please eat my pussy," she pleaded.

I rolled over and got between her legs. I put her thighs on my shoulders and lowered my mouth to her pussy. I took one slow lick as I flattened my tongue on Coleen's mound. It felt so smooth and warm and I knew I had achieved the desired effect from her moan I know that Coleen enjoyed it. I always enjoyed the taste of her and I kept licking and eating her. I pointed my tongue and burrowed into her pussy as it parted her labia my tongue was rewarded with the exquisite taste of her juice.

Coleen was obviously enjoying what I was doing as she reached down with both hands and spread herself wide making it so much easier for my tongue to explore her pussy. Coleen was breathing rapidly and she moaned softly whenever I got near her hard clit. As I searched out her hard clit still just barely hidden she tensed and began to quiver. After I felt like I had teased her opening as much as I could with my tongue it was time to see her reaction when my tongue finally touched that treasured pearl.

I burrowed my tongue as deep into her as I could and then I just sort of licked and sucked my way up. When I got to her clit I used the very tip of my tongue to push back the little hood. I flicked my tongue over it once and then used the tip to explore the folds of flesh on either side of it. Coleen was now moaning and she used her fingers to pull her hood back as she arched herself so that her clit stuck out even further like a little cock. I nuzzled it with my nose taking in her scent and I licked it once more before I took it between my teeth and gently nibbled it.

Coleen went wild and started bucking and moaning loudly. She let go of her own fleshy hood and pulled my head to her pussy as she cried out in ecstasy. I sucked her clit as deep in my mouth as I could and Coleen humped my face for all she was worth. I was excited that I was able to get her that excited and I sucked harder and played with her wonderful clit with my lips, tongue and teeth. I don't know exactly how many times Coleen came but finally she collapsed on the bed, her body in spasms. I lay next to her and stroked her body my hands moved freely over her tits and pussy mound. She rolled toward me and embraced me and yelled for me to hold her tight.

"Hold me, oh please hold me," she pleaded as her orgasm and spasms continued.

Once she calmed down, we lay there for awhile making small talk and then Coleen started stroking my cock. Coleen added some body lotion as she kept stroking me cock and soon had me hard again.

"I like playing with your cock. You have a big cock," she told me.

"It's not that big," I replied although I was very comfortable with my manhood.

"It's the biggest I have ever had," she said with a sultry tone.

"Well there are plenty bigger than mine," I assured her.

"If I had a cock I would be playing with it all the time," she giggled.

We continued our conversation as Coleen continued to stroke my cock. I learned that she had first been ass fucked before she was married and divorced. Coleen had been working downtown Chicago at the time and she went out with two guys from the office. They took her back to their place and one fucked her ass as she blew the other guy. She took to ass fucking after that but she was very selective about who allowed in her ass. I shared with her my love for anal sex and some of my encounters.

"All this talk and playing with your cock has got me hot again. I need to sit on your dick," she announced.

Coleen straddled my body and lowered herself onto me as she held my tool and aimed it at her vagina. My hard cock slid easily into her womb and she emitted a small gasp as it filled her hole. Coleen rocked back and forth on top of me as I held on to her curvy ass. I stroked her ass cheeks and molded her firm buttocks in my hands as she picked up the pace fucking herself on my dick. Coleen started moaning as she fucked faster and faster. I sensed her pending orgasm and then she yelled out.

"I am going to explode. Oh, Oh hold me, please hold me tight," she screamed.

Coleen collapsed on top of me her body quivering from the intensity of her orgasm. I could feel her juices coating my cock as it remained buried in her womb. It took a few minutes for her to regain her composure and she just lay on me and cooed. Eventually she rolled off of me and lay on her back next to me. I was still hard so I took her ass again and fucked her until I released my second load into her rectum. After that we showered dressed and left the motel.

A week later we revisited La Chateau again and this time we had gotten a room with the Jacuzzi tub. We entered the room and wasted no time taking off our clothes as the Jacuzzi filled with

hot water and bath gel. Coleen and I showered together before entering the Jacuzzi. We soaped each other up and played with each other's bodies being careful we didn't cum in the shower. Coleen then douched both her pussy and her asshole.

After showering we entered the Jacuzzi armed with a bottle of wine. I turned on the jets and we kicked back enjoying the bubbles and our first glass of wine. After awhile Coleen leaned back into me and I reached around and stroked her firm titties tweaking and rolling her nipples in my fingers. I slid one of my hands down across her firm abs over her little tuft of hair and found her vagina. I played with the folds of her labia and then inserted my fingers in her pussy. I found her hard clit and rolled it between my fingers as I continued to tease her nipples with my other hand.

As Coleen got turned on I moved her to the other side of the Jacuzzi and I had her lean over the edge presenting her shapely ass to me. Her ass always looked good but this time it glistened with water and bath gel and looked so sensual. I leaned over and licked Coleen's pussy from behind driving her wild. Then I had the urge to tongue her beautiful ass so I swiped my tongue from her pussy up and over her bung hole and back to her pussy. She gasped out loud when my tongue touched her asshole. I really got into it and grasped both of her curvy ass cheeks and pulled them slightly apart so that I could get my tongue in deeper. I probed her pink aperture with my tongue as I inserted three fingers in her pussy. She started whimpering, gasping and directing the action.

"Oh my God, do it again. Lick my asshole; stick your tongue in there. Eat my pussy, tongue my ass, oh yessssss," she cried out.

I grabbed the bottle of wine and poured some in the crack of her ass letting it trickle down over her anus and pussy. I placed my mouth on her and drank up the wine swabbing her pussy and ass in the process. I repeated this several more times until Coleen seemed to go into convulsions with her first orgasm of the evening. She collapsed back into my arms and I stroked her smallish tits as she recovered from the intensity of her orgasm.

"Not in my wildest dreams did I ever think that you would ever tongue my ass or did I know it would feel so wonderful," she uttered in an exhaustive voice.

"I loved doing it," I told her.

We decided to get out of the Jacuzzi before we turned into prunes. We dried off and flopped down on the water bed. Coleen began to stroke my cock into an erect state and then proceeded

to suck on it. She loved to stick her tongue in the little hole and nibble on my cock head. This always made her hot and then she needed my cock in her pussy. She straddled me and aimed my cock in her hole and rode me until she achieved another orgasm.

It was time for me to fuck her in the ass so I had her kneel on all fours with her gorgeous ass in the air. She always put her head on the mattress and turned to the side so that she could watch. She had the added benefit of mirrors on the wall and ceiling and so could clearly see the penetration. I broke out the lube and put an ample amount in her asshole. I fingered her ass and pussy at the same time.

"I love the feel of your fingers in my ass and pussy together," Coleen exclaimed!

If there was one thing I liked besides fucking a beautiful ass it is preparing an asshole for a good reaming. After several minutes of finger fucking her pussy and asshole I couldn't wait any longer and I had to get my cock in her beautiful ass. I removed my fingers and lined up the head of my cock at her moist puckered ring and pressed forward slowly. My cock head strained to pop through and she let out a little groan as the pressure from my iron hard dick forced her little ring to open like a flower and suddenly my large mushroom head slipped past the ring and into her ass. Coleen let out a groan as her rear passage was stretched to accommodate my ample girth.

"Oh you are going to make me like this more than the regular way," she gasped and shivered as I filled her fully and withdrew my penis slightly.

I felt her ass tighten around me and I continued to slowly stroke in and out of her tight ass until all eight inches were tightly packed up her ass. Coleen really began to moan and her whole body shook in anticipation of what she knew was coming. I began to slowly fuck her but soon picked up the pace as I penetrated her with long hard strokes that used the entire length of my thick cock. Coleen was going wild as she loved the feel of my cock as it pulled out and then came crashing back in as my big heavy balls bounced off her clit. Coleen was thrashing around uncontrollably, gasping and moaning with pleasure. When I reached underneath her to stroke her clit she exploded with her third orgasm of the night.

I continued to hammer her ass with long strokes then suddenly I felt that familiar tension in my balls and I knew I was close. I began to piston my raging cock harder into her searing ass in search for my release, which also increased the intensity of her orgasm. She was yelling and moaning, clawing and scratching at

the cover of the waterbed begging me to cum.

"Give it to me, give it to me, give me your cum, cum in my ass," she begged.

I felt powerful and dominant with my impressive dick stuffed up the beautiful ass of a woman who could not get enough of me. Coleen lay submissively before me on all fours as I towered above her like some untamed animal with a strong sexual hold on her. I took firm hold of her hips and slammed once more full force into Coleen's ass. I did that three or four more times and then I let out a loud groan as I emptied my seed deep into her bowels. I couldn't believe how much cum I produced as my dick continued to hammer into her ass.

When I was finished I pulled out of her ass as Coleen collapsed on the bed utterly spent. I slumped down next to her quivering body. I looked over at Coleen and I noticed my seed oozing from her asshole. It resembled a natural spring as the semen just seemed to bubble up as she tried to relax her anal muscles.

Coleen and I got up, showered and returned to the Jacuzzi where we soaked our aching muscles. After the Jacuzzi I offered her a massage which she gladly accepted. I had her lay face down and worked her back, legs and buttocks. Not so surprisingly I got an erection as I massaged and fingered her ass again. I came a second time that night when I fucked her ass again. After the ass fuck I rolled Coleen over on her back and continued the massage this time working her tits, abs, legs and pubes. I finished her off with another thorough pussy eating which had her screaming my name and humping my face with her volcanic orgasm. After that we were really spent and had just enough energy to shower, dress and drive home.

Marty got home for her international flight late that night and I was thankful that she was too tired for sex. In the morning I woke up with my customary piss hard-on so I fucked Marty senseless before she begged me to stop. I showered dressed and left a well fucked Marty in bed. On my way to the office I stopped and picked up a muffin and latte.

TIME TO CHANGE ATTIRE

Coleen had always worn conservative long loose fitting skirts in the work place so I decided she needed to shed the panty hose and wear something more appropriate for sex in the office. I brought a Victoria's Secret catalog into the office one day. Coleen stood by my side as we looked at the catalog on my desk. As she paged through the catalog, I stroke her legs and ass again through the pantyhose. Then I lowered her hose and panties

and played with her naked ass and pussy. Coleen came on my fingers again and then she gave me one of her wonderful blow jobs.

Afterward Coleen selected a couple of items from the catalog to replace her panty hose. That day at lunch time we went over to the Victoria's Secret store in the nearby mall and purchased nylons for her that had thigh high elastic tops. We also picked out some crotchless pantyhose that were very erotic. The panty hose had a waistband and two side panels attached to the stocking part. When Coleen wore the new pantyhose her ass and pussy were bare and her ass looked great framed in the hose. Coleen started wearing both the thigh high stockings and the crotch less pantyhose to the office along with sexy panties. It was very erotic when I slid my hands up her stocking covered legs to her bare skin just above the elastic tops. I would caress her bare skin before cupping and fondling her ass cheeks. Then I would remove her panties slowly dragging them down her legs and by the time I touched her pussy she was sopping wet. Coleen would move to the chair in my office and place her legs on my shoulders as I ate her pussy and fingered her asshole. She would have intense orgasms and coat my face with her pussy juice. Then we would finish with another one of her signature blow jobs.

We continued to have sex in the office, car and the romantic interlude hotel. We played games with each other taking turns being a slave and having to do what the other person demanded. There were times after aerobics that Coleen would come into my office and I would pull her spandex down just enough to bare her ass. I would fondle her ass and finger-fuck her pussy. There was no shortage to our imagination and willingness to have sex in public as well as private places. Coleen, I was to learn, was somewhat of an exhibitionist. She loved to be totally naked in private places and was really turned on by the chances we took in public places. She loved it when I ran my hands under her skirt and inside her panties. She loved it when I pulled her spandex down to her knees and played with her buns and pubes. Coleen could never seem to get enough of my cock. She loved to fuck me, suck me and have me fuck her ass.

I was always concerned about the possibility of someone walking in on us even though the office door was locked. Staff from facilities and security had master keys and they could easily enter my office. It was one of the reasons we were never totally naked in the office. If someone did try to enter the office we could be dressed before the door opened. However, Coleen wanted to expand our office sex beyond oral sex and fingering. So I picked up a door brace at the hardware store and we used that to keep any intruders out.

Coleen would enter my office close and lock the door and then put the door brace in place. Then she would stand next to me and hold her skirt up while I pulled her panties down and off her body. She then moved to one of the chairs in my office and sat in it with her legs splayed and her pussy on display. I moved over to her, dropped my pants and undershorts and put my cock in her pussy. I fucked Coleen until she came several times. Sometimes I would cum in her pussy and other times I would fuck her ass. Coleen would kneel on the chair with her skirt thrown up over her back and her beautiful ass pointed at me. I took the lotion from my desk and lubed her asshole and my cock and then fucked her until I filled her ass with my seed. I kept paper towels in the office and we would both clean ourselves up and then get dressed.

Coleen loved our games and she loved to act as if it were the first time each time. She would stand by my desk acting innocent and awaiting my move. I slid my hand up her leg and I felt her tremble slightly as we had played this game before and she knew where it was going. I let my hand ride about and down her stocking covered leg for a few minutes. Then I let my hand wander above her knee and past the top of her elastic top hose. Coleen shivered as my hand touched the bare skin of her thigh. I caressed both of her thighs and I could tell that she was getting hot. The back of my hand brushed against her panty covered pussy and I could feel that the panties were soaked with her excitement. Coleen moved her legs wider apart causing the skirt to tighten around her shapely ass. I rubbed her inner thighs between her legs and flicked my fingers over the material covering her vulva. Coleen jumped involuntarily when she felt my hand on her pussy.

"Your panties are very wet Coleen. Would you like me to take your panties off you?" I teased her.

Coleen nodded and gasped, "Yes, please take my panties off."

I eased her panties down over her buttocks, past her thighs and then let them slide to her ankles. Coleen stepped out of them and I put them on my desk. I returned to fondling her ass and thighs and I soon had her squirming with desire. Coleen moved her body as if she were trying to get my hand near her pussy so I slid it between her legs and stroked the outer lips of her labia. Coleen squirmed under the touch and emitted a soft groan. I started to push Coleen's skirt up but she stopped me and then she took it off. It was a wrap around skirt and she had it off in an instant. She looked so sexy standing there leaning forward slightly on my desk. Her cute ass was framed by her thigh high hose and her short blouse ending at her waist line. She actually

looked hotter by keeping the blouse on.

I ran my hands all over Coleen's ass, thighs and pubes feeling her wet pussy. I slipped my finger into her vagina and then added a second one. I took some lotion from my desk and I pushed a finger between the cheeks of her ass and massaged into her nether hole. Then I fingered Coleen's ass and pussy at the same time. She was going wild with the double penetration and cried out to me.

"That's it finger me, play with me. Make me cum, please make me cum," Coleen pleaded in a deep whisper.

I continued to work her ass and pussy and within minutes she had her first orgasm. Coleen held onto the desk with both hands as her body jerked and spasmed with her climax. I worked my fingers in and out of her holes as she clenched and relaxed her vaginal and anal muscles tightening herself on them. I pulled my fingers from her holes and I stood up behind her. I dropped my pants and boxers to my ankles and brought my rock hard cock to her buttocks. I let it rest against the hot flesh of her ass and I leaned over and whispered in her ear.

"Where do you want it first today? Do you want it in your ass or do you want me to fuck your pussy first?" I teased her and then licked her ear.

"Fuck my pussy first and then my ass. I want you to cum in my ass," Coleen murmured.

I then eased my cock into her pussy and fucked her from behind until Coleen orgasmed once again. Then I moved my cock to her ass and fucked her for a short time before I unloaded my semen in her anal canal. Coleen looked so hot leaning over the desk with my cock sliding in and out of her asshole that I just couldn't prolong my ejaculation any longer. I leaned over her and she milked my cock dry until it softened and popped out of her ass.

Our sexual encounters in the office usually ended up the same way, with me cumming in Coleen's ass but only after she had cum herself two or three times. Coleen would surprise me from time to time. One day she leaned over the desk and as I ran my hands up her legs I discovered that she had already removed her panties. Another time she just walked in and immediately took off her skirt and panties. Without her skirt and panties she looked very hot in just her hose and blouse. There seemed to be no end to her creativity and willingness to try new things. However she never showed interest in adding another person to our encounters.

OUR FIRST WEEKEND TOGETHER

Marty drew the weekend international duty and she would be gone from Friday through Monday. She was home all that week so I had to cool it with Coleen in the office so that I could perform for Marty. It didn't stop Coleen and I from having sex but I was careful not to cum. At home each evening I was ready to blow my load and Marty was happy to accommodate me. She didn't know what got into me but Monday through Thursday evenings I fucked her brains out and came in buckets. Each morning before work I gave her a ride with my morning piss hard-on. Marty was worn out by the time she left for the airport on Friday.

I had arranged for Coleen and me to spend a weekend at a nearby resort that offered many amenities including a casino. We checked in on Friday evening and stayed three nights. We brought work clothes with us for Monday as we planned to go to work right from the resort. The resort had a huge swimming pool with a swim up bar, a spa, golf course, nightly entertainment and the casino.

We checked in and were shown to our room. We both unpacked and then I stripped down to my underwear. I assumed that we would shower and then go to dinner. Coleen smiled and grabbed my cock through my boxers, "Ready?" she teased.

"You know I am," I replied as I grabbed her ass through her slacks.

"Let's fuck before we go to dinner," she said as she began to disrobe.

In a matter of minutes we were both naked in bed and I was drilling her pussy. My cock was buried in her and I made sure that it stayed in contact with her clit. Coleen orgasmed quickly but we kept right on fucking as I knew that she would cum at least once more. She wrapped her legs and arms around me and held me tight as she humped my cock. Then she exploded with another orgasm and it was intense. She cried out and bit softly into my shoulder to stifle her screams.

"God that was great! Did you cum?" she gasped.

"No, I can wait though. Let's get some dinner and then we can play some more after we eat," I answered.

"Let's have room service," she suggested.

"Fine with me," I agreed.

We looked over the room service menu and made our selections. Coleen then got dressed in relaxing clothes while I called in our order. We sat out on the balcony overlooking the pool. Twenty minutes later the food was delivered and we dined on the balcony. I had ordered two bottles of wine as well knowing that it would be a long evening.

After we ate we relaxed on the balcony finishing the first bottle of wine. Coleen started getting frisky and she put her bare foot in my lap. Then she ran her foot over my stiffening cock as we drank our wine. I felt my cock harden under her foot but I made no moves to take the action further.

"Take your cock out," she told me.

I fished my cock out of my shorts and it stood up in an erect position. Coleen had slipped off her other sandal and then she placed her feet around my cock. She rubbed both feet together up and down my shaft. It was a very erotic act and I decided to let her have her fun. I felt my balls tighten as they normally did right before I ejaculated. At that very moment I decided to cum on her feet.

Coleen had a very wanton look on her face as she jerked me off with her feet. She was really getting into it and I decided to surprise her with my ejaculation. Then without warning cum spurted out of my cock shot straight up and landed on her feet and shins. Coleen giggled when I came but she went right on stroking my cock with her feet. She continued to rub my shaft with her feet squeezing cum from it.

Then she spoke softly, "I douched my pussy and my ass for you when I was in the bathroom."

I knew exactly what she wanted without her asking, "So are you telling me that your bottom is squeaky clean and that you would like my tongue in there."

"Oh yes," she said excitedly.

We then left the balcony and headed to the bed stripping off our clothes. Coleen never bothered to wipe the semen from her feet. She was anxious to be rimmed again and I was ready and willing. Coleen got on the bed on all fours and wiggled her ass at me in anticipation. I got behind her and ran my hands all over her lovely buttocks and then pried them apart to expose her anus. I dipped my tongue between her cheeks and tickled her pink rosebud. I pushed my tongue into her taut anus and wondered how she could take my cock in there so easily. I licked Coleen from

her anus to her pussy and she went wild. I kept that up until so orgasmed and collapsed face down on the bed.

Then I began to massage her body as she recovered. I used the body lotion supplied by the hotel and covered her back and shoulders with it. Then I worked my way down to her legs and massaged her calves and the back of her thighs. Next my hands covered her curvy buttocks and I massaged those glorious globes. I lifted Coleen by her hips and she kept her head on the mattress and turned her face to the side. She had a dreamy look on her face as I fondled her buttocks and began to finger her anus.

Satisfied that she was well lubed, I eased my cock into her ass and began to fuck her slowly. I was determined to take my time and last as long as I could. I loved watching my cock slide in and out of her shapely ass and I felt as if I could last for hours. I don't know how long I fucked her in her ass but by the time I ejaculated my thighs were burning. I fired several streams into her rectum and as she always did Coleen milked my cock with her sphincter muscle.

We were both exhausted so we moved into the spoon position and cuddled together. We fell asleep in that position and didn't move until morning. Then the insatiable rejuvenated Catherin was ready for morning sex. Once again I fucked her with my morning piss hard-on until she begged me to stop. Then after I relieved myself we fucked in the shower and I took her ass again. After the shower we dressed and went to the coffee shop for breakfast.

After breakfast we donned our swimwear, packed a bag and headed for the swimming pool. We spent most of the day by the pool and ate lunch poolside. Later we returned to our room, showered and dressed for dinner and a show. After the show we stopped by the casino for a while and Coleen played Blackjack while I played Craps. Ironically we broke even as what she lost at the Blackjack table I won at Craps. It was near midnight when we returned to the room and we were so tired that we passed on sex until morning.

We spent most of Sunday morning in bed. The day started off with me fucking her into submission with my morning piss hard-on. Coleen had begun to love that ritual. This time I was trying to survive the morning as she rode my piss hard-on. She was determined to orgasm as many times as she could that morning until she could not cum anymore.

"Don't pee in me," she teased as she rode my shaft like a woman possessed.

"Don't worry, that is not a possibility," I answered remembering how difficult it was to pee with an erection.

I knew that my cock would stay hard as long as Coleen rode me and that I would not accidentally pee in her pussy. She rode me hard and at times I thought that my bladder would burst but it held out. Finally after a number of mild orgasms she climaxed and collapsed on top of me. I wrapped my arms around her body and held her tight as she bucked and screamed.

Coleen was always vocal when she orgasmed and often she would cum so hard that it was scary. I had gotten used to her orgasmic behavior and I loved to make her cum as much as I could. After a few minutes she rolled off of me and flopped over on her back.

"That was marvelous. We will have to figure out a way to have more morning sex from now on," she sighed.

I rolled out of bed and made my way to the bathroom with my erect cock pointing the way. I stood over the toilet and tried to aim so that when I finally urinated that I would not miss the toilet. It took several painful minutes for my erection to soften enough so that I could pee and then finally success. It seemed like I peed for at least two minutes and the pressure was extreme. Then I washed my hands and my penis before returning to the bedroom. Coleen was waiting for me on all fours with her ass well lubed.

I got to my knees behind Coleen and kneaded her gorgeous ass cheeks. I began to kiss her cheeks and run my tongue lightly in the crack of her ass. Coleen wiggled her ass feeling very wicked as I tongued and kissed her cheeks and got close to her nether hole. I lifted Coleen by her hips so that her ass was perched in the air. Coleen's head was still on the bed and she turned it to one side and let out a gasp as my tongue licked close to her asshole. I ran my tongue from her pussy to her ass causing Coleen to tingle in anticipation of what might be next. I spread her ass cheeks with my hands and dipped my tongue into the crack locating her nether hole. My tongue slowly circled her anus and she flinched at the contact. I pushed my tongue as far as I could into her asshole and I found myself needing to fuck her up the ass. I continued to ass fuck her with my tongue and she was at my mercy. Her desire grew as I worked her to the point that she really wanted more in her ass.

Coleen arched her back and pointed her beautiful ass back at me. I coated her asshole with a generous amount of cream and slid my thick finger into her hole. I took my time preparing her ass relishing every moment. I coated my entire cock with the cream and placed the head at the entrance to her anus. I pushed

forward and the thick cock head squeezed into her tight asshole.

Coleen winched in response as her asshole was stretched wide and she gasped, "Go slow. I love it when you go slowly."

I withdrew my cock head and pushed it back in this time causing more pleasure than pain. I pushed until a couple of inches were in Coleen's ass. I could feel her sphincter muscle surrounding the first 2-3 inches of my cock. Coleen relaxed and felt more of my cock slide into her asshole. She grunted out loud as she felt fuller and a wave of pleasure passed through her body. I kept feeding more and more of my cock into her ass.

"Oh my God, you feel so good, I feel so full," cried out Coleen, "Uh, uh, uh oh yes, it's so good," she cried out.

I reached around and played with Coleen's clit as I pounded her ass. Her pussy and asshole were on fire as my big cock reached the sensitive areas in her passage. Coleen was on the brink of another huge orgasm as I methodically fucked her in her tight anus with my sizeable cock. I loved watching my big cock slide out of her shapely ass and plunge back in as my hips slapped against her curvy ass cheeks causing them to jiggle with each thrust. I loved watching her ass impaled on my cock. Coleen looked so submissive and vulnerable on all fours as my cock filled her asshole. Her orgasm surged within her as I fucked her ass harder and faster. I loved fucking a beautiful ass and Coleen's was the best I ever had.

As Coleen had a string of orgasms her entire body went into spasm. Her pussy convulsed and clamped around my fingers coating them with her cunt juice. Coleen's asshole pulsed as I drove my big cock in and out of it. Her ass involuntarily squeezed and released my huge member as I fucked it causing me to finally lose it. I slid my pecker deep into her rectum as my cock spasmed and sent a thick stream of hot cum into her channel. I kept fucking her as semen was fired into her ass and my cock kept twitching and spurting inside the impaled Coleen.

Coleen was so full of cum and there was no where for it to go as it was blocked by my swollen cock buried in her ass. I slowed my pace and eventually stopped, allowing my cock to remain buried in Coleen's ass. I did not go soft right away and I gently moved my hips pushing cum around in her ass. Some of it trickled out and ran down over her pussy lips.

We eventually separated, showered, dressed in our swim wear and headed for the pool. At the pool we ate lunch and spent the day, sunning, reading and swimming. That evening we ate dinner and took in another show but passed on the casino. It was our last

night at the resort and we wanted to have sex again before we retired. Once in bed we made slow passionate love and Coleen had multiple orgasms before we rolled to our sides and I entered her ass in the spoon position. I fucked her slowly as I was in no rush to cum.

My left arm was under her body and I fondled her breast and toyed with her nipple. My right hand stroked her clit lightly as I moved my cock steadily and slowly in her ass. We fucked in the position for at least 30 minutes and then I came in her marvelous ass once again. We stayed in the spoon position with my cock still in her ass when we fell asleep. I didn't even remember my cock slipping from her asshole.

The next morning we were all business as we showered, dressed, packed, ate breakfast and checked out of the hotel. I drove to the office with Coleen and we left her luggage in my car. That day we passed on sex in the office but when I drove her home that evening I got one of her signature blow jobs. "That's for a great weekend," she said after swallowing my load. I dropped her off at her place and got her luggage out of the trunk. Then I drove back to my place knowing that Marty would be home in a few hours.

EPILOGUE

Marty continued with the weekend flights for a few months and each weekend she was gone, Coleen and I spent the weekend together. We moved around to different hotels and even spent a few weekends in the city. Coleen and I continued to have sex in the office but it was more for her than me as I had to save myself for Marty in the evenings.

Then one day I learned that I wasn't the only one having a full weekend of sex. Marty told me one evening that she had been seeing a Frenchman in Paris and they had been having sex every weekend. She told me that she was moving to Paris for awhile. She would be living with her lover and she would see where things went. Apparently she could keep her job and be based in Paris. I wished her well and told her that she was always welcome at my place. I never told Marty about Coleen but I suspected she knew that I was getting my share of pussy when she traveled.

I told Coleen about Marty's decision and she was thrilled as we could have weekends together. Coleen and I continued to have sex in the office and on the weekends. We had discussed her moving in with me but then we decided that it would take the excitement out of our office sex and it would be a problem if people at work learned we were living together.

We did catch a break though as Coleen's sister took a job on the west coast and Coleen kept the apartment. I paid for her sister's share as it was less expensive than weekend hotel stays. Instead of going away for weekends, I would spend them at Coleen's place. We still had our office sex as we found that to be the most exciting. Maybe it was the possibility of getting caught or maybe it was just that there were hundreds of people in the building. I never tired of having her bend over and pulling her panties down to unveil her incredible ass. Of course I could never get enough of anal sex with Coleen and she loved every minute of it.

Our affair continued for four years until I was offered a big job in New York. I wanted Coleen to follow me to the city but she elected to stay in the Midwest. She did visit me a few times but then one day she told me she was getting married. I wished her well. In spite of all the great looking ladies in Manhattan, I always remembered the exciting sex with Coleen.

An Affair to Remember

by [walterio](#)©

Many readers of my works have inquired about my affair with a secretary of mine from the past. I had not written about that experience but I did mention it in my writer profile. Since there has been sufficient interest I decided to write about it. This affair goes back in time to the years 1984 through 1989. It is a true story although I did embellish it a little.

Introduction

In 1984 I joined a large Midwestern healthcare company as a Senior Executive at the age of forty-four. I inherited the secretary from the previous person a woman executive who held that position. My secretary Cathy was 35 years old and married to a man of my age. She had short blond hair with a 34-25-35 figure. At 5'5" and 120 lbs. she was small breasted and her best asset was her ass. She was solidly built and exercised regularly and in excellent shape. Cathy was not a beautiful girl but she was attractive and dressed very tastefully.

The first year of employment was hectic in turning around a very difficult situation. I had to make many changes in management and staff. During this transition Cathy proved herself to be

very loyal and capable of handling confidential and sensitive information. After the turnaround and when I felt that things were now headed in the right direction, I decided to hold a management retreat off-site. Cathy helped me organize the retreat and it was held at the Indian Lakes resort for two days. I had finalized my management team with ten managers as direct reports. The meeting was designed to get the new team pumped up about the new direction and team building. After the first day's activities we had a cocktail social in my two-bedroom suite. I invited the other two department secretaries, Annette and Sandra to participate in the social gathering.

Everyone was in good spirits and as the social came to a close my staff with the exception of Cathy and two managers adjourned to their rooms. The four of us had a couple of more drinks and it was obvious that Cathy had drunk too much. At one point she had come out of the bathroom and staggered across the room. I caught her before she fell, picked her up and carried her into one of the bedrooms. I placed her on the bed and being worried about her getting sick; I removed her one piece black jumpsuit. As I looked at her in her bra and panties I could not resist removing those as well. Her breasts were small and cute and she had a little tuft of blond hair above her pussy. She appeared to be passed out and I started to leave the room when she called out.

"Wait, don't leave me alone," she said softly in a somewhat slurred tone.

"I'll come back in a few minutes," I assured her and then I returned to the suite.

"She's out cold," I lied to Mike and Paul as I rejoined them to finish my drink.

"What are you going to do with her Walt," Paul asked?

"Well I'll let her sleep it off for awhile. I expect that she'll wake up and make it back to her room. If not I'll wake her in the morning. I am in the other bedroom so I don't have a problem if she crashes there." I replied.

The three of us finished our drinks with some more chit-chat. Mike and Paul said goodnight and headed for their rooms. I went in to check on Cathy and as I looked at her nude form on the bed, I decided to join her. I knew I was crossing the line but I took off all of my clothes and approached the bed.

The Affair Begins

As I knelt on the bed with my cock in a semi-erect state, Cathy rolled toward me and said, "Oh, I am glad that you are back," as she took my cock into her mouth.

Within minutes she had me rock hard proving that she was an accomplished cock sucker. I was anxious to get at her ass all the while wondering if she would let me fuck her in the ass. I moved her to all fours with her ass elevated and she placed her head on the mattress turned to one side so she could see me. I started playing with her pussy and her curvy ass lubricating her asshole with her own cunt juice. Cathy moaned and cooed as I fingered her pussy and her asshole simultaneously. I tried to get her asshole wet enough with her juices and my saliva so that I could fuck her ass.

I knelt behind her and tried to insert my cock in her ass but it just wouldn't go. Afraid of hurting her I tried more pussy juice and saliva for lubrication but to no avail. My cock is 7-8 inches long and about 5' around. There are times when it feels bigger and this was one of those times. I was fingering Cathy's ass when she spoke.

"Don't you have any cream," she asked.

Well if there is one thing resort rooms have is plenty of body lotion. I got off the bed to retrieve the lotion from the bathroom. As I did I realized that Cathy was going to let me fuck her in the ass. I returned to the bed and put an ample amount of lotion in her asshole coating the tiny puckered opening of her anus and lubricating the rim.

I added my saliva to my lotion covered cock and nestled my dick against the entrance of her rectum momentarily before easing it inside her ass. I could feel my cock struggle to stretch the resistant muscles. My dick head burrowed in and her rigid passageway soon yielded to the determined action of my cock. Cathy moaned as my penis filled her hole.

"Go slowly at first it has been awhile," she said sexily.

I fucked her with long and deliberate strokes until my cock was sliding easily in and out of her ass. I caressed her shapely buttocks as I watched my penis move in and out of her rectum worming around inside of her curvy ass. I caressed her small tits and tweaked her nipples as I leaned over her body and whispered in her ear, "Cathy you have a hot ass, I love fucking you in your hot ass." My hands freely roamed her body and I pulled her hips drawing her backwards impaling her on my inflated member. I reached for her pussy to finger fuck her and diddle her clit but I found Cathy's hand already buried in her

womb. She was frigging herself frantically working herself toward an orgasm. Suddenly I felt my cock inside her ass swell up and I started pumping faster. Within minutes I knew that Cathy felt the warm fluid being squirted inside her anus and she immediately started to cum herself. Her cunt walls convulsed around her own hand fucking her cunt as her anal muscles squeezed every drop from my spurting cock. I grunted as my whole body became stiff and I slammed my cock harder into her. Cathy writhed around and her body arched off the bed as a climax of massive proportion tore through her loins.

My cock slipped from her ass with an audible pop and I flopped down on the bed next to her. She surprised me when she covered my cock with her mouth and sucked any remaining cum from my tool. Cathy then lay on her back, splayed her legs and pulled back the folds of her vagina.

"Here eat my pussy, please eat my pussy," she pleaded.

I rolled over and got between her legs. I put her thighs on my shoulders and lowered my mouth to her pussy. I took one slow lick as I flattened my tongue on Cathy's mound. It felt so smooth and warm and I knew I had achieved the desired effect from her moan I know that Cathy enjoyed it. I enjoyed the taste of her and I kept licking and eating her. I pointed my tongue and burrowed into her pussy as it parted her labia my tongue was rewarded with the exquisite taste of her juice. Soon I was like a puppy at a saucer of milk, licking and lapping up as much as I could as fast as I could.

Cathy was obviously enjoying what I was doing as she reached down with both hands and spread herself wide making it so much easier for my tongue to explore her pussy. My tongue explored all of her as my mind took notes of what seemed to turn her on. Cathy was breathing rapidly and she moaned softly whenever I got near her hard pearl. As I searched out her hard clit still just barely hidden she tensed and began to quiver. After I felt like I had teased her opening as much as I could with my tongue it was time to see her reaction when my tongue finally touched that pearl.

I burrowed my tongue as deep into her as I could and then I just sort of licked and sucked my way up. When I got to her pearl I used the very tip of my tongue to push back the little hood. I was truly amazed at its size. I flicked my tongue over it once and then used the tip to explore the folds of flesh on either side of it. Cathy was now moaning and she used her fingers to pull her hood back as she arched herself so that her pearl stuck out even further like a little cock. I nuzzled it with my nose taking in her scent and I licked it once more before I took it

between my teeth and gently nibbled it.

Cathy went wild and started bucking and moaning loudly. She let go of her own fleshy hood and pulled my head to her pussy as she cried out in ecstasy. I sucked her clit as deep in my mouth as I could and Cathy humped my face for all she was worth. I was excited that I was able to get her that excited and I sucked harder and played with her wonderful clit with my lips, tongue and teeth. I don't know exactly how many times Cathy came but finally she rolled off of me and collapsed on the bed, her body in spasms.

I lay next to her and stroked her body my hands moved freely over her tits and pussy mound. She rolled toward me and embraced me and yelled for me to hold her tight.

"Hold me, oh please hold me," she pleaded as her orgasm and spasms continued.

I had never seen anyone cum that hard before and I was briefly worried that she had injured herself. My fears were short lived when she finally calmed down and spoke to me.

"That was incredible I haven't cum like that in a long time. You really know how to eat pussy," she said with a sigh.

We lay there for awhile making small talk and then Cathy started stroking my cock. Now at the age of 44 it was very unusual for me to cum more than once in a fuck session, particularly after having more than a few scotch on the rocks. In fact I usually could stay hard for a long time before my first cum which allowed me to pleasure my partner thoroughly before achieving my own orgasm. Cathy added some body lotion as she kept stroking me cock and soon had me hard again.

"I like playing with your cock. You have a big cock," she told me.

"It's not that big," I replied although I was very comfortable with me manhood.

"It's bigger than Terry's and the biggest I have ever had," she said with a sultry tone.

"Well there are plenty bigger than mine," I assured her.

We continued our conversation as Cathy continued to stroke my cock. I learned that she had first been ass fucked before she was married to Terry. Cathy was working in Washington, D.C. at the time and she went out with two guys from the office. They

took her back to their place and one fucked her ass as she blew the other guy. She took to ass fucking after that but she was very selective about who allowed in her ass. Terry did not like butt fucking and he also had lost interest in eating pussy, so for them it was straight sex. She also told me that this was the first time she had sex with some other than Terry since they were married.

"All this talk and playing with your cock has got me hot again. I need to sit on your dick," she announced.

Cathy straddled my body and lowered herself onto me as she held my tool and aimed it at her vagina. My hard cock slid easily into her womb and she emitted a small gasp as it filled her hole. Cathy rocked back and forth on top of me as I held on to her curvy ass. I stroked her ass cheeks and molded her firm buttocks in my hands as she picked up the pace fucking herself with my dick. Cathy started moaning as she fucked faster and faster. I sensed her pending orgasm and then she yelled out.

"I am going to explode. Oh, Oh hold me, please hold me tight," she screamed.

Cathy collapsed on top of me her body quivering from the intensity of her orgasm. I could feel her juices coating my cock as it remained buried in her womb. It took a few minutes for her to regain her composure and she just lay on me and cooed. Eventually she rolled off of me and lay on her back next to me.

"I think I need to get going," she said as she got up to get dressed.

"Yes, we have a pretty full agenda tomorrow and we could both use a little sleep," I agreed.

The next day's meeting went fine well and we wrapped up the retreat. Cathy and I never even mentioned the previous night to each other. We all headed home for the weekend.

The following Monday we all returned to work. Cathy and I went about business as if nothing ever happened. I wasn't sure if we would ever get together again. I assumed that we wouldn't that it was a case of both of us having too much to drink and letting our guard down. For the next several weeks we didn't even speak of the one-night stand.

Cathy participated in aerobics held at our location on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Often after aerobics she would come back to the office and finish up some administrative tasks. She would still be dressed in her leotards which showed off her firm legs

and shapely ass. It took all my restraint not to touch her hot looking bubble butt.

Cathy came to me and asked if one night we could stay late and go through a large number of file cabinets. She told me we were running short of space but she did not want to throw anything out without checking with me. The best night for her would be either a Tuesday or Thursday after aerobics. I agreed and we set the date for the house cleaning.

The Affair Continues

The following Thursday after aerobics Cathy and I tackled the project of cleaning out the files. It was a huge task and took us several hours but we emptied about twenty file drawers. Most of the stuff was old marketing material that could be tossed. As we worked that evening it was hard for me to keep my eyes and hands off of Cathy's butt. I was tempted to risk it and touch her but I thought better of it. Cathy then surprised me.

"Will we ever do anything like Indian Lakes again? And don't tell me that you don't know what I am talking about," she challenged.

She caught me totally off guard and I replied, "I thought that may have been a case of both of us drinking too much and getting carried away. I would love to get together again if you are sure that is what you want."

We wrapped up our work and went over to the local tavern to get something to eat. The tavern was known for the best burgers in the area and was a little secluded. You had to know where it was located and the parking lot could not be seen from the street. Cathy and I had burgers and a couple of beers before calling it a night. During our meal we discussed how we could get together and the importance of being discreet.

After our meal I walked Cathy to her car and she asked me to get in for a minute. Well we were there longer than a minute as she proceeded to give me a fantastic blow job. She unbuckled my belt, unbuttoned my trousers and pulled them along with my boxers down to my ankles. As Cathy pulled my boxers down over my balls she licked and sucked them before kissing her way up my shaft. Looking up into my eyes, she slid her lips over my bulging head with her hand still wrapped around my shaft. Her tongue swirled under the ridge of my crown as she sucked me deeper into her mouth. She tested her gag line and was soon taking my entire cock down her throat.

My cock was alive and my hot flesh pulsed against her lips. She

pulled me deeper into her mouth, pressing her lips tightly against me and sucking hard. The feel of my hard cock sliding between her lips and over her tongue had me on the verge of a huge orgasm. Cathy had slipped her hand into her leotards and fingered her dripping pussy. The smell of sex was rampant in her car.

I grabbed the back of her head and started fucking her face. She was slurping and sucking as fast as she could. Cathy drooled as she tried to keep up with my thrusting motions. Her fingers dug into my thighs, moving her head as I pumped my cock in and out of her mouth.

I knew her pussy needed attention but I wasn't about to stop anything she was doing. I could sense that I was going to cum soon and I warned her but she just kept sucking me in anticipation of receiving a creamy treat.

I felt my cock swell and knew that she was about to receive my load. Muffled moans escaped from her throat as she eagerly sucked my dick awaiting her prize. She moved her lips up and down over my shaft in rhythm with my thrusting motions. She was drooling like crazy and I could feel it running down my pecker onto my balls.

My breathing became more erratic and I was about to lose control. Cathy looked up at me with those big eyes and nodded her head, letting him know she wanted to taste his cum and then covered my cock with her mouth just as I lost it. I let out a soft grunt as I pumped stream after stream of hot cream into her mouth.

I shot the first jet against the roof of her mouth then several more blasts of hot cum poured into her mouth. She moved her hand under my scrotum to squeeze out the last few drops and then Cathy had her orgasm. Apparently the feel of my throbbing cock in her mouth, the taste of my seed and her hand in her cunt was just too much. The pressure in her lower tummy gushed out through her pussy and soaked her fingers.

My cock fell from her lips and cum dripped from her lips and chin as her body jerked and shuddered in orgasm. Cathy looked up at me when she was done, blotches of cum glistened on her lips. The smell of pussy in the car was powerful. I took Cathy's hand and licked her fingers clean. I pulled my shorts and trousers back up and dressed the best I could in the confines of her car. We said good night and I went to my car feeling totally drained as I drove home.

That night started our torrid affair that lasted until the end

of 1989 when I took another job in a different part of the country. Over the next several weeks we would get together on Tuesday and Thursday evenings after aerobics at a hotel. Typically the evening went like this; Cathy would suck my cock and I would eat her pussy, then I would fuck her pussy and finally her ass, cumming in her ass. We also brought sex into the office on days when we would not be meeting later at the hotel. Cathy would give me marvelous blow jobs in my office. She loved to suck my cock and swallow my load.

Sometimes we would play little games of seduction as if we were getting it on for the first time. Cathy would come into my office, close and lock the door and come around to my desk as if to show me something important. As she showed me some document I would let my hand move up her legs over her pantyhose up to her ass. I would fondle her ass for awhile and then lower her hose and panties to her knees. I always kept lubricant in my desk now and I would lube up her bottom and finger her ass. I played with her pussy as I fingered her ass and she squirmed on my hands and fingers.

"Yes, play with me. It feels so good. Make me cum, make me cum," she would repeat over and over.

And cum she did soaking my hand with her female juices. She had to cover her mouth to muffle her moans of ecstasy. Then after she composed herself she would have me stand up and she knelt in front of me. Cathy unbuckled my belt and lowered my pants to the floor. Then she slowly pulled my boxer shorts down my legs. She loved it when my erection got caught in the waistband of my boxers and my cock would spring forward as it cleared my shorts. Cathy would then suck my cock until I came in her mouth.

I decided that the pantyhose were inconvenient for office sex and I purchased nylons for her that had thigh high elastic tops. Cathy started wearing the thigh highs to the office along with sexy panties. It was very erotic when I slid my hands up her stocking covered legs to her bare skin just above the elastic tops. I would caress her bare skin before cupping and fondling her ass cheeks. Then I would remove her panties slowly dragging them down her legs. I would remove her panties and by the time I touched her pussy she was sopping wet. Cathy would move to the chair in my office and place her legs on my shoulders as I ate her pussy and fingered her asshole. She would have intense orgasms and coat my face with her pussy juice. Then we would finish with another one of her signature blow jobs.

A couple of times Cathy would need a ride home because one of

their cars was in for repairs. We would work late into the evening and drive to her house in the dark. As we drove I looked at Cathy as she shifted in her seat allowing her dress to rise slightly showing more of her upper thighs and the elastic tops of her stockings. She smiled as she gradually opened her legs more giving me a glimpse of her inner thighs. Then she reached under her dress and removed her panties.

As I reached across the car seat Cathy arched her back a little then spread her legs further apart, giving me access to her genitals. My fingers began slowly teasing her clitoris and then caressing the folds of her labia. My index finger pushed its way between the textured folds to pause over her sensitive bud and it caused an involuntary gasp to escape her lips as she felt the gentle touch. Her legs jerked slightly to allow my hand easier admittance to her vagina as I pressed my hand between her trembling thighs and gently kneaded the soft flesh of her slippery vulva. I continued to wiggle my finger about inside her taut passageway before her groin started to clench and spasm sporadically. I could feel the warm fluid seeping from her aroused sex and I forced my hand harder against her cunt. Cathy gave a muffled cry, clamping my hand between her legs against her pussy, as the orgasm slammed into her.

My arousal was clearly evident as the bulge at my pelvis was enormous with my dick straining at my trousers. As her orgasm subsided Cathy couldn't resist reaching into my lap and squeeze the hardness beneath the fabric. She fondled my stiffened cock and then slowly traced the outline of her lips with her tongue. Cathy reached for the zipper of my pants and tugged it downward, putting one hand inside the gap to retrieve my engorged organ. Then she slowly lowered her head to flick the top of my penis with her tongue. I released an involuntary sigh as she took in as much of my cock as she could and then returned to lick the head, lapping away at a trickle of pre cum.

Cathy continued sucking vigorously on the length of my shaft as my orgasm erupted. My hips jerked uncontrollably as I struggled to keep control of the car but she never released her grip. She swallowed all of my creamy discharge and when I eventually stopped cumming she pulled her head away. Some of my fluids dribbled down the side of her mouth but she quickly swiped it away with the back of her palm and licked it clean.

I pulled up in front of her house minutes after cumming in her mouth. "I am really enjoying these rides home," she teased.

"As if I don't," I retorted.

Cathy got out of the car and I drove back to my home. What a

ride that had been!

I started to get a little nervous with us using local hotels for our encounters. So far so good that no one had recognized us but I started to worry a little. Many of the vendors that called on our company used local hotels and I did not want to be spotted by any of them or anyone else that would know us. I mentioned this to Cathy and she suggested a place called The Chateau. I had heard the name but I knew very little about it.

The Affair Moves to a Romantic Interlude Location

The Chateau was a romantic interlude that had a variety of rooms to suit one's taste. The room that Cathy and I liked the best contained a Jacuzzi, water bed and mirrored walls. All of the rooms contained TVs with adult entertainment as well. The Chateau added to enjoyment to our sexual encounters.

The first time we went to The Chateau was memorable. We entered the room and wasted no time taking off our clothes as the Jacuzzi filled with hot water and bath gel. Cathy and I showered together before entering the Jacuzzi. We soaped each other up and played with each other's bodies being careful we didn't cum in the shower. Cathy then would douche both her pussy and her asshole. It was the first time I had ever seen a woman do that and it was kind of erotic.

After showering we entered the Jacuzzi armed with a bottle of wine. I turned on the jets and we kicked back enjoying the bubbles and our first glass of wine. After awhile Cathy leaned back into me and I reached around and stroked her cute titties tweaking and rolling her nipples in my fingers. I slid one of my hands down across her firm abs over her little blond tuft of hair and found her vagina. I played with the folds of her labia and then inserted my fingers in her pussy. I found her hard clit and rolled it between my fingers as I continued to tease her nipples with my other hand.

As Cathy got turned on I moved her to the other side of the Jacuzzi and had her lean over the edge presenting her shapely ass to me. Her ass always looked good but this it glistened with water and bath gel and looked so sensual. I leaned over and licked Cathy's pussy from behind driving her wild. Then I had the urge to tongue her beautiful ass so I swiped my tongue from her pussy up and over her bung hole and back to her pussy. She gasped out loud when my tongue touched her asshole. I really got into it and grasped both of her curvy ass cheeks and pulled them slightly apart so that I could get my tongue in deeper. I probed her pink aperture with my tongue as I inserted three fingers in her pussy. She started whimpering, gasping and directing the

action.

"Oh my God, do it again. Lick my asshole; stick your tongue in there. Eat my pussy, tongue my ass, rim me, oh yessssss," she cried out.

I grabbed the bottle of wine and poured some in the crack of her ass letting it trickle down over her anus and pussy. I placed my mouth on her and drank up the wine swabbing her pussy and ass in the process. I repeated this several more times until Cathy seemed to go into convulsions with her first orgasm of the evening. She collapsed back into my arms and I stroked her smallish tits as she recovered from the intensity of her orgasm.

"Not in my wildest dreams did I ever think that someone would actually tongue my ass nor did I know it would feel so wonderful," she uttered in an exhaustive voice.

"I surprised myself by going after your ass. I have never done that before but it just looked so sexy as it glistened with water. Of course I remembered that you had douched and it looked so clean. I think I have found a new way to drink wine," I replied.

We decided to get out of the Jacuzzi before we turned into prunes. We dried off and flopped down on the water bed. Cathy began to stroke my cock into an erect state and then proceeded to suck on it. She loved to stick her tongue in the little hole and nibble on my cock head. This always made her hot and she needed my cock in her pussy. She straddled me and aimed my cock in her hole and rode me until she achieved another orgasm.

It was time for me to fuck her in the ass so I had her kneel on all fours with her gorgeous ass in the air. She always put her head on the mattress and turned to the side so that she could watch. This time she had the added benefit of mirrors on the wall and ceiling and so could clearly see the penetration. I broke out the lube and put an ample amount in her asshole. I fingered her ass and pussy at the same time.

"I love the feel of your fingers in my ass and pussy together," Cathy exclaimed!

If there was one thing I liked besides fucking a beautiful ass is preparing an asshole for a good reaming. After several minutes of finger fucking her pussy and asshole I couldn't wait any longer and I had to get my cock in her beautiful ass. I removed my fingers and lined up the head of my cock at her moist puckered ring and pressed forward slowly. My cock head strained to pop through and she let out a little groan as the pressure

from my iron hard dick forced her little ring to open like a flower and suddenly my large mushroom head slipped past the ring and into her ass. Cathy let out a groan as her rear passage was stretched to accommodate my ample girth.

"Oh you are going to make me like this more than the regular way," she gasped and shivered as I filled her fully and withdrew my penis slightly.

I felt her ass tighten around me and I continued to slowly stroke in and out of her tight ass until all 7+ inches were tightly packed up her ass. Cathy really began to moan and her whole body shook in anticipation of what she knew was coming. I began to slowly fuck her but soon picked up the pace as I penetrated her with long hard strokes that used the entire length of my thick cock. Cathy was going wild as she loved the feel of my cock as it pulled out and then came crashing back in as my big heavy balls bounced off her clit. Cathy was thrashing around uncontrollably, gasping and moaning with pleasure. When I reached underneath her to stroke her clit she exploded with her third orgasm of the night.

I continued to hammer her ass with long strokes then suddenly I felt that familiar tension in my balls and I knew I was close. I began to piston my raging cock harder into her searing ass in search for my release, which also increased the intensity of her orgasm. She was yelling and moaning, clawing and scratching at the cover of the waterbed begging me to cum.

"Give it to me, give it to me, give me your cum, cum in my ass," she begged.

I felt powerful and dominant with my impressive dick stuffed up the beautiful ass of a woman who could not get enough of me. Cathy lay submissively before me on all fours as I towered above her like some untamed animal with a strong sexual hold on her. I took firm hold of her hips and slammed once more full force into Cathy's ass. I did that three or four more times and then I let out a loud groan as I emptied my seed deep into her bowels. I couldn't believe how much cum I produced as my dick continued to hammer into her ass.

When I was finished I pulled out of her ass as Cathy collapsed on the bed utterly spent. I slumped down next to her quivering body. I looked over at Cathy and I noticed my seed oozing from her asshole. It resembled a natural spring as the jizm just seemed to bubble up as she tried to relax her spasming anal muscles.

Cathy and I got up, showered and returned to the Jacuzzi where

we soaked our aching muscles. After the Jacuzzi I offered her a massage which she gladly accepted. I had her lay face down and worked her back, legs and buttocks. Not so surprisingly I got an erection as I massaged and fingered her ass again. Very surprisingly I came a second time that night when I fucked her ass again. After the ass fuck I rolled Cathy over on her back and continued the massage this time working her tits, abs, legs and pubes. I finished her off with another thorough pussy eating which had her screaming my name and humping my face with her volcanic orgasm. After that we were really spent and had just enough energy to shower, dress and drive home.

An Affair to Remember

Over the next several years up to the end of 1989 Cathy and I continued our affair. We continued to have sex in the office, car and the romantic interlude hotel. We played games with each other taking turns being a slave and having to do what the other person demanded. There were times after aerobics that Cathy would come into my office and I would pull her leotards down just enough to bare her ass. I would fondle her ass and finger-fuck her pussy.

One night after aerobics, we went to the tavern for a couple of drinks. After a few drinks we adjourn to my car so that Cathy could suck me off. As she was blowing me she pushed her leotards down to her knees baring her ass and pussy. I played with her ass and fingered her pussy as she sucked on my cock.

She lifted her head up and said, "I wish you could fuck me in the ass tonight."

I asked her if she had any lotion and she dug it out of her purse. I reclined the passenger seat all the way until it was almost flat and had her lay face down. I prepared her ass with the lotion and my saliva. I pushed my trousers and shorts down past my knees, lubed up my cock and got on top of her. It was tight quarters but I managed to get my cock into her ass and started banging her hard. Cathy pushed up at me as hard as I pounded her. Soon we were both sweating and breathing hard. We made quite a sight if someone should happen to look in the car window but we were past caring about that as we raced toward our mutual orgasms. As soon as my spunk filled Cathy's ass her body went into spasm with her own orgasm. I lay on top of her keeping most of my weight off of her until we recovered. We cleaned up the best we could and headed home.

There was no shortage to our imagination and willingness to have sex in public as well as private places. Cathy, I was to learn, was somewhat of an exhibitionist. She loved to be totally naked

in private places and was really turned on by the chances we took in public places. She loved it when I ran my hands under her skirt and inside her panties. She loved it when I pulled her leotards down to her knees and played with her buns and pubes. Cathy could never seem to get enough of my cock. She loved to fuck me, suck me and have me fuck her ass.

I was not stranger to extramarital affairs. When I was heading up the western region for a software company headquartered in the east I got my share of pussy and ass. My sales girls Joan, Phyllis, Tammy and Roberta were willing partners on the road. The admin, legal and marketing staff, Barb, Sue, Lynette and Allison at headquarters were also willing partners. But these were all casual flings and at a time when we weren't worried about AIDS. Cathy was the only one I had an affair with during the years 1985 through 1989. She was not the most beautiful of the all the girls I mentioned but she was the best sex partner I had in my life.

Epilogue

I accepted a position in another part of the country so Cathy and I had to part and go our separate ways. I promised to contact her if I was ever in town again and she would contact me if ever in my area. A year later Cathy left the company and her husband but no one seemed to know what happened to her. I inquired around and never could locate her. That was 16 years ago. I still often think of Cathy and fantasize about my cock sliding into that marvelous ass just one more time.

An Office Affair

by [melanieatplay](#)©

Author's note:

This is a short story I've been working on for some time. Unlike the 'James' series it's fiction but with doses of reality.

Taylor pressed her security badge against the electronic panel. She heard the lock click and opened the door into the law firm where she worked.

It was just a little past six in the morning and as usual, she was the first one at work. She walked down the short hallway and entered her office. She frowned, noticing that the huge stacks of papers on her desk hadn't magically gotten any smaller since she had left them the night before.

Has my life come to this?

She had her morning routine down. Get up early, fix a quick breakfast for herself and her husband, drive to the gym and get her morning workout in, and then be at the office no later than six so she could get her small team of paralegals' work lined out for the day. *Just like clockwork* she thought, *four mundane years of tedious clockwork.*

She criticized herself for letting those negative thoughts enter her mind. She had it all, *right?* She had a beautiful house, a stylish car, a husband who doted on her and loved her and an amazing career in a small law firm where she was on track to be offered a partnership before she was forty. Outwardly, she was the envy of all her friends, and she had it all. Inwardly, the truth felt much different to her.

She was a couple of months shy of her thirtieth birthday and her privileged life that she had spent so many years in college preparing for felt like a prison. She had been such a free spirit from high school through college. She had been a cheerleader in both and a point guard on her high school basketball team. She was an honor student, graduating in the top five percent of her college class and she was immediately accepted into law school once she had her degree.

The things she loved, she pursued with a reckless abandon, and the same was true when it came to sex. In high school and college she had a voracious appetite for carnal pleasures, loving the touch of a man or a woman with equal passion. Amazingly, in high school, she had the reputation of goodie-two-shoes priss, when the truth was actually quite the opposite. In college, her blonde hair, blue eyes, small athletic frame, curvy round breasts and bottom, made her the envy of many women on campus and stoked the lustful desires of all the men.

As she reflected, she felt that the marital relations with her husband had fallen into a stale rut. While their sex life couldn't be described as horrible, it was routine, mundane and passionless. She had endlessly tried to spice things up in their bedroom, in a vain attempts to get their sex life off life support. Taylor had tried toys, lingerie and even erotic literature. She had even made the bold move of suggesting they

invite a man, woman, or even a couple to share their bed, but her husband would have none of it. The routine and the mundane appeared to be fine with him and instead of starting a fight and damaging their marriage, he had instead worn her down. With a great deal of sadness, she accepted this unemotional, detached sex as the new 'normal' for their marriage.

As she began to complete her work and prepare for the meetings she would have to attend that day, with anticipation she looked at her watch. It was almost eight, only minutes away from the favorite part of her day, the part she had looked forward to since this time for the last few weeks.

She looked up and saw them walking in, the paralegals. The first group was always the girls. There were a couple of pretty ones in there that from time to time she liked to admire, but the real show would start any second. She clicked the tip of her heel against the floor, waiting... eagerly...There he was.

In the middle of the small pack of guys was Ray, the tall, young, African American man that had instantly caught her eye the day he was hired several months ago. Like the rest of them, he wore suit pants or Dockers with a dress shirt and tie, but none of them filled out the front of their trousers like him.

Taylor bit her lip, watching out of the corner of her eye, while he casually laughed and joked with his friends as they strolled to their work area past her office. She speculated that he had to be at least 6'2", much taller than her 5'4" frame. He had a bright smile and kind, gentle eyes. Once he had even worn a short sleeve dress shirt and she was surprised to see the bulge of his biceps. He had to be very well muscled she speculated, even though she had nothing concrete to base that on.

She watched as the small group migrated over to their cubicles, the object of her desire disappearing from sight. Her mind flashed back a decade to her undergrad years, when she lived in the dorm and had a torrid two month fling with a young black student who also lived there. She loved going back to those memories and reliving them in her mind.

She had never contemplated being with a black man until she met him. She remembered how he brazenly sat next to her in her marketing class, talking endlessly about his size, his sexual prowess, and the pleasure he promised he'd give her if she would only agree to give him one night, one chance.

That young man was such a thug. He could barely speak a word of proper English, and how he even managed to get into college was beyond her. He only cared about being a rapper, smoking pot, and

bedding as many white girls as he could. He was arrogant, impudent, and insolent and at first, she couldn't stand to be around him. However, over the course of the semester, he slowly began to wear her down and all of his boisterous bragging had aroused her curiosity about being with a black man. At the end of the semester she finally agreed to give him that one night, and that one night turned into a three day long weekend sex marathon.

Everything he promised had been true: his size, his sexual prowess and his dominance over her resulted in countless mind blowing orgasms over the course of those two torrid months.

In the end, their tryst, built solely on sex, didn't last and once he tired of her, he moved on to the next hot blonde girl. Against her better judgment, she had allowed herself to develop some feelings for him, even though she knew that he never really was relationship material. In the end, she just wrote off the experience as the hottest sex she had ever had and vividly remembered it now, as she thought of Ray.

A week after Ray had been hired she made some excuse to the HR department to check out his file. Under the auspices of reviewing the new hire's qualifications as a potential candidate for her team, she quickly scanned over his personal information. Ray was 19 and lived in a middle class neighborhood in Henderson. He was a student athlete and graduated with a very high GPA from Green Valley High School. She knew that he went to a paralegal school in Las Vegas, because for whatever reason, her law firm only hired from that school. She noted, also, that he had graduated at the top of his class.

The next day, she was upset to learn that the managing partner had decided that Ray was to be placed on Brad's team, one of her colleagues, another attorney. It was probably for the best she thought. She didn't need sexual tension on her team, or an excuse to do something stupid like ruin her career by engaging in any type of sexual misconduct with a subordinate. If Ray was kept away from her, then he couldn't tempt her. It was all for the best.

It was nearly ten o'clock and Taylor had just come back from a meeting with one of the partners. She had already started back to work when there was a light tap on her open door. She looked up, it was Ray. Instantly, her heart skipped a beat as she looked at his handsome face.

"Ms. Jennings, I hate to bother you, but may I ask you a question on this case I'm preparing?"

At least once, sometimes twice a week, Ray made an excuse to come to her office and ask her questions about something that he should have been asking his boss Brad.

Taylor knew that the proper thing to do was send him away and have him consult with Brad, it was his client after all. However, she never did this. Being around this young man was intoxicating and even though she had to act annoyed, she secretly loved spending time with him, even if it was only a minute or two at a time. Aside from him walking in the door in the morning, or a chance passing glance when they walked by each other in the hall, it was her favorite time of the week.

"I'm pretty busy with this deposition, why aren't you asking Brad?" she said, in her best faux-aggrieved voice.

"He's in a meeting with some clients and I'm supposed to have this paperwork completed by noon. It would mean a lot if you could assist me," he said, apologetically.

She knew this was just an excuse. *He could ask five other people on his team for help* she thought, but instead, he always found some reason to justify asking her.

"Pull up a chair and show me what you need help with," she said, in her best annoyed voice.

He was only two feet from her and she could barely think as he showed her some numbers to some pointless something that he was working on. As he looked down at the stack of papers he'd brought with him, she looked over his smooth black skin, that manly protruding chin, and she could smell that light scent of cologne, that would linger in her office for hours after he was gone, reminding her of him. She could feel her thong becoming moist under her skirt, and she knew she'd have to make a trip to a bathroom stall during her lunch, to relieve herself of this sexual tension he created in her.

She cleared her mind of this intoxicating presence in front of her and answered his questions with a few simple sentences. The ethical thing to do would be to speak to Brad about him. She was paid far too much to waste her time with Ray on such trivial questions that his teammates could easily answer. However, she knew she would never get him into trouble with his boss.

She was certain it was all an act anyway. Ray was smart, the smartest paralegal that Taylor had seen since she had begun working at the firm. He knew the answers to the questions that he was asking her. It was all just an excuse to come to her office, to get near her, to talk to her.

Ray thanked her for her help and made small talk about the weather for a few seconds before leaving her office. She took a deep breath once he was gone. It always took her several minutes to clear her mind after he had left so she could return to her work.

Since he had begun working at the firm, Taylor wasn't the only one who took opportunities to make inappropriate glances. She had caught him sneaking peeks a number of times, as he checked out her legs and bottom. She had also noticed that when he thought she wasn't looking, he'd sneak gazes at her breasts.. She even knew which skirts and blouses he liked best, and made a conscious effort to purchase the clothes that he seemed to like, and wear them as often as possible.

So many times she thought of throwing caution to the wind and coming onto him. She knew he'd be receptive, but there was so much to risk. In their haughty legal working environment, accusations of sexual harassment, substantiated or not, could damage her career. At the very least, it would ruin her chance of being offered a partnership.

She shuddered to think what would happen if she gave into her lustful feelings towards him and then he told one of his co-workers. He was only nineteen after all and could she trust him to keep a confidence of that magnitude? And what of her husband? She wasn't entirely certain that he wouldn't leave her if he discovered that she had a liaison with this young man. It was just too much to risk she reasoned. She could admire him from afar, but she could never let it go beyond that, it just wasn't worth it.

That Friday, Taylor was working late in her office. She had a presentation for a prospective client on Monday and it would be a major accomplishment if she could get them to agree to be represented by her firm. This was the kind of presentation that, if it went well, could help cement her future partnership.

She looked down at her watch, God, it was seven o'clock already and her co-workers had left the building a couple of hours ago to begin the weekend. She had been at work for thirteen hours and she still had to language from two different documents, which would take a couple of hours more. She was mentally exhausted and decided to take the reports home and finish up over the weekend. Her husband was in Arizona spending the weekend golfing with his friends at some tournament and she dreaded going back to that big empty house by herself. However, she knew staying in the office any longer was pointless.

Carrying her full briefcase, she walked out of the automatic doors toward the covered parking section of the lot that was reserved for attorneys. She gasped as she approached her car.

"Fuck," she muttered, under her breath, as she examined the flat tire on her car.

The perfect end to a long, miserable day. She dreaded the thought of calling roadside assistance. It had taken them over two hours to help her when she accidentally left her lights on and ran down her battery a year ago.

Is there any way she could change the tire herself, she wondered. No, it was impossible. Not in this skirt and white top. Grudgingly, she pulled her phone from her pocket and began to dial.

"Can I help you with that?" a deep voice behind her asked.

She whirled around and saw that Ray was approaching her.

"What are you still doing here?" she asked quizzically.

"You're not the only one who works late in the hopes of getting a promotion," he said, smiling.

She couldn't help but notice his perfect white teeth amidst that playful, youthful grin. Just being in his presence was enough to almost make her swoon. She cursed herself for thinking like a pre-pubescent schoolgirl and quickly pulled herself together.

"That's not necessary, I have roadside and I'm calling them now," she said, in a serious tone.

Ray decided to back off. She was a boss. Not his boss, but a boss nonetheless, and she seemed serious about not wanting his help, so he figured it wasn't a good idea to push it.

"I understand," he said solemnly.

She observed the wounded look in his eyes and off-handedly dismissed it as she continued to call roadside assistance.

Now further irritated, she was immediately put on hold, not a good sign. After several minutes, she finally was able to speak to a representative who told her it was going to be at least a two and a half hour wait until a tow truck would arrive.

She looked thoughtfully into Ray's eyes and she disconnected the call. He seemed so eager to help her, maybe it would be ok to

let him, she reasoned, her logical thought process taking over.

"If you'd be willing to help me change the tire Ray, I'd really appreciate it," she said softly.

His eyes lit up as he removed his suit coat and loosened his tie. He was wearing a short sleeved dress shirt and she immediately again noticed his well-muscled arms that, up until now, she was only able to sneak glances at from a distance.

They laughed and joked as he removed the spare tire from the trunk and began using the jack to elevate the front quarter of the car. His jovial nature was beginning to put her at ease as they discussed office politics and chatted about some of the firm's more interesting clientele. She marveled at his intelligence and quick mind. This young man needed to be in college and then law school she thought, as she mentally reminded herself to make sure he knew about the firm's many scholarship opportunities that he should be taking advantage of.

As he was tightening the last lug nut, she winced at the thought of going home to that large, cold, empty house and microwaving some cardboard tasting entrée from the freezer. How long had it been since she'd been out on a Friday night? It had been so long she couldn't remember.

She quickly dismissed the thought. Take a subordinate to dinner? Was that even ethical? Then her mind wandered to the times when she took her team of paralegals to lunch to reward them. This would be something similar to that, right? Ray did change her tire after all. She did owe him something she reasoned, trying to justify the idea to herself.

"All done," he said, as he stood up and faced her.

She took a moment to look at him, it was just dinner she thought, not a big deal really.

"Thank you so much for your help Ray. I was wondering, ummmm... would you be interested in getting something to eat with me?"

He gave her an astonished look; he obviously didn't see that coming.

"I'd like that," he said appreciatively.

"Hop in then," she said playfully.

After putting the flat tire and the rest of the tools in the trunk of her car, they sped off towards 'The District' at Green

Valley Ranch which was only a couple of miles from their law firm.

'The District' was a small assortment of high end shops, boutiques and restaurants next to Green Valley Ranch hotel and casino. Taylor often went shopping there with her friends for clothes and she, as well as other lawyers at the firm, had frequently taken important clients to lunch at the many high-end restaurants located there.

She pulled up in front of her favorite restaurant, a small, quaint Parisian themed café. As they stepped out of her car and walked the half-dozen steps to the door, Ray wrapped his hand gently around her upper arm for a couple of seconds before he was forced to remove it, so he could open the door for her. The bold move, while subtle, sent a chill through her body as his large hand made contact with the small of her back for several seconds as they waited for the hostess. She thought of giving him a cold stare which might dissuade him from making further physical contact with her, but she couldn't find it within herself to do so. Her husband had long stopped touching her, or even holding her hand, on the rare occasions when they would go out together. Even though she kept reminding herself this was just a simple dinner between co-workers, his brief touch made her long for so much more.

The hostess sat them at a banquet table in a corner of the restaurant. Ray had chosen to sit beside her, instead of across from her, which added to the sexual tension she was feeling due to his close proximity. After her long, stressful day she could really use a glass of wine, but then thought better of it when she remembered Ray's age.

They decided on ice tea and a seafood appetizer of mussels, crab cakes, and Cajun style shrimp picante. Taylor's initial nervousness was put at ease by Ray's jovial, easy-going nature. She listened intently as he talked about his love of sports and his family that he loved to visit, but still missed, as he adjusted to living on his own in his new apartment. He reminded her so much of herself a decade ago when she moved out of her parents' house to start her life.

She remembered having all those same types of feelings that he so eloquently described when she first started to make her way in the world. It felt like a lifetime ago, at a time before she felt so encumbered by the stresses of her marriage, career, mortgage, and car payments. What would it be like to be nineteen, to live that carefree life again, even if only for a weekend? She quickly put that dangerous thought out of her mind.

As Ray opened up to her about his personal life, Taylor got caught up in the moment.

"So, are you seeing anyone?" She asked hesitantly, trying to gauge his reaction.

He smiled slightly at her question.

"I had a girlfriend that I was seeing for about a year, but I ended it a couple months ago."

Her eyes widened at his admission, "May I ask why?"

"She started to get very attached to me and I wanted more freedom," he said honestly. "You know how those white girls can get," he added.

Taylor could feel herself blushing as she remembered back to her college days and the torrid two months she spent with her black lover. *Had she acted like that, attached and possessive?*, she wondered.

They both took a moment to take a sip of their ice tea until Ray's voice broke the silence.

"What does your husband think of you working such late hours on a Friday evening?" he asked boldly.

Taylor squirmed a bit in her seat at his inquiry, but she was the one who broached the subject of significant others, so she felt it was only right to answer his question.

"He knows my career is important to me, but sometimes he does get upset when I work late," she said hesitantly before continuing. "However, he's out of town this weekend so I guess he wouldn't have much to say about it this evening," she said, smiling.

Ray looked deep into her eyes, and was about to make another comment concerning her husband, when the waitress interrupted the conversation by approaching the table with their food.

She had ordered the blackened Atlantic salmon and he decided on the Lake Superior whitefish. While they ate their delicious meals, they tacitly agreed not to talk about anything work related, instead concentrating their conversation on hobbies and interests as they learned more about each other. He was so easy to talk to, and he put her at ease so quickly. They had never

had this type of conversation before this evening and it was so refreshing to listen to him speak about the music he liked, his dream car that he wanted to someday own, and his future goals and plans.

Once they had finished their entrées, Ray gently coaxed her into sharing a dessert with him. After looking over the menu, they decided on a decadent hot-fudge brownie Sundae. Taylor was so health-conscious that she rarely, if ever, ate any type of sweets. However, it felt like a magical, special evening and she couldn't find a way to say no to his genial insistence.

When their server brought the delectable dessert, and set it between them, they both hesitantly took their spoons and cautiously dipped it into the chocolate covered ice cream. After they had each taken a couple of bites, Ray scooped another small portion of ice cream with his spoon and slowly held it up to Taylor's mouth. It was as if sexual electricity was passing between them as she gradually and deliberately leaned forward and ate the ice cream off his spoon.

This simple act was tantamount to opening a hedonistic floodgate of sexual desire within Taylor and Ray. He gently placed his hand on her stocking clad thigh and leaned forward until their mouths met in a hot, passionate kiss. Sexual electricity passed between them as their tongues gently played with each other.

As they broke their erotic, concupiscent embrace, Taylor's hazy, lust filled mind came to a decision. She wasn't going to deny herself the pleasure that she knew this young man would bring her, consequences be damned.

She looked intently into Ray's eyes, "Do you have plans this evening? she said in a voice barely above a whisper.

"I don't have any plans," he said huskily.

She hesitated for a moment, but it was too late, she had made her decision, and she was all in.

"Would you be interested in getting a room with me?"

"I've wanted to fuck you from the moment I saw you Taylor," he said boldly.

Her heart skipped a beat at that brazen remark and she felt a current pass between her thighs that she hadn't felt in years.

They left the rest of the dessert on the table as she quickly paid the check. She couldn't remember the last time she had

wanted anyone this much and it was difficult for her mind to form coherent thoughts.

The short, five minute drive to the Green Valley Ranch Hotel and Casino, passed like some epicurean blur. She faintly remembered his hands on her blouse; between her legs, his mouth licking, kissing her neck, her mind disoriented in a dazed, lust-filled fog. It took everything in her power to push him away so she could get the room.

Several minutes later she withdrew the key card from the lock, hearing the small motor retract the deadbolt. While still in the hallway, Ray had her pushed up against the door, pressing his erection into the cheeks of her ass. Simultaneously, his hands pulled the tucked-in white blouse out of her skirt.

Taylor managed to get the door open so they could enter the room before another guest could witness their carnal display in the hall. Fervidly, he pushed her face down onto the bed and then collapsed on top of her. With his weight on her, she struggled to remove her blouse while he flipped her skirt up causing it to rest on her back.

She moaned as his mouth found the hypersensitive region on the nape of her neck while his capacious hands tore the stockings and thong from her body. Taylor wantonly opened her legs as she felt Ray's fingers slide down the curve of her ass, and then lower to the sodden cleft between her legs.

Ray listened to Taylor's shallow breathing as he forcefully pushed two fingers inside her pussy hearing her piercingly groan in pleasure. She clutched the bedspread with both hands as he moved his fingers in and out of her until she became delirious with an all consuming lasciviousness that she knew only a fuck could assuage.

"Do you know how long I've wanted to fuck this tight, white, married pussy?" he said, while sucking on her earlobe.

His words sent her over the edge and made her shake uncontrollably in orgasm with his fingers buried inside of her.

When she regained her senses, she felt him between her legs, his tongue exploring the folds of her vagina. She gasped as the tip of his tongue swirled over her clitoris with a reckless abandon.

It had been years since her husband had gone down on her, and God, he had never eaten her pussy like this, God, not this good.

Ray suddenly withdrew his tongue from her vulva.

"Tell me what you want Taylor?" he said in a mock-gruff, sensuous tone.

"Oh God no, Ray, please don't stop," she begged, as her second orgasm had almost overtaken her before his talented tongue had retreated from her sopping vagina.

"Tell me what you want, Taylor," he said, as he rubbed his large hands over her small, tight ass cheeks.

Oh God, she thought, her cloudy mind trying to focus amidst his sensual touch and talented tongue. He was way too good of a lover to be only nineteen.

"I want your cock Ray," she said, in a low, guttural tone.

"You had better be more specific," he said teasingly, gently inserting his long index finger inside of her.

The sensation of being penetrated by his finger caused her mind to lose focus again. She found it so hard to think or form a coherent thought, much less speak, with his hands playing with her body like this.

"I want your big black cock," she said, in a voice barely above a whisper.

Her words shocked her, but her lust filled mind wasn't thinking anymore in terms of politically correct speech. She only wanted to feel him inside of her, and she'd say whatever she thought he wanted to hear to make that happen.

"Are you sure that's what you want? I don't know if you deserve me just quite yet," he said teasingly.

Taylor used all of her mental facilities in an attempt to focus her lust filled mind. God, he was driving her crazy.

"Please Ray," she said, sensually, "please put your black cock inside of my married white cunt."

Ray smiled wickedly as he looked into Taylor's concupiscent, begging eyes. He didn't realize that he'd love teasing her so much. But this hot, erotic foreplay was stoking his need for this beautiful woman.

He stood at the edge of the bed and slowly, methodically, began removing his clothes. She was his, and there was no reason to hurry now, and he loved that anticipating, lustful look in her

eyes.

Taylor flipped over onto her back, making it easier to see him undress. She drank in that dark skin; those washboard abs, the long, black, muscled limbs. He was more, much more, than she had ever envisioned in her lewd, dark fantasies.

Her jaw dropped open as he slowly pulled down his boxers exposing a large, thick black cock. Just the size of it mesmerized her, the large bulbous head looked to be the size of a small apple, dripping pre cum. She was certain she hadn't seen anything that big before, not even her former black lover in college.

Maybe in a porn movie, she thought, at one of those interracial porno sites that she watched when her husband wasn't home. However, watching sex on a computer monitor never felt real. She knew there was a camera, a script, and actors who were being paid. But him here, standing in front of her; with that cock, God, this was shockingly real.

He looked down, into her eyes, and saw what she was looking at.

"What do you want Taylor?" he said, as he ran his hand down that long, smooth shaft.

He was going to make her say it again. He loved the way she looked at him with those lust filled eyes and hearing those sensual words come out of her pretty little mouth. Well, that was pure heaven.

"I want that big cock in my mouth. My married, white mouth" she said meekly.

"Come here and get what you want then."

Taylor immediately slid from the bed and got on her knees in front of him.

She took his shaft in both hands and struggled to open her mouth wide enough to accommodate the large head. Ray groaned as she extended her tongue, running it over the slit in the head of his penis, collecting his pre-cum. Taking the head into her mouth, she swirled her tongue over it, working it as far back as she could.

Taylor always loved giving head, but he was just so big, and it had been so long since she had a man in her mouth. She decided to concentrate on the head. She opened her mouth wide and sucked on the head while swirling her tongue over it in quick, rapid

motions.

He groaned as her talented mouth fellated him. She had always acted so prim and proper. He had thought of her as some collegiate, entitled girl priss, but he was quickly discovering another side of her. There was a wanton, slutty side to this women that he didn't even know existed.

As much as she loved having this young man in her mouth, her evident lack of practice began to show, and after several minutes, her jaw started to ache.

"It's been awhile since you sucked one this big, hasn't it?"

She blushed as she listened to the not so subtle jab at her husband.

Taylor wanted so much to please him, but she just needed a bit more time to adjust to his size and get some of her fellatio skills back.

Ray could see that she was having difficulty with the girth of his member and didn't want to ruin the moment by watching her struggle.

"Put your arms down Taylor, let me help you," he said gently.

Ray rotated his hips, moving himself slowly in and out of her. After a few easy thrusts, he soon discovered how deep he could go before the head of his cock reached the back of her throat which triggered her gag reflex. He took her long blonde hair in his hands as he pushed himself in and out of her.

Taylor's eyes began to water slightly as he moved himself in and out of her hot, wet orifice. She had her hands on his muscular thighs to steady herself and she kept her mouth closed tightly around his shaft until she started to feel him tense up. Oh God, it had been so long since she had taken a man this way, and even longer since one ejaculated there. Soon, saliva began dripping out of her mouth, down the underside of his cock, and then onto the floor.

God, she felt so good to him. Even though he was fucking her mouth more than she was giving him head, it still felt exquisite. Seeing that long, flowing blonde hair and soft, white skin around his black cock, the color contrast alone was enough to make him start to lose it.

Feeling his impending orgasm, Ray pulled out to calm himself down. He had dreamed of this moment, this fantasy, for months,

and God, it was finally, amazingly, coming true. She was the fuck of a lifetime; a beautiful, blonde, lawyer. The first time he came in her sure as hell wasn't going to be in her mouth.

"Get back up on the bed," he said smoothly.

He took her arms, and helped her up off of her knees and onto her feet.

She thought of trying an exotic position, like him behind her, or her riding him. Instead, she decided for the their first time, simple was best.

She gracefully slid onto the bed and then onto her back, opening her legs invitingly for him.

He looked down at her and took a moment to linger and study the perfection that was laying in front of him. He marveled at her long, blonde hair cascading down around her shoulders. His gaze lingered at her full breasts swaying gently as she breathed, topped with those sexy pink nipples. She had a taut, tight, stomach that expanded into full, round hips and bottom.

But between her legs, God. That was the culmination of what he believed to be the most perfect body he had ever seen. Above her vulva, was a light thatch of very light brownish-blond pubic hair and her vagina had small outer lips that concealed the tiny, inner pink ones and they were leaking her secretions onto her inner thighs. He knew, she was more than ready for him.

He slid onto the bed with her and positioned himself between her legs. Taking his cock in his hand, he rubbed the head up and down the length of her slit, splitting the lips of her vagina. She was so wet, his head was immediately shiny with her juices. He asked, "condom?"

"No. Pill. Stay bare. I want your black. Cock. Bare." she gasped as he put the head at her aperture, and then gently, and slowly, began working himself inside of her. She felt her body open and expand around him as he kept pushing gradually, methodically, giving her time to adjust to his size and girth.

God, he felt so big. Her husband was average, at best. But Ray, this was something different, something exquisite. She instinctively put her hands on his chest, as a silent gesture for him to continue proceeding gradually, to allow her body to accommodate his size.

Taylor continued to moan and pant as Ray worked his way inside of her. Finally, after several minutes, he had fully impaled

her. He looked down and gave her a few moments to get used to his bulk. He marveled at the color contrast of her tanned white skin compared to his dark, ebony flesh. The divergence in the color of their skin tone was truly mesmerizing to him.

He looked down at her and their eyes met. She gave him a silent, gentle nod and instantly gasped as he started to slowly move himself in and out of her. Taylor wrapped her arms around Ray's broad shoulders as he eased himself almost all the way out, and then gently worked himself back in. She closed her eyes, the intense pleasure sweeping over her. It felt like every one of her nerve endings was on fire as he moved his body over hers.

Gradually, he picked up the pace and she could feel her body adjust to him. Aided by the wet swelter between her legs, he was able to establish a smooth easy rhythm as he rocked himself in and out of her.

Seeing that she was becoming more comfortable, he progressively picked up the pace. The sweat of their bodies was melding together as they moved as one, in perfect unison. God, she was so tight. He marveled how her pussy felt like a smooth velvet glove that sheathed his cock perfectly. How she felt, how she moved with him, how she met his thrusts... This woman was truly exquisite.

Taylor's orgasm came upon her almost without warning. Ray had such long, powerful strokes; she gasped and cried out as she pulled him down, their lips meeting in a salty, lust filled kiss. She felt his tongue enter her mouth as her orgasm racked her body and the waves washed over her.

He exhibited such amazing control considering his youthful age. Ray never stopped his smooth easy rhythm and just as Taylor was recovering from one orgasm, the next was upon her. He was so thick and the angle was just perfect. With each stroke, his girth perfectly rubbed her clit in an almost constant onslaught.

Over and over, Ray's steady tempo pushed her body to new heights until she was near exhaustion. Just when she thought she couldn't take any more, she felt him begin to tense up. Wanting to release with him, she reached down between her legs and slid her fingers over her engorged clit causing her to once again explode in orgasm. Simultaneously, she felt Ray's powerful jets of semen squirt inside of her.

It took a minute or so for the panting to subside before the couple was once again breathing normally. She could feel his member shrink inside of her and then slip out as he moved off, and then slipped behind her. She felt his cock gently rest on

the cleft of her bottom as he pulled her tightly against him, causing them to romantically spoon.

Both of them collected their thoughts while listening to the other's soft breathing, until Ray broke the silence.

"What are you thinking about Ms. Jennings?" he said, teasingly.

Your big, amazing cock, she thought to herself, thankful he couldn't see her face as she blushed. Even after this torrid sex session, she still felt like a shy schoolgirl around him.

"I think when we are out of the office; it would be alright for you to call me Taylor."

"That implies we will be intimately together again, *Taylor*," he said, emphasizing both syllables of her name while his growing erection rubbed erotically against her bottom.

She still had so many lingering questions and doubts. *How would this affect her marriage? Would this ruin her career and a chance at a partnership?*

While lying comfortably and securely in his arms, she quickly put those lingering questions out of her mind. This young man had opened up a new, passion filled world for her. A world that she thought she'd never have the pleasure of experiencing again. A world that she thought would only exist in her memories. She was determined not to let fear or regret consume her actions and change the course of her life. Because of this young man, for the first time in years, she felt alive again. At that moment she resolved to never settle for a mundane, passionless existence.

"It implies exactly that Ray."

Christmas Exchange

by [darkoverlord6](#)©

The snowfall outside his office window reminded Nate that he needed to make sure he got around to putting chains on his tires before the ice got bad this winter. He had forgotten the previous year and ended up running his car off the road and right into a ditch on his way to work. A repeat of that fiasco

was not what he was looking for any time soon.

It was nice and warm inside the building today, maybe a little too warm. The maintenance people never could seem to get the climate controls balanced right always freezing people out in the summer, and making it like a tropical island in the winter. Nate Foster had joined the consulting firm of Bryant and Collins five years earlier right out of college. The office was made up of an interesting mix of old veterans and hungry, young workers ready to make their mark. Nate considered himself to be top dog in that latter group and he had the success stories to prove it. The word around the water cooler was that he would soon be seeing his name on the door of an office on the executive floor if he kept up his current streak.

The room around him was a typical cube farm with partitioned office spaces stretching off into the distance. Occasionally, a head would pop up over the top of one of the fake low walls like a prairie dog popping out of its hole. The image made Nate chuckle.

"What's so funny?"

Nate glanced to his left and tried not to grimace when his eyes fell on the rather rotund form of Nancy Balmgarner. Nancy was middle-aged, recently divorced, and more or less the self-appointed office organizer for parties be they employee birthdays, or of the holiday variety. She also had a horrible crush on Nate, and he tried to keep his distance from her most of the time. It might have been unfair to blame Nancy for her interest even if she was twenty-years Nate's senior. He was a very handsome man with curly, dark hair that surrounded a face a male model would have envied. His deep blue eyes flashed with a roguish charm beneath a pair of thick eyebrows with a smile that could light up a room as it pulled back from rows of perfectly straight, white teeth.

"Nothing, just musing about the day. What can I do for you, Nancy?"

She shuffled nervously closer, and waves of strong perfume assaulted Nate's nostrils.

"Jesus, Nancy. Did you use the whole bottle?" he thought absently.

"I'm sure you know I am in charge of this years office Christmas party."

"I can't imagine a more qualified person to lead us in the quest

for holiday cheer," replied Nate making Nancy beam with delight.

"Well, I do my best..." she said while her pale skin darkened a deep pink.

"Anyway, Nate, I am having everyone draw names for the secret Santa present exchange."

Nancy shoved a small, brown box in Nate's face with tiny slips of white paper folded up and lining the bottom.

"Oh...I see. Sure." he replied uncertainly. He had never been a big fan of office Christmas parties, and the whole secret Santa thing seemed kind of silly, but he didn't want to look as if he didn't care about his fellow employee's that wouldn't do for a prospective executive on his way up.

Nate fished in the box withdrawing a single slip of paper, and carefully unfolding it as Nancy looked on.

"Kelly Markham..." he said out loud.

The name meant nothing to him at first which was a surprise since he prided himself on knowing just about everyone at the company especially all of the female someones. He had to think hard for a moment before a vague image of a tiny platinum blond appeared in his head.

"Markham...Markham," he repeated to himself as if saying the name would fill in the missing details of the image.

"Kelly Markham. The new girl who just joined us in accounting. She works for Jack Ross," supplied Nancy helpfully.

That did it. All of a sudden, a clear picture popped into Nate's head. He had met Kelly Markham once, but he could be forgiven for not remembering since she hadn't said much at the time and tried to make herself as inconspicuous as possible. It had been outside Jack Ross's office four months earlier when Nate had stopped by to talk about a potential new client and wanted to get a background check done. Jack had called Kelly over to explain what he needed. She was just a slip of a girl, maybe five-foot-three-inches tall, falling well below Nate's six-foot frame.

When she did glance up briefly while shaking his hand, Nate recalled a pair of brilliant green eyes in an attractive face with soft, full pink lips painted a dusty rose color. They had talked about the client. He now recalled that she had a hushed voice, so quiet he had strained to hear her at the time. Jack

had dismissed her to her task, and Nate did remember thinking that she had a very nice rear end in her plain black skirt as she walked away.

"I guess I should push on. I have lots of folks to pair up," said Nancy pulling Nate out of his reverie.

"Yeah, right...Good luck with that..." he said only half paying attention.

Nancy hesitated a moment but seeing she had lost his attention she quickly exited the small office while Nate continued to stare at the paper in his hand pinching his bottom lip in thought. One of the things he hated about these kinds of gift exchanges was the fact that if you didn't know the person it could be darn challenging to pick the right gift. Certainly, he could go out and get some generic gift, but his family had raised him to be thoughtful in his choices.

The desk chair creaked a bit as he rose and walked out into the main office area. A few heads turned following his path especially a pair of nice looking young ladies at the elevator bank who admired Nate's well-chiseled athletic body as he walked passed. He made eye contact with one, a tall brunette with a very substantial chest, and she smiled in return. There was a moment when he considered stopping to chat. The number of women that Nate had dated in the office was considerable though he was always careful to keep it low-key. When the time came for him to ascend to the executive floor, he didn't want a reputation for being a flirt to color peoples assessment of his abilities.

The women passed behind him, and Nate put his head down deciding to focus on the task at hand. The far side of the building was identical to his with a large cube farm and high wall offices down the far side facing the windows. The sounds of people typing away on computers, or talking on their phones wafted out to meet him. He dodged around a short, chubby young employee carrying a stack of folders then spied his destination in a far corner.

Kelly Markham was pretty much as he remembered. She had cut her hair a bit shorter than it had been several months back, but that only served to accentuate her gorgeous features. He hovered near the edge of her desk, but she seemed to take no notice of him still staring intently at her computer. Nate cleared his throat putting on his best-winning smile.

"Hey! It's Kelly, right? I don't know if you remember me, Nate Foster, you did a background check on a client for me a few months back."

Kelly's head pivoted away from her monitor, and she turned a cool gaze on Nate looking him up and down, but without the apparent interest that the women at the elevators had shown. It was kind of intimidating, and Nate found himself shifting nervously on his feet while he waited for her to speak.

"I remember you, Mr. Foster. Did you need something from me?"

"Yeah...Well...I was just wondering if you were free for lunch today?"

"Why?"

The abruptness of her answering question took him off guard. Nate was used to being the aggressor in these situations, but Kelly had turned things around. He fumbled for an answer wondering why he had to justify asking a pretty girl out to lunch.

"I...Um...Just thought we might get to know each other a little better. Don't you enjoy a good lunch? I know this Indian place that..."

"Did you run out of girls in the secretarial pool?"

Nate froze again thinking his dating activities had attracted more attention than he thought.

"Ha! That's funny...I don't know what you've heard about me, but I'm just trying to..."

"I'm not interested Mr. Foster so unless you have some business-related reason for standing at my desk I really need to get back to work."

Kelly turned back to her computer screen taking no more notice of Nate who stood awkwardly for a moment before he turned away.

"Well...First time for everything I guess," thought Nate to himself. He rarely had faced rejection in his life at least not from women, and he wasn't sure how to process it. Glancing briefly back at Kelly, he thought about her standoffish attitude wondering if she was like this all the time. He ended up veering into the office of a colleague of his, Max Short, who worked in the same department as Kelly.

"Max! How are things my friend?" he asked flopping into one of Max's guest chairs.

"Not bad, Nate. What's wrong run out of women on your side of the building?"

"Damn, I really do need to be more careful about dating at work," Nate chided himself, "That's funny Max, although I did want to ask about a girl."

"Oh?"

"Kelly Markham. What do you know about her?"

"That you're wasting your time with that one. She is as cold as they come. Started here five months back, but keeps to herself and even when she does speak you feel like you're talking to a robot or something. If that girl has a pulse, I haven't been able to detect it."

"The thing is I drew her name in that secret Santa exchange that Nancy is running, but I don't know enough about her to get her a gift."

"Why are you knocking yourself out over that? Just get her a gift card to some girlie place like a salon or something. They all want that don't they?"

"I think I can see why you never married, Max."

"Married? Only crazy men want to get themselves tied down like that I prefer the single life. Thank you very much."

"Right, Max. Thanks anyway for your keen insights into the female mind."

Nate returned to his office but for some odd reason couldn't concentrate on his work that afternoon. His mind kept drifting back to the mystery that was Kelly Markham. She certainly copped an attitude that was for sure. This seemed like a woman that wasn't worth wasting time on, and yet there was something about her that intrigued him. He found it hard to believe that anyone could be that cold. It might be just his ego talking, but he was determined to give Ms. Markham one last try the next time they met.

As it turned out, his opportunity was coming sooner than he imagined. That night after work, Nate stayed a bit later than usual putting the finishing touches on a deal he was sure would net the company a fat new client and get him one step closer to the executive floor. He left out the back entrance of the building leaning into the brisk, cold wind that stirred the newly fallen snow. The parking lot was mostly empty, and he was

half-way to his car when he heard the telltale sounds of an engine laboring to start. A quick look around the lot was all it took for him to spot the struggling automobile and its frustrated occupant. Nate pulled his jacket tighter as he made his way across and casually wrapped on the glass of the window. The driver's head came around, and to his surprise, he was staring into the face of Kelly Markham for the second time that day.

She rolled her window down, "Yes?"

"Look's like your having some trouble."

"Your powers of observation are astounding, Mr. Foster."

"Please, call me Nate," he said ignoring the sarcasm.

"Why don't you open the hood and I'll take a look."

"You know anything about the ignition systems on a car?"

"God, No! That's just what you're supposed to say when you're the guy, right?"

He thought he caught the hint of a smile, "I tell you what I doubt I can do anything for your car, but it's late why don't you let me give you a ride home. It's too cold to wait for a wrecker out here."

Kelly's face looked doubtful, but she finally gave in to the logic of the situation. She exited from the car grabbing her purse from the seat next to her and followed Nate back to his vehicle. He entered first pressing the button to open the passenger door. The heater came on automatically after starting the engine. They both sighed gratefully as the extreme chill was chased away.

"So where am I going?"

"Westmore and 2nd street. I have an apartment there."

In the warm interior of the car, Nate began to pick up the scent of Kelly's perfume, and he found it very alluring. He glanced at her in the side mirror, and the more he looked, the more he realized how beautiful she was with flawless white skin, and eyes the color of a spring meadow.

"I hear you've only been with the company a short while. How do you like it so far?"

"Is this an interview? I thought I already had the job."

"You know, Kelly, I'm just trying to be friendly maybe you should try it sometime," Nate said with some irritation.

The car was silent for a moment as it crunched through the snow leading out of the parking lot.

"I'm sorry. You're right you're doing me a favor, and I should be grateful. I didn't mean to be so..."

"Bitchy..." supplied Nate.

Kelly's eyes flashed for a moment, but then she smiled. The first real smile he had seen on her features.

"O.K. I get it."

"So back to my original question. How do you like working with us so far?"

"I like it just fine. The work is interesting, and the people are...o.k."

Nate raised an eyebrow at her less than sterling endorsement of the office population.

"What? Does Jack Ross forget to wear deodorant or something?"

"Mr. Ross is a good boss. I don't have a problem with him. I just...I'm not exactly comfortable making small talk with people."

"That is kind of obvious if you don't mind me saying," commented Nate.

"Yeah, well, I guess I'm a little shy I prefer to be left alone. Do I need to be everybody's friend to do my job?" she finished sounding a bit defensive.

"No, but it does make the time go by easier."

"I suppose..." she said doubtfully.

"Did you have any dinner plans?" he asked suddenly.

"Um...No," said Kelly flustered by the change in topic.

"What do you say we stop and get something to eat? I'm starving, and your car isn't going anywhere."

Kelly looked perplexed for a moment but finally answered, "I guess it wouldn't hurt. I am hungry."

Nate pulled into a roadside diner, and the pair darted inside trying to minimize their exposure to the cold. The interior was warm and inviting decorated for the holiday season with lights strung along hooks in the ceiling and cut out reindeer and Santa's taped at various spots on the walls. The register had a garland wrapped around the top with colorful Christmas wrapping paper taped to the side facing the door. A perky waitress sporting a Christmas tree pendant came up to them.

"Evening folks! Cold night, huh?"

"Very," said Nate with a smile.

"Sit anywhere you like we're not exactly bursting with customers at the moment. I'll fetch some menu's for ya!"

Nate and Kelly chose a booth about halfway down sitting across from each other. The waitress, whose name turned out to be Mary, was back in a flash handing them a pair of battered-looking menus."

"The special tonight is beef stew it will warm your tummy! What would you like to drink...Ohhh! That is a beautiful necklace," commented Mary her eyes falling on Kelly.

Nate glanced up from his menu. Kelly had removed her jacket, and he took notice for the first time of the bright gold jewelry she wore around her neck. The chain was adorned with a small, delicate looking butterfly whose wings were encrusted with tiny sapphires and rubies. While Mary went off to fetch their drinks, he looked more closely at the piece.

"That is a very nice necklace, the butterfly is very detailed," he noted.

Kelly looked down momentarily and shrugged her shoulders, "Just something I got at a thrift shop a long time ago."

Her tone was dismissive, but Nate got the feeling there was more to the story than she was letting on. He decided not to push just yet she was skittish enough as it was so he returned to looking at his menu. They both ended up ordering the beef stew, and Mary went off to grab them a couple of bowls.

"So how did you come to work at Bryant and Collins?"

"It's not an especially interesting story. I got my degree in finance from Lonsdale University last year and started pounding the pavement looking to put it to good use. Bryant and Collins were the first to offer me a job."

Nate noted that she looked a bit older than your average college graduate likely close to his age, but he didn't comment on it.

"I see. Was being a number cruncher your first love?"

Kelly smile slightly, "No...I wanted to be a dancer. I took lessons as a kid but...Well, It's hard to make a career of it unless you're very good."

"Were you?"

"Clearly I wasn't..."

Nate frowned realizing he was treading on sensitive ground, so he decided to pivot in a different direction.

"The holiday is creeping up on us fast. Any big plans for Christmas?"

"Not really. My parents are both deceased, and I was an only child. I have an Aunt that lives up in Buxton, but we aren't especially close. What about you?"

"Big family. Three brothers and a sister. I'm the youngest, so I take a lot of crap from the others about being the baby. I can't help it if my parents thought I was cuter," he said in mock seriousness.

Kelly chuckled, and Nate smiled back enjoying hearing her laugh for the first time.

"We do a big family Christmas party every year. All the relatives come down for it I think we have like forty or so people crammed into my parent's house. It's pretty festive."

"I can't even imagine what that would be like..." answered Kelly wistfully.

The stew arrived, and it was piping hot the scent making both of their mouths water. Mary had not sold the dish short. It was well made and tasted wonderful.

"So any hobbies?" asked Nate fishing for gift information.

"Not really. I use to knit. My Mom taught me when I was younger,

but I got out of the habit. Sometimes I'll still whip up a scarf or something when I'm really bored."

"I'm trying to picture you knitting," said Nate with a laugh, "like an old grandma with your glasses perched on the end of your nose."

"Knitting is not just for the elderly. I've met guys that knitted!" she said laughing in return.

"Does your boyfriend knit?"

Kelly grew silent again, stirring her stew, "I...don't have a boyfriend. I don't really date much..."

"A pretty girl like you? I would think you would have no problem meeting plenty of guys who would want to ask you out."

"Maybe I'm just not interested right now. I'm focused on getting my career off the ground."

"Lonely way to live," said Nate watching her carefully. He thought he caught a flash of sadness in her green eyes.

"I suppose...Look, I'm fine. Can we change the subject?"

"Sure...Sorry, Kelly, I didn't mean to pry."

"It's o.k."

They talked about the weather for awhile with Kelly admitting that she hated the cold and one day wanted to move somewhere that never saw a lick of snow during the year. Nate told her stories of his time at the university including when his roommates stole his clothes out of the shower stall he was in, and he had to walk back to his room naked.

"They made sure to line the hallways with girls from the co-ed dorm across the street. I didn't let it bother me. I strutted proudly down the hall. Never let them see you sweat! That's my motto!"

Kelly laughed loudly almost choking on her stew, "Oh my God! I would have been mortified if it had been me!"

Nate had a brief flash of Kelly strutting naked down a hallway. Now that she had her jacket off he could see how tight her body was, and his cock stirred a bit in his pants at the mental image.

Mary brought the check, and Nate offered to pay, but Kelly insisted that they split it. The run back to the car left them both with a chill, but the heater soon made headway against the numbing cold. A short time later they pulled up in front of Kelly's apartment.

"I could hang around for a bit if you want? Make sure the tow truck driver is safe." offered Nate.

"I'll be fine. I've been on my own for a long while. Thanks for the lift and the stew. It was nice talking to you, Nate."

She started to get out of the car, but Nate stopped her.

"Kelly wait. Why don't we go out this weekend? You said yourself you aren't seeing anyone, so I'm assuming you don't have plans."

"I don't know, Nate. Are you trying to make me another one of your office conquests?"

Nate wrinkled his brow thinking he really did need to be more careful of his reputation, "Honestly, I don't know what you've heard, but I'm not nearly the Casanova you take me for...Come on! What have you got to lose? I promise if you're not having a good time I'll bring you straight home no questions asked."

Kelly wavered and finally nodded, "O.K. Friday night you can pick me up at seven."

"It's a date!" replied Nate with a grin.

The next two days flew by and before Nate knew it Friday had arrived. He hadn't seen Kelly since dropping her off after their meal at the diner. Work had been busy for both of them, and he never had a chance to get back to her side of the building. As soon as the day ended, he drove back to his house and changed into more casual attire before driving over to pick up Kelly. He had decided on taking her to a nice Italian place he knew near downtown.

Kelly came out of her apartment at seven right on the dot, and he got out to hold the door for her getting a nice whiff of some very sweet perfume as she slid past. She had her makeup done much more dramatically than she wore it at work bringing out her eyes and drawing attention to her full lips covered in a deep, berry brown colored lipstick. They looked very inviting, and it was quite a distraction for Nate as he drove them to dinner. He got even more distracted when she removed her jacket at the

restaurant, and he got a look at the skin tight dress she was wearing that showed off her muscular body.

"You look beautiful tonight, Kelly." he complimented her.

Her skin darkened slightly in a blush, "Thanks. You don't clean up too bad yourself."

He took the liberty of ordering a bottle of wine, and they toasted the holiday season. The food was excellent, and after some initial nerves, Kelly seemed to be loosening up.

"My family goes ice skating every year at Everleigh Park. It's become a family tradition," mentioned Nate in answer to a question Kelly had asked about his families Christmas activities.

"I've never skated," said Kelly pushing her noodles around on her plate.

"You're joking? In this town, you've never skated? It's like the national pastime here."

"I'm well aware. I just...never got around to learning."

Nate had initially planned to take Kelly to the local theater to catch a movie, but her admission about skating brought a whole different plan into his head. When they finished their meal, he walked her straight to the car, but as they drove away from the restaurant, he took a different street than she had expected.

"This isn't the way to the theater," she noted looking puzzled.

"I know. Change of plans. Just trust me, o.k.?"

"What are you up to Nate Foster?"

"It's nothing weird or sinister. I assure you."

"I have pepper spray in my purse," she said her eyes narrowing though her tone was humorous.

"Easy there, lady. Your virtue is safe with me. I promise this will be more fun than a movie."

When they arrived at Everleigh Park Kelly's eyes grew wide at the sight of all the people skating on the ice of the local pond.

"Nate! I'll break my neck! I told you I've never..."

"Trust me, Kelly. I won't let you get hurt. I'll be with you every step of the way."

Warily, Kelly got out of the car and followed Nate to get in line to rent some skates. They took them over to a bench, and since Kelly had never worn a pair before Nate found himself lacing them up on her tiny feet. He held her ankle in his hand noticing that she had legs like iron all wiry muscle and he wondered if she still danced in her free time, or perhaps jogged. Kelly tried to stand on the narrow blades and wobbled precariously for a moment leaning on Nate for support.

"I'm not sure this is such a good idea," she said nervously.

"It will be fine. Just hold on to me."

He guided her carefully out on to the ice making sure to avoid the main swirling pack of people. It turned out that Kelly was a natural on a pair of skates. In a short while, Nate had her moving on her own staying right next to her, but not holding her any longer.

"Oh My God! I'm doing it...I'm doing it!" shouted Kelly raising her hands in the air. The sound of excitement in her voice was music to Nate's ears, but her sudden arm movement unbalanced her, and she started to go over backward. Nate was there in an instant wrapping her in his strong arms and pulling her to him to keep her upright. They found themselves clinging to each other with Kelly's gorgeous face just inches away from him.

"Careful! Balance is everything on skates," cautioned Nate.

"Thanks," said Kelly gazing up into his blue eyes.

The moment seemed to drag out and the urge to find out if Kelly's lips tasted as good as they looked pulled at Nate. He started to bend forward, and Kelly's eyelashes fluttered as she closed her eyes.

"Watch Out!" shouted a group of teenagers.

There were four of them, and they flew around the pair while Nate held Kelly to him to keep her from getting knocked over.

"Jerks!" shouted Nate.

"It's o.k Nate."

Kelly pulled away getting her feet back from under her, and they

moved off again slowly. Nate felt a pang of regret at the near kiss, but he tried not to show his disappointment. The more she moved on her own, the more confident she became until she was moving fast enough that Nate was having trouble keeping up lacking skates himself. Things were going well until Kelly tried to take a turn too quickly and lost her balance again. This time Nate was too far away to help, but fortunately, she was close enough to the edge that she went off the pond and landed in a snow bank. She came up spitting snow out of her mouth and laughing.

"You o.k.?"

"Sure! I guess I got a little carried away," said Kelly.

Nate helped her back to her feet.

"This has been a lot of fun, Nate. Thank you for bringing me."

"It was my pleasure."

"I'm getting a bit cold," she noted.

"I think some hot chocolate is definitely in order," answered Nate.

He bought them two steaming mugs at a concession stand, and they sat on the same bench where he had laced her skates earlier.

"I can't believe I never tried this before it feels so free being out on the ice," said Kelly sipping at her mug.

"I know. I've loved skating since I was just a kid. I was a lot less rude than those teens though I can tell you that."

"It really is o.k. Nate, but thank you for watching out for me."

Kelly reached over and put her tiny hand over Nate's. Her palm was warm and soft against the back of his hand. The urge he had felt earlier to kiss her was back again, but the timing felt wrong, and he fought it down. They finished their beverages and took another turn on the ice with Kelly even trying to spin once like she had seen skaters do on T.V. It was a good thing Nate was close by, or she would have taken a more severe tumble on the ice.

"O.K., Dorothy Hamill, I think that is enough for one night!" admonished Nate.

"Spoilsport!" laughed Kelly.

He drove them back to her apartment. The snow was starting to fall from the sky when he walked her up to the front door. The tiny flakes were landing in her hair and on her long, dark lashes making her look like some sort of fairy princess from a children's novel.

"I had a wonderful time tonight. Thank you, Nate."

"So you would want to do it again?"

"Maybe...Depends on how nice you ask me."

Nate laughed and reached up to brush some of the snow off one of her rosy cheeks.

"It's cold," she said quietly.

"I know a good cure for that," whispered Nate.

This time there were no unruly teens around to stop things, and the moment felt right to Nate. He slowly brought his mouth to Kelly's touching his lips to her full, creamy ones. They were just as slick and soft as he imagined they would be. Kelly's arms slipped around his neck, and he wrapped his around her waist pulling her closer. The kiss deepened as they slid their lips together enjoying the sensations of their sensitive flesh touching. He felt Kelly sigh in the back of her throat.

They parted after a long moment looking at each other.

"I should get inside it's getting late. Thank you again, Nate."

"Sure. Anytime..."

The following week Nate played it cool not wanting to seem over eager though truthfully all he had been able to think about was Kelly since their night together two days earlier. He stopped by her desk on Monday morning bringing her a cup of coffee and an invitation.

"What's this?" she said looking at the ornate card.

"Cookie baking! My mother hosts a Christmas cooking baking party this week every year. It's a mix of family and people from the neighborhood. I told her this year I wanted to bring a guest."

Kelly looked touched. She opened the card glancing at the fancy writing on the inside.

"My Mom does calligraphy as a hobby," explained Nate.

"I don't know what to say. No one has ever invited me to a cookie baking before."

"Say Yes! I think you will have a great time. At the very least you can get fat on cookies."

"Do I look like I need fattening up?"

"I'm not even going there!"

"Look, Nate, this is sweet but..."

"What's wrong? You have other plans?"

"No...It's not that it's just. You don't know anything about me, and now you want me to meet your family..."

"Hey! Slow down, kid. It's not like I'm asking for your hand or something. It's just cookies. Come on, Kelly, you'll have a good time I promise."

"I don't know, Nate..."

"Please..." he said giving her his best lost little boy look.

"I think I'm starting to see why your brothers and sister hated you,"

"I am pretty cute aren't I."

"O.K. Nate I'll come," she sighed.

The house where Nate grew up looked as if it could have come right off a Norman Rockwell painting down to the wide porch and gabled roof. The interior was bursting with all the colors of the holiday season with tinsel hanging from the rafters, and a huge tree lit from top to bottom dominating one corner. Nate's mother, Cathy, was a tall woman with Brunette hair streaked with gray and a smile that could have lit a sports stadium. She practically scooped Kelly's diminutive form off the ground catching her in a hug.

"Why look at you?! Nate was right if you were any smaller we would have to throw you back!"

"I beg your pardon?" said Kelly.

"Sorry, dear. It's a fishing reference. My husband spends all

his free time with a rod and reel in hand."

"It gives me peace of mind," said Nate's father, Thomas Foster, in a deep voice as he lumbered into the room. He was even taller than Nate at almost six-foot-three. He shook Kelly's hand politely while shifting his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other.

"Kelly, welcome to our home. If there is anything you need just sing out we don't stand on ceremony here..."

"Thank you, I will, and thanks for inviting me."

"Not at all. Nate never brings any of his girlfriends here it's nice to meet one of them finally."

"Oh, I'm not..."

Kelly never got to finish her statement as the doorbell rang and a group of neighborhood folks arrived right behind her and Nate. They shuffled themselves out of the way to make space for the newcomers.

"Did you tell your parents I was your girlfriend?"

"No! Of course not...I just didn't tell them you weren't," said Nate with a grin.

Kelly could only shake her head as she was swept up in the crowd all of whom ended up in the kitchen where large bowls of cookie dough had been set out. Pans were laid on the counters, and people worked individually or in groups to roll out the dough and press the cookies into various holiday shapes before decorating them with sprinkles, and bits of candy. Kelly chose to stamp out hers in the shape of a reindeer while Nate went the obvious route with a Santa Claus shaped cookie.

"I like what you're doing there I hadn't thought of making the reins out of cut licorice," said a dark-haired woman nearly as tall as Nate.

"I'm Gina, Nate's sister," she supplied sticking out her hand for Kelly to shake.

"I feel like I'm in the land of the giants," commented Kelly as Gina moved off.

"Yeah, I was the runt of the litter," said Nate.

"Sweet Lord, Nate! I hope you don't plan on marrying this one!"

We need height in this family if you guys have kids they'll be midgets!"

"Kelly this is my oldest brother, Brad," said Nate indicating the fellow who had just spoken with a nod of his head.

Brad stuck out his hand, but Kelly avoided the shake stepping close to poke Brad hard in the belly with one finger, "They might be short, but they'll be feisty pal!"

"Ouch! O.K....o.k." said Brad laughing, "I like this one, Nate, she's got spunk!"

"Why don't you go tell Mom we need more dough, Brad."

Brad walked away with a wink.

"I like your family they have a lot of character," said Kelly.

"Yeah...well, you didn't have to grow up with them, but their o.k. I guess," replied Nate with a side-long look followed by a wink of his own.

When the cookies came out of the oven, Kelly looked at hers with a critical eye not happy that the antlers had turned out lopsided.

"There is nothing wrong with this cookie, dear. It has character just like you," said Cathy Foster throwing an arm around Kelly's shoulders.

"Then she would fit right in here we all have character apparently," laughed Nate.

Kelly shot him a look but then smiled putting her much shorter arm around Cathy's waist.

After the cooking baking, everyone went into the living room where Gina played the piano while they sang Christmas carols. Nate's mom passed out egg-nog to whoever wanted it.

"Careful with this batch, sweetie. I think Thomas dropped more than a little whiskey in with it," she warned Kelly.

"I don't mind it brings out the holiday cheer!"

"You're my kind of girl," said Cathy with a chuckle.

The singing continued, and Nate leaned against the far wall watching Kelly's smiling face as she sang and drank along with

the rest of his family and friends. He was impressed with how easy she seemed to be fitting in with everyone and how much she had come out of her shell in the short time he had known her. He took a sip of his eggnog and admired how pretty she looked with her face backlit by all the lights on his parent's tree.

Eventually, the party wrapped up, and Nate went to escort Kelly back home. Cathy handed her the cookie she had made wrapped in plastic to keep it safe.

"You come back anytime you like, dear. We enjoyed having you here with us."

"Thank you so much. I had a great time," said Kelly standing on her tip-toes to hug the taller woman.

Thomas patted her on the head, and Nate worried for a moment she would see the gesture as condescending, but she accepted it good-naturedly, wrapping her arms around the bigger man as far as they would go.

She was beaming in the car as they drove back to her apartment. The sidewalk was slick with ice, and Nate kept a protective arm around Kelly's shoulders.

"I like your family, Nate. It's been a long time since I got to do anything like this during the holidays. Thank you for inviting me."

"I told you that you would have a good time, and if you want to know a secret, I think my family liked you too."

Kelly carefully held her cookie in one hand while slipping her other arm around Nate's neck pulling his head down toward hers. Their lips met again, and Nate felt a shiver run through his body as her creamy lips slipped all over his in a wet, soft kiss.

"Would you...like to come inside? I think I have some wine if you want a drink before you go," said Kelly almost shyly not quite able to make eye contact with him.

"Sure...A glass of wine would be nice..."

Nate had no idea what to expect from the inside of Kelly's apartment, and he was surprised at how homey it felt. The furniture looked old likely it had belonged to her deceased parents, but it was in good shape, and the walls were adorned with photo's of Kelly and her family in happier times. He took one in his hand that was sitting on an end table. The girl in

the picture looked to be in her early teens, and he could see the beautiful woman that was hinted at behind the eyes of that awkward young girl.

"I see you had braces in high school just like me," said Nate, "that was a tough time I can tell you. If I had a dime for all the times I got teased back then."

"You looked like you turned out all right. How about me? Did I turn out alright, Nate?"

There was something odd in her tone that made him turn, and he froze in place when he did. Nate took a deep breath trying to calm his racing heart while Kelly strode into the room from what he assumed must have been her bedroom. She had removed her jeans and sweater leaving them behind, and as she walked toward him, she was wearing only a lacy black bra and matching panties.

"I think you turned out more than alright, Kelly. You're...beautiful," he finished.

She stopped right in front of him her small form shaking a little with nervousness. Nate reached down with one hand tipping her head up so that he could look into her soft, green eyes.

"It's been a long time for me," whispered Kelly.

Nate didn't know how to answer that, and he didn't try. Instead, he slipped his arms around her slender waist pulling her half-naked body to his and bringing their mouths together in a sweet kiss. Kelly groaned in the back of her throat as their lips met instantly throwing her arms around Nate's neck. The kiss rapidly gained steam with Kelly sliding her moist lips all over Nate's before tipping her head to one side opening her mouth wider as if begging for his tongue. Nate was more than happy to comply slipping his tongue forward to tease hers with slow, wet licks brushing the tip around to explore inside her mouth. Kelly groaned louder with the growing intensity of the hungry kiss they were sharing. Her hands moved to push Nate's jacket off onto the floor, and she lifted off his sweatshirt a moment later pausing to kiss the hard muscles of his bare chest.

Kelly gasped as Nate lifted her from the floor carrying her to the sofa while kissing her the whole way with deep, hot, French kisses. She looked on from the couch while he removed his shoes and unbuckled his pants letting them fall to the floor. He was wearing a pair of navy blue boxers underneath. The front of them showed a profound bulge. The distance between them vanished as Kelly threw herself forward pulling the silky cloth away from Nate's skin and rolling it off onto the floor. His thick, hard

cock covered in a light dusting of dark hair dropped forward the fat head leaking a bit of clear fluid. Nate gasped when her small hand wrapped around his manhood stroking the warm flesh.

"Oh...Shit...Kelly!" he cried softly.

She smiled at the tone in his voice the thickness of it letting her know that his need for pleasure was starting to overwhelm him. The head of his penis touched her lips, and she took it slowly into her mouth letting it slide into the back of her throat catching it there...squeezing it.

"OH FUCK!" moaned Nate.

Kelly began to suck his dick with consummate skill letting the head slip to the edges of her lips before plunging back down again to take nearly its full length into her mouth. She stopped on the downstroke several times to squeeze it in her throat making soft retching sounds. Nate was beside himself, and at one point he couldn't help but grab her head and stroke his cock roughly in and out listening to her struggle to take it. He felt a little bad about it and pulled back, but Kelly smiled up at him.

"It's o.k. Nate. I don't mind it a little rough..."

Nate pulled her back to her feet kissing her harder than before with a growing hunger that seemed to be consuming them both. His hands slipped down her back to unclasp her bra tossing it negligently aside. Kelly was not a large woman up top but what she did have was perky and firm, tight mounds whose centers were covered with chestnut, dark areolas that themselves were supplanted by stiff, dime-sized nipples slightly darker in color. He growled softly in his throat pulling her body to him. His tongue flashed out licking at the bumpy flesh of her areola before he sucked almost her entire tit into his mouth tonguing her nipple roughly before nibbling on that turgid love button.

"Ah! Fuck Yes! AH NATE! You have no idea how long its been!"

She slid her fingers into his curly hair guiding him from one lonely tit to the other while he licked and sucked at them leaving them gleaming with his spit. His hands worked their way down with his fingertips brushing across the firm muscles of her stomach before they plunged into the top of her silky panties. Nate could feel the moist heat coming off her pussy, and his fingers were drawn to it like a magnet. The soft, curly hairs of her Venus mound gave way to the slick lips beyond, and Nate carefully rubbed at the swollen entrance to her vagina. Kelly moaned holding him tighter pushing her wet tits against his

chest while he slid first one and then two fingers inside her feeling the tightness of her moist love hole.

"Oh GOD! Nate! I want you...Want this so bad! OHH! FUCKKK!"

As much as he wanted to enjoy this moment together the sheer, fiery urge to take Kelly was too much for him to fight off. Nate lifted her again placing her gently on the couch while she shifted her hips forward to allow him to remove her panties. He stared down at the wet, glistening passage that yawned before him and quickly dropped to his knees desperate to taste her on his tongue. Kelly cried out as he slid his mouth over her pussy letting his tongue slide up and down her slit before teasing her stiff clitoris.

"Fuck! Oh...OH NATE! Yes! YES! OH GOD YES! So long! OHHH FUCK SO LONG! AHHH GOD DAMMIT! RIGHT THERE! AHH GOD THERE! OHHHHH!" screamed Kelly.

Her hips began to move on their own pushing her pussy tight to Nate's face while her breathing began to grow more labored. The juice started to flow heavier from inside her, and she writhed on the couch squeezing the cushions in her fists. The distant sound of a siren was drowned out by Kelly's grunts and moans while her back arched off the couch.

"Nate...Sweetheart! I can't...can't take anymore...CAN'T! Going...AH GOD! GOING TO CUM! GOING TO CUM! GOING! TO! CUMMMMMMMMMMM!"

Nate felt his face covered in even more slick juice as Kelly's body went stiff. He held her clit tight with his tongue as she came multiple times her pussy shaking against his chin. Her breathing slowly returned to normal, and he broke contact looking up at her from between her legs.

"Everything o.k. up there?"

"Nate..." she gasped.

"Yeah, babe?"

"Get up here and fuck me!"

He didn't need to be asked twice.

They came together with Nate falling immediately into kissing Kelly's sweet lips before she sucked his tongue into her mouth. They rubbed at each others bodies touching, playing, teasing each other while building the need to join their flesh into an

unstoppable force that was beyond either of their ability to control. At last, Nate couldn't stand it any longer, and he brought the head of his penis into contact with Kelly's swollen pussy lips rubbing it up and down to lubricate his passage. The first push made both of them let out a hard breath and a shared groan. It was clear that Kelly wasn't kidding when she had said that it had been a while for her. She was plenty wet, but even so, Nate found the going slow as her body reluctantly gave way before him.

"Ahhhh...Fuck, Kelly...You're so tight...Feels so good..."

"You like this pussy, Nate?" she whispered into his ear nibbling on the lobe.

"God...Yes...Feels so good inside you, Kelly..."

"Nate...I can feel you...every fucking inch inside me...AHHH FUCK YES!" cried Kelly her face contorting into a mask of lusty pleasure as Nate's cock pushed deeper into her hitting parts of her that hadn't been touched in a long time.

Her hips moved upward, legs spreading wider as she tried to ease his effort. Their breathing grew faster, and Kelly dug her nails into his shoulders.

"Oh fuck...Oh fuck...OH FUCK! NATE! You're so deep inside me! So fucking deep!"

Nate sat up higher placing his hands on either side of Kelly's head looking down on her face. She truly was beautiful even more so laying beneath him lost in the throes of her passion. The heat around his cock felt so good, and Kelly squeezed her pussy tight gripping him.

"Shit! Kelly!"

"You want this, Nate?"

"Yes..."

"Do it...fuck me...Fuck Me! Fuck me, Nate! Take me now! Hard as you can! FUCK ME!"

He gave one last push ramming his prick fully home, and her resistance crumbled.

"FUCK! KELLY!" yelled Nate.

Nate's cock barely bottomed out before he was moving driven by

the almost primordial need to mate, to fuck, to give his seed to this woman. They came together hard and rough crying out while the couch rocked back on its legs. The sounds of their animal-like noises filled the room. Kelly arched her back over and over trying to take as much of Nate's penis into her as she could reveling in the feeling of giving herself entirely to him.

"THIS IS WHAT I WANTED! Ahhh, fuck! FUCK NATE! SO GOOD! AHHH FUCKING ME SO GOOD!" she whimpered.

He gripped one of her tits in his hand holding her nipple and pinching it tightly. She cried out even louder while his balls slapped against her slippery cunt.

"I like that, Nate! Pinch my fucking nipples! Harder! HARDER! AHH FUCKKK!"

The sensations were so intense it was hard to describe just how good it felt to fuck Kelly Markham's tight pussy, but no matter how wonderful it was, Nate knew he was living on borrowed time. The urge to cum was starting to take hold and try as he might it was like holding back the ocean.

"Shit! Kelly! KELLY! I'm...going to...cum...baby!"

"I want it inside me! Please! Fill me, Nate! Give it to me! Cum inside me! I want to feel you cum for me!"

"AH KELLY! KELLLLLLYYYYYYY! AHHHHH GODDD!" cried Nate.

His cock swelled in her steamy hot love tunnel the slit in the end giving way to an explosion of hot semen that filled Kelly's tight pussy to bursting. Kelly responded with a strangled cry of her own her pussy spasming in an answering orgasm.

"NATEEEEEEEEE! AHH FUCKKKK YESSSSSSSSS!"

It seemed like forever before they were able to come down their muscles finally relaxing from the hot strain of their mutual orgasm. They lay with Nate still on top gently nuzzling Kelly's neck while she kissed his cheek.

"That was incredible..." he breathed at last.

"I know for me too," she answered quietly.

"Nate?"

"Yes?"

"Are you tired?"

"Not...really..." he answered warily.

"Good...I just got this new bed, and it's dying to be broken in."

The weeks that followed the cookie baking at his parents were some of the happiest that Nate Foster could recall. He and Kelly spent a ridiculous amount of time together, and though he had found most women he had dated in the past quickly started to get on his nerves that didn't seem to be the case with Kelly. If anything he craved more time with her which was something entirely outside of his experience. She slowly opened up more to him talking about her time after her parents died when she was nineteen and still in school. It had been hard for her right after since her parents didn't have insurance and there was little money. Nate could only imagine what a trial that must have been for a young girl to have to work her way through school all alone with no one else to depend on.

Nate was sitting at his desk writing notes for his afternoon staff meeting when Max Short stepped into his office dropping into one of his guest chairs.

"Something I can do for you, Max?"

Max was grinning as if he had just won the lottery, "I just heard the juiciest rumor around the water cooler. Care to hear it?"

"If it will get you out of my office faster..." replied Nate with a hint of exasperation.

"I just heard that you thawed the ice queen."

"Excuse me?"

"You know, Kelly Markham, that walking zombie from Finance."

"Be careful what you say next, Max,"

"Touchy...Touchy. So it is true?"

"That I'm seeing Kelly Markham? Yes, it's true, but she is no ice queen just a girl who's had a tough time. I think everyone around here could be a little nicer to her."

"Wow! She got you bad didn't she..."

"I think you need to go, Max."

"Fine. Good luck with that my friend. I suspect you are going to need it."

Nate returned to his work trying to shake off Max's visit but something about it had him unsettled, and he was still thinking about it when he took Kelly out for dinner that evening.

"Is everything o.k.?" she asked.

"What? Oh...Yeah, it's all good. Work was just kind of a bear today."

"Maybe there is something I could do to take your mind off it tonight," she said in a suggestive whisper sliding her leg up under the table to stroke his calf.

"Kelly!" said Nate with an embarrassed grin.

She giggled at his discomfort, and the sound made his heart lift. The more time he spent around Kelly, the more he felt himself getting swept up in her and for the first time in his life Nate Foster thought he might be falling in love. The thought was kind of scary.

"What do you want to do tonight?" he asked when they left the restaurant.

"You mean besides you? Seriously, I'm up for whatever you want to..."

"Hey!"

A loud voice calling made them both turn at the same time. A stranger was coming up to them. He was about Nate's height but much older maybe in his early forties. Nate thought at first the man was talking to him but he walked right by like Nate wasn't even there stepping up to Kelly.

"Misty Rivers! Holy shit! I thought that was you."

Kelly's face went pale white, and she stammered trying to reply, "Um...I'm...I'm sorry I think you have me confused with someone else..."

"Ah! No way! I remember you clear as a bell. My nephew's bachelor party at the Painted Mare. You were the dancer that came out in nothing but her G-string and did backflips all the way to the edge of the stage then dropped right down into the

splits by the pole, BOOM! It was a hell of an entrance who could forget that?"

"I'm sorry...I really think..."

"Do you still do private parties? I got this buddy who is getting married soon, and he could use a last thrill if you catch my drift."

"Hey, Pal! The lady said you have the wrong girl! Why don't you go harass somebody else?" said Nate stepping between the gentleman and Kelly.

"Why don't you mind your own business buddy!"

Nate's face went red, and he reached out to grab the older man by his lapels easily lifting him half off his feet.

"You got three seconds to hit the pavement, or I start hitting you!"

The stranger cleared his throat as Nate released him wiping at his jacket with both hands, "O.K.! No need to get so worked up kid. Here, Misty, if you're available my number's on the card."

The business card hit the ground when Kelly refused to take it, and with a shrug, the older man turned and walked off the way he had come. Nate turned to Kelly who was still white as a sheet looking down at the business card on the ground.

"Kelly? Are you o.k.?"

"I need to go home, Nate. Right now, o.k.?" her voice was trembling as if she was on the verge of crying.

"Wait! What? Kelly, what's wrong?"

"I knew this was a mistake. You can't run from your past it always comes back...always..." mumbled Kelly to herself.

"Kelly, if you would just tell me what's going on maybe I could help?"

"I'm sorry Nate...I'm so sorry...I have to go...I have to go..." she wailed tears starting to spill down her face before she suddenly took off running away down the street.

"Kelly!" shouted Nate.

He went after her trying to run gingerly on the icy sidewalk

while dodging around passing pedestrians. Kelly turned out to be a real ball of fire on two feet, and she might very well have outrun him if she had been more careful, but she wasn't paying nearly as much attention to the patches of ice. She hit one dead on as she ran past the city park and her feet shot out from under her and she tumbled down a snow-covered hill landing awkwardly at the bottom. Nate trod carefully down the hill to her side.

"Jesus! Kelly! Are you o.k.?" he asked with concern.

She swatted his hand away choosing to pull herself to her feet.

"I'm fine. I'm just a fool that's all. A fool for thinking I could walk away from the things I've done in the past and start over without anyone finding out."

"Kelly would you please tell me what this is about?"

"It's about Misty Rivers."

"Whose Misty Rivers?"

"I am, or I was, at least for awhile."

"Kelly?" said Nate the unasked question evident in his tone.

"After my parents died. When my savings started to run out, I got desperate. There were only two things I had going for me at the time. I was pretty, and I knew how to dance so I...I started dancing at clubs...strip clubs...I let men put their hands all over me for money, and you know the really sad part. I was good! I was really fucking good at it. I was packing them in every night making money hand over fist. I started getting invites to private parties and corporate retreats, and I went because the money was good even better than working in the clubs. Eventually, I started to use the money to go back to school, and when I graduated, I quit the whole thing: the clubs and the parties I put it all behind me. I knew in this conservative town I would never get a job offer if they knew what I used to do for a living, so I cut my hair, changed the color and moved closer to downtown. I landed the job at Bryant and Collins. Then I just tried to keep my head down and do my job not draw attention to myself because I knew I would get fired if they ever found out."

"Kelly...I'm so sorry..."

"I don't want your pity, Nate. I did what I had to do at the time. I should have moved away I guess to some other town where no one would have known me at all, but my parents loved this

town I was born here, and it was so hard to think about leaving."

"Kelly! Look, this was all in the past. I understand you did what you had to back then to survive, but that doesn't define you now. I don't care about what you used to do."

"You should! Everyone knows about you, Nate. The hot young executive on his way up. How far do you think you would rise in Bryant and Collins if they found out your girlfriend was a stripper?"

She had a point. Nate hesitated thinking about all the work he had put in during these years. If word got out about Kelly, it would definitely not look good for his prospects in the future.

Kelly seemed to read his thoughts, "See...It wasn't such a hard conclusion to reach after all was it. Just take me home, Nate. Please."

They walked back up the hill together though Kelly refused to take Nate's hand preferring to walk on her own. When they arrived back at her apartment, she got out of the car without a word.

"Kelly wait! Let's go inside where its warm and talk about this..."

"There's nothing to talk about Nate. It's over. It has to be. If you stay with me, it's only a matter of time before I take you down with me. I need to move from here and start over that much is clear to me now. I'm sorry, Nate."

Kelly tried to get up the sidewalk to her door, but Nate left the car running and ran up next to her before she could get her key out. He took her by the shoulders.

"Kelly please don't do this I...I don't want things between us to be over. I...I love you, Kelly."

Kelly started to cry again tears were rolling slowly down her face, "Why did you have to say that Nate? It just makes this harder...because I love you too...and I can't be the one to ruin your dreams."

Nate fought to find the words to make her stay. To make her see reason. She started to reach for her key again before grabbing at her neck instead.

"Oh! That's just great the perfect capper to this evening!"

"What's wrong?"

"My necklace is gone! I must have lost it when I fell. Wonderful!"

"Did you get it from your parents?"

"My parents? Ha! That's funny, Nate. No, that necklace was the first thing I bought with my money after I started stripping. I guess I kept it as a reminder of the life I was trying to leave behind. Fuck it! I hated the damn thing anyway," said Kelly her voice dripping with sarcasm. This time she got her key out and slipped into her apartment leaving Nate alone on the sidewalk. He started toward the door but then seem to think better of it moving back to his idling car instead and driving away.

Kelly didn't show up for work the next day, or the day after. Nate tried to call her multiple times, but her cell just rolled to her voice mail. He even tried calling her boss, but Jack Ross could only say that she had called in sick, and he wasn't sure when she was going to return to work. After work that day Nate drove to his parent's house to try to get his mind off worrying about Kelly.

"Can you hand me the flour, dear?" said Cathy as she worked at baking a cake in the Foster's expansive kitchen.

"Sure, Mom."

Nate reached up over his head to grab the flour container down sitting it on the counter near his mother.

"You seem a little distracted tonight. Is everything o.k.?"

"Actually, things are really not o.k. Kelly and I are having some problems."

"Oh? I'm sorry to hear that she seemed like a sweet girl. I hope it's nothing you two can't work out."

"Right now I can't even get her to talk to me," said Nate with a sigh the sadness very apparent in his voice.

Cathy sat her spoon aside and turned to face her youngest son.

"I've never seen you so upset about a girl before, Nate. This one is special isn't she?"

"Yeah...Dammit, Mom...I think..." Nate's eyes started to tear

up, and his Mom pulled him to her in a hug.

"It's o.k. Sweetie! Love can sometimes hurt just as much as feel good."

"I'm not sure what to do Mom. How to get through to her..."

"Have you told her how you feel?"

"She knows, and she says she feels the same, but there is a problem one that may be hard to get past for both of us."

"Whatever it is, Nate, can facing it be worse than how you feel right now?"

"No...No, Mom it couldn't, but how do I get her to talk to me?"

"I would go to her and be yourself. Who could resist this cute face!" said Cathy with a smile.

"The other kids will be jealous..." laughed Nate.

"We can't help being who we are Nate, and you were always the cutie...You also have a big heart, and I know Kelly can see that it's why she loves you."

"Thanks, Mom. I need to go I have some thinking to do."

"You don't want to stay for cake?"

"Not tonight Mom. Thanks. I hope the next time I see you it's with Kelly in tow."

"I hope so too, Nate."

Nate drove to his house dialing Kelly's number along the way, but once again she didn't answer. He went inside and poured himself a drink while contemplating his next move. There was always the straightforward approach he could stand outside her apartment until she let him in, but given Kelly's temper, he didn't want to start things out with a confrontation. He needed to do something to bring her to him. Snow began to fall outside his window, and he took another sip of his drink when his eyes fell on the Christmas tree in the corner, and it occurred to him he just might have a way to reach her after all.

Kelly arrived at work early. She had stayed out for three days which was as much as she could miss without having a doctors note when she returned. It occurred to her she would have to face Nate again eventually, but she hoped that by the time that

became necessary things would have cooled between them.

"At least for him anyway," she thought to herself morosely. She highly doubted her feelings for Nate would ever go away.

When she arrived at her desk, her boss stepped out of his office to greet her.

"Hi, Kelly, welcome back. I hope you're feeling better."

"Thanks, Mr. Ross. I'm fine."

"Good. You picked a good day to return it being Christmas Eve and all most folks took the day off so it should be quiet."

Kelly shook her head realizing that she hadn't even noticed what day it was when she got up.

"Oh...By the way, you missed the Christmas gift exchange while you were out. It turns out Nate Foster drew your name, and he left this for you."

Kelly looked on in surprise as Jack Ross put a small, ornately wrapped gift box in her hand.

"Thanks," she said to her bosses retreating back.

She sat at her desk turning the box in her hands afraid to open it, but unable to just let it lie either. Finally, she slid a nail along one edge peeling off the wrapping and setting it aside. The lid lifted off easily in her tiny hand, and she dropped it down onto her desk. Inside the box, nestled in some cotton was her butterfly necklace with a piece of paper folded beneath it. The chain felt heavier than usual as she lifted it from the box watching the gems reflect the light.

The paper was covered in Nate's tight handwriting, and she started to read it slowly after unfolding the note.

"Kelly - I went back and found your necklace in the snow bank where you fell. I know you said you hated it but I suspect that you will want it back just the same. You said that you kept it originally because it reminded you of the life you wanted to leave behind. Thing is I believe it should also remind you of the opportunity you have to build something new and special for yourself. We all know that butterflies emerge from cocoons completely changed from what they were before and that's you. A scared young woman who did what she had to at the lowest point in her life then made herself into something better and more wonderful. If people can't see the dignity in that, then they

don't deserve you. You were right that I've spent years working to see my name on an office door, and all I cared about was pushing my way up the ladder to make that happen. I want you to know that changed when you came into my life. Everything that I've sacrificed pales in comparison to what you went through, and I can't tell you how proud it makes me to call you my girl. I love you, Kelly, and all the corporate success in the world would be meaningless if it costs me a chance to be with you."

Kelly squeezed the note in her fist as tears rolled down her face.

The sound of Christmas music reverberated off the walls of the Foster house as the family gathered for their traditional party. Nate stood with his sister, Gina, by a punch bowl that Nate strongly suspected his Uncle Charlie had spiked with some truly nasty off-brand rum.

"Merry Christmas, Nate!" said Gina holding out her cup for him to toast with her.

"Yeah...Merry Christmas, G," he replied in a dead voice.

"Could you maybe fake a little holiday cheer you're bumming me out."

"Sorry, G, I'm just not feeling very festive this year."

"I get it, little brother. Chin Up! Christmas isn't over yet maybe Santa will bring you another miniature girl in your stocking."

"Kelly wasn't that small."

"I was afraid I would step on her every time she was in the room."

Before Nate could retort at his sister for her joke the doorbell sounded. Brad was the closest, and he walked over to answer it.

"Hello? Anyone here?" he said looking out on the porch after he opened the door.

"Down here!" said Kelly looking up at Brad's chest.

"Oh! There you are! You know you need taller shoes or something."

"Is Nate here?" asked Kelly ignoring Brad's attempt at levity.

"NATE! There's some elf looking for you!" shouted Brad backing away from the door with a grin.

The room was filled with relatives chatting away, but it grew considerably quieter when Kelly walked through the door. Nate crossed the room trying to appear nonchalant, but the look on his face said otherwise.

"Hey," he said when he reached her not trusting himself at the moment to say more.

"Hey...Um...Can we talk in private?" asked Kelly looking around at a sea of faces that all seem to be staring at her.

"Sure. This way."

Nate led her into the kitchen the swinging door shutting behind them.

"I see you got my gift."

Kelly reached up to touch the gold butterfly hanging around her throat.

"Yes. Thank you for finding it for me."

"It wasn't too hard it more or less stood out in the snow. I'm just happy no one else got there before me."

Kelly cleared her throat about to say more when she noticed Brad's head poking around the door. Before she could say anything, a hand appeared grabbing Brad by one ear and dragging him backward.

"Bradley Lewis Foster! You get your happy ass back in the living room!" came Cathy's voice. A second later her head briefly appeared in the doorway.

"You kids take all the time you need. I'll keep the riff-raff out. Oh! and Kelly it's so good to see you again."

"Thanks, Mrs. Foster. You too."

The door swung shut again muting the party noises beyond.

"I think you were about to say something," observed Nate.

"I...was...I read your note and...and..." Kelly was trying hard not to cry, but it wasn't working as tears welled up in the corners of her eyes.

"It's o.k. Kelly."

She was in his arms sobbing a second later her tears dampening his cotton shirt.

"I love you, Nate...I love you so much..." she whispered between breaths.

"I love you too, Kelly. I meant what I said in that note I don't want to be without you."

"I don't want to be without you either, but..."

"Whatever happens in the future as long as we are together I know it will work out so no 'buts.'"

Kelly looked up at Nate with red-rimmed eyes and even with her skin flushed from crying she was still the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. They kissed each other softly feeling a sense of peace slip over them as they joined together.

Brad chose that moment to burst back in again, "Hey! Oh! Sorry guys, I thought you would be passed the kissing part by now. You need to see this. Uncle Charlie is wasted and threatening to join the Polar Bear Club by leaping naked into the duck pond. Mom is trying to talk him down!"

Kelly laughed, and Nate looked up at the sky shaking his head.

"You sure you want to join this cast of characters?"

"Nate Foster, there is no place I would rather be."

They left the kitchen hand in hand to the sound of hysterical laughter from the living room."

Dean & Lily - Office Fun

by [The_Tender_Dominant](#)©

Dean sat at his desk in the office wondering when the day would ever end. Work had been slow and boring for him all week long, and it hadn't helped that things on Lily's side of the office were hopping. They could usually entertain one another with casual conversation over the office messaging system when they

weren't busy. Today wasn't one of those days, though.

It made matters worse that Dean's night had been filled with abstract dreams fueled by hunger for his co-worker. Life outside of work had been busy for them both, lately, resulting in it being a week or more since they were last together. He made himself avoid counting the days. That would only add to his frustration, and it was already at dangerous levels.

He picked up his phone and began punching out a message. They almost never texted while at work. It was best to keep things professional, if friendly, at the office. But he couldn't stand it any longer. Dean hit [SEND] and stretched up, looking out his office door and across the cubicles that separated Lily's office from his. He could just barely make out the motion of her picking up her phone. Her back stiffened and he could imagine her eyes going wide as she read.

"I woke this morning needing to fuck you until you could barely breathe and couldn't walk, much less think. I need to mark you, ravage you, make you scream my name until the only thing left inside you is my lust and the knowledge that you belong to me. I need to fuck you. Hard. To own your body in a way that you will never forget. I need to make you cum until it hurts. And then make you do it again. I need to feel your need and hunger submit to my own. I need to feel your dominated body helpless beneath my will."

Lily's eyes were impossibly wide and her cheeks felt like they were on fire. She quickly tapped out a response.

"I'm incredibly turned on. I want to feel you pinning my wrists down... It does something to me..."

Dean was only a little surprised that she replied. She was always the one calming things if he started to get a little too friendly at work. But he knew she had to be aching for release as much as he was.

"Do you prefer pinning over tying, or a combination of the two?" He sent the message before he could consider how absurd it was for him to have to ask that question. It had been more than 2-1/2 years since the night they met and discovered their instant connection. He should know things like that by now.

The question didn't seem to bother Lily. "Pinning. Definitely. It's so hot," came her immediately reply. "Any time you pin me, it gets me riled. Even when I am certain I'm not in the mood."

Dean smiled and tucked the confession at the end away for later

use. He knew that pinning her wrists drove Lily crazy and he did it quite regularly in the heat of the moment. But Dean had never realized how potentially effective it could be without things even having warmed up.

"Agreed. Though once I've dominated you like that, it's preferable to have my hands free to make proper use of my possession."

One hand strayed down to Dean's lap and he wondered if Lily was touching herself, too. He wished he could see that.

"True... But I think I might prefer you telling me not to move my hands. I like when you do the slightly severe, quiet strength thing."

Dean shivered at the thought of Lily obeying his command to stay poised for his use.

"I like that. I really fucking like that. The simmering strength angle always provides a huge release."

"God I want you. I want to hear more."

"I'm tired of texting, Little One. I've got to have you."

"Deeeeean." He could practically hear Lily whining all the way across the office as he read her message.

"I want to bend you over right now and take what's mine."

"Damn, I need that. I want to hear you growl into my ear as you yank my head back by my hair."

Lily stared at her phone, waiting for a response that never came. She jerked and dropped the phone when she heard her office door shut. She knew it was Dean without having to look up. She could feel the hunger radiating out from him.

Dean locked the door and stared down at Lily. He could smell her excitement. Before she could react, he was on her. He grabbed her by her wrists and tugged her out of her chair, spinning her around to push her face first against the back wall of her office, as far from their co-workers as possible. He stretched her wrists high above her head and growled out a whisper into Lily's ear.

"Don't you dare fucking move."

Lily whimpered softly and her body went taut in shock. Her eyes

were huge, white orbs.

"Dean...", she tried to find the will to resist, but simply couldn't. The growing wetness between her thighs was testament to that.

He grabbed a handful of her hair and jerked her head back, growling again.

"I will have what is mine."

He forced her thighs apart with one knee and reached between her legs to grip her in his strong hand. Lily gasped out in shock at the feel of his sudden, rough touch on her heat. Her panties were soaked, so much so that she wondered if Dean could feel the wetness even through her jeans.

"Tell me who this belongs to, Little One."

She tensed, barely able to breathe. Lily struggled to keep her wrists above her head, wanting to remain in place for him, but knowing they shouldn't be doing this in the office.

"Oh god, we can't."

Dean gave her hair another tug and pulled back his hand for a spank between her thighs, ending the swat with a tight grip on her mound.

"Fuck!" Lily bit her lip to stifle the sharp cry threatening to rip from her throat. She began to grind down against his hand, gasping for breath.

"Exactly. I can do anything I want to my adorable Little One. And why is that, Lily?" he prompted her, knowing the confession would make her melt.

Lily shook visibly. She could feel herself gushing with wetness.

"You own me... ," she whimpered. "I'm yours."

"Better," Dean whispered and softly kissed her cheek. He kept the tight grip on her hair, forcing Lily's gaze to remain on the wrists she fought to keep pinned over her head. She trembled violently against the wall, almost panting, and Dean began softly petting the soaked fabric over her aching heat.

"Now be more specific. What else belongs to me?"

Lily struggled to breathe. She was blushing furiously, her

entire body taking on a pink hue. She turned her head as much as Dean's control would allow and looked into his eyes.

"My pussy belongs to you."

"Yes, my sweet Lily. Your pussy belongs to me."

Dean smiled and kissed her softly, whispering against her lips, "And your delicious cum does, too."

With a subtle tug on Lily's hair, he returned her gaze to her wrists. Dean burrowed into her neck, nipping at her skin as he breathed in her heavy scent.

"You're ready to give it to me, already. I can smell your lust."

Lily sobbed out softly, desperately, and writhed against the wall. Dean's words made her skin quiver, and she watched her wrists start slipping down.

"No no, Little One," came the reprimand, and Dean pulled back his hand to spank the heat between her thighs once more, causing Lily to gasp out sharply. Her body jerked against his and went taut as the punishment was accentuated by the tender brush of Dean's lips over her neck.

"You were told not to move," he whispered sweetly and then smiled as she pressed her wrists into the wall as hard as she could. He rewarded her effort by softly petting over Lily's pussy once more. "Good girl."

"Dean, please...", Lily whimpered and arched her hips into his touch.

Dean pulled his hand from between her thighs and pressed it to the wall beside her. He shifted his hips forward to meet her, pinning her hard against the wall.

"'Please?' Would you like permission to cum, Little One?"

Dean gave her hair another tug, jerking her head back again. With a low growl, he sank his teeth into her neck, marking her instantly.

"Yes!" Lily cried out desperately, loving how Dean made her feel helpless in the face of his hunger, pinned against the wall awaiting his use. She was so incredibly wet for him. The fresh mark on her neck made her drip as she sobbed out his name.

"Dean..."

"All you need do is ask permission."

Dean tenderly kissed his mark and moved both of his hands to her hips. He loosened her jeans, sliding them and her panties down to her knees. The cool office air made her flaming pussy ache even more.

"But once you start, you may not stop. You may not move your wrists an inch. You will stay in your place and be used."

Lily gasped and whimpered, eyes widening as Dean's orders started to sink in. She was getting wetter by the instant.

"Please! Can I cum?"

The last word came out in a squeak as Dean growled and shoved two fingers into her waiting cunt.

"Give me what belongs to me, Little One," he whispered and jerked his wrist back and forth. "Cum!"

Lily bit into her lower lip until she thought it would bleed but couldn't take it any more. Her body repoded eagerly to Dean's command, the pleasure ripping through her, causing her hips to arch sharply. She pressed her wrists to the wall and opened her mouth wide to scream out his name.

"Dea..."

"Shhhhhhh! Not so loud, my darling Lily." He clamped a hand over her mouth and began rhythmically grinding his fingers into her pussy, working them in and out of her dripping heat, coaxing her body into endless orgasm after orgasm. "Do you want everyone to hear me using you?"

Lily sobbed into his hand, unable to repond any other way. She screamed against his palm again and again, unable to hold back, thankful that Dean's control muffled her cries. Her body was going wild against his, twisting and straining desperately with a mind of its own. The pleasure was so intense, but something inside her made her focus on her wrists, determined to exert her will to keep them in place no matter how much of a struggle that proved to be.

"No stopping now, Little One," Dean was whispering in her ear. He kissed her shoulder, her neck. His lips found her cheek in the sweetest contrast to the rough treatment he was giving her pussy. She screamed again as she felt a third finger in her cunt.

"You know me. I demand every drop. You will cum until that is the only thing you know how to do."

She couldn't breathe. All she could do was buck and cum as Dean's honeyed voice sent powerful words to her core.

"Can you keep quiet on your own, Beautiful?"

A crooked smile spread over Dean's lips as he gazed down upon her. Lily's eyes were rolled back in her head as she surrendered to the lust taking her. He slowly moved his hand from her mouth, drinking in the shaky gasps that escaped her lips. Lily let out a soft mewl when he kissed her cheek again and slid his hand down her body, tracing over her hip and around between her and the wall. Dean reached low over her mound, middle finger finding her swollen clit. He circled and tapped the heated bud, working toward a steady massage.

"Don't you dare stop cumming, and keep your wrists where they belong."

Lily's eyes went impossibly wide and she jerked uncontrollably, gushing over Dean's fingers.

"I can't," she whined, struggling with her wrists as the spasms ripping through her body erased every last ounce of control.

"Stay still!" Dean growled into Lily's ear and spanked her clit, causing her to buck and twist sharply against him. She buried her face in shoulder, biting her lip in effort to hold back the cry threatening to expose their activities. Dean only intensified his assault. He jerked his wrist back and forth, twisting his fingers inside her, and bit down on her shoulder.

Lily gasped, knees threatening to buckle. She was cumming even harder now, and through the ecstatic haze clouding her mind she realized that the pain in her fingers must be from desperately grasping at the smooth wall in a vain attempt to brace herself by clinging to something, anything.

"Dean...", she somehow managed to breathe out, his name a plea for ... what, she was unsure.

"Enough!" Dean growled and shifted his hands. Fingers slick with Lily's wetness tangled in her hair as Dean's other hand moved from her clit to her throat. He pulled Lily away from the wall, manhandling her around to bend her over the desk. Lily tense in anticipation, shock making her entire body going taut. She didn't have to wait long. Driven by lust, taking only the time

to unzip his fly and pull out his rigid cock, Dean slammed his thick shaft in to the hilt. He claimed his darling girl instantly and fully in one savage thrust, stifling Lily's cries with a firm grip on her throat.

Lily's mouth worked in a silence scream that shook her to the core. She sobbed and writhed back against Dean, so unbearably wet and tight around him. It was all too much, the pleasure and pain, she struggled against the myriad sensations.

"Cum!" came Dean's order and Lily had no choice but to obey. Her throat spasmed in Dean's strong hand. His grip made her work for every breath. Screaming was not an option. She felt the office air hit her back when Dean pushed up her shirt. Then he was bending over her, his male strength claiming her femininity. He bit at her shoulders and back again and again, bucking into her forcefully. He ground his hips roughly, stretching Lily's clenching cunt around his cock, her insane wetness making it easy for Dean to rocket in and out.

He tangled his fingers in her hair again and arched Lily's head back with a tug. A subtle shift moved his hand from her throat to her chin and he turned her face to his. Their eyes locked and Dean whispered out his command once more before covering Lily's mouth with his own.

"Cum!"

Lily felt the single, powerful word travel straight from one set of lips to the other. She screamed into Dean's mouth, cumming over and over as he continued to demand it of her. She couldn't stop the sensations ripping through her body if she wanted to, now. Her body belonged to Dean and would respond as he wished. The treatment being given to her pussy made her sob and a tear trickled down her cheek from the intensity of Dean's assault on her body. All she could do now was writhe and cum. She was so very slick with sweat, unable to breathe normally or think.

Dean slid his hand back down to her throat. He didn't bother choking her again. His mere touch was enough. Eyes boring into hers he whispered against her lips.

"Beg me to cum," he coaxed her and kissed her forehead.

"Beg me to fill you," he prompted and pressed his lips to her forehead again.

"Beg me to own you," he commanded and paid sweet attention to her forehead once more.

"Beg me to make it stop."

"Please! Oh god, please, Dean!" she gasped out desperately as he crushed her body against the desk and bucked his hips forward roughly, grinding into her and pinning her in place.

"Please, cum for me. Inside me," she panted. "Own me. Claim me inside out. Please," she mewled. "I can't take any more!"

Her words made Dean's spine stiffen. He growled out his lust and moved his hand from her throat to the small of her back, pinning her hips exactly where he wanted them. His fingers tightened in her hair to tug her head backward. Lily's body arched weirdly and all she could do was receive his cock. He pistoned his hips steadily, driving his thick shaft forward to plow into her tender pussy.

"More!" he growled into her ear.

"Dean... I can't... No more," Lily's sobs answered him. She twisted and writhed, eyes impossibly wide and heart racing so fast she thought it would burst. "Please," she begged. She was so wet, so unbearably tender. Every movement made her go crazy.

"You can do it, Little One," Dean whispered and leaned over her, kissing her forehead as he looked upon her upside down. His lips pressed to her skin in a thousand sweet, tiny kisses while his hips continue to drive forward relentlessly.

"I need to stop, Dean. Please!"

Another tear rolled down Lily's cheek. She felt Dean's hand leave the small of her back to slide around her body and cup her right breast. His thumb and middle finger closed over the aching nipple.

"Once more. Dig deep and cum with me."

"I need your cum. I need it!" Lily sobbed out helplessly, twisting against Dean's hold and shaking her head. "But... I can't... I can't!"

"Once, Little One," he insisted. His voice was soft, calm, almost eerily so. She didn't know how she could obey, but she also knew it would be impossible to resist. His lips were on her forehead in a steady progression of kisses until he suddenly tugged her hair harder. She arched sharply and felt Dean's lips cover hers. His hips moved erratically, now. He was panting against her mouth with each thrust.

"Cum!" he growled and slammed into her, filling her, cumming in wave after explosive wave. He screamed into her, marking her pussy with the brand of his cum.

Lily sobbed uncontrollably and bit her lip to remain as silent as possible. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Dean," she whimpered his name over and over, the only word she could think. Her body jerked and shook beneath his of its own accord. Dimly, she realized her face was in Dean's hands and he was kissing her mouth passionately. She melted into him, soft sounds escaping her lips as he kissed away her tears. His hips slowed to a lazy roll and Lily's body instinctively milked his cock for every last drop of cum.

"Oh, my Little One," she heard him say.

"Dean ..." Lily's voice was all mewls and gasps and quivering breaths. She shuddered with random aftershocks, kissing him back and finally going completely limp beneath him.

Dean fought to catch his breath and took an unsteady step back away from Lily. The front of his jeans were soaked with her juices, but he didn't care. He sat down in Lily's chair and guided her into his lap, cradling her to his chest and softly stroking her hair.

"My sweet Little One."

Lily pressed her face into his neck, and tried to control her breathing. She curled close, her entire body so very tender. Dean smiled down at her and kissed the top of her head as he played with her hair. His fingertips lightly caressed her cheek and she could smell herself on him.

"I needed you desperately, Little One," Dean whispered and kissed her hair again.

"Me, too." Lily murmured with a little smile. She stretched and nuzzled into his neck, giggling as she realized the mess that Dean's lap must be. "I'm dripping."

Dean grinned widely and shrugged, knowing they had both gotten exactly what they needed today. He wrapped both arms around Lily and held her close, talking to her softly as they waited for the office to empty so they could sneak out. Tonight would be a quiet one after their office antics, but that was good. Dean always preferred to take her only once he was fully rested, and he was already looking forward to the next time.

Disciplining the Boss

by [PhilosopherX](#)©

Fresh out of college I took a job at a marketing firm on Madison Avenue, making terrible wages and working for a terrible boss. Her name was Sabrina Sexton, and for a while I thought she was actually insane.

It wasn't that she worked us hard, if you're young and ambitious enough to go to NYC for a job you expect to be worked hard. Instead, at times she seemed schizophrenic. She'd heap praise on me in the morning and the scream at me in the afternoon. She'd tell me what she wanted, and after I had followed her instructions to the letter, she'd threaten to fire me for wasting the company's time on bullshit.

Of course employees talk, and we certainly talked about her. When I speculated she was literally crazy, someone else suggested she had a problem with amphetamines. In all cases we weren't sure how she managed to first get her job, and then keep it.

Some of us expected she must have slept with the big boss. Sabrina was smoking hot, even for a woman 15 years older than me. Single and no kids so she spent a good deal of her free time at the gym. At least, when she talked about off time, that's what she talked about.

She was average height, about 5'5" with a fit body that had just the right slope from her waist to her hips. Her hair was chestnut brown, but it was difficult to tell how long it was because she always wore it up revealing an elegant neck. Her glasses gave her a bit of that sexy librarian vibe.

Still despite being meticulously put together, she seemed a mess. She had talent for the marketing world, there was no doubt about that, but she was not a leader. We succeeded as a team in spite of her.

One day, in the middle of a preparing for a big client presentation, I had had computer troubles and the IT guys had screwed around and robbed me of a few hours of my life. So when everyone else was leaving for home, I was stuck finishing my end

of the product.

My friend Charlie, a well-manicured Latino who I'm pretty sure was gay patted me on the back and smiled, "You sure you want to be alone here with the bitch? Who knows what she'll do with only one person to scream at." Sabrina was still in her office, a glass encased box on one side of the room, but she kept the blinds drawn.

I laughed and said, "I'm gonna have to brave it, Charlie. If you don't see me tomorrow tell my parents I love them." He laughed as he made his way to the elevator.

Sure enough about 20 minutes later, Sabrina's door opened and she looked around the office, confused at its emptiness. When her eyes fixed on me, they narrowed and she barked, "You. Get in here. Now."

"Great," I thought to myself, "Thanks IT." But I dutifully made my way toward her office and walked in.

"Close the door," she ordered. When I started to say there was no need since we were alone she cut me off and through gritted teeth she said, "A simple goddamn order and you can't even do that without 50 fucking complaints."

I rolled my eyes to myself as I shut the door. Trying to maintain a pleasant disposition in order to end this meeting quickly I said, "So Ms. Sexton, what can I do for you?"

"For starters you can redo all of the copy on the recent campaign," she said tossing a file of paper work at me.

"Um," I started taken aback, "I'm a graphic artist, not a copy writer."

"So you don't know how to write fucking English?" She insulted me. "You went to college, didn't you? Surely your degree made you take writing classes."

I didn't really know what to say, "Well, I could try, but I still have to finish the graphics we decided on, and that will take me a while."

"Jesus Christ," she muttered, "Useless, all of you are fucking useless."

It was the end of a long day so I said the first thing that came to mind, "So why don't you just do it yourself then?" It was part frustration, part serious suggestion. I mean, what did she

do all day?

She looked a little stunned. "You know what," she said, "Just go home, and don't bother coming back tomorrow."

I shouted, "Are you fucking kidding me?" I needed this job, but I wasn't about to beg for it. "You know what Sabrina, you don't fucking deserve me or anyone else who works in this office."

Her eyes went wide and then narrowed in anger, but I continued, "If you look good to the big boss it's only because people like me work hard despite your so-called leadership. You soak up the praise and the paycheck, but don't deserve shit. You're like a spoiled child and you should be treated like one."

She laughed at me and mocked, "What does that mean? Are you going to spank me?"

The frustration with her and this job took over as I stepped to her, my 6'0 frame dwarfing her own. I all but snarled, "Someone should."

"Like you're man enough," she said sarcastically, but there was a kind of wide-eyed hunger inspired by my aggression. I took her roughly by the back of the neck and pushed her forward over her desk. She whimpered at the rough treatment as I made her bend at the waist.

"What do you think you're doing?" She breathed huskily. The grey pencil skirt she was wearing accentuated her round ass as her torso rested against her desk. I made no attempt to hold her down as I reached to undo my belt, and she, surprisingly, made no effort to move.

"Sabrina," I said, "I think you've needed someone to put you in your place for a long time, it might as well be me." And I brought my belt down on her still clothed ass.

It wasn't the first time I'd spanked a woman. A girlfriend in college loved it, but I was never truly disciplining her for bad behavior. This was different, my boss needed to learn a lesson.

When the belt smacked against her ass, Sabrina didn't cry out in anger so much as moan a "fuck you, you son of a bitch." I looked at her bent across the desk and her eyes were fixed on me through her glasses. I brought down the belt again, harder this time. She sucked in air through her teeth and then glared at me through the sensation.

"I'm not sure this belt is getting through to you, Sabrina," I

said calmly. "Stand up and remove your skirt so I can give you a proper lesson."

She stood in front me, lowered her eyes and bit her lip. She undid the button on her skirt and the zipper. sliding it down her lean, bare legs past her heels, she stepped out of it. Under her skirt was a red lace thong.

"Remove everything, Sabrina," I continued, taking in the site of her half naked body. "Blouse, bra, and thong too."

"Fuck you," she said, but immediately began unbuttoning her shirt, chin to her chest, she watched me closely over the top of her glasses as her fingers worked the buttons. When she slid it off, stood there in just her bra, panties and high heels, I had to swallow hard, but I was determined to keep my role as dominant.

I gave her a steely glance. "Everything."

She hesitated and then reached behind her back undoing her bra. Her breasts were gorgeous, soft milk-white globes about the perfect size for my hands, with pink, erect nipples just waiting to be tweaked and twisted.

I kept myself from reaching out too eagerly, allowing her to finish her task. She slid her thong down her legs and revealed that she kept herself all but hairless, a thin strip of fine dark hair atop her now exposed cunt.

She went to remove her 4 inch heels, but I stopped her. "No," I said, "those stay on." She immediately stopped what she was doing and waited for a word from me. Standing there, arms at her sides, head slightly bowed. Wearing nothing but her glasses and her heels, accentuated with what I now saw as the sluttiest shade of red lipstick and fingernail polish, and an almost out of place string of pearls around her neck, giving her an air of dignity at odds with her present position.

I took her by her delicate shoulders and pushed her down over her desk. She caught herself and rested her upper body on her forearms, her naked ass presented high in the air, aided by her heels.

I stepped behind her, put my foot between hers and pushed her legs apart. For the first time I could see how wet she was and I couldn't help but touch her. I pressed my palm against her sex and ground its flat surface against her cunt, feeling my hand slicken with her ample juices.

Sabrina moaned and gyrated her hips. This made me chuckle slightly as I watched her wanton transformation to bitch in heat from just plain bitch. "Jesus Sabrina, you're quite the submissive slut under all that show of authority, aren't you?"

She simply moaned in reply, which inspired me to remove my hand from her cunt and leave her wantonly pushing back against emptiness. I brought the belt down hard on the now bare flesh of her ass. "Answer me, slut."

She whined from the dual stings of pain and humiliation. "I..." she hesitated, "I... don't know."

I brought the belt down hard again and the sharp sound of smacked flesh sounded in the air, followed shortly by her cry.

"You don't know if you're a submissive slut?" I taunted. "You certainly look like a submissive slut from where I'm standing."

Two more quick slaps with the leather from my belt and she fell forward on the desk, her arms giving way and her cheek pressed flat against the top. She reached one hand behind her, whether in an effort to shield her ass or soothe it, I didn't know, but I wasn't having any of it.

"Oh no, slut," I said. "Your ass is to remain exposed to me as long as I want it to be, and you will take whatever punishment I say you deserve for abusing your employees."

"No," she whimpered, "no, I'll be good." Her eyes were shut and completely unprompted she whispered, "I'll be your good girl."

"You're right, you will be." I grabbed her slender wrist and pulled it away from her reddening ass. Walking to the front of the desk, I removed my silk tie, held her wrists together in one of my hands and wrapped the tie around them, binding her wrists together above her head. She offered little resistance, as I finished the knot. It seemed that part of her wanted to stop this, but some other part, some deeper part wanted, or needed me to continue.

With her hands bound I was free to return working over the soft flesh of her ass which I did, repeatedly bringing my belt down as a stern punishment for her poor management of me and my colleagues. Reddening the white skin as her howls filled the air. I could see the marks from the strap of my belt crisscross her delicate flesh.

I paused, panting, as she lay writhing across the desk, moaning almost inconsolably.

"Please..." she whimpered, "Please, I'm so close..."

I was dumb struck by her comment, but I noticed for the first times her thighs were damp with the overflow of her cunt. Intrigued as if I could get her to orgasm with the belt I smacked her again, harder this time and she shook violently as she cried out into the room. Again, the belt came down, this time focused to graze her pussy lips which she increasingly exposed and presented to my discipline.

This was enough to send her over as her body violently began to shake and she called out amid the non verbal shrieks, "Oh my god... that's it... oh god you bastard... I'm going to..." At that point I smacked her as hard as I had, and she finished her sentence by screaming "Cuuuuuuuummmmmmm."

I watched in awe as my submissive slut of a boss melted into a pool of pleasure and pain as her body shook violently into orgasm from the mere fact of a spanking. Her face was agony and ecstasy, tears smeared the mascara from her closed eyes while her ruby red lips hung open gasping for air and crying out her divine anguish.

I sat back in her chair, leaving her splayed in front of me a heaving pile of broken and satisfied flesh. My cock was hard, of course, at the display, but fucking her exposed cunt seemed almost anticlimactic compared to the show I had just witnessed inspired by a whipping.

I stared at her body. From my angle I could see her spread legs leading up to her red ass and still quivering cunt. But I could also see her torso across the desk. Her breast smashed against the cold wood and her face with tear stained cheeks and panting mouth.

I stepped behind her and unzipped my pants, releasing my already hard cock. I kicked her legs apart, opening her wet pussy, took my cock in my hand and ran the head up and down her exposed slit.

"You're good at telling people what to do, Sabrina," I mocked, "So why don't you tell me to fuck you."

She whimpered but otherwise remained silent. I brought the belt, still in my hand, down hard on her ass. Her legs quaked and a cry filled the room.

"You're not being a very good boss, Sabrina," I said, "You have a willing employee, but you're not making full use of his

talents."

She mumbled something I couldn't hear, her whisper a combination of desire and exhaustion. I smacked her with the belt again. "Speak up, slut."

Tears filled her eyes, her face strained to get through the sting, but I could feel her cunt lips quiver and moisten. Dutifully she said, "Please fuck me."

I continued to wet the head of my cock just inside the lips of her cunt. "You can do better than that." I said, and I smacked her ass again.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," she babbled, "please, fuck me, take me cunt, please just shove it inside me, I'll be a good girl."

With that I pressed into her, shoving my already aching cock into the tight folds of her wet flesh. She was tighter than expected, whether by nature or abstinence, I couldn't say, but she reacted as though she had been branded, lifting her head and arching her back, almost howling as I drove myself home.

Pressed deep inside her, every inch of my thick cock was gripped by her flesh. I held myself there, wanting to revel in the feeling of it. I couldn't resist the idea of leaning forward and taking a firm hold of her hair, which had fallen out of its tie. Wrapping my hand in it I pulled back, making her arch her back even more. Holding her hair like a bridle with one hand, I brought the belt down on her ass with the other, as though I was a jockey whipping his mount.

She cried out again and I felt her inner muscles contract around my cock. The feeling was so divine I whipped her again, keeping firm hold of her hair. Her cries filled the room. Only then did I begin to fuck her in earnest, sliding out and pressing hard back into her, each thrust slow and deliberate and deep.

Occasionally I would bring the belt down again and she would sing out in that wonderful mix of pleasure and pain that would accompany a tension in her body that milked my ever invading cock.

Her vocals, became and incoherent mixture of pleas and commands. "Fuck me, yes, harder, harder, please, whatever you want, hurts so good, hurt me, fuck me, use me."

My own timing was getting better. And finally I brought the belt down hard on her backside, causing her to tighten just before I pressed into her, making my thrust rougher and more invasive.

And this treatment proved to be all she needed as her body spasmed and collapsed into another orgasm as she all but screamed, "Fuuucckkkk Hurts so good!!"

I was pressing myself to the limit, but I had plans for this abusive slut. As she still shuddered from her orgasm, I pulled out, leaving her cunt obscenely fucking back against thin air. I pulled her by her hair to her feet, spun her toward me and then pushed her down to her knees.

Still holding her hair, she was panting with unfocused eyes as she looked up at me. Her makeup had smeared and her mouth hung open, and I took the opportunity to push my cock into it. Her eyes shot wide at first, but then closed as she sucked my cock as though it were a pacifier.

Her ordeal had left her exhausted, so it was up to me to control the action. I used both hands to hold her head as I proceeded to fuck her mouth. Her moans vibrated through me as I could feel my cock swell against her tongue.

Finally I pulled out, letting my cock erupt onto her face. The first spurt splashed across her nose and glasses, the second more directly on her lips. I shoved back into her mouth for the remaining amount. Whether happy to be used or just oblivious, she sucked and swallowed the rest.

I fell back into her desk chair as I released her, my own legs giving out. She fell back on her haunches, resting against the drawers of her oak desk. Cum covered her face and dripped down to her breasts. She looked past me with a vacant, satisfied expression.

I reached forward and ran a finger over a glob of cum on her cheek and shoved it into her mouth. Without thinking, she sucked my finger clean.

"Good girl, Sabrina," I said as I fed her my cum from my finger, "Now get to work rewriting that copy. I'm going home."

Finding the Whore Within

by [PhilosopherX](#)©

I would like to thank celafille for inspiration and feedback on this story. It's a little different from my other stories, but different is good, yes? Let me know what you think.

She struggled to keep her composure as she sat waiting on the uncomfortable chairs that lined the hall. She was the last to be interviewed; a stream of young men and women had once filled the hallway, each in turn being called into the office ahead of her. Each leaving, some looking relieved, others muttering to themselves. None looked exceptionally confident.

When they called her name her heart leapt. She wanted this job so desperately. She stood, smoothing her pencil skirt by running her palms over her thighs. She took a deep breath, repeated to herself the words of her mentor. "Be confident, be positive, smile." But at that moment she didn't feel confident, at that moment she felt smaller than her petite 5'3" frame, she felt younger than her 20 years. Still she managed to walk confidently into the room and close the door behind her.

She forced her best smile and extended her hand, "Hello, I'm..."

"Laurie Eagleton," the man behind the desk said, not looking up at her, his nose, instead, buried in what must have been her file, "Take a seat."

She was thrown by his lack of warmth, troubled that he didn't bother to shake her hand. But obediently she sat in the chair in front of his desk, trying her best to keep a good posture, chin up, knees together, hands folded awkwardly in her lap. She could never figure out what to do with her hands.

He put her folder down and looked at her for the first time. He was attractive, she thought, older certainly, mid 30s. His brown hair had just the beginnings of a few touches of grey. He ran his hand over his chin thoughtfully as he looked her over, and gave a half smile.

"I've read your resume," he began, "and it's very impressive, but truthfully, I don't want to hire you for this job."

Her heart sank, and her mouth opened as if to speak but nothing came out. She fought back the tears from frustration and anger and disappointment. He hadn't even asked her a single question. How could the interview be over so quickly?

He stood up and walked around until he was directly in front of her. Leaning back against the heavy oak desk, he folded his arms

and looked down at her gauging her reaction.

"But," she finally managed to say, "But I waited all day. You didn't even ask me a question." Her voice was breathless as if she had been running for a long time.

"I know," he nodded his head, "I've seen you there, all day, every time my door opened to interview another applicant. Sometimes your legs would be crossed, sometimes not. Sometimes you played with your phone, sometimes not. Anxiously waiting your turn." Here he chuckled to himself, "I even moved your file down in the stack so that you'd be at the end."

"But why," she almost begged, "if you weren't going to hire me?"

"Well," he said, "there are two reasons. The first is that my colleague in another office has a job that you're much better suited for based upon your resume. I've already lined that job up for you. This position would be a waste of your obvious talents, and my friend has agreed to take you on, at my word." He handed her a business card. "Call him when you leave here, he'll give you the details."

She stared blankly at the card, not really taking in its content. She looked up at him, her mouth crooked with confusion.

"Like I said, there are two reasons," he began again. "You see, I've been watching you all day. The way you hold yourself, your posture, the way you wet your lips with your tongue whenever your name wasn't called. And each time that door opened, I'd flip back to your profile, get a better sense of you, there's something..." he trailed off. "Something different about you."

She wasn't sure where he was going with this, but she suddenly felt very aware of the fact that it was past 5 pm and the two of them were alone in his office. She fidgeted in her chair, looking over her shoulder at the door and then back to him.

"You see," he said standing straight and taking a step toward her until he towered over her, "I'm a man of principle. And if you came to work for me, well that wouldn't be good at all."

Staring up at him she said in a small voice barely above a whisper, "Why not?"

"Because I don't fuck my employees, and I am going to fuck you."

The words dazed her, but not just the words, the confidence, the authority. He said it as if she had no say in the matter, or at least as if he already knew that he excited her, that mixed in

with fear and anxiety over the interview and the situation was a tingle of a sexual charge that was growing.

Still she felt she had to get away. Standing with an intent to leave, she found that he hovered so close to her that in moving to get away she had inadvertently moved closer to him, her small chest brushing against his torso.

Her eyes looked up at him; her expression hovered between insistence and helplessness. He gave no ground, and when she reached out her small hands and touched his waist, her intent had been to push him aside so she could leave, but instead she lingered.

His hands took her by shoulders and held her firmly, but not forcibly, the way one may hold a egg, knowing how fragile it is. There was power in his touch, and it coursed through her body like the stunning shock of an electric eel.

As he lowered his lips to hers, she told herself she had no choice, that she was pinned and helpless, but that could only explain why he was kissing her, it would never explain satisfactorily why she was kissing him back, or why it was her tongue that ventured out in search of his. His hands moved up her neck from her shoulders, until he cupped her face in them as he kissed her.

"Take off your blouse," he said into her mouth as they kissed. And without hesitation her slim fingers began undoing buttons.

She could sense him smile at her obedience and she hated herself for it. She had read stories of women who longed to be taken by a man in control and never thought herself to be one. But now, in the midst of being taken by such a man, something instinctual took over, her unconscious desires betrayed her, and she was his willing conquest.

When her blouse was unbuttoned, he slid the silk material down her shoulders, just to her elbows, but then stopped and roughly twisted the fabric behind her, binding her arms. She whimpered at her helplessness, but did nothing, shouted nothing to protest.

His free hand went to her small breasts that were still encased in the lacy material of her bra. He guessed rightly that it was a front clasp, and with a dexterity that spoke to years of experience taking young women, opened the clasp and exposed her chest.

Taking a firm grip on a soft mound of flesh, he found her

hardened nipple with his thumb and forefinger and rolled it until it was harder still. She whimpered into his mouth, her breasts and nipples being especially sensitive.

"You moan like a whore," he whispered before plunging his tongue back into her mouth, stealing any chance to reply. His tongue parted her lips just as his finger twisted her nipple harder, making her whine again to demonstrate his comment.

"My god," she thought, "am I really so easy that I let a man I just met..." her thought interrupted as he gave her nipple another twist, and a mix of pain and pleasure shot through her young body and she melted into another moan.

He released her with his hands, letting her shirt finally fall completely away. Taking hold of the back of her neck he said, "I want to see how good you are with your mouth." He gave a gentle downward pressure on her shoulders and without question or resistance she sank to her knees in front of him until she was eye level with his zipper.

Her eyes darted up to his, a mix of anxiety and expectation. She'd only ever given one blow job in her young life and she didn't know how to proceed. She didn't want to embarrass herself by revealing her inexperience, so she waited for him to tell her what to do.

"Go ahead," he smiled down at her, bemused by her naiveté, "undo my pants." She hesitantly reached her slender fingers for the clasp of his trousers. She fumbled a bit, but once undone, his zipper fell easily. She could see the bulge in his boxer briefs as his pants fell away and without thinking she reached out and rubbed her palm along it, feeling his cock grow beneath the fabric.

She hesitated, not sure whether to slide his underwear off, or reach her hand into the flap. Her cheeks reddened at her own embarrassment for not knowing. Luckily he reached down himself, pushing his boxer briefs down just low enough to free his cock, which now stood mostly erect mere inches from her mouth.

She reached out and took hold of his cock. It already felt so much bigger than the other boys she had touched. Maybe this man was special, or maybe men's cocks grew bigger as they reached middle age. As she began to slowly run her hand over him, she realized how little she actually knew about men.

He reached down and stroked her hair, but at the same time gave her firm guidance to bring her mouth to his cock. He wasn't forcing her, exactly, but he was tired of waiting for her lust

to overcome her inexperience. She drew closer, opened her mouth wide, and took the mushroom shaped head into her mouth.

He tasted salty already. Was that precum? She had only given one blow job before but she had insisted the guy not cum in her mouth. Now as she slowly worked her head back and forth over just a few inches of his thick cock, she was consumed by the thought that she was tasting his cum, or precum anyway. What was the difference after all? It was on her tongue, she was swallowing it.

She almost cried as she thought about how slutty she must seem, to be so easily taken. Almost cried, because in the end every time she thought the word; slut, whore, tramp, harlot, a jolt shot through her and she could feel herself become slick. So she kept going.

Suddenly she felt his hand entwine in her hair. Her mouth still full, her eyes shot up and met his as he gazed down in lust at her. She could feel the strength in his hand and hips as he began pushing more of his cock into the wetness of her mouth. She opened wider, trying to accommodate him. Trying to please him.

She moaned and the vibration shot through him and made his cock grow fatter between her lips. She wasn't blowing him anymore, he was simply fucking her mouth, impatient with her hesitation. His hips found a fluid motion and she let her hands fall to her side, giving herself over to being used.

Then there was a knock on his office door, her eyes went wide and she tried to pull her mouth off of him, but her pushed deeper into her mouth and held her there, his strength too much for her.

"Yes?" he called out, his cock pulsing deep in her mouth and she made little moans and squeals around it. This was his office, and he'd do as he wished without concern for propriety, just as her body was now his to do with as he pleased.

The door opened. An attractive young women Laurie recognized as the receptionist stepped in. She looked over the scene before her, a wide eyed Laurie, topless, mouth stretched on her bosses cock. The receptionist smiled an almost purred at the sight.

"My, Mr. Reeves, you sure know how to pick 'em," she said with a condescending look toward the girl on her knees. For his part, Mr. Reeves, began moving his hips again so that his cock ever so slightly began sliding over Laurie's lips.

"What is it, Liz?" he said, his voice a little breathless and slightly irritated.

"I just wanted to see if you needed anything before I head home for the weekend," she smiled wickedly, "But I see you're being taken care of."

Laurie felt so small, so whorish. This other woman's gaze proved it. Laurie was just another girl who reeked of unfulfilled desire, an easy mark for the boss to take charge of and use. She would never have imagined that morning that she would be getting her mouth fucked by a man she just met while someone else watched. But here she was, doing just that.

"No," Mr. Reeves grunted as he pumped his cock in and out of the young woman's mouth, "I'm good."

The receptionist moved closer until she bent over bringing her face close to Laurie's, "She is cute." Looking up at Mr. Reeves she continued, "Kinda slutty though. What? You just met her about 20 minutes ago?"

Another moan from Laurie which meant to say, "I am NOT a slut, this is only my second blow job." But the message was lost as her new lover fucked her mouth like it was a whore's cunt.

"She was a bit easier than most," Mr. Reeves admitted. "Maybe I'm getting better at picking them."

Liz walked behind her boss, put her arm around his chest and whispered in his ear, "One day, I'm going to quit just so you'll let me join in."

Laurie felt the assault on her mouth become more urgent, she even thought she could feel Mr. Reeves' cock swell. But naïve as she was, these signs weren't understood by her. The vastly more experienced Liz, however, could tell just by feeling the rise and fall of her boss's chest knew what was about to happen, and she whispered again into his ear, "Go ahead, cum in the little tramp's mouth."

Just then Laurie encountered the warm saltiness of her first mouthful of a man's cum. He had pressed deep into so she had no choice but to try to swallow, especially since he held her head firmly in place with both hands. Quickly though she was overwhelmed, and while she swallowed what she could, the mass of his second third and fourth eruptions overflowed her lips and drooled down her chin, falling onto her exposed breasts.

Having emptied himself into her mouth, he released her and fell

back against his pretty receptionist, who wore a devilish grin of satisfaction and arousal. She kissed his neck playfully, before letting him go and again approaching Laurie.

For her part, Laurie was a cum covered mess. She fell back on her folded legs, gasping for breath after Mr. Reeves basically tried to drown her. Liz, leaning down, put keeping her distance from the wet and sticky girl, reached forward and with her index finger collected a big dollop of her bosses seed from Laurie's chin, and then shoved her finger into the younger woman's mouth.

Not know what else to do, Laurie cleaned her finger, and cleaned it again when Liz repeated the action, feeding the applicant her bosses cum one finger full at a time. When Laurie's face was shiny, but mostly clean, Liz leaned in and kissed her deeply, letting her tongue replace her finger in Laurie's mouth, tasting her boss by proxy.

With both Mr. Reeves and Laurie still regaining their composure, Liz stood up, smiled at her boss, and licked her lips. "Now," she said, "I have to go find someone to fuck me, since you won't. Stupid workplace rules." And she left.

Mr. Reeves laughed to himself. "That was Liz," he said evenly, "One day, if you're good, I'll let you lick her pussy. Just because I can't touch her, doesn't mean you can't."

Laurie was almost in a daze, she only half realized what he had just said and began to protest, "But..."

"Stand up and take off your skirt," he said authoritatively as he cut her off. He knew what she was going to say. She wasn't a lesbian. So what? She was submissive, and Liz would dome the fuck out this young girl. But not today, today she was all for him.

Laurie stood slowly, the sensation of the semen slowly drying on her chest just reinforced the idea that she belonged to this man she only just met. Again she lied to herself, making excuses for why she was undoing the buttons on the side of her skirt, why she was slowly sliding it down her legs, why she was suddenly glad that her mother encouraged her to wear stockings instead of pantyhose.

He smiled at the revelation of her sexy under garments. She had been taught well by someone, almost prepped to please. "Sit in the chair," he told her, and she did, demurely, her body angled, her knees together.

"No," he shook his head, "not like that. Spread your legs." She

obeyed, but felt awkward. "Wider," he commanded again, and she leaned back in the chair and tried her best to oblige.

"Better," he said as he walked toward her. With her legs spread like this she could tell how wet she was, and it excited her to know that he wasn't done using her petite body. And even though it might have been obvious to someone more experienced, she was surprised, and a little bit terrified, when he fell to his knees between her outstretched legs, and kissed her upper thigh just above the black of her stocking.

Her immediate reaction was to close her legs, which she did, only to momentarily trap his head between them. He could smell her wetness with her sudden movement, as if she had fanned her scent toward him. He took hold of her knees and pressed her legs firmly apart.

"Has no one tasted you?" he asked. She looked down at him, her eyes locked onto his, and in the most deviously innocent way bit her lower lip and gave her head a slight shake, "no." He felt his spent cock twitch at both the sight and the thought of being the first tongue on her.

He kissed her thigh again. Close enough this time to feel the fabric of her lacy panties against his cheek, rough with shadow at the end of the day. He rubbed his cheek into her and she mewled like a kitten at the attention.

He then moved to cover her panty clad pussy with his mouth, teasing her with the barrier between his tongue and her clit. She moaned deeply, but half out of anxiety. Would she like it? What if he didn't like her taste? At this point she couldn't stand rejection.

With the deftness of experience, he nudged her thong to the side with his nose, still holding her shaking legs wide apart. She felt his breath on her lower lips and shivered. She even bucked her hips unconsciously, trying to close the gap between her pussy and his mouth.

He closed the small gap between her waiting pussy and his mouth, and planted a simple closed mouth kiss on the young woman. She had been expecting so much more that it confused her and for a moment she lost her anxiety. It was then that his tongue rolled out and parted her pussy with a long, slow, electrifying lick that made her gasp into the empty air of his office.

He knew what he was doing, even if she didn't quite understand what to expect. He flicked his tongue over her swollen clit and she whimpered, then another long slow lick. She reached down and

ran her fingers through his hair and tried her best to push herself against his mouth, but whenever she pushed up, he backed away in the most infuriating way.

She all but wept with frustration, and he smiled at the sound.

As he continued his torturous alternating between licks and flicks, he released her legs and let them settle over his shoulders as he feasted on her.

"Oh god," she cried out, "I never knew..." the thought trailed off into a high pitched squeak followed by a long slow moan.

At this point he settled in, sealing his mouth over her cunt, he moaned in delight as he adopted a repetitive circle over her clit, punctuated every now and again by his tongue taking a detour deeper into the folds of her flesh.

She thrashed wildly and bucked against his mouth, a mess of whines and moans building in intensity. He reached up over her body and fondled her breasts. Twisting her nipples, mixing a slight bit of pain into her pleasure.

As his mouth was fixed over her cunt, his eyes were fixed on her face. She was such a pretty girl, but the contorted expressions his tongue now inspired revealed her for the sexual entity she was. He had broken through that innocent church girl expression and found a depth of desire.

He knew she was close, and he debated whether to let her cum against his tongue like this. Her breathing became erratic, her moans more desperate. He gave in to her body's needs if only because he wanted to watch this young woman cum, truly cum, for the first time in her young life.

Finding the Whore Within

by [PhilosopherX](#)©

He flicked his tongue quickly over her, then flattened his tongue against her. She shuddered, her breath caught in her throat, and then her entire body began to quake.

She bucked violently against his mouth and he wrapped his arms under her thighs and around her hips to try his best to hold her down as her orgasm coursed through her flesh.

She closed her eyes so tight, she saw stars, and her arms

flailed wildly about her own head until she held her own flushed face and took her thumb in her mouth as if she was a child trying to calm herself. She lay there twitching in delight as he removed his mouth from her and stood back, his face glistening with her juices.

He smiled at the juxtaposition of her infantile thumb sucking with her spent body splayed out, spent and easy. When he moved away from her, she slid down the chair, her legs falling open revealing her well eaten cunt, the dried semen from his blow job was clearly visibly on her chest, but her face was serene, even angelic, a shadow of the innocence she once possessed.

He reached down and pulled her up like a rag doll, one hand behind her neck, the other around her slim waist. Her unfocused eyes looked at him with the kind of adoration women reserve for the man who first teaches them how to orgasm.

"Now I'm going to fuck you, Laurie," he said matter of factly as he bent her over his desk. She made a small noise of assent, but lay limp and still, face down on the hard wood.

He stood behind her, his cock once again hard and eager to explore every inch of her young body. He kicked her legs apart and wet his cock by licking three fingers of his hand and transferring the saliva to it. He rubbed the head up and down her slit, feeling her still wet, parting her lips again.

He pushed forward, the mushroom cap of his cock slid into her. He expected her to be tight, but he hadn't felt a cunt this tight in a long time. He took hold of her waist and rocked slightly back and forth.

The feeling of being opened cleared her head and she raised herself up on her elbows and looked back at him with lidded eyes. She wasn't a virgin, and it surprised her that her high school boyfriend's cock hadn't prepared her to be fucked by a man. To be fucked by this man at any rate.

He was going slowly, and it was agony. "Just do it," she thought, "Just fuck me, just grab me and split me open." Then she thought how whorish her thoughts had become and shivered. But still she began to push back against him, and he took her sudden alertness to be a sign.

He took firm hold of her hips at the perfect point where they sloped into the wideness of her ass, and he pushed hard into her.

She cried out into the room at the sudden violation but managed

to say aloud despite herself "Yes, fuck, yes, like that."

Even though her cunt was impossibly tight, she was as wet as he'd experienced, and her insistence on being fucked hard was the only excuse he needed to begin pounding into her.

She whimpered and whined, mewled and cried as he stretched her young cunt in ways she hadn't imagined. Her past boyfriend had been little more than heavy petting compared to the violation she was currently experiencing.

Her whines and moans turned into a steady string of gibberish, "fuck, fuck, fuck," she muttered aloud, and then whining between despair and ecstasy, "I'm a whore, I'm a whore, I'm a whore."

For his part, Mr. Reeves, watched as the young woman devolved into a fuck toy for his pleasure. He leaned over her, his cock buried deep inside her, and whispered in her ear. "You've got a tight cunt for a whore. Not for long, though, I'm gonna make you a perfect fit for my cock."

She whimpered at the thought. He took hold of her hair and pulled her back onto him, making her arch her back in the perfect way. He held her hair tight and tight fucked her young cunt like she was made for his cock.

When he smacked her ass with his free hand, a jolt shot through her, and when he smacked her ass harder a second time in concert with an especially hard thrust, she was cumming again, this time on his cock. Convulsing and contracting around the steely invader, urging him on as she found release for a second time.

He pressed violently into her through her orgasm, but when she had gone limp again, he pulled out, much to her disappointment.

Left empty and wanting, she wondered in her daze what was going to happen. Did he cum? She thought she'd know if he came, but her boyfriend always used a rubber, so she'd never been filled before.

As she mused she felt a new sensation. Something cool and wet sliding down the crack of her ass. It wasn't all together unpleasant, like a lotion or a massage oil. And then she felt pressure at her anal opening.

Her eyes shot open wide and she looked over her shoulder in fear. He noticed her expression, and said simply, "Sluts are open to their men. Open in every way."

He pressed forward and she shook her head almost imperceptibly

with wide eyes as her ass began to open. If she wanted to stop him, she didn't. Nor was she sure she could have. If her pussy felt violated her ass felt like it was being destroyed.

She breathed heavy, like a woman in labor. He went slowly and his cock sank into her tightest hole. There was some pain, but a strange pleasure. She knew she wanted this. She wanted to be the kind of woman who could take anything a man could give.

It caught him off guard when she pushed back to hasten this new violation. "Oh," he said, "you want my cock in your ass, you dirty little slut? Want to show me just how whorish you can be?"

"Yes," she replied breathlessly, "Yes, I'm a whore, make me a whore, treat me like a whore." Her instance became a mantra, chanted over and over, "Make me a whore, make me a whore," as his cock slowly disappeared into her.

"It's obscene," he said, his cock almost buried, "Just how stretched your ass is right now, young lady."

"I'm no lady," she panted, "I'm a whore."

One last push and he was in her. He gave a moment to get used to the feeling of fullness. Buried deep inside her anal cavity, he opened the bottle of lube he had used and poured it down over her ass generously and the place where the hilt of his cock stretched her ass the widest.

He slid out of her, and then back in, and again, and again after that. Soon he had built up a rhythm.

"Oh my god," she breathed, "You're fucking my ass. My ass is being fucked." Her head dropped back to the desk, "I'm such a whore," she mumbled.

"Even a smart girl like you," he grunted sarcastically, feeling the impossible tightness around his cock, "can learn something new every day. Now reach under yourself and rub your clit."

Again she did as she was told and was surprised to find just how amazing this felt. Her body responded to both the violation and the attention, and soon she was moaning and writhing as he slid in and out of her ass, a familiar feeling brewing inside her, another orgasm was on its way.

"God," she thought, "what kind of girl cums with a cock in her ass?" But she knew the answer.

He could sense the change in her body, he was getting good at

reading her signals. His own orgasm was coming, but not yet, "Don't cum," he barked at her, "Unless I tell you to." He received a whine in reply.

Still he drilled into her, exploring new depths, his cock swelling as his orgasm approached. She whined and whimpered, but as with all things, she obeyed.

But soon she was begging permission, "Please, sir," she whimpered, "Please I'm so close. Please let me cum again."

"You can't cum, until I do," he grunted, enjoying making her wait.

"Then please sir," she whined, "Please cum, cum in my ass, cum in my dirty whorish ass."

Her words were too much and his own damn finally broke. He called out for her to join him as his cock spasmed deep inside her bowels and released itself into her tight hole.

She came too, the feeling of being flooded with a man's cum for the first time combined with her fingers on her clit made her shake and shutter for a third time. Crying out for him to "mark her," and "make her his bitch."

He fell on top of her, crushing her small frame into the hard wood of his desk. His cock, gradually shrinking as her ass overflowed with his cum and it spilled out around his cock and ran down the backs of her thighs.

In a short time he had receded from her, and stood again. But she just lay there, his cum leaking from her well fucked ass.

He went and sat back behind his desk. His cock sloppy with their joint fluids. "Ms. Eagleton," he said, "I'm very impressed by your abilities. The job with my friend is real, I hope you call him." He handed her his business card, "And I expect you to call me, as well."

She sheepishly lifted herself from his desk and found her discarded clothes. For a moment she wanted to ask for something to clean herself, but Mr. Reeves was no longer paying her any attention, and was instead making a phone call.

She worried for a moment about ruining her skirt, but she slid it over her cum soaked ass anyway, thinking to herself, "That's what a whore would do." She finished dressing and left, sticky and wet and reeking of sex.

If she had any regrets it was only this: he hadn't cum in her cunt. She wasn't on the pill, and there would have been a danger, but the wicked thought flashed through her mind that getting pregnant would serve her right for being such a whore. "Next time," she thought, "next time."

Her Ass Is More Than Adequate

by [walterio](#)©

Dennis was sitting in his office going over the weekly schedule. It was Tuesday morning and he already missed his secretary Cathleen a bubbly blonde who gave great head. She was on a two week vacation with her husband in Europe and Dennis would miss her desperately. She was not a head turner but not sore to the eye either. Cathleen 5'5" tall weighed a very fit 125 pounds. She had coarse blonde hair and a nose that was a little big for her face. Her body was solid from countless hours of aerobics and she looked great at 36 years old. She had a 34-27-36 figure with small breasts, muscular shapely legs and an ass that wouldn't quit. Dennis could hardly keep his hands off her ass every time she entered his office.

Cathleen liked Dennis's muscular physique. He was 38 years old and in great shape. He worked out at the health club every morning before work and he was an avid tennis player and alpine skier. Dennis was also SCUBA certified and made several dive trips to the Caribbean each year. He stood at 6'1" and weighed 185 pounds. He had blue eyes and light brown hair but what Cathleen liked most about him was his seven and a half inch long cock that was just over five inches around.

She had been his secretary for five years although the proper title these days was administrative assistant. For the past four years a day didn't go by that Dennis would have his cock in Cathleen's mouth, pussy or ass. Some days it was in all three. They had sex frequently in the office but they also had it in his car or at a romantic interlude motel that they liked. Dennis had anal sex with other women in his past but he never met anyone who enjoyed it as much as Cathleen and he loved fucking her in the ass.

It always depended on how much time that he had open during the day as to what they would do. If he was busy it was usually a blow job. When he had more time he would fuck her pussy or her

ass. Anytime he fucked her ass he would follow that up by eating her pussy afterward so that she received some pleasure as well. Now it would be two weeks before Cathleen returned to the office and he would dearly miss their sexual encounters.

Dennis was thinking about the last time he and Cathleen had anal sex when someone knocked on his office door. "Come in," he called out.

He looked up and saw Suzette a somewhat cute young woman with long brown hair. She was tastefully dressed in a blue business suit with a skirt cut just above her knees. She was wearing a light blue blouse under the navy blue jacket and she looked very professional. Suzette stood at 5'7" and weighed about 125 pounds. She like Cathleen was not a head turner but somewhat attractive. She had very cute 34B breasts, nice legs and a cute round ass. Suzette had recently hooked up with Cathleen and Dennis one night at the romantic interlude. It had started out innocently as they were having drinks at a local watering hole when Cathleen convinced Suzette to join them. It was the first threesome for all of them and it was an incredible experience.

"Hi Suzette, what can I do for you?" Dennis asked politely.

"Oh nothing, Cathleen asked me to look in on you while she was gone. She wanted me to make sure that your needs are taken care of," she replied shyly.

"I see and what needs did she tell you that I might have," Dennis challenged.

"Well she told me that you both have sex every day and she was concerned that you would miss that," Suzette blushed and smiled when she answered him.

"Well let's see, I have a very open calendar today. Why don't you come in and lock the office door," Dennis told her.

Suzette stepped in the office and closed and locked the door. She turned to face Dennis and watched as he got up and moved to her. "I'm very pleased that you stopped by," he whispered.

EARLIER THAT DAY

Suzette was preparing to go to Dennis's office and she recalled in every detail the instructions that Cathleen had given her. She also reflected on the night last week that the three of them spent in the romantic interlude. It was there that she had eaten her first pussy and had anal sex for the first time. Cathleen had done a marvelous job preparing her for anal sex and Suzette

had enjoyed it more than she thought possible. The three of them were in the Jacuzzi when Dennis had rimmed both Cathleen and Suzette. Before the Jacuzzi Cathleen and Suzette had showered together and Cathleen had douched both their pussies and asses.

After the Jacuzzi the three of them were in bed together and Cathleen and lubricated Suzette's anus. Then she had placed a butt plug in Suzette to stretch her out before anal sex. Cathleen had first eaten Suzette's pussy while Dennis drilled Cathleen from behind. Cathleen was terrific in bed and Suzette had her first orgasm at the hands of a woman. Dennis then fucked Suzette missionary style and she felt as if she had two cocks in her due to the butt plug in her bottom. Cathleen had straddled Suzette's face and told Suzette to eat her. Suzette ate her first pussy while Dennis fucked her.

After another orgasm, Suzette was placed on all fours and she continued to eat Cathleen's pussy. Dennis got behind Suzette and removed the butt plug from her ass. Suzette recalled the empty feeling but it was only brief because Dennis eased his cock into Suzette's rectum. His cock was well lubed and he was gentle with her. Dennis fucked her ass with slow steady strokes and Suzette adjusted quickly to the anal penetration. She returned to eating Cathleen's pussy as Dennis continued to fuck her ass.

Cathleen orgasmed and drenched Suzette's face and minutes later she felt Dennis flood her rectum with his seed. Suzette had never felt anything like and actually liked the sensation of the warm milky liquid coating her anal passage. Dennis had been rubbing her clit and she too had another orgasm when she felt him cum in her ass. It had been a night of firsts for Suzette; her first threesome, first anal sex and her first time eating pussy. She knew however that it not be her last time with Cathleen and Dennis.

Suzette started on her way to Dennis's office that Tuesday morning and she was as nervous as all get out. She remembered Cathleen's instructions and she followed them to the letter. Suzette had gone to the ladies room and douched her ass and pussy before heading to Dennis's office. She recalled that Cathleen had told her that Dennis might fuck her in the ass if he had time. Suzette had never had sex in an office and the thought of being butt fucked excited her. By the time she arrived at Dennis's office her pussy was sopping wet.

SUZETTE'S FIRST OFFICE ENCOUNTER

Suzette stood as still as a statue as Dennis approached her. He took her hand and led her over to his desk. He gently pushed her over so that her elbows rested on the desk. Dennis lifted her

skirt up to her waist baring her panty covered ass. Suzette was wearing nylons and garters just as Cathleen told her to wear. Her panties were under the garters so they could not be removed unless the garters were unfastened. Dennis was pleased to see her wearing the hosiery.

He ran his hand over her curvy bottom and cupped the shapely buttocks. "You have a very cute ass, Suzette," he told her.

Dennis continued to fondle her ass and squeeze it gently through the panties. Suzette thought that she would cum just from the foreplay if it continued. Her panties were now soaking wet and she needed Dennis to do something. He knew he had her turned on but he was in no rush to give her relief. Dennis pulled her panties down to where the garters were attached to the stockings and he stared at her lovely ass. He caressed her buttocks for several minutes driving Suzette wild and then he squatted down behind her.

Suzette felt Dennis place soft kisses on her ass and then she felt her cheeks pried apart. Dennis ran his tongue up and down her crack before dipping it into her anus. Suzette flinched and moaned when she felt the tongue probed her nether hole. Dennis licked all around her pink aperture and darted his tongue in and out. Suzette could not help it and she had a mild orgasm just from the anal foreplay.

Dennis then got up and retrieved some lube and a butt plug from his desk. "Cathleen loves this and I'm sure that you will too," he told her.

Dennis lubricated Suzette's anus and finger fucked her ass with first one and then two fingers. Next he pushed the butt plug into her ass and she felt fuller than his two fingers. Dennis knelt down and turned Suzette toward him and began to lick her pussy. She was so turned on that she came almost immediately after the tongue danced over her clit. Dennis kept right on eating her and then he pushed his fingers into her pussy and located her g-spot. He was an incredible lover and Suzette was squirming all over the place. Her next orgasm was so intense that she had to muffle her cries in her arm. She felt weak and she sat back on the desk and she was reminded of the butt plug in her bottom.

As Suzette recovered she watched Dennis unzip his fly and take out his cock and balls. His big dick was hard and it looked a little intimidating to Suzette at that moment. As she looked at it she still had a difficult time believing that it had been in her ass. Suzette leaned over and took the cock in her mouth and sucked it sensuously. As she sucked on the cock she was reminded

of the butt plug as her ass pressed against the desk.

"That's it Suzette. Get me nice and wet for your hot ass. You want me to fuck you in the ass again, don't you?" Dennis whispered.

Suzette just nodded her head and kept sucking his cock. Dennis let her suck him for a few minutes and then he pulled Suzette up, turned her around and had her lean over his desk again. He pulled the butt plug out slowly and then they both heard the popping sound when it cleared her sphincter. Suzette felt the cool air tickle her anus but she knew that she would be stuffed again in seconds.

Dennis moved in close and eased his rod into her anus and filled her rectum. He remained still for a bit letting her adjust to the penetration. As soon as he felt she was ready he began fucking her ass with long slow steady strokes. He caressed her buns as he watched his cock slide in and out of her curvy bottom. Dennis loved anal sex and Suzette's ass was perfect for it just as Cathleen's was too. It was hard to describe the pleasure he derived from watching his cock move in and out of a beautiful ass but it was a pleasure that he relished and savored.

Dennis felt his ball sac go taut in preparation of his ejaculation so he pulled out of Suzette's ass and aimed his cock at her buttocks. He shot a sizeable load onto her cheeks and stroked his cock until the semen was squeezed out of it. He liked cumming on a shapely ass and had done it often with Cathleen. Dennis went to his desk drawer and took out some paper towels. He wiped off his cock and then he wiped the semen from Suzette's buttocks. She cooed as he cleaned her bottom.

Suzette pulled up her panties and straightened her skirt as Dennis put his cock back in his pants. "Will I see you tonight?" she asked.

"Not tonight, I have a Board meeting. I made reservations at the interlude for tomorrow evening," Dennis told her.

"Good, I will see you then," Suzette replied and then she left Dennis's office.

As she walked back to her desk she thought about how easy it had been to have sex in his office. She then knew why Dennis and Cathleen never got tired of office sex. It was exciting to do it behind a closed door with so many people in the building. Cathleen and Dennis had been doing it for four years and now Suzette would be part of it. She was already looking forward to

tomorrow at the romantic interlude.

THE ROMANTIC INTERLUDE

Wednesday seemed to drag on and on for Suzette as she so looked forward to the evening. At the end of the business day they drove over to the motel and parked in the secure space next to the room. Dennis got the key from the office and then they entered the room. Suzette's heart was racing in anticipation of being naked with Dennis again.

Dennis led her over to the bed and hiked her dress up around her waist. He maneuvered her onto the bed and whispered in her ear that he was going to play with her ass. He removed Suzette's panties pulling them off her buttocks slowly as if he were unveiling an art masterpiece. He placed a pillow in front of Suzette so that she could place her head on it and as she did she pushed her ass up and arched her back. Suzette was now eager to be pleased.

Before Dennis began he stood behind Suzette and took in her marvelous ass, so desirable, so shapely and so beautiful. Then as Dennis knelt on the bed he noticed Suzette's face aglow and her eyes wide in anticipation. Dennis then began to explore her ass as he began to caress it, massage it and rub her cheeks. He pulled her cheeks apart slightly and revealed her sweet tight aperture. Then he ran a finger over her sensitive little bud and watched it quiver when he touched it. Dennis then lowered his head and planted soft tender kisses all over her buttocks. Suzette cooed aloud when she felt his lips on her backside.

Dennis placed both hands on her ass and began to massage her buttocks again. Suzette felt the tender but firm deep massage of his fingertips. Dennis would push her ass cheeks together and then pull them apart to expose her sweet asshole each time. When he exposed her anus, Suzette could feel the cool air on her rosebud. Dennis again lowered his mouth to one of her buttocks and pressed his lips against it. Then he blew a steady breath onto Suzette's anus and watched as goose bumps covered her skin.

He took his time planting well placed kisses on her buttocks and then began a slow torturous journey toward the crack of her ass. Suzette smelt so nice and so fresh that Dennis knew she had prepared herself for that moment. Suzette had remembered what Cathleen told her and she had douched both her pussy and asshole before she left the office that day. Dennis's lips then came into contact with the crack in her ass and trailed a line of kisses down to her anus. Suzette's body tensed as she was nervous, anxious and excited all at the same time.

Dennis gently pried her cheeks apart wider exposing her nether hole even more. Then he lowered his lips to her anus and gently kissed it and caressed it with his lips. He repeated this act several times and Suzette moaned aloud as her ass was pampered. Dennis then moved lower and kissed the sensitive spot between her asshole and her pussy and Suzette groaned again. He then extended his tongue and lightly licked the sensitive area as he continued the journey toward her pussy. Suzette flinched at the first contact with her pussy as she was unprepared for that. Dennis then began to lick a line from her pussy back to her asshole and then he flicked his tongue across her nether hole. Suzette's body gave in to the incredible erotic sensations and craved more attention.

Dennis took his time and spent many minutes repeating the actions that seemed to turn Suzette on. His hands continued to massage her fabulous globes while his lips and tongue explored her asshole. Both Dennis and Suzette learned how much she like to be kissed, licked and gently nibbled. Her body would twitch and flinch at the long strokes from his tongue and her buttocks would tighten when his tongue probed her anus.

Suzette lay on the bed and she could feel her heart racing and her chest pounding. Dennis then leaned over and whispered to her again and told her how beautiful she looked with her ass pushed up high in the air. Then he began to explore her with his fingers. He placed his index finger on her tailbone and slid it down ever so slowly toward her puckered asshole. He probed gently with the tip of his finger and it fit perfectly in the entrance of her tight hole.

Suzette tensed up at first and tightened her ass but then she relaxed when she realized that he was going to be gentle. Dennis pressed his finger in gently applying a little pressure as his finger entered the outer edge of her anus entering it just ever so slightly. Then he probed a little deeper and wiggled inside Suzette's ass. He then removed his finger and Suzette felt its absence. Then she felt a cool substance on her anus and she realized that Dennis had applied some sort of lubricant to her ass.

Suzette felt Dennis kiss her ass cheeks again and then his finger returned to her asshole and spread the lubricant around the entrance. Suzette felt her asshole pucker up as it received the tip of Dennis's finger and she wondered how it would feel again when he finally put it in her. Her body ached with desire and she realized that she wanted more. She wanted to be touched, penetrated, and filled up and to be explored in her forbidden area. Dennis's finger slid in deeper and Suzette instinctively clamped her asshole around his finger. Dennis held still in her

and waited for her to relax before probing deeper.

Dennis then wiggled his finger back and forth and let it slide out slowly to the first knuckle. Suzette felt his finger slide out and she instinctively clamped her ass around it again, this time to hold it in place. Dennis could feel her anal muscles clench his finger as if she were milking it and nursing it. Dennis knew the battle that was going on within her body. The sphincter was designed to push things out not pull them in. Each time Suzette relaxed her asshole, Dennis pushed his finger in deeper until she clamped around it again. This process continued until he entire finger was buried in Suzette's ass.

With his other hand Dennis continued to pat attention to the rest of her ass. His hand wandered all over her shapely buttocks massaging and caressing her soft skin. At the same time he continued to slide his finger in and out of Suzette's asshole and he enjoyed watching her anal muscles grip his finger each time. Suzette's breathing had become labored and she began to rotate her ass in tiny circles as if to get the finger in deeper. Dennis was in no rush as this is exactly what he had planned. He wanted Suzette to enjoy every moment of the anal sensations. He wanted to work Suzette into a state that she would beg him to fuck her ass or her pussy or both. For now though he was content to worship and devour her hot luscious ass.

Dennis then lowered his face to her ass and licked her as he probed her with his finger. He took his other hand and reached under her to find her pussy and her clit. As soon as Dennis made contact with Suzette's hot wet pussy her body trembled as a wave of pleasure passed through her. Dennis was very skilled at finding a woman's g-spot and he located Suzette's instantly. Between one of his fingers rubbing her g-spot, another diddling her clit and a third finger in her ass, Suzette groaned loudly and her body shook with desire. She knew that she was close to her first orgasm.

Dennis's two fingers in her pussy matched the rhythm of the finger in her ass Suzette could feel all the fingers in her separated only by a thin membrane inside her. Dennis pumped his fingers in and out and Suzette went wild. Dennis could feel her body giving itself over to him. It was his now to do as he wished. Her pussy was dripping wet, her ass clamped tight around his finger and her hips pushed back at him but Dennis did not want her to explode just yet.

Dennis suddenly removed his fingers from her holes leaving her empty. Suzette screamed for him put them back in her, to fill her up again. Her eyes were wide open and she had a wanton look

on her face. Her body was begging to be fucked but Dennis was in no hurry. He enjoyed this moment and he savored her dilemma. Dennis loved doing this to a woman, teasing her and prolonging her climax. He wanted Suzette's anticipation to last as long as possible. It was a ritual that he and Cathleen performed all the time.

Dennis then lowered his lips down to her hot ass and planted kisses all over it again. He massaged the smooth white flesh of her ass as he kissed it and Suzette cooed. She longed for his fingers to be back in her. Dennis moved his mouth directly over her anus and blew on her nether hole. Suzette thrust her ass back into Dennis's face as if to impale her ass on his tongue. Dennis needed no further encouragement and his hands spread her ass open wide so he could probe her asshole. Dennis stiffened his tongue like a tiny dick and probed Suzette's asshole. He poked his tongue in and out of her ass then he covered her ass completely with his mouth and sucked hard on it. Dennis began to lick, nibble and tickle the sensitive rosebud and Suzette cried out in passion.

"Are you ready to cum, Suzette? Do you want me to let you cum?" Dennis teased her.

"Oh God yes, please make me cum, let me cum," Suzette screamed back.

It was the first words they had spoken in over an hour. Dennis then reached under her again and located her clit. Suzette's pussy was sopping wet and Dennis knew she was very close to a climax. He played with her puffy pussy lips as she diddled her clit and then he pushed first one, then two and finally three fingers into her pussy. Dennis then pulled his mouth off her ass and pushed two fingers from his other hand into Suzette's snug asshole. Suzette gasped and swallowed hard at the new invasion in her ass but her state of desire and the lubrication facilitated the extra digit.

Dennis now had three fingers in her pussy and two in her ass as he picked up the rhythm. The thrusts became deep and hard as he relished with the delight of devouring her ass and pussy with his fingers. Suzette responded by pushing her ass back against his hands as she fucked back at them.

"That's it Suzette, fuck back, fuck my fingers in your holes," Dennis called out to her.

Dennis finger fucked her two holes with both hands as Suzette

pushed back against him. He could feel the small patch of skin separating the three fingers in her pussy from the two in her asshole. Dennis was getting carried away and he began to furiously fuck her lovely hungry body with his fingers. Then it happened and Suzette exploded. She clamped down on the fingers in her body and her pussy spasmed as a massive orgasm rocked her. Suzette screamed out loud with her mind blowing climax. Dennis pulled his fingers from her asshole and replaced them with his mouth.

He could feel the hot moisture in Suzette's pussy as it coated his fingers. Dennis continued to lick her quivering asshole as her first orgasm subsided but then another orgasm rocked Suzette's body. This one seemed even more intense than the first and it caught them both by surprise. Dennis kept his mouth on Suzette's ass until the second orgasm had passed and she seemed to recover. With one last kiss on her cute little rosebud, Dennis lifted himself up and looked at the beautiful Suzette. She had her head turned to one side on the pillow with a look of pure lust and gratitude in her eyes.

Dennis then stood up and removed all his clothes and Suzette saw his cock. Dennis moved around the bed and removed Suzette's clothes so that she was completely naked now. He gently squeezed her small tits and tweaked her hard erect nipples as he complimented her on her figure. Dennis had Suzette remain in the same position on the bed and then he caressed her curvy ass again.

"I want to fuck you in the ass Suzette."

"Please use plenty of lubricant," Suzette said timidly.

Dennis poured more lubricant on her ass and worked it into her asshole. Suzette arched her back and pointed her beautiful ass back at him. He coated her asshole with a generous amount of oil and slid his thick finger back in her hole. He took his time preparing her ass relishing every moment. He then coated his entire cock with the oil and placed the head at the entrance to her anus. Dennis pushed forward and the thick cock head squeezed into Suzette's tight asshole. Dennis was pleased that it went in easier this time and Suzette was glad that she had been stretched out.

Suzette winched as her asshole was stretched and she gasped, "Go slow let me get used to it."

Dennis withdrew his cock head and then pushed it back in this time causing more pleasure than pain. He pushed until a couple of inches were in her ass. Suzette found her self holding her

breath and her body was covered in goose bumps. Dennis was so thick that her asshole held his cock in a vice like grip. Dennis slowly slid his dick in and out of her each time going a little deeper. Suzette pushed back as if she were trying to poop as she knew that would make the penetration easier.

Suzette relaxed a little and then felt more of Dennis's cock slide into her asshole. She grunted out loud as she felt fuller and then a wave of pleasure passed through her body. Dennis kept adding more and more of his cock to her ass. There was fullness and then pleasure each time he went deeper. Suzette would tense, relax and then enjoy it. This pattern continued until Dennis had his whole cock buried in Suzette's ass.

Dennis reached around and played with her clit as he pounded her ass. Her pussy and asshole were on fire. Suzette was on the brink of another huge orgasm as Dennis methodically fucked her in her tight anus with his sizeable cock. He loved watching his cock slide out of Suzette's shapely ass and then plunge back in as his hips slapped against her curvy ass cheeks causing them to jiggle with each thrust. Her orgasm surged within her as he fucked her ass harder and faster.

As Suzette came and came her entire body went into spasm. Her pussy convulsed and clamped around Dennis's fingers coating them with her cunt juice. Suzette's asshole pulsated as Dennis drove his big cock in and out of it. Her ass involuntarily squeezed and released his huge member as he fucked it causing him to finally lose it. Dennis slid his pecker deep into Suzette's rectum as his cock spasmed and sent a thick stream of hot cum into her channel. Dennis kept fucking her as load after load was fired into her ass. His cock kept twitching and spurting inside the impaled Suzette.

Suzette had never felt so full of cum and there was no where for it to go, blocked by Dennis's swollen cock buried in her ass. He slowed his pace and eventually stopped allowing his cock to remain buried in Suzette's ass. He did not go soft right away and he gently moved his hips pushing cum around in her ass. Some of it trickled out and ran down over her pussy lips.

Suzette could not take any more fucking and she pleaded, "Please no more, I can't take any more Dennis, please stop."

Reluctantly Dennis stopped and slowly withdrew his cock from her loosened asshole. He marveled in the sight of his impressive cock sliding out of Suzette's shapely ass. His man seed flowed from her asshole and ran like a river down over her pussy and between her sweet thighs. Dennis and Suzette stayed in the same position for awhile and he massaged her beautiful ass as she

remained on her knees with her ass perched in the air. Dennis pushed down lightly on Suzette's back causing her to accentuate her ass even more. He loved looking at it and playing with it as she cooed into the pillow. Dennis's cock remained hard and looked menacing around Suzette's asshole. Suzette looked magnificent with her just fucked curvy ass in the air. Dennis could not resist sticking one of his fingers in her asshole and she just wiggled her bum seductively.

Suzette looked at the clock and saw that they had been at it for over four hours. No wonder her muscles were aching and she was exhausted. Dennis and Suzette took turns in the shower and then they both got dressed and left the motel room. Dennis drove Suzette back to her car and then they said goodnight.

For the remainder of the two weeks that Cathleen was on vacation, Suzette had sex with Dennis every day. There was one more visit to the romantic interlude but other than that it was in Dennis's office. By the time Cathleen returned Suzette's ass was really broken in and she was able to handle Dennis's cock with ease.

CATHLEEN RETURNS

Cathleen had missed Dennis dearly and she couldn't wait to get back in bed with him. Dennis made arrangements for them at the interlude and Cathleen invited Suzette to join them again. Cathleen wanted to hear all about the time Suzette spent with Dennis and she was anxious for another threesome. Dennis drove them both to the interlude so that they only had one car there. Once inside they wasted no time undressing and then looked at each other's naked body.

Suzette could not help but stare at Cathleen's blonde bush. Suzette quickly recalled how tasty Cathleen was when Suzette licked her first pussy. Cathleen walked up to Suzette and kissed her deeply. Suzette kissed back and the two of them plunged their tongues into the other's mouth. Cathleen wrapped her arms around Suzette and held her tight as they kissed and Suzette could feel her lover's breasts press into her own. Suzette momentarily forgot about Dennis as she and Cathleen kissed but then she felt his presence behind her.

Dennis knelt down behind Suzette and Suzette trembled in Cathleen's arms when she felt Dennis's breath on her buttocks. Without breaking their kiss, Suzette felt her naked breasts press against Cathleen's smaller tits and their rock hard nipples rubbed together.

Suzette was seemingly in another world as she was about to

experience yet another threesome. Dennis was now rubbing and caressing Suzette's curvy ass as he planted soft wet kisses on her buttocks. Suzette's shivered when Dennis's slid in between her ass cheeks and licked all the way up to her tailbone and back down to her nether hole. Suzette groaned into Cathleen's mouth when she felt the familiar sensation as Dennis's tongue probed her rosebud.

Suzette felt Dennis pry her buttocks apart and then lick her nether hole getting it very wet. He then blew on her wet asshole and Suzette felt the slight chill caused by his blowing on her wet anus. Cathleen kissed Suzette deep as she ran her hands up between their bodies and cupped Suzette's firm tits. Suzette followed Cathleen's lead and she reached up and fondled Cathleen's tiny breasts. Suzette then felt something in her ass and she realized that Dennis was lubricating her anus. Suzette and Cathleen kissed and fondled each other as Dennis prepared Suzette's ass for his cock. Suzette then felt Dennis as he stood up behind her and as he did, Cathleen broke their embrace and dropped to her knees in front of Suzette.

Cathleen parted Suzette's legs and stroked her pussy. Suzette was soaking wet and she felt Cathleen's fingers enter her vagina. Suzette groaned and then shivered as her body felt tingles run through it when Cathleen moved her mouth to Suzette's pussy. Suzette placed her hands on Cathleen's shoulders to balance herself as Cathleen began her magic on Suzette's cunt.

"Lean over just a little bit more," Dennis whispered.

Suzette felt Dennis push her gently so that she had to lean forward over Cathleen and then she felt Dennis's cock slide into her lubricated asshole. It had been four days since Suzette had anything in her ass and Dennis felt larger than she expected. The fit was tight but not painful and Dennis was gentle as he slowly fed her his cock. Suzette's hands moved down to Cathleen's back as Suzette was bent over further. Cathleen had her mouth fastened on Suzette's pussy as Dennis drilled her ass from behind. Suzette was going wild with desire and she felt her orgasm building in her loins. Suzette squealed out loud as her orgasm rocked her body and she drenched Cathleen's face.

"Oh, oh, oh," Suzette moaned as she orgasmed.

All the while Dennis continued to slowly fuck her ass and caress her lovely buttocks. He continued to compliment Suzette on her beautiful ass and he told her how good she looked with his cock sliding in and out of it. Suzette had a massive orgasm and her entire body shook with the intensity of it. Cathleen then moved

away from Suzette and she lay on her back on the floor. Cathleen then beckoned Suzette to come to her as she spread her legs baring her pretty blonde pussy. As if in a trance Suzette descended between Cathleen's legs, knowing full well what she wanted.

Suzette's mouth covered Cathleen's pussy much to the delight of Cathleen and Dennis. Suzette felt her body positioned so that Dennis could continue to fuck her in the ass while she ate Cathleen's pussy. Dennis's cock was moving smoothly now gliding in and out of Suzette's shapely ass. As much as he tried to hold off cumming it was all too much for him and he exploded in Suzette's rectum. Suzette felt the surge of semen flood her ass. Suzette liked the feeling of the warm liquid coating her anal passage and filling her rectum. Dennis left his cock in Suzette's ass and she massaged it with her sphincter muscles keeping Dennis hard.

Cathleen was the next to cum and she threw her pelvis up into Suzette's face as she reached up with both hands and held Suzette securely. Suzette's head was locked to Cathleen's cunt and she opened her mouth to receive Cathleen's love juices. Cathleen came so hard that she actually squirted this time and Suzette drank down every drop. Cathleen held Suzette's head tightly until she had reached her climax and then she released Suzette as she fell backward on the floor. Cathleen was not idle long though as she scrambled to her feet leaving Suzette with Dennis's cock still in her ass.

"God that was so good. I'll be right back," Cathleen announced as she went to her purse.

Within minutes Cathleen was wearing the strap-on dildo which was not very familiar to Suzette. Cathleen lay back down on the floor with the dildo sticking straight up. Cathleen told Suzette to sit on her cock and in order to do so Dennis removed his cock from Suzette's asshole. Suzette then moved over the dildo and lowered her pussy onto the fake cock. Suzette moved around so the rubber dick nestled comfortably in her pussy and then she felt Dennis behind her again.

"Stay perfectly still until he is back in your ass," Cathleen whispered.

Suzette remained still impaled on the fake cock as Dennis positioned himself to re-enter her ass. Suzette felt Dennis's impressive cock slide back in her asshole and she felt incredibly full with the double penetration. Suzette was experiencing another first and she wondered what else might be in store for her before they were done with her that evening.

The fake cock rubbed against her clit as it slid in and out. Suzette knew that she would cum again and it would be at any moment. Cathleen also benefited from the fake cock as the nub at her end rubbed against her sensitive clit. Soon both girls were screaming as another orgasm sent their bodies into spasm. Dennis rode out the storm keeping his cock buried in Suzette's ass but he did not cum this time.

As the two girls lay motionless on the floor Dennis eased his cock out of Suzette's bottom. Suzette then lifted her body off the fake cock and lay face down on the floor. Cathleen rested only for a few minutes before she got behind Suzette and lifted her by the hips. Suzette kept her head down on the floor turned to one side and she watched as Cathleen knelt behind her. Then she felt Cathleen's talented tongue move between her buttocks. Cathleen tongued Suzette's ass and Suzette felt the semen ooze out of her anus. Dennis then moved behind Cathleen and slipped his cock into her ass.

Dennis began to fuck Cathleen as she made love to Suzette's ass. Suzette looked over her shoulder so that could watch the both of them as she had her butt reamed out by Cathleen's tongue. Suzette was getting turned on again as she had become insatiable at the hands of her two lovers. Suzette had never thought it was possible to have an orgasm from anal foreplay but what Dennis and Cathleen were able to do her ass was incredible. Suzette heard Cathleen groan as Dennis drilled her ass and then she heard the gasp that signaled that Dennis had cum in Cathleen's ass.

Cathleen's tongue ran up and down in the crack of Suzette's ass kissing and probing Suzette's anus and pussy. Then when Cathleen sensed that Suzette was close to another orgasm, she fastened her mouth on Suzette's pussy and sucked the clit like she would a cock. Suzette screamed as a massive climax rocked her body and he ass gyrated out of control. Cathleen tried to stay with Suzette but the movements and undulations were too violent. Dennis enjoyed watching Suzette's ass as it seemingly humped the air. Then Suzette collapsed on the floor and Cathleen moved next to her. Dennis stared at the two incredible asses on the floor in front of him and he was pleased that he had been privileged to fuck both of them.

After several minutes the three of them at Dennis's suggestion entered the Jacuzzi. They sat silently in the bubbly warm water and let the jets soothe their bodies. Dennis had brought a bottle of wine with him and they sipped on it as they recovered from their sexual marathon. Suzette glanced over at the wall clock and saw that she had been there for four hours. Cathleen mentioned that they had not even used the bed and they all

laughed.

It was getting late and they were spent. They showered, dressed and left the motel. Dennis drove them back to their cars and they said goodnight. Cathleen reminded Suzette to stop by the office after lunch the next day. Suzette agreed as she knew she was now a permanent player and she would be joining them for many encounters from then on.

Her Name is Claire Pt. 01

by [GeraldG](#)©

This story is part true and part fiction.

She fell under his spell pretty quickly. This was only her second day on the job. Claire stole a quick look at her new boss. When she saw he was looking at her, smiling, she quickly looked away, but couldn't keep a small smile from her soft full lips.

Claire wore no makeup. Not even lipstick, as her husband didn't like it. He told her that makeup made her look like a whore and would attract other men. She had long beautiful auburn hair held together by a scrunchy at the back sweeping it into a ponytail that swung freely against her long silky skinned white neck. She wasn't tanned, not even close. Her skin was a creamy pale white, a few freckles on her cheeks shoulders that seemed to compliment her green freckled eyes, befitting her Irish ancestry.

She wore a man's style shirt buttoned up tightly against her neck, unsuccessfully hiding her ample tits, further concealed in a plain white bra. The shirt and bra didn't stand a chance at binding her tits or keeping them from swaying as she moved. Her husband hated it when men noticed her tits, and had at times even beaten her for "purposely" drawing too much attention to them. Her narrow waist was of no help at all in keeping her tits concealed, making them seem even more pronounced. She wore jeans over her long legs, and flat black shoes.

Claire had been fired from her previous job. It was just a housekeeping job at a motel, but still, it brought in some

money, which she turned over to her husband every pay day. When she went home and told her husband she had been fired, and explained she had hit a man who had tried to grab her and pull her into his motel room and her boss had fired her for hitting him, her husband punched her in her ribs for acting too sexy and causing it all. He screamed at her for the money he would now be missing and warned her she better get a new job right away. He would have socked her in the eye but knew that might keep her from quickly getting a job.

She desperately but quickly found a new job at a soft drink bottling plant. Her new boss was a big powerful black man with a deep husky voice. He was at least ten or fifteen years older than Claire who was just a few years out of high school. He seemed to be paying a lot of attention to her. She admitted to herself that she liked the attention. Even in high school, she liked it when black boys paid attention to her, even hitting on her, telling her she was so hot and wanted to fuck her like a dog in heat. Of course, she never responded or dated a black boy. She didn't want to be beaten as badly by her father like her older sister was. Instead, she dated only white boys, and not that many of them. Most of the boys were afraid of her father. Her father had actually beaten one of her dates, after he beat her and the boy tried to get in between.

Once out of high school, she was rescued from a poor and abusive home life by the man who became her husband, Ricky. Too late, Claire realized that Ricky was very possessive and demanding and not that much different from her father and her home life there.

Not only was her new boss, Terrance, powerful looking with a deep voice that seemed to vibrate within her chest whenever he spoke, but he was tall and very self assured. He had a commanding presence. She liked that. It was exactly opposite of how she saw herself: shy, lacking in self confidence, demure, easily influenced by others, a follower and certainly not a leader. "Submissive" was a word she never used but described her perfectly. Terrance was so strong and obviously a leader.

Claire was busy at her work, her head down, daydreaming about Terrance, when she felt a hand at her back. It was Terrance, smiling at her. Her face flushed, feeling like he must have seen she was daydreaming about him. He chuckled quietly.

"Claire, you are so pretty. But you try to hide it," he said in his husky voice. "Why don't you wear a nice dress tomorrow instead of those baggy jeans you have on today?" Then he smiled again, his hand still on her back, moving up and down slowly, electrifying, even going as low as her ass. Claire could not help but shiver. She made no effort to remove his hand from her ass.

On the contrary, if felt warm and good and comforting somehow.

Claire stammered, no words coming to her lips. Finally she just nodded, and eeked out a small shy smile. Terrance chuckled then moved on. Claire found her knees getting a bit wobbly.

At home that night, Claire went to her closet and picked out a dress to wear the next day. She had few to select from. They were all very conservative. She picked the one with a small floral pattern that was high necked, showing no cleavage, and stretched down to her knees. She made the dress herself, on her Singer sewing machine. She used the sewing machine to make a little extra money doing clothes repairs for neighbors. A small amount of that she kept hidden, but most was turned over to Ricky. She knew she ran the risk of getting beaten for wearing a dress to work, but this was a conservative dress, so she was hoping that would not happen.

Ricky had already left for work when it was time for Claire to get ready. She debated putting a slip on first, as the cotton material of the dress was on the thin side. Certainly not see through, though, but it might reveal too much of what was under the fabric of the dress. She knew nobody else hardly ever wore slips, but Ricky was very jealous and it helped avoid her getting beaten. After consideration, she threw the slip back in the drawer.

She put a bra on, looked at herself in the mirror, then took the bra back off and stuffed it in her purse. She would put it back on after work and before getting home. She had little choice when it came to panties. Just plain white panties, with nothing at all sexy about them. Ricky didn't like her at all in sexy panties. What if she had an accident and somebody had to remove her jeans in order to treat her and they saw her sexy panties and thought of her as a whore?

He told her that if that happened, the next thing you know is she would be acting like a whore and fucking other guys. He didn't say it to her, but was afraid she would then find out what sex was really like. She might find out that it is more than just being pushed down on her back on the bed, Ricky slamming his dick into her for a minute, cumming, then jumping off, telling her to go get cleaned up as it was disgusting looking at per pussy that way. He could care less if she orgasmed. In fact, it might be better to keep her wanting.

Claire pulled up her panties up over her pubic thatch, then slipped the dress on. She caught herself in the mirror, noticing how her tits moved under the dress with no bra to restrain them. Embarrassed, she almost changed her mind and put her bra on, but

decided to just stick with her decision.

As she was about to leave the bedroom, she again looked in the mirror, pursed her lips, and decided on one more risky move. Claire pulled out a tube of lipstick from her drawer, and applied it. It was just a light pink lipstick that didn't draw a lot of attention to her full lips. It was the only tube of lipstick she had. She pursed her lips, looking in the mirror, and wondered how a bright red lipstick would look on her. She figured it would make her look like a whore and would result in a beating from Ricky.

Upon arriving at work and approaching the entry, she almost chickened out, half turning to go back to her car, then realizing she would be late if she did go back home to change. She shyly went in to work.

Her boss, Terrance, noticed her almost immediately. He went over to her, staring at her chest with her large tits swaying under the thin fabric, and told her how terrific she looked.

Claire looked down, her face turning a bright beet red, and stammered out "Thank you."

Terrance cupped her chin in one hand and forced her face up to look into her eyes. He put the other coal black hand on her hip, smiled at her, and said

"You are absolutely beautiful, girl, and you should never hide that fact."

As Terrance let his hand fall from her chin, his hand paused at her chest, cupping her left tit, his thumb fingering her now erect nipple, a shadow of which could be seen through the thin fabric. A shiver rippled through her body and her knees went wobbly, requiring Terrance to grab her under her arms to hold her up. His arm around her waist, he escorted her into his office and shut the blinds.

In the privacy of the office, Terrance pulled up her dress and put his black hand over her panties and fingered her clit through the cotton fabric. As he did so, Claire could not restrain herself, and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his lips as hard as she could. She started to say,

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

But Terrance cut her off with a return kiss, his tongue slipping from his mouth and forcing her lips apart and into her mouth. Claire shuddered. His tongue tasted good. It was the first time

she had ever been French kissed.

Terrance backed her up to his desk, then dropped to his knees, and smoothly pulled her panties down. He pushed her ass onto the desk, and spread her legs apart. His tongue quickly found her clit.

Claire breathed out, in a husky, lusty voice, her hands on his head pressing him into her,

"Nobody has ever done that to me before. Oh my God! I didn't know it would feel so good!" Then she shivered.

Terrance, in response, pushed his face into her harder, and slipped his tongue deep into her pussy, then lapped her clit more, going back and forth until she was taken over completely by an orgasm. She squeezed her thighs together so hard Terrance chuckled to himself that it might misshape his head.

Claire was totally breathless, never having experience such a massive orgasm like that before. She lustfully sucked in air, trying to catch her breath as shudders continued to rack her body.

Claire's orgasm finally ended, making her so weak she nearly collapsed. Terrance held on to her with one hand while standing her up and pulling her dress completely off of her.

Claire's tits were magnificent. They were full and firm and at least C-cup size if not D-cup, he judged. Her nipples were very erect, and so very pink and so fresh looking. He cupped one pale white tit in his black hand while he bent and sucked on the other, his mouth sucking in the entire nipple. He sucked hard, making her shiver again, even though she had just had a hard orgasm. Terrance knew then that this girl had never been properly fucked in her entire life. That would change.

Terrance turned her around, rubbing her sweet, firm and rounded ass, and bent her over his desk. He stripped off his pants, his huge black cock already fully erect, and slowly pushed his cock into her pussy. He started with just his cock head, getting her really wet and well lubricated, then slowly pushed in all the way. It was obvious she had never had a real man's cock before, either, as she was extremely tight.

Terrance spanked Claire's sweet ass while he slowly pushed and pulled inside her white, tight, pussy. He continued to spank her firm ass making red hand prints on her white skin, while he built up speed, going faster and faster. When he looked down, he could see white pussy juice building up on his black cock. She

was definitely well lubricated now.

Terrance reached around her and found her clit as he powerfully thrust his black cock into her married white cunt. He thrust harder and faster. He had to remove his fingers from her clit in order to hold on to her hips to keep her from collapsing. Claire moaned, her face in full lust. She had never felt anything like this before. It was so incredible.

For the first time in her life, she yelled out "Fuck me oh God fuck me!"

As Claire began a massive orgasm, shivering and shuddering with loud moans, Terrance shot his load deep into her pussy. He didn't know if she was on the pill or not, and he didn't care. It was fine with Terrance, in fact, if she was not. He was actually hoping not.

Claire couldn't stand, she was so weak. Terrance pushed her down to her knees, and wiped his wet cock on her face and forced her lips apart and slid his black cock past her pink lips and into her mouth. Claire had been made to suck Ricky's cock before, but Terrance's cock was so much bigger and it was hard for her to handle. She sucked him as well as she could, then licked his cock up and down his black shaft.

After allowing her to rest a bit, Terrance stood Claire up and told her,

" You belong to me now. Do you understood that?"

She nodded, "Yes!"

"Do you understand what that means" he asked?

She shook her head no.

"It means you do what I tell you to do. You dress the way I tell you to, you fuck who I tell you to fuck, you don't fuck anybody without my approval. I own you the same way I own my dog. You are mine and only mine."

She stammered, now realizing the full effect of what she had done, "But what about my husband? He won't like this at all. I'm afraid. I can't deal with him when he gets mad at me. He is violent. What do I do?"

"I'll handle your husband. You just avoid him tonight. Don't fuck him. He doesn't deserve your cunt. Your cunt is mine. Your tits are mine. Your ass is mine. Your mouth is mine. You are my

bitch."

Claire shuddered, "Yes, I understand."

"I expect you to completely shave your cunt, and to forget about wearing any bras ever again, is that understood?"

Claire nodded yes.

"No, that isn't good enough, Claire. I own you. You will give me a verbal answer."

Claire smiled weakly, "Yes, I understand. I am still worried about my husband. How will he be handled then? I mean, when he sees me with no hair down there and no bra and all he will call me a whore and beat me."

"I've seen him." responded Terrance. "I'll handle him if he gives you any trouble." Terrance smiled at her. She smiled back.

Terrance's cum was running down her legs so Terrance told her to clean that up and put her dress on. He grabbed her plain cotton panties and threw them in the trash can. She went back out to her work station with no bra, no panties, and her pussy very wet. There was still some of Terrance's cum on her pussy thatch. She had a big smile on her face.

Over lunch, Terrance took her out for Chinese food, then took her shopping, buying her some bright red lipstick and some eyeliner, and some very sexy panties. He found a little tiny black pleated mini-skirt and a low cut silver top for her to wear the next day. During their lunch and shopping trip, Terrance noticed other men kept staring at her tits swaying under her dress. Terrance kept his black hand on her ass, signaling to everybody this bitch was his.

Husband for a Day

by [The_Dolphin](#)©

I drive through the gate of the school where I teach to get some documents from my computer. It is 3:30 pm on a Friday afternoon. The school is deserted except for Carol's car. Carol is a dear colleague and very good friend of mine.

As a rule the front door is always locked for security reasons and all staff members have their own keys. I am therefore not surprised to find it locked. I unlock the door, enter the building and lock the door behind me. I walk to my office which is adjacent to Carol's. As I walk past Carol's office, I notice her standing in front of her computer, printing some stuff. I sneak up behind her and give her a hefty smack on the butt. She gets a hell of a fright and lets out a loud scream as she flies around.

'You! I should have guessed!' she hisses as she literally starts attacking me. 'Out! Get out of here, you wicked man!' she shouts, pounding my shoulder with her tiny fists.

I laugh and walk to my office. I copy the files I need onto my flash drive and shut down my computer. I lock my office and walk past Carol's door. She is still standing in front of the computer. She is wearing a light pink summer dress with floral prints. I admire her awesome figure for a while. My eyes run up those sexy, long legs over her firm apple shaped butt, then to her slender back, her fiery red hair cascading over her shoulders, the latter covered by a fine spray the sexiest freckles. Her husband, Tim, is a lucky guy. What I'd give to be her husband just for a day...

I walk into her office and sit down behind her on her office chair. She ignores me. She leans forward to adjust the printer. The dress tightens over her ass. I cannot resist the temptation and place one hand on her ass cheek. No response. I gently stroke her ass and am surprised at how smoothly her dress slides over her silky panties. Still no reaction from her. I put both hands on her ass cheeks and gently kneed them. It does not seem to bother her. I slip my one hand between her ass cheeks and run it gently up and down the cleft of her firm ass. Only when I run my fingers past her asshole up to the point where I am sure I can feel the soft plumpness of her pussy, does she stand up. She pushes my hand away gently but firmly, not saying a word.

I drop my left hand and place it on the inside of her knee under her dress. Amazingly, she seems to be OK with it! I get bolder and run my hand up the inside of her soft, silky thigh. As my hand approaches the junction between her thighs, she reaches behind her and blocks my hand with hers.

'Don't...' she whispers. It is the first word she said since I have re-entered the office.

I drop my hand back to the inside of her knee and rest it there until she is comfortable with it again. Then I slowly stroke the back of her thigh with light up and down motions. She carries on

printing her documents in silence, her back towards me.

I let my hand creep higher and higher up the back of her thigh until I can feel the silky material of her panties. I pause, waiting for reaction. There is none.

I place my hand on her firm panty clad ass cheek and stroke it gently. I look at her. Her face appears flushed, her mouth slightly open. She does not look at me at all. Is she really still mad at me?

I make my next move. I slide my thumb and forefinger under the lower elastics of both legs of her panties. I pull her panties gently but firmly up the crack of her ass. A perfect wedgie! Slightly startled, she reaches behind her and puts her hand on mine over her dress.

'It's OK...', I whisper. She slowly lets go of my hand and carries on with her work. I gently stroke her bare butt cheeks. She leans forward to pick up a sheet of paper from behind the printer. This motion causes her pussy to push outwards and I take advantage of it to let my fingers slide over those glorious puffy lips. Is it my imagination or did I detect a little dampness down there..?

'No!' She jumps up and pulls my hand out from under her dress. 'Please... Let's not tempt fate. We're both married.'

I stand up and put my arms around her from behind. I cup her right breast with my hand while my other hand slides lightly over the mound of her pussy over her dress. 'Please... Let's stop this while we can. It can only lead to disaster..' she warns.

I put my hands firmly on her shoulders and push her forward gently, forcing her lean on the desk with her hands. Her firm butt shows off perfectly under the sheer fabric of her dress.

I put my hand on her breast again. She does not respond. I slip my hand into her dress and cup the warm, firm flesh of her breast in my hand. She is not wearing a bra. She does not need to. She puts her hand on mine to restrict the movement, but makes no attempt to remove my hand from her breast.

I drop my other hand and stroke the inside of her thigh. Again I let my hand roam higher and higher until I reach the firm roundness of her naked butt. Her panties are still wedged between her ass cheeks. I caress her bare butt. She doesn't resist. She removes her hand from mine and leans on both hands. Her head hangs down, her fiery red hair cascading over her face

onto the desk. Her eyes are closed, her mouth slightly open. I can hear her breathing.

I gently tug on her nipple while running my other hand over her butt. She moans softly. I gently push her legs open with my knee. She spreads her feet slightly. I let go of her breast and put both hands on her butt. I slowly lift her dress and gather it above her panties with my left hand. My eyes drop to her flawless pale white ass. What a sight!

By now my aching hard dick is begging for release from the confinement of my pants. Without her noticing, I pull down my zipper with my other hand and take my dick out of my pants. It arches upwards, more than content with its new-found freedom.

Carol is standing motionless, her pale white buttocks looking very inviting. I spread her feet further apart with my foot. I run my fingernails lightly over her naked butt. She shudders and almost immediately I can feel the goose pimples spreading under my hands. She is really enjoying this!

I move my hand down between her thighs again. I move it up until I almost touch her pussy. I can feel her body tense up in anticipation. Then I move my hand down her thigh again, only to repeat the process again and again. Teasing, teasing but not touching. She moans softly again, her warm ass squirming under my touch.

Then I make my move. I swiftly move my hand between her thighs and cup her panty clad pussy. She lets out a loud groan and jumps at my touch.

'Please....' she whimpers. I'm not sure if she's pleading with me to stop or to continue. She makes a futile effort to get up. I push her down, firmly but gently. She succumbs and leans her head on her forearms on the desk, her naked butt protruding, her plump pussy filling up the hollow of my hand.

I gently kneed and stroke her pussy through her panties from behind. The crotch of her panties is sopping wet! She moans and squirms under my hand. My cock hovers impatiently over her ass.

I let go of her pussy and move my hand around her over her silky soft belly. I slip my fingers into the front of her panties. It gets entangled in a lush bush of pubic hair. My middle finger finds the top of her slit. I lightly brush it over her protruding clit. She moans and writhes under my hand.

I move my other hand to the front of her chest and start unbuttoning her dress, still stimulating her clit. She makes no

attempt to stop me. I free her braless breasts from the dress and cup the left one in my hand. I gently roll her nipple between my fingers while caressing her cunt.

I move my middle finger further down into the wetness of her slit. She stiffens in anticipation. I easily find the moist entrance to her pussy and slip my finger all the way into her vagina. She moans loudly. I finger her pussy gently while tugging on her nipple. Her lower body is rocking against the motion of my hand. She whimpers as if in a trance. Her eyes are still closed. It is as if she refuses to look at me or talk to me for some reason.

Still fingering her pussy, I let go of her breast and pull the back of her panties over her round ass, exposing her plump pussy in all its pink glory! I pull my finger from her slick slit and spread her pussy lips with my fingers, opening it up nicely while stroking her clit with my index finger. Then I slip the index and middle fingers of my other hand effortlessly into her dripping wet pussy from behind. She whimpers and moves her ass rhythmically against my hand as I finger fuck her. Her eyes are still closed as she rests her head on her forearms.

Then I decide it is show time! I snuggle up behind her. I have to bend my knees a little to line my dick up with the entrance of her pussy. She appears blissfully unaware of my rock hard exposed dick and my intentions. Still fingering her with two fingers, I take the head of my dick between the other three, stroking my dick and fingering her pussy at the same time. I finger her with increasingly shallower strokes until my fingers slip out of her cunt. Almost immediately I place the swollen head of my dick against her soft, warm wetness. Opening her slit a little more with my fingers, I push gently. The soft, wet folds of her pussy engulf the head of my dick. I push harder and feel the velvety grip of her vagina around my dick as it snakes into her love hole. Then I feel my balls press against her pubic bone. I'm all the way inside her!

She remains motionless for a second or three. Then it hits her!

'No!' she almost screams as she realizes what is happening. She opens her eyes and tries to pull away from me. But there is no way I'm going to allow her to get away at this stage. I put both hands on her hips and pull her lower body up against mine, keeping the whole length of my dick firmly buried inside her pussy.

'Please! For God's sake! You can't do this to me!' she cries.

Now it is my turn to remain silent. I do not move. I just hold

her hips with my dick buried inside her.

'John, please! I beg you!' she pleads. 'Stop this madness!'

I remain silent, concentrating only on holding her bucking rump still so that my dick remains inside her.

She struggles in vain, but her struggling only causes my dick to move in and out of her pussy. Slowly the struggling subsides. Could this be a sign of surrender? Or is she merely giving up her struggle to avoid my dick moving around in her pussy?

We stand motionless in this position, my hands still gripping her firmly at the hips. She lies on her forearms again, her chest heaving as she breathes heavily.

I relax my grip on her hips. She does not pull away. I still remain motionless. Then she moves slightly. Is she humping against me? Then she stops. I wait. Then, there it is again. She is definitely making a very subtle rocking motion with her lower body.

I take that as a sign of consent. I start fucking her with long, slow strokes. She moans and throws her head back, her eyes closed again. She meets my every stroke eagerly.

Then, suddenly and totally unexpectedly, she moves forward and stands up. My dick slips out of her sopping wet cunt. She turns to me. I feel a fair amount of guilt. I am somewhat ashamed of myself.

But there's no anger in those emerald green eyes. No regret. No shame. A little fear perhaps, blended with lust.

'We have to stop this right here...' she says firmly. 'I should not have leaded you on. I'm sorry.' she says firmly. 'This never happened, OK?'

'No, no! It's all my fault! I started all this. I'm the one who have to apologize.' I say. She stands in front of me. For the first time I see her proud bare breasts, firm, flawless milky white orbs with very feint light pink nipples -- the trade mark of a true redhead. I estimate them to be a size 34C, maybe bordering on 36. She makes no attempt to cover up.

My dick stirs again. I look down. It is still rock hard, poised like a cobra ready to strike. I pull her gently towards me. My hard dick pokes her in her soft underbelly. As her butt moves away from the desk, I notice her panties drop around her ankles. She bends down to pull them up, but I stop her.

'Don't...' I whisper and pull her towards me, crushing her bare breasts against my chest.

'John, we can't. Please. Don't pressurize me.' she says firmly. 'You know as well as I do that this is very wrong. There is no way I can make love to you.'

'I'm afraid we already have.' I say.

'Have what...?' she asks, somewhat surprised.

'Made love. Even if it was for a mere few seconds, we did it. Nothing is ever going to change that. I can never pretend that it did not happen.' I say.

She does not reply.

'Whether we continue and finish off what we started or not, it won't change a thing. It won't make things more wrong than it already is. I have no regrets about what happened.' I confess. 'And, yes, I would like it to continue.'

She looks at me with uncertainty in those clear green eyes. I can see she is in two minds. Her mouth opens to say something, but she stops. I pick her up and make her sit on the desk. As I do so, her panties slip over her one shoe and dangles from the other foot. I take it off and drop it on the floor. She does not seem to notice. Her dress now covers her lower body to well below the knee. I sit down on the chair in front of her.

'Do you realize the enormity of what happened here today? How am I ever going to look my husband in the eye? God, what on earth possessed me...? You must think I'm a total slut!' Guilt is setting in big time.

'Listen to me.' I cup her face between my hands. 'We've been great friends for years. You are a wonderful woman. I have been attracted to you for a long time. But, out of respect for you and your marriage, I have always tried to suppress it. Today... Well, it just boiled over. I couldn't help myself.' I confess.

Her face lightens up somewhat. 'Really? I never realized you had feelings for me. And all this time I thought...'

'Yeah...? Thought what?' I push her.

'Never mind...' she whispers. She smiles and squeezes my hand. She leans forward and gives me a friendly peck on the cheek. I look at her. Her fully exposed breasts do not seem to worry her.

Those roseate tips pointing at me become too much to resist. I flick her left nipple lightly with my index finger. It responds immediately. She looks down at the hardening nipple and suddenly seems embarrassed by it.

'You're a naughty boy...' she whispers and pulls the sides of her dress over her breasts, still not making an attempt to button up. 'And a very dangerous man!'

I smile at her. I move my chair slightly forward and position myself between her spread knees. I put my hands under her dress and move them all the way up the outside of her legs until they rest on her naked hips. She does not seem too uncomfortable with it. She pushes the dress down between her legs.

Then it hits her. 'Oh, my God! My panties! What's happened to my panties?' she shrieks.

'Relax. There they are. You don't need them right now.' I say as I gesture toward the panties lying in a crumpled bundle on the floor.

She looks at them. 'Man, what are you doing to me...?' she whispers. She puts her hands beside her on the desk. One side of her dress falls away, exposing a perfect, firm breast. That succulent, light pink nipple hovers inches from my face! Immediately my dick springs to attention again and protrudes through my still open fly. It is hidden from her view by her dress.

I lean forward and kiss her nipple gently and pull away almost immediately. I watch in awe as it hardens.

'Let's go home...' she almost pleads.

I look into those green eyes. She can't be serious... I lean forward and close my lips around her nipple. I suck it gently into my mouth. She moans softly.

'Please... We can't do this.' she pleads.

I let go of her breast. 'Relax. It's not like we're doing anything we haven't done before, now, is it?' I tease. She does not find it amusing. I immediately latch my mouth onto her nipple again while I stroke her naked butt under the dress. Her breathing gets heavier. Then I feel her hand on the back of my head, pulling me into her breast. I take my hand out from under her dress. I uncover her other boob. My hand closes over it and I fondle it gently while sucking on the other one.

She holds my head between both her hands and kisses me gently on the earlobe. It sends shivers down my spine. I have to get her out of this dress! I have to have her completely naked!

I let go of her right breast and slowly start unbuttoning the rest of the buttons. She seems OK with it. Only when I reach the buttons covering her crotch area does she stop me. I say nothing. I remove my hand and start unbuttoning the dress from the bottom upwards. Again she allows me to do that until I reach her crotch area. Again I stop. Her pussy area is now only covered by a piece of dress held together by two buttons. I decide not to push my luck

I focus on her breasts again, taking her one nipple in my mouth. Almost immediately I feel her hands pulling my head to her breast. She moans softly as I nibble on her breast.

I stand up and look into her emerald eyes. I take her head between my hands, running my fingers through those fiery red tresses. I lean forward and kiss her passionately on the lips. She returns my kiss. Her arms fold around my neck as her tongue slips into my mouth. I move my hands down and push her dress over her shoulders. She holds her arms back to assist me, not breaking the kiss. She starts undoing the buttons of my shirt. When she is done, I step back. I take off my shirt and put it over the chair.

I turn to her. She is stark naked bar for the two buttons holding the dress together over her crotch. She looks down at my hard dick pointing at her. She smiles.

I move towards her. She welcomes me by wrapping her arms around me. She spreads her legs slightly. My dick touches the softy inside of her thigh. For a moment I get impatient. I have to get into that paradise again! I reach down to my rock hard cock, wanting to thrust it all the way up her inviting pussy. Her fingers close around it before my hand gets there.

'Slow down...' she whispers and gently starts stroking my cock. I kiss her again. She unbuttons my pants and pulls it down. I slip my hand down between us and undo the last two buttons of her dress.

I step back again to take off my shoes and pants. I look at her. Her crumpled dress is forming a pool of pink around her exquisite naked body. My eyes drop to the junction of her half open thighs. She sports a full bush a bronze colored pubic hair, neatly trimmed along the bikini line and around her pink outer labia. The glistening pink inner labia peek shyly through the puffy outer lips.

I drop back into the chair and wheel it closer to her. I spread her legs, lifting her knees. She realizes what is coming. She lies back on her elbows and puts her legs around me, placing her feet behind me on the back of the chair. Her glistening pink oyster lies in front of my face. I can't wait to taste her nectar. She throws her head back and closes her eyes in anticipation.

I blow lightly over her bare pussy. She shudders. I gently kiss the inside of her thigh, higher and higher. I feel her body tense up as I reach her pussy. Avoiding contact with her pussy, I drag my tongue down the inside of her other thigh. She sighs in disappointment. I repeat the process, teasing her, torturing not only her, but myself as well. I cannot wait to get stuck into those moist pink folds! It takes a lot of restraint to avoid that juicy pussy.

Then I can't take it anymore. Without warning I latch my mouth onto that dripping oyster, forcing my tongue as far as it can go down her vagina. Delicious! She cries out in pleasure, pulling my face into her cunt, almost smothering me. I take my tongue out of her delectable womanhood and run it up and down her sopping wet slit. Then I focus my attention on the hard, pink protruding nubbin at the top junction of her inner labia. I gently flick her clit with the tip of my tongue. Her lower body jumps every time I make contact with the tiny organ.

Then I notice the telltale trembling in her lower body. Her hands are clutching the crumpled dress at her sides. I know she is about to come.

'Well, sorry Ma'm. Not just yet. After all, you told me to slow down, remember?' I think to myself as I pull away from her.

'My turn.' I say as I pull her to her feet. She drops down on one knee next to the chair and takes my rock hard erection in her hand. She strokes it gently for a few second and then engulfs the purple mushroom head with her full lips. The warm, wetness of her mouth around my dick feel like heaven!

She takes it out of her mouth and strokes it for another few seconds, carefully studying my face. She smiles at me. Evil witch! Now is her turn to torture me. And she's loving it!

She runs the tip of her tongue up the underside of my dick. When she reaches the sensitive frenum, she lightly tickles it with her tongue. I feel like I'm going to explode. I push her away.

There's no way I want to cum now already.

I get up, pulling her to her feet. I take her in my arms and we kiss passionately. My hard-on is again poking her in the softness of her belly just above that fiery bush. I put my hands under her butt and lift her onto the desk again. She spreads her legs to accept me and lies back on her elbows again.

I move forward. I line my dick up with her slick slit. I splay the well oiled lips of her cunt with the swollen purple head of my dick. I drag it up and down her slit, watching it become wet and shiny with her juices. Then I nestle it against the entrance of her vagina. I keep it there, motionless. She humps lightly against it, impatient with desire. I lean forward and watch in awe as her pussy lips give way and stretch to accommodate my dick. Ever so slowly her pussy lips engulf my dick as it begins its descent into her soft, moist folds. The mushroom disappears and she moans as the rest of my dick slithers slowly into that hot flesh tunnel underneath her fiery bush. The velvety feeling of her cunt gripping my dick almost makes me cum right there and then.

Our pubic bones touch. Once again my dick is buried to the hilt inside her cunt. I keep it motionless inside her, savoring the moment. It reappears all wet and shiny with her love juices as I slowly withdraw it. I fuck her with deep, slow strokes, watching my dick going in and out of that hot pussy. Her legs are wrapped around me. I lean forward with my weight on my hands and fuck her harder and faster. She throws her arms around me and pulls me closer. I kiss her passionately while I fuck her hard and fast, my balls slapping against her ass with each stroke.

I feel the pressure building up in my balls. I'm not ready to cum yet. I take my dick out of her cunt. I need a few moments to recover. I pull her to her feet and turn her around so that she faces the desk. I lift her right knee onto the desk and push her forward slightly. This lines her pussy up perfectly with my dick. I put my hand on her hips and thrust forward. Without any aid from either of us, my hard dick finds its way into heaven again, as if it has a mind of its own.

I start pumping her pussy. My left hand finds its way to her left breast. I tug gently and rhythmically on her nipple, while my other hand reaches between her legs from the front. I gently stroke her swollen clit while fucking her with ever increasing intensity.

Again I sense the occasional tremor in her lower body. She humps against me, meeting my every stroke passionately. Her hands are becoming restless.

'Don't cum inside me...' she whispers.

'Why?' I ask, slightly puzzled.

'Just... don't...' she replies, out of breath.

Her body begins to shudder. She screams as her lower body convulses rhythmically in the throes of a very intense orgasm. She bucks wildly and all I can do is grab her by the hips and hold her tight against me. I have to keep my dick inside her at all cost! I have to fight my own orgasm as her vagina grips my cock.

Then the convulsions subside and she leans her head on her forearms again. She is spent. I take her by the hips and fuck her as hard as I can. My balls feel like they are going to explode. Still I try to suppress my orgasm, trying to prolong the moment.

Then I erupt. Before I can withdraw my dick, I shoot the first stream of semen into her cunt, splashing her cervix with hot cum. I quickly take my dick out of her slick cunt, gripping it behind the head to keep me from squirting my cum all over her back.

She spins around and bends down to take my dick in her mouth. Before she reaches my dick, my cock erupts again. A pearly white jet of cum flies through the air as if in slow motion and hits her diagonally across the face. Her mouth finds my dick just in time to take the next stream of cum in her mouth. I grab her by the head and fuck her mouth with long, hard strokes. I empty my balls in her mouth. She eagerly swallows it, trying to squeeze even more out of it.

My knees feel weak. I fall back in the chair, pulling her down in my lap. She puts her arms around me and I hold her for a few minutes while we recover.

'I have to go.' she whispers eventually. I look at her. She has cum all over her face and in her hair. A large drop of cum is also dangling from her chin. I reach down and pick up her panties next to the chair. I use it to wipe the cum off her face and get it out of her hair.

'Thanks.' she says softly, looking a lot more respectable. She gets up and we get dressed in silence.

Then curiosity gets the better of me. 'Why didn't you want me to cum inside you?' I ask.

'I'm not using any contraceptives. Tim and I are trying to start a family.' she explains.

Fuck...!! What have I done?!

'Oh...' is all I can think of to say. I feel the blood rushing from my head.

'You didn't, did you?' she asks.

'Did what?' I ask, realizing too late how dumb it must sound.

'Cum inside me...' She looks at me with a slightly worried look in those big green eyes.

'Of course not.' I reply. But I cannot look her in the eye.

When we are fully dressed, she gives me a hug and a kiss. I can taste my semen on her mouth.

'I have to run. This day never happened, OK?' she says

'Of course not...' I reply. She kisses me lightly on the cheek. I am too stunned to respond. She takes her things and I watch as she trots out the door to her car.

Fuck! What now...? She's trying to get pregnant! If she does, what then? There is fair chance that she could be carrying my child. But how will one ever know...? How will she ever know? She seems totally unaware of the fact that I came inside her. I am most certainly not going to enlighten her. But, should she fall pregnant, be it from me or from Tim, how does one simply brush it aside? Does this mean I have to live with this uncertainty and guilt for the rest of my life?

I suppose time will tell. So many questions, so few answers...

In the Hallway

by [SimonDoom](#)©

1. Janna.

The time display on Janna's computer screen hit 10:30 a.m. Janna finished scanning the paper file in front of her and lay it

down. It was time for a break. She pushed away from her cubicle desk, and swung the chair around to rise.

As she did so she realized, too late, that she should have stood up before turning around. Dale, in the cubicle across from hers, was sneaking a quick peak at her, obviously hoping to catch a flash of something between the gap in her thighs. The unusually short skirt Janna had chosen to wear that day left a lot of thigh uncovered, and it promised more of a flash than usual. But Janna, accustomed to her neighbor's frequent ogling, held her legs closed, and she rose from her chair without giving anything away.

Janna's ogler was known in the office as Dateless Dale. He had a soft, shapeless sort of body, and a skin tone that suggested he did not get out much. He often complained about not getting dates, but his hygiene and clothing choices showed he was not trying very hard.

Moving away from her cubicle, Janna strode quickly to the exit of her firm's office and opened the door. It closed behind her with a heavy clunk. She had waited too long, and the need to pee was growing uncomfortable. Given the choice, she would have gone to the bathroom half an hour earlier. But her boss, Roger, had insisted that she finish looking over the accounts receivable for the Winchester Realty report, so she had sat at her desk dutifully for the past half hour, her legs crossing and recrossing with increasing urgency as the minutes ticked along and the pages of the report flipped by.

Janna worked as an accountant at Bowlevin & Associates, a prosperous accounting firm of about 30 employees. The firm's offices occupied the south end of a sprawling, nondescript two-story office building of the kind that littered this part of the city. Janna had arrived at the firm five years ago, just out of college, skilled with numbers and brimming with enthusiasm and ambition. As a new employee at the firm she had been tasked promptly with the job of managing and auditing the books of mostly small- to medium-sized businesses of different kinds.

Janna had earned good reviews for her work, but the chief reward for her success had been an ever-growing pile of files on her desk. The small increase in her bonus pay had been offset by the decrease in time to spend it.

Janna valued her success at her job, but the long hours had taken a toll on her personal life, and, especially, on her sex life.

How long had it been since she had had sex? Janna wondered as

she walked down the carpeted hallway. Six months? Did Bill count? She did not think so. She had only dated him four times, and the last time she vaguely remembered removing her skirt and bra in a stupor brought on by an excess of very strong drinks at a local dive bar. She had blurry memories after that of being sprawled over a black sofa at Bill's apartment, her mouth half-heartedly working its way up and down the shaft of his semi-hard and unimpressive penis. She was reasonably certain his cock had not gotten anywhere close to between her legs. Whatever had happened, it had not been memorable. That was the last date with Bill.

Since then, her love life had been like a vast desert - dry, featureless, and with no relief in sight. She had had three initial dates through an online dating service, but they hadn't gone anywhere. The last date had been kind of cute, and had even asked at the end of their dinner at a trendy Thai restaurant if she wanted to come back to his place for a drink, but she had said no. And that was the last she had seen of that cute date.

She had said no. That was her problem: she was always saying no.

Janna had no obvious physical defects. She was five feet, five inches tall, with brown straight hair that she was careful to maintain just past shoulder length. She looked young for her 27 years. She had a trim but shapely figure, a pretty face, and medium brown eyes that spent most of their time behind a pair of steel rim glasses.

The glasses, unfortunately, reinforced an image that Janna guessed presented itself to the world as prim. She did not look like the type to cut loose. She dressed stylishly but conservatively.

Her conservative style, she had to admit, mirrored a conservative manner. Janna was not a prude; she liked sex, and she thought, from the little feedback she had gotten, that she was good at it. But Janna tended to put men through a gauntlet of questions and delays before they could get her into the bedroom and out of her panties. She was always wondering what might go wrong, how the process of shedding clothes and offering up her body might compromise her. She silently subjected her dates to excessive critiques over minor flaws. This one had eyes too close together. That one took too long to calculate the tip for a bar tab. The result of her dates' fumbling overtures and Janna's severe scrutiny was too often the same: it amounted to telling them no. Sensing that life was short and that getting into Janna's panties would take up too much of it, they moved on.

Her habit of saying no extended beyond just turning men down. Over the past few years she had turned down opportunities and avoided situations that she worried would in some way or another risked compromising her position and her reputation. Six months earlier she had said no to three girlfriends that wanted to take her to a male strip club. She had passed up a few recent invitations to have drinks after work with co-workers or friends, where the agenda would have been talking about men or meeting men. During the previous summer, she had avoided the firm's pool party because she did not want to expose her body in a swimsuit to the men in the office. She had developed an aversion to putting herself in situations where she might feel that men had her at a disadvantage. In lots of little ways that added up over time, Janna had taken herself out of the game of meeting, much less having sex with, men.

So, despite her longing for sex, she had not had any in a while.

Janna found a little solace in erotic fiction. In the last few months she had plowed through half a dozen novels she had downloaded to her Kindle. All of them were variations on the same theme: young, inexperienced women surrendering their bodies to powerful, dangerous, dominant men. Janna found herself drawn to this type of story but also found herself wondering why. She supposed it was because the heroines' experiences were so unlike her own. They appealed to her for opening her to a forbidden and unfamiliar world.

After a while, though, so much reading about sex did not satisfy her as much as frustrate her.

Just the night before, she had curled up under the covers of her bed, and she had begun reading her latest novel under the yellow glow of the lamp on the night stand. The book was about a young, innocent school librarian named Serena who traveled to an exotic island and became the sex slave of a rich, powerful man named Max. One of Max's rules for Serena was that she must always say yes to whatever he asked of her, or their relationship must end. Over the course of the story he pushed her willingness to say yes to him further and further. Last night Janna reached the point in the story where Max insisted that Serena accompany him to a small dinner party - completely naked. For reasons Janna could not completely understand, this part of the story aroused her intensely, and as she read about Max showing off the timid but excited Serena to his friends Janna found her hand sneaking its way under the pink cotton boy shorts she had worn to bed. Her finger began touching the folds of skin between her legs and then circling her clit as she scrolled through the words.

Finally, she had to put the Kindle down, and with her free hand

she reached under her tee shirt and began pinching her left breast while continuing to touch herself below. She went on in this way for only a few minutes when her body lightly shuddered with a small but pleasant orgasm. It was satisfying, but only for a moment. Janna wanted more than just book sex and masturbation. She wanted the real thing. What to do?

It was too late to call a girlfriend, and she had no idea what she would have asked a girlfriend if she had called her. But there was always the Internet.

Janna pulled the covers back and jumped out of bed. She walked over to the small desk on the other side of her bedroom and turned on the desktop computer.

She opened her browser. She thought for a moment about what she wanted to know. It was hard to put into words. After about a minute of thinking she entered "How does a girl get more sex?" into the search bar.

The results popped up immediately. There were 117,000 of them. Janna started scrolling.

As usual with the Internet, there was no end of advice or information, and there was very little way to tell whether any of it was any good. Most of it looked ridiculous.

She clicked on a link to a site that told her what to say to a man in a bar. It recommended clever lines she could not imagine herself saying.

She clicked on a link to a site that offered advice on how to dress to attract a man. It advised women to aim for the "sweet spot" in how they dressed - to be sexy, but not too slutty. Revealing without exposing too much. After a few minutes of reading a lot of "this, but not that" sort of advice she got confused and bored and moved on.

She clicked on a link to a site about the joy of submission. It praised the virtues of letting a man dominate her. It told her that to be a real woman she needed to let a man be her master. The site featured lots of photos of women tied up with their legs spread open, and of men cropping, spanking, and fucking the women. Janna found herself to be quite turned on, but she could not figure out a way to apply any of the lessons of the site to her situation. She thought it might be interesting to let a man be her master, at least for a little while, but to put the lessons of the site to practice she would have to find an eligible, attractive man with ropes and crops and paddles, and she did not know where to find him.

The last site she looked at had a title that caught her eye:
justsayyes.com.

The photo on the home page was glossy and professional-looking, and very erotic. It showed a woman with long blonde hair, completely nude and sitting on the edge of a bed, her face and front turned away at a 45-degree angle from the camera's point of view. Her hands rested on the bed behind her, her knees were up and apart, and her feet were perched on the edge of the bed. Across the room from the her, slightly out of focus, a man in a black suit was entering a door and looking directly at the woman on the bed. Janna stared for a minute at the photo, thinking to herself that she could not remember the last time she had offered a man such a bold and obvious invitation. Then she clicked on a link that took her to more information about the website and its message.

"Ladies," it said, "Are you not getting enough attention? Enough sex? Are you tired of ending up at home alone and only dreaming about being in the arms of a hot guy?"

Well, I guess so, thought Janna.

"Just follow this program," it continued. "The key to more sex and better sex is this: Stop saying 'no'!"

"Don't deny yourself," the site said. "Unlock your inner slut and say yes when the opportunity arises."

"Just say yes!"

"Be alive to your opportunities as a woman and embrace them!"

"Following this one piece of advice will lead you out of frustration into a paradise of sexual fulfillment. Ecstasy awaits you!"

There was a lot more of this sort of thing, but Janna did not have to read it all to get the point.

She clicked on the link to "Testimonials." One was by Ann, age 33. Ann wrote that she had gone without sex for over a year before trying the Just Say Yes method. Then, once she tried it, and let her inner slut out, she had all the sex she could handle. Just the other day she had gone to a bar and let a dark-haired man she had never met before named Ramon take her to the alley behind the bar, push her against the wall, and fuck her from behind. Now that she had let her inner slut out of the bottle, Ann wrote, she was never going to put it back in.

Janna was reasonably certain that her inner slut, such as it was, was buried deep. In fact, she was not sure she even had an inner slut. But after all the reading she had to admit that she was feeling horny, and that she badly wanted more sex. She supposed she could relax her caution and prudence a bit and have more fun. Although the idea of always saying yes to a man and letting one's inner slut run free did not strike Janna as a sound life plan, she thought she could loosen up a little.

She yawned. It was late. Tired of reading about how her sex life could be better, Janna turned off the computer and headed to bed.

The next morning, Janna woke up, got out of bed, and headed to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the full-length mirror on the inside of the bathroom door. In her skimpy boy shorts and tight tee shirt and no bra, she knew she was sexy. She should be having more sex. She thought more about the web site she had viewed. Just Say Yes. Well, she thought, she was not quite ready to say yes to everything. But saying no a little bit less often might be a good start. How to do that?

Janna mulled that question over as she had breakfast.

In the shower, Janna decided she would get the day off to a sexier start with sexier grooming. First, she shaved her legs and underarms completely. Then she turned her razor to the more challenging area between her legs. Janna typically kept things tidy and trim down there, but not totally shaven. She opted for totally shaven this time, and went to work with short, careful strokes. After shaving off all the hair around her butt and labia, she started on the discrete triangle of short hair on her pubic mound. In a few strokes the hair was gone. Janna was completely bare, for the first time in a very long time.

Janna left the shower, toweled off, and headed back to her bedroom. Now it was time to dress.

Being a realist, and knowing that none of the men at her firm appealed to her sexually, Janna knew that how she dressed for work was unlikely to have any impact on her sex life. But it was the principle of the thing. For a day, at least, she was determined to change her attitude, and to dress in a style that said "yes" a little more, and "no" a little less.

Rummaging through her closet and dresser, Janna decided to try something a little more daring than usual. Lying at the bottom of a stack of humdrum work skirts in her dresser drawer was a skirt she had bought six months earlier but never worn. It was a

black, A-line, wool skirt, and she had snatched it off the store shelf because it had been on sale. The hem fell a few inches above the knee, noticeably shorter than anything else she wore to work, and for that reason she had not worn it yet. But today she was being bold. She took it out of the dresser and tossed it on the bed.

Next up was the panty selection. Usually, in Janna's mind, a shorter skirt warranted more conservative panties, just in case a careless instance of crossing legs or getting out of a car resulted in an unintentional flash. But today, with the words "Just Say Yes" flashing in her mind, Janna decided to do the unusual. Her hand bypassed more conservative choices and selected a baby-blue, gauzy, filmy thong. It was not quite see-through, but it was close. And in the light, it gave off a slight sheen. With this skirt and panty combination, a little carelessness could give a coworker a memorable view.

Let them enjoy it, she thought.

To complete the ensemble, she chose a white lacy bra, and white long-sleeve blouse with a moderate V-neck collar and black buttons down the front. She quickly dressed and slipped her feet into her favorite three-inch-heel black pumps. She turned to look at herself in the full-length mirror in her bedroom. She took a moment to appraise herself. The skirt was a good two inches farther above her knee than the shortest skirt she had ever worn to work before. She felt a moment's hesitation. Could she do this? Yes, she thought. Just say yes!

On that positive note, she headed off to work.

A few hours later, having completed the tasks for Roger and now walking briskly to the office bathroom with an uncomfortably full bladder, she mused about whether the sexier outfit had made any difference. Well, it had caught Dateless Dale's attention. Although Janna had no interest in Dale she had to admit she had not minded the peeks he had snuck at her bare legs. She also had caught Roger sneaking a glance or two at her smoothed, shaved legs as he went over her assignments. Janna was not at all interested in Roger, since he was two inches shorter than she was, 20 years older, and married, besides, but on this day at least she enjoyed his glances. She almost felt her legs tingle at being stared at.

The building that housed Janna's firm had two long, narrow wings set perpendicular to each other and joined by a central open, two-story atrium with large windows and glass doors on either side. The bathrooms were on the other wing, just across the atrium, so she had to walk over half the length of the building

to get to them. She moved briskly along the hallway.

As she neared the bathroom, she looked up and noticed a tall, slender figure approaching her from the opposite end of the hallway. She did not know the man, but she had seen him before, either in the hallway or getting out of his car when she happened to show up at work at the same time he did. He was not the kind of guy you noticed right away. He was good looking, with clear, blue eyes, a thin waist, and pleasantly broad shoulders. But his face carried no hint of swagger, or danger, or romance. He had never flirted with her. On the contrary, on the few occasions Janna had noticed him he had always looked preoccupied by something. Today, she had to admit, he was looking good in black slacks and a cornflower blue shirt. She thought he probably worked at the insurance company on the other end of the building. To date Janna and this man had never exchanged words. As she looked up at him she wondered if they might do so today.

As she approached him, Janna felt a flicker of interest. She wondered if he had noticed her before. She suppressed a smile as she suddenly felt glad her skirt was shorter than normal.

2. Tom.

It was 10:30 a.m., and Tom had lost count of the papers that had crossed his desk that morning.

I am the paper-pushing king, he thought.

He stared at the insurance forms in front of him. He was having trouble concentrating. He thought that if he stared any harder at the paper in his hand it might burst into flame. Well, no, it almost certainly would not, he thought, but I probably would get so fed up staring at it I'd set a match to it in frustration.

With his left thumb and forefinger, he tugged at a rubber band that was wrapped tightly around his right index finger. He pulled it back and let it go, savoring the short, sharp pain as the rubber snapped against his skin. Tom used the rubber band from time to time during the day as a way of jolting his mind out of the thick, dull state it entered after too much time staring at insurance papers.

The sound of rubber smacking skin made him think of something else, too: the bondage porn website he had been visiting at night in his apartment recently. He had found the site for the first time only two weeks earlier. Tom had had no personal experience of any kind with bondage or dominance and submission games. The dominant flavor of his own sexual life had been

vanilla. But after years of sex that was not quite as frequent and not quite as interesting as he would have liked, Tom had grown bored of vanilla. He was willing to try new flavors.

At least, he thought so. He could not be certain because he had never tried any other flavor. Like a lot of people, Tom had occasional fantasies about hot naked women submitting to him as their master. But so far it had only been a fantasy.

Nature called, interrupting Tom's reverie about whips and handcuffs. He rose from his desk, left his cubicle, sauntered past 8 other cubicles, and headed for the exit door. The insurance firm he worked for, Dunwoodie Booth LLC, occupied over 6000 square feet of office space at the east end of the first floor of an anonymous office building. The men's room was near the entrance foyer and elevators at the center of the building. The short walk to the men's room would be as much of a diversion as he would likely get this morning.

It was not even 11 o'clock, and Tom was bored. Worse, he was frustrated. It had been so long since he had gotten any that his dick was growing stiff, not from arousal, but, he was sure, from fossilization.

The previous night, alone in his apartment, he had spent fully ten minutes staring at his face in the mirror. He was not a bad-looking guy. 29 years old. Five feet eleven inches. Dark hair. Not fat, but not too skinny. Somehow, though, the combination had not attracted any women lately. He did not know why. Staring in the mirror did not give him any clever insights.

At the end of ten minutes he decided that staring in the mirror was not going to wise him up about women, so he left the mirror for his computer. He got onto the Internet, and tapped various key combinations searching for answers to the ultimate question:

How do I get women?

There was no shortage of websites with answers. Some told you what you had to wear. Some told you what you had to say. Some promised to reveal the one thing you had to know to drive a woman completely crazy and to submit to you. Most promised all these wonders once you agreed to fork over \$19.99 and get behind the paywall. Tom was getting desperate, but not desperate enough yet to pay money for what he knew was bullshit.

After about thirty minutes of amused browsing he found a website that did not want his money. It was called www.telldontask.com.

The name did not sound promising, but the site had an attractive, professional look to it, not to mention a hot blonde in a form-fitting minidress on the home page. With nothing better to do, Tom scrolled through its pages, looking for some wisdom to help him get laid.

"Are you frustrated? Do women ignore you?" the Site asked.

Yep. That's me, Tom thought as he followed the Site's prompts.

"Stop being the nice guy", it urged. "Deep down, women don't want a nice guy. They want a man. They want a man who tells them what to do. So, stop asking. Tell them. Tell them what you think. Tell them what you want. Tell them what to do. You will be amazed at the results."

The words rolled on in this vein.

Tom knew that the part about nice guys was true. One of his last dates had been with a woman named Lissette who had flaming red hair and amazingly bountiful breasts. Tom had been so in awe of her that he practically stumbled over himself in a futile effort to please her during their two-hour dinner at a trendy new restaurant. He had thought he was doing well and at the end of the dinner suggested going back to his place. That was when she fixed her piercing blue eyes on his and gave him a look of pity that Tom could tell she had had experience practicing.

"You're a really nice guy, Tom," she had said. "But, well, I know this maybe sounds weird, but . . . I don't date nice guys. I'm sorry."

Tom had been struck dumb at the time. He had no idea what to say. He was too nice to try to convince her on the spot that he was not nice, just so he could sleep with her.

So, instead, he took her home. He never saw her again.

Tom's sobering experience as a nice guy made him receptive to try something different. But as he scrolled through testimonials of previously hopeless guys who had tried the Tell Don't Ask method and now boasted about their success bedding women he could not help but think it was a con job.

"This is complete bullshit," Tom said to himself. It was a great fantasy, he had to admit. It probably did have a point. He knew he was too nice. He was courteous to a fault. Lately, courtesy did not seem to have gotten him anywhere. It was nice to think all he had to do was tell a girl what to do and that she would do it. If only the world worked that way.

He ended up spending about an hour poring over the website and its advice, and the numerous testimonials about the effectiveness of the "Tell, Don't Ask" method. At once skeptical and eager, Tom pored over the text that urged him to let out his inner master. If he did so, it went on, the women were certain to come running. Running away is more like it, Tom thought.

At about 11 p.m., done with reading about the sexual bounty that inevitably followed the adoption of the Tell, Don't Ask method, Tom finally logged off the computer and retired to bed. He spent a few more minutes looking at bondage porn on his Kindle before falling asleep.

In the morning, awake and showered and putting on his favorite black pants and blue shirt, Tom thought about the advice he had read the night before. He thought it would be fun to try. But he could not imagine how. They day ahead, passing the office hours reviewing insurance forms and calling clients, did not seem to offer a promising opportunity to flex his skills as a sexual master.

Several hours later, as he walked along the office building corridor, heading toward the bathroom, he thought some more about what he had read and wondered if he would ever get a chance to try it. He doubted it.

He let out a sigh. What good was it to have all this advice about what to say to girls if there were no girls to say things to?

Ahead in the hallway, just beyond the bathrooms, a flash of long legs in a short skirt caught his eye.

3. Introductions.

As the woman ahead of him came into view, Tom recognized her. Sort of. He did not know her name, but he had seen her before, in the hallway and in the parking lot. Their eyes had met a few times, but he was not sure she would have remembered. For some reason, he thought she worked at the accounting firm at the other end of the building. Bowlevin something, he recalled.

She was good-looking, that was certain. The skirt she was wearing was shorter than any he had seen her wear before, and it showed off briskly moving legs that were lean, long, and shapely. As his eyes swept up her figure they lingered for just a moment on breasts that bounced lightly with each step. When his gaze arrived at her face he saw she was looking at him.

He guessed that she, like he, was heading for the bathroom. If so, they would pass each other in a moment, because the men's room was 15 feet past the women's room in the hall ahead.

"I should say something," Tom thought. Tom was not exactly the kind of guy who spontaneously struck up conversations with cute girls in hallways. But, emboldened by the lessons of the previous night's Web visit, he was determined to say something.

But before he could think of something, they passed each other.

As they did so, each glanced at the other. Tom thought he saw the hint of a smile on her lips as she looked at him. He struggled to think of something to say. But the moment passed, and each passed the other heading on the way to his and her respective bathrooms.

As Janna walked passed Tom, she thought, "He's better-looking than I remember." She looked at him as they passed, and she noticed that as they passed each other his lips parted and his brow furrowed. She hoped he might say something. But he did not.

She felt a twinge of disappointment. She walked on and opened the door to the women's room.

After passing Janna, Tom mentally kicked himself. "Way to go, dude", he thought. "I should have said something." He kept walking, and opened the door to the bathroom. He heard the girl behind him open the door to the women's room at the same time.

Tom walked into the bathroom. He unzipped and did his business. As he did so, he stared at a crack in the off-white wall in front of him and thought about how he might step up his game on the way back to his office.

What would he say? What would he do? He did not have any guide to follow. Then he thought about the website he had pored over the night before.

"Tell, don't ask!" it urged.

That seemed stupid. But, lacking a better plan, Tom zipped up, washed his hands, and walked to the bathroom door with an idea he would try this approach, one way or another.

He stopped for a moment, thinking to himself that women probably took longer than men. He wanted to time his opening the door so he would run into her again.

Meanwhile, Janna, having finished her business in her own

bathroom, and now drying her hands under the blow drier fixed to the wall next to the sink, was thinking about the attractive man in the bathroom on the other side of the wall. Was he interested in her? He had given her a long look. She had thought he was about to say something, but he did not. Would he say something if they met again? She hoped he would. She did not know what she would say, though. If history was any guide it would probably be something off-putting.

With that not-too-optimistic thought she finished drying her hands. Giving herself one last glance in the mirror she decided to hitch her skirt up from the waist just a bit to expose more of her legs. Then she opened the door to exit the bathroom.

Tom and Janna exited their respective bathroom doors at the same time. Tom was pleased with himself for having got the timing just right.

Tom decided he had to say something, even though he had not figured out what. She was looking at him as they approached each other in the hallway. His mouth opened to let some words out, but before any could it clamped shut again. He still could not think what to say.

His moment was about to pass.

Janna was wondering if he was going to say something, when, suddenly, her left heel caught in a snag in the carpet. Her distraction with the man in front of her left her unprepared to respond, and she started pitching forward.

Tom, whose eyes had not left Janna's face, saw her stumble. He stepped toward her and threw out his arms. He meant to grab her arms but he somehow missed and his hands slipped past them to her sides. Seeing the man in front of her, Janna threw her own hands out directly in front of her. Tom caught Janna by her sides just as her hands pushed forward against his chest. She let out a small gasp.

"I've got you," he said to her, and he did, if just barely. He steadied her and moved his hands off her sides and toward her elbows. But he did not take them away completely. His first instinct was to ask her "Are you O.K.?", but something in him bit the question off before he asked it. Instead he just looked at her.

Janna, for her part, was feeling quite O.K. She liked the feel of his firm chest under her hands, which she had pulled away only partly, leaving the tips of her fingers on the front of his shirt. She felt firm muscle under the shirt that she would not

have guessed at from his slim figure. She looked up at him as she drew her hands away at last.

"Thank you, sir," she said and smiled. She quickly wondered why she had said "sir" to him. Was she just being polite or did she mean something else? Where did that come from? she mused.

Tom wondered too. I like the sound of that, he thought.

"You are welcome," he said, more formally and steadily than he expected to. He felt he ought to ask her how she was. Or ask for her name. But something inside him struggled against the impulse.

Don't ask, he thought to himself. Tell.

He let go of her elbows and stepped back. His eyes swept over her and he was struck by the way her blouse draped over and accentuated the firm rise of her breasts. Get a hold of yourself, he thought.

"I'm Tom," he said. "Tell me your name."

"Janna," she said, thinking as the words left her lips that there was something slightly odd about the way he had said what he had said.

"I work at Dunwoodie, at the end of the building," Tom said. "I think you work for Bowlevin on the other end." It was all he could do to make it sound like a statement, not a question.

Something in Janna sensed, vaguely, that there was something strange about the way he was talking to her. But she could not figure out what. She was still thinking about the way her body felt when his hands had caught her, and how his chest had felt under her own hands. She wished he had not let go of her quite so soon. She liked the feeling of being held up by him.

"Yes," she said.

"Well," he said. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Tom knew there was one more thing he needed to do. A voice inside him, a voice he had never heard before but that was growing louder with confidence, told him how to do it.

"Tell me your number, Janna," Tom said to her.

As soon as he said it he wondered if it was a mistake not asking her politely. I can't believe I just said that, he thought. I

didn't even ask. She's going to think I'm an asshole and tell me to fuck off.

Janna stopped and paused and looked at Tom's eyes. Her lips parted in surprise. It occurred to her that he was not asking her, he was telling her. The word "no" welled up inside her and was ready to burst out of her mouth, but she shut her lips and stopped the word from getting out. She looked up at the ceiling, and without thinking or fully understanding why she faintly, almost inaudibly, whispered the word "Yes."

She looked back at Tom. She told him her number.

Tom memorized each digit. He held her gaze for a moment, and then said, "Thank you."

Without saying anything more, he walked past her on the way back to his office. He fought the urge to look back at her.

Janna was still rooted to her spot in the hallway. She did not move at first. She did not know what had just happened. She had given her number to this man, Tom, and then he had just walked away. She glanced back over her shoulder. Tom was walking toward the door at the far end of the hallway. He did not look back.

Janna wondered if she had been a fool to give him her number like that. Why did I just tell this stranger my number? she thought.

He had not even asked her for her number. He had just told her to tell it to him. And she had.

She had said yes.

She shook her head and smiled faintly. How about that? she wondered. Maybe there was a little submissive in her after all.

She started walking back to her own office at the other end of the building. She guessed that Tom would call or text her, but she wondered when or how he would.

4. Words and Pictures.

When Tom arrived at his cubicle he leaned over his cubicle desk, set his hands on the surface, and let out an exclamation of air. He could not believe what had just happened. He had told a cute girl - no, a hot girl! - from the other end of the building to give him her number - and she had! He had not even asked. He had thought she would be offended or think him presumptuous and would refuse. But she had not. She had given it to him. Tom

shook his head. Nothing like this had ever happened to him.

Now that he had her number, he had to do something. Obviously, he would text or call. Probably text. That would be easier. He could break in the ice more slowly. If he called her she might think he was coming on too strong. And he could think about what he was going to say before saying it.

He started thumbing the line "What R U doing . . ." and then stopped. He hit the delete button until each letter he had written had been erased. Don't ask, he thought. Just tell her. It worked the first time; he might as well try it again.

Back in her own office, Janna was still somewhat flustered by what she had done. She had given a total stranger her name and number. But he was kind of a cute stranger, she thought.

Her phone pinged. A message. She opened it.

"Hi, Janna. It's Tom."

"Hi Tom," she replied, and then she added, "Thanks for catching me. I am not in the habit of tripping and falling into the hands of strangers. But I'm glad you were there."

Tom looked at her reply. She was chatty, he was pleased to see. This might be fun, he thought.

"It was no trouble, and my pleasure," he texted back. "I was surprised. You didn't look like the tripping sort. You'll have to complain to the landlord about the defect in the carpet."

"I just might do that," she texted in reply. He was courteous as well as cute. Realizing suddenly that she was in her office and was supposed to be working, she looked around to see if Roger was looking her way. He was not.

"Tell me what you're doing," said the next text. He was a little bossy, that was for sure, Janna thought. He seemed to prefer not to use questions. She wondered if it was some sort of game. Whatever he was up to, she enjoyed bantering with a man who was firm and direct as well as courteous. She decided to play back at him.

"Right now I'm at my work cubicle texting a bossy stranger," she texted.

Tom's eyes widened a little, surprised at the nibble he had gotten on the line he had tossed out. He could not let that one just lie.

"I got the feeling you like bossy," he texted back.

Janna looked at his text. Her eyes widened and she noticed she could feel heart beating. Where was this going? She thought. She could not believe she was doing this - texting a total stranger this way. But she was having fun, and her body shivered with a frisson of sexual excitement she had not felt in a while. What to say, however, to that comment? Saying no - well, it would not shut down the conversation, perhaps. But it would dampen the sense of excitement it was giving her. Responding positively might send him the wrong message - but what was the right message? She decided to keep playing.

"Sometimes," she texted him.

Tom saw the words. The thoughts in his head became fuzzier. He might not be the smoothest coat in the closet but even he knew an invitation when he saw one. Now he had to think of a clever response to keep this moving.

"I imagine you don't get it as much as you'd like it," he texted back. Argh, he thought as soon as he pushed the send button. That could be taken a different way. It was early in the conversation to be headed in that direction. Once again Tom worried he had gone too far and that she would blow him off.

Janna caught the double meaning of his text. Is that what he meant? Or was that a slip? She was feeling playful but did not want to come across as easy.

"You have quite an imagination, I think," she texted back.
"Especially for someone who works for an insurance broker."

"You would be surprised how imaginative an insurance broker can be," he replied. "There's nothing like catching a pretty girl in a short skirt in the hallway to get the imagination going."

"Thank you. Do you compliment every girl you catch in the hallway?" she texted.

"No. You're the first one," he texted back.

"I feel special!" she replied. She added a smiley emoticon to the message, something she seldom did.

Tom was pumped. This was going well and he was surprised at the ease with which he kept the banter going. He had her attention. It was time to take another step.

"You are special. I can tell. Now I'm going to do something for you. I'm going to let you show me how much you like bossy. So here goes. Take a selfie. Now. Make it hot, anyway you want. Then text it to me. Don't wait. Do it now." The words flowed as his thumb moved over the keypad. He paused before hitting send as he wondered if he had gone too far, too fast. What the hell, he thought. He was on a roll. This wasn't the time to stop. He pushed it.

Janna felt a warmth over her body as she looked at the words on her phone. He was being bossy to ask her to take a hot photo of herself. And she liked it. He was a little bossy. But not too much, and not in a crude way. Hot, she thought, what would that mean? She did not usually think of herself as hot. How would she do this? Her mind swept quickly over a lot of possibilities. A face shot? Hmmm. Too tame. And she did not want a photo of herself with duck lips. Too cliché. A shot of her cleavage? Too bold for a first photo. She looked down over her figure seated in her office swivel chair. Her legs looked lean and firm, but with soft clear skin uncovered by any hosiery. She knew she had nice legs. That was it. She would take a photo of her legs.

She raised her left heel, put it against the edge of her desk, and pushed her swivel chair back. Then she propped both her feet on the top of the desk. With the phone held just right the picture would capture the black hem of her skirt, a few inches of each thigh, and the entirety of her toned, shapely calves, thin ankles, and feet in black heels perched suggestively on her desk. She looked good, she thought. But she could make the photo just a bit hotter. With her right hand, she reached down and pulled the hem of her skirt up another two inches. The skirt already was short by her standards, so the effect was, to her eye, dramatic. She parted her legs a few inches as well.

Now, that's hot, she thought. She snapped the photo, looked it over for a moment, decided the exposure and color and resolution were fine, and sent it to her new bossy friend Tom.

Tom, who was hunched over his desk at his cubicle, saw the photo appear in the text thread. He opened it. He remembered Janna had had nice legs in the hallway, but damn, this was hot. Extremely hot. The legs looked long and perfectly curved, and the gap between her exposed thighs where they met the hem of her short skirt drove him crazy. To feel his hands on those legs, running them up her smooth calves, past the knees, along her inner thighs up to and under her skirt . . . he wanted that.

But he needed to pause to think what to do next. His thoughts were jumbled and he was not sure how to respond.

"That is hot," he texted. "No doubt about it. You have the most

beautiful legs in the building."

"Why, thank you, sir," she replied. "Are you an expert on the legs in the building?"

He grinned at that. "Sir?" This was going too well. Whatever he was casting, she was biting.

He mulled over his next response - it had to be good after the photo she had just sent and her calling him "Sir."

"No, I'm not an expert," he texted. "Just attentive. And your legs definitely demand more attention than the others."

All the texting about her legs was making Janna feel self-conscious. But still, she liked it.

"I appreciate the attention," she replied.

Tom was thinking about how to reply to that when suddenly he was interrupted.

It was Carlos, his manager. "Tom, do you have a minute to help Tyler? He's working with a new client, an auto shop owner over on Washington Avenue, and he doesn't understand the coverage terms well enough to explain them to the guy. I know you know the terms. Can you give him a hand? Shouldn't take long."

Tom put on his best happy office worker face, which he knew was unconvincing. "Sure, Carlos. I've got time. I can do that. No problem."

Damn. Knowing Tyler, as he did, it probably would take more time than Carlos thought it would. Tyler was as dumb as rocks, and not smart rocks, at that. He had only been working in the office for a few weeks, he was at the extremely low end of the learning curve, and it was evident he was in no hurry to climb it.

Tom did not want to break off from texting Janna. What if she gets cold feet during the break? he thought. But there was nothing he could do. He replied to her last message.

"Good girl. I want to keep this conversation going. But I need to do something in the office." He looked up at the clock. "I will text you again at 1 p.m." He paused and added one more thing. "Make sure you are available to respond at that time." He almost started the sentence with "please" but thought better of it.

He looked at the time on his phone. 1 p.m. was an hour away.

That should give him plenty of time to deal with Tyler and then think of his next move with Janna. He got up and headed across the office to Tyler's cubicle.

Janna looked at Tom's last message. Part of her was annoyed that he had broken off their texting. She had been having fun. But part of her was relieved. This was going fast, and she did not know where it was going, and she did not know where she wanted it to go.

She did not even know this guy, and she had already texted him a photo of her exposed legs and called him "Sir."

She had an hour. That should work. She could get a few projects done and clear that time for what was next. Whatever it was. But first, she needed to get some information about the bossy text partner that was getting her so excited.

She did not know Tom's last name, but she knew the name of the firm he worked at it. Her fingers tapped out the name on her keyboard and she entered it in the search box on her computer screen: "Dunwoodie Booth." A list of results flooded the screen. She picked the top result, taking her to the firm's web page. She looked for his name and found it under the heading "Agents."

"Tom Allenrood." She looked at his page. Yes, it was he. It was a nice portrait photo, and it looked recent, though it was touched up and glossed so it was difficult to tell. She scanned his job description and credentials. He seemed like a solid guy. He was real, anyway.

Next, she looked up his ratings on Yelp, and more on his work history on his LinkedIn page. She felt a pang of guilt. It was intrusive of her to get all this information about Tom. On the other hand, this was all public information, and he had put it out there for everyone to see. Plus, everybody did this. And she had done it many times before for previous dates.

She looked at his Facebook page. He had five more friends than she did. So, he had friends. That was good. He was not a hermit, or a recluse. He seemed to have a social life. His relationship status was single, and there were no photos of a girlfriend clinging to him. That was good, too.

She felt better. Her new text buddy was, from all she could see, a normal, solid guy. Probably not a serial killer, although, one never really knew, right? But she felt confident and comfortable enough about him that she knew she would keep her 1 o'clock appointment with him, and see what happened. She felt a tingle of anticipation. She knew he was going to tell her to do

something again. What would she submit to next? She had no idea where this might go, what direction he might take this, and she liked that. She looked forward to the next thing he would tell her to do. She had not said no to him yet, and she was enjoying herself.

But for the time being she had to get some work done. Texting would have to wait. For another half hour, anyway.

She closed his Facebook page on her computer and opened the file of a new client for which she recently had started working.

5. Give and Take.

Five minutes later, on the other side of the building, Tom finally escaped from Tyler's cubicle. It had been less painful than he expected to try to explain five personal property coverage exceptions to the dim-witted Tyler, although Tom's task had been made notably more difficult by the images of Janna's lean, lissome legs running nonstop through his head. He wanted to see more of that. Or maybe something else.

He sat down at his desk and opened a client document on his computer screen. He wanted to look busy so he would not be interrupted. He had to think of his next moves very carefully. This girl seemed interested. She barely knew him, but she had sent him a photo of her legs with her skirt hiked up, and she had called him "Sir"! She was hot, too. When he had first seen her in the hallway, he might not have used the word "hot" to describe her. She was pretty, and she had a nice figure, but she seemed a little too buttoned-down and contained to be called "hot." Well, don't judge a book until the cover's off, he thought. She was hot, all right. And he needed to see more of Janna. A lot more.

He spent a few minutes thinking about what to do.

Then he spent a few more minutes.

Don't ask - tell! He would give it a try. And see where it went. This girl was worth the effort.

After a few minutes of thinking he came up with a plan. It was a bold plan. He was not sure she would be willing to comply, despite how compliant she had been so far. But he thought she might, and he knew he wanted her to. To put the plan into action, he had to leave his office briefly and do something. He got up from his desk. A few minutes later he returned. He thought some more, and then the time appeared on his computer screen clock.

1:00 p.m.

It was time to send the next text.

Janna was sitting at her desk, tapping her pencil lightly against the fake wood, when the ping sounded. She picked up her phone and looked at it. A new text message awaited her.

"Hello, Janna."

"Hi, Tom."

"I prefer to be called 'Sir' for the moment. I'd like you to do that."

There he was, being bossy again, thought Janna. But she was having fun playing the game.

"O.K. Hi, Sir."

"Good girl. I enjoy you and I enjoy our chat. I think you do too. You said sometimes you like bossy, and I think this is one of those times. So, I'm going to keep being bossy with you. I have something I want you to do. I think you will enjoy it, and I know I will."

Janna wondered what was coming. There was only one way to find out.

"Tell me what you want," she texted.

"Get up from your desk and walk to the main foyer of the building now," he texted back. "Go right now, and when you get there wait for me."

Janna looked up from her desk and looked around. No one was approaching her. Projects could wait. "What now?" she wondered. Her body was warm with excitement. She eagerly awaited the next instruction. She was thoroughly enjoying this game, knowing this man she barely knew was going to tell her to do something, probably something a little sexy. She also looked forward to seeing him again. Even though she had not seen him in over an hour, and had only seen him up close only once in person, in her mind he was growing more attractive. With quick steps, she traversed the distance between her firm's office and the main entrance area of the building.

The foyer was an open area precisely in the middle of the building, with a ceiling two stories high, and wall to wall

glass doors and windows from which one could see out to the parking lots on either side. A few large nondescript pieces of modern art hung on the wood-paneled walls. Heavy fake leather chairs were set against the walls and in little clusters out on the floor.

Janna looked around. Tom was not in sight. The foyer was empty. Janna was disappointed. She wanted to see him.

She heard the ping of the incoming text and looked down. "Go toward the east entrance and turn right toward the chair closest to the entrance. You will see something."

"Why aren't you here"" She texted back at him.

"Just do as I say," he texted back. "Let me know when you have done so and text me what you see."

She paused and then complied. Even though there was no one around she felt very self-conscious and exposed by the glass all around her. But there was no one to see her. She turned to her right. A tall thin white bag was propped up against the chair. She walked toward it.

"I see a white bag next to the chair," she texted to him.

"Open it up and take what's in it."

She did so. A single, long-stem, salmon rose lay inside. She took it out.

"It's beautiful," she texted. "Is it for me?"

"Of course," he texted back.

Janna could not remember the last time someone had bought her flowers - even a single flower. It was an unusual color - not quite red, not quite pink, not quite orange, but some of all three tones. She tried to recall what each rose color meant. She was uncertain but she thought that a salmon rose was intended to convey excitement. If so, it did the trick. The skin of her face felt a little flushed. She was aware of her chest rising and falling with her breaths. She looked out the window and in the glass caught the faint reflection of a pretty brunette in a short skirt, holding a rose in one hand and a cell phone in the other.

"Thank you, sir!" She texted back.

"You are welcome, Janna," he replied. "Now I want you to give me

something."

"What?" she texted back. Now for the interesting part, she thought.

"Place your flower on the chair and then text 'OK' when you've done that."

She did so. "OK," she texted.

"Good girl. Now take your panties off, and leave them on the floor at your feet, and text me when you have done so."

What? she thought. She could not do that. Janna was not a prude, but she was not an exhibitionist either. Suddenly, even though she had not taken anything off yet, she felt twice as exposed as before. The glass windows and doors seemed bigger than ever, the foyer more cavernous. She was aware of the headlights of the cars in the parking lots on either side, row on row, like eyes that were watching her. Standing where she was, she felt exposed on all sides.

She had expected to meet Tom here in the building foyer, and perhaps continue their banter in person. She had not expected this.

"I can't do that!" she texted back.

Tom replied quickly, borrowing words and phrases and ideas he had gathered from the website he had visited the night before. He was winging it, but he wanted to keep up the fragile appearance of mastery and control. Though he could not see what Janna was doing, and barely knew her, he could sense that despite her misgivings she was as eager to play this game as he was, but that he would have to play his role carefully. He could not be too aggressive with her. But he could not falter, either. Any hint of uncertainty or reluctance on his part would break the spell. She might give up the game. He pressed ahead as confidently as he could.

"Yes, you can. And you will. This is something you want to do, and I'm giving you the opportunity to do it. I know you know that. You want to submit. I'm letting you do that. Don't worry. I am discreet and I won't let anything bad happen. Think how I caught you in the hallway. You can trust me.

"Wait until there is no one around, and do it quickly. But don't move once you've done it. Be a good girl and do it and text me when you are done."

Janna's breathing quickened. She turned her head each direction to see if anyone might see her. There was no one. There was no movement in the parking lot on either side. She listened intently for the sound of footsteps approaching in either hallway. There was no sound. Could she do this? Her confused thoughts clarified. Just say yes, she thought. Just say yes.

She did not know why, but she was having too much fun to stop. She would do it.

Setting her phone on the chair, and quickly looking around one more time to see if anyone was coming, Janna reached both hands quickly under her short skirt and tugged at the thin fabric underneath. She looked back and forth toward the buildings entrances on either side, and side to side toward the hallways, to make sure no one was coming. So far, no one was. She squatted a bit to pull the panties off each leg, one at a time. She felt the tiny piece of fabric moving down and tickling the skin of her hips, then her thighs, then her calves, and then her ankles. Then the tiny baby-blue thong lay at her feet.

She turned her head back and forth looking in every direction for someone approaching. Squatting as she was in the short skirt, her bare sex was on display for anyone nearby to see. Thank goodness, no one was in sight.

She stood up. Without moving her feet, Janna leaned over to get the phone and texted back.

"Done," she texted.

She waited for his reply. Each second that passed was agonizingly slow. She was more conscious than ever that she was standing exposed in the foyer of an office building, with her pale blue thong on the floor at her feet. Anyone who saw her would see the thong as well and know that it was hers. A few interminable seconds later, he replied.

"Excellent. Take a photo of the panties at your feet and text it to me."

She snapped the photo. She rushed the photo, but it was clear enough. There was no question what it showed. She texted it to him.

Tom opened the photo on his phone. He was hunched over his phone at his cubicle so no one could see what he could see. He savored the sight of the lacy, baby-blue panties lying at Janna's feet. He could not believe this was going so well. A beautiful woman had just taken off her panties for him and at this very moment

was standing over them in the foyer of his building. It was like a dream. But it was really happening.

"Very good, Janna," he texted. "Now take the flower and go back to your office. Leave the panties on the floor. I will text you again in a few minutes."

Janna looked at his text. She was trying to figure out how she would explain holding a single stem rose to her coworkers, and how she would handle walking around her office in a short skirt without panties. She was not sure how she would do it. But she decided to go along. She looked up and saw someone in the parking lot in front of her approaching the building entrance. She decided to leave quickly so whoever it was would not connect her with the panties on the floor. She walked back to her office.

Janna was keenly aware of the absence of panties under her short skirt. She felt the air on her bare skin. Despite her nervousness, she found herself reveling in the sensation. Janna had worn a skirt without panties before, but never at work.

Entering the office, she almost bumped into Megan Blumquat, the biggest gossip in the office. Shit, she thought, aware that she was holding the single stem rose in front of her.

"Well look at you!" called Megan. "Looks like Janna has an admirer. Who's the lucky guy, Janna?"

"Hi, uh, Megan," Janna stammered. She had to think of something quickly and get rid of Megan. She did.

"There was a guy outside the building near the side entrance with a bunch of these and he asked me if I wanted one, so I said yes. I think he might still be out there. You should check it out and see if he's still there," she added.

Megan's face lit up as though that was the greatest idea in the world. "I will!" she said, and was out the office door in a flash.

Thank goodness, thought Janna, as she scurried quickly back to her cubicle with the rose held down low at her side.

As she approached her desk her heart beat fast with excitement as she wondered what was coming next.

6. Stand and Deliver.

After saving the photo of Janna's panties to his phone, Tom

quickly got up from his cubicle desk and exited the Dunwoodie office. He walked briskly the length of the hallway to the foyer. He turned toward the entrance where he thought Janna's panties would be.

He saw a middle-aged, balding man in a suit with a briefcase standing near the entrance looking at something on the floor. Tom approached and saw that the man was staring at the panties on the ground. He did not recognize the man, thank goodness.

The man looked up at him with arched eyebrows and a face that said, Guess what I've found?

Tom stepped forward quickly, bent over, picked up the panties, and tucked them away in his pants pocket.

"Those are mine," he said to the man.

The man smiled at him. "What's your secret?" he asked.

Tom paused and his eyes searched the ceiling for a moment for an answer. Then he looked back at the man.

"The Internet," he said. He shrugged.

With that reply he turned away and walked back to his office. When he had left the atrium of the building, he pulled the panties out of his pocket and looked at them.

For a conservative-looking girl you wear hot panties, Janna, he thought. He caressed the gusset of the thong between his thumb and finger. It was slightly moist. He put it to his nose and inhaled. He caught the faint scent of her sex, and wondered at the thought that just moments before the fabric he was sniffing had sculpted her lips. He wondered what they looked like. He wondered if she kept hair on her pussy, or if she shaved it off. I want to find out, he thought.

He looked down and noticed he had grown hard, and that a noticeable bulge was forming at the front of his pants. He could not go back to his office like that. Instead, he walked by the office door, left the building and walked outside. There was a small patio with a lunch table to the right, and he walked to it and sat at the table.

He stuffed the slightly damp panties in his right pocket.

He had to collect himself and think a moment. He could not believe how this was happening. He had given instructions to a pretty girl at the other end of the building and she had done everything he had told - not asked, but told - her to do. Can it

be this easy? he wondered. The funny thing about it was that Janna did not seem at all the type he thought would play the submissive game this way. She seemed too self-possessed, too professional. For goodness sake, she worked for an accounting firm.

Yet here she was, and here he was, playing a game he had started with him as the master and her as the submissive. Now it was time for him to make another move. He had never played this role and he was enjoying every minute of it.

"Janna," he texted.

Janna, back at her own cubicle, saw his message. She had managed to stash the rose behind a stack of papers to keep it out of sight of more nosy coworkers. She was grateful Dateless Dale was nowhere in sight.

"Yes, Sir?" she replied.

"I have another errand for you," he texted.

Janna thought she needed to put up a little resistance, for appearances if for nothing else.

"What makes you think I want to do another errand?" she asked in return. "I have work to do today. Sir."

He texted back immediately.

"What makes me think that is the bright blue lacy panties I'm holding in my hand right now, and the damp patch on them. I think you are waiting for another errand. I won't disappoint you. I know you won't disappoint me.

"I want you to go to the mailroom. When you get there, close the door behind you, stand with your back to the door, and press your hands against the mailboxes. Then wait."

She stared at his text. A cautionary voice rose inside her telling her it was imprudent even to think about doing this. But she knew she was going to do it whether it was prudent or not.

"Are you going to be there this time?" she inquired.

"Yes," he wrote. "I will arrive after you. But wait for me, and don't turn around when you hear the door open behind you."

"Go do it now," he texted.

"Yes, Sir," she replied.

With that, Janna got up from her desk, leaving the rose behind, and left her office once again to obey the kinky orders of a man she had just met and still barely knew.

The mailroom was down the corridor, just this side of the foyer. She closed the distance to it quickly. Before she entered she looked forward and then backward down the hallway to see if anyone was coming. No one was.

When she entered, she was the only person in the room. It was small and claustrophobic. She was nervous immediately. The mail usually arrived earlier in the day, so it was unlikely she would be interrupted by the mailman or by anyone making a last-minute delivery for pickup. But it was a big building, and people dropped off mail throughout the day. Someone could come by any minute and enter. How would she explain standing by herself in the room turned away from the door with her hands pressed against the mailboxes? And how could she do so in a short skirt that in that position would be riding up her thighs? She had no idea, especially because Tom had told her not to turn around if she heard someone enter.

Despite her nervousness, Janna stepped forward toward the mailboxes that covered the entire wall opposite the door. She pushed a plastic mail tray on the floor to the side with her foot. She pressed her hands against the cool gray metal, about a foot and a half apart. She found herself spreading her feet apart the same distance. She could have sworn a chilly breeze had somehow started on the floor of the small room and was now swirling up her thighs and under her skirt, where it now teased and tickled her between her legs.

As she stood there she wondered why he wanted her to do things that made her uncomfortable. She also wondered why, if these things were so uncomfortable, she was so eager to do them. She did not know why, but she could not doubt the thrill it gave her.

She stood there and waited for him.

Tom walked from the foyer to the door of the mailroom ahead. He stopped, looked around and did not see anybody. He went to the door.

When Janna heard the door open quietly but suddenly behind her she nearly let out a squeal of fright but caught it in her throat. She did not say anything. For a few seconds she could not be certain that the person that had opened the door was Tom.

She felt relief when she heard his voice, at last.

"Janna," Tom said simply.

He paused. He looked at her closely. He thought he saw a slight tremor move over her body.

I have you, he thought. He checked himself. He had never thought that way about any woman he had ever been with. Ever.

After a few more seconds he spoke.

"Good girl, Janna," he said. It took an effort to make his voice sound strong. His eyes focused on her brown hair and the way it fell about her neck and lightly draped over her shoulders.

Tom was almost overcome with excitement and nervousness. He had long since crossed the boundaries of his comfort and confidence. He was standing looking at the back of a pretty, trim, young woman he barely knew, who, for reasons he could not fathom and beyond his wildest hopes and dreams was waiting to obey his next words. To say he was sailing in waters unexplored and uncharted was an understatement.

He moved toward her. He reached his hands out and placed them lightly on her hips. His fingertips felt the movement of her body with her breathing. He moved his hands down and pressed them lightly against her thighs, the fingers of each hand lightly grazing the skin below the hem of her skirt.

"Keep your hands against the mailboxes," he told her.

The touch of Tom's fingertips sent a shudder through Janna's body. She had to try to stop her body from convulsing and to stay upright. Her breathing was quick and urgent. Since she could not see Tom, all her attention was focused on the sound of his voice, and the feel of his fingers on her. She did not know what the fingers were going to do. A voice in her head told her to push them away, to walk away, and to never talk to this man again. But another voice, a louder and more persuasive voice, wanted Tom's hands on her, wanted them to run over her, wanted them to take her and possess her without asking for permission.

Tom wanted Janna, too. He moved close behind her. He moved his hands down, only his fingertips touching the skin of her thighs. Then he moved them up. They caught on the hem of her skirt and started to pull it up. Janna thought he was going to pull it all the way up and expose her, but he did not. Instead, he let the hem drop away and his hands kept moving up her body, slowly, along her hips, and then along her sides. Then he moved both

hands forward and he cupped her breasts. He felt her body tense, but she did not move away. He squeezed them, lightly at first and then less lightly.

He knew he was taking a chance. She might think he had gone too far, and leave him, or even turn around and slap him. He would not have been surprised if she had. But she did not. Instead, Janna gasped and pressed her upper body forward into his hands.

Her nipples were hard under the thin fabric of her blouse and bra. Tom took each one between his thumb and forefinger and rubbed it gently.

Then, Tom moved his right hand down from her breast over her belly. His left hand remained on her breast and gently kneaded it. It took all of Janna's concentration to keep her hands on the mailboxes and to hold her body up on unsteady legs. She willed her breast and belly forward to meet Tom's probing hand. Tom's fingers continued to trace the swell of her nipple under the thin fabric of her blouse and bra.

He bent his head to her and pressed his lips against the base of her neck.

Janna struggled with the urge to turn around and mash her lips against his, but she did not move. She held still, submitting to the touch of his hands on her breast and on her belly.

Yes, she thought. She had said yes to everything he had told her to do. She wondered what he would tell her to do next and how far she would go. Whatever might happen later, she did not want to stop now.

Tom stroked Janna's belly softly with his right hand, and then he moved the hand down to the hem of her skirt again and cupped his fingers underneath it. Then he began slowly pulling it up and moved his hand under the skirt to the inner thigh of her right leg. He brought the hand up until he knew it was next to her pussy. He let it rest there, his fingers moving up and down against her soft but taut skin.

Janna had read descriptions of a woman's body being on fire, and had always thought it a cliché. She had never felt that way. But she did now. Her body was aflame with lust and desire and the need to surrender to Tom's touch. She felt the contrast between the cool metal under the palms of her hands and the warmth of Tom's hand on her thigh.

She felt his fingers pressed between her legs, no more than a half inch from her labia. She was glad she had shaved, and that

he would know from the feel of her that she was bare. She wanted to feel his fingers move and touch her pussy.

But he did not move them any closer. His left hand remained on her firm breast, and the right to the side and back and away from her pussy, until it was on her ass. He squeezed hard and at the same time kissed her again at the base of her neck. His lips sucked gently at her skin. She moved her head to the side to offer it to him. His kissed her, over and over. Janna found herself pressing her neck against his mouth and simultaneously pushing her ass against his hand. She spread her legs a bit wider, hoping his fingers would slip between the cleft in her cheeks and toward the lips of her pussy. But he kept his hand where it was.

He moved the hand on her butt to the side and pressed himself against her. He was hard, and she could feel his hardness, and she pressed her ass back against it so she could feel it better.

Janna felt that her body was a different thing, something that did not fully belong to her. She had given it to someone else, this strange man. A small voice inside Janna reminded her that someone, even someone she knew, could enter the mailroom at any moment without warning and see her. But she did not care. She was enjoying Tom's hands and her acquiescence to their demands far too much.

Tom's body surged with his desire for Janna. He wanted to strip her clothes off, even there in the mailroom. The shifting of her body under his hands told him she would not stop him if he did. But it was not time for that. Not yet. There was something else to be done first, and a better place to do it.

He pulled his hand back. He stepped back from her. Her ass was still rocking slowly.

Janna let out a gasp when he moved away from her. She kept her hands on the mailboxes, as he had asked her, but she looked back over her shoulder at him, wondering. Her eyes were wide and shining at him with desire.

Tom paused and looked at her. It was agony not to reach for the wetness between her legs, but he stopped himself and lightly held her hips instead. He knew he wanted to take this to yet another step in their role play, but he still had to script the next chapter. He had an idea what he wanted her to do, but and he was nervous and uncertain how she would respond. But uncertain or not, he decided to press forward.

"It's not quite time for that," he said quietly, concentrating

on making his voice sound firm and steady.

Janna still looked at him. She could not believe he had stopped. She had been just seconds away from orgasm and her body was still quivering with need. She could not believe his self-control. She had lost all of hers, having given it away to the sound of his voice and the feel of his hands.

"Why not?" she asked.

Tom paused again for just a moment. He was making this up as he went along but knew he needed to preserve the illusion of control.

"I want you to do something else for me," he said. "But first we're going to leave this room and go back to our offices. In a very short time I will text you what to do next."

Janna kept looking at him, her jaw dropping and her mouth forming an unbelieving "O." "You want me to go back to my office now? Like this? I'm not sure I can make it. I must be a mess."

Her hand rose to her face and traced a light dew of sweat on her skin.

Tom replied. "You'll do fine. Just wait for about 10 minutes. I will text you." He paused and added, "Be a good girl and wait for my text."

Then he backed up, opened the door, and walked out.

7. No Need To Ask.

Janna, after a few seconds, pulled the hem of her skirt down, straightened up, and exited the mail room as well. Tom already was gone.

She stopped by the bathroom to see if her blouse was intact and to see if her hair was decent. She felt exposed, and thought anyone looking closely at her would think she had had sex. Her pussy still throbbed with the memory of Tom's fingers pressed close to it. She felt a drop of moisture trailing down her inner thigh. She had wanted him to touch her there but he had not. She wondered why.

She left the bathroom and walked back to her office on unsteady legs.

As she walked to her cubicle she almost bumped into Marie, a colleague.

"Janna, are you OK?" Marie asked. "You look a little . . . flustered."

Marie's eyes held no hint of accusation or suspicion but Janna was certain, just the same, that her body was betraying what she had just done in the mailroom. She was acutely aware that her vulva was moister than ever and still uncovered under her short skirt. "Can she smell me?" Janna wondered.

"I'm fine, Marie," Janna managed to reply. "Just heading back to my desk."

"Was Roger being an asshole? Up to his power trips again?" Marie kept looking at Janna, trying to coax something out of her.

It wasn't Roger's power trips that had gotten to her, Janna thought. But she was in no mood to talk to Marie about it, and she could not imagine how to explain what had just happened even if she had been.

"No, no, it's nothing," she told Marie, doing her best to look her steadily in the eye.

Marie looked uncertainly at Janna but then, seemingly satisfied, said, "OK. We'll chat later."

Free of Marie's gaze, Janna staggered back to her desk. Sitting was a relief. She looked at her computer screen. Maybe she had gone too far, Janna thought. This was way beyond anything she had ever done, or even thought about doing. She still did not even know him. She would never have guessed he could have done this to her. When she had looked back at him in the mailroom she had noticed that his face had had an open and guileless quality that belied the firmness in the tone of his voice and the kinkiness in the directions he was giving her. He was a contradiction, and somehow she had let him take mastery over her body in the mailroom.

Was he going to text again? And if he did, should she put a stop to this, and say no? What would he ask her to do next? What they had done in the mailroom had been very risky. The prospect of being caught by her boss with her skirt up around her waist and a strange man's finger in her pussy was frightening. As Janna came down from the high of her encounter with Tom she wondered if she should stop. She was not at home, or at a club. She was at work. In her office. A professional person did not do things like this, did she?

No, she thought. But a professional person doesn't feel what I

just felt. What I feel now. A woman does, though. A woman who says "yes", she added to her thought.

Whatever her reservations, Janna knew what she was going to say the next time Tom texted.

Tom did not go back to his office. He wanted to take this game with Janna to the next step and he could not take the risk someone would call him away on a work project. He continued walking past the office door, out the building and back to the patio table. He was grateful no one else was using it.

Why had he withdrawn from Janna? He asked himself. She had given her body to him. He wanted her. But the mailroom was not the place to consummate their brief relationship. They had gone as far as they could go in that room. And as much as he wanted the feel of her body against his, there was something he wanted more, a desire that had grown ever since he had told her to say her name in the hallway.

He wanted control of her. He wanted her to submit to him, and he wanted to orchestrate her submission.

Tom did not just want Janna's body. He wanted her to surrender it to him - all of it, without reservation. After months of fruitless and frustrated searching for a woman, he had found one - young, beautiful, and eager. She had said yes to everything he had told her to do. He wanted her body, badly. But he wanted her to give it to him in a way he dictated, in a way that would push her comfort to its limit, and beyond.

After a few more minutes thinking it through, he texted her.

Janna sat at her cubicle, staring with unfocused eyes at the screensaver on her computer monitor. She was unable to concentrate on work but trying hard not to show it to her coworkers. Suddenly she heard the familiar ping on her phone. She swiped the screen to pull it up. Tom's text was there.

"Go to suite no. 217 on the second floor," Tom's text read.

"Open the door and go inside. It is empty. Go to the conference room and sit on it facing the door. Sit on the table and text me and wait for my instructions."

Janna was up and walking out the door before she even thought about how to reply.

"On my way," she texted back.

She bypassed the closed elevator doors and headed to the stairs

instead, bounding up them with excitement. In a minute, she was at the door to suite 217. She had never been in this suite before. The nameplate to the side of the door was blank, indicating that, as Tom had said, the suite was empty.

She went inside. It was a small office suite, with an entrance, two offices, and a small conference room. It stood completely empty, devoid of furniture, equipment, or decoration. The gray carpet had not yet been cleaned, so it must not have been vacated long ago.

Janna walked to the conference room as Tom had instructed her and opened the door.

The conference room was bare, except for the long, sturdy table that sat in the middle of it, surrounded by a few chairs. A faintly tinted window spanned the length of the room. The blinds were open and revealed the parking lot below.

Janna walked to the table. She turned and hopped up on it, her face to the door and back to the window.

She texted, "I'm here."

A moment later she saw a text in reply.

"Take a photo of yourself and text it to me."

Before taking the photo, Janna decided to do something else. She undid the top three buttons of her blouse and pulled it open a few inches. The lacy edges of her bra and her cleavage and some of the skin of her torso as well were on display. She held her phone as far from her as she could and took the photo. She selected it and texted it to Tom.

Tom saw the photo. The photo showed more of her than he expected. He knew she was ready and willing. What came next would be the final act. He wanted to direct it to the right end.

His thumb rapidly punched out the message to Janna in reply.

"Sit up on the table. Pull your skirt up and spread your legs apart. Hold that pose and wait for me. I will be there in a few moments."

Janna looked at the words. She scarcely could believe a man was telling her to do this, and that she was thinking about doing it. But she was. She knew she would comply. She knew she would do it, even though the door to the office was unlocked, and the building owner, or a janitor, could come in at any moment and see her spread open on the table.

At this point, Janna thought, she had come too far to stop. She thrilled to the sensation of her body held in thrall to Tom's demands.

She thought about how to pose herself. The backs of two chairs were pushed against the edge of the table to either side of her. She could prop her heels against them. But she decided to take it to another level. She would surprise Tom, and she knew he would enjoy the surprise. Her hands moved swiftly. She unbuttoned her blouse and threw it to the floor, and then she quickly pulled off her bra. Then she drew her skirt down and off her legs. Her clothes were in a pile on the floor a few feet away. She resumed her pose on the table. Now she was completely naked, save for the black pumps perched at angles away from her against the backs of the chairs. She arched her back and lowered her chin. There was no mirror in front of her, but she knew she looked hot, lusty, and submissive.

She waited. She was conscious of the stillness of the room, and the fullness of her exposure.

She waited.

The wait was excruciating but delicious.

She heard the click of the suite door opening, and the soft sound of feet on the carpet approaching her. Her breath came sharp and fast. She hoped it was Tom. If it was not she would have a lot of explaining to do.

A moment later she saw Tom in the doorway to the conference room. He looked at her. She saw his face alight with surprise as he saw that she was not just spread and pantieless but completely naked. She kept staring into his eyes with her chin down. Her chest was rising and falling with her fast breaths.

She was impressed that he maintained his composure. His eyes locked with hers and he approached her.

Tom was nearly overcome by the sight of Janna, naked, in front of him. She was exquisite and perfect, with legs splayed wide, breasts heaving, eyes shining at him and lips parted. He let his eyes stray down between her legs for an instant and saw that her lips had parted there as well, and the pink slit of her pussy was open and shining faintly with moisture. He had an urge to fall at her feet with joy and thankfulness, but he knew he could not do that. He held still for a long moment. Then he moved toward her.

He walked to the edge of the table and without delay put his hands on her knees.

"You're beautiful," he said. "So beautiful. You've probably always been beautiful. But probably never as beautiful as you are now."

"You've wanted to do this for a long time, I think. So have I," he said.

She said nothing in return but savored his words. She held his gaze. She was aware at the heaving of her chest in front of him and the rise and fall of her breasts. She felt the light but firm pressure of his hands on her thighs.

"I'm going to fuck you, Janna," he said.

She looked in his eyes. "I know," she said to him.

Without saying anything more he quickly undid his belt and shoved his pants and underwear down. His cock was hard and sprang toward her, its tip inches from the wet, open cleft between her legs. Janna resisted the urge to look directly at it, but she could see it out of the corner of her eye and was glad how long and thick and hard it was. Tom took his cock in his hand, moved forward, and guided the head of it between her engorged lips. He moved the tip up and down the pink, damp furrow. He heard her moan slightly as he did so. They both felt her lips opening for him.

With his left hand, he touched her face. He kissed her. Then he moved his left hand behind her, to her bare ass on the table. He pulled her toward him while he moved forward, pressing his hard cock into her wet and eager depths. Her hands came off the table and moved up to his shoulders so she could steady herself and pull him into her at the same time.

Tom entered her, slowly and steadily until the full length of his cock had disappeared inside her. Janna let out a soft squeal as she felt herself being filled. He held his engorged length inside her for a few seconds. Then he pulled back, almost all the way, until only the edges of her pussy lips were left clinging to the tip of his cock.

Then he pushed back in, all the way, until his shaft was buried fully inside her again.

The motion that followed was familiar to them - neither of them was a virgin - but the intensity of their rocking with and pushing against each other was something neither had ever

experienced.

Tom sped up the pace of fucking Janna until the fucking was hard and fast and relentless. Tom's hands held Janna's ass roughly and he grabbed her body and pulled it onto his cock with each push into her. His hunger for her grew with each stroke. Janna felt his desire and craved it. She pressed her body against his as hard as she could, wanting him as deep in her as he could go. She liked the rough feeling of his fingers, the fingers that gently had held her side and her arms when he had caught her in the hallway hours ago, now roughly digging into and kneading her ass as he pulled her toward him.

Janna felt their hips moving together in as he rocked back and forth against her. She moved her hands off his shoulders and moved them behind her to steady herself against his hard thrusts. She looked over his shoulder to the conference room door, aware that someone could enter at any time and see her splayed open and naked and being fucked by a man she barely knew. A few minutes earlier she would have cowered and covered herself in shame if someone had done so. Now she did not care. She was fully Tom's now, and even if someone from her office appeared at that minute she would let him keep fucking her. She would have shared her surrender to him and to his hard, fast fucking of her with anyone who wanted to see it.

She looked up into his eyes and he was staring at her, eyes open, shining with lust. Their mouths were open and both were panting.

Tom thrust harder and faster. After each deep push, he pulled his cock back, almost all the way. As he pulled back he watched her wet stretched labia clinging to the girth of his cock, reluctant to let him go.

Their bodies rocked, back and forth, in a rising crescendo of lust and need.

Tom looked out the window. The bright sunshine outside and tinted glass would make the interior of the conference room nearly invisible to anyone outside, but Tom still enjoyed the idea that he was fucking Janna naked before the window for the world to see. He felt no shame or nervousness or uncertainty now.

Tom felt a surge inside him. He was getting close, quickly. He was not going to hold back.

Janna felt Tom's need as well and her body shook in response. It usually took her a long time to achieve orgasm, but it would not

this time. She let out a high-pitched moan, and then another, and then one after another with each thrust of him inside her. She lay back on her elbows and raised her legs, putting a heel over either of his shoulders.

Tom knew he was moments away. He quickened his pace even more. Janna matched each thrust with her own push.

Suddenly he released and emptied himself inside her. Janna felt the gush of his semen and her body let go. She shook with the heaviest orgasm she had ever felt. As her body quaked and quivered and she lost control Tom held fast to her hips to her from pulling away from him until his cock was fully drained of his cum and he had left it inside her.

After a minute like that he withdrew from her, his body still shaking slightly. He took his hands off her and rested them on the insides of her thighs, the gentle pressure holding her open as she lay back on the table. Janna's chest still heaved, breasts rising and falling. She was spent and the tremors subsided slowly over her body. She looked at the ceiling and then about the room around her and then looked at him. She propped herself up on her elbows and held her legs open to him at his touch and sat before him with a look of blissful surrender.

Tom looked at Janna, the woman he had just fucked. He had never seen anything or anyone so perfect. The sense of mastery and control inside him ebbed, and a feeling of calm and contentment took hold of him. He had no more orders to give. He wanted to hold this moment and savor the sight of her for so long as he could. There would be more games with Janna. More mastery and more submission. He would think of more things to tell her to do, and she would do them. He was certain of that. But not now.

Seconds became minutes. Time lingered, and Tom wanted to say something to her. The words welled up slowly, struggling against the thick barrier of his spent lust. Eventually, they came.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

Janna started at his question. It was the first and only question he had asked her, since their chance meeting in the hallway a few hours earlier. She pursed her lips and furrowed her brow in disapproval. Then she arched her back and looked up at him. She spread her legs wider, and she could feel his cum dribbling slowly out of her as her eyes held steadily on his. She cocked her head to the side just a bit and the corners of her mouth turned up slightly in a sly half smile.

Even the best masters must be reminded to play their roles correctly from time to time.

"You tell me," she said.

Manipulated Virgin Secretary

by [Unkith](#)©

Sameer was losing his mind.

He would try concentrating on his work but his thoughts would continuously wander into imagining a sexual encounter with his secretary, Sonia. And how was he to resist this temptation? Day after day, week after week and month after month she had been working with him, sitting directly across from him and giving him an ample view of her gorgeous figure.

Sonia wasn't one to show off her body, she was rather the shy type, but it didn't take x-ray vision to figure out that beneath the conservatively clothed exterior which screamed 'I have low self esteem' lay a body that was perfect in every way and was untouched by anyone. In fact Sameer was almost positive that Sonia was still a virgin.

And then there was the occasional and apparently random eye contact between them which one of them would politely end with a brief smile and go back to work. Was it a sign? Was Sonia also equally interested in Sameer? He couldn't know for sure.

"Probably not," thought Sameer considering his wife Katrina was Vice President of the same company that Sameer was the President of and Sonia would work at times closely with Katrina as well.

As he thought this his eyes again wandered off to Sonia's desk. It was a wooden desk with a gap made in the middle for one's legs. Sameer noticed that Katrina was wearing a knee length formal skirt and a skin hugging silk blouse buttoned all the way to the neck. But it didn't do much to hide Sonia's figure. Sonia was 5 feet 7 inches with a petite body and nice B cup breasts. Her glasses did well to hide her hazel eyes but the highlight of her face had to be her full, naturally luscious lips.

As she frenziedly typed away, Sameer, from his level, noticed that her skirt had hiked up a bit but couldn't really see how far. He looked around on his desk and saw his Parker pen which

he promptly dropped to the floor.

Sonia got distracted by the noise and looked up for a second. Smiling she said, "You need to be more careful with that, I could swear you drop it at least 5 times a week." Sameer nodded and smiled sheepishly as he bent to pick it up and Sonia resumed her typing.

The distance between their desks was a mere four feet and Sameer's jaw dropped when he turned his eyes to get an underskirt view of his assistant.

The skirt had ridden a little above her knee, maybe five inches, but with her legs slightly apart, Sameer had a clear view of her panties, which had given a little "wedgie" to her pussy, exposing the outer lips of her vagina to a salivating Sameer.

Sameer extrapolated that they were boy cut panties as he slowly got back up to position to avoid any awkwardness and tried hard to hide the hardness between his legs as he did so. Just as he adjusted himself into his chair, the phone rang. He picked it up on the first ring.

"Hi honey, it's me," it was his wife Katrina.

"Hi. What's up?" asked Sameer.

"The usual, looks like I'm going to have to go over some of the technical documents with Philomena at the factory and I might be late so I think I'll come home directly. Sorry, the meeting today will have to wait until tomorrow. I hope that's okay?" said Katrina.

"Sure thing, those documents are more important right now. Get them done first, we'll reschedule the meeting to tomorrow. See you at home then?" asked Sameer.

"Yeah. Love you," replied Katrina.

Sameer didn't answer. Instead he just kept the phone back down.

He was relieved and happy at the prospect of not having to share his object of desire with Katrina. Now he had her all to himself.

As Sameer sat there, dwelling on his stroke of luck, his eyes again focussed on Sonia who was looking at her screen and biting her lip, as if there was a problem but Sameer's mind turned it into something else. He imagined sucking her nipples hard and nibbling on them which would also probably elicit the same

reaction. He was hard again in an instant and an overwhelming sexual energy swept his body from the bottom of his throat to his groin. He just had to have her. Suddenly an idea struck him.

"Sonia," Sameer called out to her.

"Yes?"

"Katrina's not coming in today, looks like she's going to be at the factory longer so the meeting needs to be postponed. Would you call everyone and let them know that it will be the same time tomorrow?"

"Sure thing," replied Sonia.

"Oh and one more thing. There was some numbers I needed Katrina to look at for me but since she's not in, I guess you'll have to. I'm gonna go for a little smoke break and I'll leave the window up on my screen. Would you mind taking a look at it and getting a print while I'm gone after you're done with your calls?"

"Absolutely," said Sonia.

Sameer smiled at her as she picked up her phone to make the calls, letting everybody know that the meeting had been postponed. He quickly opened up his private hidden folder where he had stashed some pornographic videos and opened one up with the volume at zero.

It was a video of a boss fucking his secretary on the office table and was aptly and rather obviously named, 'Secretary fucked on desk', as such files usually are on p2p networks where Sameer sourced his porn from. He minimized the window with windows media player showing the file name in the taskbar and opened up a mundane excel sheet showing some quarterly profit figures. He then got up and walked to the back exit which was directly behind his desk to the left and opened into a little balcony area.

The balcony was divided by a solid wall so no one could see outside from the inside or vice versa and it was this little arrangement that Sameer was hoping Sonia would take advantage of. He stuck his ear to the door.

Soon enough he heard Sonia's footsteps coming from across the room and the familiar squeak of his chair as she sat down. He opened the door just a crack to see what she was doing.

From his vantage point, Sameer had an ample view of her body

from the upper left hand side. She fiddled a little with the mouse going through the numbers and then gave the print command. She was about to get up when her eye caught something and she sat back down. The mouse pointer moved slowly toward the minimized windows media player window in the task bar which was running the movie that Sameer had left playing.

She was about to click on it when she turned her face around to see if Sameer was about to come in. Sameer anticipated this and he moved away from the crack and flattened up against the adjacent wall. He stood there nervously, hoping that Sonia hadn't caught him peeping. He moved up against the crack again, peering through it to see if Sonia had fallen into his trap. And she had.

Sonia was now watching the clip and had her gaze fixed on it. Sameer knew that she didn't expect him in for at least another five minutes or so and just as he thought this, Sonia relaxed a little and even turned up the volume slightly. The clip had moved on to the boss making out with his secretary and groping her breasts as he pulled her skirt up with one hand.

Sonia's left hand slipped down to her skirt and hiked it far up as she started fondling herself. Her right hand moved across her breasts and unbuttoned the top three buttons of her blouse and she pulled out her left breast from the shackles of her bra and began pinching her nipple and twisting it slightly.

Sameer stood there in disbelief. She was even prettier than he had imagined! Her areola was small and a bright pink and her nipples were like knobs and a shade of dark pink. Her breast was flawless, a milky colour with smooth complexion and extremely firm and larger than he had thought. As she continued playing with herself, the video got hotter and the secretary was now giving her boss a deepthroat, bareback blowjob and gagging a little bit. This seemed to excite Sonia more and she started moaning softly. Her left hand was now moving more vigorously and her right hand was pinching her hard nipples even harder as she started to move about a bit in her chair. As she saw the boss fucking his secretary hard on the desk from behind her soft moaning turn into a louder groan and he saw her frenziedly working away at her body. Sameer realized that she was close to cumming and moved on to the second part of his ingenious plan. He opened up his cell phone, put it to his ear and got ready to barge in on an orgasming Sonia.

He swung the door open and walked in, "Okay then, take care." He removed his cell phone from his ear and stared in mock disbelief at a masturbating Sonia. Sonia quickly covered up her exposed breast and removed her hand from her crotch. As she began

buttoning up her bra she looked up worriedly at Sameer who was still acting as if he was in complete shock at catching his secretary masturbating in his chair, when in fact he was noticing how moist her fingers were from her drenched pussy.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" demanded Sameer in an angry tone as he sadistically enjoyed the situation.

"I...er...um..." Sonia kept trying to say something but no words would come out of her mouth. She just looked on at Sameer who was trying his best to look as angry as possible.

"What's this?" said Sameer as he shifted his attention to the computer screen where the scene was finishing with the boss covering the face and mouth of his kneeling secretary with his thick cum. Sonia looked over to the computer and couldn't look away from it as her gaze was fixed at the erotic act taking place on the screen. Sameer caught her staring and moved in for the kill.

"You went through my private files too! As if you masturbating on my chair with your tits hanging out wasn't bad enough, you've gone ahead and invaded my privacy too!" Sameer was almost shouting now but it didn't matter since he had to buzz people into his office through a solid door and he had soundproof walls installed.

Sonia began to cry, overwhelmed by the confrontation and embarrassed by the situation she blamed herself for getting into.

"No, I...I swear! It was already open and minimized, I would never dream of...I didn't even know this stuff was on there really," she pleaded with Sameer.

"So that's supposed to make it okay for you to masturbate half naked in my chair?" demanded Sameer. He got close to her as he said this and she tried to get up but Sameer caught her left hand which was still covered in her juices and pulled her close to him.

"N-n-no sir," she whimpered.

"Well what am I supposed to do now? Fire you? Yeah I think that's the only thing I can do..." His voice trailed off.

"N-n-o, please don't," Sonia plead, "I'm sorry..."

"Why would I not? Give me one reason not to!" replied Sameer in an agitated voice.

"No one w-w-would hire me after this, my career would be finished...please, it was only a mistake," she said.

"Why should I care? I mean the bottom line is this is not the kind of mistake that can be made up for," Sameer continued.

"No please...I'll do everything you ask of me, stick to all my deadlines, you'll never have any reason to complain I promise! Please, I need the money," her voice trailed off as she burst into tears. Sameer kept holding her hand. He was beginning to feel bad for her but he knew he had to continue his plan to manipulate her into give him exactly what he wanted.

"Ok, please first of all stop crying," ordered Sameer, "You really would do anything to hold onto this job and keep me from firing you and make sure that I never have any complaints?" he asked.

Her sobbing subsided. "Yes, I would, anything."

"Good."

Sameer picked up her hand and began sucking on her fingers which were covered in her juices and licked them clean. Sonia was shocked and watched him in disbelief.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"What do you think?" he replied as he pulled her closer into his strong arms and moved his lips closer to hers to kiss her.

"But..." And that's all she could say before Sameer's lips engulfed hers and he began passionately kissing her, sucking on her lips and licking them while his hands roamed up and down her back and he grabbed her voluptuous ass and started groping it. She tried to push away to say something for a second.

"Your wife....," she managed to say and it was enough to get Sameer's attention.

"What about her? If you expect me to keep what you did a secret and not fire you then you're going to have to return the favour sweetheart. Anything else? Or should I just fire you and you'll know exactly what kind of referrals I'll be giving any of your prospective bosses?" replied Sameer.

Sonia didn't say another word. Sameer went back to her lips and this time she wasn't putting up much of a resistance. He slid his tongue into her mouth and she obliged by widening her lips

but didn't reciprocate his passion. Sameer pulled away.

"You know, you might as well enjoy this while you're at it," he said, "because frankly I'm starting to doubt your performance and you keeping your side of the deal about doing anything to keep this job and making sure I have no complaints."

She looked at him but couldn't look him in the eye as she lowered her gaze and nodded meekly.

He once again kissed her hard and squeezed her ass and this time she responded. Slowly she started kissing him back until they were both kissing each other and feeling each other's bodies with their hands in a sexual frenzy that almost threatened to explode the very room. Their tongues were intertwined and licking each other vigorously as Sameer pushed her skirt and panty down her legs and let them drop. His hands moved down to her bare ass as he began squeezing her butt cheeks hard and spreading them. As he did this, he slipped a finger in between her ass cheeks and into her pussy. She was dripping wet and she felt really tight as he stuck about an inch into her and began rubbing the inside of her wet pussy with his finger. He then removed her finger and his hands moved up to her blouse and began unbuttoning her while she returned the favour as the passionate kiss continued. He threw her shirt to the ground and undid her bra and slid it off her shoulders and began grabbing her breasts like a possessed beast as she removed his shirt and unbuckled his belt and trousers to the floor. His mouth left hers and he began biting her breasts softly as he guided her hand down to his boxers and made her feel his engorged manhood. She kept moaning as his mouth moved to her left nipple and began sucking and nibbling on it as his other hand grabbed and pressed her right breast. She began squeezing his hard cock and moaning slightly as his mouth shifted its attention to the other nipple which he sucked hard and let his mouth glide outward while sucking her tit and letting it go with a gentle bite.

"Oh god," she whispered, "It feels better than I'd imagined."

Sameer realized his suspicions were correct. "You've never felt a dick before have you?" he asked as he continued groping her breast with one hand and ass with the other. He looked into her hazel eyes and she was biting her lip just as she was a few minutes ago. She shook her head, her eyes closed, enjoying the sensations that Sameer was unfolding upon her.

"Take off my boxers and get on your knees on the floor," he abruptly ordered. Sonia complied as she slowly opened her eyes and looked at him all the way until she was in the position he demanded. The tears had given way to a look of lust in her eyes

which was the biggest turn on for Sameer than any of the preceding events because it showed him that now she wanted him as bad as he did her.

"Now hold my cock in both your hands, slightly squeezing it your left hand towards the tip and the right hand at the base and stroke it back and forth." Sonia did as she was told.

"Good. Now remove your left hand from the tip and cup my balls with it and continue stroking my dick with the right," Sonia obeyed as Sameer sat himself down on his chair with her face in the middle of his legs.

"Now open up wide and push my cock into your mouth all the way down until you feel your grip on your lips." Sonia closed her eyes, opened her mouth wide and lowered her neck until half her boss's cock was in her mouth.

"Now go up and down on it with both your mouth and hand and suck on it hard and gently squeeze my nuts with the other hand as you do this," Sonia followed his orders and began giving him the best head of his life. "Increase your speed, you know what better still, just do all the things you were seeing in that video." Sonia looked up at him and lust was oozing out of her gaze as she sucked her boss up and down. She removed his cock from her mouth, licked the entire shaft side to side and back to front and then on his swollen glans which was throbbing and leaking pre cum juices. She lapped them up and began deep throating his cock doing amazingly well to suppress her gag reaction for a first timer. A few tears swelled up in her eyes as she kept gagging on her boss's dick but she didn't let up, increasing her speed as she kept squeezing his nuts.

Sameer felt his loins shudder as his throbbing member got ready to burst a dam of his semen deep in Sonia's gagging throat which was grasping the head of his penis in the back of her throat every time she gagged on it. Sameer let go as a huge wave of euphoria swept through him and he emptied his nuts into her throat. She was surprised by the jolts of cum spurting down her throat and tried to back off but Sameer grabbed her head and kept fucking her throat until his orgasm subsided and the last drops of his juices were emptied in her throat. She immediately pulled up, gasping for air, but didn't have time as Sameer lifted her from her shoulders and sat her down bare assed on the desk. He pushed her back and climbed on top of her, kissing, nibbling and licking her neck, going down her collarbone and sucked each succulent nipple until it was a shade of blood red. His mouth continued down south as his right hand groped her boobs and he drew little circles of saliva down her sternum and onto her navel. With the other hand he spread her pussy,

exposing her throbbing and enlarged clit using his index and middle fingers as his thumb began pushing into her pussy, rubbing the roof of it, right under the clit. His mouth moved further down onto her thighs, caressing, nibbling and sucking her creamy flesh as his other hand came down and he inserted a finger into her waiting, dripping pussy. He tried to push in but couldn't as he felt her hymen in the way as she gasped in a little bit of pain from the pressure applied by him on her virginity.

"You're still a virgin" said Sameer as in his mind he started drooling on the aspect of shoving his huge cock into her tight pussy and deflowering her.

"Y-yes sir" she replied. Instantly he was rock hard again.

"That's a lucky break, I haven't had a virgin pussy in years." As he said this he moved his mouth onto her clit and began expertly flicking it with his tongue, combining the flicks with making shapes while exerting a sucking pressure on her clit and a downward pressure on it with his tongue. She began moaning louder as his flicking and sucking got more vigorous and his fingers began rubbing the inside of her vagina, being careful not to push against her hymen. He continued his possessed movements and her pussy was exuding more juices than he was lapping up until it was glistening with a slippery combination of her juices and his saliva. She began to writhe as he relentlessly kept sucking and flicking her clit and fingering her until she began shuddering and convulsing on his face, pressing the sides of it with her thighs as an electric orgasm swept through her body making her short pubic hair stand at attention. Sameer was rock hard and ready to go.

Even before she could recover from her state of ecstasy, Sameer quickly stood up and rammed his member into her so fast that she let out a gasp and looked at him with a look of pain and disbelief. Her surprise gave way to pain which was still mixed with the orgasmic euphoria from just a few seconds ago as he began slowly moving in and out of her pussy.

"That hurts so much, please stop," she squealed.

"Don't worry, a few seconds of pain will be your gateway to a lifetime of pleasure," responded Sameer, "In a few strokes it will stop hurting and start feeling really good, trust me."

Sonia kept whimpering as he slid his cock in and out of her slowly until her whimpers turned into moans which got steadily

louder. Sameer knew that the balance of the sensation had tilted on its head from a lot of pain mixed with a little pleasure to a little pain and mostly pleasure.

"Beginning to feel good isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes sir, oh yes. Oh my God it feels so good, oh please don't stop, please keep going."

Sameer increased his pace and intensity and started slamming his cock deep into her tight, wet, virgin pussy as she started to get louder with her moans. He was going in harder and faster with each thrust as his balls began slapping against her ass, soaking up the fluids leaking from her pussy.

"Oh...Shit...Fuck...Oh fuck me...Fuck me hard...Oh don't stop...Yeah just like that...God I've wanted you for so long...but nobody can know about this...please...please Sameer...promise me..."

"I promise" replied Sameer in between his thrusts, gasping for air as Sonia's pussy felt like it was getting tighter with every stroke, almost like a vacuum sucking on his cock. Her eyes rolled into her head, her mouth open wide as she started screaming.

"Ahh...yes...YES...YES!!...I'm going to cum again...oh I'm gonna cum on your huge cock...oh it feels so good...yes...yes...yes...yes...yes, yes yes YES!" At that moment her pussy sucked Sameer's cock hard because of the vacuum created by their juices and in a moment Sameer felt the walls of her pussy writhing and collapsing around his pulsating cock as his own orgasm couldn't hold itself back any longer and he exploded squirt after squirt of warm, thick cum into his secretary's pussy until his balls ached with the pressure released and his body, sweaty from all the hard and fast thrusts collapsed upon Sonia's as she held him tight.

His cock went limp from his orgasm and he moved out of her pussy as a mixture of saliva, her juices and his cum cascaded down her ass cheeks and onto his desk. There was a little blood, but not much. He looked up at her and the lustful expression in her eyes had given way to a satisfied one as she looked on at him intently.

"Well, work should get more fun now don't you think?" Sameer asked Sonia as he winked at her.

"Yes sir," she replied, "but it must stay as our little secret."

"Absolutely," said Sameer.

And so it stayed.

My Naughty Secretary

by [DASTONE](#)©

The year since I met Samantha has been the most exciting time of my life since my cousin had taught me how to properly please a girl and gave me the confidence to do so before unleashing me on the unsuspecting girls of my High School (let me know if you ever want to hear THAT story).

I was drawn to her quiet and shy demeanor, her genuine kindness and joy at being with people, her quick smile and contagious laugh, and of course her beautiful and innocent appearance. The first few times I tried to talk to her she was almost too shy to respond, but after weeks of running into each other at the corner coffee shop I was finally able to get her name and that she worked as a secretary in the office building across from mine.

Though she was about 10 years my junior, eventually she agreed to a date, and then another. When I succeeded in getting her back to my place after a romantic dinner I found that while she was almost as innocent as she appeared, her appetite for sex nearly matched my own. Her shyness, combined with years of thinking she wasn't sexy enough or pretty enough, had held her sexuality back. But each encounter in my bed seemed to whet her appetite even more.

I watched as her confidence grew, in herself and in her sexuality. Her hair changed, her makeup changed, subtly replacing the young and naïve innocent teenager with a sultry and enticing young woman who made heads turn no matter where she went. The clothes changed too, unflattering outfits and boring shoes turning into sexy and revealing skirts and blouses matched with heels that showed off her long smooth legs and firm round bottom.

My sweet little kitten and transformed into a sex-crazed tigress and I loved every minute of it. How could I not when she spent every chance she could get either stroking or sucking on my all too willing shaft? I felt like I was in some kind of porno every day. Even the sluttiest girls I fucked in high school didn't

crave sex like Samantha did. Even as I write this it sounds too far-fetched to be true, but I swear it's like my cock and cum had become some kind of life sustaining ambrosia to this girl.

I laugh when I think of how she used to be too nervous to hold my hand or show any affection in public, always looking around or blushing if anyone saw me kiss her. Soon she was the one seeking affection no matter where we were, looping her arms around my neck and kissing me as if no one was around. I quickly realized that an audience actually excited her. The first time I fucked her in public, even though no one could actually see us, I found her wetter than I had ever experienced and she came so hard I thought she had blacked out.

We were out at dinner and she had spent the entire meal turning me on so thoroughly I thought I might rip straight through my jeans. I had picked her up from work so she was still dressed in her tight charcoal skirt that almost reached her knees and a white blouse that showed a generous amount of her large firm breasts, especially after she unfastened another button or two. As we drove to the restaurant she talked excitedly about her day and gossiped about how she had caught one of the other secretaries leaving the CEOs office with something white still dripping from the corner of her mouth.

"Seriously though babe, she's such a slut!" she said "She only does it because she wants Debbie's job when she leaves next month." I remembered from previous conversations that Debbie was going to have a baby soon and had decided to retire early to be a stay at home mom. Not that she'd be hurting, according to Samantha her husband was some rich banker so she didn't really need to work anyway.

"Weren't you going to apply for that one too?" I asked her with a smile, my hand resting comfortably on her thigh.

"Well yeah," she said as she looked at her makeup in the visor mirror. "But I'm sure not going to crawl underneath Scott's stomach to find and suck his dirty cock to get it." I laughed as she closed the mirror and scooted closer to me. Leaning close she whispered seductively, "Especially when I already have access to this perfect cock, and all the yummy cum I can drink." She slid her hand up my thigh as she spoke and softly stroked my rapidly swelling shaft through my jeans.

I kind of lost my train of thought around then and had to focus on keeping us on the road. She smirked at me and just kept talking about the goings on in her office, her hand never ceasing its soft and slow movement in my lap. By the time we parked in front of the restaurant I was pretty sure my cock

would never be soft again.

Her lips closed around my earlobe as I put the car in park and she purred softly before I pulled away and stepped from the car, willing my cock to subside a little so I didn't make a scene when we walked inside. As I opened her door she swung her legs out, purposely flashing me the tops of her thigh high stockings and garter straps leading up her pale smooth legs. Given my near obsession with thigh highs and sexy lingerie she had pretty much ensured that I would indeed be drawing a few stares when we entered the restaurant.

A self-satisfied smile graced her face as we walked inside and I laughed at myself for not realizing that anyone who looked in our direction would be too busy staring at her to even realize what that long thick bulge traveling down my right thigh actually was. We were quickly shown to a table and sat across from each other. I noticed the young hostess staring down Samantha's blouse when she handed her a menu and gave her a smirk. She quickly left the area with a pink blush creeping up her cheeks.

Looking across the table I caught Samantha subtly undoing another button on her shirt with the result that the edge of her black lace bra was now peeking out at me. Apparently she had noticed the girl's lingering gaze as well. When the waiter came by she was absently trailing a long red fingernail up and down the swell of her right breast, pretending to read the menu. He fought the urge to stare as he took our order before hurrying away while adjusting his pants under the apron he wore.

Dinner continued like that, Samantha teasing me and pretty much everyone else who bothered to look over. As we were waiting for the check I suddenly felt something sliding up my leg. Looking down I saw her stocking clad foot slid between my legs, her toes brushing over the bulge in my pants. Looking up I caught her hungry gaze on mine.

"I'm ready for my dessert, Daddy." She whispered, loud enough for me to hear and for the couple nearby to wonder if they had heard correctly.

I managed to stifle a growl of arousal as the waiter handed me the check and I in turn handed him my card. She had started calling me Daddy lately when she was feeling especially playful or kinky. We hadn't talked much about D/s stuff at that point in our relationship, but she quickly learned just how much I loved when she called me that. A haze of arousal settled over me and I don't really remember signing the check or leaving the restaurant. All I could think about was shoving my cock into the

naughty little minx across from me.

We were in the car a block away from the restaurant by the time she succeeded in getting my cock out of my pants and into her mouth. She sucked and stroked desperately, her need matching the consuming arousal that burned in my chest. Turning onto a side street I parked on the side of the road. We were in front of a small office building that was obviously closed for the day. The street was well lit but empty of cars and pedestrians.

I exited the car, my cock still sticking out of my pants, throbbing in need. Hurrying around the car I opened her door and yanked her out by the arm. "If you're going to act like a little slut all night then that's exactly how you'll be treated," I growled as I spun her around against the car. The buttons of her blouse pinged off the car as the thin white fabric came away in my hand.

A gasp turned into a moan as I yanked her bra down and firmly kneaded her big perfect tits. "ohhhh Daddy! Wait someone might..." Her words were cut off as I turned her face and captured her mouth with my own. My bare cock was leaking precum all over the back of her skirt as I ground against her, pinning her against the car. My hand a fist in her hair as she broke away from the kiss and gasped for air. "FUCK ME DADDY!!" She cried, her words echoing off the buildings.

Moving her down the car I bent her over the hood and yanked up her skirt. Her panties barely covered her glistening slit and were obviously soaked with her arousal. Yanking them to the side I buried myself to the hilt inside her. A scream pierced the sky as my thick shaft forced her sheath to spread around it. "Yes Daddy... Fuck yes... fucking give it to me... fuck!!"

She came on my cock twice before I finally buried myself inside her and filled her pussy with a load of thick cream. I collapsed over her on the hood sucking in deep breaths of air. Looking over at her I thought she had passed out but then she stirred and gasped loudly, whimpering as she breathed. We straightened our clothes and returned to my home where we fucked again, sharing a long deep climax before falling asleep together.

Even now that remains as one of the most incredible experiences of my life. Since then she has moved in with me and we have continued discussions about DD/lg and other kinks. Her natural submissiveness has become increasingly obvious and she has taken to calling me Daddy almost full time, even outside of the bedroom. She has become quite the exhibitionist as well, often finding a way to tease me in public where someone else can see and be aroused by it as well. Those days are always followed by

nights of fierce and sweaty sex until she cums at least twice on my thick shaft before swallowing my cum.

"Daddy's cum should never go to waste." She stated after a particularly exuberant session. Turning she laid down on the bed, her perfect ass showing off a bright pink handprint.

Smiling I collapsed next to her and she curled against my chest. "I don't think any of my cum has touched the ground since the first time you tasted it you thirsty little slut." I said and gently caressed her back.

Kissing my chest she looked up at me and winked. "Daddy's yummy cream needs a place to go after all," she giggled. "It's too good to waste and Daddy deserves to have it all swallowed." Her love of drinking my cum always surprised me but she usually preferred it in her mouth to anywhere else. Without another word she drifted off to sleep, a happy smile on her face.

The next day I reluctantly left for the office, kissing her cheek and quietly leaving her sleeping form on the bed. Usually she insisted on a good morning suck or fuck before I left but after last night I guess I couldn't blame her for sleeping in. She didn't have to be at work until later anyway. She hadn't gotten the position we had talked about months before, but did end up getting a new and better position anyway.

I was an hour into a two hour meeting when my phone pinged. The first picture showed her in a steamy bathroom with a towel wrapped around her lithe frame. The next couple showed the towel dropping away revealing her delicious treasures. The last displayed her fully nude, head thrown back and fingers buried in her smoothly shaven pussy. Along with the picture was a short message. "Remember not to show anyone Daddy!"

I shook my head and put the phone away, trying to bring my thoughts away from my swiftly rising cock and back on the meeting. This was a somewhat new development for her, sending naughty pictures to me at work. The shy girl who used to nervously glance away from me at the coffee shop was gone, she would never dream of sending something like that. In her place was the girl I loved, a girl strong and confident in herself and her sexuality, always seeking new adventures and experiences.

After a long morning of meetings and frustration I returned to my office for a lunch break. Calling to my secretary I asked her to order me a pastrami on rye from the corner deli and to go get it for me. Closing my office door I turned off the light and collapsed in my chair, leaning back and closing my eyes.

"What the..." I exclaimed suddenly, jerking upright as I felt something sliding up my legs. Looking down I saw a naked Samantha grinning up at me like a cat about to eat the proverbial canary.

"Hiya Daddy," she grinned innocently. "I didn't get my breakfast this morning so I figured I'd come have it for lunch. I'm sure you won't mind." Her hands deftly opened my pants and fished inside for my cock. Purring softly she pulled it out and wrapped her lips around the tip.

"Sam wait, I can't do this right now," I started to say, even as my shaft swelled in her expert fingers and mouth. She just smirked and kept on sucking and stroking. "Oh I see," I said as I gave into the growing pleasure. "You don't even care if someone comes in. In fact, I think you'd like that wouldn't you little slut? You want someone to catch you, to see you with Daddy's big cock in your mouth?"

Her moans met my ears as she sucked harder, her hand disappearing between her legs. Seeing my phone on my desk I smirked and grabbed it. Turning on the video recorder I pointed down at the brunette head bobbing in my lap. "I think you want everyone to see you like this. A filthy slut on her knees desperate for her Daddy's cum." Looking up with a whimper Samantha saw the phone and her eyes flew wide.

"That's right little whore," I said with a grin. "I'm going to record you swallowing my cum, and then who knows who I might show it to?" Samantha let out a moan and her eyes rolled back into her head and she quivered fiercely through a powerful climax. Her sucking stopped while she came, but then she resumed with a vengeance, somehow even more desperate to receive a load of my cum.

I could feel it building when a knock sounded on my door and Cynthia entered the office with my sandwich. Coughing I sat up and pushed my chair towards my desk, hoping she hadn't seen Samantha's head in my lap. "Here's your lunch boss," she said as she set it on my desk. She turned to leave before stopping and giving me a questioning look. "Although I don't know if it smells as good as the other snack you already have in here." She smiled and winked before heading to the door and closing it behind her.

Turning back I found Samantha's bright eyes looking up at me, a hungry look in her eyes as she deep-throated my cock. Moments later my balls tightened and my cock convulsed, shooting ropes of cum into her waiting mouth. She sucked and sucked until she had every drop before lifting her head and swallowing with a

moan of satisfaction.

"Thank you Daddy," she said as she crawled from under my desk. "I needed that. I have to get to work but I'll see you at home tonight." Swiftly she dressed and headed for the door to my office. I saw her give my secretary a wide grin and then she was gone. A moment later Cynthia was back in my office wearing a smirk.

"You might have to show me that video sometime boss. I bet it was pretty hot."

My Secretary

by [dmorgana](#)©

What do you do when you are sitting at your desk, in walks one of your regional sales staff, and at the exact same time, your dick is in the hands of your secretary, who is hiding under your desk between your legs?

I'll tell you what I did. I slid my chair closer and stayed seated. I could just make out Sarah's face, hidden under my large thick mahogany wood desk. I was still fully dressed in my charcoal suit, the one my secretary has complimented me on often. Oh yeah, one slight difference than how I'm normally clothed in the office. My zipper is fully unzipped, my cock completely exposed save for the parts of it my secretary had her fingers around.

Just as I went to shake John's hand, one of my senior salesmen, still seated, Sarah began sucking on the head of my cock. I coughed to cover up the sudden jump I did as John sat, beginning to go through the week's sales reports. I couldn't focus on that, as much as I tried. Instead, every sound from John's mouth was drowned out by the sensation of Sarah's hot, wet mouth, closed around the tip of my engorged cock. Her tongue was sliding around in circles, causing my dick to jerk within her grasp. Her eyes, her teasing, taunting eyes were staring up at me as she performed her fellatio talents during one of the most

inappropriate times.

I looked up to John, realizing I'd been weirdly staring down at my crotch. He seemed unfazed, droning on about projections and commission percentages and a bunch of other shit that wasn't anywhere close to as important as Sarah starting to slide her mouth down my thick shaft. Half way down she began bobbing her head, the tip of my cock rubbing against the roof of her mouth a little as she began to hum slightly, just loud enough for my ears to pick up the sound, the vibrations sending shivers up my spine, making my toes curl within my shoes.

Fuck, John was asking for me to approve time off for him. I began to stammer a response, my initial attempts at speech thwarted with Sarah engulfing the remaining half of my cock into her throat, gagging just barely loud enough for John to have heard if I hadn't coughed even louder, several times as she decided to rapidly bob her head at the full depth of my cock down her throat, her gagging sound brief, but just loud enough requiring me to cover up our illicit activity.

I somehow recovered, John and I going back to scheduling discussions, and where we could make some changes to get him his time off he wanted. Sarah sensed my cognizant conversation with him. She tapped my thigh, making me look down for just a moment. I watched, her mouth still firmly sheathing my rock solid cock inside her mouth as she began to slip out of her dress. It was a very flowing halter top dress, easily removed, and instantly her breasts, nipples firm, came into view. I was barely able to see that she was indeed wearing panties as she wiggled a bit, letting the dress pool around her legs, letting it rest there before returning back to her task, coaxing glorious sensations through the nerves surrounding my turgid flesh.

I somehow managed to turn my attention back to John, having missed everything he said. Thankfully he was going on and on about his plans for his time off. I managed to pay attention to about five words before Sarah once again drew my mind and body to once again zone in on her. She moved her mouth up to the very tip of my cock, her mouth sucking hard around it, tongue dancing magically over my skin. Her hands though, fingers interlocking and wrapping around my shaft, began to stroke, strong and firm, slow strokes. It was then that I noticed how wet she had made my cock. The sound from under my desk was noticeable to me, causing a wave of panic to hit me. I jerked my head up at John, terrified that he would hear and understand what was going on immediately.

Relief washed over me as John took my head jerk as a reaction to something he had said, continuing his tirade about something that I not only didn't give a fuck about, but also had no fucking clue what it was about. I glanced back down to Sarah, and she was smirking. She knew, from John talking even louder and faster, that she was safe. She started stroking faster, harder, her hands slick from her spit all over my dick. The sound got just a little louder, and yet John continued on, oblivious. After a minute, she scowled, and I soon realized why. She was upset that her saliva that had been all over my cock had started to dry up. She rectified the issue by swallowing every inch of my cock, then releasing my dick and spitting all over it as quietly as she could, covering every inch in her drool. Pleased with herself, since it literally dripped off my balls, she went back to stroking my cock, even more vigorously. My mind was starting to go partially numb as my body focused its entire attention on what my dick was experiencing. After a couple more minutes of this, she began to hum, causing my balls to twitch, starting to bring me into the realm of an impending orgasm. The added sensation felt mind numbingly wonderful. I began to worry a little, if she kept this up, I'd be coming, in front of John, an idea that I wasn't very fond of.

Much to my relief again, John settled the issue for me, thanking me for listening to what he had to say, as if I even heard or remembered one word. He made his way out of my office, leaving the door slightly open. I looked back down to see Sarah finally releasing me from her hands and mouth, wiping off a large amount of her own spit from her chin. I glared down at her, and she had the decency to blush and shyly smile up at me.

"I'm sorry sir, was I out of line?" She had the audacity to chuckle. All I could do was just try to maintain breathing correctly. I wasn't in a position to admonish her in any way just yet, not until my brain had a few moments to recover. But she apparently had another plan for us. She turned around, her panty covered pussy aimed towards me, then turned her head to look at me. "I wanted your tasty cock here instead the whole time, sir." So innocent sounding, yet her words were definitely not innocent at all. I watched, mutely, as she reached back and peeled her panties down to her knees, leaving them there. She then brought herself backwards towards me, towards my cock which was still hard and dripping wet from her mouth. She stopped once she felt my tip gently tap against her pussy.

"Oh sir, I'm sorry, this is so inappropriate at work. I shouldn't be doing anything like this." She sweetly spoke as she began to rub her pussy up and down over the tip of my cock. I watched as her pussy juices and her spit mixed together over my flesh. I wanted nothing more than to shove my chair forward and sink myself into her, but there was no way I was going to risk that at work, not after the seriously close call that happened just a few seconds ago.

Sarah didn't seem to be having that thought though, as she began to slide her pussy faster over me, making sure the tip grazed over her hard little clit, her moans escaping her lips every time she did so. "I'm pretty sure everyone at work would frown upon this behavior, so unprofessional." She taunted as she reached back, grabbing me at the base of my cock, and aimed me right at her dripping wet little hole. She pushed down onto me just an inch, enough to have about half of the tip of my cock inside her, just enough to keep it in place. Then she spread her middle fingers on either side of my shaft from underneath and began to stroke my cock again. The feeling was so intense, with her under my desk, hidden from view, feeling the heat and moisture emanating from her body onto mine, that small amount of physical connection, yet my body was hyper focused on that one singular point so intensely that I couldn't even feel anything else at all. Her pussy and her fingers, such a delicious pair of sensations at the same time.

She began to rock her body, barely covering the entire tip of my cock. I watched as I would see the head disappear inside her, then show back into view, over and over, her fingers sliding fast along my exposed shaft. I watched as her juices slid from the head down my shaft, coating her fingers continuously. Then the most terrifying thing happened, I heard John calling my name from just outside my office, he was coming back in!

We both froze, looking at each other. There was no way I could pull out now, I wouldn't be able to get my cock back into my pants before drying it off. And I couldn't stay where I was, chair slid back from my desk. John would be able to see what was happening. I did the only thing I could do. I watched Sarah's mouth open wide in a silent scream as I scooted forward, embedding myself within her slick, hot, tight walls. Her hands shot out behind her, grabbing my legs as I bottomed out, hiding both of us from view. I felt her hands beating against my legs, unable to look down as John began another conversation with me as he fully entered my office.

As soon as I began to talk back, Sarah started her revenge. I felt her quickly move away from me until she had just the tip of my drenched cock within her, then slowly slid herself back down my shaft. She squeezed rhythmically as she sheathed me back inside herself. She followed this pattern as I attempted to stumble my way through what John was so fucking desperate to talk about, wanting instead to watch her motions as she fucked herself along my cock.

Then I felt her legs grab my pants, tight, using that as leverage to change tempo and tactics. She started to slam herself back against me, then slowly move to the very tip of my cock. She was driving me crazy, fucking me in my office, while trying to carry on a semi important conversation with one of my salesmen about a new client, at least I think that's what he was talking about. Deciding that wasn't enough of a distraction, she began to bounce her pussy around the head of my cock, fast motions, centered on just the end of my dick. She was teasing me, and it felt amazing.

John went into the discussion, and I reached my hand down to Sarah's naked ass. She hesitated for just a moment, then she felt me pulling her by her ass, and resumed long strokes of her pussy all the way up and down my cock, more fluid, continuous, constant speed all the way up and down. It felt amazing, sensations overpowering my thoughts. I flexed my cock inside of her, and she took that as a sign to increase her tempo. John's stupid voice drowned out any chance of himself hearing her soaked pussy fuck me. I could hear it though, faint squishing sounds as she repeatedly fucked the entire length into her hot, tight little hole. At this point I wouldn't have been able to respond to John at all, my brain completely and fully engaged on the motions of my hot secretary fucking me.

She stopped with me balls deep inside her, and then I felt her hands on my legs, pushing against me. It took several pushes from her until I realized what she was intending. My heart pounded in my chest as I did what I think she wanted. I slid my chair back, just enough so I could see her ass, my cock buried to the hilt. I brought my eyes up to John's to gauge his reaction, but he gave no indication at all of Sarah, almost fully naked except for her panties still around her legs and her heels on her feet, fucking her boss in front of him. She started again, holding onto my legs, fucking me faster than before. Harder, she pounded her pussy back along my shaft. I could hear her, and I had no idea how John couldn't. Maybe I was so hyper focused on Sarah that it seemed louder to me than it really was.

She was unrelenting, constantly squeezing me with her pussy, fucking me in that same rhythm, like a machine almost. John started another topic with me, apparently perfectly happy with not having me say anything in response. My hand held onto her hip as she gave my cock a serious working over. But then I realized, with my balls beginning to jerk, that I was getting close to coming. Mentally I panicked, because I knew my secretary was not on the pill, and I was not wearing a condom. She was fucking me raw, and I was getting closer and closer to the edge.

Sarah must have sensed it, or maybe she didn't, but she somehow fucked me harder. I started to tap her hip, hoping to get her attention. She kept at it instead. I got very nervous, and tried to back away from her. Damn it, the woman just moved with me. I couldn't move back any further, I was dangerously close to exposing us to John. As I glanced down now, I could see her entire tight ass moving along my cock, watching about half of my dick appear and then get swallowed up by her body again. I tried to push her away from me, but she remained firm in her position, looking back at me and shaking her head no.

I had to get John out of there. I felt my balls begin to boil, my orgasm rapidly approaching. I tried to think of a way out of this, but nothing was coming to mind that didn't include us being seen. That hot wet pussy was unrelenting, unyielding in its quest to destroy my mind with its actions on my body. I tried again to push Sarah off me, and this only made her fuck me even harder. I had to brace my chair to keep it from moving as she now fucked me for all she was worth. John getting more and more animated about whatever the fuck he was talking about was just enough noise to keep himself from hearing my secretary fuck the living hell out of me from under my desk. Her face turned back to look at me, I stared at her, trying to tell her with my eyes 'You have to stop!'. She just shook her head no, and kept right on, taking me ever closer to my orgasm.

Suddenly an idea popped into my head, and I wondered why I didn't think of this before. I frantically told John I had a phone meeting to be on, and for him to close my door as he left. He politely excused himself and walked out, closing the door to my office.

I pulled the chair back hard, freeing myself from impregnating my secretary, I pulled her out also, frantically stroking my cock, ready to come all over. She knelt in front of me, between

my legs, her hands stroking my legs through my pants as I furiously jacked myself off, cock aimed at her mouth. I moaned my impending orgasm, and she dove her head onto me, swallowing rapidly as I fired shot after shot of come into her. Once I was spent, I collapsed back into my chair, cock soaked, hanging limply against my chair cushion. I watched as Sarah smiled, licked her lips, and did one final swallow, opening her mouth to show me that nothing remained.

"Thank you for my snack sir, it was very filling. I think our morning meetings are going to be much much better from now on." She winked at me, getting herself dressed again. She dropped her panties into my lap, then blew me a kiss as she walked out of my office, closing the door as she smiled back at me.

Santa's the Boss

by [SluttyBisexualGuy](#)©

Jade Everett stared at herself in the mirror to judge the final results. She looked jaw-droppingly sexy.

She had just finished putting the final touches on her outfit for their company's Christmas 'Festivus' party which took place annually.

This party was an infamous holiday Bacchanalia that was put on by the company that she worked for: Dominus Publishing.

Their downtown Chicago offices were located inside of a finely appointed ten-story building that looked out over the Chicago River on the New East Side.

Jade had been working at Dominus for around six months as a private contractor. The company, which sold itself as a book publisher for the next generation of readers and writers, wanted to modernize the offices a bit and pull the old building into the 21st century, and so they had sought out an up-and-coming urban artist to do some thought-provoking paintings on various walls and murals throughout its aging walls.

Jade just so happened to be in the right place at the right time. The CEO and President of the company (and grandson of the founder) Malcolm Dominus had apparently read an article that had been done on Jade in a local art magazine that he'd randomly

decided to browse one morning while sipping his Americano at a neighborhood coffee house. He loved the look of the art that was featured in the piece—particularly her various uses of famous literary works to inspire some of her more off-the-wall and futuristic designs. He was quite pulled in by some. Intrigued and yet, beguiled.

She'd received a call that very next day from one of the publishing company's representatives with an offer she couldn't refuse.

Dominus would agree to pay her one hundred thousand dollars in exchange for her yearlong artist-in-residency at their downtown offices. It was a fair amount of money for her level of experience and the up-and-coming-status she currently had within the industry. Jade was absolutely thrilled at the offer.

Over that time she'd be responsible for working with the publishing house's creative design team on a number of thought-provoking paintings that would span all the way from the ground floor foyer to the top floor conference rooms and executive offices.

It was an incredible opportunity and Jade truly loved the job. She was making more than she'd ever made from her passion and for the most part, as long as each new artwork was completed on time, she could make her own hours too. More than anything, she was finally doing what she wanted to do: to make her livelihood solely out of her own creativity.

During her first few months of work, Jade had mostly kept to herself. Most of the employees were a little older than her (she was 24) and her job was so different than anyone else who worked there, that she found she had little in common with her coworkers the few times she had joined them for afterhours libations and bitching.

Her third month in she had connected with another girl who worked in the marketing department. Danielle was only two years older and the two had very similar interests. They'd go to movies occasionally or out to the clubs when they were up for a little crazier fun. She'd met her in the lunch atrium one day when the two were grabbing something from the snack bar at the same time. It was good to have a friend in the office, though Jade probably wouldn't quite reveal all of her extra curricular activities to Danielle for fear of being judged.

Jade was the kind of girl who kept carefully cultivated secrets.

It was around six months in to the job when Danielle asked Jade

if she'd be attending the company's upcoming Crazy Christmas Costume Party. They were sitting inside at the building's bottom floor sandwich shop one cool, December day while sharing a foot-long, chips, and a soda. Jade had no idea what she was talking about, and so Danielle began to animatedly explain the crazy end-of-the-year party where people were required to dress up in extravagant holiday-themed costumes.

Apparently Malcolm Dominus, the owner, had decided some years back to steal part of his second-favorite holiday, Halloween, and combine it with his first, which was Christmas. The 'Festivus' was so raucous that it had quickly become everyone's favorite event of the year. People talked about it like they talked about Christmas itself.

"Yeah it's so crazy, people dress up in the wildest and most creative costumes, they do a first, second, and third place costume contest with these huge rewards like a 'Caribbean Cruise' or 'Dinner for Two at Alinea', and the company brings in entertainers and there are servers walking around with some very expensive tray-passed food and Champagne—I'm tellin' ya, the alcohol alone at this thing makes it worth coming. They do not scrimp on the budget. You should totally come, you would have an amazing time." Danielle reasoned as she loudly crunched into a potato chip.

Jade was somewhat skeptical as she sat across from her friend in her paint-splattered overalls with her dark brown hair pulled up on the side into a convenient bun. She'd always despised company parties. They were awkward and it usually meant drinking with a bunch of older people that would invariably end up telling you lots of details about their life that you didn't actually care that much to hear about. No one cared what your kid did at karate that week, Kevin.

She wasn't convinced she'd be attending.

And then Danielle threw in this tidbit:

"And it's really cool too, Mr. Dominus always goes to the party as Santa Claus and he has started this tradition where for the last few hours of the party, he goes into this big Santa's Workshop set that they prop up and he sits on one of those mall Santa chairs with a couple of velvet-lined benches added to it; and employees are encouraged to go and sit with him and ask for whatever they want for around the office or like, something relating to their job."

"Whoa...wait, he really does that?" Jade's interest in the party had instantly shifted at the mention of this.

"Yeah, last year the marketing team asked for Cubs season tickets that we could use for various in-house sales contests within our department, and he totally went for it," Danielle said excitedly.

"Wow," Jade said again, though her mind was traveling down an entirely different path now.

"Ted Rodriguez from the editorial department got another week's paid vacation a couple of years ago. And I heard this other girl saying that he'd agreed to pay for the last few classes of her NYU postgrad—apparently she's finishing her MA in Children's Literature. He's basically like our real life boss being super charitable while he's dressed like Santa Claus just because he loves Christmas so much and has lots of disposable income. How fucking cool is that?" Danielle finished as she sucked the last drops of soda airily out of the plastic straw.

"That is really cool, actually," Jade agreed, as no less than forty-seven different mice began to sprint on the various metal wheels that turned with industrious thought inside of her conniving brain.

This new tidbit definitely changed everything.

Jade may have felt that a good majority of the people that worked at the publishing company were a bunch of bookish wet blankets, but she had an entirely different opinion of Malcolm Dominus.

She had met him finally two months into her job as she lay upside down and tethered over the outside railing of a grand staircase that emptied into the open-concept floor plan of the literary fiction department. She'd been working on the facial features of a large, shadowy creature of sorts. Blue and black and purple paints completed the impressionist image of the mysterious villain that spanned from the inner balcony one floor up and all the way down the side of the staircase bannister. The painting was monstrous and yet marvelously beautiful at the same time.

The angle made it so that she would lock herself into the side of the wall and then tilt herself upside down in order to see things from her very unique viewpoint while she painted.

She was wearing her trademarked overalls and a thin gray cotton tank top that rode up on her body as she painted. Her flat stomach could be seen from out of the sides of her outfit.

"You know, I've walked by this painting as it's progressed every day now for a week, and I feel like I see something different in it every single time," a deep, caramel voice drifted into Jade's airspace. She took her headphones out to look for who was talking to her. Most employees there usually just left her alone while she worked. She preferred it that way.

She found herself staring at a startlingly sexy, upside-down, black man with a finely trimmed beard, who was gazing admiringly up at her work.

She pulled herself up and lay sideways on the railing of the stairs so she could see him better.

"Oh...well I'll take that as a compliment," Jade said. She'd never seen this man before but she was definitely very happy she was seeing him now.

He looked like Idris Elba's doppelgänger. She'd even had to take a very long second to make sure that it WASN'T Idris Elba. He had thick, muscular legs and a similarly built upper-body that filled his fitted white oxford and similarly tailored blue slacks nicely. His shoes were a sharply polished pair of walnut wingtips. He looked good, she thought. It was rare for Jade to be taken aback by the physical looks of a man. She was usually the one to hold someone's attention in that department.

His coffee was steaming out of his cup as he smiled at her through a perfect set of pearly whites.

"It's nice to finally meet you Ms. Everett," the man said in a voice that could've soothed her soul had she been trapped in a tunnel during a Blitzkrieg.

"Oh, it's nice to meet you too...I'm sorry, I'm not sure I got your name?" Jade asked, somewhat embarrassed. As gorgeous as he might've been, she was a little lost as to who he was or why, for that matter, he was talking to her.

"My name is Malcolm Dominus." He said matter-of-factly as he sipped his coffee. "I'm the person that hired you—your patron if you will."

"Holy fuck! Ummm, holy crap I mean...sorry. Please excuse my language. I didn't realize who I was talking to! I guess I was expecting someone...erhm..." she hesitated now.

"Someone a little older?" He asked with a warm smile. "Yeah I get that a lot. My father handed over the reins when I got to my 30th birthday. That was ten years ago now, but just between you

and me, I still feel like I have no idea what I'm doing half of the time."

She was suddenly very self-conscious of the fact that she was dressed in jean overalls with her skin covered in all sorts of dried paints. And now she was also ridiculously embarrassed that she'd just dropped an F-bomb in front of the owner of the company—the man who'd first seen and admired her work to begin with. Her fair cheeks flushed even as she attempted a more professional air.

"Don't worry about it...anyone who lives with passion says the word 'fuck'. Plus, I didn't hire you to be boring." He said as he laughed at her and gazed up at the huge figure she'd been painting over the course of that last week. "This is probably my favorite one so far," he said to her finally.

She followed his gaze as he stared appreciatively at her art. She hadn't even realized that he'd seen all of the other paintings she'd completed all throughout the building up until that point.

"I'm really glad you like it," she replied, unable to look away from him deep chocolate eyes as they took in the intricacies of her work.

"Have you told anyone what it is?" He asked, suddenly curious. She was astounded at his question. She wasn't sure anyone would pick up on the idea that it wasn't just a random, nameless creature.

"I'm not exactly sure what you mean?" She replied. "Whose to say that it's anything at all, other than a grand idea?" She was playing it close to vest to see where he would take this.

"Perhaps," he said as he stepped away from the staircase and looked up at the dark outline splattered across the wall and ceiling above him. "My theory? I think it's Moby Dick as seen from below," he said in the most wickedly intuitive way. Jade couldn't believe it. Her mouth hung open a little as he said this and her brow furrowed.

"I mean, because what could be more terrifying than seeing such a behemoth from below?" He continued, "That could only mean that your ship was lost and that you were sinking into the depths of the frigid ocean. Your last image—the outline of the monster whale that was your very ruin, illuminated in silhouette from the fading moonlight above." He gesticulated along to this explanation as he gestured towards her work.

Jade felt a chill run up her spine as he spoke. She had never had someone analyze her work so insightfully in such a short amount of time. The painting was indeed a sort of Moby Dick amalgamation that mixed in a couple of other loftier elements and metaphors, and the idea had been to play with the viewer's perception of the image. She was so impressed by him.

Here stood Malcolm Dominus, stripping her complexities down in front of her like she was a Monday crossword puzzle in the tribune. She was absolutely entranced by him.

"But then again, paintings are like clouds aren't they?" And without waiting for a reply, he turned to leave. "It was a pleasure meeting you Ms. Everett," he said over his shoulder as he walked briskly away towards the nearby elevators.

"And you!" She called back to him as he disappeared around the corner with a thousand other tasks already pushing him through his day.

The current CEO of Dominus Publishing was a forty year-old hunky black guy with muscles for days and an NPR radio voice that melted like a Hershey bar onto a graham cracker while he poetically waxed a string of intelligent thoughts into his conversations. Jade blew a strand of hair off her forehead as she shook her head and smiled.

'Wow,' she thought to herself. 'Just...Wow. Now that's a man.'

Jade's mind replayed this initial encounter as Danielle animatedly continued on about the company Christmas party. Malcolm Dominus would be dressed as Santa Claus and granting wishes to employees that came into his workshop to ask for things. The same Malcolm Dominus that she'd first met when she was hanging upside down from her artwork. The same Malcolm Dominus with the tree trunk thighs and the eyes as deep as chestnuts. The same Malcolm Dominus that had dominated her elaborate sexual fantasies ever since that first meeting.

"Ya know," Jade said suddenly as she looked up at Danielle from their shared hoagie, "I think I WILL come to this crazy holiday party, after all."

And so there she stood, staring into the mirror at her ridiculously sexy getup. Mr. Dominus had only ever seen her in her painter's gear. She planned on showing him a little more tonight.

Because the office holiday party was a costume themed affair, and because everyone knew that their jovial boss was a spirited

participant in the festivities, they all galvanized into action at the beginning of every December rolled around. Staffers designed elaborate representations of Christmas symbolisms far and wide. People dressed as presents and as reindeer and as Hanukkah candles and as wise men. There were sexy elves and Claymation characters and 'Home Alone' villains. Every possible holiday pop culture reference was allowed and people worked tirelessly to one-up each other from year to year.

Jade had learned about all of this in the weeks leading up to the big event. Danielle regaled her with hilarious stories from past Christmas parties. People she'd never seen drunk before asleep on top of tables. People she'd never imagined outside of their stuffy work personas doing eggnog stands with the help of Sexy Jack Frosts. One year they'd even gone so far as to bring in a miniature ice skating rink. This party was the stuff of legend.

Jade meanwhile had her own very own devious chapter to write in this story, and it revolved entirely around the pheromone-dripping Santa Claus that she'd be seeking out later that night.

As she stared into the mirror, she grinned mischievously at the outfit that she had created.

She was wearing a glittery, sheer top that she had painted with a number of different sparkly green and white designs. Her matching sheer tights had similar sorts of swirling snow and mistletoe painted down her legs. She wore a small green skirt that looked more like a summer scarf tied at the hip—like a sluttier Peter Pan. Two hunter green heels finished the look.

The outfit was reminiscent of the infamous Britney Spears body suit that the starlet had worn in her sexy 'Toxic' music video. Her naked skin was visible everywhere through the thin body suit and thigh-high tights, except for where she had cleverly painted on different forest greenery and snowstorms and even a few subtly-drawn, pagan midwinter symbolisms of the Yule.

Her long brown hair was threaded with shiny green and silver tinsel and her face had a similar mix of vibrant colors fiercely lighting her up. Her smoky, green eye shadow pushed out into her hairline and her lips were embossed in their own snowy white lip balm.

She had decided to call her character "The Christmas Woodland Nymph" or "The Festivus Fairy" or whatever the hell people wanted to call her. Honestly, she didn't really care about all that. The outfit was an excuse for her to be as naked as she could around that hunk of a Kris Kringle she had her eyes set

on. She'd dressed as a Woodland Nymph, but she had bigger hopes of being the Woodland Nympho. A lot of people would probably be noticing Jade for the first time that night. Even though she was usually dressed for practicality while she applied her beautifications to the Dominus Edifice, Jade was actually hiding a pretty killer body. She cycled at a nearby gym and even taught her own hot yoga class on Sunday mornings. She found the exercise helped her to clear away potentially disruptive creative brain blockages.

She had a creamy white skin with faint brown freckles. Her boobs were a very firm B and her body finished in an hourglass ass that was the stuff of construction worker catcall fantasies. Her small waist almost didn't even make any sense when you considered how perfectly round and bitable her two globes seemed to be. Men that she walked by on the street (and occasionally women, too) would turn to stare at her ass if she was wearing a pair of her tight jeans. Her butt just stuck out as if it was looking to declare it's own sovereignty from her body. Jade was quite certain that at least five of the people attending her current Yoga class did so in order to worship at the altar of her tightly-compacted yoga pants in all the radiant glory of her downward facing dog.

She had long brown hair that she often wore up and her face was sweet and sensual with soft pink lips that puffed out below a perky, feminine nose and emerald green eyes.

She blew a flirty kiss towards her amazing body in the full-length mirror of her closet door and then donned her pea coat and scarf as she walked out into the cold Chicago night headed towards Danielle's apartment. From there the two girls would be catching a ride-share to the party so they could be drink as much as they wanted and then probably drink some more.

When she arrived at Danielle's her friend was dressed as the female elf from 'The Santa Clause'—the costume was well done and very cute. Danielle meanwhile did a sexy whistle as she appraised Jade's own revealing costume and then asked who the hell she was supposed to be exactly. Jade gave it her best college try to explain the concept behind her costume—"the Christmas Woodland Nymph Fairy Spirit Sprite—ya know uh, the 'Giving Pixie' or something."

Danielle cracked up at her friend.

"Riggghht, whatever you say babe...I'm sure the fact that you look like liquid sex with a faint holiday motif has NOTHING AT ALL to do with the fact that Malcolm Dominus will be there tonight dressed up as Santa," Danielle teased her friend as the

two girls laughed together.

Jade had revealed to her over the last few weeks her intense pangs of desire for the company owner—the heir to the publishing throne—the hot cup of coffee that was currently guarding the Bifröst of her sexual fantasies.

She had begun to develop creative methods of bumping into him around the large office building, their conversations always stimulating her in new and exciting ways.

As the two girls made their way downstairs to hop into their Lyft, they continued their conversation.

"You do know that he's married, right?" Danielle reminded her friend as the car sped off towards their workplace

Ahhh, yes. Jade had expected this question. It was true that she had seen his gold band stretched around the finger on his left hand. And it was generally true that something like this would've been a major no-no for her in most instances.

But for once Jade didn't feel like being virtuous and sexually scrupled. She felt like being quite the opposite. And if those excuses weren't enough, Jade also happened to know who his wife was. There was no love lost.

Martina Dominus was a very well known curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago. She was also, as it so happened, a frigid bitch.

Jade hadn't immediately made the connection between the two. It was only after she was going over some of her old art showcase materials that she remembered the terrible way that she had been treated by one particular curator that had double-booked the up-and-coming artist's space at the museum on the eve of her big show.

Martina Dominus. She had done a quick Google search when she'd re-read the name and was amazed to realize that she was Malcolm's malcontented wife of two years. How on earth this fireplace of a man had ever fallen in love with the ice queen of Chicago's modern art scene was absolutely beyond her understanding. Martina had made life an absolute hell for a lot of the better young artists that Jade knew across the city. She gave little to no respect to the street artist and tagging world and her selections for the museum were often based on having some sort of in with the museum directors. If you weren't already showcasing in other major cities she rarely gave you the opportunity to bloom directly from your Chicago roots. And so

perhaps for Jade, this was a two-birds-one-stone sort of situation.

She assured her friend that she only wanted to flirt with her boss, but Danielle also saw a spirited twinkle in her eye that seemed to foreshadow other devious intentions—like an overgrown adult child putting out milk and flavored condoms for Santa's arrival. But that was none of her business. They were all their own masters in the end. Adults would do adult things.

As the car pulled up in front of the red-carpeted entrance to the publishing company, the girls were quickly helped out by a nutcracker valet. They walked up through the cold night air to where two crisply-dressed, toy soldiers were working the double doors to the lobby.

"Welcome ladies, to the Dominus Festivus!" The one on the left said.

It was silly and opulent and Jade had to admit, rather exhilarating.

They were checked in to the guest list by the Wet Bandits from 'Home Alone' and from there the two girls walked thru the grand foyer and over to the elevators where they headed up to the top floor where the party would be held.

The Dominus Executive floor was the tallest in the building. Large arched ceilings spanned the expanse and a recent remodel had converted the old bones over to a more updated black surface and glass design aesthetic.

As the ladies stepped off the top-floor elevator they were immediately met with the brimming sounds of a John Legend cover coming from the brilliant five piece band that played from just above a rising balustrade on the opposite side of the room.

Fake snow blowers blew tiny flurries into the air and decorations hung extravagantly from every available surface.

Every surface that is, except for the eye-catching painting that spread across the ceiling above them as dance floor lights flickered off the recently completed piece. It was Jade's interpretation of Anna Karenina, the sexual desire that was currently attempting to lift the roof off the publishing company's top floor. Although in this case she highly doubted that anyone would understand its origin or what the painting represented, though she hoped that it gave Malcolm small moments of pause throughout his day when he saw it.

The music was incredible. The company had spared no expense on the lighting and the room was dotted with real-life Douglas Firs heavily coated with shiny ornaments and various thematic brilliances. Lights were strewn all around as icicles hung like stalactites from every corner of the grand room.

There was probably at least 1,000 people there which had to have been at least seventy five percent of the company. The entire expanse of the upper floor was in use. The large atrium and the rooftop patio. The executive cafeteria and the conference rooms. It felt like it had been turned into a giant, Christmas-themed club.

There were five bars set up throughout the open-spaced floor and roller-skating banquet servers in tuxedos frequently passed by with trays full of vintage, Dom Perignon Rosé Champagne.

The girls each snagged a quick stem of sparkling and gave cheers to the night's debauchery as they downed the entire glass in one go. They immediately snagged two more as a different tray skated by them. What an expensive shot to warm their blood. They handed their coats in to an Island of Misfit Toys coat-check girl and then they walked confidently out into the throngs of revelers already awash in the glow of late December celebration.

They were four glasses of Brut into their night and possibly also a shot or two of chilled Don Julio when Danielle wandered off from Jade to say hi to some work associates.

Jade swayed to herself on the dance floor as she enjoyed the way that every passing guy or girl seemed to drink in her amazing body.

"Anna Karenina." She was startled suddenly by a skin-sizzling baritone declaration that whizzed passed her ear while she danced with her half-empty champagne flute. She smiled to herself as she turned around and laid eyes on the object of her desire.

Malcolm Dominus could've been cast in the action movie version of some classic Santa fodder. His Santa suit had been tailored for his frame and rather than wear some cheap white beard, he had simply colored in his own thick facial hair with a temporary white hair dye. Now he just looked like Idris Elba had walked through a snowstorm to save her when her car had broken down in zero degree weather. At least that's how he made her feel, instantly warm all over and doubly so between her practically naked legs.

"Mr. Dominus, it's good to see you," she said as she smiled at

the imposing figure of the company CEO and placed her hand against the top of his left shoulder. He stood next to her on the edge of the dance floor as varying colors and snowflakes fell all around them. He couldn't help it as his eyes drank in her youth and her brimming sexuality.

"So, you somehow see Anna Karenina in that painting huh?" She played with him now, but he was right of course. Of course he was right. He had always seen through the layers of her work. He looked at her paintings the same way he seemed to look at her. But how? She wondered.

"Well, the woman could be any sexually confident woman, right?" He started to explain as he held up his Scotch tumbler towards the ceiling high above them. "She is completely comfortable in her own skin...but there is absolutely nothing that defines her other than her need to burst through the top of our firmly constructed roof...but then look towards her ankle at the swirl of tattoos that you gave her, you can see the jumbled Russian script for 'War and Peace' and also, unless I'm mistaken, the disappearing mottling of the Suppedaneum cross along her inner thigh...isn't that right?" It was like someone had given him the playbook behind all of Jade's secret maneuvers. She felt like he was constantly outflanking her or meeting her right in the middle of her most ingenious machinations.

No one was supposed to understand who was represented by this powerfully sexy female spanning the ceiling of the executive floor...and yet...

"How did you..." she started, but he cut her off.

"There aren't many attractive Byzantine female protagonists out there in the world. I just assumed that if she was trying to bring a little chaos to our office and if her body offered little hints of the Russian Orthodoxy...that perhaps you might've dipped into some Tolstoy to shake the dust off of our executive ceiling. Stop me if I'm getting cold." He said as he smiled at her. He was not getting cold.

He was warm. He was very, very warm.

"You're not cold at all," she said as she clinked her Champagne flute against his snifter. "In fact, you're pretty hot." She turned to look up at the adulterous lady above them as she tried not to smile too much at her obvious insinuation.

"So, I have to ask...what exactly are you dressed as? I mean, I don't think anyone in the office is complaining, I'm just a little stumped is all," he said as she finished her Champagne

and he grabbed her another one as a penguin skated by behind them.

"Well, I'm clearly a Christmas Holiday Nymph," she wanted so badly to add an 'O' to the end of that word for him, that her mouth immediately made that shape as she finished the word. He offered her his hand and she took it as he slowly spun her around. She did a sexy little saunter for him to the R&B tune that jazzed up the room. Her ass stood out prominently from under the tiny green skirt and her curves sparkled from all the beading and shimmery paint she had covered herself in. She looked like frosted sex, or, even, a Midwinter Night's Wet Dream.

Malcolm hated to admit it, but he was suddenly feeling quite glad that his wife had opted to attend an art lecture that night, even though he had begged her to come to his favorite party of the year. She'd grown tired of the shenanigans and a local university lecturer would be doing a 'Ted Talk' on a favorite Jackson Pollock that she admired. And so Mr. Dominus attended stag as he openly ogled the young paintbrush prodigy.

He felt his cock twitch a little as he saw for the first time the delicious ass that Jade had been hiding beneath her work overalls. It was the kind of ass that made any red-blooded male immediately wish that they could press their face into it and say a thankful prayer to Aphrodite.

Jade did not miss this as his eyes did their best to untie the small knot on the side of her tiny, green skirt.

They began to talk about the party and he explained why his wife had chosen not to attend. Jade didn't mind at all.

"What about you? No Count Karenin's accompanying you this evening?" He asked as he stared into the girls' dangerous green eyes.

"No, I'm not easily swayed," she said, even as she felt the Champagne buzz begin to sway her body a little more to the music, "but I'm always on the market for a Count Vronsky," she finished her thought, as she gave her boss a suggestive look and sipped her bubbly.

He didn't miss the double entendre but he highly doubted she was in any way hitting on him. She was much younger and there were scores of ambitious men at the party that night that she could probably easily bed if she chose to do so. Plus, he was married, and he loved his wife...right? She was such an admirably stoic woman. Right? Yes. Right. Of course. Right.

The pair soon separated and Jade eventually found her way back to Danielle who had scooped up a couple of fairly attractive editors for them to dance with. They schmoozed the night away on booze and tapas and Jade was feeling the most amazing buzz. She sparkled like her wine.

At some point a cute Santa's Helper got up on the microphone and announced that Santa's Workshop would soon be open soon. Employees were encouraged to visit Santa and make whatever requests they might have of him.

The Santa house was constructed right off to the far end of the main dance floor of the upper-executive wing. You would enter on the one side and then leave from a separate door after you were done.

A line soon formed and the drunken partiers of the company soon streamed in and out of the little cottage on the far side of the main party arena.

Jade could hear people passing by and marveling at what "Santa" had granted them this year. Very few requests were ever turned down. The employees seemed to have a good sense of what to ask for and what would be considered a little too extreme and they gladly stretched Malcolm's holiday charity to its max capacity.

"So...are you gonna go and ask Santa for something?" Danielle had asked her as the line began to dwindle in the late hours of the night. She had caught Jade staring at the far end of the room where the temporary Santa's workshop was all lit up in festive lights and garland.

"I should, shouldn't I?" Jade beamed back at her friend. "What did you ask for?"

"Oh my God, get this: I asked him for this fancy, ergonomic office chair I've been eyeing for the last few months and he said yes without having to think twice. It's an 800 dollar chair!" Danielle giggled. She was most certainly drunk and feeling quite serene at that very moment.

"I think I'll go right now," Jade said suddenly as she just couldn't wait anymore.

"What are you going to ask for?" Danielle called to her friend as she was walking away.

Jade looked back at her and innocently shrugged her shoulders as she grabbed one more glass of the magnificent Champagne from a

nearby waiter and continued on.

She turned back to Danielle as she walked, "I dunno, probably some nicer paint brushes or something," she said it in the most 'oh shucks' sort of way. Danielle just shook her head as she smiled at her friend's pretend-innocence. She knew it was a lie. Neither girl was a very good intoxicated poker player, apparently.

By the time Jade had made it over to the line, it appeared as though she was the last person yet to have gone. The process actually went fairly quickly due to the fact that some entire departments would send one representative if there was something particularly large their wing of the building needed. For that reason there were fewer isolated requests by employees. This was an understood tradition by all involved.

Jade felt amazing as she waited at the back of the small line. She was fairly drunk and also feeling very sexy and seductive. The good monk's Champagne that she had been slogging all night had lowered any semblance of inhibition she might typically be carrying with her (and she had very few at that). She felt her pussy suddenly tingle below her skirt as she walked over a small air vent on the floor. This was mostly due to the fact that she wasn't actually wearing any underwear under that tiny green skirt. This had been a very conscious decision on her part and it made for what she felt was quite a devastating weapon in her arsenal.

When it was finally Jade's turn to go into the workshop, a helpful, blonde girl dressed as an elf informed her that she was the very last boy or girl to talk to Santa that night. How fun! As she entered through the Santa's Workshop doorway, the girl latched a velvet rope behind her and turned over a sign that read, "Santa Has Gone to Bed for the Night. Merry Christmas Dominus Publishing!"

Malcolm's heart skipped a beat when he saw his last employee walk into the workshop. All night long he had wondered if the stupidly sexy little painter would find time to come and make a request from him. He was thrilled when she arrived.

"Ho, Ho, Ho! Come in, sweet girl, come in!" He said in a comically deep baritone as he padded a large velvet bench that extended out from his comfy green chair in the middle of the workshop. Behind them a fake fireplace blew air through red and orange fabrics. It was kitschy as fuck and she couldn't help but love. He clearly had a joy for life.

Jade climbed up onto the bench next to Santa and crossed her

very naked, sheer-tighted legs in front of him as her mini skirt rode up short below her as she sat. It was shorter than a high school cheerleading skirt. She sipped from her Champagne as she scooted as close to him in his chair as she could on the adjacent seating.

"Hi Santa!" She beamed, obviously playing along with his silly character work like she was an excited little girl come to ask for a pony.

"Let's see here," Malcolm started as he took out a long scroll that was stashed beside his chair. It had huge names written out in green and red script. "A Ms. Jade Everett, do I have that right?" He said, never breaking from his cheesy character.

"That's me, Santa," she said, as she attempted to access the most Marilyn Monroe-esque tone of voice that she could.

"Well it says here that you've been a very good girl this year!" He said, repeating the line that he used all night long with his employees.

Jade looked at him in mock surprise. "REALLY??" She responded, "I don't know about that..."

"Is that not right?" Malcolm asked, a little of his own excited voice slipping into that sentence.

"No...I've actually been rather naughty come to think of it," she said, as her other hand ran up and down the outside of the Champagne flute. She once again crossed her deliciously creamy legs in front of him, inadvertently lifting up her skirt to the tops of her thighs now.

"Oh?" Malcolm responded, breaking his character voice completely now, "well, whatever do you mean? What could you have done that could possibly be so naughty?" He asked, suddenly being pulled along into her very dangerous game.

"Ugh, I'm sorry, but this is NOT how you're supposed to visit with Santa!" She said suddenly, as she put her Champagne flute on the carpet in front of him and climbed up on his big, comfy armchair. He tried to say something but he was too mesmerized by her complete sexual presence and soft, supple skin as she climbed up and sat with her butt on his left leg, her legs dangling in the middle of his. She placed her arms around his neck as she continued her magical visit.

"Sorry, but I'm a Christmas traditionalist and girl needs to sit on Santa's lap if she's going to admit to her naughtiest

secrets," she said to him, as she smiled at his attractively serious face. He could smell her Champagne breath and her Juicy Couture perfume that drifted from her breasts and neck as she spoke. She was a gypsy and he was being pulled in slowly, even if he didn't fully realize that the curse was already setting in.

"Ahh, but of course, I should've invited you to sit on my lap right away," he said, shamelessly flirting now with this curvy nymph with her ass pushing against his thigh. "So, as you were saying?"

"Oh, right, well, here's the thing...I've actually been really naughty this year. I haven't been very well behaved at all...so I'm not sure that I actually deserve anything but coal in my stocking." Everything she said was done so with the seductive power of a Medusa mixed with the pout of a spoiled daughter.

He loved the way she felt up against him...and the way her small waist fit in his hands.

"Well, look," he said, as he lowered his voice a little and spoke closer to her ear as she turned to listen to him. "Even naughty, little girls deserve to be given whatever they have coming to them." He was so turned on—he started to feel his cock harden in his Santa pants. "So why don't you just tell Santa why it is you think you've been so naughty this year, and he can be the judge of that?"

Jade felt her boss's big cock starting to poke against the edge of her right thigh where she sat—she tingled all over in excitement knowing she was making him hard. Her pussy was soaking wet now as she reveled in the feeling of sitting on his giant muscular leg with her body slowly seducing him.

"Well Santa, I guess you know best. You see, here's the thing, I've actually been VERY naughty this year. And when I say naughty...what I really mean is...SLUTTY." Every word she said to him oozed along his nerve endings and sent emergency alarm notifications to his heart and his dick. She was Christmas sex in a shaken-up bottle—hot and tawdry in a Hot Toddy. "You see, I was pretty innocent growing up at home and now that I live alone, I've been having a lot of very naughty sex with a lot of very sexy people. It's all I can think about sometimes. I'm practically a...what's that word? Oh yeah...a nymphomaniac. It's like I just NEED cock every second of the day. The problem is I've yet to find a really good cock that can fill me the way I really need to be filled," she said in a lusty tone as she stared at him through the smoky green sparkle of her makeup. She had practiced what she was going to say to him all night in her head. She had chosen her words as carefully as she could. She

wanted to make sure that he knew how ready she was to be his subservient slut for the night. She wanted to make it abundantly clear that she was sitting neatly sitting under the tree for him, waiting to be unwrapped.

They both looked at each other with a nervous hesitation, neither of them able to say anything as she felt his hard-on fully throbbing against her butt now, like a giant buzzing cellphone trapped underneath a couch pillow she was sitting on.

"Mmmmm, I forgot my Champagne!" She said, suddenly breaking their trance. She adjusted herself so that her legs were now straddling both of his in a reverse cowgirl position.

"Would you hold onto my hips please, Santa so I can reach down and grab my glass?" She asked, as she leaned over off of the tall chair to reach for the crystal flute she had placed on the floor in front of them only moments earlier.

Malcolm grabbed the little sexpot by her amazing hips as she bent her upper body all the way down to the floor in front of them. She loved how firmly he was holding onto her.

And now the moment of truth had arrived.

When she dipped all the way down to grab her glass, she purposefully arched her ass up and flexed her toned legs. This caused the exact thing she expected to happen, to happen. She had practiced this at home already on one of her dining room chairs the entire week leading up to this night. She had gotten very good at knowing just how to maneuver herself.

Her tight green skirt, which had barely contained her perfectly bouncy ass as it clung to the tops of her thighs, slipped up entirely over her butt and bunched around the small of the her back. Her smooth, naked pussy and asshole were immediately on display.

Malcolm's eyes grew wide as he looked down at her suddenly exposed sex. She wasn't wearing any underwear. But that's not all he was looking at.

Painted in cherry, red lipstick across the creamy, white skin of her perfectly cheeky globes were the words:

'FUCK ME SANTA'. She looked back over her shoulder as she downed the last of her Champagne down near the floor, but she made no attempt to bring her body back up. Instead, she wiggled her ass at her boss back and forth in the most sexually obvious way she could. She felt like she was a prostitute giving a private dance

in a North Pole strip club for a VIP client.

Now...

...there are moments in life where a man must either act immediately, or hesitate. If they hesitate and think about what they are about to do, the logical decision will often arrive. If, however, their decision is based on the most carnal and immediate of desires, you may find that their hesitation will only hinder another sort of end result—that being the often illogical and frequently dangerous needs that are tied up in the hunt for sexual nirvana. To hesitate might mean to be logical, in things involving fidelity and workplace relationships and other sound life choices. But to hesitate in the wild also means to miss one's prey—one split second too long and the meal escapes into the shadows of the forest, never to be seen again.

Malcolm did not hesitate.

He held her in place like that while he slowly undid his zipper, reaching into his pants and taking out his large, aching cock. He thrust his hips upwards towards her and rubbed it through her wet folds. Her eyes rolled back into her head as she thought about the fact that her boss was rubbing his cock against her bare pussy and ass while half of the company was dancing and getting drunk right outside of the thin walls of the makeshift toy workshop. Some people might've gotten some pretty great gifts from Santa, but she was about to get the biggest gift of them all.

And that's when she felt him line his swelled mushroom head against her sensitive lips and slowly push himself all the way into her body.

She moaned in the most unintentionally slutty voice imaginable as he began to rock his hips back and forth. Her legs came up to wrap around his back on the chair while she held herself up from the floor with her hands. It was the dirtiest, sexiest thing she had ever done.

Her boss was power-fucking her in a whimsical Santa's workshop while the band blasted through a hip-hop cover of Mariah Carey's 'All I Want for Christmas is You', out on the distant dance floor.

His dick was humongous. He filled her up in ways she had never been filled before. Her pussy felt like an overstuffed stocking hanging from the fireplace on Christmas Eve.

She was Anna Karenina proper, but she moaned like a taken farm-

girl whore. She was his Woodland Nympho. He was her NaviDaddy. She was practically doing a handstand while he fucked her and loving every second of it.

"Ughhhhhffnnn fuckkkk," she moaned entirely for him. She wanted her boss to hear how hot she was for him. She wanted him to know how badly she needed him to cum down her chimney—to make it immediately clear how slutty she was ready to be for him.

She loved the way his hands seemed to surround her tiny waist as he bounced her perfectly pert buns up and down on his cock. His jet-black member pistoned in and out of her creamy opening as he smeared her snowy lather all over her folds and down her thighs. Each new curved assault into her drove her all the more wild and elicited newer, more exotic moans. She bucked her hips impressively from her upside down position, using all of her collected Yoga skills to hold the stance and keep the high energy of her bouncing hips moving. Her ass was pornographic.

He smeared the glittery fuck-me lipstick over her butt as he his hands molested her soft, feminine cheeks that were coated with a fresh sheen of sweat. She was a fucking fantasy come alive and he was ravenous in the taking of such rare game.

The Santa chair knocked loudly as he bounced her young ass up and down on top of his powerfully-thrusting hips.

She was moaning as if Santa was performing an exorcism on her; like his cock alone was driving out some Krampus-borne holiday darkness within her. Or maybe she was the devil. And maybe he was falling into the trap of her 'Oh! Holy Night.'

He pulled her up suddenly as he sat back against the chair.

She lifted herself off of his cock only momentarily as she spun around and sat her self on his lap now.

She slowly impaled herself once more as her knees straddled his waist. She ground herself into him in a circular motion as he roughly grabbed her hair in his hand and pulled her mouth into his.

Malcolm's tongue opened up her mouth as they passionately pressed their faces together. He could taste the cherry lib balm on her lips as he bit them lightly between kisses. She moaned back into his mouth as his dick stretched her pussy fully. She was so turned on...she was lost with him.

She rode him slowly for a little bit, only allowing the cock a couple of inches out before she'd sit back down again. This

allowed for them to slow the immediate passion of their first kiss and begin to draw diagrams on each other's mouths like two skilled lovers trading brilliant fencing ripostes and parries. She invited him to really feel how good it felt to fuck her young, 24-year-old pussy.

She loved how big his tongue was, and the way his hands pulled on the back of her hair when he bit her lips. He would roughly pull her head back and thrust a little harder as his lips drifted to her neck and ear, her lobe-licking and kissing down her perfumed neck. She loved the roughness. She loved the kink. She could probably become pretty damn submissive for him, she realized as his dominance was revealed.

She reached down and peeled the sexy sheer top off over her head, revealing two boobs that had been painted heavily in silvery glitter.

He marveled at the perfect size of her breasts as each one stared up at him like erotic tinsel porn. She pushed the back of his head down into her boobs, as his tongue tobogganed over her shiny hills like a child on a school cancellation snow day.

All the while her hips rolled on his iron bar of a cock, loving every single second that he was inside of her-loving how hard he was in her pussy.

She felt like she was going to orgasm soon. The whole spectacle of the moment was just too much.

She began to ride him harder and a little faster, her hips moving like she was on a mechanical bull at a honky-tonk for a crowd of thirsty onlookers.

She ran her hands over his head and his hard, muscular skin as she brought his face back up from sucking on her right nipple to kiss him again.

"I'm gonna cummmm," she said intimately into his mouth as he covered her lips with his.

"MMMMMM UUNNNNNN MNNNFFFGG!" She moaned as a shudder exploded through her chest and traveled down through her legs and arms.

Malcolm lifted her up and down forcefully onto his dick when she said this, making sure to keep his rhythm going all the way through the low and high tides of his young employees first orgasm of the night. She finally had to stop him as she came to a rest with his dick fully inside of her. He held her very tightly to his broad chest as his large arms wrapped her up

wholly like a winter blanket.

She was panting heavily into his neck as he kissed her sweaty forehead and pushed some stray hairs back around her ear. He grabbed the roots of her hair forcefully again as he turned her face up to kiss him.

He gently placed his lips against hers, even as he showed her how in charge he was, allowing his tongue to delve into her mouth and explore her sensitive afterglow. She was like a kid on Christmas day, unable to stop playing with her amazing present.

She loved how his cock continued to throb inside of her tight pussy.

She brought her head up suddenly to look up at her boss as they both smiled at each other.

"So," she said, the energy and naughtiness already starting to return to her face, "how does Santa like to cum?" She asked. She felt his cock pulse inside of her when she said that. Malcolm couldn't believe the jackpot he'd hit with this little Christmas Nymph.

He stood up from the chair suddenly as he pulled his cock out of her. She wrapped her legs around his massive frame as he easily picked her up in his arms.

He walked them over to the back of the toy workshop and out a hidden door located behind one of the fake, frosted windows.

The door led right out to the entrance for Malcolm's own office. He darted across the empty hallway and into his double-doors. The office was a two-story behemoth that oversaw the entire executive floor. The first floor was appointed with a large, Cocobolo desk and a number of brown leather chairs and overstuffed bookcases. From there a small staircase led up to a large couch and stand-alone study and conference room with a balcony that overlooked the entire party going on down below.

He locked his office door and then carried her over to his desk where he laid her down on top of it, brushing a couple of items clattering to the floor in the process. Then he immediately spread her legs as he knelt down and began licking her wet pussy.

Her head rolled back and her eyes swirled like snowstorms as she felt his tongue diving into her for the first time. She was spread eagle on her boss's desk with his beautiful face tongue-fucking her and dragging lewdly over the entire expanse of her

clitoris and swollen lips. He'd drag his tongue through her folds and then down to her ass where he'd circle her sexy pucker. He wondered just how kinky this girl was when he heard her increased moans as his tongue worked her bottom over.

The entire scene was debauchery infinitum.

Here she was dressed in only her sexy, painted thigh-high tights and her tinsel lined hair with her glittery boobs fully on display while her powerfully built Santa Claus dipped his bowl full of jelly into her creamy, slutty holes.

He came up for air after a while and again rubbed his cock up against her opening. He took off the coat and the pants now and then quickly shucked his boxers as well.

She felt him enter her again as he began to pull himself all the way out and then all the way back inside, each time, moaning with desperation at the feeling of having him leave her pussy. He smacked her tits a couple of times while they fucked and she loved that too as she pinched and played with her nipples for him.

What the hell had they gotten themselves into?

He was in the middle of giving her a very steady fucking when there was a sudden knock at the door.

OH. FUCK.

He immediately pulled out of her and told her to go and hide underneath the hidden side of his desk. He told the person at the door to wait one moment and then quickly put back on his pants and overcoat as quickly as he could.

When he answered the door a crack Jade could faintly make out the voice of his assistant. She had come to remind him that it was only a couple of minutes from midnight, which is when he liked to give his famous end-of-the-year speech from the top of his balcony which looked out onto the center of the dance floor.

He thanked her for the reminder as she handed him a wireless microphone and he quickly shut the door and locked it again.

Jade slowly raised her cute little eyes above the desk, like a seductive reptile lurking in murky waters.

"Everything okay?" She asked, standing up and showing off her amazing breasts and lithe body for him again.

"Yes...everything is absolutely amazing," he said as he walked over to her and kissed her softly as she melted against him once more. "Unfortunately, I do have to give this speech really quickly that I do every year. But as soon as I'm done, I promise we'll get right back to where we left off and I'll show you how Santa likes to cum." He spanked her ass when he said this and she giggled up against him.

He reapplied his entire Santa Suit, putting back on the hat that had long ago fallen off and then readjusting himself in a way that somewhat hid the torrid sex he'd just been having.

He walked up the stairs to the second floor of his office as Jade stood there completely out of her mind with lust. She played with her pussy as he walked up the short stairs and he watched her the entire way.

When he was up on the second floor of his office, he walked through an open archway that connected out onto a balcony that overlooked the entire crowd right as midnight approached. Just then, a drumroll began and a small spotlight shot up towards his perch as the lights lowered around the rest of the room.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, let's get a big round of applause going for the host of the evening, Malcolm Dominus, AKA Santa Claus!" The MC shouted to everyone as they all looked up and cheered for their beloved figurehead.

His balcony was connected to his second floor meeting space and he waved to the throngs of employees down below as they all waved back in fun.

"HO! HO! HO!" He bellowed into the microphone for his opening line. "Hello you old marvelous workforce of Dominus Publishing!" They all yelled 'hello!' back, some more slurred than others.

"Well folks, it's been another amazing year here within the vibrant confines of Dominus. Ever since deciding to redirect our company's publishing themes and categories we've seen a two hundred percent rise in profits!" As he said this the crowd cheered merrily below. The year had been a very successful one they were all enjoying the benefits of that success.

"And we couldn't have..." as Malcolm was speaking he stopped suddenly as he felt his pants being pulled off. He looked down to see that Jade had crawled up quietly behind him and placed her self on the floor in front of his crotch. The railing of the balcony he spoke from was tall and the glass was a solid black—the only thing the employees below could see was his upper body. He glanced down at her with the most devious grin. "well, we

couldn't have done it without youuuu," His last word elongated as she slowly pressed his elongated cock past her lips and onto her hot mouth. Her tongue lapped around his entire cock, dragging sensually up and down the sides of his shaft.

He could see the way she was breathing through her nose as she began to suck on him like the most submissive slut he had ever fucked.

He tried his absolute best to stay collected as she continued her hidden blowjob.

"Dominus is about more than just living in the past. We're the future now, and you are all apart of that futureeee...every um...every single one of YOU." He said as he felt her teeth dragging along his shaft in a teasing manner.

Now she began to swirl just the head in her mouth as her hands wrapped around both halves of his cock and jacked him off.

As he spoke, he could feel his cum boiling in his balls, her lips and tongue were way too soft, way too supple.

She was completely loving the misery she was putting him through. These people a floor below had no idea that he was giving this entire speech with Jade's mouth firmly latched onto his candy cane as she milked him for his load.

"And were there some bumps in the road?" He did his best as he continued. "Sure there were. There were mergers and other companies that we took in under our umbrella, mmmfff. But none of you ever faltered. None of you ever complained when we had to hunker down and crawl out of the hole that had been dug."

Now Jade was sucking half of his cock up and down as her right hand jacked the base of his shaft and her left hand lightly touched and fondled his balls and the skin under his balls.

She loved the way she could taste more and more of his salty precum leaking out into her mouth. She loved the very idea that she was giving the most powerful man in the company (and one of the most powerful in the city, for that matter) a very naughty blowjob while he tried to give an important state-of-the-union-like speech to the Dominus troops.

She was sucking on her boss's cock.

She was sucking on his big, beautiful cock.

She kept reminding herself of this as his dark shaft disappeared

between her glittery lips. She was so wet from it all. She was so transformed into his plaything.

"So I want you all to be very proud of what we've achieved together this year. The company thanks you immensely! You deserve this amaz-zing par...amazing party and I want you all to stay as late as you like, drink as much expensive alcohol as you...can...and, mmm, get home safffffe!!!" He was so close to cumming. He knew he was only seconds away from blowing his load all over Jade's face if she didn't stop. He tried to finish his speech before that happened so he could warn her.

Jade could tell by the way his balls and dick were contracting that he was close. And she had her own game she was playing. She WANTED to make him cum BEFORE his speech was over. She corkscrewed her hand over the base of his shaft as she pressed her puffy lips to the top half of his bulging dick and continued to blow him.

"And as one final reminder of the magic of good storytelling, allow me to say once moreeee," as he said this he waved an arm over the dance floor and the fake snow machines were suddenly joined by four more hidden snow-blowers that quickly covered the air in a spray of white fantasy. Everyone marveled at the way the office was suddenly transformed into an even bigger winter wonderland. This was something newer than in previous years. It looked like an enchanted, indoor holiday Narnia.

"Merrry Christmas to all..."He began and Jade bobbed on his cock like a fucking professional now. "And to all a good nighhhh," Malcolm buckled at the knees a little as his cock burst inside of Jade's mouth. She had won the race by one single letter.

His large spurts of cum filled her up as she pulled him out of her mouth and firmly jacked him off onto her face.

The fake snow fell all over the people looking up from the dance floor just as his own storm front buried Jade's erotic expression in an avalanche of frothy white where she knelt before him.

She was on fire as it melted all over her. She licked and sucked on his dick and balls as his cum smeared across her face. She loved the way his heavy dick dragged across her nose and eyes as she pushed his cum around with her fingers and rubbed her hard nipples with the cream.

No one noticed as Malcolm faded back from the balcony and leaned against the wall for balance as he looked down at the way she voraciously worshipped her boss's cock.

She took him back into her mouth as she began to lightly suck him, all the while looking up at him with her sultry eyes as his cum dripped down her chin and onto her neck.

The slutty painter with the ass of a goddess.

The Woodland Nympho.

Anna Karenina.

As he watched her bringing his cock quickly back to life, he realized that it was going to be a late night at the office.

"You know Santa," she said, as the music down below had started playing again while she dragged his dick along her face and looked up at him sexily. She stood up then and grabbed his hand as she walked him back into the enclosed area of his office's second floor. "When I was a kid, my house didn't even have a fireplace."

"Is that so?" He responded as she led him over to the black, leather couch where he sometimes caught mid-afternoon siestas if the week had been particularly hectic. He wondered where she was leading him now.

"Yeah, it's true. I remember that I was a very skeptical child and I even asked my parents how Santa was supposed to deliver presents to us if he wasn't able to come down the chimney. And do you know what they told me?" She asked him, with the most innocently seductive smile.

"What did they tell you?" Malcolm asked as he gave her collarbone a kiss, and then her neck.

She pushed him away from her and then walked over to the side of the couch where she bent over the armrest and arched her ass up towards him once more, spreading herself with both hands. She turned her head to look back at him.

"They told me that...sometimes...Santa likes to cum in through the back door."

The End

She Loves To Swallow

by [bigcanuck](#)©

Callie was sitting at her desk at work, her mind wandering back to the previous night with her husband. Paul, her husband of two years, was three years her senior at twenty-six years old. They had met when she was just nineteen, he had proposed to her less than a year later and they were married just a month after her twenty-first birthday. Their sex life was both active and satisfying for both of them, and last night was no exception. Paul had just returned from a week out of town on business and the young married couple had sucked and fucked for almost three hours before he rewarded her with the load he had been saving up over the past several days. She had swallowed it greedily, the mouthful of cum triggering her own orgasm as it usually did.

Callie was fully aware of how unusual it was to be able to climax simply as a result of swallowing cum. She could trace it back to her teen years and her first sexual partner. One afternoon when his parents weren't home they were in his living room on the couch, fooling around completely naked. He was sitting on the couch with his cock pointing straight up in the air, while she was kneeling beside him. As she leaned over him, sucking his cock, he was reaching between her legs to finger her pussy. He had warned her that he was about to cum so that she could pull away, but she had decided that it was time to swallow his load for the first time. She ignored his warning and continued to suck, and it was only a couple of minutes later that he started to cum in her mouth. Coincidentally, it happened at the exact same time that he made her cum with his fingers. From that point forward, any time she swallowed a guy's cum it triggered an orgasm as though it were some kind of Pavlovian type response.

From that point forward she had always finished guys off with her mouth. She hadn't been with a lot of different guys, but the ones she did hook up with her thrilled to find someone so eager to swallow their load. In fact, she was fairly certain that it was one of the reasons why Paul had been so eager to marry her. To this day, every time they would fuck he would finish off by shooting his cum into her mouth. Last night had been especially good for both of them because it had been over a week since he had last cum and had therefore given her a nice big load to swallow.

She snapped out of her daydream, remembering that she needed to go talk to her boss. She and Paul were hoping to take a trip to Belize later in the year, and she needed to clear the holiday

time with John, the owner of the company.

She stood from her dress to stretch her legs, thankful that the company was so casual that she could wear shorts to work on a sunny day like this. The shorts she had chosen were cut very high, showing off every inch of her thighs and barely covering her tight, round, bubble-shaped butt. At just over five feet tall, Callie normally wore short skirts and shorts in order to make her legs appear longer than they actually were. She had also worn a cami-style tank top with spaghetti straps, something that would surely violate the dress code of most companies. Because of her small, A-cup breasts, she rarely wore a bra, as was the case today. The air conditioning seemed to be turned on higher than usual today and it had caused her nipples to poke through the fabric of her shirt all day long.

She walked down the short hallway to John's office, noting that the door was closed. Normally this would mean that he was either on the phone or meeting with someone, although occasionally it simply meant that he was looking for some peace and quiet to eat his lunch, take a quick nap, or just simply gather his thoughts. Hoping that he was available, but not wanting to disturb an important meeting or phone call, Callie put her ear to the door and listened. Rather than hearing John's calm and strong voice speaking with someone, however, she was surprised to hear the sounds of what could only be a pornographic video. She listened for another moment or two, silently wishing she could see what it was he was watching. She raised her hand up and gently knocked on the door. Apparently John had failed to shut the door all the way until the latch had clicked, so the door swung open just a bit from the force of her knock. Taking advantage of the open door, she pushed it open further and leaned her head inside.

"John?" she said, softly, as she took in the scene in front of her. John's desk was perpendicular to the door and his computer screen was on the far side of the desk, facing his seat on a slight angle, meaning that it faced the door as well. The video being played on the monitor instantly explained the noises she had heard. There were four women in the scene, all of them naked. Two of the women were performing oral sex on each other in a sixty-nine position while one of the others was lying back on the bed with her legs spread as the fourth plunged a large dildo in and out of her pussy. John was sitting in front of the computer, leaning back in his leather chair. He was still fully clothed but he had taken his cock out of his pants and was rapidly stroking it.

John was shocked to hear a voice behind him, so he quickly reached one hand out to his mouse and closed the video player

while the other one covered his engorged member.

"Shit, Callie!" he said, turning to face her and wheeling his chair under his desk to hide his cock. "Don't you ever knock?"

"I did!" she said. "The door just swung open! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you."

"It's okay, really," he said. "Let's just keep this between us, okay? Now what can I do for you?"

"It's nothing, I'll just go back to my desk."

"Callie, it's okay," he said. "What's up?"

Callie stood there, somehow unable to think about the reason she had come to talk to John in the first place. She suddenly realized that her panties were getting wet and that she really wanted to swallow John's cum.

"Callie?" he asked, snapping her out of her trance.

She said nothing as she turned and closed the door, making sure that it actually clicked shut.

"Why don't you finish?" she suggested.

"What?"

"Finish stroking your cock," she said.

"Callie, I don't think that's appropriate."

"Why not?" she asked. "I already saw it, and I saw what you were stroking it to. Why don't you finish?"

John sat in shock, saying nothing.

"I'll let you cum in my mouth," she added. Still John said nothing, so Callie walked towards him and pulled his chair out. His cock was still rock-hard, standing at somewhere between five and six inches. Not very big, Callie thought, but he wasn't going to be fucking her, so it didn't matter. She grabbed his hand and put it on his cock and then reached over to the mouse. She opened up the recent documents menu and found the video he had been watching. She opened it up and then knelt down in front of him on the floor.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked. "Start rubbing your cock." He did as she suggested, starting slowly, but rather than

looking at the video he looked down at her beautiful face. Her long, curly brown hair framed soft and delicate features. John, like every other guy in the office, had spent more than a few evenings at home, masturbating to the fantasy of fucking Callie.

"This is so hot," he said as he watched her staring at his cock. He was hoping she would lean forward and start to suck it, or maybe stroke it herself, or at least start playing with herself while she watched, but she did none of that. She simply sat, her eyes transfixed on his cock as she rested her hands on his thighs. It was clear at this point that neither of them cared about the video playing on the computer, but they left it on anyway.

"You're so beautiful," he said to her, making her smile and blush ever so slightly. He started stroking himself faster, watching her lick her lips and hearing her moan softly. "I can't believe you're watching me play with my cock!"

"Mmmm," Callie moaned. "I feel so naughty." She watched him rub it faster and harder, knowing that he was nearing his orgasm.

"Are you really going to swallow my cum?" he asked.

"I sure am," she said. "I want to feel it slide right down my throat."

"Oh god!" he said. "I'm about to cum!"

Callie instantly leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock, sucking hard and pushing him over the edge.

"That feels so fucking good!" he said as his cock pulsed, shooting stream after stream of his hot cum into her mouth. He could feel her swallowing every last drop of it as it filled her mouth, continuing to suck as though she wanted more. As always, the feeling of his cum filling her mouth had brought Callie to orgasm as well, causing her to suck even harder.

"Yummy," she said, pulling her face back after he had finished cumming. "Nothing like a belly full of cum. That was amazing, thanks boss." His eyes were glazed over as he smiled and reached over to close the video player on the computer. "Can I talk to you now about some vacation time?" she asked, staying on her knees.

"It's yours," he said. "Take as much as you want."

"Thanks boss!" she said, giving his cock a little kiss on the head before standing up and leaving the office.

The Boss

by [jfkking](#)©

Ms. Brennan was the most peculiar combination of frigid ice queen and shameless cocktease Andy had ever met in his life.

On the one hand, she wore the shortest little skirts and the tallest high heels (the kind that drove Andy crazy, with the thin straps around the ankles) to the bank each and every day, always left the top three buttons of her tight blouse open to reveal plenty of deep, creamy cleavage, and fastidiously kept her make-up and long, dark hair as perfect as a Playboy Playmate ready to step in front of a photographer's camera.

Worse still, she had no qualms about leaning across his desk while he worked to issue him orders, letting those ample tits hang down in front his face, or bending over at the waist to retrieve something from a low shelf or drawer, so that the thin fabric of that skintight, microscopic skirt rode as high up on her delicious rump as physically possible without exposing the panties whose lines were always so clearly defined beneath. In fact, being the senior manager and the only member of the staff with keys to the branch office, she made a big show every morning of being the last to arrive at work, so all of the employees standing out front waiting to get in could get a good view of her bending over and retrieving her briefcase and purse from her car's backseat.

On the other hand, all of these wanton displays of shameless lasciviousness were accompanied by an aloofness and purposeful distance that bordered on snobbery. When she spoke to her employees, she was curt to the point of condescension, her tone as warm as a February evening in northern Alaska. For all her willingness to expose copious amounts of luscious, alabaster flesh to her subordinates, she rarely ever looked on in the eye, or gave even the slightest verbal indication that she had any interest in them as co-workers or fellow human beings. It was as if she deeply resented having to share her work day with such lowly beings, and only showed off so much of her fantastic body because she felt it was an effective way of getting a little extra effort out of them.

For Andy, days at the bank were excruciating, his poor cock as

hard as granite and straining painfully and continuously against his slacks from 8 to 4, without respite.

Like all of the other men (and a few of the women) at the branch, he'd tried warming up to his comely boss, hoping against hope that the upper crust of ice would melt away and he could get a crack at the soft, warm stuff underneath. When his efforts failed just as utterly as those of his co-workers, he'd taken to spending his coffee breaks and lunch hour in a bathroom stall, furiously pumping his beleaguered cock to climax. Unfortunately, no matter how often or thoroughly he relieved the agonizing tension in his bloated balls, the moment he returned to his desk and tried to resume his work, he'd spy Ms. Brennan climbing a step stool to retrieve something off a high shelf or absently fingering her nipple through her blouse as she combed through reports and his aching hard-on would return with a vengeance.

It eventually reached a point where even the savage fucking he'd take home to his unknowing (and uncomplaining!) girlfriend Allison each night was not enough to quench his maddening lust for his insanely hot yet cruelly cold supervisor. He started having dreams about her, feverish night flights in which she'd call him into her office for a performance review, which she would inexplicably conduct while greedily fellating a huge, dripping grape popsicle or furiously working out both flickering wrists with flesh-colored Shake Weights. Sometimes in the dreams, she wore her everyday form-fitting business attire. Others, she was clad in a black bikini, or nothing at all save the ankle-strapped stilettos. On one particularly restless evening, following a date in which he and Allison watched a Harry Potter movie on Blu-Ray, the dream version of Ms. Brennan came clad in the accoutrement of a naughty English schoolgirl, oiling up a very thick, curved wooden wand with both hands as she read his evaluation. Andy had to fuck Allison twice the next morning before heading off to the bank, yet still found himself nursing another debilitating boner by 8:15.

The breaking point for poor Andy came in the sixth month of his employment as the bank's Junior Accounts Representative. Following a particularly difficult day during which Ms. Brennan repeatedly demonstrated a sudden, voracious affinity for bananas, he feigned sick and left work early to hurry home to the sweet, if temporary, relief of his girlfriend's tender pussy.

Unfortunately, he arrived to find the guy from the apartment down the hall already enthusiastically availing himself of that warm, wet orifice and its ball-draining benevolence, opening the front door to find dear, sweet Allison on all fours on the living room floor, getting fucked so hard from behind that there

were tears streaming down her flushed cheeks and praises worthy of a Southern Baptist revival spilling from her whore mouth. So enraptured was his beloved by the thick dick plunging in and out of her cheating twat that she didn't even hear the door open.

Andy couldn't even speak at that moment. He simply turned in a stunned daze and shuffled back down the hall, leaving the door to their apartment open so anyone who walked by would have a clear, unobstructed view of the girl he loved gleefully milking the jizz out of someone else's cock with her dirty little cunt.

Distraught, he climbed back into his car and reflexively drove back to the bank, never entirely aware of where he was going or why, and nearly causing two major collisions on the way. The branch was, of course, deserted when he arrived, so he just sat there in his car, replaying the gut-wrenching scene in his mind over and over again for hours.

When grief and disbelief gave way to anger, he called Allison and told her, in these exact words, "Go fuck yourself, you filthy goddamn slut!" Then he hung up the phone and headed to a bar across the street, where he proceeded to order one rum and Coke after another until last call. As he pounded back each successive drink, the world became fuzzier and more surreal. At several points during the binge, however, he found himself surprised by the fact that no matter how angry and hurt he was over Allison's despicable betrayal, he couldn't fully push thoughts of Ms. Brennan and her delectable body out of his inebriated mind.

Andy drank until Last Call, then convinced the bartender to sell him a bottle to take with him. He staggered out into the chilly night and returned to his car, where he sat drinking the cheap rum until he passed out, visions of his brunette boss' mouth-watering backside and long, lovely legs swirling around in his head.

A loud knock on the window jarred him from a fantastic dream about Ms. Brennan cleaning the brass trim around the teller's stations with her tongue. He sat bolt upright, peering out through bleary, bloodshot eyes to see Trey, one of the tellers, smiling in at him.

"Wake up, buddy," Trey's muffled voice came smugly through the glass. "Time to make the donuts!"

As the laughing teller returned to the gaggle of employees waiting outside the locked double doors, Andy realized that it was morning. He'd spent the whole night in his car, and now had just minutes to collect himself before his shift began! The

thought pulled him the rest of the way out of his alcohol-enhanced slumber, adrenaline racing into his veins, his heart kicking into overdrive. Though he was still quite inebriated from the night's bender, he could not afford to lose his job less than one day after losing his girlfriend.

Rummaging quickly through his glove compartment, Andy retrieved a comb and his emergency bottle of mouthwash. As he frantically swished the stinging, mint liquid around in his mouth to kill the pungent odor of booze, he ran the plastic bristles through his disheveled hair until the person staring red-eyed back at him in the rearview mirror looked a little less like he'd just rolled out of bed. Spitting the mouthwash into an empty Burger King cup still nestled in the dashboard drink holder, he exhaled into a cupped hand and smelled the results, satisfied that his breath would pass until he'd had the chance to drink a few gulps of much needed water from the fountain inside. With a quick straightening of his clothes and two brisk slaps across the cheek to finishing waking him, he stepped clumsily out of the car and into the blinding morning light.

He was a few uneasy steps away from his vehicle before he realized that Ms. Brennan had pulled in just before he got out, and was a little more than arm's length away as she prepared for her morning ass-wiggling backseat ritual.

Clearly, she hadn't realized when she parked and got out that not all of her employees were queued at the doors, as she appeared not to notice Andy approaching when she threw open her sedan's rear door and started in headfirst.

Watching her bend over and crawl halfway into the car, one leg bent up with a knee resting on the upholstered seat, one spiked heel pointing straight back at him, Andy felt the stiffness returning to his loins. His dry mouth began to fill with saliva at the sight of her thick butt jutting out at him, so close he could almost touch it. Still drunk or not, his insatiable cock was suddenly fully alert and hungry for fresh meat, and the prey it wanted more than any other was no more than three short feet away.

Apparently oblivious to Andy's proximity, the icy bank manager let her bulbous bottom sway gently back and forth as she gathered her things from the backseat, the dark grey fabric of her skirt riding up its appetizing, round slopes until Andy could see her pubic mound, covered in pink silk, through the three-inch slit in the skirt's back. He froze for a moment, staring at that miniscule skirt barely concealing that hypnotically wriggling ass and those oh-so-exposed, oh-so-easily-removed panties providing only the most superficial

defense for that wondrous pussy. He thought about all the days and weeks and months that ass and that pussy had driven him insane with lust, all the painful boners he'd had to jerk into submission in the men's' room because of them, all the countless times he'd wasted his animal desire for those alluring orifices on the unfaithful snatch and lying mouth of his bitch ex-girlfriend. He stared at that magnificent, mouth-watering rump that was being waved so cavalierly in his face, thought about all that had happened to him in the last twelve hours, and boldly stepped forward.

With a flick of his wrist, the grey skirt came up, exposing the frilly pink triangle of soft cloth which could barely contain the creamy cheeks of Ms. Brennan's breathtaking bottom.

"What?" Ms. Brennan blurted out, startled by the unexpected contact.

As Andy freed his hard-on from his trousers with one hand, he clutched at the elastic of his boss' lace undies with the other, ripping them down over her buttocks with such force that they tore and fell away. Her pussy was pink and perfect and neatly shaved, just as he thought it would be. He could hear his co-workers gasping and laughing in surprise behind him.

"Mr. Sanderson!" Ms. Brennan cried, "What the Hell do you think you're..."

Andy didn't hold back. With one fierce thrust, he drove the full length of his nine-inch staff into her fist-tight twat, forcing its clenched muscles to stretch to their limit to accommodate every inch of his tortured, bloated rod.

"Oh, fuck!" came the breathless reply from Ms. Brennan, her eyes wide with shock, her mouth contorted into a perfect O.

Andy grabbed her hips and pulled her back against him, leering down at those gorgeous cheeks as they pressed so tight into his waist that his metal belt buckle pushed against the puckered sphincter of her beautiful anus. He held her there for a long moment, savoring the exhilarating, electrifying feel of her soft, slick cunt encasing his engorged member, relishing the fact that her long-coveted vaginal canal was infinitely tighter and hotter and more exquisite than he 'd ever imagined.

Then he drew his pelvis back, pulling his broad bone slowly out until only its head remained enveloped in her puffy lip folds and a guttural gasp spilled from her mouth, and began fucking the cock-teasing Ice Queen of First Municipal Finance like there was no tomorrow.

Right there in front of God, his co-workers, and the 4700-plus morning commuters who passed by on West Elm every weekday morning, Andy rammed his giant cock in and out of his helpless supervisor's defenseless slit over and over again, as hard as he possibly could. In and out, faster and faster, deeper and deeper, his prick growing thicker and longer with each pass along the silky, straining walls of her deep love hole. Drunk as he still was, he felt the grasping, squeezing, cooze-lubed sides of that fantastic cavern more acutely than he'd ever felt a cunt or mouth on his cock before.

The cold, aloof Ms. Brennan was suddenly nowhere to be found, the ruthless cocktease who'd driven Andy to this desperate act now moaning and urging him on like the rapacious whore he'd always dreamed she'd be. "Oh God, fuck me, baby!" she shouted, eliciting catcalls and howls of raucous laughter from the rest of her staff members, and an even more merciless savagery from the one clutching her waist and filling her full of still-growing man meat. "You're splitting me in half!" she cried as Andy hammered ferociously into her velvet box. "Split me in half with that big fucking cock!"

In to the hilt and out to crown, Andy pumped and pumped, pleasure dancing up the thousands of nerves in his swelling dick and back down again, his balls drawing tightly up against his groin as they prepared to unleash their torrent of spunk. Six months of unrelenting pressure was building to critical mass inside him, Ms. Brennan's buttery cunt muscles and bucking, grinding hips working feverishly to siphon every last drop of his warm, frothy seed from his hose.

Cars passing by were honking, people shouting their approval and encouragement out their windows. Two of Andy's co-workers were arguing over whether they should join in the fun. In his pocket, his cell phone was ringing - Allison's ring tone. The bank should have opened threeminutes ago.

Andy didn't care about any of it. He didn't care if he lost his job, went to jail, or never stuck his dick in another woman again. All he cared about was fucking this teasing, torturing bitch of a boss in her delicious little dick dock until she milked his poor, tormented pecker dry. She was going to take it (and she was!), she was going to like it (and she did!), and she was going to be left wet and sore and sorry for spending the last 28 weeks driving him batshit insane when she could have been getting this kind of deep, merciless fucking every goddamn morning!

As the world started to go white and he felt the imminent

ecstasy of release, Andy did one last thing he'd wanted to do ever since first getting hired by the alluring but alienating Ms. Brennan - he pulled his primed cock out of her slippery cunt shaft and rammed it right through the tiny opening of her anal sphincter.

"Oh oh OHHHHH!" cried Ms. Brennan, her eyes clenching shut so tight that tears streamed from them.

Andy grinned maniacally down at that incredible ass and sank his entire enormous trunk into it, balls slapping hard against the dripping, gaping lips of her twat below.

The other employees behind them were now hooting and high-fiving one another, like high school kids telling dirty tales about their classmates in a locker room. Passing drivers were starting to pull into the lot, in hopes of getting a better view of the show. Flashes from cell phone cameras were going off all around.

Ms. Brennan suddenly convulsed, every muscle in her body instantly petrifying and going as unyieldingly rigid as the cock buried deep in her colon, a long stream of spittle falling from the corner of her gaping, lipsticked mouth. The sounds that bellowed forth from her throat were not words or even grunts, but guttural, primal exclamations, like the howling of someone who has completely lost control of their mental faculties. She was cumming, harder and more violently than Andy had ever seen or felt anyone cum before, and he stood there pushing his massive shaft as far up into her belly as it would go as she bucked and writhed and came all over him. He could feel a jet of liquid squirt from her cunt and splatter across his slacks as she contorted in ecstasy, the warm, moist fabric of his puss-soaked trousers clinging to his thigh widening the smile on his face.

She came again and again like that, squirting and flailing and roaring her unrestrained pleasure at the glorious agony of having her tiny little asshole ripped apart at the seams by a truly gigantic cock. As close as he'd been to his own orgasm, Andy now found himself content to stand and watch as his brunette boss pressed her ass back as hard as she could onto his impaling sword and blew her wad over and over again, each spraying, shrieking spasm more intense and feral than the last.

Only when her curvaceous body went limp and she slumped forward onto the seat did he start to piston his turgid meat in and out of that tiny anal orifice, spreading those flushed cheeks wider and wider, jacking himself off with her poor, overstretched sphincter muscle. She groaned and squealed as he drove in and drew out, but he no longer cared how she felt. It was his turn

to cum, and it had been a long time coming, indeed.

"You like it up that sweet ass, Ms. Brennan?" he snarled, thrusting harder and harder, feeling her ass drawing the jism up the length of his phallus and into the launch position. "You like getting that dick-teasing ass pounded right out here in broad daylight, like it deserves?"

She couldn't answer. He couldn't have cared less.

His cock plunged in, her rectum gripping it like a slick, hot fist. He pulled back out, the smooth walls of her anal highway delightfully resistant to any motion indicating withdrawal. Back in, back out, back in again, fingers digging into her hips, pressure building in his thick helmet. Her asshole pulled at him, ground on him, forcing the cum to the top. The heart-shaped globes of her pink buttocks opened and eagerly swallowed his searing, electrified manhood. He was so close his head hurt.

"Take it out so I can suck it dry," Ms. Brennan purred. And before he could react, she was withdrawing and turning around on the seat, sitting half out of the car so she could take his primed cock into her mouth and swallow his cum.

"Mmmmm," she purred as she slid her red lips over the thick erection, sucking the taste of her own ass off of it.

That was all Andy could take. He was two-thirds of the way down her waiting throat, his hands just taking hold of the sides of her pretty little head, when a the load inside his swollen cock erupted from his piss hole, his body rocked by tremor after white-hot tremor of thunderous, jolting pleasure. He blasted the first molten stream of jizz into her esophagus and she swallowed it without the slightest hint of difficulty or resistance. Then another shot forth, and another, and still another, each one spilling deep in Ms. Brennan's mouth and being instantly swallowed into her happy belly with a low, muffled gulping sound.

The Earth was crimson and swirling, Andy reeling from the mind-shattering orgasm. Ms. Brennan kept right on sucking away at his cock for several long seconds after he'd unloaded the last of his goo down her gullet. She hummed as she worked on the freshly drained staff, as though she was still very much enjoying the residual flavor of her own dripping orifices on its veined, ruddy flesh.

When she finally pulled the dick from her mouth, sustaining the suction so that even her other employees could hear it pop as it came free, she looked up at Andy and flashed a feline grin with

her freshly fucked lips.

"I hate small talk, Sanderson," she said, as if to explain the months of cold shoulders and dismissive tones. "Can't stand it. Hate chit-chat, banter, water cooler gossip, and office friendships. No use for any of it! But you know what I love?"

Andy just smiled down at her, still very drunk and wholly delirious from climaxing down her silken, suckling throat.

"Cocks, Sanderson," Ms. Brennan continued. "I love cocks. Can't get enough of 'em." She gave his still inflated phallus a loving stroke with her hand. "Especially really, really big cocks, like this very impressive fellow here. And I have been waiting a very long, long time for someone - anyone - in this damned branch to quit trying to chat me up and just ram a nice, big hard one into me!"

He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"If you'd just done this six months ago," she continued, "I could have been draining your big old balls for you five days a week!"

Andy's mouth gaped. "Are you fucking kidding me?" he said. "I could have..."

"No chit-chat," Ms. Brennan barked, giving his still half-erect prick a playful tap on the head with one crimson-nailed finger. "We've got to get inside and get this bank open. Besides," she said as she helped him tuck his pecker back into his pants, "with your promotion to my personal secretary, effective immediately, you've got a lot more fucking to do before this day is over!"

The Boss

by [sebastianstark](#)©

"Miss Evans," his deep voice called out from his office. "I need you to come in here please," it was her boss Jack. Or Mister Miller as Amanda called him. He was a real hardass.

"Miss Evans," he repeated, "now!"

Amanda's heart fluttered a beat. What was it that she did this

time? Despite being his personal administrative assistant, Amanda had a tendency to push her limits at work. In a way it was part of her charm. But Mr Miller always had a way of keeping her in line. She respected it and to be completely honest, she rather enjoyed it.

And if she wasn't mistaken he seemed to understand this.

Amanda quickly closed her laptop, bolted up, and grabbed her notepad. Her job as his assistant was to support his needs at work. Whatever that may be.

She adjusted her short skirt and walked into his office, wobbling just a bit in her heels.

"Close the door behind you," he ordered. He was a bit extra gruff today and she could feel his aggression. Although somewhere in his early 40's, Mr Miller had been a college athlete and it showed, both in the defined lines of his face and jawline as well as in how well his crisp, dark suit fit him.

His sharp eyes were focused on Amanda's and it made her instinctively look downwards as she stood next to him a bit sheepishly while he sat behind his steel desk. She felt a bit like a school girl being disciplined by her teacher after class.

"The minutes that you took for me at my last staff meeting were completely scattered. And there's no bulleted summary of who owns what action," Jack said. "You know I was very clear that I expect action items for the minutes of every single meeting that I run."

He was definitely annoyed. But today he seemed a little extra on edge. Something was slightly different and she felt it.

It made her nervous and she could hear her voice was a bit higher when she replied, "I'm sorry Mr Miller. I know that's what you always ask me to do, I thought I got it all but I must have forgotten that part." She was lying.

The truth was she got lost daydreaming during the boring meeting while she enjoyed hearing her boss' voice as he explained his strategy for the department to his employees. Sometimes she just liked hearing the resonance of his voice and how smart he was.

But a part of her also wanted to see what she could get away with.

"Miss Evans frankly I'm tired of you fucking up. If you can't do the basics of what I need you to do I will find someone else who

will." Jack was serious this time. Maybe she had pushed things too far.

"I'm sorry Mr Miller. I didn't mean it. It will be the last time I promise." Amanda really did need this job and frankly there were parts of it she enjoyed.

Jack retorted, "I'm not convinced. This is happening more often than it needs to. I don't have time to be constantly correcting you." She could tell he meant it and meekly replied,

"Please Mr Miller...Jack...I'm very sorry. I really will do anything you need me to in order to keep this job. I want you to be..."

She looked into his cold eyes as her voice trailed off. She could see there was an aggressive gleam that was weirdly making her feel tingly.

"I want you to be...satisfied...with my performance. What do I need to do to please you?"

She couldn't believe she said it. Her words hung in the air and her heart started racing even more. She felt an electric tension. Maybe she had wanted this to happen.

Mr Miller didn't say a word and instead he stood up out of his chair. She felt tiny as his tall athletic frame towered over her. He continued his sharp gaze and she lost her perception of the rest of the room.

Jack replied, "You've been my personal assistant for 6 weeks now. You know what I'm like, and what I expect." He continued, "I'm not the type to let mistakes or bad behavior go without taking action. This is the last step before I let you go, I think we both know what you need to do."

He was right. She was looking up at his gaze and knew exactly what it was that he meant. There had been a very subtle tension between them, something almost undetectable and definitely unspoken. Until now.

She turned her eyes to the floor and got down on her knees. Then she looked up at him and gently stroked the crotch of his suit pants. He was hard...and bigger than she even expected. There was no mistaking now his intent.

Amanda slowly unzipped his trousers and unbuckled her boss' belt. She pulled down his briefs and took his stiff hard cock into her hand. Her heart was racing and she felt even more

naughty for doing this, but she could also feel how tingly wet she was at this point and she wasn't about to stop now.

She took his thick cock into her mouth while stroking the shaft with her right hand.

She heard him let out a deep grunt of pleasure as she slide her mouth down as far as she could manage. It made her feel so tiny, her fingers could barely fit all the way around it and she had to stretch her jaw open as far as she could. But this rough man who was her boss was enjoying the tiny tightness and wet sensation of her mouth and tongue, and it excited her that she could finally please him fully.

Sucking his meaty cock almost put her in a trance. She no longer could hear the other sounds of the office and she closed her eyes as she sucked so she could feel the sensation of fullness in her mouth. She felt a feverish warmth in her crotch and that her panties were dripping wet. It was electric

Her cock sucking trance felt like ages as her thoughts quieted and she just felt the sensation of submitting to him, punctuated by Jack's occasional order, "Deeper. Faster. Suck that cock and show me how much you want to please me".

Suddenly she felt his strong hand grip her upper left arm and pull her up to her feet. He forcefully spun her around, pushed her head down to bend her over his desk, and with two hands ripped down her skirt and panties with a single motion. She was completely exposed to him, her pussy throbbing in anticipation, and she heard his pants drop to the floor.

"Uggh," he grunted as his thrust himself into her. It was the biggest dick she'd ever felt and it surprised her. There was a small electric shock of pain as he thrust himself in and split her body open to accommodate his size. But the pleasure of his initial thrust was overwhelming. She lost all sense of herself as she felt waves and waves of pleasure emanating from her pussy but traveling up into her breasts, down her arms into her fingers, and most strongly down her legs.

Her legs were quivering, still standing in her heels, and she could hear the slap, slap, slap of his body against her ass with each of his aggressive thrusts.

He was holding the back of her neck in his left hand, his fingers curling around its slender curves, as his right hand seemed to take pleasure in kneading her ass checks like dough and surprising her with the occasional hard "slap" across the back of her ass. She was dripping wet.

He continued to fuck her had from behind as he leaned forward, put his left hand over her mouth, and started to growl in her ear.

"This is what you wanted isn't it you little slut. You've been dying to get fucked by me since the first time you interviewed for this job," he growled.

"How did he know that?" Amanda asked herself as her mind raced. But fuck - it was true. She melted even more as he continued fucking her.

"I'm going to teach you now what I fully expect from my personal assistant. Your job is to please me and cater to my every need. Now say it!" he commanded.

"My job is to please you," she said but she could barely get the words out.

"Say it again," he growled.

"My job is to please you," she panted.

"And what's my name?" he demanded.

"My job is to please you Mr Miller," she could hear the submission in her voice as she felt her orgasm building.

"Good girl," he replied, almost soothing.

She couldn't hold back any longer and her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave. She was blinded by what seemed like light and she lost all perception of sound. Waves of pleasure overcame her, cascading from her vagina down her legs as they spasmed and up through her torso. She screamed, but thankfully his strong hand was covering her mouth and very little sound came out. He continued his relentless pounding of her pussy, and she felt the shock of each thrust travel up her body.

He seemed to last forever and yet take savage joy in the pleasure and pain that it gave her.

Her orgasm subsided but the intensity of her pleasure stayed elevated. She felt constantly at the edge of another orgasm, it was almost too much to bear. Almost.

After what seemed like ages he growled again in her ear, "I'm going to shoot my load deep inside your pussy. But first I want you to beg me for it."

"Please cum inside me," Amanda begged. In this moment, she had never wanted anything else so much in her life.

"Say it again," he ordered. "Say it right."

He was thrusting faster and more forcefully now. She could feel he was close and she wanted it. To her core she wanted him to take his full pleasure in her.

She panted, "Please cum inside me Mr Miller. I'm begging you." She meant it.

"Graaawwwhhhh I'm cumming. Take that fucking cum inside of you," he let out. She could feel the length of his cock start spasming repeatedly as she felt the hot warmth of his cum fill her pussy. She quivered in satisfaction as her whole body orgasmed again.

This time it almost hurt as she writhed on the end of his cock. He had to grab her hard to keep her from falling off of it while covering her mouth again to muffle her screams of ecstasy.

She felt like she might have blacked out, it took her a few moments to come to her senses as she slowly became aware of her surroundings again, and the fact that his hard cock was still filling her body.

She turned her head over his shoulder and met his eyes. She could see the satisfaction he felt, he had that wicked gleam in his eye as he smirked at her. She felt satisfied, but also started to worry. "Oh my god my boss just fucked the hell out of me and I loved it," she thought, "now what is he going to do with me?"

He pulled his cock out of her and pulled up his pants.

"Get dressed," he said. It sounded flat but she could see the hint of a smile. His eyes will still locked on her.

In his deep voice he commanded, "I've got some action items I need you to take care of."