

A Rough Week

© Knave of Hearts, 2000

Monday

(MF anal, cheat, office)

The clock said 6:30 in electric red numbers. Everyone else had long since abandoned their desks and offices, leaving me alone in the dimly lit office building. Alone with my work and my computer. I sat up in my chair and stretched. I had until the end of the week to finish the quarterly review presentation but since my wife had taken the kids to her mother's this week I had decided to go ahead and knock it out now.

Maybe later on the week I would get some time to spend with Veronica, my wife. I looked at the picture of us on the boat in Jamaica. The last vacation we'd had together. Running my hands over my tired eyes I realized that we'd been in Jamaica almost ten years ago. Ten years. It was time to rejuvenate some spark. We'd done everything we could imagine during that two week stay. Fine food. Good wine. Sex until dawn. It had been the perfect fortnight.

But that was B.C. Before Children. And now we were both so busy that we only ate dinner together once a week, in between scout meetings, gymnastics classes, and my work schedule. I had my career and she was usually helping with some community project or attending some social committee meeting or other. Ten years ago it had been a bottle of wine, a loaf of bread, and her warm body. Now it was leftovers and a cold bed to go home to.

The phone rang, breaking into my moment of self-pity.

"Mr. Williams? This is Ava. Are you going to be in your office for a few minutes? Mr. Bland left some files that need to go upstairs and I'd like to put them in the file room before I leave."

I assured her that I would be around. Since I was the last one in the office, I told her that I would lock up as we left. I hung up the phone, idly wondering what the boss's secretary, Ava, was wearing today. Ava Langtry was famous for being extremely efficient and very easy on the eyes. I used to stop at her desk while waiting for my boss, Mr. Bland, to finish with a phone call and found that she was easy to talk to as well.

Shaking my head to clear away to schoolboy fantasies, I got back to work. A few minutes later I heard a high heels coming up the hall to my office. Anticipating Ava's entrance, I started saving my work and closing down my computer. A soft knock on my office door announced her.

"Come in Ava."

"Thanks for helping out Mr. Williams, I was hoping to get these taken care of before tomorrow. I won't be long." "Not a problem. Let me unlock the door for you and we'll be out of here in a flash."

We walked to the file room and I unlocked it. I took the walk down the hallway as an opportunity to notice the suit she was wearing. She had a dark, double breasted suit jacket-like top, cut to show an enticing but professional amount of cleavage, and a short matching skirt. Her

trim legs were sheathed in sheer black stockings that made a soft swishing sound as she walked ahead of me. I enjoyed watching her hips roll under her suit.

Not for the first time did I wonder what she looked like under her professional exterior. I smiled to myself as I realized what I was thinking. My wife always tells me that I have a endearing fantasy that somewhere in the depths of every woman's soul is a cock-sucking, nymphomaniac slut just waiting for the right time to pop out. Where were those people when you really need them, I asked myself.

Unlocking the door, I held it open for Ava as she turned on the lights and went to the end of the line of filing cabinets. I stood in the doorway making small talk, a cheap excuse for watching her move. Ava bent over to pull out the lowest file drawer. Her skirt rode up on her thigh, exposing tan flesh at the tops of her stockings. I stopped for a second when I realized that Ava wasn't wearing regular pantyhose but had old-fashioned stockings on. I felt my cock stir at the mental image of Ava's tan body in her stockings but tried to look away before she caught me staring. I was too late.

Ava had turned around and saw what I was looking at. A coy smile fluttered across her lips as she also noticed the slight bulge in my trousers. She stood, smoothing her skirt back into place, and reached for the next file. I was thinking of a polite way to go somewhere else and wait for her to call me but before I could move she asked me if I could help her pull out the top file drawer.

"Can you give me a hand? It's stuck."

I couldn't think of an excuse so, like a lamb being led to slaughter, I moved into the corner with her and the offending file drawer. Rather than step out of the corner Ava stepped against the wall, staying between the file cabinet and me. Rather than say something, I reached around her and tugged on the drawer handle. Seeing that I wasn't getting anywhere Ava clasped her hand on top of mine and counted to three. We pulled together several times before we got the drawer open. Our bodies pressed against each other with every heave. Her bottom had pushed against my bulging groin with every pull. I wondered if I were making more out of this than I should or was she trying to come on to me?

With the drawer finally open I tried to step back and give her some room but Ava pulled the drawer all the way out, pressing me into the corner. I was stuck between her soft, sweet smelling body and the wall. In a trice my mind raced from the physical excitement of the moment to the consequences if we should be caught. Ava took her time placing the file into its correct place in the drawer, every so often standing on her tiptoes to check a file label. This caused her to press her hips against mine, increasing the friction between my rapidly swelling crotch and her delightfully firm rear end.

Worried about the compromising position that I found myself in, I cleared my throat. I made some lame excuse about getting my jacket and placed my hands on her hips to help maneuver myself out of the corner. No sooner had my hands touched her than she turned to face me. In the enclosed space between the drawer and the wall, our bodies touched in some of the most intimate places. Her breasts pressed against my ribs while my still growing cock rubbed against her skirt. She looked up at me with a strange glimmer in her light brown eyes.

I opened my mouth to say something and she stopped me with a kiss. Not a quick peck on the cheek "thanks for helping" kind of endearment. This was a slow, smoldering, tongues

fencing kind of kiss that makes your toes tingle and your ears sweat. The taste of her mouth and the smell of her perfume overwhelmed my senses. I couldn't have moved if I had wanted to. Just when I thought that my fantasy had played itself out, I felt Ava's hand rub against my swollen cock. She kneaded my package softly, moaning slightly as she traced its length through my pants. If she'd had any question about the size of my cock, she'd answered it first hand. Giving my johnson a quick squeeze, we came up for air.

Before I could protest she said, "Come with me. I've got something to show you."

Taking my hand, she led me back down the hall to my office. "Sit down, please." I sat on the small couch. She seemed as business like as usual as she walked across the room to shut the door. I prepared myself for a lecture on sexual harassment and the precarious nature of my situation. Five seconds ago she was giving me every signal of her inclination to do the lambada against the file room wall, now she was the picture of a professional office assistant.

Turning around to face me, I realized that she'd undone the buttons on her jacket. I froze. I'd been shocked in the file room. Now I was astounded. Ava removed her jacket and hung it on the coat tree by the door.

She had light brown skin with a faint tan line outlining her pale breasts. I didn't move a muscle. Her tits jiggled slightly as she walked toward me. Her tits were wonderful. About grapefruit size with a scattering of freckles. I could barely see the shadow of her areolas beneath the black lacy bra she wore. Her nipples stood erect, poking through her bra.

She stopped in the middle of the room. Reaching behind her back she unzipped her skirt. My eyes followed her creamy white tits, provocatively contrasting with her black underwear, as she bent over to step out of her skirt.. Standing, she neatly folded her skirt and placed it on my desk. Her black stocking highlighted her slender, well-formed legs. She wasn't rail thin like the fashion models, but she looked like an active swimmer or hiker.

I noted the little pink ribbon on the front of her panties. A thin shadow showed the outline of her vulva through the sheer black underwear. She obviously wore a bikini when she sunbathed. I hoped that it meant that she had shaved her twat. From the way this scenario seemed to be headed, I wanted to taste that pie and I didn't want to be picking hair out of my teeth afterward.

"Don't say a word." She didn't need to ask me. I wouldn't have known what to say. I let out a sigh, realizing that I'd been holding my breath. "I'm afraid if you spoke, I might get cold feet."

She closed the space between us and sank to her knees in front of me. Ava leaned toward me, offering her mouth for another kiss. We kissed deeply, slower than in the file room but with more intensity. Her hand caressed my hard-on. I returned the attention by cupping her breasts in my hands.

Our lips parted. I made a trail of soft kisses down her neck. At the same time, I hooked my thumbs in the straps of her bra and eased them off her shoulders. Lifting her breasts, I took her left nipple in my mouth. Ava arched her back, offering me her tits. My tongue swirled over her swollen nubs, making her moan and sway as her excitement increased. Letting go of one nipple, I shifted slightly to give the other the same attention. Sucking the swollen pap into my mouth I ran its sensitive nipple along the rough edges of my teeth with my tongue.

“Ohhh. Stop. Wait.” Ava gently pulled my mouth off her breast. She pushed me back and started unbuckling my pants. She fished my trouser snake out of my boxers and held its throbbing shaft in front of her face. “I’ve wondered what this would be like. I’ve seen you watching me. Undressing me with your eyes. I always wanted to know if you had the equipment to do the job right.”

She stuck her tongue out and ran it around the head of my dick like an ice cream cone. I held her hair away from her face. I wanted to watch her suck my cock. She was right. I’d wondered what she looked like underneath her pressed business suits and no-nonsense exterior. Right now I wanted to see her hot, sweaty, and leaking my cum out of her swollen, well-fucked pussy. Ava licked the seam along the underside of my erection, working her way down from its enlarged purple helmet to my balls. I shivered as her warm mouth kissed and fondled my scrotum.

Running the length of my penis against her smooth cheek, she took my cock into her mouth. Her head bobbed in short fluid motions, taking more and more of my eight inch cock into her mouth with every stroke. I raised my hips to meet her hot sweet mouth, feeling my cock hit the back of her throat.

“Slow down, Mr. Williams. I’ve got other plans for you.”

“Why don’t you call me Adam? After all, you’re half naked on your knees sucking my cock. I think we can afford to drop the formality.”

She smiled and then licked a tiny drop of pre-cum off the tip of my cock. She sat back on her heels and unhooked her bra, tossing it on top of her skirt.

“Now that you mention it Ava, what exactly are your plans for this evening?”

She smiled in a self satisfied way, licking her lips as she ran her palms across her tits. “I’m not sure. I am leaving the firm for a new job and I think that this might be my chance to have a farewell party with you.”

I raised my eyebrow in question. She looked around the room, idly massaging the firm mounds on her chest as if in deep thought. Not willing to lose the moment, I stood up and took charge. My cock bobbed obscenely in front of me, a purple tipped rod pointing at Ava’s sweet snatch. Placing my hands on her waist, I maneuvered her towards my desk. “Then let’s have a farewell you won’t forget.”

I sat her on my desk, her legs spread wide. Her panties were wet and I could smell the musky sweet aroma of her excitement. I dropped my pants on the floor along with my boxers. Stepping closer to the desk I lifted her knees up, forcing her to lay back. I quickly pulled off her panties and tossed them behind me.

Her cunt lay bare before me. She’d shaved her lips bare, leaving only a small triangle of dark curls at the top of her slit, like an arrow pointing the way to her love tunnel. Holding her legs wide, I leaned forward and kissed the swollen nub of her clit. She tasted like sweet brandy. I parted her labia with my tongue, licking her entire slit. She moaned and tilted her hips to give me access to her deepest recesses. I teased her by licking the outside of her pussy lips lightly before running my tongue around the rim of her hot wet twat.

Ava held my head tight against her cunt, wordless moaning. She wanted more. I played a quick staccato rhythm against her clit with my tongue. I could feel the muscles in her vagina

tremble. Watching a lover approach climax is the most powerful, intoxicating feeling in the world. Cruelly, I denied her the release she wanted so badly. She cried out when I lifted my face, damp and slick from her love juices, from her cunt.

“More. Please. Let me cum.” “You’ll cum all right baby. You’ll cum with my cock deep inside you.”

I pulled her hips to the edge of the desk and placed the head of my cock against her love tunnel. She was so wet my cock entered her easily, gliding to half its length in the first thrust. I pulled back, luxuriating in the feel of my cock against her velvety smooth insides. I pushed forward again, repeating the process of slowly driving my cock into Ava’s cunt. It only took three strokes to plant my shaft inside her. I stopped for a moment, enjoying the feel of my smooth shaven balls in contact with her smooth lips.

Ava’s eyes stared up at me with a strange hungry look. My wife might not think that there was a slut in every woman, but I’d sure unlocked the whore in Ava.

“Fuck me hard.” Her voice was hoarse with lust.

I didn’t need any more encouragement. I drove my cock in and out of her body, relishing the wet sound my balls made when they slapped against her ass. The harder I fucked her, the more she begged for me to give her more.

“Fuck me till I explode” She ranted in between hoarse gasping breaths.

I plowed into her savagely, fucking her like an animal. Within moments, I felt her cunt spasm, clutching and milking my cock as she climaxed. Ava thrashed around, bucking against my hips as her orgasm washed through her.

I might have let her rest with the one orgasm for her scrap book, but I didn’t. “Time to roll over,” I told her. My voice sounded cruel and nasty. I rolled her over and put her feet back on the floor. She was bent over my desk, her hot sweaty breasts pressed against the varnished wood desktop.

I drove my cock into her gaping hole without any preliminaries. Pulling her hips back to meet mine, I picked up where we’d left off. My thrusts made her grunt as my cock hit her cervix. I could feel my balls shift and tighten but my own climax was still too far away. I parked my cock deep inside her while I caught my breath.

“I want you to cum in my ass.” The blatant statement made my cock twitch. She reached behind her a spread her ass cheeks, showing me the slick rosebud of her anus.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the clock. 7:30. The Ava that lay on my desk wasn’t the same woman that had walked into my office an hour earlier. The first woman had looked professional and focused; she had come to my office asking for my help as a colleague. The sweaty whore that lay face down on my desk was asking me to sodomize her. My how time can change people, I thought.

I rubbed my cunt-slickened cock around her ass, lubing her with her own juices. I pressed the large, round head of my cock against her puckered rosette.

“Unnhh. Go slow baby. I want you to fill me with your cock.” She lay still and relaxed, inviting me deeper inside her.

I slowly worked my cock inside her tight nether passage, pausing often to let her adjust to accommodate my thick shaft. I could feel her loosen up, her muscles gripping my cock as I pressed it into her. Finally I worked the entire length of my pole into her ass. Ava, impatient for more, thrust her hips upwards.

I slowly built up a rhythmic pace, thrusting slow and deep. I held her hips and drove myself into her depths. The feeling was completely different from fucking her cunt. Her pussy was slick and hot, expanding to allow my cock entrance. Her ass on the other hand, was tight, grasping my cock. The increased friction drove me wild. I was getting closer and closer to my own climax.

Ava must have felt it as well. In between grunts, she chanted filthy words, urging me to cum in her ass. “fuck, fuck, fuck. God I want to feel your hot cum inside my ass. Give it to me. Cum inside me now.”

She had loosed up to the point of being able to push her hips back to meet my thrusts. My balls slapped against her slick, swollen cunt lips as our bodies met. I couldn’t hold out any longer. My balls tightened, sending a spray of hot, thick cum into her ass. We groaned in unison, the release we’d sought finally at hand.

Still spinning from the force of my orgasm, I ran my hands across her back. I trailed my fingertips along the base of her spine. I could feel her heartbeat through my cock, still buried in her ass. She propped herself up on one arm and looked back at me with a smile.

I stepped back to allow her to get up. My shrinking member slid from her with a pop. I pulled her to her feet and kissed her. Our sweaty bodies stuck together. Pushing a wet strand of hair out of her face, I tried to think of an appropriate thing to say. She must have been thinking the same thing because we ended up laughing at each other. After all, what do you say to an almost total stranger that you’ve just had raw, animalistic sex with?

“Thanks for the farewell party,” I managed at last. Tilting her chin up, I gave her a last, light kiss. “Good luck wherever you go.”

“Oh I don’t leave until Saturday. I’m sure I’ll see you before then.”

Tuesday

(MFF, cheat, office)

I showed for work scared of the fallout of my office tryst with Ava. Dreams of her tan skin and the sound of her voice begging me to fuck her ass had haunted me all night long. Settling behind my desk, I forced myself to concentrate on performing my routine tasks. Get coffee. Check schedule. Scan email.

I made it through about half the morning without incident. Then I had to leave my office to run an errand. Every time I passed through the “bullpen” office where the secretaries sit, I thought that one of them, a cute petite blonde named Brenda, seemed to be flashing me. The first time I passed, she leaned forward to give me a good look at the tops of her tanned tits. As I returned, it was a quick glimpse of the tops of her stockings, a pale white against her tanned thighs. I could feel my cock start to get ideas of its own, shifting uncomfortably under my boxers.

I retreated to the safety of my office. I had fucked the boss' secretary across my desk last night. All I needed was to be walking around the secretary's pool with a hard-on. Why not just walk into Mr. Bland's office and report myself for sexual harassment? I could just have easily cut my cock off and mailed it to my wife. Maybe Veronica would have it stuffed and mounted like a prize winning fish.

I tried to relax and focus on my work. I was senior enough that I could work from my office, rather than running up and down the halls. All I had to do was stay in my office until the end of the day. I wouldn't take any calls or go to any meetings. That would do it. I was safe.

And then the phone rang. Before my brain could take control, my arm shot out and picked it up.

"Oh good, you're there. I was hoping that you hadn't left for lunch." It was Ava. The sound of her calm professional voice was even sexier now than it had been last night. I mumbled something and she continued. "I need to send Brenda to your office. She has a file that needs your special attention immediately. Will you be in your office for a few minutes?"

I made some more muttering noises, which she took as an affirmative, and hung up the phone. Within moments, there was a light knocking on my door and Brenda's face peeked in. I was too afraid to speak, so I waved her in.

I watched her walk towards me. Brenda wore a nice business suit of white wool, setting off her tan skin and blue eyes admirably. Outwardly, she looked like what she was, a professional administrative assistant that had brought me a file that needed my attention. Inwardly, I remembered the change that had come over Ava last night. I sat behind my desk like a cornered animal.

She walked around behind my desk and laid the file folder in the middle of the desktop. She was close enough that her perfume, sweet without being cloying, seemed to reach out to me. As Brenda leaned over to open the file, I shot a glance toward her and was rewarded with an excellent view of her bra-less tits. I realized in a flash that, not only was she not wearing a bra, she didn't have any tan lines!

I tore my eyes away. But it was too late. I looked up at Brenda's face and saw her smiling in a smug way. I followed her gaze down to my lap. To my horror I saw that, while I had been peering down her cleavage, she had been checking out the rising bulge in my trousers. Before I could move, Brenda reached down into my lap and lightly squeezed my swollen crotch.

Dropping to her knees, she turned my chair toward her. Her charming smile had taken on a more predatory look. Licking her lips she said, "I think the file can wait. We need to take care of this first."

I gripped the arms of my desk chair as she undid my belt and fished my stiffening member out of my underwear. Brenda held my cock lightly between her thumb and first two fingers and looked me straight in the eye as she ran her tongue the length of my shaft.

Brenda expertly used her tongue and suction to make my cock swell to iron hard stiffness. I watched my cock swell and stretch her lips. She tried taking my entire cock into her throat, but I was too long. Rather than have her gag, I guided her mouth to my shaven scrotum.

“Suck my balls.” No sooner had I said it than Brenda’s warm mouth engulfed my sensitive balls. I gasped sharply as she sucked one of my testicles into her mouth and twirled it around with her tongue.

Seeing that she had caught on to what I wanted, I moved my hands from her head and ran my palm down her back, trying to reach her ass. She sifted her position obligingly and started jacking me off, running her tongue up the seam of my cock to keep my shaft slick for her hand.

The feeling of her lips on my rod, her cheeks sucking in as she applied pressure to my cock head, chased any worry I might have had out of my mind. I started to relax and look forward to fucking Brenda on my desktop in a replay of last night’s action. I slid my hand under her panties and caressed the inside of the cleft of her ass with my fingertips. I teased the little place between her ass and her pussy and felt her squirm with pleasure. I knew she’d be ready in few more minutes, but I was more than willing to postpone fucking her while she sucked my cock.

I was ready to suggest we move on to the next step when I heard the doorknob turn. Frantically I tried to pull my hand out of Brenda’s bottom and push her off my cock but she wouldn’t let go. I looked at the door in a panic and saw Ava standing against the door, smiling like a cat that just ate the pet canary.

Brenda pushed me back into my chair and resumed her activities with my cock. Ava crossed the room, telling me that she’s glad that Brenda and I got along so well. Standing behind me, she removed my tie and unbuttoned my shirt. Brenda helped out by unbuckling my belt and tugging my pants down past my hips.

Ava hiked up her skirt and sat on my desk. Her naked pussy glistened wetly under her short woolen skirt. Propping her legs on either side of my head, she invited me to eat her. Bending so that I don’t disturb Brenda’s enthusiastic sucking, I tongued Ava’s cunt. Ava spread her pussy lips with her fingers, helping me zero in on her erect clit while keeping her skirt out of the way.

After only a few minutes, however, the awkward angle made my neck stiff. Raising my head from Ava’s swollen pussy, I told them that we needed to take this to a more comfortable venue. The three of us stood and moved to my office couch. I finished stripping; trying to fold my clothes so that I would close to normal after this was all over. Ava followed suit, taking her smart, professional outfit off and placing her things in a neat pile on my desk.

I walked over to them my cock pointing the way, bobbing with every step. I stood behind Brenda and started helping Ava undress the petite blonde. I had her bra clasp undone and was shifting the lacy cups when I gasped with surprise. My hands, gliding over her pert breasts, had encountered nipple rings in each tit. The warm metal felt odd against her stiffly swollen nipple but Brenda obviously enjoyed the sensation as I flicked them with my fingers. Seeing where my attention was, Ava lightly tugged on one of the rings, making Brenda catch her breath and grind her hips against mine.

Once we had her clothes off, I led Brenda over to the overstuffed couch. Laying Brenda down, I ate her pussy while Ava played with my hard cock. It was another awkward position as I stretched my neck to reach Brenda’s pussy while, at the same time, lifted my hips to make sure Ava could get at my cock.

Once I'd gotten Brenda's cunt good and wet with my tongue. I rolled her over and positioned myself behind her, aiming my hard cock at her wet, waiting pussy. Ava sat on the couch arm opposite me, her open legs showing her dripping twat to Brenda. Grasping Brenda's hips, I slid my cock into her buttery depths, pushing her face toward Ava's cunt. Brenda quickly took the hint and used her tongue on Ava as skillfully as she had done on me.

I slowly rocked Brenda's body back and forth, alternately pushing my cock into her and letting her tongue taste Ava's sweet cunt. Brenda's cunt was extremely tight. The friction against her slick cunt walls was intense. I felt as if she was squeezing my cock with each stroke. I felt my shaft swell and my balls tingle. I couldn't hold back and I let my cum explode into Brenda's snug twat. My last strokes drove her face into Ava's hips.

Despite having blown my load, I was still stiff. Watching the two women kissing at the end of the couch, I decided that I wanted to revisit Ava's sweet cunt. Brenda helped Ava sit on the couch seat and maneuvered herself on to Ava's face. Brenda supported herself on the back of the couch, her ass almost in my face, giving me a front row seat as I watched Ava hungrily lap and suck my seed out of Brenda's cunt. Brenda, still woozy from cumming, arched her back and tugged and twisted her nipple rings.

Pushing Ava's legs up to her chest, I put myself on the floor and dragged her hips toward mine. With Ava's ass hanging off the edge of the couch, I entered her roughly and slammed my dick into her cunt with each stroke. Ava's hands tightened their grasp on Brenda's ass and I redoubled my efforts to make her cum. Suddenly, I saw Ava's stomach muscles jerk in short, quick spasms. From underneath Brenda's hips, I heard a strangled moan.

I was nowhere close to cumming, so I selfishly continued to pound my cock into her cunt, ignoring her orgasm. Brenda slid off Ava's face and started massaging Ava's clit. I fucked her even more energetically.

Ava became vocal again. "Fuck me 'til I explode." I responded by driving my cock as deep into her as I could. "I'm . . . I'm . . . cummmminnnnggg."

She seemed to convulse, thrashing around on the couch as her orgasm tore through her. My cock responded as well, blowing my second load into her. I felt as if my soul had been sucked out the tip of my cock. My head spun and I had to lean against the couch for support. I was breathing as if I'd just run a race, my body as limp as a dishrag.

As my cock slid out of Ava's steaming cunt, I seemed to return to the real world. This wasn't an after-hours tryst, alone in the office with no one else around. This was the middle of the day! There were people sitting just outside my door, for Christ's sake! I must have had a panic-stricken look on my face because Brenda leaned down and kissed me, thrusting her tongue, still tasting of Ava's juices, into my mouth.

Ava gathered herself and also gave me a kiss and a smile. The two women then stood and began dressing, as calmly as can be imagined, as I sat on my office floor with my cock still dripping cum.

Ava took charge of the situation. "You'd better get yourself together. The doors are soundproof but I can't stop anyone from knocking." With that, she and Brenda retired to my private bathroom to freshen their makeup.

I used my handkerchief to wipe the goo off my shrinking disk and then threw my clothes on in a flurry of buttons and cuff links. Seeing that I was moving once again, Ava smiled and blew me a kiss from the door. Setting her “professional look” on her face once more, she opened the door and led Brenda back out into the office.

My tie still askew, my shoes untied, my hair mussed, I sank into my chair and put my head in my hands. What had I let my dick lead me into?

Wednesday

(MF, FF, voy, cheat, office)

8 AM. I walked into the elevator looking and feeling like shit. I hadn’t been able to sleep for the second night in a row. Dreams of nubile, tan, nymphos had me tossing and turning all night long. To make matters worse my cock was always throbbing and twitching, making a bulge in my trousers like the bow of a ship. I tried to hide my uncomfortable condition with my coat, awkwardly held in front of me, as the elevator crawled up from the parking garage and people got on and off.

We passed the ground floor and Brenda got on. Excusing her way past other passengers, she worked her way back in the car until she stood directly in front of me. She didn’t say anything to me, just shot a quick glance at the way I held my coat before turning around to face the elevator door. When the doors opened at the next floor, she scooted back about half a step. It looked like she was moving out of the way to let others exit the car, but I felt her firm ass press slightly against my coat.

I started to sweat. My hand, inside of my folded coat, pressed against the curve of her ass. She must have felt it because she managed to shift slightly and wiggle her butt against my caress. Somewhere around the fourth floor, she slipped her hand behind her and groped my swollen crotch through the intervening coat. I coughed to hide my groan of pleasure as Brenda lightly squeezed my cock.

By the time we reached the tenth floor, she knew I was ready. I left the elevator flushed and with my coat held tightly across my obviously swollen groin. I threw my things onto the corner of my desk and reached inside my pants to rearrange my cock and balls to a more comfortable position. I sat down, squirming in my chair as my underwear cut into my thick shaft. Trying to ignore my dick, I tried to focus my concentration on other things.

Brenda apparently had other ideas, however. I hadn’t even logged into my computer when she appeared at my door with a pile of distribution in her arms.

“We shouldn’t do this before lunch, I’ll be leaking all day,” she said as she walked around my desk.

Her hands smoothed her skirt across her thighs. She swiftly knelt behind my desk and reached for my belt. The already stiff condition of my cock made it hard for her to free it from the confines of my shorts. Rather than prolong my discomfort, I stood and lifted her back to her feet. Our bodies crushed together as we kissed, our tongues fencing. I imagined that I could feel her nipple rings pressing against my chest through her sheer silk blouse.

When we came up for air, Brenda had a smug smirk on her face. Before she could react with a smart remark, I spun her around, bent her over the desk, and flipped up her skirt. Looking

down at her tan ass, covered in white cotton bikini panties, I felt the fatigue and tension rise inside me like a tidal wave. This wasn't going to be gentle.

Without a word or a second thought, I grabbed the waistband and savagely pulled. The thin cotton tore with a ripping sound that seemed to reverberate around my office. I dropped the shreds of her underwear to the floor and pressed her down on the desktop with my left hand. With my right, I undid my belt and tugged down my pants and boxers.

My cock sprung from its confinement, hard and already weeping pre-cum from its tip. Pointing my prick at her pussy, I spread her legs apart and then cupped my hand around the mound of her sex. She looked back at me over her shoulder, her lips parted as she struggled to catch her breath. I gave her a cruel smile as I licked her juices off my fingers.

"Glad to see that you're as ready as I am." My voice had an edge to it that sounded nasty. I guided my glans to the gates of her twat and then pulled her hips back toward me, impaling her slowly on my aching pole. I threw my head back and groaned in ecstasy as I felt her slick tunnel part to swallow my rigid cock.

I started Brenda off slowly, rhythmically rocking her against my hips as I penetrated deeper and deeper into her sex. Her breath came in gasps as she felt me fill her inner recesses and it only took a few strokes for her to let all nine inches of my cock into her.

I paused for a moment to savor the feel of my balls resting against her smoothly shaven labia. Pressing my scrotum against her I rotated my hips, stirring her cunt with my cock.

"Unnnngggghhhh. God I love that."

I grabbed a handful of her firm ass and used it to steady her for a few fast deep strokes. I was rewarded by another deep moan.

"Yes. . . Yes. . . Faster. Hardeeeeerrrr."

Her words came as punctuation to the bottom of each stroke. She grunted as my cock hammered against her cervix. I had filled every inch of her tight cunt. Grabbing her ass with both hands, I pulled the entire length of my cock out before jamming it back in. I picked up the pace with each stroke, slamming my hips against her taut ass, as she moaned and muttered incomprehensible syllables.

I fucked her like an animal, pounding her sweet tight cunt like a dog mounting its bitch. My world narrowed to the feeling of the length of my prick driving deep inside her. Each stroke ended with the wet slap of my balls against her twat. That and the sound of her moaning filled my ears.

I felt her cunt muscles shudder, grabbing my cock in their silken grip. A sound from deep in her throat came from Brenda, only slightly muffled from being pressed against my desktop. The sensation of her cunt milking my cock sent me over the edge. I cried out and drove my cock into her, pinning her between the mahogany desktop and me. I felt my cum erupt from my balls into her hot, sweet sex.

My orgasm left me light headed. I leaned forward, now careful not to hurt Brenda, and tried to catch my breath. We both gasped and panted for air. I felt her hand push against my thigh and I stood back. My cock slid from her with a wet popping sound.

Pushing herself up off the desk, Brenda turned and looked at me, her face flushed and her eyes glazed. “I don’t know what got into you, but next time I’m bringing reinforcements.”

“Go get yourself cleaned up,” I said as I wiped my cock with a handkerchief, “someone’s liable to come looking for one of us any minute.”

The rest of the morning was much more tranquil. I told myself that I should start “exercising” more in the morning. It was a great joke.

- = 0 = -

Ava caught me in the hallway after lunch. Dragging me into an empty niche, she told me the bad news. “I knew it was too good to last,” I groaned.

Someone must have seen Brenda leave my office this morning and suspected something. I’m sure that Brenda’s flushed look and rumpled clothes had been seen by anyone who’d been in the secretary’s office this morning. As if that wasn’t bad enough, that someone had been gossiping about it in the cafeteria. I felt bad for Brenda. Rumors like this were always worse for the women than they were for the men. I asked Ava what I could do to help Brenda out.

“Before you could start worrying about her, you need to take care of yourself.” Ava looked around conspiratorially. “Meet me in the atrium in ten minutes.”

I sat listening to the building noise as people returned from lunch. I must have sat there for a few seconds before I realized that she’d gone. Carefully standing and straightening my suit jacket, I tried to get a handle on what she’d just told me. Through the spinning thoughts in my head, one blazed brightly against the front of my mind – **SOMEONE KNOWS!**

Taking a deep breath, I walked toward the elevator. I went back to my office and gathered a few papers, settling on the excuse that I was going down to the mailbox. I walked through the secretarial pool without looking at anyone. I was too afraid to make eye contact with any of the ladies there. Any one of them could be the one – my accuser.

I dawdled along the way to the atrium, not wanting to be seen pacing around waiting. My plan worked and Ava got there only seconds before I did. Without speaking to each other, we walked out onto the terrace. The company coffee shop was there, a place where lots of people went to gather their thoughts or take a break, so I wasn’t worried about being seen with anyone else. I bought some coffee from the counter and returned to the table that Ava had selected. The place was empty, since most of the employees were just returning from their lunch hour.

“Drink your coffee and relax,” Ava saw that I was on the verge of a total collapse. I took a healthy pull from my cup and she continued. “Someone saw Brenda enter your office early this morning and leave a few minutes later with that ‘fresh fucked’ look.”

“Who told you this?” I don’t know why I wanted to know. It wouldn’t have made any difference.

“Don’t worry about that. I’ll take care of the gossip. The problem is that HRO got wind of it and is sniffing around.”

HRO. Human Resources Office. They hire you and they fire you. Their special charge was office discipline and the latest crusade was the prevention of sexual harassment. I knew all about their program, we’d all just had a mandatory class a few weeks ago.

“So what do we do?” I felt dazed and off centered, like a punch drunk boxer.

“I am already working on it.” I looked into her eyes. I’m glad she was on my side, she made a formidable enemy. “I’ll call you for a meeting about ‘the Johnson project’ when things are ready.” I nodded and she continued. “Then I want you to meet me in Room 425.”

“What’s there?”

“Conference Room services. You’ll see.” She gathered her coffee and gave me a sly, sexy grin. “I think you’ll even enjoy yourself.”

I looked at the lukewarm sludge that lay in the bottom of my coffee cup. So much for getting any work done this afternoon.

- = 0 = -

I stumbled through the afternoon. I played solitaire and shuffled papers, anything that would keep me from thinking about the fix I was in. I chased my problems around my mind, blaming myself, my wife, the women I’d had sex with. Nothing seemed to give me any reassurance. In short, I stewed.

When the phone rang, I jumped. Trying to sound calmer than I felt, I answered, “Mr. Williams.”

“Mr. Williams, this is Ava from Mr. Bland’s office. Do you have a moment to meet with him about the Johnson project?” Her voice was smooth and confident.

Playing my part, I answered, “Sure.”

“Great. He’ll meet with you in Conference room B on the fourth floor.” <click>

I gathered myself before standing up. I had no idea what plan Ava had going on the fourth floor. Head erect, shoulders back, I left my office looking like a man ready to face his firing squad. I found the room easily enough and let myself in.

Room 425 was the size of a broom closet and was crammed from floor to ceiling with electronic equipment. TV monitors and recording devices hummed and blinked from their places on the shelves. Ava joined me within minutes. Without a word, she sat down at the console and started pushing buttons and flicking switches.

“I think that this should do it.” She sounded pleased with herself as she pointed to one of the monitors.

A tall, well made blonde sat on a low couch that sat against one wall. She wore a red dress that looked about a size too small; emphasizing the size of her bosom whenever she took a breath. Her skirt crept up her thigh, showing a great deal of her long legs. I imagined that I could almost see her garters when she sifted in her seat to face the other woman. I recognized the place as one of the interview rooms on this floor. Ava told me that the blonde’s name was Carrie.

The other woman was no slouch in the looks department either. Dressed in a conservative white pant suit, her red hair swept up in a graceful pile on her head, she introduced her self as Dorothea Forman.

“Ms. Forman, I don’t know where to start.” Carrie sounded embarrassed, almost childlike.

“Please call me Dot. How can I help you, Carrie?” Dot leaned forward and patted Carrie’s bare knee. Sitting back into her chair, Dot, arranged a clipboard on her leg and looked ready to take notes.

Carrie started telling Dot about how hard it is to work in Shipping. “Well, I’m sure you know how it is,” she said. “The guys look at your tits while they talk to you. And you can feel their eyes glued to your ass as you walk down the hallway.”

Dot made sympathetic noises and encouraged Carrie to continue.

“I could live with it, if that was all there was.” Carrie was warming to the topic, leaning forward in her chair. Perched like that, her dress billowed to allow a great view of her lovely cleavage. My eyes zeroed in on the inviting valley between her large breasts.

“What else have they done to you?”

“Well, some of the guys think it’s a laugh to drop things in front of me, just so they can watch me bend over.” I can see why, I thought to myself.

Dot seemed to check her notes. Looking up, she asked Carrie another question. My heart skipped a beat. Dot was asking Carrie about the Information Management department. My department. Carrie answered that she hadn’t. Shipping was in another part of the large office complex our company occupied.

Shifting her legs, Carrie shot Dot a quick look up her skirt. I had been right. She was wearing garters! Leaning forward and flashing a charming smile, Carrie asked why Dot had asked about IM. Was there something going on? The tone of the meeting changed from an interview to a girl-chat.

I watched as Carrie started seducing Dot. The conclusion was foregone. Dot had no more chance of ignoring either Carrie’s charm or intent as I would have. Carrie leaned closer to Dot, her tits almost falling out of the tight dress. Without a word, Carrie placed her hand behind Dot’s head and pulled her face in for a kiss.

Dot tilted her face upward; her lips parted from the kiss while Carrie silently unbuttoned her suit jacket. Folding the cups of Dot’s lacy bra out of the way, Carrie ran her tongue around the redhead’s large nipples before sucking one of the erect nubs into her mouth. Dot groaned with pleasure, pressing Carrie’s face tighter against her firm, pale breast.

While Carrie’s lips switched from one breast to the other, Dot started to unbutton the blonde’s dress. I murmured appreciatively as I saw that Carrie was as well endowed as her dress had led me to believe. Her tan lines accentuated her large, almost cantaloupe sized, tits. Pushing Carrie back gently, Dot cupped the blonde’s mounds, lifting them to let her suck on their huge swollen nipples.

Dot sucked and nibbled Carrie’s nipples, making the blonde squirm. At the same time, Dot’s hand traced the seam of Carrie’s stockings from the back of her knee up under her tight dress. She must have found what she was looking for because Carrie started moaning breathlessly and rotating her hips.

Unsatisfied with the one sidedness of the situation, Dot stood and pressed her body against Carrie’s. Pushing the blonde down in to the chair, Dot sank to her knees between Carrie’s legs. Ava pushed some buttons and another monitor came to life, this one showing

another angle. She zoomed in until I could see Dot's small pink tongue playing against Carrie's coral pussy lips.

Carrie spread her labia, stretching her cunt hole wide for Dot's questing tongue. Dot sucked Carrie's clit into her mouth and then licked around the hole without touching it. She teased Carrie like this for several seconds before giving into Carrie's cries and thrusting her tongue deep inside the blonde's wet, gaping hole.

Both women seemed to be warming up quickly. Carrie pulled Dot's face away from her lap. I could see the juices glistening on Dot's face before Carrie kissed her deeply. My cock swelled as I watched Dot's pale body lay on top of Carrie's tan limbs. Dot stood once again and pulled Carrie over to the couch.

Dot lay across the couch and, showing a great deal of suppleness, spread her legs wide. Her pussy didn't look shaved like Carrie's but it was sparsely covered with auburn curls. Her vulva was red and swollen with lust. Dot watched hungrily as Carrie disrobe and knelt on the couch.

Just as Dot had teased her, now Carrie tantalized the redhead's pussy. She licked and played her tongue across the sensitive spots of Dot's body without giving her the release she desired. Carrie spread Dot's cunt lips and inserted a finger. After wiggling the finger around, much to Dot's delight, she pulled it back out and made a great show of tasting the redhead's juices.

"God, you're so hot and sweet," Carrie said. I realized that it was the first words either of them had spoken since Carrie had started the seduction.

The foreplay over, she climbed over Dot, arranging herself in a 69 with the ready and willing redhead. They started slowly, more gentle with each other than a man would have been. They stroked and caressed their partner's twat; cooing and murmuring endearments as they tasted each other. Carrie started finger fucking Dot, sliding one, then two, and finally three fingers into the strawberry pie. Dot's hips churned and pushed against Carrie's hand.

Dot's mouth was just as busy. Having licked and sucked her way across Carrie's pussy, I watched, eyes riveted to the monitor, as Dot's tongue traveled up towards Carrie's puckered asshole. First she only flicked her tongue across the tight rosebud, teasing the blonde with quick wet kisses. I thought that she would soon return to Carrie's dripping snatch but I was wrong. Dot's tongue circled around Carrie's puckered rosette, outlining it in shining saliva. Finally she poked her tongue into Carrie's anus.

Carrie rewarded her with a moan. Arching her back, she allowed Dot to continue rimming her. Dot licked some more, making sure that Carrie's back door was ready before inserting her fingers into the blonde's anus. With her fingers knuckle deep in Carrie's ass, Dot returned to eating the blonde's shaven twat.

I didn't know how much longer they could last. I was ready to blow my wad all over the control panel and I was just watching. Carrie was the first to climax, squeezing her legs together to intensify the sensations that washed through her body. Dot's mouth, still trapped between Carrie's thighs, continued its work but it wasn't too much longer before Dot's body threw itself upward, her back arched in a spasm of pleasure.

I looked over at Ava. She was fingering herself, cumming along with the two girls on the monitor. The show ended with a tonsil cleaning kiss, Ava punched another set of buttons and ejected a video tape. I asked her how she knew about this place and she explained how all of the conference and interview rooms had recorders that could be used to record interviews and meetings. Tapping the cassette against her palm, she told me that the tape would definitely convince Dot to suspend any investigation she might be working on.

Leaning back in the little office chair, I thought that the tape was all. We'd send an anonymous note to Dot Forman with a threat of exposure and that would be it. But Ava had other ideas. Putting the tape in a blank box, she laid out her idea. As I listened to her plan I knew that I was in over my head.

Thursday

(MFF, bond, nc, cheat)

I was early for work this morning. Another sleepless night. Too much caffeine. My stomach had an acid, sour feeling. Hyped up in anticipation of my showdown with Dot Forman.

Ava's plan was to get Dot to a secluded place. Ava would do the talking. I would be there in dark glasses trying to play the strong, sinister type. We would show her the tape we'd made of her and Carrie. Then we'd threaten to expose her as a sexual harassing lesbian who used her position to force young women to have sex with her. I thought that the plan was rather extreme but Ava assured me that it had to be a little theatrical in order to scare Dot. Ava told me that she had entered a meeting with some new clients into the corporate calendar as an excuse for me to leave work for the day.

Ava called my office at 9:30, giving me just enough time to establish my alibi with the secretarial pool. I left for the parking garage and went to my car according to the plan. Ava was hiding under some blankets behind the front seat of my car. She didn't want to be seen leaving with me, she had said. She stayed back there until we were on the interstate, heading into the suburbs. Once she crawled up into the passenger's seat, I asked her where we were going to meet Dot. Ava smiled and said that she was taking me to the company's apartment; a small, furnished place that the company kept for visiting VIPs.

As I drove up to the place, a smart looking townhouse that sat above a garage, Ava produced the garage door opener and let us in. She used it again to close the garage door before she let me out of the car. She had started putting on her costume.

Seeing me sitting there, she said, "Put on your glasses and hat." I thought that we were taking this cloak and dagger bit a little too far. Annoyed, I asked her when Dot would arrive.

With one of her trademark smiles Ava replied, "Dot's already here with us."

She laughed at my puzzled look and told me to open the trunk. When I did I saw Dot Forman there, dressed for work, bound with white cord and gagged with a piece of shiny duct tape.

"Holy shit! You've kidnapped her! We were just supposed to scare her, not this!" I was near hysterics.

“Calm down and help me get her out of the trunk. We’ve got work to do. And don’t think about backing out.” She looked me right in the eye. “You’re the one that is the reason we had to do this.” That brought me up short. Between the guilt and confusion, I surrendered.

From then on I followed Ava’s orders. I got Dot out of the trunk, slung her over my shoulder as carefully as I could, and carried her up the stairs into the apartment. Ava steered me into the small dining area. A pull-up bar with extra eye-bolts was set high across the doorway that connected the dining area with the living room.

Ava instructed me to secure Dot’s wrists to the bar and shackle her feet to the bolts that were in the doorframe at ankle level. Dot started to struggle when she heard this but there wasn’t much she could do since her hands were tied behind her back. I put some bulky leather manacles on her wrists and ankles, holding Dot securely while Ava locked them to the bar and the eye-bolts.

Dot thrashed around as much as she could, her sounds of protests came through the tape across her mouth as squeals and moans. Ava, still in her dark glasses, stood in front of Dot and inspected her. Reaching into a knapsack that lay against the wall she pulled out a pair of surgical scissors, like the ones in a first aid kit. Handing them to me, she retrieved a second, identical pair.

“Cut the bitch’s clothes off.” Her voice sounded cold. Not at all like either the professional secretary or the cock hungry slut that I’d seen her be.

Ava started on Dot’s suit jacket. The scissors’ keen edges parted the suit’s seams easily. Watching her throw the pieces of tan material into the corner, I started disassembling Dot’s skirt. I tossed the now useless material into the corner along with what was left of Dot’s jacket and blouse. I reached for her garter belt and Ava stopped me.

“No. Cut off her bra and panties but leave the garter.”

She stepped back to admire her handiwork. I snipped through the bra straps, adding them to the pile in the corner. Rather than use the scissors, I put my hand into the waistband of her panties. I gave them a clean jerk, ripping the white cotton away cleanly.

I had to walk around the kitchen divider to join Ava, but the sight was spectacular. I had some idea of what Dot looked like in the buff, but the video monitor hadn’t prepared me for the real thing. She was fair to the point that I could see her blood vessels through her pale skin. She was also trim, her breasts standing proudly on her chest.

“Look at her,” Ava sounded nasty again, “the slut is getting wet.” She was right, I could see Dot’s pussy start to get damp.

In my best tough guy voice I decided to start the show. “Let’s get started.” I could feel my cock twitch. I wondered if Ava’s plan would let me sample some of Dot’s ‘strawberry pie.’

Ava started talking, telling Dot about the video of her and Carrie in the interview room. She sounded like a bitch goddess, calling Ava a whore and a slut. Ava keeps telling Dot that the only option that she has is to cooperate with us, but Dot keeps shaking her head.

“Fine, you want to play games.” Ava grabbed Dot’s crotch, covering her mound with her petite hand. “We’ll show you what we have. It’ll make you wetter than you are already.”

At her signal, I turned on the VCR. Dot tried to turn her face away, but Ava held her head still. Stepping through the doorway, Ava stood behind Dot. Whenever the redhead tried to look away, Ava would strike her ass with a loud smack. I sat in the living room, watching as Dot become more and more aroused. I had never watched a woman get turned on like this and the sight of her cunt, engorged by lust, swelling and lubricating mesmerized me.

When the movie showed Carrie and Dot on the couch, Ava increased her punishment, pinching and slapping the redhead's nude body. At the end of the video Ava demanded that Dot sign a "confession", an admission that she used her position to exploit other women. Dot refused with a sharp shake of her head.

Stepping back from our captive, Ava sharply gestured to me. "Use the whore."

Dumping the contents of the knapsack onto the dining room table, Ava sorted through a variety of dildos and vibrators. I moved from my seat toward our captive. I had stopped thinking about her as Dot, a woman. Now she was a piece of meat, a cunt that I was going to fuck while Ava watched me.

Standing a few inches in front of her I cupped her left breast, gently feeling its firm shape and soft skin. I leaned forward and took the nipple into my mouth, sucking it slightly and teasing it with my tongue. Dot responded by closing her eyes and moaning softly. Once I had gotten her nipple erect, I switched back to caressing it, lightly taking the nipple between my thumb and forefinger. Without warning, I squeezed as hard as I could, pinching the nipple in a vise like trap.

Dot's body stiffened, her limbs pulling sharply against their bonds. I kept my face blank as she looked into the dark sunglasses with tears welling up in her eyes. I eased my grip on her tit without releasing it, but she stiffened again as I traced my left hand across her stomach to her snatch. Gently winding her auburn pubic curls around my fingertips, I massaged her clit before dipping my fingers into her wet slit. Ava was right. Dot was wet already.

Selecting a long dildo and a slender 'anal penetrator', Ava told me to get Dot ready. Running my hand along her pussy, I spread her juices around her ass with my fingers to lube her for the vibrator. Inserting it, I secured it with a piece of duct tape while Ava set up a camera to record Dot's torture.

The vibrator hummed in her ass, sending its ticklish sensations throughout Dot's body. I gave her a moment to get used to the feeling before I knelt in front of her cunt. Pressing my face into her red snatch, I had to agree with Carrie. Dot was definitely sweet and hot. I allowed myself only a few seconds of muff diving before getting back to the bondage scene.

Making sure that the vibrator was in as far as it would go, I bent my legs slightly, held her hips so that she couldn't move, and pressed my cock into Dot's wet pussy. She was so wet my cock slid all the way in on the first stroke. I plowed her depths as she moaned and thrashed, hanging from her restraints like a marionette from its strings.

Reaching around her I fingered her erect clit, making quick circles on her clitoral mound and sliding my fingers across her slit. That did the trick. Within seconds I felt her cunt flutter, milking my cock with her vaginal muscles. I threw my head back and came with a roar, shooting my jism deep inside her.

Ava, who had been filming all of this, told me to bring Dot into the living room. I pulled my still turgid cock from her pussy, my thighs covered in our juices. While Ava undressed in the living room, I took Dot's wrist manacles off the bar, shackling them behind her back. I released her ankles as well, leaving them unattached so that she could walk. Around her neck I fastened a large leather dog collar. Clipping a chain leash to it, I led Dot into the living room and handed Ava the leash.

Ava spread her legs, resting each calf on an arm of the chair she was sitting in. She wound the leash around her fist, reeling Dot in closer to her. Finally Dot's face rested against Ava's sheer stockings. Dot whimpered, like a dog that had been punished, and kissed Ava's tan thigh. Straining against her leash, Dot tried to kiss Ava's spread cunt but couldn't quite reach it.

"Eat me whore." Ava hooked her fingers into Dot's collar, and held the redhead firmly against her pussy. I picked up the camera and took some shots of Dot frantically lapping Ava's shaven pussy. Ava, her eyes closed in ecstasy, held tightly to the collar and moaned. Before she could come, however, she wrenched Dot's mouth away from her wet snatch and kissed her. I watched their tongues duel, as Ava tasted herself on Dot's tongue and lips.

"Sign the paper and we'll be friends." Ava rubbed her cheek against Dot's whispering sotto voce in her ear.

"Noooooooooo." Dot groaned. She twisted as if to escape Ava's grip on the dog collar. Ava looked up at me. I put the camera down, ready for her command.

"She needs some more convincing." I nodded. Dot, scared of what I might do, pulled against the collar, trying to look over her shoulder to watch me.

Without saying another word, I knelt behind the now struggling redhead, between her legs. Pushing her face back towards Ava's pussy with my left hand, I cocked my right behind my ear. <<SMACK>> My open hand landed on Dot's pale ass cheek. My red handprint remained as I drew back for another. <<SMACK>>

Dot struggled harder, forcing Ava to get on the floor to control her. She pressed Dot's head to the floor, holding her still while I spanked her with slow, measured blows. Dot tried to close her legs or move out of the way, but I held her shackled wrists and kept her from crawling away. I had landed six or seven solid whacks on her right cheek before I switched to her left. By the time I had reached 10, tears were flowing down her face and her ass was as red as a cherry. My hand stung by this time, so I stopped to flex my hand and look around for something else to flog Dot with. Grabbing my wrist, Ava stopped me for going after my belt.

"Fuck her in the ass."

I looked down at the red abused ass but I was so intoxicated with the feeling of domination that I just nodded. Feeling between her legs, once again I used her pussy juices to lubricate her. Ava held Dot's torso while I rubbed the large, plum shaped head of my cock against her puckered asshole. I massaged her anus with my fingers, slowly working my middle finger past her tight sphincter. Once it was all the way inside her I pulled it out bit by bit and added another digit, gradually stretching her to allow my cock inside.

After I'd put three fingers inside her, I heard Dot moan and rock back against my hand. I knew that she was ready for my cock. I smeared some more pussy juice on my cock and pressed my cock head against her rosette. I pressed slightly and felt her stiffen. Despite the preparation,

I knew that my cock was a lot bigger than my fingers, so I held still and let her relax. After a few more breaths, I pressed again and slid my cock inside her tight ass. Inch by inch I worked my long thick cock inside her back passage, holding her still and rocking my cock in and out despite her muffled protests.

When I finally had the entire length of my cock inside her, I paused to let her feel the fullness of it. Then I started to pull out until only my cock head remained inside before reversing course. I started slow, letting her get used to the feeling, but as my orgasm grew nearer I picked up the pace until I was fucking her ass with long hard deep strokes. I roared as I blew my load, holding her hips so that my cock was planted as deep inside her as I could be. Dot thrashed and convulsed, impaled by my dick. She screamed as she came, her auburn hair flying as she collapsed against me.

I took a whore's bath with a washcloth as Ava chained Dot to a dog bed that she'd set in the corner of the bedroom. I watched Dot curl up on the large cushion, my cum leaking from both her pussy and ass. Her ass was still bright red from the spanking I'd given her.

"What about the paper?" I asked. I hadn't paid much attention to what Ava was doing after I'd finished fucking Dot in the ass, but I didn't see any sign of the paper we'd been asking Dot to sign.

"Don't worry about it. With the pictures we got today and the tape, she won't be telling anyone about anything we're doing."

Ava and I dressed quickly; leaving the town house after Ava dropped the manacle keys within arm's reach of the sleeping Dot. We drove away from the apartment in silence. I dropped Ava off near a mall, so that she could catch a bus home, and drove myself home.

As I returned to my own, empty house, I was surprised that I didn't feel elated or hyped after that incredible sexual experience. I was dazed. Numb. I took a shower, poured myself a drink, and slumped into a chair. Sitting in the living room I discovered that I wasn't at all proud of what we'd done, regardless of why we did it.

Taking a healthy pull on my whiskey, I told myself that I needed to find a way to stop having sex with my secretaries, keep my job, and think of a good story to tell my wife when she returned on Sunday.

Friday

(MMF, FF, wife, cheat, office)

I was amazed out how this week had turned out. Only one more day and I could hide at home and try to recover my once sane, boring, and suburban life. But it wasn't going to be easy. The morning was a series of sexual frustrations. Brenda kept walking in and out of my office with suggestive looks and "casual" brushes up against me.

Around 10 o'clock, I got a call from Ava. Mr. Bland wanted to see me immediately. I arrived for the meeting and got ushered in by the very professional looking Ava. No sign of the slut that fucked me in the file room, shared Brenda with me, or even played the dominatrix with Dot. Mr. Bland welcomed me and invited me to sit in one of his overstuffed leather chairs. I was polite, waiting for the small talk to end and the work to start.

I expected the conversation to turn to the quarterly review presentation that I'd been working on all week. Instead, Mr. Bland ("call me Hank") made a rather risqué comment about Ava's ass as she walked into the office. Rather than stop there, he reached over to her and hugged her hip as she stepped behind his desk. Every sense of self-preservation I had sent signal rockets to my brain. Danger!!

I squirmed in my chair, holding my breath to see where this line of conversation was going. I really got uncomfortable when Hank asked me if I'd ever had one of Ava's "special knobjobs."

Inside I thought to myself, are there regular ones? Outside I tried to be calm and maintain my professional demeanor. Before I could think of a neutral answer, Ava proudly told him that she'd already given me several blow jobs and that I had a nice long cock.

My jaw hit the floor. My life flashed proverbially before my eyes. I thought I was through.

Then the miracle occurred.

Instead of firing me on the spot, Hank patted Ava's hip and said, "Well darling, ya' think I could talk you into a knobjob now?"

"I was wondering when you were going to ask."

Smiling, Ava unbuttoned her dress and carefully folded it across a chair. She was wearing nothing but a push-up bra and a garter and stocking set. She walked around the desk, posing for me in front of the desk. She bent over the corner of Hank's desk and took his cock into her mouth. Figuring that I had nothing to lose, I knelt between her spread legs and tasted her sweet pussy. The grin on Hank Bland's face looked like it might actually split his face in two as he fed his cock into Ava's throat.

I took off my jacket and fished my cock out of my trousers, ready to get into the action. I stroked my cock hard and steadied her hips for my entry. Taking my cock in my hand I decided to tease her a bit, tracing my cock around her hole without trying to enter her. I rubbed my cock head against her sensitive clit. Ava moaned and wiggled her hips, silently asking me to put my cock inside her.

I decided to oblige her and placed the head of my cock against the mouth of her love tunnel. Pushing my hips forward I parted her cunt with my cock head and then stopped. I entered her slowly, feeding my cock into her hungry cunt inch by inch. Ava removed Hank's cock from her mouth and sucked his balls. Rocking forward as I pushed my cock into her, I wanted to let Hank take the lead.

He did just that asking me to switch places moments later. Ava took him by the hand and moved from the desk over to the area rug in the middle of the room. The pair of them positioned themselves with Ava on top, riding Hank. Ava mounted him quickly, setting a much faster pace than I had. The wet slap of their thighs came fast and hard.

Ava tried to suck my cock but the motion made it hard for her to keep my cock in her mouth. I looked for some place to put my hard cock and, once again, Hank showed me the way to go. He grabbed Ava's ass cheeks, using them to push his cock deep inside her. His grasp spread them wide and displayed her tight brown rosette.

Grinning evilly, I used my middle finger to massage her anus. Picking up lubrication from her cunt, I inserted my finger. My cock twitched as my finger rubbed against Hank's cock through the thin wall of Ava's skin. I rotated my finger while I slowly stroked it in and out of her ass. Satisfied that she was ready, I inserted a second finger and continued finger fucking her back passage.

Ava looked over her shoulder and begged me to fuck her. "Put it in me. Put your cock in my ass."

"How can I refuse you?" My joke was lost on Hank who had stopped bouncing under Ava. He held her hips tightly to steady her ass and I placed my cock against her asshole. Ava exhaled slowly as I pressed my cock into her ass. After my cock head had entered her I stopped and let Ava adjust to the throbbing piece of meat that I was inserting.

Hank shifted and I groaned as my cock felt his inside Ava's tunnel. I pressed forward again, sliding my cock past her tight sphincter. Ava grimaced, the size of two cocks stretching her painfully.

She dropped her head against Hank's shoulder. Through the curtain of her hair, I heard her murmur. "More. Give me more."

Taking her hips in my hands, I picked up the pace. My cock slid all the way in, resting against Hank's. At first we tried alternating thrusts, see sawing our cocks into Ava, but the physics of our bodies made it difficult to get the depth we wanted. Instead, we switched to pulling Ava onto both cocks at the same time. We took the first few strokes slowly, trying to keep from hurting Ava, but picked up the pace as the friction inside her body led us closer and closer to cumming.

Ava moaned uncontrollably, hoarse animalistic sounds as our cocks stretched her insides. At first, I had been uncomfortable when my balls touched Hank's cock but the feeling of my impending orgasm soon drove any other thoughts from my mind. Seconds later my balls tightened and my cum spurted into Ava's ass.

Hank's body stiffened as he too dumped his load inside Ava. I slowed my strokes but kept my cock moving, trying to help Ava gain her release. Finally she gave a strangled cry. I felt her body shudder strongly before she collapsed completely on top of Hank.

I gently pulled my still turgid cock out of her ass and helped Hank roll her on to her side on the rug. She lay still, her ribcage heaving as she tried to catch her breath.

Retrieving some warm wash cloths from Hank's bathroom I passed them out for the others to refresh themselves. We knelt on the rug, wiping the cum and sweat off our bodies. His knees spread wide as he wiped spooge from his deflating cock, Hank wished Ava well in her new job, remarking at how hard she would be to replace.

That was when Ava, still nude and with a thin trickle of my cum leaking down her thighs, told me the best news of all. Hank had decided to give me the promotion that I'd been hoping for. I walked back to my office in a daze. This week had been such a roller coaster I would need to take some vacation just to recover.

Saturday

My weekend had finally arrived. I had escaped from the office exhausted but, with my promotion secure and my boss happy, I devoted myself to getting the house ready for my wife and kids to return. Veronica, my wife, was due home the next day with the kids. With all my extracurricular activity this last week I hadn't done much housekeeping.

I had started early so I'd cleaned most of the house and was about to start running errands around town when the phone rang. It was Ava calling from the company apartment. She was on her way out of town and needed some help packing. Figuring I'd be a nice guy and, perhaps get a farewell spin around the sheets, I dropped what I was doing and headed over to the apartment.

I walked in the garage door, like Ava told me, and got the surprise of my life. There, laying on the living room couch, was Veronica getting her pussy eaten by Ava!. Veronica watched my approach, her eyes half closed as she sank into ecstasy brought on by my Ava's eager mouth. I stood, mouth wide open and eyes wide, as Ava raised her head from my wife's pussy.

Ava spoke briefly. "Stop staring and get naked." I noticed that her hand continued to massage Veronica's clit.

I couldn't help myself, I had known that my wife was curious about experiencing another woman, but the sight of her lying naked in bed stunned me. Her breath whistled through her clenched teeth as Ava's stimulation threatened to overwhelm her senses. She lifted her legs, spreading them wider to give me a better view of Ava's fingers as they played across her labia and clit.

I stripped off my clothes in a daze. My cock didn't have the same problems my brain had, however, springing to life from my trousers and bouncing along with my pulse.

Ava's tanned body made an erotic contrast to Veronica's fair skin. Ava knelt between Veronica's legs, carefully licking and fingering my wife. I crept up on the couch, maneuvering myself to suckle at Veronica's small, pink nipples. Taking an erect nub in my mouth, I rolled it around with tongue, adding to Veronica's excitement. Shifting my head, I watched Ava as she spread Veronica's labia and used her tongue to tease her clit. Ava didn't need Veronica's hand on the back of her head to remind how my wife was enjoying the pussy licking.

When Ava finally came up for air, she asked Veronica to return the favor. Rather than waste words answering, Veronica helped Ava climb onto the back of the couch to gain access to the blonde's shaven pussy. I saw my chance and moved myself down to the floor to replace Ava in between Veronica's legs.

I inhaled deeply, smelling my wife's excitement, before bending forward to taste her rich nectar. I kept my tongue broad, plowing Veronica's twat like a furrow from her hole to her clit. Seeing how she was already dripping from Ava's attentive tongue, I picked up Veronica's legs and spread her thighs to get better access to her love nest.

Feeling me shift her around, Veronica lifted her mouth from Ava's cunt. "I want your cock inside me," she panted.

Ava moved once again, this time into a 69, holding Veronica's legs as I positioned myself to fuck her. She was so wet that there was no need for preliminaries. I lunged forward and impaled her on my long cock. I was enflamed with lust. The force of my thrusts kept

knocking Veronica off Ava's pussy, so she was forced to hold on to Ava's hips to keep from being pushed along the couch.

While I pounded Veronica's pussy, Ava made herself busy by frigging her clit. The combination of penetration and clitoral stimulation had Veronica screaming as she came, spurting clear, sweet liquor over my cock and Ava's hand. The feeling of her spasming cunt pushed me to the edge of my own climax. I redoubled my efforts to blow my load, slamming my hips against Veronica's. Ava stared at my cock, mesmerized as it appeared and disappeared into my wife's cunt.

Just as I was ready to shoot my wad, Ava gazed up at me with a hungry, pleading look. "Cum in my face. Please. I want to taste your cum."

I drew my cock out of Veronica just in time to spurt my thick white cream over Ava's outstretched tongue, face, and tits in a classic porn movie "money shot." Ava quickly lapped up my seed, swallowing my cock to clean off any that might be remaining. She sat back on the couch and allowed Veronica to climb out from underneath the blonde. Reaching up Veronica pulled Ava's face down to hers. They sank back into a long deep kiss, their tongues fencing as they exchanged the taste of my cum.

On the way home, Veronica told me that Ava had been in contact with her all week. She explained that, as part of Ava's farewell, he had been loaned out to help fulfill some of the other girls' fantasies. I was amazed. Everything – the lunch hour orgy with Brenda, the bondage scene with Dot, and the double team with Hank – had been set up by Ava.

"How did you know that I would go along with it?" I asked innocently.

Veronica scoffed. "That was the easy part," she replied with a cynical laugh, "The hard part was making sure that no one else caught on to what was going on."

We returned home exhausted from our farewell tumble with Ava. Veronica and I collapsed into each other's arms and slept like the dead. The next morning Mildred, Veronica's mother, showed up with our 2 kids. Everything was hugs and smiles as the kids chattered on and on about their week with Grandma.

That night, after everyone else was asleep, Veronica and I lay in bed talking. I had been waiting for her to say something about my extramarital activities. Finally I decided to broach the subject myself. I explained how bad I felt, how guilt gnawed away at my gut, and how badly I needed her reassurance that everything was all right.

"Well how do I answer this?" In the dark, I couldn't tell if she was teasing me or not.

I felt, rather than saw, her move closer. My hands reflexively moved to caress her through her thin nightgown. I pulled her close and waited for her to say she forgave me. Hoping she would say that she forgave me. My heart stopped. I might have even held my breath as I waited for my wife to speak three simple words. Four syllables.

Finally she took a careful breath. "Yes, I forgive you."

She confessed that she had volunteered my cock to Ava. But she was disappointed that I'd been so eager to join in to Ava's sexual Olympics. In part, she knew that I'd been stressed out and she had been busy with volunteer activities. Another part was that she'd felt a strange sense of pride that the other women had been anxious to test drive my dick.

She had forgiven me. But there were conditions, she said. First, I was never to repeat my escapades – even with girls like Brenda and Dot that still worked at the company. Unless I talked with her first. Second, I had to do penance. I felt a twinge in my gut when I heard that. I must have stiffened but Veronica just patted my arm and told me not to worry, the trial she had in mind was far less than I'd already gone through.

We made love that night in a familiar, unhurried way that long-time lovers have. I fell asleep easily for the first time all week.