

D05 Part Time

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Tony sat down on the mall bench with a big sigh. He'd ridden his bike over to get a birthday card to send to his sister, away at college. Bought, signed, stamped, and mailed.

Life sucked, he concluded. He understood, spending his first two years at the local junior college, then transferring to a real college to finish up -- that's what his sister did, and he understood why it made a lot of sense.

But with all the budget cuts, he'd been lucky to get into the junior college, and had only been able to get three useful classes. Mom didn't understand, but dad did -- he wasn't going to take crap classes just for the sake of taking classes! But with his mom -- can't win -- why aren't you taking more classes? Why are you spending so much on books? Why aren't you studying? Why aren't you doing the *n* things I asked you to do -- because I'm studying, mom!

He got up and started walking. Lots of closed-up storefronts. He knew their family was lucky, both mom and dad with solid jobs.

Walking down a side alley with smaller shops, he saw the sign in the window: Help Wanted - Part Time. He looked at the stuff in the window -- all sorts, from electronics to incense, neck pillows, all kinds of stuff. Might as well check it out!

He pushed the door open and heard a chime sound in the back.

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Pam heard the chime and got up, glancing at the video display which showed one person in the shop.

"Can I help you?" she asked the young man standing in the shop looking around.

He smiled. "You have a part-time job available?"

Pam smiled, feelings rumbling through her... Easy, girl, she told herself. "Why yes -- I'm Pamela," she said, offering a hand.

Pamela liked the hesitation as his eyes caught on her full bosom, but he took her hand and shook it.

"I'm Tony Casner."

"Pleased to meet you, Tony -- what kind of work are you looking for?"

Tony smiled a bit more. "Anything that doesn't involve asking if you want fries."

Pam chuckled. "You've had experience with that?"

He shook his head. "No, but my friends have."

Pam moved to sitting on the stool behind the counter. "Tell me about yourself -- what are you doing now?"

Tony took a breath. "I turned 18 in April, graduated from high school, and just started at City College. But with all the cutbacks, I could only get three useful classes. I need to do something else, or I'm gonna go crazy!"

Pam nodded. "And some money wouldn't hurt," she suggested.

"Not at all -- Mom complains about how much books cost, and in the next breath complains about me not taking more classes."

Pam smirked a bit. "Do you have any work experience?"

"I did seasonal at Target last Christmas, cashier, that's it."

"You don't want to go back there?"

Tony shook his head. "No way -- they don't rehire seasonals anyway. You get yelled at if people don't sign up for red cards. You get yelled at if people take too long to complete a transaction. They're talking on the phone and counting out pennies, taking their damn time, and the cashier gets yelled at for being slow." He sighed. "Sorry about that. It wasn't fun. I was with a group that was hired for the holiday crush and then cut loose."

Pam smiled. She folded her arms under her breasts to see what that would do. Tony's eyes locked on her, he turned a bit red, and looked up at the shelves.

"What experience do you have with computers?" Pam asked.

That brought more of an animated smile. "I helped run labs at school for two years. My dad is in software, so we've had them since I was little. I've been helping him maintain and fix stuff for friends and family for years. Office stuff, internet, website maintenance, hardware and software upgrades, security, no problems."

“Mac or PC?” she asked.

“We have a lot of Macs at home, and one PC. I can handle both,” Tony replied with a grin.

“What times do you have available?”

He sighed. “The only classes I could get were early in the morning -- I’m done by ten thirty! I can’t even sleep in most days!”

Pam shook her head and chuckled. “Any problems with lifting boxes?”

“Nope.”

“Oh, is this a good time to talk? I should have asked that first.”

He smiled. “I had one errand to do, and it’s done. Nothing until dinner time.”

Pam smiled. She felt her nipples tightening up. “Good! Why don’t we go in back. Let me get the door first.” She came around to the front of the counter, deliberately brushing him with her breasts as she walked by. How nice -- he blushed again! She wondered if he felt her nipples; they felt hard to her! She locked the door and flipped the sign around to Closed.

“Back here,” she said, brushing him again as she led him to the back of the store.

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Tony took a breath and followed her back into the store. He was having a hard time not getting hard -- her breasts, the way she stood there with her arms underneath them, putting them on display! And then brushing against him when she went to the door!

“Tony?” she said.

“Oh, sorry,” Tony replied, looking at her again. Look at her eyes. But her lips...

“Like something to drink? A Pepsi?” she asked.

“Sure! That would be great.”

But then she bent over to get the drinks out of a small fridge, and turned some before she stood up, so he got a better look at her tits. He felt himself turning red again as she handed him the can.

“Besides retail, I have a web-based store, and it’s doing better all the time. A lot of what you’d be doing, if you’re interested, of course, is taking the orders from the web store and

packaging them for shipment. UPS comes by a little after three in the afternoon, so if you were to get here by eleven, say, that would give you four hours to pull and pack orders. Does that sound interesting?"

"Uh, yeah, sure!"

She sat in a chair and pulled it up to a little desk and a big LCD. "I'll show you -- over here," she gestured for him to come closer. She moved him *quite* close, and then said, "Lean over -- look over my shoulder!"

"Uh, okay," he managed to say, leaning over to hide his hard on, which only got harder when he smelled her and glanced down at the tops of her tits.

"The web service does a great job -- this page shows the orders. They're already matched against available inventory, and the shippers are ready to print out. So I click to bring up the first one, hit print, and..."

The laser printer spit out a few sheets. She reached over and got them, turning a bit. "The top one is the packing slip that goes in the box, the second one is our record copy, and here's the UPS shipper, all filled out! All we need to do is pull and pack!"

Then she stood up so suddenly, pushing those beautiful tits into him, pushing him back!

"Oh, I'm sorry! Let's go get these things. Oh, if you look here," she held up the sheet, moving close to him again, "it suggests what size box to use. It's a great system; saves me a lot of work! This one is only two items -- why don't you get them, and I'll get the box ready." She handed Tony the sheet, and headed to the back of the area.

Tony stood there. He smiled -- it sure sounded like he was getting a job!

He found the two things -- an inflatable neck pillow, and some eyeshades. He took them back to where he'd seen Pam go.

In the far back there was a work table and above it was a big dispenser full of pink foam peanuts for packaging.

"Good! You found them okay?"

"Easy," he managed to say. Was her scent stronger?

"I like to double-check the box size -- some times we can use a smaller one than the web thing suggests. But this time it's right. I put a few peanuts in the bottom, then add the products, and the packing slip. More peanuts, close it..." She reached for a tape dispenser and put wide clear tape around the box quickly. She turned and smiled to him. "You get quick at this!" She picked up the shipper and folded it, taking a plastic envelope off a shelf and putting the folded shipper inside. She looked at the front, then to Tony. "Always check to be sure the printed side

is showing! I've made that mistake more than once!" She peeled the backing off the UPS label and put it on the box. "Done! Back up front again!"

They walked to the workstation again. She put her arm around his waist and pulled him closer, leaning over to grab the mouse with her other hand. She let go of him and he took half a step away.

"I click here, and that tells it we've pulled and packaged things, and then click here that it's ready to be picked up. It automatically updates inventory, and the web part of the thing sends an e-mail to the customer with the tracking number." She stood up and looked at Tony. "Think you could handle that?"

Tony smiled. "Sure, no problem." Being around her, so close, *that* would be the problem.

"When UPS comes by, we get new stock, so that has to be unpacked, checked against invoices to make sure we're getting what we ordered, entered into inventory, and put on the shelves."

"You'd need to show me how that goes," he offered.

Pam smiled. "Good! I was thinking three days a week to start, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, say eleven to four? Would that work out?"

Tony was surprised! "Ah, sure!"

"How would you get here? Do you drive?"

"I've got my license, and insurance, but we don't have a spare car that works; dad's supposed to be taking care of that. We live a few blocks from here, and City College is just on the other side of the mall -- I usually ride my bike, but I could walk, and dad could pick me up in the afternoon. He goes in to work at the crack of dawn and leaves around four most days."

Pam smiled and nodded. "I was thinking of ten dollars an hour? That's before taxes, of course. How does that sound?"

Tony was even more surprised! "Ah, that sounds good..."

"Let me show you the rest of the area, and some other things..."

Tony was smiling even more -- this was his day!

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Pam was feeling wet. She wanted him! And she was going to get him! She'd seen the pole in his pants, and seen him blush... She was going to take the chance!

“We have our own bathroom, here. You’ve seen the little fridge. We’ve also got a sink and a microwave if you don’t want to visit the food court in the mall -- they give a discount to other mall folks. And in here,” she opened the door to her sanctuary, turning on the light. The walls were covered in carpet, and there was a lounge in the small room, along with a side table. A small LCD on one wall showed the front of the store.

Pam stepped to one of the carpeted walls and pushed on it. “Lots of foam behind these -- the neighbors next door used to make a lot of noise! But this keeps it quiet!”

Then she turned on Tony, pulling him closer, turning him and pushing him against the wall, pressing her body against his as she kissed him.

Part of her was worried she’d be rebuffed, but after a few seconds, she felt his arms go around her, holding her. She also felt something else making its presence known... She moved his hands to her breasts, which he started feeling crudely but eagerly!

She pulled back after a bit and looked at him. He was panting, glassy-eyed, and smiling. “Tony,” she whispered, “Would you like to suck on my breasts?”

The shudder that went through him, she was worried he’d come already!

But he nodded and managed to say, “Oh yes!”

She laid him out on the lounge, pulling off his shoes and then his pants and underwear -- still standing proud! She quickly shed her dress, undies, and bra and climbed atop him on all fours.

He reached for her, touching her so gently, so reverently, the look of wonder on his face...

“Relax, Tony and let me,” she whispered, moving and lowering a breast to him as she slid a hand behind his head.

“Gentle, gentle,” she whispered, squeezing the back of his head as he latched on to her nipple. It took a bit of coaching for him to get it right, but oh when he did... Pam closed her eyes and shuddered, orgasm rippling through her, and another building...

She reached between her legs. He gasped as she touched his cock, and she deftly started him in and slid him home. Letting her weight rest on him, holding him to her nipple, he felt so good. She leaned into him more... He moaned and sucked more. Almost, almost there, holding still, trying to make it last, make him last... She knew, but she had to -- she started rocking her hips. It would only take a few strokes to push her over the edge, but... Not too many and he moaned underneath her and she felt his warmth filling her, but she was close, so close. She held his head tight and rocked strongly, going over the edge, so good, so good, loosening up on him a bit, still rocking, swirling her hips moving him around inside her and getting one more spurt out of him.

Holding him, letting him suckle was so good, so fulfilling. So was having him inside her.

He turned his head, and she held him between her breasts for a moment before pushing up on her elbows.

“Hi there,” she said, leaning down and kissing him.

He smiled, still blissed out.

“I also expect you to make love with me at least once a day, and if you’d like me to hold you and suckle you, we can do that as well. Would you like that, Tony?”

His eyes closed halfway and he sighed.

She lowered her other breast to him for a few minutes.

Sitting up, she watched him until his eyes opened. He looked startled at first, then smiled and reached up to touch a breast -- so gently, so reverently.

“Do you want the job, Tony?” she asked.

He smiled. “Yes, yes I do.”

“This part is off the books, I think you understand...”

He nodded, smiling.

“But it’s an important part of the job -- for both of us?”

“Oh yes,” he agreed.

Pam grabbed a hand towel and wiped them both as they separated. “Then why don’t we get dressed, and you can get the rest of today’s orders ready to ship. Then we can come back here and I can start teaching you how to do your *other* job -- but some parts you already do very nicely...”

Pam only smiled as he let out a big sigh.

As they got dressed, she couldn’t help it -- she gave him a big hug, holding him to her bare bosom. He quickly found a nipple and she held him for a while, rocking him gently.

That smile on his face when she eased him off her! “We have orders to ship!” she reminded both of them, reaching to his pants and feeling a good solid erection again. Oh, he was going to be fun!

“Yes,” he started, then frowned, pausing.

She pulled him close, kissing his forehead. “What is it?”

He held on. “What do I call you?” he sighed.

She smiled. “Out in the shop, around others, Pam, Pamela, or Miss Meyer. But when it’s just the two of us, you may call me Mistress.” She kissed him on the forehead.

“Yes, Mistress. I like that,” he said.

Hearing it send a thrill through her. “So do I, Tony. Let’s get some work done. I want to watch you do the first couple of orders, okay?”

“Good -- I want you to. Dad always tells me it’s never wrong to ask for help.”

She gave him another hug.

She watched him take care of the next two orders in the queue -- the second one was more complicated, and he handled it without a problem.

A chime sounded -- “Oh goodness,” she said, “I need to open up! Tour bus Tuesday!”

She hurried to the front of the store and quickly opened up; a few Japanese tourists came in. One had a printed list! The afternoon was improving!

After a few minutes, she remembered -- she had Tony! “Oh Tony, could you come up front for a moment please?” she called.

She watched in amusement as Tony stepped into the front part of the store and almost backed out again! She handed him the list. “Could you get these for me from stock, please?”

“Certainly,” he said with a smile.

Pam went back to helping customers.

Half an hour later, with one more call to Tony to get product from the back, and they were gone. She leaned on her stool and took a breath.

After a few minutes, she went to see how Tony was doing.

He was standing by the shipping table in the back.

Pam walked up to him, put her arms around him, and gave him a big kiss. He hugged her close, melting in her arms.

“Oh, I’m glad you are here!” she told him, still hugging him.

Stepping back, she asked, “Why aren’t these sealed?” pointing to the six boxes on the table.

Tony said, “I wanted to review them with you first, to make sure I didn’t screw up anything. And I had a question about one.”

Pam smiled. “Okay, good -- show me!”

The first two were fine. The next one, he showed her the packing sheet. “This one, when I went to pull stuff, this thing comes in brown, blue, or gray, and there’s no color selected. I noticed we’re shipping to Seattle, so I called the gal on the phone number she’d given, and asked her what color she wanted. She wanted blue, and I noted that on the packing slip and on our copy. Is that okay?”

Pam was practically beaming. “What did the customer think?”

Tony shrugged. “She thanked me for calling. She...”

Pam grabbed his head and kissed him again. When he got wobbly and she had to hold him up, she told him, “That was great, Tony -- you did the right thing.” She looked in his eyes and growled, “How can I thank you for that?”

He leaned forward and kissed a cloth-covered breast.

“Oh you are such a catch!” she exclaimed. They reviewed the rest of the orders, sealed them up, and flipped the outside sign to let the UPS driver know they had a pickup.

A little after three, Pam heard the back door buzzer. She headed for the back, telling Tony, “That’s UPS!”

Pam opened the door. “Hi, Carol -- anything for us today?” she greeted her regular delivery person.

“Hi Pam, nothing today. What do you have for me? Oh, I’ll take him!” Carol said, spotting Tony.

Pam looked over -- Tony was blushing again. She sighed; youth. “Carol, this is Tony -- he’s going to be helping me part time, packing orders for shipment -- so if you see shippers upside-down, it’s his fault from now on. Tony, Carol is our delivery person most of the time.”

“Good to meet you,” Tony told her.

Carol was young, trim, and good looking. “Same here -- if you mess up a shipper, I’ll fix it, but it means a spanking the next time I’m by,” she said with an evil grin.

Pam looked, and Tony was blushing again. She stepped closer to him, putting an arm around him, and said, "He's mine." Then to Tony she said, "I'll protect you..."

Carol laughed. "This it for today?"

"Yes, dear -- thank you," Pam told her as Carol loaded the boxes on to her cart.

"See you later, Tony," Carol winked.

"Ah, yeah," Tony managed to say.

Pam showed him how to secure the door, then showed him how to open it, and walked him down the corridor to the outside door, passing Carol as they went. Pam gave him the access code to the outer door; that way he could bring his bike into the back of the shop.

He asked her if he could go get it now -- he didn't like leaving it locked to the bike rack for that long. Of course! She gave him another kiss on the forehead and told him to go get it, and press the buzzer when he got to the door.

Pam poured herself some diet iced tea. What a catch! Still, she'd take things slowly. She laughed -- she was concerned about giving him a key and the alarm codes after what they'd done? After what they were going to do? She shook her head.

The buzzer sounded -- she headed to the back, letting Tony in with his bike.

"Would you like some iced tea, or ice water?" she offered.

"Water would be great," he replied. "I'll bring my bottle with me next time."

Pam felt her nipples tighten -- she could give him something to suck on... But he'd turned red enough times today... She allowed herself a soft chuckle. "We can take a break around four for a while; how about that?" she offered.

He gave her that dreamy smile.

She had another customer, and some looky-loos before the time arrived. As she started to close up the front and put up her "back at 5pm" sign, she stuck her head behind the drape that separated the back and said, "Why don't you visit the bathroom," to Tony. He looked up from the computer, nodded, and took off!

She returned to the front door, locking it, and changing the sign.

She headed back with a sigh. He came out of the bathroom, and she went past him, deliberately pressing him into the wall with her breasts as she went by. "I won't be long..."

Sitting on the toilet, wiping herself, just the touch sent a shiver through her. Closing her eyes, she gently squeezed a breast and gave herself a slow caress across her button, all she needed for a strong orgasm.

As she stood, she stepped out of her panties.

He was still standing in the hallway when she left the bathroom. She took him by the hand and led him to her sanctuary.

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Tony's heart was thumping wildly and he was so hard as she led him back to that small room. She turned him again and pressed him gently against the padded wall. His eyes closed and he held on, wanting her so much.

"Kiss," she whispered.

He opened his eyes enough to guide his lips to hers. pulling her closer, wanting her more.

She whispered hotly in his ear, "What do you need?"

He was still trying to pull her closer. "You on top of me, please ... Mistress," he managed to say.

She pushed him into the wall, moving her body against his, as he held on and moaned.

He opened his eyes as she pulled away -- soon they were naked and he was on his back again, and she was moving on top of him.

"Tony, I want you to relax, try not to move, and make it last, okay?" she asked.

He nodded, so dizzy, so hungry. He moaned as he felt her touch his cock, and again as he felt them sliding together. Each stroke longer, going deeper, so good!

Then he felt her weight on him, pressing on him.

"Just relax and feel it. Isn't that good?" she asked.

He opened his eyes, looking at her. She was leaning forward, her hands just above his shoulders. He reached up and gently touched her beautiful, soft, breasts. When he did, she moaned, and moved her hips! He stroked her breasts gently, watching as her nipples tightened. When he touched her nipples lightly, she gasped, and moved her hips again!

"That's very nice, Tony. Nice and gentle, like that. Would you like to suck on me, Tony?"

His fingers touched her slowly, gently. He whispered, "Yes, Mistress. Please, Mistress."

She sighed. "Put your hands on my waist, Tony. Yes, that's good. Try to keep still -- I want you to last!" She started lowering herself down to him.

So good as he took her nipple in his mouth, eyes closing, her breast filling him. She moved her shoulders, and she put a hand underneath his head, holding him, moving his head around. Was she moaning? He couldn't tell.

"Yes, oh yes, Tony -- that's it, baby!" she whispered. "Oh, that's it! Hold my waist, Tony -- hold me and suck, baby!"

Suddenly she was moving her hips! He moaned, holding on, sucking on her, thrusting as much as he could, matching her movement. He heard her moaning, felt her shaking, quivering, like she was squeezing his cock! And he hadn't come yet! He held her waist more, pulling on her waist as he pushed, as she moved.

He moaned as he felt it, slowing down, stiffening as he got close to the edge. And as he did, she squeezed him more to her breast and started doing something else with her hips, moving him around more inside her. He held on, pushing inside her, pulling her hips, coming, coming, coming...

He held on as she moved, pulling away, but it was only for a moment, settling down and connecting him to her other breast. She settled down on him more.

"Is that too much?" she whispered.

Tony put his arms around her and held her close. She moved some, and he was surrounded by softness, her breasts enveloping him. he was surrounded by softness, and the sound of her heart beating.

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Pam eased herself up slowly. She touched the side of her breast to break his suction; he stirred, but his eyes were still closed.

She pushed up, straightening her arms, lifting her head and arching her neck. She gave her hips a careful swirl, and then more, not wanting to push him out.

That woke him, moaning and putting his hands back on her hips. He opened his eyes, that wonderful glow, that smile.

"That was *very* nice," she whispered.

She was startled at the look on his face, almost of pain, and he grabbed her, his arms going around her again, pressing his face into her breasts. She held him, leaning forward,

holding him and whispering, "It's all right -- I've got you..." It took a while before he loosened his grip and she could sit up again.

"What is it?" she asked, concerned.

He smiled and sighed, but that look in his eyes -- such hunger! "It was so good!" he whispered. "You ... were all around me, your heart beating, so soft..." He touched her breasts again gently; his touch was electric.

She smiled. "I liked it too," she reminded him, moving her hips some more.

He smiled more, arching his head back, his eyes closing.

She moved her hips more -- was he getting hard again? "Look at my breasts," she told him. "Look at my nipples -- they're getting hard for you," she enticed him.

His eyes opened and he gazed hungrily at her breasts.

She teased him, keeping them out of reach, or just brushing his face with them. "Oh look at my nipples! They like you sucking on them! Touch my breasts, Tony -- oh yes, that's it, see how they like that?" He was hard inside her again! She was rocking, rocking, and getting close again. "Which one do you want? Which one?" she could feel what her teasing was doing to him. She leaned forward, brushing them across his face, not letting him have either one for long, then letting him have her left side and smothering him to her. "Suck, baby!" she growled as she pounded on him. She started swirling her hips, moving him around side to side. She was so close! She moved, did something, and she was coming, so good! Rocking, riding him, she sat up, pulling away, but his hands went to her breasts, sending another shockwave of orgasm through her. She reached around behind her...

The noise he made when she touched his balls! And the way he thrust up into her! She fingered him gently as she swirled her hips, driving him on and on.

Oh, here it comes; she felt him slowing, stiffening, his vocalizations changing. She slowed the motion of her hips, savoring. He moaned and now she savored his warmth filling her again. She leaned forward and connected him to where he should be.

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Tony felt wiped out as she sat up on him again. He put his hands on her waist.

"Thank you, Mistress," he whispered.

She leaned forward, pressing on his shoulders. He moaned and his eyes half closed.

"Were you a virgin, Tony?" she asked.

He nodded and sighed.

“We’ll take our time more...”

“I’m sorry if I didn’t last very long,” he apologized.

“That’s okay; we just need to practice,” she told him with a smile, leaning forward and kissing his forehead.

She got a small towel and cleaned them up. She helped him sit up, and sat next to him, putting an arm around him. They started getting dressed.

He sighed when she picked up her bra.

She turned and stood in front of him. “Say goodbye for now,” she told him, then cradled his head and pulled him to a nipple. After a few delicious minutes on each side, she put on her bra.

“Tomorrow, you should wear better pants,” she told him.

“I’ve still got the tan ones from Target?” he offered.

“Those would be fine. And a white shirt, a dress shirt, short or long sleeved, your choice, if you’re going to be helping in the front with customers.”

“Okay, I think I have one or two. I dunno about wearing them to school...”

She nodded. “You could leave some here -- I’ll show you where I hang my sweaters. You could even change when you get here.” She grinned, then pulled his head between her breasts.

Tony held her and took a deep breath, kissing her through the cloth. She wrapped her arms around him. “Oh, I hope you like that as much as I do,” she whispered.

He held her. “Yes, Mistress,” he replied.

Finally separated and dressed, she tilted her head to the side a little. “Do you have a passport?”

Tony thought for a moment. “Think so, from when we went to the Bahamas. Why?”

“Bring that, or a copy of your birth certificate tomorrow, and your social security number, so we can do paperwork. Eleven o’clock?”

He smiled. “I’ll be here!”

She held out her arms and they hugged and kissed once more.

"I hope I can trust you as to what to say and what not to say?" she reminded him.

"Yes, Mistress," he replied, then leaned forward and kissed her left breast through her dress.

"Ride home carefully -- oh, let me put my home phone number on a card in case your parents want to talk to me, to make sure this is a real job." She wrote her phone number on the back of a card and gave it to him.

"Thanks," he said, putting it in a pocket. then he gave her a look of adoration, sighed, and whispered, "Thank you for everything."

"I'll walk you to the back," she said, putting an arm around him.

A brief hug at the back door, and she squeezed him to her, letting him nuzzle her once more, before swatting his bottom and telling him to ride carefully once more.

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Pam closed and secured the back door. She leaned against the wall and sighed. She touched her breasts -- tender. Such a hungry young man! With another sigh she headed to the front to re-open the shop. Her sigh turned into an almost growl, feeling her hips move differently as she walked. It was great to have the help, even if just part time!

FIN

Rev 2009/10/16

D05 Part Time

By silli_artie@hotmail.com

<http://www.asstr.org/~artie/>