

QB6

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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.

Ed smiled grimly to himself as he drove his rental car to the airport. The old saying was true, age and treachery overcoming youth and vigor... He'd been watching that up-and-coming Peter for quite a while, watching and more, and now he had another chance! Even though there were only six or seven years age difference between them, Ed definitely felt challenged. The last year or so, Peter's career had really taken off within the company. And all of Ed's efforts to derail him had failed -- so far.

The execs for the company were having a retreat at a resort hotel. Ed used his position as the organizer and host, plus a little cash on the side to the concierge staff, to arrange more access and control. He'd been surprised when Peter supported him in taking over the screening and delivery of messages to the participants, under the guise that too many of the junior execs were wasting valuable time.

And that had given him the break he needed! He didn't have a lot of the puzzle pieces, but he had enough, and soon he would have another. Peter had been a solid performer in the company for many years. It was since that damned Christie joined him that his performance and career really took off. Ed was sure that she was the key. And every time Ed tried something, set something up, it failed, subtly, quietly; and that damned Christie wasn't far away.

Information on that woman had been damn hard to come by. That alone was suspicious! When she was seen with Peter in public, she was quiet, shy, almost bubble-headed. Yet from the intel Ed had developed, she was a Phi Beta Kappa undergrad, spoke multiple languages -- really smart. She dressed so conservatively, plainly, was so soft-spoken when others were around. Yet the covert images the private detective had gotten for him -- that woman was stacked! She was a bombshell! "Personal assistant" indeed! The telephoto shots he had showed that the assistance she gave Peter was quite "personal!" And they were having another woman, Julie, fly out and join them for the weekend!

Ed figured she was from the same "executive management" program that Christie graduated from. Another mystery -- there had to be far more to that program than was advertised. Its graduates, men as well as women, but women predominated, were in demand, and all were damned good looking, as well as damn smart. Something was going on, and Ed was going to find out just what!

Through his access and connections at the resort meeting, and Peter's carelessness, Ed had Julie's travel plans, including her last minute decision to fly out a day early. Ed intercepted that message to Peter, and replied to her, agreeing to pick her up at the airport -- intercepting her at the airport was more like it.

Ed parked and got his sign. Flight on time, everything going smoothly.

"Hi, I'm Julie."

Ed saw a gorgeous young woman walking up to him. Another one! Medium length black hair, conservative dress, but you could tell by the way she moved... Where Christie was in her early 30's, this one looked a little younger, a little shorter, trim and fit, but with a full top and a bod that put amazing motion into her conservative business outfit.

"You have checked baggage?" he asked, shaking her hand. She had a warm, firm grip.

"No, just carry on," she replied. "It's nice of you to pick me up."

"Not a problem; Peter is tied up."

She chortled and mumbled under her breath, "They didn't wait for me, again..."

Ed glanced away, smiling, more suspicions confirmed. "This way to the car, miss."

They drove in silence, Julie sitting in the back. Ed parked underground, and used another trick he'd gotten from the resort staff, holding down the button for his floor in the elevator as he swiped his room card through the reader to put the elevator into express mode.

He walked Julie to his room; she followed.

Once inside, he quickly locked and secured the door, standing in front of it, his arms folded, smiling.

"What's going on?" Julie said defensively, backing up. "Where are Peter and Christie?"

Ed pulled up a chair. "Have a seat. I want to talk. As far as they know, you're flying in tomorrow."

Julie frowned, her hands on her hips.

Ed smiled and shook his head. "Don't worry! I just want to talk." At first, Ed thought.

Julie glanced around the suite to the bathroom.

"Pull anything like locking yourself in the bathroom and you'll regret it -- I disconnected the phones already," Ed told her.

Julie pulled up a chair and sat, crossing her arms. “Okay, talk.”

Ed nodded. “That’s better. I want to know some more details, things I don’t understand that I thought you could clear up for me.”

Julie nodded, arms still crossed defensively.

“Good,” Ed continued. “From what I’ve been able to figure out, you and Christie both come from the same organization of, how do I put it delicately, high-priced personal executive assistants, *very* personal assistants that know no boundaries...”

Julie frowned.

Ed took her look as confirmation. “Now what I want to know, your organization being so secretive, what’s going to happen when Peter’s relationship with Christie and your organization is exposed, in lurid detail?” Ed sat back and waited.

Julie smiled and took off her black wig, unpinning and letting down her reddish-brown hair. Taking a wipe from her purse, she removed a layer of skillfully applied makeup, dramatically altering her appearance.

“Well, Mister Myers,” Julie said warmly, “You’ve identified the minor points, but completely missed the substance of what we do.”

Ed frowned. “Oh?” He watched as Julie reached inside her jacket to her back with both hands. Something released with an audible sound.

Julie took a deep breath, her chest and bosom expanding as she moved her shoulders. “That’s much better! Ed, would you say that Peter is happier, healthier, and more effective than he was a year or so ago?”

Ed grunted and nodded. “So?” he retorted.

Julie smiled and shook her lovely head. “Ed, we work closely with our clients -- *very* closely. We work to bring them and keep them at the peak of their performance -- oh yes, that includes sexually, although that’s merely one component. We work with them through *all* aspects of their lives, physical, mental, psychological, social, and more. We work with diet, exercise, sleep, dress, business skills such as analysis, writing, and presentation, anything and everything they are willing to examine and change. And we’re not gold-diggers, Ed -- we’re in it *with* our clients for the very long term. We only do well when our clients do well.”

Ed sat, contemplating. Not what he’d expected.

Julie smiled again. “And another thing you’ve missed, Ed, is that while Christie and I are graduates of the same program, we’re independent, freelancers. So I have a question for you,

Mister Ed Myers -- you've identified yourself as a hard-driving man who is capable of digging into tough issues. Someone who doesn't give up. You might very well be in the market for our services. Ed, all of us are trained in massage, physical therapy, kinesthetics, as well as tantric and other arts... I can tell from the way you walked, from the way you move, the way you sit, that your low back is bothering you, and your left hip. You favor your right knee slightly. You carry a great deal of stress in your body, particularly in your shoulders and upper back. Since Peter and Christie don't think I'm arriving until tomorrow, I suggest I demonstrate just what we do -- I'm sure I can show you another you by, say, noon tomorrow? I know I can have you more relaxed and feeling much better than you've felt in a long, long, time. Are you interested?"

Ed took a breath, then sat up and smiled. "I think I am," he admitted. "Yes, I am."

Julie stood up and undressed, folding her clothes and placing them on the chair.

Ed was amazed at her beauty -- so much prettier, healthier, fuller, than the hookers he'd had so far during the week.

Julie ran her hands over her gorgeous body, enjoying being out of tight clothing.

"Okay, Ed," Julie told him, "First I'm going to shower, and you're going to order me a turkey club with fries, and a ginger ale to drink; I haven't eaten in six hours." She opened up a side pocket on her bag and took out a small case. "Oh, another thing, Ed, no drugs or alcohol for you, and no touching the pole in your pants. I promise you'll perform for me like you never thought possible. Here, you can look this up, but don't use it until I say so." She tossed a nasal spray to him, and walked to the bathroom door. "Turkey club with fries, ginger ale -- I'll be out in about half an hour." She went into the bathroom and closed the door most of the way.

Ed didn't hear it lock. He laughed as he stood up, rearranging the pole in his pants. Amazing... As he walked to the phone by the side of the bed, he picked up the bra she'd been wearing. Still warm -- he held it to his face and inhaled. Heavenly! He sat down, took another deep breath from the soft fabric, then picked up the phone and called room service.

He moved to the table and opened up his laptop, doing a quick search for the details on the nasal spray. He was impressed -- a new erectile dysfunction drug still in clinical trials. Looked much better than what he'd been using.

He was even more impressed when Julie came out of the bathroom naked, sat down, and ate. When she finished, she had him undress, and standing there, cock at extreme attention, she poked and prodded him, had him stretch, and proceeded to tell him what she thought he ate, what he did and didn't do for exercise, where he was tight and sore -- all with surprising accuracy.

Then she had him use the nose spray, put pool towels on the bed, and had him lie on his stomach while she got things ready.

She smoothed something warm and tingly on his lower back, then straddled him and started massaging his neck, shoulders, and upper back.

The first time she leaned over him, her breasts pressing into his back, whispering hotly in his ear, he almost came! But then she started coaching his breathing, relaxing him with her hands and her voice from one end to the other.

Ed had never experienced anything like it, floating in a dream as she moved him to his back, doing incredible things to him. He floated sideways, sometimes rocking, with weird thoughts of work and his life flitting through him. Part of him knew he was on the bed, feeling her hands on him, but some other part of him was trying to bring up something on his laptop, but the images kept moving, shifting, like in a dream -- it was so much like a dream.

His heart was beating hard and fast; he could feel it pounding in his head as she rode him, holding her waist, pushing into her, so intense, so good, responding to her voice and her body, more, faster, harder, panting, squeezing, until his chest was ripped apart by pain.

Christie's cell phone chimed softly, a special chime indicating a special caller.

She urged Peter's head to her breast slightly and cooed, "deep sleep, darling, deep sleep for me..." and let go as he sighed and went limp in her arms.

"Well?" she answered the phone, stepping into the other room of the suite.

"Done," Julie replied. "Half an hour or so for me to clean up. You're in 1202?"

"Yes, suite at the end of the hall."

"Okay, I'm at the other end. Any cameras to worry about?"

"None on this floor, only in the lobby. How did you come in?"

"Straight from the lower garage to 12; didn't see a soul."

"Good. No problems? How much did he know? How much was he responsible for?"

Julie sighed. "I grilled him once the drugs kicked in and I got him to a suitable trance depth. As we suspected, he was gunning for Peter, and you, and would have destroyed his career, and embarrassed us at the very least. Confirmed the incidents you reported. He was involved with other nasty things as well."

"Then he got what he deserved," Christie said, looking back into the bedroom and her sleeping Peter. "Don't think I could be an Angel..."

Julie sighed. "It's not my full-time calling. Under different circumstances, he could very well have been a client. He had the potential."

“He was a slime ball!” Christie hissed. “He’s been trying to screw Peter for months! You read the reports, and verified them, right?”

“One through eight on the list, verified in spades. The data is on his laptop -- I have all the passwords, and will bring it with me.”

“What did you find?”

“Haven’t looked at the laptop yet, but you were right, he did have pictures taken of you. Item two scratched the surface; a lot more on that one...”

“Affecting Peter?” Christie asked protectively.

“No, outside their company. You knew about the call girls he’s had the last few nights?”

“I think everyone in the resort knows.”

“Well, the resort staff helped. But more crap like that, setting up people at competitors and customers, like what he did to Donovan.”

“You have proof on that one?”

“On his laptop, supposedly. I’ll fill you in later if you want.”

“Not necessary as long as Peter is safe.”

“As safe as any of us, dear. Be down in half an hour or so.”

“Thanks. Knock,” Christie told her friend.

Christie returned to the bedroom, placing her phone on the nightstand again. She relaxed in bed with a sigh, then tuned to Peter and drew him closer. Oh that first contact between mouth and nipple! She slid a hand around to the back of his head, holding him gently the way they both loved, and eliciting a moaning sigh. After a few moments of holding him contentedly, she kissed the top of his head and whispered, “I love you, Peter, and I’ll protect you, I promise.”

Peter sighed, suckled, and snuggled closer.

Christie was almost asleep, but was roused by a soft knocking on the door to the suite.

She moved Peter to his back and went to the door -- Julie visible through the peephole.

She let Julie in. They hugged briefly. “Didn’t see a soul,” Julie whispered.

In response to Christie’s questioning look, Julie gave her another hug and a sigh. “The Angel has come and gone. You can take me to the airport in the morning?”

Christie nodded. "Right after Peter leaves. He won't even come into this room."

Julie looked at her friend and sighed. "You're sure he's the one for you?"

Christie paused, looking back into the bedroom before pulling her friend to sitting with her on the couch. "Oh yes! I've known since the first time he told me he loved me, since he asked me to marry him! That first time -- when he told me he loved me, I explained *again* what I'd been doing, the techniques I used, conditioning him. He told me he understood that from the beginning; he'd studied psychology, and he loved me and didn't want me to stop! I tried to explain, but he didn't want to hear it! He ... he carried me off to bed and went down on me... He wants to be in my arms, he so loves being in my arms. And I want him -- to have, to hold, to protect. Oh Julie, they tell us how good it feels, but ... those are just words, and the way I feel when I hold him, when I melt him in my arms, hold him to a nipple and take him... And when he holds me, protecting me, or sweeps me off my feet and carries me off to make passionate love, or just holds me and squeezes me -- it's so wonderful, Julie. I told him earlier, I tell him every day -- I love him, and I'll protect him for as long as I live."

Julie sighed, squeezing Christie's hands. "I envy you. It didn't work out with Adam and me; oh, I helped, and helped tremendously, but we didn't really click." She sighed again, and held her friend. "I'll get a new assignment in a month or so, they tell me. I'm going to shower again, then get some sleep."

"Thanks," Christie said. "I'm sorry it had to go this way, but I'm glad we're safe."

Another hug and Christie got up, heading back to the bedroom and closing the connecting door most of the way.

Christie got back into bed, holding Peter close.

Peter woke a little before the alarm clock went off, and pulled Christie closer. She nestled in his arms, her head on his chest. He held her close, and whispered to her, "I love you, and I'll protect you for as long as I live." He wanted to protect her, to cherish her, to thank her for all the incredible things she did... He got out of bed as quietly as he could, and went to the bathroom. When he returned to the bedroom, he could tell she'd moved a bit. He smiled, crawling back into bed. He snuggled closer.

And she grabbed him, pulling him to a freshly perfumed breast, holding him, squeezing him, taking him once more. Peter moaned and held on as best he could.

Christie inflamed him, pushed him to his back, and rode him, rode them both to heaven, snuggling up close again afterwards, holding him.

Peter woke to the sound of a beating heart, nestled in the safest, most comforting place in the world, Christie's arms. "I love you," he whispered. "When will you marry me?"

“I love you,” she answered, kissing his head. “Not today -- you’re busy.”

Peter sighed and gave her a squeeze. “Meanie...”

He took a little while to say goodbye to each side, Christie holding him and talking to him, her voice so soothing, so comforting.

Then it was up to shower and dress, and get downstairs for another day of meetings. Breakfast was with the international folks. He checked his schedule -- yeah, international. And Christie had done her usual tremendous job pulling together material for him.

But before he left the room, he bent over and kissed Christie. “Have fun shopping. See you this evening -- dinner with me, remember.”

Christie stretched, wrapping her arms around him and pulling him to a breast for a moment. “Oh, I love to hold you!” But she let him go. “I’ll see you this afternoon. I love you.”

Peter sat on the bed, regathering his wits. “I love you...”

Their breakfast meeting went well, discussing international issues. Ed was late, but that wasn’t unusual. At half past the hour, Peter had someone make a call to Ed’s room. No answer.

Ed’s carrying on had been the subject of quiet discussion, particularly among the senior execs. Didn’t cast the company in very good light. Peter tasked a junior with running Ed down. Peter smiled a bit, a rueful smile. Perhaps Ed’s shenanigans were finally catching up to him...

Christie pulled the rental car into underground parking at the resort. She’d dropped Julie at an off-airport parking facility; Julie took a shuttle bus to the airport from there. Christie had been window shopping when Julie called from the airport as she was about to board her flight; all had gone smoothly.

Entering the elevator, she checked her makeup, then paused. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She pressed her floor and slid her keycard through the reader.

When the elevator opened at her floor, it opened into chaos! The area was full of people and commotion. A uniformed police officer tried to stop her as she stepped off the elevator. “I’m sorry, miss, this floor is ...”

“That’s okay officer, she’s part of our group,” a man’s voice called out. The police officer frowned and stepped to the side.

“Peter! Did something happen to Peter?” Christie cried out. “Where’s Peter!”

George, the company’s General Counsel, walked up and pulled her off to the side. “Peter is fine -- we’ve had a problem. Nothing to do with Peter.”

“Where is he?” Christie asked emotionally.

“He’s coordinating things. He’s fine, really.”

Christie took a breath and forced a smile. “Okay. Thanks. I ... I get concerned. What happened?”

George shook his head. “I suppose you heard of Ed’s antics the last few nights?”

Christie frowned. “I think everyone has. Oh! Did something happen?”

George nodded. “Let’s just say he went out with a bang. Housekeeping found him this morning. He ...”

“Christie!” Peter called.

Christie ran to Peter, holding him tight. “I’m so glad you’re okay!”

Peter held her head to his shoulder. “It’s all right; I’m fine...” He turned to George. “Thanks, George. David has the lists -- he’s meeting with the investigators now.” He whispered to Christie. “Let’s get you out of this mess!”

Peter led her down the hall to their suite, trying to protect her. Closing the door shut out the noise. They sat on the couch.

Peter sighed. “Good to sit down again. Wild morning!”

Christie shook her head. “Someone’s fast life caught up with them?”

Peter smirked a bit and nodded. “George told you?”

Christie shrugged. “Just that housekeeping found Ed.”

“Naked except for a condom,” interjected Peter.

Christie raised an eyebrow. “One last ride?”

Peter nodded, holding Christie’s hands. “Sure looks that way -- cash sitting on the nightstand, some drugs, a pair of panties, actually, a few pairs of panties -- guess he was collecting. His laptop is missing, but I’ve informed our I.T. people, so they’re watching for it to phone home when it connects to a network.”

Christie nodded. She’d warned Julie. “Is this going to be a problem for the company?”

Peter shook his head. “Don’t think so.” He smirked again. “George is handling that part of it. I have the feeling guests have checked out of this resort in a similar manner before. Resort management certainly wants to keep it quiet, and the locals are being pretty cooperative.”

He held her close again. “Oh, I’m sorry this is so much of a mess.”

“I’m just glad you’re okay, darling,” Christie told him, enjoying being in his arms again.

“I’m fine. And I don’t think we need to worry about any more unusual events, either,” he whispered. Louder, he added, “You’ll probably be interviewed by the police. You can talk to George beforehand, or one of his people, if you want.”

“Beverly, Linda, and I sat by the pool talking after dinner until your meeting was over and you took me upstairs,” Christie told him, smiling, remembering how nice that had been.

“Mmm...” Peter rumbled, running his hands over her gently, remembering last night. “And I certainly need you to hold and comfort me tonight...” He sighed. “What a mess.”

Christie ran her fingers over his back. “I could hold you for a little bit right now,” she suggested.

“Oh, I’d love to,” whispered Peter. He kissed the top of her head. “But I need to get back to the mess.” He sat back.

“Are you sure?” Christie asked seductively. “I didn’t get enough of a snuggle this morning...” She unbuttoned the top button of her blouse.

Peter moved her hands away from her blouse, then caressed the sides of her breasts. “Oh, save that thought... I love to be in your arms, the way you hold me... Be the temptress tonight for me, please...”

Christie nodded, taking him in her eyes, speaking softly, “My soft nightie, your favorite perfume, candle light...”

Peter shook his head and stood up, quickly. “I’ve got to get out of here!”

Christie put on a mock pout. “Meanie...”

Peter laughed, then sighed. “I love you... Go downstairs and have some lunch -- I’ll try and join you.”

Christie stood up and hugged him. “I love you, too. Need anything else for your meetings?”

Peter shook his head. “Your notes for the international folks were superb. You’re as bright as you are beautiful.”

Christie stepped back and unbuttoned another button on her blouse. “But you’re still going to leave me?”

Peter laughed as he stepped back. “Yes! And quickly!”

Christie pushed her lower lip out in a pout once more.

Peter shook his head, smiling in wonder. “I know better! I hold you, you get your hands on me, pretty soon you’re squeezing me to one of your luscious nipples, and it’s all over...”

Christie nodded, smiling. “Is that so bad?”

Peter sighed. “No darling, it’s wonderful, and I need you so much. But right now...”

She nodded, buttoning her blouse. “I know -- go! Quickly, before I change my mind and take you on the floor!”

Peter blew her a kiss from the door. “Save that thought!”

Peter closed the door and walked back to the chaos. He was so lucky, he told himself.

Christie sighed and sat down, letting her eyes close. She was so lucky, she told herself.

FIN

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