**AAA-girl**

by Winston\_Smith

**Chapter 1: How I got the job**

“LuAnn David, please report to HR. LuAnn David to Human Resources.”

That’s me, LuAnn David, Engineering Departmental Secretary at IntelliVax LLC. I had an idea what they wanted me for in HR. It was probably going to be about the sexually harassment suit I’d brought against the company. It was.

“LuAnn, I’d like to talk to you about your career here. You’ve been here more than two years; and all of your evaluations have been excellent.” Margarete Maynes had been the head of HR all of my time at the company. We’d gotten along pretty well until I filed that lawsuit.

“Why can’t you get along with Charles Dunning?” she asked.

“Because he has spent the past year harassing me. He looks down my dress if I’m wearing one, he looks up my skirt if I wear that, he makes remarks about underwear, about my nipples and a month ago ran his hand across my ass when I walked past his desk. I complained several times as you’ll see in the folder there on your desk. I’ve had it. I love this job, but something has to change.”

“Look LuAnn, with this body and this face do you think I’ve never felt Dunning’s hand on my ass?”

I could imagine what she meant; Margarete is a beauty. I think she had some Hispanic ancestry. She was just an inch under my five ten, a little heavier than my 125. She had a slightly bigger rack than the D cups I’d gotten for my eighteenth birthday. Her skin was just a little darker than mine. I have a little Cherokee blood. She had masses of jet-black hair parted in the middle, beautiful dark eyes and perfect white teeth.

“So how do you handle it?” I asked.

“The first few times I warned him that if he wanted to keep his hands, he’d keep them away from me. Then I started writing him up. Every complaint went on his record and showed up in his reviews. But Charles is the tech star of the company. We couldn’t get rid of him, and he knows that.” Margarete said bitterly.

“So that’s why he won’t leave me alone, I suppose, he knows he won’t get fired. My lawsuit should solve that problem. If he’s so important that the company can afford the million six I’m asking for then they can keep him,” I said.

“But we can’t afford that. There has to be another way,” Margarete insisted.

“I can’t imagine what it would be.” I said.

“Here’s an idea for you,” she said and slid a single sheet of paper across to me. I took a couple minutes to read it.

“Forgive me if I misunderstand, but it looks to me like you want me to be the company whore!”

“I was hoping you wouldn’t look at it like that. It creates a new position in the company, an AAA position.

“What does that mean?”

“It means Anyone Anywhere Anytime.” After we had our lawyers review your harassment suit, they said because of so many complaints, not just Dunning, we would lose. We came up with this solution. We can reduce sexual harassment in the company by providing a sexual outlet for the staff. That’s an AAA girl. We thought about hiring from outside, but we want to keep you inhouse. Here’s a long contract describing the position, the responsibilities and benefits.” She handed me a folder with a dozen pages in it.

“What’s in it for me?” I asked.

“It’s all in the contract, but to make it short, it pays a salary of seven thousand dollars a month with full benefits and a onetime cash settlement of your lawsuit for a quarter million dollars.” She smiled at me and I went back to my desk carrying the contract.

I spent the rest of the day doing my work for the engineering department and reading that contract. It really did pay 90K per year, the same salary Dunning made, and there really was a quarter million cash settlement of my lawsuit. I got a big new office with a view of the lake. There were fully paid charge accounts at Kohl Department store, Victoria’s Secret and the Adam and Eve sex shop. I could buy anything I wanted for working this new job.

In return, I had to fuck anybody that asked me, anywhere they asked and any time. It wasn’t the whole company, just the ones above rank four, which included at least couple dozen guys, a few women, all the board members, the top administration and all the engineers. I wouldn’t have to do the loading dock crew or the janitorial staff.

The eligible guys would have a star embossed on their employee badge to distinguish them. Me and everybody with a star had to have an STD test every week from our inhouse doctor.

I was leaning toward taking the position. I’ve always liked sex, and the money would change my life. I wasn’t dating anyone seriously, so I wouldn’t be jeopardizing anything.

I took part of the weekend going over the contract and the rest of it looking at condos. Where I had questions, I made notes. On Monday morning I went to Margarete’s office.

“Come in and close the door, Ms. David.”

“So, LuAnn, what did you decide?” she asked.

“I have a few questions.”

“Ask away, I can speak for the company.”

“Can I refuse any request if I don’t want to do it?”

“Yes, you can refuse anything you want, but you’ll have to justify it if there’s a complaint. There will be a panel, which I’m on, that will decide if your refusal was reasonable. Things that threaten your life or physical injury will be considered reasonable. But something you just don’t like, you can’t refuse.”

“OK, now I don’t understand this invitation clause in paragraph 20b. It looks like a star holder can bring in anybody they want to partake of my favors.

“Yes, that’s right, every star holder can issue as many as three invitations per quarter. The person they invite must pass the STD test within 24 hours of the invitation. Understand?

“Yes, that explains it well. I guess I’m ready to sign.”

“Did you see the legal waiver that says you’re entering into this arrangement willingly and will not bring legal action against the company?”

“Yes, I’m OK with that.”

She brought out a clean copy of the contract.

“Sign here, initial here and here.”

I did it and the deal was made.

I got up and headed for the door when I heard Margarete clear her throat loudly. I turned and looked at her. She was sitting on the edge of her desk with her skirt hiked up around her ribs and dangling an employee ID with an embossed star.

“Here’s your first request. Crawl over here and eat me.”

I would have done it without the contract. I like women and she was stunningly sexy.

I got down on my hands and knees and crawled over to her desk. By the time I got there, she had unbuttoned her blouse and was fondling those magnificent tits. I put my head in her crotch and started sucking her clit. She was already very wet. I hooked a finger up to her G-spot and kept licking.

She started moaning while she nibbled her own nipples. When she started making animal grunting noises, I wet my thumb and pushed it up her ass. It made her cum instantly, shaking and bucking her hips. She clamped my head between her thighs and kept spasming for a half minute. When she calmed down, and released my head, I stood up, straightened my clothes and left her office.

I didn’t hear any more about it until Tuesday afternoon, Margarete called me into her office again.

“I just wanted to let you know that we’re going to announce your new position to the company at an event on Thursday just after lunch, in the big conference room so dress accordingly.”

“OK, I’ll be ready.

“LuAnn, as long as you’re here, come over here and take your top off.”

She sucked my tits, put her hand up my skirt and rubbed my clit until I came and squirted a little girly juice in her hand. She gave me one last kiss on my left nipple.

“I’ve wanted to do that ever since you started here. Now back to work with you, and I’ll see you Thursday.”

Back in my office things seemed normal. Dave and Tom were working on a new audio design. Naturally, Charles was himself.

“Whoa, really got the high-beams on this morning, LuAnn! Dreaming about me again?”

“Just about your headless and decomposing body.” I was uncomfortably conscious that my nipples were the size of thimbles.

The next day, the Wednesday was unusual because there was almost nobody in the office. When Charles appeared after lunch I asked where everyone was.

“The bigshots decided the whole company has to take an STD test. Doc Ostrowski is running them as fast as he can. I hear it’s something about the company insurance plan.” I knew better but didn’t say anything.

That night I went shopping and picked out some appropriate items.

One o’clock on Thursday and I was sitting on a raised platform along with Steve Coen the president of the company, his lawyer and Margarete. There were twenty people sitting in the audience. They all had a copy of a flier describing the newly created position. I was wearing a white silk shift with a clasp at the throat.

President Coen address the crowd and explained the position in detail. The lawyer followed and assured them that the plan was legal. When they were done, there were questions from the audience.

“When are you thinking of hiring to fill this position?” someone asked.

“The position has already been filled. It’s time to introduce our first triple-A LuAnn David!” Margarete Maynes gestured to me, and I stood up I walked to the front of the stage, undid the clasp at the throat of my shift and held it open like white wings for a few seconds to emphasize the contrast between the white silk and my dark all over tan then I let it fall to the floor in a puddle around my feet.

I was wearing nothing but a pair of four-inch spike heels, lace top thigh-high stockings and a fresh Brazilian. I palmed my nipples although they were pretty hard already.

“Since you were so instrumental in this whole development, and to show you all that we are serious, Charles Dunning please come up on stage. We want you to go first with our Triple-A.” She unrolled a futon along the front of the stage.

As Charles climbed up, I wondered what he would have for me. I’ve often found that guys that talk and joke about sex all the time are disguising an inadequacy. Turned out it wasn’t true of Charles. He pushed me down to my knees and put his cock in my mouth. In seconds he was plenty big. Not gag me big but hefty. He moved around behind me knelt and rubbed his tip along my slit a few times for lube then slowly buried it in me.

I lifted my hips a little to give him a better angle. He started fucking me steadily and hard. I was wet and getting wetter. I slip a hand under and started rubbing my clit. I was getting close to coming when Margarete sat down in front of me and pulled my head down into her snatch.

She came just seconds before Charles did. She groaned and pulled my head down harder. He sprayed blasts of cum deep into me.

The crowd was astonished but had a few more questions:

“What does Anyplace mean? What if we want to fuck her at home or in the bathroom?”

“Anyplace refers to IntelliVax property, so her home is off limits, but anyplace on the premises.” Margarete explained.

“Can she refuse anything we want her to do?”

“Yes, but if you file a complaint, a panel will hear the complaint and if it’s judged justified, she will be penalized.”

“Do we have to pay?”

“No, LuAnn is an employee. Tipping is encouraged but not required.”

A few people actually got the idea. President Coen stepped over, politely asked me for a hand job and got one, blowing a load of cum onto my tits. Just before I got dressed and headed for the shower, a tiny Asian woman named Mai Ling from accounting step up to me and asked:

“Can you do for me what you did for Ms. Maynes?”

“Of course, just lay down right here and put your feet up in the air.” I licked and fingered her for a long time but as far as I could tell, she never had an orgasm, but she bowed to me and kissed me when she left.

I never did quite get off. I think the audience inhibited me more than I expected. I’m gonna have to get over that.