**Abby and the CEO**

by Ike Man

**CHAPTER 3: GETTING NOTICED**

The months passed like a blur. It was a rush of learning and growing in the job, finding new connections in the business beyond the walls of the office or even the building. I continued to dedicate myself to the job performance but that really was all I knew. And, I continued to be flexible and willing to experiment when it came to sex in the office.

My first and second month evaluations turned out to be breezes. Sara sat me down in a conference room on the 5th floor and we talked. The time I spent early or late to make sure my tasks and assignments were always on schedule no matter how much distraction and time was created by the sexual elements of the job was noted. That, of course, complicated schedules as I became a favorite, especially among those with an interest or curiosity about anal or double penetration or tormenting me with various vaginal and anal vibrators. It was thought to be an aberration, though.

The third month evaluation was the one that rocked me … in a positive way, thankfully. Sara and I met in the conference room, again. Sara was wearing her thigh-high stockings and heels, both black. I, of course, was completely naked, not even jewelry. We were meeting the day before my three month anniversary. I asked why and she said the probationary period would end with a meeting above Sara, usually with Ms. Benson, our Director.

“I don’t know what more I can say, Abby,” Sara eventually exclaimed. “A new employee in the group just shouldn’t preform at this level. I normally find at least several items to discuss on performance of the job, interoffice relations, phone etiquette, team work … any number of things. I’ve scoured the schedules and talked with people inside and outside the office you’ve worked with and I’m at a loss. I can’t find a single concern expressed or indicated by anyone and I can generally tell when people are covering for someone. That said, then, I want to caution you not to get a big head.” She paused, seemed to consider her next words, then looked at me deadly serious. “Abby, I’ve paid attention. I know there are days when you are requested for some form of sex that has totaled to three or four hours in a single day. I also know, we have trackers on the ID cards that tell us when the card comes and goes through those door, that those days you work late and come in early, presumably to stay on schedule. I’ve also noticed that you’ve assisted others with work when they haven’t had the same excuse.”

“Teamwork, ma’am.”

“Teamwork … yes. And, I … we … appreciate that attitude, Abby. But … I don’t want that effort from you to be a cause of burning you out. You’re going to do good things here, I’m certain of it, but not if you get burned out and want to leave.” She gazed at me intently. This was a point she wanted me to take to heart so I nodded my understanding. “I understand it can be hard when you have a personality like yours that wants to help others and share but sometimes that isn’t helping the other person if they aren’t pulling their weight.” She was right. It wasn’t easy. Eagerly providing assistance to others was always something that came naturally to me. “You are a very popular young woman, Abby. Your body is all sex and your face is all youthful sweetness. A devastating combination for the rest of us. The fact that you are as willing to pleasure a woman or man with the same enthusiasm adds to your popularity and demand. Which reminds me … as you know, I also survey the office on the sexual relationships. It is not a surprise when someone out there finds a person they aren’t as interested in being with or they just are not in the mood at times. To be crude, a woman might sometimes be so passive as to seem like a cum-dump, a hole to fuck. Sometimes, the mood just isn’t there.” She smiled and I understood. “I have not found a single person making that comment about you. Your enthusiasm and energy is constant. Abby, you just make everyone feel like being them is important. I should have known, I should have seen it coming. That gangbang on your first day should have warned me. But, you’ve handled the time problem at your expense.”

I leaned forward and caught her eyes drop as my breasts pressed into the edge of the table. “Ma’am, thank you, but I just love my job. The people in the office are great. And, I really can’t believe it myself, but my appetite for sex and experimentation hasn’t found a boundary.”

The next day I was called into Ms. Benson’s office. She was dressed in what I considered her uniform. If mine was currently nothing, hers seemed to be heels, stockings of some kind, and a shelf or open bra. After her review of the evaluation Sara had prepared, she fexplained that the evaluation would be kicked up to Mr. Peterson. Normally, the third month evaluation would stop at her but an evaluation that finds no fault would be questioned. Before we ended, I asked her something off topic.

“Ma’am, why aren’t managers given the freedom to wear something extra?” She looked at me puzzled. “Well, they are managers over a number of people, yet they wear just as little as the rest of us. For you, ma’am, wearing some form of exposing bra separates you from the rest and I don’t mean to minimize your position but there are so few women in management roles here. It seems the managers would benefit from the distinction, too.”

A couple hours later, I was called into Mr. Peterson’s office. Mary looked at me concerned but I shrugged and marched to his office to find Ms. Benson sitting there, too. I took the other visitor’s chair. Even after three months this situation still hit me. Sitting naked before a clothed man with his authority. It was instantly arousing. We talked for a few minutes with him asking similar questions and making similar comments I had received from both Sara and Ms. Benson. Then, it seemed he gave up on the pretense.

“Who are we kidding? None of us are surprised by this evaluation, Abby. It may only be three months but we all feel like we know this kind of performance is who you are.” He looked at Ms. Benson, then at me. “You understand, though, the expectation that puts on you? We don’t expect this to be a one-time deal. This is what we’ll be expecting from you.”

I nodded. “It is what I expect from myself, sir.” He nodded and smiled. He threw his signature at the bottom and slid it over to Ms. Benson.

Then, it was still. It was quiet but there was an expectancy in the room that wasn’t spoken. I stood and broke the silence. “Sir … ma’am … I feel like I’ve learned so much in a short time. I never expected to find such a fulfilling and challenging job AND such a stimulating working environment. I really want to thank you both for the privilege of working here.”

My Vice President looked at my Director and smiled. “She does have a way about her, doesn’t she? Suppose there’s a way she can properly thank us?”

The smile that form on Ms. Benson’s mouth was lusty. Mr. Peterson cleared off a portion of his desk as Ms. Benson stood and sat on the edge of the desk and scooted further onto the desk as Mr. Peterson rose to come around the desk. There was no question in my mind how they were intending me to show my expressed thanks. Mr. Peterson open his drawer and pulled out the tube of lubrication he now kept at the ready for me.

I met his eyes as he came around. The smile I gave him was honest and personal. I sank to my knees and began undoing his belt and slacks. As soon as I exposed his cock, I engulfed it with my mouth. I pulled off it and licked down the side. As did, I found Ms. Benson propped on her elbow watching with a lusty look as one hand fondled her own breast exposed by the shelf bra and the other stroking her pussy. I returned my full attention to Mr. Peterson’s cock, kissing and licking up the other side until my lips again were on his cock head. I took it back into my mouth as my hands stroked the remaining exposed cock and his balls. I sucked and licked, then pushed my mouth down further over his cock. I had all of it in my mouth to my throat, then into my throat. That’s another little thing I’ve learned and perfected in the last months.

He was hard. Very hard. I looked up at him along his body and he handed me the lubrication with a knowing smile. It was part of our thing. The only times he fucked me as anal and it was at least once a week. I sucked him hard, checked his expression, but continued sucking until he presented me with the lubrication. I squeezed some lube onto the head of his cock and stroked it liberally down and up the shaft. Then, I squeezed some onto the first two fingers of my hand and bent over the desk to lubricate my asshole. This time when I bent over, my mouth and tongue went to Ms. Benson’s pussy using only my mouth as I spread the lube over my asshole, then inside it. Then, I shifted that hand to her pussy as I rested myself on my elbows, my fingers spreading her pussy for my tongue to probe inside her. At the same time, his cock pressed at my asshole. My sphincter slowly opened, stretching until it passed inside. I moaned into the pussy as it penetrated. Anal was far easier now but there was still always that initial penetration to get past. He pulled back and pressed in several times before he was deep in me, out flesh making contact with each powerful thrust. He fucked me in the ass like the others might fucked my pussy with strong, powerful thrusts, pulling his cock back almost out before thrusting back in.

Meanwhile, Ms. Benson was holding my head to her pussy. It was more contact than really pulling my mouth into her. This too had become a regular event for us and I found I looked forward with increasing anxiousness until I got the call from her to her office. This was always one-sided. Not because it was what she was but the type of sex. She was definitely hetero but enjoyed the orgasms I gave her. She apologized once that she didn’t return the favor but I assured her I understood and my day would not be without orgasms.

I had three fingers inside her and was adding a fourth. This was new for us. I glanced up while keeping my mouth on her clit as the fourth finger slid into her. Her mouth was open wide in an ‘O’ and her breathing was ragged. I secretly wondered if I might get my whole hand inside her and wondered if I should talk to her about it or surprise her. The fourth finger was the step but trying would be another time.

At the same time I was adding four fingers into her, he was leaning over me, resting on my back as one hand captured a wildly swinging breast and the other stroked my empty pussy and engorged clit. I felt the tremors begin in my body with the combined stimulation of anal, pussy/clit, and nipples. I felt him pulse inside my tight sleeve and I felt her squeeze her thighs around my head, a sure sign of her arousal and impending orgasm. I took her clit between my teeth, one hand reaching up to located and pinch a nipple, and curled my fingers to located her g-spot. The g-spot and clit are connected so nipping down on one and stroking the other was what she needed. Fresh cum flowed onto my fingers and tongue as I exploded and the spasms of my anal orgasm sent him into climax. It was about as perfect as we could have hoped.d

She lay splayed on the desk, her hands caressing her breast as he maneuvered us back to a chair. Typical, he usually like to recover while still inside my clasping asshole.

It was several minutes before we recovered sufficiently. When we did, she sat up on the edge of his desk, her legs still parted, and a satisfied smile across her face. She sighed, “Well, Stan, I’d say she managed the thank you very well.” He fondled and lifted my breasts and agreed.

When I finally lifted myself off Mr. Peterson, his cock had shrunk and slipped out of my ass, Ms. Benson had relayed my suggestion about Manager dress to him and he had promised to take the idea to the other VP’s prior to consideration by Mr. Cornell. As I as leaving, Ms. Benson called after me to ask that I stop at her office before leaving for the day.

Later, “Ma’am? You wanted to see me?”

“Abby, yes. Following up on your three month evaluation, I had Sara pull together some your data.” My expression must have shown concern. “Sorry, dear. You’re not in trouble. Sit down and talk me through something.” She went on to describe her concern that matched Sara’s regarding what happens to my time. “How much overtime do you work?”

“I … ah … I …”

“Don’t bullshit me, Abby. I see you here some nights when I leave and I see you already here when I arrive. You work overtime. But your time sheets don’t record any overtime.”

“I just making sure my projects stay on schedule, ma’am.”

“Your projects on schedule … hmmmm … let’s see … yeah, here … it looks to me like all your projects are logged off early or as scheduled. How much overtime?” I hesitated, “Okay, Sara noted a concern … not about you directly but affect you. Tell me, Abby … just looking at today and excluding Stan and me, how many times were you requested to fuck, suck, or eat pussy?”

“Just today, ma’am?” She nodded. “Okay … let’s see …” I held up my right hand and ticked off the fingers. She interrupted me.

“Don’t tell me you’re going to have to use your other hand.”

I thought through the day, then giggled, “No, ma’am. Two fucks, two sucks, and a pussy.”

She looked at me intently. Sara did question this, too. She didn’t ask about details, though. “So, would you say that’s normal or unusual?”

“I say … today is kind of normal.”

“Five times is ‘kind of normal’?”

“Five? No, ma’am. Today … all of today is kind of normal.”

“But you said … ohhhh … today isn’t five, today is seven.” I shrugged and nodded. “So, people are using up way more than the assumed two hours and you’re working overrtime to make up for it. I see. Is that fair, Abby?”

“Fair, ma’am? It wouldn’t be fair if I didn’t. You pay me to get my projects completed. If I didn’t, it wouldn’t be fair to the company.”

She sagged back in her chair and gazed up at the little holes in the suspended ceiling. Maybe she was counting to a hundred. My mom did that sometimes when she had the same look on her face.

“Abby, you have a simple way of looking at the world, don’t you?” I shrugged. I didn’t think my perspective was particularly simple as much that others seemed to make it too complicated. “Do you understand what the concern is that Sara and I have?”

I sighed, “Yes. You have a concern that I am working overtime in order to keep my commitments because other people are taking up my time. And, you think it’s not fair that I spend this extra time at work and not get paid for it.” She smiled. I wasn’t so difficult after all. “Look … ma’am … here’s my take on it and it is up to you and Sara. This is a highly unique office situation … and experiment in office management and shared effort and bonding that could still fall apart very quickly if the work didn’t get done.” I held up my hand to stop her from interrupting. She smiled. I was on a roll. “If I started claiming all this overtime, somehow it’s going to leak out. You can say all you want about pay being confidential but we know better. Someone in payroll will have drinks with someone on the third floor and they will know someone somewhere else and it will end up here somewhere. Then, what does that make me? Someone milking the system? Someone not able to keep up and getting rewarded for it?” I gazed at her. “If someone is spending too much time fucking, you guys can crack down on them. If not … Ma’am, I like my job. I like what I am doing. I find the work interesting and challenging. I want the company to succeed and grow. I want to be part of the reason it does. If I put in more time quietly, why should anyone care?”

“But … what about …”

“The sex … I like the sex. I’m not roaming the office for more fucks. I’m not. I know women can request sex as much as the guys can. I would be way over my time if I did. That I am still way over my time isn’t my fault. But I like the sex. Honestly, I am surprised how much I do enjoy it still … REALLY enjoy it. Are women complaining they aren’t getting fucked or asked for blowjobs?” She just smiled. “I thought not. The truth is most women don’t mind not being fucked every day. So, if I like my job and like doing it and I like the sex, where’s the harm in my spending my time the way I want?”

“Alright … alright … damn … I wish I could clone you.”

The next day, Sara came bouncing over to my desk. She was wearing her heel, thigh highs, AND a shelf bra. She came up behind me and hugged me. “Pam wouldn’t say why the change was made but I just know it was you.” I tried playing dumb but I didn’t know if I pulled it off. Of course, I was feeling pretty good, too. My first day wearing clothes …. well, heels and stockings, anyway.

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A couple months later and I was settled into not being the ‘new gal’ and a fully contributing member of the team.

It was a late night. Not that I had any idea how late. I was too curious about what I was working on. I remembered finding a stale pastry and apple in the break room that I call dinner. Then, I nearly jumped out of my chair.

“Why are you here alone?”

“Jeez …” I tuned in my chair, then stood up quickly. “Oh, sir, you startled me.” It was Mr. Cornell, the CEO. “I … I, ah … I can’t really answer that, sir.”

He looked at me puzzled, then, “Okay.” His face turned into a smile. “Then, let me rephrase, why are you here so late?”

“Oh … sorry, sir … yes … I was intending to spend just a little time because I thought I could finish up this assignment but I found something that didn’t look right and I started digging and … is it really that late already, sir?”

He dropped his suit jacket and briefcase on Mary’s chair and turned back to me. His eyes traveled down my body and back up. He stuck out his hand, “Curiously, I don’t think we’ve been introduced. Joe Cornell.”

I shyly smiled. “Yes, sir. I know who you are. I’m Abby Thomas.”

“Ahhhh … yes, of course. I should have guess. I’ve heard a lot about you, young lady.”

“Ummm … good things I hope, sir.” He laughed.

Then he loosened his tie and turned to my desk. “Tell me about this ‘something didn’t look right’ thing you were working on. What project are you working on?”

“Sir?” He wanted project details about my issue?

“Young lady, I started this company with a total team no bigger than a quarter of this office. I might be stuck in that big office now but I still remember the thrill of pursuing an analysis.”

I blushed. I sat in my chair and turned the monitor so he could see it better over my shoulder and spread out paperwork as I started. “Well, sir, this is the Mountain West project. Sara assigned me to assist Steve Patula who developed the project with input from Sales, Marketing, and Operations. He broke off this part, the internal guts of the proposal, to me to be melded in with his work.” I broke down the information I was given, what I developed and expanded on myself and why I felt something was off. I explained that to appease myself, I went over to Steve’s desk (I walked him over to it) and spread out the more indepth paperwork he had in his file. He asked surprisingly good questions, but it was his company, as I led him back along the trail of information.

“Wait a minute. Go back to Operations … there … that’s not right. They can’t do that. That rate of production isn’t possible in that area.”

I smile and looked at him, “Exactly, sir. That’s why it looked off to me. This was being based on a false rate of production. I checked a previous project I worked on to verify my premise. It’s not exactly the same production but it’s the same plant and tooling. These numbers are somehow off.”

“You’re not going to be able to finish tonight, are you Abby?”

“No, sir. That was where I was when you surprised me. We need Operations to review that information.”

He nodded and we walked back to my desk. He picked up his jacket and case. “Why are you here so late, sir?”

“Late flight. Thought I’d stop here on the way home. My wife is already asleep, I’m sure. I could download some thoughts while I was still cranked up from the day.” He turned with a nice smile. “Thank you, Abby. That brought back satisfying memories of working late to work out problems. I’d forgotten how much I enjoyed that.”

I watched his eyes travel over my messy desk. “You must have done a really good job of solving problems back then, sir. You’ve got a company now that is widely respected and I very much enjoy working for.”

He seemed to tear his eyes from the past. “Do you drink, dear?” I smiled and he led me through the desks to his dark corner office.

His office was huge. On one side was a huge desk with comfortable visitor chairs in front, a large chair behind and credenza behind that. On the other side was a couch, coffee table and two comfortable chairs. He offered me the couch as he place his case and jacket on his desk and went to one of the doors in the credenza, took out two glasses and held up a bottle of Gentleman Jack bourbon. I nodded.

He handed me one of the glasses and settled himself into one of the chairs across from me. We sipped at the same time. Definitely a better bourbon than I afford myself, I thought. Then, I flushed. And, it wasn’t the whiskey. For the past five months I have spent my days naked or essentially so among a group of people, all the men being dressed. Sitting across from him, legs crossed, an arm crossed over my body under my breasts, I am feeling exposed as if it were the first time. Was it the man or merely a new man? It was then that I realized he was studying me. Before, explaining the problem, his questions, and our back and forth, it had been comfortable. Now … there was something different, something intense, something … what? … something about him?

“Should I apologize, Abby?” His question pulled me back to the moment but I was confused by the question. “That after five months this is how we meet. Late at night by chance?” I shrugged and offered that he was a busy man. “Not that busy. Truth is … all of this,” he waved out beyond his office, “… all this is a bit of a quandary for me. It’s my idea, one I enjoy. But, I am aware of my position, the effect being with me could have on others. The power of employment or not for one. A long time ago I made the decision to not participate in the activities of the office below a certain level.”

He was silent and seeming to be waiting for something. I venture ahead with my thought. “Sir, I don’t think you are wrong. It would be imposing for someone like me to be called to your office for …,” I blushed without finishing. “The idea about all this remains that we maintain control and freedom with what happens and some could feel the loss of that to you or others of senior management.” I judged his reaction, then continued, “I do think, however, that you could be more socially available without the … the ahhhh … you know … the sex.”

He smiled. He stood, took my glass and refilled them. “Abby, I’ve heard things about you … good things, I assure you.” I blushed, again. “I’ve heard you are very specific and literal. I’ve seen that tonight. I’ve heard you are very analytical and precise. I’ve seen that tonight, too. I’ve also heard in delightful ways that you can also be very direct. That is what I would like right now.” He took a large gulp of the amber liquid as if he was seeking some liquid courage. “I don’t think I am a very good manager, Abby. In fact, I am sure I am not. I am great at working a company, organizing it, improving it, putting the right resources where they are needed. The people aspects …” he shrugged, “not so much. I have found great people to help me with that but … you are right. Of course you are. So, how should I do that?”

For the next hour, we talked. Maybe part of my talking was the bourbon. But he was easy for me to talk to. He was real. He had opened himself to me and I doubted that had happened often before. People with insecurities don’t reveal them easily. Something happened during the night that the youngest office member and the CEO of the entire corporation connected.

“You make it sound so simple.”

I shook my head. “No, its not. Personalities are so different.”

We paused. Nothing was said for minutes. Then, “You said I was right about not approaching …” He was glancing at my breasts. I knew what he was seeing because I could feel what was happening. My nipples were hard, my heart beat had increased, and I was subtly (I hoped) squeezing my thighs together. He started to speak but I stopped him by standing, bending over to put my glass on the coffee table, purposely, I think, to cause my breasts to sag and swing before him.

“I would very much like to, sir.” I stepped around the small table and pushed it to give myself more room. I knelt before him, reached for his belt, and looked up at him. “Very much, sir.” He nodded kind of numbly.

I unfastened his belt, then his slacks and zipper, pulled them down his hips far enough to reach into his underwear for his cock. Oh my God. It was a thought, thankfully it didn’t come out verbally. I held it in my hand and glanced up at him. He was watching me, perhaps a little concern showing. Was this also a reason for his not being more aggressive with women he didn’t know? Who didn’t know him? His cock was large. Even soft my hand only covered half of it. When I experienced Brad on that first day, I thought he was big. At eight inches, he was big in my experience, then. But this … this cock was almost that big and it wasn’t hard. Does that mean it will be 10 or 11 inches? I realized I was just staring at it and I could get that answer easy enough with a little effort.

As I held it in my left hand, I could feel it begin to stir at my touch. I held it up and licked the base and up to the head. I licked down one side and back up the other, coating the surface with saliva. I licked up and down several times before taking the head between my lips, swirling my tongue around it and sucking it. As I did, I looked up into his face. His mouth was slightly open and I saw more than heard the gasps and intake of breath.

I stroked his cock as I sucked the head, twirling my tongue around it, and pumping my mouth over it for a few inches. Soon I was pressing my mouth further and further down over it curious how much I might be able to take. I pulled my mouth off his cock and gasped joyously, stroking the saliva from my mouth down over the hardening shaft. I looked up at him with wonder in my eyes. I didn’t say anything but I was sure my face said plenty. With his cock hard, I gazed at it, then held my forearm up to it and gasped. It was just an inch shy of that. I would later measure and find my forearm was 11 inches.

I went back to sucking his cock and stroking it with wild intention. Then, I stopped. I looked up at him and sucked up my courage. “Sir … may I fuck you?”

“Are you sure?” I nodded.

He started to rise but I put my hand on his chest and kept him in the chair. Instead, I knelt on the chair with my knees along his legs. He slouched a bit in the chair and I wiggled closer to him until my knees were past his hips. I reached for his hard cock, raised my hips high enough to be over his upraised shaft, then settled down until I felt his cock pressing against my pussy. I moved his cock slightly until it settled in my hole and I sucked in a breath as I lowered over the head. I gasped as it stretched my opening and entered. I stayed where I was for a moment, savoring the delicious feeling of my pussy being stretched and filled, even if just a few inches of it. I rose an inches and pressed back down several inches, then up an inch and down much more until my ass smacked on his thigh. I was moaning at the feeling of my cervix being bumped on the down stroke, then gasp as I slowly pulled up and up so only the head was inside, then plunge back down, jamming his cock against my cervix, again. The feeling was amazing, like nothing I had experienced in anything before or since coming to work here. Of all the fuckings, day after day, nothing had been like this. Even Brad’s large cock hadn’t done this to me. Anal. Anal had the sense of stretching, of penetration, of amazing fullness. This, though … my God.

My eyes were closed in euphoric wonder of the experience but opened at the sharp, piercing feeling of my nipples being pinched and pulled. Sound … words … cries … moans … groans … they all tumbled from my mouth as I bounced on his cock, my breasts flopping when not being abused my his hands and fingers. I came and came. I cried out loudly. I fell forward against him but continued bouncing on his cock as I one orgasmic wave after another washed over me.

Gasping and panting, his cock so deep inside me, I spoke into his ear, “You didn’t cum, sir. What’s your favorite? What can I do?”

I sat back to look into his eyes and his cock moved a couple inches and my pussy spasmed in reaction around it. I’d give him anything at this moment.

He said, “I was almost there when I got distracted by the magnificence of your orgasm. It was beautiful to see, my dear.” He shifted forward. “Stay with me.”

He shifted to the edge of the chair, leaned forward and eased himself to a standing position. I was impressed. I hung onto him with arms and legs and I gasped as he walked the short distance to his desk, each step sending a jolt into me as his cock hit inside. He eased me down onto the desktop, pulled my ass to the edge, and I lay back. When I hit the desktop with my back, my breasts shook and he smiled.

“I love your big breasts. I’m something of a breast man.” I heard that, I thought to myself. He grabbed my ankles and lifted them up to place them on his shoulders. “Now I can move properly. This time I do the fucking.” I smiled up at him. Oh, God, yes, fuck me with that wonderful cock.

He pressed the last few inches that remained outside me, then slowly, inch by inch pulled back almost all the way out. Then he slammed back into me. I cried out. Whatever the difference was, it felt like his cock drove all the air out of my body and escaped in that cry. Again, he did it. Slowly, agonizingly, he pulled back and plowed back in. Each time after the pulling back was a little less slow but each time into me was equally hard and deep. One of my hands found its way to a breast which I began mauling. The other was wrapped in my hair, half pulling and half combing through. I was raising my hips to his thrusts. I was gasping and panting as another orgasm crested within me from the assault.

I heard him grunt and his body shudder. I felt his cock inside me swell even more and pulse and I became aware of his eminent climax. He was pumping fiercely while grunting and groaning but his were lost in a mix of our sounds filling the office. I him thrust forcefully and deep into me and hold us tight. I felt his cock jerk and spew, his cum filling whatever voids impossibly existing with that cock buried in me. And, his climax, his spasms, his spurt after spurt of cum sent me over the edge for my second orgasm. My mouthed gapped but there was no breathing. My body quaked and shivered and my pussy spasmed around the cock and washed it with my warm juices.

**CHAPTER 4: THE CEO**

The day after the late night with Mr. Cornell had a few of us preoccupied with close review of the project and verification of what I had identified as an issue. I managed to convince Mr. Cornell the night before not to put too much fault on Steve, assuring him that this experience would be seared into his memory. Instead of using it to make a point, use it as a lesson for him. Sara did talk to him privately, however. Steve came to me after his meeting with Sara and told me he owe me big time. I told him it was what teammates and friends do. I wondered if a talk like that while naked would ever feel comfortable. I hoped not.

Shortly after that, Ms. Benson called and asked to see me. Of course, that meant my going to see her which I did.

After rapping on her door frame, “You wanted me, ma’am?” I wasn’t sure if she wanted to talk to me or …

“Ah, yes, Abby. You spent quite a bit of time with Joe last night from the sounds of it. What exactly did you talk about besides the project?”

“Ma’am?”

“Something must have happened. Joe Cornell is a brilliant man but he is awkward with small talk even with people he knows. It’s just not his thing.” I just looked at her trying to indicate I wasn’t volunteering anything that might have been shared between Mr. Cornell and me. “Abby …” She threw her hands up. “You know what he did? He stood there, right where you are now, and asked me how I was doing. When I started talking about this project and that project, he shook his head and said, and I quote, ‘No, Pam, how are YOU doing?’” She looked at me, then laughed. “Okay … I respect that about you, Abby. You stuck up for Steve today and you’re going to hold in confidence what you guys talked about. Whatever it was, Abby, he listens to you.”

It was almost a week later, early enough in the day that I hadn’t had my second cup of coffee and I stood to go to the break room when I noticed Mr. Cornell hanging around his doorway. As I wound my way through the desks to the opposite side of the main room, I say him moving along the back in the same direction. He stopped briefly at one of the Director offices, said something there and continued, arriving at the break room with his own mug as I was pouring into my own.

“If you’re pouring, Abby.”

I smiled, remembering the comment Ms. Benson made about his small talk. After I filled his mug, he looked around the empty room and indicated with his mug to a table furthest from the door.

“How are you doing today, sir?”

“Fine … fine … no, good. Abby, I wanted to talk to you but not in my office. I didn’t want people … to talk.”

“It’s okay for me to be in your office, sir.”

He shook his head. “No, not really. Our company separation is too much for us to be having a meeting without Sara or Pam there. Then, if it’s sex … well … you know I don’t go into the main group for that. No, people would talk. You don’t need that.”

I asked him what I could do for him, then. He said he tried what I recommended, to just stop in at his staff offices occasionally. His face beamed. “I did it, Abby. It was great, thank you.”

I laughed. “You know, sir, you blew Ms. Benson’s mind. She didn’t know what to think after you left.”

He laughed, then look at me seriously. “She just shared that with you, right?” I nodded and he shook his head. “People respond to you, dear. You have a way with people.”

I laughed harder. “Yeah, it’s called sex. I’ve fucked, sucked, or eaten every person on the floor I think.

He argued with me, then seriously asked, “What should I do next?”

Seriously, I thought. How did the newest person on the floor become his confidant and counselor? It’s not like he’s asking for anything deep, so … “What you’re doing is good, sir. I know you aren’t the outgoing, small talking schmoozer, so take small steps. Treat this like anything else, right. Set goals you can manage and continue in steps to achieve what you want.” He nodded and looked intently at me. Right, what’s next? “Be satisfied with your staff, gain some confidence. Those are the people you are most comfortable with. Speaking of … why did you go to Ms. Benson?” He looked embarrassed. Oh, I thought, he fucks her. File that away and to compare notes. “Next step, I think, include the Directors.” He nodded and stood, thanking me.

He took a step, then turned. “Abby … I need to know something. It has to be honestly.” I nodded. “The other night … in my office … was that okay?”

I stood, eased his mind by looking at the door, stepping up to him so we were inches apart. “Sir, the other night was very, VERY okay.”

He smiled. This was the man who started all this. How? He said, “I would like …”

I took his hand and placed it on my bare breast, “I would like, too.”

\* \* \* \*

Three weeks later a meeting of the Vice Presidents and Directors was called by Joe Cornell. The conference room was almost not large enough to handle all the titles assembled in one place. Additional chair had to be brought into the room and the rest of the office was a buzz with speculation of what meeting might mean. Five people appeared at my desk, all looking very concerned and serious. Mary rolled her chair over to listen. Everybody … EVERYBODY … was on edge.

“Abby, what’s happening in there?” I assured them I wouldn’t know. Hey, I thought, I’m the newest one here. Standing before me were five of the most senior of the group. I still found myself blinking at the sight of two naked women calmly standing in front of me with dress men next to them. “Can’t you find out? Talk to Sara. She talks to you.” I sagged in my chair. The speculation ranged from the office being broken up, or the naked and sex policy being eliminated, all the way to layoffs.

I pushed my chair back from the desk and sighed. This is what happens when everyone trusts you. Okay, that can’t be a bad thing. I pointed at the group, “Stay here.” I tried to be firm.

Of course, they didn’t. As I rapped on the opening to Sara’s cubicle, I saw them gathered about 15 feet away but now the group had tripled. Of course, Sara insisted she didn’t have any better idea. And, I believe her. That wasn’t going to ease the anxiety, though.

\* \* \* \*

“First off, let me say that I can’t imagine what this meeting is doing to the people out there.” Joe Cornell pointed beyond the glass wall of the conference room. “That being said, I want to keep this short, give some direction, and break this up without a prolonging any concern for them. When we leave I want everyone smiling and relaxed. There really no reason for us not to be. Okay?”

One of the Vice Presidents inserted, “Joe, a few of us have commented … wherever you are getting direction to do what you’re doing … we think it’s great.”

He smiled but collapsed into the head chair. “Thanks, but frankly, it’s exhausting. Going outside myself is ….”

Around the room came, “Exhausting?” The whole room laughed and that caught the attention of those not in the room even if they couldn’t hear what was said.

“I’ve decided to have a personal assistant.” A ‘It’s about time’ came back to him and the group agreed. “I want to spend more time in the office. I promised Samantha. I’m going to pull back, still mix it up with Operations but leave you young studs to deal with customers and suppliers. I’ll be support whenever needed but it’s time. The company is getting too big and I have too much respect for all of you. You deserve to take bigger roles and rewards.”

He paused, then, “What I need is advice on who. I know we have a lot of very good people out there. Is it filled there? Should it be filled from outside? Dan, as HR, I want you to run point on this but I want this group to have some kind of consensus because I won’t be the only one working closely with this person.”

“Are you sure this needs a lot of discussion, Joe?”

He nodded. “Yes. I don’t want this messed up by playing favorites. I know everyone has PA’s they like better than others but I want one I can work with and all of you can work with. Working for me, working with all of you, maybe being between you and me … this could be stress producing. I want a strong person who can work across the board.”

\* \* \* \*

When the meeting broke up and the conference emptied, we were still at Sara cubicle. She looked at me and shrugged, That was quick. Just then, her phone rang. “Yes, Pam.” Sara looked at me. “Of course, I’ll be right there.”

She hung up and manager phones began ringing around the office. We all looked over the desks at Ms. Benson’s office.

I was back at my desk when Sara appear and called the group together for an informal meeting around her which happened to be around Mary and me. “Well,” she started, “all the speculation was way off. There is nothing negative. In fact, for someone it is a positive opportunity. It was announced that Mr. Cornell is going to hire a Personal Assistant for himself. As you all know, he was still the only Director and above without his own. This will obviously be a big opportunity. So, anyone who wants to put their name in to be considered, please let me know privately. We seen similar situations before, right? A senior person loses their PA and it can start a chain reaction of PA’s moving up. Whether that happens this time just remember, it would still result in an open PA position somewhere.” She looked at her group. “I am really proud to work with every one of you. I wouldn’t want to lose any of you but the loss in our group would be a gain for one of you and you should take it if you can.”

I was standing under the shower, my arms braced against the wall as the hot water cascaded over me. Arms came around me and hugged me while cupping my breasts. “How was your day?” Sara asked.

I turned around in her arms and kissed her on the lips. “Good. Like most all of them are. A good job, good fucks, and great Manager.” I looked over her shoulder and the changing area looked deserted. Not too surprising, I was often one of the last out.

She moved some hair off my face and looked into my eyes. “I haven’t seen your intention to apply for the position. Why not?”

“Sara, I’ve been here … what? … like five and a half months? I have no business being on that list. Not that I wouldn’t like to try or that I don’t think I could do it. You know me.”

She laughed, “I do know you and that is why I am wondering why you haven’t put your name in.”

I shook my head. “And I don’t want you putting it in, either.”

She held up her hands in resignation. Then, she stepped up to me so we were touching. “How about if I wash your breasts, then? Maybe more?” I put my arms around her neck and kissed her hard. I think I am turning more and more bi.

\* \* \* \*

Dan, the HR Director, had met seperately with groups and individuals of senior management to minimize attention. He was finding a consensus and he wasn’t surprised by it except for one thing: the consensus was on a person whose name had not been submitted for consideration. They had eliminated an outside consideration quickly. Person after person and group after group came back with the same name. They all agreed it would be unusual given some details but all equally agreed the choice was still over-riding. Dan insisted on presenting three candidates and having formal interviews. The ultimate choice was up to Joe Cornell and the process had to be to upheld. He received two more candidates, both well respected.

He knocked on Pam Benson’s door jam and found her on the phone. She waved him in and he took a chair opposite her. When she put the phone down, he jumped into it, “You realize her names not on the list?”

She nodded. “I’ve talked to Sara. She’s an unusual young woman. I think that is one of her charms, right? She feels she is too young, too inexperienced. Still, she doesn’t question herself, her own abilities or confidence in what she can do when given the chance, she just is concerned about appearances given the experience and seniority of others in the group.”

“Which is part of her appeal.”

“Exactly. She made Sara promise not to put her name in for consideration.” She leaned back and gazed at him. She watched him looking back at her. She caught his eyes pass over her breasts and wondered briefly how many such male and female meeting didn’t include a sexual overtone. They were regular partners in the office and she knew from experience that it was how it eventually settled into a normality. The exposure became more of a general tease while the actual sex tended to sort itself toward preferred partners. “What are you going to do?”

“I have an idea. We have to agree not to let Joe know, though.”

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It was announced that three candidates had been narrowed down. The process would include interviews over the next few days in private. The process would be in confidence of all active participants with a decision hopefully coming from Mr. Cornell after his interview with each. The names, as part of the confidential, were not provided. Speculation again rose to thinking the process would would be outside the office if it were truly private.

Mary rolled her chair close to me, “I still don’t understand why you didn’t put your name in. You’d be great in that role and everyone respects you even if you don’t have as much seniority.”

I just shook my head, my focus on my monitor. I couldn’t have the conversation, again. It will be a relief for the decision to be made and the office settle back to what it was. Whatever position opened up as a result would cause much less fuss. I would love working directly with Mr. Cornell. He has been careful with me but it is clear he responds to the talks we have. Everyone remarks how he has changed in reaching out to people, even those of us in the big room. I put ear buds into my ears and tried to tune out everything but my projects.

A couple days later and the room was still buzzing. Two PA’s had been spotted going to the elevator and presumably downstairs, one a woman who naturally had to get dressed. Nobody was surprised by the two. Questions swirled around the third, though. Nobody had noticed a third but he or she may have been more careful was the prevailing opinion.

I had subconsciously noticed the office clearing out when Sara appeared in front of my desk. “What’s keeping you late this time?”

I smiled. It was always something. I told her and she challenged that that project was due for quite a while. “Yeah, well … we had a conversation and the regional guys think we might be able to influence the process if we got in there early with a strong presentation. It might influence how they consider the formal proposals. I can see how I’m essentially using the same information just in modified form so it’s not double effort.” She thanked me. She didn’t say it but she’d said it often enough. Not many might put themselves into such extra work but … I sagged back in my chair and watched her leave. She didn’t shower. I had already had a quick shower in the afternoon to clean cum off my breasts and stomach after a mini-bukkake. The demand on me hadn’t slacked much while being included more by the senior managers, too.

I was interrupted a couple more times by higher-ups concerned about the time I spend in the office. I assured them I was fine and almost done which was true. They were all familiar with my hours, of course, and sometimes I felt their concern was almost a way of feeling better about leaving me there alone. I typed the email and attached the document and pressed send. I cleaned off my desk, slipped my heels back on, and stood to leave.

“Abby?”

I was surprised by the sound. I had believed I was the only one still on the floor. I wasn’t surprised by the voice, though. He held two glasses of amber fluid. “How about a drink before you go. It looks like you could use it.”

I smiled. Funny how those few words from his voice comforted me and eased away some tension. I dropped my purse and bag on my desk and weaved my way to him. As I got closer, “You know, sir, I bet every woman here carries an extra bag with makeup, maybe special shampoo and conditioner, bushes, etc. It would be nice if the stalls had a small locker.”

He handed me one of the glasses, “I’ll have someone look into it, Abby.”

I collapsed on the couch. He took a chair on the other side of the coffee table. I saw him looking at my legs, my breasts, my legs, and back to my breasts before settling on my face. I smiled at him. In a normal office, such action could be offensive. It was almost expected here. I was wearing nude stocking with lace tops with dark 4” heels to match the skirt hanging outside. I uncrossed my legs and too slowly parted them before recrossing. He realized what had happened was on purpose and he chuckled.

“You tease me.” I smiled. It was obvious we like each other. It was equally obvious we could relax and be ourselves when we were alone. It wasn’t why I worked late but I had suspected it was a part of why he sometimes stayed late.

We talked. He asked about the projects I was working on, especially interested in the strategy currently being tried. I asked about his travel.

“Don’t worry, Abby. I said I would pull back and I am. I’m still traveling but this trip starts with an operational issue in New Jersey, then stopping off at a potential customer. AND …” before I could inject a concern about him doing sales, “and, I will only be figure-head support. The sales team will be the lead.”

“I’m proud of you, sir. Is that appropriate for me to say? Maybe not …”

He laughed, “You … Abby … Samantha has tried to get me to slow down, hand off some of what I do for a while. Others have tried. Hell, I even hired someone to counsel me for a while. Your soft encouragement and guidance in things around the office showed me how they fit with how I wanted to adjust other aspects. My dear wife thinks you have to be angel to guide me.”

“Angel? I don’t think my actions around here are very angelic.” I watched him and he watched me. I could feel my nipples harden and I could see his eyes focus on them. “Sir … your wife ...?”

“I keep nothing from my wife, dear. She knows about all this. It’s an interesting story, actually how it got started. But, she knows about every time.”

I put my empty glass on the table and rose. He turned his chair for more room. The most senior man and the newest woman. I knelt in front of his chair as he pushed his slacks and underwear from under his hips. I took hold of his wonderful cock and licked it up and down. I felt it stir, beginning to expand and thicken. I continued to lick until I finally took the head between my lips and sucked, twirled my tongue around the head, licked around the head, then plunged my mouth down over the hardening cock. In two motions, I took the head into the opening of my throat, a little further and a little further until I had to pull back. Gasping, some saliva leaking from the corners of my mouth, “You’re so big. I don’t know if I’ll ever do it.”

“Practice.” It sounded encouraging and I was certainly willing, more than willing, eager to have this cock and him. The reality, though, was he would soon have a PA and the smart bet seemed to be it would be a woman. And, she would be in this position. But right now it was me. Privately. Secretly. Alone in the office to share.

I gave up on practice, though. I wanted him inside. I might still get chances after, but this moment felt more urgent. Change was coming for him. Change we had talked about, encouraged. Change his wife encouraged. Having him again felt imperative.

I looked up, his cock in my hand. I stroked it as I rose on my knees to kiss him. He used his hands to encourage me up. He pried off his shoes and stepped out of his pants, then guided me to his desk and pressed me down over it. I felt his cock move up and down over my wet slit. His actions felt as needy as I felt. He moved his cock to my hole, it sank in slightly, then he grapped my waist and plunged deeply inside with the initial thrust. I cried out. My body reacted instantly with shivering and quaking. The next thrust bumped my cervix and I almost orgasmed. God, what the mind can do.

He leaned over me to grasp a swinging breast and stroke my clit. I came quickly, my legs shaking, my chest dropping to the desktop and relying on his arm wrapped around my waist to hold me up. He pulled abruptly out and turned me around, pressing me back to the desk and onto the top. He pulled my ass to the edge and thrust back into my pussy, hitting my cervix again, my pussy soaked and slick with my orgasmic juices. He fucked me hard, urgent, and needy. He pulled my feet around his waist and I complied with locking my ankles. He then placed my arms around his neck and began pulling back and up. I hung on to him with his cock buried deep. I would admit to being impressed as he stood upright, gravity pulling me down over his cock until my clit pressed into his pelvic bone. His hands went under my ass and began lifting and dropping me on his cock. He managed it for minutes and I didn’t even notice him moving us to the side of the office until I felt my bare back pressed against the glass of his office wall. He pressed me against it as he rammed his cock up into me and I began shivering, again. I felt him respond to it, too. He pressed firmly and deeply, his cock pulsing inside as my pussy began clenching spasmodically around his cock. I orgasmed the second time the moment I felt his cock spew its cum into my clenching, grasping pussy. I wrapped my shaking body around him, legs and arms squeezing tightly as my body shook and quaked both of us grunting and moaning, murmuring and gasping.

He walked us to the couch where he managed to rest us on our sides. There was no rush to separate. I so enjoyed the feeling of his long cock slowly soften and recede inside me until only a few inches still remained inside, staying that way until one of us moved in a way that it slipped out. This wasn’t anything like the fucks during the day. They had an element of rushing. These time had none of that.

I kissed him softly on the lips. I was trying very hard not to move too much. I did not want to lose his cock head still just inside me. I gazed into his eyes and smiled, “Your wife is a very lucky woman.”

He pulled his head back to look at me better. The movement almost slipped him out but I clenched my muscles trying to hold onto him. “My wife,” he responded, “wants very much to meet you.”

I was shocked by the comment and my reaction did cause him to slip out. He just smiled.

Nothing was learned about the pending hiring of the Personal Assistant for Mr. Cornell. The delay kept the office buzzing with speculation even to the extent that the sex slowed down. Weird how the sex in the office could just as easily be affected by rumor and speculation. I refused to be the go-between to Sara. I was convinced she had no more knowledge than the rest of us and she wasn’t going to go to Ms. Benson.

I had my own speculation to deal with. Mr. Cornell’s comment about his wife wanting to meet me wasn’t as idle a comment as I put it off to. Two days after that comment, Friday, I was invited to their house for dinner. She really did want to meet me. All forms of doubts and fears flooded my mind to the point where, for the first time, I was having significant issues with concentration at work and that included both work and sex.

I left right at 5:00 that night, skipped the shower and surprised everyone by those two things. I rushed home to my little apartment, stripped as I walked to the bedroom and went straight into the shower. I spent a lot of time in front of the sink and mirror doing both hair and makeup. I stopped at one point with the realization I was spending more effort getting ready to meet Mrs. Cornell than I bothered with at the office where makeup was about all I had to wear. I had fussed a lot about what to wear. If she knew, which she did, about the nudity at the office, would it be expected to wear something erotic and revealing? Or the opposite? I settled basically in-between: a mid-thigh skirt, thigh-highs, bikini panty, matching lace bra, and white short-sleeved buttoned blouse. Checking myself in the mirror, I opened several button and added a string of fake pearls.

She greeted me at the front door with a hug that was disarming. Mr. Cornell stood behind her with a big welcoming smile. She was dressed in a nice form-fitting sleeveless dress that was also mid-thigh and a plunging front that show-cased her C-cup cleavage and trim body. He was more casual than I normally see him but still in dress slacks and a light blue, long-sleeved dress shirt but without tie or jacket.

I was five minutes early and it was a good thing. Dinner was ready and we sat down to eat in their formal dining room immediately. Perhaps it was a kind of wifely test for this woman she had been hearing her husband go on about. Was his understanding of his wife’s interest in her misplaced? Was this a less than cordial invitation?

Those fears were quickly put to rest, however. Dinner was easy and relaxed. The conversation swirled around each of us, little bits of personal information divulged about families, schools, and pastimes. When she asked me directly about the what if felt like in the office, I tensed. She chuckled at my response. Mr. Cornell sat at one end of the rectangular table while Mrs. Cornell and I sat across from each other next him.

“I know all about the office, my dear. What I am asking is from your perspective, one of the women in the group of the employees, as it were. What is it really like to be naked, or essentially so, among clothed men? What is it really like to become engaged in sex publicly in front of co-workers at almost any time during the day? And, what is it like that despite all that you have a real job to perform?”

Mr. Cornell wasn’t kidding. She really did know all about it. What she didn’t know was what the office felt like, especially from a woman’s perspective. He went quiet as she and I took over the conversation, me trying to describe it coyly and she pulling and pushing for more detailed, explicit responses. Soon, I was describing my first day of exposure, my teasing with the butt-plug, and the near gangbang that ensued. She was gape mouthed but not in a horrified way. Rather, the feeling I got from her was one of wonder, maybe even of yearning. No, she was at perfect peace with what was happening in her husband’s office. While we talked through some of the details, she stretched her hand out to Mr. Cornell and he took it in his. I watched it all peripherally and saw the clasping, intertwining of fingers, the soft smiles shared. This night wasn’t about testing or challenging or intimidation of the woman from the office. There was something else at play here and I had to trust it would become known at the right time.

I assisted Mrs. Cornell with the plates and serving dishes while Mr. Cornell was sent off in search of another bottle of wine. She turned to me as soon as he disappeared around out the kitchen door.

“I want to thank you, Abby. My husband is brilliant but like most brilliant people there is a side of him that is not. As you have seen, that is in how he relates to others comfortably. He can be incredibly awkward. It was the force of his will that got this company started and the strength of his being that he pulled the company into becoming what it is. But it is too big for him to try to do everything. He understands now that he needs to let others do what they are good at and free him up to do what he is good at … and somethings he isn’t yet good at but is incredibly important to him. He wants to excite people working there to be as excited about it as he is.

“Abby, we’ve gone to professionals, spent a lot of money to get the suggestions and advice for him to move forward in dealing with people. He comes home from trips thoroughly exhausted because taking the responsibility of interacting with customers, clients, and suppliers is just not his strong suit. He’s a doer, not a talker. But, you dear, you’ve already empowered him. So, I thank you.”

I started to object but she held up her hand.

“You don’t think you did anything. I get it. I think that who you are is a reason why he responds to you. From what I have learned about you, yes I have pried through some people at the office, you don’t relate to others with an agenda or motive. You’re open. You are who you are. He responded to that. He didn’t feel a need to pretend or hide.”

“Thank you, ma’am. I’m just not sure …”

“I wanted a moment to talk to you so I have to hurry. Joe made the decision to have a Personal Assistant in part at my encouragement but also from his staff, too. They are supportive of his wish to pull back. It increases their responsibility and challenge but gives them the opportunities of success and gratification … probably reward, too. He has a problem with the \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*ion. His staff came to a conclusion of one person for him. Without hearing it, he insisted on a formal three candidate interview process. All are very good candidates. For any other executive, any of them would be good. Joe is different, though. He is like the other polished executives. He knows it, they know it.”

“Has he interviewed them all?”

She looked intently back, “He has. He has interviewed them, studied their resumes, talked to associates or those they report to. He’s made his decision. There really was little doubt when he saw the names but tried to keep an open mind through the interviews.” He interviewed all three. Who is the third candidate then?

“So, if he’s made up his mind, what’s his problem?”

“He knows but there is something that is out of his control to make the decision he desires.” She stared into my eyes. “And, you, can help him. You’re the only one, I think who can help him get what he wants.”

I shrugged. I had no idea what I could do to help that someone with real power in the company couldn’t do easier. “Anything. Whatever I can. Ma’am, I’d do anything for your husband.”

“Anything?”

I shrugged and nodded. “Anything that isn’t illegal.” She chuckled and assured me it wasn’t illegal. “What?”

“When he offers, accept.”

“Ladies,” Mr. Cornell came through the entry. “I couldn’t find the same wine but this one should be about the same.” She took it from him and volunteered to open it and bring clean glasses. “Okay … yeah … uhmm … Abby, that gives us a moment. There is something I’d like to talk to you about.” I looked back at her but she had turned her back, intentionally I was sure so there would be no further eye contact.

He led me into the living room. A funny thought came to me. I had been with him for hours tonight and all of it dressed. I hadn’t ever been with him except when I was naked. He stopped next to a chair and I stopped next to another. I had a feeling about this and figured something to steady me might be good.

“Abby, you know I’ve been lookng for someone to be a Personal Assistant for me. I think you can understand, maybe better than a lot of people, how much I want that person to be someone I could truly communicate with, who I could truly be comfortable with, and who I could truly trust.” I nodded, not knowing anything to say.

“I received recommendation from my staff, from Dan on an HR perspective, and the Directors. They all agreed. I interviewed candidates.”

“Three candidates, sir?”

“Yes, three. I know what my decision is, Abby.” He looked at me awkwardly. “Abby, you undoubtedly had good reasons for not putting your name in for consideration. I don’t know what those reasons were but I hope it wasn’t that you didn’t think you could work with me or wanted to work with me.” I shook my head vigorously. “Good. Good. Abby, I want you. Ohh … that came out wrong. I mean, I want you to be my Personal Assistant. I want to ask you to please keep an open mind this weekend and consider that. I want us to work together. Can you do that? Keep an open mind this weekend?”

“No.” It just blurted out.

He looked surprised, shocked. From behind me came, “WHAT?!?”

I turned to find Mrs. Cornell. She must have been standing just outside listening. She came in with the wine and three glasses she set on the coffee table. She stood next to him and put a comforting arm around his waist.

I was a bit stunned myself. I knew what was going to happen. She essentially told me. Still … I stammered out, “Sir, you said you interviewed all three candidates. You didn’t interview me.”

He smiled, perhaps still hoping there was an opening. “I did, just not a formal one. Two night ago, Abby. I stayed around until you started clearing your desk. I called you over for a drink. We talked, remember? About a lot of things. I interviewed you.”

I shook my head. “Sir, I can’t keep an open mind about this over the weekend. Ever since that first night … the one I thought I found a problem and you came in late from the airport. You asked me why I was there so late. Sir … you talk about not relating to people but you related to me. You listened. You listened as I explained and together we worked back through the information. Then, you saw it, too. We worked out a plan to deal with it for the next day. That night … it is etched in my memory forever. Then, you opened up to me and asked my thoughts. You listened again. You acted.”

I saw him squeeze his wife. “I did what you said, too. And it worked.”

“I know! I was … so proud of you. You gambled on my simple suggestion.” I looked directly at Mrs. Cornell. “From that moment, I would do anything for him.”

She squeezed him but spoke to me. “But you didn’t want to work for him? I don’t understand.”

“I ached to spend moments with him. He made me feel so … worthwhile, significant. I knew of his concern of intimidation of power. When I worked late and saw the light on in his office, I wondered … hoped … he was still there. Maybe we could talk, again. It was literally an ache. But there was a reality check. I thought I would be laughed at. Why was someone with five or six months of experience putting herself with much more qualified candidates? It was my insecurity.”

He asked, “What are you saying, Abby?”

“Sir, I won’t keep an open mind this weekend because I am saying ‘yes’ now.”

She crushed me in an embrace and called out, “Joe, honey, get some of that good whiskey of yours. We’re going to celebrate.”

I eased back slightly, “Oh … wait … I’ve already had wine and I have to drive and …”

She pulled me back into her embrace. “No, you don’t. We have a lot of getting acquainted to do so plan on spending the night.”

I looked over her shoulder. He was pouring three glasses of Gentleman Jack. He glanced at me with a smile and shrug that seemed to say it would be easier just to go with it.

We drank the first one pretty quickly and it burned going down. I shook my head as it sent a fog into my head and a warmth washing over me. I watched him pour more and I giggled. She said, “Abby, I want to see a lot more of you.” I smiled and said something like that would be nice. “No, dear, now. Now I want to see more of you.”

She put her glass down and reached behind her back and pulled the zipper of her dress down. I looked at her, then at him. He had an expectant look on his face.

“Don’t look at him, Abby. You’ve fucked him, already. It’s my turn now. You want to be his assistant and lover? You get both of us. Can you do that? Take care of both of us?”

Damn, this was becoming a lot more than I expected. But, yes. I had no question. All those women in the office … yes. I began unbuttoning my blouse as I stepped up to her, leaned forward and moved my lips to catch hers. She moved her hands to lower the zipper completely as I finished unbuttoning my blouse. I shrugged the blouse off as she dropped her dress to her feet. I went straight for my bra. I unclasped it and shrugged it off, freeing my large breasts. She stopped as she was stepping from the dress pooled at her feet.

“Oh, God … Joe mentioned these.” Her hands cupped underneath and lifted them as her thumbs rubbed the nipples. She bent over and sucked on a nipple and switched to the other as I loosened my skirt and pushed it over my hips to my feet. I reached for her own bra as she sucked. Her bra fell to the floor and she joined my gasping when I began fondling her breasts. I noticed some movement, looked, and found Mr. Cornell turning one of the chairs to more comfortably watch. He noticed me looking, held up his refilled glass in a salute, and smiled.

We parted but only enough to push panties to the floor. We were both standing in thigh-highs and heels looking lustily at each other. Mr. Cornell took action by leading us to the couch, sitting us pressed against each other and handing us refreshed drinks. He then moved to a chair facing us. He lifted his glass to us.

“This couldn’t have gone any better. Not only do I have the PA of my desires but I have the two ladies in my life naked. My dear, have I mentioned that our Abby here has quite the reputation in the office for giving other women orgasms?”

I slipped my hand onto her stocking covered thigh and slid it to the inside. She looked at her husband and he nodded. She uncrossed her legs and my hand slid up the inside of her thigh to her pussy … her quite wet pussy. She gasped and slid down on the seat. I pulled her leg over mine and ran fingers up and down over her slit. I plunged a finger into her hole and she moaned delightfully.

“Do it Abby. I want to see her in her first girl-girl orgasm.”

Her first. How long ago was it that I had my first such encounter? The interview, of course. I took her glass from her hand and placed both on the side table. I went to my knees in front of her, parted her legs wider, pulled her hips to the edge of the couch and kissed my way up the inside of her leg. My lips and tongue making initial contact on her pussy brought another gasp. I placed my lips over her clit and sucked. Her moan was clear. I glanced up to find Mr. Cornell now sitting next to her, holding her hand and fondling a breast. I forced her knees up to open her to my mouth. I kissed, sucked, chewed, and probed with my tongue. As her moans grew, I insert first two fingers but quickly added another. I sawed the fingers in and out of her pussy, the sound of fingers plunging in and out of her wetness provided a delightfully obscene sound to mix with groans, moans, and nonsensical murmurings. Her hips lifted off the couch, her hand gripping her hands hard. She professed her love to him between wild sounding moans even as she was being pleasured by another woman. I curled my fingers moving in and out, striking and stroking her g-spot, thumbing her clit, then sucking and nipping at her clit. Her orgasm was spectacular. Her body went rigid about six inches off the couch with my mouth, fingers, and tongue still working her. When she collapsed, she shook and shivered for minutes as my tongue provide more gentle contact in the aftermath and continuing after-orgasms.

That began the night.