**Abby and the CEO**

by Ike Man

**CHAPTER 5: SHARING**

I had just agreed to being Mr. Cornell’s Personal Assistant despite not having the courage to apply for it and followed that with bringing Mrs. Cornell to her first girl-girl orgasm.

Mr. Cornell rose from the couch where he had been holding his wife while she orgasmed on my mouth, tongue, and fingers. I stood with him, leaning over to give her a kiss on the lips before gathering up a couple of the glasses and joining him at the little bar in the living room.

“Thank you, Abby. She’s talked about that and never had the courage to pursue it.” He finished refreshing the drinks, then turned and put a hand on my shoulder. “Do you mind this? The sex thing is an office thing. Do you mind that Samantha wants to be involved?”

I smiled broadly and glanced over at her sprawled on the couch. She still looked a little dazed. “I don’t mind at all, sir. She loves you a tremendous amount, you know that right?” He nodded and his eyes softened looking at her across the room. “I get plenty of sex at the office, sir. Sara and Ms. Benson think too much but it’s not at my initiative, as I am sure you’ve been made aware. Sex there usually feels rushed. The only times it hasn’t has been with you … late at night … now here. This is different. And, I really like her.”

He beamed. We rejoined her on the couch and she straightened up, accepted the drink from me and gulped half of it. I turned her face to me and kissed her deeply. When I broke it, he turned her face to him and he did it, too. She looked from one to the other of us with a shy looking expression on her face. She finally turned to him.

“She definitely has to stay the night now. No way do I want to wait for her to come back again. In fact, I don’t suppose we could lock her up in one of the other bedrooms?”

He laughed and I smiled widely. “No, dear. I will need her at the office.”

She turned to me, used her free hand to cup one of my breasts, then said, “Thank you. Thank you for everything we’ve talked about. And …” her hand dropped to my lap. I uncross my legs and her hand pressed to the inside and up to my pussy. “And, thank you for want you just gave me.”

I put a hand behind her head and pulled her in for a much more passionate kiss. She gasped when we broke. I said, “Mr. Cornell is a remarkable man and now I know he has a remarkable woman supporting him.”

He leaned over and touch both of us, “I now have two remarkable women supporting me.”

I looked at her and gave her a wink. She wasn’t sure what that was for until I slid off the couch to my knees in front of him and began working at loosening his belt and slacks. She then understood, bounced to her knees on the couch to begin on his shirt buttons. I was soon tugging on his slacks as she was pulling his shirt from his arms and his undershirt up his body as I was removing shoes and socks before finally getting his slacks off. By the time I was finished, she had her face in his lap kissing his semi-hard cock. She looked up at me with one hand holding his cock. This time she winked at me. I moved in close and joined her at his cock. There was certainly enough for the two of us. Then, she verbalized what I had just thought.

As though he wasn’t sitting right there, “Honestly … what did you think the first time you saw this thing?” We were kissing opposite sides going up the shaft that was increasing in hardness each moment. She added, “Me? I think I considered running away. I already knew I loved this man so much but … I didn’t know what this thing might do to me … you know, inside.”

I gave the head a quick suck and glanced up at him looking down on us. By his expression, I was pretty sure he wasn’t enjoying the discussion he was hearing but was resigned to endure it. I turned back to the cock and her eyes on the other side of it. “I’m pretty sure there was a big gasp. Whether I also muttered some other exclamation, I don’t remember. You have to remember, though, that was the first night, the night he listened to me, he gave me his time to care about what I was saying and to follow my reasoning to the same conclusion I had reached. He followed that by opening up to me. Maybe this is silly … by the time we got to that, he had grown in my mind and impression. He was THE boss; he surprised me. By the time we were ending our talking, my mind had him inflated to a huge proportion. So, by then this seemed appropriate on him. Is that …?”

He turned my face up to him with his finger under my chin. “I’m just a man, Abby. Don’t put too much on anything.”

I looked up at him intently for a moment. I turned to look at her and she was watching intently back at me. Was he afraid of being built up? Was he afraid that impression would lead to my being disappointed? Was she worried about the same thing, about putting too much pressure on him so he wouldn’t pull back in the company? I licked his cock and thought. How weird is that?

I held onto his cock but sat back on my heels glancing back and forth between them. “No sir … Yes sir … I mean … sir, you can be larger than life to people and I think you will become a more relatable version of that through the changes you want to make. I was expressing my emotion at that time and to some extent what I continue to feel as I expressed to your wife earlier. I’ll do anything for you, sir. Anything. Your wife and I will always be there to support you.” I nodded to her and her smile was huge. “At home or at the office. You already have the best wife anyone could have. I commit to you both that I will become the best PA for you. We have your back, sir.”

She stood up and grabbed us each by the hand. “Come on. That turned me on so much I need to see some serious fucking happening.” She led us to the staircase to the upstairs.

That night would be the catalyst that would alter what was supposed to be a dream job offer in a strange office setting into much more as an affair with a married couple.

When we entered the bedroom suite that was nearly as big as much of my apartment, she released our hands and walked to the other side of the bed. I saw immediately what she was doing and joined her in carefully folding the bed covering and placing it safely to the side. She pulled the top sheet down and crawled on one side, reaching for her husband to lie in the center. I joined on the other side and didn’t wait for an invitation but took his cock into my mouth as she cuddled to him and kissed. He hand slid down his body to rest lightly on my head as it moved up and down on his cock. I had worked over over times together to get about eight of his eleven inches of cock into my throat. That was I managed when she moved down to join me.

“My God, Abby! How do you do that? You’ve got to teach me.”

I pulled back, saliva covering his cock and I gasped as I took in needed breaths. “Practice.” I glanced at him with a smile. “Right, sir?” He nodded. Apparently, he felt it okay to push me but not his wife. Not surprising, really.

She immediately took the head into her mouth and tried easing more and more to her throat but she quickly gagged and pulled back. I grabbed her head and kissed her hard. “Don’t force it. Even pushing down you have to be relaxed. Your throat is the problem. The impulse to gag.”

She stared at me as her hand stroked up and down on the saliva covered cock. Her eyes were wild, hungry, lusty. She was almost panting she was breathing so hard. “God, Abby, I am so turned on. What’s happening?”

“New. New opportunities being felt? New options? Sharing? Experimenting?” I kissed her hard, again. “Fuck him. Climb on and ride him.”

“I’ve … no … I’ve already …”

“Fuck him.”

She looked at him and I followed her gaze. He nodded and smiled at me. He understood. This was not about whose turn it was. This was about need and her need probably crossed beyond simple lust but needing to feel she was still the primary, the main woman for him. She was Mrs. CEO. In my mind, anyway, that was how she would be and she must feel first with him … always. I gave her a gentle tug and she swung her leg over his body. I held his rigid pole and leaned over behind her to align the head to her hole. She gasped as it entered her, the same way I react when it initially slides into me and I feel how it stretches and fills from the very moment of penetration.

Kneeling at their side I alternated my attention from kissing him on the lips and caressing his chest and stomach to kissing her and fondling her breasts and rolling her nipples. She was stroking her body up and down his cock in smooth, long movements. Her eyes were glazed over and she was quite vocal in the sounds escaping her mouth. I looked at the two of them and made a decision. I thought I knew something about sex when I applied for the job at Alliance but quickly determined that my experience of bedroom sex needing expanding to prepare me for what I had done in the interview being done out in the large room exposed to dozens of people. For a few weeks, watching porn videos had become a ritual and finding myself masturbating in front of the laptop, being very careful that the camera indicator never suddenly came on.

I put my lips near her ear, “Turn around, Mrs. Cornell. Turn around on his cock.” She looked at me through that same glazy-eyed look and started rise off. I stopped her. “No … stay on him, just turn.” She looked at me and sudden awareness showed through. Her mouth opened but nothing came out. She glanced down at him, then back at me. She started fumbling with knees and feet to accomplish it without clumsily kneeling fully on his stomach.

As she began managing it, “OH … FUCK … oooooh … that … is … hmmmm.” She finished the move and stopped to catch her breath. “That felt … turning on him … so big … God, girl … we are going to have … some serious … talks.”

I then directed them more, just like the one video I was thinking about. I told her to shift her weight and lift up several inches off him, lean back, and for him to support her back. I then told him, he was going to fuck up into her. When they got it all straight and his cock was ramming up into her and she was gasping at the newness of the fucking, I moved between their legs on my stomach and planted my lips on her clit, his cock sliding over my chin as he fucked into her. She cried out when I pressed my lips on her engorged clit and pulled slightly on it while using my tongue to probe the portion inside my mouth. I blindly sought with one hand his ball sack, trying to have some contact as his hips bounced up and down off the bed.

The sounds from them were incredible and filled the room. Her thigh began closing and opening, trapping my head between them, then opening wide to feel more of my lips and tongue. Her thighs began quaking and her exclamations were restricted by the panting of her breathing. His thrusts became erratic, slamming up, stopping, his own legs muscles quaking. They were close. I shifted my mouth from her clit to her pussy, his cock sliding past my lips and tongue as I tried to lick and mouth both cock and pussy.

They orgasmed simultaneously. He was thrust deep inside her. He held her tightly against his groin and his hips spasmed. I licked at his cock base and her pussy and clit. I felt after-shocks from their shared orgasm for several minutes as my mouthing changed to soft kisses. When I finally rose from their groins, she was lying back on his chest, his hands softly caressing her breasts and stomach as he covered her neck and shoulders with kisses.

They were so content and peaceful, I slinked off the bed. I waited for a moment, then saw them roll to the side and him curling around her, still embedded inside her. Their breathing quieted and the room fell silent. I stripped off my stockings and padded downstairs. I had a glass of water from the kitchen, turned off all the lights as I checked the doors, and returned to the bedroom. Entering the bedroom, I turned off the main light and he rose to his elbow and looked over her at me.

“We were hoping you didn’t leave.”

I looked closer and saw her eyes open, too. She raised an arm, “Come to bed, dear. I don’t think I can move.” I smiled. First, though, I rolled her stocking off her legs, then did as she asked. I lay down in front of her and pressed my back into her. Her arm came around me to softly fondle a breast. The room soon got quiet, again.

I thought it was a dream. My body was aroused and I felt disoriented. I would admit to erotic dreams with all the exhibitionism and sexual variety I experience in the office but there was something different about this. I sensed I was on my back and I was masturbating, fingering my pussy and breasts, but my hands were at my sides. I slit my eyes and became more disoriented. There was faint light. I never leave a light on at night. The space wasn’t right but slowly the feelings between my thighs became clear and I turned my head to the side. Mrs. Cornell was propped up on her elbow, her hand between my open legs lightly caressing my pussy, occasionally dipping a finger into my hole. My breasts? Mr. Cornell was on the other side of me on the king-sized bed kissing and caressing them.

She leaned to me and softly kissed me on the lips. “I’ve never kissed a woman like this before.” She looked intently at me, then asked the question showing on her face. “Are you bi-sexual? Are you what a bi-sexual is?”

I shrugged. I was relaxed and enjoying the soft attention form my boss and his wife. “I … I don’t know, to be honest. I wouldn’t have thought so before joining Alliance. But soon after, I discovered enjoyment in giving pleasure to women, too. I think I might be.”

She smiled and joined her husband at the other of my breasts spread to the sides of my chest.

“What are you guys doing?”

“Time for you to cum, Abby.”

I smiled. I wasn’t against a good cum. “You don’t want to sleep?”

She smiled, “We have all weekend to nap.”

“All weekend?” I asked. “I thought …”

She giggle, “Nooooo … Joe and I decided we would much rather you stay for the weekend.” Her fingers played over my pussy. “You don’t mind the change in plans, do you?”

“I have the feeling my new job is already expanding. I have the feeling I may have two bosses, not one.” I ran my fingers through her hair. “And, I don’t mind a bit.”

She laughed. “I like that idea but Joe can be a demanding man. So, you focus on him starting Monday, okay?” I nodded. “But right now, young lady … right now I want you fucked by his wonderful cock AND I want to feel your talented mouth on my pussy, again.”

I smiled and wiggled into the center of the bed. Mr. Cornell followed and was between my spread thighs in an instant. She looked at me and I smiled, “You know where your pussy goes. You and he can even kiss.” She giggled like a teenager. It was delightful.

He eased his cock into my pussy as she settle her pussy over my lips. I probed my tongue immediately into her hole and found the remains of their earlier fuck. This was new for me, taking cum from a pussy, but in case anyway I like it.

His long cock butted my cervix and my mind went back to those nights of feeling like heaven. God, I thought, I get to feel this during the day now too. I knew I had time to spend on arousing Mrs. Cornell. He had already cum no long ago and that should prolong his staying power now. My arousal had been heightened, though, from everything that had transpired earlier. I love the fullness his cock gave me, stretching me wide and deep. Everyting was heightened; the stretching of my hole exposed my clit to being rubbed; and his depth of penetration stimulated more surface in my pussy and provided cervix stimulation. The office has been sexual learning experience. I found myself researching the stimulation I hadn’t been aware of: I hadn’t know about anal orgasms; and cervix orgasms wouldn’t have occurred to me. Mr. Cornell touched me in so many ways: vaginally, cliterial, and cervix. No wonder I seemed to explode every time.

This time was no different. I orgasmed well before the others. Then, as I got her close and I could feel him getting close by the reaction of his cock in my tightly filled pussy, I was rising to another orgasm. This time, we all achieved orgasm.

Then, we did sleep. I woke in the morning feeling disoriented, again. The events of the night quickly came back to me. I found myself between their naked bodies. It took some effort to extricate myself without waking them. It was early but the sun was just rising. I padded naked to the bathroom and then downstairs to the kitchen. I opened and closed cabinets until I found the coffe for their fancy coffee maker.

I was standing by the window looking into their spaceous backyard sipping coffee, my mind lost in thoughts of what my life was to become. Frankly, I had no way of conjecturing. I had spent not time in preparing myself for what was offered to me last night. Then, an arm encircled me at the waist and the hand slid up to grasp a breast.

“How did you sleep.” Mrs. Cornell asked.

“Like a woman sexually ravaged.”

She chuckled and kissed my shoulder. “No dear, that was me. Do you know how long it has been since I orgasmed three times in one night?”

I followed her into the kitchen where she started filling a mug of coffee. She was wearing a short satin robe and the curve of her butt was clear underneath. She stopped pouring and turned. “Is that what your day is like? Joe said you are frequently used five or six times a day. It is why you work late.” She paused, “Of course, that doesn’t account for why he works late. But, seeing you, I understand why.”

I chuckled. “Well, I’m relieved that we were able to share last night and be open about this. I mean … well, since I will be spending so much time with him …”

“And fucking him.”

“Yeah … and that.” I giggled. “It’s nice it is understood. But, five or six times … that’s not necessarily how many times I get fucked. Most days I suck and eat pussy as much as get fucked.”

She shook her head. “And you get your work done. Abby, if I had that much sexual activity I would be done for the day.”

She got a hint of my day when he came down and announced he had forgotten about a golfing commitment. I gave him a quick blowjob and sent him off with his cum on my lips as she sat at the little table in the kitchen sipping her coffee. I followed that with eating her to orgasm before we showered togther, giggling and generally acting like girls getting away with somehing we shouldn’t be doing. Then, she sent me home for clothes to go to dinner in later and a casual outfit. She specified short-shorts and a buttoned sleeveless blouse.

She inspected me in the shorts and blouse, both were white, and the blouse material was just thin enough that the white lace bra underneath was evident. She thought they were perfect but the sandal flats weren’t. She said she wanted to tease her husband and his golfing partners but she wanted new shoes for me. She drove and stopped at a favorite shoe boutique before heading to the club for lunch. She searched the wall of shoes and found what she wanted for me. She asked what height of heel I usually wore, told her 4”, and she directed the saleswoman.

“This is what she wants. Can you see if it comes in a 4.5” heel?”

We sat nearby and as we waited she was looking down at my bare legs. “I should have said a short skirt, maybe a very short, pleated skirt.” She giggled, “And no panties. That would get her attention trying the shoes on, wouldn’t it?” She stopped as the woman returned. She had exactly what was specified. The extra ½” was just enough to make me concentrate on my walk and it showed at my hips. She was very pleased. When I reached to open my purse, she put a hand on my arm.

“No, dear.” She paid. We didn’t go to the car but walked down the line of stores in the little outdoor mall area. She stopped at another boutique. She had apparently decided about the skirt. The saleswoman knew her by name and led us deeper into the shop for the skirt described. The woman looked me up and down, guessed a size (too low by a size which I assumed was a sales ploy) and I corrected her. Her hands moved through several styles of skirts, taking down several, then handing them to me and pointing to the dressing rooms.

I stepped into one of the rooms. The doors were louvered and didn’t provide complete privacy with a couple feet of openness top and bottom which was probably a security issue. I put the skirt on hooks on the wall. I had several mini-skirts but these beyond that. These had to be what they called micro they were so short. The first one was a dark blue plaid pattern. It had to be worn low on the hips to provide decent coverage below. That presented a problem for the tucking in the blouse. I modeled it and the other two which were all similar but with different material patterns. Mrs. Cornell like the plaid pattern for casual but she agreed about the blouse. The saleswoman suggested another top but I shook my head. She then pulled the blouse from the skirt and unbuttoned it, tied the front under my breast and rebuttoned a few buttons over my bra.

“Perfect,” Mrs. Cornell declared. The skirt now visibly low on my body, my belly button expose and much of my stomach. I walked past the mirror again to check the exposure. I was covered standing there but it seemed to be barely so. She came up behind me and whispered, “You’re cute. You’re naked all day at work and you are fussing about being covered.”

I looked at her in mirror, “In public feels very different.” She smiled and I wondered what she really had in mind for the club.

A club house on a late Saturday morning is largely populated by men ending their games or enjoying the atmosphere of the game and competition. It is also a highly charged location to be wearing the outfit Mrs. Cornell had me dressed in. Sitting in the dining room, she chose a table far from the door. As we walked through the room, I could feel all the male eyes following me like big cats following prey. When I sat, I was sitting on bare skin. The blouse had been unbuttoned far enough to show plenty of cleavage and the hint of lace bra underneath depending on how I moved or the angle of someone looking.

She purposely sat us so her back was to the door and I faced it. She wore a floppy hat in an attempt to hide her identity since the guys would probably know her if they got a good look. As we were finishing lunch, I spotted the guys coming in. Mr. Cornell spotted me with surprise and, I think, some suspicion as he considered his wife’s appearance. I shrugged. They sat along the windows overlooking the 18th hole on one side and the main parking lot on the other.

“Here’s what is going to happen, Abby. First, you go to the restroom where you will removed both bra and panties. When you retied the blouse, there will be NO buttons fastened.” I looked at her in shock. As I repeated to her, public seems very different. She didn’t pay my objection any consideration. She continued, “While you are doing that, I will charge the bill to our account. I will begin leaving when I see you. You hesitate so we are apart. I will drop my keys a few tables away from them.” I watched her, anticipating an embarrassing scenerio being laid out for me. “You must follow my directions exactly, young lady. I will ask Joe later.” I nodded and waited. How did I so quickly go from Personal Assistant-lover to lover of the couple to a ploy to be used for exhibitionistic play? When she finished describing my actions, I swallowed hard and nodded.

In the restroom, I placed my purse on the counter and checked to make sure I was alone there, then reached under my tiny skirt to pull down my bikini panties. Then, I untied the blouse, slipped it off quickly, reached around my back to unclasp the bra. I picked up the panty and stuffed both into my purse wishing I had brought a larger purse. There is nothing tiny about my bras. I slipped the blouse back on and retied it below my breasts without buttoning it all. When I was finished, I looked at the large gap exposing a deep cleavage. I turned to both sides quickly and saw how my breast swayed without the support of the bra under the gaping blouse. In the office, such movement had become normal. This was anything but normal but, at the same time, I could feel the excitement building inside me in anticipation. The thrill of exhibitionism.

I paused at the opening from the small hallway, waited for Mrs. Cornell to make her move, then took a slightly different route toward the restaurant door. I saw her drop her keys along her leg away from the men. I moved to that area, made a show of finding the keys as she left through the door. I looked around the dining room drawing attention, then carefully positioned myself in the process, I bent over from the waist, my back to the table of men. I could feel the very short skirt rise and the air-conditioned air find my exposed ass. What I didn’t know for sure was if they could also see my pussy in the lighting of the room. Completing that part of the instructions, though, I parted my feet about a foot.

I stood and looked around, again. Then, as if urgently seeking to find the woman, I moved to the table with men, leaned over it and peered out the window, turning in both direction as if seeking her but really making sure all the men got a good look.

“That woman dropped her keys. Do you see her?”

Leaning way over their table, my unrestrained breasts swung forward, gapping the unbuttoned blouse further and nearly popping my nipples out before I exclaimed, “There she is!” I put my hand on Mr. Cornell’s shoulder as I turned, facing him I purposely/accidently pulled the blouse open further to flash a nipple at him. Without looking at the men, I turned and jogged out the door and past the window, not easily done in the new heels. I could feel my breasts bouncing and swaying with each stride and I fought not to use my hands to hold my blouse together. As I passed another group of golfers coming to the club house, I was sure a nipple or both flashed before their eyes.

By the time I had caught up with Mrs. Cornell around the corner, I was gasping and my heart raising. It wasn’t from the jog.

“What was that all about? Jeez, you two. Abby, you nearly had three heart attacks at the table when you bent over for the keys and turned around and bent over the table with your breasts nearly out of your blouse.” He had just arrived home and saw us sitting at the kitchen table drinking wine and dying to hear what the reaction was. He stood at the end of the rectangular table, looked at each of us, then focused on his wife. “Samantha, this has you written all over it. Abby wouldn’t be that comfortable to pull that prank.”

She smiled demurely at him. “It caused a reaction, then?” Then she stopped, “They didn’t recognize me, did they?”

He shook his head in disbelief. “Are you kidding? With this one,” he indicated me, “bouncing her breasts around as she left the restroom hall? Hell, that was the only thing they were going to see.”

She stood and moved into his arms as smoothly as a cat knowing how to be petted. “It was pretty sexy, I bet. I only wish I could have seen it.”

“Sexy,” he replied softer, “sexy is an understatement. It gave me a hard-on I’ve still got.”

She giggled and put her hand out to me as she began pulling him, “Come on, girl. It seems a woman’s work is never done.”

He wanted to fuck us both time. He had us strip and bend over the bed, our legs spread wide. He eased into us in turn, fucked for a minute or so, pulled out and moved to the next. As it went, there was no more easing in. He rammed his big cock into our now gaping pussies. Back and forth he went until he came and it happened to be in her. I heard his grunting and her gasping so I moved to snake a hand underneath her and rubbed her clit furiously. She came a moment after he did. She collapsed on the bed, his cock pulling out of her in the process. I dropped to my knees before him and took his cock into my mouth, then licking it up and down, cleaning his cum and our juices from it.

As I was doing that, she moved to the shower. She called back, “Don’t forget dinner.” I continued sucking his cock long after I heard the shower running.

When she was done in the shower, I released his once again hard cock from my mouth. Our turn … at the same time. Minutes later while he was pounding his cock into my pussy from behind while pressed against the wall with the water cascading over us, I noticed a shadow on the frosted glass of the shower wall. Then, “Okay, you two. Don’t make us late for our dinner reservation.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I responded and moaned as his cock rammed my cervix. I sighed as he pulled out obediendtly. I turned around and gave him a kiss and commented, “I guess we’ll just have to continue this later.” I washed his cock and that did nothing to help soften it. I winked at her as we exited the shower toweling off and his still hard cock bobbing in front of him. I whisper to her, “That should guarrantee more action for us later.” She giggled and shook her head.

She said, “You’re terrible. You’re wonderful. I love it.”

She made reservation for us at one of the fanciest restaurants in the city. It was known for it steaks but it had a wonderful \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*ion of most anything, I wore a mini-dress with a deep plunging cleavage. I was already clear to me that she enjoyed drawing attention to my large breasts. She wore a similar dress in style but with a bit more hem and a hint at showing cleavage. Mr. Cornell wore a smart looking dark suit with white shirt and tie.

After the salads and before the main entres, Mrs. Cornell rose and leaned next to him, whispered something into his ear, and he looked at me. I saw him nod and she came to me and put her hand our. She led me to the restroom and my heart picked up pace, immediately. She said what I suspected: she wanted me to removed my underwear. I first thought she could have requested this before we left but this was part of her fun. In order to accomplish what she wanted, I would be force to nearly strip in the restroom. Although any coming in would be a woman and likely an adult, the idea of being caught like that in a place it wasn’t appropriate made me very anxious. I pulled the hem of my dress up near my hips, reached underneath and pulled my thong down. I handed them to her but she placed them on the counter where anyone coming in would see them. Of course, anyone coming might also see me partially undressed. I next reached behind my neck, loosened the clasp and pulled the zipper down my back. I shrugged the dress off my shoulders and pulled it down over my breasts, quickly returned my hands behind me, unclasped my bra and shrugged it off, too. I then pulled my dress up and she helped me zip it. I reached for my underwear but she stopped me. She arranged them on the counter so the bra was near the mirror and the thong arranged near the edge. Anyone coming in would know that some woman out there was now without underwear … some woman with large breasts … some woman who is in the small minority of size.

The dress was tight enough to provide some measure of support but they still jiggled considerably. Also, the dress pushed them into the gap and displayed even more breast tissue. I, and the Cornells, notice the male server spent more time next to my chair when taking requests. I blushed frequently and they seemed to enjoy it. I had to admit, though it was embarrassing it provided a definite spark of excitement.

When leaving, the valet assisted us by holding the door. I couldn’t help but wonder if I was flashing a bare pussy as I got into the back seat.

Later, as we prepared to get into bed less frantically than the previous night, I knelt at the end of the bed where Mr. Cornell sat. I sucked and licked his cock while Mrs. Cornelll knelt along side him. The kissed and caressed each and they frequently paused to watch me with his cock. This was hugely different than being seen at the office. This attention was very casual and intentional while at the office it would be glances and fleeting. Also, and this was a big part of it, I was sucking this woman’s husband.

I heard her softly ask him, “Joe, have you ever had the opportunity to try anal? I know you haven’t with me, the idea terrifies me. My man is so big you fill my pussy so completely and the asshole is so much tighter.”

I looked up while continuing to suck his cock. He kissed her hard while grasping one of her breasts. “No, love. I’ve never found a woman who would give me that experience.” They were looking at each other with that look people who know each other very well use when they are silently communicating.

She looked down at me. I diverted my eyes and plunged my mouth down over his big cock and taking much of it into my throat, the length and thickness testing my ability to control the gagging. I knew what she was doing, it was the reason I refocused my attention, the reason I nearly gagged on his cock as a diversion. Could I? Would I?’ Is this one of the ‘anything’ I said I would do? What was this feeling I had for him, this connection that magically happened during encountered late in the office? What was it about him that had me saying things like ‘I’d do anything for him’?

I sat back on my heels and looked up at them, their heads pressed together watching me. My look was soft. Though I had stopped sucking his cock, my hand continued to stroke up and down in a long motion that twisted at the head. My eyes flicked from one to the other of them. They were both intently and expectantly watching.

“Sir … I … I … with Mrs. Cornell’s understanding and permission … I would like to offer my body for your use in anything sexual or erotic or … whatever … that you might desire to explore.” He looked at me for a moment. I suspected they were teasing, playing with me but not completely. Now I had made the offer and it was more expansive than they intended. She leaned into him and whispered something. Her hands were caressing his chest and down his stomach.

“Why did you make that offer, Abby?” he inquired. “Samantha was teasing about anal but you went past that into the unknown. You know you could have refused even the tease of anal. All other women have. I understand my cock size may be a limiting factor. So, why make such an open-ended offer of yourself? Am I to take it seriously or is it some pressure you feel because of the job I have offered you?”

“Sir, I will learn and do everything necessary to not let you down as far the job goes. No, sir, the rules of the office are very clear and nobody feels pressure to engage in something they are not comfortable with. And, you have restricted your own participation to avoid adding potential influence over those in much lower positions. I was secure in that, sir. No …” I looked at his wife, “… I tried to explain it to your wife, sir. We both feel in our hearts that you are an extraordinary man and an extraordinary we can both help in our own ways. I think this is one off those ways for me and if it takes away some feeling of regret for Mrs. Cornell, so much the better.”

He pulled me up to sit alongside him opposite his wife. His arms went around both of us. “We have a lot to talk about, Abby. I am feeling quite possessive about you.”

I smiled at both of them, “It wouldn’t do me any favors in the office if you were to become possessive about me there. In some respects, I envision being kind of an interface between you and the main body of the office. I was one of them and we shouldn’t lose that.”

He nodded. I could see a conflict but also a recognition of my point. “Then, we do have something to talk about.” He turned to his wife, “Just as Samantha and I have much to talk about, too.”

Was I wrong? Was there a conflict brewing under the surface I hadn’t noticed? She smiled and leaned across him, her hand pulling my head to her. She kissed me on the lips and murmurred, “All good things to talk about, dear. You’re so exciting that he and I need to discuss all this.” She wants more involvement.

Then, he refocused us, “Honey, do we have some lubrication around?”

“Of course, my old body sometimes needs a little assistance, remember?” She went to the nightstand.

“Your body is amazing, ma’am.”

She laughed, “Well, thank you, dear, but compared to you it is old. Besides, there are some things taking care of yourself and exercising can’t account for. Sometimes I need a little lubrication help.” She giggled. “I know what a lucky woman I am having a man like him loving me.”

I flushed. These two were so in love and she was so trusting and open. Here I was, the woman who would be available to him during the day to fuck or suck him as he wanted. The woman who was about to offer her ass to him, yet I could feel the connection that somehow had instantly formed between us, two women intent on be his buttress of support.

I took the lubrication from her, parted my legs and bent over very unlady like to apply a generous amount of lubrication to my asshole outside and inside. I then knelt before him, again. With more lubrication, I spread it liberally over his cock head, then spreading it down the shaft. With my eyes on the shaft that now seemed much too big, too thick, I asked, “You’ll be gentle with me, sir?”

He reassured, “This and anything else is always up to you, dear.”

Her voice added, “All you have to do is tell him. Tell him to stop, no more, whatever.”

“How do you want me, sir?” He didn’t know. He had no experience in this to offer anything. “Maybe, if I have control?” He said like cowgirl, me on top. I nodded. He scooted like a crab into the center of the bed. I followed and Mrs. Cornell followed along with me. He hand was rubbing my back as I crawled over his mid-section and straddled his hips. I felt his cock moving along my ass crack and looked behind. She smiled at me with unsure smile. She wanted to put her husband into my ass. No words were spoken. Intention was clear, though. My reaction was the same. I put my hands on my ass cheeks and pulled them apart, presenting my asshole to her … and his cock. He lay back watching, expectant, anticipating, anxously waiting hopeful. Our eyes made contact and we spoke volumes in silence at that moment as his cock was placed at my tight hole by his wife. We both felt it and we both sucked in a breath of anticipation. Niether of us knew what this would feel like. I had experience anal but not like this.

My eyes locked on his as I sat back slightly, feeling the pressure of his cock head at my, as yet, unyielding hole. She put her face near mine and offered earnestly, “Try to relax, sweety. Maybe think of something else.”

I looked at her dumbly, “Said the woman who has never done it?” She looked embarressed and crestfallen. “I’m sorry, ma’am. You’re right, of course. You want to help take my mind off it?” She nodded, pleased again to help. I pulled her alongside of me and kissed her passionately. I felt the smile on her lips as we kissed. One of her hands moved to a breast and she shifted so the other hand could get between my legs, the fingers moving over my empty pussy.

I gasped and groaned, “OH … FUCK … OH … YESSSS.” She took it for affirmation of what she was doing which was wonderful What if it was though, was the feeling of the bulbous head spreading my tight sphincter, feeling it at what I thought was the widest. I cried out when the head passed through the restictive muscle and both stopped to peer at me with concern. I remained perfectly still sitting with just the head inside me, my heart racing, my hands on his chest. I opened my eyes and a smile slowly formed on his face. His wife saw his reaction and bent over to better look into my face. The pain, the searing pain like tearing eased by the second. “FUCK,” I exclaimed. I grabbed her and kissed her wildly until she began giggling. I then leaned down, the head of his cock moving slightly causing another gasp but I kissed him, too. I took a deep breath. “I did it. Now we fuck but slowly until I can get used to it.”

He smiled, “You’re in control, dear.”

Mrs. Cornell began sucking a nipple as I slowly began rising and lowering, each cycle taking a few more inches into me asshole. My hands went to my hair, combing through it, pulling it. I gasped, sighed, groaned and moaned. He did the same. Mrs. Cornell had the biggest smile on her face as she alternated kissed on me and him.

When I finally was sitting on his thighes, it felt it like the head was in my bowels. I began rising and lowering faster as the muscles relaxed, adjusted to being opened so much. I clenched my ass and continued moving. I felt him pulse. I heard him grunt, gasp, and moan. I continued fucking, faster and faster, clenching tight and working his cock. I felt him pulse, strain, and finally shoot deep into my ass. But I kept moving. He spewed cum and our fucking became even easier. Still I continued. I clenched and kept rising and falling. His cock remained hard and I kept fucking. I was beyond thought, consideration, or deliberate action. I just fucked. My body was on fire. I had never felt anything like this, filled to capacity but somehow wanting … no demandign more. I orgasmed. I exploded. I had to lean forward as my body shook and convulsed. My breasts heaved and swung wildly as I continued to fuck him somehow even through the orgasm.

He moaned and his cock seemed to get even harder inside me. My orgasm eased but started rising as I continued to lift and drop. Mrs. Cornell commanded, “Turn around.” My eyes opened in a dazed slit but the questioning look must have still been shown. “You had me did it. Turn.” God, I thought. That was with this pole in her pussy not her ass but I rose and started trying to figure it out. I felt so weird as I clumsily turned on his cock in my ass, his cum providing the extra lubrication necessary to make it possible. With my back to him, she pushed me back. “Fuck her, Joe.” Now she was bossing her husband in ass fucking me. But, as he began fucking his hips up and his cock into me, she bent over and planted her lips to my very engorged clit and inserted two fingers into my empty but drooling pussy.

“Oh God!” It was Mr. Cornell. I felt her fingers moving inside me but, as I concentrated with the little bit of mind I had left, I realized what was happening. While sucking my clit she was stroking his cock from inside my pussy. How did she come up with that? We both came, again.

**CHAPTER 6: ANOTHER FIRST DAY**

I was in the office early as usual. I was a nervous wreck the rest of Sunday after I left the Cornell’s home and the full implications of what had occurred over that weekend sunk in. I continued to speculate on the implications of spending two nights with them and being a willing and eager sexual partner to the couple. But what dominated my mind and kept me on edge was being chosen as the Personal Assistant to Mr. Cornell. The other two candidates, candidates who had put their names in for consideration (unlike me) each had more experience with the company and highly thought of. The man had been in the group for two years while the woman a year and a half. This would have been a good promotion for anyone in the group and I worried about the reaction of getting it when I didn’t apply for it.

I saw through the glass doors that several men were milling around by the executive offices as the elevator doors opened. As I stepped from the elevator, I caught some movement to the right and was surprised to find Ms. Benson, the Director of our group, standing before a stall as she calmly removed her blouse. She glanced over, spotted me, and smiled with a nod of greeting. I turned to the left as had become my habit. Stalls became claimed locations as women tended to use the same one.

I had worn a mini-dress and was slipping it down over my legs and stepping out of it when I saw Ms. Benson walking the hallway toward me, moving past the doors. I wondered if the sight would ever not seem incongruous to me: a nearly naked woman carrying a briefcase bag and purse. She was wearing something different today. Along with the dark heels and thigh-high stockings, she was wearing a cupless bra with thin lace straps circling her C-cup breasts.

“Good morning, ma’am,” I said as I casually reached behind my back to removed my bra. Unconsciously, I rubbed the underside of my breasts. “What brings you into the office so early?”

There was a pause longer than I expected so I looked up as I stepped out of the thong pooled at my feet. She was watching me. “Well, Abby, I don’t know except that Joe wanted all the VP’s and Directors in by 7:30 for a quick meeting.” She looked at her dainty watch on her wrist. I knew it was 7:15 as my routine was now pretty precise as I found the being early was good preparation time for the day and checking messages. I was now naked except for thigh-highs and heels which would be how I would be dressed for the day. I picked up my own satchel and purse, checked the stall to see I had what I needed, and walked with her to the glass doors. Inside, we parted ways. She wished me a good day but she watched me as if she suspected something was up. I wouldn’t be surprised if she suspected Mr. Cornell wanted a meeting to give the VP’s and Directors a heads-up announcement of his choice but I saw no reason why she would suspect it was me. I wound my way through the desks in the open office as she made her way to the outside wall where her enclosed office was. As I came to my desk, I glanced at the corner office to find him standing in the doorway chatting with one of the VP’s, both in well-tailored suits, but diverting his gaze as I looked in his direction. I glanced the other way to see Ms. Benson standing in her doorway watching the very brief exchange. She smiled and nodded. Oops.

I had lost track of the executive meeting or anything else for that matter. I heard and peripherally was aware of the increasing hum of activity in the office the closer it came to being 8:00. I heard Mary’s greeting as she passed by my desk for hers and I responded, then glanced up at her with a smile and did a double take. She was wearing heels but was without stockings. Stockings were all we could wear. I leaned back in my chair and asked her.

She looked embarrassed. “I visited my parents for the weekend. By the time I got back last night, I was too tired to handwash stockings.” She considered me for a moment, then, “You must have a drawer full of stockings. Kneeling on the floor really does a number of stockings and I’m not on my knees even close to as much as you.”

I laughed, “I hear you, girl. I’ve thought about going without them and saving them for certain days but … heck, it’s about all we can wear.” We both laughed. The idea was absurd even after the time I’ve been with the company on this floor.

Then I heard Sara’s voice, “Every woman here feels the same way.” We looked up, wondering how long she had been standing there. “Abby, Pam wants to see us for a moment.” I nodded, shrugged at Mary, rose and followed her. Along the way, she quietly said, “Congratulations. Pam just told me.”

I softly replied back, “You know, already?” She nodded. “I’m worried how the other two will react. I liked them both.”

She pointed to Mr. Cornell’s office, “They were called in to meet with Mr. Cornell right at 8:00. From the looks of it, you don’t need to worry.”

I looked over to the corner office. The other two candidates were leaving his office. They both scanned the large room, spotted me, and both gave me thumbs up. I wondered why they were pleased NOT to get the job? The meeting with Ms. Benson was quick. She wanted to offer her congratulations and to reinforce how unique the opportunity was. Mr. Cornell had never used a personal assistant in the past, favoring to use one of those of the other VP’s. It was clear what the position might be like as a result but it was felt he could be quite demanding and his schedule chaotic. They apparently saw a different man than I have. She and Sara went over my assigned work to identify what work I had to complete. There was one project effort I was too close to finishing to pass on to someone else. I agreed and confirmed I could be done with that in a matter of hours if I focussed on it. Ms. Benson scanned her notes and nodded to Sara to make that work. She would confirm the schedule with Mr. Cornell and he would define the transition schedule. There was to be a formal announcement at 9:00. He wasn’t wasting time, I thought.

Almost like she read her mind, Ms. Benson said, “Funny, after all this time of not having one, it’s like he can’t wait to have you identified and relocated outside his office.” She looked at me quizzically, “All of us on his staff only found out his decision this morning, many of us getting a meeting announcement for early. When did you find out?”

“Friday, ma’am.”

“And you kept it quiet. Something you had to think about, I suppose.” I didn’t tell her I found out surprised Friday night after dinner at his house after his wife pleaded with me to accept.

At 9:00 on the dot, Mr. Cornell strode out into the large room and stood in the center. He had everyone’s attention immediately. He made the announcement, all eyes quickly turned to me as he asked for me to join him. Mary was shocked, “I thought you didn’t apply.” I told her I hadn’t and said we’d talk later.

He handled everything perfectly. He acknowledged the thought that I hadn’t applied and that my name had risen in the search despite that. It was his personal appeal that I had agreed. Well, I thought, your wife’s personal appeal, to be honest. He led me to his office and sat on the edge of his desk. I stood before him. “Are you still okay with this, Abby? Maybe I should have asked you that before the announcement.”

We both laughed. “I’m very sure, sir. I’m excited.”

He nodded and let out a deep breath. “The truth is, Abby, this position isn’t going to be like the one you’ve had but you know that. You were focussed on projects before, this will be a jumble every day like my day is. Some project work, customers happy and not, stock prices and shareholders, the Board of Directors, suppliers, plant functioning, staffing issues … you name it. And, it will change as I pull back from project involvment, much to the relief of those working the projects, I am sure.” He chuckled as a recognition of the issues he has probably caused by his hands-on approach to things. He identified what to expect in the way of working together. Mostly, he didn’t know. We would work it out but tonight, after everyone was out (the nudity thing), my new desk would be setup. It would be larger and more gadgets: laptop for mobility, tablet for even more mobility, smart phone, etc. and all synced (somehow, he said) to his. I was getting the feeling we’d be joined at the hip and he confirmed the feeling. “It hadn’t occurred to me, Abby, but I’m afraid this is going to mean you are getting dressed and undressed several times a day as we go to meetings throughout the building and outside. I didn’t think of that.”

I smiled demurely, “That’s okay, sir. I imagined you might enjoy watching me.” I had the sense we were done. I turned to leave but he called out.

“By the way, Abby … I understand you remaining assignment will be completed this morning?” I nodded. “Good, I’ve let the Senior Staff, VP’s and Directors, know that you’ll be available all afternoon.”

I turned to him and flushed. All afternoon. “Of course, sir. Whatever I can do.”

Then he smiled, “And, you won’t be getting much work of any kind done tomorrow. I’ve also let the word out that tomorrow you will be available to the entire room.” He watched me carefully. My God … the entire room in one day. That’s like a prolonged gangbang. “We’ll get started then on Wednesday.” A day and a half of fucking. If I had any thought that working directly for him would limit my availability, it was gone. I smiled, though, as I turned to return to my desk. Not that I minded at all.

The afternoon began with lunch at a nice restaurant with the VP’s and Directors with Mr. Cornell. After lunch and after getting undressed for the second time in the day, I re-entered the office and found many eyes on me as everyone understood what this afternoon and tomorrow would entail for me as if it was some form of right-of-passage. I knew, though, nothing like this had happened before.

I glanced around the outside walls of office and found Mr. Peterson signalling me. I knew what that meant and diverted to my desk for the tube of lubrication I had there. Mary watched my approach and pulling the tube from my desk drawer.

She was smiling, “Mr. Peterson?” I nodded. “Girl, you are going to be so sore by tomorrow night.” I just smiled, flipped the tube in my hand, bent over slightly and shook my breasts, and winked. She exclaimed, “You really are such a slut.” She was chuckling. A tease. As I turned to wind my way through the desks to Mr. Peterson’s office, a thought pressed for recognition: she was teasing but … might she be right? I smiled widely. Yeah, it isn’t just the exhibitionism I’ve found I enjoy so much. I just plain like being fucked. Could there be a better job for me?

I rapped on his door jam, “Mr. Peterson, sir? Is there something you need me for?” I coyly asked him.

He simply turned in his chair to the side. It was all the indication I needed. I placed the lubrication on his desktop, walked around the side and knelt at his knees. I unfastened his belt and pants, tugged on his waistband for him to raise his hips and took them past his hips. His semi-hard cock lay on his thigh barely exposed below his shirt tail. I pushed his shirt tail up his stomach and leaned into him, one hand holding his cock up as I licked the underside before taking the head into my mouth. While I sucked and licked his quickly hardening cock, he talked to me.

He ended with, “So glad you got that job. I think you’re the only woman who gives anal, aren’t you?” I nodded. To best of my knowledge, or anyone elses, I was the only one and that was knew she starting at the company. “You being a part of the Executive group might mean I can tap that ass of yours a little more often without feeling guilty.”

I pulled my mouth off his cock. I stroked it as I looked up at him and responded, “Of course, sir. I’m pleased I can provide for your desires.”

He smiled, then, “And speaking of desires …”

I turned to reach for the lubrication and smiled back at him when he gave my ass a sharp smack. After lubing myself and him, I stood before him wondering how he wanted to do it this time. He was the one man who I could count on wanting anal and we had done it in a variety positions. Since he didn’t move from the chair, I turned my back to him and eased toward his lap. I held my ass cheeks apart and relied on him to guide his cock to that hole. It hit too far back and I eased up slightly for him align his cock blindly. When I felt it against my puckered hole, I applied downward pressure enough to trap it in place, then more pressure for it to begin opening me and stretching the consistently constrictive sphincter. I gasped and sighed as the sphincter opened slowly but steadily to my slow pressure down. I moaned and he groaned as the head drove past the tight muscle into my ass. I stayed in place for a few moments, restricting my movements to a rotation of my hips without deeper penetration until I felt the muscles relax. Then, I sank down several inches bringing another groan from him. I rose up and sank down to nearly take his entire seven inches into me. The next rise and fall did it and I sat on his thighs rotating my hips to stimulate his cock while that tight chamber and stretched muscles responded. Of course, since Mr. Cornell Saturday night, anal hasn’t been quite the same issue. In fact, he had taken my ass another time Sunday morning before I left, much to the delight of Mrs. Cornell as she watched and teased my body.

I began fucking on the cock and used my own hands and fingers to further stimulate my pussy, clit, and nipples. I fucked him like that for many minutes, then abruptly got up off his cock and leaned over the desk. He immediately followed suit and plunged his throbbing cock into my gaping hole. Doing that shift without indication from him is purely amusement on my part. By that point, the man will do whatever in order to get back into a hole for more fucking. He may have the power in the office and the men may have me naked but, at those moments, I can have absolute power.

Bent over the desk with him plowing into my ass, he had the leverage and became the aggressor. I pressed back toward him but otherwise enjoyed him fucking me. His hard thrusts caused my hanging breasts to swing wildly. He leaned over me and grasped a breast, trapping it as the other continued to dance to an unknown rhythm. I braced myself against his thrusts and his upper body on my back. But soon, I could feel his cock twitch in my tight sleeve, I felt it swell and pulse, and heard his increasing grunting and groaning. I slipped a hand underneath to strum my clit and pussy, my intention to join him in his immenent climax. When he came, I felt his seed wash inside me as he pressed his cock deeply and my orgasm crashed right after, my anal muscles squeezing and spasming around him as if milking his cock of cum.

I dropped to the desktop and his body followed along with me. For several moments, that was how we struggled to recover. When he slowly, frustratingly pulled out, I felt emptiness and the cool air-conditioned air of the office seep inside my gaping, cum soaked asshole. I gave a shudder and turned to half lie, half sit on the desk top. He had collapsed back onto his chair.

“I don’t know what it is … but … you somehow … make this feel like the first time … each time.”

I stood up, leaned over him, gave him a kiss on the lips, and said with a mischievous smile, “I intend to please, sir, but every woman has her secrets.”

I picked up the lubrication and turned for the door. I stopped before leaving. “Will I be seeing you soon, sir?”

“You can count on that.” I smiled and left his office. I started past the next VP’s office when I heard, “Abby, can I see you?” I smiled. That was how the afternoon went. Three VP’s (men) and four Directors (one woman, Ms. Benson). Cock and pussy. Then I leaned into the final office doorway.

“Mr. Cornell, sir.”

He looked up and smiled. “You having fun, Abby?”

“Oh, yes sir, Mr. Cornell.” I giggled. It reminded me of Mrs. Cornell.

“Abby, I think you should refer to me a little less formally if we are to be working so closely together.”

“Yes, sir, Mr. Cornell.” He looked at me sternly. Okay, he was serious. I was leaking cum from several holes including some on my breast and my mouth was slick from Ms. Benson’s just achieved orgasm, and he was commenting on what I call him. “Okay, sir … how about … Mr. C?” I stood in front of his desk as I pulled up my stockings and straightened them. “I can’t call you Joe, sir. It wouldn’t be respectful.”

“Okay … we’ll work on that.” He studied me and my body. “Was it a rough afternoon, Abby?”

“It was a very good afternoon, sir,” I responded with some tiredness showing through but still with enthusiasm. “It appeared you staff was …” another giggle “… was eager to congratulate me on the job.”

He smiled. I could see it in his eyes as he looked at my used body. “Is there something you want, Abby?”

“Very much, sir.”

His smile grew bigger. It was all a tease, of course. We both knew we’d fuck just like the others and as a prelude to what our new working arrangement would include. No longer would our times together at the office be restricted to after work when others were gone. I moved around the side of his desk, like I had done for so many of the other executives, went to my knees and prepared myself for the cock I had been thinking about even while sucking and fucking the others.

I opened his slacks and worked his semi-hard cock out. Even flaccid his cock was bigger and holding it in my hand my mouth seemed to water in anticipation. I locked my eyes on his as I licked up the length of it, then back down the side, and back up the other side. I gave him a very quick smile before turning my head to take the head of his cock between my lips and suck, swirling my tongue around the bulbous helmet, and gently nipping it with my teeth. I pushed down a few inches, pulled back up and licked around the head more. When I took it back into my mouth the next time, I pushed down and up several times as I worked more than half into my mouth and to the entrance to my throat. I pulled back up, licked it as I focused on my next actions, slid my mouth over and down his cock, back an inch, and down further until I had his cock head in my throat. I pulled back an inch, again, and pushed down further to take more of his thick cock into my throat. I felt it touch the point where the nasal passage was blocked, concentrating on relaxing and not panicking. I pulled up, opening the nasal passage, getting some air, then back down taking more.

When I pulled off, I still hadn’t managed to bury my nose in his pubes but I was getting closer. Practice. It was what I said to Mrs. C. It was what I did at home with the cock dildo I purchased on-line. I was going to do this for him. Practice and time. I would.

I pressed down and down. I was almost there. Mere inches … maybe not just a couple but still getting so much closer. And, he noticed, too.

“Ooohhh … so … close … ohhh, Abby … that’s … feels sooooo … good.”

I pulled back gasping. His cock and my lips were covered in my saliva. “Which hole, sir? Which hole can I have your cum in this time?”

“My choice, then? You don’t care whether it is pussy, ass, or throat?”

“Always your choice, sir,” I quickly responded. “Others may have me, sir, because it is the way of the office. But you are the one I truly desire to satisfy in every way you imagine.”

He stroked my cheek as I knelt before him, my breasts heaving, no longer from catching my breath but in excitement and anticipation. I had been fucked repeatedly, I had orgasmed multiple times, but this was the man and cock that truly filled me and satisfied me. So,, I watched him in anticipation of what he would choose. Where would he fuck me this time?

“Pussy, then. I had your ass yesterday morning, didn’t I?” I nodded, rose, sat up on his desktop, and lay back with my knees and feet raised, my messy pussy exposed and opened for him. He stood, let his pants drop to his feet, and guided his cock to my pussy, up and down my slit to coat the tip, then to my hole where he pressed forward. He slid several inches in, pulled back, then pressed nearly all of his 11 inches into me, my well used pussy giving him plenty of lubrication and loosening. Even with the previous fucking, though, his cock opened me more and I moaned at the feeling of his cock filling me. As he began slowly fucking me with long strokes, “Kind of obscene, isn’t it? Talking so casually about which of your holes I would fill this time?” His eyes were watching me as he continued to use long, smooth, and easy strokes of his cock into me. I continued to moan, relishing in the feeling. He leaned over, kissed each nipple, then kissed my lips and our tongues probed each other’s mouths.

He became more urgent in his fucking. Minutes later he was slamming into me harder and faster. My body shook with each impact of his hips into mine. I breasts moved wildly on my chest. I looked into his eyes which were fixed on mine. I squeezed my vaginal muscles, using the practice of holding Ben Wa balls inside and squeezing on them as if using a stress-relieving ball in the hand. He sighed and moaned as I squeezed, released, and squeezed. His face was past smiling, though, fully intent on the pleasure that was rising higher and higher within him. Me, too. His cock felt sooooo good. But he HAD to cum. That was the reason for the clenching of my muscles. My pleasure wouldn’t be complete if he didn’t cum, too.

I felt his cock swell inside me, twitch and jerk, and pulse as his cum rose through his shaft and my back arched as my orgasm crashed through me at the feeling of his climax beginning. I gasped and moaned and pleaded with him to fill me with his cum, something that was irreversible by the moment the words fell from my mouth. He rammed hard and deep into me, our pelvises crushing together, and his cum shot hot and thick into my pussy.

He leaned over me, my arms wrapping around his neck, pulling him tight against my body. I needed his body against me, even his clothed upper body against my nakedness … I needed it. We kissed, we panted, we gasped at the last remnants of our orgasms epped from our bodies.

Only then did we realize the time. I needed to hurry to be dressed and off the floor by the time the workers were scheduled to bring furniture and equipment for assembling my new office. I rushed to my old desk as he began pulling himself together. I took a quick shower, bypassing makeup, and was padding barefoot to the stall I use when he came out ot the office area. As I finished drying, he stood nearby.

“Everything okay, sir?”

“Absolutely beautiful … wonderful.” I smiled. “Abby … this past weekend …”

I jumped in, “The past weekend was wonderful, sir.”

“Samantha really likes you. She had a lot of fun and VERY much enjoyed the times you two had. She worried, though, she inserted herself too much in something that is a company situation.”

I turned to him in stockings, thong, and bra. I considered him. He was serious. I stepped up to him, reached up on tip-toes, and lightly kissed him on the lips. “Sir, would you give that to Mrs. C for me? Please tell her that she is special, I felt it immediately. Do you know she warned me you were going to offer the position to me?” He shook his head. “Or, that she convinced me to accepted?” Another shake. “As I told you, I was afraid to apply because of my limited experience but she argued the job would be more about who you could trust and work with than experience. She argued that I had already shown I was that person. I accepted her comments because for her to have any knowledge of what had transpired between us had to come from you. I am inspired and emboldened by the obvious love and respect in your relationship. That was why I accepted. I trusted her opinion and your sharing with her. I mean, I would be the woman who would be naked with you all day and be fucking and sucking you. How could I argue with a wife who trusted her man like that? Then, I felt she and I bonded. I truly like her as a person independent of your wife or the wife of my boss. Tell her, sir.”

The next morning I was curious to see what they had done for me for a workspace. It was going to be a day like no others but I arrived early, quickly stripped to heels. I purposely left the stockings off. There was no pretense today. Today, I was just a toy for the office. I walked directly to Mr. C’s corner and found a larger than normal, gleaming, hardwood desk with executive chair and a guest chair on the side. The desk was backed up to the frosted glass wall of his office just to the side of the doorway. On the desk was a desktop computer, laptop, tablet, and new smartphone. I couldn’t imagine needing so much connectivity. There was also an office phone. One of the lights was blinking. The message light. I picked up the handset, hoping this phone would function like the one I had on the other desk. I pushed the button to retrieve messages. ‘You have one new message … blah, blah.’ Another button, ‘Abby, dear, this is Samantha. Joe just told me after we made love what you told him and …’ a giggle ‘… what your day was like and what tomorrow … well today when you get this … will be like. I do hope you won’t be too sore.’ Another giggle. I do enjoy those innocent giggles. ‘I want to thank you, dear. Not just for what you told him but for accepting the position. I just know you’re a perfect fit … oh, no …’ another giggle ‘ … oh ... you know what I mean.’ I put the handset down smiling.

I heard a muffled ‘ding’ of the elevator and looked over. It was still early. I saw Ms. Benson and Mr. Peterson exit along with the floor IT guy. I saw the two executives moved to the left down the changing area toward the showers and sinks. Interesting, so she has clothed men talking to her as she gets undressed, too. The IT guy, Jeff, dropped his case at his desk at the front, digging out a few items, and bee-lining it to me.

His eyes scanned my nakedness as I stood behind the new desk, something all women on the floor quickly became very used to and desensitized us to when men look at us outside the office in the process.

“Morning, Abby.”

“Jeff.”

“Mr. Cornell said you usually get in early so I took a chance you would today, too.” He scanned the desk. “I was surprised everything came in yesterday. I got it all setup for you last night but there are a few things we need to go over.”

I nodded. Besides looking he always seemed kind of shy, maybe a ‘tech-guy’ personality thing. I had made a point of approaching availing myself to him, as a result, and it seemed to relax him around me even if he still couldn’t quite bring himself to approach me for sex. So, I made the move myself, again.

“You know what’s happening today, right?” He nodded, maybe a bit embarrassed. He was being professional and I destroyed that focus. “Will you be my first?” He looked at me questioningly. “If you need to show me things …” I pointed to my chair. He looked at the chair, my nakedness, and finally my eyes. I stopped him as he began moving to the chair, opened his belt and pants, then settled him in the chair. He was already hard. No surprise there. I always felt he walked around with a hard-on, not having the confidence to approach one of the naked women he worked around which was why I went out of my way for him. Mary had started doing the same after she asked about it. He didn’t need the extra stimulation but I knelt down and began licking and sucking his cock. I was familiar with how my body reacted here, that my pussy lubricated the moment I entered the elevator off the lobby. But, even so, sucking him would provide a bit more lubrication for initial penetration for the day.

He was quickly moaning as I sucked his cock deep into my mouth. I pulled my mouth off, stood to kiss him on the lips, turned around to reach between my legs, and settled my pussy over his cock. He gasped as the head made penetration and my warm, wet pussy enveloped his cock. After a couple up and down motions, I was sitting on his thighs. With our joint effort, we awkwardly rolled the chair up to the desk, just that action of movement causing him to gasp. I might need to pay attention so he lasts through the time he needed to explain things.

It was pretty weird. Always before sex in the office had been a focus on that activity separated from work activity. This time, I rose and fell over his cock as he talked, reached around me to use the mouse or touch pad to show me something, having me input passwords and recording them separately for inclusion in a locked file on my smartphone later. All this was happening as more and more people were arriving in the office including Mr. C who smiled widely as he recognized how I was being trained. I learned the PC and the laptop were fully synced so regardless of which I was using it would be same documents updated when they were in both connection to the network. The tablet could be synced to just those documents were needed on it at any time. My new smartphone would be connected to Mr. C’s so we would share calendar, reminders, and phone calls as he wished.

Jeff was the first to cum inside me but not the source of my first orgasm. After he left with quite a pleased look about him, I stepped into Mr. C’s office. “Sir?” He was on the phone but waved me in. He got off the phone in somewhat of a hurry on seeing. “Sir, I was wondering … this is all so new … should I knock or … what?”

He chuckled, “Abby, you are my life line for now on. You are synced to my life here in the office, right?” I nodded. “No knocking.” He thought for a moment. “Okay … maybe if the door is closed. But how often does that happen?”

“Not often, sir.”

“Here at the office you are my connection, my stability, the one I am really going to lean on and rely on. Here, you are going to be like Samantha is for me at home.”

I blushed, “Sir … I’m not sure Mrs. C would appreciate that analogy.”

“Bull. It happens to be what she predicted last night when we talked about you.”

“How much do you tell her, sir?”

“Samantha? About you? Everything. We have no secrets, Abby. I don’t want you thinking that something happening here should be kept from her.” He paused as his eyes travelled over my body. If it didn’t happen dozens of times a day, I might blush. “By the way, Samantha wants a call from you tonight. You have her cell number, right?” I nodded. “When I asked, she told me to mind my own business that it was ‘girl talk’. I hope you don’t mind. I think she might be a bit concerned about how you hold up today. And, to that point …” he pointed out into the large office space. I nodded, took a breath, pinched each nipple to return them to erect, and turned to the door.

I stepped out of his office, looking longingly at my new desk I might not see much of all day, then became very aware of the people looking my way. Mostly men, of course. The women were more discrete, probably because they too felt what it was like to have leering eyes riveted on them periodically. What a strange way to work, but strangely it did work.

The closest one, of course, got my attention immediately. He was one of the senior members of the group and he waved to the side at someone. I glanced over and knew immediately. These two had double penetrated me numerous times since I gave up my ass and it became known I actually enjoyed anal. The one I was close to grabbed a visitor chair without arms, lowered his pants and sat down. He was already hard. No surprise, these two probably had this planned since arriving and had been texting about it ever since. Since I was already naked and very ready after fucking Jeff without cumming, I straddled him, eased his cock into my used pussy and began fucking him while his friend made his way to us from the other side. When he arrived, I leaned into the one I was fucking, reached behind and spread my ass cheeks. How lady-like could that look? Before I felt cock, his finger spread cool lubrication gel over my asshole and pressed inside. These guys knew the drill so I hadn’t been concerned but it did remind me to retrieve my own tube from my bag before wandering too far.

As his cock pressed against my asshole, I gasped as my sphincter began to stretch. Like yesterday, it spoke to how constricting the sphincter was. After taking Mr. C in the ass several times over the weekend, it still was a tight fit for any cock trying to enter … at least so far.

As his cock pushed past the sphincter, the other guy gasp and groaned at the feeling of tighting of my pussy around him. I put my hand back to hold the one in my ass for a moment so the muscles could adjust, then released him. When they both began fucking me, the one in pussy being the more restricted, I quickly rose in arousal. As they fucked in and out of my two adjoining holes, my mind wandered to an obscene thought … what would it be like to be double penetrated with one of them being Mr. C’s big cock? I pushed the fantasy away to focus on these two. And, they were good. I remained essentially immobile while they did the fucking. Two cocks sawing in and out of chambers separated by a thin membrane of tissue. The stimulation of nerve ending in ass and pussy were shooting back and forth between the two and by other nerves to my clit and the connected g-spot. I love being fucked. I love anal. And, double penetration stimulates me like I never imagined.

In moments, another cock appeared. My face had sagged on the one guy’s shoulder when I felt something on my cheek. I turned numbly to find a cock head inches away. My mouth opened without consideration to accept the cock pressing at me. The time with Jeff had been casual and easy, now this. From a casual fuck to air-tight. I felt hands on my breasts, soft hands, female hands, but the person was behind my head.

The guy in my ass came first and the one in my mouth pulled out to take his place. I turned my head to the woman fondling my breast. The woman who wasn’t picked for Mr. C’s PA position. She leaned down to my ear and whispered, “I applied for the position because I thought I should, not because I really wanted it. I was relieved when you got it. It was too intimidating. I don’t know how you do it. I know you will do great.” She leaned down and kissed me. “Come find me. I’d love to 69 with you.” I smiled as I was being pummeled by these guys and nodded.

Then I heard, “I feel the same way.” I turned to find the guy. “Congratulations, Abby.” He then pressed his cock to my lips. I opened them and was air-tight, again.

I orgasmed just before the guy in my pussy. My orgasmic convulsing pussy may have set him off. He remained in place as the guy in my ass continued to fuck me and in the process remained semi-hard. When the guy in my ass came, the second in my ass, he pulled out and I stood off the other cock. The one who had been in my mouth pulled me several desks away and bent me over his desk to penetrate me from behind. A woman I only recognized was already lying on it with her legs open. I braced myself on the edge of the desk and lowered my mouth to her exposed pussy with the guy fucking into me. I licked and sucked her pussy and clit then added fingers to probe her pussy and stimulate her g-spot and clit as the cock in my own pussy was ramming into me. The guy leaned over me to capture a swinging breast to maul and to twist the nipple. The woman climaxed as I sucked on her clit while furiously strumming her g-spot with two fingers in her pussy. Soon after, the guy dumped his cum into my pussy. I was so close to orgasm I believed I was going to join them but just as I felt it rise to the peak, he pulled out.

With a frustrated moan of disappointment, I stood and looked for the next. I was tempted to strum my own pussy to cum but resisted. My eyes look for the next fuck and he was right in front of me. A young man I only casually knew stood up. He did something quite different, he led me to an open area and lay on the floor after lowering his pants. He was already hard and I began to think this might be the way of the day. I straddled him on the floor without hesitation, sinking down over his cock easily with the cum already coating me. I began rising and dropping over him intent on his climax and my own. I was curious how many orgasms might be possible but I also anticipated I might lose track quickly. I was focused on fucking him, my head down in that focus, when suddenly someone was in front of me and it wasn’t pushing a cock into my face which was the surprise. Mary was right in front of me and she leaned toward me and kissed me with intensity. I looked down and she was, obviously, sitting over the man’s face.

She smiled broadly when we broke the kiss, “You’re right again, no reason why we naked females can’t push our desires, too.” She was rubbing her pussy over the man’s face. I laughed. This was so not Mary. She added, “I’m going to miss you so much.”

As I continued to fuck up and down, I took her face in my hands and kissed her. Then, “I’m not that far away. But ...what I would really like, Mary … call me. Be more than a work friend. We don’t have to be just the office.” Hugged me tight as she continued to grind her pussy into the man’s mouth. What a way to firm up a friendship.

The morning continued that way, just as Mr. C had envisioned it. Two more pussy fuckings, another double penetration, and two more pussies and it was close enough to noon to call for a break. Most went for lunch, anyway, either in the break room, their desks in groups, or out to a nearby cafe or restaurant. Me … I kicked off my heels and went into the showers. I cleaned up, then sank to the floor with the hot water raining down on me. I hadn’t noticed her standing at the entrance to the shower room.

“Will this be too much?” Sara asked. She was dressed, ready to go out for something to eat presumably. “You want to join a few of us?”

I shook my head. “No, ma’am. Thank you, though. I have some protein bars in my bag. I appreciate it, though.”

I dried off, worked my hair but skipped the makeup, found my heels, and walked into Mr. C’s office. “Anything you need done before this starts up, again, sir?”

He looked up and smiled, then pointed at a chair. “Sit, Abby. Relax for a while. How are you doing? Too much?”

I chuckled. “Sara asked the same thing. No, sir. I’m discovering I have an even larger appetite for sex than I imagined. You may have unknowningly hired yourself a slut.” I followed that with a nervous giggle. Was that the kind of thing you admitted to your boss even if you were fucking him?

He leaned back and studied me. “Not unknowingly, dear. Samantha and I agreed, we think it is just one of the truly charming things about you. You have an innocence that comes off you even as you may be oozing sensuality.” He smiled at me. It was the same smile I found directed to his wife and me over the weekend. It was the smile that told me he like me as me and not because I was his naked personal assistant. “Or, as you just called it, slutty. This was Samantha’s idea built off your comment that you couldn’t be restricted. You were correct, of course. Just another thing about you, being very intuitive about people and their reactions.”

“Mrs. C? Her idea for me to be gangbanged through the day? So, when I call her tonight, I can blame her for soreness.”

He laughed. “Yes, you can. Of course, she might offer to come to you to provide soothing massage to your abused holes.” I flushed at the mental imagery. My nipples firmed and he noticed. “She is quite taken by you, too.” I blushed at how obvious my physical response had been.

I stood and walked around the side of his desk. “Sir, may I suck you?” He looked up at me, smiled, and turned his chair. As I knelt before him and opened his slacks and take hold of his long, soft cock, I wondered what was it that after all the fucking that morning and knowing all the fucking in the afternoon, I felt this desire, this longing to make love to him through his cock. Mrs. C had identified it during the weekend and had encouraged it. She of course felt the special nature of the man and she recognized the relationship between him and me and she welcomed it. The two of us, as she put it, could do wonderful things for him in support and guidance. My expressed request and his response could have been surprising but my request was only heartfelt, not manipulative. His response was understanding, accepting and not dominating. I had no idea what any of this meant. I knew, though, it was going to be an interesting journey.

His response to my tongue, lips, and mouth was quick. I soon had 11” of hard cock to make love to and I did. At times, it was slow, at other times it was fast, hard, and urgent. After many minutes and the sounds of the office becoming busy, again, I raised up to better align my mouth and throat to his rigid rod. I pushed my mouth down over it, taking inches into my throat, pulling back and breathing through my nose and pressing back down a little further. Over and over I did that, each time take a bit more down my throat stretched by the width and thickness of him.

He stroked the side of my head and face, “God … that feels … so … amazing.” He gasped, sighed, and moaned. “You almost … have it … all. I can’t … believe … you … are getting … so close.”

My eyes told me I was inches from pressing my nose into him. But not today. I pulled back and off, gasping, my hands both grasping his cock and stroking two-fisted up and down it as I gulped down air. “I will … sir. Some day … you’ll … shoot … directly down … my throat.” He started flexing his hips and body going tense. I leaned back down while continuing a two-fisted stroking while taking the head into my mouth and sucking like a vacuum. He came in great spurts of cum that forced me to gulp noisily to take it all.

I licked him clean and teasingly licked my lips. He stood and I assisted him in dressing. I turned at the door. He was watching me. I lifted my breasts and kissed each nipple. “You know what we haven’t done, sir?” He looked with a smile that acknowledged something sexy was to follow. “I suspect you’d enjoy a titty-fuck.” I blew him a kiss, turned without waiting for a response, and walked out into the open room to begin the afternoon segment of the day.

The afternoon was much like the morning. Less anal. Definitely less anal. There really weren’t that many of the men who sought anal. There were some who would do it as part of a double penetration but Mr. C, Mr. Peterson, and a very few others were alone in actually initiating it. Sara was a welcome respite as where the other women until a man would come up and fuck me while a ate pussy.

Mary grabbed me late in the afternoon and pulled me out the glass doors and turned for the showers. She stripped kicked off her heels and rolled down her stockings, pulling me into the showers. She turned on one on the wall and another on a post, turning both heads up to fall on the same spot on the floor. She laid down on the wet floor and pulled over her face. I happily joined her for a 69. The shower was creative since the they were for the women and that would keep us free of interference. We enjoyed a peaceful mutual pussy eating fest to mutual orgasms.

It was close enough to quiting time for most of the people so I dried off, located my heels, and made my way to Mr. C’s office. I stopped at my desk for the lubrication I left there earlier and stepped into his office. As I did, I was spreading the gel over my breast but mostly on the insides of them. He looked up, saw what I was doing, and seemed mesmerized by the sheen left by the gel. I could tell by his face that he was instantly horny and probably instantly rock hard. Just the way I like an 11” cock.

He motioned me over and I confidently walked rightup to his knees as he turned his chair to face me. His hand went between my thighs and I opened them further for him. As his fingers gently caressed my pussy just cleaned by Mary’s tongue and lips and the shower, he looked up.

“How was your office celebration, dear? Are you sore from all your fun?”

I smiled. The many memory images of the day’s activities flashed behind my eyes. It ws quite a celebration, indeed. And very much fun. “Not at the moment, sir. I suspect the soreness will come later. Certainly by tomorrow.”

He slipped a finger into my hole and his thumb moved to my clit. I was wrong. My clit was already tender and still engorged but I stood still without reaction and enjoyed that he was touching me.

“I see you were serious about the titty-fuck.”

I flushed. I was so ready to please him. “Have you ever before, sir?” He shook his head. He inserted a second finger into my hole and I unconsciously squated slightly on his hand. He smiled at the reaction and a third finger easily slipped in.

“I do so enjoy your body, Abby.” I flushed. God, how I wanted to cum by him, his cock, his fingers, anything. But my intention was to make him cum by something new. “You know I tell Samantha everything.” It wasn’t even a question. He told me that before. But I nodded. “She very much like to hear what you do for me, how you give me your body, how I was able to use your body. You are quite the woman, Abby. I always suspected Samantha tolerated what happens in the office and that was part of the reason I restricted my activities. But you … you she actually encourages me by her questions and her prodding. You made quite the impression on her over the weekend. None of that was planned, of course. I was just going to offer you the job. But something happened between the two of you. And, the rest … well … the rest.” He gazed at me, “Are you sure you don’t mind her involvement?”

“I am positive, sir. I like Mrs. C very much. I enjoyed her … company and … well, the rest, as you said.”

I knelt before him, pulling his fingers from my pussy in the process. I worked at his belt, clasp, and zipper. I had him stand and pulled his pants and underwear down hi legs. His hard cock sprang out as his underwear was pulled away and my eyes opened a little wider. After experiencing every other cock out there over the last two days, his was the one that longed for, anticipated, ached to have somehow. I had thought abou this, how this would be done. The first time for me, too.

First, though, as always, my lips parted and went to the shaft of hard flesh. My tongue traveled over one side, then the next. I took the head between my lips and sucked before taking more into my mouth, soon into my throat. I heard him moan and lost awareness of anything around us which could seem weird in an office environment late in the day but our strange office conditioned me to focus, focus on my work when there were the sounds of sex around, focus on sex when there were others around doing work.

With his cock slicked by my saliva and the insides of my breasts slicked by the lubricant, I rose high on my knees, lifted my breasts and trapped his cock between them. I moved up and down with his cock trapped between my breasts and he saw the action that would be easier for him and he began thrusting his hips as if fucking one of my holes. Soon, his fucking became more aggressive … as if fucking one of my holes.

With each thrust, he began to moan more and more. I lowered my head, my chin to my chest so that at the top of each thrust his cock head slid over my tongue and into omy mouth for a quick suck. The feeling for me was strangely erotic though not terribly stimulating but this was for him, like giving a blow job. It was for his pleasure and for the experience of something new and different. His thrusts became urgent, fast, and powerful. I recognized it and the sounds for the pending climax they were announcing. I squeezed my breasts tighter, my mouth open and tongue out but I occasionally looked up at him, too. His eyes were closed and he was lost in the act of fucking and his climax rushing to over take him. I focused on the cock head as it thrust up from between my breasts to my mouth, then retreated to be lost, hidden for a moment between my breasts. When he came, he continued to fuck wildly. His cock spurted streams of cum. The first one shot into my face, some into my mouth, the second was consumed between my breasts, and the third flew into my left eye, my forehead and scalp. He continued to thrust as the last of his semen leaked out.

He collapsed back into his chair and I followed him, taking his cock into my mouth and sucking the remnants off, then licking up and down the length to clean it of the cum smeared onto it from my cum-soaked breasts.

I sat back on my heels and asked him if he liked it.

“Wow … I really came.”

I wiped a finger under my eyes, pulled the cum there to my lips, “I noticed, sir.” We both laughed. He leaned forward and kiss my lips with his cum on them. He commented how much his wife was going to enjoy hearing about this. I smiled.

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