**Cammi**

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**Cammi Ch. 01: Good Job**

My name is Cammi. No last names offered. I'm sure you understand. At 19 I began my career as a Secretary at an Insurance Firm. Again no names. For the safety of those that work closely with me. For the first two weeks I learned the ropes. It became more than just getting coffee and ordering lunch. Actual work. Files. Claim reports. I managed to get noticed quite fast for my efficiency. When I first started I knew going in that my looks would play a huge factor. Trust me when I say I'm pretty darned good looking. Just a hint I'm quite perky in more than my personality. I am 5 foot 4, 122 pounds, softly tanned flesh. I tan but not as often as I like. So therefore I rely only on my Italian genes to give me that olive complexion. Big brown eyes and gorgeous neckline. My favorite feature by the way. So kissable. Very alluring to most men. I keep one side of my hair short just to give others a view of it. The other side straight and longer touching my shoulder. Unique to most people. Certainly a topic of conversation. Definitely a daily notice as complimented by my male coworkers. All male coworkers just to get that out there. I'll give you the flashback play by play.

The company I work for is sizable but not one of the huge insurance firms you see quoted on television. No not the one with the cute lizard. Nor the one with the annoying brunette lady who knows it all. Anyway, back to my coworkers. The day I first came in for an interview I met each of them even before any door was closed. I found it rather strange while sitting in the waiting lounge which happened to be where the coffeemaker was. Complimentary I was told. Even before my actual interview I think all four of them had a private interview with me just by conversation. Introductions made with swagger. I won't lie I was intimidated. All four of them worked out. All dashing in every way. Perfect smiles. Well groomed. Charming hosts to say the least. Yeah, I got a bit turned on by all of the attention. Easy enough to notice all eyes were checking out my curves. I work out some but I naturally never change in size much. Youth I guess. I dance for fun which keeps me in shape. No not a stripper but I know I could make loads of cash if I did. I wasn't even dressed proactively at the time. I figured my very first interview I needed to be conservative. Sure my skirt showed some leg but it was hardly skanky. My top only unbuttoned the first two buttons. With my cleavage being a bit small for most girls, 34B if you must know. Of course you want to know. Still, perky and sweet looking if I say so myself.

As the four guys took turns flirting with me, some more daring than others but keeping it contained. Overall it became apparent that their Boss was a bit of a flirt himself. I was warned. I like to flirt myself, nothing shy about me so that only made things interesting. One of them took the time to even admit that his Boss normally only hired girls that were well endowed and not afraid to exhibit their gifts in small gestures. This led me to a bit of insecurity. I wasn't well endowed. Just perky and what I like to refer to as elegant. My shoulders slightly boney if being honest. Again with my neckline my shoulders were very inviting. Kissable. Alluring to massages. When I exposed them which was not all that often.

Another of the future co-workers actually sat down beside me and spoke about the past women who had occupied the job. Certainly not normal. I felt almost as if they were testing me. To see if I would run away screaming. Instead I chose to humor them and listen intently. Joking and teasing a bit just to see their reaction. They ate it up. It certainly boosted my ego. He told me that one Secretary last year went on to become a trophy wife to an NBA player. No names revealed. You get the idea. I won't continue saying that about everyone. If anything I'll just make up names to protect the innocent. And, not so innocent. I'm sure you already know things get crazy. Boy is that an understatement.

He went on that she wore revealing dresses that the Boss loved. Using her sex appeal to get her way. I smirked at his revelation. The Boss had even gone so far as to buy her clothing. Take her on business trips. All she had to do was be eye candy. Hearing this I had to ask him what he thought of her. Begging for an honest answer. In response he nodded softly and winked before getting up. His grin enough to read that he enjoyed it immensely.

A third co-worker ducked in to tell me that his Boss was called out on business. Asking me if he could reschedule a meeting for later in the afternoon. He was acting Secretary and not liking it one bit. He even told me that himself chuckling. I agreed but stopped short of leaving. Instead I asked him point blank if I was dressed appropriately. He winced and fanned his right hand toward me as if uncertain what to say. He was the shyest of the four. Putting him on the spot I lifted my longer skirt up to my thigh boldly. Looking to him for advice if I should consider going shorter or looking more professional. He hesitantly closed the door and expressed a bit of reluctance. Not of my bold move but if he should make one of his own. Sexual harassment was such a nasty beast these days. I held my skirt firmly higher as he rubbed his chin. Again I pressured him by telling him to be open and honest. I wanted this job. Not so much for the job itself but I found myself aroused by all four of these guys. I wanted to spend more time around them. Curiosity killed the cat. He laughed at first fighting a blush. I knew he was faking it but he was so darned cute. I proceeded to lift my skirt higher yet. Thigh high. Another inch at best and my thong would reveal my camel toe. Yes I admit it. I have camel toe.

Circling in step I held the skirt as level as possible. He grit his teeth checking out my legs leading up to the curves of my butt cheeks ever so evident. Awaiting an answer I looked over my shoulder catching him squeeze a building erection. My eyes flared and again asked for his opinion. He instantly suggested I wear a skirt that high. I told him turning to face forward not to lie. He swore he wasn't. Even though I knew he touched himself I didn't let on. I wanted to keep things quiet at the moment. Let them think I was clueless.

As I dropped my skirt the fourth future coworker ducked inside. The third coworker...oh let's just give these guys a name I feel suits their personalities and size. Shyster the shy guy who knew darned well he wasn't. The other guy Ducky because he ducked in just to capture a view of my awkward performance. I had noticed him peering through the glass beside the doorway. He asked Shyster what was going on. I stood up for him just to make it appear he was no threat. Just in case. Admitting that I asked him about my attire. I proceeded to offer him the same show for reaction. He was a bit more open whistling at me lightly. I batted my eyes at him and feigned my own blush. Partially real. Partially wanting to show off. He too favored the shorter. After that he advised maybe wearing a different type of shirt. Maybe even no shirt instead suggesting a tight dress off the shoulder. I liked that idea telling them I had at least six dresses that fit the bill. Color preference led to light colors such as white or pink. I knew right then they wanted as much transparency as I would dare to wear. Off the shoulder inspired me to hold a finger up for another opinion. I then unbuttoned two buttons on my shirt and carefully hid my cleavage. Wiggling a bit to get my shirt to dangle over my shoulders. Inch by inch I shook it lower until I knew I couldn't go much further. They looked to each other in finalizing their decision. That was when the other two coworkers opted to show up. Wondering if any work was going to get done. I kept my composure as my heroes defended me explaining the situation.

Listening intently they attempted to coax me into lifting my skirt again to garner a consensus. Acting naïve I ignored my open shirt to use both hands to raise my skirt. In doing so my low cut bra peeked into view. Four whistles at once as I stood there biting my lower lip. I then acted as if I realized my shirt was revealing too much and giggled covering up quickly. Apologizing I heard nothing but praise. I refuse to lie. I was wet as hell.

Getting myself together I thanked them for their recommendations. Bulges all around me. Once fully back to normal I stammered a bit. Their eyes all over me gave me the chills. Shivering I folded my arms and stood tongue tied suddenly. That was when they chose to disperse. Shyster standing alone with me. He asked if I was alright and I brightened up telling him I couldn't be better. His final words were not to be shy. His Boss needed charm. I thanked him reaching for my purse and tugging it over my right shoulder.

Clasping his hands in front of him he tells me that he will see me again at 4:00. I followed him through the door and fluttered my fingers at each of them. I knew very well they were all anticipating my return. At the elevator I looked back once more. All four of them stood there watching me through the glass office windows. I lost my breath and faced the elevator as it opened. Entering I stood to the center and blew a kiss their direction. They ate it up. I so wanted to finger myself. I refused to. Telling myself I wanted to be just as tortured as they would be when I returned. Trust me when I say it was the hardest five hours I ever waited.

Heading home I explored my closet for dresses and gave myself a fashion show before a large mirror I have on my closet door. Nothing fancy just the sliding door type. I just recently moved out on my own into a small two bedroom loft. Funded by my parents until I got on my feet. They're the best. My wardrobe is pretty extensive. I love frilly things. Being sexy when you know you are makes the shopping all that much more rewarding. Considering their thoughts on the dress I needed to impress I chose a snug but not constricting white mini dress with very thin spaghetti straps holding it up. It displayed my cleavage in ways that even turned me on. If only I could get away with no bra I would be in heaven. The trouble is if I did my areolas would shine through. I live with constantly erect nipples as it is. My Mom once told me it was a family curse. I love my curse. Cue nibbling fingernail giggles.

Blinging out I put on a micro thin necklace that hugged my neckline. Dangling only a thin cross. Ankle bracelets just as thin. Bangle bracelets. Hoop earrings. White six inch heeled shoes. Damned sexy. All that was left to do was primp. Perfume. Touch up my make up a bit. Lip gloss so that my lips were shiny and succulent. Staring at myself in the mirror I suddenly got the jitters. Was I too slutty for a job interview? This was more of what I might wear on a date. I was approaching this all wrong. What if this was only what the guys wanted? This Boss might be nothing like they projected him to be. It was nearing 2:30. I had to make a choice soon. Torn I began to chicken out. As I removed my earrings I heard my cellphone ring. Startled I looked at the caller. It was the Insurance Company. I freaked out. Without another thought I answered it.

To my surprise it was the Boss himself. He seemed quite pleasant to talk to. He personally apologized for the delayed interview. Asking if I could drop everything and come down immediately. I was stunned. I acknowledged my shock nibbling on my recently painted light pink nails. Not biting, more sucking on them. I made a snap decision and agreed. I would be there in 15 minutes. Hanging up I looked at myself once more in the mirror and decided I had no time to change. If the mistake was going to be made so be it. I snatched up my car keys and raced out the door. In my hurried pace I had to hold my cleavage from bouncing. The neighbors watching me wiggle down the sidewalk to my car. I hadn't lived in my loft long enough to know anyone but the whistles were in the wind. Looking back at a pair of young men in their early thirties kicking back with beers and grilling out I merely waved and smiled.

The drive in traffic unfortunately made me late running into 25 minutes. In the elevator I prayed I hadn't ruined my chances. As it reached the fifth floor the doors opened up and I stared at the offices straight ahead. All four men that I had chatted and flirted with were still in the office. As I built up my nerve I walked from the elevator to the front door. Deciding to tap on the glass to garner their attention. Ducky was the first to look up from a phone call. As he spotted me he dropped his jaw and snapped his fingers toward Shyster and the other two guys I'll refer to as Studly and Rock. Rock was the buffest guy there. Hardly what I pictured as an Insurance Agent. Studly well he was studly. Hairiest of the bunch with a goatee. All waved and reacted by either motioning me in or looking at their watches. I knew I was late but even if I didn't land this job I could maybe get a few dates. A girl can dream.

Entering the office Studly stepped up to greet me. I apologized for being late. Traffic was harsher than expected with everyone ending their normal work day and going home. I didn't plan very well. He understood but warned me that the Boss was a stickler for being on time. He suggested I play it off by saying I broke a heel in my race to get there. Wincing at the idea I looked down at my feet and slipped my shoe off. Trying to break my heel was impossible. Not for Studly. Snatch, snap, and done. I wanted to cry because I loved my shoes. Staggering on one foot I tilted into his chest and he caught me. His hand on the small of my back. My hand on his firm pectorals. I gasped and sighed all at once.

As I stood frozen things became worse. One of my thin dress straps snapped. Go figure right? Cheap dress. That mistake drooped the left side of my dress slightly. My bra was slipping into view. By now Shyster had joined them from behind. His hand touching my bare shoulder and offering an assist. What could he possibly do? He chose to calm my nerves by rubbing my spine. Yeah, that helped. I wanted to laugh. As I fidgeted with my broken strap Studly suggested I take my other shoe off before I fell. Shyster beat me to it. Kneeling down like a gentleman he eased my toes out of the shoe. Taking a brief moment to massage my foot before gritting his teeth and standing up. Not before I caught him looking up my dress. The cad. I acted as if I hadn't noticed.

Knowing it was getting later by the second I asked if my interview was still worth pursuing. Studly took the initiative and motioned for me to follow him. With shoes dangling in my fingers and my spaghetti strap in freefall over my back I carried on. Reaching the Bosses private Office I waited until Studly informed him I was there and of my unfortunate accidents. He let him know that I was willing to accept a scolding. I raised a brow. Was i? Thanks Dude.

Ushered in I met the Boss in person. A large man in his mid 40's. Probably 6 foot 8, 400 pounds carried well. He stood away from his desk and sized me up with a scowl. I was intimidated. Instead of inviting me to take a seat he chose to be less informal. Leading me instead from his office into the very same lounge I sat in earlier with the other guys. Closing the door he offered me a seat on a loveseat and sat across from me with my resume in a folder. I tried my best to maintain my composure under the circumstances. He seemed to understand a bit after I displayed my broken heel then my dress strap. For some reason I declined apologizing for my appearance.

His eyes checking me out I sat there quaintly. Legs crossed like a lady, hands on my knee. In doing so my breasts crushed together a bit and the thin white lace of my bra peeked out. I knew it but did nothing about it. His silence scrutiny enough. Finally, he spoke. He forgave my being late under the circumstances but not to make a habit of it should I be hired. I offered my promises and let him continue. He opened my resume and we discussed the fact I had never really had a job before. Only my typing and computer skills kept me in the running. He asked me how I might answer calls. I performed a clearly improvised act just to impress him. He seemed delighted by my performance. Enough to pucker and wink my way.

This led to my telling him about myself. Ranging from school to parentage. Hopes and dreams. Goals. Finally, admitting the things I loved doing for fun. As I said I love dancing. Shopping. Travel. Working out even though I rarely did. Drinking socially only. No drugs. Okay a joint now and again. Not enough to be called a druggy. Yes I own a bong. Of course I didn't tell him that.

Fidgeting a bit as he mulled over my resume I noticed Shyster standing at an angle where his Boss couldn't see him. He was motioning me to uncross my legs. Eyes bulging I complied. Uncertain if it was for Shyster himself or his Boss. As I did my skirt was short enough to easily see up. My thin white panties slipping into view. Shyster noticed and offered me a thumbs up. I wanted to giggle but held my breath. A good thing as the Boss looked up and realized my new seating style. His eyes instantly drew toward my skirt. Nodding he speaks, never once taking his eyes off my thighs.

Explaining the job further. As he rambled I chose on my own to part my knees further just to see his reaction. He continued but stuttered slightly, fiddling with his tie. It was amusing.

Listening intently was impossible. Shyster now joined by Ducky were now motioning me to dangle my remaining shoulder strap. My dress wouldn't fall so I went with it. Over my bicep it went. Only the upper fringe of my lacey bra slipped into view. Nothing too insulting. Their shenanigans continued however. Ducky acting as if he was undoing my necklace and letting it drop down my cleavage. My eyes flared wide and I bit my lower lip. That would require raising my arms to unclasp it. I considered both hands but chose one. It was a simple clasp. I approached it like I had a neck strain. His eyes were glued to my hemline anyway. As soon as my clasp came undone I nurtured it into a glide over my chest and down between my breasts. Under my bra. I improvised and let out a low pitched squeal. The Boss looking up to see me blush. I told him I was falling apart. My necklace just broke and slipped into my dress. He chuckled faintly. Offering to turn his head if I wished to search for it. I grit my teeth playfully and asked him if he minded. An easy no led him to look away. Smiling I dug my hand down the front of my dress and made it look harder to find than it really was. This was my show now. I offered an extended tongue toward Ducky and Shyster as I lowered my dress over my bra and dug my hand under my left breast cup teasing my nipple. I even went so far as to spread my legs wider for their viewing inspection. By the time I did Studly and Rock huddled next to the others and drooled at my mission. Too much fun.

As the Boss asked if I had found it I told him it had slipped deeper toward my tummy. I would have to search later. He insisted I feel free to locate it. I nearly pissed my undies. Deciding to risk it I told him I might need to stand up and see if I could get it to fall to the floor. He merely rose from his seat and turned his back to me. In doing so I grew overconfident. I myself stood up and reached behind me to unzip my dress tugging it forward to reveal my entire bra before my four future coworkers. They were in awe and encouraging more. God! I don't know what came over me. I removed my bra and stood topless. Quickly tucking my bra in my purse. In bending over to do so they saw my entire back to my waist. I waved at them over my shoulder and reached my hands back to guide my skirt up just enough to reveal my butt cheeks. Wearing a thong the thin band hid well between my crack. A sudden jingle as my necklace hit the tile I froze. It had fell through.

Hearing it the Boss asked if I had found it. I said yes instinctively. Before I could zip up my dress he began to turn. I swiftly pulled my dress over my breasts and pinned my arms to my side. My skirt left up a bit much I bent down and picked the necklace up. By now he had turned around and saw me kneeling. Lifting my necklace up for him to see I jumped up and sat back down. Hoping he hadn't noticed my dress unzipped. Sitting there I was tempted to cross my legs but didn't. The guys were too into me. I was turned on like crazy. Let the Boss look me over. I probably wouldn't get the job anyway.

Settling back into his seat the Boss man noticed my shivering. I winced and told him that when I knelt down my zipper broke. It would not stay up. I apologized and told him if I got hired I would wear a suit of armor to work if it meant less malfunctions. He laughed and coughed into his hand. He adjusted his tie again and smiled. Telling me that a suit of armor was out of the question. What she was wearing was just fine. Malfunctions happen. I was shocked. What I failed to remember was just how hard my nipples get. Through my white dress they were a bit too vibrant. No hiding them. He noticed and trained his eyes right on them. I blushed and nervously fidgeted in my seat. His interest exploring my legs now. My thong was showing a little more definition now that I had toyed with my skirt for the four Amigos. Legs uncrossed I knew my camel toe was evident. Oh my God! I wanted to die. Not really. Dang it! I wanted to touch myself. I refrained but it was pure hell.

Eying the guys I found them fighting laughter and encouraging me to go further. How much further could I go Guys? Come on. As the Boss continued more concerning my resume. Lack thereof I had a burst of adrenalin. I sat forward and rubbed my knees allowing my dress to fan open in front to express more cleavage. Looking up at him to maintain eye contact as he spoke. His eyes were easy to follow. As his words slowed up between thoughts I took advantage of it. Asking him with a chuckle if there was a dress code. I figured that might end my interview then and there. He sighed heavily and answered with a simple no. What you are wearing is fine. I dared to add fuel to the fire chuckling about even if I malfunction on a regular basis? Too which he shrugged and said as long as nobody is in the office doing business. I had to pause and mutter out loud one simple word. Really?

He took it from there. Offering insight. He was open minded. As long as anything I wore didn't interfere with business he was fine. It was official. Mind blown. He continued by telling me that if I was hired, to protect his words I would need to sign a disclosure agreement. Worded very carefully to protect not just himself from her but the integrity of his company. At the time I had zero problem with that. The job would probably get boring fast anyway and I would move on. The opportunity struck my imagination. The guys outside the lounge were totally supportive of me. They found me hot. I found them sexy as hell. Win, win situation right?

As I mulled over the whole ordeal I found myself rubbing my legs clear down to my feet. Boss as I'll just call him from here on out sat back and watched. Resume in his lap. Hiding an erection. Come on a girl notices. It's not that difficult to see. As my palms rolled over my calves I lifted my chest slightly. My tits slipped from their happy home enough for him to see nipples. He smirked. I played along. I was suddenly obsessed with seeing just how far this could go and still get the job. I've teased guys before I'm not any amateur. I've had my share of one night stands. Still, this particular setting was out there even for me.

Sighing loudly I asked Boss if I had the job. He puckered and lifted my resume from his bulge. I kid you not that thing was huge. Even for an old guy. I could feel the guys eager to see what I might do. So far having obeyed their suggestive motions. I loved their eyes on me. I could see them touching themselves. Good lord. I'm so fucking horny right now.

Boss fans my resume with a sense of scrutiny on his face. Was I fucking this up by pushing too hard? I was actually hoping for a chance here. He did say he was open minded. Had he changed his mind thinking I was too young to be trusted? I mean come on I have just as much to lose here. It's my reputation too. Finally, he sets my resume aside and leans forward on his knees. Palms tightly clenched before him. I was sweating. Then out of no where he growls the words, "When can you start?"

Hearing those words made me pause to breath then squeal. I leaped to my feet and jumped around. My tits bobbing up and down under the barely concealed section of my dress. Boss sat back into a slouch and waited for me to calm down. It took awhile because I chose to pace the floor and fan my face with my hands. He planted his own hands behind his head and watched my nervous ass laughing at my excitement. As I let things sink in I halted in step and looked his way. I told him I could start now. He offered his admiration for my immediate dedication. I swore I wouldn't let him down.

To my surprise he patted his lap. I should have known this would lead in the direction it was insinuated. What did he want? A lap dance? A blowjob? I was unprepared for sex. Was a simple Secretary job in Insurance even worth that? Old and creepy Dude even. I swallowed dryly and looked toward the guys. I could see them better through the glass now that I was standing and closer to them. Again they encouraged me. Fucking erections I swear. Everywhere.

Boss scowled and pats my resume as if reconsidering. Don't be that cold Dude. Fine! Let's just see what happens. I took the short walk forward and stood between his knees. My own knees touching his crotch. I could feel massive balls beneath his pants. Shit! I can't stop fanning my fingers. So nervous. Again he pats his zipper. I decide to climb into his lap and straddle his beast. The sensation of its girth arousing me through my thong. It was a safe bet he felt my wetness seeping through. Fuck!

He ran his palms up my legs and stopped at my hips. He then removed his right hand to pat his chest. I pouted and leaned forward into his embrace. My tits crushing against his chest. Half expecting him to kiss me I hovered in front of his face. He merely smiled up at me and reached behind my back. I felt his fingers find my dresses zipper and guide it upwards. He knew it wasn't broken. I was expressionless as he rubs my back. With a glint of respect he claims my necklace from my grasp. Knowing it too was not broken. He caringly wraps it around my throat and fastened it. Moving the clasp then from my throat to the back of my neck. He was amazingly tender toward me. I thanked him with a whisper. It was all I could manage.

Nodding he molds his palms up my neckline and surrounds my throat. His hands were massive. His thumbs pressing over my jawline. Warm. Direct. I liked it. So did he. I couldn't resist closing my eyes and releasing a moan. I never expected these sensations. I would have played along if he had continued. Instead Boss releases his grip and sighs the words "Be here by 8:00 A.M sharp. Malfunctions required."

I nodded almost teary eyed as he opened my resume and produced a hidden confidentiality agreement. A click of a pen later I signed my life away. Without even reading it. Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. Escorted from his lap I found my shoes and purse. He stood up and welcomed me to the Firm. Opening the door found my coworkers gathering their things. Their work day over. I waved at them playfully as Boss introduced me as the new Secretary. It was there I heard their true names. Reacting toward me led to applause. I thanked them and told them I would see them all bright and early in the morning.

As I left the office I had to wait on the elevator. A lengthy wait that found me surrounded by Studly, Ducky, Rock, and Shyster. All towering over me in their 6 foot plus statures. Pats on my back led to pats on my ass. As the elevator door opened I marched right in and stood in the middle. I knew they would surround me again. I was loving the attention. As suspected when the elevator door sealed all hands were on me. Up my skirt. Down my cleavage. Kissing on my neck. My panties being removed. THANK GOD! I hate underwear.

For three whole minutes I endured. Studly was a damned good kisser. As the 1st floor pinged they had shared sniffing my panties. Shyster keeping them. I fanned myself further as we all departed and left the lobby through a revolving door. Ducky rode behind me just for laughs. Hiking my skirt up in behind and pressing his concealed erection against my bare ass. Holy Shit! So hot.

Once outside things returned to normal. I hobbled on one shoe until Rock picked me up and cradled me in his arms. The four of them carrying me to the parking garage across the street. All through the stoplight my pussy was in plain view. I even heard a taxi driver honking after noticing. It made his day.

Guiding them to my car they sat me down on the hood and just leaned on either the car itself or the concrete barricade to the front. I was breathless. To my shock they kept their lust to themselves. I didn't ask why I just sat there in my wet spot on the hood. Gabbing about Boss and asking me how I felt about his interview. I was brutally honest. I told them for an old guy he turned her on. They then questioned me seeking knowledge of if they turned her on. Again brutally honest. I said I preferred Boss. Laughing I said "Of course you do. All of you do."

They grew smug chuckling. Then things got interesting. One by one they leaned over to whisper in my ear. Rock told me he was going to fuck me in the stairwell after lunch tomorrow. I cooed. Studly expressed that he was going to fuck me on Bosses desk when he was out taking a meeting. I swooned. Ducky whispered that he was going to make love to me while on the phone with a client. I snickered. Shyster finalized his plans by saying he was bringing a webcam to the office and I was going to play online for viewers. My eyes flared wide at the thought of hundreds of people seeing me.

Enough was enough. I stretched out on my car hood and lifted my skirt. I masturbated for all four of them right then and there. Eyes glued to their reactions. I literally begged for them to fuck me on the spot. All they offered was a not yet. I squirted all over my hood. They left me lay there breathing heavy. I was disappointed.

All I heard was "See you in the morning. Don't be late." Never again would I be late.

Damn it! The emotions ruled me at that moment. I had to finger myself again inside my car. Seat reclined. Windows wide open. Dress off. Totally nude. People walking by going to their vehicles. Hearing me and saying nothing. The guy parked next to me looking in to see me knuckle deep in my pussy. He leaned on the window sill and talked dirty to me. I bet I could have sold him Insurance. An hour later I drove home. Still nude. Life was good.

As I said that was two weeks ago. Everything that the guys whispered to me came true. They drove me crazy. I have never felt more alive. Every day they go out of their way to make me horny. To push my limits. I embraced it. If you're nice I might tell you more. Fuck that confidentiality bullshit. As long as you don't know their names. Right?

Time for bed. Work tomorrow. Wink! Wink!