How to Get Hired

by policywankÂ©

Leticia had found the firm right out of law school.

The firm's strategy was simple. Focus on governments where corruption is most

rampant and the most dollars are at stake. Hire smart, capable and super hot

women who were prepared to whore themselves out for money and power.

At the top of the game the money was huge, the power was huge and the demands

were huge. So they had to be women who liked the work too. Who could reconcile

their abilities with their whorish desires.

Leticia had been identified at the age of sixteen. The firm had waited

patiently, as they do for all of their prospects.....and provided a nudge if

possible and required.

None was required for her. She excelled in all fields academic, athletic and

womanly. By the time she was seventeen she was a modestly petite, curvy 36D

Latina who could make grown men bend to her will with a smile on their face. And

by the time she was seventeen it was clear she wanted them around and knew how

to get what she wanted....a cock tease gets a ride in a Ferrari......a mouth

whore, three-way girl got a Ferrari, if she knew her craft.

After extensive interviews and with her stellar academic credentials, the slut

test was all that remained. She was invited to the senior partner's office. She

was just like all of the partners she could see - hot, overtly sexy and scary

smart.

When she got there, the partner was still meeting with the assistant to the

ambassador of Congo. Predictably, the senior partner had to excuse herself

briefly -- Leticia was pretty fucking smart herself so she had some thoughts on

where this was going. She had a good feeling she was a shoe-in and was feeling

like a member of the firm.

As a dozen or so senior partners from the next room watched through one-way

glass, she almost immediately struck up a conversation with the big black man in

ceremonial robes. On script he worked his way up to ask if she was the girl the

senior partner had promised him...."you know the girl to do the things my wife

won't do. You are far more beautiful than I had dared hope"

She replied "what is the purpose of your visit today with the partner."

"We are selecting a law firm to represent us."

"If I am your girl, will this firm get the business."

"Well......"

"I must know for certain if you want to stuff your cock between these big

luscious tits. That is what you want, no?" She stood and peeled off her jacket

to reveal a tight white blouse and no bra containing a spectacular set of

slightly coffee coloured fuck muffins.

"Perhaps you are uncertain" as she unlatched and unzipped her short skirt and

let it fall to the ground.

Having removed her panties before the interview she stood before him with

nothing but 4" strapped heels and a thin white button down shirt ending at her

waist.

She opened her shirt top two more buttons, so that the shirt had only two lower

buttons left and was barely holding her spectacular deep cleavage.

"OK Mr. Ambassador (they both knew he was an assistant and neither

minded)......I will count to three" as she moved closer and moved her hands from

her shirt to her hips, she thrusts her neatly trimmed pussy towards his face.

"At the end of that count, if you give me an unequivocal commitment to hire the

firm I will get on my knees and suck on your cock until it is hard and ready to

bend me over this chair and fuck me in whatever hole you want.....if not I'll

get dressed."

"1,2,3"

"Well, I think I can...."

"Good bye." As she bent to pick-up her skirt.

"No, no you have it....anything you want."

"You hesitated.....that will cost you." She unbuttoned her blouse, turned her

ass to him and bent slightly at the waist at looked back over her shoulder.

"Lick clean my pussy and ass and we shall start again."

This time he obliged. Falling over himself to bury his face in nirvana, he

almost tripped.

She dictated her terms.

"You shall pay an hourly rate set by the senior partners. You shall give us all

your business, once per week you may have your way with me, you will lick my ass

and pussy from behind just like this whenever I ask."

He agreed of course in between licks as he reveled in how luscious ass could

taste when part of this goddess.

Then just like that she changed her demeanour. She straightened up turned to

face him then squatted down. She looked up as she pulled open his robe to reveal

a 12" coke can fat cock.

"Mr. Ambassador, now that I am at your service would it please you if I sucked

your beautiful fat cock. And if I do a good job will you please throw me up onto

that desk and fuck me with that monster cock."

She licked his big black balls while she stroked his huge cock even larger. Then

she nibbled on the head of his cock while cradling his balls. Without her hands

on his cock she slowly took it into her mouth. Even with her throat as open as

possible she couldn't quite get it all in.

"I am sorry Mr. Ambassador I can't swallow your entire cock. I will work

harder."

"No need bitch."

He threw her up onto the table and eased his fat cock into her perfect wet

snatch. As he felt nirvana wrap herself around his fuck starved cock he knew

that he was powerless to resist her.

As he felt his cum heavy balls slap against her perfect tanned ass he looked at

her and said "you will be my bitch then?" almost unbelieving.

"Once a week for three hours if you give the firm all your work and pay your

bills on time."

They both knew he was ready to cum. She slipped off the table and swallowed his

cock as she slid to her knees. She licked and stroked him, squeezing hard

briefly to keep him from cumming. Then as the pressure built up inside him she

released her grip and bobbed her beautiful lips up and down on his fat cock

while he blew his load of cum from months of frustration down the cum hungry

throat of this angel.

This treatment once a week rather than frustration with his ugly wife? Oh this

was in the budget for sure.

Oh yeah....Leticia got the job.