**My First Job**  
by Isabella

I lived in a small northern town, went to school until I was nineteen and skedaddled to London as soon as I had failed all of my ‘A’ level exams. I managed to get a bedsit in a condemned building owned by an offshore slum-lord, I couldn’t believe my luck. I spent one day getting acclimatised to London’s strange ways and finding my way around our country's capital and the next day I started dropping my CV into all of the local businesses around my slum.

I got into a routine, I could get in the office, drop my CV on the receptionist's desk and get out in less than a minute, I had actually printed over five hundred CV’s off at school with my old home address and my mobile telephone number and a statement saying I was moving to London in the blurb. I had started looking in the area around my bedsit for two reasons, the first to save money on postage and the second, to cut down on travelling expenses to and from work every day.

I was working my way through an office block; twenty different companies sharing one large building, the fifth reception in that building had a smartly dressed man sitting at the desk looking fraught, “What’s this?”

“My CV, can you pass it through to your boss for me please mate?”

I was already halfway out of the door when he called after me, “Can you answer a telephone?”

I stopped and turned back towards him, “Yes!”

I actually thought he was being a little sarcastic, probably didn’t like the way I was dressed or something and the cheeky bugger was opening the envelope my CV was in and he was reading it.

“Come here, take my seat.”

I walked back into the receptionist’s office and as he slid out of the seat behind the desk I slipped in to it.

“Here is a list of names, positions and extension numbers, if anyone telephones, ask who they’re calling, they’ll either say a name or a department, take their name and press the ‘R’ on the phone, dial the number and tell whoever answers the phone the caller’s name and who they asked for, then hang up and the caller has been put through.”

I nodded my head, then he wrote a short script on a piece of paper, you know the kind of thing, ‘Good Morning’, Company name and ‘How can I help you?’

“Right, say this when you first answer the phone and if anyone calls in person, ask who they’ve come to see, phone through to them and they’ll come out to pick the visitor up. You think you’ll be able to handle that?”

“Doesn’t seem too difficult.”

I was left alone behind the receptionist's desk as the man walked to the door leading through to the rest of the offices on that floor, he swiped an ID card in the electronic lock controller to open the door and he was gone without another word. I looked around, the reception area was minimalistic, a two seat sofa against the wall opposite the secure door through to the back offices with a coffee table in front covered in neat piles of advertising brochures for the company.

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I sat behind the desk at ten o’clock in the morning, by twelve o’clock I had taken my second telephone call, the caller asked for Ron Keys, I dragged my finger down the alphabetical listing but didn’t find a Ron Keys in the ‘Ks’, my eyes flicked back to the top of the list, the top four names above the ‘As’ were all Keys and Ron Keys was at the top of the list with MD and CEO at the side of his name so I pressed the ‘R’, dialled Ron Key’s number and waited for the phone to be picked up.

“Mr Keys, I have Gordon Baker asking for you.”

“Thanks Victoria, put him through please.”

’***Wow, the MD already knows my name, that’s impressive!'*** went through my mind. The job could have been tedious if it wasn’t for the fact that I had a PC on my desk and it had a very fast internet connection so I was keeping myself busy by playing games online. At twelve thirty the man who had been sitting in reception when I had arrived came out into reception, “Right, would you like a lunch break?”

“Sure, and a comfort break too if there is a toilet anywhere close.”

He turned around and swiped his ID card again, “Toilet at the end of the passage on the right, kitchen last door on the left, there is a selection of sandwiches and a free coffee vending machine in the kitchen but before you do either stop off at the third door on the right and see Paul for an ID card.”

The door was open, the name on the door was Paul Keys and as the MD was Ron Keys I assumed that Paul was a relative so I knocked at the open door and waited to be invited in to Paul’s office. Paul pointed at a seat against an orange curtain, “Sit there please Victoria.”

I sat on the seat and Paul turned a camera in my direction but before he could press the shutter button I was on my feet, “What are you doing?”

“Well, I was going to take your photograph for your ID card.”

“You can’t just take a photograph without warning, I must look a state, I need to sort out my hair and face first.”

“There’s a mirror in the toilet, last door on the right, come straight back here after you’ve sorted yourself out.”

The toilet door had both male and female pictures on it, I assumed that I would open it and find a passageway down to two other doors, one for each sex but I was wrong, the toilet was quite simple, one stall and one wall mounted urinal on the wall opposite the main door and a sink with mirror over it on the right hand wall.

I didn’t have a hair brush in my shoulder-bag, there wasn’t room for a brush and three hundred envelopes with CV’s inside it so I had to use my fingers to try and tidy my hair up a little, fortunately I had made enough room for my makeup emergency kit, eye shadow, lipstick and gloss coat as well as an eyeliner pencil. I’d put the red colour coat on my lips and was about to paint on the high gloss coat when the door opened and a man walked in, “Oh, I’m sorry but the door was unlocked!”

“That’s okay. I was just touching up my face for an ID photograph.”

I heard the door close and went back to painting my lips, I had mistakenly assumed that the man was on the other side of the door, he had mistaken my ‘Okay, I’m only fixing my makeup’ as some form of agreement to share the bathroom with him. The first I knew was when I heard a stream of liquid falling into the urinal’s bowl.

I stopped painting my lips and let my eyes flick to the left, I didn’t look directly at the man but got his reflection in the mirror, so instead of looking at the back of a man pissing, I could see him side on in the mirror, his left hand holding his trouser snake and his right hand on his hip. I froze, I’d had boyfriends at school, I’d indulged in hand relief with a boy, always in the dark, in a cinema usually or behind the youth club, so I’d never seen a real cock in the light before, certainly never seen one that big, at least six inches long and I could see that it was so fat that his fingers couldn’t close around it’s girth.

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As far as I saw it, there were two things wrong with what was happening, the first, he shouldn’t have been pissing while I was in the bathroom doing my makeup and the second, I really shouldn’t have been standing there staring at his cock as he peed. I had totally forgotten about glossing my lips, I just stood there open mouthed watching his cock stream the golden rod into the pan.

As the flow slowed to a stop he changed his grip on his cock, he moved his hand close to his balls and started to squeeze and slide his hand along his cock, shaking it when his fist reached his cockhead, then he did something strange, as he repeated the draining motion on his cock with his hand he looked over his shoulder at me, fortunately he didn’t look at the mirror or he would have realised that I was watching him closely.

From my angle of view it looked like he was looking at my shoes or my ankles, then his eyes ran up my bare legs to around the level of the hem of my skirt and I realised that he was no longer draining his Python and his cock was now much longer than the six inches it had started out. I watched his eyes flick to my backside and he even leaned back a little to change his view from profile to see more of my bottom, his hand was now sliding up and down his erection as if he was masturbating himself slowly as he checked my body out.

When his eyes reached the level of my breasts he changed his stance again so that he could see more of the front of my body as he checked out my tits. I’d estimate that his cock had reached around nine inches long but seemed to have slimmed down slightly, then his eyes reached my chin and he realised that my face was turned slightly towards him and the brush with the lip-gloss on it wasn’t moving over my lips.

He almost jumped upright and turned to face the urinal again, then I saw him struggling to try and re-house his stallion in his trousers but it had grown too long and too hard to stable the beast, then he covered his member with his forearm and started to back away from the urinal and he turned his back more towards me as he made his way to the door into the stall.

I expected him to just pop into the stall, unfasten his trousers fully so he could trouser his cock and be out in a flash but I was wrong. I looked down to the bottom of the door, because there was a light over the stall, it cast a shadow on the floor that I could see under the stall door as there was a ten inch gap under the door.

I could see the shape of his cock in the shadow and the shape of his fist rising and falling along the length of his cock. I saw it speed up and then, without a sound the floor suddenly took a milky splash, then three more. He had climaxed without making any sound at all, when I had done that to my boyfriend in the past he made quite a lot of noise about his climax, he bounced about a lot too as he reached his end game, the guy in the toilet seemed to stand impassively as he wanked. If it wasn’t for the creamy splashes on the floor I wouldn’t have realised he had actually cum at all.

A wad of toilet paper was dropped on top of the spunk and his foot scrubbed it back and forth over the stall floor before it was collected, dropped in the toilet and flushed away. When he came out of the stall I was just finishing off applying my lip-gloss, he stopped on his way to the bathroom’s outer door and mumbled an apology before heading for the hills.

I took a deep breath to stop myself laughing hysterically at what had happened, one final look at myself in the mirror and another look at what was left of the damp spot on the stall floor where the spunk had been almost mopped up by the guy after shooting at the floor and I walked back to Paul’s office. Once again I knocked the door even though it was open and waited in the passageway to be invited in.

The orange curtain seemed to have been replaced with a blue one and again I was asked to sit in front of it, I gave Paul Keys a quizzical look after taking in the blueness of the backdrop, “Employees are always photographed in front of an orange backdrop, all of our customers know that, so it’s just a check that makes them feel safe, they’re told to ring in and check if anyone turns up with a different colour backdrop. Blue is reserved for directors but because your hair is so close to the colour of the orange backdrop it would disappear, you’d look very different in the picture if I’d left the orange curtain up there.”

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I sat down and had my picture taken, the camera fed the digital file directly into a briefcase sized machine that printed my picture and my name and other details on a small card, laminated it and there was even a hole punch on the side of the machine to punch a slot in the card to take the plastic clip so that the ID card could be attached to my clothes. I pinned the new badge over the waistband if my skirt and headed for the kitchen and the free coffee machine, there was a large tray with wrapped sandwiches and a few cakes, I had chicken soup from the machine and a ham sandwich, then I downed an individual Bakewell Tart before popping into the toilet, I didn’t bother locking the outer door because I was using the stall and that had its own lock, as I was using the toilet the outer door opened and I saw feet below the right hand side of the stall, like the door, the side wall of the stall stopped ten inches short of the floor.

I heard the stream of urine hitting the bowl of the urinal as I was wiping myself and it was still going after I had finished, flushed and left the stall to wash my hands. Paul Keys was standing at the urinal; he looked over his shoulder and saw me washing my hands. “Our last receptionist always freaked out if any of us walked in on her in here, even after we had the lock fitted to the outer door, you don’t seem too bothered by it.”

I shook my head, “You have a good extractor fan and the air freshener is reasonably pleasant, it’s all just bodily functions after all.”

To be honest, when the first guy walked in on me I was on the edge of freaking out but after seeing what I saw and then him doing what he did, it all just seemed too funny by half to me that they only had the one toilet for both men and woman but that foible was answered by Paul Keys next comment.

“Well, if it gets too much for you, there is another toilet at the other end of the office block, separate men’s and women’s facilities, the lady's even has carpet on the floor, pretty pink wallpaper and a comfortable seat but it takes a while to get over there and back so the directors all use this toilet. Well, because the reception is at this end of the building you are invited to use this toilet too.”

I grabbed a latte and headed back to the reception, I got a beaming smile from the guy sitting behind the reception desk, then he looked at his watch, “You’ve had less than half an hour, are you ready to come back already?”

“Yes, well, I’ve nothing better to do with my time, so I might as well sit there on my own as sit in the kitchen in my own.”

He almost jumped out of the seat, “Thanks, at least I can get back to some serious work. If you need to use the toilet or a coffee break, just dial two-seven double zero and I’ll come out and relieve you again.”

I settled into playing on the internet again, drank the latte after it was cold and four o’clock came around before I knew it, I only looked then because two men walked in off the street as it were, I was handed a business card, “Benson Office Services to see Ron Keys.”

“Do you have an appointment sir?”

“No, well, a loose appointment, Ron said he’d make time to see us today if we could make it.”

“Please take a seat; I’ll let him know you’re here.”

I checked my list against Ron Keys, dialled his number without really thinking about it until I’d dialled the final zero, ’***Humm, two-seven double zero, where have I heard that number before?’***

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I realised as soon as I heard the voice in the earpiece, the MD was my replacement receptionist when I needed to take a break, I informed him that the men from Benson Office Services were in reception but that they didn’t seem to have a firm appointment.

“Can you get them a drink if they want one? I’ll be ten minutes!”

I explained that there would be a ten minute delay and offered them both a drink but they turned the drink down, then they both set about flirting with me until Ron Keys came out to fetch them. By the time Ron came out my face was bright red, I’d been hit on by boys for years but never by a man and while I often thought boys could be rude and crude when they hit on me, these two men were filthy bastards and they were trying to get me to go for a drink with them after work.

Ron Keys spent less than thirty minutes in his meeting with the representatives from Benson Office Services and while they waited to say goodbye to him he told me to take a comfort break while he was in the reception area. I took a quick toilet break, got another latte from the vending machine and was back in reception in time to see the door closing after Ron’s visitors.

“I hope that those jerks didn’t upset you earlier.”

“They were just being a little flirty, probably went a little too far though.”

“Well, you’ll find that a lot, reps always flirt with reception staff, they think it gets them better access to the bosses of companies, I’ve had thirty different receptionists since we moved in these offices, and now we’re running at one a fortnight, so I do hope that you have thicker skin than the last ten women!”

Nothing else happened for the rest of the afternoon, well up until five thirty when I took a phone call for Mick Keys, I had to ask three times for the caller’s name because he was full of congestion but I got him put through eventually. ’***I don’t think it’s flirting reps that caused my predecessors to leave after only a week, it wasn’t even men walking in the bathroom while they were using it, it was the boredom, there was a limit to how much internet surfing a girl could do in a day!’***

It felt like waiting for a bus, nothing happens for ages and then three busses came together, three minutes after I had passed the caller through to Mick Keys there was another call coming in and, surprise, surprise, it was a caller for Mick Keys again, I pressed the ‘R’ and dialled Mick’s number but his line was engaged. Ron hadn’t told me what to do if I tried to put a call through to an engaged line, should I just hang up and hope that the call would go through when Mick hung up, I tentatively pressed the ‘R’ again and got the caller back.

I found a message pad and took down the caller’s details, his name and telephone number, his message was that he was ill and wouldn’t be starting his shift at six o’clock that evening. I got the feeling that the call I had put through to Mick Keys just a few minutes earlier was someone else reporting in sick as well.

I sauntered off to Paul Keys’ office as he was the only one in the building that I knew the location of; I knocked at his open door and asked if he could direct me to Mick Keys’ office, “The other end of the passageway, through the double doors, first desk on the left.”

The main office was about two hundred yards long, two work stations on either side of a central walkway with large windows on both sides of the room. At the far end of the office there was a section with four draughtsman’s tables standing higher than the rest.

I dropped my eyes to the man sitting at the first desk on the left, he was punching numbers into his telephone, reading the numbers off of a computer screen, I dropped the note on Mick’s desk and he looked up at me and blushed, he was the man I had seen taking a piss in the communal toilet earlier. He seemed to freeze momentarily and then spluttered a little as he started to talk on the phone.

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I didn’t hear much of Mick’s side of the conversation but it was obvious that he was trying to talk someone who had already worked a full day to stay at work for another shift and as the double doors closed behind me it didn’t sound like he was having much success so I doubted that the message I had just dropped onto his desk would add to his joy very much.

At a few minutes before six Ron Keys came through to reception, “What are you doing this evening?”

’***Well, Mr Keys, it’s very kind of you but we hardly know each other, I couldn’t possibly accept a dinner invitation so soon after meeting you!’*** went through my head but what I actually said was, “Going home to my tiny bedsit and cooking a pot-noodle before settling down to an exciting evening reading a good book.”

“Reading a book all evening, I’d have put you down as a TV kind of a woman.”

“I would be a TV kind of a woman if I could afford a TV or if I could have carried one down here on the train, as well as my two suitcases, when I came down to London the other day!”

“Well, put off the excitement of a pot-noodle and four hours of immersion in a chick-lit and I’ll provide you with a takeaway and twelve TV’s to watch and if you stick it out until midnight, we’ll pay for a taxi home and I’ll give you a bonus of a new TV at the end of the week.”

“What is it you want me to do?”

“We have a mini flu epidemic on our hands and we need bodies to sit in front of the monitors at the offices of a large bank in Canary Wharf, my cousin is trying to drag bodies out of their sick bed but he’s having little success at the moment. The guard at the bank is willing to stay on a little longer to wait to be replaced but he has to be gone by six thirty and the two AM guard will come out early at midnight.”

“Okay, so how much am I going to get paid?”

Ron smiled at me, “That’s the first time you’ve asked about your remuneration package. On reception you’ll get the receptionist’s starting rate of fifteen quid an hour but when you’re on guard duty we can only pay the same rate as we pay the other guards, twelve quid an hour plus unsocial hours for working past ten PM. That’s why I’m offering you a bonus out of my own pocket of a TV; no questions asked and never mention the TV to anyone else. What do you say?”

“Okay, depending on what the takeaway is!”

Ron smiled at me, “Good to see you set your priorities right, lock the front door and come to my office.”

Fortunately the front door could be locked from inside by a thumbwheel because I didn’t have a key. As I turned the thumbwheel it dawned on me that I’d have to ask Paul which one was Ron’s office, I could really do with an office guide to get me through the first few days, if I could stick working for Crossed Keys Security that is.

I bumped into Ron in the passageway; he had three suit bags draped over his arm, “I had to guess at your size, hopefully one of these will fit you.”

Ron directed me to his office and he checked the label on the first bag, this says it is a thirty four inch chest and the skirt seems to be thirty-four as well.”

“I need a thirty-six chest and a twenty-six inch waist.”

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The third bag contained the closest match to my size, the skirt was still a little large, female security guards seemed to be a fat-bellied bunch if the spare uniform stock was anything to go by. Ron left me to get changed into my temporary uniform; he was heading off to see if they had any new shoes in my size in stock. When I left home this morning I was dressed reasonably smartly but I wore white trainers because I knew that I’d be climbing a lot of stairs and walking a long way, white trainers didn’t fit in with the steel grey of my Cross Keys uniform.

The blouse was white and long sleeved with a logo over the left breast, I would have said that the blouse was actually ‘fully-fitted’ but it wasn’t, it was just darted at the sides to follow the contour of my breasts, well, someone’s breasts but not mine, I think it had been darted for a thirty-six, B-cup chest rather than my thirty-six inch C-cup breasts so it was a little tight across my tits and a little baggy over my ribs but that was okay.

I had to put a little tuck in the back of the skirt to take up a little excess material that the previous occupant of the skirt needed but fortunately there was a broad leather belt that had enough notches to take up the slack. As I stepped into the skirt I noticed that the previous occupant had made one small alteration to the skirt, she had reduced the length by three inches and pressed the new hem in place with bands of wonder-web but that had made the skirt a little stiff at the bottom, making it stand out as if I had a crinoline under it.

The jacket was okay so long as I didn’t fasten it up, it was a pity that Ron didn’t have a mirror in his office, I would have loved to see just how drab I looked in the company's official uniform. Ron knocked on his own door, a very loud knock, definitely not using his knuckles, I opened the door for him, he had a shoebox under one arm and a truncheon in his other hand. The truncheon and the brogues in the shoebox were both black, the shoes brand new but the truncheon wasn’t.

I was wearing white trainer socks and even though the ring of white around the top of the black brogues would look odd I kept the white socks on. I’d never worn steel toe cap shoes before and they felt strange on my feet but I loved the sound they made as I clumped around in the office. I was handed the baton, I examined it and then twisted the handgrip. “Where do the batteries go?”

Ron looked serious for a moment and then burst out laughing, I thought I’d seriously over stepped the mark but when he could get his breath back he said, “You’ll fit in well here with a sense of humour like that, we’ll see if you’re still humorous at midnight after staring at those monitors all evening.”

“Where do I have to go for this guard job?”

“Well, I think you could be getting a lift down there if Mick can’t find someone to partner you.”

Ten minutes later I was surprised to see Mick Keys dressed in a guards uniform walking towards me, he was sliding his truncheon into a special little pocket in his trousers at the side of the usual right hand trouser pocket and he had two ‘walky-talkies’, he saw me standing outside Ron’s office, “Oh, it’s you! You’ll need a belt clip for your baton unless you’re planning on holding it in your hand all night.”

At that moment Ron walked out of his office and handed me a small plastic snap on clip to fix my weapon to my leather belt over my right hip, the radio transceiver clipped on the other side of the belt over my left hip and Ron said, “Always use your left hand to use the radio, keep your right hand free at all times for your baton.”

I followed Mick Keys through the main office, I have to say that I felt very powerful, almost military as I walked through the office stomping my feet in my clumpy shoes, the weight of the radio bouncing against my left hip and my right thigh bouncing the heavy, guaiacum wood baton against my hip as I walked. Mick drove us to the massive bank building in Canary Wharf, he had a flash seven series BMW parked in the office car park but because he was driving us to a job he had to use one of the company's vans, same drab colour as our uniforms but the two, over sized keys in gold on the side of the van forming the crossed keys logo of his family business did look very classy.

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We drove in silence to the bank building we would be guarding, there was a parking space outside the office block that was marked MD, the space was empty so Mick parked in the empty space. We ran up to the front door which was opened by the guard inside pushing a button. “Davenport was pissed when he left and found that I was on my own working the desk, he wants you to ring him as soon as you get here!”

"Thanks Paul, can you show her how to work the console while I ring him?”

Mick pulled his mobile phone from his pocket, “Not on your mobile boss, Davenport wanted the call from the consol phone so he knows you’re here!”

Paul looked me over, his eyebrows raised when he saw my ID photograph with its blue background; he smiled when he saw my huge shoes, looking like two canoes against my matchstick ankles, made to look even more ridiculous by the pretty lace trim around the top of my ankle socks.

“So, which of the mighty Keys family are you?”

I was going to say that I wasn’t part of the family but was it really his business, “Victoria.”

“Mmmm, Victoria Keys, you’re a new one on me Miss!”

I learned how to use the consol while Mick was blustering through his conversation with **Mr. Davenport**, Mick passed the handset over to me, “Here, he wants to talk to you as well.”

I took the handset, he was only really interested in making sure that there were actually two guards looking after his business, he asked for my name, I thought about it, I didn’t know this guy from Adam, I couldn’t see why he needed my name, then I got an idea, based on Paul’s mistake, “Victoria Keys.”

“We are honoured, two Keys family members guarding our property tonight, well, I have to go, they’ve called five minutes to curtain up, time to get to my seat.”

Mick gave me a sideways look because I’d told the guy I was a member of the Keys family.

“I don’t know the guy from Adam, I don’t want him knowing my name unnecessarily!”

Paul left us to get home and I sat at the console wiggling the controls as if I was playing a computer game, I was using the cameras as if I was walking through a maze looking for trolls to kill. I worked systematically through every inch of each floor for two hours and I zoomed in on an external camera, Ron Keys was holding a carrier bag up for the camera to see. Red and white stripes and the smiling face of Colonel Sanders looking through a red ring on the front of the bag.

“Looks like dinners just arrived Mick!”

Mick went and opened the front door for Ron Keys, he unpacked the food on the top of the monitors, it was a ten piece bucket with four portions of chips, four corn on the cobs and three diet soft drinks. I sat behind the consol desk eating my dinner while Mick and Ron stood leaning against the back of the panel, talking as they ate.

I had eaten a leg of chicken and half of my chips, I’d just bitten into a breast portion when movement on one of the monitor screens caught my eye, I dropped the chicken back onto its paper plate, wiped my fingers quickly on a serviette and threw the monitor feed that I’d spotted movement on to the main screen and started to move the camera around.

“Something wrong?”

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“Movement, I saw movement at the back of the building...I’m sure that I saw movement.”

Mick joined me at the back of the desk, “Are you sure?”

“No, I wasn’t paying very good attention, there was a huge bin, light blue with red writing, Mick took a closer look as I zoomed in on the bin, Mick said, “That’s the confidential paperwork bin...”

“There Mick, a shoe and trouser leg.”

I zoomed out again and we saw the back edge of the lid lift up.

Mick scanned the screen, “The stuff in that bin is as good as money in the bank...the locks still in position, looks like he’s broken the hinge.”

Mick set off at full pace for the back door, Ron pushed behind me to help Mick but I grabbed his arm, “You aren’t wearing a uniform, you stay here and watch where the crook goes, use my radio to tell Mick where he is!”

It took me a while to wind my heavy shoes into action. I caught up with Mick as he worked to open the rear door without making any noise, he pointed to the fire escape from the loading dock, “That’s his only way out! You guard that door.”

Mick opened the door, he ran to the left and the bin at the front of the loading dock, I ran to the right and stood in front of the fire escape. I spotted a length of thin wire, someone had looped it over the crash bar to the fire exit and trapped it in between the door jamb and the door so that the wire could be tugged from the outside and the door would open. ’***An inside job!’***

Mick shouted, I looked in his direction, “Stop right there, the exits are covered and the police are on their way!”

The man stood to from behind the bin, he was huge and he had about three reams of computer printouts under his left arm and a crowbar in his right hand. He stepped forward and Mick reached for his baton, he yanked it from its special pocket in his trousers, raised his arm quickly, “Stop right there, don’t move!”

I saw the almost comical sight of a long baton, flying through the air, helped on its way by a thick covering of chicken fat on his fingers. Mick was distracted by the loss of his baton and the burglar jumped down from the loading bin and he crashed into Mick’s chest, sending Mick Keys sprawling on the floor.

The burglar threatened Mick with the iron crowbar, “Get your bitch out of my fucking way or I’ll...”

That was as far as he got before my baton came crashing down on his wrist joint and sent his crowbar flying from his hand. I’d run so fast when he jumped Mick that I’d actually left my huge shoes behind by the fire exit and had run the fifteen yards to protect Mick in just my ankle socks.

The burglar dropped the pile of customer’s bank accounts he was stealing on the floor and lunged at me with his one good hand, he was old and fat, I was young and just a month ago I was competing in an inter-school’s gymnastics competition, I twisted to one side, arched my back and watched his fist pass my chin, missing it by just a half of an inch. As his upper body was pulled past by the force and momentum of his fist I brought my baton down on his lower back, cracking against one of his kidneys and dropping him to the floor. I sat on his upper back, between his shoulder blades, pinning him down with his face in the dirt.

Mick jumped to his feet and reclaimed his baton just as a police car arrived and Ron opened the roller shutter door from the street into the loading bay for them. Ron called Mr Davenport to report the incident, fortunately the performance that Mr Davenport had been to see that evening had just finished and Mr Davenport rushed over to the office. The police were still there but the burglar wasn’t, he’d been shipped out in the back of a paddy wagon. I was in the seat behind the monitor desk. Fortunately I’d been reunited with my shoes by that time.

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Mr Davenport was pleasantly surprised to see Ron Keys in reception, taking charge of the situation

“The police want to take the pile of papers that were being stolen away for forensic examination but as they are from the confidential bin I said they had to see you first.”

“They should have been shredded before being placed in the bin, every document with a customer’s account number on it is supposed to be shredded.”

It was my turn to pipe up, “I think it was an inside job, someone had wrapped a wire around the fire exit’s crash bar so that it could be opened from the outside and the alarm switch had been fixed, a thin sheet of tin super glued in front of the magnetic switch to stop the alarm going off when the door was opened.”

I got the job of taking Mr Davenport out to the bin and unlocking it so he could look inside. I opened the lid and it fell to one side, one of the hinge bolts had been removed from the right hand side of the bin’s lid. All of the rest of the paper in the bin had been shredded, “Looks like that pile of papers were placed deliberately in the bin to be found by the burglar Mr Davenport!”

We went back to the monitor desk and I started looking back through the history file from the loading bay camera, I spotted one of the cleaners lifting the back corner of the bin after it had been locked and he eased the wad of paper into the bin before hurrying off.

Davenport looked over my shoulder as I ran backward and forward over the placing of the computer printout, “Come with me and bring your master key please Victoria.”

I looked at Mick and Ron, they looked flabbergasted that Mr Davenport had chosen me to escort him through the empty building. As we stepped into the lift I saw Mick behind the monitor desk, he looked down at my seat and grinned. I looked at my reflection in the stainless steel trim on the lift’s wall, a large wet patch on the back of my skirt, I’d known that I’d been extremely turned on while fighting the huge burglar but I hadn’t realised that my excitement would be quite so visible.

I was fortunate that the skirt was so big; I just moved the pleat that I’d formed in my skirt so that the wet patch was inside the fold. The lift doors opened and I stepped out first with my hand on the handle of my baton.

“I think the office is down this hall on the left.”

I led the way to the office and unlocked the door; I saw one red light on the computers in the room, all the rest were off. I moved the mouse and the computer’s screen burst into life. Mr Davenport looked at the output on the screen, he was looking at the same information that had been on the printout from the bin. The spreadsheet was minimised and behind the spreadsheet was the program that had created the spreadsheet. It was, as usual in computer programs, just so much gobbledygook covering the screen. Mr Davenport tapped the screen, “This is customer balance and the enquiry is calling...” he traced his finger back a little, “...max, the query is calling up the one hundred customer accounts with the highest balance in their accounts.”

A call was put into the IT department to see who was logged in on the terminal he was sitting at...the answer came back that it was an employee that had resigned two weeks earlier. They sent his photograph through in an email and we took that back down to the reception desk to check the photograph off against the video image of the cleaner and there he was popping the print out into the bin. His last known address was called through to the police and they raided his house.

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Ron looked very pleased that we’d just saved his client’s reputation and their customers a lot of money. It took thirty minutes for all the excitement to die down and Mick and me to be left on our own again.

“Hey Vicky, did it turn you on tackling that big bugger earlier?”

“What do you mean?”

“The back of your skirt was soaking wet...and there was almost a puddle under your seat when you took old man Davenport up to the fourth floor. Are you still turned on now?”

“No!”

“It’s just that if you were still turned on there’s a toilet just behind the receptionist's desk, you could pop round there and look after yourself!”

“Like you did this morning you mean!”

Mick grinned and nodded his head, then he checked his watch, “our replacements should be here in twenty minutes, I could give you a lift home if you like.”

“Ron said that he’d pay for a taxi home for me if I worked after midnight.”

“He will but I’m here and I have the van, I could take you home, we could have a little fun in the back of the van on the way home if you like!”

“What about your wife, won’t she be waiting for you to get in?”

“I’m divorced, wanking in the toilet after you watching me piss is the closest I’ve got to sex in months!”

It was certainly food for thought, I’d seen his equipment and he certainly was a big lad, I was still soaking wet between my legs and as I was new in London, I hadn’t scoped anyone else out to help dissipate my sexual needs, even for a one night stand partner. What the hell, I guess shift partners all over the country looked after each other’s needs for sexual relief if not actual love.

I let Mick drive me home and I offered him a coffee. He joked that the back of the van was bigger than my bedsit, bigger and cleaner as well. I gave him his coffee and he grabbed me and pulled me down on my bed, “Stop...I’m still a virgin, just making out, no actual sex.”

Mick was disappointed but I did let him undress me totally and we played on the bed totally naked for an hour. I spent fifteen minutes lovingly getting him off with my hands and he finished off against my tits and then he lay there watching me masturbate myself as I sat there with his jizz dripping off of my tits.

He didn’t actually go home, he slept the night in bed with me and I wanked him off again before we left for the office.

I took a book to read at my desk and was sitting there when Ron pitched up at eight o’clock, he gave me a strange look as he walked in, “Didn’t I tell you last night that there was no need to turn up early, that you should have a lie-in this morning?”

“You did, but all I had to do at home was read my book and I would have to pay my own electricity bill to do that...I will need to pop out later to have that uniform cleaned though, rolling around on the floor last night took its toll!”

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“You don’t have to go out, just call the cleaner in, send out an email to all heads of department first to see if there is any other dry cleaning that needs doing before you call them in, second drawer down on the left in your desk you’ll find an order pad, just list everything down that the cleaner collects.”

Mick brought me a coffee out and as he handed it to me he whispered, “Don’t tell anyone about last night!”

“You mean the burglar?”

“No, after work.”

“Mick, do I look like the type to go around complaining about sexual harassment to my fellow workers?”

Mick almost choked as he spluttered that it wasn’t, he stopped when he saw my grin.

The phone rang, I started to go through my script bur was cut short, it was the Local news paper, they’d picked up on the fact that something big had gone off at the offices of a commercial bank and that ‘Crossed Keys’ were the company guarding the building. I pressed the ‘R’ key, “Sorry Ron, this is the local newspaper about last night.”

“Put them through!”

I looked at the time, it was five minutes to nine, “The papers are on the ball today.”

Ron came out into reception at nine o’clock, “The experts at the bank have estimated that the crooks could have got away with between forty million and sixty million if they had used that information from last night before the bank could react and close the accounts down. The police want to know how we got onto the burglary so quickly, they found detailed maps of camera coverage, the guy should have reached the bin without being spotted on any of the fixed cameras.”

I thought for a moment, “Probably me, when I was getting used to the monitor desk, I moved a few of the cameras slightly to get a better view of places of interest, I only saw one foot moving on the corner of the screen before I centred on the bin and you saw it.”

“Well, we’re in for a bonus and you’re going to be a little busier for a few days while we interview for new guards. A big arrest like this will get us more buildings to look after.”

Ron gave me a book of the rules and regulations of the private security industry instead of reading my romance novel at the desk. Ron was right about me being a little busier. People were coming and going all day to talk about getting our company to guard their premises.

Ron covered the reception while I had my lunch, Mick joined me in the kitchen, we ate together chatting and Mick invited me back to his house after work. He was offering me dinner but I knew that he just wanted a repeat of what we’d done the night before.

Dinner was once again a takeaway eaten at a business that needed guarding while half our guards were off sick. During my first two weeks at work I'd worked sixty-eight hours a week instead of the planned forty hours. I'd earned a thousand pounds less stoppages and had partnered Mick Keys every night and after working as a guard each night, Mick had taken me to his house to spend the night with him rather than both if us sleeping together in my bed-sit.

After two weeks Mick Keys had cured me of my virginity and he'd asked me to marry him, just a quick registry office wedding and all of a sudden my last name was actually Keys and I'd cured Mick of masturbating alone in the toilets at work...he always took me in there to help him do it for him.