One Minute, Thirty-Five Seconds

by Singularity ©

Preparations

The smell of coffee wafting in from the kitchen awakened Anne before the

alarm clock could squawk its daily greeting at her. She swatted the alarm

button to keep it silent, and rolled onto her back to stretch and slowly

rouse herself; one body part at a time, the way civilization intended.

"Mmmm, today is the day," she told the zigzag crack on the ceiling while

she raised her arms above her head to clasp the vertical bars on the oak

headboard and pointed her toes at the bedposts at the foot of the bed.

"At last, today."

She had been trying to imagine what this day would be like for weeks. It

had dominated her dreams each night, and had monopolized more and more of

her daytime hours as well, as the circled date on the kitchen calendar

drew nearer.

Anne knew with absolute certainty that everyone at work was aware that she

was preoccupied and that something was going on inside her head; and that

they were hazarding guesses and speculating about it behind her back. But

she also knew that no one – absolutely no one – had the even slightest

idea what the truth of the matter was. And that made it even more special,

and more precious.

And now the waiting and the anticipation were over. Today. This very day,

with the sun streaming in through the lace-curtained window and the smell

of fresh coffee tantalizing her nose and the insatiable itch that radiated

from her fingertips to her toes.

Today. The red circle around the number 19 under the picture of an ancient

forest aflame with color in its autumn splendor. September 19.

It was finally here, and it was time to begin.

Anne swung her feet to the floor and arose, to look at the morning sky

outside her lace-draped bedroom window. Clear, and as brilliant a blue as

she could remember, with only a few powder-puff dots of white scattered

across the sky. The chill, gusty wind and the rain had ended overnight,

and her garden basked in the fast-warming autumn sun.

Such a beautiful day for a... For a what? What did one call this? An

adventure? An assignment? An act of unabashed deviance? Utter insanity?

What???

Her flowers waved back at her in the morning breeze; scrubbed clean and

fresh and ready to be admired, and ready to be taken and sacrificed in the

vase on her kitchen table. It was either that; or slowly succumb to the

ravages of the darker, colder days ahead foreshadowed by the mild taste of

the future that the past few chilly days represented.

But there was no time for picking flowers this morning of mornings.

Anne cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples and pressed them against

the cold glass. Her breath made a series of fast-disappearing, translucent

ovals on the chilled surface, while her tits traced small circles on the

windowpanes.

The probability that one of her neighbors would see her here, masturbating

and rubbing her cunt against the bottom of the window frame while she

pressed her body against the glass and smudging it with the evidence of

her arousal, was remote. But the danger that this small shard of

probability represented made it an infinitely more satisfying place to

deliver her morning orgasm compared to doing it in bed or standing in

front of her mirror.

She moved faster, more urgently, splaying her labia against the painted

windowsill as she slicked it with her wetness. But a glance at the stern,

reproachful face of her bedside clock forced Anne to leave her morning

ritual at the window before she had orgasmed and to hurry into the

bathroom. There was still so much to do, to get ready.

Once she was in the bathroom, Anne moved with a quick economy of motion

that spoke of regular practice and the efficiency that comes from constant

repetition. First the bath was drawn, and the shaving cream and razor laid

on the side of the tub. Next, her towel was positioned so it was within

easy reach; and finally she opened the bottom drawer of her vanity and

took out what had become one of her dearest friends and her now-daily

companion.

Anne knelt on the floor and began again to masturbate while the water

level in the tub slowly rose toward the top of the whirlpool jets. Once

she had three fingers thrusting in and out of her now-sopping wet pussy

and her breathing was again rapid and shallow, she aimed her index finger

at her asshole and worked it in, twisting and turning it as she forced it

inside her.

"Oh gawd, yes," Anne moaned as she breached herself with a second finger.

"Fuck me, please fuck me," she panted when she pinched her clit and forced

a third finger into her ass. Then she scrabbled about on the floor with

her clit-hand for the large tapered anal plug alongside her leg. When she

found it, she coated it with her cunt juices to lubricate it before she

aimed it at her asshole and began to work it inside to replace the triplet

of fingers that had stretched and opened her enough to permit the smooth

flesh-colored monster's massive girth to fit within her ass.

Her scream of pain and victory when she forced the plug all the way home

with its flared base nestled between her ass cheeks was perfectly timed.

As soon as it was in, her wet sticky fingers were twirling the handles to

shut off the water.

It always felt so good to submerge beneath the scented water right after

ramming the plug into her ass. Anne lay there, motionless, while the

soothing heat of the water soaked into her flesh. Then, again mindful of

the time, she quickly bathed and then sat on the edge of the tub with her

feet in the water to shave.

The mere act of sitting brought a groan of pleasure as the tapered rubber

cone in her ass worked its way deeper inside her. He had instructed her to

get the plug and to wear it daily. And like everything else about him,

going about her day with this massive thing in her ass was now as natural

as if she had been doing it all her life. And those few, rare days when

biology forced her to leave it in the drawer always left her feeling as if

part of her body had been amputated.

After the initial sensation radiating from her ass had flooded her senses,

Anne turned her attention to her other pleasure hole. Her pussy – no, her

cunt – had been bare for more than two years now; and Anne could no longer

imagine it being groomed and kept any other way. It had felt so sinful and

unnatural when she had first done it, but the sensual opportunities it had

opened up to her had been so compelling that there was no going back.

He had demanded that, too.

She made quick work of the prior day's feeble attempt at growing it back;

her hand moving with a sureness and confidence that finished the job

without ever a nick or a drop of blood. Her wetness flowed anew as she

worked the razor over and around her labia and when she dragged the blade

across the arch of flesh above her clit.

When she was done, she slid back into the tub for a few more minutes of

heaven while she kneaded and rubbed her freshly smooth cuntflesh with her

fingers. Then it was time to get dressed and get herself out the door.

Today's dress hung on the hanger on the back of her bedroom door, ready

and waiting. It was a simple frock; black, with small white dots to give

it a refined, elegant look; and with white piping at the neck and hem and

on the short sleeves. The modest dress's neckline only hinted of her

cleavage, and it's hemline was equally unremarkable, showing her knees and

a generous amount of thigh, but still demure by today's standards.

But it was the buttons that made this dress special. The twenty-one small,

round, while buttons that ran in a straight line down the front of the

dress, from the circle of white at the neckline to the matching white

demarcation along the hemline. Anne had gotten the dress especially for

this day. She had admired and studied it hanging on the back of her door

for the past month, and had practiced with the buttons until she could

open and close them effortlessly, one after the other; and starting from

the top or from the bottom.

She had practiced every one of the past thirty days, until her fingers

knew each and every button by touch, and they could do all twenty-one of

them with the speed and confidence that a Marine recruit demonstrates when

field-stripping and reassembling a rifle for his drill instructor.

She could do it now without a single downward glance or fumble.

Flawlessly. Perfectly. She was ready.

But first, there were the accessories. She opened her dresser drawer and

took out the bra she had purchased the same day she had found this

most-perfect dress. It, too, was black, and pure sin to the touch – all

satin and gleaming wickedly in the sunlight. Anne snuggled the tiny cups

up under her breasts and hooked it closed and lifted the straps over her

shoulders.

Her nipples stood out hard and proud, and the deeply tanned flesh of her

tit mounded up enticingly above the shallow quarter-cups of the indecent

little shelf bra. Definitely not normal and proper business under-attire;

but today was special.

Anne smiled as she remembered the blushing look of the shopgirl who had

sold her the bra at the lingerie boutique. She had asked if Anne wanted

the matching panty or thong, and Anne had replied, simply "No, thank you.

I don't wear knickers any more."

She unfolded the stockings from their boutique-wrapped tissue paper. They

were equally indecent, and breathtakingly extravagant. Smokey black and

incredibly silky to the touch; the sensation of pulling them over her en

pointe toes and up her legs was pure sin. The delicate swath of black lace

that clung to her thighs felt like pairs of hands caressing her skin.

A small shiver ran down her back as Anne stood up and stepped into the

gleaming black spike-heeled slingback sandals that had been patiently

waiting in their box at the back of her closet for this day to arrive.

The bra and the shoes and the stockings had been his choices, as well.

And now it was time for the dress.

Anne silently counted the buttons as she opened the dress and took it down

from the padded hanger on the back of her door. Standing in front of her

mirror, she lifted it up and slid her arms into the sleeves and pulled it

closed over her breasts. The sensation of the sheer light cotton against

her exposed titflesh and nipples almost had her fingers back in her pussy

in search of the immediate gratification she craved.

But she resisted the urge and instead she fastened the buttons, one by

one, from neck to hem, this time counting them aloud. "One, two, three..."

Each new integer advanced the rehearsal tape in her mind one more frame;

to show, step by step, what she was to do. When she counted "twenty-one"

and saw the finishing point, she could feel the wetness trickling down the

inside of her thighs.

It was going to be so very difficult at work today.

Anne turned to go, and she was almost out the door when she remembered the

pearls. He had been quite specific about the pearls.

Looking again at her wristwatch, she dashed back inside and draped the

long strand of gleaming white pearls that had been waiting patiently on

the dresser for her to remember them around her neck. She adjusted them so

the double loop swayed back and forth like a pair of pendulums between her

cantilevered-up, bare tits. And then the matching pearl bracelets. Now,

she was complete.

Prelude

Ten minutes later, Anne was immersed in the morning traffic, rehearsing

again each time she sat at a red light, nervously fingering the buttons

from the hem to the neck and back down again.

Each time there were twenty-one of them. And each time the rehearsal movie

began with the same opening, and progressed unerringly to the finish. Only

the endings differed. Each one represented a very real possibility – based

in part upon things she might control, and on others she would have

absolutely no influence over.

By the time she turned into the parking lot across the street from the

featureless and relentlessly ordinary office building she spent so much of

her life in, Anne could hardly keep her hands out of her lap. The tingling

and the moist heat between her legs were almost irresistible, their

Siren's-call virtually impossible to ignore.

Only the fact that she was almost late again for the third day in a row

saved her from the forbidden act of touching herself. His instructions had

been quite explicit on this point. Once she had locked the back door of

her house behind her, she was not to masturbate or touch her tits or pussy

until – well, until it was time.

Anne grabbed the little cotton eyelet sweater from the back seat of her

car before she prepared to dash across the four lanes of traffic to the

front entrance. She wore the sweater often during the summer when the air

conditioning made the cubicle warren she inhabited too chilly. Today,

though, she simply had to cover her tits to make it through the morning

without causing a very inappropriate display in front of her coworkers.

The simple fact was that her nipples were already throbbing at a

fever-pitch, and the combination of the little satin shelf bra and the

thin cotton fabric of her dress wouldn't present much of a curtain to

screen what was going on beneath the little black dress with the white

polka-dots and buttons from the casual onlooker; much less the boisterous

tit-men who surrounded her in the mostly male office.

Even as she clutched the lapels of the sweater jacket close around her

body like a shield, Anne felt as though she was striding down the aisle to

her desk completely naked. Nipples aching, clit throbbing, moisture

sheening the tops of her thighs – they all combined to leave her nearly

breathless by the time she eased her ass onto the worn fabric cushion on

her chair and pulled it forward under her desk to hide the lacy tops of

her stockings that were suddenly peeking out from beneath the white-lined

hem of her dress.

Her relief at being able to hide her legs under her desk from the passing

voyeurs was tempered by the way her anal plug speared deeper into her ass

when she sat down on the chair. She only barely managed to strangle her

moan before it escaped her throat.

Oh, fuck; this is going to be so hard... Damn him, he meant it to be like

this.

It was going to be like that every time she moved, and each time she got

up and sat down again. She was sure that by the time her appointed time

arrived, her cunt juices would be streaming down her legs and making

obscenely big, visible, wet stains on her lovely stockings.

A dripping, wet mess. That's going to be me in a few hours...

Anne looked around hurriedly to see if anyone was watching her, before she

lifted her ass up and furtively and frantically tugged her skirt down

while keeping as much of herself hidden under the desk as possible.

Damn, it's even shorter than I imagined! Everyone will notice – they'll

see the stockings - and know I'm not wearing pantyhose. And – oh, gawd –

if they can see the tops of the stockings instead of the usual pantyhose,

will they also guess that I'm not wearing any knickers?

When her computer monitor glowed to life and her appointment calendar on

her email home page sprang into view, it sent a tremor spasming through

her body.

Oh, shit...

She had forgotten about the hour-long meeting she was going to have to

attend in a few minutes, in her boss's office. He was going to be seated

behind the altar of his desk, while she and the three other men who would

be there would be clustered around the ridiculously small round conference

table right in front of Mr. Preston's desk. There would be no hiding of

legs and stockings and hard nipples in that lion's den.

They're going to be able to fucking smell me, in there; I'll be so close

to them.

"Anne! Come on. We can't keep Preston waiting all day. Get your ass in

gear."

Keith Jensen trotted past with an untidy stack of papers in his arms,

slowing only long enough to tilt his head in the direction of David

Preston's office at the end of the aisle. But when he saw Anne push her

chair back from her desk and stand up, he decelerated to a rapid stop.

"Wow, look at you!" he exclaimed. "Will I get in trouble with HR if I tell

you that I love the new dress?" he asked. His smile radiated a sudden new

interest in his female co-worker. Keith's eyes raked her from her lips to

her ankles, braking and slowing to go carefully around the curves of her

breasts and along the fence of lace that separated the white-lined hem of

her dress from the iridescent coal-black sheen of her stockings before

accelerating down her thighs to squeal to a stop at the sight of her

ankles and nearly-bare feet perched on top of her spike heeled shoes.

The return trip back up her body was made at a much more careful and

deliberate speed.

"It's very...nice," he said lamely as he struggled to find socially

acceptable words for what he really wanted to say.

Anne lowered her head to avoid his gaze and tried to reach her notes for

the meeting from where they were neatly piled next to the monitor without

bending over her desk to expose even more of her stockings. She knew she

was blushing a nervous pink, but the thrill of what he had just done to

her was already taking its toll on her clit and her nipples. It was like

someone was alternating touching them with a hot candle's breath and an

icy rock of frozen water.

The pulsing surge of electricity that raced through her synapses with each

beat of her heart was nearly unbearable.

Keith Jensen usually reserved his attentions for the younger women who

were fresh and firm of body and at their peak of desirability. He took

advantage of their vulnerability and their eagerness to please and the

fact that they welcomed and encouraged the attention of the handsome,

successful man he was. The fact that he was twenty years their senior and

married didn't deter them – or him – in the least, either.

And now here he was, captivated by her. It was like being carded in a bar

when you were past the watershed age of thirty. It felt good. It felt very

goddamn good.

"Thank you, Keith. I just felt like dressing up a bit today. Nothing

special, just something different," she lied; while her clenching and

spasming asshole and her wet slit and the hard, throbbing nipples on her

mounded-up tits poking so impudently through the thin black fabric of her

dress spoke the real truth.

Not really, Keith, darling. I shaved my pussy this morning and I have this

huge rubber cock in my ass right now and I'm not wearing any knickers

today. What do you think about that, Keith? And do you like my tits like

this – all pushed up and hanging out and my nipples all hard and pointy

like a shameless slut's? I am so fucking wet and horny right now - your

cock would glide all the way in on the first stroke.... Do you want to

take me in the empty office down the hall and bend me over the desk and

pull up my skirt and fuck me right there, like you do with Clare and

Victoria? Mmmm, of course you do. I can see that. And I wouldn't object...

except for... today I can't. I'm, um, shall we say, not available. But

trust me, if I could, I'd be in there with my legs spread wide apart and

holding my cunt lips open for you, Keith. For that big cock I can see

outlined against the front of your pants right now."

"You should do 'different' more often, Anne. 'Different' becomes you.

Maybe we can go over to that new pub down the street for lunch today. How

about it?"

"Umm, I can't today. I have some important errands to run. Tomorrow,

maybe?" she offered.

"Tomorrow will be fine," Keith beamed. "Let's get going now, shall we?"

Anne hesitated a few heartbeats, waiting for Keith to lead the way to

David Preston's office. When she saw that he was going to outwait her,

Anne blushed a small smile and eased her way past him, while letting her

sweater swing open so he could get a better view of her tits.

You like what you see, don't you Keith? You want to put your hands right

there – right on them, don't you? You want to roll those rock-hard nips

between your fingers while you squeeze my titflesh... I know what you want

– and I would love to give it to you. I love that look in your eyes. It's

so, so, so primal.

"I hope Preston likes what the plan we put together," she said, as she

summoned her most business-like voice and strode down the aisle at a slow,

measured, catwalk pace.

Keith Jensen trailed behind in close formation. He didn't say anything,

but Anne knew he was conducting an intimate and detailed topographic

survey of her ass and her legs. She could almost feel his hands reaching

up between her stocking-covered thighs to find the perspiration and

cunt-sheened band of bare flesh above her stockings, and then raising a

finger like a guided missile being lifted into attack position on its

launcher to confirm that her pussy was indeed both smooth and bare, and

uncovered.

Anne's ass clenched and flexed as she imagined him pressing her face to

the wall and twisting her arm behind her back to hold her there while she

struggled just a little bit; and then lifting her skirt up to stroke her

very wet slit and slide that finger into her pussy.

She turned and looked back at him over her shoulder, catching him

dead-to-rights, staring at her ass. Forgiving him with a triple-play

smile, wink, and air-kiss, she continued to stride down the aisle.

This is fun!

And it was getting so damn hard to concentrate, too.

Anne clutched her stack of papers to her chest, mentally pleading with her

nipples to behave for just a little while as she neared her boss's office.

But just when she and her closely tethered companion arrived at Mr.

Preston's door, her plug slipped a fraction of an inch out of her asshole

from the effects of her spasming muscles and the seemingly infinite number

of steps between her desk and their destination.

"You go in first. I'll be just a second," she said as she came to a stop

along the wall, next to the door.

"OK," Keith replied, his happy grin showing how much he had enjoyed the

walk. "Bob and Carl are here already. Don't take too long."

"Nope, I just need to make sure I've got everything," she lied again, as

she made a show of flipping through the pages she held in front of her now

as a shield.

After Keith had finally torn his eyes off her and gone inside to start the

inevitable male morning banter about baseball and basketball and hockey

with the other men, Anne looked each way up and down the aisle and waited

until the coast was clear. Then she reached behind her and pressed her

plug back up into her asshole.

"Oh gawd," she moaned softly. While the act of sitting down on the hard

wooden seat of the conference table chair that awaited her would be

difficult enough, she knew that if her plug had to stretch and open her

back up that last inch when she sat down she would not be able to stifle

the moan and the shudder it would trigger. There was no way she would

survive that. Not with them all there, scrutinizing her every move.

Fuck, they were probably going to be able to smell the perfume radiating

from between her legs.

"Good morning, Mr. Preston. I hope I'm not late," Anne said as she entered

the now-silent office with a burst of bravado and false courage.

He waved at her while he listened intently to someone on the telephone.

But the fact that he was concentrating on the words being spoken into his

ear did not prevent his eyebrows from arching up and the corners of his

mouth turning up in an unexpected little smile when she made her entrance.

Anne's heart skipped a beat when she saw that the only empty chair at the

tiny conference table was positioned so that Mr. Preston would have a

perfect quarter-turn front and side view of the full length of her legs

beneath the table and an excellent angle to see up her skirt every time

she crossed or uncrossed her legs or did anything other than remain as

still as a statue.

This is going to be so fucking hard.

Anne could not decide whether to put her sheaf of papers on the table or

to keep them on her lap to help hide the tops of her stockings - and the

bare skin that topped the lace and that so very much wanted to see the

light of day.

She chose her lap – and then instantly regretted it.

She was looking at her boss, trying to assess the meaning behind the

raised eyebrows and the smile, when Carl touched her on the arm. The

unexpected touch of his fingers on her skin made her nearly jump out of

her chair.

"Anne, I'm so sorry!" Carl exclaimed. "I didn't mean to startle you. I

just wanted you to look at this new spreadsheet." He gestured

apologetically to the printout he held in his other hand.

But the damage was done. The neatly stacked papers that had been on her

lap were strewn all over the floor.

"Here, let me get them," Carl offered, as both he and Bob dived under the

table to collect the errant pages.

Anne started to bend down to pick up some of the sheets but immediately

retreated. Instead, she held on to the hem of her dress, and eased her ass

back down onto the hard seat of the chair. There was no way she was going

to be able to squat down – not in this dress, especially without

pantyhose, and definitely not with the giant thing pulsing inside her ass

like it was alive. She would never get back up – not without the remaining

scraps of her dignity shredded to wet, soggy pieces.

"Thank you. I'm sorry I'm so jumpy. It's so not like me," she said weakly.

Keith Jensen merely sat in his chair, watching her, and grinning.

He's really enjoying this. He knows what this is all about, and he's

stroking his cock under the table. I know it.

A moment later, Anne turned back and there was Carl Thompson, kneeling a

mere handful of inches in front of her knees, holding her papers in his

outstretched hands. "Here, Anne," he said to drag her attention away from

Keith. "I'm sorry," he repeated.

Anne looked down to see the black text on the top page swimming into

focus, framed by his large, strong fingers and hovering a hands-breadth

above a sliver of swirling black lace peering out from beneath the hem of

her dress.

Anne's hands visibly trembled as she took the sheaf of paper from Carl,

and their conjoined stares rose up in lockstep from her lap to see the

awkward and aroused expressions on the other's face.

"Thank you, Carl. It's me. I'm just being clumsy today."

"No problem," Carl answered as he stood up, his head tilting down as he

rose; his eyes unable to leave her thighs and her tits even as she tried

to tug her skirt down to hide the tops of her stockings. If anything, his

appraisal of her body was even more frank and more brutally efficient than

Keith's had been. Carl's eyes had Anne stripped naked in a heartbeat.

Anne's body responded like a violin being fingered by a first-chair

musician. Every cell in her body was vibrating in unison, in perfect pitch

and harmony. If only, goddamn, if only she could orgasm right now.

Do you want to fuck me too, Carl? Keith wants me. How about you? Maybe the

two of you together, I've never had two men at the same time, you know.

Would you like to break me in – you and Keith? Do you want my pussy or do

you want to shove your cock into my ass? I know before you choose I want

that big thing in my mouth...

David Preston interrupted the pheromone-fueled flirting that was traveling

in circles around the table. "Let's get started. Anne, lay out the options

for how we go do this."

Anne gaped and fumbled for an infinity of seconds before she was able to

compose herself enough to begin. Her brain struggled to turn off the

slow-motion movie image of David Preston walking over to the door of his

office and locking it and then beginning to take off his tie while the

other three men stood up and pushed the chairs back and cleared off the

top of the table.

"Well, David, here's the problem as I see it..."

When she finished, she could not recall a single word she had said. She

fidgeted with her papers, now safely on the table top, while she waited

silently for her crucifixion. She dared not even look at her boss.

David Preston sat back in his chair and folded his hands in front of him

on the polished surface of his desk.

"Thank you, Anne. That's an interesting take on the situation. Now, Carl,

what does your analysis say we should do?"

Anne cringed, and died a little bit inside.

Carl quickly seized his opportunity and launched into a coherent and

spirited presentation, with Bob and Keith both adding their observations

and suggestions every few minutes. Each observation and suggestion, one

after the other, she knew, was digging her professional grave a little bit

deeper.

But Anne barely heard a word of it. From that point on, it was as if she

wasn't even there. The ideas and dialog flowed around her like the

currents in a river parting and eddying and swirling around a mute lump of

granite resting inert in the middle of the stream. Time passed so slowly

that Anne felt like she was in a state of suspended animation.

Then the shrill ring of David Preston's telephone shattered the glass

walls of Anne's isolation, sending the jagged shards of her private hell

crashing noisily to the floor.

"It's for you. Anne. Anne! The telephone. The call. It's for you."

Mr. Preston held out the handset, aiming it at her breasts.

Anne lurched back into the awful reality of the moment. "Sorry, OK. Do you

want me to take it outside? I have no idea who would be calling me here,

now."

"No," he said, gesturing impatiently with the sleek black instrument.

"Take it here, now. But then we have to get back to business."

"Yes, Sir. I'm so sorry, Mr. Preston."

Anne stood up and walked over to her boss's desk. As she did so, the

satanic instrument in her ass slid at least an inch and a half out of her

hole.

When she arrived at her destination an eon of time later, she leaned on

the desk with one hand to steady herself.

David Preston held the phone in his hand, on his side of the desk and just

out of reach of her extended hand. He was feasting his eyes on her tits

and the outlines of her nipples bursting through the black cotton on

either side of the vertical row of white buttons.

She was going to have to lean over the desk to reach it.

Behind her, the idle conversation at the conference table petered out.

Three pairs of eyes were staring at her ass. Mentally undressing her and

extending the outline of her stocking-clad legs up under her skirt, and

drawing lewd mind-pictures of what lurked beneath the snug, smooth expanse

of white-edged black that barely concealed what they wanted to see and

touch and taste – and fuck.

Anne bent forward from the waist and reached for the telephone in David

Preston's outstretched palm.

Her face flushed pink as she bent forward. Her boss now had an unimpeded

view down the front of her dress. And she could feel the hem of her dress

rising in the back, millimeter by millimeter. Farther, farther...

She was almost hyperventilating when her fingers grasped the handset. She

knew with absolute certainty that Keith and Bob and Carl had a completely

unobstructed view of her thighs. The cool air licking at her skin told her

that not only was she displaying the lace tops of her stockings to the

men, she was exhibiting at least an inch of flesh as well.

Oh gawd, please let it not be shiny and wet.

The hard rubber spear protruding from her ass must have been visible

beneath the taut cotton that hugged the curves of her ass.

And then her eyes met those of her boss.

David Preston was mesmerized by the sight of her bare, lifted-up tits and

her hard, pencil eraser nipples swaying lewdly back and forth in front of

him. He couldn't see everything, but he could see enough to know that Anne

was not wearing modest, businesswoman lingerie beneath her dress.

As soon as she had the telephone safely in her hand, Anne stood up and

tugged at the side of her skirt in an instinctive yet fruitless attempt to

reclaim her modesty.

"Yes, this is Anne. Who is this?" she said into the mouthpiece while she

struggled to calm herself.

In front of her, David Preston feigned disinterest, yet he was keenly

studying the swell of her hips and the curve of her breasts from the

corner of his eye.

"You know who it is, Anne," the voice said, calmly. "I had the

receptionist track you down. I said it was urgent."

"Yes, yes I do. I know," Anne said. She spoke slowly, trying to find the

right words to respond to him, while pretending to the man leering at her

tits that this was a professional call. "What is it?"

"I was just checking on you. Are you properly prepared? Are you ready to

follow your instructions?"

"Yes. Yes, I am. Everything is in order..."

"You are wearing the dress and the bra and you have the plug in your ass,

right now, Anne? This very minute?" the voice challenged.

"Uh huh," Anne breathed. "It's all there. Ready to go. The complete

package."

"And you are dripping wet right now, aren't you, Anne?" His voice sounded

very, very confident.

"Yes, very much so. I'm, I mean, everything is going as planned."

"I knew it," he said, triumphantly. "You're standing in front of your

boss, dripping wet and with your nipples so hard they feel like they're

going to break off and you can't think of anything but your clit and your

cunt and that monster in your ass, and you want to touch your hard, wet

clit and come for me, right fucking now. Don't you, Anne?"

"Yes," she said in a small voice.

"He's staring at your tits right now, isn't he?"

"Yes, he... I mean, that's right."

"Good. I like that. Two more hours, and then it will be time to begin. But

it has already begun, hasn't it, Anne?"

And then the connection went dead.

"Thank you, I'll get right on that. I'll have it ready for the afternoon,"

Anne said to the dial tone in her ear.

She handed the telephone handset back to Mr. Preston. "Sorry for the

interruption, Sir."

He smiled at her quizzically. "Who was that?"

"Someone from accounting. Some question about some journal entries I had

to get cleared up."

"I see." David Preston sounded unconvinced. "I think we've covered enough

for now. We'll review the status again tomorrow. Here, in my office again,

at ten."

Anne fled back to her cubicle without waiting to engage in any of the

usual post-meeting banter and chitchat with her coworkers. She dumped her

stack of paper onto her desk and fled to the safety and privacy of the

restroom. After colliding with one of Keith Jensen's winsome little

hardbodies on her way into the small white-tiled sanctuary and almost

body-checking the very surprised Size-2 bit of blonde fluff to the floor,

Anne raced to the first stall and slammed the door closed behind her.

Breathe, girl. Slow... Slow... Remember, you have to work with these guys

for the next few years.

The video camera behind her eyelids replayed the scene in David Preston's

office while she leaned against the wall. The plug in her ass felt bigger

and more evil with every jackhammer-hard heartbeat in her chest. It was

like she was a snake having just shed its skin for the first time in

there. Being the center of attention like that, and having men so

blatantly undress her with their eyes was a profound revelation. The word

'surreal' stuck in her head.

Surreal and exhilarating and terrifying and addicting and ... Her

vocabulary of adjectives ran dry long before her heart rate returned to

something resembling normalcy.

This is what an out-of-body experience must be like. Seeing yourself

there, unable to stop or alter the flow of events, and being so amazed at

what you are capable of doing and at how those around you react.

Anne popped open the five buttons on the dress between her pussy and the

hemline and pulled the dress up over her ass. Her fingers dove into her

pussy while her thumb pushed down hard on her clit like an impatient

person stabs at a recalcitrant elevator button. She was so close – so

fucking close. The hard, cool tiles pressing against her moisture-sheened

ass cheeks made for a sinful counterpoint to the steam-heated passion

radiating from her clit.

She was listening to the soft, wet, liquid sounds between her legs when

the restroom door opened and someone with a pair of sensible flat shoes

entered and began to splash around at the lavatory. Anne wiped her fingers

on the inside of the door and tugged her bunched-up dress down over her

ass again, and fingered the buttons closed again, one by one.

She would have to wait. She had to wait until – until it was time.

Anne glanced at her watch. Only an hour to go. He would be amused at her –

at how hard it was for her to wait, and to keep her hands off herself. He

would tease her about it later that evening, when she confessed it all to

him in excruciatingly intimate detail. But he wouldn't be angry about it –

not really. She might have to pay a price for her exuberance and for

letting her imagination and her libido lead her into temptation, but it

would be a price well worth paying.

Gawd, he knows me so well. It's as if he can paint my portrait in a dark

room. He probably knows what I'm doing right now, in here.

Sensible Shoes finished washing her hands and left, leaving Anne with only

the soft rush of air from the ceiling vent to complement the sound of her

breathing.

She forced the plug back into her ass again, this time with only a small

gasp escaping her lips. After leaving the refuge of her stall, Anne

rearranged her hair and symbolically kissed her fingers in front of the

mirror. Then she emerged back into the corridor to make her way back to

her desk.

The telephone rang the instant she lowered her ass onto her chair.

"Yes, this is Anne. How may I..."

"You know what you may do. No, what you WILL do, don't you Anne?" He

chuckled at the involuntary inrush of air into her lungs.

"I'm ready. But it is so hard to wait. I'm..."

He cut her off. "No, don't tell me about how hard it is. All I want to

hear is that you are ready, you are dripping wet, and that you are going

to do exactly as you were told."

"Yes. Oh god yes, I'm ready. I can't think about anything else. Not for

the last three days. My cunt is so fucking wet."

"Of course it is. This is who you are, Anne. What you are going to do

forty-seven minutes from now is what you have been leading up to your

entire life. Admit it – this is your Rubicon. Your threshold. Once you

cross this boundary, there is no going back."

"You're right. You're always right, of course."

Anne looked up at a noise behind her, and saw Keith Jensen leaning against

the partition-wall of her office, an interested smile on his face.

Oh fuck! How much of that did he hear?

"I have to go now," she said, the quietness in her voice betraying her

nervousness.

"Wait – before you go, just listen. You will spend the remaining time

seated on the edge of your chair, feet flat on the floor, and with the

palms of your hands flat on the desk in front of you. Keep your eyes open

and regulate your breathing. Rehearse it all in your mind –every detail.

Nothing else is between you - and what is to be. Nothing."

"Yes. I understand," Anne managed to say before gently laying the phone

back in its cradle. She swiveled to face her eavesdropper. "Did you need

something, Keith?"

"No, not really. I can see you're busy," he said, while his eyes darted

between her face and the twin melons of her tits and the stripe of lace

and flesh laid bare across her immodestly covered lap.

"I'm sorry," she apologized again. "I'll come see you after lunch about

the project."

"OK," he said with a final leer. "Don't forget about me." And then,

thankfully, he was gone.

You like what you see, don't you Keith? You want to put your hands right

there – right on them, don't you? You want to roll those rock-hard nips

between your fingers while you squeeze my titflesh... I know what you want

– and I would love to give it to you. I love that look in your eyes. It's

so, so, so primal.

"I hope Preston likes what the plan we put together," she said, as she

summoned her most business-like voice and strode down the aisle at a slow,

measured, catwalk pace.

Keith Jensen trailed behind in close formation. He didn't say anything,

but Anne knew he was conducting an intimate and detailed topographic

survey of her ass and her legs. She could almost feel his hands reaching

up between her stocking-covered thighs to find the perspiration and

cunt-sheened band of bare flesh above her stockings, and then raising a

finger like a guided missile being lifted into attack position on its

launcher to confirm that her pussy was indeed both smooth and bare, and

uncovered.

Anne's ass clenched and flexed as she imagined him pressing her face to

the wall and twisting her arm behind her back to hold her there while she

struggled just a little bit; and then lifting her skirt up to stroke her

very wet slit and slide that finger into her pussy.

She turned and looked back at him over her shoulder, catching him

dead-to-rights, staring at her ass. Forgiving him with a triple-play

smile, wink, and air-kiss, she continued to stride down the aisle.

This is fun!

Anne snugged her chair in as close to the desk as she could and faced her

computer monitor. She opened an Excel spreadsheet that was dense with

numbers and formulas, and stared at it, uncomprehendingly. It might as

well as have been hieroglyphics.

Feet on the floor, ass on the edge of the chair – oh fuck, that's cruel!

Hands flat on the desk. Sit up straight, girl. Now.... breathe. Breathe.

Again.

The sight of her less than an hour from now filled the inside of her head.

She watched her every move, critiquing it like a judge at an Olympic

event. Every now and again, she would back up the scene and redo it,

making it a little bit different – and hopefully, better. Even though she

was there, and not here, she could hear the thump of her heart in her

chest and the roar of the pressurized blood in her veins pulsing through

her body.

The erect points of her nipples rasped against the unlined inner surface

of her dress with each breath she took. And the wetness between her legs –

she could feel it trickling down her slit to gather at the obscene rubber

thing sticking out of her ass, and rain down onto the worn nubby fabric

covering the hard underframe of her seat.

It's a good thing this dress is black. The back of it is going to be very

fucking wet, when I get up.

The idea of having to actually stand up and move, and to begin to

transform the movie in her head into a live stage play brought her eyes

back into focus. The reproachful numerals on the clock on the stupid

company "you survived the latest insanely executed company project" Lucite

tombstone on her desk told her that the time for rehearsals had ended.

It was time to act.

The Point of No Return

Airplane pilots all know that when they begin a long, over-ocean flight,

that there is a 'point of no return' – the unmarked "X" on the map where

it will cost them more fuel than they have left to return to their

starting point; and from where they must fly forward towards their

destination, no matter what obstacles or dangers may lie in their path.

The moment that Anne stood up and tugged her skirt down over her ass and

began to make her way towards the front entrance was exactly that. Her

"Point X". She had already turned the corner and started down the stairs

when she remembered that she had left her little white sweater draped on

the back of her chair.

No more hiding the lewd cones of her breasts and her shamelessly hard

nipples or the slightly darker wet spot on the back of her dress. No going

back. There was no 'back' any more. Not now.

Each stair step she counted towards the first floor was like another nail

in her coffin. The thing in her ass seemed to have come alive, the way it

moved within her. The goggle-eyed stare of the new guy in Finance who

happened to be bounding up the stairs while Anne was slowly masturbating

her way down only confirmed the inevitability of her mission.

Her mental picture of the man who had scripted all of this leaped into her

mind.

He was right – like he always was. She was never going to be the same

after today. For better or worse, she was different now, and she would be

changed and transformed within the next sixty minutes more than any other

time in her middling average life.

The hubbub of the noontime traffic on the street and the glare of the sun

on her face was like a jolt of electricity when she staggered through the

front entrance.

Anne darted across the street to the parking lot and slid gratefully into

the driver's seat of her car. The soft, supple leather of the seat felt

like the caress of a young woman's skin against her goosebumped flesh. It

seemed like every cell and neuron in her body was alive and aroused and

masturbating at the protoplasmic level. At this rate, she wasn't sure she

would even make it to the starting gate before she collapsed in an

orgiastic meltdown.

Please, let me make it through this. Lead me into temptation, even though

I am afraid. Yea, though I walk through the valley of sin, I embrace my

fear and use it to strengthen me.

The fact that those twisted and perverted words sprang from the dim

memories of her long-ago childhood Sunday school classes only added to the

wicked thrill that coursed through her veins. The adjectives piled up in

her head.

Deviant. Wicked. Perverted. Indecent. Lewd. And, of course, Sinful.

The act of stabbing her key into the ignition switch and twisting it to

bring her little black coupe to life was the final knife thrust through

her fears.

A minute later, she accelerated out into traffic and headed west. Twenty

blocks to go. She lowered the dark-tinted side windows to let the sunlight

and crisp, fresh air into the overheated interior of the car.

Anne slowed to a stop at the corner, to wait for the light to turn green.

While she waited with her right foot standing on the brake pedal, Anne

looked around at the other cars that surrounded her. The man in the

vintage red Mustang to her left was looking at her.

It was time to begin.

Anne fingered the bottom three buttons open on her dress with her left

hand and slid her fingertips along the bare wet skin above her stockings

while she moved her right hand from the steering wheel to cup her left

breast. The heat of her skin soaked through the thin black cotton as if

she was already naked.

Look at me. I am such a slut – dripping wet and doing myself in broad

daylight like this. And with an absolute stranger watching me. Such an

exhibitionist little tramp whore. And I can't stop. Uh-uh. Not any more.

This must be like what a heroin addict feels when she shoots up – that

sudden rush of ecstasy. Knowing that it is so wrong and yet it feels so

fucking good and nothing else in the entire world matters...

She sneaked a peek to her left to see whether he was still watching her

holding her breast and stroking it with her fingertips.

He was.

Anne pinched and twisted her left nipple as hard as she could, her mouth

flying open for a second at the pain and the sheer lewdness of what she

was doing. Still holding herself in a vice-like grip, she turned her head

to look directly at the man along side her. She boldly met his gaze, while

she held her tit up by the nipple she held in the sharp talons of her

fingernails.

Mesmerized by the shameless display in the little black car to his right,

the man stared until the person waiting behind him leaned on his horn to

declare his irritation that the light had been green for nearly half a

minute and their joined-at-the-door-handles red and black cars were still

sitting there, oblivious to the fact that the cars in front of them were

already a block ahead of them.

Flashing a goodbye smile at her voyeur, Anne stamped on the gas pedal and

squealed her tires on the pavement as she raced towards the light that was

already turning yellow at the next intersection.

Another first. Burning rubber like that. I'm learning how to do a lot of

new things today, it seems.

By the time she jerked the car to a halt at the next light, Anne had

another button undone at the bottom of her dress and the first three at

the top. Her left hand had not left her thigh the entire drag race to the

second light, and now it was teasing the very wet flesh at the top of her

leg. She looked around for the red Mustang, but it was gone.

She took her wet, fragrant fingertips from under the gaping open V of her

mostly unbuttoned skirt and lifted them to her nose while she flipped down

the visor so she could watch herself. Anne licked her lips with the pink

tip of her tongue and then drew her fingertips over them, both to feel the

two wet surfaces meet and commingle their molecules of fluids, and to

taste the heady flavor of herself.

Anne sucked her fingers into her mouth like she was an impoverished child

tasting candy for the first time in her life. Then she slid her ass

forward on the seat, sending more shock waves through her body, and

widened her legs to give her fingers unimpeded access to her pussy. Her

fingers located their target and she moaned when two of them found their

way home into the honey-slicked entrance to her cunt.

Then with her fingertips freshly anointed, Anne watched herself in the

mirror as she applied the best gloss in the world to her lips.

Kiss me now. Taste me. Know that I am your cunt – your slut. Kiss me.

Ravish me. Ravage me. Rape me and sodomize me. Make me your whore. Your

dirty little whore.

At the same time, not wanting to be left out, her other hand had found its

way inside her dress to caress the soft, mounded-up flesh of her breast

and to roll the fat eraser-tip nipple that decorated it so wonderfully

back and forth between her thumb and forefinger.

Oh gawd, oh fuck me right now. I can't stop... I can't stop...

Again, the car horns blared, this time from the line of impatient drivers

behind her. Anne put both of her hands on the steering wheel as she

lurched forward from the light.

Concentrate. On your driving. Driving and fucking. I have to do one, and

can't stop doing the other.

Thankfully, the next light was green, and Anne was able to navigate around

the corner to aim her lust-driven vehicle towards its destination. Only a

few more blocks to go.

A few more green lights and then another crimson one. And two more buttons

undone at the top of the dress and another two at the bottom. Eleven gone,

and only ten small bone-white discs between her and complete nakedness.

She glanced down at her lap. Only one more button and her bare pussy would

be completely visible. And her cantilevered tits were almost bursting out

of her dress. The button over her breastbone was just managing to keep her

nipples hidden behind the gaping-open top of her dress.

Amazing...<

Reality was pacing the script, with near perfection.

And then she was there – her fingers thrusting in and out of her cunt as

she spun the wheel and lunged towards the driveway. A car horn blared and

brakes shrieked as she veered across the centerline to come to a spasming

halt behind another car in the approach lane. A red Mustang.

The near accident behind his chrome-plated bumper caused the Mustang's

driver to twist around to see who had nearly rear-ended his cherry-red

toy. It was him. His look of anger melted into a leering smile when he

recognized her. That and the sight of her almost-bare breasts displayed

for his piercing stare.

How did I get here so fast?

Countdown

"Do you want the Super-Kiss?" the rangy, somewhat gothic-looking young man

called out, before he suddenly blushed, goggle-eyed, at the blatant

display of aroused female flesh sprawled on the black leather seat behind

the windshield in front of him.

Anne stretched her arms back over her head and smiled Cheshire cat grin at

her latest conquest, while her nipples toyed with the pulled-open bodice

of her dress like a stripper at a vaudeville show teased her audience with

the curtain as her only attire.

"Why, yes, I believe I do," Anne purred. "I love being Kissed. But first,

explain it all to me. I want to know all about it." As she spoke, she

leaned over to open the glove box. The boy's eyes followed her tits as

they slipped completely out of her dress when she stretched.

"Oops! Silly me. I forgot to button up," Anne cooed as she straightened

back up. "I hope you won't tell anyone. Can it be just our little secret,

Jesse?" she asked, reading his name off the tag on his shirt. "I mean,

just look at me." She opened her palms and spread them wide over her lap

in a gesture of futility. "I simply forgot to cover up again. I am such a

naughty lady, aren't I, Jesse? But you're not going to tell on me, are

you?"

"Um, yeah, I mean, no, well, sure. Of course not." He blushed furiously at

his unaccustomed verbal ineptness, while sticking his hands into his pants

pockets for safekeeping. "Why would I?" he added.

"You're a true gentleman, Jesse. I thank you. Now then, about that

Super-Kiss?" she asked again while performing another stretch, this time

watching his eyes stare laser beams into her pussy as it slid into view

beneath the open V of her skirt. "Do you wipe down the wetness and clean

up the leftover drops after you've soaped me up and scrubbed me all shiny

and clean?"

Anne covered her mouth and giggled. "Just listen to me!" she exaggerated.

"I'm such a bad girl, saying things all wrong. I mean do you wipe down my

car?"

"Yeah, we do. And put dressing on the rubber. On the tires, I mean."

"Oh, good. I do need to be dressed better – on my tires."

"That'll be nine dollars then. For the Super-Kiss, with the dressing," he

said, his composure stiffening along with the cock Anne could see outlined

in his pants. "You get to come back – free – for a week, for a rewash, in

case it gets dirty again."

"I like that. I do get dirty, and frequently too. That sounds like a fine

offer. Here's a ten, Jesse. Keep the change. I am so ready to be kissed."

Anne rolled up the ten-dollar bill and held it in her teeth while she

leaned out the window. She cupped her breast with one hand and massaged

her clit with the other while shielding her pussy from his craning

attempts to see her nakedness in its full glory.

Jesse took the money, and stroked the side of her cheek while he stared

down at the almost undressed vision of feminine debauchery that had

invaded his little slice of minimum-wage reality and turned it into a

masturbatory fantasy.

"In there. In that long, wet tunnel?" Anne asked while she pointed with

her very wet finger. When he nodded, she smiled at him again. "Thank you,

Jesse. You are quite the gentleman. Maybe I'll see you again next time."

And then she eased the car forward, to snuggle up behind the Mustang as

the entrance attendant gestured the Mustang's driver forward onto the rail

that guided and pulled the cars into the Alice In Wonderland interior of

the state-of-the-art Super Kiss car wash.

Anne alternated between watching Jesse furtively playing pocket-pool in

his pants in her rear view mirror, and looking forward to see if Mr.

Mustang or the attendant had yet seen her shameless state of undress as

she made her approach.

When she was a few feet from the cacophony and the thunderstorm of water

spraying in all directions, and the man in the blue rain suit was waving

her a bit to the left to get properly lined up, Anne reached her hand into

the open glove box and took out what she had placed there days before. She

had left it there untouched. She had been mortally afraid to open the

little door since she had put it in there, knowing that her willpower was

no match for her curiosity and her insatiable appetite for toys.

The vibrator felt huge and obscenely fat in her trembling hand. Shiny

chrome-silver in color, with a rounded parabola of a tip that reminded her

of the warhead on a missile. It was immense, and heavy and felt lethally

wicked with her fingers wrapped around its immense girth.

It was far bigger – in both length and diameter – than her regular

daily-fuck vibrator, and it had never yet invaded her cunt. This was going

to be its maiden voyage. Here. Now. In the fucking carwash.

He had bought it for her and had it delivered to her house, gift-wrapped

and brought to her by a special courier in a natty uniform. She had nearly

fainted when she opened the box and first held the monstrosity cradled in

her hands. She had tried putting the tip of it into her mouth and had

instantly quaked at what her stretched lips told her about what it would

be like to ram that fucker into her cunt.

And now she was going to do it. Right here, right now. As soon as the

sweaty roar of the machine drew her into its maw and the torrent of soapy

raindrops coated the windows and curtained her off from the eyes of those

watching her. That was her signal, and her starting gun.

Anne nestled the silver spear between her legs, with its rounded warhead

tip resting gently in the wet, slippery entrance to her cunt. She squeezed

her legs together to warm the plastic and metal cylinder as she drew

alongside the rain-suited man staring at her tits. Her hands found another

three buttons to undo. She was completely exposed from the waist up now,

her little shelf bra lifting her boobs up and shoving them out the front

of her dress.

The curly-haired young man in the blue plastic suit knew exactly what she

was going to do in there.

She air-kissed a reply to the man's open-mouthed stare, while she rubbed

the palms of her hands over her nipples.

And at the very last second, she raised the dark-tinted side windows of

her little Ford fuckmobile to render her nearly invisible to the envious

pair of eyes standing alongside her door, while she half-reclined her seat

back.

The attendant walked a few steps alongside her car, his hand pressed

against the window as if he wanted to tell her that he was honored by her

exhibitionism and was saluting her courage for what she was about to do

for that other man whose presence was no less real for being invisible to

the naked eye.

Or perhaps, simply to touch and fondle her nakedness through the glass.

Anne placed her own hand on the window, her fingers aligned with his,

while she aimed her silver spear at her cunt with the other. She began to

push, lifting her ass up off the seat while she began to open herself up

to the merciless invader she held in her hand.

And two more buttons were freed from their restraints, top and bottom. A

mere three were left, low on her belly to leave her with only an illusory

fig leaf of modesty. Doing it like this, with the three little white

buttons holding her dress together and with her tiny bra shoving her naked

tits out of the gaping-open V of black cotton made her feel even more

naked and wicked than if she were completely nude.

She cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples, sending small sparks of

pain jumping down her spine.

She saw the man in the Mustang twisted around staring through his rear

window, all pretense of peeking at her through the rear view mirror gone.

Look at me! I want you to watch... I want everyone to watch.

And then he disappeared in the maelstrom of jetting water, his car dragged

into the belly of the machine.

The conveyor grabbed the wheels on her car and jerked her forward as the

man withdrew his outstretched hand. And then she, too, was pulled forward

into the tunnel.

Time: Zero

One minute, thirty-five seconds to go. To sunlight. And to victory, or

failure. Such an infinitesimally short and infinitely long duration of

time. Her life, her existence. Balanced so finely, on the razor-edge of

fate.

Ninety-five seconds, less than two hundred heartbeats. Beginning now.

Anne speared the vibrator into her cunt, as she lifted her wet,

come-smeared ass high off the seat to give her more leverage to force the

giant shaft into her straining, spasming cunt. Her body fought the

invader, as she tried to muscle it inside her. It was as if the plug in

her ass had come awake and was fighting with this new visitor for control

over her fuckflesh.

Come on, come on. Now, whore. Do it now.

Soapy jets of water spurted creamy-white ribbons over the exterior of the

car.

Bukkake...

The image of a phalanx of giants standing on either side of her black

metal cocoon masturbating and shooting bursts of come over her leaped into

her mind.

She was lying there, spread-eagled on top of her car, her back arched, her

twin holes filled with cock, fucking like a shameless whore, with

slow-moving rivers of hot come dripping down her face, and running down

the valley between her tits. The steaming white river pooling behind the

small dam of her semen-stained little shove-up bra and then spilling over

the top to sluice down her belly and cascade to the floor through the

narrow passage between her legs, where it puddled and congealed on the

lust-slicked floor.

The huge fucktool in her hand breached the entrance to her cunt. Anne dug

her red-painted fingernails into her clit and screamed, her pain-spasm

tricking her cunt to surrender a little bit more.

Deeper. Now. Oh gawd, all the way in. Hurt me. Fuck me. Now...

The curtain of white cream covering the windows morphed into dark,

menacing swirls as the scrubbers' giant flogger-like tendrils thudded and

thumped against the paint and glass that surrounded her. Each blow that

slapped against her shiny black skin felt like the heavy thud of his

long-tailed leather flogger smacking against her tits and ass, the

square-cut tips curving around her body to kiss and sting her

sweat-sheened flesh.

The image of her kneeling body cowering and twisting under the relentless

assault of the flogger was enough. Her hand found the strength and courage

to jam the pointed tip of the vibrator against her cervix with a quick

rapier thrust; leaving a mere four inches of silver protruding from her

cunt. Anne's shriek of triumph reverberated inside her head as her body

vaulted up and her fingernails dragged long parallel grooves in the gray

felt of the headliner above her face.

And then she twisted the base of the vibrator to turn it on. She clawed at

her labia and her clit when the evil tool buzz-sawed its way into her

belly. It made her spine and her entire skeleton vibrate and shake while

it turned her flesh into jelly. She raked her breasts with her other hand,

furrowing her chest with ragged red parallel lines.

Oh, god. Oh, god. So good... So fucking good...

Now all she had to do was bring herself to orgasm. That wouldn't be hard,

of course, but she only had thirty-seven seconds left.

Time: Fifty-Eight Seconds

The sudden deluge of clear water hammering on the roof close above her

head told her that she was as close to the exit as she was to orgasm.

Anne lifted her cunt up level with the window frame and spanked herself

hard, her hand slapping wetly against the gentle mound of flesh and

glancing off the base of the lewdly buzzing weapon that had almost ripped

her insides open.

One, two, three...a dozen times in rapid succession.

Her hands gripped the slippery metal spear and withdrew it part way and

then rammed it home again. And again, and a third time. Each time she

pulled the vibrator from her cunt, a fresh torrent of wetness seeped out

of her hole and soaked into the leather beneath her ass.

And each time she shoved the giant metal cock back into her cunt, it

glided in faster and easier. Her body and her mind had both been stretched

so far that instead of feeling like her flesh was tearing and ripping

apart, she now felt empty and meaningless without the comfort of the

immense shaft inside her.

Faster, faster, faster. Oh god, now, now. Yes, fuck me, yes, please god,

now.

The sudden scream of the giant vacuum tubes above and on each side of her

made the entire car quiver on its suspension as it sucked the water drops

right up into the air off the now shiny-clean surfaces of her fuckmobile.

She could see the rapidly approaching rectangle of daylight ahead of her,

and the blinking tail lights of the Mustang as its driver put it into gear

to ease it forward off the rail to one of the wipedown lanes.

Time: One Minute, Nineteen Seconds

The ear-pounding jet engine roar of the vacuum machine seemed to suck her

orgasm right out of her.

Anne's hands were everywhere - aiming and guiding the vibrator as it

rammed again and again into her cunt, spanking and pinching and stabbing

her clit. Raking her nipples, jamming her fingers down her throat.

But as her orgasm crested, her hands returned to her twin fuck holes, one

twisting and shoving the vibrator in and out of her pussy while the other

did the same with the plug in her ass.

Oh, yeah. Yeah, fuck, fuck, again, yes again, more, more. Can't stop.

More. Again. Fuck, yes. Oh, gawd...

Anne winced at the sudden glare of sunlight on the windshield. The signal

light alongside her window turned from red to green. And her car, still in

neutral, coasted down the small downslope at the end of the conveyor

towards – towards Jesse.

The tall rangy boy looked older now and more poised and assertive. He had

had the same minute and a half that she did, and he had made the most of

it, getting ready for Anne to reappear. It was his turn now, to play the

game, and keep her off-balance.

He was standing there, with a towel in one hand while his other stroked

the outline of his cock behind the gray-brown square of cloth. Grinning,

he pointed towards the farthermost lane, to the right of where the Mustang

was being polished to a gleaming cherry-red shine.

Time Out: The Finish Line

Anne tapped the gas pedal and aimed the car where Jesse pointed. She came

to a stop with him standing inches from the little medallion on the hood

of her car. He leaned forward and placed both his hands flat on the black

metal surface halfway between the bumper and the windshield. He licked his

lips and began to wipe down the hood with his towel.

Anne sat there, mesmerized, her dress still held together by the three

remaining buttons and the vibrator still purring in her pussy. Her

come-drenched hands were on the leather-wrapped steering wheel, gripping

it as tightly as if her fingers were entwined with the lacings that held

the leather in place.

Anne's gaze skipped back and forth between Jesse's strong young hands

massaging the curved black metal of the hood and the fenders and his

now-dark eyes, as they bored holes through the windshield with his

unblinking focus on her face and on her tits with her dark-red

finger-scratches now marring her previously unblemished curves.

He began to work his way around the car, moving down the passenger side

first. When he drew even with the passenger-side window, Anne could no

longer see his face. Instead, she stared at his erect cock tenting the

front of his pants as he dried the water from the roof.

And only then did she finally turn off the vibrator in her cunt. It was

still buried inside her, but somehow making the buzzing stop made it seem

like she had taken that first small step back towards modesty.

When he started muscling the remaining water drops off the trunk, Anne

raised her seatback to an upright position again, so she could watch her

long-haired admirer in her rear view mirror.

He saw her do it, and caught her eyes suddenly turning away from his face.

He leered at her, daring her to continue to watch him.

She looked back again quickly, to see him stroking his erection with one

hand while his other massaged the tail lights to dryness. She averted her

eyes once again and found herself drawn to a flash of motion to her left.

The man from the Mustang was standing there, leaning against the passenger

door of his car, his arms folded over his chest. He nodded his head,

acknowledging her, and registering his appreciation for what she had done.

And then, suddenly, Jesse was standing right alongside her door, his erect

penis bulging in the front of his pants inches from the dark-tinted glass.

He was working on the roof, finishing the last of his work. The sound of

his towel above her head, sliding back and forth, made it seem like he was

caressing her hair.

Anne's heart pounded in her chest. The five-dollar bill she held in her

hand as her usual tip was quickly wadded into a sweaty, crumpled ball of

paper. The idea of having to confront her audience so directly left her

nearly unable to think.

Oh my god. What do I say to him? What is he going to say to me?

She was almost ready to put the car in gear and speed out into the street,

but another car blocked her exit. And when she turned her eyes back to

Jesse's crotch, she gasped when she saw that he had unzipped himself and

was stroking it, and rubbing his cock head against the freshly polished

glass.

The smear of his pre-come on the window shone with an obscene halo of

light in the mid-day sun.

It was so big, so hard, so close...

Anne shuddered and felt herself spasm at the unexpected aftershocks from

her perfectly-timed and executed performance. She reached between her legs

and turned the vibrator back on.

With one hand on her clit, Anne pressed the button on the armrest to lower

the window. The motor whirred and the dark-tinted glass disappeared down

into the door, while Jesse's cock left a wet, vertical stripe on the

window.

When the barrier of the glass was gone, Jesse leaned forward, his penis

invading the interior of the car. Using his hand, he aimed his rigid young

cock at Anne's face while he continued to slowly make circles on the roof

with his towel. Though she could only see his hand and his cock, his

intent was quite clear and utterly unambiguous.

The only sounds she could hear were the vibrator in her cunt, the soft

scrape of Jesse's towel on the roof, and the blood roaring in her ears.

Anne turned her head and placed her quivering lips on the tip of his

penis, giving him what would be a very sisterly and chaste little kiss on

any other part of a man's anatomy. She was afraid to do anything else,

torn between wanting to take him down her throat like her aroused flesh

wanted to her to do, and fleeing to the relative safety of the clogged

city street a few hundred feet away.

Jesse pulled himself up on his toes and pressed his cock forward, stabbing

her in the cheek with the tip.

His sudden, aggressive move caught her by surprise. But that was all it

took to push her off her inflection point of indecision. Anne placed her

hand over his and swallowed his cock in one lewd gulp.

His body reacted like he had been given the keys to the kingdom. He

grabbed a fistful of hair and forced her face back onto his cock when she

pulled back to snatch a breath of air.

Anne raked her teeth up and down the taut, smooth skin of his erection

while she massaged his balls and stroked his cock; and while her other

hand serviced her pussy and clit with the vibrator that already had her

teetering at the brink of another orgasm. She took the five-dollar bill

and wrapped it around the base of his cock and held it there, gluing it to

his penis with her own wetness.

She could hear Jesse grunting now, his lunging pelvis telling her in lewd,

graphic terms that he was ready to come. Anne swirled her tongue around

the tip of his cock and pulled back.

"Do it on the car, Jesse. Shoot it all over the window and the paint. I

want to see it. Come for me, Jesse. Give it to me now."

She gave his cock a final butterfly kiss and started to raise the window.

The edge of the glass lifted his cock up towards the sky, and just as the

window snugged shut in its frame, Jesse's cock shot a geyser of come

against the smoke-dark glass and dripped down the window and onto the

glossy black metal of the door.

Anne rubbed her clit furiously as she summoned another orgasm. She pressed

her tongue against the inside of the glass to follow the slow-moving

ribbon of come down the thin, transparent curtain between them.

The blare of a car horn startled her and Jesse quickly tucked his penis

back into his pants.

Anne hurriedly put the car in gear and stomped on the accelerator. She

veered around a frozen-on-place pedestrian and pulled out into traffic,

the squeal of her tires a fitting coda to what she had just accomplished.

Only then, did she turn off the vibrator.

It took seven stoplights and twenty minutes for her to put the vibrator

back into the glove box and to redo the eighteen buttons on her dress. And

once she was safely back in the parking lot across from her office, she

spent another fifteen minutes trying to make herself presentable enough to

make it through the front door and into the first floor restroom so she

could mask enough of the after-effects of her adventure to make it through

the rest of the day.

But before she opened her door and planted her feet on the asphalt of the

parking lot, Anne propped up the Super-Kiss receipt on the dashboard. She

knew that she would have to return again tomorrow, to get rid of that

awful stain on her window and door.

After all, it was free; and who knows – maybe Jesse would be there again.