**Slutty Co-worker Chantel**

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Bill was very aware of the sexual tension between him and Chantel Even though he was the boss at the office, and it was not appropriate for him to have a relationship with a temp just working there for the summer...the two had hit it off almost immediately. They had flirted at lunch, in the hallways and at office events.

Although there was a 14 year age gap, Bill and Chantel were both used to attention from the opposite sex. Bill was 6'2" tall and had piercing blue eyes. He was quite fit with a swimmer's build. Although the office was casual, Bill always dressed sharp with crisp shirts and perfectly shined shoes. Chantel was a 23 year old Eurasian who had been called a 'slutty Olivia Munn' by more than one friend. She had always enjoyed attention and been quite flirty. Chantel didn't dress inappropriately for a girl her age, but her curves definitely attracted attention, especially in warmer weather when she regularly wore short skirts with no stockings.

At an office happy hour Chantel had finally admitted she was really crushing on Bill. She admitted she couldn't stop fantasizing about him taking her over his office desk. Despite all his urges Bill reminded her he was happily married. He told her that he had also thought about her many times but he just couldn't...wouldn't cheat. Chantel bit her lip and looked him in the eyes as if daring him not to take advantage. Finally she stuck out her tongue, kissed Bill on the cheek and left him there alone. Bill jacked off thinking about Chantel twice that night but was proud he had stayed true.

Against all odds they got past this, and continued to be flirty friends. For a while Chantel liked it better this way...she could be a tease with the hottest guy she worked with and not suffer the consequences of problems at the office. When she would wear a short summer skirt to the office, she would do it knowing it would drive Bill crazy.

The two weren't alone again until a Friday night Happy Hour a couple of months later. Everyone else had headed home and with a few drinks in her, Chantel told Bill that she had always had a thing for older men, especially bosses. She could see that Bill was excited by the idea so she told him about her first job, working at a deli. She was 18 at the time, the owner 34.

"When I interviewed he did not hide the fact that he was checking me out and I...let him. I liked that I could use my sexuality to get the job I wanted and he loved that I was using it."

Bill leaned in, his mouth open a little. Just to torture him Chantel took a long sip of her Chardonnay before continuing.

"The first day I wore a skirt I knew was a little too short and as I expected the owner, his name was Tony, lapped it up. We worked in tight quarters behind the counter, but Tony used that to brush his body against mine, to touch me when he walked past."

Bill nodded, his eyes imploring her to continue.

"I didn't mind at all. It was just the two of us at the shop and the flirting helped the days go by faster. Soon I was pushing my ass back when he walked behind me, sometimes feeling him harden. His hands were now regularly on my ass behind the counter, especially when there were no customers. I started to fantasize about him all the time."

Chantel was back there in her mind now, remembering how exciting those days were, but she caught Bill registering that she must have fantasies like this about the two of them and gave him a sly smile.

"One day I was rushed to close up and left some things out...I was rushing off to see a boy. The next morning when I came in Tony took me to the back room, pointed out my sloppiness and asked me to explain. I mumbled something but before I finished he sat on a chair, and pulled me over his lap. Before I could process what was happening he pulled up my skirt and started to swat my ass cheeks."

Chantel knew Bill was hard now just from hearing her story as she could see him shift in his chair, She didn't let up.

"I wriggled and protested at first but quickly gave in. When he stopped for a moment I apologized and he rubbed my ass tenderly. I was so horny I thought about fucking him right then, but we heard the bell to the front door jingle. Tony leaned forward and whispered in my ear for me to go answer. I started to obediently get up but he pushed me back down, pulled my panties off completely, lightly swatted my bare ass, then told me to go."

"He could have bent me over the counter and fucked me in front of the customers and I would have let him. I was so wet."

Chantel took in the look of Bill with his mouth open, loving the sweet torture of her story.

"Tony must have known he could have me any time he wanted but he didn't. Instead he let things build even more. He told me I was not to wear panties any time I was working there. Specifically I needed to take them off as soon as I arrived and hang them on a nail by the door in the back room. I never questioned him...I was turned on to show him how obedient I could be. The first day after the new 'rule' I got to work early to open the store. With nobody there I still felt slutty taking off my panties in the back and hanging them as instructed. I got wet just in anticipation of my boss arriving. He smiled when he saw me and then saw my little panties hanging. He told me to prove I was not wearing any and I turned and raised my skirt, showing him my bare ass. I thought he might fuck me right there, but he walked over, gave my ass a swat and a squeeze and told me what a good girl I was."

"That first day of being pantieless in my little skirt....serving the customers who had no idea...I was wet all day. Of course Tony would let his hand slide up and grope when the store was quiet...I loved being manhandled by him...showing him I was his. We had daily deliveries and that day the guy arrived late, after lunch. He was a young black guy, a little shy. He brought the stuff to the back and saw my panties hanging there. He hesitated, but asked my boss where they came from. My boss laughed and asked me to come in from the front. He asked me to tell the guy, his name was Daryl, where they came from. I blushed but he pushed and I told Daryl...'They are...mine...'"

"Daryl just looked at me, not sure what to say, but clearly intrigued. Tony told me I should show him I wasn't wearing any, so with my hands shaking a little I pulled my skirt up the side of my leg. Tony said I needed to pull it up further for him to see and I thought of refusing but when I looked at Tony I wanted to show him how much I wanted to please him. I turned away from the two of them, hoping no customer came in to see me from the front of the store, turned around and pulled my skirt up so Daryl could see all of my bare ass. Well, you haven't seen it but I have a very nice ass and Daryl really appreciated that. He thanks Tony and I profusely. Tony said he could arrange this as a 'tip' every day if Daryl was sure to arrive on time and never short the provolone. Daryl eagerly agreed."

Chantel paused, taking another drink of her wine.

"Do you want to hear the rest of the story Bill?"

Bill nodded imploringly, but Chantel made him say it, "Yes...please tell me more?"

Chantel giggled and put her hand on his thigh, then let it brush up his pants, against his hard cock.

"Ok, Bill. Since you asked nicely,"

"Well...things kind of progressed from there. Every day I would arrive at the deli and remove my panties, often in front of my boss. If I was there before the store opened Tony would usually make me get on my knees right away and suck his cock."

Chantel saw the excitement in Bill's eyes and pushed further, "He trained me to be a perfect teenage cocksucker for him, how to take him deep in my throat without gagging. I became his personal plaything."

"I was also his to show off to others. Every Monday he made me wear my shortest skirt to work. With no panties on I had to be so careful bending over or even moving quickly. I know customers would occasionally see a flash of my bare ass and Mondays became our busiest day."

"Mostly though he showed me off to Daryl, who now showed up for delivery every morning, with the full order, every time. As a reward, Tony would have me show off my body to him. I loved teasing Daryl...essentially pleasing two men at the same time with my body. Tony would have me go just a little further every week until I would be bent over the desk, spreading my ass cheeks so Daryl could see my 'pretty pink asshole'. One day when Daryl brought some extra product he had and gave it to Tony for free, Tony told me to show Daryl how much we appreciated it. I wasn't sure what he wanted so I stripped naked and when Tony simply smiled I gave Daryl a lapdance, grinding on him as he felt me up. I was trying to make him cum but it felt so good I made myself cum pushing against him before he shot into his pants. Tony slapped my ass hard, tweaked my nipple and told me what a good slut I was."

"Tony tried to stay somewhat true to his wife though. After closing he would finger me, make me play with myself and have me suck him off but he said he wouldn't allow himself to fuck me. I would beg him to push inside me but he would shoot in my face or on my tits and spank me when I begged for more. I would meet my boyfriend after work and ride his cock in the back of his truck until I came...always thinking about my boss."

"I used to think of how to make Tony fuck me for real and one day I asked him to at least let me feel his cock push along my ass cheeks. I bent over his desk with my bare ass raised for him and of course he couldn't resist. He stroked his cock along my ass crack again and again and he felt harder than ever. Finally, just as I imagined, I reached back and guided him into my wet pussy. Once he was in he groaned in pleasure of how tight I was and I felt him shoot inside me."

Chantel could see that Bill was truly tortured hearing all this and went in for the kill.

"So Bill...you've made me wait longer than Tony ever did...are you finally going to give me what I want...what both of us want?"

Bill drank down the rest of his whiskey and tried to regain his composure.

"It's clear what you need Chantel.", he said looking into her eyes. "Come by my house tomorrow at 9pm...I want you wearing lingerie and heels, covered only by an overcoat."

Chantel smiled and nodded with some smugness and Bill added, "Tell me you're ready to do as I tell you to."

Chantel cooed, "I'll be your personal plaything Bill."