The Office Slut

Ch. 01

by Lady GreyÂ©

The Start of things.

The whole thing started with a discussion among a group of us in the rest room

at Hinkerman's, the company where I worked in the typing pool.

It was all about how far you would be willing to go for money. It had started

with a reality TV program that had been shown the previous evening, where girls

had been offered money to flash their boobs in public.

The shows presenter could have offered the girls up to £100, but it was

surprising just how little he got away with. There was one especially attractive

young lady who willingly showed her generous assets to the thousands of viewers

for the paltry sum of £20.

The discussion went on for some time and it seemed that most of us around the

table would be willing to do almost anything legal if the money was right.

Just then Mandy from admin chipped in. "What about actually having sex with

someone, like in that Michael Douglas film, where he offered this guy a lot of

money to sleep with his wife? . "

We all glanced at each other. No one wanted to take the lead at this point, so I

shook my head and smiled. "If the amount of money offered me was going to make a big difference to my life, I would certainly consider it. "

What escaped my notice at the time was that sitting at the next table to us

there was someone who was sipping slowly on his cup of coffee, taking a great

interest in our conversation.

I was back at my desk later that afternoon when I received a call to go over to

head office, which was situated a few blocks away from where I worked in the

distribution office. I called and informed my head of section that I had to

leave, but she told me that she had already been notified. It was a little

worrying to be called to head office, as they did not say what it was about,

just that I was to report to the main reception desk.

The very attractive receptionist who greeted me was wearing what I thought was a

rather low-cut dress. She smiled, asked me my name, and then consulted her list

on her desk. She informed me that my meeting was with the Chief Executive

Officer's Personal Assistant, a Keith Mellor. She gave me directions to his office, and then handed me a pass.

"You will need this to get into the head office section, " she said, flashing me a beaming smile.

As I rode up on the elevator, I was still a little worried, and wondering why I

had been called over to head office. Emerging from the lift, I swiped the card

in the unit at the side of the door. It opened to admit me into a rather plush

section. An attractive man who looked to be in his mid 40's was waiting for me.

"Samantha? " he said, holding out his hand. "Pleased to meet you. "

He took my arm and led me up the wide corridor with doors down both sides and

ushered me into a spacious office. It was fitted out to a very high standard of luxury. It also had large picture windows that overlooked the river and the riverside walk.

"Take a seat, Samantha. Can I offer you a cool drink? " he said, indicating a tray on which was a large pitcher of iced orange juice.

I smiled and nodded. "That would be very nice. Thank you, sir. "

He got up from behind his large desk and poured out two glasses of orange juice,

handing one to me as he sat down. Then he began to look through some papers on his desk.

"Just want to go through a few things with you, if that's alright. " He said. I nodded.

"I see you are not married. " Again I nodded.

"Do you have a boy friend at the moment? "

"Not at the moment, " I said with a slight smile. "I'm just between them. " He smiled.

"Do you live on your own? " he asked.

I nodded and told him that I did, and that I had only a few weeks ago moved into

a new apartment.

"Do you like working for Hinkermans? " he asked.

"Yes, I like it very much. "

"Do we pay you enough? "

I looked at him, smiling. "Well, yes, the pay's not bad, " I said, "but if you

are offering me a pay raise, I can certainly put it to good use. " He nodded his

head knowingly, and smiled.

"What is your take home pay, about £1200 a month? " he asked.

"Around that, sometimes a little either way, depends on bonuses. "

"How would you like to maybe double that? " he asked. "Say, £3000 a month? "

I looked at him in amazement. "For doing what? " I asked.

"Well, that depends on you, young lady. I have been informed that you would be

willing to do almost anything if the money were right? " He looked straight at me.

I quickly remembered the discussion we had at lunchtime. How the hell had he

found out about that so quickly?

I smiled. "That was just a bit of a laugh, sir, " I said.

"So you did not mean what you said? " He looked at me.

I thought for a moment, wondering what this was all leading up to. I shrugged.

"Well, I suppose I might, depending on what I was asked to do and how much I was offered to do it. "

He opened a drawer and pulled out a large bundle of new £20 notes, and began to

count them out. Then he picked up the ones he had counted and placed them in

front of me.

"There's £500, " he said. "It's yours if you would remove your blouse. " I looked

at him in amazement.

"You are joking? "

He shook his head. "No, " he said, "I'm serious. The money's yours if you take

off your blouse. "

I was stunned and amazed by his suggestion. Here I was sitting in the office of

one of the senior managers of the firm, and he was offering me £500 pounds to

take off my blouse in front of him. £500 was nearly two weeks wages. I have to

say, I was equally torn between slapping his face and ripping my blouse off.

I still did not understand. "You are asking me to take off my blouse here in

your office and you will give me £500? He nodded.

"What's the catch? " I asked.

He shook his head. "There is no catch, Samantha; just remove your blouse and you

can pick up the money. "

I looked at the money, then at him. "Just my blouse? " I asked. He nodded.

What the hell, I thought, what's the problem of taking off my blouse? I could

certainly use £500. I slowly started to unbutton my blouse. He leaned back in

the chair watching me. When all the buttons were undone, I eased it down my arms and slipped out of it. I laid it on my lap and sat there facing him. At least, I

was glad I had decided to wear one of my nicer bras today.

"That was not too difficult, was it? " he asked. I shrugged. I was beginning to

feel a little self-conscious the way he was looking at me with me sitting there

in my bra. It was a white lace one and I knew he could probably make out the

dark areas of my areolas beneath the thin lace panels. I was also suddenly

conscious of my nipples beginning to stir. Oh my god, I thought to myself, they

are becoming erect. Now he can't help but notice them.

"The £500 is yours, Samantha, " he said as he pushed it towards me. I looked at

the thick bundle of crisp new £20 notes. All that, I thought, just for taking my

blouse off.

"How would you like another £500? " he asked.

With all honesty, I have to say that I had half expected him to ask. "For what? "

I asked.

"Your skirt, " he said, a slight smile on his face.

I must say I was becoming a little unsure about the situation now. I wondered

just where things were going. How far was he expecting me to go? More to the

point, how far was I willing to go? The offer of another £500 for my skirt was

very tempting, but could I do it? I thought about what I was wearing under the

skirt: just a brief white thong and my hold up stockings, but then £500 was an

awful lot of money.

He slowly counted out the money and pushed it to the centre of his desk. He

looked at me; I licked my lips nervously. I realised that I could get up and

walk out of here with a thousand pounds just for taking my blouse and skirt off

in front of this old lecher and letting him get a look at me in my underwear.

Hesitantly, I stood up. I placed my blouse on his desk and then I began to

unclip my skirt before sliding down the zip. Then I slowly eased the skirt over

my hips; it dropped to the floor. I stepped out of it, and then I stooped to

pick it up before laying it on top of my blouse. I nervously adjusted my

stockings, then stood there looking at him feeling even more self conscious.

I realised at once as I stood there that my thong was maybe a little brief and

left very little to the imagination. I was also beginning to feel a little

heated displaying myself to him like this. He nodded his approval. "You are a

very attractive young lady, " he said, his eyes running over my lightly clad

body.

I was by this time beginning to feel even more self-conscious for I knew that my

brief attire did not conceal very much, and Keith Mellor was certainly taking a

great interest in what I had on display. I stood there for a moment letting him

look at me. Suddenly, my legs began to feel a little shaky. I sank back in the

chair and crossed my legs.

I, of course, knew that now that I had gone this far, he was probably going to

want more. Was I going to be able to refuse him? What was he going to offer me?

I thought back to the lunch time discussion where I had stated quite categorically that I would be willing to do anything legal if the money were right.

"Well, " he said slowly, "what are you going to make me pay for the pleasure of

seeing you remove those last two items? "

I looked at him and shook my head. "I couldn't, sir, no, this is as far as I am

willing to go, " I said quickly.

"Are you quite sure? " he asked.

I nodded and began to reach for my clothes. He put his hand out and stopped me.

"But you said earlier today that you would be willing to do anything legal if

the price were right, " he said. "Taking your clothes off is not illegal, so you

name the price. "

I looked at him. I was now feeling quite warm, and even a little excited, being

in just my brief revealing underwear. I knew I was also beginning to get a

little aroused as I felt that damp, warm, creeping sensation between my thighs.

"A thousand pounds? " I suddenly heard myself saying.

He looked at me. "For both? " he asked.

"No, " I suddenly blurted out. "For each. "

"You are an expensive young lady, " he said. Then slowly he began counting the

money out on the desk. Oh shit, I thought he would laugh at me if I asked for a

thousand. Now suddenly there was no turning back. I had gotten myself into this.

I watched as he counted out the two stacks of notes, a thousand pounds in each.

He slid them in my direction.

"There you are, it's all yours, " he said with a slight grin. Then he settled back in his large chair. "Now, take it nice and slow, Samantha, " he said. "I want to enjoy this."

I was in a bit of a daze as shakily I got to my feet. I reached behind my back,

and with unsteady fingers, I unclasped my bra. It fell loose. I eased it slowly

away allowing him to get his first look at my firm breasts. I was embarrassed to

feel that my nipples were already standing to attention. He nodded his head

approvingly as I dropped my bra onto his desk with my other clothes.

At this stage, I was feeling that I wanted to run from the room, but I was

rooted to the spot in front of his desk, and I was now about to remove my last

small item of clothing and allow him to see me naked. With shaking fingers, I

gripped the waistband of my brief thong and began to ease it down, exposing as I

did so my neatly trimmed bush. How glad I was that I had that bikini wax

yesterday. The damp thong then dropped to the floor and I stepped out of it. I

stood before him all but naked in nothing but my hold ups and heels.

"You certainly have a beautiful body, Samantha, " he said, looking me up and

down, "and if I may say so, well worth the money you asked. "

I just stood there, my hands hanging loosely at my side, not sure what to do

with them now that I had removed all my clothes.

I was beginning to feel very conscious of my nakedness standing there in front

of him. I was also aware that I was gradually becoming more sexually aroused. My

nipples had as usual become hard and prominent, and now I could feel myself

becoming damp between my thighs. I am sure that Mr. Mellor had noticed my

discomfort, but he did nothing but sit back in his chair and look at me.

At last he sat up and smiled at me. "It wasn't too bad, was it? " he asked.

I shook my head and smiled. "I have to admit, it was a lot easier than I would

have expected. "

"How would you feel about doing it again, say maybe on a regular basis? Could

you do it? " he asked. I looked at him a little shocked and surprised. I couldn't

believe what he was asking of me. Was he suggesting that I should become a

stripper?

I shook my head. "I don't know; it depends on the circumstances. "

"You mean how much money is on the table? "

I nodded slowly. "Well, yes, I suppose that's what I'm saying. "

He looked me up and down and smiled. "How do you feel about sex? "

There was a silence in the room. Here I was, standing naked in front of this

guy's desk. How could I not help feeling randy? My nipples were aching and my

pussy was juicing up and now this guy asked me how I felt about sex.

He smiled at my discomfort. "I can see you are becoming aroused, " he said. I

felt myself blushing slightly. "But let me assure you this is as far as things

go. " I have to admit I felt slightly relieved in one way, but sorry in another.

I knew in my own mind that having gone this far and feeling as I did, it would

not have taken much persuasion from him to let things go further.

"Well, " he said, opening up a folder lying on his desk. He took out what to me

looked like a cheque. He held it in is hand looking at it. "I have been

authorised by the management on the completion of out little trial to offer you

this on an agreement from you that for a period of one month you make yourself

available to all the members of the management team. "

I looked at him horrified. "You can't be serious, " I said.

"For the money they're offering you, the offer is deadly serious. "

He passed me the cheque. I was about to throw it at him when I saw the amount

written on it. He had earlier mentioned offering me £3,000 a month; the cheque I

was holding was for four times that amount: £12,000.

"Is this a serious offer? " I asked.

"Yes, " he said, "very serious. "

My god, I thought, £12,000 for just one month's work? How bad could it be? Even

if they wanted more from me than just seeing me naked, they couldn't ask me to

do anything I hadn't done before. I was no innocent young girl, far from it, and

it was only for 30 days.

"OK, " I said, "I'll do it. "

"Are you absolutely sure? " he asked. I nodded. "I'm sure. "

He passed a sheet of paper across to me. "This is to cover us from any

litigation. It's to say that you have agreed to do this of your own free will

and no pressure as been put on you. " I looked at him, took the pen he was

holding, and signed the paper. He folded it and then placed it in the folder on

his desk.

Just then the phone on his desk rang. He reached over and picked it up. "No

problem, " he said. "I'm just about clear; bring the papers in and I will sign

them straight away. " On hearing his comments, I made a move to pick up my

clothes when he stopped me.

"No, Samantha, don't bother with those just yet. I have a little task for you,

just to see how you shape up. " I looked at him and then nervously at the door,

expecting someone to come in at any moment.

"I want you to step over there. " He pointed to a corner of the office opposite

the door. I walked over to where he had indicated. "Now turn round, " he said. I

turned and faced the wall. "Now Samantha, I want you to bend over and grasp hold

of your ankles. "

Hesitantly, I did as I was instructed. I at once realised that I was in a very

revealing position. I knew in this position both my backside and my pussy would

be clearly visible to any one entering the room. "Now Samantha, I want you to

spread your legs slightly. " Again, I did as I was told.

"Now, I want you to stop like that and don't move until I tell you to. "

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. My legs were shaking. I was warm and I

had begun to feel weak again. I heard Mellor call to whoever was at the door to

enter; I heard the door open and someone walked into the office. I did not know

if it were a man or a woman. Nothing was said, by Mellor or the person who had

entered. I began to wonder if maybe it were not unusual to walk into an office

here and come across a totally naked female lewdly displaying herself like this.

Then I heard Mellor thank whoever it was, and the door close as they went out. I

stayed in my instructed position. "That was very good, Samantha, " I was

surprised to hear Mellor's voice close behind me. Then I almost died as I felt

something touch my exposed pussy and slide slowly up the damp cleft.

"You are extremely aroused, aren't you Samantha? " he said. I mumbled something

to the affirmative as the inquisitive fingers continued their exploration of my

womanly charms.

"Would you like me to take care of the situation, or maybe you would like to

sort out the problem yourself? "

By now, in my sexually aroused mind, I needed some relief. Should I agree to let

him do whatever he desired, or should I say no? The other option, I realized,

was to relieve myself while he watched. I managed to decide that the latter was

probably the preferred option as far as I was concerned.

He had already seen all there was to see; he had humiliated me in front of I

knew not who, so to have to masturbate while he watched was, I considered,

better than letting him have his way with me.

He made me sit in an armchair with my legs spread, resting one leg over each

arm. Then he sat and watched as I finger fucked myself. I was of course

extremely wet, and my juices were flowing profusely as furiously I worked myself

up to an explosive orgasm. When it was over, I just lay there exhausted. I did

not know how long I had been in his office, but in that time, I had stripped for

money, displayed my private parts to a total stranger, and finally masturbated

in front of him. I wondered just what more the next thirty days held for me.

Office Slut Ch. 02

by Lady GreyÂ©

I sealed my fate on the way home that night by depositing the cheque in my bank

account. The young girl behind the counter looked at the large cheque with

interest. "Nice little deposit," she said, smiling, as she wrote down the

amount. I wondered to myself what she would have thought if she knew what I was

about to do for it.

The following morning, I was extremely nervous about what I was about to do. I

took some care dressing. I still did not know what to expect, but after

yesterday's interview with Mellor, I realised that what ever I put on would

probably have to come off at some stage during the day.

I had been told by Mellor to report to a Miss Martin. She would take care of me

and explain my duties, and would also show me where I would be working.

Miss Martin turned out to be a tall attractive woman in her mid to late forties.

She looked smart in a dark business suit and crisp white blouse. She smiled when

I walked into her office, looking me up and down. "So, you are our new girl,"

she said. "I must compliment Keith on his choice."

She told me that while I was there, I would be working for all the members of

the management team. I noticed she smiled when she said working. She obviously

knew what I would be doing. "When you are not required for your other work,

there will be some non-essential office work for you to do to fill in your

time."

She then led me to an office. It was one of the first along the corridor. On the

door, there was a small brass plate with the words, Corporate Entertainment

Department. I smiled.

She opened the door. "This is where you will be located for the next four

weeks," she said. "I do hope you are going to enjoy your stay with us, as much

as the management team is going to enjoy having you," she smirked at me. "I

think you will find everything you require in here." She looked at her watch.

"I'll leave you to find your way around and make yourself at home. You have an

appointment with the group director, Mr. Hinkerman, at eleven this morning."

I was then left alone in my new office. It was very nice and comfortable. I

noticed at once that all the personal things I had on my desk in the other

building had been brought over. I decided to look around. In a large cupboard, I

found, to my surprise, a comprehensive selection of clothes, all new and in

plastic bags. Below the hanging clothes were a series of drawers. These

contained underwear and accessories, again all individually wrapped. I was more

than a little surprised to find that all the clothes were my size.

There was a tap on the door. It opened and a pretty blond head popped round.

"Would you like coffee, Miss?" the pretty young thing asked.

"Please," I said, "That would be very nice."

She made her way in pushing a small trolley on which were cups, and a large

flask of coffee, and another that contained milk. I saw she also had an

interesting selection of fancy cakes and biscuits. She told me that her name was

Rose; she explained that it was her job to serve all the offices along the

corridor. As we chatted, I could not help but notice her outfit. It was

extremely short, and showed an awful lot of her long shapely legs clad in dark

stockings. When she bent down to reach a small plate on the lower shelf of the

trolley, I was able to see the tops of her stockings and an inch or so of white

thigh.

I also noticed, as she leaned over to place my drink on the desk, she was

exposing a lot of cleavage. They certainly seemed to like their women to show

themselves off over here, I thought to myself.

After a coffee and a large portion of blueberry cheesecake, I continued my

exploration of my new office. I found I had a large washroom complete with

shower. Alongside, a large illuminated mirror was set above a well stocked

dressing table. They had certainly thought of everything. On returning to my

desk, I checked through the in tray, and found it contained mostly filing and

other mundane office tasks.

Just then the phone rang. I picked it up. "Samantha, Corporate Entertainment," I

said in my best phone voice. It was Mr. Hinkerman on the line and he wanted me

to come along to his office as soon as possible.

I checked myself over in the washroom mirror, adjusted my make up, and with

butterflies starting in my stomach, made my way up the corridor. I found his

office to be the last one on the left. I steeled myself and knocked and a voice

called for me to come in.

This office was twice as big as Mellor's and was a lot more luxurious. They

certainly believed in their comforts over here at the head office. The man

sitting behind the desk was quite good looking, with iron-grey hair and dark

piercing eyes. He looked me up and down as I walked in. "So, you are our new

young lady, Samantha," he said. "Sam for short, I guess?" I nodded smiling. "You

are very pretty," he said, "Very pretty, indeed. Have you been informed of your

duties?" he asked.

"I think so, sir." I said

"Good," he said, "But there is just one thing. In the future when I call you, I

would like you to be already undressed, unless, that is, I require you to wear

something specific."

I nodded. "Yes, I will remember that in the future, sir," I said. My God, I

thought, that means I'm going to have to walk about the place naked.

"You want me to undress now?" I asked.

He nodded. "Please, my dear, I have some important clients arriving shortly and

I need you around as a distraction." He smiled to himself.

I walked over to a chair and began to slowly undress. He did not seem to be

taking a lot of interest in what I was doing. He just kept giving me a cursory

glance now and again as he sifted through some paper work. I was just about to

remove my panties when there was a knock on the door, and a much younger guy in shirtsleeves walked in. "Hi, dad, can I have a quick one with you?" he said.

Then he suddenly noticed me. Well, why wouldn't he? I was standing there in just

my brief panties. He grinned and walked over to me. "So, this is the new girl,"

he said, smiling at me and looking me over.

Mr. Hinkerman looked up. "Sam, this is my son, Martin."

He held out his hand. I reached out and shook it feeling a little exposed in

just my rather brief panties. I saw him looking with interest at my breasts and

my already aroused nipples. "She is a very attractive young lady," he said,

turning to his farther. "Will she be available later?"

His father shook his head. "I doubt it. I have the two buyers from Landers

coming along at any minute, and if last time was anything to go by, she won't

be."

Martin shrugged his shoulders. "Never mind," he said, turning back to look at

me. "We will have to get together later, but I can't wait that long to see your

pretty pussy, so if you wouldn't mind." He looked at my panties. I felt a little

humiliated by his comment, but I knew what I was expected to do, so I slipped

them down and stood there naked for his inspection. I could see from the

expression on his face that he liked what he saw. Then he just turned away and

began to chat with his farther. With a last glance at my naked body, he smiled

and left the office.

Mr. Hinkerman told me to take my clothes and put them in his wash room. When I

returned he told me to come over to his desk. He watched me as I walked over

towards him with nothing to cover my nakedness but my hold ups and heels. He

looked me up and down and commented that I looked good. He asked me to turn

around so that he could inspect me from all angles. It still felt a little

strange being naked in front of someone whom I had just met, but I knew from now on and for the next four weeks, I was just going to have to get used to it.

He then explained that this morning I was going to act as his secretary during

the meeting, and that I should take notes that I could type up later. He also

mentioned that the buyers who were coming could get a little playful. "But I'm

sure there will be nothing you can't handle," he said with a smile. He also

mentioned that Rose had already left coffee and some other drinks along with a

selection of food for lunch. It was in the small kitchen at the rear of the

office, and I would be expected to serve it later.

A buzzer on his intercom suddenly sounded, and when he pressed the intercom, a

voice announced his visitors had arrived. He told me to take up my place on a

straight backed chair at the side of his desk; it was facing the two chairs that

had already been placed there for his visitors. I was now beginning to feel very

nervous and more than a little apprehensive just sitting there totally naked

awaiting the arrival of his two visitors.

There was a knock on the door; it opened and two men entered. There eyes lit up

immediately when they saw me. Then they nodded at Mr. Hinkerman. "Nice to see

you have everything ready for us, Paul," one of the men said, smiling.

"And what do you call this pretty little thing?" the other man asked.

"This is Sam," Hinkerman said. "She's new to us. It's her first day with us."

They both nodded their approval. I smiled nervously at them.

Then they all quickly got down to business. It seemed a rather surreal situation

with the three of them talking business, while I sat there totally naked and

took notes. The two buyers constantly looked in my direction, and their obvious

interest in me began to arouse me. I twisted nervously on my seat as I began to

feel my juices running down between my thighs.

When Mr. Hinkerman asked if they would like coffee, they nodded and took a break

from their work. I had to walk around the office while the pair of them followed

me with there eyes wherever I went.

It did feel quite degrading to be naked and exposed like this in front of the

two men, but I was a little surprised by just how aroused I was becoming. While

in the kitchen, I ran my hand over my pussy. I was not at all surprised to find

I was quite wet as my juices had already begun to flow.

We all worked on until one o'clock when I was asked to serve lunch. The three of

them sat and chatted about sports and other things while they all made short

work of the plates of food I had provided. I was a little surprised and more

than a little apprehensive when it was suggested that Mr. Hinkerman should show

one of the buyers around one of the new units.

Suddenly, I found myself sitting alone with the other guy, who told me that his

name was Andrew. He asked me to come over to where he was sitting. I stood up

and walked over and stood in front of him. He looked at my body. "You are a very

attractive young lady, Samantha," he said, with a slight smile on his face. He

reached out and began to caress my breast and nipped my hard nipple between his

finger and thumb. I tried to suppress a groan.

He stood up and pushed me back suddenly. I could feel the edge of Hinkerman's

desk against my bottom. I eased myself up onto it, feeling the cool leather

against my skin. He took hold of my knees and eased my legs apart. I knew that

he would now be able to see that I was already becoming quite wet. He dipped his

fingers into my honey pot and smiled as he realised just how wet I already was.

He fumbled with his trousers and released a monster of a cock, which he held in

his hand for a moment before rubbing the large purple end against my pussy lips,

nudging them open. He spread my legs even wider as he thrust into me. I cried

out as his monster filled me and I felt myself tighten around it.

I leaned back on my hands on the desk and he began to fuck me with long,

energetic strokes. He was already breathing heavily. I had already experienced a

minor orgasm as he entered me because I was so hot. He then gripped both of my

breasts and squeezed them painfully as he worked himself up to a climax. Just as

he reached it, he withdrew and jetted large amounts of his warm, white, sticky

fluid all over my stomach and legs.

I was still shaking from the experience and he was tidying himself up when the

door opened and Hinkerman and the other rep came in. He grinned when he saw the state I was in. "Was the sweet course up to your expectations?" he asked.

Andrew nodded. "Yes," he said, with a wide grin. "She was very tasty indeed."

"You want a turn with her," Hinkerman asked, "before we continue?"

The other rep looked at me still sitting there, legs wide apart, strings of cum

still running down my body. He shook his head. "No, I'm not into sticky

seconds," he said, "But I would not mind her giving me some head."

Mr. Hinkerman looked at me and motioned to the rep. I knew what was expected. I

slipped off the desk and knelt in front of him. I could see there was already a

large bulge in his pants. I slid down the zip and eased him out. Thankfully, he

was not as large as Andrew. I wrapped my hands around his shaft and eased it

into my mouth. It tasted a little salty, but not too unpleasant. After a few

strokes, I became too engrossed in what I was doing to notice the taste. I had

often been told by some of my more intimate male friends that I was somewhat of

an expert at giving head, and from the sounds that were coming from him I could

tell that he was enjoying the experience.

I thought he might pull out, like Andrew had done, but when he gripped my head,

I knew that I was going to have to take his load. He cried out as he erupted,

and my mouth, and soon my throat, was filled with large amounts of hot, none too

unpleasant, cum which I tried to quickly swallow. But as he slipped from my

mouth, it ran down my chin and splashed down onto my breasts.

As he wiped his shrinking cock on a napkin, he pulled me to my feet. He thanked

me for a very pleasant experience, saying we would have to do it again some

time.

Of course, after all I had taken, I looked a bit of a mess. Mr. Hinkerman

suggested that I return to my office and get cleaned up. I went into the rest

room and picked up my clothes. I did not bother to dress as I did not want to

get my clothes messed up.

It felt a little strange walking back down the corridor to my office holding my

clothes in my hands. I was expecting at any moment for one of the doors to open

and someone to come out. Luckily, I did get back to my own office without been

seen and I was soon under the shower, washing myself clean of the results of the

encounters with the two reps.

Although I knew that the whole encounter had been somewhat degrading, I did not

feel too bad about it, and it had not been that unpleasant. Andrew fucking me

had relieved some of my pent up arousal, and I had quite liked giving the other

guy head. The thing that had bugged me a little was that the others had been

watching. It was the first time that I had ever done anything like that with

other people watching me, but I knew that if I were going to earn my money, it

was something I was probably going to have to get used to.

I dried myself off after my shower and redid my hair and make up, and had just

slipped back into my clothes when the phone rang. It was Mr. Hinkerman.

"Hi, Sam," he said. "Are you OK?" I told him that I was. "I was wondering if you

could you come along and serve us with coffee." As he spoke to me, I heard

someone speaking to him in the background. "I have just been asked by my two

friends if you would wear something sexy, but no knickers." I could tell he was

grinning.

I sorted through the items of lingerie in the cupboard and selected a red

Basque. Its half cup bra left my nipples slightly exposed and it finished around

my hips, leaving my pussy and bottom totally exposed. Long, red suspenders

clipped onto my new stockings.

I eased my door open with caution. The corridor was empty, but this time I was

not so lucky. About halfway along, a door suddenly opened and a man came out

carrying a bundle of papers. He smiled when he saw me. He did not say anything,

just nodded. Maybe, I thought, over here it was not unusual to find an almost

naked woman walking around the office.

I could see when I entered Hinkerman's office that my outfit had been a good

choice. The guys nodded their approval as I walked around and served them with

coffee and cakes, and apart from a casual stroke on my arse from Andrew, I was

not interfered with. May I say much to my disappointment?

I returned to my office and was about to get dressed when the door suddenly

opened and Mellor came in. He smiled when he saw my skimpy attire. I turned and

faced him, my breasts jutting out of their skimpy covering and my pussy totally

exposed.

"You have certainly taken to it, Samantha," he said. "Mr. Hinkerman called me a

few minutes ago to say that he thought you were very good with no inhibitions

whatsoever. He said that you did everything that was expected of you without any

signs that you weren't totally enjoying yourself."

I smiled at him, then shrugged. "Well, the reason for that was that I was

enjoying myself; I was enjoying myself very much. I found it a bit nerve racking

at first, but I soon got into the swing of things."

He smiled. "Well, after the amount of time it took me to get you out of your

clothes yesterday, you seem to have quickly gotten used to displaying your more

interesting attributes."

I glanced down at my breasts, displayed as they were with nipples standing out

sharply. I smiled.

"Anyway, what I have come to tell you is apart from the message from Mr.

Hinkerman. I have had a couple of bookings for you. Martin Hinkerman wants you

to go to the races with him and a few friends on Friday, and a week from

Wednesday, Mr. Gordon, the personnel director, has booked you to accompany his

wife and himself to a charity function. I'm sure there will be plenty of other

bookings for you during the next four weeks as soon as the word gets around what

an obliging young lady you are."

The Office Slut Ch. 03

by Lady GreyÂ©

The rest of that first week followed a similar vein as the last two days, I was

used as a naked secretary by most of the management team who all seemed to want to get a look at me and of course show me off to their visitors minus my clothes of course. It seemed that this sort of thing was one of the perks offered to

visitors who did business with Hinkerman's.

Some wanted just to have me around, others wanted to use me in various ways

either for sex or to satisfy their warped desires in some other way. Like the

German guy Otto who actually brought along his own very extremely large

vibrator, this I had to allow him to insert in my pussy, it was connected via a

long wire to a hand control and he got immense pleasure out of controlling the

speed of the vibrator during the meeting. By the end of the session my notes

were hardly eligible and I had some difficulty typing them out later.

I know to some people what I was doing was degrading and I was nothing less than

a common prostitute getting paid for sex, but I was being extremely well paid,

and I enjoyed the sex. I was, as I told Mellor' at my interview, between boy

friends at the moment, but because of my work at Hinkerman's I was not missing

out on the sex side of things, also although I had been a little nervous at

first, I now actually enjoyed the thrill of exposing myself, and of being naked

and admired.

I knew I had an appointment with Martin Hinkerman on Friday lunchtime to go to

the races with him and some friends so I was a little surprised when he called

me to his office Friday morning. The other thing that surprised me was that I

was usually told when they called how they wanted me to be dressed or more than

usually undressed. Martin on this occasion told me to just come along as I was.

He greeted me with a smile and after told me to take a seat, "Are you looking

forward to our trip this afternoon."

I smiled and nodded, "I have never been to an actual race meeting only watched

it on TV, so I'm looking forward to it with interest."

He smiled "What I've called you in for is to explain about this afternoon and

what I wanted from you. I would like you to wear something casual and summery,

possibly a dress, one that buttons down the front might be a good idea, easier

to get out of." He said with a slight grin.

"Underneath some nice sexy underwear, with suspenders and stockings, oh, and

don't forget to wear a hat. They always like to see ladies in hats at race

meetings, and by the way, my friends who are going along with us do not know

about your role here at Hinkerman's so I am going to introduce you as one of my

girlfriends. So just do as I ask of you," he said. "Don't be too eager to

please, it might be more fun if you would show a little reluctance to doing some

of the things I ask of you."

I smiled and nodded this assignment sounded like fun

"OK" he said "You have got an hour or so to get ready be back in my office at

11.30."

I returned to my office and sorted through the selection of clothes, I found a

pretty print dress that fitted the bill. The underwear was no problem there was

plenty of it, and I even found a wide brimmed hat that suited the purpose. I

took a quick shower, dressed and did my make up and hair.

Rose popped in with my morning coffee and cake, we had become friends over the

last week, she smiled when she saw me dressed up "You look very pretty what have you got on today?"

"I'm going out to the races with Martin and some of his friends."

She looked a little concerned. "You will have to watch yourself with him; he's a

bit of a wild one."

I smiled "I think I can handle him."

At 11.30 prompt I was back in Martins office ready for what ever the day might

hold for me. Martins nodded his approval approved of my outfit, "Les me see what

you have on underneath."

I lifted my skirt displaying to him my brief white panties, stockings and

matching suspenders. Again he nodded his approval.

Down at the front of the office were picked up by one of the company's limos, a

long sleek white vehicle with darkened windows, there was seating inside for at

least eight other people. It was well fitted out with a plasma TV screen and a

well stocked bar. We settled into the comfortable leather seats, and as we

pulled away Martin reached over and poured us a drink "May as well start the day

as we mean to continue," he said passing me a large glass of chilled white wine.

His six friends were waiting for us at their hotel, which was only a short drive

from the office, as they piled into the limo and at first sight they all seemed

a nice bunch, and were all around the same age as Martin, who I imagined was in

his late twenties. Martin introduced me as Samantha a good friend of his, they

all shook my hand and cast more than an interesting glance at my body. Martin

handed out some drinks, and put some nice music and we all settled down for the

journey to the race course that he said would take about an hour and a half.

Of course boys being boys and with a few drinks inside them, to boost their

confidence they chatted me up, and as it usually does and aided by a few

comments from Martin the subject of sex began to dominate the conversation.

Martin asked the guys if they thought I was attractive, that was something to

which they all agreed. When he made the comment that it might be interesting to

see just how attractive I was, they seemed to get his drift and were all in

total agreement. Luckily I had drunk about three glasses of wine at this stage

and I was feeling reasonably relaxed, Martin suggested to me that it might be

interesting if I were to loosen a few buttons on my dress. I was at the time

sitting in the rear seat of the limo next to Martin, me the rest of them were

sitting on the side seats.

Going along with Martin's plan I showed some reluctance at first, I looked at

Martin shocked, "I can't do that with your friends looking at me," I said in my

best shocked girly voice but after a few of the others joined in trying to

persuade me I pretended with some reluctance to give in and slipped open the top

three buttons of the dress, this displayed to them a lot of cleavage and a

glimpse of my white lace bra.

Of course when they realised that I was maybe willing to show them more they all

began to encourage me. I protested that I was not that sort of a girl, but after

more cajoling and still showing signs of reluctance I began to slowly open more

and more of the buttons. The dress was finally open from top to bottom and

through a gap of several inches they could now see my pretty brief underwear.

Martin leaned over he kissed me on the cheek and whispered in my ear that I was

doing a wonderful job. I smiled at him, then, protested indignantly as he pulled

open one side of my dress. I quickly grabbed it and pulled it back, but then

after some more persuasion from his friends I sat there looking very nervous and

let him pull it open to display my body in just my brief revealing underwear,

the six guys leaned forward to get a better look at me and I found myself

staring into six pairs of lusting eyes.

Of course now I had been willing to go this far they wanted to see more of me. I

smiled at Martin has he helped me off with my dress and then after a small

protest I allowed him to remove my bra much to the delight of his friends. The

sight of my firm naked breasts with their already prominent nipples was the

cause for some interesting comments.

I was as usual becoming quite aroused by having been undressed in front of seven

good looking young guys, I could already feel the tell tale wetness between my

thighs as my juices began to flow. I also realised that there was probably a wet

area visible on my brief panties, and I was sure the guys would notice it.

Things began to get a little more heated for both the guys and myself when

Martin started openly caressing my breasts and tweaking and pulling on my

already hard nipples making me roll my head from side to side and cry out.

My brief panties were the next to go, Martin was now kissing me, our tongues

delving deep into each others throat, while at the same time he continued to

massage and caress my breasts. Suddenly I felt someone's hands on the waistband

of my panties. One of the guys had come over and was about to remove my last

item of clothing. Clinging on to Martin, I eased my bottom up from the seat and

allowed whoever it was holding on to my damp panties, to slip them off.

All around me I heard murmurs of approval as finally everything was on displayed

to them, my breasts and my pussy completely devoid of hair, so every detail of

my most secret parts could be clearly seen by everyone. Martin finally released

me from his arms and I sat there displayed totally naked in front of them all,

from the comments that were made they certainly liked what they saw. Encouraged

and spurred on by their by their comments Martin wanted to show them more he

told me to lift my feet up onto the seat and spread my legs. This of course

opened my pussy and displayed the pink wetness inside.

Then he told me to play with myself, I did not object to this as was by this

time very aroused and in need of some relief. I parted my pussy lips with my

fingers and began to rub myself. Through my half closed eyes I could see them

all leaning forward in their seats, their eyes feasting on the sight of my

gaping wet pussy as I listened to their calls of encouragement my fingers rubbed

over my engorged clit as I headed quickly towards a much needed orgasm.

The rest of the journey to the racecourse was reasonably uneventful, of course I

had to remain naked, and that was something the guys appreciated very much. They made the most of it grabbing at my ass and feeling my tits as I passed along

them serving them with drinks from the bar, but that was as far as things went.

I was a little worried when we reached the racecourse; the limo had been

directed into the VIP car park. As far me I was getting a little concerned that

I still had not been allowed to put my clothes back on. Surly Martin was not

expecting me to remain naked once we got out of the car. It was one thing to

strip off in front of the guys in the car, but to be seen naked in front of

hundreds of people was a different thing entirely. Not that I thought it would

actually happen, apart from anything else I think the powers that be; at the

racecourse might have frowned on such a blatant display.

As it turned out he did not allow me to dress and he did make me get out of the

car. I was feeling more than a little embarrassed as I stood naked in the car

park. Then at last to my relief he handed me my dress. But not before several

people who were walking past the limo gave me some interesting looks as I

quickly struggled to button up the dress. When I at last had it buttoned up I

realised just how thin the dress was and it felt strange being outside in the

open with just the dress and nothing on under it.

Actually after that the whole the day went off very well, the weather was quite

warm so I did not miss my undies and after a while I found it quite a pleasant

sensation to be walking around with nothing but a light dress on. One of the

guys had thoughtfully brought with him a digital camera persuaded me to pose for

him on several occasions. I also got me to flash my body for him. He also liked

to get some of the other guys in the picture, and all of them went for that. It

was actually quite easy to do when the races were on because the crowed were

watching the horses and not what we were up to. So I just stood in the crowd

with some of the guys around me and let my dress fall open, I don't believe

anyone apart from the guys who I was with saw what was going on, they were all

too interested in the racing.

Of course spending a day drinking, gambling and been accompanied by a attractive

young lady who they knew was wearing very little clothing got all the guys in a

relaxed and jovial mood and by the time we returned to the car for the journey

home they were ready for some more excitement.

We were still in the queue to get out of the car park when Martin told me to

loose the dress. When I was naked he told me to serve the guys some drinks.

There was not a lot of room in the car so there was now quite a bit of grabbing

and touching my body as I went around and dished out the drinks.

Martin announced that I was available for their entertainment on the way home,

they all cheered at this piece of news and it was not long before I was on my

knees in the center of the floor with one of them thrusting into me from behind

while I took another in my mouth. The journey back to the office took about an

hour and a half and I can honestly say that never before had I been fucked

continuously for so long, as soon as one was finished another took his place.

At one stage I experienced my first triple penetration, I have never been over

the moon about anal sex but this was something new and different. It did take a

bit of gymnastic effort before they both managed to get inside me at once, but

at last amid cheers of encouragement, two of the fucked me while I sucked on the

cock of another of them. Martin himself did not take part in the gang bang but

sat back drinking and watching the action with interest

By the time we arrived back at the hotel where we had first picked up the lads,

I think they were all fully satisfied, as they left the car they thanked Martin

and me for an eventful day out. I was by this time laying across one of the long

seats in the car my body sore and aching both inside and out. I was also covered

everywhere including in my hair with a sticky and messy combination of cum and

sweat.

When the lads had gone Martin came over to me and handed me a large drink of

fresh orange juice, which I gratefully accepted from him. "I think you are in

need of that." He said, "You did a great job."

Back at Hinkerman's I was still feeling a little unsteady and Martin had to

assist me from the car. The building of course was empty by this time on a

Friday evening and we had to be let in by the security staff. We had not

bothered with my dress, it was dirty and messed up and my underwear had

disappeared while on the way to the races. The security guards did not seem to

find it a problem when Martin turned up at the front door with a rather messed

up and totally naked female. Although I was in a bit of a state and my body not

looking at its best I could not help but notice that the two security guards

took great interest in what was on display to them.

Once in the lift we were soon back in my office, Martin helped me into the

shower, and I was soon feeling a lot better as the stinging hot water washed the

mess and some of the pain from my body. I stayed in the shower until I was

feeling more like my usual self. At last I stepped out and wrapped a towel

around me and walked back into my office to find Martin sitting at my desk, he

looked up and smiled.

"Are you feeling better now," he asked.

I nodded. "A lot better now that I'm clean and showered,

"You certainly took some cock this afternoon." He said. "But you seemed to be

enjoying it?"

I looked at him, with a slight smile, "Well I can't say that I found it all that

bad, some of it became a little painful towards the end, but I knew they did not

mean to hurt me. I realised that it was all down to me that they were so turned

on; you can't spend all that time with an almost naked girl and not finish up as

randy as they were." I grinned. "But I can say without fear of contradiction

that I have never had so many cocks in me in one day."

Martin smiled at me, "I hope you have still got room for another one, I was left

out this afternoon I just sat back and let the guys have their fun."

With that he eased down the zip of his pants and allowed about ten inches of

very erect dick to spring out. He ran his hand slowly up and down the length of

it. "Can you manage this," he said with a slight smile on his face.

I loosened the towel and let it fall to the floor. I stood before him naked. He

smiled as he saw that my body was pink and glowing from the shower. Then I

walked over to where he was sitting in my swivel chair, I straddled his legs,

and then I lowered myself until I felt him nudging up against my already well

used pussy lips. He adjusted his position and I continued to lower myself

feeling as I did so the full length of his tool began filling me up.

I have to admit that it felt rather painful at first as I was still feeling a

little soar from my afternoon adventure. The pain was slightly relieved by my

need to have him fuck me. I braced my hands on the chair arms and began to lift

and lower my body thereby controlling the pace of the session myself.

Martin gripped on to my breasts, caressing them and teasing my nipples, I was

now becoming more energetic, raising myself and then thrusting down on him. He

cried out with each thrust and squeezed painfully onto my breasts. His body

stiffened and he pleaded with me to slow down, I eased off slightly wanting to

prolong the sensation for us both, but he was so worked up that he immediately

lost control and I felt the wonderful sensation has he pumped me full of his

cum.

I clung to him, my arms around his neck as I felt him begin to soften inside me;

I slowly felt him ease him out of me.

"Was that OK for you?" I asked.

He nodded "It sure was Samantha I really needed that."

"Only too glad to be of service," I said getting to my feet.

I looked down at the mess I had made of his pants, "Sorry about that," I said.

He smiled "Not a problem darling I have a spare pair in my office."

He stood up and stripped off and we went and showered, together this time, and

while he went to get a clean pair of pants I selected some clothes from my

collection to go home in. The security guards smiled at us as we left, probably

realizing what we had been up to. Martin dropped me off at my flat kissed me

tenderly and with a last feel of my breasts thanked me for a very interesting

day.

The Office Slut

Ch. 04

Martin rang me on Sunday to enquire how I was, which I thought was nice of him.

He said that he had spoken to his farther and he had suggested that I take a few

days off to get over Friday. I thanked him and said that I was OK, but he

insisted, so I did not return to work until Thursday. It was a good idea,

because when I returned to work, I was feeling much better because of the rest.

The marks and bruises on my body had gone, and down below, things were back in

full working order again.

Mr. Mellor rang for me almost as soon as I arrived. He smiled at me when I

entered his office and asked if I was feeling OK. "Yes, thanks, I am fine now".

He smiled. "Martin told me about Friday. He was very complimentary. I hear the

boys had a real good trip. Well, back to work," he said. "I have someone I want

you to meet."

I turned as I heard a door open behind me. A tall, elegant woman in her early

fifties had just appeared from the bathroom, and she smiled at me.

"This is Amanda," Mellor said. "She supplies us with most of the clothes and

underwear you have in your office."

Amanda walked over and kissed me on both cheeks. Then she held me at arm's

length. "She's every bit as beautiful as you told me," she said, looking me up

and down. "I can't wait to see her stripped."

Mellor turned to me. "Oblige the lady, please."

I looked at him a little startled by his request but I started to remove my

clothes with Amanda watching me with interest. I had never been the slightest

bit interested in women, and I had never been involved in a lesbian

relationship, but I had a feeling that with the interest she was taking in me

that Amanda herseld probably was a lesbian or at least bisexual.

When I was naked, she came over to me, looking me up and down. "What a beautiful body you have," she said. She looked across to where Mellor was sitting in my chair watching the proceedings with interest. "May I?" she asked.

"Be my guest," he said, with a slight shrug.

She reached out and began to caress my breasts, teasing the nipples gently.

Surprisingly, I felt them beginning to harden under her touch. It was the first

time I had been touched so intimately by another woman, and I was excited to

find it was not at all that unpleasant.

Then when she leaned forward and began to kiss and suck my nipples, drawing them into her mouth and nipping them gently with her teeth, I could feel my

excitement growing. I became even more excited when I felt her fingers begin to

probe my pussy lips, spreading them open to allow her access. I realised that I

must be getting rather wet when her fingers slipped inside me so easily and

began gently rubbing my already engorged clit.

I felt myself pressing myself up against her hand, wanting to feel her deep

inside me. As she eased me to a quick and exciting orgasm, I felt my juices

flowing over her fingers. She pushed me back towards the sofa and laid me down

on it. She knelt down in front of me and parted my legs, and then to my

surprise, she went down on me and started licking the juices off my pussy. The

sensation of her tongue running between my slit was one of the most wonderful

feelings I have ever experienced, and I was rather disappointed when she

stopped.

When she moved away, Mellor came over and looked down at me lying there with my legs still wide apart. "I think you enjoyed that," he said, with a slight smile

on his face.

I looked up at him and nodded. "It was good," I said. "It was the first time I

have been with a woman."

He smiled. "I'm sure it won't be your last."

Amanda had gone back into the bathroom and returned wiping her hands on a

tissue. She handed some to me. "You'd better clean yourself up. We need to get

down to work."

She picked up a small suitcase and placed it on the coffee table. I cleaned

myself up as best I could and watched as she opened it. I noticed that it

contained a collection of items of lingerie. She searched through it and pulled

out a black item with trailing suspenders. She passed it to me. "Slip into this

for me," she said.

She helped me as I placed the black satin item around my body. It was a waspy, a

short corset that lifted my breasts but did not conceal them. It ended across my

hips, leaving my rear and pussy exposed, with the long suspenders trailing down

my legs. Amanda fished out a packet of fishnet stockings and handed them to me.

I slipped into them, and then into a pair of 5-inch patent high heels which

finished the outfit.

Mellor sat watching me. He smiled when he saw the completed outfit, and

indicated that I should walk around the office to display the very revealing

outfit.

"I think that will do nicely, for what we have in mind," Mellor said, as he

watched me. "Thanks, Amanda," he said. "You can, of course, leave the rest of

the stuff in the case. Samantha can look through it later and pick a few items

out, can't you my dear?"

Amanda came over and kissed me. "Bye for now, darling," she said. "Do come over

and visit me when these guys have finished with you. I'm sure we can find things

to do." She stroked her hand temptingly over my exposed pussy, and after blowing

a kiss at Mellor, she left the office.

Mellor came over to me. He took one of my exposed nipples between his fingers

and squeezed it gently. "You look sensational, and just right for a little

project I have in mind." He smiled. "But before that, just ease yourself up onto

the corner of the desk and part your pretty thighs. I haven't had the pleasure

of your body yet, and I feel rather horny after watching you and Amanda."

It was the first time Mellor had made a move on me. I wasn't sure that it was

within his remit to use me for his own pleasure. But I was feeling slightly

horney after my sesion with Amanda so I did as I was told. He stood in front of

me and unzipped his pants, and eased out his large erection. I felt myself

trembling with excitement at the sight of it. I was still wet from Amanda's

activities, so I spread my legs, and without any preamble, he slid it into my

waiting pussy. Then he fucked me with an urgency until at last I felt him swell

within me and his erupting juices filled my love hole.

After he had finished, he told me to go back to my office and get cleane up and

be in the boardroom by 1:30. "We have a board meeting this afternoon, and I want

you to put on a little show for the members of the board." He smiled. "After

what I have seen this morning, I think it will go very well."

I said nothing, just nodded my head.

"Wear the little outfit you already have on," he said, "Put a smart business

suit over it". Then as he was leaving, he smiled at me and said, "Don't forget,

no panties."

I arrived at the boardroom at 1:30 as ordered. I was a little surprised to see

Rose there, looking a little different then usual in a smart grey dress that I

noticed buttoned down the front. Mellor was also there putting out papers around

the long table.

Rose smiled a welcome and suggested that I help her with the refreshments in one

of the side rooms. We had just gotten the job done when we heard the board

members start to arrive and enter the boardroom.

There were twelve board members altogether, ten men and two women. All the men looked to be in their late fifties or maybe a little older. One or two I knew,

like Mr. Hinkerman, and the financial guy. The women I thought were maybe

slightly younger. I could not help but notice that one of the women kept looking

at me with interest.

Mr. Hinkerman and Mellor sat at either side of the chairman, a small man with

iron-grey hair and piercing eyes. Rose and I took our seats at the back of the

room as the meeting started. They got through the agenda quickly. Then the

chairman announced that there would be a break for refreshments. I saw Mellor

lean across and say something to the chairman, who smiled and nodded, then held

his hand up. "Before you go, ladies and gentlemen, we have something that might

interest you."

Mellor looked across at me and beckoned me over; Rose got up and followed me. I

was then told to stand up on the raised platform at the top of the room. "Ladies

and gentleman," Mellor announced, "I would like you all to meet Samantha." I

smiled, feeling a little nervous, guessing what might be about to happen, but

not really believing it, not here in the boardroom.

"Samantha is our new girl in Corporate Entertainment. She will be helping Rose

today who most of you already know, they will serve the food and drinks and

hopefully provide us with a little entertainment." He looked around the room

before he continued.

"So if there is anything any of you might require, you only have to ask

Samantha; you will find her very obliging."

He turned to Rose and smiled. "If you would now oblige us, Rose." She stepped up

onto the dais and came over to me. She smiled at me, and I was a little startled

when she began to unbutton my jacket.

I knew there was nothing I could do, so I stood there with a fixed smile on my

face. Once the jacket was undone, she reached around and slipped it off my

shoulders. As my partly concealed breasts were displayed to the members of the

board, there were nods and murmurs of approval from all round the table. Rose

then unclipped my skirt and slid the zip down. She eased it over my hips, and it

fell to the floor. There were again more murmurs as my smoothly shaven pussy was openly displayed for all the members to see. I noticed the Chairman lean over

and say something to Mr. Hinkerman, who nodded, smiling.

Again, I had that strange feeling of excitement and humiliation as I stood there

in front of a group of strangers with my nakedness emphasised by the tight black

waspy and the trailing suspenders. Then I heard Rose speaking to me, shaking me

from my trance-like state. "Now it's your turn, Samantha," she said.

I did not understand at first. I looked at her. "My dress," she said indicating

the buttons. Then I realised she was telling me that I had to take her dress

off. She smiled at me as I started to unbutton the dress. "I'm sorry," I said,

in a whisper. "I did not realize....Mellor never explained to me what was going

to happen."

As I slowly unbuttoned her dress, it became clear to me that she was not wearing

anything at all under it, and with the last button undone, it fell open to

reveal her shapely naked body. I slipped the dress off her and placed it on a

chair along with my own discarded clothes.

She stood there for a moment smiling and allowing the group to survey her naked

body. She had large firm breasts with prominent red nipples, and like me, she

too had a clean, smoothly shaven pussy.

She took my hand and led me off the dais. I followed her into the other room

where we had earlier laid out the food. The board members filed in after us. We

handed plates out to them. They selected food from the tables and seated

themselves around the room in small groups. I noticed that Rose and I were the

obvious centers of attraction.

Mellor came up to us and handed each of us a large open bottle of champagne.

"Take this around," he said, "Keep everyone's glasses topped up."

As we were going around passing out the champagne, the groping started. As we

required both hands to pour a large bottle like this, this left us exposed for

exploring hands. Inquisitive fingers soon found their way into my pussy where I

was already beginning to get rather wet. Some began caressing my breasts, while

other members looked on waiting their turn. I noticed that at the other side of

the room, Rose was getting the same treatment.

The two women board members were the worst. They made me stand in front of them while they pulled on my nipples, making me cry out, much to the amusement of some of the others members.

Later, when we had served the champagne, they humiliated me by making me squat over an empty bottle and ease myself down on it, allowing it to slide up into my pussy. They all thought this was immense fun, and joined together in urging me

on. I thought at one point I was going to tear myself apart as the lips of my

pussy were stretched tight around the bottle. I think Rose had been involved in

this game before, and I was amazed to see her take nearly the whole of the

bottle before she at last gave in, amid wild cheers and applause from the board

members.

The meeting concluded late in the afternoon, but not before Rose and I were

encouraged by Mellor's to put on a little show for the board members. I soon

realised that Rose must have been a practicing lesbian or seriously bi sexual.

She laid me down on the long table, and what she did to me with her fingers and

mouth were beyond belief. Amid cheers and encouragement from all the members,

she brought me to numerous climaxes that left me pleading for more.

After it was over, Mellor called me over and informed me that the chairman

wanted to see me in private. He told me that he was in Mr. Hinkerman's office.

Still in my almost naked state, I found myself knocking on his door. He called

me in.

He was sitting in one of the low armchairs, his fly wide open, and he was

sporting a large erection that he was slowly stroking. "I have been informed, my

dear, that you can help me with this," he said.

I looked at him smiling sweetly and slowly nodded my head. "Yes, sir, where

would you like me to put it first?"

He smiled. "I think I would like to fuck your pretty face first, young lady, and

then we will see what takes my fancy." I quickly got down on my knees between

his legs. I was soon swallowing him deep into my mouth, working on him with my

lips. He was surprisingly good and he made me work hard before he filled my

throat with his hot sticky cum.

I was amazed by his staying power for a man of his age. His erection did not

seem to diminish, and it was soon pumping with gusto into my over worked love

hole. He brought me to several orgasms before he himself finally finished. Even

that was not the end of it. He made me bend over his desk, and after lubricating

me with his fingers dipped in my flowing juices, he took me up the arse. As I

have said before, this is something I don't usually encourage, but by that

stage, I was so damned horny that I even pleaded with him for more.

When it was over, he thanked me for my services, but he did not offer me the use

of his bathroom to clean up. So I had to make my way back to my own office

looking a bit of a mess. Trails of my own juices mixed with his cum ran down my

legs. Luckily for me, the place was deserted. When I pushed open the door, I was

surprised by the sight that met my eyes. Rose was kneeling doggy fashion on the

floor with Mellor's cock deep in her mouth, while Martin was thrusting his large

ten inches up her willing pussy. They were so engrossed in what they were doing

that they did not seem to notice me as I slipped quickly into the bathroom.

I stripped off my scanty attire and began to take a welcome shower. I was

halfway through when Rose joined me. "Have you enjoyed your first board

meeting?" she asked, with a smile.

I nodded "Yes, and it was certainly an eye opening experience." She laughed.

The Office Slut Ch. 08

My Wednesday and Thursday daytime appointments were much of the same, a couple of the senior management wanting to get their share of my body before I left at the weekend. Ken Buyers, who had booked me for an evening appointment, had left me a message to contact him when I returned to my office. I showered and cleaned myself up and slipped into a wrap before calling him. He wanted to make

arrangements with me for the evening. He said that he would come over to my

office for me around 5:30. I asked him what I should wear. He was silent for a

moment. "I hear you have an interesting wardrobe," he said, "I think I would

like to pick something out myself when I come over if that's OK with you?" I

told him it would not be a problem.

At 5:30 precisely, there was a knock on my door. I opened it to allow a

good-looking guy of about 40 or so to enter. "Ken Buyers," he said, smiling and

holding out his hand to me. He shook mine with a firm tight grip. "It's nice to

meet up with you at last. I have heard so much about you, but up to now, due to

my busy schedule, I have never managed to arrange anything with you. Now that I

have met you, I can now see why the rest of the management team thinks so highly of you."

I thanked him, smiling. I noticed the way he was looking at me. Looking down, I

realised that my wrap was open slightly, displaying the swell of my breasts,

showing him that I was probably wearing very little under it.

I smiled across at him. "Didn't see any point in dressing," I said as an

explanation, "As I knew you wanted to pick out my outfit for this evening."

He went on to explain to me that we were meeting up with a couple of Japanese

clients who were over here to discuss terms for a new computer installation. He

had booked a table at a rather nice up-market restaurant called Goodfellow's. He

said that afterwards, we would be going back with the clients to one of

Hinkerman's VIP apartments where they were staying. I smiled, understanding what he meant.

"Do you want to look through my clothes?" I asked him.

He grinned. "Don't often get an offer like that," he said. I smiled at his witty

remark; I was quite getting to like him.

I showed him my selection of clothes, and between us, after some discussion, we

made a choice. The dress he picked was long and clingy with a deep vee neck. It

also fastened down the front with small buttons, which allowed the wearer to let

the skirt open up as high as she wished. On my suggestion, he picked out some

dark hold up stockings and took his time in selecting the briefest pair of

panties he could find.

I took the clothes back into my office and he sat down with a drink while I

slipped into my outfit. He watched with interest as I slipped out of my wrap,

seemingly unconcerned about my nakedness. As I revealed my attractive body to

him, he did not realise that even though I had done it so many times, I still

got a kick out of displaying myself.

Standing naked, I raised one leg on to a chair and began to carefully ease up my

stockings. As I lifted each of my legs in turn, I knew I would be giving him an

unrestricted view of my shaven pussy, and I was not at all surprised to see an

interesting mound beginning to appear in his rather tight trousers.

With my stockings, on I stood up and picked up the brief panties. I held them in

my hand. "Is there something you would like me to get rid of before I put these

on?" I asked with a smile, looking in the direction of his lap.

He looked down, seemingly a little embarrassed, and then he nodded slowly. "I

think that might be a very good idea, young lady. I don't think I would have

been able to sit through a meal with you, knowing what you have on offer."

I walked over to where he was sitting. I knelt down in front of him and pushed

his legs apart. As I began to unfasten his trousers, he reached out and began to

toy with my breasts, pulling gently on my already stiff nipples. "Your breasts

are wonderful," he said, a little breathlessly.

With some difficulty, I eased out his large erect cock. It was already a good

nine inches of hot rigid flesh. To my pleasure, I was unable to close my fingers

completely around it. I leaned forward and ran my tongue over the end; he

gasped, then he groaned as I allowed him to slide it into my waiting mouth.

It did not take a lot of effort from me, as he was more than ready. He quickly

came, with a small cry, pumping his hot, sticky cum down my waiting throat. As

usual, I swallowed it all gratefully and then licked every last trace of his

gradually shrinking tool. He lay back in his chair, a satisfied grin on his

face. "If that's a sample of things to come," he said, "I think my clients are

going to be in for a very satisfactory evening."

I went to the wash room and washed my hands and touched up my make up. When I returned, he excused himself and cleaned himself up while I slipped into my

clothes.

When he returned, he looked me up and down. He said he certainly liked the

outfit. We decided to button the skirt just enough to allow anyone looking just

a glimpse of the tops of my lacy stockings. As it was impossible to wear a bra

with the dress, he asked me to open the top of the dress almost down to my

waist, displaying a deep cleavage and an interesting display of the swell of my

breasts.

The two Japanese guys were waiting in the foyer when we drove up to the front of

the company apartments in the limo. They seemed genuinely pleased to meet me,

and I saw them both looking with interest at my rather revealing outfit.

At the restaurant, we were escorted to one of the more secluded booths, and as I

slid into my seat between the two Japanese guys, I could not prevent my skirt

hitching up and displaying my long legs and even a quick flash of naked thigh,

much to their obvious delight.

A large unopened bottle of champagne was waiting in a silver ice bucket; the

waiter popped the cork and poured out four large glasses.

The Japanese guys were very attentive and both spoke excellent English. They

were obviously interested when Ken explained to them my role as a corporate

entertainer for the company. They smiled at each other and nodded knowingly when Ken then told them that I was at their disposal for the night. I would be

willing to do whatever they required of me. Just to emphasize this point, Ken

leaned over and eased the top of my dress open allowing one erect pink nipple to

pop out.

A beaming smile spread across their oriental faces as I sat there openly

displayed. Just to add to their obvious enjoyment, I smiled as I slipped one of

my fingers into my mouth and then ran it around my extended nipple.

As Ken had not instructed me to cover myself, I was still on display when the

waiter arrived with our first course. He tried not to make it too obvious to me

that he was looking, but I could feel his eyes on me. After the waiter had left,

Ken did allow me to slip my exposed nipple back under cover as we began to eat

the delicious meal.

After we had finished the first course, I suddenly became aware of a hand on my

leg. I looked at the guy sitting next to me and smiled. He took this as an

invitation and began to slide his hand higher until it was resting on my bare

flesh above the top of my stockings. I realised at once where he intended going,

and when he felt me part my legs slightly, he realised that there were no

barriers. I felt the usual thrill of excitement as I felt him touch my pussy for

the first time through the thin silk of my brief panties.

I could not help myself expressing a low moan as he then eased the thin strip of

silk aside and ran his finger along my damp cleft. His partner must have

realised at once that there were delights available beneath the crisp white

tablecloth, and I felt a second hand sliding up my other leg. Soon, much to my

pleasure, both of them were exploring the warm wetness of my pussy. More of the

buttons of my skirt had now been unfastened and was open almost up to my waist.

At the other side of the table, Ken smiled at me. He was being left out at the

moment, but I knew that his chance would probably come later. Although my

panties were quite brief, the two guys were having problems with them getting in

the way of their exploring fingers. In the end, they decided to remove them

completely. I assisted them by raising myself from my seat slightly and allowing

them to ease them down my legs.

Now with nothing to interfere with their pleasure, they spread my legs wide and

intimately explored the delights of my love passage. I was becoming so turned on

by their intimate caresses that I was relieved to see the waiter arriving with

our main meal before I made a complete fool of myself.

The rest of the meal went off well with me being the entertainment between

courses. Ken seemed pleased that his clients were enjoying themselves so much,

but I think he would have liked to be in on the action himself.

After Ken had settled the bill, we prepared to leave. At this point, our waiter,

the two clients, and I think maybe a couple of other diners sitting at a table

opposite got a treat. As I slid out from behind the table with my skirt now open

up to the waist and my panties missing, I could not help but display to them all

the sight of my exposed pussy.

The two Japanese guys enjoyed the little display; the customers at the table

opposite could not believe what they were seeing. Our waiter looked on politely,

but still got himself a good eyeful of my exposed charms from close at hand.

On the way back to the company apartment in the limo, the guys could not keep

their hands off me as I sat between them. Ken sat opposite, watching as they

eased my dress aside to reveal my ample breasts, which they then played with

like two excited kids with new toys.

When we reached the apartment, they allowed me to ease myself back into my dress before walking through reception, although my skirt was still open to the waist and my pussy quite visible to anyone who happened to be looking in my direction. Once inside the apartment, they did not waste any time getting me out of my dress. Then they both quickly stripped, revealing strong, well tanned bodies.

Although they were relatively short in stature, this did not affect the size of

their cocks which, while still only semi hard, were both a good eight inches in

length and the thickness of my wrist.

As they worked on bringing their cocks to full hardness, they instructed me to

bend over. I supported myself on a chair, leaving my rear an open invitation,

which one of them quickly took advantage of, thrusting quickly into my waiting

hole. The other one came around the front and rubbed the head of his now hard

cock across my lips. I knew what was required of me and willingly opened my

mouth to receive him.

Ken was sitting comfortably on a sofa watching the interesting sight of my being

impaled from both ends at once. They were both very experienced in the art of

lovemaking, and I gave them a good run for their money, holding myself back

until I knew that they could hold back no longer. With a gasp and a cry of

pleasure, they both came within moments of each other, filling me to overflowing

at both ends. I swallowed as much as I could, while the rest ran in sticky

streams down my body and legs.

Amazingly, after a short break, they changed ends and Ken had to sit through a

second performance before he was allowed his turn. While the two guys left the

room to freshen up, I managed to quickly wipe down my body. Ken beckoned me over to where he was seated, his trousers were already open and he was holding his erect prick in his hands. He leaned back on the sofa allowing me to straddle his

legs and lower myself on to the large fleshy pole he was holding.

I tried unsuccessfully to smother a scream as a good ten inches of his erect

cock slid with ease all the way into to my by now well lubricated hole.

Clutching on to his legs, I began, much to his obvious pleasure, to raise and

lower my body, squeezing his prick as I did so. His hands clutched onto my

breasts, his fingers digging painfully into the firm, fleshy globes. As I had

already been successfully fucked twice already, I was in no hurry to finish, and

he was gasping with pleasure as I rode him until with a cry, he erupted deep

inside me.

As we clung together, and our lust subsided, I felt the wonderful sensation of

his prick, having completed its work, beginning to shrink inside me. At last,

and a little unsteadily, I managed to ease myself off him. I made my way to the

bathroom, and after stripping off my by now tattered stockings, took a long hot

shower to revive my aching body which I knew would be put to further use during

the next few hours.

Ken left us a little while after that, and I spent the night as the meat in a

sandwich in a king-sized bed. The two Japanese guys were insatiable; they both

took me again twice before we finally all fell into a deep sleep. I was rudely

awakened in the morning as a hard prick again slid into my by now very tender

pussy.

Again they both took their pleasure of me before being interrupted by the

doorbell; it was the waiter with our breakfast. After the amount of effort and

energy I had expended over the last eight hours, I quickly devoured the large

breakfast with obvious pleasure. Afterwards, I showered my abused body and

slipped back into my dress, the only item of clothing I had left to wear, and

just in time for the company limo to arrive and take us all back to Hinkerman's.

When we arrived, Ken was waiting for us and all three of them thanked me for the

pleasure of my company. I must have looked a bit of a sight as I made my way

back to my own office. It was ten in the morning and I was still wearing a

rather revealing evening dress.