**The Shop Assistant Ch. 01**

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Mr. Conrad Jenkins the proprietor of 'Jenkins groceries' looked at his little shop assistant with dissatisfaction.

She was a plain little thing with frizzy brown hair and squinty little blue eyes in an ordinary face, the freckles running across her nose made her look about twelve instead of her actual twenty six years old. She was quiet and serious and timid, she was also unfortunately very clumsy.

"Mandy." He called across to her his voice telling her she was in trouble AGAIN.

"Yes Mr. Jenkins." She scuttled over to him her eyes showing her anxiety and distress.

"You dropped something in the store room again, didn't you?" he accused.

She looked down at the ground and nodded her head miserably. "I'm sorry Mr. Jenkins, but that bottle of lemonade just slipped out of my hands, and I did try and clean it up."

Mr. Jenkins gave an exasperated little sigh. "I'm sorry Mandy, but this is one time too many. I'm afraid that I'm just going to HAVE to let you go." He told her regretfully.

"Oh Please Mr. Jenkins, give me another chance! I promise to try harder." She looked up at him with little pleading eyes. "I really need this job." She whispered tearfully.

He gave another little sigh as he glanced at his watch, the phone in his office started to ring.

"Go and lock the door and change the sign to closed, and then come back to the office." He didn't wait for her to respond, just headed for the phone.

Miserably Mandy went and locked the main door and turned the sign around. She turned off the shop lights as she came back through and quietly entered his office.

Mr. Jenkins indicated the chair across from him and she sat down in it.

Mandy surreptitiously studied him as he talked on the phone. At forty five years old she considered him to be an oldish man, with greasy slicked back dark hair and a long thin face. She supposed that he would have been nice looking if one of his brown eyes had not been a little bit wonky, so that you were never quite sure where he was actually looking. He also had a slightly lecherous manner about him that had always made her a bit nervy around him.

He finished his conversation and hung up the phone. He looked across at the little mouse sitting miserably opposite him and sighed in frustration.

"So where were we?" he asked impatiently.

"You were going to give me one last chance?" she asked hopefully her eyebrow rose in what should have been a questioning manner but came across as a little haughty.

Mr. Jenkins gave a little grunt of surprise at this tiny display of spirit in the girl. It was the first time she had looked him in the eye and he felt a little stirring in his trousers. She was not actually too bad looking when you looked at her properly, and his interest quickened.

He licked his lips as he savoured a thought or two.

"You said that you really needed this job?"

Mandy blinked at him in surprise but nodded her head hopefully. "I do." She whispered from a suddenly dry mouth."

"How badly do you need this job?" he asked her quietly.

Mandy looked at him in confusion, "what do you mean?" she asked quietly.

He leaned across his desk a little to look at her better. "Well, what would you be prepared to do to keep your job?" he asked suavely not giving her any clue to his building excitement.

"I don't know." She whispered, "Anything!"

He leaned back in his chair a strange smile on his face. "Shall we put that to the test?"

"How?"

He stroked his chin a couple of times as though he was thinking. "How about," he said carefully, "if you agree to do whatever I tell you to do for the next, let's see...the next hour?"

Mandy looked more confused than ever. "I already do what you tell me to do, you're my boss?" she reminded him stiffly.

"Ah yes, but this is not about work. This is something else." He paused for a moment, "so what do you say? If you stay in this office for the next hour and do what I tell you to do, then I'll give you another chance. But if you leave," he frowned at her, "then don't bother coming back."

Mandy nodded as she swallowed a lump in her throat, she had a very bad feeling about this and she most definitely did not like the look in Mr. Jenkins eye.

As he leaned back in his chair he tented his finger and rested his chin on them.

"So Mandy what if I tell you to open your blouse?"

She let out a little gasp of surprise, but with shaking fingers she undid the buttons on her blouse working her way up until there were none left to undo.

"Open it all the way. My, that's a pretty bra. Pull it down so that I can see you perky little tits. Yes that it. Now pinch you nipples - make them stick out. Oooh, don't they look nice."

Mandy could see him fumbling behind his desk and she dreaded to think what he was doing behind there.

"Open your legs for me Mandy, that's it a bit wider so that I can see your pretty panties, pull your skirt up for me, right up, that's it that's a good girl."

His arm was jerking and there were beads of sweat on his forehead.

"Now then, pull your panties to the side so that I can see that juicy little clit of yours."

He was starting to huff a little and he was going a bit red in the cheeks.

"Are you wet Mandy? Is your clit all wet and excited? Stroke it for me, now lick your fingers and tell me how you taste."

Mandy did this pulling a face, "I taste and I smell musky and I don't like it."

He gave a little snigger, "well you had better just keep stroking it then." He told her firmly. "Finger yourself Mandy rub it really hard until you get wet and swollen."

Mandy began to rub and hated it when she realised that it felt quite good. She could feel herself getting wet and her fingers seemed to be being swallowed up by her flesh as it swelled around them.

"Oh yes Mandy put your fingers right in and really rub hard."

Mandy closed her eyes as she slid her fingers inside and a wave of pure pleasure washed over her. She began to move her hand in a pumping motion getting a little faster and little harder.

She opened her eyes as she felt her orgasm coming on. Mr. Jenkins arm was really going some and his face had gone a purplish colour. Suddenly his eyes rolled back and a look of euphoria washed over his face.

Mandy closed her eyes tight as she breathed her own orgasm her cum washing all over her hand.

She sat up straight in the chair her breathing a little shaky and looked across at Mr. Jenkins with tear filled eyes at the thought of her humiliation. "Is that it? Can I go now?" she asked bitterly.

Conrad Jenkins narrowed his eyes at her. "Not yet, I think I need to be sure you've learned your lesson. Come over here."

Mandy walked over to him and he positioned her so that she was resting her bottom on the edge of his desk and looking down at him as he sat in his chair.

He held his hand open to her and showed her the disgusting mess in the palm of his hand.

"Now then I want you to bend forward and lap this up like a cat."

Mandy thought she would throw up but she bent forward to cup his hand in hers. Mr. Jenkins tweaked at her hanging nipples and she let out a little gasp of surprise, and pleasure.

She lapped up his disgusting, foul tasting, still warm, mess, loving the feel of his fingers on her nipples.

By the time she had cleaned his hand, she was shaking.

"Now then Mandy," he said a trifle unsteadily, "I want you very slowly, to strip for me." He pushed back his swivel chair so that she had plenty of room.

She was already half undressed with almost everything on display, so her strip tease was a bit of a short lived affair, and there she was naked in front of him, shivering slightly in the coolness of the room.

"Now I want you to kneel down between my legs, and put me in your mouth." He told her quietly. "I want you to suck me until I'm nice and hard again."

Mandy did this and Mr. Jenkins grabbed a hand full of her hair. "oh yeah Mandy do it like that, yes when you've got it hard I want you to stand up and go and bend over my desk.

Mandy sucked and slobbered all over Mr. Jenkins dick, struggling as it swelled and throbbed. She heaved a couple of times, but carried on until his was rock hard again and then she stood up and went and bent over his desk.

"Spread your legs." He whispered from just behind her.

He wound one arm tightly around her waist to hold her firmly in place against him. Then with on thrust he pushed his dick right inside her all the way up to his balls.

Mandy let out a surprised little squeal, which turned into a tortured little groan as he pumped away. She couldn't believe how excited she felt at being violated by him in this way.

"Finger yourself Mandy you'll enjoy it more like that." He gasped as his hand snaked up to pinch at her nipple again.

Harder he thrust and tighter he pinched and faster she rubbed, until with a great heaving gasp from him, he flooded inside her to send her spiralling into her own orgasm.

With a little grunt Mr. Jenkins pulled out of her, and fastening his trousers he went and sat back in his chair again. He looked across at her with narrowed eyes as with shaking hands she pulled her own clothes back on.

"So Mandy now you know what to expect if you keep breaking things." He told her quietly.

She looked across at him but couldn't quite meet his eyes. "Yes Mr. Jenkins." She whispered.

"So go home and I'll see you in the morning at nine o'clock sharp, don't be late."

"Good night Mr. Jenkins." She scurried from the room closing the door behind her and grabbed at her coat as she headed for the back door. "Of all the cheek." She muttered crossly to herself. "I'm NEVER late."

As she went to wait for her bus she wondered idly what he would do if she WAS late?

She knew that later, in bed she would remember what he'd done to her and she knew that she would masturbate and cum again.

Oh well at least she'd managed to keep her job – for the moment!