

Snowed in with the boss

When John became stranded with his bitch boss Rita and she fell in a frozen pond, he saved her life by the heat of his body. Little did he realise that she would repay him by offering her reluctant body to him, or that she could change into a willing partner.

MF, rom, spank

When Rita took over as departmental head, the working environment in the department changed abruptly. She had been head hunted from another company when George took early retirement. He had been an easy boss to get on with. He had a natural authority and had been with the company since a pair of young entrepreneurs set it up thirty years before, but his health had deteriorated, partly due to the way he drove himself, and when his doctor told him he was killing himself, he took the hint and quit. Under his guidance his staff had worked extremely hard, but he was such a competent man manager that no one ever complained, and the department always met its targets.

Rita was a very different proposition. She was in her early thirties and had made her way up the promotion ladder at her old firm by a combination of great ability and total ruthlessness. She was very much a woman in what was primarily a man's world, and she was prepared to trample any one underfoot to get to the top. This new job was going to bring her a fresh challenge that she planned to meet head on, and she didn't propose to court popularity to succeed, and, as a result, she soon became thoroughly unpopular, not only with the men but the women also. Her arrogance was exacerbated by the fact that she was brilliant at everything except personal relations, so that there was no chink of incompetence in her armour.

Just to add salt to the wounds, she was a very good-looking woman. She dressed very soberly, always wearing business suits, usually with knee length skirts, shoes with reasonably high heels and dark stockings, showing off slim ankles. She always wore white blouses, buttoned to the neck, and no jewellery. Her hair was pulled back from her face, and she wore no make up, although she spent quite a lot of time and money on skin creams. The end product was to make it clear that she was a manager first and a woman second. Inevitably the discussions that went on behind her back - mainly in the men's toilets - was centred on, firstly, what a bitch she was, and, secondly, what she would look like naked, and some of the younger men talked about the possibility of putting her in the family way to get rid of her. Needless to say, no one had any suggestions about how that might be achieved - as one man said "She'd take you in and blow you out in bubbles!" So, several months passed in a state of uneasy truculence. There was no doubt that she was achieving good results, but several of the staff were actively looking for other jobs.

When George had been due to retire, it was generally expected that John would inherit his position. He had been George's deputy for several years

and was a competent and loyal employee, generally highly regarded within the company, and this would certainly have happened if the company had not taken on a new young Human Resources Director (that's Personnel Manager for those of you older readers) who believed that anyone who had been in the same job for more than a year could have no ambition and was unsuited for promotion. Thus, John was overlooked, and this did little for his morale. However, he liked his job and was prepared to give Rita time to settle in and see if he could get along with her, but, after a few months, he started looking for other work as he couldn't tolerate the regular criticism and bossiness. Ironically, she had a very high regard for his work, but would never admit it to him, as she thought that the best results were achieved when people were afraid for their jobs.

John was thirty-eight years old, tall and good-looking. He had married young, and was happily looking forward to being a father, when his wife was killed in a car crash. Left a widower at thirty, he still lived in the house he and his wife had had built together, and had several desultory affairs, but never found a woman with whom he could consider living on a long-term basis. As he had no one to go home to, it was easy for him to put in extra hours, or to make visits to customers which could involve several days away from home. Needless to say, Rita exploited this ruthlessly, and he found himself doing much more travelling than before. This had the advantage of getting him away from Rita's constant carping, but also gave her the opportunity to deal directly with his staff while he was away, often reorganising projects that he had set up.

He had spent many hours recently with the rest of his staff compiling a bid for a major project which would be worth a substantial amount over a long period of time, and would take the company to a very high standing in their world. When the detail of the bid was finished, work began on how to present it to the client. Although the written submission would be all-important, the client had asked that all bidders should make a one-hour personal presentation, and it was obvious that this would carry a lot of weight in the bid process. Rita had decided that she would lead the presentation with John in support, and after many hours of argument and re-writes, the final decision was made as to how it would be done, and the two of them rehearsed it in front of the rest of the staff to ensure that they were word perfect, with a question and answer session to ensure that they were on top of all the details that might be questioned.

As the client's premises were a hundred miles away, and the presentation was timed for eleven o'clock, Rita decided that she and John should drive there the night before and spend the night in a hotel close to their destination. On the day the weather was not good, with snow in the air. Rita normally drove a Range Rover, but this was being serviced so she borrowed a Japanese 4x4 from Jake, a colleague. They left work early, going home to change and pick up their overnight gear, then Rita drove to John's house to pick him up. He was surprised to see her wearing jeans and a big sweater, sensible in the circumstances, but the first time he had seen her out of business clothes, and it made her a bit more human, also showing off a pleasant looking arse!

By the time they left it was beginning to snow more seriously, and as they drove northwards it became quite thick. However, they made good progress on well-salted motorways till they were within about fifteen miles of their

destination, when suddenly the traffic came to a halt, and soon afterwards they heard on the traffic radio that the road was closed by a major accident. By chance, they were approaching a junction, so Rita drove along the hard shoulder so that they could leave the motorway, and turned onto a two-way road that would take them to where they needed to be, but, after a few miles, this road was also blocked by an accident.

'We passed a road off to the left a few hundred yards back, I'll turn and we'll try that'

'It didn't look much of a road to me' said John 'I'm not sure you'll get far'.

'Don't be negative, man. We'll get there'.

John was very doubtful, but he decided to keep quiet. Rita turned the car around and soon turned off onto a little by-road leading into some woodland. After a couple of miles, the snow was getting deeper and John was getting concerned, especially as he wasn't over impressed by Rita's driving, after she had a couple of slides. She sensed his concern.

'It's all right John, I've got lots of experience driving 4x4s '

'Maybe, but you normally drive a Range Rover, it's a damn sight more sophisticated than this load of Jap crap. It's got clever traction control systems and so on.'

Even as he spoke, they went round a gentle bend and the vehicle slid completely out of control across the road sideways and finished up firmly against a tree, and all of Rita's efforts to drive it off were unsuccessful. She was cursing, then finally admitted defeat. The snow had stopped falling and the moon was out, showing them a view of a small house lying back from the road.

'There's a house there, I'll go and see if anyone's at home.'

Rita spoke, and was quickly out of the car and walking briskly towards the house through the snow. John's door was jammed against the tree, and he had to climb across to get out, pausing on the way to open the glove box and take out the torch that John knew that Jake kept there, from having borrowed the vehicle before. He had just got out, and was pulling on his anorak as he heard a scream from Rita. He ran towards her and found that the level snow covered an ornamental pond, and Rita had crashed through the thin ice and fallen full length into the icy water. She had struggled to her feet and was crawling out as he got there, and he gave her a hand to pull her to her feet. He led the way to the house, treading carefully to avoid any other unforeseen traps. When they got to the door of the house and knocked, it was soon clear that there was no one there, but when he turned the latch, the door opened.

He shone the torch around, and got an immediate feeling of *déjà vue*. It was a small wooden chalet of a type that his father owned, and looked as though it came from the same set of drawings. He found a light switch and turned it on, with no effect, and he guessed rightly that it would normally be powered by a small motor generator set. However, there were a couple of liquid gas lamps, and he found some matches and lit them both, lighting the place up quite brightly. He saw that there was a big wood-burning stove, ready laid up, and he turned to Rita, who was fiddling with her mobile phone.

'I can't get a signal, my phone must have got wet' she fumed.

'I doubt you'll get a signal here anyway, but I'll try mine.'

He tried, but with the same result.

'We're just going to have to stay here till the morning.'

'But this place is freezing, and I'm soaking wet.'

'I'll light the fire and these stoves heat up pretty fast. You'd better get out of your wet clothes.'

She didn't reply, and he went and lit the fire. Within a few minutes it was starting to burn well. He went over to the kitchen alcove and found a bottle gas cooker, and he turned on the bottle and lit one of the rings. Fortunately, the gas was propane, not methane, which would have frozen at those temperatures. He found that the kettle had water in it with a layer of ice, which he broke before putting it on to heat. Rita had not spoken while he was doing these chores, and, when he turned around, he was horrified to see her standing trembling and blue with cold.

'Get those wet clothes off before you freeze' he said, but she was incapable of speech or action, and he realised he had a real problem on his hands.

He decided that he would have to undress her himself, and he pulled her jumper up over her head as she limply raised her arms to allow him. She had a tee shirt underneath, and that was soaked, so it soon followed the sweater. Then he undid the waistband of her jeans, pulled down the zip and pulled the garment down to her knees, then pushed her onto a seat so he could take off her shoes and socks and pull the jeans right off. He took the torch and went into the washroom where he found a big towel and a towelling robe. She was still sitting where he had left her, and he pulled her to her feet. He took in briefly the plain and unsexy white knickers and bra, both wet, and decided they would have to come off as well. She said nothing as he turned her round to unclip the bra, which dropped down her arms, and to push her knickers down to the floor, lifting each leg in turn to remove them. Then he turned her round and freed the bra from her arms to remove it, leaving her naked.

It was an indication of how serious he found the situation that he didn't really notice what her body looked like. He took a towel and began to vigorously dry her, trying at the same time to help restore the circulation to her cold skin. He got her dry, then put the robe on her and began to rub her skin firmly, her back, her shoulders and hips and belly, then her legs, and after a bit she seemed to be shivering a bit less. He examined the bed, and found that it was ready for use, so he pushed her down onto it and covered her with the duvet. Then he went to the kitchen and searched the cupboard, finding a tin of drinking chocolate, and he filled two mugs with water from the hot kettle and mixed in a generous quantity of the brown powder.

He took the drinks over to the bed and sat Rita up. He offered her the hot drink, but when she tried to hold it she was shaking so much that she could not hold it. He had to support her head while he offered the hot liquid up to her lips, and she managed to drink a little, which seemed to ease her shaking a little. He sat by her as he drank himself, but as soon as he released her she grasped his knees and sat curled up, still shaking violently. He was afraid that she would not survive unless he did something, and, as he said to her later - much later - desperate times demand desperate actions, and he could only think of one heat source to defrost her - himself.

John went and made up the fire, which was now burning brightly, and he closed the dampers a little so that it would not burn out too quickly. He arranged a couple of chairs in front of the fire and hung Rita's clothes on them to dry. Already the cabin was beginning to feel much warmer, and would soon be up to a comfortable temperature. He turned out one of the gas lamps, then went over to the bed and stripped off all of his clothes, shivering a little as he did so. He pulled down the bedclothes and pulled Rita up to a sitting position, then opened her robe and pushed it down from her shoulders. After a bit of pulling and pushing and rolling her from side to side, he managed to take the robe off and leave her naked, and still shivering violently. He climbed into bed beside her and drew the bedding up over them, then drew her firmly into his arms. He was shocked at how cold her body still felt as he moved so that he was half laying on her and in contact with her from head to toe, one of his legs pushed between hers and the other draped over her. It was a job to hold her close as she was still shaking with the cold, but he had one arm round her and started rubbing her back, long strokes from the shoulder to her buttocks, as hard and as quickly as he could.

He was so concerned about what he was doing that at first it didn't really dawn on him that here he was, with the hated boss naked in his arms to do what he wished with. As her body slowly thawed, he became conscious of how pleasant it felt against him, but then he managed to put it out of his mind with the thought that it was just a patient receiving therapeutic treatment, and he was the practitioner in this case. After a while her body stopped shaking and her breathing became deeper and more regular, and he realised that she was asleep. After a while, he said quietly 'Turn over, there's a good girl' and she did as he asked and rolled over. He drew her back against him so that she was still benefiting from his warmth, and once again her deep breathing told him that she was asleep. He lay for some time, his arm round her waist holding her close. He felt a mild stirring of his penis, but felt no real urge to follow up the animal instinct, and soon he too was asleep.

A beam of winter sunlight through a crack in the shutters wakened him, and he got out of bed and checked the fire and put a kettle on the gas ring. He had quite a substantial erection, but it was only a piss hard, and he walked past the bed and into the bathroom to relieve himself, then back into the living room to put his clothes on. He saw that Rita's eyes were following him round the room, though she said nothing. He went and fetched her clothes, and brought them over to the bed.

'Feeling better now?' he asked.

'Yes, thanks, but I need my work clothes, I can't go in jeans, nor can you.'

'It's nearly nine o'clock, we'd better move fast if we are to get to the presentation on time.'

'Oh my God, we're stuck here, there's no way we'll make it.'

'Not impossible, I looked out the bathroom window and the snow's melting fast. I'll go and see what I can do about the car while you get dressed.'

He had noticed that there was a door leading off the kitchen area, and, when he opened it, he found a storeroom cum tool shed, and hanging from a peg was a small hand operated winch. He put on his topcoat and went out to the car

and found that it wasn't badly stuck. He was fortunate that there was a tree on the side of the road opposite the car and, by fixing the winch to the tree and the hook to the car's towing ring, he was able easily to winch the car sideways clear of the tree against which it was jammed. He then tried to open the boot to get their suitcases, but the lock had frozen and he couldn't shift it, so he returned to the house to give Rita the bad news about her clothes. She was wearing a robe over her undies, and she just said 'Shit!' and put on her jeans and sweater.

'We'll just have to dream up a story to explain our dress, but it'll be better than not arriving at all.'

'Just tell them the truth about the boot lock - we don't need to say where we passed the night.'

'OK, let's go.'

John shut the fire down and they left, leaving the door unlocked as they had found it, while Rita left her business card and a note to the owner to contact her. John had the car keys and when he got in the driver's seat Rita opened her mouth to complain, then thought better of it and left him to drive. He drove quickly and well over roads still slippery in places, and they arrived at the client's premises half an hour before the appointed time, and were ushered in to the Managing Director's office. After Rita had made their apologies for their casual dress, Roger, the MD welcomed them with surprising news.

'Your competitors aren't here yet. They both phoned to say that they had left the journey till this morning and they are snarled up in a major motorway crash and don't expect to be here till after lunch. Now, as I'm sure you know already, any bidder who did not present his bid by eleven o'clock this morning would be automatically excluded. As you are the only bidder to meet the deadline, the business is yours if you if you put your bid on the table now.'

'And if we don't.'

'Well, we've got to have a supplier, so I'd have to put back the deadline till - say three o'clock.'

'May we have a quick discussion, please?'

'Sure, stay here. It's five to eleven. I'll be back at eleven, if your bid's not on the table, I'll defer till three.'

He left the office, and Rita turned to John, and startled him by asking his opinion.

'What would you do, John? And why?'

'If we get the business this way and there are any problems, they'll start thinking that they might have done better with one of the others, and life will get hard, so I'd wait. I think it might give us a slight advantage on a moral plane, and remember Roger is a God botherer, and I guess morals count a bit with him. Anyway, I've got confidence in our bid, haven't you.'

'Right, I agree.'

When Roger came back in, there was no bid on the table.

'I'm delighted. I would have hated to award a contract by default. Mind you, I'll be telling them in no uncertain terms what I think of them for not having the sense to travel the night before for something as important as this. I'll expect your bid to be on the table at three o'clock.'

Rita and John walked out to the car and got in.

'Let's go the hotel. We can get lunch and change, if the boot lock has thawed.'

'You startled me by agreeing to the delay. This isn't the hard nosed businesswoman I'm used to, why the change.'

'Well, you gave one good reason. The other is that we'll have to work with one of the other two on the Ministry job that's coming up. If they think we've shafted them, they can make it difficult for us. Anyway, I've got confidence in what we're presenting, and I reckon we've got some brownie points already, just by being sporting. Mind you, if I'd thought we wouldn't win anyway I'd have taken his offer. They don't bloody well deserve to win. Even if the weather hadn't been crap, leaving the journey till today was absolutely stupid, and it's got Roger wondering if they can be trusted to be reliable suppliers. And, what do you mean by hard nosed?'

'I'm not saying any more. Any way, are you planning to rent a couple of rooms so we can clean up?'

'That's the general idea - I'll feel better in a suit.'

When they got to the hotel Rita explained why they hadn't arrived the night before, but that they wanted rooms to shower and change. The receptionist said that they'd taken the money from their credit cards, but she could let them have one room for a couple of hours free of extra charge. Rita looked at John with raised eyebrows, then told the girl that they would take it, and she gave them the key. John went and checked the car boot lock and found that it had defrosted, so he got their suitcases out, and they went up to the room. When they entered they found that it was a standard room with a large double bed and a small bathroom. Rita opened her suitcase and took out her sponge bag. She turned to face him.

'I'm going to shower. After last night I don't think there's any point in being coy, and there's not a lot of room in that bathroom.'

With that, she pulled her sweater up over her head, then unhooked her bra and took it off. She sat on the bed to remove her shoes and socks, then stood up, undid the waistband of her jeans and pushed them down, taking her knickers with them. She stood and faced him for a moment, then picked up her bag and went into the bathroom, leaving the door open. John watched her go, her firm, round buttocks moving enticingly below her long, smooth back, and he took in briefly the long shapely legs. It was all so quick and unexpected that, as last night, he hadn't really taken in what she looked like. He had just registered a well-toned body with full but firm breasts and a flat belly descending to a dark, hairy triangle.

'What next?' he asked himself. He had no doubt that she was offering her body to him, but he guessed that it was just for a thank you fuck after his efforts the previous night, and he wasn't interested in sex on that basis. Still, why not play along for a bit, and see what she would do. He stripped off his own clothes, took his bag and followed her into the bathroom. There was a big walk in shower with no curtain, and he saw her back view again, and as he looked her hand was pushing the flannel deep in between her arse cheeks. He passed the shower and went to the toilet bowl and had a long, noisy piss, then he went to

the wash basin and started to shave. The shower stopped and in the mirror he could see Rita drying herself. After a bit she hung up the towel, giving him another full frontal view, before she walked past him into the bedroom. He finished his shave, and then he went and showered. After he had dried off he walked into the bedroom, still naked. She was dressed in pants and bra and was busy combing her damp hair. She looked at his naked body as he took clean clothes from his bag and dressed himself, then she stood up and pulled on a pair of tights, then a blouse and skirt before finally putting on her shoes and jacket. No words had passed between them through all these proceedings, until they were both dressed, packed, and ready to go.

'Right, let's go and get some lunch. The hotel restaurant looks quite decent, and we can leave our bags here.'

They went and had a lightish meal, and the conversation between them was strictly limited to confirming how they would run the presentation, though she irritated John by the way she kept querying whether he really knew the script and coming the heavy boss on him. When they had finished they returned to the room. John felt in need of a piss, so he walked into the bathroom and performed, deliberately not closing the door, really just to make the point that, if she wanted to behave like a man, he wasn't going to bother to show her the courtesy that he would normally extend to a woman. After his piss, he began to clean his teeth, and, not really to his surprise, she walked in, hitched up her skirt, pushed down her tights and knickers and sat down, generating a long rush of liquid. Then she took a piece of toilet paper and dabbed her crutch before standing and dressing herself, showing him a flash of pubic hair again, which somehow was sexier than the full nudity. Then they took their bags, checked out and went to the car.

Rita drove to the client, and they were welcomed. They were told that each bidder would be allowed one hour to make its presentation and take questions, and that they would be the last to go at five o'clock. While the other two made their plays, Rita and John were entertained by one or Roger's staff, who showed them around the facility and gave them coffee before returning them to the conference room for the main event. The presentation went absolutely smoothly. They had timed themselves so that there was a quarter hour available for questions. In fact, as they were last, the questioning went on a good deal longer, and, by the time Rita made their winding up address it was well over an hour and a half. Roger was beaming at them at the end.

'Well done. If your product is as good as your presentation, it could well be what we are looking for. I'll be in touch soon, and I'll be asking you to come again and confirm any questions before we make our final choice.'

They left the plant to drive home. Rita was beaming with delight.

'I reckon it's ours. They wouldn't have bothered to keep us over if they hadn't thought we were pretty good. And thanks for your effort, we made a pretty good cross talk act!'

'Oh well, it will certainly make all the work worthwhile if we get the business.'

He was thinking that it wasn't the work he minded, it was the constant nagging and bossiness and interference that got to him. He had been looking for

another job, and thought that, if they won this contract, it would look good on his CV. They drove in silence for some time. Suddenly, Rita spoke.

'Do you mind if I ask you a very personal question?'

'Feel free'

'Did you find my body unpleasant?'

What the hell sort of question was that? He supposed that she couldn't understand why he hadn't take advantage of the sexual opportunities that he had had. She probably had never been rejected before, and couldn't handle it. For sure in other circumstances he would have been only too keen. He hadn't had a serious sexual partner since his wife died, and it was nearly a year since he had had any sort of sex, as masturbation didn't do anything for him. As it was, he thought that, although it had been an opportunity to have sex with a very attractive body, it would have left a bit of a nasty taste that she had let him do it just as a thank you, and would have made working together difficult. So he kept the answer short.

'No.'

He waited for a response, but none came, and his curiosity got the better of him.

'What about the next question?'

'I'm not going to ask it.'

'Why not.'

'I don't like being humiliated, so I shan't take the risk.'

'The reply wouldn't be humiliating.'

'Thank you.'

Suddenly a thought crossed his mind, and he thought he should make one point clear.

'Just in case you've got the wrong idea, I'm not queer.'

'I never for one moment thought that you were. That would have been easier to understand. Oh, by the way, I found a card with the name of the owner of the cabin, and I'll get in touch with him and square things up for our use of the place.'

He realised that she had got some reassurance from his answer, and didn't want to go any further, so he was quiet for the rest of the trip till she dropped him off at his home.

During the next two weeks neither of them mentioned anything about their trip outside the work content. John thought he noticed a subtle change in her behaviour, confirmed when one of his staff told him with amazement that she had enquired after his daughter, who had been ill.

'I didn't realise that that bitch even knew that I'd got a daughter, never mind that she had been ill. She said that I could take time off to take her to hospital if necessary. Bloody worrying, she must be going to sack me or something.'

'Maybe she's got a streak of humanity that we hadn't noticed.'

'Yeah, and there are fairies at the bottom of my garden!'

Then on the second Thursday she called him into her office.

'John, they are going to announce the contract winner, and they've asked if we'd all go to their place on Saturday morning. Apparently Roger has to fly off to the States on Sunday for a fortnight, and he wants to do the announcement himself before he goes, so I've accepted. I assume you'll be available?'

John was tempted to say that he'd got better things to do on a Saturday, but he wanted to be there to hear the result, so he didn't argue. She said that they'd go overnight again.

'This time the weather forecast is good, but I don't want to risk anything going wrong, so I'll pick you up in my car as before. This time we should make it in time for dinner, and I won't fall into any fishponds, so you'll not need to do your rather original paramedic impression.'

Rita drove the Range Rover briskly and they were soon well on the way. To John's surprise, she turned off the motorway at a junction earlier than he would have expected, and he quickly realised that she was taking the same route as she had before when the motorway was blocked, and, after a few miles she stopped the car outside the cabin where they had passed the night. He suppressed the urge to ask what they were here for, and he followed her when she got out of the house and walked to the front door. She took a key from her pocket and unlocked the door, and they went in.

'I contacted the owner and paid him for our last visit, and asked him if we could call again. I thought it might be nice to have our dinner here, and, as he is a professional chef, I've asked him to prepare a meal for us - which you can probably smell cooking.'

John looked round the room. She had switched on the light, and he heard the sound of a small generator set start automatically. The big wood-burning stove was alight, and the place was pleasantly warm. On the stove was a big casserole, simmering gently. The table was ready laid, adorned by cutlery and glasses and with a bottle of wine waiting to be opened..

'You seem to have got everything planned.'

'You know I like to plan, and I want to make up for the slight shambles I drove you into last time.'

They took off their coats, and Rita told him to open the bottle and pour the wine. He did so, and handed one to her, which she took and sipped while she busied herself finishing preparations for the meal. John was rather bemused by what was going on. Why should she want to bring him here again? Unless.....no, surely she wasn't expecting to have sex with him, considering the way he had rejected her when he had the opportunity before. He noticed that the bed was made up, but, then, it had been before, so that couldn't be significant. Whatever, he'd just play it by ear, and see what happened.

While he was cogitating, she had been serving up the meal, which was a magnificent cassoulet, full of savoury sausage, bacon and beans, a real French country dish. This was followed by a steamed treacle pudding with custard, and by the time they had worked their way through that little lot, washed down with a Merlot wine, they had had more than enough. Rita made coffee, and produced a bottle of Cognac, and they sat side by side on the sofa enjoying an excellent finale. It occurred to John that neither of them was in a fit state to drive,

which led him to the obvious conclusion that she expected to stay the night here, but he was, apparently, wrong.

'John, I've arranged for us to be driven to the hotel. The cab should be here in about half an hour - unless...'

'Unless what?'

'Last time we were here you undressed me and took me to bed. I told you once that I wouldn't risk being humiliated, but I'm going to now. Will you do the same again?'

John thought for a moment. The chance to get his own back for all the times she had trampled over him was very tempting. On the other hand, a quick memory of her naked body came back to him, and that seemed a much more attractive option. Not only that, but their shared experience had made him realise that her overbearing manner hid quite an insecure person, and he realised that he was really quite fond of her. Then another thought crossed his mind.

'What about the cab?'

'I could cancel it.'

'But the phone won't work here.'

'Yes, it will. Apparently the transmitter was faulty last time we were here.'

John paused.

'Then you'd better cancel it, hadn't you.'

Rita took out her phone and dialled the taxi firm and cancelled the cab. They sat side by side for some time. John was feeling a little confused. He was so used to being bossed around by this woman and he now suspected that she was really nervous about what to do next, so he decided that he would initiate some action. He stood up in front of her and held out his hands, and, after a brief pause, she took hold of them, and he drew her up to her feet and, holding her at arms length, he looked her up and down. He saw a good looking woman with dark hair drawn back from her face, a chunky sweater just hinting at the generous curves that he knew lay underneath and smart jeans covering her long legs and feet clad in flat heeled shoes.

He took hold of the waistband of her sweater and slowly peeled it upwards and, as she raised her arms, over her head and then off her arms, then he turned it back the right way round, folded it neatly, and placed it on a chair. She was wearing a white bra again, but not the all-covering type he had seen before. This was a lacy confection that only just covered her nipples, which were clearly visible through the mesh, and the upper slopes of her breasts flowed up to her long neck. He crouched down and took off her shoes, then stood and undid the buckle of her belt. The button at the waistband was tight, but he undid it and then pushed the tag on her zip slowly downwards, over her flat belly and over the bulge of her pubic mound. Taking hold of the waistband he pushed downwards until it was round her ankles. She lifted one leg and balanced herself with one hand on his shoulder as he pulled off one leg, then repeated the act for the other, revealing a pair of patterned, hold up, black stockings. As he looked up his face was level with the top of her thighs, and he was looking directly at a pair of lacy white French knickers, through which the dark triangle of pubic hair

was clearly visible. The contrast between the white undies and the black stockings was startling, and, as he looked at the pale flesh exposed between them, he felt his penis start to harden.

He stood up and moved to undo the front fastening bra, but she stopped him. She undid his belt and zip and pushed his jeans down to his knees, swiftly followed by his underpants. He was totally startled by this action, and he stood with his suddenly exposed penis hanging at a slightly aroused angle. She moved away from him and walked over to the bed, and lay down. She lifted her knees and spread them wide. Her hand went to the inside of the loose knicker leg and pulled it to one side. Her vulva was fully visible, the outer lips with their covering of dark hair parted slightly so that the pink inner lips were just visible.

'I want your cock inside me, now, no foreplay, just fuck me quickly.'

He paused for a moment. This just wasn't his way of sex. He liked slow foreplay, gentle caressing, and a slow build up to a final frenzy. On the other hand, the sight of her lying there, legs sprawled and the pink vagina lips peeping out past the crotch of her knickers was arousing, and his penis had grown to its full splendour. He looked at her face, and saw an expression that he didn't understand. He would have thought that it was fear, but if she was afraid, why was she inviting him in this lewd way. The hell with it, if this is what she wanted, he would give it to her, with interest.

He kicked off his shoes and ripped off his jeans and pants. He knelt on the bed between her legs, and leaned forward so that his penis was close to her pussy lips, and he guided it with his hand till it just touched her, and he heard her snatch her breath as he made contact. He felt the warmth of her against the tip of his foreskin, then he did as she had asked and thrust deep into her. He had expected to feel a wet, slippery channel embracing him, but it wasn't like that. The skin was dry and unyielding, and, as he thrust into her, his glans felt as though it was being dragged across fine sandpaper. The situation was made worse because he hadn't been aroused long enough to leak some pre cum, which would have been a lubricant. That she was equally uncomfortable was apparent from the look of misery on her face and the quickly suppressed cry of pain.

He realised that she had not been in any way aroused, and had not released any of her juices to ease his way into her vagina. He thought for a moment of pulling out and forgetting the whole thing. In any case, his erection had half collapsed, and only the friction of her dry passage was keeping him inside. Then a thought occurred to him - could he get her to release some of her magic fluid to improve matters? Perhaps a little stimulation might help?

He moistened a finger with his saliva and slid his hand down between their bellies and pushed her knicker leg further open, then probed gently till he found the top of her crack. He pushed slowly down till he felt the skin of the hood over her clitoris. He moved his finger lightly from side to side, and he felt a little bulge starting to form. He probed under the hood till his finger touched the sensitive spot where her clit was engorging with her blood. As he moved, she made the tiniest of sounds as she took a breath, but this time it wasn't the distressed sound she had made before. Now her clit had enlarged, he could hold out between finger and thumb, and he began squeezing and releasing, as though

he was masturbating a tiny penis. Suddenly he felt a small movement within her vagina as her muscles contracted a little, and his penis started to swell again.

He could feel now that he was no longer being held in a dry grip, and he moved his penis cautiously to withdraw a little. Now it moved easily, so he carefully pulled back till he could feel his glans about to pull out, then pushed back in again, slowly, slowly, and now began to feel the soft slippery texture that told of a woman ready for sex. Her face no longer carried a look of discomfort, and there was a ghost of a smile on her lips. He raised his eyebrows in a questioning mode, and she nodded and whispered 'Yesss'. He withdrew his hand from between her legs, and, supporting his weight on his arms, he began to move, slowly at first. She was looking down, watching his firm penis disappearing into and reappearing from her now swollen and wet pussy lips, and heard the slippery slurping sound of flesh entering flesh.

His need was becoming more urgent, and he began moving quicker, thrusting harder, his pubis grounding hard against hers with every stroke, his cock reaching deep into her channel. He was getting close now, but he really didn't know what was happening to her, except that she clearly wasn't in any distress. He thought briefly about how he could bring her to orgasm with him, but quickly decided that he could worry about that next time - this would be for him. He felt the pressure in his balls, and pulled back till he was nearly outside, then gave one long slow stroke till his glans was hitting her cervix. The hot fluid began its rush along his shaft and the first jet blasted into her, and his cock jerked with the pressure. Again and again and again came the ejaculation, then a couple more less fiercely as he emptied his juice into her, the millions of semen all trying to swim up through her cervix and into her womb. At last it was over, and, after the sudden flood of hot fluid, she felt his cock soften a little.

He rested on his arms, looking down at her smiling face, then leaned down and kissed her lips, softly and briefly.

'Is it OK to kiss the boss - or just to fuck her?' he asked politely.

'I guess so. Now, to more important matters. You seem to be shrinking somewhat, is that you finished for the night? Because I'd rather like you to stay, if you can manage it'

'I'm not sure; it's some time since I tried to do it twice without uncoupling. Perhaps if I just stay here and think about some sexy woman, I might be able to get a teeny, tiny bit harder.'

'Bastard!'

'Quite possibly. Now, let's try a slightly more ambitious kiss, and see if it helps.'

He kissed her lips again, and this time it wasn't brief. Her lips were soft and moist, and they parted slightly under his touch. He slid his tongue delicately forward till he brushed her lips, then pushed a little further and entered the warm cavern of her mouth. Then he began to probe, his tongue passing over hers, up into the roof of her mouth, over her teeth, searching, tasting, and her lips were now parted wide as he savoured her heat. As he probed, he felt a tiny contraction of her vagina, and his penis began to refill with blood. She responded to his tongue with her own, and in turn she thrust into his mouth.

They were soon exchanging tongues, licking and biting, saliva running, lips sliding against each other.

He was no longer on his arms, as she had pulled him down to her and he felt through his tee shirt the swell of her full breasts and her engorged nipples, pushing through the fragile material of her lacy bra. They were in contact from lips to toes, his legs between hers, the swell of her pubis hard against him, his belly sliding on the silky material of her knickers. He could feel the slippery mess as his fluid leaked from her pussy, mixed with her lubricant, which had run copiously once he had excited her clitoris.

'It feels bigger again.'

'I might just risk moving a bit, and, with luck, it won't fall out.'

He moved cautiously, but there was no fear of him coming out by accident. His cock was rock hard, and ready for action. He slid down her body, then pushed slowly back in. This time there were no lubrication problems. Her vagina was soaking wet, and, as he moved there was a little squelching noise, which made her giggle.

'That sounds quite disgusting.'

'Shall I stop, then? I wouldn't want to disgust you.'

'Don't you dare. Just now I want to be totally disgusted.'

He now began to move with more purpose, his body sliding up and down over her, their bellies pressed firm and their heat mingling. He stopped thrusting for a moment and began to move his pubis from side to side across hers, so the root of his cock was being dragged across her clitoris. He realised he had found the right spot when she began to whimper quietly and her breathing became louder. Her vagina was starting to pulse, her muscles gripping and releasing him. He had been amazed at how tight her pussy had been when he first entered her, and now again he felt her tightness. It brought back memories of his first time, with a sixteen year old virgin, but this was a woman in her thirties, and she was much tighter than any woman he had fucked since those very first times, taking Gwen's virginity and finding the joy of sex together.

Now she was dragging him closer to him, her legs spread as wide as possible as she pushed up against him. He felt her urgent need, and he pushed his hands down under her so that he could grasp her arse cheeks. Gripping her firmly, he began thrusting harder and harder. His body was dragging across hers, and he pulled out as far as possible, then thrust in with all his strength. She let out a small scream, and began moaning as she came to her orgasm, as he rammed into her and began to fill her with more of his juice. He jerked again and again, and once more the juice was forced down he canal past his shaft as he pumped out more than he could ever have imagined. She was shuddering, her fingers digging into his back, and they stayed locked together for what seemed for ever, till, at last, they both relaxed, and finally he was collapsed on top of her inert body.

'John, I hate to criticise, but you're heavy.'

'Sorry, Rita, I'm a bit knackered.'

'I'm fucked, I'm glad to say, but I'd be grateful if you rolled over or something.'

He moved down a little and his now soft penis slid out of her slippery vulva, and he rolled to one side of her.

'Hell, I suddenly feel as though a part of me has disappeared, and I'm all empty inside.'

'Sorry, you'll have to stay empty for a bit.'

'Just as well, really, I'm a bit sore. As you realised, I was rather dry when you started on me.'

'Talking of which, what the hell was that all about? Why did you suddenly want a cock in you - just like that?'

Rita didn't answer for several minutes, and John was wondering if she was ever going to speak, but, at last, she replied to him.

'It's a long story that I've never told anyone since it happened. I'll tell you, because you've broken a spell that was on me. Nothing fancy, no wicked fairies, just a wicked bastard that called himself a man.'

'When I was fourteen, my father was offered a good job in Scotland, and it meant moving home for us as a family. As I was in an examination year, my parents arranged for me to spend the three months to the end of the school year with my Aunt Doris, my mother's sister. When I moved in, I was made very welcome by my aunt, but I found my Uncle Eric less friendly. He was my aunt's second husband, as her first husband had died of cancer, and she had remarried about a year before. After a few days I found that he began to touch me every time that he was near me. His hand would just brush against my side or my arm, or sometimes - as if by accident - he would find that he was in my way, and, as I passed him, he would pat my back or my bottom. Then, one day he touched my breast, and I found this totally repulsive. I asked him not to touch me again, and he made a remark about my being "hoity toity". After that he didn't touch me for a bit, but became completely antagonistic towards me.'

'He insisted that I should be in by a certain time, usually nine o'clock, and, when I was late by a few minutes he told me that next time I would be sorry. A few days later I missed the bus and was an hour late getting home. He was waiting for me and told me to go up to my room and wait for him. I feared the worst, and while I was waiting I could hear raised words between my aunt and uncle, then I heard a bang and my aunt screaming in pain. I heard his steps on the stairs and he entered my room. He told me that I was going to get the punishment I deserved, and to take off my knickers. When I refused, he slapped me hard in the face, so I did as he said. Then he told me to get on the bed in a kneeling position. I saw him undo his leather belt and take it off, then he pulled my skirt up over my back, leaving my bottom naked. When the first blow landed, I could not believe the pain, but I made up my mind that I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of hearing me scream, and, although he hit me again and again till I had lost count, I didn't make a sound.'

'At last he stopped, and I thought that the worst was over, but it was only the beginning. He told me I'd got a pretty...cunt, and said he would bet that plenty of boys had put their dirty little cocks in it. I didn't answer, which really enraged him. He turned me over onto my back and pulled my legs wide apart and leered at me. "Now it's my turn to dip into that dirty little hole, and you can feel what a real prick feels like." I knew it would be useless to try and stop him, so I

just lay there and watched him undo his jeans and push them down with his underpants. I don't know how big his penis was, but it was the first time I had seen an erect adult and it looked huge. He knelt between my spread legs, and guided his penis to my vulva. Then he pushed hard, and I felt the rasp of his tool against my dry flesh as he forced his way in. Then he came to my hymen, which blocked his way for a moment. "Christ, I do believe you are a fucking virgin! Well, not any more you aren't" and he ripped into me.'

'I had thought that the beating was bad enough, but this was sheer agony as his revolting cock ripped my hymen apart and drove deep into me. It wasn't just the pain of it, but the degradation of being violated by this disgusting animal was added to by the sudden fear that he might get me pregnant. Fortunately the pain didn't last long, though it was ghastly as he crashed in and out, as his upper body was crushing me and driving the breath out of me. He lasted only a few times before I felt him stop, his cock deep in me, and I felt the spasms as he pumped his filthy sperms into me. At last he was finished, and he pulled out and climbed off me. He looked down and saw that his penis was covered in my virginal blood. Then he got up and came round the side of the bed and grabbed my hair to pull my face against his dripping cock. "It's your blood, you can suck it off" he said and I was so beaten that I just opened my mouth and took his cock into it. Then a reflex action took over, and, as I was tasting the blood and semen, I just clamped my mouth shut and bit off the end of his penis.'

'You did what?' said John. 'You bit off his penis!'

'Just that. My teeth shut, and off it came, like biting into a sausage.'

'Oh my God, I'm shuddering at the thought.'

'Shut up and let me finish.'

'Sorry - go on.'

'Needless to say, my uncle paid no further attention to me. He was too busy screaming and holding the bedding over what was left of his penis to stop the blood. I shot into the bathroom and was violently sick into the toilet, and, when I finished, I flushed his disgusting cock down the drain. In the meantime my aunt had come up, and she phoned for an ambulance. One of the paramedics was a woman, and she noticed that there were bloodstains down my legs. She called the police, then cleaned me up a bit and soon a police doctor arrived and examined me. Uncle was carted off to hospital, and, to cut a long story short, he finished up with a long jail sentence and a divorce, and that was the last I heard of him.'

'I was determined that I wasn't going to let him spoil my life, so I finished the school year with good results, then went back to my parents and went on through sixth form and to University. After that I went through several good jobs and ended up as your boss. The real effect of that teen-age trauma was that, for a bit I hated men - all men, without exception. Then I rationalised my feelings and lost the hatred but not the contempt. I was determined that no man was ever going to get the better of me, and I used every trick in the book, plus some I invented, to get up the ladder, stamping on any man's hands on the lower rungs. So that's how I got to be the boss you know and loath.'

'I never loathed you' said John. 'I certainly didn't like you, but I respect your abilities, and that made you tolerable. But now...'

'What you probably guessed is that I never had any relations with a man outside working relationships. Oh, and not with a woman either, in case you wondered. I just had revulsion at the thought of any sort of sexual contact, even with myself. I've never masturbated, and when I shower, I make it as quick as possible, especially when I'm washing my...my sensitive parts. And then...'

'When you rescued me from that bloody pond - rephrase that, that wonderful pond - I was just grateful that you had done it, but it was only what I would have expected. Then when I started to shiver, I began to lose all thoughts except how cold I felt. When you undressed me and then stripped and got in beside me, it was nothing, just a sort of medical treatment, and when I started to recover, I just went to sleep, as you know. But then, in the early morning I woke up and, for the first time, I realised that I was naked and being held by a naked body - not just a naked body, but a naked male body. You were breathing gently, I was backed up against you and your arm was round my waist, and I could feel your penis against my bottom. For the first time in my life since...since it, I was with a man who didn't threaten me, who felt warm and protective, and I felt that it was just possible that I could be a more whole person. I went back to sleep feeling wonderfully happy, and next thing I knew was when I woke up to see you walking towards me naked and with your penis stuck out. My immediate reaction was fear, remembering that the last time - indeed, the only time - that I had seen an erect penis was when it happened. I was ready to fight you off, but you walked straight past the end of the bed and into the bathroom, and I felt like a child that's had a bag of sweeties snatched away.'

'That wouldn't have been any use or any threat to you' he replied. 'It was just a piss hard, not the real thing. I guess you wouldn't know that a man often wakes up in the morning with an erection, but it goes away as soon as he passes urine.'

'Well, we live and learn - or I do anyway. After that I realised that there was at least a chance that, with the right man, I might be able to have a relationship with a man. Now, please tell me why you didn't touch me here or at the hotel. You must have realised that I was offering myself then?'

'When we were here I was just doing what I could to help someone in trouble, and it wouldn't have mattered who it was. I came to bed with you because I couldn't think of any other way of warming you up, and I must admit I was afraid that you would die - and I really didn't want to get rid of you that much. The circumstances could hardly have been less propitious for a sexual relationship, and I just didn't have any desire for you at that moment. And, at the hotel, I thought that you wanted to pay for what I'd done, with no thought of affection. I don't fuck bodies, no matter how attractive. I like to make love with a women for whom I have a real affection, not just a lust.'

' Well, you certainly seemed pretty affectionate just now. Please carry on like that for the rest of the weekend. Now I've tried sex with someone I ...I like rather a lot, I'd like to try and make up for lost time, if that's all right with you. I'm sure my pussy will be ready to welcome you very soon.'

'Just as well it's not ready just now, as we've got to get up in good time to go to the presentation.'

'I hate to disappoint you, but there isn't any presentation tomorrow. I lied to you, and it's not till Monday afternoon.'

'Bloody hell, you really were sticking your neck out, weren't you. You could have been mega embarrassed if I'd not gone along with your sordid plan.'

'One of us would have had to resign, and I reckon it would have been me. John, I just wanted you so much that I was ready to take any risk. Now you can't imagine how happy I am, and, if it only lasts for the weekend, I'll still have something to remember.'

'I'll try and make it the best for you. Now, let's get some sleep, shall we? I'd like to give you a cuddle when you aren't bloody frozen.'

'Is it OK if I strip first? I'd like to be naked against you again, and perhaps you would return the compliment.'

'It would be a pleasure, madam'

He held her briefly in his arms, feeling the warm softness of her and mentally contrasting it with the cold, semi lifeless body he had rescued at their previous visit. He kissed her gently, then she turned over and fell asleep almost instantly. He couldn't sleep for a while, and he lay with her warm body against him, his arm round her holding her breast, and finally he, too, slept. He woke to the early morning light, and slid out of bed to have a piss, then crept back in again without waking her. As he lay beside her he felt her stir slightly, and, as he moved closer to her, she murmured a greeting. He just said "Hello" and moved close to her, kissing her on the nape of her neck, then nibbled and licked her, progressing upwards to her ear, which he bit, then pushed his tongue into her. She squirmed under his attentions, and he slid his hand round to her breast. His fingertips delicately explored the soft curve, and then he cupped the firm globe in his palm and squeezed it, drawing his hand away so that his fingers finally held her nipple, which grew tumescent under his touch. He rolled the pliant flesh between his fingers, and she gasped as he pulled it firmly, stretching it and pinching it. She moaned quietly as he repeated his attention to the other succulent mound, and, as he pressed harder against her, she felt his penis hardening and intruding between her thighs, and felt an unaccustomed wetness in her vaginal canal as her juices began to run.

John took his hand from her breast and moved down the bed a little, bringing his knees up and pushing hers up at the same time. He took his engorged penis in his hand and moved it so that it was just intruding into her pussy lips. He made a series of small movements, parting the entrance a little further each time, making sure that she was thoroughly lubricated, and felt the warm, wet welcome as he finally slid slowly and gently into the waiting passage. He pushed slowly deeper until his thighs were pressed hard against the firm, pliant cheeks of her arse. He stayed still for some time, savouring the feel of the muscles in her tight canal contracting in response to the small pulses of his swollen member. He put his arm around her waist and moved his hand slowly downwards till his fingers felt the crisp hair, and he went down further till his finger probed the top of her slit. A little further and he felt the hood of her clitoris, and he moved slowly to and fro across it. She made little mewes of pleasure, then

she gasped loudly as he probed under the hood and found the fount of her pleasure, the little bud hardening under his tender caress.

He began to move gently in and out of her canal, sliding joyously in the slippery wetness. He began to move a little faster, and his hand became more urgent in its agitation of her pleasure bud. Now she was audibly responding, each of his thrusts eliciting a gasp of expelled air, and he began to feel a series of contractions gripping his rampant cock. The palm of his hand was pressed into her pubis as his fingers worked their magic, and she was locked against him as he made a quick series of short, hard thrusts. At last he felt the pressure building up in his balls, and he pulled well back, then thrust hard and deep into her, and they both felt the rush of fluid jetting deep into her waiting passage, and he thrust four or five more times, each thrust losing its intensity as his balls emptied of their contents.

They lay, locked together, as his penis slowly subsided and slid out of her loving pussy, and finally he released her.

'Shower first or breakfast?' he asked.

'Breakfast please - I'll get it.'

She stood up and he admired the sight of her firm back and rounded buttocks, moving delightfully as she walked. She put on the kettle and made coffee and toast, and they sat down opposite each other, still both naked. She giggled suddenly

'I'm all wet between my legs, and I can feel your juice oozing out of me.'

'Do you want me to lick it off?'

'Don't be disgusting - you'll be asking me to suck your cock next.'

'Not yet - I'd be a bit scared of your bite reflex, and I'm rather attached to my cock, and I want to stay that way - attached to all of it. But, seriously, I hope that when we know each other a bit better, we might get round to some oral sex.'

'It would bring back too many bad memories, so if you don't mind waiting...'

After breakfast they showered in the tiny cubicle, not big enough for two, then they went out for a walk in the woods. They were like two kids together, chatting away and making silly jokes, finding out about each other. As they had few provisions in the chalet, they drove into the nearest town to buy some food, and had lunch in a sandwich bar. There was a nice looking pub restaurant in the town, so they went and made a reservation for dinner. They returned to the chalet and just sat and talked all afternoon. John quite fancied the idea of more lovemaking, but decided not to push it too hard.

Later they went to the pub and were met by a jolly waitress wearing a short skirt and a lacy blouse over her very ample breasts. She chatted to them and suggested they might like to eat in a curtained alcove, where they would be separated from the other diners. They happily accepted this offer, and sat side by side on a cushioned bench. As they sat John dropped his hand on to Rita's thigh, then gently drew her skirt up over her knees so that he could find her warm thigh over her stockings, and his hand moved slowly upwards over the slippery surface. Then, suddenly, his fingers moved from the firm fabric to the velvety soft smoothness of her skin, and he moved towards the heat of her vulva. He had expected to encounter the elastic of her panty leg, but instead he

slid smoothly through the loose leg of her French knickers and his fingers brushed the soft hair covering her outer lips. As he probed, his fingers parted her lips and he felt that her fluid was already moistening her inner lips, and he slid into the hot, damp channel. She had said nothing, but he heard her make a sharp intake of breath as he pushed deep into her.

Just then the curtain slid aside and the waitress entered. She immediately realised what was going on, and she gave a broad grin and sat down on the bench alongside Rita.

'Let me help' she said, and slid her hand inside the loose top of Rita's dress and under her bra. Rita and John were more than a little taken aback by this action and were too surprised to stop her, and, as Rita found her breast cupped by a warm hand with questing fingers brushing across her hardening nipples, she didn't want to stop her. John realised that the extra caresses were welcome, and he rotated his hand so that his thumb was probing under the hood of her clitoris and rubbing it as it swelled under his touch. The waitress leaned across Rita so that she could kiss John, and next minute all three were exchanging kisses. The plunging tongues and the caresses of her breast and sex sent Rita into a delirium, and John had to put his hand over her mouth to suppress her cries as her body thrashed in an enormous orgasm. At last she quietened and was still, and the questing hands were withdrawn.

'That was fun,' said the waitress. 'By the way, my name is Joan, and I'd love to have a threesome with you two.'

'Thanks for the offer Joan,' replied Rita 'but I'd like a bit more experience on a one to one basis. I'm a bit of a late starter and I need to make up time with this man. Maybe another time?'

The rest of the excellent meal passed with no further excitements, though Rita kept having minor fits of the giggles as she remembered what had gone on. She insisted on paying for the meal, including a hefty tip, and they left after both kissing Joan briefly. When they got into the car, they both burst out laughing, but then John drove off down road, but after a mile or so he turned off into a wooded track and stopped the car.

'Get into the back.' he said, and they both transferred to the spacious rear seat of the Range Rover. He pushed her back onto the seat and knelt on the floor in front of her. He unzipped his fly and pulled out his very hard penis. She lifted her bottom so that she could pull up her skirt, and spread her legs wide so that he could see that, when she had visited the toilet after the meal, she had taken off her knickers. In the moonlight shining into the car, her pussy was dimly visible, not that he needed to see what he was doing. He pushed forward and, at the same time, pulled her forward on the seat so that he could engage the tip of his penis between her waiting lips.

'You can't imagine how near I was to leaping on you and screwing you back in that restaurant.'

'Screwing me or screwing Joan?'

'Both.'

'So you fancy a threesome?'

'Not just now, you're enough. But some time - who knows?'

'Bastard - now get on with it.'

John thrust into her wet pussy, moving firmly till their pubic bones met. He began to move slowly in and out, and her hips were pushing back at him. His movements became quicker, and the sound of his wet organ slurping in her sopping channel was accompanied by her quiet moans as she became more aroused, and he quickly felt the rush of his sperm from his balls and along his shaft before blasting deep into her vagina. He rested buried deep in her as he leaned forward to kiss her succulent lips. Then he slowly withdrew his now flaccid member.

'I hate you coming out of me - I feel all empty. And now I'm oozing your sperm all over the Rangie's seat. Lucky it's leather, it should clean off easily. Give me some tissues, so I can mop it up and stuff some between my legs till we get back.'

He handed her a box of tissues from the seat pocket, and, after she had mopped up a bit and put her knickers on, they got back into the front seats and drove back to the cabin,

'That's the first time I've had a shag in a car. It's all right for an emergency, but I prefer a bed, so let's go and find one.'

'Yes, I agree - obviously I hadn't performed in a car. Still, I'll just add it to a weekend of interesting firsts.'

He drove back to the chalet, and, after a drink of coffee with a glass of brandy, they soon made their way back to the bed. Their lovemaking was gentle, and unhurried. They both realised, without having spoken the words, that they would be together for a very long time, so there was no rush, and that they would have plenty of time to experiment. She did very briefly kiss his penis, but wasn't yet ready to take it into her mouth, and he didn't try to persuade her. They were more than satisfied with long, slow orgasms, and finally fell asleep, again with her spooned against him and with his hand cupping her breast.

Next day they spent a lot of time in bed, making love and finding out about each other. In the afternoon they went for a walk, and while they were walking Rita quizzed John about the way she had behaved as a boss.

'Do all the staff hate me - I've been a right bitch, so I wouldn't be surprised if they do?'

'Well, let's just say that you haven't exactly courted popularity, and there has been the odd adverse comment.'

'I get the feeling that you are understating the case just a little - how about telling me the truth.'

'I'll just say that there have been one or two interesting suggestions made about what a couple of the lads would like to do to you, some of them a bit on the painful side.'

They walked in silence for a while, then she spoke again.

'I've been a right cow, haven't I? You can, perhaps, understand a little of why I've behaved the way I have, to the men anyway, but it's no excuse, really, and perhaps I ought to suffer some of the punishment that they have wished on me.'

'Are you suggesting that you want to submit yourself to these guys and let them carry out their fantasies on you? Because I want you for myself, not to let anyone else touch you.'

'That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me. No, I thought perhaps that you could act as a stand in, and punish me on their behalf - does that sound totally bizarre and perverted?'

'I think I see what you are getting at. I'll give it some thought.'

That was the end of the conversation, and they walked on till they returned to the chalet, but, while they walked, John had recalled one of the suggestions that had been made as to what would be an appropriate punishment for some of Rita's more drastic management decisions, and he recalled one of his colleagues somewhat outrageous ideas. This would certainly make her realise just how badly she had been perceived, and might also be finally pleasurable - for him, and perhaps for her. When they were inside, he poured her a fairly stiff drink of whiskey, and when she had finished her drink he got to his feet and pulled her up. He led her across to the table, pushed her head down onto it, and pulled her skirt up to her waist, exposing the silky fabric of her French knickers.

'What are you doing?'

'Shut up - it's punishment time.'

She started to speak, then stopped. She wasn't used to being spoken to like that, and wondered what was coming next. She soon found out. He took the waistband of her knickers and ripped the garment down her legs, leaving her lovely arse totally exposed, and, before she had time to speak, his hand descended onto her buttock, travelling fast and hard. John was a big man, with big hands that were surprisingly hard, and the impact made her scream.

'You bastard...!' she began, but the second impact shut her up, and the pain shot through her. Her instinct never to admit defeat took over as the blows landed thick and fast, first on one cheek, then the other. She was biting her tongue to stop herself crying out, but, nevertheless, John could hear little whimpers as she tried to keep quiet. After twenty blows, John asked her 'Had enough', and she said, through gritted teeth, 'Yes, thank you.'

She tried to stand up, but he pushed her back down. He picked up a bottle of olive oil that he had placed on the table, removed the cap, and poured a liberal quantity on the crack of her buttocks. As it ran down between the firm globes - glowing bright red from the beating - he pushed his fingers down till he came to her anus, and began to work the slippery fluid into the orifice, till he felt them start to ease into the sphincter. She began to protest, then thought better of it, and, with her head turned, she saw him undo the waistband and zip of his trousers and let them fall to the floor, then pushed his pants down after them. His penis sprung up, fully erect, and he poured some oil into his palm and then coated his member, pushing back his foreskin to expose and lubricate his glans. He moved forward and brought the tip of his cock into contact with her puckered orifice.

'Christ, John, not there.'

He took no notice, and started to push against her. He felt her body yielding to his pressure, and watched his penis slowly penetrating into this secret part of her. She was moaning with pain, and her sphincter was resisting him, but finally the bulge of his glans passed the barrier, and was inside her anal canal. He stayed still for a few moments to allow her to acclimatise to this

intrusion, and then he pressed forward again and continued till his penis was buried in her to its full depth. Again he gave her the chance to get used to his intrusion, then drew back, then forward again. She was moaning a little, but the noise had changed, it sounded more like pleasure than pain. He reached one hand under her body and grasped a breast, which he squeezed, then took her nipple and tweaked it, feeling it grow under his touch. His other hand slid under her belly till his fingers found her engorged clitoris, which he caressed firmly. Now the noise she was making was definitely one of arousal and pleasure, and, as his movements became faster and harder, she was crying out to him.

'You bastard, this is bloody wonderful you filthy sod...oh Christ, do that harder.. yes, that...ooooh God, ooooooh.'

Her voice became incoherent as she pushed back against his moves, and she finally howled loudly as her body spasmed against him. He, too, was ready to come, and he rammed his penis hard and deep as he shot jet after jet of his fluid deep into her anal orifice. At last he was done, and he leaned over her and kissed her ear.

'So do you promise to be a good girl in future?'

'As long as you do that occasionally to remind me.'

He drew back, and his now limp cock pulled out of her sphincter with a rather obscene squelch, and he saw his sperm fluid running out of her gaping orifice. She stood up and turned towards him.

'Sorry boss, perhaps I should have given you a bit of warning.'

'Was that really what they wanted to do to me?'

'It was one of the more colourful suggestions, there were others which would have left a more lasting impression.'

'What do I do now to put things right?'

'Just be as nice to the rest of the staff as you have been to me - but without the sex, of course. Keep that for me.'

'Hmm. I might be tempted to see if I enjoy it more with one of the other men at work - Tony, for instance.'

Tony was one of the younger men who had suffered from her tongue, and it was he who had made the suggestion that John had just executed, but John had no intention of telling her that.

'If you do, you'll find out what a real spanking feels like. You're mine now.'

'Quite the little caveman, aren't you. Are you planning to marry me then?'

'Yes.'

'And suppose I say no?'

He pulled her to him, then sat down with her dragged over his knee, pulled up her skirt again and gave her buttock a gentle tap.

'All right, I give in. Yes, you brute. Now, seeing that your cock is still on display, let's see if I can use it.'

She stood up and removed her knickers, which were still draped round her ankles. His cock was starting to rise, and she dropped to her knees in front of him, parted his legs, and brought her face down to his crotch. She took hold of him and began to lick along the length of his shaft, then put her mouth over the end and pushed his foreskin back with her lips. She suddenly had a memory of the only other time she had had a penis in her mouth, her uncle's, and

wondered if John was also remembering what she had told him about what she had done to that. She released him and laughed at John.

'It's all right, I promise I won't bite. Anyway, it looks ready for action.'

She hitched her skirt up and straddled his lap. She wasn't quite sure of the geography of their bodies in this position, but John guided her over his now rampant penis and, with his hands under her arse cheeks, lowered her so that he slid into her welcoming vagina, till they were locked together.

'Now what do I do?'

'Just move around till you feel right, if it's good for you it will be for me. Here, let me help.'

He lifted her a little, then lowered her again, and she quickly got the hang of it and positioned herself so that she could rise and fall on him. She moved more and more quickly, and her luscious pussy was sliding up and down as the muscles in her canal began grasping at him. He responded by pushing back at her, and soon the sound of their mating became louder as her thighs slapped down on his and the slippery slurp of their wet organs became faster. She was fast coming to her orgasm, and she took hold of his head and her mouth engulfed him as her tongue thrust into his mouth. Their mouths hungrily searched each other, when she suddenly released him and stopped moving on him, while his cock was deep into her pussy, and her muscles began gripping it hard. The movement was all that was needed to make him ejaculate and he pumped his juice deep into her as she went rigid with her orgasm.

They stayed locked together while they both came down from the heights of their orgasms, and at last they relaxed. She kissed him, gently this time, then withdrew so that his penis slid out of her vagina.

'That was fun' she said.

'Glad you enjoyed it. Only problem is that this chair is bloody hard, so I'd like to get up now, if you don't mind.'

They went and showered, then she made lunch. After that, it seemed sensible to go back to bed and expand her knowledge of sexual positions and related activities. They didn't sleep too much that night, and in the morning they had a quick check on how much she had learned before going off to their meeting to accept the contract that was offered to them.

And after that...

Tony said to John a few months later 'What the hell's happened to Rita. She's suddenly totally human. What did you do to her when you went to that contract meeting?'

'I did what you said you wanted to do.'

'What...you don't mean...?'

'Smacked her arse and then fucked it.'

'Yeah, a likely story. Whatever it was, I just hope it lasts. By the way, she seems to be putting on a bit of weight. You haven't got her in the club, have you?'

'You'll find out soon enough. By the way, would you like to be my best man?'

