

Off Duty

Off Duty

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Catherine had been looking for more from her life.....little did she know how much more life had to offer.

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Off Duty : Chapter 1

Catherine Wilson, called Crafty by her closest friends, was driving to work and lost in thought.½ By all common definitions, she was a successful woman.½ Dressed in her DVF silk dress and expensive shoes, she was the epitome of sophistication and beauty.½ There weren't many places she went where she wasn't noticed by both men and woman.½ She looked ten years younger than her actual age and had been fortunate enough to accumulate more wealth than she'd ever dreamed.½ However there was something missing.½ Her friends would tell her that she needed a man in her life, but that was oversimplification.½ She'd dated many men and even though several of them had been intriguing, both emotionally and sexually, none of them completely satisfied her.½ She kept a busy life, so she didn't dwell on it, but lately her thoughts kept drifting to this unexplainable void in her life.

Arriving at work, she lost herself in her normal chaotic day.½ She ran a modeling agency and although it was small it was exhilarating for her to help young people realize their dreams.½ She'd done quite a bit of modeling in her younger days and had always been turned off by the agents and managers.½ They were devious and mostly rude and she vowed to do things differently.½ She put her models first and made sure that anyone working with them understood it would be done by her rules.½ It sometimes lost her business, but her clients and their parents were grateful for her ethics and compassion.½ During a break in the day she checked her calendar and remembered that her closest friends were going to a new club that night and she was excited as it would be something fun to do and it would help keep her mind off her problems.

She interviewed a new male model right before noon and she immediately realized that he was older than normal for a new client.½ Within minutes she sensed that he was already jaded by the business and it was clear that he was sending her signals that he'd be more than willing to do whatever it took to become a client.½ She wanted to giggle at the thought, but the longer she let the thought dwell in her mind, the more she noticed his raw physique and piercing eyes.½ He'd certainly find work modeling, but she wondered if he knew his way around a woman's body; the last thing she wanted was some bumbling boy who didn't know how to push her buttons.½ She crossed her legs and got lost in thoughts of him bending her over her desk and taking her swiftly from behind.½ She finally came to her senses when she realized her office was quiet and he was looking at her; her legs to be precise.

She glanced down and saw that she must have absentmindedly been rubbing her hand along the opening of her wrap dress.½ It had fallen open and the lace of her vintage black slip was on display.½ She slowly crossed her legs and then fixed her slip and dress giving him just a flash of one stocking top as she did so.½ His eyes flashed wide and she could see that he was hoping for more than just a peek up her dress.½ As she stifled an imaginary yawn, she stretched pulling the silk dress tight across her full breasts and causing the hem of the dress to ride higher exposing her slip again.½ She felt like a seductress and enjoyed the obvious lust that was flaring up in this young man that was probably 20 years younger than her.½ She sat and stared at him for a while and let him simmer and she wondered if her hardening nipples were visible to him as her own arousal rose.½ She finally told him that she would consider his application, but she really didn't think that he was a fit for her agency.½ He appeared like he was going to try and convince her otherwise, but then he shrugged his shoulders as if to say no big deal.

However, when she went to shake his hand, he pulled her just a bit too close to him to thank her for her time.½ She had a quick vision of his strong hands pulling her even closer and kissing her passionately before pushing her to her knees as he undid his slacks.½ The idea seemed to overwhelm her and she had to shake her head to clear the fog of lust that was filling it.½ She could feel herself tremble with a rush of desire and she wondered if he would notice and take advantage of her weakness.½ He unfortunately didn't sense her vulnerability as he simply turned and left.½ She wondered what was going on with her as it would have been a seriously poor career move for her to get down and dirty with a potential client.

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She decided to take a walk in the nearby park to clear her head. As she walked amongst the trees, she felt the tension leave her body and she took note of the fluffy white clouds in the sky and the chirping birds in the trees. The leaves rustled beneath her expensive shoes and her mind was blank other than to take note of her heels clicking on the paved walking trail and the sound of running shoes whizzing by. She walked aimlessly for quite a while and wondered if her reading that new best selling erotic book had anything to do with her recent distracting thoughts. She finally realized that she had wandered into a secluded part of the park and it was devoid of others.

She was about to sit on a bench and continue her soul searching when she heard noises coming from behind a densely wooded area. Ignoring the little voice in her head, she slowly walked closer until she could peek through the tree branches. What she saw burned into her retinas. An attractive and well dressed woman was bent over a tree stump and was being roughly taken from behind by an equally attractive man. At first she wasn't sure it was consensual as it was extremely rough, but she was quick to note that the woman loved every bruise inducing thrust from the man. His hands were underneath the garter straps and gripping her hips roughly as he hammered her with breath stopping thrusts. The woman's well formed breasts had escaped from her bra and were shaking wildly with each thrust. Her own body responded to the scene in front of her and she slipped a hand inside the fold of her dress and pinched her nipple through her lacy bra.

The man changed positions so that he was leaning back against a tree and he suddenly started spanking the woman's exposed ass cheeks. The look of undeniable passion on the woman's face was mesmerizing and she started moving slowly back and forth on the man's cock. Crafty could see the woman's inner thighs were wet with her arousal and then she caught sight of the man's cock and it glistened in the sunlight from the woman's honey. She absentmindedly licked her lips at the thought of having it in her mouth. Her nipple was hard and enjoying the attention of her hand and as her other hand started to slide inside her dress, a voice in her ear startled her, "Pretty fucking hot scene, isn't it?" She started to turn, but a strong arm looped around her hip and in a softer voice, the man said, "Just enjoy the show, sweetheart." He stepped closer and she could feel his hard cock pressed against her butt and every hair on her body stood on end. She needed to leave; this wasn't right, but then his hand was moving inside her dress and he was moving their hands to her aching pussy. He his hand moved swiftly until he pressed her fingers and his up against her soft, wet and quivering pussy lips.

She moaned slightly at the touch of their fingers through her sodden panties. She was trembling with a combination of desire and the shame of having a total stranger touching her so intimately. The shame was quickly dismissed as her need for release consumed her. His fingers were skilled and they caressed her with just the right combination of strength and softness. His other hand moved her hand from her breast and pulled it back to his crotch. The world seemed to be spinning as he helped her unzip his slacks and free his hot cock. As she stroked its length, she wasn't sure what was real and what wasn't. This really couldn't be happening, could it? Could she really be getting felt up in a park by a stranger and jerking him off at the same time and.....yes, loving it? His cock was oozing pre-cum and she spread it down his shaft to lubricate it and soon she was pumping it wildly. She heard a squeal down below and it was clear that the man was trying to push his cock in her rose hole and the woman wasn't so sure about it. She wasn't sure why, but she found the struggle between them arousing as hell and when the man finally shoved the tip of his cock into the woman's rose hole and she groaned lustily, Crafty almost came. She could hear the man behind her grunting and she knew he was close as well, but suddenly their tryst was interrupted when a policeman arrived in the clearing below. The policeman had walked up on the other couple and yelled at them which had in turn had startled Crafty and her 'companion' as well. Before she could even get a view of the man that had been wonderfully pushing her buttons, he was gone.

Hidden from view by the trees, she walked on wobbly legs out of the park as quickly as she could. Her body was still aching for release, but she knew it wasn't going to happen on a crowded sidewalk. She slowly walked back to her office wondering what in the world was happening to her. She came to the

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conclusion that her arousal from seeing the other couple along with the man's confidence that she would be agreeable to an anonymous liaison had overwhelmed her normally conservative nature and had caused her to do something she'd never even dreamed of doing.½ She'd never been more aware of her body.½ She could feel how wet her panties were and how her stockings pulled against the straps of her garter belt with each step.½ The man's caresses must have forced some of her panty crotch up inside her as with each step, the garter straps which were appropriately underneath her panties seemed to pull and twist the silky nylon crotch just right so it teased her clit.½ It was a surreal experience as it felt like some ghostly presence was caressing her with the lightest of touches.½ It was insanely erotic and it made her mind go back to what had just happened.

As she stood at the red light at a busy intersection, a young man suddenly leaned in and whispered, "You might want to correct your dress, sweet tits."½ She glanced at him and then down at her dress and noticed for the first time that the bodice of her dress was gaping wide open and the breast she'd been playing with had escaped from the lacy confines of her bra.½ She mumbled, "Holy shit" and then quickly fixed her bra and pulled her dress more tightly closed as she turned to thank him.½ He quickly said, "I almost didn't say anything as it truly is a lovely tit, but I guess I'm too nice."½ She couldn't help but smile and then they were walking along with the crowd across the street.½ She glanced down and saw an enormous bulge in his jeans and the arousal she'd been fighting flared again.½ It didn't help that her panties were caressing her again and she was barely aware of where she was at when the young man said, "Ma'am, you look a bit flushed; maybe you should find a quiet place to catch your breath."

She wasn't sure if he was suddenly guiding her into a high rise office building at the corner out of concern for her or because he sensed that he might have a chance at fucking her, but she really didn't care.½ All she knew was that each step caused her panties to caress her unbelievably sensitive clit.½ It was becoming too much stimulation and she knew that she wouldn't be able to orgasm from just walking and she was nearly in tears from how badly she wanted it.½ She glanced at the young man and noticed he was definitely a college kid with his backpack over his shoulder and she stumbled along with him as he guided her down a hallway to a family restroom.½ Once inside, his hands were everywhere; roughly groping her tits and her ass and then she was bent over the baby changing table as he pulled the leg band of her panties to the side in order to fill her aching pussy with his cock.½ She regained her sense long enough to quickly find a condom in her purse and quickly slide it in place.½ Finally, she sighed as he slid his nicely sized hard cock deep into her.½ He stood motionless for a moment as his hands roughly squeezed her tits as he moaned how hot she was.

She looked over her shoulder and didn't even recognize herself as she growled, "Get on with it already; fuck my pussy.½ I need it bad."½ His eyes went wide with surprise, but then he looped his hands in her garter belt just like the man in the park had done to the other woman and started thrusting with reckless abandon.½ Crafty had never experienced such all consuming pleasure.½ It was like every nerve in her body was on fire and her orgasm started in her finely pedicured toes and shot up her legs like a bolt of electricity.½ As she heard him grunting behind her, she rubbed her clit with the front of her silky panties and she had to bite her hand to keep from shrieking as her own orgasms took over her body.½ She spasmed over and over again as a slew of obscenities escaped her lips.½ He had gone still as her body had convulsed and was watching her in wide eye wonder.½ She pulled away, but then gripped his shaft, whipped off the condom and stroked him to completion.½ She made sure his explosion didn't come anywhere near her and as soon as she finished, she washed her hands, fixed her dress, makeup and hair, told him thank you and left him standing there in shock.½ A very happy shock, but frozen in place.

She walked out and couldn't believe how much better she felt.½ She felt like a wanton slut, but one that had just had the most magnificent multiple orgasms she'd ever experienced.½ Arriving back at her office, she didn't have time to dwell on what had just happened as she had to meet with her longtime photographer.½ As soon as he walked in, he exclaimed, "Goodness girl, you look like you've been rode hard."½ She laughed and told him he was crazy, but he leaned in and said, "I don't care, but don't try and bullshit me, I know some

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lucky guy was knocking the bottom out of you.½ Look at your hair and makeup; plus I can smell your pussy from here."½ She laughed again and told him to get his mind out of the gutter and get to work.½ She made a mental note that she would need to go home and clean up properly before meeting her friends at the club.

Chapter 2

In her apartment later, she thought back on the events of the day. Her initial shame from giving into her desires and temptations had turned into a calm acceptance of what had happened. It had been totally out of character for her to succumb to something so sordid with two complete strangers, but she couldn't argue with the results of how she had felt. Both encounters had been wildly erotic and she'd never felt such pleasure before. Yet, she still wasn't completely satisfied. It was like her body and mind knew, or suspected, that there was even more pleasure if she was willing to seek it out. That point in particular made her yearn for more while also being concerned about how far she would go to test her limits. She showered quickly, took one look at the fairly conservative dress she'd originally planned on wearing and quickly found another one. She'd heard the new club was patterned after a 70's disco, so she found a slinky wrap dress that looked like the disco dresses of days gone by. She was initially going to go bare legged, but she loved how stockings made her feel, so she found a vintage ensemble of a teddy, half slip and garter belt; all in matching chocolate.

As she poured herself into it, she felt incredible. She felt sexy and her body sang with a growing arousal as she clipped the stockings in place. One look at her reflection before putting on the dress made her wonder how any man could deny her when she looked this good. Her friends were quick to compliment her appearance and she noticed quite a few men checking her out. The silky attire and her new found surging arousal made her very conscious of her seemingly permanently hard nipples. As it was a trendy place, there was quite a line to get in and it was the old fashioned kind of line where it didn't matter who was at the front of the line as the doorman had the discretion to let anyone in that they wanted. She noticed one of the bouncers eyeing her and she smiled in return and enjoyed his gaze as it slowly wandered over her curves. Without really thinking about it, she turned away from him and as she leaned in to talk to one of her friends, she pulled her dress tight against the back of her leg and wondered if he was enjoying the sight of the garter strap that was likely very visible now. When she glanced back at him, he was smiling and his eyes were twinkling.

A moment later, she noticed him pull the doorman over and say something to him. Sure enough, the doorman walked over and motioned for her group to follow him. She made sure that she was last in line to get past the bouncer as he was looking at IDs and purses to ensure no one was sneaking anything in. He gave her ID a long look and she laughed and asked if he thought she might be underage. He laughed and she thoroughly enjoyed his big smile. He paused and then said, "You look fantastic for any age, but I was just trying to think of something to say. I'm a bit overwhelmed with your stunning beauty." His compliment seemed to burn deep into her and she had trouble thinking of a reply. She finally said, "If you had anything to do with us getting in quicker, I really appreciate it." He smiled and softly said, "You're quite observant. I notice things too." Her heart was pounding with excitement and then he leaned in and with his lips softly touching his ear, he whispered, "I love your outfit tonight; women these days have forgotten how to dress." He then added, "It's a target rich environment inside for a beauty like you, so don't make any rash decisions." She giggled and wanted to spend more time talking to him, but her friends were waiting, so she waved her hand, smiled and walked in.

The evening was a lot of fun, but her thoughts kept drifting back to the bouncer. She had plenty of opportunities to go home with someone, but no one interested her and since she'd had quite an afternoon, she took the bouncer's suggestion and didn't 'settle' for just any man. She was more than a bit disappointed that the bouncer was no longer outside when she left. She went home with random thoughts bouncing through her head; work, her eventful day and then they turned to the bouncer. She was amazed at the intensity of the erotic thoughts she was having about him and after sliding out of her dress, she collapsed on top of her bed. Her fingers were quickly pulling on her nipples through the teddy. With one hand caressing her nipples just how she liked it, her other hand moved lower and rubbed her pussy through her slip. She found that sliding the half slip up and down against her silky teddy crotch provided her a delightfully teasing sensation. She quickly hopped out of her bed and grabbed several more silky nylon slips and soon her legs were spread as she rubbed

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the slips against her with reckless abandon. She found just the right angle and pressure on her clit and before she knew it, she was spiraling into another fantastic orgasm. An image of her on her knees in the waiting line at the club while sucking his cock in front of the crowded line seared into her brain and pushed her over the edge and she came with a squeal. As her breathing returned to normal, she crawled under the covers and fell asleep.

She slept like a log and the next few days were quite normal and therefore, very unsatisfying. As soon as she walked into her house that night after work, something didn't feel right. She walked around the house looking for something out of place, but everything seemed to be how she'd left it. However, she couldn't shake the feeling that somebody had been in her place. As that thought crystallized in her mind, she suddenly got breathless at the thought that the person might still be in her house. She grabbed her can of mace and her phone and dialed 911 so she was ready to hit the send button just in case. She toured her place again and was convinced that no one was there, but she still felt weird.

She went into her bedroom and considered changing out of her dress, but still didn't feel quite safe. That's when she noticed the drawers on her lingerie chest were all closed and the mess of thrown clothes she usually left was noticeably absent. Her heart pounded as she opened the first drawer and noticed all her bra and panty sets were nicely folded and organized by color and fabric of the items. There was a section for lacy, cotton and nylon. She felt her hair standing on end and her skin was covered with goose bumps. She opened the next drawers and saw her slips and nightgowns all carefully folded and organized. Obviously, someone had been in her intimate apparel. For some reason, her initial reaction of fear mixed with disgust of someone touching her things turned to intrigue. She walked into her large walk in closet and saw something she hadn't seen earlier.

On her valet post, was a dress and lingerie set all ready for her to wear. When she finally noticed the note, she felt faint. She opened it up and saw neat block lettering, "MY APOLOGIES IF MY PRESENCE HERE TODAY STARTLED YOU. I COULDN'T HELP BUT LOOK AT YOUR THINGS AND I WAS MESMERIZED. SUCH EXQUISITE THINGS FOR SUCH A STUNNING WOMAN. I'VE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF PICKING OUT YOUR OUTFIT FOR TOMORROW; I HOPE YOU'LL HUMOR ME AND WEAR IT; PLEASE J. She stopped reading and smiled and wondered why she was smiling about this very intimate intrusion into her personal things. She started to put the note down, but then noticed writing on the back. P.S. - I COULDN'T HELP BUT TAKE THE TEDDY ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR. THE SCENT OF YOUR AROUSAL EMBEDDED IN IT WAS INTENSE AND I HAD TO HAVE IT. I PROMISE I'LL BUY YOU SOMETHING NEW TO REPLACE IT.

She had to sit down now as it was the teddy she'd worn when she masturbated the other night. As she lay on the bed wondering what the heck was going on, she wondered why she wasn't calling the police. Someone had obviously broken into her house and been through her things, but for some reason she wasn't scared. In fact, she found it pretty damn hot for some unknown reason. As she was sitting there with her heart pounding, her doorbell rang. She thought about ignoring it, but then they knocked. She hustled down the stairs and was shocked when she saw a policeman outside. She opened the door and immediately asked if something was wrong. He smiled and he seemed very familiar.

He explained that one of her neighbors had reported a break in and he was asking around to see if anyone had she seen anything out of the ordinary or noticed any strangers in the neighborhood lately. She smiled nervously and said that she hadn't seen anything, but what had been stolen. He explained that they were still looking, but they didn't actually think anything had been stolen. In fact, they weren't sure if there had actually been a break in, but something just didn't seem right. She sighed and then said she had felt the same way when she'd gotten home, but didn't find anything out of place or missing. It was then that she remembered that he was the bouncer from the other night at the club.

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When she asked if she was right, he nodded and said, "I recognized you immediately, but I don't like to mix personal work with professional, so I didn't want to say anything." He asked if she'd had a good time and she said it had been okay, but nothing great. He then asked if she wanted him to look around to check out her place for any signs of intrusion. She welcomed the excuse to keep him around longer and so she invited him in. As he walked around checking windows and doors, they made small talk and found they had a lot of things in common. He said her place appeared secure, but if she was interested, he had a friend that installed security systems. He gave her his card after writing his personal phone number on the back. She smiled as she took his card and said she felt better and she appreciated him looking around. He said that it had been his pleasure and was she still concerned that someone had invaded her privacy. She thought for a second and shivered at the realization that she wasn't concerned about it

When he left, she wondered why he hadn't told her about the letter and her lingerie, but she dropped the thought as she looked at his phone number and thought about when she'd see him again. That night she tossed and turned with wild visions filling her dream. Her dream had her returning home and instead of the house being empty, a man had emerged from her closet completely nude except for a mask over his face. She'd been shocked into silence, but when her eyes glanced down at his stiff cock, she was startled at her body's response. Somehow he sensed her reaction was more of arousal than fear and he 'tormented' her for the next two hours. At least in the dream, she got hotter and hotter with each of his demands. She would say no and struggle, but each time she did what he commanded her arousal grew. When she woke up in the middle of one of his demands, she was hot and sweaty and struggling to come to terms with what it meant. She'd never had a rape fantasy before, but she recognized that was exactly what the dream was. She finally fell asleep and woke the next morning with more questions than answers.

The next morning, she dressed in the outfit that her intruder had selected and she spent the entire day wondering if he was watching her. It caused her to be jumpy all day, but also very stimulated. As she grabbed a sandwich from a street side vendor to take back to her desk, she expected to be confronted at any moment. She searched the eyes of every man that walked by and wondered if it was her intruder. Returning to her office she wondered why she felt let down that nothing had happened. She logged onto her personal email account to check on a recent clothing purchase she'd made online and noticed an email from a few minutes prior from an address she didn't recognize.

When she opened it, she gasped. "THANK YOU FOR WEARING WHAT I PICKED OUT; YOU LOOK EVEN BETTER THAN I IMAGINED!" Her mind was racing and she quickly typed, "Who is this? How did you get my email address? Where did you see me?" Her heart raced as she waited for a reply and she felt faint as she read it, "ITS MORE FUN IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM. I'M QUITE GOOD WITH COMPUTERS. SAW YOU ON THE STREET THIRTY MINUTES AGO; EVEN GOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO SMELL YOUR PERFUMEâ.REALLY NICE." Her eyes were watering at the intensity of her emotions, but the only thing she could focus on was that her pussy muscles were squeezing like they were searching for a cock. It felt amazing and she savored the sensations for a minute before she saw a new email. "DID YOU CALL THE POLICE? I HOPE NOTâ.I'D LIKE TO RETURN AND THAT MIGHT COMPLICATE THINGS."

The last sentence seemed to be flashing like a strobe light in front of her. She knew what she typed next would impact her life in dramatic ways and she finally typed, "I almost did; not sure why I didn't. Other than your obsessive compulsive interest in my lingerie, what is going on hereâ.do I know you." She wanted desperately to stop the throbbing in her pussy, but her office door was open and she was enjoying the helpless feeling she was having. His message only added to the experience, "IT'S UP TO YOU WHAT HAPPENS." Attached to the email was a video clip and he'd typed, "WATCH IF YOU DARE." Her antivirus software checked it and said it was okay, but still she hesitated. Finally, she double clicked the icon and she sat mesmerized as the short clip ran. It didn't take long for her to realize that the lean and muscular man was in fact in her bedroom; the fact that he was nude and his face was not shown made her heart race. When he

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picked up the half slip she was currently wearing and slowly stroked his cock with it, she shuddered; not from disgust, but blood searing lust. His cock was beautiful, just the right size and hard as a rock; he turned sideways and the profile view of his manhood made her dizzy. For some unknown reason, she wanted to see him explode all over the half slip, however, the clip stopped.

She replayed it hoping it had inadvertently stopped too early, but it ended at the same point. She desperately wanted to see more, but she couldn't email him with that request, "could she? A moment later, she smiled as she typed, "You're a pervert; I am going to contact the police now." Her computer seemed to taunt her as nothing happened. Minutes passed and no response. She realized she didn't want this to end. She tried to understand why she felt the way she did, but she couldn't comprehend what she was feeling. The only thing she could come to grips with was that she was very horny, so she was relieved when she saw his email. She squeezed her legs together as she read, "NO YOU WON'T. IN FACT, I BET YOU'RE DYING TO KNOW WHAT I DID IN YOUR HOUSE AND THAT YOUR PANTIES ARE SOAKED FROM HOW HOT THIS IS MAKING YOU." Her mouth dropped open in amazement as he seemed to know exactly what she was thinking and feeling.

She let her rational side take over for a moment as she quickly typed, "Do you know who I am? I'm a very successful businesswoman, so it's not like I'm some lonely housewife sitting at home surfing porn just hoping for some deviant bastard to come along and use my lingerie for his personal pleasure." She hit send and felt better "for a moment. She was trembling as she read his very quick reply, "I'M GLAD WE GOT THAT OUT OF THE WAY. I REALIZE YOU'RE STILL STRUGGLING WITH THE PECULIAR ASPECTS OF OUR RELATIONSHIP, BUT I KNOW YOU BETTER THAN YOU KNOW YOURSELF. YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED, BUT I CAN CHANGE THAT. EMAIL ME WHEN YOU'RE READY. I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE REPLACEMENT LINGERIE THAT I PROMISED YOU."

She stared at the email and wondered what was going on, but she was interrupted by the roaring waves of pleasure that were starting at her toes. She opened her mouth in shock as she realized that she was about to climax. She had been so engrossed with the email exchanges that she didn't even realize that she'd tucked her leg up underneath her and for the last few minutes, she'd been rocking back and forth on her chair and her 4 inch heel had been pressing up against her pussy. The wonderful pressure coupled with the enormity of the situation pushed her over the top and she had to stifle gasps and a scream as she shuddered in pleasure. She watched the video again and several more tremors rocked through her body. She was barely able to close her computer screen and compose herself as her assistant walked in just as she was finishing.

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She quickly got her assistant out of her office and opened the email again. She reread the last line, "I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE REPLACEMENT LINGERIE THAT I PROMISED YOU." Instinctively she knew that he'd been back in her place and she had an irresistible desire to rush home to see what he left. She told her assistant she was feeling ill and would be gone the rest of the day as she rushed out to her car. Her body was still not quite recovered from the earlier orgasm and the feel of the smooth leather seat below her as her expensive Mercedes rumbled to life made her gasp. As she moved in and around traffic, she couldn't stop thinking of what if he was there; what might happen. She quivered at the thought.

As she entered her house through the garage, she quickly went to her bedroom. There was no search of the house and no dialing 911 as a precaution; she had only one thing on her mind. Entering her bedroom, she saw her laptop open on her bed and a lingerie set laying carefully next to it. There was a post-it note on the laptop that said, "PLAY THE VIDEO". She didn't even consider how he had gotten past her password protection, she just saw the player was open and she hit play. She sat down on the bed and watched. This time the video had audio and as she looked at the 'headless' man standing naked in the video, he said, "It's about time you got here, baby." Her eyes were riveted to his glorious cock and when he gripped it and said, "Come on, baby, come over here and suck it" she licked her lips at the thought of running her tongue along his sensitive head.

"That's right, baby, on your knees" he said and she felt herself in a dream like state do exactly that so she was now kneeling on her plush carpet watching the man thrust into her imaginary mouth. She was overwhelmed with passion; she could almost feel his long, hard shaft moving between her lips as she slid up and down it. She would have gripped the base of it in fear she'd gag from taking too much of it and she wondered what he'd do if she teased him by running her teeth down his sensitive head as she slurped loudly. She wasn't even aware that she was undressing as she watched, but then the voice said, "That's right baby, get out of that dress; I can't wait to fuck you. It's going to feel so good to be buried in that sweet pussy of yours."

She was down to her slip and she watched as the scene suddenly changed. She gasped slightly as he'd obviously had time to edit the movie because now he was standing next to the bed and he'd slid one of her pillows inside a slip and he was rubbing his cock against the slippery fabric and acting like he was fucking her doggy style on the bed. He groaned and throatily said, "Oh that's right baby, tell me how much you love it" he chuckled lightly and then he added, "Next time baby, your wish will come true and I'll do you in your ass." She was shivering in the heat of passion as she listened to him act like she had asked him for it. When he started spanking the pillow, her hand went down inside her panties. As her fingers slid down each wet lip, she growled with a hunger she'd not felt in years.

He stopped his spanking motions and cooed that he would rub lotion on her sore bottom when he was finished and then there was another edit as there was a close up of him exploding all over the back of the slip. She whimpered as each thick strand of his white pearly load shot out of him and she crawled over to where the slip lay on the bed. Sure enough, there was his seed, still wet and not completely soaked into the nylon slip. Her mind didn't even register the fact this had to have occurred very recently and maybe that meant that he was still in her house. She moved closer and the smell of his cum and her two fingers buried in her pussy had her close to the edge. She looked back at the video and there was a close up of his cock with some jizz still hanging from his cock and as he said, "That's right, baby, clean me up with those soft lips of yours", she leaned down and ran her tongue through a pool of his cum.

It pushed her over the edge and she gasped as a powerful orgasm rushed through her. With her two fingers thrusting in and out, she used the heel of her hand to press against her clit as her free hand roughly pinched her nipples. As another orgasm built inside her, she licked more of his cum off the slip. She had never felt such wild pleasure before, but then she was suddenly aware of someone pounding on her door. She was so

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close to cumming again, yet she was afraid the person was going to break the door, so she quickly stood and grabbed her silky robe from the back of her bathroom door.

She tied it around her and headed for the door. As she opened it, she had a thought that maybe her mystery man was about to rush in and take her when she saw it was Stu, the friendly bouncer/policeman. He had a concerned look on his face as he quickly stepped in and asked if she was alright. He led her to the couch and in a rush explained that one of the neighbors had called and thought they had seen a strange man enter her house and so they called him. He'd tried to reach her at work, but when her assistant had said she'd gone home ill, he'd rushed over here worried that something terrible had happened. She found his concern for her endearing and as she told him that she was fine, she felt her robe fall open. She was very aware of his eyes on her and that's when she realized that in her wild masturbating a few moments ago, she'd pulled her breasts out of her bra and slip and she couldn't remember if she had corrected that in her rush to answer the door. She wondered if he was getting an eyeful.

She went to close her robe, and she gasped when he stopped her. His eyes finally went to her face and she could see the lust in them as he said, "Looks like I might have interrupted something; is someone here?" She shook her head no and his eyes twinkled in delight at the idea of her alone pleasuring herself. "I was thinking that you were in need of help, but I didn't dare dream it was this kind of help you needed." His hand moved quickly and was inside her robe and rubbing her breast a little too roughly. His rough touch thrilled her, but scared her at the same time. She pulled away and to her surprise he pulled her back to him and looked deep into her eyes as he said, "Listen, sweet tits, we both know you want this, so let's not waste time." She pulled away again and said, "You sick fucker; you can't just come in here andâ!" and that's when he ripped her robe open.

"I can smell your pussy from here, and I know you'd much rather have my cock than those dainty fingers of yours" he growled and then his mouth was on her very hard nipple. He sucked it greedily into his mouth while pulling her close. She was spiraling out of control and was only vaguely aware of him reaching down and tearing her panties off with one strong rip. As two of his rough fingers entered her, she groaned and instinctively humped against him. She was wet and ready for him, but his strong, rough fingers stretched her open and she loved it. He released her nipple from his mouth as he leaned back to look at her as he teased, "That's right, hot stuff, just let yourself go and we'll both enjoy it." He added a moment later, "Feels like I got here just in time as your pussy is so wet; so hot and so wet." His blunt talk seemed to ignite her wild side and she was almost back to the climax that had eluded her minutes before when he suddenly pulled his fingers out. The loud smacking noise as they left her pussy filled the air and then he was taking off his utility belt and pulling out his cock. As she looked at it, she was distracted momentarily when he pulled out his night stick and twirled it in one hand. He looked at her and there was just enough of a sadistic gleam in his eyes to curl her toes as he said, "Good thing you stopped fighting this or instead of my fingers, you would had this shoved into your pussy."

She shivered as she looked at the hard rounded end of the wooden club and then shivered even more as he waved the other end and she saw the much thicker and leather wrapped handle. He laughed and pulled her down to his lap and she hungrily eyed his cock as she knelt on all fours on the couch. As her tongue swirled around the head, his hand softly caressed her now bare ass as he said, "You have got the most perfect bodyâ I've been thinking of this since that first night I saw you at the club." His compliments spurred her on and she moved her lips down his shaft. She'd never felt such pleasure in giving a blow job before, but she had never needed sex this badly before. In her mind, she was almost disappointed that he wasn't being rough any longer and before she could come to terms with that thought, he began smacking her ass with his strong hand. With one particularly stinging spank, he thrust up and the entire length of his shaft pushed the head of his cock past her gag reflex and into her throat.

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She'd never deep-throated like this before and the feeling of being so full of cock made her even hotter. It was like her body craved each new sensation; even when it was slightly painful. She felt him slide two fingers back into her pussy until his finger tips were oh so close to her g-spot. He wiggled them around obviously knowing what she wanted and as one fingertip grazed her g-spot, her body shuddered with delight. She was still moving her soft, full lips, up and down his cock; taking the entire length in with each thrust as she moved against his fingers. He angled his hand and shoved his fingers as far as he could and she could feel him scraping the very top of her pussy and then he turned his hand, rubbed her g-spot just right as he shoved the tip of his thumb just inside her rose hole. Now her body was completely on fire and as she wriggled against his intruding hand like a wild cat, his free hand reached up under her and rubbed her silky slip against her clit.

She sat upright and threw herself backward as she howled like a wild tiger. Her movement had shoved even more of his thumb inside her virgin ass and then she was over the edge. As his fingers and thumb pistoned inside her, he rubbed her clit with the silky slip and she came with a screech and numerous shouted obscenities. He kept up his caresses until her mind went blank and then she had the incredible urge to pee. She'd heard about this, but never experienced it and as she gasped "Oh fuck," her already strong orgasms multiplied and she forcefully ejaculated. To her amazement, he had anticipated it and rotated his body so he was underneath her and as her honey exploded out of her like a geyser, his face was pressed up next to her pussy to lap it up. Instinctively, his touches with his lips and tongue were gentle and he coaxed her to one more orgasm before she collapsed on top of him.

She was still gasping for breath as he rolled her over and as he sat up, she was mesmerized by his face shining with a coating of her honey. He smiled and almost looked a little dazed as he said, "I figured your pussy was going to taste like heaven, but that sweet pussy of yours is intoxicating." He slapped her ass and manhandled until she was hanging over the edge of the arm of the couch. She looked back at him and waited. He pushed just the tip of his cock inside her and held himself still as he watched her. She was wild with wanting his cock and she tried to push back to impale herself on him, but he held her motionless with his strong hands. He smiled in an evil way and said, "Beg me for it." She shook her head as if that was too much to ask. He started to pull his head out and as she felt her lips starting to close around nothing but air, she felt helpless and moaned, "Please." He pushed forward less than an inch and she gasped as she felt her lips opening again to surround his head. His soft head was tickling the sensitive nerves just inside her pussy and it was tantalizingly erotic. With the sneer of a smile, he asked, "Please what?"

She didn't think she could handle his teasing any longer and she gasped, "Please fuck me, you bastard." He was laughing now and he moved his head out ever so slowly and then he rubbed it up and down the length of her wet and puffy pussy lips. He softly said, "I don't know about being called a bastard; kind of hurts my feelings. How about, Stu, please fuck me with your beautiful cock." She was panting at the sensations provided by his teasing tour of her pussy. His hands were moving along her slip as he seemed to be enjoying the feel of the silky nylon as he smoothed the slip down to her hips. She looked back at him with tears rolling down her cheeks from the frustrated agony she was experiencing and she said, "C'mon, Stu, you fucking stud; bury that glorious cock in my pussy." Before he could even say it, she shouted please and then it was like fireworks going off in her head as he simultaneously buried his cock deep inside her while lifting her upright. His lips, still soft and slippery from her honey, kissed the tears off her cheek as his hands hungrily mauled her fantastic breasts.

His thrusts were smooth and deep and as her nipples sang with pleasure from his rough caresses, she felt his whiskers scratching her cheeks as he continued to kiss her tears which still streamed from her eyes; yet there was something more. It was surreal in how she could feel something caressing her clit; ever so lightly, yet nearly perfectly. It was like the touch of a butterfly's wing and with each thrust it grew with intensity. It didn't make any sense as she could feel both his hands were on her tits; teasing her nipples. She finally looked down and the sight was erotic as hell. Apparently, when he'd thrust into her, he shoved the front of her slip up inside her and with each thrust his cock was pulling the silky nylon across her clit and it was so soft that it felt

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heavenly. She watched his cock disappearing inside her slip lined pussy and it was such a lusty picture that the sensations and the view of it pushed her over the edge. As her orgasms started, she felt his cock swelling inside of her until it felt like it would tear her pussy apart and then his thrusts became more violent and rapid. As she started to lose consciousness, she felt him erupt and as a smile crossed her lips, she blacked out.

Chapter 4: Dreaming.....or not

She woke up over an hour later and was completely disoriented. As the ache of her body sank into her mind, she recalled what had happened. She looked around her living room, but didn't see him. She finally realized there was a note taped to her slip and she pulled it closer and smiled as she read, "Sorry, but duty called. That was the single best sexual experience of my life; I can't wait for more." It was signed simply Stu. She closed her eyes and relived her afternoon and couldn't believe what had happened. First, completely losing control with the mystery man and then succumbing to a man she barely knew. It was the closest thing to rape she'd ever experience, but she knew it wasn't even close to that. She had wanted Stu since she'd first met him at the club, but normally it would have happened on her schedule. A couple months of dating with physical stuff increasing each time before giving up what he had called her 'sweet pussy'. She shivered at the recollection of just how incredible it had been and she wondered what could possibly top this experience.

She wandered into her bedroom and saw her laptop on her bed where she'd left it. She absentmindedly picked it up and saw that she had a new email from the 'intruder'. He asked if he liked the lingerie set and was it a fair trade for the teddy he'd taken on his first visit. For some reason, she calmly typed, "Still at work, so I wouldn't know." She gasped when his next response came in; it simply said, "Liar." She glanced around wondering for a moment whether he was lurking in a closet, typing messages on his phone and had seen the entire thing; her slurping his jizz off the slip and then getting the fuck of her life from Stu. She dismissed that as being unlikely, but she quickly typed, "So, you're into stalking as well as home invasion?" Her mind went blank when she read his quick reply, "My fetishes are quite extensive J, but as a word of caution, you really should be careful to always check to see if your web cam is on or off." He had included a web link and when she clicked on it, a video of her masturbating started playing. Her face was mostly obscured, but she began hyperventilating at the thought of it being on youtube where millions could watch it. For some reason, her arousal started spiking at the thought. She quickly typed, "You bastard, this better not be a real website."

He quickly replied, "FOR NOW IT'S NOT, BUT IT'S UP TO YOU." She felt faint, but typed, "What do you mean?" He kept her waiting for what seemed like an hour and then he finally replied, "FROM TIME TO TIME, YOU WILL DO THINGS FOR ME." As her mind tried to come to terms with the predicament she was in and why she found it exhilarating, she froze. After a few minutes of quite reflection, she finally typed, "If I do these things, how do I know you'll keep your word or that you'll hold this over my head forever." This time his response was quick and to the point, "I ALWAYS KEEP MY WORD AND WE'LL KNOW WHEN IT'S TIME TO END OUR RELATIONSHIP. GET SOME REST, YOU LOOK TIRED AND YOU NEED SOME TIME TO COME TO GRIPS WITH YOUR FEELINGS."

She wasn't sure why or how this was happening, but she suddenly found herself embroiled in 'relationships' with two different men and each of them seemed both perilous and exhilarating. She stripped nude and headed in for a long shower. She forced her mind to go blank and she just enjoyed the hot blast of water soothing her tired and pleasantly aching body. Toweling off, she smiled weakly as she saw the bruises on her ass from where Stu had gripped her while pounding her earlier. She reached for her robe and realized that it was still somewhere in the living room; probably in pieces, so she padded out to her bedroom and slid into the new slip. It felt incredibly soft and silky against her and she walked to her kitchen to find something to eat. She found a plate of cookies that she assumed her maid had left her and after pouring a glass of milk, she indulged and had two of them. They were delicious and she reasoned that she'd burned at least that many calories with as much masturbating and fucking she'd done that day. Everything seemed to be hitting her all at once and she was bone tired. She staggered back to her bedroom and slid between the silk sheets. Her mind started to wonder when she'd purchased silk sheets, but they felt great and she was too tired to care.

Her dreams were vivid and wild. They alternated between the two men, but the one constant was that she was experiencing more pleasure than ever before. One dream in particular took a wild turn as it involved her

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sleeping. She wasn't sure that she was sleeping or dreaming, but the sound of her front door opening and closing was unmistakable. She was so dead to the world, that she was only able to turn to her bedroom door as she heard someone walk in. When she saw it was a man wearing some kind of mask, she didn't move or panic. She figured it was a dream and besides, she felt like she was stuck in concrete; unable to move. He spoke and he was speaking through something that disguised his voice so it gave it a kind of science fiction feel. She remembered thinking that was kind of bizarre, but then he was undressing. As his cock came into view, she licked her lips. He laughed and said, "You are a wonderful piece of ass; already hot for it, aren't you?"

Suddenly, she felt the bed sink from his weight and then he was pressing his full weight against her as he nestled his cock down the crack of her ass. It felt wonderful and when he reached up and took both her hands in his and stretched them high above her head, it felt intimate in an odd sort of way. His breathing was distorted through the voice disguiser, but there was no mistaking his compliment, "What a fucking unbelievable body you have; mind if I enjoy it a bit." She tried to say something, but no sound came out which she dismissed as being part of the dream. She could feel her honey already leaking down her inner thighs as he moved down her body enough so that he could slide his cock up between her legs. She could feel his cock head pressing against her pussy and it was intoxicatingly infuriating. She wanted it inside her, but she couldn't move or say anything to urge him to shove his glorious cock inside her.

He moved against her, pressing the silky nylon slip so tenderly against her soft and wet lips and then a harder push so that the nylon was wedged against her clit. She could feel the hairs on her body stand up like a cat in an electrical storm and she heard herself purring. He laughed and gave her ass a quick spank through the slip and her purr turned deeper. He produced a silk blindfold from somewhere and slipped it over her eyes. She could hear him taking off the mask and then he rolled her to her side and his mouth started teasing her hardened nipple through the nylon and lace of the slip bodice. She desperately wanted more, but it was clear that he intended to tease her for a while. He let her nipple go after a particularly violent suck and the noise it made sounded like a champagne cork popping. His lips moved up to her ear and he praised her heavenly body, "Your body is so incredibly wonderful. Such smooth skin and delicious curves to explore for days. There is no doubt that your body is an altar to be worshipped by any lucky man." He kissed her lips lightly and let his tongue linger for only a moment before he moved lower.

He slowly hiked her slip higher and higher not stopping until she could feel the cool air against her exposed buttocks. His tongue slid slowly down the crack of her ass, avoiding her puckering ass and taking one long lick of her pussy lips before traveling lower. He kissed the backs of her knees and she found his touch tantalizing. When he licked the soles of her feet she mumbled her approval and then each toe got a long leisurely suck. Each touch of his tongue and lips on her toes sent pulses to her pussy and she knew her bed sheets were soaked with her excitement. She grunted trying to signal her desire to have him buried inside her, and he reacted faster than she could imagine. Without warning, his cock was pushed against her lips and she opened her mouth to take him in. She didn't seem able to lift her head, but she turned her face to the side and he thrust in and out of her soft lips for only a little while, but then he was gone again.

She felt his mouth suddenly sucking against her rose hole and the succeeding sensations were wild. His fingers pried her cheeks open and then he rolled his tongue into a spear and fucked her rose hole with his tongue. She found that the lacy hem of her slip was wonderfully positioned right under her clit and so with each probing thrust of his tongue, her clit was forced against the lace and the teasing caress was sinfully excellent. She was so close to a mind blowing orgasm and as his tongue probed deeper, she gasped as she started to climax. However, lightning flashed in her head as it was suddenly stopped. He had squeezed her clit between his finger and thumb and that pain had stifled her orgasm. She grunted again wanting the release that had been oh so close. His lips were suddenly next to her ear as he whispered, "Like a dream come true, isn't it?" Her lust filled fog couldn't comprehend how this dream was so incredibly realistic, but all thought left her mind as she felt him rubbing some lubricant around her rose hole.

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She groaned and her pussy throbbed as he worked one and then two fingers deep into her rose hole. She'd had several lovers that had pleaded her for access to her back door, but she'd never allowed anything but a little finger action and so this intrusion was new, but agonizingly terrific. She didn't realize how sensitive that area was, but when he finally pushed the head of his cock against her puckering rose hole, it was like she could feel every detail of him. When the ridge at the base of his cock head gained entry, she could feel her sphincter tighten down around the narrowing of his shaft just below it. When she heard him groan, "Oh yeah baby, this is better than I dreamed; I'm honored to be your first" she wanted more of his cock. She realized for the first time that her body was now capable of moving and she pushed her butt upwards to impale herself on his cock and she gasped as his hand came crashing down on the silky smooth skin of her ass.

His lips were next to her ear again as he growled, "I like your eagerness, but this is my show; I'll decide how much you get." He bit down on her shoulder for added effect and she whimpered, but forced herself to lie completely still. As he slowly pushed more of his length inside her, she swore she could feel the thick veins of his cock rubbing against her insides. She'd never given much thought to being 'taken' this way and she now regretted it. It was so lusty; so animal like, she was consumed with the sensations and she embraced them. She started to move her hand down under her belly with the intent of caressing her clit, but he was quick as his hand intercepted it. He chuckled again and told her that later she would appreciate having been patient.

Inch by inch he stabbed his sword into her and she gasped when he whispered that he might need to bring a friend with him on his next visit. The thought was so lurid, but she couldn't get it out of her mind. His hand moved to her mouth and traced her lips with his fingers and she knew what he was saying. She finally felt his balls rub against her ass and she felt faint as he dangled them against her for a moment as he rested. She could feel his beads of sweat splashing on her back and she wondered if he was close. When he finally started slowly and carefully thrusting, her arousal spiked. His thrusts were pushing her clit against the silk sheets and she knew that the pinnacle of her pleasure was close. His lips were next to her ear as he whispered, "Beg me for it." She didn't hesitate and quickly said, "Please, don't stop, I'm almost there, please!" Her voice started to trail off as she felt it start, but then he slapped her ass and grabbed her clit again. Her body throbbed with need and she pushed her upper body off the sheets and growled, "Please, let me cum; please I need it; I need you to let me cum."

His chuckle was maddening and his hands took the opportunity to rub her fantastic breasts that were swaying in rhythm to his shallow thrusting. He squeezed her nipples and the pain was quickly replaced with radiating pleasure. Her body felt so hot and she thought her skin was on fire. She had a vision of her being a mortal woman taken by a god and it electrified her. She turned, and in the darkness caused by the blindfold sought out his lips and she kissed him wildly; their tongues dancing. It was so intimate and yet unreal as this man had invaded her house and was now invading her body. She felt controlled just like with Stu and then he said, "You may cum." It was like her body responded on command and it hit her like waves crashing against the beach. Her body's reaction was so violent that it resulted in her flying forward and separating from his cock. Her body continued to spasm for what seemed like an eternity and she was only barely aware of him straddling her stomach and moving her hands up to push her breasts together. He slid his cock in between the valley of her cleavage and as a series of orgasms crashed over her, his thrusting finally got wild and then he was exploding; sending his semen in spurts across her breasts and neck. She was not even aware that she had reached out and stroked him with the slip until his release was complete.

The next thing she knew she was waking up the next morning. She giggled as she remembered the dream, but then it dawned on her all at once. It had actually happened; there was no doubt as her backside was delightfully sore, her neck and the bodice of her slip were covered with a crusty residue and of course, she was still wearing the silk blindfold. She sat upright in bed and instead of being mortified, she giggled. She didn't even try and understand her reaction as she was too busy logging onto her laptop. Just as she had expected, there was an email and a link. She clicked the link and for the next 30 minutes she watched and relived the entire experience. It was riveting to watch and she was astounded as she heard her moans of

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pleasure throughout and then her begging at the end. Her body's response to the multiple orgasms was like watching an Exorcist movie and it made her wonder what was going to happen next!

Chapter 5

CHAPTER 5

She fell back asleep and didn't awake again until almost noon to the ringing of her doorbell. She found another robe to cover her slip and was delighted to see a flower delivery man outside. It turned out to be a dozen yellow roses from Stu and his note made her feel warm, "Sorry for pushing our relationship along so quickly, but you are so damn desirable." She looked at her cell phone and realized he'd also left her a text message that apologized that he couldn't see her this weekend as he'd be working on an out of town police mission. She was disappointed, but wondered if she'd get another late night visit from her intruder. To her disappointment, the rest of the weekend was uneventful. She wondered why she was disappointed and also thought about telling her closest friend, but she worried that she wouldn't understand. It was a legitimate worry as she didn't completely understand it. Completely out of character for her, she'd had wild and rough sex with a policeman she'd just met and was also involved in some strange burgeoning relationship with a home intruder who clearly had some odd fetishes. Either one should probably make her want to run and hide, but just thinking of what had happened over the last week made her hot.

She ran a bath and soon the hot water and her lurid thoughts had her hands caressing her outrageous body. Before long she had the Jacuzzi jets on high and her pussy pressed up next to her favorite one. The pulsing stream of water against her clit pushed her over the edge and she nearly passed out from the combination of her body's heat and the steaming bathroom. Finally relaxed, she pulled open her briefcase and prepared for her big meeting the next afternoon. This would be her fifth time to try and place a model with this perfume company and the first four times had been unsuccessful. What made her angry was that the executive she met with each time had insinuated that if she was up for spending some time between the sheets with him, they would use her model. She'd actually found the man quite attractive, but she knew the first time she did something like that, everybody would know and she'd either be in the situation where she'd have to spread her legs for every opportunity or others wouldn't even deal with her because of their 'moral' standards.

She found it outrageous that the executive operated like that and she knew she'd have to find a way to get past him. She knew turning him in to his employer would be risky as the industry was very male dominated and even if he was misusing his power, others would support him and she and her models would be blackballed. She fell asleep that night wondering what she could do, but as she went into the office, she still didn't know what to do. She'd washed the new slip set she'd received that weekend and she thought it looked sexy and professional peeking out from under her slightly sheer silk blouse. The morning was uneventful until her cell phone rang. She didn't recognize the number and when a man's husky voice asked what she was wearing, she wasn't sure if she was talking to Stu or her intruder. She coyly asked, "Who wants to know" and when he laughed and said, "Don't make me frisk you" she knew she was talking to Stu.

She started to say that she had missed him this weekend and he stopped her and said, "No, really, tell me what you're wearing." She was suddenly breathless and she was surprised at how hot she got simply describing her clothing. It didn't help that he was breathing heavily and he made some lewd comments when she described the new lingerie set. She had to stifle a giggle when he said how he'd like to cum all over it; knowing full well that wouldn't be the first time that had happened. He then explained that he'd sent over a different lingerie set and she was to change into it and call him back as soon as she had. He quickly ended the call and sure enough, a few minutes later, her assistant brought in a package. She dismissed her and closed the blinds in her office before opening it.

It was clearly custom made and it was breathtaking. It was baby blue in color (one of her favorite colors) and it was a slinky nylon slip, but so much more. It had sinfully soft nylon pieces sewn into the front and back of the slip that snapped in the middle and formed a high cut tap panty of sorts. The panty section was trimmed in

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delicate lace and she noticed the pieces were at least two layers and maybe three layers of incredibly silky soft nylon. In addition to that breathtaking feature, it had six garter straps sewn into the inside of the slip and she wondered if this garment could do everything it was clearly intended to do. She quickly undressed and pulled it over her head and that's when she finally realized that the slip had structured bra cups, but only a quarter cup and the blue lace on the cup edges didn't even come close to grazing her areola. She couldn't help but pull on her hard nipples poking at her. She quickly attached her stockings and walked back and forth in her private restroom and marveled at how it fit. The garters held her stockings in place, but with every step she took, the panty section moved; caressing her sensuously. She put on her blouse and skirt and walked back to her desk and felt a little faint from the effect of her new lingerie. As she sat down at her desk, the slip rode up and the panty panels pulled up tight against her pussy, but then the stockings pulled against the garters and pulled it back down again until she was completely seated.

She crossed her legs and the silky nylon panels pressed up against her and she groaned from the sensation. There was something special about the nylon, so soft, but yet there was something else. She wasn't sure if she was going to be able to concentrate during her important meeting, so she walked back towards her restroom to change back. She glanced in the mirror and was shocked at how sexy she looked as her sheer blouse barely concealed the exquisite slip bodice underneath. She knew in the right light, her very hard nipples would be visible. Before she could start changing, her phone rang. She grabbed it and it was Stu. He asked if she liked it and she whispered, "Yes, but I have an important meeting; I can't wear this." She could hear the firmness in his voice as he said, "Yes, you will. In fact, undo a couple buttons of your blouse and send me a picture.

Without thinking it through, she did so and as soon as he saw the picture he whistled his approval. She tried to tell him again that she couldn't possibly wear it during her meeting as it wasn't appropriate and it was incredibly distracting, but he told her not to argue with him and good luck with the meeting. The point was moot as her assistant buzzed her desk phone and told her that her appointment was there. She quickly buttoned one of the buttons on her blouse, but left the other two undone. She felt sexy as hell and quivered as she stood at her table waiting for her guest. As soon as he came in, he eyed her like a cat that was about to eat the canary and when he shook her hand, his eyes never left her mostly exposed breasts. He cooed that she looked exceptional today. She dismissed his compliment and waved him over to the table. Just walking over to him was a distraction as the panty rubbed against her extremely wet pussy. She dimmed the lights and started her powerpoint presentation and quickly explained that she had two different models that would be perfect for his company. He watched in silence and she could tell that the second model had his attention. However, keeping with his piggish form he said, "You know the requirements for placing a model. It seems like you had that in mind when you dressed today."

His smile infuriated her and she pivoted quickly from where she was standing to approach him at the table. As she did so, one of the snaps of the panty panels came undone and it allowed the nylon material to get pulled up between her pussy lips. She nearly groaned at the sudden change in the feel, but she hid it as best as she could and quickly walked over and sat down. She crossed her legs and the other side snap came undone so only the middle one was still attached. It pulled the silky nylon farther up into her and she had to put her hand on the table to steady her raging arousal. His eyes took in the exposed thigh from her skirt riding up and she snapped, "Listen, you pig, you know me well enough to know that I'm not going to fuck you just to get a model a contract. This model is going to be a huge sensation and you can either sign her first and have your bosses happy as hell with you or I've got a later appointment with your biggest competitor and I know they'll see that this girl has what it takes to be a star." His eyes were wide with surprise at her language and he was speechless.

She leaned forward and the nylon moved against her clit and she knew that her blouse was gaping open and likely exposing her very hard nipples. She pushed a contract towards him and said, "You'll find this to be very favorable for your company. You get a three month exclusive with her and it's for slightly less than standard rates for a new model." He sat there staring at her breasts and she was awash with arousal. He finally said, "I

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don't what's gotten into you today, but you drive a hard bargain." She glanced down at his crotch and realized he wasn't kidding as his erection was straining against his expensive suit pants. He turned and looked at the contract for a few minutes and she realized that she was bouncing her crossed leg on top of her other one and the feeling was incredible. She was exhilarated for her client and she found the fact that she'd won this round was adding to her arousal. It was then that things got really interesting.

As he sat silently reviewing the contract, she slowly slipped off one expensive stiletto and slowly put her foot in his lap. She traced the length of his shaft with her foot and as he started to lean forward towards her, she quickly said, "No, no, no; you will do only as I sayâdo you understand?" He nodded and she huskily said, "Let's see what you got in there." He quickly released his cock and she started rubbing her silky nylon stocking covered foot up and down its length. He closed his eyes and she knew that he was loving the experience. She found the feel of his cock against her foot was exhilarating and every movement of her leg to stroke him pulled the panty panel against her clit. She rubbed the sole of her foot across the tip of his cock and could feel his pre-cum soaking her foot. She noticed him looking straight up her skirt and she wondered how much she could see, so she slowly slid the skirt higher and she knew she was almost completely on display.

He whispered, "Oh fuck, please let me taste you." She smiled and said, "First things first." She quickened her movements against him and he closed his eyes as he focused on the wonderful feeling of the foot job he was getting. She softly said, "If you tell anyone about this, you'll never get close to me, do you understand?" He nodded his head and then he groaned as she pushed more firmly and then his eyes flashed open as he exploded; soaking the bottom of her foot. She was breathless and as his eyes fluttered open, she was standing and pulling his face to her crotch as she lifted one leg up and over his shoulder. She humped his face for only a few moments and then she gasped and climaxed. She quickly fixed her skirt and told him to fix his clothes and that she looked forward to their next business deal.

She was finally brought back to reality as he said her name again. Her eyes finally focused on him and his question, "Is there anything else we should discuss?" She realized that she had day dreamed the entire sequence, yet her throbbing pussy was very real. She considered jumping him, but she dismissed it and quickly stood to shake his hand and thank him for the opportunity. He was completely disappointed that there wasn't more, but as soon as he left, she fell back into her chair and tried to quiet her raging arousal. Moments later, Stu was barging into her office. Her assistant was trying to stop him, but he was saying something like it was official police business. She told her assistant it was fine and her door wasn't even closed before he was her at desk, ripping open her blouse as he pressed his hot hard cock against her lips. There was nothing she wanted more and she greedily sucked it into her mouth.

For the next few minutes she savored every inch of him. The warmth of his skin, the taste of his pre-cum, the way he forced himself deeper and deeper into her welcoming mouth. She teased him by slowly and softly tonguing his sensitive cock head and he groaned and pulled her by the hair until he forced himself back into her mouth. She relaxed and let him fuck her mouth with quick and deep thrusts. It wasn't long before her efforts were rewarded and he was exploding into her throat. Without even waiting for her to catch her breath, he was pulling her up and then sitting down in her chair. He pulled her onto his lap and she guided his cock into her pulsating pussy. They both groaned and she slammed herself down on his cock until the tip of him banged the bottom of her pussy roughly. He had guided his cock past the still fastened panty panel and he reached down and started moving the now thong like panel back and forth slowly against her clit. She was riding him wildly and he sucked her nipples almost violently and the sensations emanating from her clit made her breathing ragged with lust. She had never experienced such pleasure and before long, she was coming and coming.

He was intent to keep pounding her pussy with his deep thrusts, but she couldn't bear any more of the friction against her clit and she jumped off of him and fell back against her desk. Quick as a flash, he was on her and rolling her over. He ripped open the last snap of the panty panel and she braced herself for his cock to be

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buried in either her pussy or her ass. Instead, he knelt and slowly tongued her rose hole. It was such a surprise that her body didn't know how to respond. It was so raw, so lusty as his tongue probed her sensitive rose hole, she lost control. She reached back to spread her cheeks to give him better access as she pushed back against him. She suddenly realized that her office door was likely unlocked and anyone could catch them in the act. It only added to her arousal. It was then that she realized that she'd had a lot of coffee earlier and with the change in lingerie she hadn't gone pee like she'd planned and she had an overwhelming need to do so right then.

She gasped and he somehow knew. He pulled the trash can she kept under the desk towards them until she was straddling it and then she moaned as she released her flow. He drilled his tongue deeper and deeper into her and with each thrust of his tongue it stopped the flow until she was desperate to let it flow freely. She tried to pull away, but he held firm with one hand while his other hand took the silky slip and rubbed it against her clit. It was like an electric shock had gone through her as another wave of orgasms hit her. However, it wasn't enough and she reached down and slid three of her slender fingers deep into her pussy. He continued to caress her clit with the silky slip as he pulled his tongue slightly out of her rose hole. It released a torrent of urine and with her fingers buried in her pussy, it sprayed out wildly. She felt it soaking her stockings and elsewhere as a deeper, more powerful wave of orgasms began. It was all she could do to keep from screaming. It was a wild scene for sure. Him on his knees behind her tonguing her ass while rubbing her clit with the slip while she continued to frig her pussy with three fingers while peeing.

Finally she collapsed across her desk; nearly unconscious. What woke her was the feeling of his cock slowly entering her pussy. As he hammered her from behind, she realized that she was not capable of climaxing again, but she took great pleasure in tightening her pussy around his cock so that he could cum again. After he exploded deep within her, he kissed her deeply and then helped her clean herself up. He rolled the wet stockings down her legs as well as the slip/teddie and then helped her to the restroom where he washed off her skin with a warm cloth and soap. He was so tender whereas he'd been an animal just moments before. She couldn't stop saying, "Oh wow" and by the time he left, she had mostly regained her composure. As she sat down at her desk she relished her soreness and smiled as she realized how completely relaxed and satisfied she felt. She quickly called her client and told her the good news and decided it was time to call it a day.

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