

Drinks On Him

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The end of a long work day, a work happy hour, a raging crush....leads to more happy hours.

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Chocolate martini....the drink had been sitting on my head all day in anticipation. i didnt know which i wanted more passionately, the drink or the guy hosting the company happy hour. In my head i settled for the drink since he was off limits in every way and couldnt possibly be interested in chasing my skirt, could he? The day ended and i had a feeling of epic freedom as i climbed in my car, cranked up Hall and Oates to maximum volume and blared out of the parking garage. My old friends sang to me at top notch volume as i drove the short distance to the sports bar. What a treat, i loved my job and my coworkers and this rare hangtime on the companyÂ dime was my idea of best night ever. I spent the night sipping my fabulous drink and hanging with my best smokin buddies as well as the girls in my department. But my eyes wereÂ always at the executive table watching the host loosen up, laugh and joke. He never looked finer than when he was having fun, and he got a kick out of these events. So muchÂ that he redonated his own cash prize to the employee drawing as they pulled his name out of the hat. Man, the HR girl was lucky, working next door to him all day and now helping him draw names and hand out prizes. I was jealous and wondered if she got more than office assignments. Kinda wishing i was as polished and pretty myself in addition to standing at his generous arm. The drawings ended and the group got much smaller with people losing their potential win incentive to hang out. We all ended up at the executive table, closer than i had ever really hung out with the top brass, let alone my obsessive crush. My friends were hellbent on making me try newÂ drinks that tasted like fruitshit and went badly with chocolate flavored vodka. A cranberry concoction, then some cherry fizz crap, i was perfectly fine that the company dime was running out and any new drinking would allow me to plead poverty. The CEO apparently was not and decided if he was gonnaÂ stay that drinks were on him. Two levels of torture being played by his handsome hand. i caught him tracking the drink shennanigans and maintaining his beer, a private sports conversation, and waitress steering. Impressive skillz to say the least. i let myself hope that with my buzz i was mildly adorable as well as being loudly adamant that i hated every nasty concoction i was being forced to endure. The more buzzed i got the more i ignored the rest of the room, i caught myself staring dreamily at him talking to another exec in charge of my department. i liked them both but the CEO was my focus and had been since the first day i met him. No one knew about my crush, and i wasnt the only girl sporting one. He caught me staring and i smiled and looked away. But i was caught repeatedly since i couldnt seem to bend my eyes back to the girls. i figured i should leave before i got any more tipsy or any more blatantly gaga over him. i said my goodbyes and went to meet john and darryl in my car.

***** Fuck i was to buzzed to drive, i locked the doors and laid my head back and halfway fell asleep. The next thing i knew there was a tap on my car window. i rolled it down shaking off the nap and stared right into the face of the CEO. "Are you okay? i thought you left like an hour ago." My head was spinning and i could smell his aftershave and beer through the window. i loved that flavor on a mans lips even though im not a fan of the drink. "Maybe not so okay," i said genuinely feeling dizzy. "Tee many martunies," i smiled like a dork at the idiot movie line i quoted. He didnt smile but looked concerned and motioned for me to unlock the door as he went to the passenger side of the car. Ohhh wow, now dizzy turned into faint as he climbed in my sedan next to me. Please God let him take advantage of me and this situation, i prayed silently. God winked so hard it sounded like the car door shutting again. Message recieved, logged, and advantage deliverance on the way...i did the girly BS i hate and batted my eyelashes as he made small talk to keep me company until i was ok to drive. He looked at me funny and asked, "are you hitting on me?? isnt that the standard guy move?" i nodded and bit my lip hoping the devil in me at least appeared to be slightly cute and innocent. "is my halo crooked sir?" i batted so hard i figured it looked more like a nervous tic. Scratch being cute. He huffed at me and scowled. "Since when does a customer service bunny wear a halo." Somewhere in my brain i logged the comment for future pleasure reference and licked my lips. It caught his eye so i did it again more slowly. i looked at his lap, he hadnt made any moves but he was definately interested. His lap was bulging impressively with interest. He looked very uncomfortable and his expression combined attraction with indecision. If i didntÂ make a drastic move he was gonna go darting from the car like a wayward stag. Damn the torpedos, i unbuttoned my blouse, "im hot,

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are you hot? God its hot in here." No lie, i was sweating bullets. He looked and i crossed my fingers that i had him. Crossed my steaming crotch too, i was just as uncomfortable. He swallowed hard and looked up at me frowning. "im not doing this in your car parked at a sports bar." i nodded dissapointed and prepared to eat my future pride with salt and pepper from his rejection. i started to button my blouse and a grin so wicked flashed across his face i thought i met my evil twin. Did i see horns sprouting in that corporate haircut. "No i did not give you permission to button up young lady." He smirked. Reached out a hand to open the blouse more and touched the peak of my right breast in a slow stroking carress. i had completely lost my predator card and he had picked it up off the floor. My nipples popped so hard at his touch it hurt. He sealed me in my own trap by leaning across the divider to kiss me deeply. He carried lightning with him and sparks flew off his tongue into my mouth. He smiled into my lips and pulled back to stare at me intensely with his deep brown eyes, so dark with desire they almost looked black. "i want you, i have wanted you since the day we met, and tonight im going to have every bit of you." He kissed me again singeing my astonished lips. "Get moving, times a wasting." he pinched my cheek and i put the car in gear. i was stone cold sober now. He talked and i drove. He gave directions; turn left here, take a right over there. The highway access road was lined with hotels. He picked a nicer one and demanded we pull in there. He literally ran in the door and i watched through the large estate windows as he casually made the room transaction. Like buying a candybar...he smiled, signed and took the keycard. His smile was bigger as he came strutting back to my car. "Are you ready my dear?" he hopped in and for a second looked less like a CEO and more like a teenage boy getting lucky. i could still taste beer and lightning from his kiss. "yessir" i pulled in and parked and he did the silly thing, "let me get your door." It was a happy excuse to make out some more. Good lord, were we gonna make it into the room?!? "i want you," he said again. Halfway out of breath from kissing me. "Tell me you want me too," he demanded. My tits exposed and pressed against his chest wasnt a clue? i nodded meekly. "No say it OUT LOUD!" he demanded. "Tell me what ive known i could have from the day i met you and tell me its finally mine!" i was about to have sex with a lion and the nice guy had stayed somewhere at the sports bar sipping brewsky. i looked forward to being completely devoured and hopefully brutally ravished. Wished the nice guy bon voyage and happy trails. "i want you, i have wanted you since the day i met you, and tonight im going to have every bit of you!!" The nice me was tossed out the car window on the drive to the hotel and was walkin home. i bit his lip and let the lioness in me out of her tight cage. He pushed me to the room on the first floor. Popped open the door and slammed it behind us. "Get undressed NOW!" he demanded. "You too mister," i shot back. We squared off watching each other disrobe like we were about to go a few rounds of prizefighting rather than casual sex. The light in the room hit his pale skin and turned it golden and i knew mine was flushing pink under his advancing gaze. The Heat of the Moment ran its familiar lyrics through my head. Was this just desire meets opportunity and a one time thing? i chased the song and thought from my head and replaced it with Loverboy, Working For the Weekend; it blared in my head. i admired him physically as the pause to undress ended. He was better than i had fantasized and his gorgeous erection was aimed in my direction. i wanted to spin on it in every way possible. He moved aggressively toward me and i backed up to the bed pulling him with me as i laid back. A part of me lined up a mental camera to record every moment with him. Years of desire for him were pooling between my thighs in ecstatic honey. i gripped his hard cock in my fist and growled "mine!" He imitated my move and found my honeypot dipping his fingers in deeply. "Really?" he smirked. "Then that makes this all mine." He dipped and plunged his hand between my legs while i squirmed with the invasion in pleasure. "And i bet it tastes like vodka covered cherries like your mouth." "Hmmm, does your cock taste like Budwiser?" i teased him back. "Shut up and find out," he moved and pulled me toward a position to get a nice fat bonus. CEO now stood for a new acronym...Cock Ejaculation Overlord and i aimed to work overtime. i looked up as i licked him like a lollipop. Then sucked the pointed tip and stroked with both hands. Riding the length of him and stroking drops of taste from the sweet opening. i never took my eyes from his. He lost in the moment let his eyes roll back and close as he enjoyed my new resume. i took him in deeper and he encouraged it with his hand on my head pushing with the thrusting of his hips. i wrapped my arms around his ass holding him to my mouth and swallowing him as deeply as i could while lapping the taste of his skin from every stroke. Round one: he was going to shower my tongue in spurts of his finest sperm and i was going to swallow every delicious drop. i milked him with pressure from suction and felt him start to give in. i moaned and dug my fingers into his ass

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to make him thrust into my mouth harder. The sensation of his orgasm in my mouth was like drinking from a thrashing hose. The pressure sprayed the roof of my mouth in amazing salty sweet heat. i pulled one hand to milk his balls for the final contractions and kept suckung until long after he was drained. He opened his eyes and saw me watching him. His cum expression evaporated into a smile and he pulled me off him. "Your turn baby," he pushed me back and pulled my legs over his shoulders. Diving into me face first and looking up at me while making mmmm noises. His hands squeezed and ran under my ass cheeks pulling me up to his mouth like a pussy platter. The man was talented. i hadnt expected looks, lightning, and clit licking skill. If this was one night only, it was a vegas winner.Â He sucked my clit and nibbled me into climax and then lapped up the fresh honey it provided. A heavier orgasm hit me when he continued working my clit under his flattened tongue and thrust his fingers inside of me repeatedly. He was prepping me for the grand finale. The dick i had drained was already springing back to life as he entered me with his fingers. All the action sending relays to his idle member to prepare for round two.Â Back to back he made me cum and rode his tongue down to lapp up the results. i was panting from it when he climbed on top of me and made me taste the fruits from his sticky lips. Mixed with his aftershave it was the most unique flavor of me i had ever experienced. It brought back his flavor and imprinted him in a carnal place in my brain. "Ride me little girl," he ordered and rolled with me in his arms. i ended up straddling his stomach and backed up to his cock to find my way on. i let his flesh run like a steel rod threading through my lips. The wetness soaking his skin. The orgasms i had would make riding him a very tight fit. He got impatient and grabbed my ass to get me in place properly. "Come on stop playing around," he slapped and gripped a cheek to emphasize he was serious. i let him slide to my entrance and raised up for access. He felt the open door and thrust up hard with his hips. Pushed me down as he did with his grip. It rattled my teeth. i wasnt going to be able to sit up for this. i tightened my knees around him and slid low and fast grinding into him. My skin grazed his as i worked to ride him at full gallop. He wrapped his arms around me and slammed up into me adding push to the grind. My clit was sparking off his skin i was moving so fast. "He started saying my name and coaching me. "Louder baby, ride me harder.." followed by a string of explitives i had never heard phrased together before. Another hidden skill, the man was impressive. The sound of his voice barely out did my responses in volume as i complied with his instructions. i had no idea what level of paradise i was in but it was loud and sweaty and fucking amazing!!! The lightning storm was becoming a windblown full on hurricane combined with a torrential rain of painful sensation. Every nerve ending seemed to be on fire and relit under the rain of wind and movement. Being steamed out and then friction lit. i was howling like a banshee when the hurricane reached full force. He refused to let me freeze up in the throes of orgasm but kept ramming his shaft deep inside me as earthquake added to hurricane. i could taste the wind, the water, and the earth on my breath. He said my name again and released a volcano of ejaculation into me rounding a earth shattering triathlon of orgasm that would be impossible to top in three more lifetimes of sex with anyone but him. i gasped and collapsed into it and into himÂ Shaken and exhausted and stunned. "Holy dammit," he moaned. "What was that...??" "i think it might have been the end of me walking right for the remainder of this month." i giggled as the storm parted and i got ticklish from the abating winds. "Laughter? is that a positive review?" he looked at me funny. "i want a regular repeat rodeo performance." i cracked up at the look on his face. Oh my God was he seriously concerned after that!?! i rocked back and sat up with him still inside me and stretched my legs until my feet were next to his head. " its the A-plus review sir...i get the giggles when i come right." They were unstoppable as i sat on him cooling off. He laughed because i was giggling and threatened to bring me chocolate martiinis every day for lunch if it got him laid like this. "So really? the CEO of the company has been hot for me since the day he met me?" " What took him so long to make a move?" i asked looking at the handsome face sideways and curious. "Well how bout the troop of gaurds you roll with, and the cloud of smoke and work you are always hiding in." "Touche sir..." i nodded. "And tonight? Did i really have to flash you to get the balls rolling?" "Well it wasnt part of my evil plan, i thought it was gonna be pay for enough drinks to get you toasted and trip you into the mens room for a tactical advantage." he winked. "Romantic aint i?" A fresh round of giggles bubbled up. "Thats not the word, no...unless the definition of romance is act uninterested and clueless." i pinched him. "Just slip on the trail of drool leading from my desk to wherever you are...and buy a clue mister." "ill buy ten if they come with a side of more please." He rolled us again this time side by side and spent the next hour telling me everything i wanted to know about him since we met. It still didnt answer

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every question i could find to ask but it was hands down the best drink i had ever had.

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