

Just Business

Donna M.



Part 1

“I’m going to kill him!” I mumbled to myself.

It looked as if my husband stood me up again. He knew how important company galas like this were to my career, and yet here I was alone once more and as always wondering if that fact by itself would hurt my image in our corporate mindset. I wore my best red cocktail dress and the sexy Italian pumps that accentuated my legs. Let’s face it, looks go a long way in getting ahead in the corporate world, so I shamelessly exploited everything I had. I enjoyed the way my male colleagues ogled me at these functions, and therefore one of the reasons I was upset at Aaron’s absence. Before long the whole lot of them would be hitting on me and my husband’s presence usually tamped their ardor. Yes, I was pissed off at him.

This bash was to celebrate the exceptional year we’d just completed. We were at a posh local hotel, where the company had rented the ballroom as well as an outdoor pavilion that included an elaborately decorated gazebo. The sultry summer evening kept most of the participants inside, so I took my nursed cocktail outside to avoid the come-ons from some of my more obnoxious colleagues.

A man I vaguely recognized approached me. Here goes, I thought. I told myself to be

civil, no matter what.

"Not enjoying the party?" he asked. I noticed his drink was pretty much finished.

I smiled and said, "I suppose I could ask you the same question."

"Touché."

As was usually the case in situations like this, we stood there and checked each other out. He looked familiar yet I couldn't place how I knew him. He was over six feet tall, with a touch of gray at the fringes of his expensive haircut. His hand-tailored suit probably cost thousands. Not pretty-boy handsome, but ruggedly so. An attractive man; was he someone worth knowing in the company?

He proffered his hand. "I'm Mike Seldon."

For a moment I froze. No wonder I recognized him, he was our CEO! Pulling myself together I took his hand, shook it while giving him my name, all the while hoping he didn't feel my nervousness.

"Ah, my VP of Asian Marketing. I thought I recognized you, Sharon. You've done a stellar job in growing share. The whole company is proud of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Seldon. Couldn't do what we did without a great team."

"It starts with a great team leader, and call me Mike, please." The urge to kill my husband returned, though for a different reason. He should be here to listen to what Mr. Seldon was saying about me. Me! He offered his arm, "Shall we return to the party?"

I slid my arm into his and we walked back into the hotel ballroom together. The stares we received were unbelievable. Mr. Seldon didn't seem to mind at all. Since he wasn't wearing a ring, I wondered if he was married, and then wondered why I needed to know. Surely, all married men didn't wear wedding rings, did they?

I thought that once inside he'd leave me adrift and hobnob with folks higher-up the food chain than little old me. I thought wrong.

"I need to freshen this up," he said, indicating his empty glass. "You want another? Maybe champagne?" Still arm in arm, he guided me toward the open bar.

"Champagne sounds great, Mr. Seldon."

He stopped and looked down at me like he was scolding a child. "I said it's Mike, okay?"

I sensed what it must be like to suffer his wrath, until he beamed a smile. "Sorry, Mike," I said lamely.

"That's better, Sharon. No reason we can't be on a first name basis." His smile was golden as he got us each our drinks. It was humorous, in a way, how people moved aside to

let us pass, even in effect letting us cut in line. The experience sure was exhilarating.

I wondered once more if he was married, and if yes, whether the wife was here. Almost psychically at that moment he asked me, "Is your husband here? I'm assuming a lady as beautiful as you are must have a dashing husband at her side."

I'm sure I blushed. "I don't know about the dashing part, but yes, I'm married, and the jerk should've been here by now." I took a long sip of the fine champagne, still mulling over what might have been a first pass. I was still amazed that he didn't ditch me. I held his arm as he made the rounds of the party, congratulating everyone he spoke with, including specific kind words for some of the people as if he studied them prior to tonight. I thought that was cool until I realized that maybe he'd scouted me too, which was a bit unsettling.

I had to admit the champagne was some of the best I've ever tasted. Again, as if reading my mind he said, "Oh, looks like it's time for a refill."

We went back to the bar, and then more kibitzing. I caught a glimpse of a couple of my colleagues talking and giving me the evil eye, surely envious of the attention that Mike Seldon was giving me. Mr. Seldon was taking every opportunity to introduce me to all the top executives, including a couple of Board members who'd attended. He introduced me as "a VP that's going places in this company..." The way he touched me—oh so innocently on the small of my back and on my arm—made me wonder what one of those "places" might be. The greater question was whether I would go.

During a break where no one was currying his favor, he leaned closer to me and whispered, "This looks like a good time to escape. Why don't we slip outside to that fancy gazebo and talk, okay?"

"Oh, sure," I said meekly. I chastised myself; meek wouldn't cut it with this man. I needed to show I was bold and decisive.

Surprisingly, only a few were enjoying the late evening air, and we had the gazebo all to ourselves. By then I had mixed feelings about my husband's absence. Mike Seldon was a great looking man, and he surely had designs on me. All the signals were there. I was very much enjoying his attention, but did I want it to go further? Would I have spent all this time with him if my husband had been here?

Even with my champagne-dulled senses, I knew a seduction when one came my way. As we conversed, Mike drew closer to me and soon his hand was sliding slowly yet inexorably up my stockinged leg. When he reached the top of my hose, he whistled lightly and said, "Sharon, how marvelous to find a woman wearing a garter belt. I like that sexy sophistication in my women."

“Your women?” I said. “Since when?”

“Ah, since you decided to remain on my arm this fantastic evening.” His hand moved to the crotch of my panties, gently sliding the fabric aside. “Of course if it weren’t so, you’d be pushing my hand away. Alas, my hand remains.”

No, it didn’t simply remain. His fingertips drew circles over my mons, nearing but never quite touching my clit. With a man not my husband having his hand inside my panties, crazily my first thought was not guilt, but regret for not having shaved myself smooth. His fingertips circled and circled, and when I moaned I made no attempt to stifle the sound escaping from my parted lips.

“Mmmmmm, your panties have such a divine feel to them. Are they fine silk? What color are they?” he asked, his fingertips closer...

“White...white, but not real silk...feels like it...”

“Ah yes, indeed. White is a virgin’s color. Are you my virgin?” he said, yet his voice gave no hint at a leer, as most men would express delivering *that* line. His fingers stopped circling, as one gently slipped between the folds of my now-soaked labia and probed upward for my clitoris.

“Ah...ah...I...I...” I couldn’t say what I wanted to say in answer to his provocative question. As he began to finger me, I finally said the one word that mattered, “Yes!”

Literally seconds before I was going to cum—my eyes closed and my head thrown back in anticipation—he stopped and asked if I’d go with him to his room. “You’ll love my suite. Its king bed is impressive, with a fine collection of well-placed mirrors. The Jacuzzi tub is exquisite.”

I couldn’t say no. So close. So close I’d been, and I was still at the crest of that beautiful wave. He led me through a side entrance and up to his suite on a high floor. Luckily we saw no one from the party along the way. Undressing was a blur. Naked, he removed the last of my garments—the heretofore mentioned silky white panties—sliding them sensuously down my legs as I stood before his genuflecting form.

When the panties were in his hands, he sniffed them, and looking up into my eyes said “Ah, the sweet nectar of arousal. May I partake of its accompanying ambrosia?”

So much bullshit, but I was already his and he knew it. He laid me down on the bed and after running his tongue up the inside of my leg, he located my throbbing clit. I was so enthralled with his seduction I barely noticed his superb physique, though his splendid tumescence did register in my subconscious mind. As he probably was with everything he did, his cunnilingus technique was masterful, and soon my back arched, my toes curled, and I

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh Godddddddddd!” Any reservations about what I was doing were gone as soon as that first orgasmic wave crashed against me and I reveled in the exhilaratingly sweet contractions deep within.

“Noooooooo! Fuck me...bareback...please. Now!” I cried out.

He was right about the mirrors. I could watch him slowly slide into me, almost as a voyeur, yet unlike a voyeur I felt every beautiful sensation. How could he know this was my favorite position? His initial rhythm was slow and sinuous, not only going in and out but also having a circular component. He was driving me wild. I couldn't tell how much of my incredible arousal was due to fucking my handsome CEO, his skill, or me able to watch us in the many mirrors, but he needn't have picked up his thrusting pace to put me over the top. My face buried in the folds of the rumpled sheets couldn't stifle the scream.

He was slamming into me by that time and my orgasmic convulsions kept going on and on, so that technically when he grunted and moaned at the moment of his release, we came together.

In the shower he grew hard again and slid easily into me from behind. This time he was more urgent right from the start, thrusting until my vagina walls began to vibrate (at least that's what it felt like to me); a precursor to an exquisite orgasm.

It took us a while to overcome temptation and get dressed, eventually returning to the party, which was still going strong. “Nothing like free booze and food to keep the moochers here,” he said derisively.

And there, standing near the far wall, dressed in his best navy suit, was Aaron. Our

eyes met as he lifted his glass in salute. With my guard down, I was certain he could read me like a book and knew everything I'd just done. I excused myself from Mike and with dread went to speak with my husband.

"I see you've kept yourself amused without me," he said.

"Nothing of the sort. That's Mike Seldon, our CEO, and he's been introducing me to all the top execs, honey. He's a nice man; you have to meet him."

"I suppose I do," he said, sighing. "If my wife is sleeping her way to the top, the least I can do is meet her...ahem...conduit. Does he? Have a big 'conduit' that is?"

"Oh stop it! I'm not sleeping my way to the top."

He grabbed one of my wrists and leaned closer to speak. "We both know your post-coital look. Don't waste your breath saying otherwise. You just fucked him upstairs in his no-doubt presidential suite, and you see it as career enhancement."

He was right. I didn't waste any more breath lying to him. Silence was the alternative. We stood there like wallflowers and watched the rest of the party. My eyes were mostly on Mike, as more than likely Aaron's were too.

When Mike Seldon broke away from a group and approached us, I saw Aaron tense out of the corner of my eye. Mike said, extending his hand to my husband, "You must be the lucky man. I'm Mike."

"Aaron," he answered while shaking Mike's hand.

I completed the introduction, as if I hadn't already told my husband who Mike Seldon was. I cringed in anticipation that Aaron would display his sarcastic wit by making a comment on Mike's use of the word "lucky," but for once Aaron buttoned his lip.

If only Mike had done the same.

"Aaron, how would five hundred thousand dollars sound?"

"Excuse me?"

"I'd like to...let's just say... 'rent' your wife for about a month. Yes, a month would be about right."

"Are you kidding? Is this some kind of trick you play on your executives and their spouses?"

Mike chuckled, "No, not at all. I'm deadly serious. I'd like to borrow your wife for about a month while we're finalizing a huge, but tricky acquisition. My counterpart with this other company likes to see everyone happily married, and since I'm not, I need to pretend I am, and that's where your wife comes in. She'd be my wife, at least until we complete the deal."

"You're out of your mind," Aaron said. "I still say this has to be some sort of a joke."

Mike turned to me, "How can I be any clearer? I want to buy your services, and I'm offering you and your husband here a half-million reasons to agree."

Even after fucking him twice, I still grew indignant at his insinuation I could be 'rented.' "You mean I'd be your whore as well as stand-in wife?"

"Now, now, it's not as if we haven't already crossed that line, yes?"

I felt like slapping him, my job be damned, but Aaron spoke up before I did anything rash. "Since you're the businessman, let's negotiate. Seems you've already found out what a hot fuck she is, then maybe I'll—we'll—consider it for a million. Might make her the highest priced escort in the history of mankind, but I think she's worth it." At the last, he looked at me and smirked.

"Your point is well taken, especially the 'highest priced' part. Why don't we split the difference, call it seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for services rendered? On Monday I'll get a contract written up and if agreed upon, get the money into your account. And don't even think about something frivolous like claiming sexual harassment. I'll have that covered."

I looked first at my husband and then at Mr. Seldon. "Don't I get a say in all this?"

"In some respects you already have," Mike said, "but signing the contract will be sufficient 'say' I think. Your services will be spelled out, explicitly."

Aaron said, "Services," as if he tasted the word and didn't care for it.

Now I fought the urge to slap *my husband*. How could he so blithely consider this preposterous proposal, whoring me out like this? Damn it, though, we could definitely use the money and in some respects the whole thing may be good for my career, or at least provide me some 'insurance' against anything Mike Seldon may think to do to me later.

Aaron told him we'd "talk it over" and let him know the next day. Mike looked like he wanted to kiss me, but with people all around, he shook my hand, though he held it for far longer than normal. "I hope you agree," Mike said in barely a whisper, "I enjoyed everything about this evening...everything."

On the ride home, Aaron remained silent. I had time to ponder the great sex. I had time to ponder Mr. Seldon's proposition. I had time to ponder what the future might hold. Mike's last aside to me indicated that his proposal wasn't treating me like a whore—a piece of meat to be bought and devoured. His arousal, his attraction to me wasn't faked. The deal sounded better and better as I thought about it. The rest was up to Aaron.

Later, he said, "You're ready to take his offer, aren't you?"

"It's a lot of money, sweetheart, and that's not considering what this could do for my career."

"Your career as a high-priced hooker?" he sneered. "I hope you enjoyed fucking him tonight. I mean, he's buying a whole month's worth, after all."

We argued, but in the end he agreed to the proposition. We slept apart.

On Monday morning, after a call from Mike, a contract was delivered, and we signed it. I had to admit he had a good lawyer; the contract was both clear where it needed to be clear and vague where it needed to be vague.

Mike called me that morning in the office, and we talked about when I'd "start." We talked business for a minute before he told me how great I was and how much he was looking forward to spending time with me. "Spending time"—an interesting phrase for sex, I thought.

Before I left the house on Tuesday morning, Aaron told me his plan to visit the bank and "do something" with the money. He spoke of investment options, but I barely listened. I'd loaded my things into two large suitcases. They were in my car, ready for the move into Mike's house after work. I gave my husband a kiss, but he wasn't into it much. Could I blame him?

Part 2

The day went by in a blur. I couldn't concentrate on business. Thankfully, it was a light day, without any major crises to deal with. I was the proverbial bundle of nerves by the time I drove into Mike Seldon's circular driveway. His house was as massive and extravagant as I imagined, and I wondered why a man living alone needed a mansion this big. I concluded it must be for the prestige.

Mike gave me a tour of the house, along with the "*mi casa es tu casa*" line. When he showed me the master bath and its Jacuzzi tub, he said, "We'll have to enjoy this soon since we didn't get the chance in my hotel room."

"We'll see," I said, thinking I'd enjoy it alone long before we did together.

He carried my suitcases to the master bedroom. Before he said anything, I did. "I'm not sleeping with you tonight."

He looked at me with his emotions masked, and said, "Of course. You need a night to get acclimated. I understand. We'll talk about the schedule and what I expect from you later this evening. Have you had dinner?"

"No."

"Then I'll whip up something for both of us."

"You do all your own cooking?" I asked.

"Of course, though I'm accustomed to cooking for one, and that usually means the microwave."

"I figured a man of your stature would have someone come in to cook."

"No cook, only a woman who comes in a few days a week to clean...and don't worry, I didn't hire you to do the dishes or make the beds," he said, chuckling.

"I suppose that's what we'll discuss tonight: exactly why you did 'hire' me for this gig."

"Sure thing. I saw how you looked at the spa tub, so why don't you relax in there while I make dinner. I'll bring you a glass of wine. Red or white?"

"White," I answered before heading off to the master bath. I stripped while the tub filled, looking at my reflection in the room's very large mirror. "Looking pretty good there, Sharon," I said aloud, turning this way and that to admire my firm breasts and my nicely

muscled buttocks. I worked out diligently, and it showed. I was proud of my body, and wondered how soon Mike would want another go at it.

The Jacuzzi had a million jets it seemed, and every one hit a spot on my body longing for its compelling massage. I located one that was perfectly aimed at my clit, and lay back to enjoy. Unlike masturbation, this passive surrender had no urgency, no constraints. Only after several minutes of constant battering did my clit begin to respond. Several more minutes went by in sweet abandon before my back arched and a moan vibrated my vocal cords.

"You are so damn beautiful, especially when you're cumming," Mike said as he hovered above the tub with two wine glasses.

Unfortunately for me, his timing sucked and my orgasm didn't take me all the way as I thought it would. I sighed and then took the offered glass. "To us," I said in a mocking toast.

"Think of the money, and besides the next month won't be bad at all, you'll see." We sipped wine, him openly watching me in the tub, me noticing the bulge in his pants while he did.

Dinner was surprisingly good, and along with more wine put me in a stellar mood. He made a fire in the fireplace. We sat next to each other on the sofa. He said, "Okay, here's what I expect of you," detailing all my 'wifely' duties. He talked of several cocktail parties and business meeting that required my attendance. The first meeting I'd have with the other company's mogul would happen the next day. "We're having lunch with him. He wants to meet 'the missus' as I knew he would," Mike said.

"You are a marvelous woman, and I meant every compliment I made on your job performance," he said, while we sat there on the sofa sipping more wine. "I know I acted like a heel the night of the party...I can be pretty pushy most of the time...but that night was special, and it wasn't just about sex. I've never been as successful with women as I have been in business, and I don't really understand why you had sex with me...maybe at the time it was just sleeping with the boss...but you are the hottest woman I've ever been with, and I envy your husband immensely. Maybe this whole arrangement is my way of capturing a little of that, even for a short while."

"I...I'll be honest, I can't really say what motivated me to go to your room. All I can say is that...and I think you know it...I loved the sex, and I had a great time being with you at the party."

"I so much want more of that, but you're right that maybe I shouldn't expect this arrangement to go that far, especially tonight."

My motivation, indeed; I took his wine glass from him and set it down, and then I

“No, let’s just talk, okay?”

Which is what we did. I don't know what possessed me to open up, but I told him all about my sometimes rocky marriage. "You said the other night that Aaron was a lucky man," I told him, "but I don't think he feels that way."

"How could any man not feel lucky being with you? Maybe you're too strong a woman for him."

I thought for a moment. "Mmmm, I never looked at it that way"

"You are a strong woman. You know what you want and you go after it. Although I wasn't in on the decision making, I'm sure that's how you got to your present position in the company."

"Not by sleeping my way into it?" I said with a smile.

"Well, I don't know that, do I? But I have an idea that may be how you make the next move up."

"I was hoping it would be through my acting skills, not sexual ones."

"Oh, you mean acting as my wife. Yes, that's it." It was his turn to smile.

"You're a devil, you know that?"

"Maybe my diabolical side is how I got to the top."

We talked more about my first 'acting' job and what I should say and not say. I begged off sleeping with him and he didn't protest, though I knew he wanted another roll with me. That would have to wait.

The next day felt strange, not going in to the office. He fixed me breakfast, and that just added to my newfound affection for him. He gave me some more 'coaching' tips, but I told him to cool it, telling him to trust me in handling this first meeting.

I was a little nervous early on, but as the luncheon progressed I grew more comfortable in my role as Mike's wife. Occasionally we'd exchange glances to make sure our stories jibed; how we met, how long we'd been married, and so forth. Mr. Jenkins, the CEO Mike was wooing, kept trying to look down my dress, since the one I wore exposed enough cleavage to impress most men.

Later, Mike was ecstatic, praising my performance. I felt pretty good myself, almost like getting high, and I wanted to celebrate. Mike took me to an expensive steak house where we indulged our appetites before returning to his house to satisfy the our other appetites.

We barely made it to the bed before we coupled in a flesh frenzy. We began with an exhilarating sixty-nine before he flipped me onto my back and climbed aboard. Missionary isn't my favorite position, but Mike was up to the challenge of changing my mind. I wrapped

my legs around him and held on. Soon I wasn't sure whose hips were thrusting more. His moans and exhortations eventually got drowned out by my orgasmic wail.

After, he pointed out the obvious. "Look at *that* creampie! Sharon, see what you do to me?" Indeed, a prodigious amount of spent semen oozed from my still-twitching vulva.

I slept with him that night. Before falling asleep next to him, we planned the next day's activities.

My performance that day would only be arm candy, and I could do that job as well as anyone. While I had the chance, I gave Aaron a call. I expected him to be cold. What I didn't expect was for him to be giddy; he euphorically told me about the new BMW he bought. "It's an M3 convertible," he said, as if that would mean something to me other than it being expensive.

I panicked a little, thinking that the three quarters of a million would be gone before I got home. This was more my sacrifice than Aaron's so I figured I needed to have something extravagant too. That's when I began dreaming of things I would buy, and how we would update the house with loads of renovations.

Since I caught Mr. Jenkins looking down my dress at yesterday's luncheon, today I wore a low cut blouse that showed even more cleavage. The old coot sure noticed. I thought his eyes would pop out of his head, even as he made all the requisite comments about being "happily married." Men are such hypocrites, especially rich ones, who think the rules don't apply to them and that other men's wives are commodities to be bought—or perhaps rented for a month. My price had been paid. Mike didn't understand my grumpy mood when evening came and I slept alone.

Maybe because I didn't sleep with him, the following morning I found a gift-wrapped box sitting next to my morning coffee. As I opened it, he entered the room and said, "I know I've been demanding, and maybe taking this temporary wife thing too far, but dammit you've done something to me, something no woman has ever done before." He pointed to his chest, though I imagined my primary effect on him was actually on a lower organ.

I opened the box to find an amazingly beautiful necklace, plastered with alternating diamonds and emeralds; at least I assumed the gemstones were real. He helped me put it on and together we went to a mirror so I could admire it. The necklace was perfect, as if it was made expressly for me.

"It's beautiful," was all I could say, as I was otherwise speechless.

"You're beautiful," he said as he reached around from behind me and cupped a breast.

He began undoing buttons and clasps, and within minutes I was naked and he was

between my legs. I was his breakfast, for he ate me with delight. As his tongue worked its magic, I pulled his head to me. Pressure, sweet pressure on my clit sent me over the edge as I shivered, shook and squealed with elation. When he finally looked up and our eyes met, his mouth and chin were soaked, and it sure wasn't from saliva. He got me standing up in front of the bedroom mirror and entered me from behind. I admired the glint of light off the bouncing necklace as he was admiring the bounce of my full breasts, thrusting away. I was already so well lubricated from his oral ministrations that his sliding cock had a surreal velvety feel to it on my vagina walls. No big one for me this time, though by the sound of his loud groan and his last, trembling thrust, he came well.

No meetings with Mr. Jenkins the following day so I went home. I figured Aaron would be working and that I'd have the house to myself.

I was surprised when I got home and I saw the gleaming new BMW in our driveway. I walked into the kitchen, but before I could call out my husband's name, I heard the unmistakable sounds of sex coming from the living room. I peeked around the door jamb to see a big-titted blond bouncing on Aaron's cock, and a massive string of pearls bouncing around her neck.

I didn't think about infidelity. I didn't think about indiscretion. I thought about how much of the three-quarters of a million had been spent on those pearls. By the sounds of both of them, he probably thought the cost was worth it. I turned and got out of there, closing the door just as she screamed her orgasm.

Sitting in my car I began to sob, but did I have a right to feel betrayed? Mike Seldon had surely bought my infidelity, so how could I blame Aaron?

I slept with Mike that night. The sex was mechanical with my mind elsewhere, though it didn't appear to faze Mike at all.

More social meetings with Mr. Jenkins seemed to solidify the pending deal. Mike was pleased with himself, and pleased with me for my role in all of it. He especially loved the times he spied Mr. Jenkins ogling my ass or tits. Mike commented once, "The old bastard talks about family values, but he'd jump in the sack with you at the drop of a hat if he only had the chance."

"Maybe so," I said in reply. "Is that gonna be part of the contract?"

He laughed. "Baby, if I thought that alone would seal the deal, I'd suggest it." He laughed again. "Would you do it? Fuck the old dude? For more money?"

"Like the old joke, I guess you've established I'm a whore and now we're negotiating price. Is that it?"

"Take it easy, I'm only kidding."

But was he? "You seal your deal without peddling my ass, okay?"

"Okay."

Later, after dinner, I was drunk on wine and he was drunk on power, and therefore we were once more animals in heat when we got to his house. Every position, every angle was explored with reckless abandon. I didn't count my orgasms but I swear he had two.

We ended up in a tangled mess of wet sheets, and that's how we fell asleep.

In the dark I awoke to find him awake and looking at me. "Why aren't you sleeping?" I asked dumbly.

"You know, I was thinking how I could get used to this married thing quite easily, if only I was married to you."

"I don't know what to say, Mike, but I will admit it's been fun. I don't think there's any love in the equation, and doesn't there have to be for a good marriage?"

"Love? Do you love Aaron?"

His question took me aback. "Yes, I love my husband, but that doesn't have any bearing on me being here...in your bed."

"It doesn't? Despite the sex...which has been nothing short of fantastic, I admit...you and I have been getting along pretty well, I think. I never thought much beyond sex with a woman like you before. And now I wake up next to you and start thinking about the 'what could be.' "

His kiss was soft and romantic, and in spite of his dubious night-breath, I reciprocated in kind. The missionary position was good enough for me this go-round. He went slowly and sinuously, and before long I felt the tidal wave swell within. I held on, with both arms and legs wrapped around him as his tempo slowly picked up, thrusting my hips hungrily to meet him.

"God, you are so hot...I can't hold it much longer," he crooned.

"I...can't...either..." I answered rather nonsensically as my orgasm began.

I was growing more and more fond of the man's timing; cumming together sure was a great thing, one I was getting used to in a hurry.

Part 3

I don't know how it happened, but Mike and I actually settled into a husband-and-wife routine, one not matched by what Aaron and I once had. We hadn't spoken much during the month so far, and when we did it was colder than an ice cube. What wasn't cold was my libido. My sex drive easily moved its focus to Mike, and our nightly fuck sessions were as loud as they were kinetic.

The business deal was eventually consummated, so I fulfilled the terms of my contract with Mike Seldon. Mike, for his part, didn't want it to end. He professed his love for me. He offered me more money. He offered to shower me with presents.

"If I return to my husband, does it mean somehow that my career is in jeopardy?" I asked him. "I'd hate to think that after all this, you'd do that."

He shook his head. "No, Sharon dear. In fact, you've already been promoted to Senior V.P. and you'll be responsible for domestic markets, not Asia. I thought you'd like that."

"Mike, I don't know what to say. I can't see myself going home and pretending this never happened, but I'm having a hard time seeing us as long-term either."

"I'll pay you more money to stay with me."

It was my turn to shake my head. "Now we're back to making me into a whore. It may have been money at first, I admit it, but without speaking for Aaron, it's not about money now."

His face lit up, and for the moment I saw a kid opening presents on Christmas morning, not a powerful business leader. "You *do* care about me, I knew it." I could see the wheel's spinning, before he said, "How about letting Aaron decide? I think you're worth more than a million. I'll offer him a choice: a million bucks or you. Which one do you think he'd take?"

If I wasn't pondering that question myself, I would have slugged him for asking it so brazenly. Would Aaron take me or the money? Maybe that *IS* the test of whether I could go home again.

Mike made the call and Aaron agreed to meet him for lunch. I went into the office for the first time in a month to find all the paperwork on my promotion, best wishes from my staff, and directions to my new, larger office two floors higher in the building. I met the new staff and got settled, all the while wondering what was going on across town.

I figured the first call would be from Mike, but it was from Aaron. "First day in your

new job, huh?"

I gave him a cursory overview of my new responsibilities, but even while I did so I knew he wasn't really interested. Finally I asked, "So, which did you choose?"

He hemmed and hawed, but eventually admitted that he'd chosen the money. His explanations were lame, and basically I tuned them out anyway. My marriage was over. I knew I'd hurt later, probably cry my eyes out soon enough, but for now I was fairly blasé about the whole thing.

Aaron turned out to be nothing like Woody Harrelson's character. Remember that movie? Aaron wouldn't have second thoughts like in that movie. He wasn't going to do something sentimental with the money like in that movie. We wouldn't have a second chance. I had been rented, and now I was sold. Mike would be pleased, but what about me? I'd have to make the most of it, that's all.

I won't go into all the gory details of moving to Mike's place and hiring a divorce lawyer. Suffice it to say that none of it was pretty.

Mike didn't play the part of Robert Redford either. He was surprisingly empathetic, not in the least reacting as if he "won" me in the deal. I was living under his roof, but he didn't push me at all. We slept apart; he never mentioned sex. We worked. He kept me up to date with all company happenings, and continually asked how I liked my new position. He openly told me about feedback he was getting on me and my performance. This arrangement was certainly more of a business arrangement than during the month I spent "playing" his wife.

One morning as he fussed over me, fixing me breakfast and such, I let my robe fall to the floor. "You've been so nice to me, how about a reward before heading in to the office?"

"You mean like throwing the dog a bone?"

His robe was open. "You're the one with the bone, not me. Can I have it?"

I couldn't explain my arousal, but somehow deep down I'd made a decision. We began fucking in his kitchen. We somehow moved into his den, breaking a lamp along the way. We ended up in the shower, where things were finalized, loudly and wetly I might add.

"Does this mean...?" he said.

"I don't know what it means, but maybe someday your little fantasy about me will come true."

"You'd marry me?"

"I have to be divorced first, and then a dear man would have to propose, and I suppose he'd have to buy me a big ring, and..."

I didn't get to finish, his tongue went into my mouth as his newly energized cock soon found its own target. No Viagra for this man, at least I never saw him take a blue pill. Our second time may have been less rambunctious, but no lesser in intensity. To say I was screwed royally would be a pleasant understatement. I let him do all the work as I basked in the glow of a steadily building climax.

"Godddddddddddddd!" I screamed, and convulsed in superb orgasmic glee.

"Sharrrrrrrrrrronnnnnnnn!" he bellowed, and my name never sounded so sweet.

'Mrs. Seldon' was sounding sweet too. *Maybe Demi Moore would play me in the movie*, I thought in that giddy zone following another super orgasm. Mike's rent-to-own plan had really worked out. He owned me now, and I loved it!

The End

Once for sale, this story is my gift to all you loyal readers

Donna M.

Originally published as

"Strictly Business"

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