

## Marie Meets an HVAC Repairman

Marie Cardellico was a little upset. Here it was, middle of the summer, and her AC went out. She had a stressful, if seemingly dull, job as an accountant. That meant she needed to get a good night's sleep and to not spend her down time sweating or tossing and turning in bed. She called several HVAC repair companies, but all were so busy—apparently the heat wave was causing lots of outages—that the wait would be over 2 weeks. I can't sleep in this heat, and I can't afford to move to a hotel for two weeks either. She tried one more company—Johnson Industries. The web site was a bit sketchy. The “testimonials” were all about how handsome the repairmen were rather than about—you know—the quality of their service. She rolled her eyes and called anyway. Desperate times and all ... She wondered whether she wasted her time going to school and getting a degree when the real money seemed to be in the service industry. Maybe being smarter than everyone meant she sometimes wasn't prepared for the basic things. Oh well, time to check on this obviously fly-by-night company—what else can I do?

She called and there was a funny noise on the phone before a voice came on after—wow, she was on hold 15 minutes listening to that noise. But, she was in luck. There could be a repairman over in less than 2 hours depending on her needs, which she could type in on their on-line “customer request form.” More, she might qualify for a free home analysis of any other HVAC issues, and if any are found, a 50% discount. All she had to do was go on line and also complete the “customer data form” and by the time it was complete, the repairman would likely be there soon.

Marie went to the website again and clicked the “customer request form” and quickly listed that she was very hot. Then she clicked the “customer data” link. Her screen flashed and a strange hum started playing. Marie stared ahead at the screen, eyes unblinking.

An hour later, Marie blinked and saw the screen tell her that the forms were almost complete. It was funny as she didn't recall what data she put in, but knew that she was super hot and that the company was legit, so it would all be ok. All she needed to do was input her sizes for a free t-shirt. She listed her height (5'8”) and her weight (145 lbs), then her sizes (42DD, 34 waist, and 40 hips). She was always a tall yet curvy girl and knew that for a free t-shirt to fit right, she needed to be exact with her proper sizes. The screen then told her to prepare as the repairman would arrive soon.

Prepare? Oh yes. Marie was well aware the repairman would expect her to look her best. Obviously. Repairmen don't expect their customers to look anything but ready for services. Sure, she dressed up for her job as an accountant with a nice business suit, but this was a real repairman coming to her house. Marie put on her favorite lingerie because she knew that to look her best, she needed to be dressed proper, even underneath. She hadn't worn this lingerie in a while given that there was no man in her life for over a year. Still, with a repairman coming, she had to do everything right.

She found her favorite red set, a lace pushup bra that really offered little support, but made her DDs stand out even more. The bra had matching panties and a garter belt to complete the set. Then she found her pink stockings. Sure, she was already hot given that the AC was down, and while normally stockings would be the last thing to wear in excessive heat, she wanted to look right for the repairman to prove just how hot she was. A short skirt, short enough to let what little cool air there was get underneath, and then a button up tight blouse. Her boobies were already too big for the shirt, and the pushup bra made them more so, so Marie smartly knew that just buttoning only to the middle of her chest was ok. Besides, her "girls" needed some air given the heat.

After putting on her 3 inch high heels, making her nearly 6 foot tall now, she smiled as she looked at herself in the mirror. I look totally ready for the repairman. He would be able to see my chest, my stocking tops, and my garter straps and know that I am hot and ready to be serviced.

Marie stared out the window excitedly, hoping her would arrive soon. She was getting really hot now and needed a repairman. When she saw a beat up rusty van pull up to her driveway, she clapped and jumped, her boobies bouncing. Wow. Impressive. Even the windshield of the van is cracked, like a professional. I sure was super lucky to find the best service company around.

The man stepped out of the van. OMG! The website was right, the company does employ super hot men. He must be at least 5'2" tall. And look at the way his gut hangs out from his too-small uniform. Marie fanned herself thinking she got the sexiest repairman in town. When he came to the door, Marie saw that he was about 60 years old, old enough to be her father, even technically her grandfather, and that he hadn't shaved in about 3 days—so fucking hot! Keep calm Marie, he's here to help. Don't make a fool of yourself.

She opened the door and smiled wide. “Hey sailor!” She giggled and almost tripped in her heels. Stupid! Act more mature. He may be hot, but he won’t notice you if you act like an idiot.

“Ma’am. I understand you are way too hot.”

Marie giggled. So are you sexy. “Oh .... Ummm yeah. The AC. It’s not working and stuff and ... oh, please come on me ... errrr (giggle) ... come in.”

The man walked in and Marie was standing right next to him. With her height and her added heels, next to this he-man, she was almost a full foot taller than him. His face was at her chest. Fuck! I bet he could motorboat me right now. I wonder if he would be ok with me if I undid a few more ... damnit Marie. Get it together, he is way too sexy for me. Just let him do his job. “The ... ummmm ... AC ... is right down the hall here. I bet you can fix it in no time. You just seem so ... manly.” Marie giggled uncontrollably as she led him to the utility closet.

He looked in and then sized up the situation. “Hear that fan ma’am?” Marie listened closely as he turned up the fan—he even used a special extra fan so she could hear. She nodded. “Listen carefully. I’m sure you can hear the problem.” Marie strained to listen more and then she heard it. Yes. I can tell the problem now. I’ll just let him fix me since I’m so hot. Errrr, the AC.

The repairman spoke slowly as Marie continued to listen to the fans hum in that odd sound. “I’ll first need to adjust the dials. Just be sure to stand there as they can be very delicate.” Marie nodded as she let him remove the dial cover. He slowly unbuttoned the cover and opened it up. There were two large dials each in a padded holder. “I’ll need to remove the dial holders.” Marie bit her lip and nodded. She was glad he was working so diligently, as she could feel herself getting even hotter as the dial holders were taken off and fell to the floor. She giggled slightly as she thought it was odd that the holders were bright pink and lacey, but she wasn’t an HVAC expert.

“Well I can see part of the problem already. Let’s get these dials adjusted properly. He grabbed each dial by their knobs. He softly pinched them given how delicate they were, like he said.

Marie gasped as the knobs were touched. God I feel even hotter now. She looked down at his expert hands slowly and softly pinched and squeezed the knobs as well as the rather full large dials. He explained how they often need to be squeezed so that the AC system can be ready for full service. Marie just nodded and tried to concentrate but she was only getting hotter. Looking down at the balding repairman use his hands on the large dials was exciting too. Good thing he is a professional or else he might notice how I am getting turned on watching him. I have to try to not let him notice. When he gave each dial a hard squeeze, Marie moaned loudly before smiling and giggling for being so dumb to interrupt him.

“Ok, it looks like the dials are set. Now let me get a look around the back to see what other issues I see. You might need to bend forward ma’am, so as to not get dirty.” Marie nodded and bent forward. He was considerate to not want her outfit to get dirty. “Let me check under the hood.” He lifted up the back cover and Marie knew he must be doing things right as she felt a bit of cool air rush up her behind her. “Well these covers get more complicated. I see you have a double cover ma’am. Not to worry, I have seen this before. Let me slide the second cover off.” Soon Marie felt a bit cooler again as he slid the pink lace cover down the legs of the AC. Marie saw it laying on the floor around her heels.

“Hmmmmm. I think I know what this needs ma’am. Let me sure it is lubricated so that the tool can get in there and deal with the obvious overheating.” Marie bit her lip as she remained bent over and out of the way. God, I hope he can fix this soon. I am even hotter.

The repairman started to check the AC for its lubrication. He slid his hand over the opening and Marie gasped as she felt her body tremble. “It seems pretty well lubricated ma’am, but just to be sure, I think I will prime the opening. I hate for the tool to have trouble getting in there.” Marie tried to concentrate but was so busy trying to remain still and out of the way bent forward. Besides the fans humming was causing her to have trouble thinking too.

“Let’s see if some old fashion elbow grease will do the trick.” The repairman started rubbing his finger over the opening and Marie started to moan louder, even louder than the fan. God, he is such a good repairman, I must be getting excited knowing he is doing his job. He rubbed more and more over the front. “You see ma’am, the opening has a special gasket, right here.” He pressed his finger on the gasket and Marie started quivering as she was overcome. She wanted to tell him that she was following him and paying attention, but instead moaned out, “fuck, I’m cumming. Don’t stop. Please don’t stop!!!” The repairman must have understood her

meaning—that she appreciated his hard work, because he kept priming the gasket at the opening over and over and over. Marie felt her knees weakening but didn't want to interrupt him. Still, when he pressed hard on the gasket again, she went into full body spasm and fell to the floor.

"I'm sorry sir. I didn't mean to get in your way. How about I just kneel up and ..." She turned around on her knees and saw the repairman must have known the opening was ready because he has his tool out.

"Indeed ma'am. You stay right there and let me get this tool into place." He held onto the sides of the front opening and slid his tool inside. Marie wanted to say something about how much she appreciated his work but instead moaned over the tool. She could almost feel as if the tool was not working because it was making her even hotter. Still, she knew it was doing the job just right as she mumbled until the repairman told her to try not speak. She looked up at him as she knelt, knowing he was busy trying to fix her right, and she nodded like a good girl.

The repairman kept thrusting the tool in and out as he held the sides of her front opening. He even grabbed the strings on the sides and used one hand to ball them up as he thrust the tool in faster and faster. He used his free hand to adjust the dials, which were loose and just hanging and swaying back and forth. Marie gasped, although her gasp was muffled somewhat as if her mouth was full. It was awesome watching such a talented repairman use one hand to control the outside by the strings, another to adjust the dials and even fine tune the knobs, while still, without using his hands, using his tool to probe and find just the right way to help Marie from being so hot. Marie was so impressed, she even started feeling like she was getting excited again. Yes, I am ... like I am turned on by watching him work, just above me.

Soon Marie closed her eyes as she felt herself getting ... perhaps too excited again. The repairman said he was almost finished fixing the problem. He said he needed to let the final lubrication out over the front. Marie looked up with doe eyes and nodded. She knew that he was the expert and that if the front needed lubrication, it must.

The repairman pulled the strings back and the tool popped out of the opening. And next thing she knew, Marie saw a blast of lubrication shoot out. Several more blasts came out and Marie

helped the repairman wipe it all over the front, even over the big dials. Then he said something about one last amount of lubrication needed in the front and he slid the tool back into the front opening. Marie tried to say something but could only mumble and moan. She gulped down as she felt that even though she was still very hot, somehow the repairman made her feel better. She smiled up at him as he slid his tool out and put it away.

“That should do the trick for now ma’am. But your system was long overdue for that lubrication. I will stop by again tomorrow to give it another round of lubrication.”

Marie still knelt and smiled. “Yes, sir. You are the pro and I’m just a hot customer.”

She watched him pack up and go. She then stood up and walked over to her computer to give the company a great review. When she stood up, she felt sticky all over. There was some odd white goo in her hair, on her face and even on her chest and ... oh shit. My blouse and bra and panties are all on the floor. That’s weird. I must have zoned out after the repairman left because obviously I didn’t undress while he was here. She reached down and felt her privates all wet too. She giggled to herself. I don’t remember getting that excited by seeing a repairman working at his craft before. Glad he didn’t notice.

She checked the AC. It still wasn’t working. At least the repairman was coming back tomorrow to service her some more.

Marie Is Just A Silly Accountant

Marie Cardellico was undoubtedly the best accountant in the office. She worked diligently. She had a knack for numbers that was as if she had an internal computer in her head. She knew the state and federal regulations governing taxes, business codes, exceptions, exemptions, and everything else in between, backwards and forwards. Given that she was the only woman in her accounting firm, the CEO thought it was best to promote her to potential clients as a demonstration of the company’s diversity. Unfortunately, it also resulted in some jealousy amongst her fellow accountants, particularly John Johnson. He sometimes failed to hide his anger.

When Marie got to head up the new account of one of the firm’s biggest clients, Johnson

reached his limit. He surfed the dark web. He found what he was looking for.

Marie was working in her office one morning when Johnson walked by. “Marie. I just want to say how I may have acted like an ass before, suggesting I should have taken the lead on the Wilson account. It was wrong of me to act that way. And really I’m lucky to have you as an office mate, and you definitely deserve the assignment, over me or anyone else. If you need any help on the Wilson account, or anything else, you let me know. Peace offering?” He handed Marie a large cup of coffee from her favorite local shop. “I asked around and know this is your favorite. And again, I’m sorry if I ever acted in a way that made you feel bad. If anyone should feel bad, it’s me for letting my jealousy cloud my judgment.”

Marie sat there, stunned at first. Johnson was an asshole. Not the type of guy to ever apologize for anything, especially his own behavior. Still, even if he was forced by the CEO to do this, I’ll take it. She smiled. Taking the cup. “Thanks John. That means a lot to me. And you can be sure I WILL definitely take you up on the offer of help. This Wilson account is a bear.” She took a sip. “Mmmmm this really is good coffee. Thanks again John.”

“No problem. Maybe I’ll make this a habit. Same order tomorrow?”

Marie smiled wider. “If you’re offering, then yes, I’m ok with that.”

Later that day, Marie started feeling a bit light headed and figured it was just the workload. She left on time, rather than staying late like she usually did. Johnson watched her as she left early. He noticed a slight glaze over her eyes. Maybe this stuff works? Will it work better with the digital stuff?

The next morning Johnson brought her another cup of her favorite and offered his help again. “I’ll tell you what John, how about you work on the invoices and we can talk more later today.”

“Sounds good. I’ll send you an email when I’m done.”

By mid-day Marie was feeling light headed again but she tried to power through it. Johnson's emailed arrived with the attached spreadsheet. She clicked it. A fog hit her hard.

"Marie? Marie? You ok?"

Marie looked up, blinking. She must have dozed off. There was drool dripping from her lips and a small puddle on her desk. Johnson was standing there. A concerned look on his face. "Huh?"

"Whew. I thought you were ... dead. You were just sitting there, eyes all glazed over. Good thing I came in. I just wanted to know if you got my email."

Marie was still foggy but had to at least try to make it look like she was in charge. "Oh ... ummmmm ... yeah. I was so focused I guess I just was not hearing or seeing anything else. That was a very helpful spreadsheet John." She couldn't recall anything about it, but had to say something.

"Well good. I'm happy to make another one on the expenses if you'd like."

"Oh ... yeah. Sure. Thanks." Marie smiled and hoped he didn't notice the drool or that her screen did not have a spreadsheet up at all—just a bunch of fashion pictures of ... WTF! Marie clicked her screen off before John could see. "Thanks again John. I will wait for your next email."

Johnson left. A smirk on his face. It really works. This is going to be some fun.

Once he left, Marie clicked her screen back on. It wasn't really a fashion page so much as an "office girl wet dream" page. Picture after picture of hot women wearing the shortest possible skirts and tightest possible tops. Marie clicked off the screen and saw she had an email receipt showing she purchased ... holy shit! Marie realized she bought 3 mid-thigh skirts, 2 tight tops

and 1 more that had a low scoop that would never hide her rather impressive 34D chest—a chest she did her best to hide at work by wearing heavy jackets, thick tops, and even minimizer bras. Worse, she also ordered several lace lingerie sets—each coming with a matching bra, panty, and garter belt, along with stockings matching the color of the set. Red. Blue. Pink. WTF! I would never order that stuff, and certainly not wear it. She was about to work on retuning the items, hopefully before they even shipped when she got a notice on her screen that John’s latest email arrived. She interrupted her “return” and clicked his email. Another spreadsheet.

Marie just stared at the spreadsheet. Then it hit her—she stared at the last one too. But why? Oh yeah. She loves spreadsheets. She stared as she opened her legs wider under her desk. It would be easier to open my legs even more if my skirt was shorter. That’s why they are spreadsheets. She giggled. I spread my legs when I see them. She giggled more. I spread them so some man can get me under the sheets and have his way. She burst out loud laughing at how funny she was. She hiked her skirt up some and slowly ran her hand across her panties. John is such a nice man to get me such yummy coffee and send me spreadsheets. For an asshole, he is kinda good looking. I bet he has a big ... Marie giggled to herself as she imagined how big John must be. I bet he would like to see me spread on his sheets. Marie’s hands pressed hard against her panties, feeling her clit swollen on the other side of the fabric. Oh god I love it when he sends me spreadsheets so much. It makes me so ... so ... so ... Marie grit her teeth and tried to keep her moans down as she felt the rush that comes from self-pleasure.

An hour later Marie shook her head. A grid with a bunch of numbers was on her screen. What happened? She blushed, despite being alone, as she realized her skirt was hiked up and her ... oh god, my panties are soaked. What have I been doing? Thinking? I don’t even remember anything since I spoke with John. I must be working too hard. Maybe I should do something for myself. A new wardrobe might be a good idea. I think I even ordered something today but ... damn ... I don’t remember what it was. I’m sure it will be very nice. She walked to her car smiling thinking about how nice she’ll look in the office once she gets her new wardrobe, whatever it may be.

The next day Marie arrived at work to see John waiting at her door with a cup of her favorite coffee. She smiled. “You are being too nice John. The coffee. The spreadsheets.” She suddenly felt excited. Good thing she was wearing her usual heavy outfits as she felt her nipples instantly harden as her panties started to get wet when she said “spreadsheets.” As she took the coffee, she stumbled and knocked it out of John’s hand but failed to grasp it herself. It spilled all over

John.

“Oh my god. John. I am so sorry. She opened her purse for a tissue and immediately started to try and dry him shirt off. It was dribbling down and she knelt down and started to dry the front of his pants. She was pressing her hand with the tissue all over the front and ... oh god. He’s getting excited. I can feel it. Marie blushed beet red but was unable to move her hand away, instead still rubbing it over the front of his pants, the tissue long since soaked and of no use, she dropped it without taking her hand from the front of his pants. She imagined him spreading her legs wide as she lay on sheets before plunging himself inside her and ...

Marie quickly stood up and rushed off. “I’m so sorry John.” Seconds later she was in a stall in the ladies room, her pants down and her hand pleasuring herself. Oh my god. What am I doing? I was like pressing on his ... Marie blushed as she imagined John’s huge cock—it must be huge—plunging into her as she lay spread eagle on his sheets. Fuck me John. Fuck me. Fuck me like a silly sluuuuuuuuutttttttttttt. Marie almost passed out as she brought herself to a massive orgasm.

When she finally calmed down, she slid her panties back up and lowered her long skirt. I have got to get to work and stop thinking about being a hungry dumb slut.

Marie walked to her office and sat down. Get it together girl. Let’s just work on the Wilson account. She opened her email and saw John had sent her an email with the expense spreadsheets. She clicked it. Things went dark.

Around 4:30, Marie looked up from her desk. Her skirt was off on the floor. So were her panties. Her hand was still rubbing her pussy ... and she knew it was “still” rubbing it as she was soaked and sore. Her door was partially closed, but anyone could see in if they looked. She blushed and ran to her door and shut it. WTF?!?! What is wrong with me? She grabbed her skirt and slid it on. Her panties were useless—soaked AND torn. She tossed them away. She ran to the elevator, when she heard John yell out, “Hey Marie? Oh, you’re leaving? I’ll send you a text with a link so you can see the work I did today.”

Marie just nodded and kept her head down. He might have seen me half-naked if he peeked into my door today. She blushed as she got on the elevator alone.

By the time she got home, she had convinced herself that no one saw her today undressed, and she poured herself a glass of wine. The doorbell rang and a delivery man stood there with several packages. Marie thanked him and went inside. She opened the box and saw all the lingerie that she ordered although she didn't recall doing so. She set the box and sat down trying to figure out what was going on. Her phone pinged and she saw John sent her a text. He said it was urgent, so she clicked it.

Marie smiled at herself in the mirror. She looked so good in her new lingerie. She loved this pink set because it showed off her nice titties. You can even see my nipples thru the thin fabric. She hoped John liked the pictures she sent to him from her phone. She pranced around her house in just the set when her doorbell rang again. It must be John here to discuss those important spreadsheets. She rushed to the door. He smiled and she blushed. It was embarrassing that he was standing there and she hadn't even started sucking his cock. She pulled him inside and dropped to her knees.

When Marie woke the next morning she realized she was laying in her bed, her blinds were still open and she was wearing a pink garter belt, pink stockings, and her only set of black high heels. And nothing else. WTF!?!?

She sprang up out of bed and rushed to her windows to close the blinds. She felt totally wrong. Something is going on. She went to her bathroom and saw her face in the mirror. She had a dried white crust all over her face. Her mouth felt very sticky too, with an odd after taste like she ate something very nasty before bed.

She quickly showered and went to get dressed. The only underwear she had in her dresser was lace lingerie sets of red, blue, green, yellow, and purple. Each set was a lace push up bra, matching panty, and matching garter belt. There were several pairs of stockings too—each colorful like the sets. No white, no black, no nude. Only these colorful ones. WTF?!?! She went to her closet and the only outfits were short skirts that went to mid-thigh. The only tops had huge scoops so that she would have massive cleavage showing. All her other clothes—even her

non-work clothes were gone.

Marie was worried and frankly, freaked out. I can't go out like this, especially to work. But I have work to do. Then it hit her. John. He will help. She texted him. She saw she also texted him last night with some photo attachments. She would look at that later to try to recall what she sent, but now she had urgent work issues. She texted him. "John, please send me the latest spreadsheets and ..." Maria moaned. She was suddenly and unexpectedly hit with a massive wave of excitement. Her pussy started to get soaked. She closed her eyes and tried to ride it out and get back to her text. But the urge was so strong. Maybe just for a second ...

Marie lowered her hand to her bare pussy. She imagined thanking John for all his work for her by spreading her legs wide and letting him ... input all that he had into her spreadlegs... err spreadsheets. Ahhhhh. Marie slowly brought herself to a satisfying resolution and was able to get back to her text. Wait!!! IT's already 11:00?!?! I've been playing with myself for 4 hours! She rushed to take a quick shower and get to work. No time to waste now. She put on the least revealing outfit. The blue lingerie set, even though the bra cups were basically paper thin. Then a dark top that won't show too much. She picked a black top that had a low neck line. Her chest was visibly bouncing with each step but she had to hurry. A blue pleated skirt. And sensible .... Where are all my shoes?!?! Marie had to wear her only pair, a set of 4-inch red heels, the ones she was wearing when she woke up in her bed. Now each step made her chest bounce even more. Worse, her skirt would not hide her garter straps of stocking tops. Fuck! It's almost noon. She raced to her car. Her tits bouncing, almost out of the bra cups, her skirt flipping up with each stride.

She called John from her car. "Hey. Sorry I'm running late. I had a family emergency this morning. I'll be there in 20 minutes. Meet me in my office. I am going to assign you some things before I have to run out for more ... family things. Goodbye."

She hung up and raced to work. She'll be there in 10 more ....

Fuck!!!

Marie saw the flashing lights from the cop car behind her. She was going 80 in a 30 zone. She pulled over. Damn it. Just give me the ticket so I can get tow ok.

The officer approached.

"Roll down the window miss." Marie did as she was told.

"I'm sorry officer. I was running late and got distracted and ..." She looked at him and saw his eyes on her chest. More than half of it was out of her blouse just due to the bra cups being pushed up so much. She blushed.

"Ma'am? I am afraid you were going so fast that I am going to have to arrest you."

"No please officer. I am really a safe driver normally. It's just that ... I mean please. I'll do anything. I have to get to work."

"Hmmmmm ... anything miss?"

Marie blushed. She had to get to work. She had no choice. She quickly agreed. "Yes sir. Anything. Please I am so late for work."

10 minutes later Marie watched the cop walk away from her car. She got out of her backseat and wiped her chin of the extra drops that had dribbled out before tucking her bare tits back inside her bra cups and then tucking them under her blouse. I just sold my body to get out of a ticket. I gave the cop head just so I wouldn't go to jail. I'm a whore. Marie gritted her teeth, partially out of anger at the cop, partially out of anger at herself, but mostly because she was embarrassed at how much she was cumming in her panties as she realized what a prostitute she really was.

She started up her car as she got back into the front seat and drove at a reasonable speed to work. John was waiting for her in her office.

“John. I know, I know. I’m even more late. Listen I have to ...”

“Sssssshhhhhh Marie. No worries. Just think of the spreadsheets and everything will be okay.”

Marie stared ahead for a moment. Spreadsheets. Spreadsheets. Oh god. I love them so much. She smiled.

“John, please, like right now. I need it.” Marie bent over her desk and raised her skirt up over her ass. Her blue panties were soaked but still on, although not for much more. She even made sure he got the point as she lowered them to her knees. “Fuck me John. I am spread out and ready.” As she felt John enter her, all Marie could think about was how she was just a dumb silly slut who was better being a plaything than a lead accountant for an important project. It was almost as if she could think these words as if John was speaking directly into her ear. But that was silly as John was too busy fucking her like the stupid whore she really was to be whispering into her ear too. But it was almost as if she could hear him tell her what a useless set of wet holes she was. Marie could only think about the massive orgasms she was having as John pounded her harder and harder. Her tits pressed into the top of the desk as she used her body for its only purpose. Suddenly she felt the rush of John’s massive load fill her and Marie almost passed out from the feeling of finally being useful to such a smart man when she was just a silly numbers clerk.

Marie turned around to face John after he finished inside her and could only think of one thing to say, “May I clean that off with my mouth sir?” That’s what silly girls like Marie did after all.

Later that day, Marie was demoted, at her insistence, to John’s secretary. Sure, she had to blow the head of the company to convince him to allow her to make the job switch. But given that she was a silly whore, it only made sense that she would do that. As John’s secretary, she got to spread out on his sheets regularly and have him input hard—very hard—data into her. She

loved this way better than being a silly accountant.

Story: Marie

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