

Sarah is Definitely NOT Dumb

Sarah Tucker just graduated with honors from school and was looking for work. Despite her excellent grades, the job market was terrible and the best she could find were ads to work as a secretary. She didn't go to school and work hard to become a basic secretary. But she had rent, a car payment, utilities, other bills, plus she had to ... you know ... eat. Student loans would start to be her next monthly bill within 6 months. She gritted her teeth and replied to some ads for executive secretaries. She had a few interviews, but either the company had too many applicants or they felt, justifiably, she was over qualified.

She got another interview, this time at Johnson Industries, and was set to meet the CEO himself. When she arrived, she was given a bottle of water and told to wait. She waited 30 minutes and was told it would be a bit longer. She was handed another bottle of water. Eventually she was called in to meet the CEO. She was handed a third bottle of water and at that point she realized she drank both the first two rather quickly already. Must be nerves.

She walked into his office and sat down.

He stood up and smiled. "Miss Turner, I'm John Johnson. I'm so sorry to keep you waiting for all this time. I tend to be a very punctual man, but today—well it's been a whirlwind. And being down an executive secretary makes it doubly hard."

Sarah smiled. "I understand sir. I hope that I might be able to secure your trust to get the chance to have the job."

He smiled as he saw her drink from the water bottle. She is just about down with her third. It should be into her system by now. "Well let's talk about that. I looked at your resume. Very impressive. You are obviously not dumb as you even graduated cum loudly, I see."

Sarah smiled and nodded before gritting her teeth. "It's pronounced cum laude (KOOM LAWDY) sir. It's Latin for 'with honors.' And yes, I am very proud of that. I'm the first person from my family to go to college. I wanted to make my family proud."

“Well I am sure you have. Speaking of family, if you don’t mind me asking, are you married? Kids?”

Sarah knew these were not appropriate questions to ask, and in fact likely violated some employment laws, but for some reason decided just to answer. He must have a good reason to ask after all—as he said, I’m not dumb. “No sir. In fact, I have been so busy studying, I haven’t had time for a boyfriend, really ever.”

“Really? A pretty girl like you? No boyfriend? You aren’t still a virgin are you?”

Even if the first questions were likely inappropriate for a job interview, this one was over the top wrong for just about any setting. Still, he has a nice face and he must have a good reason to ask. He must think I’m dumb to think this question is out of line when I know there is a good reason he asked. She blushed. “I am sir. But mostly because I believe in the fairy tale. I want to give myself to a man when I know he is THE man, the man I have married.”

“Really. That is quite old fashioned—especially from such a young lady. But admirable. And I also admire your honesty. You be honest with me little lady and I will be with you. Deal?”

Sarah smiled. “Deal sir.”

“Now this cum loudly thing that you have. Does that mean I need to speak Latin with you?” He chuckled and Sarah joined in even though he mispronounced it again. I know I’m not dumb, but maybe he is. No—he is just kidding.

“No sir. I don’t speak Latin either.”

“Good, I don’t want to be too snobby around here. You can cum as loudly or quietly as you

want little lady.”

Wait? What? Oh he is just teasing. I get it. Sarah chuckled politely. I’d have to be pretty dumb to think he meant anything else by that.

“I have to say little lady—you don’t mind me calling you that do you? Of course you don’t.” Sarah smiled and nodded along. Only a dummy would object. “Anyway, you are probably overqualified. But something tells me that you have exactly what I want as long as ...”

Sarah smiled and nodded faster. I’m going to get the job. As long as I ... “What sir? As long as I ... what?”

“Well I have to be sure you look like a secretary. You don’t mind putting on our official secretary uniform to see if it fits you right?”

“Oh of course not sir.” A secretary uniform. He must know I am not dumb because everyone knows that secretaries have uniforms. Don’t blow this Sarah. You need the job.

“Good. How about you go into our secretarial changing room and try on everything and come on out and let me see you. Make sure you wear everything, as it is all part of the uniform.”

Sarah nodded and walked over to the door marked “secretary changing room.”

Inside it was like an assembly line. Each spot had a label—Step 1, Step 2, and so on. She went to Step 1—Undress, completely. Well obviously that makes sense given that I have to put on a full secretarial uniform. Only a dummy would think this was weird. Sarah took off her shoes, her blouse, her pants, her bra, and her panties. She dumped them in the “Discard” pile and went to Step 2—stockings. There were lots of stockings to choose from, although each pair was bright green pastel in color. They didn’t stay up at all, but fortunately, the next station was Step 3—garter belt. Sarah found a pretty lace garter belt—in fact they were all pretty and lace, and like

the stockings, bright and colorful, although yellow. She was able to secure her stocking tops and then she went to Step 4—panties, and she found the right size matching yellow lace panties for the set amongst many pairs of yellow panties. She slid them up and was pleased that she would be able to take them off if she needed to go to the ladies room without undoing her garter straps. Only dummies put on panties first. Step 5—bra was harder because the bras were not very supportive, mostly decorative. They were thin, lacy, and had no real underwire or elastic support. Still she found the matching 32D yellow bra to hold her still rather firm breasts. Step 6—shoes is where Sarah found a size 6 yellow pair of heels that matched her lingerie set. They were 4 inch heels—all the pairs were that high—which Sarah struggled to walk in, but she knew only dumb girls can't walk in high heels. Step 7—skirts was the most difficult choice as the skirts were so many styles, tight mini skirt, short pleated skirt, and ... well at least two to choose from. Sarah decided on a pretty bright green pleated skirt since it twirled when she would spin. It was a bit short and parts of her garter straps could still be seen. But the skirt matched perfectly, and Mr. Johnson knows I'll be wearing garters because he knows the uniform pieces, so I'm have to be super dumb not to wear such a cute skirt. She slid it on and moved on. Step 9—blouses had more choices, super tight pull overs with lots of cleavage or super tight button ups with lots of cleavage. Sarah decided that a button up yellow blouse looked best. It was a bit thin so her bra showed through and the buttons only came up to her mid-chest, so she had lots of exposed cleavage and the tops of her bra cups could be seen. But she wasn't dumb—she knew that her boobies needed fresh air and besides, she looked so good. At the end, she was instructed to return to the interview, which she did. It was bit hard to walk given the heels. But she did her best walking slowly. She giggled because with the heels and the slow prance-like pace, her boobies really bounced a lot with each step. Good thing she wasn't dumb or otherwise someone might think she was a bimbo.

She walked back inside the interview room. Mr. Johnson smiled. She smiled back because she knew she must look like a secretary. She was sure to get the job.

He handed her another water bottle and asked her to sit so they could continue the talk. She gulped down the water quickly and was ready for anything he might ask.

“So Sarah, I have to say you look very secretarial.” Sarah smiled wide. She knew it. “But I need to know that you can handle the duties. I assume you can type.”

"Yes sir. Very well in fact."

"Take notes?"

She nodded.

"Make coffee?"

"Well I usually buy mine at the coffee shop, but I am sure I can learn how."

"Of course. You are a cum loudly girl, I forgot."

Sarah giggled. But she nodded. She wondered if she would ever cum loudly when she met Mr. Right.

"And you can handle all of my dictation."

"Well again sir, I haven't been a secretary before, but I have to think I can do that."

"Maybe I should teach you about dictation."

"Oh I would be happy to learn." Sarah smiled. If I can do dictation, I will get the job for sure. And given that I'm no dummy, I bet I can learn lickety-split.

"Good. Well it really isn't that hard. First you have to stand up and walk to my side of the desk." Sarah nodded and did so, walking slowly on the high heels. "Good. Now as you know, dictation

can get rather messy at times, so it's best if you undid your blouse and skirt and lay them on the desk."

"Sir?"

"You don't think I would be lying to you Sarah, do you? Remember we had a deal about being honest."

Sarah blushed. He might not hire me. I am sure he is being honest given our deal. And I'm not dumb. He'd be in lots of trouble if he had me undress in front of him unless there was a good reason. "Oh no sir. It's just that I never undressed in an office before and it's a bit embarrassing."

"I understand. That's why it is important that you know that I am married. So you have nothing to worry about."

Sarah smiled wide. He's married. Of course. He already has a woman in his life. It's ok if I underdress in front of him because of that. Good thing I'm not dumb. Whew. She nodded. "Of course sir. I was just being silly."

Sarah undid her blouse buttons and opened her blouse revealing the rest of her bra, barely concealing her chest. The bra was so thin that her nipples and areolas were very visible. Then she slid off her skirt. Standing in her lingerie. She gently laid both items on the desk.

"Good girl. You might just be the secretary I expected." Sarah smiled wide again.

"Now, to do proper dictation, you need to get in dictation position."

“Sir?”

“Oh that’s right. You haven’t done this before. You need to kneel down right in front of me.”

Sarah smiled. Obviously. Sometimes I forget the basics even though I’m not dumb. This way he is sitting above me and I am kneeling below him, a proper pecking order sorta thing. Duh. Sarah knelt down and smiled up at her (hopefully) future boss. “I’m totally in position now sir.”

He smiled down at her. “Indeed you are little lady. Now the first thing with any dictation—after you kneel down—is for you to undo my fly and take out my cock.”

Sarah scrunched up her nose. “Really? But ...”

“Did you forget Sarah? I’m married. So you have nothing to worry about. It is dictation. It always starts with a dick.”

Sarah smiled. Of course. I should have known. He might think I’m dumb if I don’t do this right. “Yes sir. Of course. I was just a little unsure. But really, I’m a fast learner, and I was just unsure, and ...” Sarah was panicking and talking too fast and too much. She was getting worried.

He smiled down. “Not to worry Sarah. I know you’re not dumbt—after all you cum loudly. So I’s ok if you have questions about new things like dictation. I don’t mind you asking.”

Sarah breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you sir.”

“So what you do, is you look up and say something like, ‘I’m ready for your dictation sir.’ And then you reach up and undo my fly and find my cock and take it out like a good little girl. Understand?”

Sarah nodded quickly. She really needed a job and if she had to take out her potential new boss's dick for dictation, it was ok. I mean sure, I suppose a dick is used in sex stuff too, but this isn't sex, it's work. She wondered what a real dick looked like. He had never seen one before. She was scared, but confident in her abilities because she was no dummy. She looked up at him. "I'm ready for your dick ... I mean dictation sir." She smiled and then reached up and slid down his fly. She reached in and felt a bulge inside. She struggled to get it out but because she was super smart—not some dummy—she undid his pants buttons too and was able to open his pants wider and then she found it—his dick. She pulled it out. Wow! A real dick. It's huge! I wonder what I'm supposed to do next to get all his dictation. She looked up at her boss—hopefully her boss at least—and smiled. "Did I do that ok sir?"

He smiled at her and she immediately smiled wider. She knew she could learn to do this—not being any dummy after all. "You did very well Sarah. Now the next step is to take your soft little hand and wrap it around my cock—my dick—and move your hand slowly up and down to make sure all the dictation is ready which you can tell when it feels nice and hard."

Sarah nodded. "Yes sir." She did as she was told. It was warm to touch and felt a bit hard already. She slowly moved her hand up to the top—with its cute little round head—and then back down to the bottom where there was a hairy sack. Then back up and then back down. She did this several times and could feel Mr. Johnson's dick getting harder. Wow—he must have lots of dictation.

"Mmmmmm that's a good girl. You're ok with me calling you 'a good girl,' aren't you little lady? Of course you don't mind. You like being good, and of course you are a girl."

Sarah smiled up as she moved her hand up and down slowly. "Yes sir. I like being called a good girl—and being called little lady. It reminds me of how good and nice I try to be to people."

"That's right. Mmmmm you are really getting the hang of this Sarah. My dictation is ready for you to go to the next step." Sarah looked up excitedly—if I can do this, I can have the job. "You have to open your mouth and give my cock lots of kisses up and down the side, on the top, and even on the bottom at the sack. It is dictation. So there is Dick. And you have to Taste it. Dick-

Tasting.”

Sarah smiled and nodded. Of course Dictation is just a short quick way of saying dick tasting. “Yes sir.” She leaned forward and kissed the top. “Mmmmm.” Sarah wasn’t a dummy. She knew she had to make sure he knew that she loved the taste of dick. She kissed and licked the top more before sliding her tongue down the side. “Mmmmmmm sir. So yummy.” Sarah smiled up before she returned to kissing the dick more and then the sack at the bottom. The sack was super hairy but Sarah was no dummy. It was just a test to see if she could really taste all of the dick and she was bound to do so, as she needed the job. Only a dummy would skip tasting all over the sack. Sarah licked and even sucked in the sack into her mouth, rolling her tongue all over to make sure she tasted everything. She must be doing a good job too, because she heard Mr. Johnson call her a “good little girl.” He even patted her head, which everyone knows is the best praise a boss can give a secretary when she is tasting his dick. Only dummies don’t know that.

Sarah licked and kissed and sucked some more before she smiled and looked up. “Is this good sir? Am I doing your dictation right?”

He smiled at her and nodded. Sarah smiled wider, proud of how good she was at tasting dick. “Of course once you become an expert at dictation, you can use one hand to feel over the front of your panties to see if you feel special tingles. The more you tingle, the better you are at tasting dick.”

Sarah nodded. I wonder why that is? But my boss is smart and I’m not a dummy either. Everyone knows it is good to feel tingles near your privates when you taste dick. Sarah stared to rub the front of her panties as she slid her tongue slowly up and down her boss’s—well I hope he will hire me at least—dick. Oh god. I am getting tingly. Mmmmmmm. It feel so good. Sarah was lost in her thoughts of her tingles as she rubbed over one special spot in the front of her panties. She could feel a little nub and when she pressed on it Oh god ... it feels so good ... She moaned loudly as she kept tasting the dick and

“That’s a good little slut.” He took her head in his hands and lifted her mouth top the top of his dick. “Open you pretty mouth.” Sarah was still rubbing her little nub and just did as she was

told, and soon she could feel Mr. Johnson's dick go inside her mouth. Wait. Did he call me a slut? But I'm a good girl, a virgin, and ... oh god. It tastes so good. She rubbed faster as she could feel her head being moved up and down by Mr. Johnson's hands. Oh god, I feel so many tingles and Oh god, I'm exploding inside my privates ... and

Ahhh!

Sarah felt like a million super special tingles inside her panties and moaned hard and loud over Mr. Johnson's dick. She thought she heard him say, "fuck you took to it so easily like a dumb little slut and I'm gonna ..." but wasn't sure because she was having trouble thinking about anything other than the tingles and how good she felt when all of a sudden her mouth started to feel a big bunch of cream pumping and filling inside. It was salty and yummy but she was sure she did something wrong and she panicked and pulled her head up and looked at Mr. Johnson's dick, thinking she broke it. As soon as she did, another big blob of cream shot out of it onto her nose and cheek, and then another into her hair, and even another across her eyes and forehead. She looked up at Mr. Johnson, who was smiling down at her as she felt one more splash across her chest, getting all over her pretty bra. Instead of getting mad at her, however, Mr. Johnson smiled more and put his hand on her head and guided her back to his dick. "Drink it all up like a good little girl."

Sarah opened her mouth and felt his dick back inside, still oozing drops of cream. She sucked on it gently as she made sure she drank it up like she was told.

When he finally let go of her head, Sarah slowly slid her mouth off his dick and looked up. She could feel the cream dripping off her nose and chin, and sliding down between her bra cups. “Was that right sir? Did I do good?”

He smiled wide and nodded. "You did very good little lady. It's hard for me to even think that this was the first time you ever took dictation, as you did it so well."

Sarah smiled wide too. “Really sir? Wow! I was super scared and stuff, but I tried like real hard to do it right and ...” She ran a finger over her nose and a big white glob of stuff came off. “Is this what dictation looks like at the end?”

He nodded. "As I told you, it can get messy. But when there is lots of dictation, it is terribly important that a secretary be there to get it all. And sometimes she gets some all over her pretty face. But that only means she did her job and did it well."

"Wow! So this is why secretaries have to wear short skirts and open blouses—to make sure they are easy to take off quickly before they get covered in dictation?"

"Exactly Sarah. You are obviously no dummy." Sarah smiled. "You weren't kidding when you told me you cum loudly."

Sarah smiled and giggled. Then she quickly frowned. "But sir. I think I ruined the bra. Look. It's got dictation all over it." She pointed at the bra cups with the globs of dictation.

"Not to worry Sarah. In fact, let's have you take that off and I bet we can get our cleaning crew to have that stain out before it's too late."

Sarah nodded and reached behind to unhook her bra. Then she stopped. "Sir? You'll end up seeing my ..." She blushed. "... I mean a guy has never seen them before and I'm still a ..."

"I understand Sarah. But since I'm married, you have nothing to worry about. You will never lose your virginity simply by undressing in front of me. In fact, since I notice a big wet stain on the front of your panties, I will even let you stand up and slide them off too. That way, you will know that I have seen you undressed and still, you remain a good girl."

Sarah knelt and thought about it. Obviously I'm no dummy. That makes sense. That way I am used to being undressed in front of him. And since he is married, I'll still be a virgin. She looked up and smiled and let the bra fall off her chest. Her big young boobies fell out, big but still retaining their youthful firmness. Then she stood up and slid her panties off. She could feel the big wet spot in the front. She blushed. She quickly felt the front of her privates and it was all

slick. It felt good to touch there. But she had to get ready for getting a job offer, so she stood there proudly in just her heels, stockings, and garter belt. "You're right sir. I have nothing to fear."

He looked her over. "Indeed Sarah. You are proving to be the best interview I have ever conducted."

"Really sir? Does that mean I get the job?"

"I see no reason to not hire you as long as you pass the physical."

"Wow. Really? When do I take the physical?"

"I have our company doctor at the ready. Be a good girl, and bend over my desk and spread your legs so that you're ready for him."

Wow, I'm about to get a job. I need it so bad. She nodded and walked up to Mr. Johnson's desk and bent forward. Her boobies dangled over the desk and she could feel a bit of tingles because the desk was cold. She then spread her legs wide and waited like a good girl.

She heard the door open and waited for the doctor. Instead it was Mr. Johnson again. "Well I have good news and bad news Sarah. The bad news is that the doctor went home for the day."

Sarah was dejected. I won't get hired today.

"But the good news is that he left me instructions on how to conduct a proper physical, so I can do the examination."

“Really? But doesn’t a doctor have to do it?”

“You know what Sarah, you make a good point. You’re no dummy—you cum loudly after all. So let me check the regulations. Here, have another water while I check.”

Sarah took the bottle and drank it quickly before bending back down over his desk. Mr. Johnson smiled across the desk at her while he looked up the regulations on his computer. “You must have been thirsty Sarah. Here, have another.”

Sarah giggled. “Yeah, I guess I get thirsty after all that dictation. She guzzled down another.” A string of dictation ooze dangled from her nose and tickled the top of her lip.

After a minute or two, Mr. Johnson smiled. She already took to the formula. The extra water in her system now will plant it permanently in her mind. “Aha! A physical must be conducted by a doctor or any other person trained to do so. And since the doctor left me directions, then I am considered trained. That means I can do the physical and you can probably walk out of here with a job Sarah.”

He’s right. He was trained by the doctor because he got directions. “Wow sir. I’m like totally ready for an exam.” Sarah giggled thinking how weird it would be if someone who didn’t know better would think it was funny how she was naked—well except her stockings, garter belt, and heels—in an office. Good thing she wasn’t dumb and knew that this was just a normal interview. Otherwise it might even be embarrassing being so undressed, especially in front of a man.

“OK. The doc says the single most important thing to check is your temperature. If your temp is right then you are likely healthy. And he says that the best way to do that is through a double temperature check.”

“A double tempera... what?”

“Well the doc trained me and it says I have to insert one thermometer inside you while I check your outside temperature knobs at the same time.”

“Outside ... whatsa?”

“Oh you know, the knobs at the middle of your chest. They can regulate our temperature.”

“Really?” Sarah stood up and felt over her chest. Her boobies had those funny points—these must be temperature knobs I guess—on them. She pinched them given how the cold desk made them hard and ... “Oh, I get it. When I get cold, these get hard.”

“Yes, that’s right Sarah. But interestingly, they can get very hard when you are super hot too.”

“Wow. This is totally like interesting sir. So you test these...” Sarah pinched her nipples and moaned ever so slightly. “... while you put a different thermometer inside me?”

“Yes. Now bend over and we can get that thermometer ready for you.”

Sarah nodded and bent forward on the desk. Her boobies swayed before resting on the top of the desk. She shivered feeling the coolness of the desk again. She remembered to spread her legs apart too.

“That’s a good little lady.” Sarah giggled. “Now let me get my thermometer out.” Sarah heard a zip behind her and then felt Mr. Johnson press the thermometer between her legs. That’s where my privates are all slick. I guess it will be easier to slide it in there becau...
ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Oh god, that thermometer feels so good. Sarah’s eyes rolled back and

she felt Mr. Johnson's hands reach around her and pinch her temperature knobs while he slid the thermometer inside her super deep. He started to pull it out, but then shoved it back in harder.

"Oh god, sir. That thermometer is making me feel tingly. It's ... oh god ... yessssssssssssssss..." Sarah let out a loud moan as Mr. Johnson shoved the thermometer in and out of her from behind. When he squeezed her temperature knobs hard, she felt like she was going to pass out from how good it felt. "Oh god sir ... please don't stop ... it feels so gooooooooooooooooooooood...."

Sarah stared bucking back into Mr. Johnson and felt the thermometer pressing inside her so deep. Mr. Johnson must have been worried because he grabbed her boobies to keep Sarah from sliding off the thermometer given how hard she was bucking back and forth. "That's a good girl Sarah, let me take your temperature. I bet you are the healthiest hot girl I ever interviewed."

Sarah grunted and tried to say something, but the only words she could muster were, "Fuck, this feels so good sir. Please don't stop."

Mr. Johnson clearly got the message as he started thrusting the thermometer in and out of her harder and deeper and faster and ... oh fuck ... Sarah gasped and screamed as she felt the best feeling she ever felt in her life. "Fuck meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

Mr. Johnson said something about her being a dumb slut but she must have misheard because she knew she was no dummy and besides, she was feeling so many good tingles in her privates and ... "Fuck me sir. Fuck me hard!"

Mr. Johnson suddenly thrust the thermometer inside her hard and it felt like it was filling her up with blasts of juice. Sara moaned as the tingles started to overwhelm her and she collapse forward on the desk as Mr. Johnson thrust into her slow, hard, and deep.

Finally he slid the thermometer out as Sarah panted over the desk. "You are quite the good

little girl Sarah. In the business world a good girl is often called a nice tight fuck toy. I'm not sure why, but I would like to offer you the job to be my nice tight fuck toy."

Sarah raised her head slightly and turned to look back at her new boss. She smiled wide. She thought she saw him sliding his dick away, but obviously he wasn't. That must be the thermometer. "Really sir?"

"Yes really. The key to be a good little fuck toy is to be sure to take dictation every morning, sometime again in the middle of the day, and to have your temperature checked at the end of each day."

Sarah nodded but her mind was still caught up in how good she felt. Then it hit her. "But sir. If I'm a ... fuck toy ... then does that mean I had ... you know ... sex?"

"Oh of course not Sarah. You are still a good girl. Remember, I'm married and you're a virgin. Sure, you have to put my cock in your mouth to take dictation, and sure I have to fuck you from behind to take your temperature, but only in the context of you being a good little lady secretary. So it isn't sex at all—it's just you being a good girl. You understand, right?"

Sarah lifted herself up from laying on top of the desk. She felt a sticky crust on her face, and a drip of juices running out of her privates, down her sticking covered legs. She smiled at her new boss. "Oh of course sir. I'm no dummy. If it was sex, then you'd be in big trouble for taking advantage of me."

"That's right. But since we both know you cum loudly, I would never be able to do that."

Sarah smiled more. She knows he pronounces it wrong, but as long as he knows how smart she is, that's all that matters.

"Now be a good girl and put your skirt and blouse back on. You don't need a bra and panties to

complete you paperwork.”

Sarah nodded. She slid up her skirt and put on her blouse. She realized her privates were still very visible and her boobies were most uncovered. It would be weird if he was single and she was not wearing panties and a bra, but he is her boss, a married man, so it’s ok. “So what do I have to do sir?”

“Just use your hand on my cock until the juices spurt out on you. Then you’re hired.”

Sarah smiled and nodded. “That’s easy. It’s like dictation, except using my hand. Right?”

“Exactly Sarah. It is called giving your boss a helping hand. But then you already knew that since you are definitely not some big titted, cum covered, dumb slut.”

Sarah walked up to her boss and knelt down to get his cock out of his pants. She smiled up as she took it in her hand. “That’s right. I’m no dummy.”

Sarah Dresses Nice For Work

Sarah Turner was just 22. She held a few jobs out of school, but just didn’t find anything that might be called a “career.” Her lack of post-high school education didn’t help. She was plenty smart, although she was super trusting, naive.

She got hired by a local businessman to be the “office girl,” and she thought ... maybe this might turn into something. An office job is way better than working as a waitress or sales clerk. She even got to wear nice clothes rather than a uniform. And the boss seems super nice.

After a few weeks, Sarah noticed her boss, Mr. Johnson, would often stare at her chest. Her 32Ds were often on “display” because she liked wearing tighter tops. So she slowly started wearing less revealing outfits, even going to long skirts, rather than the short skirts she had first started wearing. Maybe the old perv will stop staring so much. He was nice to her, but he’s like

old enough to be my dad and he's looking at my legs and chest like ... ewwwwww.

One day, Mr. Johnson had an important meeting with a client and Sarah was told to leave them be for several hours—no interruptions. She did as she was told. As the meeting ended, shortly before 11:00 am, the two men came out of Mr. Johnson's office laughing and smiling.

"Glad you like it Johnson."

"It's brilliant. If it works as well as you say, I'll gladly pay for the service."

"Let me know next week after you try it."

"Will do. Talk to you then."

The client left and Mr. Johnson was all smiles. He looked over at Sarah. "Sarah? Mr. Wilson, the man who just left, has an excellent product for us to try out to help with our ... efficiency. He sent an email with a link to install. I will forward to you. Please download it before lunch. We can try it out later today or tomorrow. Got it?"

"Yes sir." Sarah smiled kindly. He is a nice boss, and now that I wear more ... frumpy ... outfits he doesn't stare either. Her screen binged and she saw the email her boss forwarded. She clicked the link.

"Sarah?"

She smiled up. "Yes sir?"

"It's the end of the day—5:00 o'clock. Didn't you hear me? You can go home now."

"Oh. Ummmm ... yeah. I guess I was just really concentrating." Sarah didn't remember anything that happened after Mr. Wilson left and she opened the email that her boss forwarded. That was like 6 hours ago. I must just need a break. Otherwise, it makes no sense that I wouldn't remember so much time. "But what about the new product from Mr. Wilson?"

Johnson smiled at her. "Not to worry Sarah. We can try it tomorrow. Something tells me that it will work out just right. In fact. Since it's kinda a big deal, how about dressing nice tomorrow? Ok?"

Sarah nodded and smiled. "Of course sir. You're right. I should dress nice when it's a big day at work. I will."

Sarah got up and left the office thinking that she needed to dress nice tomorrow. Nice. Nice. Nice. What would be nice? Mr. Johnson loves staring at my tits. He used to stare at them until I started to hide them ... and I know why he stared, because I looked so nice. I bet a lot of cleavage would be nice. But he likes my legs too. A short skirt. Yeah. That would be nice too. She smiled as she casually went home thinking how she needed to dress nice, like he said. I wish I wasn't wearing something so dull today since today had an important meeting with Mr. Wilson. Every day might be a big day, so I will dress nice every day from now on, the way he likes.

Later, as she was getting ready for bed, Sarah thought about looking nice for Mr. Johnson some more. I bet if he were here now, he would want me to wear a babydoll to sleep in because I look nice in one. She slid off her clothes, brushed her teeth, and then put on her favorite sheer pink babydoll with the matching pink thong. I look totally nice. She smiled to herself and was about to get into bed when her phone rang.

"Hello?"

“Sarah? It’s Mr. Johnson. I just wanted to remind you that I expect you to look your very best tomorrow. Not just nice, but your very best, from head to toe. Understand?” There was an odd hum in the background.

Sarah stared ahead for several minutes with a blank look on her face. Then, suddenly, “Oh yes. Of course sir. My very best.”

“Good girl. Have a good night and pleasant dreams.”

“Thank you sir.” Sarah hung up the phone. Yes. I need to look even better than nice. I need to look my best. My very best. She laid down on her bed and thought about what her very best was. From head to toe. That means even my best underwear I think. Mr. Johnson will be upset if I don’t wear my best underwear. Like a good girl. She crawled under the covers and thought about wearing her prettiest underwear and making Mr. Johnson happy by looking her very best. She smiled as she drifted off to sleep thinking about her boss smiling at her in her very best.

Sarah dreamt of Mr. Johnson stopping by her house while she was asleep in her babydoll. She walked to the door to let him in because it must be important if he was there so late. He told her how nice she looked which made her so happy. She was glad she was able to dress so that he had something pretty to stare at. She could even tell he liked her in her babydoll from the big tent forming in the front of his pants. Since it was her fault for making him that excited, Sarah went and got him a beer and she told him to sit down while she made things better. She knelt down while he sat on her sofa and she gave him a super nice blowjob. It was the least she could do. She swallowed every drop like a good girl and then he left.

The next day, Sarah woke up. Wow. What a dream. I never even gave a blowjob before but I dreamt it like it really happened. My favorite part was when he called me a good girl as he held my hair and moved my head up and down. I like it when I get directed by smarter older men. She giggled when she realized her panties were all wet. I guess my dream-self really likes giving blowjobs.

She got out of bed and went to clean up. She had a funny taste in her mouth. She also saw a

beer can sitting on her counter. Huh? I don't remember having a beer last night. Weird. That must be the taste even though that really isn't a beer taste. Oh well, I need to get dressed and get to work. I have to look nice No wait, my very best.

Sarah put on her pretty white church lingerie. The kind for only special occasions like a wedding. All white and lace. Even white stockings. Then she wore a pretty pale pink dress that stopped at her mid-thigh just above her stocking tops. The dress also had a tight but low cut front so she had lots of cleavage. I look my very best for Mr. Johnson.

When Sarah got to work, she immediately walked into her boss's office because she wanted to make sure he noticed how nice she looked. He smiled and looked her up and down and then said how she looked her very best. Sarah clapped and bounced, making her boobies bounce too. "Yeah. I tried super-duper hard to look nice for you Mr. Johnson because I know it is a big day." He smiled and stared at her bouncing chest which made Sarah happy because she knew she looked nice.

"Unfortunately Sarah, there is a problem. Mr. Wilson, the man from yesterday said there was an issue with his product. He sent a new email which I have forwarded to you. Please download the new version and hopefully we can clear up this mess.

"Right away sir." Sarah smiled because even though there was a problem, she still looked nice—her very best even—for her boss like a good girl. She logged onto her computer and then downloaded the link.

"Sarah? Are you there?"

"Huh?" Sarah looked up and noticed she had drool dripping off her lower lip. She tried to wipe her mouth and then said, "Oh sorry sir. I was doing like you said and downloading the link from Mr. Wilson."

"Yes. Good girl. But its lunch time now, so how about you put on your little housemaid uniform

and make me a sandwich from the break room?”

Sarah nodded and did as she was told. She stood up and slid off her dress right in front of her boss—she was glad she was wearing her very best lingerie or else it would be embarrassing to be standing there in regular underwear. She stood there in her lingerie for a few minutes before bending over at her waist to the bottom drawer to get out her housemaid uniform. She had forgotten that she always wore that when she made her boss lunch or did other duties that weren't exactly secretarial. It was funny, but she couldn't recall ever wearing it before but somehow knew she always wore it for these duties. She slid on the uniform, which was really just a pretty frilly pink half-apron, and went to the break room to make her boss his sandwich.

She then came back into his office and handed him the sandwich. “Anything else sir?” She smiled as he stared at her in her proper uniform, even though the apron really didn't cover her chest at all and barely covered the tops of her thighs. Luckily she was wearing her white lace push up bra and lace top stockings, which Mr. Johnson really liked.

“That's all for now Sarah, but don't forget, before you go home, it's polish day, so you'll have to get your uniform back on and do all the polishing.”

“Oh yeah. I almost forgot. I love polishing, sir.” Sarah giggled and smiled wide. Then she left and started to wonder why she loved polishing so much. It was hard to remember. Just like the apron uniform, she couldn't remember polishing anything, but knew she loved to do that for Mr. Johnson.

As she was changing back into her dress, Mr. Johnson came running out of his office. “Sarah. Emergency! Mr. Wilson says he is going to leave us for a different company unless we can supply him with a pretty girl to ...”

Sarah looked scared. Standing there in just her lingerie, her apron on the floor and her dress draped over her chair. An emergency. Mr. Wilson taking his business elsewhere. Oh no! Because he needs a pretty girl for ... what? I bet my boss knows what to do.

“Have you ever had an older man ... bend you over Sarah?”

“Huh? Like my dad used to spank me when I was little and did something bad. Just to teach me a lesson—nothing like where he hurt me.”

“No, not that. I mean, you might be able to save the day Sarah. You are a pretty girl after all. But you have to ... well damn, I’m not even sure you know how to ...”

Sarah’s eyes were almost spinning, but she smiled wide because her boss thought she was pretty. I have to ... what? I don’t know how to ... what? “What is it sir. I am sure I can help. Please, I want to.”

“Well this is damn important Sarah. Maybe we should test you to see if you can do this right.”

“OK sir. Whatever it is, I promise to do my best.”

“I knew I could count on you Sarah.” She smiled at the praise. “Now first you need to bend forward over our desk.”

Sarah did as she was told and turned her head to look behind herself. “Then what sir?”

“Let me help you. I need to slide down your panties so they don’t get dirty. You look so nice in them and I would hate for them to get ruined.”

“Thank you sir. I appreciate it.” Hmmm ... that’s odd. I never had to take my panties off at work before. I bet this must be super important.

“Good girl.” He slid her panties to her feet. “Now spread your legs apart a little.” She did so, thinking that Mr. Wilson must have some very important thing to do if she has to keep her panties off. “Now just stand like that while I test you to see if you will do for Mr. Wilson.”

Sarah nodded and stayed put. Suddenly she felt a warm pressure on her privates, but it was kinda good. She smiled thinking her boss must be making her feel better for being such a good girl and looking so nice. The pressure was still there and pushing harder into her but all Sarah could do was stay put like a good girl. She did let out a small moan because ... well it was feeling real good. “That’s a good pretty girl Sarah. Just stay bent over like that while I test you.”

Sarah wanted to say “ok,” but she was too busy moaning to talk. Instead she tried to nod but suddenly she felt Mr. Johnson’s hand across her chest pulling her bra down off her boobies and ... oh god that feels so good. He kept bumping in behind her as his hands were squeezing her chest and the pressure inside her privates was growing and ... she moaned out really loud, “Oh god, fuck me please!” Her eyes were rolling back in her head as she felt herself getting closer and closer to feeling so many tingles and ... “I’m cummmmmmmminnnnnngggggggggg!!!!”

Sarah laid flat down on the top of the desk, panting heavily as she felt so good in her privates—like the best explosions inside her—as Mr. Johnson was bumping behind her harder when she felt a big burst inside her privates like she was being shot full with the best stuff ever. Her hips bucked back into him as he grunted out. It sounded like he called her a “dumb slut,” but she knew she misheard him because he was such a nice boss. She felt her privates tingle again when he sounded like he kept calling her a “stupid bimbo” until he squeezed her chest tight and pinched the front and she moaned out that she was cumming again before she almost passed out.

A few minutes later, Sarah lifted her head up and saw Mr. Johnson walk around the front of the desk smiling at her still bent over the desk. He was zipping his pants up, which was funny because she never realized he left to go to the men’s room.

“Sarah, I think you will do just fine for what M. Wilson needs. Now be a good girl and get back

dressed and to your desk until it is polishing time.”

Sarah weakly smiled up. She was exhausted but felt so good. She felt a trickle of fluids running down her leg, and hoped they didn't ruin her stockings. I wonder what that is, but like my boss says, I have to get to work. She slid up her panties, pulled her bra cups back over her boobies, and she put her dress back on. She was glad Mr. Johnson did not reprimand her for wearing just her lingerie, without a dress or her apron uniform, for so long.

At 5:00, Mr. Johnson came back out of the office and told her it was time to polish. Sarah smiled and got out of her dress and back into her uniform. Then she pulled down Mr. Johnson's zipper to get to the big stick that always needed polishing. She couldn't remember how long she had been his polisher, or even ever doing it, but she knew it was part of her duties. She then opened her mouth so that the stick could get a proper coat of polishing fluids she kept in her mouth. Mr. Johnson helped her by holding her head and driving the stick in and out so that she wouldn't have to work so hard. He was such a nice boss. Sarah was feeling tingles in her privates again as Mr. Johnson helped her by holding her head with one hand and one of her boobies in another—they had fallen out of her bra cups when he accidentally grabbed her bra and pulled it down. Sarah was concentrating really hard on making sure lots of polishing fluids got all over the stick so she wasn't sure she heard her boss right when he called her a “dumb cocksucking slut.” Still, he sounded like he was sure that she was just that and he must be right since he is the boss.

Sarah soon gasped as Mr. Johnson pulled out his stick and extra polishing fluids started shooting out of it all over her face and dripping onto her boobies—which Mr. Johnson called big meaty tits. Sarah giggled at such a funny name for her boobies.

He soon shoved his stick back in her mouth so she could get the rest of the polishing fluids out. It was funny how much she loved the taste of the fluids. And she kept tingling in her privates as he called her a “bimbo” while unloading the rest of his fluids.

“That's a good girl Sarah. You polish so well. Sarah looked up and smiled, feeling the extra fluids rolling off her forehead and dripping off her nose and chin.

"Thank you sir. I love polishing for you."

The phone rang and Mr. Johnson picked up. "Yes?" "Of course, it worked perfectly." "Now? Sure. Why not. She is as ready as she'll ever be."

He hung up. "Sarah? It was Mr. Wilson. He is coming over. I told him that you would be ready for him so that he doesn't leave us as a client. You understand what you need to do?"

Sarah nodded and ran to the ladies room to make herself presentable. She cleaned her face of the extra polishing fluids and put her dress back on. She realized her bra was still on the floor of in her boss's office, so she'd have to go without. She then waited at the front of the office for Mr. Wilson, like a good girl.

When he arrived, Sarah did what she was trained to do in these types of office emergencies. She tuned and bent over the lobby sofa, and lifted her dress up. Soon, she felt all sorts of tingling in her privates while Mr. Wilson bumped up behind her. He was saying something about a "dumb whore," but Sarah was so busy moaning that she was having a hard time paying attention. When suddenly turned her around and pushed her down she looked up worried that she did something wrong. It turned out he simply had polishing and ... oh god, he has so much polishing fluid. Sarah tried to smile up as she was getting hit all over her face with the fluid. But he just grunted and then pulled her hair until she opened her mouth and his leaking stick went into her mouth. He patted her on the head and walked away.

Oh god, I hope I didn't do anything wrong. He is such an important client and I dressed my very best and did exactly what a pretty girl is supposed to do like my boss trained me. When she saw her boss come out and the two men shook hands and smiled, she was relieved. She must have done it right. She saved the company. And the whole time she did so without letting her creepy old boss stare at her. Wel maybe a little, but only because it was dressing nice.

Sarah Helps In An Emergency

"Sarah!"

Sarah Turner jumped in her seat. Her boss, John Johnson, was usually pretty calm. In fact he even brought in a brand new “calming” tea for her to try earlier that day. It was good and in fact she had, partially at his insistence, three cups. And yes, she did feel rather calm afterwards so maybe there was something to it. In fact, her eyes were rather drooping just before her boss yelled her name. She looked up and saw about 4 hours had passed by without her noticing and there was some drool coming from her lips. Huh? I guess I was TOO calm. She giggled to herself. But now, her boss, who she didn’t even seem try any tea, was yelling from his office—worse, yelling for her. Hopefully not at her.

She ran into his office as best she could. Her legs were slightly wobbly and her head was spinning a bit. “Sir?”

He looked up—agitated. “Sarah, we are about to go bankrupt!”

Sarah’s eyes opened wide. “What? Oh no.”

“Damn right ‘oh no.’ Our best client just said he isn’t going to renew his contract with us. That contract brings in almost 60% of our revenue. Without it, we are done. He told me that he wasn’t satisfied with the service here anymore.”

“But sir. I thought we were doing great. In fact, last week, when he was in, he even complimented the company. He complimented me too. He said something about how pretty I looked.”

“Yea, yea, I thought so too. But he said that you failed to give him a proper goodbye upon his leaving. He said this was typical as you never give him a proper greeting either and that given my failure to train you properly or your failure to learn, he would take his business elsewhere.”

“Wait. What? Proper greeting? Proper goodbye? What does that even mean? I’m always

pleasant to him and I get him coffee, and hang up his jacket, and ... I mean ... Like I do everything.”

Well he’s upset. Says you have yet to show him your lingerie under your outfits when he arrives. Don’t tell me you haven’t been doing that?”

“Wha ... what? My lingerie? But ... wait. I’m supposed to show him ... that doesn’t make sense.”

“Sarah? I hired you right out of high school right?” She nodded, feeling confused. “And I told you very clearly from the beginning that an office girl wears pretty lingerie under a pretty blouse and skirt, right?”

Sarah stood there, her head really spinning now. Did he tell me that? Oh my god. I don’t remember. But it makes sense that a girl needs to wear pretty lingerie. Maybe I have been doing my job all wrong. She teared up a bit. “I don’t remember sir.”

“Well damnit Sarah. What are you wearing under your skirt and blouse today?”

Sarah felt this line of discussion was wrong somehow, but was panicking. And her head, it seemed to spin like—well like everything he said was true. “I dunno sir. Like panties and a bra.”

“Let’s see?”

“Wait? Like now? Like undress in front of you?”

“Of course Sarah. This is an emergency and if we can convince our client to come back to us, we need to do everything in our power or else we are all out of a job. You don’t want to be homeless now do you?” Sarah looked scared and nodded no. “I didn’t think so. So take off your

blouse and skirt right now?"

Sarah nodded as this was an emergency and there was no time to waste. I don't want to lose my job simply for not wearing the right underwear. Sarah nervously undid her blouse buttons, which were buttoned to the top given that she was a shy, good girl. Then she reached behind herself to unzip her mid-calf length skirt. She let the skirt fall to her feet as she opened her unbuttoned blouse.

"Do you think I was kidding Sarah? All the way off. Now!"

Sarah jumped and then slid her blouse off her shoulders and let it fall too. She stood there in her black granny panties and sports bra.

"Damn it Sarah. That is hardly pretty lingerie. That is what a child wears, not what a full grown adult wears." Sarah blushed and then started to tear up more. Why was I so stupid for thinking this was ok to wear? Even if we don't go bankrupt, he's gonna fire me anyway. She only nodded as she bowed her head.

"Ok, ok, enough of the water works. Here's what you're going to do Sarah. You're going to go to Candi's Lingerie. It's down the street from here. I have an open account there for these types of emergencies. They know to expect you. They will fit you for the right lingerie. Be back here in an hour."

Sarah looked up. Partially hopeful. "Sir? Really?"

"Do I look like I'm kidding? Now go ... like now!"

Sarah jumped again and ran out of the office and was just about to walk outside. Then it hit her. She blushed and rushed back into her boss's office. She picked up her blouse and skirt and left. She re-dressed near her desk. Then she went off to Candi's, she heard her boss as she was

leaving. “Don’t argue with them Sarah. They know what they are doing. Just wear what they tell you.”

An hour later, Sarah walked back into the office. Her boss immediately called out for her. She rushed inside his office.

“Sir?”

“Well no time to waste Sarah, let’s see.”

“But it’s like embarrassing sir. Like this isn’t the way you should see me.”

He smiled. “I’ll tell you what Sarah. I can see you’re upset. Have some more tea and we can talk after that.” Sarah nodded and had two more cups of tea at her desk. She felt relaxed. Maybe too much so. She started to nod off before she felt her boss’s hand tap her shoulder. “Come now Sarah, let’s have a good look at you. Remember, this is an emergency.” He took her hand and led her into his office. He sat down and waited for her to undress.

Sarah nodded. It was an emergency. They might go bankrupt. Otherwise he would never insist that she undress in front of him. She remembered she had to fully take off her blouse and skirt. She then stood there in a bright red lingerie set. Everything was red. Her lace push up bra, which made her D cups appear even bigger. Because it was lace too, her nipples were easy to see through the fabric and because it was bit cold, given that she was mostly undressed, they were rock hard. Her lace panties hid her pussy just as well as the bra hid her nipples—not very well at all. The garter belt, something she had never worn before, was also lace and red. Even the stockings and high heels were red. She stood there nervously as he looked her over like she was an object. She started feeling a bit excited as she thought of herself that way—an object. His object. She shook her head trying to make those feelings go away.

“Very good Sarah. This is what you need to wear under your work clothes every day and you need to show our clients this when they arrive so they feel welcomed.” Sarah nodded. She

never heard of such a way to welcome people to an office, but it was an emergency.

“Now he also says you do not give him a proper goodbye.”

Sarah blushed, embarrassed that she failed, although uncertain what that meant. “Yes sir. I’m sorry. I guess I just didn’t say goodbye enough.”

“That’s not it at all Sarah. You failed to drain him of his cum with your mouth. Every girl knows that a good secretary does that when a client leaves, or when her boss leaves. It’s common knowledge. That’s why we hire pretty young secretaries. Because they give the best head and they enjoy it from old men better than they enjoy just about anything. Don’t tell me you haven’t been aware that you were made to suck my cock and that doing so will make you happier than anything.”

Sarah’s head felt funny again. Wait. Is that true? But it must be. I have been a terrible secretary. I haven’t given any of our clients blowjobs. Oh god. I haven’t given Mr. Johnson a blowjob either. “Oh god sir. I didn’t know. I mean, it’s not like I do that type of thing very much. I mean a few times with my old boyfriend, but ...”

“So you mean to say I hired you thinking that you were an expert at giving head and you really aren’t?”

“I’m so sorry sir. I don’t remember you asking about that and ... oh please don’t fire me sir. I want to be a good secretary.”

He smiled wide. “Relax Sarah. I will tell you what, if you give me a nice slow deep blowjob like a good little girl right now, and if I am satisfied that you will do that every day when I leave ... plus for all my clients ... then I won’t fire you and our biggest client probably won’t leave. Besides, we both know that you love giving head to older men like me and my clients anyway.”

“Really sir? You’d give me a chance like that?” Sarah was suddenly hopeful and was sort of remembering how she loved sucking cock of old men like Mr. Johnson.

“Of course Sarah. I’m not some sort of monster. In fact, I’ll even cum all over your pretty face like the best secretaries get from their bosses. You’d like that, right?”

“Oh yes sir. Please.” Sarah smiled thinking she was going ... wait ... I’m in sexy lingerie, undressed in front of my boss and I just told him I want to blow him until he cums on my face. That seems ... like that can’t be right. I mean, do all secretaries give blowjobs to their bosses? I would think that I would have heard about ...

“Sarah!!!”

Sarah jumped. Oh god. She was busy thinking again like some dumb girl instead of blowing her boss like a good secretary. Besides, she loves giving head to old men like her boss. It makes her happy, especially when he cums on my pretty face. She ran over to her boss as he sat in his chair. “I’m sorry sir. I was just over thinking and ...”

“Damn right you were Sarah. Luckily I am a nice forgiving boss. So just do what you do best and use that pretty mouth of your to suck my cock. I’ll even let you use your tits to fuck my cock too. And then I give you a nice big load across you pretty face. OK? Good. Now get to it, I’m a busy man trying to save the company from bankruptcy. Emergencies are called that because there is no time to waste.”

Sarah nodded. Oh yeah. I might lose my job if I don’t give good head to my boss and his clients. I hope I do this right. Sarah knelt down and fumbled to try to open Mr. Johnson’s fly. Every time she did this before, her boyfriends just took off their own pants. I guess they are just boys. Real men let the girl do it because it is her job. I bet that’s why they are called blowJOBS. Because it is a girls job to do them. And I am working at my job, so it must be a working girls job to do them. That makes me a working girl. Isn’t that what they call prostitutes. I wonder if ...

“Sarah!!!”

She jumped from her knees. “Oh god. Sorry sir. I was ...”

“Were you thinking again little lady? You and I both know you are made for that. Just following orders and sucking cock—those are what you do. Understand?”

Sarah nodded. Good think her boss was such a nice guy to let her make so many mistakes and still be lucky enough to blow him in this major emergency situation. She finally was able to get his fly down and she pulled out his cock. Wow! It’s so big. And so many grey hairs. I bet old men cock tastes better too. I never liked cock, but I bet this is better than young guy cock. Sarah opened her mouth and Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm God, it is so good. Sarah was remembering how much she loves sucking old cock. I mean sure, her boss was saying that to her over and over again as he used his hands on her head to bounce her up and down on his cock, but Sarah knew it was true. Like each time he said it, it was like being reminded of the truth.

“That’s a good girl Sarah. I knew you were a good little cocksucker. I’ll even let you do it without my help while I play with those big titties of yours. I know how you love having your titties squeezed while you suck cock.”

Sarah moaned as she just remembered how much she loved having her titties squeezed while she sucks cock. And just like that, she felt her bosses hand unhook her bra and her titties fell out of the cups and his hands ... oh fuck yessssssssssssss

Sarah felt a powerful orgasm as her boss pinched her nipples and his cock throbbed inside her mouth. She loved sucking cock so much. And just as her boss was reminding her how she loved sucking cock so much and reminding her how she loved having her titties squeezed so much too that when that happened it she would cum, she in fact came. Hard. Like over and over and Oh god, I love cock so much and ... Her throat opened and her boss used one hand to push her down more and she was deep-throating her great boss and ... Sarah moaned loud. Her body shook as she felt the best orgasm of her life.

Sarah looked up at her boss as his cock was deep down her throat, her pussy still spasming as she came over and over. God, I love how much I love sucking Mr. Johnson's cock. When his hands pushed her even deeper down his cock, Sarah felt another orgasm, as she loved being used like a fucktoy.

"That's a good little girl Sarah, I knew you were meant to be a cocksucking slut. That's why the tea worked so well on you." Sarah tried to nod but was too busy having her head pushed down and cumming herself. Then he pulled her head up off his cock and a big rope of cum splattered across her face. Then another and another. Cum shot over her tits too. Sarah was so shocked as she never had a guy cum on her before and was sure that somehow this was not the way to treat a lady until her boss told her, "That's it Sarah, you know how you love getting cummed on because it makes you feel useful and special." Sarah smiled as she remembered that and soon was licking her bosses cock up and down the side as it oozed more cum over her cheek.

Later that afternoon, Sarah saw Mr. Wilson walk in the office. She immediately stood up and ran to him. "Please sir, don't leave. We need you. I need you." She quickly undressed to her lingerie and dropped to her knees to give him a proper greeting.

An hour later, Wilson and Johnson were smoking cigars in Johnson's office saying something about how they both knew it would work. Sarah wasn't sure what they were talking about, but she did enjoy kneeling down on all fours and having one of the men in her mouth and the other hammering her from behind. It was a special day as she helped save the company during the big emergency.

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