

Widespread Office Girl

by J.T. Watson

CHAPTER ONE

Bob Nelson was grinning happily as he put down the phone. He had sold it. It was the biggest contract his company had ever gotten, and he had sold it. It had taken him four months of hard work, but it was worth it. It would certainly land him the open vice president's job. Hell, he was in the money. No more saving. Now he could afford all those things he'd dreamed about.

Bob looked out the open door of his office and glimpsed someone he often dreamed about. She was a new girl in the mailroom and she was gorgeous. She was nineteen and fresh looking, and he could feel his prick start to stiffen. Getting a piece of her ass would complete a great day.

Bob shook his head sadly. There wasn't much chance of it. She was prime virgin stuff, and just out of high school. Dozens of the office wolves flocked around her. A man had to be quick just to talk to her.

Still, a man couldn't help wishing. Just watching her walk made a man's dick stiff. She had one of the nicest bodies he'd seen in a long time. Her big round tits nearly tore out the front of her usual frilly blouse. She had long, slender legs and a slender waist.

And what an ass!

Her beautiful raven hair was long enough to barely caress her ass while she walked. It made Bob want to stick his hard meat in any hole that was empty.

"Damn," Bob said out loud. "I've got to stop thinking this way. I'm horny as hell."

He watched the young girl walk into the coffee break room and Bob had the sudden urge to drink some coffee. He usually hated the stuff. He put on his coat before he left the office. It wouldn't do for the hired help to see the future vice president in his shirt sleeves.

He found her alone in room. That surprised him, and he could feel his heart begin beating a little faster. The regular crowd wouldn't be until the next hour. He had plenty of time for anything he had in mind. If only she would go along.

"All by yourself, Miss Johnson?" Bob asked.

Bob almost laughed out loud at the nervous way she looked at him. She nearly spilled her coffee as he sat down next to her. He could smell the sweetness of her perfume.

"How have you liked your job so far?" Bob asked her.

"Just fine, Mr. Nelson," she answered.

"That's good," Bob said, as he edged his chair a little closer. He felt the snug pressure of her knee, and she didn't move away. "We like for our people to be happy."

She had to be smart enough to know he was on the make for her. Girls were a lot brighter than they had once been. She knew exactly what he was doing, and she wasn't objecting. Not yet. He moved closer and put his hand on her shoulder.

"You know, Ginny," he said. "I've had my eye on you."

"You have?" she questioned.

"I sure have. I like your style. I've been considering you for my secretary when I move up."

"When you move up?" Ginny asked.

"Of course. I'm on the move in this company. I don't think it'll be long before I'm vice president."

"Vice president," Ginny echoed. She sounded impressed and she was. She knew he wasn't just talking. She'd heard the rumors going around the office. The big, blond handsome man was in line for the vice presidency.

And the thought that he might make her his secretary almost took Ginny's breath away. It was a lot different than working in the mail room. A vice president's secretary

traveled with her boss. They went lots of exciting places and everyone showed them respect.

It would be a wonderful job!

"I thought you had to have seniority with the company before you could get a job like that," Ginny said.

"Usually that's true," Bob said, "but I get to choose my own staff, and I sure wouldn't want any of those dried out old bitches to be my secretary. I like them to be a little younger and cuter."

"Like me?"

"Exactly like you," Bob said.

Bob knew it was time to make his move. He dropped his hand from her shoulder to his knee. He felt her stiffen as he gave her knee a gentle squeeze. He squeezed her again while he waited for her to object. She didn't.

"A girl could really go places in this company," Bob said, "if she knew the right people."

"I guess she could," Ginny said.

He moved his hand slowly up her leg. His fingers crept beneath her dress to her silky feeling thigh. He was breathing heavy, and he was afraid she was going to scream at any moment. But somehow he couldn't stop his fingers from slipping up higher. He felt her panties. His prick was about to break the zipper on his trousers.

"You shouldn't be doing that," Ginny said.

"Why not?"

"Someone might come in."

"Don't worry," Bob assured her. "There's nobody due for a long time yet."

He moved his hand higher but she suddenly twisted away from him. He was afraid he had moved too fast. Now he would never get another chance.

"Would you really make me your secretary?" Ginny asked.

"Sure I would," Bob said, surprised that she was still thinking about his promise. "I keep my word."

"Well," Ginny said slowly, "we could go to your office. There's a lock on that door."

"Oh hell yes," Bob agreed quickly, "let's go to my office."

Bob couldn't believe his luck as he followed Ginny into his office. Her pert little ass bounced like an invitation to a feast. He couldn't wait until he got his hands on her lush body. His prick felt hard as rock.

She acted as if she couldn't wait either. She turned on him almost as soon as they stepped into his office. She pressed herself against him and kissed him gently. He slipped his hands down her back and cupped to handfuls of her soft ass.

"Ummmm," she said. "You have nice hands."

"And you've got a wonderful ass," Bob said.

His words seemed to make her hotter. She kissed him harder and pushed her big round tits against his chest. She rubbed her boobs against him as her fiery little tongue stabbed into his mouth.

"You're making me crazy," Bob said. "I want to really feel your ass."

"Help yourself," Ginny whispered.

He pulled at her skirt until he held it up around her waist. He cupped her ass through

the flimsy material of her panties. Even that wasn't enough. He slipped his hands inside her panties and cupped her naked asscheeks.

"I can't believe it," Bob said. "I just can't believe it. I've been thinking about your ass for two weeks. God, it feels so good!"

"Before we get too carried away," Ginny giggled, "don't you think we'd better lock the door."

She twisted out of his arms before he could stop her. He watched her wiggling her ass at him as she bent over and locked the door. She turned to face him again with a suggestive smile.

"Holy Jesus," Bob said softly. "And to think I thought you were an innocent young girl."

"I am almost innocent," Ginny said.

"Hell," Bob said. "A girl with a look like yours can't be close to innocent."

"But I am," Ginny protested. "It's just that I know exactly what I want from life."

"And you know how to get it?" Bob questioned.

"Of course," Ginny answered. "This is how I get it."

Ginny unbuttoned the front of her blouse. She shrugged it off her beautifully shaped shoulders and let it drop to the floor. Bob could see the creamy flesh pushing at the cups of her pale blue bra, all that creamy titty-flesh almost spilling out the top. He could tell that there was nothing faked about her. Everything she had was real.

"Oh man," Bob said. "What a pair of tits."

"Do you really like them?" Ginny questioned. "I've never really had a man look at them before."

"I like them," Bob said, "at least what I can see of them. I can't see a lot."

Ginny grinned impishly. "I can take care of that."

She reached behind her back and unhooked the snaps of her bra. She kept her impish grin as she pulled down the straps. The bra cups didn't fall. Her big tits held the cups firmly until Ginny breathed out and the bra dropped away.

"Oh Christ," Bob moaned. "Christ, what a pair!"

Ginny had the biggest pair of tits he'd ever seen, even in a men's magazine. The creamy globes looked even bigger without a bra. He saw that her big brown nipples

were standing up hard. That told him she was as excited as he was.

"Shit," Bob said. "I've got to have a taste of those."

Ginny looked nervous as he moved closer to her. He bent his head to one of her big round globes. He licked a brown nipple with his tongue and he felt her shiver. He opened his mouth and sucked the hard bud into his lips. He let his teeth scrape against the nipple and she moaned out loud.

Bob opened his mouth wider and he sucked hard at her creamy titty. He could taste her warm flesh deep in his mouth, and he kept rubbing her nipple with his tongue.

"Oooooooh," Ginny moaned. "You're beginning to make me feel so wiggly all over."

Ginny put her hand on the back of Bob's head. She loved the soft curl of his thick hair. She loved his teeth sucking on her hot titty-flesh. She could feel a warm wetness between her legs.

"Oh, that feels so good," Ginny moaned.

Ginny had been telling the truth when she'd told Bob that she was almost innocent. She had had one quick, frustrating experience in the back seat of a car. It hadn't been very earth shattering and it left her with no desire to try again.

But there was something different about what was happening with Bob!

Bob wasn't some silly boy who was only interested in his own pleasure. Bob made her feel funny. He knew what to do with his hot hands and mouth.

Bob raised his head from her big tits. He looked lewdly impatient as he put his arms around her again. She felt his strong fingers digging into the soft flesh of her ass. She pressed her titties closer against him.

"Damn," Bob moaned. "You're something else. Feel how excited you've made me."

She heard the obvious sound of his zipper. He took her hand. She didn't resist as he pressed her hand against the rigid pole sticking out of his trousers. Her eyes widened. She had to look down. She hadn't thought a man could get that big. The huge swollen red monster looked like it was sticking out two feet. The bloated head looked gigantic.

"Oh my goodness," Ginny said.

"Don't let it scare you, baby," Bob said. "Just grab hold of it tight."

Ginny was nervous but she wrapped her fingers around the thick, throbbing pole. She could feel it pulsating in her hand. She tried to take her eyes off it, but she couldn't.

"See how excited I am," Bob said. "I've got the hots for you, Ginny. I've got the hots

really bad."

"I can see that," Ginny said. "But it's so big. I didn't know men got so big!"

"Hell," Bob said. "I'm not that big. You must have been balling boys."

Ginny didn't tell him how close he was to the truth. Instead she locked her fingers tighter around his prick. She moved her hand up and down and she felt a sudden wetness. She saw the thick white cream oozing from the tip of his cock.

"Oh goodness," Ginny said.

"It's only cock-cream, baby," Ginny said. "Don't be scared of it. You're going to love it before I'm done."

Ginny could believe him. He was already making her so excited that she could hardly stand it. Her panties were soaked from her pussy juice. She moved closer and she could feel his hands moving up the backs of her thighs. He started playing with her soft round ass again. She took her hand off his cock.

"Don't stop playing," Bob moaned.

"Don't you want me to finish taking my clothes off?" Ginny asked. "Don't you want me naked?"

"Oh fuck yes, baby," Bob agreed.

Ginny undressed slowly. She saw his eyes go to the thick patch of black hair between her legs. It made her knees feel weak. She had never had a man look directly at her naked pussy before. Even his eyes made her wet and impatient.

"Don't you want to undress?" Ginny asked.

Ginny was even more nervous standing naked in front of him. She thought she would feel better when he took his clothes off. But Bob was too horny for that. She couldn't stop him from pushing her back against the door.

"Not like this," Ginny protested. "Take your clothes off. Not like this!"

"Shit, baby," Bob moaned. "I'm sorry. I'm just too horny to wait! I've got to have some of that sweet snatch of yours!"

He grabbed her hands and forced her to put her arms around his back. She was helpless as he moved close and she felt his rigid pole pushing at her belly.

"Let me get on my back," Ginny pleaded. "I can lie down on the carpet."

"Oh shit, I can't wait," Bob said. "I've got to have some of that sweet pussy right

now."

There was nothing she could do. It flattered her that a grown man could get so excited over her. She relaxed and allowed him to do as he wanted. She felt him gripping her ass while he moved into the right position.

She shivered as his big cockhead rubbed the hair of her pussy. Then her quivering pussy lips felt the first hot touch of his prickhead. She no longer cared if he did have all his clothes on. He had her excited. He would know how to use that big tool of his.

"Okay," she moaned. "Put it in me. Go ahead and put it in me. I want it like this!"

"Christ," Bob said. "You're a sweet bitch!"

Ginny nearly cried out loud as she felt his swollen prick-head nudging her cuntlips apart. He was moving slowly. He was in no rush to put his big tool inside her. He kept up a steady pressure and she could feel his hot meat splitting her cunt walls. She had been right about him. He knew how to use his prick.

"Oooooooh," she moaned. "A little faster. Put it all the way inside me. A little faster!"

She gasped as he slammed his prick all the way up into her cunt. She felt the pressure of his trousers against her pussy mound. It was a fantastic feeling. She could feel delicious tingles all over her body. She wrapped her arms closer around him.

"Do you like my cock, baby?" Bob asked. "Do you like the boss' cock?"

"Oh yes," she groaned. "Oh yes, I love your big cock! I love your cock!"

She was just a little uncomfortable but she found a way to ease the pressure. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his buttocks. She was supported by the door, and it made his prick slip even deeper into her hot cunt.

She had never felt so lewd before. The boy in the back seat had done nothing for her. Just a feeling of having something stiff rammed up her twat. Bob's cock filled her with pleasure. It made her want to scream with pleasure.

"Fuck me," Ginny moaned. Ginny found herself saying things she'd never said before. Things nice girls didn't say. She couldn't help herself. Everything felt so good. "Fuck me hard!"

"Your pussy feels so good, honey," Bob moaned. "Just like sweet virgin pussy. I love your pussy!"

Bob began to move up and down in a slow, delicious rhythm. Having her pussy wrapped around his cock was like soaking his rigid meat in hot oil. It was pleasure he had never known before. Someone should have tapped her sweet ass long before him.

Bob began fucking her faster. He could feel the wonderful pressure of her cuntlips rubbing his cockhead. He wished he had taken time to undress but there would be

plenty of time for that. Now he just wanted to spend the hot pressure in his balls.

"I'm going to fuck your ass off," Bob moaned. "I'm going to fuck your sweet ass off!"

"Oh Jesus," Ginny moaned. "What are you doing to me? Why do I feel so funny!"

"I'm fucking you, baby," Bob said. "Fucking you good!"

Bob was really pressing her back against the door and slamming his prick in as deep as he could. Ginny's entire body shook each time he slammed his meat into her.

"You're making me feel so good," Ginny cried. "So good. I can feel funny things happening inside. I can't stand it! It feels so nice, so nice, so NICE!"

It happened so suddenly that it took Ginny by surprise. She had never caused such a climax with her fingers. Her hot pussy juice flooded his stiff dick. Her body was rocked by pleasure spasms. A moment later she felt weak and helpless.

"Oh God," she said softly.

Bob kept driving his prick up into her. He could feel the liquid fire in his balls and was trying to get his prick into her hot snatch as far as he could.

"Fuck me," she said urgently. "Fuck me! Come in my pussy!"

"I'm coming," Bob moaned. "I'm coming! I'm so fucking hot! I'm coming, COMING!"

She locked her legs tighter as he shot his wad up into her wet snatch. He felt like he shot a gallon of cum up from his swollen balls. He kept driving his prick into her until every drop had spilled from the bloated end of his cock.

"Ummmmm," Ginny said softly. "Ummmmm. You really know how to use your cock!"

Bob let his half-thick prick slip out of her. It was the end of a perfect day. A big sale and a fantastic piece of pussy. And she would be his personal pussy when he landed the new vice president's job. Jesus, it was a wonderful day!

CHAPTER TWO

"Why don't we go somewhere and get comfortable?" Harry Evans suggested, as his fingers stroked Ginny's arm. "We could find a free bedroom."

Ginny shook her head. She didn't trust her voice. All the wine and music had combined to make her feel a little tipsy. She wasn't used to this kind of party.

"I think we should get it on," Harry said.

"What?" Ginny asked.

"I said I think we should go someplace and have a party of our own. You sure are a pretty girl, Ginny. Almost too pretty to be the secretary for the new vice president."

Ginny realized what Harry was trying to do, what he'd been trying to do for the last half hour. She wasn't interested. Harry was a pudgy, balding man. Not only was he unattractive, but he held a lowly job in the mailroom. There was nothing he could do for her, and it wouldn't be a good idea to be seen with him. Suddenly Ginny felt a little angry. What right did he have to try and make her? She was a new executive secretary and she was not for the likes of him.

"Come on, Ginny," Harry urged. "Let's go someplace and find an empty room."

"No thanks," Ginny said. She took his hand off her shoulder. "I'd better go find my boss."

"He's busy," Harry said.

"So am I," Ginny said.

Ginny noticed the hurt look on his face but she didn't care. She could be nasty to his kind now. She didn't have to watch her step with all the men in the company. She could have Harry fired if she wished it.

Ginny went to find her boss. She didn't know half the people clustered in Bob's new apartment. They were all people out of the executive offices where Ginny would soon be working. It was a new world for her.

"Excuse me," Ginny said, stopping a man with a familiar face. "Have you seen Bob?"

"I think I saw him in the back bedroom," the man answered.

Ginny thanked him. She opened the door and slipped into the back hallway. She wondered what Bob was doing back here. He should be out talking to his new friends. She made her way to the back bedroom and found the door closed. She put her hand on the knob before she heard the soft moans coming from the inside.

Ginny knew what was happening in the bedroom. Bob had a woman in there with him. It didn't make her angry. Bob had a right to have all the women he wanted. Ginny had no claims on him. It only worried her a little. What if someone should find out? It might hurt his new status in the company and that would hurt Ginny's status.

Ginny started to walk away, but her curiosity got the better of her. She had to see who was in there with Bob. She put her hand on the knob and carefully opened the door. It took a few moments for her eyes to adjust to the dim light. Then her breath caught in her throat.

A plump redheaded woman was on Bob's bed. She was naked and resting on her hands and knees with her plump round ass in the air. Bob was standing behind her. His swollen cock stood out in front of him. He moved toward the bed and Ginny watched

him putting it in the redhead's wet gash.

"Ahhhhh," the redhead moaned. "I like that. Put that big fucker in me, Bob! Oh Christ yes!"

Bob started fucking her with piston-like movements of his muscular buttocks. Ginny could feel her heart hammering. She knew she shouldn't be watching but she couldn't take her eyes off the lewd picture. She could feel her big breasts swelling up hotly and nearly tearing out of her blouse. "Oh my goodness," Ginny moaned. Ginny suddenly recognized the plump redhead. It had taken her so long because she'd never seen the woman except around the office. Her name was Mary and she was the wife of the president. What could Bob be using for brains? Someone would find out and this would cost everyone their jobs.

Ginny shut the door as she heard footsteps coming up the hall. Her heart did nearly stop as she saw who it was-the president himself, probably looking for his wife. She frantically searched her mind for a way out, but she couldn't think of any.

"Don't worry," Rich Levert said softly. "I know what's going on in there."

"You do?" Ginny asked. "Of course. Don't be so upset. I'm not going to get my gun or anything like that. My wife always likes to break in a new vice president. She had her own training program."

Ginny couldn't think of anything to say, This really was a new world she was getting into. People like Rich had their own sense of values. He didn't look the least bit upset

that his wife was getting royally fucked by a man in his company.

"I find it exciting to watch sometimes," Rich said. "Mary really gets excitable."

"She does?" Ginny asked.

"Yes," he answered, grinning. "In fact, I've never yet found a woman who enjoys fucking as much as Mary. At least, I haven't yet. There's still time, though, and a man has to be always looking. He wouldn't want any talent to escape."

"I guess not," Ginny said.

Ginny knew that he was coming on strong, and she didn't mind. It was a completely different situation than it had been with Harry. Rich was the boss, and he wasn't a bad looking man. He was tall and slender and he had plenty of charm. And it wouldn't do any harm to be nice to the boss. He held plenty of power and he could help her to get more status.

"There's another bedroom free," Rich said. "Why don't we use it?"

The suggestion didn't surprise her. Rich was a man used to taking charge. He wouldn't waste time like other men. He knew what he wanted, and how to get it. She had to admit that his attention flattered her. He could probably have his choice of a great many women at the party. Almost any of them. Yet, he wanted her. It was very flattering. It also left her with a weak feeling.

"All right," Ginny agreed.

He grinned. She let him take her arm and walk her into the next bedroom. She heard him lock the door.

"We wouldn't want anyone walking in on us," Rich said. "I'm a little more private than my wife."

"A man in your position would have to be," Ginny said.

Ginny looked around the room. She was a little nervous now that the time had come. She had never been in a bedroom with a man before. She'd never been anywhere with a man who was so confident of what he was going to do with her.

Rich was behind her. He reached his arms around her waist and pulled her back against him. She felt his crotch against the cheeks of her ass. He moved his hips gently, just as if he was slowly fucking her from the rear.

"Are you frightened?" Rich asked.

"A little," Ginny admitted.

"Don't be," Rich said. "I'm not going to hurt you. I know how to make you feel good."

Ginny didn't doubt that. Even his words sent shivers all over her body. It was just as she'd felt with Bob. She wanted Rich to take complete charge, to use her as he wished.

She felt his strong hands move up from her waist. He cupped both her swollen tits. The grip of his fingers sent an electric charge to her cunt. She closed her eyes and let the feelings rush over her.

There was a sweet fire growing in her cunt.

"You're really built," Rich said. "You've got a better build than I thought."

"I'm glad you like it," Ginny said.

She felt suddenly wicked as this man played with her titties. Her twin mounds suddenly felt cramped in the tight confinement of her bra. In fact, her clothes seemed to be burning her up. She wanted to be out of them.

She twisted out of his arms and went over to sit down on the bed. She crossed her legs and let her skirt slip up high on her creamy thighs. She saw him grinning and licking his lips. She teased him by pulling her skirt a little higher.

"You sure are a sweet looking piece," Rich said.

"Thank you," Ginny said.

Rich opened his mouth as he saw her undoing her blouse. She shrugged it off her shoulders and immediately unhooked her bra. She seemed to be in a hurry. She pulled her bra away from her big, creamy tits. God, her tits looked good. He thought his trousers would rip open from the sudden pressure of his stiff dick.

"You're making my mouth water," Rich said. "Show me the rest of your goodies."

"Give me time," Ginny said.

She was really feeling wicked as she unbuttoned her skirt and pulled it down over her legs. She kicked out of it and dropped it on the floor. She heard him sigh, and she knew he liked what he saw.

She was wearing a pair of green panties and nothing else. The panties were so flimsy that he could see the raven black hairs inside.

"Goddamn," Rich said. "You're something else."

This time Ginny wasn't going to let a man hurry her. She enjoyed Bob fucking her, but it had been over too quick. This time she was going to be comfortable and it was going to last.

"It's time for you to undress," Ginny said.

Ginny stood up and went to him. She had never undressed a man before but she wasn't bad at it. In a few minutes she had his trim body stripped down to his jockey shorts. She slipped her hand down his chest and into his shorts. She found his half hard meat.

"Ummmm," Ginny said. "You've got a big one."

"And I know how to use it," Rich bragged.

"I just bet you do," Ginny said. "I bet you've fucked half the young girls at the office."

"Only the nice looking ones," Rich laughed.

Rich helped her to strip his shorts down his hairy legs. He felt her finger circling his hot meat and his prick grew hot in her slim fingers. She knew how to move her hand. He could feel her other hand stroking his thick, heavy balls.

"Shit, you've got nice hands," Rich groaned.

He grabbed her around the waist and jerked her against him. His big hands slipped into the backs of her flimsy panties. He tightly gripped her ass so that her pussy rubbed his rigid prick. God, he liked that feeling. Her soft panties rubbing his prick nearly made

him shoot his wad right there. He took a deep breath and tried to control himself.

But then it was Ginny who started going crazy. He felt her big tits rubbing frantically against his naked chest and her pussy was humping him wildly.

"Jesus," Rich said, as he released her and held her at arm's length. Her face was pale and her lips half open. She looked as if she was having a sexy dream. Rich understood. "You got excited. You got really excited watching my wife perform."

"Yes," Ginny admitted.

Rich grinned. He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the bed. He dropped her on her back and he knelt beside her. He very quickly stripped her wet panties off. He put his hand between her legs and found her pussy hot and wet.

"Damn, you sure did get excited," Rich moaned.

"Yes," she agreed. "I couldn't help it. I got hot all over."

Rich stripped off his shorts and then moved up to her head. He half stood on the bed and began rubbing his cock against her cheeks. He saw a little of his white cum-cream stain her skirt. He moved his hot cock down her body, leaving a tiny wet trail.

"Oh, you're making me crazy," Ginny moaned. Rich knew exactly what he was doing. He had fucked many women. He hadn't lied to the young girl. He had fucked many of the

best looking women in his office. Now he was about to add another delicious conquest to his list. But Rich wanted her to remember it. He didn't want her to think about it as another quick fuck. He wanted her to remember everything that had been done to her.

"You're going to enjoy this," Rich told her. "I'm going to make you remember it for a long time."

He put his mouth on one of her big tits. He sucked at the hard brown nipple, drawing it into his mouth and rubbed it with his tongue. He felt her shiver with excitement. She was one of the sensitive types. That made it nice. He could drive her type right out of her mind.

Rich moved his lips to her other tit. He sucked hard at her creamy titty flesh. He rubbed her thighs with his free hand. He felt her opening her legs wider and trying to capture his hand against her hot pussy mound.

"What's the matter, sugar," Rich said. "Are you getting a little hungry?"

"Oh yes," Ginny moaned. "Yes. You're making me so hot and crazy all over. I've never felt like this before."

Rich laughed. He moved his hot lips down from her swollen tits and down the flat tautness of her belly. He licked her navel. He felt her trembling as he moved his face down to the fringe of her raven pussy hair.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Haven't you ever had your pussy eaten before?" Rich asked.

"No," Ginny answered.

"Then you're in for a treat, baby," Rich said.

Ginny shook her head. She was frightened. Something seemed to be dirty about his suggestion. It was something that didn't happen to nice girls. Yet, she didn't want to stop him. She couldn't stop him. She could only relax and let him do as he wished.

"I'm going to kiss your pussy," Rich said.

She couldn't keep her legs together and his head went between them. She shuddered as his lips touched against the swollen petals of her pussy. Then she gasped as his wet tongue slithered between the lips of her cunt and touched her moist cunt walls.

"Oh, that's strange," she moaned. "Oh God, that feels so funny all over!"

Rich began licking the inside of her cunt. She felt her pussy getting wetter but Rich didn't seem to mind. She felt her clitty growing swollen. She put her hands in his hair. She no longer even thought of stopping him. It felt too good.

Rich slipped his broad hands underneath her ass and lifted her higher off the bed. His tongue began stabbing savagely into her wet cunt. He knew he was slowly driving her crazy. He could taste her tangy juices filling his mouth. He began to swallow, but he still kept using his tongue on her.

"Oh God," she moaned. She wiggled frantically but it was no longer to escape from him. It was because of the delicious spasms of pleasure that shook her body. "Oh God, it feels good. So good. You're making me come. Come! COME!"

Rich sucked hard at her cunt and sucked her hot juices down his throat. He kept sucking at her juices until the wiggling in her body stopped. He could feel his swollen pole throbbing like hell, and he knew he wasn't going to be able to wait much longer. He wanted to put his meat in that hot box of hers.

"Oh Christ," Ginny moaned. "That felt so good!"

"Now it's my turn," Rich said.

Rich rolled over on top of her and pressed his hot meat against her hot hole. He felt her moving her ass up off the bed, trying to suck his prick into her. His thick cockhead slipped between the lips of her cunt.

"Oh yes," Ginny moaned. "Put it in me! Put your hot cock in my pussy."

Rich drove his hot cock all the way into her pussy. She cried out with delight. She felt

the snug pressure of his heavy balls resting against her cunt.

He stayed still for a moment. She loved the feeling of being filled by his prick meat.

"Fuck me," Ginny whispered. "You've made me feel so good. Now fuck me hard!"

"You little bitch," Rich moaned. "You've got a box that's hotter than hell."

"Fuck it, then," Ginny whispered urgently. "Fuck my hot box. I belong to you. My pussy belongs to you!"

Her words drove Rich crazy. It was so nice to have a wiggling young woman underneath him. He made her lift her legs and wrap them around his back. His hot cockmeat savagely thrust in and out of her pussy.

"That's nice," Ginny moaned. "Nice!"

Rich liked the feeling of her long legs locked behind him as he thrust his prick into her hot box. He felt her clinging cunt walls closing like tiny fingers around his dick, as if her cunt was trying to squeeze out his cock-cream.

"Give it to me," Ginny moaned. "Give me your cock!"

Rich was already itching to dump his load. He could feel the hot fires growing in his

balls as he started driving his cock into her a little faster, he felt the first squirt of his jism.

"Fill me," Ginny moaned. "Fill me with your jism! Fill me!"

"Bitch," Rich groaned. "Hot bitch! Oh God, I love it! I love your pussy! Hot bitch!"

JESUSSSSS!"

She moved underneath him until the last drop of cum had been drained from his cock. She sighed as she felt his prick go limp and slip out of her. It had felt so good to fuck him. It was a long time before she let him go.

CHAPTER THREE

It wasn't a good Monday for Harry Evans. He had a hangover and he hated to work with a hangover. Besides, he was still pissed off at the way he had been treated by that dark haired bitch at the party. Harry had followed her when she'd left him. He'd thought he could talk her into finding a bedroom. She was tipsy enough. But the big boss had gotten to her first and she certainly hadn't treated the boss like a second class citizen.

"Damn the little bitch," Harry said.

He understood why she had gone to bed with the boss. Hell, the boss had a lot to offer. There was no reason to turn the big boss down. But it was her attitude that

bothered Harry. She had treated Harry like dirt and there was no reason for that.

Harry heard his bell ring and he looked up from his desk. His eyes widened in surprise as he saw the boss' wife standing in the mailroom doorway.

"Well," Harry said. "I've never seen you down here before."

"I just thought I'd drop by," Mary said. "I've never been to this part of the building before."

There was something suspicious about her answer, but Harry couldn't understand what made him feel that way. He shrugged the feeling off. After all, she was the boss's wife. It was her right to come anywhere she damn well pleased.

"There's nothing much down here," Harry said. "Just mail and a few other things. Nothing much of interest."

"Oh," Mary said casually. "I'm not sure about that. You're down here."

Mary's blue eyes seemed to bore holes into him. Again Harry sensed something more than casual interest about Mary's visit. He felt a warmth in his trousers. Damn, she was a nice looking woman. Her big round tits filled out her blouse so nicely. It would be nice to get a piece of her class pussy.

Harry shook his head sadly. There wasn't much chance of that. She might give it out

to the vice presidents and such, but never to the man in charge of the mailroom.

At that moment Harry would have been shocked if he'd known what was going through Mary's mind.

It was true that Mary had come downstairs to take a look at the mailroom. It was also true that she'd come downstairs to take another look at Harry. She'd seen him at the party, and he interested her. She wasn't sure why. He wasn't as attractive man. He wasn't the sort of man she usually got hot for.

But there was something a little sexy about him, and Mary liked sex. Mary wouldn't have admitted, even to herself, that she was a nympho. But she was. She loved to fuck. She couldn't play coy when she was interested in a man's dick. And she was interested in Harry's.

For that reason Mary had really dressed up for her trip downstairs. She was wearing a short, clingy red skirt that showed off plenty of her creamy thighs. She wore a frilly low-necked blouse and no bra. She knew her tits were her best feature.

"It's kind of lonely down here," Mary said. "Are you always by yourself."

"No," Harry said. "I have three young men who work for me, but they're out on the loading dock. They had to unload a truck and that'll keep them most of the afternoon."

"That's good," Mary said, grinning. "I bet you keep those young men busy."

"I try," Harry said.

"A man like you should have gone other places with this company," Mary said. "I think I'll mention that to my husband."

Harry wondered what she was leading up to. He didn't think she'd come downstairs just to talk about his future. She was up to something. He was beginning to wonder if maybe all the rumors he'd heard about her could be true.

"Would you like to fuck me?" Mary asked.

She almost laughed out loud at the sudden shock on his face. He might have expected something like that, but he'd never expected to hear her mouth the words.

"What?" Harry asked.

Harry's mouth was wide open, and he was about to fall out of his chair. Mary shrugged her shoulders casually. She sat down across from him and crossed her legs. Her short skirt slid higher on her creamy thighs. She knew he was able to see almost to her blue panties.

"I asked you if you'd like to fuck me?" Mary said again. "What's the matter? Does it shock you that a woman knows what she wants and how to ask for it?"

"No," Harry answered. "It's just that you're the boss' wife."

Mary grinned. "Don't let that stop you, sugar. He knows I play around. In fact, if you treat me right, you get a few bonus points with the boss."

"Then I'll treat you right," Harry said.

He realized that she was serious. She wanted to fuck him. He could feel his prick jumping in his trousers. Hell yes, he would love to fuck her. There was only one thing stopping him. Harry looked around the cramped office.

"Where?" Harry asked.

"Sugar," Mary said. "The desk would be fine. I get all wiggly doing it on desks."

"Oh my God," Harry said softly.

Mary could feel the fires burning inside her as Harry began to clear off the top of his desk. The pudgy young man was really excited, and that excited her. There was also the fear of being caught. Mary liked her sex hot and dangerous.

"Mmmmmm," Mary said. "I can tell that you're already hot for me."

Harry brushed the bulge in the front of his trousers. "You're damn right, baby," Harry said.

Harry turned to her as he finished clearing the desk off. He licked his fat lips impatiently. He watched her teasingly part her legs so that he could see the color of her panties.

"Do you see something you like?" Mary asked.

"Oh yes," Harry groaned.

"Then why don't you do something about it?" Mary said.

Harry knew he had never met a woman like Mary. She had taken complete control of the relationship. He wondered if she treated all her men the same way. Probably. She was used to dealing with men who worked for her husband. They wouldn't dare do something that would make her angry.

Harry felt his pride coming to the surface. He wasn't going to let her treat him this way. He was still angry at the dark-haired bitch for what she had done to him. He wasn't going to let it happen twice. He was going to teach the boss' wife a lesson.

"You really are a cunt, aren't you!" Harry said roughly.

He saw the alarm in her face at the sudden change in his manner. Immediately she clamped her thighs together, but it was too late for that. Harry stalked across the room and grabbed her by her thick hair. He lifted her face so that she was looking at the angry lines of his face.

"Rich bitch," Harry said. "You come down here shaking your ass and expecting me to swallow my pride. Well, I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't forget."

"What are you doing?"

Harry was grinning as he unzipped his trousers. He reached into the opening and shook out his fat cock. He saw her eyes go wide at the immense size of it . He was proud of his thick cock.

"Kiss it," Harry commanded.

"I've never done that before," Mary said.

"You lying bitch," Harry said. "Kiss my prick. Now or I'll jerk your bitch head off!"

Harry groaned as he pulled her face toward his cock, and he felt the soft touch of her lips against his swelling cockhead. He put one hand behind her head and held her tightly.

"That's it, bitch," he said. "Take my cock into your mouth. Show me how the boss' wife sucks dick!"

It was crazy but Mary really was inexperienced at sucking dick. She had never done that before. No man had wanted her to, and she didn't think she'd like it. But there was something about this man's rough manner that turned her on. She had never felt so completely dominated by a man before.

It excited her. The fear of being hurt excited her. She wanted to do what he commanded. And doing it made her pussy burn like fire and drip wet juice.

"Yeah," Harry groaned. "Take it in your mouth. Take my fucking meat into your mouth."

He felt her lush lips close over the head of his prick. Her wet tongue swirled all around his tiny red slit. He wanted to scream as the hot desire went through him. He gripped her head tighter and began forcing more of his meat into her mouth.

"You've got a sweet mouth, bitch," he groaned. "You've got a sweet mouth. I love it. I fucking love it!"

He pushed his meat into her mouth until he could feel his cockhead against the tight back of her throat. He slowly withdrew his thick, throbbing prick and heard her gasping for breath.

Harry was proud of himself. It hadn't taken much to beat her resistance down. Her

face had a humble, excited flush. He ran his fingers through her hair before he stepped away from her.

"All right, cunt," he told her. "Let's see what you've got. Take your clothes off. Strip!"

Things weren't going as Mary had wanted them to, but somehow she couldn't stop. She stood up and immediately began unbuttoning her blouse. Her fingers trembled as she obediently pulled the blouse off her shoulders and exposed her plump, pink titties.

"Hurry," Harry gasped.

Mary hurriedly stripped out of her skirt and panties. She stood naked in front of him and his being clothed made her feel even more obscene.

"Turn around," Harry said. "Bend over and put your hands against the wall."

Mary blushed a bright red but she did as he wanted. She turned and bent over. She leaned against the wall and spread her plump thighs. She groaned as she felt his hand between her legs.

"You've got a nice fat pussy," Harry said. "With lots of pussy hair. I like a woman with lots of hair between her legs."

One of his fingers slipped up into her hot, wet box. She tried to twist away from that probing finger, but she didn't have the strength. She trembled with fright and desire as

he moved his finger inside her box.

"A sweet cunt," Harry said, as he stabbed another finger into her wet pussy.

Mary leaned more of her weight against the wall as she felt her legs giving way. His fingers sent shivers of excitement through her body. Just having a man's fingers inside her had never made her feel this way before. Harry seemed to touch just the right places. She was groaning like a bitch in heat. She remembered the taste of his hot meat in her mouth and that made her feel hotter.

"Oh, don't stop," Mary pleaded, as she felt him pulling his fingers out her cunt. "Oh please don't."

But Harry moved close behind her and pressed his dick against her plump cunt-lips. He could feel her moving impatiently against his knob, and he could hear her gasping for breath. The little bitch was really hot for it.

"Put it in me," Mary begged. "Please put your cock inside me. Please fuck me!"

Harry was excited but he was still in complete control. He moved forward slowly and felt the hot pressure of her cuntlips closing around his bloated prick. She moved her ass wildly but he wasn't going to hurry. He reached around her and grasped her big soft tits. He made her crazy by rubbing his fingers against her rigid nipples.

"Don't tease me," Mary moaned. "Put it in my pussy. Please fuck me hard!"

Harry grinned as he pressed his thick dick deeper into her hot cunt. He felt her quivering as he speared her. Damn, but he was teaching her a lesson. By fucking the boss' wife, he was teaching all the snooty bitches in the world a lesson.

Harry slammed his prick all the way into her cunt. She squirmed against him as he started to fuck her. His clothes kept getting in the way. He hated to stop. He loved the lewd position she was in and he loved the feeling of her cunt walls massaging his dick. But he also wanted to feel his balls against her gash, and he wanted to feel her big tits against his chest.

"No," Mary moaned, as he pulled his prick out of her. "Keep on fucking me. Don't stop now!"

"I'm not stopping, bitch," Harry said. "Didn't you say that you liked to fuck on desks?"

He saw the excited look in her eyes. He undressed as she moved over to the table and stretched out on her back. Harry took a long look at her lush body. In another few years she might grow a little fat, but now she was just right. The perfect body. His mouth filled with saliva and he could feel the hot pressure in his balls.

He moved around the desk to where her head was.

"I want you to take my cock in your mouth again," Harry told her. This time she acted immediately at his command. She brushed her hair back as she turned her face to him. She opened her mouth wide and guided his cock between her fat, wet lips. God, he

almost blew his wad right then. He was tempted. He would like to see her drinking his sticky cum, but the need to get into her pussy was greater.

He relaxed and let her sweet lips work on his hot flesh. He felt her tongue swirling around his cockhead as she sucked him deeper into her throat. This time she didn't hesitate as she sucked on his prick. The little bitch was beginning to like sucking prick.

"Ahhhhh," Harry groaned. "That's right. I love your cocksucking mouth!"

Mary moved her head back from his bloated, spit-soaked cock. He started to protest but then he felt her tongue working on his hot flesh. Her tongue was nice. He could feel her moving her tongue all over his prick-meat. She was really getting into the art of sucking cock.

Harry knew he wasn't going to last much longer. He could already feel the churning liquid in his balls. Another minute and he would be shooting his load into her mouth.

This time Harry pushed her head back.

"Let me suck it," Mary groaned. "Aren't I doing it right? Please let me suck it!"

"You're doing just fine sucking my cock," Harry told her, "but now I've got to have a little bit of your sweet pussy. I've always wanted to fuck the boss' wife."

"Oh yes," Mary cried. "You can fuck me. I want to feel your big hot cock!"

Mary spread her creamy thighs wide as Harry walked around the desk and climbed on top of her. She moaned as she felt his bloated knob pressing against her hot pussy mound.

"Put it in," she said. "Oh my God, put that big thing in me! I want to be fucked!"

Harry pushed forward slowly and she felt his cock-head spreading the lips of her pussy. Mary pushed her body against him and lifted her legs. She locked her legs behind his back and hunched against him so that his hard prick went deeper into her wet, slippery fuck-hole.

"Do it to me," Mary screamed. "Oh God, do it to me!"

Harry's balls felt heavy with cum. He shoved one last time, and his thick prick rammed all the way into her tight pussy. He didn't move for a long while. He enjoyed the feeling of her tight cunt muscles closing around his meat. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer and he slowly pulled his prick half out of her and then slammed it back into her again.

"Oh yessss," Mary moaned. "I want you to fuck me like that! I want you to fuck me!"

Harry began moving his prick in and out of her cunt. He could feel his balls slapping against her. He pressed his chest harder against her big round tits. He felt her hard

nipples brushing his skin.

"You sweet little bitch," he moaned. "God, I like your cunt. You sweet little bitch!"

Harry began driving his cock into her a little faster. Her lush body was driving him crazy and he couldn't control himself as well as he'd wanted to. With each stroke, he could feel his prick getting deeper into her wet box.

"That's the way," Mary cried. "That's the way! Oh, fuck me harder! Fuck me harder!"

Harry felt Mary's hand slipping underneath them. He felt her cool fingers brushing against his balls. That really made him hot. He tried to drive his prick right up into her belly.

"It feels so good," Mary cried. "You're making me feel so good. I think I'm going to come! God, it feels good, good, GOODDDDDDDDD!"

He felt her pussy getting slippery with her hot cunt juices, and he drove into her wildly. He could feel the hot heat of his balls and this time he wasn't going to stop. He was going to fill her cunt with his cock-cream.

"Keep moving your big ass, bitch," Harry warned Mary, as he kept moving his prick into her cunt. "Keep moving!"

Mary continued to hump up to meet Harry's hard thrusts. She had never been so well

fucked by a man before. Harry made her feel like a whore, and she loved the feeling.

"Oh God," Mary moaned. "God, I can feel you growing. I can feel your prick growing!"

Harry was gasping as he fucked her. He could feel the liquid fire shooting up from his balls.

"You bitch," Harry groaned. "I'm going to fill your cunt! I'm going to fill your fucking cunt! You bitch! BITCHHHHH!"

Harry's hot cum pumped into her, and she locked her legs a little tighter. She moved her ass until she was sure that Harry's hot prick was completely drained. She finally felt his prick slipping out of her wet hole.

"That was nice, Harry," she said. "That was so nice!"

Harry was proud of himself. He didn't feel as angry anymore. He had fucked the boss' wife and he had the feeling that he would soon get into Ginger's panties. Very soon!

CHAPTER FOUR

"Take a letter, Ginny," Bob said.

Ginny leaned back in her chair and crossed her shapely legs. She opened her steno book. This was the first letter she'd taken in her boss' new office. She was impressed by the luxurious office. The rich looking carpets and expensive furnishings made her feel wiggly inside.

"I don't think you're listening, Ginny," Bob said.

"Oh," Ginny said, with a flustered air. "I'm sorry. I was just thinking about how nice everything is."

"Yeah," Bob said. He looked satisfied. "This is really a step up in the world."

Ginny uncrossed her legs and she felt her boss' eyes on her exposed thigh. She was glad she'd chosen to wear her shortest skirt on her first day as his secretary. She was proud of her legs, and she liked showing them off.

"You're a pretty girl, Ginny," Bob said.

Ginny blushed as she remembered what had happened with her new boss. She also felt a warm tingling at the base of her spine. She couldn't help herself. He was a handsome man. He was made even more handsome by the wicked gleam in his eyes. Ginny took a deep breath that made her boobs stand out against her blouse.

"I'm glad I picked you for a secretary, Ginny," Bob said.

"Really?" Ginny said.

"Oh yes. I couldn't have stood one of those ugly old women in here."

"The other secretaries are getting jealous," Ginny said. "They think you need someone with a little more experience."

"I think you have experience enough," Bob said.

His eyes left no doubt as to what kind of experience he was talking about. Ginny felt the tingling sensation at the base of her spine again. Her nipples grew erect and rubbed painfully against her blouse. It was crazy but just his voice turned her on.

"What are you thinking?" Bob asked.

"I was thinking about how exciting you make me feel," Ginny blurted out bravely, "and I was thinking that maybe we should forget about the letter for a little while."

"Goddamn," Bob said. "That's exactly what I was thinking. You read my mind."

"Shall I lock the door, boss?" Ginny asked.

"Yeah," he answered, "and make your pretty ass wiggle when you walk."

Bob's cock was throbbing with excitement as he watched his pretty young secretary wiggle across the room to lock the door. Goddamn, she had a beautiful ass. Ginny was everything he'd ever dreamed of in a secretary. She was gorgeous and willing. She was enough to make every man hot just to look at her. And she was his. He could use her any time he got the urge, and Bob was sure he would have the urge a hell of a lot of times. Being a vice president was better than he had dreamed.

"You are a sweet looking bitch," Bob moaned. "Take off your blouse. Show me your big tits."

She had the hint of a smile on her face. She hurriedly undid the buttons of her blouse and took it off. Again his eyes feasted on her creamy flesh. Her big tits stood up like they were proud of having him look at them.

"Come over here," Bob said. "Let me play with those."

Ginny responded immediately. She crossed the room and stood behind his chair. Bob pulled her down into his lap. He almost shot his wad as he felt her firm asscheeks rubbing against his trouser front. His hard cock almost broke through his zipper.

"Ummm," Ginny said. "You're hard already."

"You're damn right," Bob said. "I'm hot as hell. I feel like it's been ten years since I've had some pussy."

"Ummmm," Ginny said, kissing his mouth softly. "We both know better than that. You were sure humping the boss' wife the other night. I didn't know a man's cock could get that far up into a pussy."

"You shouldn't be peeking," Bob said.

"I couldn't help myself," Ginny said. "I must be a peeping Jane at heart."

Bob ran his big hands over her luscious tits. He tweaked her nipples with his thumb and felt her shiver. She was a nice hot blooded bitch. He remembered how wild she'd gotten with his cock inside her cunt, and he could feel his prick growing stiffer. He bent his head and took one of her hot nipples into his mouth. He rolled the rubbery feeling nipple beneath his tongue. He felt her shivering. He nipped at the aroused bud with his teeth, and she wiggled a little more.

"Ummmm," Ginny groaned. "You're making me crazy. You're making me hot all over."

Bob ran one hand up her silky smooth thigh. His fingers touched her already wet panties. He moved his fingers underneath the edge of her flimsy panties and touched at her hot box. Her creamy thighs spread open a little wider and he felt her hunching against his fingers.

"Oh God," Ginny groaned. "Stick your fingers in me. Please put your fingers in me!"

"You're a hot little bitch," Bob said.

"Oh yes," she said. "I am. I'm a hot bitch!"

He laughed as he slipped his fingers deeper into her hot pussy. She started going crazy. Her wiggling ass made his cock feel harder and hotter than it had ever felt. He started violently thrusting his fingers into her cunt.

"Yes," she moaned. "Yes, I like that!"

He felt her pussy getting wet as he fingered her. Her thighs opened wider and her hot cunt seemed to be trying to suck more of his fingers inside her. She was running her fingers through her hair and rubbing her ass wildly against his hot meat.

Ginny couldn't stand another minute of being teased. She broke free of his hands and quickly stripped the rest of her clothes off. She blushed as she felt his hot eyes ogling her creamy young body. She felt her nipples getting harder. She felt shameful, as she had from the first moment he had looked at her naked. The feeling didn't disturb her.

It only made her feel more excited. She realized that she was the kind of woman who enjoyed having a man ogle her. Maybe she was a nympho or something.

"You're a beautiful piece of ass," Bob told her.

"You get undressed now," she said. "Hurry. My pussy's full of cream and I can't stand it!"

"Not so fast," Bob said. "First, I think you should take care of me. Like a good secretary should."

Bob leaned back in his comfortable chair and put his hands behind his head. It took a moment before Ginny knew what he meant. She could feel her heart pounding as she fell down on her knees in front of his chair. She hadn't had any practice at this, but she would try to service him as he wanted.

She pulled her hair back with her free hand and used her other to balance herself. She leaned forward and began kissing the outside of his trousers. She could feel his hard bulge trembling under the touch of her lips. It felt like he was ready to rip a hole through the expensive fabric.

"Take it out," Bob moaned. "Take my fucking cock out before I come in my trousers!"

Ginny unzipped his trousers and slipped her hand inside. She shivered as she felt her fingertips touch his hot meat. He wasn't wearing any shorts. She wrapped her fingers around his throbbing pole and she delicately drew it out of his trousers. She gasped as she looked at his thick meat. She really hadn't gotten a good look at it before. His rigid flesh looked powerful enough to tear her in half. It was hard to believe that she'd taken that huge thing inside herself. It was even harder to believe that Bob wanted her to take his pole into her mouth. She licked her lips nervously.

"Lick my cock first," Bob told her. "Just lick around the head and the sides."

She tried to do as he wanted, even though she was frightened and trembling. He was the boss! She touched her tongue to the bloated head and tasted his salty cream. She swirled her tongue all around the tip and around the sensitive edges. She nibbled at his cock-flesh gently. She could feel the excitement growing in his thick meat. More of his cream wet her cheeks as she nibbled.

"Now lick down the side," Bob groaned. "Lick the sides of my cock."

Bob still had his trousers on but he quickly took care of that. He pushed her back for a second and hurriedly peeled his trousers down his thick, hairy legs. Ginger had her first good look at his thick rod and swollen balls. Then Bob was putting his hands behind her head and pulling her face against his crotch again.

"Lick the sides of my meat," Bob groaned. "Do it, baby. Show me how much you like being my secretary. Show me how much you like sucking your boss' cock."

This was what Bob wanted and Ginger began putting her heart into her work. She found that she liked being on her knees in front of him. It was almost like worship. He was her God with his cock ready for her to service.

Ginger began licking the bloated tip once again. She let her soft, silky, jet-black hair brush against his cock as she licked him. In a few moments she had his entire rigid pole covered with her saliva. She moved her head down to his hairy balls, knowing

instinctively that he would like this. She slowly took one of his heavy balls into her hot, liquid feeling mouth. She rolled the sac beneath her tongue and she felt his hips jerking. She quickly released one ball and moved to his other. She felt how swollen and tender they were. She knew they were filled with hot cock-cream that he would be shooting into her mouth.

She found she didn't dislike the idea of sucking his cock until he came. It was kind of exciting. It was another thing that nice girls didn't do.

"Oh shit, baby," Bob groaned. "Oh shit, that feels good. You know how to make a man feel good!"

Bob reached down and pushed on the top of her head. She didn't know what he wanted. He pushed again and she let his hand direct her. She pushed her face underneath his balls into the crack of his ass. She understood what he wanted. She began licking at the hairy opening to his ass. He seemed to really go crazy. She could feel his hot meat! brushing her cheek and his cock-cream leaking all over her face.

Bob kept her at his asshole for a few moments and then he pulled at her head again. She raised up and took the base of his cock in her fingers. She lowered her head and took his bloated cock-head into her mouth.

"Oh yesss," Bob moaned. "Oh shit yesss. Take my prick in your mouth. Suck it down your throat!"

Her mouth already felt filled with his cock-meat. She didn't see how she could get anymore into her mouth. But it was what her boss wanted. She sucked a little harder

and she felt his bloated knob sliding over her tongue and into the deep area of her throat. She realized she had half his prick in her mouth and he was still wanting more.

"Take it all, baby," Bob moaned. "You can do it. Deep throat me. Take every inch in your mouth!"

She tried to relax as more of his thick cock-meat slipped into her mouth. His prick was deep enough that she felt like his knob was resting in her belly. Still he kept pushing and she finally felt the snug pressure of his balls against her lips.

"Oh my God," Bob moaned. "No woman's ever done that before. Oh fucking Jesus!" She had to take a breath and she pulled her head back. She allowed half of his prick to slide out of her lips. Bob put his hands back on her head.

"Now suck me, baby," he said. "Pretend you're fucking me with your cunt. Make me come."

Ginny was inexperienced but she more than made up for it by the energetic way she went after his cock. She still held her dark hair back as she moved her head up and down. Her lips slid up and down his bloated meat, each time sending leaking cum deep in her throat. Now and then she would lift her head and let his cock-head brush against her cheeks. His purplish prick-head would leave white trails of his sticky cum against her creamy skin.

"Ahhhhh yessss," Bob moaned. "Ahhhhh yessss. Suck me! Suck my hot dick."

She sensed his growing excitement and she moved her head faster. She had never felt as lewd as she did at that moment. She could taste more and more of his salty-tasting prick-juice. She loved it. She used her tongue to coax his prick for more.

"Jesus," Bob moaned. "You keep doing that and I'm going to come in your mouth!"

That was what Ginny wanted. His bloated prickhead went deeper into her throat. She used her tongue wildly. She slid her hand down so that her fingers played with his heavy balls. She felt Bob's hands tighten on the back of her head. His breath was coming in fast gasps.

"Jesus, you cock-sucking bitch," Bob moaned. "Keep doing it just like that. Just like that!"

Her fingers teased his balls and she knew he didn't have long left. She was suddenly hungry for the taste of his cum. At the last moment, she felt him tugging at her head.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I'm going to come," he groaned. "I'm warning you. Another minute and I'm going to come in your mouth."

"That's all right," she whispered.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, astonished. He had never met a woman who really

wanted to take his cum in her mouth. "Do you mean you'll swallow my cum?"

"Yes," she said excitedly. "I want to. I want to swallow all of your cum."

"Oh my God," Bob said. "You're something else. You're really something fucking else."

Bob couldn't complain when Ginny put her mouth back on his cock. She had lost her bobbing rhythm but it took her only a few moments to get it back. Immediately she could feel the hot swelling of his excited meat.

"Oh fuck, baby," he moaned. "Fuck, I'm going to come. I'm going to come in your mouth. OH FUCKKKKKKK!"

Hot, slippery jets of cum exploded into her mouth. Quickly Ginny started to swallow. She hadn't realized he would have so much when she'd agreed to swallow his cum. She couldn't drink it all down, even though she enjoyed the thick, salty flavor. She felt his juice dribbling out onto her chin and down the sides of his cock.

"Oh fuck," Bob moaned. "Fuck! You are something else!"

Ginny was determined that she wasn't going to allow one hot drop to escape. She kept his bloated cock-head in her mouth until she had drained him dry. Then she slowly ran her tongue down the thick sides of his meat, licking away all the hot cum that was left. She licked all the way to his balls and then around his balls. She cleaned his cock

with her tongue and lips.

"Oh Christ," Bob moaned. "You're the best fucking cock-sucker I've ever had. Fuck!"

Ginny lifted her head and wiped her lips with the back of her hand. Bob pulled her face lower and he wiped his prick in her silky black hair. His using her this way had excited Ginny. She could feel her pussy wet and pounding with passion. She needed something badly and she didn't think his cock would be able.

"Do something for me," Ginny whispered. "I need something. I need something so bad."

Bob was grinning as he pushed Ginny back on the soft carpeted floor. He made her spread her legs and he kneeled down between her creamy thighs.

"I know what you need," Bob said softly, "and I'm just the man to give it to you."

Bob stretched out on his belly and put his face between Ginny's hungry thighs. Ginny groaned loudly as she felt the first hot touch of his lips; against her pussy lips. Bob knew what he was doing. He slowly parted the lips of her pussy with his tongue. She nearly screamed as she felt the delicious shivers coming from her pussy. Bob pushed his tongue in deeper.

"Oh yessss," Ginny moaned. "Nobody's ever done that to me before. Oh yesss, eat me!"

Bob slipped his tongue all the way inside her hot box. Ginny put her hand on his head to keep him steady. Her ass began squirming on the carpet. She could feel fire in her belly.

"Eat me," she cried. "Eat me!"

Bob seemed to be pushing his entire face into her pussy. His tongue was doing wild things to her. He stabbed his tongue in and out wildly. Ginny began humping up to meet his thrusting tongue.

"That feels so good," Ginny cried. "It feels so good!"

Bob slipped his hands up her body. He found her big round tits. His fingers closed around the hills of her creamy flesh. That made Ginny hotter. She knew he was already licking and swallowing her hot pussy cream.

"Play with my tits," Ginny screamed. She didn't care that she was screaming loud enough for the outer office to hear. All she cared about was that sweet tongue in her pussy. "Play with them. It makes me hot. You make me so fucking hot!"

Bob was really using his tongue, stabbing her hot fuck-box as savagely as he could. Ginny felt the first pleasure spasms making her body shake.

"You're making me come," Ginny screamed. "God, you're making me come!"

Ginny wiggled like a wild woman as she felt the pleasure spasms going through her body. She pulled at Bob's head but he didn't raise up. His lips kept licking at her sweet box and she felt his tongue touching her tender clit. She heard him swallowing as her juices began filling his mouth.

"Oh Bob," she screamed. "Oh Bob. JESUSSSS!"

The last hot shiver went through her body and left her limp as a rag doll. Bob finally raised his head. He was licking his lips and grinning.

"Did I do a good job?" Bob asked.

"Oh yes," she answered. "You did a very good job."

CHAPTER FIVE

The dinner wasn't going well. Ginny had felt honored when Bob had asked her to come along for dinner. Old Henry Bagwell was one of their best clients, and Bob was supposed to sell him on the idea of doing a little more business with them. But Bob and Henry didn't seem to get along. Henry had a surly attitude for the entire evening. Bob was getting more and more upset when Henry finally left the table to go to the bathroom.

Bob let out a sigh as the elderly white-haired man's back vanished around the corner.

"Goddamn old fool," Bob said.

Ginny felt for her boss. She knew he'd been trying his best. Ginny reached across the table and stroked his hand.

"Don't let it get you down," Ginny said. "Maybe he's this way when he meets every new man."

"No," Bob said, shaking his head. "He just doesn't like me. The old bastard. He's only interested in one person at this table. And that's you, Ginny!"

Ginny blushed. She had kept quiet about the old man's straying hands. All evening he'd been letting his hand brush her knees. She had kept a forced smile on her face. She didn't want to make the clients angry.

"I can see why, too," Bob said. "You look delicious tonight."

Ginny turned red again. She had worn her nicest blue gown for the evening. The gown was low cut and showed plenty of her creamy tits. Almost to her nipple. Old Henry couldn't keep his eyes off her.

"Here he comes again," Bob said. "Damn I wish I was someplace else this evening."

The white-haired man sat down at the table again. Ginny felt his hand brush casually over her knee. Then his hand came back to rest on her upper thigh. Ginny knew she should stop him before he got too carried away, but Bob was having a bad evening. Maybe it would help if she allowed him to keep his hands there.

"You were telling me about your new product, Bob," Henry said, his bony fingers squeezing Ginny's thigh hard enough to cause pain. Ginny was tempted to slap the dirty old man's face. She couldn't bring herself to do it. An executive secretary had to put up with some things if she wanted to help her boss.

"It's not really such a new product, Henry," Bob said. "It's one of our products that you've never used. It could help you to cut down your losses."

"I guess I'm not really in the mood to talk business," Henry said. "In my office would be better. I'll tell you what. I know you're a busy man. Why don't you visit me in my office tomorrow? That would be a good time to get together."

"Yes, it certainly would," Bob agreed quickly.

"But I warn you. I'm a hard man to sell. What you should do is go home and get your facts and figures together. I'm sure your secretary could keep me entertained for the rest of the evening."

Ginny felt a sudden hand clutching at her throat. It wasn't a real hand, just a horrible fear of what was going to happen. She saw how confused Bob was: He knew what Henry was after. He was telling Bob that he would give him a contract for more business, but Ginny would have to come through with something also. Bob looked a

little sick as he turned to Ginny.

"I think it'll be all right," Ginny whispered. "You go on home, Bob. It'll be all right."

Ginny knew she was selling herself for the company. She didn't care. She couldn't stand seeing her boss looking frightened. If he lost his calm assurance, Ginny would soon be back in the doghouse again. And she knew she couldn't stand doing that. She'd already rented a brand new apartment and bought lots of nice clothes. She couldn't go back to working in the mail-room now.

"Are you sure?" Bob asked, looking a little guilty.

"Of course the girl's sure," old Henry said quickly, angrily. "We're going to be fine together. I'll see that she gets home all right. You just take care of your facts and figures."

"All right," Bob agreed.

Ginny watched him go and she felt like her best friend had died. She was almost afraid of being alone with this old man. She didn't like him much. And she knew what he would expect of her. She felt his bony fingers squeezing her knee again.

"Do you really want another drink?" Old Henry asked her. "I don't think you need one."

"Of course not," Ginny said. "I'm finished. What would you like to do next?"

"Oh," Old Henry said, grinning. "I thought we might go up to my place. I rent this apartment near the office. It gives me a place to say sometimes when I'm working so hard and I don't want to drive all the way home."

Ginny understood immediately why he rented the apartment. It was for situations like this one, when he didn't want to bring some woman home to meet his wife. Ginny shrugged her shoulders. Henry was looking down the front of her gown and licking his lips.

"Of course," Ginny said. "We can have the drink at your apartment."

"That's what I had in mind," Henry said.

Henry was the perfect gentleman as he took her back to his apartment. He didn't put his hands on her anymore. He talked of business and asked her questions about her home life. Ginny was beginning to relax. Maybe he wasn't so bad after all.

Ginny knew she'd been a fool as soon as he dosed the door of his plush apartment. This was not an apartment for living in. All along the walls there were pictures of naked women and men fucking. In all sorts of positions. There was a big couch in the living room. She felt Henry's hands on her ass.

"You like?" Henry asked. "Yes," Ginny said. "It's very nice."

"Doesn't it make you nervous?" Henry asked. "A little," Ginny admitted. "Good," Henry said. "I like for my women to be a little nervous. It makes them perform better."

Ginny didn't like his attitude. She didn't like being treated as if she was some sort of racing horse or something. She didn't like being asked to perform. She was about to change her mind. Nothing was worse than having to put up with this man.

"Do you want that drink now?" Henry asked.

"I don't think so," Ginny said. "It's getting kind of late. Maybe I'd better just go home."

"Oh no," Henry said. "You can't go home yet. And you'd better take that drink. You're going to need it."

"I want to go home," Ginny said.

Ginny was really frightened now. She turned and tried to open the door. She turned the knob but the door wouldn't open. It had some kind of fancy lock on it, and she couldn't get it open. Her legs began to tremble.

"Are you getting scared, sugar?" Henry asked. "Maybe you'd better take that drink."

"Maybe she doesn't like to drink, Henry," a woman's voice suggested softly.

Ginny turned quickly. She was shocked. A woman had stepped out of the bedroom. She was one of the most beautiful women that Ginny had ever seen. She was tall and had thick blonde hair. Her eyes were very blue. She wore some kind of silvery gown that showed nearly all of her beautifully formed body.

"Who are you?" Ginny asked.

"I'm Linda," she answered. "I'm Henry's wife. Don't look so unhappy. Henry and I like to share things. Especially beautiful young women."

Ginny was so confused that she wasn't sure how to act. She'd never met people like this. And she couldn't help staring at the beautiful blonde woman. Her body was in perfect shape, although a little slender. She looked like a fashion model.

"Be a good girl," Henry said, "and take off your clothes. I want to see you naked."

"I have to go," Ginny said.

"Take them off, bitch," Henry said. "Take them off or I'm going to take them off for you."

Ginny didn't have any choice. She had the feeling that Henry could get mean if he tried. She quickly stripped down to her bra and panties. She had never felt so naked and helpless.

"The bra and panties, dear," Linda said sweetly. "Don't be so shy. Be proud of what you have. I certainly am."

Ginny unbuttoned her bra and shrugged it off her shoulders. She bent down and skimmed out of her panties. She felt Henry's eyes on her, but he didn't say anything for a long while.

"She's very nice, Henry," Linda finally said.

"Jesus," Henry said.

"Come over here, dear," Linda said. "Sit down on the couch."

There was something commanding about Linda's voice. Ginny couldn't refuse. She walked to the couch and sat down. She didn't try to hide her naked body. She let them look as they desired. Henry sat down beside her. He put his hand on her leg just above her knee.

"So soft," he said. "You've got a nice form, girl, a really nice form. And I love the way you wiggle your ass. You kind of tease with it. You're beautiful."

He ran his bony hand up her thigh almost to her pussy. Despite herself, Ginny could feel a little excitement. She couldn't help it. She was a hot blooded type and a hand touching her there was enough to make her hot. She tried to slip away from him but

suddenly Linda was sitting on her other side.

"Don't be scared of us, sugar," Linda said. "We're going to make you feel good."

Before Ginny knew what was happening, Linda had bent her head down to Ginny's big tits. Ginny gasped as she felt the touch of the blonde's wet lips against her titty. She tried to move away but there was no place to go. Then Henry was bending his head to her other titty.

Ginny had never felt anything like this. Two hungry mouths sucked at her nipples. The hot tongues caressed her as she'd never been caressed before. She could feel the heat growing in her pussy. She didn't want it to happen. There was something sick about what was happening. But she was hot blooded and she couldn't help it.

"You taste sweet," Henry said. "Kind of creamy tasting. I like a woman with a sweet titty."

Ginny gasped again because Henry's lips tugged at her nipple. Then his mouth opened wider and half her titty went into his wet mouth. He used his tongue and teeth on her flesh.

"Oh God," Ginny said.

"See there," Linda said. "Now you're starting to enjoy it!"

"No," Ginny lied. "No. I have to go home."

It wasn't going to be that easy. Ginny was going to learn things that night she'd never realized that people could do. She struggled but Linda and Henry had strength they didn't look like they had. They held her down as their lips worked on her feverish flesh.

"Stop," Ginny moaned. "Please stop!"

Linda left the couch. Ginny watched as she reached behind her back and undid her gown. She drew the silvery gown over her shoulders and dropped it on the floor. The blonde's body was even more beautiful without the thin covering. Ginny's big tits would make twice the blonde's but the blonde had something that Ginny didn't have. A kind of proud, sexy air. It made Ginny's blood boil.

"Get her down on the floor, Henry," Linda said.

"Oh no," Ginny protested. "What are you doing? Please stop. What are you doing to me?"

Neither of them listened as they forced Ginny down on the floor. They forced her to spread her legs. Henry put his mouth back on Ginny's swollen tits as Linda stretched out on her belly.

"What are you doing?" Ginny asked again.

"Don't worry," Linda assured Ginny. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm only going to have a taste of your hot pussy!"

Ginny was too shocked to say anything. She hadn't realized that another woman would want to do something like that. Ginny tried to twist out of the way but Linda held her legs down. Ginny felt Linda's soft lips brushing against Ginny's inner thighs. Ginny couldn't close her legs together. Linda's strength was too great.

"Oh stop," Ginny moaned. "Stop! Don't do that!"

"Shut up, cunt," Linda said savagely. "You're going to like this!"

Ginny kept struggling even as Linda's lips touched against the plump lips of her pussy. Ginny remembered how crazy she'd gotten when Bob had done that. It had felt so good. She didn't want to act so shamefully with this woman. She tried to think of something else, but that was no use. All she could think about was that hungry mouth between her legs.

"Oh don't," Ginny wailed, but she knew it was too late to stop Linda.

Linda's probing tongue slipped into Ginny's pussy. At the same time Henry was sucking hard at Ginny's tits. It would have taken a superhuman person not to have gotten turned on. She began to move slowly to the rhythm of Linda's tongue.

"Ahhhhh," Ginny said. "I can't help it. It feels good. I can't help it!"

Linda's probing tongue found Ginny's clit and Ginny nearly went out of her mind. Linda sucked the taut little joy-button between her lips and began savagely chewing on it. Ginny couldn't pretend now. She began violently pushing her pussy into Linda's face. She reached her arms down and captured Linda's head.

"Oh yessss," Ginny groaned. "I love that. Oh yessss, that feels so good!"

Ginny was hardly aware that Henry had stopped sucking on her tits. He stood up and unzipped his trousers. He pulled his fat cock from his trousers and straddled Ginny's body. Ginny realized what he was doing when she felt the hot cock against her lips.

"Open up," Henry said. "Take my cock!"

Ginny couldn't stop him. She opened her mouth and he crammed his thick prick down her throat. She nearly choked. He gave her a moment to catch her breath and then he shoved his meat into her mouth again. This time she wasn't sucking cock. He was fucking her mouth. He held the back of her head and began violently shoving his prick-meat in and out of her open mouth.

"Suck me," he groaned. "Fuck, I like a good suck. Use your tongue on me. Yeah, like that. Like that!"

Ginny did the best she could but she could only concentrate on the delicious feelings of Linda sucking her pussy. She could feel her pussy juices flooding Linda's mouth and Linda kept sucking. Ginny's ass went crazy.

"Ummmm," Ginny moaned. "Ummmm. UMMMMMM!"

More of her cunt juices flooded Linda's mouth and Linda tried to swallow every drop. Henry savagely slammed his prick deeper into Ginny's throat. Ginny had little control over her body. There were too many exciting things happening to her.

Linda finally moved her head from between Ginny's legs. Ginny breathed a sigh of relief. Now she could concentrate on sucking Henry off. She turned her full attention to his hard prick, but Linda didn't let him stay.

"Get off of her," Linda said. "Hurry."

Henry obediently did as he was told. He took his cock out of her mouth and stood up. Linda immediately started pulling at Ginny. Ginny wasn't sure what was wanted out of her but she didn't care. She felt so good.

"On your hands and knees, bitch," Linda said.

Ginny reluctantly rolled over on her belly and then climbed to her hands and knees. She still didn't know what was happening until she saw Linda on her back and spreading her thighs.

"Come on, bitch," Linda moaned. "My pussy is hot. Come on. Put your face down here."

"Oh no," Ginny said. "I've never ... I couldn't do that."

"Do what you're told, goddamn it," Linda said.

She felt Henry's hand on her ass. Suddenly there was a stinging slap. Another. Tears came to her eyes. She turned and saw Henry with his hand raised. He was ready to slap her a third time.

"Do it," Henry said.

"All right," Ginny said quickly. "Only don't hit me anymore. That hurts."

She saw Henry smile as Ginny went down on her belly. She put her face between Linda's legs. She smelled the sweet odor of the woman's pussy. She felt Linda's hands tangled in her hair.

"Go ahead," Linda said. "I'm so hot. Put your mouth on my pussy. Hurry, goddamn you!"

Ginny was still reluctant but she did as Linda wanted her to do. She put her face closer to Linda's blonde muff. She pressed her lips against the red pussy lips.

"Oh yesss," Linda said. "Now put your tongue in me. Hurry up, bitch! Do me good!"

Ginny was still reluctant but she pushed her tongue between Linda's pussy lips. Linda pulled on Ginny's head a little more violently. Linda was going crazy. Her slender ass moved wildly. Ginny found the little bud of Linda's passion.

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, suck on that!" Linda screamed.

Henry knelt behind Ginny. She knew what he was going to do. She was ready for the cock that he violently shoved into her tender pussy. She began humping back to meet his cock while she sucked on Linda's pussy.

Ginny remembered she had liked having her tits played with. Ginny moved her hands slowly up Linda's body. She found Linda's pear-shaped tits and began squeezing them. Linda's ass churned faster.

"I'm coming," Linda screamed. "I'm coming! Jesus, that feels good. I'm coming! Jesus! FUCKING JESUSSSSS!"

Linda's hot cunt-juices exploded into Ginny's mouth. Quickly Ginny began swallowing. Linda's cunt juices tasted salty. Ginny didn't like it much but she tried to swallow every drop. Finally Linda quit shivering and Ginny raised her head.

Henry was groaning as he shoved his meat into Ginny's cunt. Ginny could feel the hot swelling of Henry's cock and she knew he wouldn't be able to last much longer. She knew just how to make him come a little quicker.

"Your cock's so big," Ginny moaned. "You feel so good when you fuck me! Your big cock's so hot and it fills me up. You fuck me so nice. So nice!"

Her dirty words got to him and he began slamming his prick into her a little faster. She felt the first few drops of his cum splattering against her insides.

"Put it in my belly," she moaned. "Put your cum all the way in my belly!"

"You cunt," Henry moaned. "You fucking cunt! God, what a sweet pussy! SWEET PUSSYYYYY!"

Henry cried out again as he shot his thick wad into her pussy. She continued to move against him until she was sure she had drained his cock dry. A few minutes later she felt his prick slipping out of her cunt.

Ginny stood up and began to get dressed. Linda and Henry took no notice of her. They were done with her. Linda and Henry were kissing and only stopped long enough for Henry to let Ginny out of the room. They had purchased her and used her for a little while, and now they thought no more of her.

Ginny had done a lot for her boss.

CHAPTER SIX

Lisa Evans couldn't understand what was wrong with her father. She couldn't have known that he was horny, and that Ginny kept snubbing him. Lisa thought it was his job. Lisa was only thirteen but she understood things. Her father hadn't got many promotions. Sure, he was head of the mail room but that didn't mean much. Probably he felt like he was almost through with his life and he hadn't got very much done.

Lisa felt sorry for him. That was why she'd gotten the idea about skipping cheerleader practice that afternoon and going up to see her father. It had been a long time since she'd visited him at his office.

Lisa was on her way downstairs when she got another idea. Perhaps it would be a good idea to talk with her father's boss. She remembered him as being a gentle, kind man. It wouldn't hurt and maybe Rich would know what to do.

It was a lot easier to get in to see Rich than she thought it would be. Lisa gave her name to the secretary and was immediately ushered into the in her office. There was another secretary and then another. She was finally pushed into a small waiting room. A moment later and a secretary came for her and ushered her into a third office. This office was plush and expensive and the man she'd met only one time sat behind a desk.

"Well," Rich said. "It's not often young ladies come to see me. What's your problem, Lisa?"

It was funny that he should remember her name. It was also funny the way he kept looking at her. Lisa realized something. The big boss had a thing for young girls. Very young girls. Girls the same age as herself.

Lisa wasn't stupid. She knew about men and boys. She'd lost her virginity behind the football bleachers when she'd been twelve. She'd enjoyed it. The last year she had fucked half of the players on the football team. She enjoyed it. She could feel the same kind of interest in this man, and Lisa was smart enough to turn it into an advantage.

"I'd like to talk to you, Mr. Levert," Lisa said. "For a few minutes if you have time."

"Of course I have time," Rich Levert boomed. He was looking the young girl over and liking what he saw. He remembered her age as twelve. That would make her thirteen now, and a pretty thirteen. She was blonde and well developed for such a young girl. He could feel his cock pressing warmly against his trousers.

"You look so serious," Rich said. "What could such a young girl find so serious to talk about?"

"It's about my father, Mr. Levert," Lisa said. Lisa put on her best little girl look. She didn't want this experienced older man to find out she knew more than she did. She went over to the couch and sat down. She crossed her legs. She was glad she'd worn the skimpy cheerleading costume. It made her look more vulnerable and she sensed she was turning him on.

"What's so serious about your father?" Rich asked.

"He's been moody lately," Lisa said. "I can't understand what's troubling him. If mother were here...."

Rich looked sympathetic. He knew the story of how her mother had left them when Lisa was a baby and hadn't been heard from since. Rich wondered how a woman could leave a child like that. Especially one as pretty as Lisa.

"You were right to come to me," Rich said. "I'm the boss. I can talk to your father. Maybe I could find out what's troubling him. I'm sure it's nothing serious."

"Oh, would you do that?" Lisa asked.

"Of course, child," Rich said. "I feel taking care of the people who work for me is important."

Lisa almost laughed out loud. Rich called her a child but she wasn't looking at her like a child. He was looking at her as if he'd like to get her clothes off. Lisa felt her heart pounding. She wasn't sure she could go ahead with her plan. What if she was wrong? She knew she couldn't hesitate any longer. In another minute he would be showing her out.

"It's been so nice talking to you," Lisa said. "I've been so scared lately."

Lisa put her head in her hands and began to sob. Her trick worked. In a second Rich was sitting on the couch beside her. He put his arm around her shoulders and hugged her close. His fingers stroked her bare arm but she knew he was tempted to do more than that. She gave him the opportunity. She turned against him and pressed her face into his broad chest. He put both arms around her and hugged her tight. She could hear

his heart pounding in excitement.

"Don't cry, darling," Rich said. "There's no need for you to cry like that."

"I've been so scared," Lisa said again.

"It's all right," Rich said. "I'm going to take care of everything. I'll find out what's troubling your father."

"Oh thank you, sir," Lisa moaned. "I really appreciate it."

"Think nothing of it, girl," Rich said. "That's what I'm here for."

Rich was scared. He wanted to push this young girl away from him and get her out of the office quickly. He was afraid of doing something he would be ashamed of. He couldn't help his feelings for very young girls. Just being close to them excited him tremendously, and he'd never been so close to such a pretty girl as Lisa. It made his cock rock-hard.

Lisa knew he was a goner when she felt his hand going lower on her back. She felt his hand underneath her girlish butt and then gripping one of her asscheeks. There wasn't much material between his hand and her ass. She knew she felt like she was naked. His hand trembled.

"A girl like you shouldn't cry," Rich said. "You should never cry. A pretty girl like

you!"

His fingers caressed her asscheeks and then dropped lower to play with her soft thigh. She knew he was fighting to keep his hands off her. It was a losing battle. He would never be able to stop himself now. And she would own him once he finished with her. She could make him give her father anything he wanted.

That wasn't the only reason that Lisa wanted to have Rich interested in her. He was a handsome man and an older one. She'd never fucked an older man before. She was curious to know if her cunt could take a man's cock.

"What are you doing?" Lisa asked him, as she felt his hand between her legs. "That feels funny."

"Don't worry, honey," Rich assured her. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt you."

"Oh, I know you wouldn't, Mr. Levert," Lisa said. "But that feels so funny. It makes me feel strange."

"What kind of strange?" Rich asked.

"I don't know," Lisa lied.

"Does it feel good?" Rich asked.

"Yes ... I guess so. It feels funny!"

Rich's hand pressed the little love mound between her legs. He could feel her pussy through the thin material of her cheerleading outfit. God, what was he doing? A man could go to jail for what he was doing. And yet he couldn't stop himself.

"Would you do something for me, Lisa?" Rich asked. "Would you touch me where I'm touching you?"

"I'd be afraid," Lisa said. "I wouldn't hurt you," Rich said. "You know that."

Lisa acted like she was frightened as she put her hand on the huge bulge between his legs. It did frighten her a little when she felt how big it was.

This was a man's cock and it was big enough to tear her in half. She would have backed down but it was too late. She knew she'd gotten Rich too excited with the touch of her fingers.

"What's that?" Lisa asked.

"That's something a man's got, baby," Rich answered.

"It's so big," Lisa said.

"It's not that big," Rich said. "It just feels big in my trousers. Maybe you could take it out and look at it."

"I couldn't do that," she said.

"Sure you could. Take it out. Look at it. It's something every young girl should see once."

Lisa pulled down the zipper on his trousers. She slipped her hand through the opening and found his prick bunched in his shorts. Her fingers searched until she found his hot meat and then she drew it through the opening.

"My goodness," she gasped, as she stared at the huge red pole.

It wasn't the first cock she'd seen but it was the biggest. The bloated cock-head would have made four of the young boy's cocks that she'd been with. It was a pile-driver. She could feel her breath catch in her throat as she stared at it.

"Feel it," Rich said excitedly. "Wrap your fingers around it. Feel it."

Lisa was trembling as she wrapped her fingers around the thick, throbbing rod and squeezed gently. She began moving her fingers up and down and watched the bubbly cum appearing at the end of his bloated cock. The thick white liquid ran over the red tip and covered her fingers. Her fingers started feeling sticky and hot as she moved them up

and down.

"What's that?" she asked.

"That's cum, sugar," Rich answered. "That's something a man has inside his balls."

"Why does it make me feel funny just to look at it?" she asked.

"That's because of the way we're made," Rich said.

Rich was getting hot as hell as her fingers worked on his hot cock. He kept pushing at her cunt with his fingers but he wasn't getting anywhere. The skimpy cheerleading outfit more than covered her pussy mound. It was one piece and it was impossible to get his fingers inside the fabric.

Lisa didn't play dumb anymore as she felt his fingers on the back of her outfit. She bent forward and let him unbutton the top. She had to stand as he drew it over her shoulders. Lisa was proud of her lush young body. She didn't have big tits, but she knew she would someday. Her pussy was just barely covered with blonde hair, but she knew he would like that.

"My God," Rich moaned. "You're beautiful. You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!"

"Do you really think I'm beautiful?" Lisa asked.

"Oh God yessssss," he moaned.

Lisa wasn't ready for what he did next. He grabbed her by the cheeks of her pert young ass and pulled her back against him. His mouth touched her pussy. No boy had ever done that to her before. She felt her belly jump in excitement as he began kissing her pussy. He made her spread her legs a little wider and his tongue licked the outer lips of her cunt.

"Oh God," Lisa moaned softly. "That feels funny!"

Rich pulled her down on the floor and he went between her legs. He was hungry for the taste of her young pussy. He stabbed his tongue between her pussy lips and began violently sucking at her pussy juices. The savage way he went after her excited Lisa. She shivered all over her body. She ran her fingers through his thick hair.

His tongue kept stabbing into her pussy and Lisa felt the first hot spasm of delight. She groaned and pulled hard at his head. His face seemed to get deeper into her fuck-hole.

"Oh yessss," she groaned. "It feels good. You're making me feel so good!"

Rich was past caring about his reputation, or about any of the things that could happen. He only cared about the sweet young pussy he was sucking and how she made

his cock feel. He slipped his hands underneath her and cupped her asscheeks.

Her pussy seemed to open up wider for his probing tongue.

"I've never felt this way before," Lisa groaned. "It feels so good. I've never felt it before!"

Lisa could feel her bubbling cum-juices filling up his mouth. She felt another hot spasm in her stomach. She couldn't control the movements of her body. Her fingers tightened in his hair and she began bucking savagely.

"I'm coming," Lisa moaned. "Coming, coming, I'm coming. AGRRRRRR!"

Her orgasm was quick and savage but it didn't seem to scratch her itch. She still felt horny when she felt her body relaxing. He was swallowing her juices and still chewing on her tiny joy-button. She stroked his hair.

"Ummmmm, Mr. Levert. That felt good."

Rich raised his head. He licked her tangy juices away from his lips. His cock was pounding excitedly and he knew he had to have the feel of her sweet young pussy.

"Will it scare you if I take my clothes off, Lisa?" Rich asked.

"No," Lisa answered. "I don't think it will."

Rich was smiling as he slowly stripped the clothes off his tanned and muscular body. It didn't frighten Lisa. It only made her feel hotter to look at his huge cock and those huge balls swinging beneath. It looked as if he could have a ton of cum in those heavy balls.

Rich kneeled down beside her again. He took her hand and placed it on his throbbing tool. She could feel more of his sticky jism coating her fingers. She didn't mind that. She remembered those other little boys who had fucked her. They had only been children when compared to the gigantic pole in her hand. She'd thought they were really something because they were big and husky and played football. God, they weren't anything compared to Rich.

"It's so big," she whispered. "It's made lots of women happy, Lisa," Rich said.

"Do you think I'm a woman?" Lisa asked him. "I'm only thirteen years old."

She knew she'd struck a point by making Rich remember how old she was. He wouldn't stop but he'd feel the guilt because he was fucking a thirteen-year-old girl. That would make him more open to anything Lisa might suggest about her father.

"Could I kiss it," Lisa asked him. "I mean, I've heard about girls doing that at school and I've kind of wondered what it would be like to kiss one."

"If you don't bite," Rich teased.

"Oh, I promise I won't bite," Lisa said.

Rich moved to her head. She turned her head and pressed her lips against the monstrous red pole that waved in front of her face. He tasted of sweat; and salty cum-cream. She ran her lips up and down his pole. She felt him trying to push his cock into her mouth. She had never done that. She didn't fight it, as he moved his bloated head against her lips and took hold of her head. "Would you take it in your mouth," he said. "Oh yes," she answered. Then his bloated prick-head was just inside her lips. The thing filled her mouth. She swirled her tongue all around the cock-flesh and felt him pushing his prick deeper into her mouth. She could hardly breathe. Her every sense was concentrated on the smell and texture of his hot meat. "That's the way, sweet sugar," Rich moaned. "Ahhhh, you're a sweet young thing." She hadn't had much experience and she was not good at sucking cock. She knew she would get better with time, but Rich didn't seem to mind. He was crazy with wanting her and she knew he was ready for her pussy. She felt the fear gripping her again. She wasn't sure he could get that bloated pole inside her without doing damage to her. She liked to fuck but not at the price of her health. "I want to fuck you," Rich said, and she realized she couldn't back down. "Be easy with me," she pleaded. "Of course I will," Rich said. "I'll be very easy."

His gentle words did little to assure her as she twisted around on her belly. She moaned as she felt his fingers parting her cuntlips and slipping inside.

He moved his fingers around in a slow and exciting circle. She began to move with the same rhythm of his probing fingers.

"Ahhhh," she said softly. "Ahhhh!"

She turned her head to look at him. He got a pillow off the couch and put it underneath her belly. Her pussy-hole was easily reached and she had never felt so vulnerable. This was a little different than doing it in the back seat of a car.

"You have a pretty pussy," he said softly.

She felt his weight on her back and then the first pressure of his bloated prick-head against her cunt. Rich moved just as gently as he had promised. His prick-head stretched her cunt entrance and then popped inside. Just his prick-head filled her more than any cock had ever managed.

"Does that feel good?" Rich asked.

"Yes," she moaned. "Yes, it does. It feels good."

She sensed him smiling as he pushed more of his big cock into her tight fitting pussy. Her saliva had wet him enough so that his entrance was not bad. It felt nice to have her pussy filled so well by his thick cock.

"Oh yes," she cried. "It does feel good. Put it all the way into me. Put it all the way!"

He could wait no longer. He gave one last thrust and his prick went deeply into her

cunt. It didn't hurt. She felt the wonderful pressure of his balls against her snatch.

"Fuck me now," she whispered. "Fuck me good!"

She was no longer playing the innocent young girl, but that didn't matter. She only cared about the delicious feeling of his cock inside her pussy. His cock felt better than any cock ever had. Her fuck-hole burned with a delicious excitement.

He began to fuck her with a slow and delicious feeling stroke. She was finding out the difference between a man and a boy. Rich knew what to do with his cock. He used it like there was an art to fucking. He knew just where to put it to make her quiver with excitement.

"That feels good," she moaned. "So good. But give it to me faster. Harder!"

He wouldn't be rushed. He took his own time in building up his fucking. It was like falling off a mountain. His speed grew along with the intensity of her excitement. She'd never been fucked like this before. She hadn't known what she was missing.

"Oh God," Lisa cried. "You're going to make me come again. Oh God!"

The frantic sound of her voice drove him faster. She started feeling his balls slapping against her faster. He reached around her body and played with her small, firm tits. His fingers brushing her aroused nipples sent jolts of electricity through her. She knew she was as excited as she'd ever been. "You're making me come again," she screamed.

"God, it feels so good. So good. You're making me come again. COME AGAINNNNNNN!"

Her pussy juices soaking his cock really drove him crazy. He started savagely thrusting his prick into her tight fuck-hole. He nearly lifted her off the ground with every powerful stroke. She could feel his hot prick growing.

"Yesss," she screamed. "Come in me. Yes, yes, come in me!"

"You little bitch," Rich groaned. "Shake your ass. Shake your ass for me. I'm going to fill your pussy. I'm going to fill your cunt up!"

His prick seemed to get deeper with every stroke. She felt his hands squeezing her small tits so hard that it was almost painful. She didn't tell him to stop. She knew he was nearly there.

"Cunt," he screamed. "TEASING LITTLE CUNTTTTT!"

He drove his prick into her one last time and she felt a river of hot cum juice flooding her pussy. She kept moving her ass as she felt his jism leaking over the backs of her thighs. He had so much of it. She thought he would never stop coming. Finally he groaned and she felt his cock slip out of her.

Immediately there was a guilty feeling in the air. Rich had done what he wanted and

now he was ashamed. His face was red as he sat down on the couch. Lisa wasn't about to let him forget his shame.

"That was nice," Lisa said. "I've never done anything like that before."

"Oh my God," Rich said.

"I've got to go now," Lisa said. She jumped up and dressed in her cheerleading outfit. It only took her a moment. Rich had only pulled on his shorts by the time she was ready to leave.

"You won't forget to help my father," Lisa said.

"No," Rich said. "I won't forget." Lisa knew his guilt was so strong that he wouldn't ever forget.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Ginny was beginning to dread every time she had to make a trip to the mailroom. Harry Evans was always there, and always trying to get into her panties. She kept refusing and it was not only because Harry was a nobody in this company. She just didn't like Harry. She didn't like his looks and she didn't like his attitude. She wished he'd give up on her.

That evening Ginny was in a particularly bad mood. She'd been told to work late, and

she didn't mind that except that she'd had another appointment. With a good looking guy. She'd been all primed and ready for a good time when Bob told her he needed for her to work late.

To top that, she had to make a trip down to the mailroom to get some items copied. And she knew that Harry Evans always worked late. That evening he was sitting at his desk when she came in. There was nobody else except Ginny and Harry.

"You're working kind of late," Harry said.

She nodded. She could see his eyes light up when he realized that they were finally alone together. Goddamn, she was in no mood for Harry. She didn't really want to hurt the guy but tonight wasn't the time for him to come sniffing around.

"The boss being hard on you," Harry commented.

"Not really," she said. She turned on the machine and turned her back to him. It didn't help. She could still feel his eyes on the cheeks of her ass. She wished she hadn't worn such a tight skirt, but she hadn't known she was going to the mailroom. She heard his chair creak and she knew he was standing up.

"You sure are a pretty girl, Ginny," Harry said.

Ginny cursed softly as she tried to put some paper through the copy machine. She tried again and a fingernail broke. This was turning into one of those kinds of nights.

"Maybe I should give you a hand," Harry said.

She didn't want a helping hand from him but there was nothing she could do to prevent it. Harry pressed close as he expertly fitted the paper into the machine. She felt one of his hands brush against her thighs and she stiffened.

"Stop that," she commanded.

"Ahhh Ginny," he said. "Why aren't you nice to me? Is it just because I'm not a vice president?'"

"I don't like you," Ginny said.

"Yeah," Harry said cynically, "but I bet you would like me better if I was a vice president."

"That's not true," Ginny said.

Harry tried to put his arms around her. Ginny had finally had her fill of him. She twisted away and angrily slapped his face. Her fingers left red marks on his cheek. He touched his face as if he couldn't believe it. She knew she'd hurt him worse than just a slap in the face. She had wounded his pride. But she still wasn't finished with him.

"I loathe you," Ginny said. "I wouldn't let you put your hands on me if you were the last person on earth. I think you're dirty. I think you're scum."

Now she had really hurt him, but there was no stopping her now. She wanted to get it over with. She wanted to wound him so badly that he would never bother her any longer. And she knew just how to do it.

"So you think I won't let you fuck me simply because you're not a vice president," Ginny continued. "Well, that's not true. I won't fuck you because I don't like you. And I can prove that."

"How?" Harry asked. Harry was feeling angry too. He had never been put down this badly before. He had the feeling he would never get over it. He wanted to strike back, but he didn't know how.

"How will you prove that?" Harry asked again.

"I'll fuck the next person who walks through that door," Ginny said. "That should prove that I'm willing to go with a complete stranger than go with you."

"You're full of shit," Harry said. "You'd never do anything like that."

He had been wrong to dare her. He saw that, now. She had been speaking out of fury and she hadn't intended to go through with her threat. Now he had backed her against the wall and she would prove her point.

"The next person," Ginny said softly.

Ginny was growing excited. She had never been the type to take dares but there was something dangerous about this dare. She was hurting Harry but she was also taking a chance. She was putting her body on the line for the next man to walk through the door. The thought of who it might be was making her frantic with excitement.

"You don't have to do that," Harry said disgustedly. "I believe you would,"

"I am," Ginny insisted.

At that moment the door to the back docks opened. Harry had forgotten that Johnny Wilson had been getting in some extra time by loading a truck for him. Johnny was a college student who worked part-time for them. He was a football player at the college. He was a big, broad shouldered, blond haired young man. He was the kind of guy that Ginny would have loved to go out with.

"I'm through, Mr. Evans," Johnny said. "Do you mind if I leave now? I've got some book reading to catch up on."

Ginny's face flushed with pleasure as she stared at the big boy. This wasn't going to be so bad at all. She would be snubbing Harry in a way he would never forget.

"I've never seen the truck dock," Ginny said sweetly. "Would you like to show it to

me?"

"Me?" Johnny asked.

"Of course," Ginny answered. "Who better to show a young lady the truck dock."

Johnny wondered what the hell was going on. This beautiful young woman was asking him to take her out onto a dark loading dock. His boss was looking mad as hell, but wasn't saying anything. Johnny looked back at the young woman and found that his prick was suddenly itchy. It had been a while since he'd had any pussy. The last time had been before he had broken up with his girlfriend. Two months before. He had almost forgotten what pussy was like.

And he had the feeling that this young piece was offering him some. He didn't understand why. He only knew that he wasn't about to turn it down. He could sense that she was a really wild piece of ass, and he damn sure wasn't going to let it get by.

"Shit yeah," Johnny told Ginny. "You want to see the loading dock. I'll show it to you."

"Thank you," Ginny said.

She left her papers and she went out and took Johnny's arm. She could feel the strength of his broad shoulders as he walked her out on the crowded dock. Immediately Ginny began to look around. There was nothing uncomfortable looking on the dock.

Only cement bins and piles of uncomfortable looking big boxes.

"Let me show you the truck I was loading," Johnny said.

"Sure," Ginny agreed.

She stumbled and Johnny put his arm around her. His strength was really something fantastic. She could feel her heart beating faster. If there was only a comfortable place. She wanted some time to enjoy this young man.

"Here it is," Johnny said.

They stepped into the truck and a slow smile came to Ginny's face. There weren't many boxes in the truck. Mostly it was piled high with surplus blankets. The blankets had been taken from one of the plants that closed down. They were all new and would make a very comfortable bed.

"Ummm," Ginny said. "I think I like this place."

Ginny turned quickly and pressed herself against the young man. His arms went around her and nearly crushed the breath out of her. He kissed her mouth and she tasted his tongue against hers. She felt his hands sliding down her back and pressing her asscheeks.

"Ummm," Ginny said. "I don't believe I've ever had sex in the back of a truck before."

"I haven't either," Johnny said, "but there's a first time for everything."

Johnny kissed her again. He was really excited and she sensed that he hadn't been with a woman in a while. This was one dare that Ginny was glad she had taken. She loved the feel of his powerful arms around her.

"Let's put some of the blankets down," Johnny suggested.

"I think that's a good idea," Ginny agreed.

Ginny didn't give a damn if Harry came out to watch. She was proving a point and it was a delicious way to do it. She sank down on the blankets and pulled him down beside her. She felt his hand cupping one of her big tits.

"You feel nice," he said. His fingers kept squeezing her titty flesh and her nipples grew hard. Her red nipples rubbed the front of her blouse until they were feeling raw.

"Taking my blouse off," she said.

Johnny didn't waste any time. He quickly unbuttoned the front of her blouse. She slipped the blouse off her shoulders. He didn't wait for her to ask him to take her bra off. He quickly reached behind her and unhooked the snaps. She sighed in relief as she

felt the cups being pulled away from her twin peaks.

"God, they look good," Johnny said.

Immediately she felt her tongue touching one rosy nipple. She gasped as he sucked the hard bud into his wet mouth. She felt his tongue swirling around the tender bud. He sucked hard at her titty and more of her creamy flesh filled his mouth.

"Ummmmm," she said. "You're making me hot. You're making me hot!"

Johnny moved his face to her other tit. He bit the nipple and then started sucking at the flesh. She didn't understand how he could get so much of her titty-flesh into his mouth. She began rubbing her thighs together as she felt the wet warmth from her pussy. God, he was making her crazy.

His hand slipped up above her knee and touched one of her thighs. She didn't protest and his hand moved higher. She moaned as she felt his fingers touching her box. His fingers slipped around her panties and one stabbed inside her hot box.

"Ummmm," she moaned. "I like that. God, I like that!"

He began violently moving his finger in and out of her cunt. She felt the tip of his finger brushing her taut little joy-button. Each time he touched her made her nerves scream. She reached down and grasped the bulge between his legs. She couldn't feel much of it because of his trousers.

Quickly she found his zipper and pulled it down. She slipped her hand inside the opening and found he wasn't wearing shorts. Another one. She wondered if any men wore shorts anymore. She found his hot meat and wrapped her fingers around the throbbing pole. She nearly jerked it out of his trousers.

"Hey," Johnny said. "Be a little easier."

"Sorry, honey," Ginny said. "But I can't help it if you've gotten me so excited."

She wrapped her fingers tighter around his pole and she began jerking him off. Her hand moved quickly and she felt the bubbles of cream running down over her fingertips. She bent her head and touched her lips against the bloated tip.

"Ummmm," she moaned. "You taste good."

"Christ," Johnny said. "No girl's ever done that for me."

She decided to give him a real treat. She opened her mouth and sucked his hot pole deep into her throat. She felt his trousers rubbing her lips as she got his knob into her throat.

"Christ," Johnny moaned again. "Oh Christ!"

She began bobbing her head up and down, and in minutes she felt the first hot swelling of his prick. He was really excited. She hadn't known any man who had gotten so excited so quickly. She knew it would only take him seconds to come.

"Baby," Johnny said. "Do the first one for me. Do the first one and I'll give you a good fucking!"

She looked at his face as she wondered if he'd be able. But his prick was so hard and she felt sorry for him. She took a chance and put her lips back on his cock again. Immediately he grabbed the back of her head and began slamming his meat between her lips. He was violently mouth-fucking her and there was nothing she could do. She relaxed and let him set the pace. He gripped her hair tighter and she could feel his prick getting deeper into her mouth. She let her tongue work whenever he gave her the chance. She felt his prick starting to swell.

"Oh fuck," he moaned. "I'm going to come. I've needed it so long. So long! OH FUCK!"

He stabbed forward and she felt the hot, thick jism spurting down her throat. He had a gallon and she tried to swallow every drop. She couldn't contain all of it and it dripped from the sides of her mouth and onto her tits. That seemed to make him all the more excited. He kept driving his prick into her mouth until she had swallowed every drop he could spurt.

"Jesus," Johnny moaned. "Jesus, that was something else."

"I hope you're going to be ready to fuck me in a few minutes," Ginny said. "Because I

sure am."

"Sure, baby," Johnny said. "Just let me get my breath back."

Ginny decided to help his prick get hard again. She fingered it while she stripped out of the rest of her clothes. Then she straddled his face and pushed her jet-black muff against his lips.

"Wet me a little," Ginny said.

Johnny wet her a lot. He put his tongue deep in her muff and began brushing her clit. She could feel her pussy juices dripping out and wetting his face. She was so hot. At that moment she wished she had ten dicks to stick into her pussy.

"God," Ginny moaned. "I can't stand this. I've got to have some of that big cock."

Ginny did a circle and hungrily stuffed his meat back into her mouth again. She began sucking hard on it and she felt it swelling once more. In minutes she had it hard as rock and pounding with excitement. This young man was a real stud.

"Take the rest of your clothes off," Ginny told him. "Quickly. I want to see your body."

The young man stripped down and Ginny took a deep breath. He had the perfect body. He was the best looking man she'd seen in a long time. She ran her fingertips over

his thick chest.

"My God," Ginny said. "You look good enough to eat."

"You already have," he said, laughing.

"I could do it again," Ginny said. "I would if my pussy wasn't hurting so bad. God, I need your big cock."

Ginny pushed him back on the rug and she kneeled over his crotch. She took his prick in her hands and guided it up to her burning twat. She sighed as she felt the delicious pressure of his cockhead against her hot pussy lips.

"Oh God," she moaned. "This is going to feel good!"

Ginny sat all the way down on the cock. She loved the delicious heat of his cock filling her pussy. He really did have a thick, throbbing piece of meat. His prick made her whole body shake. She began to move up and down slowly.

"Grab my tits," she moaned. "Grab my tits and play with them."

"Anything you want," Johnny said.

He put both his hands on her tits. He squeezed them roughly as she bounced on his

cock. Being on top was fantastic. She could squeeze her cunt walls together and feel every inch of his powerfully fucking cock.

"You're a fucking animal," Ginny complimented him. "You've got a dick like a horse."

She remained on top of him for five minutes of slow, delicious fucking. Then she sensed his increasing excitement. She let him push her off his hard prick.

"I want to ride you, baby," he said. . "Oh God yes," she answered.

She lay on her back and spread her legs. He dived in between them like his cock was on fire and her pussy was the only thing that could quench the fire. He stabbed his prick deep into her pussy, much deeper than he had been moments before.

"Fuck me," Ginny moaned. "Oh fuck me!"

"I'm going to fuck you, baby," Johnny moaned. "I'm going to fuck your sweet ass off!"

She lifted her long legs and wrapped them around his back. His prick slid in even deeper. She could feel his heavy chest rubbing against her tits. She felt the first spasms of pleasure in her belly.

"I'm coming," Ginny screamed. "Oh God, you're making me come. It feels good, so good, OH JESUSSSSSSS!"

Her hot pussy juices made his prick slide into her easier, and there was a new slapping noise each time he entered her. The wild movement of her orgasm turned him on even more. She could feel his prick getting harder.

"Come on, baby," she moaned. "Fuck me hard! Come on and kill me with that big dick! Come on and fuck me hard!"

He drove his cock into her faster and she slipped her hand between them. Her fingertip found his balls and she began stroking them. He plunged into her faster.

"You're going to make me come, baby," he groaned. "You're going to make me come! OH SHIT, YOU FEEL GOODDDDDDD!"

Again he spurted his cream into one of her holes, and again it felt like a gallon. She kept moving her ass on the floor as long as he pumped his jism into her. Finally he didn't have another drop and he fell over onto his back.

"Goddamn, baby," he groaned. "You are something else."

Ginny patted his prick to let him know she appreciated it. But she couldn't stay because she had other things to do. She quickly dressed and went back into the mailroom. Harry still lay where they had left him. He looked up when she entered.

"Well, Harry?" she taunted. "Do you understand now? I'll fuck anybody but you."

"I understand," Harry said.

The tone of his voice left no doubt that Harry had been beaten.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Lisa Evans finished the last dish and hung the dish towel up to dry. From the living room she could hear her father's drunken voice. This was the worst she had ever seen her father behave. He had come home from work that evening, and he'd started drinking immediately. He was drinking doubles and he hadn't stopped. He had gotten staggering drunk during supper. Now he was in the living room singing some bawdy songs he'd learned somewhere.

Lisa wasn't sure what she could do for him. She couldn't tell him that she'd gone to his boss' office and fixed things for her father. She was sure he would be getting a better job soon. But she couldn't tell him that. He would want to know how she knew, and she just couldn't tell him that she'd fucked his boss.

Lisa sighed. She would have to do something. She couldn't leave him on the couch all night long. Pretty soon the neighbors would start complaining.

Lisa walked into the living room. She found her father stretched out on the couch with an empty glass in his hand. He had stripped down to his shorts. He turned his head and she saw the leering, drunken interest in his eyes. He had never looked at her that way before. Not like a father, but like Rich had looked at her. She had never caught his

interest before, but she had never worn the outfit she had on before. Not in front of him, at least.

She was wearing a pair of very tight short-shorts and a skimpy halter top. It was not the kind of outfit he would have approved of. She had never worn it when he was around but she didn't think tonight mattered. It was a mistake. She tried to keep his mind off her outfit.

"What's the matter, Daddy?" she asked him.

"Nothing," he answered. "What makes you think something is the matter?"

"You've been acting very badly tonight," she said. "You've been acting sad."

"I'm not sad," he said. "I'm happy. Can't you tell when a man's happy?"

"I think you should go to bed now," Lisa said. "I think you'll feel better in the morning."

"I feel better now," he yelled. "In fact, I feel pretty damn good now. Come over here, girl!"

She was usually willing to hug and kiss her father, but tonight something about him disturbed her. She didn't want to get that close to him. Instead she walked around the

couch and turned off the living room lights.

"I think we should both go to bed," Lisa said.

For some reason he grew obedient as a young puppy. He willingly went to his room. Lisa stood outside his door for a little while and she heard nothing. She breathed a sigh of relief. At least she had him put away for the night.

Lisa went to her own room. She pulled off her shorts and started to undo her halter top. She heard her father scream. She didn't bother pulling her shorts back on. She hurried to his room dressed in only her halter top and skimpy panties.

She hurried into his room. He wasn't in his bed. She heard him yell again. He was in the bathroom and she heard water running. Her first thought was that he was trying to kill himself. He had been awfully unhappy lately.

"What are you doing?" she asked, as she hurried into the bathroom.

Her father was standing over the bathtub. This time he was stark naked and her breath caught in her throat. His thick cock was limp but it was huge. God, it was more beautiful than Rich's cock had been.

"What do you mean what am I doing?" her father yelled. "What the hell does it look like I'm doing. I'm trying to take a bath."

She sighed. At least he wasn't trying to do away with himself. She looked at his cock again and she could feel her palms getting sweaty. She knew a young girl wasn't supposed to feel these things about her own father. But she had never seen such a beautiful cock. Her father's cock made Rich's cock look small.

"Maybe I can help you," Lisa suggested.

She could still see the drunken interest in his eyes, and she felt a little nervous about what she was letting herself in for. She knew what would happen if she got close enough to her father. He was drunk and in an excited mood. He wouldn't be responsible for what would happen. But Lisa would. Lisa knew exactly what she was doing. It would be her decision.

She moved closer to him.

"You sit in the tub, Daddy," Lisa said. "I'll scrub you."

She pleased her father. He looked happy again. He lowered himself into the hot tub and leaned back. Lisa bent down beside him and took a washrag. She began rubbing the soapy rag all over his chest. She liked the feel of his wiry chest hairs. She could feel herself getting a little excited.

She ran the rag down his belly to where his curly pubic hairs appeared. She touched them and he shifted his position in the tub. An inch more and she would be touching his cock.

Her father put his hands in her hair. "My little girl. My sweet little girl!"

Her hand went lower. She touched the bloated tip of his prick and she felt it stir. Now she really was excited. How would his prick look once it was hard? Her hands trembled as she brushed the rag against his cock again.

She felt his hand playing with the back of her halter top. She knew that now was the time to stop, or she'd never be able to stop. She didn't stop. She dropped the washrag and wrapped her fingers around his soapy pole.

"Oh Jesus," her father groaned.

Her hand began stroking his cock and she felt it growing stiffer. It finally grew to an immense size so that her fingers could hardly surround his pole. Her hand moved faster and she saw some of his hot cream leaking from the bulbous head. She wanted to taste it. She leaned over and pressed her lips gently against the crown. She felt her lips being smeared with cock-cream and soap.

"My God," Harry groaned. "God!"

His hand tore at the back of her skimpy halter top. She finally backed away and undid the top herself. She pulled it away and felt his eyes feasting on her small, firm tits.

"Pretty baby," he moaned.

He pulled her back and put his lips against one of her nipples. She nearly went crazy with excitement as she felt his mouth pulling at her tit. Her already painfully aroused nipple sent shivers of delight through her as his teeth nipped at her.

"Oh Daddy," she moaned.

She put her hand back on his thick, throbbing cock. She just couldn't believe how big it was. It was so thick that she could hardly wrap her fingers around it. She slid her hot hand up and down the base until more of his cum appeared at the tip.

"Let me taste you," she groaned.

She leaned down again. Her fiery tongue covered the entire bloated head. She tasted more of his salty cum going down her throat. She opened her mouth a little wider and took the bloated cock-head into her wet, warm mouth. She let her teeth nip at the sensitive crown. She felt his hands on the back of her head.

"Eat me, little baby," he groaned. "Eat your Daddy! Eat your Daddy's big cock!"

She sucked at his prick, drawing as much of his fat meat into her mouth as she could manage. She used her tongue and teeth on his sensitive flesh and she felt his fingers tighten on the back of her head. He pushed up and she felt his bloated knob going deeper into her throat. She kept tasting his thick cock-cream.

"That's the way, baby," he moaned. "That's the way. Eat your father's meat. Eat me!"

She began moving her head very quickly. His hot meat slid in and out of her mouth coating her lips and tongue with his jism. She slid her hands into the soapy water and found his balls. She began fingering the bloated sacs as she sucked him.

"Shit, baby," he moaned. "Shit, you're driving me crazy!"

His big hands left her head and started fondling her tits again. He was really making her excited. Her pussy had already soaked her thin panties. She felt an empty aching in her fuck-hole and she wanted his fat tool to fill it.

She wasn't worried about his being her father anymore. It didn't matter. He was a man with a big cock and Lisa liked big cocks. She might feel a little guilty about this the next morning, but right now she was going to enjoy herself.

"Oh Daddy," she said, raising her head. "I want you inside me. I want you to fuck me!"

"I'll fuck you," Harry promised. "I'll fuck you, but first suck my big prick some more!"

She saw that she wasn't going to get fucked without first sucking him off. She made up her mind to hurry him up. She wanted to get her hot pussy filled as quickly as possible.

He kept playing with her small, shapely tits as she bent back down to his swollen meat. She opened her mouth wide and swallowed nearly half of his big red prick. She

could feel his hot knob pulsating at the back of her throat. She started bobbing her head slowly and rhythmically while her fingertips played with his balls.

"Jesus," Harry moaned softly. "That's the way, baby. That's the way I want it done!"

His fingers got a little rough with her titties but she didn't care. She was starting to enjoy sucking her father's cock. She knew she liked the taste of his salty cum leaking into her throat. She began moving her head a little faster and she could feel his hot prick swelling. She knew it was only minutes before he could explode into her mouth. She wasn't sure she wanted that to happen, but she knew she couldn't stop. Her father wouldn't let her stop.

"Yeah, sweet baby," her father groaned. "Yeah, I'm going to come. I'm going to come. Oh shit, sweet baby! OH SHITTTTTT!"

She swallowed as much of his cock as she could as she felt his hot cock-cream spurting into her mouth. She began to swallow the delicious tasting cream. Somehow she kept it all in her mouth. It wasn't as bad as she'd been afraid it was going to be. She was able to keep her head bobbing as she drained his cock of every last drop.

"Oh shit," her father moaned. "Shit, you can suck cock, child. You sure can suck cock!"

She could tell that her father was a little less drunk. She was afraid that he would back down from fucking her. She put her mouth back on his dick and fingered his balls again. She kept sucking even as she felt him getting stiff again.

"What are you doing?" her father groaned. "What are you doing to me?"

"I want you to fuck me," she answered him.

She wanted to get him so excited that he wouldn't back down. She kept sucking and playing with his cock until she was sure that he wanted to fuck her pussy as badly as she wanted him. Only then did she raise her head and stand up.

"Let's go back in the bedroom," she said.

She helped her father get out of the bathtub. She used a towel to dry him off, paying special attention to the thick cock sticking up. She got him dried off and she dropped onto her knees again. She held his prick around the thick base as she began licking his meat. She kept licking his prick until his red meat was gleaming from her saliva.

It was her father's turn to take control. He reached down and picked her up in his strong arms. He carried her in the dark bedroom and put her down on his bed. He peeled her panties down her girlish legs.

"You're gorgeous," Harry said. "You're really something else."

He put his big hand over her soft pussy mound. She immediately felt a shiver of delight going through her body. She spread her legs wider and gave him room to stick his rough fingers into her. Instead he kept rubbing her pussy hole.

"Put your fingers in me," she moaned. "Oh please. Put your fingers in me, Daddy!"

He did as she wanted. He stabbed two fingers roughly into her hot, wet fuck-hole. She began to moan as she felt his fingers moving around the inside of her cunt. She felt his fingernail brushing her clitty and she nearly jumped out of her skin. While he played with her pussy, he bent his head and began sucking on one of her small tits. He was able to get nearly all of her tit into his mouth. She felt him rolling her nipple beneath his tongue.

"Oh Daddy," she moaned. "Daddy!"

She reached between his legs and gripped his hard dick. She moved her hand up and down the thick length and felt his cum-cream leaking out on her fingers.

"Oh God, Daddy," Lisa groaned. "You're making me so hot! Please fuck me! You're making me so hot!"

Harry took his two fingers out of his daughter's tight cunt. He had a moment of guilt as he rolled over on top of the tiny young girl. Lisa must have realized that he was getting scared. She quickly grasped his hard cock and began pulling his meat toward her hot fuck-hole.

"Don't stop," she moaned. "I want it so bad. I want you to fuck me so bad!"

She gripped his rigid cock tightly and began rubbing the head against her wet cunt. Harry felt her sparse pussy hairs rubbing against his prick. Her pussy-hole felt like it was sucking at the bloated head of his prick. He wanted to put it in her. He couldn't control his lust any longer. He closed his eyes and stabbed his spear half into her tight twat.

"Oh my God, Daddy," Lisa moaned. "That's what I want! Oh God, that feels good!"

Lisa began wiggling her ass in an attempt to make him put the rest of his cock into her. But Harry was enjoying taking his time. He pushed slowly, feeling her tight cunt stretching to admit his big cock. Her tight pussy felt like tiny fingers gripping his cock. He pushed a little harder and he felt his cock slide into her pussy all the way to his heavy balls. God, it felt good. Her pussy felt tighter than any he had ever had. His daughter's sweet pussy was better than Ginny's could ever be. The thought of Ginny made him angry. Goddamn that snotty little bitch.

"Little bitch," Harry moaned. "Goddamn little bitch!"

Lisa gasped at her father's sudden violent thrusting. He was acting as if he was trying to whip her with his hot cock. It hurt her for a moment. Then she felt the excitement growing in her. She began moving her ass to his violent rhythm.

"Fuck me," she moaned. "That's the way, Daddy! Fuck me hard!"

"Goddamn little bitch," Harry shouted. "Little bitch!"

Lisa had no way of knowing that she was being used to get even with Ginny. All she

knew was that it felt good. His great, throbbing cock filled her as no cock had ever done before. Even Rich's. Of course, her father had none of the practice of Rich. He used his cock like a hammer driving a nail into her cunt, but she didn't mind that. All she could think of was that it was good.

She felt her father's big hands underneath her. He gripped her asscheeks tightly and lifted her half off the bed. His thick cockhead felt like it was sliding down into her belly. It made her gasp with delight.

"Yesss," she moaned. "Yes, Daddy, give it to me!"

He gave it to her hard. The loud slapping of his balls was the only thing she could hear. She began rubbing her tiny titties against his broad, hairy chest. She felt the first hot spasm in her belly. She scratched his back bloody with her fingernails.

"I'm coming," she screamed. "I'm coming! Daddy, your cock feels so good! I love your cock! DADYYYYYY!"

She moved wildly beneath him as her cunt juices flooded his rigid prick. Spasm after spasm of pleasure rocked her young body. It felt so good.

"You bitch," Harry groaned. "Bitch, I'm going to fuck your ass off. Bitch!"

She relaxed and let her father give it to her as hard as he wanted. He was beating her to death with his cock. She felt the hot swelling of his cockhead. She quickly reached

between them and found his heavy balls.

"Come in me," she whispered. "Come in me, Daddy!"

"You bitch," he groaned. "Bitch. I'm going to come! I'm going to blow your ass off! BITCH!"

He jerked her ass higher. He drove his cock into her as far as his meat would go. She felt the sudden pumping of his jism deep into her belly. It felt like he came in gallons into her cunt. She kept moving beneath him until the last drop of his jism had been drained into her cunt. She let his prick slip out of her and she quickly got to her hands and knees. She cleaned his prick with her tongue.

"Baby," he groaned. "Baby."

She leaned down beside him. "Everything's going to be all right from now on," she said. "Everything's going to be fine!"

CHAPTER NINE

Ginny was typing and she looked up startled when her boss came storming through her door. His face was flushed in anger as he dropped a yellow notepad on her desk. Ginny knew he'd been in a meeting with Rich all morning long.

"What's the matter?" Ginny asked.

"I can't understand it," Bob said. "I just can't fucking understand it!"

"What don't you understand?" asked Ginny. She was alarmed by the serious tone of his voice.

She was also alarmed by the fact that he didn't usually use that kind of language in the office.

"I just don't understand what in hell is going on," Bob said again. "I don't understand what the hell Harry Evans has against me. I've never harmed the man."

Now it was Ginny's turn not to understand. She knew her boss had been in a foul mood for weeks. Things hadn't been going well for him. Somehow he hadn't been getting the breaks he'd gotten his first few weeks. And somehow the paperwork for his regular accounts was getting messed up. There were delays in things he'd already sold. Everything seemed to be going wrong at once.

"But what's Harry Evans got to do with it?" Ginny asked.

"Everything," Bob said bitterly. "He's doing everything he can to screw me up."

"But what can he possibly do to you in the mailroom?" Ginny asked.

"Where have you been?" Bob asked. "Harry Evans hasn't been in the mailroom for two weeks. He got a funny promotion all of a sudden. A new job with the fancy name of executive to the president. He's all of a sudden become Rich's right hand man."

Ginny felt her heart skip a beat. "But what has he been doing to you?"

"That's just it," Bob said. "I don't understand what he is doing. But somehow he's stabbing me in the back, and I don't know why. I haven't even done anything to him."

Ginny understood. Harry Evans had somehow gotten into a position of power and he was using his position to get even with Ginny. The only way he could do that was to stab her boss in the back. He knew her status would be lost with the status of her boss. Ginny couldn't let that happen.

"What can happen if he keeps it up?" Ginny asked.

"It's already happened," Bob said bitterly. "Rich has given me a week to fix my act. And I can't do it without help from Harry. He's got to work with me or I'm in trouble."

"You mean you could lose your job?" Ginny asked.

"That's about the size of it, baby," Bob said.

Ginny was beginning to feel sick to her stomach. She had done too much to get where she was. She liked being executive secretary to a vice president. She liked to see that respect in the eyes of the people who worked with her. She couldn't let Bob lose his job, and she was the only one who could help him keep it. She knew what she would have to do. She would have to go to Harry, and beg him to leave Bob alone. She knew it was going to be horrible. Harry would make her pay for all the humiliation she had put him through. -"Maybe I should talk to him?" Ginny suggested.

Bob understood immediately. He grinned at her. He moved across the room and stroked her shoulder. She could feel the warmth of his fingers through the thin blouse she wore. She wished she had time to go with Bob into the back office. She could use a good fucking before she went to see Harry.

"You'd do that for me?" Bob asked.

"You know I'd do almost anything for you," Ginny told him.

Ginny allowed him to stroke her shoulder a few minutes longer. She could feel a knot of apprehension in her belly, and she knew she'd chicken out if she'd waited much longer. She sighed and stood up.

"I guess I better go now," Ginny said.

"Yeah," Bob said. "I guess it would be better if you went ahead and got it over with."

Ginny didn't have any trouble finding Harry's new office. It was a long way from the

mailroom but everyone was talking about it. It was on the fifth floor and right next door to the president's office. There was a young girl outside. A pretty thing with big breasts. Just the type that Harry would choose for his office. The girl looked up with an easy smile. Ginny would take bets that Harry had already fucked her a number of times.

"Can I help you?" the young girl asked.

"I want to see Harry Evans," Ginny said.

"He's been very busy," the young girl said.

"What would you like to see him about?"

"Just tell him Ginny's here. He'll know what I want to talk to him about."

It didn't surprise Ginny that Harry kept her waiting for more than an hour. She tried to be patient. She knew he'd be gloating with his victory. He knew she would wait just as long as he wanted.

Finally she heard the buzzer on the intercom. The young girl spoke softly and then motioned for Ginny to enter the inner office. The young girl stared at Ginny suspiciously as she walked across the room. Perhaps she thought Ginny was here to steal her job.

Ginny was astounded as she stepped into Harry's new office. It was nicer than Bob's.

And she was even more astounded by the change in Harry. He wasn't the same weak man who had been in charge of the mailroom. The new Harry had a sense of animal power about him.

Ginny wondered how everything had happened so suddenly?

"So you've come to see me at last," Harry said.

"Yes," Ginny said.

"I was wondering when you'd catch on to me. I've been putting the shaft to your boss. It took you long enough to find out. You're a dumb bitch!"

"Why are you picking on him, Harry?" Ginny asked. "It's me you don't like."

"Damn right," Harry said. "It's you I'm after. I want to pay you back, bitch!"

Ginny sighed. It was going exactly as she'd been afraid it would. Harry wasn't going to make it easy on her. She knew she couldn't really blame him. She had treated him horribly, and now she was going to have to pay.

"How do you want to pay me back, Harry?" Ginny asked.

"Sit down," Harry said.

Ginny nodded. She sat down and crossed her pretty legs. She didn't bother to pull down her short skirt. Let the horny bastard look. She had the feeling he was eventually going to see everything she had.

"What do you want?" Ginny asked again. "How are you going to pay me back?"

Harry sat down on the edge of the desk. He could feel the power surging through him. He had the little bitch where he wanted her. He didn't understand how he'd gotten this fantastic job, but now he was going to make the bitch pay.

"What do you think I want?" Harry asked her.

"I think you want to fuck me," Ginny said.

"That's right, bitch," Harry said. "I want to fuck you."

"Then you'll leave Bob alone?"

"If you do everything I want."

"I'll do it," Ginny said, taking a deep breath, "but I still don't like you."

Harry laughed rudely. "Bitch, you don't have to like me. You only have to do everything I tell you."

Harry stood up and walked across the room to where she sat. He put both hands on her shoulders and then slid them slowly down the front of her blouse. She didn't protest as Harry's hands cupped both her tits and squeezed roughly.

"You've got the biggest jugs in the house," Harry said. "A real set of beauties."

She winced as he pressed her tits a little too roughly. He brushed his fingers across her nipples and she caught her breath. She didn't want to be turned on by this ugly man. But it was hard to control the warm feeling in her body.

"Your nipples are getting hard, bitch," Harry said. "You must be getting hot with Harry playing with your tits."

"Yes," she gasped.

"And to think I wanted you so bad. You're nothing but a bitch. A cunt with a hole. A piece of cheap ass!"

Ginny turned red with shame. There was nothing she could do to prevent him from treating her as he pleased. She could get up and walk out but her boss would probably lose his job. And Ginny would certainly lose hers.

She put her hands over his only when he ripped the top button of her blouse.

"Don't rip the blouse," she pleaded. "I'll take it off!"

"Then take it off, bitch," Harry said. "I'm a busy man. I don't have all fucking day!"

Quickly Ginny peeled off her blouse and unhooked her bra. She freed her round tits from her bra cups and heard his gasp of appreciation. He might have been punishing her but he still appreciated a nice pair of tits. She had the nicest he'd ever seen. It made his mouth water to see the soft rounded globes. He put his hands back on her tits and felt the hot swelling of her flesh. God, what a randy little cunt. She hated him and yet she was turned on by his touch.

"Goddamn," Harry groaned. "There's nothing I like better than a nice looking pair of tits."

He bent his head and tasted one of her rosy nipples. Her nipple grew stiff under the wet touch of his tongue. He sucked it into his mouth and felt her gasp. That was enough. He didn't want the cunt to enjoy it too much. He pushed her back.

"Take off the rest of your things," Harry said.

He kept his hands on her titties as she stripped her dress and panties off. Finally Harry released her long enough to step back and look at her naked body.

"You are a gorgeous bitch," Harry said. "I get so fucking hard just looking at you."

"Aren't you going to do more than just look," Ginny said, in a teasing tone.

Ginny hoped to get it over with quickly. She wasn't prepared for the sudden anger in his face.

He grabbed her by the hair and began slapping her. He kept slapping her until she was sobbing and pleading for him to stop. He gripped her hair tighter and forced her down to her knees in front of him.

"Cunt," Harry said. "Don't tease me. I'll tell you what I want you to do and when I want you to do it. Don't play games with me, you goddamn cunt!"

"I'm sorry," Ginny sobbed. "I'm sorry. I'll do what you want. I won't tease anymore."

Harry jerked her face against his crotch. It pleased him to feel her lips against his stiff prick. Even through his trousers, he could feel the vibrant warmth of her lips. It was even more pleasing to think he could shove his meat into any hole he pleased.

"Kiss it, pussy," he said. "Rub your face against my prick! Show me what a cock-hungry bitch can do."

He made her rub her face against him until he couldn't stand it another minute. The stiffness of his prick rubbing against his trousers was almost unbearable.

"Undo my zipper, cunt," he said. "Take my meat out. Hurry it up, goddamn it!"

Her fingers trembled as she undid his belt and slid his trousers down over his buttocks. She rolled his shorts down over his fat cock. Her eyes opened wide in amazement. His prick was huge. A lot bigger than she expected.

"What's the matter, bitch?" Harry asked. "Does it surprise you that it's so big?"

"Yes," Ginny admitted.

"You like big cocks, don't you?"

"Yes," Ginny answered softly.

"Well then kiss it, cunt," Harry commanded.

Ginny kissed the swollen purplish tip and tasted his salty flavored cock-cream. He gave her no time to get used to his cock. He gripped the back of her head and slammed his meat savagely down her throat. She was gagging, but he had no pity on her. It felt too good. The liquid wet of her mouth felt so damn delicious. And the little bitch was experienced at sucking cock. He could feel her tongue working lavishly around, the swollen head of his cock. He tried to drive his prick in deeper, but he had no more cock

left. His balls had finally rested against her warm lips.

"That's it, cunt," he groaned. "Suck me. Suck my cock!"

Her head began bobbing up and down. He could feel more of his hot juice filling her mouth. The little cunt was really going to get a mouthful.

"You're going to swallow every damn drop," he moaned. "You're going to swallow every goddamn drop!"

He mouth-fucked her savagely and he was enjoying every inch that went down her throat. He had the feeling she'd never sucked a cock as big as his before, and yet she was taking every damn inch. She was gobbling his prick like candy.

"Little bitch," he moaned. "Little bitch. Take it down your throat. Take every fucking inch!"

He fucked her mouth faster. He could look down and see his meat disappearing in those full red lips. It looked obscene. He could feel a hot churning in his balls. He put one hand on one of her big soft tits and squeezed as he could feel the liquid fire shooting up from his swollen balls.

"Swallow it, cunt," he groaned. "Swallow every goddamn drop! Swallow it, BITCH!"

He shoved it down her throat one last time and felt his jism spurting down her

throat. He could feel her throat muscles working as she swallowed his cock-cream. Goddamn, it felt good. It was sweet revenge, making this snotty bitch drink his cum.

"Now clean it off, cunt," Harry told her. "Clean the fucking thing off!"

Harry wouldn't let her rest until she had licked every inch of his red cock. He sighed as he felt her wet tongue cleaning him of every drop of his jism. He forced her head down farther so she could work on his balls and the crack of his ass. He could feel his cock beginning to stir once again.

"You sweet bitch," he groaned. "You really know how to use your fucking mouth. Now let's see if you know how to use your cunt. Turn around. Get on your hands and knees!"

Ginny breathed deeply as she turned around and got on her hands and knees. She felt lewd as Harry examined her exposed twat. She felt his fingers exploring her asshole and then her pussy. She hadn't realized how swollen her pussy was. A tingle of delight went through her as his fingers played with her.

She heard him walking across the floor but she didn't realize what he was doing. She did know when she heard him calling his secretary by name.

"Oh no," Ginny said. "Not that!"

But it was too late to cover herself as his secretary came into the office. The young girl looked snobbishly at Ginny. She seemed to take no notice of how lewd Ginny

looked.

"You wanted me to see something, sir," the young girl said.

"I sure did," Harry said. "I wanted you to see one of the executive secretaries getting her ass fucked off. I wanted you to see that even the cold bitches love it!"

Somehow it made it more degrading for the young girl to be watching while Harry fucked her. Ginny wanted to stop this but she didn't know how. She would have to let it continue until Harry was satisfied with his revenge.

Harry walked back to her and stood behind her. He pressed his cockhead against her plump pussy lips. She moaned as another shiver of delight went through her body. She didn't want it to happen.

Not with the young girl looking on. But there were things inside her body she couldn't control.

"She loves it," Harry said. "The snooty bitch loves cock. You watch her start moving her ass!"

Harry pressed his cock half into her and he could feel her responses. His revenge was sweeter because he knew she didn't want to respond. She was fighting it. But there was no mistake about the slow, sensuous movements of her ass in response to his cock.

"I'm going to fuck you, cunt," he groaned. "I'm going to fuck your hot ass off!"

He moved his cock in deeper. He could feel the pressure of her cunt walls closing on him. Her ass was responding a little faster. He could feel her entire body shaking. He pulled his cock back. He pulled it nearly out of her. Only the sensitive ridge remained inside her hot pussy hole. He felt her pushing her ass at him, trying to suck his hot dick back into her fuck-hole.

"No," she moaned. "Please!"

"What's the matter, cunt?" Harry asked. "What's wrong?"

"Put it back inside," Ginny moaned.

"Then beg me, pussy. Let my secretary hear you beg. Beg me for my cock!"

Ginny knew what he was doing. He wasn't going to leave her with any pride. But it was more than just keeping her job that was now involved. She needed his stiff prick. She needed any prick. She needed something to fill up her empty, hungry hole.

"Please fuck me," Ginny begged him. "Please put your cock back in my cunt. Please fuck me!"

"Are you a cunt, baby?" Harry asked. "Tell my secretary what kind of cunt you are?"

"I'm a cunt," Ginny moaned. "Cunt! I'm hungry for your cock! I'm a hungry cunt!"

She sighed as she felt his hot meat spearing back into her insides. She felt the hot knob was going deep into her belly. She felt the snug pressure of her balls.

"Fuck me," Ginny cried. "Fuck me. Your cock feels so good!"

She turned her head and she saw the shapely legs of the young secretary. Ginny knew she was standing there with a smug look on her face, but Ginny no longer cared. The only thing that mattered was that she was being fucked.

Harry began moving his prick in and out of her tight pussy-hole. She was just as sweet a piece of pussy as he'd thought she'd be. And she was enjoying it.

"Move that sweet ass, whore," Harry moaned. "Move that sweet big ass!"

Harry slammed his thick prick into her cunt as hard as he could. He could feel her juices lubricating his prick and he knew she wasn't going to last.

"Oh, that's so good," Ginny cried. "That's so good! I love your cock. I love it! God, I love your cock! FUCK MEEEE!"

Ginny felt her entire body shaking as she came. She kept crying out each time his stiff

pole slammed into her. She heard the loud sounds his balls made as they slapped her.

"It's so good," she moaned. "So good!"

"You bitch," he moaned. "Your fucking pussy feels so tight. So goddamn tight. I love your cunt! I LOVE YOUR CUNT!"

She relaxed as she felt his prick stabbing her pussy again. She felt his hot cum exploding into her cunt again and again. She finally felt it leaking down the insides of her thighs. He slowly pulled his prick out of her pussy and rubbed the bloated head against the crack of her ass.

"Good, bitch," he moaned. "You were good!"

Ginny breathed a sigh of relief. So he was finished with her. It wasn't bad. At least it was over with. Ginny turned her head and saw the strange look in his eyes.

"I bet you're happy," Harry said softly. "I bet you're thinking I'm satisfied."

"Aren't you?" Ginny asked.

"Hell no," Harry said. "I've got another kind of lesson to teach you. I want to teach you to stay away from the young boys in the mailroom."

"Oh my God," Ginny said softly.

CHAPTER TEN

The mailroom was nearly dark. There was one overhead light burning and it looked kind of spooky. It made Ginny shiver. She shivered even more when she saw the five young men waiting for her-every young man that worked in the mailroom except Johnny.

"I've told these young men all about you," Harry said. "They've been waiting all afternoon. We wanted to wait until it got nice and quiet."

"Harry, please," Ginny said. "I'll do anything for you but please don't leave me down here."

"I don't plan to leave you, sugar," Harry said. "I plan to stay and watch every bit of the action. Me and Joan."

There was no mercy in Harry's face as he put his arm around his young secretary. She saw his hand fondling one of her large boobs. Ginny shut her eyes. It had always been a fantasy for her to be gang-banged by a lot of men. But it had only been a fantasy. She didn't really want it to happen. She couldn't let it happen. Ginny made up her mind. She wouldn't go through with this. Not even to keep her job. She just couldn't. She started to turn and walk away but she found one of the young men standing between her and the door.

"I always thought you was really pretty," he said. "I can't believe I'm going to get some of your stuff."

"Keep away from me," she said.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he whispered. "I just want some of your pretty pussy."

He was strong. He put his arms around her and she couldn't break away. He held her against him while his hands cupped her asscheeks. She felt his fingers gripping her tightly.

"You have a nice ass, baby," he moaned. "Really nice."

Another pair of hands touched her. She found herself sandwiched between two strong young men. The second man was pulling at her tits. Harry hadn't allowed her to put her bra back on. The boy could feel her flesh through her thin blouse. She felt his fingers caressing her red nipples.

"Please don't," she whispered.

The first boy was pulling up her skirt. She didn't have on her panties and she heard the soft hoots from the rest of the boys. They were enjoying the show. She felt the first boy's hand between her legs, massaging the lips of her pussy.

"You've got a nice cunt, too," he said. "A nice wet pussy. I bet I can really get my cock

into you."

She heard the sound of his zipper. She just couldn't believe this was happening. Not standing up and not in front of so many people. But she felt his hot meat against her thigh.

"I'm going to fuck you, baby," he groaned. "I'm going to put my six inches up your hot twat."

She couldn't fight him. The other boy held her tight. She could hardly move. She felt her body being pressed backwards and her thighs opening to the assault of the boy in front. He gave her no time to get ready for his cock. He stabbed it deep into her pussy. It was good that she'd already been wet or he would have hurt her.

"God," the boy moaned. "God, she feels good. She feels so fucking good. I've got my prick right up into her belly."

She felt his balls slapping her as he began to fuck her. He moved in quick, jerky motions and she didn't get much enjoyment out of it. She could see Harry and he was getting a lot of enjoyment out of it. He had undone Joan's blouse and he was fondling one big naked titty. He was grinning as he watched.

"Fuck her good," Harry urged. "Give her what she's been needing all this time."

"Sweet pussy," the boy groaned, as he stabbed his prick into her a little faster. "Sweet

fucking pussy. You feel so goddamned good. So goddamned good!"

He moved his hands back to her naked asscheeks. He stabbed his cock into her as fast as he could manage. She felt the second boy's hands unbuttoning her blouse. He couldn't get it undone fast enough. He ripped the buttons the rest of the way down the front. His hands cupped her big tits and he began squeezing.

"Oh Jesus," the boy inside her pussy moaned. "Jesus, I'm going to come. I'm going to fucking come! JESUSSSSS!"

She felt the hot cream spilling into her. He had plenty of hot cum. He kept slamming his prick into her until he was completely drained. She felt a little uncomfortable as his prick finally slipped out of her wet fuck-hole. She was ready to stop and go home, but she knew her evening was only beginning.

She acted like a zombie as the boys pushed her down on the floor. Hands tore at her clothes and caressed her full tits and her thighs. She felt fingers exploring the insides of her cunt. Her blood was starting to boil as the hands freed her of every stitch of clothing. A hot mouth pressed hers and she found herself kissing back. She wasn't as tired as she'd been only moments before. She stabbed her tongue into the young man's mouth.

She didn't want to get hot again. The thought disgusted her but she couldn't fight the feelings going through her. Her ass was already moving in response to the young man's weight on top of her.

"Look at her move, Ralph," someone said. "She's really hot for your prick!"

Ginny slipped her hand between them. She fingered the rigid flesh that she found pressing against the young man's trousers. She could feel his cock jumping under the gentle touch of her fingertips. This young man was really hot.

"Take it out, Ralph," she moaned. "Take your prick out of your trousers! I want your cock!"

Ralph quickly unzipped his trousers and lifted out his swollen cock. She shivered as she felt the blood-filled cockhead rubbing against her inner thighs.

"My pussy, honey," Ginny moaned. "Put your cock in my pussy. I'm hot for you!"

He stabbed and Ginny winced in pain. He was too excited and his hot prick had missed her hole. She quickly found his cock with her experienced touch. She wrapped her fingers around his throbbing tool and she guided the head to her wet snatch.

"Put it in me," she moaned. "Put that big joystick in my cunt as far as you can!"

He shoved forward again. This time he got the right place. She felt his delicious cock stretching her pussy. It was nice. She lifted her shapely legs and wrapped them around his back. She didn't give a damn if she did look lewd!

"You've got a big one," she moaned. "Now fuck me good! Show me you know what

it's for!"

"You hot cunt," Ralph groaned.

Ralph began fucking her in slow, gentle strokes. Ginny was able to turn her head while he screwed her. She saw the young secretary was trying to push away Harry's hands. He was trying to fondle her tits. Evidently Joan didn't like the thought of being in the show.

Ginny smiled. The young girl had a lot to learn if she was going to stay around. She wasn't going to last long if she didn't do exactly what was demanded of her. Her job was to keep her boss happy and Harry was really getting turned on.

Ginny felt something brush her cheek and she turned her head to the other side. Another young stud had pulled his trousers down and he was rubbing his swollen prick against Ginny's cheek. Ginny could feel his sticky prick-juice against her skin.

Ginny couldn't help the delicious warmth that flooded her body. She had never had two cocks at once, and the thought really got her hot. She just might not have another chance at something this exciting. She was going to enjoy it. She reached for the young man's cock. She drew his pulsating cock against her lips. She kissed the purplish crown gently. She stabbed her tongue at the cum-covered slit. She felt the young man shiver as her lips worked on his hot flesh.

"Look at her now," Ralph groaned. "She's kissing Ed's dick. She's sucking his prick!"

Ed was going out of his mind as the gorgeous black haired bitch went down on him. She was sucking his sensitive crown into her liquid hot mouth. He was a little nervous about getting his prick sucked, but it felt too good to let her stop. He wanted to cram his meat into her throat as far as he could.

"Oh God," he moaned softly.

Ginny was enjoying herself. She sucked the young man's rigid prick deeper into her throat. She started using her tongue on his hot flesh. She swirled her tongue around his crown and she could taste his leaking cock-cream mixing with her saliva and filling her mouth. She almost bit down as Ralph began fucking her pussy a little harder.

"I'm almost there," Ralph groaned. "Oh shit, her pussy feels so good. So good. I'm nearly there! Oh fuck, fuck, FUCK!"

She hadn't been satisfied but somehow it didn't seem to matter. She felt Ralph's hot cock-cream spurting into her insides. Ralph was finished but she knew it would only be seconds before her pussy was again filled by rigid cock-meat.

She opened her legs wider as Ralph's prick slipped out of her pussy. She was moving her ass in a lewd movement that was sure to attract another cock. She didn't care that she was acting degraded. All she realized was that her pussy was still hot and wet.

She began gobbling Ed's thick meat a little harder, sucking it deep into her mouth until she could feel the hot knob against the back of her throat. She had never felt so hungry for the taste of cock-meat before. It was like she couldn't get enough of his hot dick into her mouth. She moved her hands up his hairy thighs and began fingering his thick

balls.

She felt his cock-cream leaking out over her chin and she knew she looked like some kind of depraved whore. The mental image excited her even more. She was a whore at that moment. A whore willing to fuck and suck and anything else they wanted to do to her.

"Eat me," Ed groaned. "Oh fuck, eat me!"

She felt other hands pulling at her thighs. She spread them even farther apart. She moaned as she felt another stiff prick-head brushing against the insides of her thighs. She felt the bloated prickhead against her sensitive pussy lips. It was what she wanted. She began to move her ass in a wider circle. She moved her lips away from Ed's prick for a moment.

"Yes," she moaned. "Fuck me with your hot dick. Put that big fucker in me!"

Ed pulled her face back to his prick. Slowly she felt the young man pushing his stiff meat into her hot fuck-hole. Her pussy walls were being stretched again and it was a delicious sensation. She knew she was made for this kind of animal fucking.

Ed began driving his cock into her mouth with the same hot rhythm as the boy used to fuck her pussy. She felt shivers of pleasure going through her each time the young men thrust their cocks into one of her hungry holes.

Ed grabbed her tightly behind her head. She prepared herself as she felt more and

more of his cum leaking into her mouth. He was really horny. She knew he was going to have a gallon of his hot jism to give her. He started fucking her mouth a little faster. She was nearly choking but she knew it would do no good to protest.

"Oh Jesus," Ed groaned. "Jesus! I'm coming! JESUSSSSS!"

Ginny swallowed quickly as gobs of his sticky cum poured down her throat. The taste of his salty cream sent new shivers of pleasure through her. Her pussy felt like it was on fire. She began writhing wildly under the assault of the boy who fucked her.

"Jesus, she's going crazy," the young man groaned. "She's going fucking crazy!"

Ginny could feel the pleasure spasms shaking her body. Her pussy juices made his furious thrusting a little easier. She licked her lips. She could still taste salty jism. She felt like she had taken a bath in hot cum.

"Ohhhhh," Ginny moaned suddenly. "I'm going to come. I'm going to come! Oh fuck me! FUCK MEEEEEEE!"

Her hot juices flooded his cock as she came. She had never felt such intensity when she was coming. It had never been so good. She kept humping even as the sweet pleasure spasms stopped shaking her.

Ginny relaxed. She moaned softly as the young man kept pumping his big prick into her. He was fucking her slowly and deliciously and she knew he was one who knew how

to wait for the full pleasure. He was no novice at fucking.

Ginny managed to turn her head. There was really a struggle going on between Harry and his secretary. He had her down on the floor and he was sucking on one of her big boobs. He had his other hand on one creamy thigh. He was fighting to slip his hand under her short skirt. Ginny was sure that Harry was slowly getting pissed off. Joan was holding her legs together and she wasn't giving an inch.

"Goddamn it," Harry said. "Come here, Ralph!"

Ralph quickly moved to Harry's side. Joan was looking up in shock as the young man licked his lips. He had taken his trousers off and Ginny could see that he'd soon be ready for another round.

"What do you want me to do?" Ralph asked.

"Hold the bitch's hands while I spread her legs," Harry commanded.

"Please don't," Joan begged. "Not right here. I'll do anything you want but not right here."

"Shut up, bitch," Harry moaned.

The young man held Joan's hands while Harry jerked up her skirt and spread her legs. The young secretary was wearing flowered colored panties. Harry didn't bother to pull

them down. He gripped them in one heavy hand and ripped them away.

"Please, Harry," Joan pleaded.

"Turn the cunt over," Harry said. "I want her to watch the other cunt getting fucked."

Ginny almost felt sorry for Joan. The snobbish young secretary had lost every bit of cool pride. There was only fear and humiliation written on her pretty face.

Harry made her get on her hands and knees while he stood behind her. He pulled out his fat cock and savagely slammed it into the hole between Joan's legs. Joan cried out from the animal way he began fucking her.

Ginny loved the way the young blonde's boobs bounced each time Harry thrust into her.

"Yeah," Harry grunted. "She's got good pussy. She's got really good pussy!"

Ginny had to turn her attention back to the young man who fucked her. The boy was going crazy as he drove his prick into her cunt. He seemed to get his prick deeper with every stroke.

"Mmmmm," Ginny moaned. "That's it. Fuck me with your cock!"

She slipped her hand between them and found his heavy balls. She began fingering them as he screwed her. She knew that her fingers would make him wilder.

"Bitch," the boy groaned. "Bitch. You goddamn cock-sucking bitch! BITCH!"

She squeezed his balls gently as he drove his cock into her one last time. His prick-juice squirted into her pussy like a soothing balm.

"Yes," she moaned. "That's what I like. Plenty of cum!"

She moved her ass until she had drained his cock and she felt his prick slipping out of her. She was exhausted. She felt like she'd never be able to move again. And there was still one boy walking around with a hard-on. She blinked in amazement as she saw the long, skinny prick coming out of the boy's trousers.

"I want to fuck," he groaned. Ginny nodded her help. There was nothing she could do but satisfy the last boy. He moved between her legs like he was shy. Ginny reached for his prick and guided into her well lubricated fuck-hole.

"Give it to me, baby," Ginny moaned. "Fuck me like you've never fucked before."

"I haven't," the young boy admitted.

Ginny couldn't believe her ears. The young man was virgin and she would be his first piece of ass. Ginny sighed. It didn't matter how tired she was. She knew she had to give

the young man a ride he would never forget. Quickly Ginny lifted her legs and wrapped them around his back. She began humping violently back to meet the young boy's thrust.

She nibbled at his ear with her sharp teeth while her fingers caressed his heavy balls.

She turned her head again and she saw the secretary's flushed look of pleasure. She might have fought off Harry but she couldn't deny the hungers in her body. Joan was really humping now. Ginny saw Ralph moving to her head and the young secretary sucked his cock into her mouth.

This was getting wild.

"Oh fuck," the young man groaned. "Fuck, I can't stand it anymore, I can't, it feels good, good, GOOD!"

The young man came so fast that Ginny didn't expect it. She felt the first hot squirt into her pussy and she quickly pushed the boy away from her. She lowered her head and took his virgin cock into her mouth. She began to suck for all she was worth and she felt the rest of his thick cum-juice flooding her mouth.

"Ahhhh," he groaned. "Ahhhhh!"

She kept licking at his cock even after the last drop had been coaxed out of the head of his cock. She looked up at him with a smile.

"How was your first piece?" Ginny asked.

"Oh fuck," was the only answer the young man could give.

Ginny scrambled across the floor until she was kneeling behind Harry and Joan. She put her fingertips against Harry's cock. She let her fingers ride with Harry's cock as he continued his violent thrusting.

"You're going to make me come," Harry groaned.

"That's the idea," Ginny said.

Ginny moved her face close to Harry's cock. She was able to let her tongue brush against his balls and dick each time he thrust into Joan's pussy. Ginny could tell that she was really getting him hot. He was violently shoving his cock into Joan's hot hole.

Ginny used her free hand to play with Harry's asshole. She knew that she somehow felt different about Harry than she had before. There was something she now liked about him. Perhaps it was his cock. She felt him groan as she slipped a finger into his asshole.

"Shit," Harry cried out. "Shit, I'm coming! SHIT!"

Harry groaned and Ginny could tell he was spilling his thick cum-juice into Joan's

pussy. Ginny kept fingering his asshole as long as Harry moved.

Ginny heard a groan and she looked up at Ralph. The young man had a look of intense pleasure on his face. Suddenly he pulled his swollen prick out of Joan's mouth.

"Take it in your face, bitch," Harry groaned. "That's right, Ralph. Give it to her right in the face!"

Ralph gave his prick one last stroke and suddenly his prick-cream was splashing against Joan's cheeks. Joan didn't look like such a snobbish bitch any longer. Not with her face covered with cockcream.

"Goddamn," Harry said. "I love fucking!" And Ginny had to agree with him!

THE END