

Expanded Job Duties for Elizabeth
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Elizabeth worked as a secretary for Nelson industries for the same boss for two or three years. Recently, the board of directors made sweeping changes in their management and Elizabeth found herself with a new boss.

Elizabeth's new boss was a very large black man, very intelligent, and very attractive. Although Elizabeth was happily married, sometimes when she saw her new boss, Mr. Edwards, Elizabeth fantasized about sex with such a man.

During these periods of fantasy, Elizabeth did not understand the feelings that would come over her. She could feel her nipples hardening and wetness between her legs. This was not in character for Elizabeth. Elizabeth had been married to John for the past fifteen years. They had three lovely children together. After her third child, Elizabeth worked very hard to get her 5-foot, 4-inch body back into shape.

With 34C breasts, shoulder length blonde hair, and blue eyes, Elizabeth was a very attractive thirty-six year old Mother. Elizabeth had never been unfaithful to John, never even considered it. She performed her dutifully as a wife, having sex about twice a month.

Sex with John was always the same. John would kiss her, massage her breasts, and then crawl on top of her. Sometimes Elizabeth would experience orgasms, but more

times than not Elizabeth was left wanting more, but not know what, or how to ask. So after the third child was in school, Elizabeth went to work with Nelson industries. Now working for Mr. Edwards, Elizabeth found herself sexually aroused for another man, a black man at that, for the first time in the fifteen years of marriage to John.

One morning after a particularly poor sexual encounter with John, Elizabeth decided that she wanted more. She decided that somehow she would have to get Mr. Edwards to notice her, and then seduce her. Elizabeth rationalized that is she was seduced, then it would not be entirely of her own free will and that made it alright. That morning, Elizabeth dressed more provocatively than usual. She wore a bra that was a little small so that the milky whiteness of the tops of her breasts pushed out. Elizabeth chose a blouse with buttons so that she could control how much of her breasts Mr. Edwards would be able to see.

Finally, Elizabeth found an a-line skirt that was about six inches above her knees. The skirt was dark blue and had always accented Elizabeth's shapely legs, thighs, and hips. Elizabeth finished dressing by slipping her feet into the highest heeled shoes she had in her wardrobe.

Biting her lip as she pulled on cotton white panties, Elizabeth realized that if she were going to be successful at the seduction, she would have to buy some new things. Satisfied with her appearance, Elizabeth left for work, kissing John quickly and agreeing to meet him at her office for lunch.

As soon as Elizabeth arrived at her desk she put her plan into motion. Each time Mr. Edwards called her into his office; Elizabeth undid two buttons giving him a clear view of her breasts. When she sat down, she would part her legs slightly. In one encounter, Elizabeth was sure she caught Mr. Edwards peering up her skirt. After that encounter, her breasts ached to be touched. But, it was about thirty minutes before lunch and Mr. Edwards gave no other indication of any real interest in Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was trying to get a document completed before lunch when Mr. Edwards asked her to come to his office again. Elizabeth undid the buttons, went straight inside. As she went through the door this time, Mr. Edwards asked her to shut the door. Elizabeth, unaware, shut the door and sat down, leaving her legs slightly parted.

"Elizabeth, I have noticed your... assets... shall I say, and I was wondering if you would like to show me more," Mr. Edwards started as he sat down behind his desk. Just before he sat down, Elizabeth saw the enormous bugle behind the zipper of his pants. She thought she knew exactly what Mr. Edwards wanted and to test her assumption, Elizabeth parted her legs a little more.

"No Elizabeth, I mean I want to really see your assets, come here in front of me," Mr. Edwards commanded.

Robotically, Elizabeth stood up and came behind the desk where Mr. Edwards sat. Mr. Edwards took her pad

and pen from her hands and placed them on the desk. Elizabeth felt him reach around behind her and grab the cheeks of her ass and squeeze. Elizabeth felt her respirations increase at his touch.

"There are lots of other 'duties' you could perform for me and others in this organization for a little extra cash if you're interested," Mr. Edwards offered. Before Elizabeth could answer, she felt Mr. Edwards's hands at the hem of her skirt pushing it upward until the white "V" of her panties showed. Elizabeth felt chill bumps on her arms, but stood still and did not answer.

"I will assume your silence is your answer," Mr. Edwards said and hooked his thumbs in the waistband of Elizabeth's panties and slowly lowered them over her hips, down to her knees and around her ankles. Elizabeth stepped out of her panties.

Mr. Edwards picked them up and placed them against his nose inhaling Elizabeth's aroma. "The moisture and odor of these panties tells me what you want."

Mr. Edwards opened the bottom drawer of his desk and dropped Elizabeth's panties inside. Elizabeth still did not speak. She felt Mr. Edwards hands on the inside of each of her thighs, forcing her legs open.

Elizabeth spread her legs for Mr. Edwards. When her skirt bunched around her waist and legs spread, Mr. Edwards face was eye level with Elizabeth's exposed cunt. She gasped as she felt Mr. Edwards insert one finger into her wet hole then rub the wet finger across her erect clit. A slight moan escaped Elizabeth's lips

when Mr. Edwards inserted a second finger and began to finger-fuck Elizabeth.

"Very nice, your pussy is nice, warm, and wet, just the way it should be," Mr. Edwards commented. With his free hand, Mr. Edwards unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out.

Elizabeth looked down and was amazed and how thick it was. John's cock was maybe six inches. Mr. Edwards's cock was twice that long and at least three inches thick. Elizabeth felt the flood of juices cover Mr. Edwards's fingers as she experienced a mini-orgasm.

Mr. Edwards removed his fingers and stood up in front of Elizabeth. He went behind her and pushed her to bend over. Elizabeth bent at the waist and put her hands, palms flat, in the seat of Mr. Edwards's chair. She jumped she felt the tip of Mr. Edwards's cock and the entrance to her cunt.

Mr. Edwards took Elizabeth's hips in his hands and pulled her toward him driving about half his fat cock into her cunt. Elizabeth moaned and rotated her hips trying to adjust to the size of the dick inside her. Mr. Edwards waited a moment for Elizabeth to accommodate him, then shoved the remaining portion of his cock into her cunt. Once buried inside her, Mr. Edwards just stopped.

"Please," Elizabeth begged.

"No, you work for me," Mr. Edwards ordered, "you want to be fucked then I suggest you start working."

At first confused, Elizabeth just shifted her weight from foot to foot. Mr. Edwards then took her hips and started rocking her on and off his cock, then stopped. Elizabeth understood and started pulling her hips forward and slamming them back against Mr. Edwards while he stood motionless. Elizabeth was basically fucking herself on Mr. Edwards's cock rocking back and forth on her heels and keeping her balance with her hands in the chair.

Just as Elizabeth started to increase her pace, there was a knock on Mr. Edwards's door. Elizabeth froze.

"No one told you to stop, keep working," Mr. Edwards commanded. "What is it, we are in conference," Mr. Edwards yelled at the door.

Elizabeth was now working her hips back and forth hard. The enormity of Mr. Edwards's cock totally filled her cunt and felt wonderful. She was a bit nervous that the person on the other side of the door would hear her.

"Elizabeth's husband is here for lunch," the other secretary stated through the door.

"Have him wait, she'll be out in a moment," Mr. Edwards replied. "Better hurry if you want lunch," he said to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth now held onto the back of the chair and pumped her hips faster trying to force Mr. Edwards to cum. She felt her own orgasm building. As she rocked on her heels faster and faster, Mr. Edwards reached

underneath Elizabeth's blouse and took both of her nipples between his thumb and forefinger and pinched hard. This was too much for Elizabeth.

She'd never realized how sensitive her breasts were. As Mr. Edwards pinched her nipples, he pulled them out from the bra. Elizabeth exploded in orgasm moaning loud enough where it could be heard through the door. Mr. Edwards said nothing as he tensed. Feeling the swelling of his cock caused Elizabeth's orgasm to increase in intensity.

Suddenly, Mr. Edwards took his cock from her cunt. Elizabeth moaned her disappointment until she heard Mr. Edwards ordered her to turn around and get on her knees. Elizabeth obediently complied and Mr. Edwards's cock pointed right at her lips. Elizabeth never performed oral sex with John but she instinctively seemed to know what to do.

Elizabeth opened her mouth and took almost half of Mr. Edwards's cock inside. As Elizabeth swirled her tongue around the massive tool, she pushed it into the slit at the end tasting his precum. Mr. Edwards placed his hands on the back of Elizabeth's head and forced his cock further into her mouth. She felt the first splash of seminal fluid on the back of her throat and quickly swallowed to prevent any from escaping. Mr. Edwards shot another load into her mouth then pulled his cock out.

"Hold your mouth open," he ordered as he furiously stroked his cock. Elizabeth was able to catch the remaining to globs of cum and swallowed them as she

watched Mr. Edwards's cock slowly go limp.

As Mr. Edwards replaced his cock in his pants and zipped his trousers, Elizabeth stood up and pulled down her skirt, waiting.

"I will not get the panties back," Mr. Edwards said, "you are now the company 'Slut' and you are never to wear any panties. You can clean up in my restroom, but you are not to brush your teeth or drink water."

Elizabeth hurried into the bathroom and pulled her skirt up and sat on the toilet. She could taste the semen in her mouth and heard the cum dropping out of her cunt into the water. She took some toilet paper and tried to wipe the residual from her cunt. Elizabeth stood and looked in the mirror. Her face was flushed, but makeup was okay. She "fixed" her hair and smoothed her skirt and came back into the office. Mr. Edwards was sitting behind the desk again. Elizabeth came and stood in front of it.

Before leaving, Mr. Edwards gave Elizabeth specific instructions. Elizabeth was to never wear panties. Her bras were to always be black and a size too small. Her skirts must be at least six inches above her knees and his final instructions were that Elizabeth was to shave her pussy and ass.

"You are officially the company 'Slut,' don't let me down," Mr. Edwards said to Elizabeth then dismissed her.

Elizabeth exited the office and saw John sitting and

waiting to go to lunch. Elizabeth panicked, John would want to kiss her, but she had just let another man cum in her mouth. Before Elizabeth could think of what to do, John's mouth was on hers and his tongue probing her mouth. The kiss lasted less than fifteen seconds and Elizabeth was relieved when he did not mention her "tasting" funny.

Elizabeth went to her desk and grabbed her purse for lunch. As she walked out of the office with her husband, she felt incredibly sexy wearing no panties. She felt the cum from Mr. Edwards slowly sliding down the inside of her thigh and quickly told her husband she needed to use the restroom before leaving.

As Elizabeth re-entered the office, she thought she could feel the stares of the other secretary's and she wondered if they knew about her expanded job duties.

Part II: Elizabeth enjoys her new "duties" and they are expanded.

Elizabeth looked forward to work each Monday morning. For the past two weeks, Mr. Edwards required her to come to his office at lunchtime. Elizabeth enjoyed her double life, company Slut at work and good wife and Mother at home. Elizabeth now kept her cunt and ass shaved clean. She explained the shaving to John as just something she wanted to do to spice up their sex life.

Although as far as John concerned, Elizabeth dressed no different for work, as soon as Elizabeth arrived, she

would go to the restroom and remove her panties and change her skirt to a short one. When she would arrive in the office, she occasionally heard the whispers of the other secretaries. She was acutely aware that the too small bra caused her 34C breasts to sometimes stick out of the top of her blouse. Elizabeth also started pulling her long hair back into a ponytail. This way her hair was out of the way for the extra duties Mr. Edwards wanted Elizabeth to perform.

Elizabeth discouraged John from joining her for lunch saying she would have to work, but he was getting anxious. Elizabeth's lunch hours consisted of her reporting to Mr. Edwards' office. Sometime Mr. Edwards would have Elizabeth lean over his desk and pull her skirt up around her waist. Then he would simply unzip his pants and fuck her with rapid, quick strokes for about ten minutes until he shot his jism deep inside her.

During these fuckings, Elizabeth would have at least one orgasm of her own and sometimes two. Other times, when she entered the office, Mr. Edwards would be sitting behind the desk with his cock sticking out. Elizabeth would remove her blouse and bra and kneel between Mr. Edwards's legs and take his enormous black cock in her mouth.

While Elizabeth sucked Mr. Edwards's cock, he would squeeze and pinch her nipples, pulling them out from her body until she would groan at the mixture of pain and pleasure. Elizabeth became very efficient at sucking Mr. Edwards's cock and would take it down her throat as he started to cum. By taking his cock down

her throat, she was sure to swallow every drop of his seed each time.

It was Friday again and Mr. Edwards just finished adjusting his pants after fucking Elizabeth again. This time, Mr. Edwards forced Elizabeth to bend at the waist and place her palms flat of the floor. Elizabeth did so and spread her legs as wide as she could causing her pussy lips to open slightly. She was already wet; Elizabeth found that her cunt stayed wet when she was at work.

This time, Mr. Edwards finger-fucked her to orgasm first, then shoved his dick into her creamy, warm cunt and fucked her with slow, long strokes. Elizabeth experienced one more powerful orgasm that caused her to let out a yelp that she was sure was heard outside the doors of the office.

After Mr. Edwards emptied his balls of sperm while his dick was buried deep inside of Elizabeth, he patted her on the ass before he pulled his limp rod out of her. Elizabeth remained bent over while Mr. Edwards zipped his pants. She was trying to slow her breathing before standing erect again. Her skirt was still bunched up around her waist and a single drop of cum dripped from her cunt and landed on the carpet between her legs.

"Damn, Slut, clean that up," Mr. Edwards chided her. Elizabeth dropped to her knees and lowered her face to the drop of pearly white liquid sitting on the fibers of the carpet. With her lips just inches from the floor, she stuck her tongue out and licked the cum from the carpet into her mouth. Then she stood up and pulled

her skirt down and started to leave.

"Wait," Mr. Edwards said, "I'm going to need you to work tonight. We have a special meeting and I want you to be there."

"No problem," Elizabeth responded feeling a tingle in her cunt as she hoped this would require her special duties.

"You should be back here at eight, and dress exceptionally sexy, as matter of fact, that the rest of the afternoon off so you'll have time to get ready," Mr. Edwards instructed her.

Elizabeth nodded and exited the office her heart fluttering at the prospects. She knew her cunt would be soaking wet if it were full of Mr. Edwards's cum already. She went to the bathroom and cleaned up, then retrieve her things and started to leave.

"Where are you going?" one of the other secretaries asked.

"Mr. Edwards gave me the day off," Elizabeth said flippantly.

"Yeah, I bet, a fringe benefit I'm sure," the secretary said under her breath.

Elizabeth heard the comment but ignored it. She hurried to the mall and selected special items to wear that night. When Elizabeth returned to her, she removed all the tags and placed the items in an overnight bag in

the truck. She would tell John the truth, that she had to go back in to work, but did not want to wear her outfit.

Once she was home Elizabeth noticed the kids would not be home for an hour. She went upstairs, stripped off her clothes and lay on her bed with her legs spread wide. She thought about the possibilities of the night and hoped that the other "board" members were all black like Mr. Edwards. As she thought about her extra duties, her hand worked it's way down across her bare cunt and found her slippery hole. She inserted two fingers all the way and rested her thumb on her clit.

Elizabeth's clit was still hard and erect, about the size of an M & M. When her other hand, Elizabeth mimic the way Mr. Edwards used her breasts, grabbing her own nipple, pinching it hard, and pulling her breast out from her body by the nipple. As she pulled on her nipple, she rammed her fingers in and out of her cunt and rubbed her clit with her thumb furiously.

As her third orgasm of the day raced from her cunt to her brain, she arched her back upward and bucked her hips violently on the bed. As the orgasm ended, she took her fingers from her cunt and brought them to her mouth, sucking her own juices from them. Elizabeth took a deep breath, jumped up from the bed and showered for the evening, making sure she touched up her cunt and ass with a razor.

Once out of the shower, Elizabeth dressed in conservative jeans, although with no panties, and a large, sweater. She cooked the kids' favorite supper,

spaghetti and waited for John to come home. When John walked through the door, Elizabeth was sitting at the counter in the kitchen helping the oldest girl with her weekend homework. John walked over and kissed Elizabeth passionately. Elizabeth knew that was his signal that he hoped to have sex that night.

"John, there is a special meeting an eight tonight at work and I have to be there," Elizabeth informed him.

"No problem, you go ahead and I'll get the kids ready for bed," John responded not having any idea that his wife and Mother of their children was the "Slut" for the meeting.

Elizabeth picked up her purse and car keys and kissed the kids and John on the cheek and told him not to wait up as she left the house. Once in her car, Elizabeth drove to a rest stop on the interstate and took her bag with her as she went into the restroom.

After about twenty minutes, Elizabeth emerged. She was dressed in a solid black, see-through blouse with the one size smaller black bra clearly visible. Her skirt was also black and so short that it wrapped around the curves of her asscheeks and ended there. Elizabeth wore thigh-hi black stockings, no panties and black, spiked heel shoes with ankle straps. Her hair was put up on the top of her head and makeup was heavy with bright red lipstick.

She looked like a high priced hooker and Elizabeth could feel the moisture in her cunt as walked by to the car. With a short drive, she arrived at Nelson

Industries and walked straight away to the boardroom. Elizabeth noticed that the offices were deserted, but could hear the sounds of men's voices coming from the boardroom.

She knocked lightly and heard Mr. Edwards invite her inside. When Elizabeth walked into the boardroom she was initially taken aback. There sat Mr. Edwards and ten other black men around the conference table.

"And here is Elizabeth, our entertainment for the night," Mr. Edwards announced as a way of introduction. As he spoke the words, Mr. Edwards got up and came to Elizabeth, slipped his arm around her waist and walked her further into the room. Elizabeth heard the door shut and the vulgar whispers to the men around the table.

Mr. Edwards stood Elizabeth at the head of the boardroom as if she was on display and stated, "Now as the new company President, I have been "training" Elizabeth to be the company Slut. Tonight, gentlemen, we will find out if she is worthy of the title. I know all of you are eager to fuck some white pussy, but I thought we would make it interesting by auctioning off her clothes. Once Elizabeth is naked, then we can all get a chance to fuck her and sample her hot mouth."

Elizabeth just stood, frozen at Mr. Edwards's words. Part of her, the wife and Mother part, wanted to run from the room as fast as possible. However, another part of her felt the flood of pussy juices running down the inside of her thigh at the thought of being fucked by eleven black studs.

"What are my bids now on these shoes," Mr. Edwards started. In a very dignified way, the men started bidding on Elizabeth's clothing. She removed her shoes and very quickly was standing completely naked in front of the men. Mr. Edwards made her turn around slowly so that everyone was able to have a good look at her "assets."

"All right, to be fair, we will bid on her mouth, her cunt, and her ass. Who ever wins, the bidding will stop while the winner fucks this white slut in whatever hole he bid on," Mr. Edwards explained.

Elizabeth slowly licked her lips and turned around again as Mr. Edwards open the bidding for her mouth. Within minutes, Elizabeth watched as her mouth was sold for a thousand dollars. The man who won was a little bit older than the rest and a dark black in color. Elizabeth walked in a very sexy way over to the man and took him by the hand.

"Should we go to your office, Mr. Edwards?" Elizabeth asked.

"All deals will be concluded here, Slut, so get on your knees and get started." Mr. Edwards ordered.

Elizabeth almost had an orgasm with just the thought of sucking the winner's black cock in front of the other men. Before Elizabeth knelt down, the winner squeezed both of her breasts and pushed her down in front of him between his legs. In a very deep voice the man ordered Elizabeth to remove his cock. Elizabeth used both hands

to unzip his pants and reached inside and pulled out a massive, uncircumcised, prick.

Elizabeth had only started sucking cocks a month earlier and only sucked Mr. Edwards. She had never seen an uncircumcised prick and at first was stunned, but then when the winner pulled the foreskin back and revealed the large, familiar purple glans, Elizabeth lowered her head and started working the cock into her mouth. Elizabeth danced her tongue over the head of his hard prick probing the slit at the end. Elizabeth was aware that all eyes were on her and the boardroom was mysteriously quiet.

"While Jenkins collect his winnings, we still have business to discuss," Mr. Edwards said and started talking about the annual report.

Elizabeth was beside herself with sexual excitement. Her cunt pour juices at the fact that she was sucking this unknown black cock Elizabeth could not keep her hips still as she sucked "Jenkins" harder. She reached inside his pants with one hand and cupped his heavy balls in her palm, squeezing gently.

With her other hand, Elizabeth slid her fingers into her cunt and rubbed her clit. Jenkins started emptying his balls into Elizabeth's mouth sending her over the edge. Her legs twitched signaling the oncoming orgasm. Elizabeth moaned deeply as the intensity of her orgasm overcame her.

The men who sat around the boardroom table stopped talking and watched Elizabeth's throat move gulping

motions as she swallowed every drop of "Jenkins" seed.

"Well, it looks like Jenkins has finished," Mr. Edwards said. "Elizabeth, come stand at the front of the room."

Elizabeth got up from her knees and ran the back of her hand over her mouth to make sure no cum was still present on her mouth. She stood at the front of the room and tried to control her breathing and recover from her orgasm. Mr. Edwards auctioned off Elizabeth's cunt next. The bidding was furious and at one point it look like it was going to end at 4,000 dollars.

Then Elizabeth placed one foot up on the boardroom table and took her hands and pulled her cunt lips apart showing the men how pink and wet her pussy was and the bidding took off again. Finally, a six thousand dollars bid and Elizabeth was won by a young, black man at the end of the table. Elizabeth quickly walked back to the end of the table.

Without any ceremony, the man ordered Elizabeth to just lean over the table and spread her legs. Elizabeth immediately complied smashing her breasts into the coolness of the hardwood boardroom table. She could see all the board members and Mr. Edwards as he restarted the meeting. Elizabeth waited, anticipating being speared by this young, black stud, when nothing happened.

"Is there a problem, Mr. Johnson?" Mr. Edwards asked.

"Yes, I don't want to touch this slut's nasty cunt," Mr. Johnson replied.

"Elizabeth, reach back and open your cunt for Mr. Johnson to fuck," Mr. Edwards directed.

Elizabeth could feel the heat in her face, but also the exhilaration of being treated like such a piece of meat. Elizabeth reached back with both hands and took hold on her swollen cunt lips and pulled them apart exposing herself to Mr. Johnson. Elizabeth heard the sound of a zipper go down and then the head of Mr. Johnson's prick at the opening of her cunt. Mr. Johnson rammed his prick into Elizabeth's cunt so hard it caused a grunt to escape her mouth.

"Elizabeth, please keep it down," Mr. Edwards admonished.

Elizabeth pulled her lower lip inward with her teeth as she released her cunt lips around Mr. Johnson's prick. Elizabeth's body moved back and forth on the table from the power of each of Mr. Johnson's thrust. Sweat started coating her body, and when she felt the prick buried in her cunt start growing, a loud, drawn-out wail escaped her mouth when she came. Mr. Johnson could feel Elizabeth's pussy spasming around his dick causing him to shoot a torrent of semen deep into her womb.

As his cock started to shrink, Mr. Johnson pulled it from Elizabeth's cunt and ordered her to turn around and clean it off. Elizabeth was lightheaded from the intensity of her orgasm. She was so incredibly excited to be fucking an unknown man while being watched by strangers waiting their turn. She quickly knelt in front of Mr. Johnson, coated his prick with her saliva

using her tongue and cleaned her slick juices from his dick. After she was finished, Mr. Johnson stood waiting until Elizabeth placed the now soft prick back in his pants and closed his zipper.

This time, Mr. Edwards did not have to direct Elizabeth to the front of the room. She slowly walked forward trying to keep the cum in her cunt from dripping onto the floor. Elizabeth waited anticipating the bidding on her ass.

"Her ass will be up for bid, but I will fuck it first as President of the company," Mr. Edwards announced. There was quiet protest from the group. "Don't worry, everyone will get to fuck this white slut before the night is over, but I have earned the right to fuck her ass."

Elizabeth was scared. She knew how enormous Mr. Edwards's cock was and she had never been fucked in the ass before. Mr. Edwards sat down and took out his enormous tool. Elizabeth thought for sure his twelve inches would split her into two pieces. She was already wet with sweat and now Mr. Edwards pointed for her to place her asshole on his dick. Unsure of what to do, Elizabeth straddled Mr. Edwards with her back to him facing the other men in the boardroom. Her nipples stood out hard, aching and her breasts rose and fell as her anxiety increased her respiration.

"Use some lubricate," Mr. Edwards ordered.

Elizabeth at first did not understand, there was no lubricate.

"Your pussy juices, use them, get you ass ready." Mr. Edwards explained.

Elizabeth suddenly understood. Mr. Edwards was sending her to new depths of being a slut. He was forcing her to lubricate her own asshole. She slowly scooped out the slick mixture from her pussy and smeared it over two fingers. She reached back and gingerly began inserting her middle finger into her asshole and pushing the juices in with it.

Elizabeth was still squatted over Mr. Edwards giant prick and facing the boardroom while she prepare herself. Some of the men were watching her; the others were talking business as if she was not in the room. She adjusted to one finger, then inserted her second finger. She noticed it slid with relative ease so she took her fingers out and positioned herself over Mr. Edwards's cock. She methodically lowered herself down until she felt the head of his prick pushing against her asshole. Elizabeth was unsure as she applied a small amount of pressure. The pain was piercing through her rectum, burning. Suddenly Mr. Edwards grabbed her hips.

"I haven't got all night," he sneered and slammed Elizabeth down on his cock with one motion.

Elizabeth jerked and screamed trying to get off of the pole she was impaled upon. Mr. Edwards held her still. Her screaming turned to a whimper as Elizabeth tried to relax her asshole. The burning was still present, but slowly subsided to a dull ache.

Elizabeth was now soaked in sweat, her shoulder length blond hair matted against her head and neck. Beads of sweat roll down her breasts, over her nipples to the tip, and dripped onto her thighs. For the first time she begged to be released. Not only did Mr. Edwards laugh, but so did some of the men at the table. Elizabeth just sat, her ass speared by the massive prick, not moving.

"Alright, start fucking," Mr. Edwards commanded then reached around and seized Elizabeth's nipples. He pinched them hard eliciting a yelp from Elizabeth and she started raising her hips on and down slowly fucking her ass. She noticed the pain was gone now as the cock in her ass turned from pain to warmth.

Elizabeth increased her pace, now bouncing hard up and down. Mr. Edwards continued to pinch and pull her tits sending jolts of pleasure through her body. Elizabeth wanted to cum so bad. Her clit was hard, aching, sticking out between her cunt lips like a tiny prick. She bounced harder driving Mr. Edwards's prick deep into her bowels.

Mr. Edwards pulled Elizabeth's tits out from her body to the point she leaned forward to relieve some of the pain. His cock started jerking inside her ass and Elizabeth reached down with her fingers and heatedly rubbed her clit.

When she felt the first burst of warmth covering the inside of her colon, an orgasm blasted through Elizabeth like she had never felt before. Elizabeth's

body was slick with sweat and she slung her head from side to side groaning. She ground her ass into Mr. Edwards and milked his rigid prick of every drop of cum.

Even as Mr. Edwards was going limp, Elizabeth continued to be in the throngs of her orgasm until Mr. Edwards pushed her off of him and she landed onto the floor. Elizabeth writhed on the floor rubbing her clit trying to milk the orgasm to the end, cum leaking from her ass and cunt.

"Damn, what a slut," one of the men said.

Mr. Edwards announced the meeting was adjourned as walked over to where Elizabeth was laying.

"Haven't you forgotten something," he said to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth did not even hesitate as she rose to her knees and took the limp prick that just came from her ass and cleaned it. Once finished, she placed his prick back in his pants. Mr. Edwards said he had some work to do but when they were finished with the slut they should let her go home. Mr. Edwards left the boardroom as the other eleven members descended on Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was being bouncing up and down on one big, black cock with another buried in her ass when the telephone rang. Someone answered it and said it was for Elizabeth.

"Hello," Elizabeth said breathlessly as she rubbed her

hips back and forth rubbing her clit in one man's pubic hair while taking the cock in her ass deeper.

"Elizabeth, this is John, how much longer," was the response.

"John," Elizabeth said just as another man jabbed his dick at her mouth. Elizabeth took the dick in her mouth and sucked a couple of times then returned to the phone, "I'll be there in just a minute," then let the phone fall to the floor as another orgasm started. Elizabeth opened her mouth wide and hungrily started sucking the cock offered to her to keep from screaming. The man in her ass was fucking her so hard his balls could be heard slapping against her ass.

John thought he heard Elizabeth moan just before the phone disconnected. He shrugged it off as his imagination and went on to bed.

Elizabeth pulled into the driveway of her home. She glanced in the mirror again to make sure she looked okay. Other than being flush, she showed no evidence of being unmercifully fucked by eleven black men for over two hours. She was wearing the same sweater and jeans she left in.

When she entered the house, Elizabeth quickly went upstairs, showered and slipped into some pajamas. It was a little after midnight. John woke when she got in bed. He leaned over and kissed her moving his hand to her breasts. Elizabeth's tit was so sore and she wanted nothing to do with having sex with John. She was more that satiated, and roll over.

"John, I'm really tired, you know, this extra duties are hard on me," Elizabeth said as she pretended to fall asleep.