

## Company Man

When my daughter arrived home, she found us all waiting for her.

Sitting around the dining table without a hint of food to be seen or the cheery, carefree atmosphere we all usually enjoyed at home. There was a tension in the air, an uncomfortable weight bearing down on all of us – though only me and my wife knew why.

“Hey honey,” my wife said, smiling at our daughter. “How was babysitting?”

Instantly, Emma tensed.

Perhaps she felt the atmosphere permeating through the dining room, or maybe it was the tone of her mother's voice. I winced as her happy smile was replaced with a worry and concern.

“It was fine,” Emma said, glancing from her mother to me to her brother. No doubt searching our faces for answers. “Is everything okay here?”

My wife glanced from our daughter to me, then back again.

“Sit down, honey,” she said, nodding to an empty chair. “We're having a family meeting. Your father has something he wants to discuss with us.”

All eyes turned to me. Emma silently sat down, beautiful blue irises filled with concern.

That was just like her. Always worrying about others. A pretty girl who never let her attractiveness get to her head, kind and compassionate and caring – even to total strangers. A girl with so many prospects in life, so many options and paths she could take to follow her dreams. Excellent student, valedictorian, athletically gifted, an all-round good kid. She was every parent's dream come true, a perfect, loving daughter.

Seeing the worry on her face broke my heart.

I took a deep breath, let my eyes move from person to person. My daughter, my wife, my son. My beautiful, amazing family.

And I spoke.

I was an accountant. A very skilled, very talented accountant. I had an eye for numbers and an ability to work with them that put me at the top of my field. Not to toot my own horn too much, but I'm very good at what I do.

Too good, as it turned out.

Good enough that I caught the eye of an organisation that works outside of regular 'legal' and 'ethical' standards, to put it kindly. A criminal organisation. And a powerful one at that. The kind that has the means and money to put them above the law and legal repercussions.

This organisation wanted me. Offered me a job.

And that terrifying proposition was why I'd brought my family together tonight. To tell them about the decision I had to make, and the possible consequences of making it.

If I said yes, accepted the job, I'd be expected to break the law in countless ways.

If I said no, the Company had the power to ruin my life – and the lives of my family. At a word from this criminal organisation, I'd lose every client I had. I'd become a pariah – someone to be avoided at all costs. Without my job and income, my family would suffer.

Without going into too much detail, I explained the situation as best I could to my family. Told them I had to make a decision between doing something bad, or doing the right thing and possibly losing my job, the house, everything, because of it.

When I was done talking, I looked around the table at the faces of the people I loved most in the world.

My wife smiled at me reassuringly. My son had his muscular arms folded, a frown on his brow. My daughter was staring at my face, her blue eyes twinkling.

“What do you think you should do, Dad?” She asked softly.

I hesitated before I spoke.

"The right thing," I confessed. I didn't want to break the law, didn't want to help scumbag criminals at all. "I should do the right thing, even if it means we have to move somewhere far away – start fresh somewhere else. But it's not just my decision to make. It'll affect all of us, so all of us should have a say."

I didn't want to break the law – just the thought of it made my skin crawl. But for them, my family, I'd do it. I'd do anything.

"Do it," Emma smiled. "The right thing. Whatever it is, do what you think is right – like you always tell us to. If we have to move away, that'll suck. But we'll still have each other. Do what you believe is right, Dad."

Across the table, Mike – my son – nodded his head in agreement.

I looked over at my wife, saw her smiling. I felt a smile on my own lips too. All around the table, my family grinned and smiled. Together. We'd always be together. Emma was right. No matter what happened, we were family. We'd get through it.

And, just like that, I had my answer.

"No," I told the man. One word that'd seal my fate.

"No?" The greasy-haired man repeated. A smile curled his thin lips, he raised thin fingers up and adjusted his suit's tie.

"No," I said again, as firmly as I could manage. "I appreciate your offer, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to decline. I will not be working for your organisation at this time, or at any point in the future."

"Is that so?" The man asked, smiling wider.

Why was he smiling? My stomach turned at the sight of this snake smirking, the glee in those dark eyes.

I'd rejected the job offer. Shouldn't he be upset?

"Yes," I answered stiffly, hoping that would be the end of it.

The sooner this criminal left my office, the better.

"If I may, I'd very much like the chance to change the terms of the deal I offered you yesterday. The Company wants you, and I have been given a lot of leeway to negotiate with you. I'm sure we can come to a mutually beneficial understanding."

"I said no," I spoke curtly. "I have no desire to work for your *Company*. Ever. No amount of money you offer me will change my mind."

My heart thumped in my chest.

Too confrontational. I was being too confrontational. Turn them down, but don't make *enemies* of them.

Again, the man's smile widened.

"It's not more money I'm suggesting, Mr Delroy. Nor am I making an offer. Offers, after all, can be declined – an ability you do not possess. As to changing your mind, you'll find I certainly *can* do that. As I said, Mr Delroy, I'm sure we can come to an understanding."

What day was it?

Last thing I remembered was the skinny man in his expensive suit talking to me. What was his name again? Vin? Victor?

Vaughn. His name was Vaughn.

How could I forget *that*? I'd worked for the slimy bastard for years. Cooking books and manipulating figures, making him and the Company richer – and making myself stupidly wealthy in the process. And what'd that been about a job offer?

I shook my head.

Just a stupid dream.

A quick glance at the clock made me frown. It was late. Very late. Why the fuck was I at work so late? I should have been home hours ago, fucking that tight cunt my wife had

and enjoying the benefits of my financial success.

I left my office, took the elevator down to the underground parking area. My car – a stylish, elegant, expensive Cadillac – was parked in a VIP spot, my personal driver stood waiting to open the door for me. He nodded to me as he opened the door.

A muscular man. Mike was his name. A gift from the company.

The man drove me and my wife anywhere we needed, would complete any task I assigned him. Take my wife on one of her money-burning shopping adventures? Sure. Rough up someone I didn't like? No problem.

Young, strong, and completely lacking in morals. An ideal goon.

The drive home was quiet and short.

By the time Mike parked up in the driveway of my small mansion, the confusion of my dream had vanished.

Mike stepped out of the car, opened the door for me.

I walked to my house's front door, opened it and stepped inside and, oddly, felt lost. Like I didn't know the place I was standing in – didn't remember where any of the rooms were. The sensation lasted only a moment before my memory kicked in.

What was going on with me today?

"Welcome home, dear," a womanly voice said.

My wife stepped through a doorway, a heartless smile on her face. She only ever called me 'dear' when she wanted something from me. Usually more money to spend.

Fucking gold-digging slut.

The only reason I put up with it was because the bitch was so unbelievably sexy.

Young – barely out of high-school, and far too dim-witted to bother going to college. And pretty. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Lips made to suck cock and a body designed to please men. Lean and fit and slender, with small perky tits and a snatch worth every dime I'd spend to own it.

My arm-candy. My cock-socket trophy wife, Emma Delroy.

She was wearing an expensive cocktail dress, black and red with enough skin exposed to tempt my eyes to wander. High-heels worth more than most men made in a month and jewellery worth more than those same men would make in a year.

As she walked towards me, swaying her hips seductively, I couldn't help but take in the sight of her – those young curves.

When she reached me, Emma wrapped her hands around the back of my head, leaned up and gave my lips a little peck. She smiled as sweetly and innocently as a greedy, self-obsessed gold-digger could.

"I saw a really nice dress for sale today," she whispered. "I bet it'd look real good on me..."

Money. It was always about money with this little whore.

Not that I minded. I had money aplenty. And Emma knew *exactly* what she needed to do if she wanted me to pay for her shit.

"Is that so?" I said, letting my eyes wander down to her cleavage – those wonderful, perky, bouncy tits.

"Mm'hm," Emma moaned. "I want to look good for you, dear..."

Bullshit, of course. The only person my wife cared about was herself. I smile down at her, took her by the hand and led her to the master bedroom. If she wanted her dress, she'd have to *earn* it.

I gave one final, hard thrust – pumping the last of my seed into my wife's tight cunt.

She gasped, shuddered. Her body trembled.

For some reason, Emma had been tense today. Her body, at first, had seemed nervous and shy. Which, considering how much of a slut my wife was, was certainly unusual. Not that it mattered. The moment I'd started really fucking her, pounding that

impossibly tight pussy with everything I had, she lost control.

Whimpering and moaning like an animal as I pounded her full of cock, pumped her full of cum.

Knowing Emma as I did, she was probably on the pill.

She loved her body too much to let a baby ruin it for her.

As I pulled out of her, I noticed the slight, red streaks on my cock. Blood? What was that doing there?

For a moment, the stupidest idea crossed my mind. That I'd taken Emma's virginity – popped her cherry. But, of course, that was idiotic. Of course my wife wasn't a virgin. I'd fucked her countless times since we got married... how long ago?

I blinked, couldn't remember for a moment.

*Five months*, my brain supplied the answer.

I rolled my eyes. Five months. Of course. We got married five months ago. And I'd been fucking her almost daily since then.

So it was impossible that I'd popped her cherry just now.

Period blood? I had no idea. And nor, in all honesty, did I really care. For all I knew, I'd fucked her so good that my cock had damaged her insides a little.

That thought put a smile on my face.

My wife gasped, her body twitching. I reached down, grabbed one of her little tits and squeezed. Give it a few minutes, and I'd be hard again. Emma's night was far from over yet, and she was no-where near close to earning that dress she wanted so much.

I watched as the car pulled out of the driveway and disappeared around a corner. Mike taking my wife to her surgical appointment.

Breast implants. Emma has been asking and begging me to buy her some new tits for weeks now. Finally, after much 'convincing' on her part, I relented and allowed it.

Her having bigger, better tits would be nice, don't get me wrong.

I just didn't want to have to wait to play with them. No doubt, I wouldn't be able to have fun with Emma until she recovered from the surgery a few days from now. And then, I'd probably still have to be gentle with her.

Not ideal, to say the least.

Still there was always the maid.

A middle-aged woman - about the same age as me, actually. She wasn't unattractive, even if her tits sagged slightly. She had that whole 'motherly' look about her, even if she didn't have kids or a family of her own.

I doubted my wife would mind me fucking the maid while she recovered.

Nor would the maid mind, I knew. Sure, she was in a relationship with my driver. But what did that matter? Everyone knew who I was, who I worked for. People knew better than to deny me.

The Company always got what it wanted, after all.

I, being a Company man, knew that better than anyone.