

Company Woman

"I have a job for you," my editor-in-chief told me.

He was a portly, balding man. Sat behind a large office desk covered in the tools of the trade – neat stacks of paper, a computer and separate laptop, perfectly aligned pens and markers. It was the desk of someone who loved their work, took pride in what they did. Save for the single family photo on one corner of the desk, it was pure professionalism.

But, in a way, that photo was also a sign of Albert's dedication to his work. His family, I knew, was what motivated my mentor. He wanted to build a better world for them. His wife and two daughters.

Most newspaper editors focused on the easy stuff. Leaning one way or the other politically for guaranteed readers, focussing on drama and celebrities for quick attention. Most never dared touch the *real* issues.

Albert wasn't like them at all.

"They've made a blunder," Albert said. Instantly, I knew exactly who *they* were. Albert's pet project. His passion.

"The Company?" I gasped, feeling my heart skip a beat.

Albert nodded his head, grinning.

"One of their accountants was caught stealing money from them. Embezzling the Company's funds and lining his own pockets. I've never seen the legal system work so quickly to put a man behind bars before. And it was done so quietly, too. Not a mention of it anywhere."

A Company Man in jail? It was unheard of.

Who in the world was stupid enough to steal from *them*?

"I don't have much. Just a name. You're going to find out everything you can about this man, his life. Dig up all the dirt you can. Who knows, this might be it! Maybe we'll finally be able to bring those bastards down!"

I nodded my head, eyes wide.

Bringing down the Company? It seemed impossible. But, as Albert always told me, they used to say the same thing about Rome.

"I'm in," I grinned at him. "What's the name?"

Albert's eyes twinkled. He looked twenty years younger with all that excitement and fire in his gaze.

"Jonathan Halga."

Finding Mr Halga was not easy. Every online search ended in a dead end or deleted webpage. Every search through court records ended in defeat. Not a single courthouse in the city had the name 'Jonathan Halga' in its listings – past or present.

The man was a ghost. A phantom.

I didn't even know which prison he'd ended up in, or even if he'd ended up in one at all. The Company was certainly not above making people 'disappear'.

It was only when I went through old, physical phone-books and directories that I finally found a lead.

An address.

And, for as much joy and victory I felt at discovering this lead, I also felt a shiver of fear. Someone was trying very hard to erase every mention of Mr Halga from the world. They might not be able to find every physical phone-book and directory out there to censor, but everything from webpages and internet searches to court documents and police records had been thoroughly cleansed.

I was up against an organisation that had the power to do *that*.

Nevertheless, I had my lead now.

I'd learned a long time ago that presentation was key. Being a female journalist wasn't easy. What I chose to wear would effect how people would treat me, how likely I was to be respected and treated professionally. Sometimes, a pencil skirt and blazer was the right thing to wear. Other times, a casual shirt and a pair of jeans. It all depended on the situation.

One look I never went for was the 'sexy reporter'.

I was pretty, sure. I could, if I wanted, walk around with cleavage exposed and try to make a name for myself using my looks. But doing that felt wrong. Like I'd only ever be acknowledged for my appearance, not my hard work or dedication or drive.

So, when I decided to go to the address I'd found, it was while wearing a professional suit and skirt.

Let the world see me as the woman I wanted to be.

The house, as it turned out, was a small mansion. Not surprising, given the kind of wealth working for the Company could generate. Extravagant and expensive, excessively so.

I walked up to the large home's front door, rang the doorbell and waited.

After a few minutes passed, I rang again.

And again.

There were cars in the driveway – expensive looking cars.

Someone *must* be home.

I rang the doorbell again, feeling my frustrations growing.

Finally, the door opened.

A sweaty, flushed face appeared in the doorway. Beautiful and tanned, with bleach-blonde hair and obviously fake tits. They were huge on her small frame, perfectly round, almost the size of basketballs. And barely hidden under a thin, slutty nightie. Red and black lingerie, torn in several places, barely reaching down past the woman's crotch.

She looked about the same age that I was. Mid-to-late twenties. And she had a wedding ring on, a large diamond protruding from it. Mr Halga's trophy wife, then?

Not very faithful, was she? Judging from appearances, she was currently 'entertaining' a male guest.

And yet, there was something familiar about the woman.

I could swear I recognised her from somewhere.

"Hello," I said, forcing myself to smile. "You wouldn't happen to be Mrs Halga, Jonathan Halga's wife, would you?"

The woman rolled her eyes.

"Not any more," she answered in a high-pitched voice.

"But you used to be, correct?"

Who was she? Why did I recognise her?

"I'm kinda busy right now," the woman said, giggling as an old, naked man walked up behind her and grabbed her ass. "Whatever you want, I'm not interested."

The door began to close on me. My body reacted before I could think, my hand slamming out and holding the door open.

"Please Mrs Halga, I have a few questions-"

Then it hit me. Who the girl was.

"Emma?"

She hadn't recognised me. Had practically kicked me off her property. It'd been ten years since we'd been friends, since she and her family had vanished out of the blue one day. Emma Delroy. There was no doubt in my mind. Even with the tan, the fake breasts and slight cosmetic surgeries on her face, it was Emma.

Her and I had grown up together, I'd had sleepovers at her place, we'd gone to the same schools – shared the same dreams. It was Emma. I *knew* it was.

Why was she married to a Company accountant?

The man that'd been with her – the guy she'd been in the middle of fucking when I'd arrive at Mr Halga's home – had also been a familiar face. Unlike Emma, I'd never met him before. No, I knew his face for another reason. A famous – or infamous – member of the Company. A high-level executive, one of the 'untouchables'.

Not only was Emma married to a Company man, she was fucking one of the Company's head honchos.

The Emma I'd know - the sweet, kind girl - would never so much as talk to those type of sleazy scumbags. Let alone share a bed with one. Back when I'd known her, Emma had been a staunch virgin, saving herself for the 'right guy'. Compassionate and empathetic and loving. There was no way my Emma would ever associate with anyone who worked for the Company. *No way.*

Yet, there she was. A superficial barbie doll spreading her legs for Company men left and right.

It made no sense.

Once I got over my shock, I continued my investigation. Now I had Emma Delroy, or Emma Halga as she was calling herself these days, as a new lead. And, where the Company had erased almost every mention of Mr Halga from existence, they had not been so thorough with his young wife.

The more I searched, and the more I found, the more disturbing things got. Pictures of Emma with her husband – another man, to my sheer horror, I recognised. Her father. Mr Delroy. That's who the man I was looking for was – Mr Halga and Mr Delroy were the exact same person.

Emma Delroy had married her own father.

It wasn't just that, though. That disturbing truth was just the tip of the iceberg.

I found the former Mrs Delroy, Emma's mother. And Mike Delroy, now with a new surname too. They were hitched, a Company grunt and his stripper wife. Mother and son.

When I contacted them, they weren't even aware that they were related – called me crazy when tried to tell them they were mother and son. Downright refused to listen to the truth, and treated me like some kind of pervert for pointing it out.

How could they not know that they were mother and son? How was that possible?

Eventually, my report was complete. What'd started out as my looking into a Company accountant that'd gotten too greedy for his own good had turned into something else entirely. A gold-mine of information that may well help bring down the Company once and for all.

I entered my house, feeling a wave of unease settle over me.

My heart raced in my chest as I rushed to my small office, intent on collecting the final, printed report I kept there. With everything I'd learned about the Company recently, I didn't exactly trust sending it to Albert over the internet.

As I stepped into my office, my heart froze.

There was a man sitting at my desk, reading through the report I'd dedicated the last few weeks of my life to. The document that would be the Company's undoing.

"Ah," the man smiled as I stood there motionless. "I was wondering when you'd get home. Please, stay where you are and don't move."

Sleek, greasy hair. Thin lips. A neat, spotless business suit.

"I..."

He was a Company man. I was certain of it. He knew.

Fucked. I was so *fucked*.

"Jonathan Delroy," the Company man said, shaking his head sadly. "In order to convince him to work for us, I had to completely warp his sense of morality. Unfortunately, I went a little too far. We don't mind a little skimming off the surface, that's to be expected."

But Delroy, or Halga if you prefer, took too much and had to be dealt with. He's in prison now, serving the same role as his wife. Or daughter. Again, whichever you prefer."

"What do you want from me?" I asked, voice shaky.

"Ah, straight to the point. Very well. We, the Company, want your silence. You've learned a little too much about how we operate, discovered secrets that we'd very much like to remain secret. As I see it, there are two ways we can go about this. The easy way, were I give you a reasonably large sum of money in exchange for your silence, or—"

"Fuck you," the words escaped my lips before I could stop them. "I won't be bribed. Not by scum like you."

Monsters. That's what the Company were. Evil. They'd warped my best friend's mind, warped her family into incestuous relationships and robbed them of their free will. Pure. Fucking. *Evil*.

No amount of money in the world would ever make me do their bidding.

They needed to be stopped.

The Company man smiled at me, a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah, that's good. Then we'll do things the *fun* way."

"Jenny," the newspaper man gasped, squeezing my ass tightly. "Oh *fuck*, you're good."

I bounced on his cock, a wide smile on my lips.

I *was* good. Worth every penny and more. These dresses, my exquisite make-up, my new tits, none of that shit paid for itself. The Company took care of my expenses and, in exchange, I kept tabs on men the Company wanted watched (or rewarded). If fucking ugly old men like Albert here was all it took to keep my life of luxury, I'd do it every day.

I *did* do it every day.

The man growled, pushed me onto his desk. The picture frame fell onto one side, the images of his wife and daughters staring blankly at my face as I took their hubby's and daddy's cock.

Truth be told, it was kinda an honour to have Albert bend me over his desk. His newspaper always put out the *best* beauty tips and advice, and the gossip section was *amazing*. It was the only paper in the city worth reading. None of that shit some of the other places spouted. Albert's newspaper told the *truth* about the Company, fought against the vicious rumours and told it like it was. The Company was great! It created jobs and helped everyone!

Speaking of the Company, there was TV exec I was supposed to fuck later on. My bosses wanted me to find out all his dirty secrets.

I give them compromising information, they give me money.

Tonight was gonna be *fun*.

"Jenny," the editor man gasped again. "Jenny."

Strange. Was that my name? Jenny?

I mean, I know it was. I'd had it all my life. But still, it felt odd. Like I wasn't used to hearing it.

Shit, I hate it when I have to fuck men who aren't good at it. Too much time to think about stupid shit. One more reason to look forward to tonight, I guess. Getting the shit screwed out of me would be a welcome change from *this* boring crap.

"Jenny," Albert gasped one last time, slumping over onto me.

I closed my eyes, allowed myself a little smile.

Maybe tonight, I'd get a chance to cum too.