



A Demanding Man

By JJ Argus



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California Girl - 3

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

I was feeling rather giddy these days, to be honest with you. I mean, my life had always been quite busy in that my time had been put to good use in either work, education, or expanding my horizons in a number of worthy endeavors, including a variety of courses and classes.

But nothing had quite prepared me for the unbelievable thrill-ride my life could become with a man in it! Particularly if that man was Charles Cutter! Everything about the man was bigger than life, and well beyond what my life experiences at twenty-three had prepared me for.

Certainly my mother had not prepared me. Oh, she had warned sternly that men were pigs, that they would be disrespectful and refuse to accord a woman equality, that they would want to treat me like a sex object, and be both arrogant and overbearing.

All of which was, to a degree, quite descriptive of Charles Cutter. He was big, bold, arrogant, and overbearing, or at least, he could be. He would fire people without a single thought, and try to hire them according to his own sexist and often illegal perceptions of who would do a better job for him.

And the way he had ... taken me that first time, taken my breath away, shocked me, overwhelmed me, had certainly been an indication of his decisive personality, and the way he insisted on getting his way. Certainly our relationship could not be termed a partnership of equals, by any means.

But then again, I didn't presume to be his equal. He was thirty six, thirteen years my senior! He was a vice president at The Bank of California, while I was a junior HR coordinator four months out of college. He had been around the world, seen and done many things. I had never left Los Angeles, except for brief visits to San Francisco with my mother – who was and is a lesbian.

I won't say mother's view of men was altogether wrong, or that Charles wasn't exactly the sort of man she had warned me about growing up. But mother had always known she was a lesbian. She wasn't one of those women who 'discovered' her preference for women in her middle years.

Thus she had never dated boys, had never understood how certain aspects of their personalities, such as their bravado hid deeper parts of their personalities.

Their sexual fascination, or perhaps obsession would be a better term, also tended to disguise an innate need for female companionship which, I believed, had little to do with sex.

By and large, men, unlike women, can not really be intimate with other men, and I don't mean sexually. They are forced to uphold an image of masculinity, of toughness (of both mind and body) and self assurance with other men.

This was even more true when the man in question is tall, broad shouldered, and had a deep voice. Charles has a bit of a craggy, square jawed face, too. He is, in other words, what the term 'a man's man' would settle on as a proper illustration.

And he had devoted himself to his work for too long. Oh yes, it was a very prosperous devotion. He had made millions of dollars and had a nice penthouse as well as a gorgeous Malibu beach house. And he also worked ten and twelve hour days, giving him very little time to enjoy anything in life other than conquering other men at work.

And at work he was something of an overbearing tyrant. I had been warned to try and not get offended prior to our first meeting. I had gotten offended anyway. What an arrogant man!

And yet, somehow, that very evening, he'd had me naked on his sofa in his office and was driving himself into me with powerful, determined thrusts that forced me into the most intense orgasm I'd ever had in my life to that point in time.

I was not raised to let men seduce me! I was certainly not raised to allow men to use my body as their plaything! I was raised to be self-confident and demand respect and equality. Needless to say, I had been disappointed up to that point in time in obtaining that.

Oh, I had had a previous lover, but he was from the school orchestra at UCLA, and rather a pretty, eager to please boy. Other than that, my studies, classes and courses left me little time for dating, and besides, boys tended to be crude and obsessed with objectifying my body for their own pleasure.

It hadn't really occurred to me that this could be for my pleasure as well, until Charles had shown me otherwise.

He had taken me on his sofa, bent over his desk, on the floor, for heaven's sakes,

and then at his beach house on the beach! He had demonstrate just how thrilling the wild, raw sexual animal in him could be when let loose! Not for him that soft, gentle, tender lovemaking I'd known from Jeremy. No, Charles introduced me to fucking.

I don't like to use obscene terms and I use this one sparingly, mostly as a description of the act, for 'making love', or 'having sex' simply does not conjure up the proper image of the wild, raw, animal, the feeling of being mounted by a beast, by a bull or stallion, of being pounded, of being ridden into screaming orgasm!

I had never imagined such a thing, well, not really. I had perhaps had the occasional daring fantasy about it, but the reality was wildly more intense. But when he wasn't mounting me like a bull he was surprisingly candid in some of the things he said, evidently without realizing what insight that provided me into him as a person.

He had a deep love of music, for one thing, and not the modern music one hears on most radio stations. He played the double bass, which is rather like the cello, but has a deeper tone and can be either played with a bow, or plucked like a guitar. He found the soft, deep melody of using the bow relaxing and soothing, but he also played, plucking the strings, for an amateur jazz group, which I was certain he had told no one at work.

Since I played the violin myself (and cello, as you probably are aware) that led to a kind of recognition between us. When I'd visited his house in Malibu I'd seen a place of peace, light and tranquility, a soothing oasis away from the wild, fierce competition he engaged in at work.

He claimed to love his job, which was why he had almost no other life beside it, but to me, a man completely comfortable with such a continuing heavy workload filled with stress didn't need a place like that to retreat to.

It was a great place for parties, I'd noted, to which he'd admitted he'd never had a party there. In fact, after some prodding, it emerged that he'd owned it for five years and I was the only person he'd ever invited there!

Charles was determinedly living the life of the macho man, completely confident in his own abilities, and needing no one's help or company. And yet he had been quick enough to find time away from work to be with me since we'd met.

Oh yes, he enjoyed making use of my body. That was certainly true. I had been raised to care little about my appearance, and take no pride in it, for it was what was on the inside that mattered. But the way he looked at me still sent prickles of heat up my spine and down into my lower belly. Charles had all-but forced me to admit I was... attractive, very attractive, even hot.

And, to be honest, it made me feel, despite my mother's thoughts, very, very good about myself. I was kind of guilty about that, but I couldn't help it. Maybe we all have a bit of the exhibitionist inside us longing to luxuriate in the appreciative, if not lustful gaze of men.

I had been heading that way, mind you, since leaving home and setting up my own apartment, since buying my own clothes, rather than the shapeless, loose things mother had wanted me to wear and purchased for me.

Which was why I now gazed at myself in the mirror and shook my head in something like awe.

“Wow!” I said.

“You like eet, yes! Ees good. Ees parfait pour toi!”

Jean was very definitely gay, unless he was a very good actor, and was also a very expensive 'stylist'. I shook my head slowly and reached up to tentatively slide my fingers through my hair.

“It's amazing!” I said.

He sniffed happily. “Was wonderful hair to work weeth!”

I had never dyed my hair. I had never used anything much on it but cheap shampoo. In keeping with mother's philosophy that it was what was on the inside that mattered she had cut my hair herself to be fairly simple and keep it out of my face. Mother's hair, as a lesbian was very short, even mannish. She'd agreed mine would be much longer (reluctantly) but she'd mostly just clipped it at the collar when I was younger, and at the shoulders when I got older and started making 'suggestions'.

It had been past my shoulders when I'd left for my own apartment, and I hadn't cut it since except to trim the loose ends. And yes, I'd done it myself.

But Charles had taught me a new appreciation for myself, and then, as if to assuage the guilty feeling I would have otherwise experienced, had pointed out that our appearance, like it or not, effected how people saw us, how they related to us, and what they thought of us.

He'd never said anything bad about my hair. On the contrary, he loved to run his fingers through it and remark on how soft it was.

But now... the softener Jean had used made even me feel a sense of erotic delight when my fingers slid through it! He had not dyed my hair, but had added some highlights to bring out the red in it. I was a brunette, and my hair now shone a glorious shade of mahogany, with just glimmers of red.

It was parted perfectly in the middle of my forehead, but thick and rich, curving across and down to frame my face like the wings of a bird. Jean had suggested I let it continue to grow, that my 'long, slender' body went well with longer hair. It now hung well past my shoulders.

I thought about how Charles was going to react when he saw it and smiled, and then I felt a hot little rush of energy down low, because Charles liked to take me from behind, and pull my hair while he did it!

My mother would be appalled if she knew! Which, of course, made me almost want to giggle some of the time. I was being so... bad!

Which, believe me, is definitely not characteristic of me!

I had spoken to her last night, and it had been so hard not to confess that I had a 'boyfriend'! But then, I didn't. I had a 'man' friend. I was just starting to get used to the idea that I was a woman, as opposed to a girl, and not entirely emotionally comfortable with the idea. But no one would ever call Charles Cutler a boy!

And besides, what kind of relationship did we have as yet? One which consisted mostly of having dinners near work and wild sex in the evenings. He said he found me intriguing, but that wasn't the same as saying we had a relationship. As to him, I wasn't quite sure. I definitely found him intriguing, but how did I feel emotionally? I wasn't at all sure I could even separate my emotions from the sexual attraction.

But I kept telling myself I needed to be wary. He was still focused on business,

and had professed no time for a relationship from the start. We'd only had dinner because we both worked in the same place, and we could discuss business, and, of course, it was just up the street anyway. He had to eat, after all.

I couldn't help but think, however, that he'd lost control with me after that, that very evening, back at his office. I don't think he planned it. I think he had not wanted me to leave and a reluctant goodbye kiss had turned into something so hot and passionate it had taken control of the both of us.

I left Jean with profuse thanks and a big tip, and a quiet vow to never do my own hair again, and then, in honor of the event, went out to buy some new clothes – on credit, of course. It had to be something I'd wear to work, for I was still building up my wardrobe there, which limited me, given how conservative a place the bank was.

But I wasn't a banker, I was a human resources coordinator, which gave me a little leeway, at least. Still, mother had raised me to be conservative in how I dressed, and even Charles couldn't break that loose in a few days. I bought a suit in a deep, forest green. The jacket was shorter and more feminine than I normally wore, and the skirt was definitely the shortest I had ever considered wearing to work.

That didn't make it short, by the way, in case you don't know me. I had worn few skirts before, and they'd never come very far above my knees. I don't mean to suggest, in other words, that this was some sort of miniskirt. Far from it. But it was a good four inches above the knee, which was mildly scandalous to me! With it, I decided on a dark burgundy blouse which buttoned up the middle and had a wide collar.

I looked longingly at various shoes, including stilettos, but shook my head. The practical side of me said that lower heels were better and more functional for moving around the office. Besides, I still wasn't completely comfortable with going all 'girly'. Too many years of mother.

On the other hand, I did have an idea which made me both giggly and excited. I bought a very short tartan miniskirt at a discount store. It certainly wasn't something I was going to wear at work, or even outside, but I was betting it might have an affect on Charles in private.

I had the vague thought in my head, briefly, to call him up and tease him with the

idea of that purchase, but then I remembered that I didn't even know his phone number. It was a bit of a surprise, but we'd done so much in such a short time it was hard to remember I'd not even known him a week!

And what would I have asked his phone number for? So I could call him up and have long, chatty conversations? He hadn't the time, and truth to say neither did I. Nor did he have the temperament.

But despite that I was already missing him. I hadn't seen him at all yesterday as he'd been out of the building in meetings all day, and then today he'd been busy preparing a report for government regulators, including the SEC, and hadn't found any time to see me. He'd have a sandwich at his desk, he'd replied to my email.

I knew the regulatory thing was a big deal, but I was still feeling a trifle ignored, and worried that after a few days of wild, steamy sex he was done with me and heading back to his singular focus on business.

*

The next day I got tons of compliments from everyone on both the hair and the outfit! I was quite pleased. But I wanted to know what Charles thought of them, and I didn't want to do something childish like email or call him (I did have his work number after all) and tell him I wanted to show him my new hairstyle and outfit.

I was also still worried he was backsliding into his workaholic life – which would not include me except for occasional wild sex at the office – when he had the time... So I came up with an excuse to see him. On business, of course.

The original reason we'd met had been his staffing issues. He needed to hire more people because he kept firing people. He wanted to hire only people who were single and had no kids. That way they could devote themselves completely work, like he did. Of course, that was illegal, but that didn't stop an arrogant man like Charles.

He wanted me to find a way around the law. I didn't approve of this, of course, but on the other hand, I could see his point. No one could work the hours he did and still maintain a marriage or take care of children.

Of course, I intended to wean him away from this workaholic lifestyle, but that would take time.

I was still trying to figure a way to get him what he wanted in terms of staffing, but I had settled on one way of advertising the positions which would make it very plain that it required a devotion which would preclude much of a life outside of work.

Actually, I had written two such paragraphs, one to go just below the advertisement, and the other... for my own amusement.

The first said:

Due to the number of markets around the world which must be monitored, across numerous time zones, the successful candidate will be expected to make his or herself available during market hours both in the United States and in Asia. This position requires frequent and often unpredictable overtime both on weekends and well into the evening hours.

Just for my own amusement I had added a second paragraph.

The successful candidate will be required to work under a heartless workaholic tyrant who will make his or her life miserable if they dare to spend more than half an hour away from the office. Employees will be expected to forgo any kind of social life, take no vacations, and never get sick. Strong oral skills recommended.

That last made me giggle. I had startled both myself and Charles with my determination to at least pretend I was experienced in that particular sexual category. I had desperately used everything I'd read, heard or seen, and had 'disarmed' him in very little time at all, much to his chagrin (and mine).

Myra, my supervisor, did not think much of Charles Cutter, for he had caused HR no end of difficulties, and was a very demanding client. So she had suggested I have him sign off on anything we agreed on well before proceeding.

I called up his administrative assistant and said I just needed him to initial a paragraph before proceeding. She'd tried to find a place in his agenda, and finally just told me to come up and she'd get it quickly initialed.

I took the two paragraphs up to him, one hidden in my pocket, tapped at the outer door and walked in to see his administrative assistant look up at me.

“He's very busy,” she warned, getting out of her seat.

“This will just take a moment,” I assured her.

She knocked, then opened the door and eased in.

“Mister Cutter? Miss Fitzgerald, from HR, has a brief paragraph for an advertised position you have to sign off on,” she said.

“All right, send her in,” I heard.

I had been afraid she would take them in to him, and felt a flush of pleasure. I pulled the second paper out of my pocket and slid it behind the first and strode confidently into the room. I almost broke stride, startled to find a half dozen men there around his table, which was strewn with papers and documents.

I saw him look at me. His eyes widened, then his face dropped back into that familiar stern look he used so much at work. The other men were all looking at me, too, and I blushed slightly. I noted in passing, but not without a bit of a sense of pleasure, that his weren't the only eyes which widened appreciatively as they all watched me approach.

I smiled calmly, but was a bit shaken by the surprise, else I'd have quickly slipped the second paper into my pocket. I didn't, though. I went to the head of the table and handed them both to him!

Then I wanted to snatch the other back! Too late!

“There are two version of the statement, sir,” I said. “I need you to sign off on your preference.”

He held the papers in his hand, looking at me as I spoke, then jerked his eyes down to the papers.

“Uhm, yes,” he said, taking a gold pen from his breast pocket.

He skimmed the first and nodded. “This look good,” he said.

He flipped it up and read the other, and I bit my inner lip, afraid of what might happen.

He coughed. Then he coughed again, several times, very hard.

“Are you all right, Charles?” one of the men asked.

“F-Fine!” he gulped, face red.

“Would you like some water?”

I gulped, heart pounding as one of the men pushed over a glass of water.

Charles' face was reddening, and so was mine, I feared, his with what I thought a desperate attempt not to laugh out loud, and mine with a wild mix of anxiety and delight.

Charles drank from the glass, while I nervously shifted my weight from foot to foot. Then, seemingly composed, he initialed the top sheet.

“We'll have to discuss the second paragraph at a later date, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said.

“Of course, Mister Cutter,” I said with wide eyed innocence.

I leaned over to take it from him, my hair sweeping softly forward before I straightened.

“Not that it doesn't have a lot of raw truth to it,” he said, his cool gray eyes flicking up and down.

I smiled, turned, and walked straight-backed to the door, then out, returning to my office with a bit of a giddy sensation in my stomach.

Ten minutes later I got an email from no identifiable person. It was sent from their Blackberry, though, for it carried the tell-tail notice at the bottom.

Have you been spanked lately, Miss Fitzgerald? It asked.

I felt my face heat and looked around quickly, then deleted the message, wary of IT finding it and accusing me encouraging inappropriate emails. I had no doubt

who had sent it, but was certainly not going to start a back and forth conversation of that nature on my work computer!

I did giggle a bit, though. He was clearly so startled he'd almost lost control of that strictly maintained facade. It wouldn't do, I suppose, to have the cold-hearted Charles Cutter laughing out loud at a meeting! What would that do to his reputation?

My phone rang twenty minutes later. It was a number which was becoming familiar, and I sucked in a breath of air, feeling a rush of energy as I saw it and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" I said softly.

"You are a naughty little girl," he growled.

"I'm a woman, actually," I replied breezily. "Perhaps you hadn't noticed."

"I almost choked when I saw that!"

"You could have just laughed," I said. "It would do your reputation good."

"Would it? And what would you have had me say when everyone there asked what was so funny?"

I hesitated, then bit my lower lip.

"Exactly!"

"I hadn't expected the place to be full of people!"

"Did you think I was pretending to be busy?" he asked in annoyance.

"Well... no."

"What did you do to your hair?"

"I just had it cut."

"It's not any shorter than it was."

“Jean did change the style a bit, and he gave me a lovely softener which smells like apple blossoms.”

“Who's Jen?”

“Jean, as in a French hairstylist.”

“Do you know how strong the urge was to reach out and touch your hair when you bent over like that?”

“No,” I gulped, feeling butterflies starting to swirl in my tummy.

“I want to cancel my next meeting just so I can have you come up here, sit on my lap, and let me run my fingers through your hair.”

“That would be most improper, Mister Cutter,” I said.

“I want to do very improper things to you, Miss Fitzgerald.”

“I am not surprised. Macho men like you tend to lack sophistication and manners,” I said teasingly.

“Maybe I'll apply that lack of sophistication and manners to your lovely little bottom the next time we meet,” he growled.

“Maybe we won't meet again,” I said. “Maybe you'll be too busy and I'll take up with Evan, from Accounting. He's a very handsome man and he seems to really like my new hairstyle.”

“How about if I fire Evan from Accounting?” he growled.

“That would be against policy,” I said.

“How about if I punch his lights out?”

“That would be against the law.”

“I think you and I need to have dinner tonight.”

“I could possibly be convinced to check my calender to see if I can free up some time,” I said, “but on one condition.”

“Conditions now? And what would this condition be?”

“It's at your Malibu house, not a restaurant up the street.”

He hesitated. I still have a lot of work to do.”

“Oh well, if you don't think I'm worth it,” I said. “Did I mention I bought a little tartan skirt, in addition to the green suit you haven't even commented on?”

“A tar – .”

“You know, like Tiffany, the restaurant girl wears. But if you don't want to see me in it...”

There was a long silence.

“Five thirty in the lobby,” he growled.

I felt a big smug as the receiver clicked. Then I felt anxious. Had I made him mad? Then I felt fluttery. I was going to the Malibu house again tonight! Then I felt anxious. Surely he hadn't really put in a pole like he'd said he would! Not yet!

I was half regretting confessing to him that I had taken up pole dancing classes. It was really good exercise, but I was not unaware of the cultural contexts. In fact, since I'd taken it up my top sexual fantasy was to be a stripper in a club full of hooting, yelling, whistling men!

And no, there was no way on earth I was EVER going to do it!

Truth to tell, I'd told him as a way of teasing him, and maybe bragging a bit, and showing him I wasn't a complete prude. He'd stared at me when I'd told him, though, and promised to put in a pole in the Malibu house the very next day!

Surely he hadn't meant it!

I returned to my work, though my mind kept reminding me, with little bursts of excitement, that I was going to do something with Charles that night. What, I had no idea. But it would probably be very... wicked and wild!

My phone rang again just after lunch, and it was him again. I was surprised, then anxious, fearing he'd changed his mind, that he would say he had to be at work this evening no matter what. I picked up the receiver reluctantly, prepared to be very annoyed with Mister Charles Cutter.

“Yes, Mister Cutter?” I said.

“I can't concentrate.”

I blinked in surprise.

“Wha – ?”

“I can't focus,” he growled in irritation.

“I don't unders – .”

“Do you know where my car is parked?”

“Uh, yes.”

“Go down to the garage and wait beside it.”

“What?!”

“Now!” he growled.

He hung up and I stared at the receiver in confusion. What on earth was he up to!? Surely he didn't expect us to leave for Malibu now!? It was just after lunch!

It was close enough to lunchtime, though, that no one questioned my getting up and going to the elevator. I took the elevator to the lobby, then crossed to the elevators which traveled to the garage and rode down in silence.

Being just after lunch, there wasn't anyone around. I made me way out into the garage, looking around uncertainly, then headed over towards his car. The sleek black BMW was parked at the end of a row, between the wall on one side and a large stone pillar on the other.

I walked over to it, looking admiringly at the sleek, expensive car, but still quite uncertain about what – .

Then I heard footsteps, a quick stride across the floor, his heels striking the pavement with just enough sound to be heard. I looked around warily, for it wouldn't do to have us seen down here together really. Charles' face was stern as he approached. He practically glared at me across the hood of the car, then unlocked the drivers side and got in without a word, closing the door.

There was a click at the passenger side door, and I felt my anxiety rising. Was he going to tell me off for interrupting him and making it hard to work? I could easily see him warning me that business was important and that if I insisted on disturbing him during busy times he would just have to stop seeing me at all.

So it was with some trepidation that I opened the door and slid down inside, feeling the soft, plush leather around me as I drew the door closed. It was dim within the car, for there wasn't that much light outside and the windows were tinted. I looked at him, and he looked fiercely back at me.

Then his right hand shot out and quickly grabbed my hair. I say 'grabbed' because his hand moved so fast, but at the last nanosecond, I guess, it slowed to almost nothing, and his fingers simply slid gently and smoothly through my hair.

“Shit,” he whispered.

“What on ea – ?”

He jerked sharply on my hair! I squawked in startled pain as he literally yanked me across, or at least, halfway across the center console! I practically flew into his arms, and he dragged me much of the rest of the way forward as his lips crushed mine with bruising force! His fingers were twisting and sliding through my hair as his tongue darted into my mouth!

My startled hands shoved out against his chest to support myself, and I thought I could actually feel his pounding heart, redoubling my shock, as his mouth practically fed at mine! I was squirming, breathless, and shocked for long seconds!

But then a wild surge of heat swept through me, my anxieties falling away. Excitement gripped my mind, and something near to glee! I shifted, not trying to push back but slide forward and adjust my position better. My right knee slid down onto the seat on his left and I wound up straddling him, my hands sliding behind his neck as we kissed passionately!

I think we just kissed frantically for almost a full minute! It took at least that long for me to start gaining some measure of control over myself, and to try to pull back. This was, after all, ridiculous, dangerous, indecent, and... and just wrong! We were in a public parking lot! The parking lot of the building where we worked!

“Charles!” I gasped, finally pulling my mouth free of his.

But he still had a tight grip on my hair and he jerked my head to the side, his lips sliding down the nape of my neck, biting, chewing, sucking wildly as I squirmed against him.

“Ch-Charles!” I gasped again.

He suddenly jerked my head back, holding my hair in both hands, and I could see now that he was breathing heavily.

“You are driving me out of my mind, do you know that,” he growled.

“I didn't do anything!” I blurted.

“And that's the most amazing thing,” he said softly.

His fingers relaxed in my hair, but continued to slide through it.

“What in the hell did you do to you hair?”

“Do you... uhm, like it?” I gulped.

He gripped my hand and jerked it down against his groin, where I could feel how hard he was.

“Is that a yes?” I gulped.

“I don't think I've ever felt anything quite like it,” he said, fingers combing through my now very messy hair. “I mean, it was soft before, but not like... this.”

I suddenly realized I'd been straddling his lap for a minute and a half and his hands hadn't even tried to do anything other than caress my hair!

“It's a ... softener!” I gasped. “From France.”

“Hmmm,” he said. “I suppose the damned French are good for something at least.”

His hands finally slid out of my hair, but only to cup my face and draw it forward and down.

“I think you owe me,” he said. “And I'm going to ask you to do something highly improper.”

“Everything you ask me to do is highly improper!” I exclaimed.

His lips curled up into a wide grin. “Perhaps,” he said.

He dropped his hands from my face.

“I have maybe two minutes,” he said with a sudden sense of urgency. “I need to be at an extremely meeting! And I need to be able to focus!”

I blinked at him in confusion. What on earth was he saying?

“Two minutes!?”

I never would have imagined I would do something like that! Never in my life! Are you kidding!?

And yet yes, there I was, sliding back onto my knees on the floor of the BMW as he unzipped his trousers and pulled himself frantically out! I slid my lips over him, my hands encircling the thick, throbbing shaft, still gripped by a sense of amazement at myself that I was doing this even as my lips began to bob up and down in hard, fast motions!

Excitement slid through me, however. I loved the idea of being 'in charge', and oral sex was the only time I'd ever felt that way with him! The last time I'd started to do it he'd pulled me away, fearful he would explode quickly as he had the first time.

The amazing thing is I really had very little experience with oral sex. I had very little experience with sex, for that matter. I had operated out of desperation, using everything I had ever heard or imagined about it, and due to that and the incredible sense of excitement I'd been gripped with, I had managed, for the first

time ever, to take a man all the way down my throat!

That had been pretty much the undoing of Charles! He hadn't been able to continue much after that!

My lips slid up and down, up and down, as I sucked, as my tongue moved hungrily. I managed to get a hand into his fly, into his boxers, to wrap around his balls as my other hand gripped the base of the shaft. My lips slid down deep, then I fooled myself, as I had the last time. Instead of deciding when to go I just went.

My lips slid all the way down, my hand moving aside as I pressed my face firmly into the crotch of his trousers.

Charles' hands had never left my head, my hair, but now they tightened as I heard a gurgle above the roaring in my head. His hips jerked sharply, and then I slid back up, back up... back up.... It was the most amazing thing to stare, my eyes a little glassy, at inch after inch of glistening shaft sliding out of my mouth!

“Fuck!” he groaned.

“D-Don't swear!” I gasped in a choked voice.

I drew in deep, shuddering breaths of air as I rubbed him back and forth across my face.

Then, feeling a sense of time, I slid my lips back over him, bobbing up and down hurriedly, then slid all the way down again, gurgling softly as my face jammed into his groin.

His hips began to buck up against me and his hand shoved down, and he cursed softly and breathlessly as he emptied himself, as he spent the wild passion and excitement which had gripped him, as I swallowed it all in order to calm him down.

He put himself back into his pants as I sat back up, a little out of kilter, trying to comb my own hair back into place with my fingers.

“Thank you,” he sighed.

“You so owe me,” I said with a scowl.

He grinned. “Yes, I owe you a spanking, I believe.”

I snorted. “In. Your. Dreams. Mister Cutter.”

His grin broadened.

“I’ll see you tonight, Miss Fitzgerald.”

“And how am I supposed to concentrate now?” I demanded.

“It’s much more important to the bank that I concentrate, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said, opening the drivers door.

“Egotist,” I grumbled.

“Realist,” he replied.

He grabbed the front of my shirt and jerked me closer, then kissed me softly before turning and getting out of the car.

I got out, and we both looked around, then he winked and hurried across to the elevators. I frowned after him and slid my fingers through my hair again. I was willing to bet it was a mess!

Instead of heading upstairs I headed outside, then walked around to come in the lobby, doing what I could to comb my hair back in place. I ran into Susan from my group in the lobby and she smiled and then frowned.

“Very gusty outside,” I gulped.

*

Four and a half hours later I was back in the BMW, though things were considerably more calm this time. Charles seemed back in control of himself now. In fact, he seemed almost embarrassed about his lack of control before. Embarrassment was not an emotion I had previously sensed in Charles Cutter.

“I presume your afternoon went well,” I said.

He turned and gave me a strange look, something like reproachful.

“What?”

“I don't know,” he said, a little troubled.

“You don't know what?”

He looked at me again, then turned his eyes forward to the road.

“I'm thirty six years old,” he said.

“I know.”

“What I mean to say is I've had relationships with women before.”

I felt a little stab of jealousy, but repressed it. Of course he'd had relationships with women before. I'd had relationships with men – well, one man – before too.

“I lived with a girl when I was twenty four,” he said. “I was engaged to her, in fact.”

I stared at him in surprise.

“She was a heart surgeon. Still is, I suppose. She was in medical school then. I was crazy about her. When she graduated she accepted an internship with a prestigious hospital in London.”

“Oh,” I said. “But people – .”

“She didn't tell me,” he said.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean I came home one night from the bank, where I was working a lot of overtime to pay the bills, and found her and all her things gone.”

“But.. surely there must have been some kind of ...”

“Fight? No. Right up until that moment I thought things were great between us. She just vanished. I found out from her friends where she'd gone and tried

calling her but she wouldn't respond. I flew over there, but couldn't find her. The hospital refused to tell me what her hours were, and threatened to have me arrested if I hung around."

"Wow," I said. "What did you do?"

I flew home and went back to work."

I reached out to him, sliding my hand up and down his arm.

"I guess she screwed me in more ways than one," he said with a shrug.

"Some people are... just... heartless."

"Yes, I know. I'm one of them."

"No, you're not," I said.

"Yes, I am," he snapped, then sighed. "Or at least, I was."

He looked at me again. "I told you once before that I don't say things to flatter you. I don't. When I say something, it's nothing but the honest truth. When I say you drive me crazy, I mean it."

I let out a bit of a laugh, a small one, an uncertain one.

"You don't strike me as crazy."

"I'm not an ax murderer if that's what you mean. "But you... you fill up my mind even when you're not here."

I stared at him and felt a flood of emotions.

"You're just horny," I said jokingly.

He shook his head.

"You've only known me for five days!"

"I know!"

“You haven't seen any women since... ?”

“Of course I've seen women! I've dated a number of times. Nothing worked out. Between my lack of trust and how busy I was at work... well, how could it? And then I stopped trying. I just picked up women occasionally for quick sex.”

“You're just ... infatuated with me,” I said.

He let out a bark of laughter. “To say the least.”

“It's because I'm so good in bed,” I joked.

He smiled. “You're terrible in bed.”

My jaw dropped. “I am not!”

He laughed in delight at my indignation. “You have a very stunning natural talent in the area of oral sex,” he said. “But your skill-set in everything else reveals a distinct lack of experience.”

“It doesn't seem to have bothered you much,” I said, glowering.

His face softened. “Bothered me? I found it charming, delightful, even exciting.”

“You clearly don't suffer from a lack of experience,” I said, still glowering.

He shrugged. “When you look like me and dress like me you can walk into any of the city's meat markets and pick up a beautiful woman in a very short time.”

“Arrogant,” I muttered.

“Realist,” he said. “But my lack of social skills is screwing up what I'm trying to say again. I'm not criticizing your lack of sexual experience, Aidan. Sex with you is amazing! Your body is... incredible, your skin is amazing, your hair... but what really drives me insane about sex with you, is how hot you get.”

“Uh...”

“Looking at you, hearing you, sensing how aroused, how full of passion and excitement you are makes me feel... so out of my head excited you wouldn't believe it. It also makes me absolutely determined to make the sex as incredible

as possible for you.”

“Well... you succeed,” I said.

“You are the most responsive woman I have ever been with in my life. Do you have any idea how it makes me feel when I touch you and I see how you respond?”

“Yes,” I said, thinking of how hot it made me taking him into my mouth, feeling and hearing his response.

“But wanting to have sex with you is only part of it. I find myself impatient at work, thinking of things I could be doing with you. There are so many things we haven't done because I haven't got the time to do more than steal away for a few hours of sex!”

“It's been five days!” I exclaimed.

He nodded and his face softened. “I know,” he sighed. “Like I said, I've gone crazy.”

“Familiarity breeds contempt,” I said lightly.

“Not so far. It just breeds the desire for more familiarity.”

“Well, I could introduce you to my mother,” I said dryly.

He laughed. “Think she'd like me?”

“An alpha male banker? I think she'd absolutely loathe you,” I said, smiling.

We pulled into the garage at the Malibu beach house and got out. He slipped his arm around me and we walked into the house. The first floor was at ground level only on the eastern side of the house. The ground dropped sharply away from there so that the bulk of the house rested on thick concrete pillars. well above the ground below. When there was a storm the waves would wash up past the big concrete posts the western side of the house was resting on to the edge of the rocks.

“What a gorgeous view,” I said, looking out the huge glass wall.

“What a gorgeous view,” he echoed me.

I turned to find him looking at me, which gave me a little squirmy sensation. Was he in love with me!? God! How did I feel about him!? I was certainly... infatuated with him to a degree, but I was afraid of how much of that was physical. I didn't know him well enough to fall in love!

“I'll start dinner,” he said.

“You cook?”

He grinned. “I'm not an expert but I can do a little.”

“Kraft dinner?”

He snorted. “Steaks.”

I nodded, then, instead of following him into the kitchen, I walked around the great room. What a room it was! The walls were white, or off white. The far wall had an immense marble fireplace, with a large mantel and a backing which rose to the ceiling twenty feet up. The near wall was a water wall, sort of grayish, with a constant trickle of water spilling down its surface and lit by track lights above.

The floor was black marble, with a swirling blue Persian carpet in the middle. The furniture was blue and white leather. The entire wall in front of me was glass, curving up and in for several feet. It could be opened wide to expose the room to the breeze coming off the ocean. Since we were about fifteen feet up and twenty feet back from the edge of the waves the view was ... stunning.

So I didn't notice, at first, that right there, near the water wall, where the floor was of polished marble, I saw the stripper pole.

I stared at it in something like disbelief! He had actually done it! Holy – !

I gripped it in my hand, staring way up above to where it was attached to the ceiling. Who would put something like this in their living room!? Then again, he had confessed that I was the first and only guest he'd ever had here.

And when you're rich I guess you can put stuff in and take it out any time you

want. It's not like you had to worry over the cost.

I had honestly given no thought to his money up until that point in time. Suddenly I looked around and felt a strange rush of emotions. What if this was my house?! Imagine living here!

I shook that thought off and boxed it up with a sense of indignation. Whether he had money or not would play no part in what I would feel about him!

I had my big bag slung over my shoulder. At the bottom of the bag was a neatly folded length of cloth. The miniskirt wasn't big, after all. It fit easily. I felt a breathlessness, then found the bathroom and looked at myself a long moment.

The jacket was forest green, as I said. The skirt, almost by coincidence, but not really, was green and white checks, like a schoolgirl kilt – like the one our waitress Tiffany had been wearing at the restaurant where we'd first gone.

I slipped off my business skirt and slipped on the little kilt instead. It was barely longer than my blazer! The amount of bare legs it displayed made me shake my head at the thought some girls would actually wear this in public! Why, it was barely two inches below my buttocks!

I slipped out of the bathroom, but he was still in the kitchen. I had a thought, and darted up the stairs, searching, exploring, marveling at how beautiful the house was. I found his bedroom, and stared around it. It was all so filled with dark, shining wood, so masculine! The bed was a monster, a California King, of course, with thick square pillars on each corner which must have reached eight feet high.

I wanted to get really snooppy and look into every drawer, into the closets, but just inside was a long wide chest of drawers and there was a tie on top, not neatly folded, but just tossed there. I picked it up eagerly and then slipped it around my collar as I headed back downstairs.

He caught me at the bottom of the stairs. I felt just a moment's embarrassment, as if he'd caught me snooping, but then I saw his eyes widen as he froze, and I posed, feeling a rush of heat as I twirled the tie a little.

“Mister Cutter,” I said. “I hope you don't mind that I got into something more... comfortable.”

He continued to stare at me, but then I saw his trousers starting to bulge and repressed a heady giggle.

“You seem to be having some.. difficulty with the fit of your clothing,” I said.

His eyes narrowed. “It's interesting that you're dressed like a schoolgirl,” he said. “I think I suggested that your bottom might need some attention earlier.”

I looked at him warily. “Don't you dare.”

A dark grin appeared on his face as he moved forward.

“Charles!” I said warningly.

He kept moving forward and I jumped to the side and scurried across the room.

“Don't you dare!” I cried behind me.

He hurried after me, and then I reached ... the pole.

Breathlessly, excitedly, I swept around it, and then stopped, extending my arm as I leaned to the side.

He stopped dead in his tracks.

“Too bad this place doesn't have any music,” I said.

Of course it had music. It had a central stereo with speakers in every room. He made a very undignified beeline to the controls, and after a few moments of cursing and muttering, jazz came over the speaker. It was nice jazz, and a great speaker system. It was certainly not something I could dance to, though.

A moment later it shifted to something else, then something else again, then a rhythmic blues that I seized on. More than acceptable! I reached up above me to seize the pole, pressing my buttocks back against it as he turned to stare.

I let my tongue slide over my lower lip, and he came back, slowly, as I let my hips start to roll and grind to the music. My heart was beating louder as we locked eyes, and then he slowly moved to the side and sat down in a leather recliner. He half rose, grabbed it, and dragged it forward several feet, then sat

again.

I felt nervous now. I thought I was a pretty good dancer, and I was a good student in my pole dancing, but the classes weren't meant to be erotic, exactly. The exercise value of certain moves was what they emphasized.

I gave him a saucy look, then turned, shifting my grip on the pole and swinging my body once around it to land, feet apart. I pushed my bottom back, rolling it slowly in time to the music, then turned again, letting my body undulate.

I swept my arms back, and arched my back at the same time, and my jacket slid over my shoulders and down. I grabbed it and tossed it to him, then swung myself around the pole again.

So, you like to peek, do you, Charles, I thought excitedly.

I undid the second button of my blouse, hips rolling slowly, then the third and fourth, then I reached up and grasped the pole, arching my back, rolling my hips in time to the music. I twirled around the pole a few times, then dropped before him, hands sliding up my body, over my breasts, then up through my hair.

I slid my hands inside my blouse, leaning back against the pole, my hands pushing up to cup my breasts, then tugging my blouse out of the little skirt.

Charles' eyes kept flicking up and down, but spending a lot of time on my legs. Hadn't he noticed them before, I wondered. Maybe they just looked a lot longer under the tiny kilt.

I undid the skirt, then let it slide off, giving him a bashful look as I clutched the blouse, but I had undone all the buttons, and as my bottom ground against the pole I slid my fingers up and down the inside edges, easing them in and back, in and back, giving him peeks of my skin and bra. Then I simply let it go, swinging around the pole again.

The shirt was making me impatient, though. I pulled it off, then jump at the pole, moving into what my teacher called the transition. I clutched the pole to my chest, my foot and leg braced against it a couple of feet off the floor. The my foot came free and I swung both legs up and back and together to clutch the pole between them.

My body upper body dropped down, and I arched my back again as I gripped the bottom of the pole with my hands and slid slowly down. I let my body fold up on the floor, then threw my legs up and back, felt the floor under my feet, and straightened, starting to feel a dark thrill of heat as I realized I could do this... naked!

Oh I'd done these at class, of course, but never naked, and never with a man watching! I'd only thought about it... many, many times!

Now I was more eager to get out of my clothes than to tease Charles! I did another rolling movement, hips grinding as my hands moved up behind me and undid my bra. I slid it forward, shyly covering my breasts with my arms, rolling my shoulders, giving him a coquettish look. I turned abruptly, letting the bar slide between my breasts, pushing my bottom out and rolling it in a slow, circular motion.

I felt a sudden fear. Would he think I was too slutty!? He was staring at me, and seemed to be... not unhappy, but who knew what the man was thinking!?

But my own excitement and anticipation was high. I let him see my breasts as I circled the pole, let him see the pole between my breasts as I slid my tongue along the pole! I felt a hot throbbing between my legs as I ground myself against the smooth metal, then threw caution to the winds and snatched off my thong!

I did the cross leg climb up the pole. That meant reaching up, grasping it firmly between my hands, and pulling myself up while throwing my legs around it and seizing it between my thighs. Then, using that grip for support, I briefly let my hands open to reach up and grab the pole higher up, dragging my body upward.

Which of course, slid my pussy right up along the pole!

I did it again, and again, for this pole was ridiculously high, but I wasn't about to go way up to the top. I slid back down the pole, but circling it as I did, to end up on one foot, one leg curled around it, the pole still clutched between my breasts as I stared at him around it.

Okay, the next move was quite difficult. It put a lot of weight on my arms. But... my mind was racing, and I was, in part, showing off. But I was showing off my athleticism as much as anything else, and I hadn't put any thought into the, well.. sluttiness of this move!

I pulled myself up the pole in the exercise called Air Invert. Then, with my elbows against my chest, I let my body swing free to the side a bit, and swung my legs up and wide. As I did so I felt a wild rush of heat which was both embarrassment and a dark sexual thrill. I'd always worn a conservative leotard before!

Now my legs swung wide and up and back, in an incredibly obscene position!, and then I forced them up high to slide around the pole and hang back upside down, back arched! I slid down the pole, hands flat against the floor, then letting my thighs continue to slide down until I was flat on the floor. I sat up, drew one straight leg up and back around around the pole, then stood up, blushing hotly.

And Charles was no longer sitting down! I gasped, backing into the pole, then seized it up high as his body pressed softly against me.

“You really are trying to drive me out of my fucking mind,” he growled.

“No swearing,” I gulped, heart pounding.

He grabbed my arms and started pulling backwards. I stumbled after him. He sat down, half pulling me atop him, and I breathlessly climbed atop him, but continued, then, to roll my hips in time to the music, dropping my hands onto his shoulders as I ground my buttocks against him.

His hands came up to grasp my breasts and I pushed them away.

“No touching the dancers, sir,” I said primly.

He glared at me, a dark hunger in his face. “I’ll pay extra!” he breathed.

“Sir,” I said, rolling my head and sliding my fingers through my hair, “Just what kind of a girl do you think I am?”

I leaned in, grasping his shoulders again, and slid my chest in and up so that my very stiff nipples ever so lightly slid across his face. They burned at the touch of his skin, and I shuddered, grinding my bottom, feeling his erection under his trousers.

His hands were on my thighs, then one of them pulled back, and pushed into his pocket. He pulled out his wallet, took a fifty dollar bill, and slapped it on the

table next to him.

I gulped, a wild thrill rolling through me as I kept rolling my hips and arching my back.

My hands slid up and down his chest now, then pushed his jacket back over his shoulders. I undid his tie and, still grinding and rolling and letting my body undulate, I undid the buttons of his shirt one by one, then with a couple still done, I tore the shirt open, giving him a fierce look.

“Such a nasty man,” I said, leaning in and down, then, arching sharply, sliding up, letting my breasts slide upward along his bare chest. He leaned in to lick at them and I quickly pulled back, hands sliding along his legs to his knees, then deliberately arching my body up and sharply back as I continued to grind against him.

“If you're not careful,” he growled, “You're going to disarm me again!”

I felt a gasp of alarm at that. No, I definitely didn't want that! Pretending to be a stripper had made my body burn like fire and I was breathless with anticipation, only delaying things because that anticipation was so delicious!

I straightened up quickly, my hands going to his belt. I opened it, sliding my buttocks backward a bit. I undid his trousers, pulled down his zipper, and reached in to feel his hot, hard cock in my hands. I pulled it up, sliding my fingers up and down its length.

“This is most improper, sir,” I said breathlessly.

I rose up, pressed him against myself, and slid slowly down, shuddering, groaning, as his hands came up and grasped my buttocks. I leaned in against him, pressing my breasts against his bare chest as we kissed, as I ground myself down with him deep inside me. I loved the aching as the head of his cock pushed against the deepest part of my sex!

I rose a bit, sank down, rose a bit, sank down, moaning helplessly into his mouth as one of his hands slid up my ribs to cup my breast and squeeze it firmly.

“Nasty girl,” he growled.

I rode him, moaning, using longer strokes, and his hands caught my breasts, sucking and chewing on them, shifting his mouth from one to the other as I rode higher and harder!

“Now I-I'm fucking you!” I gasped.

One of his hands slid down my belly and I cried out as he found my clitoris. I only rode higher and harder, gasping for breath, crying out at the hot surge of sensation! But then he abruptly shifted, grasping my bottom and leaning forward. He stood up effortlessly, energetically, turned and then fell forward, dropping me onto my back on the chair!

And I mean onto my back. In fact, my head pushed into the backrest just near the bottom, forcing my chin forward onto my chest even as Charles pressed down against me! He shifted his grip quickly to my legs, jamming them up and back against the backrest as he started to thrust into me with hard, powerful strokes that shook the chair!

And me!

I had a sudden breathless surge of almost dazed certainty that at the way he was going he couldn't possibly last long. And for once, I wanted to make him come first! Well, not counting oral!

I tried to resist it, but there was just no doing it! I was too high, too aroused! Getting to strip at a pole in front of him had thrilled some dark part of me and I came with a helpless, quivering, undulating cry of pleasure as his heavy hips pounded down against my upraised buttocks and his cock pounded hard, fast, and achingly deep into my body!

He had been determinedly waiting, I knew, for he let himself go then, and his thrusts took on a frantic pace, shorter but faster as he spent himself atop me, gasping for breath, barely wearing his clothes as he all-but collapsed top me.

“A-At least you're n-naked this time!” I gasped weakly.

His pants were around his ankles, and his open shirt and blazer hung off his shoulders.

He eased up and back, a bit unsteadily, then shrugged off the shirt and jacket.

“I think it's time for me to demonstrate those oral skills you spoke about in that write-up, little girl,” he growled, sliding down to his knees before the chair.

Then the fire alarm went off.

It startled us both out of our focus on each other, and I realized there was smoke in the room! Charles cursed and leapt up, almost killing himself as he stumbled with his pants around his ankles. He tore them off and ran into the kitchen, where he'd completely forgotten the steaks, of course.

I hurried after him, as naked as he was, and followed him into the kitchen as he lifted the frying pan off the jet and quickly put it under the sink. The remains of the steak were burned to a crisp, and actually on fire a bit.

He had a very nice ass, I thought, reaching down to squeeze it.

“When you said you were no expert, well, you weren't kidding,” I said.

He turned and scowled at me.

“Is this a kitchen or a mortuary?” I asked lightly.

His eyes narrowed.

“Not that some people don't like their steaks uhm... cremated,” I said with a bit of a giggle as I backed away.

He snatched at me and I darted away with a squeal.

“Brat!”

I ran past the pole, but was cornered! I flung open the door there, which was poor thinking on my part, and darted out! He closed the door behind me and locked it!

I was halfway down the stairs, but quickly stopped with a gasp, and turned around. I was naked! Of course, we'd been here naked before, down on the beach. The spiral staircase went down about fifteen feet to the beach below. The area under the house was mostly shaded, the house held up by the big stone pillars. But beyond them was a soft, sandy white beach with the waves washing

ashore fifteen or twenty feet away.

All beaches are public, technically, theoretically. But there wasn't really anywhere to park if you didn't own one of the houses along the beach, and finding your way onto the beach here wasn't easy either. The houses were close together, and the owners didn't exactly make it easy for people to find a path down.

The result was that long stretches of beach were practically deserted most of the time, which is exactly how the rich people liked it. The door was locked and I slapped at it, but didn't want to yell in case I caught someone's attention outside!

“You're being a jerk!” I shouted through the door.

Then I heard voices!

I squeaked, turned and sat down on the stairs below the door, drawing my knees up against my chest and making sure my feet were close together on the stair!

It was a minute, but an older couple wandered by. I flushed slightly, but was pretty sure they couldn't see anything. I hoped they couldn't tell I was naked either! They'd probably think they just couldn't see my suit!

The woman waved at me and I waved nervously back.

“It's a lovely day!” she called.

“Yes, it is, isn't it!” I called back.

The door opened behind me, and I jerked my head up and around, frantically wondering if he was naked! He wasn't. He'd put on his swimsuit, in fact.

“Hello, Charles,” the man called.

“Good day to you, Paul,” Charles replied.

His presence had stopped them from walking past, and they now moved closer instead!

“We don't see very much of you, Charles,” the woman said.

“Well, I don't have the time I'd like,” he replied. “Forgive me. This is Aidan

Fitzgerald. Aidan, this is Paul and Cynthia Ross.”

“How do you do, Aidan,” the man said.

“Fine, thank you,” I said anxiously.

“I see now what's brought Charles out to the beach at last,” he said, chuckling.

I smiled nervously.

They passed on by with a wave and I glowered up and back at Charles.

“I wasn't the one who ran outside naked,” he said before I could speak.

“I wasn't the one who locked the door!”

“I didn't want you to get away,” he said.

“What?”

“I had to call the fire department and turn off the alarm. I figured you'd hold where you were for a minute or two,” he said with a smile.

I looked around carefully, then stood up and turned around, pushing past him into the house.

I tsked and picked up my shirt, then yelped as I felt his hand on my bottom.

“Charles!”

“Yes?”

“This is going to get all wrinkled. I should have folded it.”

“I don't think strippers generally fold their clothes after removing them.

I gave him a quelling glance and snatched up my jacket and the little skirt.

“I should have brought a change of clothing,” I grumbled.

“What you're wearing looks fine to me.”

I snorted. “I can't wear the same outfit back to work I wore today!”

“You're right. Change out the tartan kilt for the skirt you wore.”

“I don't think so!”

He picked up a knit pullover and slid it on, grinning at me.

“I have lots of clothes,” he said.

“Uh huh,” I replied.

He snatched his shirt off the floor, the one he'd been wearing, and tossed it to me.

“This ought to make you... decent,” he said.

I paused, then slid it on. It was certainly loose and comfortable, which my work clothes definitely weren't. I shrugged, folded them, then followed him into the kitchen, where he was putting on another pair of steaks.

*

The steaks were okay, but I had to help. Charles clearly wasn't really used to making his own meals, or at least, didn't really have high standards for when he did. The way he shoveled food into his mouth made me think the latter. It was just fuel to him, meant to allow him to get back to work.

After dinner we relaxed by the fireplace – which burst to life at the flick of a switch.

“No DVDs? No movies?” I asked, looking around.

“It's all on-line,” he said with a shrug.

“What kind of movies do you watch?”

“I don't watch many movies.”

“But when and if you did?”

“Guess,” he said with a smile.

“Would they be the kind where big strong heroes kill all the bad people in large numbers without worrying about laws and rules and stuff?”

“Maybe,” he said, drawing out the word.

“Or maybe the ones with lots of naked girls who do whatever the hero wants without much effort at seduction?”

He grinned. “You've reminded me that I wanted to get you on video.”

“In your dreams,” I said.

“Yes,” he agreed.

He slid his hand along my thigh and up under the edge of his shirt, and I shifted myself further away from him on the sofa, frowning.

“Have you ever taken one of those naked selfies?”

“Of course not!”

“Because I'd pay to see one.”

“Yeah? How much?” I asked impudently.

“Depends on how graphic and obscene it is.”

“Ha!”

He had a long reach, and slid his hand over my leg again. I leaned back and away from him, and brought up my foot, pushing against him. He caught my ankle and held it, then let his fingers slide along my bare foot.

“A video of you swinging around a pole naked would do.”

I blushed just a bit. “There isn't one, I'm afraid.”

“We could make one, say your video resume for applying at a strip club.”

“Not likely.”

“How did you wind up taking pole dancing again?”

“It's really good exercise!”

“I can see that. I can see it in how toned your body is, too. But there are lots of exercises and exercise classes. Why pole dancing?”

I shrugged.

“Teenage rebellion?”

“Maybe something like that.”

“Men and boys have much more calm relationships than women and daughters.”

“How do you know?” I demanded.

“I know everything. Hadn't you noticed?”

“Except how to cook!”

“You wound me,” he said.

“Ha!”

He tugged on my ankle suddenly, and I squawked as I felt myself sliding across the sofa. He reached over and grabbed me and plucked me up, then sat me down astride him, across his lap.

“You were the one who said we didn't do anything but sex!” I exclaimed.

“Hmm,” he said, his fingers gliding along my inner thigh. “I don't remember it as being a complaint.”

“We haven't gone to the beach yet!”

He grinned at me.

“Not to have sex! I want to walk along the beach!”

So I found the least provocative of the three swimsuits he'd bought for me, and dropped his shirt and we went for a walk on the beach.

The homes were freaking gorgeous! I hadn't been on a beach in a while, not counting the brief time we'd been on the beach my last visit. And I'd been... distracted, to say the least, that time.

Now we walked along the shore, my feet in the damp sand, letting the waves wash across them as we walked up the beach. It was amazingly empty, but again, you could tell why as you looked up at the big houses. There was no way to get to the beach if you didn't live here!

“You rich people are hogging a beautiful beach,” I grumbled.

“We deserve it,” he said airily.

“But you're not even using it!”

“I'm using it.”

“Well, no one else is! And you're only using it because I'm here!”

“But it's here for me to use at my convenience, and not crowded with plebes.”

“Plebes?”

“Plebes.”

“You are so arrogant!”

“You've said that on a number of occasions. We should just take that as a given.”

“I'm a plebe, you know!”

“But a well-mannered one.”

“I am?”

“And you look great in a bikini. Tell you what, I'm perfectly willing to amend the rules and have all the beautiful plebe girls in bikinis walk along my beach.”

“It's not your beach, you sexist!”

“Possession is nine points of the law, or something like that.”

“Have you ever heard of the guillotine, Charles?”

“I'm fairly certain our lawyers could get that declared unconstitutional”, he said.

“That's the Pacific Coast Highway?” I asked, pointing.

“Yes.”

“I see a bunch of plebes on the beach ahead,” I said.

“They can reach the beach here,” he said.

I was of two minds. One, it was good there was some access to the beach for non-millionaires. On the other, I felt my face heat up a bit as we walked past people now. Yes, the bikini was relatively modest, but stress the word 'relative'. Given what I was used to wearing, well, I was exposing a lot of pale, untanned skin!

“I have no tan,” I said a bit mournfully.

“Your skin looks lovely, like polished ivory.”

I snorted.

“Tanned skin is unhealthy skin.”

“There, you've finally found a thought in common with mother,” I said.

“Don't worry. None of the men looking at you cares about your tan.”

“Men aren't looking at me!” I said anxiously, jerking my head around.

“Of course they are. You're highly noticeable. They're just not staring because you're with a big, frightening looking man like me.”

“Egotist. I bet ... never mind.”

“What?”

“I was going to say I bet the girls were staring at you more than the guys were staring at me but I realized that would just feed your ego more.”

“I'm hot,” he said smugly.

I rolled my eyes.

“I could use something cool,” I said as we reached a line of refreshment stands.

There was a crowd around the refreshment stand. I could see Charles' unhappiness, and smiled softly. He probably felt that as a wealthy banker everyone else should just move out of his way. Then I felt his hand on my back, stroking gently. I felt it slide down onto my hip, and felt a sense of... nervousness.

I looked up at him but he only smiled. I frowned and he smiled more, and his hand slid down onto my bottom. I felt a little shock, and looked around us, but I didn't think anyone could see. I reached down anyone and gripped his wrist, pushing his hand away, and glaring at him.

He raised an innocent eyebrow, then his hand slid up and down my lower back again.

“What'll you have?” the man behind the counter asked.

“Ahm, cherry Popsicle,” I said.

Charles' hand slid down my back and into my suit, and I flinched, but couldn't do much as it caressed my bare bottom. I slapped at his wrist but he ignored me.

“Is there somewhere in that suit you have money?” he asked.

“I know you put your wallet in your pocket,” I said.

“Ahh, so, I am to feed you, am I?”

“You're to pay for anything I want,” I said lightly. “That's your purpose in life.”

“Hmmm,” he said.

He had to take his hand out of my swimsuit to get the money, and I took the Popsicle and slid aside as he paid.

“Does this make me your sugar daddy?” he asked as he came away.

“For a Popsicle? Ha. Wait until you buy me a Mercedes or something before calling yourself that,” I said.

“Would you like a Mercedes?”

I hesitated, not sure if he was joking or not, but decided to take it as a joke. I snorted, and broke the Popsicle down the middle, then pulled out one side and slid it into my mouth as we walked back down the beach.

“Are you practicing?” he asked.

“I'm just eating a Popsicle, jeeze!” I said.

Of course, frankly, there is no way to eat a Popsicle without some perve (translation, man) thinking it's an erotic display. Eating a Popsicle involves sliding it into your mouth, sucking on it, pulling it out again, maybe licking it. Well, you get the picture.”

“Someone ought to punch a road through here,” I said, looking up at the houses. “That way people could use this part of the beach.”

“I see no advantage to me in that,” Charles replied.

“It's not always about you, Charles,” I said.

“On the contrary, it IS, in fact, always about me.”

“Selfish.”

“All humans are selfish.”

“Not as much as you.”

“Yes, pretty much. Some can share with family, but if it comes down to what's good for them or what's good for strangers, people will invariably choose them.”

I couldn't really argue with that, but still.

“You have a cynical world view.”

“Eminently justified over time, I assure you.”

“Not everyone is a bitch like your ex,” I said.

He hesitated. “No, I'm aware of that.”

But then his hand returned to the small of my back again. I glanced behind us, even as I felt it sliding down into my suit, but no one was close enough to notice, and it felt kind of excitedly naughty, if you get the picture.

“This is my bottom, you know,” I said. “I don't have to share it with you.”

“But it's in your own interest to do so.”

“Why?”

“You get free Popsicles, for one thing.”

“Oh, well...”

I slid the Popsicle into my mouth all the way to the stick. Charles pretended not to notice.”

“And aren't you going to share the Popsicle?” he asked.

I shrugged and handed him the other half I'd been carrying in its wrapper.

He took it but then didn't do anything with it.

“Aren't you going to eat it?”

“In a manner of speaking.”

His hand slid off my bottom and up my back where he unclipped my bra.

“Charles!” I gasped, slapping my arm across my chest.

“No one is on the beach in front of us.”

“There's houses up there!”

“Realistically, even if someone in one of those windows saw you walking along topless they wouldn't think much of it. Unless they had amazing vision all they could see was a young woman topless. They wouldn't be able to make out your face.”

“I don't care!”

“Besides, you have a lovely body.”

“You go naked then!”

“I will if you will,” he said.

“No way!”

He chuckled softly as I re-tied the string of my bikini top.

We reached his house, and sat down on the bottom step looking out at the ocean.

“Your Popsicle is melting,” I said.

I had already finished mine.

He turned and gave me a weird look, one I had come to mean I should be suspicious.

“What – ?”

His arms were across my shoulders, but now I felt his hand in my hair, sliding through it, then tightening around a mass of it, pulling me back as he leaned back as well.

“Charles!” I gasped. “What are you doing?”

His hand released my hair, then undid the bra clasp at my neck. I gasped and reached for the bra but he pulled back on my hair again.

“Charles!”

“Shh,” he said.

I felt his hand pulling down my swimsuit bottoms and jerked my head up, eyes rolling to the side to make sure no one was nearby. Then I let him remove my top, too, already starting to feel a thrumming sense of sexual energy rising within me.

He bent me back on the stairs, sucking and licking at my nipple, then brought the Popsicle down against it!

“Oh! Charles! That's cold!” I cried, jerking my hands up across my breasts.

“Sissy.”

I lowered my hands as he brought the Popsicle back, circling my already erect nipple, then sliding it directly over it. He bent and took the center of my breast into his mouth, sucking and licking, then circled the Popsicle across my other breast, massaging my throbbing nipple with it.

“Spread your legs,” he said.

“Charles!” I groaned.

But a dark excitement was gripping me so I obeyed. He traced the Popsicle down my abdomen, slow enough to make me gasp, but quickly enough I could take it easily enough. I winced as it slid lightly up and down against my sex, and my legs jerked and spasmed as he rubbed harder against my clitoris.

“This is not exactly making me hot!” I gulped.

“It will.”

It did, but only because he slipped off the stairs and turned to kneel before me, then replaced the Popsicle with his mouth!

I was still half focused on watching the beach, my head jerking back and forth as his tongue lapped at my cherry flavored sex, but the feel of his tongue caressing me sent waves of heat up through my belly. They kept being interrupted,

however, as he pulled back to replace his tongue and lips with the Popsicle!

I tried to slap the Popsicle away but his hand dodged mine, then he protected it with his wrist, curving his hand in as he caught at my clitoris and sucked energetically. His fingers pushed into me, pumping steadily, twisting and turning inside me as his tongue lapped at my clitoris. Then he put the Popsicle in his mouth.

His right hand massaged my pussy, two fingers, then a third, sliding into me while the thumb stroked across my clitoris. The left hand slid up my body to knead my breast as he looked at me with laughing eyes.

I moaned and squirmed, and rolled my head anxiously from side to side to make sure no one would come upon us.

He pulled the Popsicle out of his mouth, then bent to lick strongly across my clitoris, and I squealed and grabbed at his head, trying to push it aside. He wouldn't be dislodged, though, and in truth, despite the wild discomfort of how cold his tongue and lips were there was a wild heat at the same time!

That cold, slippery tongue caressing my clitoris was driving a wall of sensation up through my groin and taking my breath away! He licked strongly at my clitoris, his hands both on my breasts now, and my hips ground frantically up against him as I moaned in helpless pleasure.

His tongue warmed, of course, and that changed but didn't diminish the sensations. I was gulping in air, my hips rolling up against him as the pressure made my head pound. My feet had risen from the step and were now on his back as he licked me.

Then he stopped and leaned forward, Popsicle in his mouth again. I stared up at him as his hands kneaded my breasts, then caught my nipples and pinched them both. I winced, grabbing at his wrists, his thick, strong wrists, but he only smiled, tugging at my nipples, stretching them, a determined look on his face.

He removed the Popsicle and bent to take the center of my left breast into his mouth. Again, I felt that wild mixture of excitement, heat and cold, and moaned at the rushing confusion of sensations! Meanwhile he was pinning my thighs back with his knees as he slid the Popsicle up and down between my legs!

I did manage to grab his hand that time, at least, but he only laughed, then ducked back down and began to lick up the droplets of icy cold water it had left behind, his tongue lapping firmly against my clitoris!

His finger pushed into me, then a second, then a third, as my hips rolled up convulsively and my breathing became more and more ragged.

Then he paused and looked at me.

“Charles!” I moaned.

“If I continue can I get a reward?”

“Yes!”

I didn't even ask what he meant. I wasn't really thinking all that straight!

He bent and his open mouth closed on my breast. It was a firm, aching grip that was almost a bite as his mouth sucked hungrily and his tongue whipped across my nipple. At the same time, his fingers pumped hard and fast inside me as he brought his thumb down across my clitoris.

He was pressing up and back against his thumb with his fingers inside me, as if my swollen clitoris was caught between them! And it brought an orgasm crashing down around me as my hips bucked violently back at his pumping fingers!

I was... vocal... in my appreciation, as the orgasm rode my mind and sent my body into convulsions. My right foot wound up high along the pole at the foot of the stairs while my left dug in against the railing high and to the other side. My hips spasmed and jerked as I cried out in passion, pleasure and release, overcome by the flood of excitement and heat!

I bruised my head on the stair behind it as my body arched wildly and my head rolled and thrashed with the force of the energy tearing through me.

“I love how responsive you are,” he sighed, as my vision began to clear.

I groaned low in my throat.

“Someone is coming, though, in case you worry about that sort of thing.”

I blinked dazedly, but jerked my head up and to the side. There was a couple walking towards us! In fact, they were almost certainly close enough to have heard me! Gasping, I twisted around and scurried up the stairs as Charles followed, chuckling.

“Hurry up! Hurry up!” I gasped.

He unlocked the door and I dove inside.

*

I hadn't asked what he meant by reward. I had assumed it would be sexual, and hadn't had any particular objection. But Charles seemed to find it amusing, or at least, entertaining to stretch my boundaries, or maybe mock them. He thought I was too inhibited. I thought he was a typical man.

In truth, maybe, as he had suggested, he really was conditioning me. I mean, I was way more interested in sex now than I had been before meeting him, after all! I was a lot more... enthusiastic about the idea of sex, and about doing 'nasty' stuff with him, even if I did consider much of it to be highly inappropriate.

Especially at work!

Going to visit him to give him oral sex at his desk was highly inappropriate! Going to visit him to have him give me a 'quicky' bent over his desk was highly inappropriate! I mean, at least the sex we'd had the first few days was after regular work hours!

But I was driven on to do these things not so much to please him, though there was something of that, but because of the dark anticipation of the pleasure I knew would come. I knew, or at least, my body knew, that the pleasure would be wildly exciting and intense, and I'm quite sure that was influencing my agreement.

And if those were inappropriate, what could I say about him scheduling a meeting to discuss staffing issues – in his shower!?

“You are out of your sex-obsessed mind,” I said flatly.

He only smiled that confident smile of his.

“Charles!”

He raised his eyebrows innocently.

“I am not going to have a shower with you in your bathroom! It's the middle of the day!”

“My girl took the afternoon off.”

“So!?”

“Your boss doesn't expect you back for at least ninety minutes easily.”

“Don't you have work to do!?” I demanded!

He lifted me up and sat me on the edge of his desk.

“You are my project,” he said before kissing me.

“Charles!” I moaned.

His hands were getting very good at undressing me, with or without my active cooperation. Though at least this time, after finally giving in to the inevitable, I got to undress him as well.

So there we were in the middle of a large, busy office building in downtown L.A., surrounded by busily working people, completely naked and making love in the shower of his bathroom! I can't tell you how weirdly exciting that was! It wasn't quite as daring as being naked outside on the beach, but it was certainly, well... very naughty.

I still had to complain of course. I couldn't help myself.

“This is crazy!” I said anxiously, several times. “You're a pervert! This is completely inappropriate for work!”

I said that even as he guided me into the bathroom, then into the shower!

“But Charles!”

He turned on the water, guided me into it, and then slid the door shut behind us.

“Perhaps since we're at work and this is a meeting, you should call me Mister Cutter,” he said.

I stated at him indignantly, but then exhaled as my eyes were overwhelmed by all that dripping naked... Charles right in front of me. I slid my hands onto his chest, feeling again that warm, soft skin over the muscles underneath, and felt a shudder of heat as his hands cupped my buttocks. Then his lips came down on mine and we kissed for long seconds.

“It's still highly inappropriate!” I gulped.

“Of course,” he said.

The feel of his skin only got more incredible with soap on it!. And the feel of his soapy hands sliding over mine was even better! Needless to say he concentrated on soaping up specific parts of my anatomy, regardless of how much I squirmed.

I wondered if it was my imagination that I could hear voices in the hallway outside as he pinned me in the corner, his fingers between my legs, my pulse racing and my hips grinding helplessly against him!

“Let's see how long this takes,” he said softly.

It didn't take long at all! I managed to keep my voice down... mostly, as my body shook through the climax, but only because I was terrified there was a meeting room or a hallway right outside and someone might hear me!

We rinsed off under the water, but I barely had my breath back before I was pinned into the corner again, this time with Charles on his knees demonstrating his oral skills – something which never failed to turn my body to a mass of steaming goo in very short order. I had to grab his head for support just to keep my rubbery legs from dropping me to the floor as his tongue swept up and across and over my clitoris again and again, and I began to hyperventilate!

Then his big hands came up against my breasts, squeezing them firmly, and that helped hold me against the wall! I thought he might just be warming me up and then let me kneel before him as well, but no, he was that confident he could bring me repeatedly. I didn't cry out too loudly for the second orgasm because I

didn't have the breath to do so, but I would have fallen if his hands weren't so firm against my breasts!

Nor did he need my oral skills to make him hard. I didn't even have the time to catch my breath before he was pushing his way inside me. Gasping, groaning, I slipped my hands, then my arms around his shoulders as his hands lifted me up off the floor, clutching my buttocks!

I was startled, gasping, as he took me right there, upright, against the wall! He seemed to have no difficulty holding me in his arms as he thrust up into me, and riding me up and down against him. I clutched my arms around his neck desperately, crying out as I rose and fell, rose and fell, my back jammed against the wall, my legs tight around his waist!

It was, believe me, a first for me! And added into the dark, glittering sexual aura around it all was the continuing knowledge we were at work! There were people all around us! Myra thought I was discussing staffing issues! And what if someone dropped by to see him!?

“Ch-Charles!” I gasped. “Oh! Oh! Ungh!” Charles! Oh!”

My thighs ground up and down against his wet flesh as he jammed me in against his hard cock again and again, and it was all too much for me as once again the seething, bubbling lava inside me overflowed into another explosive orgasm!

*

“Well, how was Charles Cutter?” Myra asked.

I halted, startled, heart thumping, then forced myself to calm down.

“He was as... demanding as usual,” I said.

“Such an aggravating man,” she said.

“Very,” I agreed a bit breathlessly.

I hoped my hair didn't look wrong. Charles had a blow dryer, of course, but he had no conditioner, and my hair felt a bit frizzy after the quick blow drying.

God! I was such a slut!

But the thought didn't contain much guilt. Oddly, it felt more giddy than guilty.

It was a bit hard to concentrate after that. I went through the motions of it, trying not to focus too much on the flashbacks and mental images of that incredibly wild sexual interlude in the shower.

I went home at my usual time, or at least, what had been my usual time until lately. Charles was going to work a bit longer to make up for some things he hadn't gotten to, and would pick me up. I was going to pack some things, this time, so there wasn't a mad scramble in the morning to get back to my place.

The last thing in the world I wanted to do was go to work in the same outfit two days running! I didn't need the smirking questions that would draw!

I dithered a bit, excited at the thought of spending the evening at the beach house. God it was a beautiful place! Again, I let myself fantasize about spending even more time there. Mrs. Cutter? Was that even a consideration!? Well, some day, maybe. No time soon.

But it wasn't impossible!

I was all packed when Charles called. He had a last minute meeting and would be two hours late! That made it almost pointless to even go! But then he suggested I go and wait for him! He'd given me a key the last time we were there, not for permanent, mind you, but so I could go walking on the beach and let myself back in.

He hadn't asked for it back and I hadn't thought to give it to him.

Charles gave me the alarm code, so I took a taxi there and let myself in.

It was... strange walking around in there by myself, as if I owned it! Imagine living in a place like this! I opened up the wall to let the sea air in, then went out onto the beach a bit, but then scurried back inside. I wanted to poke around a little and try and look for anything with more insight into who Charles Cutter was.

The place was ... perfect. That is, every room was perfectly made up and

perfectly clean. I knew he didn't do the cleaning, and the lack of clutter just showed how little time he spent here. I resisted... mostly... not entirely... the urge to poke around in his bedroom and office. I did finger the lingerie he'd bought me, though, and which I hadn't taken home, sitting on a dresser along with the bathing suits.

That included those uh, body-stockings. The nylon one, as opposed to the net one, that gave me ideas. As in, how would Charles react if I was wearing it when he got home?! Of course, I had to make him dinner first, so excited to my plans, I prepared dinner – steak, since he seemed to like it so much, trying to time it with when he said he'd be home.

I texted him demanding he keep me up to date on exactly when he was going to leave, and when he was actually leaving, so dinner seemed to be fairly well set. That let me scurry up the hall and change into the... stocking thing, as I was calling it.

Oh yes, silly, I know, but kind of giggly/giddy exciting, too.

I set the table, found candles and put them on the table, dimmed the lights, and peaked continually out through the curtains. It was almost eight when he arrived, and I dashed to light the candles, then ran to one side of the main doorway, where there was a pair of slender roman pillars rising to the ceiling.

He unlocked the door and stepped inside, and when he turned to close it I eased out from the side and leaned against the pillar.

“Good evening, Mister Cutter,” I said.

He looked briefly startled, then his lips formed an appreciative 'O' as he stared at me.

“Feeling hungry?” I asked coyly.

“Moreso every second,” he said, moving forward.

I put my hand against his chest.

“Dinner is ready,” I said.

He kissed me anyway, and of course, his hands raced over my virtually naked body before he broke free.

He seemed less interested in dinner than in staring at me.

“It's like your naked but not naked,” he said, shaking his head. “It's an amazing effect.”

The material was see-through, but dark, like a stocking, and firm enough across the chest to – mostly – support my breasts. It felt a little bit like I was wearing something, rather than just being naked, but nothing was really covered except for that narrow line of darker elastic fabric right over my sex which could be pulled open.

I smiled coquettishly.

“Maybe I'll even... exercise for you later.”

“Oh... boy,” he said with a grin.

We ate, and as usual, he didn't focus very much on the food. So much for my anxiety about the first meal I'd made him! Then again, he focused a lot on me, particularly my breasts! That was ... flattering but also very strange! I mean, we were having dinner together and I was naked! Okay, not naked, but I might as well have been!

And here I was the girl who had complained to him that I wasn't going to be his sex toy!

There was no denying the sexual tension in the air as we ate, though. It seemed hot sex in the morning didn't diminish his hunger for more sex in the evening. Then again, it hadn't for me either! Charles ate enough to not be hungry and then that was it!

It was a long table, with three places on each side plus the two on the ends. That left lots of space, even with all the stuff still on it, for my body, or at least, my torso. My legs were on his chest! The sex was quick, hot, and full of animal heat! But at least it let us relax afterward.

He opened up the glass wall and we sat there sipping wine, listening to music

and watching the sunset over the Pacific. Then he took me for a tour of the house, for I'd only seen part of it so far. It had multiple bedrooms, of course, and in addition to the great room there was a gym, a home theater, an exercise room – with, believe it or not, a pole which he'd apparently had put in at the same time as the one in the great room!

There was also a games room, with pinball machines and video games from way back in the day, poker table and dart boards. There was a sauna and whirlpool bath, and a room with, of all things, a collection of swords, shields and axes from medieval times!

“You collect swords?” I said in surprise.

“Certain kinds of weaponry,” he said.

“I think you're a man out of time, Charles,” I said. “You probably should have been a baron or knight.”

“What's wrong with king?” he asked, his hand sliding up and down my very nearly naked bottom again.

It was strange walking around naked, but at the same time, sort of covered. I mean, the bodysuit was almost completely transparent but it was tight against my skin and did help keep me warm from the air conditioning. It gave me a psychological feel of not being naked even though I was – sort of.

I smiled. “You have no lack of ambition, do you?”

“Aim high in life, I say.”

“Going to buy an English castle?”

“I imagine they're fairly drafty and full of spiders,” he said.

“Have you ever gone over there to see them?”

“I did go to England once, as I said.”

I sighed. “I doubt you were sightseeing at the time.”

“Not very much.”

“Go to Scotland, then. I'm sure it's chock full of old castles and armor.”

“Care to go with me?”

I glanced up at him. “I... couldn't afford a trip to Europe.”

He gave me an impatient look.”

“You can't pay my way to Europe, Charles!”

“Why can't I? It's pennies.”

“It's not pennies!”

“It would be for my own convenience. How about I hire you to come over and be my, hmm, personal assistant during the visit?”

“Would 'personal assistant' mean something like sex toy and gopher?”

“Something like that,” he said with a grin.

“No thanks. How do you suppose I'd explain my trip to my mother.”

“Would she have to know?”

She calls me every night.”

“Tell her your sugar daddy is bringing you.”

“I don't think she'd appreciate that,” I said.

“You did want me to take a vacation.”

“Why don't you start with a weekend?” I said.

“What can one do on a weekend?”

“A lot! We could try Venice Beach for one thing, go dancing, maybe see a play or a movie.. have you ever done the tourist thing at all? You know, see

Hollywood Boulevard, the wax museum, the studios?”

“All kind of garish, isn't it?”

“But fun! Or we could drive up to Las Vegas for some gambling. I'm sure you'd like that.”

“Drive? I think flying would be faster.”

“It's not the efficiency that matters, Charles,” I said. “It's the fun!”

“Five hours in a car driving through the desert is not that much fun,” he snorted.

“I'm sure you could do it in four. And think of the advantages! Hours in the car with just the two of us, and you unable to grope me or have sex with me!”

He looked at me and frowned. “How is that an advantage?”

“We get to know each other by talking, Charles!”

“We don't get to know each other by groping and having sex?”

His hand slid onto my breast and squeezed it through the see-through fabric.

“Well, yes, but this would add to that. Like, I don't know your favorite color or favorite movie or what you were like as a little boy growing up.”

“You know what I'm like now.”

“What about your parents? You've never mentioned them. Any siblings? Cousins?”

“Would you like me to write out a few things for you?”

His hand had slid down between my legs and his fingers were squirming in through the elastic opening there. I gulped and pushed his hand back.

“I want to know about you, Charles Cutter,” I growled, “Not just how good you are in bed, which is amazing, I grant you. Do you dream about kicking puppy dogs and biting the heads of kitties? Are you a crazed political zealot? Are you obsessive compulsive about things... other than sex?” I asked, pushing his hand

back again.

“Are you going to have a list of topics?” he asked in amusement.

“I might!”

“Do I get a reward?”

“Yes, you get to be with me,” I said in a frosty voice.

“Will you be wearing this?”

“No!”

He grinned.

“Driving to Vegas, hmm? I suppose I could stand to be in the same car with you for a while.”

“Gee thanks,” I said.

“But I’ll need some inspiration.

“Uh huhhh,” I said. “And that would be?”

“Well,” He said, his hands sliding onto my bottom – again, when I think of Vegas I think of gambling, but also very attractive women, you know, topless dancers... strippers.

“Uh huuuuh,” I said.

“So maybe you’d like to do a little exercise while I watch,” he said with a lewd grin.

“You never get enough, do you?”

“Not so far.”

“Well, I do have a few moves I haven’t shown you. They would be kind of slutty, though. I mean, if I did them naked. You don’t think of that when you’re doing them at the gym with clothes on.

“Like this?” he asked with a grin.

I snorted. “It's not clothes but at least it does offer some small bit of coverage... down there.”

His hands dug into my bottom and then he lifted me up onto the low counter where I'd been looking at daggers, and he kissed me long and deeply. Then he lifted up one of those daggers, a long, scary looking one with a curved blade, and placed it against the center of my chest.

“Wh-what are you doing?” I gulped.

He plucked the fabric of the body-stocking out and cut through it with the knife, then put the knife down and tore the material open across my chest, eyes hungry.

“Charles! You wrecked it!”

“I'll buy you ten more,” he said.

In very short order he had – literally – torn the body-stocking off me!

“Now about those slutty exercises,” he said.

“You really are impossible!” I said.

“Not at all. I'm just... demanding,” he replied.

He pulled me off the counter and slapped my bottom, making me jump and yelp.

“Now let's see some moves, stripper girl!”

I turned and stared at him, but a bubbling swirl of heat and excitement made me demurely scurry over to the pole as he followed and sat before it.

“I hope you tip well, mister,” I said.

“Depends on the performance, Miss Fitzgerald.”

I giggled, and then leapt up to grab the pole.

End

*

In this series

[An Exasperating Man](#)

[An Astonishing Man](#)

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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