



An Astonishing Man

By JJ Argus



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California Girl - 2

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

I had very little experience with men when I graduated from UCLA. You might find that a bit odd, me being a California girl brought up in Los Angeles, but it's true. I was, I admit, a nerd by habit, and my mother didn't really think much of men. Mother is a lesbian, and has it in for the whole patriarchal society and culture.

She raised me to be aware that only what was on the inside mattered. She dressed me in androgynous clothing when I was a girl, not the frilly pink things society might have otherwise decreed. She continued this as I entered my teen years, ferociously proclaiming her resistance to the 'sexualization' of young women.

She never called me pretty, never praised my looks or anything like that. Only superior marks in school or in one of the innumerable after school activities she scheduled me for drew praise. I learned to play several musical instruments, learned gymnastics (until my breasts grew too big), kick boxing, Spanish and some Mandarin, and went to summer camps which taught me about the plight of poor, oppressed people in third world countries.

Her attitude influenced mine, of course, and I had a very healthy distrust of boys throughout my teen years. Given my lack of makeup, my plain hair (mother cut it), my loose, dark clothing, my lack of available time, and an innate shyness, and I had virtually no social life, save for a few female friends.

Things changed little in college, at least partly due to the fact I was taking Human Resource Management. There weren't a lot of men in my program who were interested in women, if you catch my drift. And I lived at home with mother, rather than staying on campus. So I wasn't really part of campus life.

I did take a lover from the UCLA orchestra where I played the cello, but he was a very polite young man who was almost more girlish than me in his looks, save his chest was entirely flat, and not quite so slender. Jeremy was very attentive, however, and very much the feminist in his respect for me as a person.

I had a busy life, though, even after I graduated and went to work for the Bank of California in its HR department. I joined the Lower Los Angeles Sympathy Orchestra, which was composed of amateurs, but good ones, was still taking Mandarin, and of course, dancing. Then there was my fitness classes, which,

unbeknownst to my mother, but in a singular act of rebellion I had switched to pole dancing.

They will tell you there's nothing sexual about pole dancing. Viewed by itself, they're correct enough. It's a very exacting physical exercise which strengthens all parts of the body, but is particularly good on the core and the arms and shoulders. But in the context of our culture, pole dancing cannot be separated in the mind from its origins.

And I suppose it would not be inaccurate to call me repressed, to a degree. I had a vivid imagination, however, and loved to dance, even if alone. So as I learned to pole dance I would imagine myself in a bar or club, with hordes of men staring up at me, yelling and waving money, and with me... naked!

How shocking and wicked and scandalous that would be! It became my secret fantasy, for I was still very proper in my mode of dress, and in my insistence on how men treated me, as an equal and with respect.

I did lighten up somewhat in my dress, especially in my lingerie, which became another secret vice, and another way which I could separate myself from mother, who would have been highly disapproving if she'd had a clue what I was wearing under the staid clothes she saw.

At the bank, of course, I continued to dress conservatively, which was only appropriate, and to behave appropriately, which was a required element of working at such an institution.

And then I met Charles Cutter and he tore all that apart in one day. He shocked my sensibilities, outraged my sense of decorum and proper behavior, and gave me the most powerful orgasm in my life on the leather sofa of his office.

Compare a bonfire to the flame coming from a plastic cigarette lighter. It would be apt.

Charles Cutter was Vice President of Investment Operations, and fourteen years older than me. He was a man, my first man, and the strength in him, both his body and his mind, took my breath away. He had wonderful taste in clothes, and wore his expensive tailored suits to perfection.

He was also tall and powerfully built, with short dark hair, a square jawed face

with full lips and piercing gray eyes that seemed able to see right into my soul!

Mother would have been outraged at the things he said to me, never mind the things he did! She'd probably have been more than a little upset with me, too.

Oh, she knew I was straight, of course. But to her, any joining of individuals had to be a joining of equals, and I was manifestly not Charles Cutter's equal, nor did he treat me as one. He took charge from the start, and I felt overpowered by his will more than his physical strength.

Especially with my own will sapped by the lack of breath I felt around him, and a sense of eroticism which I had never really known before.

Like the strange feel of his foot between my legs as we sat opposite each other at a quiet booth in a nearby restaurant.

Cutter was far too devoted to his job, and to making money, to work normal hours. No, he didn't go home at five like normal people. He took a quick jaunt to the cafeteria to grab a sandwich, or on rare occasions, walked up the block to a quiet restaurant to get something there.

So that was where we were. My work for the day was ostensibly done. He generally worked till nine or ten at night. Then again, he was making an absurd amount of money. I had no idea how much but he had mentioned that the higher performers who worked for him made well into seven figures each year. As their boss I presumed he did at least as well.

He was wearing a fabulous tailored suit, the expensive of which I could only imagine. Even his socks felt soft as they slid up and down against my lower leg.

“You're staring at me again,” I said.

“And why wouldn't I?”

“It's considered rude in most quarters.”

“I'm imagining you naked. Would that be considered rude in most quarters?”

I flushed. “Yes,” I said.

“Of course, I've already seen you naked, which helps my imagination considerably.”

“Charles!” I cautioned, looking anxiously around.

We were sitting in a private booth, but even so.

“I think you should become my new administrative assistant,” he said.

I felt my eyebrows raising.

“I have a degree in Human Resource Management,” I said.

“I'll give you a raise.”

“I think not.”

“Imagine working in the same office as me every day... and night.”

“I don't imagine a lot of work getting done,” I said. “That would certainly damage your bonus.”

“Fuck my bonus,” he said.

“Charles! You know I hate obscenities!”

“Sorry,” he said. “I work with boys.”

“So HR has noticed,” I said with disapproval.

“It's a rough and tumble business. Girls don't have the dedication and won't put in the time.”

“Slightly sexist, are we?”

“Don't get sarcastic. I'm only reporting observable fact. I've hired girls in the past. They can't keep up. They're not greedy enough.”

“Greedy enough?”

“Greed is what drives men to put in the twelve and fourteen hour days.”

“And ignore things like relationships,” I said.

“That too.”

“And what you propose you and I have begun? I'm not a sex toy, you know,” I said, narrowing my eyes.

“Like to be?” he asked with a smirk.

“No!”

“I think you would.”

“I'm the one who took all those psychology classes, Charles. You took what?”

“Business Finance. But I've had quite a bit more experience in dealing with people than I believe you have. Certainly more sexual experience.”

I flushed again. “That's not exactly something to brag about.”

“Not so much of late, admittedly,” he said. “Until the last couple of days, anyway.”

My flush deepened.

“You look cute when you blush.”

“You re an aggravating man.”

“But you love my cock.”

I glared at him fiercely, looking quickly around.

“You said it, not me,” he said loftily.

“You made me say it!” I hissed.

“I don't recall twisting your arm.”

“You – .”

“You can be a sex toy and still be a brilliant and independent woman, you know, no matter what your mother might think. You can also be uninhibited without being a slut.”

“I would think they were fairly similar characteristics.”

“Typically, in our vernacular, a slut is a woman who has low standards in men. I don't believe anyone would suggest that applied to you.”

That mollified me somewhat, and actually made me feel a bit less background guilt, for he was quite correct, though his definition of the term was incomplete.

“Nor, after looking at me, would anyone ever think so.”

I frowned at him.

“Well, just look at me, woman,” he said with a grin. “I'm the very highest quality of man, after all.”

“And modest to boot.”

“You can't have everything.”

His foot slid higher along my leg and I pushed it back.

“Unfriendly girl,” he said. “You should welcome my every touch. Spread your legs wider.”

“I'm not wearing anything underneath my skirt,” I said with a scowl.

“That's the way it should be.”

“You owe me two pair of panties now!”

“You don't think what I've already given you pays for those?”

The waitress in her short skirt arrived with our food and we dug in. I watched him somewhat furtively as he ate. His movements were so precise, so efficient, as he rapidly cut and ate.

“My mother said you should chew every piece of meat thirty times,” I said.

He raised his eyes, snorted, and went on stuffing food into his mouth.

“Has it ever occurred to you, Charles, that you rush through everything in life as quickly as possible, enjoying none of it, just so you can get back to work all the more quickly?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said, partly through a mouthful of food.

“Don't talk with your mouth full.”

He scowled at me but finished chewing before replying.

“Don't ask questions if you don't want answers.”

“So if you know it then why do it?”

“Can't help it,” he said, before stuffing more food into his mouth.

“You're going to be an old man sitting in a big empty house some day. Surely that's not what you're working towards.”

“I'll be at work all day anyway,” he replied.

“There's more to life than work.”

“My work involves winning, conquest, success, adrenaline. What's better than that?”

“But it makes no sense to make money for the sake of making money. Money is only useful for what it can purchase,” I said.

“I've got a lovely apartment, a beach house, and a very shiny car.”

“And you need more money for what purpose?”

He shrugged.

“What are you going to do with all those millions of dollars?”

“Invest it and make more millions of dollars, of course.”

I shook my head in dismay.

“When was the last time you had a vacation?” I asked.

He shrugged again. “One takes a vacation to get away from the dull drudgery of work and enjoy oneself,” he said. “I enjoy my work, so why would I need a vacation?”

“Maybe go somewhere with palm trees and beaches... and girls in bikinis?” I suggested.

He smiled at me. “I would like to see you in a bikini. A tiny one.”

I snorted.

“I bet you don't even own a bikini.”

I flushed and made a tsking sound.

“You don't, do you.”

“I don't swim much.”

“Your mother never sent you to swimming lessons? It seems to me she sent you to every other kind of lesson.”

“Yes, I took swimming lessons. I didn't say I couldn't swim, just that I don't have occasion to do so very often.”

“Psychologist heal thyself,” he said.

“I'm not a psychologist,” I said in irritation.

“I could go down to Venice Beach,” he said. “It's a lovely place.”

“Well, why don't you then?”

“Alone?” He shook his head. “Now if you were to come with me...”

I hesitated and bit my lips uncertainly.

“And wear a bikini I buy you.”

“Forget it!”

“Aidan, you have a fabulous body.”

“Even if I were to accept that by current cultural standards my body is considered attractive that is no reason to be showing it off,” I said pertly.

“I'm not suggesting you go topless,” he said. “Though I'd definitely go to the beach just to see your face if you tried it... just wear the kind of a swimsuit a girl your age and... shape... would normally wear in LA.”

“Maybe,” I said doubtfully. “But there's no way I'd let you buy it.”

His lips suddenly curled up into a beautiful smile, which immediately made me wary.

“I think we should go shopping for a swimsuit for you together,” he said. “I could be your judge of what's proper and attractive.”

“I don't need you to tell me whether I'm attractive or not!”

“Yes,” he said, with a sad nod of his head, “You actually do. Because you seem to be operating under the illusion you're something less than gorgeous.”

“I was raised to believe physical attractiveness was unimportant,” I said, after a bit of a lame pause where I decided against challenging his compliment.

“Yes, I know. But that's silly. It's one of those academic notions that just don't wash in the real world. Everyone wants to be considered attractive. It's part of our genes.”

“It is not!”

“Our cultural genes, then. Don't tell me you don't like it when men look at you.”

“It makes me uncomfortable,” I said.

“It does? You really are inhibited. We'll have to work on that.”

“We will?”

“Yes, I intend to turn you into a nymphomaniac.”

I let out a bark of laughter. “Good luck with that!”

“Conditioning, my girl,” he said with narrowed eyes. “Like Pavlov's dog. He taught it to salivate just from hearing a bell, because it associated the sound of the bell with delicious food.”

“And you want me to what, become helplessly excited at the sound of a bell?”

“Nope, at the sight of me.”

I laughed in amusement.

“All I have to do,” he said, leaning forward and lowering his voice, “is to give you an incredible, exciting sexual experience which ends in multiple orgasm every time you see me.”

“Well, I said,” still amused, “You are two for two so far.”

“Exactly!” he said smugly. “And when I take you back to the office it will be three for three.”

I felt a rush of heat in my stomach and a kind of fluttery sensation.

“I haven't even said I'm going back to the office,” I said.

“You will. You'll find some reason other than wanting hot sex, but you will.”

“You are... !”

“Arrogant as hell. Yes, I know.”

“I thought you went back to the office to work and make more money. Isn't having sex with me costing you a lot of money?”

“Worth it.”

“Oh, so there is something worth more than money?” I said.

He grinned and I felt his foot sliding between my ankles again.

“Some things,” he said as his foot slid up my leg.

“You're just horny,” I said, shaking my head. “Didn't you get enough earlier?”

“Of you?!” he said, pretending to be amazed at the suggestion. “How is that possible!?”

I rolled my eyes.

“I don't know a man who would be able to get enough of you, my dear, but I'd wonder what was wrong with him.”

“Oh stop it.”

“You think I'm making it up, don't you? You'll learn that I always tell the truth, Miss Fitzgerald.”

“Or you tell women what you think they want to hear, Mister Cutter.”

“Never been very good at that,” he said, sipping from his wine and pushing his plate away. “In fact, it's been suggested in some quarters I lack social skills.”

“Really?” I asked in some surprise.

“This,” he said, “Is me making my best effort at not offending.”

I laughed again, then wondered if he was being serious.

He leaned forward again and lowered his voice. “I'm a lustful male animal, Miss Fitzgerald, like a bull or a stallion, and I want to sate my lust on your lovely young body.”

“Now there's a charming invitation,” I said dryly.

“Ah, but there's more. I find you incredibly fascinating on several levels, and as much as I might want to ride you like a wild bull I want even more to make you lose control. The look on your face, the heat of your body when you do so is even more satisfying than any victory I could ever have in my job.”

“I'm not a ... conquest,” I said.

“Oh yes, you are.”

*

I was nervous accompanying him back to the office. I kept wanting to say no, but I knew it would disappoint him, and besides, well, the fact was, that my fluttery stomach wasn't all because of anxiety. What kind of nasty, wicked things would we do up there!? There was a breathless sense of anticipation growing within me!

But I also felt embarrassed just walking there. I was going somewhere I knew I would have sex. I'd never done that before. I was, in fact, going somewhere specifically to have sex! That seemed... cheap and slutty to me!

“Have you ever posed for pictures?” he asked.

I turned my head up towards him in surprise at the question.

“What? What kind of pictures?”

He wagged his eyebrows at me and I shook my head.

“Of course not! Nor would I!”

“I used to be quite the amateur photographer.”

“You go and take pictures of the ocean. It's lovely.”

“I was thinking of a different sort of nature pictures.”

“I bet you were.”

“Maybe when we go to the beach.”

“I didn't say I'd go to the beach with you!”

“You will.”

I shook my head and muttered something under my breath that didn't need

repeating. He didn't ask what it was, and then we were at the bank. I moved further away from him, looking around a bit nervously. There were few people around now but I started to feel anxious about what people would think if they saw me with him. I mean, we both worked here, but it was odd for me to be here after five.

We rode up in an empty elevator, it being after six now, and got off on the top floor. Fortunately, his office was nearby, and I felt relief no one saw us as we went inside, then through the outer office into his office.

I was getting even more butterflies in my stomach by then, and feeling more... uncomfortable about coming back here... to have sex. I couldn't really pretend it was for anything else either. It was highly improper and no one I knew would approve of the morality of such a thing!

I gasped as I felt his hand on my arm. It jerked me back and around until I was pressed against him.

“Would you like to know what I'm thinking of, Miss Fitzgerald?”

“Something nasty,” I gulped, butterflies flying even faster.

“Definitely,” he said.

“I should be going home.”

“Definitely not.”

“Would this thing involve me being naked?”

He smiled. “Eventually.”

His arms slid around me and then his lips were on mine. I wasn't shocked this time, not like yesterday evening, and it seemed to break the taut grip on my chest of anxiety and anticipation. I felt myself melting against him, my nipples tingling as they pressed against his chest.

Then his hands slid down my back and onto my buttocks, and though it should certainly not have shocked me after what had happened earlier that day I still felt a little shock-wave of heat and excitement run through my body.

My own hands were against his chest, where they seemed to be spending a lot of time of late, and I slid them up over his shoulders as I tried to apply the lessons in kissing he'd given me the last two days, our tongues sliding together as my swelling breasts ground against his chest.

His fingers were both caressing and kneading my buttocks, then they slid up higher and I felt his fingers at the button at the back of my skirt. I felt a renewed sense of tension and anxiety, but didn't resist as he undid it, unzipped the skirt and then pushed it down over my hips.

I of course, had nothing on beneath since he'd torn off my panties that very afternoon.

The skirt slid down to pool around my ankles, while we continued to kiss. His hands slid up beneath my jacket to resume their exploration of my bottom, this time without the skirt in between his skin and mine.

I felt a pressure growing in my chest, a pressure rising inside me as his hands caressed my buttocks and slid up and down my lower back. They shifted, and then I felt them sliding up my ribs, but rather than touching my breasts, they slid up onto my shoulders under the blazer, pushing it back. Such was his strength that the pressure forced my arms back so he could push the blazer over my shoulders.

It dropped down my arms, leaving me wearing just my tight black turtleneck sweater.

He drew his lips back from mine, finally, and I stumbled a bit, what with my ankles held together by my skirt and... and a bit of a daze filling my mind.

“About that thing I was thinking of,” he said.

“What... exactly... did you have in mind?” I gulped.

He helped me step out of my skirt, but made no effort to remove my sweater. Instead he led me over to his desk. That made me nervous since the desk was right in front of the big, plate glass windows looking out on the city. It was true none of the other tall buildings were particularly close. You wouldn't be able to see much of anything with the naked eye. But if you had, say binoculars...

He turned me to face the side of his big desk and I felt his hand on my back, pressing me forward, which made me bend forward. I felt my eyes widening even as he pushed me down so far my breasts pillowed out against the surface of his desk!

“Spread your legs,” he growled.

I gasped at the words, and at the tone, then felt his knee slide in between my legs and nudge my right leg to the side. Embarrassed, somewhat outraged, uncertain, but gripped by a swirling, churning sense of heat, I obeyed, shifting my legs a bit to the sides.

“Wider.”

Crack!

“Ow! Hey!”

I gasped in shock, and outrage... and heat, at the slap to my bottom!

But I shifted my feet further apart on the floor.

“Do you have any idea how... hot you look like that?” he asked, his voice having lost its normal stern confidence.

I started to rise, embarrassed, but felt his big hand come down between my shoulder blades, pushing me back down.

“No, you promised me you'd do whatever I told you,” he said.

“I did not!” I exclaimed.

“You're just forgetting,” he replied.

“I never said – !”

I felt his mouth on my sex, and that completely silenced me! He had dropped to his knees behind me and pushed his face forward! I felt his hands on my thighs, jerking my legs further apart, and already could feel my insides thrumming with an intense sense of anticipation and excitement. I'd felt what his mouth could do

to me the other day, and now felt myself emotionally gaping as his teeth sort of seized me in a tight, firm, slightly painful grip, and his tongue began to squirm against my body!

There was nothing more to be said since I could barely form coherent thoughts. His lips moved in and he began to suck rhythmically, shifting the focus of his hunger. His fingers slid in as well, and I both blushed and gasped as I felt them wriggling into me, then pulling back, or rather, to the sides, as if stretching me open!

His tongue slid into me, twisting and writhing as it made its way shockingly deep into my body! It slid back, swirling and twisting upwards, then down along the mouth of my sex. And then he locked his lips together around my clitoris and I felt my hips jerking helplessly as a cry of wanton pleasure escaped my open mouth!

It was the strangest thing! I couldn't see him at all, of course. I was in this... rather obscene position, bent over, my breasts now swollen and overheated and grinding against the desk, while his mouth and fingers did awful things behind me!

Awful and wonderful!

And then he rose, something I sensed, more than saw, with my face staring at the bookshelves across from me. I heard his zipper go down and then felt him, his stiff, thick, hard, deliciously soft... cock, pressing against the slick, saliva coated entrance to my body. I moaned as he slid back and forth across my clitoris.

“I'm going to fuck you, Aidan,” he growled.

“D-Don't swear!” I moaned almost instinctively.

“Ah, but it's so apt a word. I'm not going to make love to you. I'm going to fuck you.”

His cock felt warm and dry, at first, but was soon slick as it rubbed against me. I groaned as I felt the pressure against my sex, felt it pushing forward, forcing my pussy lips back, stretching them to the sides, wider... wider... aching. I gasped as the head of his cock pushed in... then pulled out again, to rub back and forth against my opening.

I groaned weakly, feeling greatly disappointed, wanting him inside me!

“Would your mother approve of this, Miss Fitzgerald?” he asked.

I bit my lower lip, fighting to keep my breathing somewhat steady, as the head of his cock rubbed up and down along the line of my sex, pushing against me, pushing into me, then back, rubbing up across my clitoris, then down along my labia.

I felt the head of his cock pushing into the mouth of my sex again, felt that delicious sense of stretching become more and more pronounced, to the point of aching. Then the head slid slowly forward into the pulsing, overheated tunnel of my sex!

I groaned long and low as he slid into me, my hips spasming helplessly as the heat beat at my mind.

I felt his hands come together around my waist, almost completely encircling it, pulling me back as he drove himself forward. A deep aching grew within me as he pushed deeper, but it was a dark, seething, wickedly exciting ache.

My hands and arms were limp on the desk on either side of my head as he buried every last inch of his long, thick cock in my quivering body, as I felt my buttocks grinding against his hips. He only remained still a few moments, then slid back, his hands kind of pushing me forward a bit until he had drawn back almost all the way.

Then he pushed into me, his hands drawing my hips back to meet him. He moved slowly at first, but that didn't last very long at all. He started to thrust harder, his hands jerking me back more sharply, so that my body, or rather, the only part of my body in firm contact with the desk, was pulled to and fro, back and forth.

That part was my chest, by the way, which meant my ribs were grinding back and forth over my overheated breasts as my nipples burned like fire! His hips were striking my buttocks with more and more authority as he drove himself into me, and a steaming cauldron of heat and energy was swirling within me!

His movement became more energetic still, and I thought I heard soft gasps coming from behind me. His hands, still circling my waist, slid upwards, one of

them pushing up firmly, confidently under my sweater, undoing the clasp of my bra, then sliding down around my ribs.

“Oh!” I cried, as I felt the other hand suddenly gather a thick mass of my hair and pull up and back.

I was startled, and it stung my scalp even as his other hand filled itself with my right breast.

“Ch-Charles!” I gasped.

He was still pumping, faster now, his hips striking my buttocks as his hand roughly kneaded my breast. I felt the skin of my face drawn back tightly by the pull on my hair, the pull on my scalp! He was... using my hair to jerk me back to meet his thrusts! Then his own hips striking my buttocks sent my body jerking forward, only to be jerked back again!

It was a dizzying experience on top of the churning, rolling heat flooding through my body, and I didn't even have the presence of mind to try to reach up and back to grab at the hand filled with my hair. My eyes were glazed and I was gulping in air in desperate, ragged gasps as my body was rocked by the hard pounding of his hips.

Earlier, I had felt an incredible sense of wondrous pleasure every time I had felt him sliding into me. I had felt a sense of deep desire that the motion of his cock as it pushed forward would continue forever! That he would never have to stop and draw back. But of course, he had to. I had waited out that long outward stroke with desperate excitement, waited for the deep thrust forward once again, for another wave of passion and pleasure!

He was moving so quickly now that what I felt were wild, explosive bursts of dark pleasure and passion coming at me like repeated blasts of sensation as he drove himself into me with fast, furious motions timed exactly with the sharp pulls to my scalp!

I was becoming quite dazed by it all, by the whipsawing sensations and raw violence of it! He was right, he was like an animal, a stallion mounting me, riding me, pounding me!

The explosive bursts of pleasure became more and more intense and then

seemed to melt together into one tremendous rolling wave of ecstasy which grew more and more powerful as he rammed his hips into me with bruising force!

I had this wild, desperate sense that everything was out of control, that I had completely lost control, not just of him, but of myself. And then.. then I didn't care, as the orgasm hammered through me and he jerked even more sharply on my hair, drove himself even harder into my body, dug his fingers even more strongly into my burning breast!

I could hear myself crying out, again and again, but such was the state of my mind I had little interest in the sounds, and no knowledge they were coming from me.

The orgasm howled back and forth through my body, setting my muscles spasming, my nerve endings snapping and crackling like live electrical wires. My eyes rolled back in my head and my mind tumbled and turned and swam through the storm of emotions and sensations which had overtaken me.

The pleasure. Nothing mattered but the pleasure! If only it would last forever!

But it didn't. It did last almost long enough, though, for me to lose consciousness, for amid the storm I somehow forgot to breath.

I wound up face down on the desk, slack jawed, even drooling a bit, drawing in deep, ragged sobs of air as my mind swam slowly up from the depths to some semblance of consciousness.

I felt his hands on my thighs, tightening around them. Then he abruptly rolled me over onto my back, even while pushing me up further so my buttocks were resting on the edge of the desk. He abandoned my thighs in favor of my wrists, grasping them and hauling me upright, or at least, into a seated position, facing him.

I swayed dazedly as he grasped my sweater and yanked it upward, forcing my arms up, pulling it over my head and off. My bra followed and then his arms were around me and his lips were against mine, kissing me, though I was still so woozy I hardly did a thing back!

He grabbed my hair again, though, jerking my head back, and the sting to my scalp helped waken me as I felt his lips and teeth along the nape of my neck.

“Ch-Charles!” I moaned.

He released my hair and I found his face before mine again, alive, eager, even somewhat wild, not at all like the calm, confident, stern demeanor he usually showed.

“You drive me crazy,” he whispered.

I blinked uncertainly. What had I done!? I hadn't done anything!

But then he was kissing me again and I moaned into his mouth, my hands sliding over his shoulders.

I pulled my lips aside, needing to gulp in air again, and his lips moved down along my neck to my shoulder.

“H-How come I never see you naked?” I gasped weakly.

“At the office? That would be highly improper,” he said.

The thing was I wasn't entirely sure if he meant that as ironic or not!

He jerked my head back by the hair again, and I cried out, startled. It hurt, too! But I felt this strange sense of... of thrill at the way he was manhandling me! It was like nothing I'd ever felt before!

His weight came forward atop me, bearing me back to the desk, him bent over me. My legs came up and back as well, and then almost instinctively I wrapped them around him, crossing my ankles breathlessly, feeling a strange giddiness at having 'surrounded' him for a change!

Our lips moved together in a kiss which started out languid but quickly developed into something much more. And then he abruptly pulled up and back and my chest fluttered as I lay on my back, staring up at him.

He gripped my arms and pulled me upright once more, then backed up, pulling me off the desk, where he abandoned me. He moved around to the big, high backed leather chair behind his desk and sat down, kind of sprawling in it, legs wide as he turned his dark eyes on me.

“Come here, Fitzgerald,” he growled.

I gulped, heart fluttering and moved around the desk, a hand on the edge for support. I had in mind that he wanted something like we'd done earlier, with me straddling him, but he had something entirely different in mind.

He took my hand and pulled me forward, then down, his other hand going onto my shoulder and forcing me to my knees in front of the chair, then he drew his hands back, grinning at me. I blinked at him, gulping, chest heaving, my eyes flitting up and down. He'd pushed himself back into his trousers at some point, and I didn't see a big, uhm, bulge, so thought, well, he must have had an orgasm.

“I think something needs your attention,” he said.

I realized what he meant and flushed. I wasn't very experienced at it, and felt a sudden sense of tension and anxiety. I hadn't really had to do very much to date! I mean, he'd done everything! Now I had to do something which would demonstrate how inept I was at ... this sort of thing!

Well, it wasn't like Jeremy had ever complained, but Jeremy was a mere boy. I was quite certain Cutter had much higher... standards.

I thought frantically of all the things I'd see and heard and read over the years, mostly by accident, to be honest, as I reached for him. I undid his trousers and looked at his black boxers, then reached out hesitantly.

He took my hand firmly but gently, and then placed it right against him! I gulped as he rubbed my hand gently up and down against him, letting me feel him through the fabric, then he reached in and pulled himself out.

“Get to it, woman,” he said with an airy, arrogant tone I knew he was feigning just to make me indignant.

It did, sort of, but not very much, for I knew it was mere pretense. I drew in a deep, shuddering breath, then leaned forward and reached for him. I tried to tug his shorts down more but he didn't cooperate. I rolled my eyes up at him.

“Move your ass,” I said.

He let out a short bark of delighted laughter, but raised himself and helped me

pull his trousers and shorts down and off. Then I stared at the work at hand with some curiosity. I'd never seen it soft before. I felt myself desperately wanting to ... surprise him. He thought of me as this meek, modest, prim girl, and he was right, but I wanted to be something else for him, as well. I wanted to be hot and sexy!

Jeremy was easy to please. From what I'd heard, men generally were. But Cutter was not an ordinary man. I held him in my hand, then moved my other hand downward over his testicles, massaging them gently as I fought to steady my breathing.

I leaned in further, and kissed one of his testicles gently, then pushed forward with a deeper kiss, letting my lips slide slowly apart, sucking on the soft flesh, chewing ever so lightly and teasingly, then drawing it into my mouth as my hand stretched out his cock a bit and my thumb rubbed against the underside of the head.

I held his testicle in my mouth, kind of massaging it by rolling it around inside and licking it, then I sucked in the other one as well, pinning his cock up against his abdomen so I could see what I was doing. I rolled my eyes up at him and was startled – and delighted – to see the look on his face and in his eyes!

Surprised, Charles!? I thought gleefully.

I drew my lips back slowly, letting his balls slowly ooze out between my lips, then stretched his cock out more as I licked from the base up to the top in long, slow licks.

“Fuck!” he gasped.

I raised my head and gave him a stern look.

“Sorry,” he said.

I squeezed him softly, repeatedly, licking down again, licking at his balls, sucking them into my mouth and then letting them slide out. I could feel him already starting to harden within my hand.

He sat up straighter, reaching down to squeeze my breast, then slide his fingers through my hair (which must, I thought, be a mess by then). I kissed and licked

at his inner thighs, then shifted my grip on his cock, which was semi hard by then.

I squeezed the base, which made the top part harder and then rubbed him slowly back and forth across my cheeks and lips. That made him harden further, and finally, I licked up along the length of him, turning the head downward as I kissed it.

As with his testicles, I let the kiss push in harder, let the head slowly force my lips aside and slide into my mouth and over my tongue. Then I began to suck and lick him, bobbing my lips slowly up and down and up and down.

“God!” he groaned.

I felt another fluttering burst of pleasure at the groan, forcing my lips to slide down further, until I gagged a bit. The thing is, he had a big cock. I felt extremely dissatisfied with only taking half of it into my mouth. Yes, I was inexperienced. Yes, I was something of a nerd. But I wasn't sexless! I did grow up in California! And did spend time on the internet.

I knew, in other words, that it was entirely possible to take him down into my throat. I had seen it done, well, in videos and pictures. It was, as I understood it, purely a matter of the mind. I had always considered myself strong-willed, but then it takes a lot to override instinct.

Except my instincts just then were a swirling, churning maelstrom of heat, excitement, desire, passion, hunger, determination, anxiety, embarrassment, delight, and a lot of other things bound up together with the physical arousal I was feeling more and more of every moment!

I was in charge, right then! Me! And I was determined to do a darn good job of it!

And just imagine the look on his face, the reaction, if I could surprise him by doing something like that, something that would probably only be done by a much more sexually sophisticated girl than me!

I moaned around his thick, slick shaft as his hand squeezed my breast harder. I rolled my eyes up towards him, and then slid my lips down the shaft. I wasn't sure if I was going to try it that very time. I might well just see how far I went

before I gagged. My mind was gripped with such uncertainty amid the chaos.

But I kept going, and dropped my eyes, fixated them on his shaft, on the thick, hard, glistening flesh as my lips moved further and further down its length! I could feel the head pushing into my throat like a very oversized piece of meat! It hurt a bit, but I forced my mouth down further, elated even as I struggled to cope with the unfamiliar sensations!

I had hoped for a reaction, but it wasn't one I'd counted on. Yes, there was his gasp of surprise, accompanied, to my disapproval, by a curse, but there was also his big hand suddenly jamming down hard against the back of my head to push me the last couple of inches! And then hold me in place!

My nose was pushed in against his neatly trimmed pubic hair, against the hardness of his pubic bone, as both his hands now grasped the back of my head and I heard a groan of pleasure from him!

I felt very, very odd. My throat ached, and I was fighting against an urge to gag or choke which kept surging up again and again. At the same time I wasn't able to breath, and my chest was starting to burn even as my head started to throb and ache!

“Jesus God!” he gasped anew.

I started to pull back, or tried to, but he was holding me so tightly I couldn't move. I was starting to get light-headed! I reached up for his wrists, trying to push them aside, something I manifestly lacked the strength to do, but he dropped them at once and I slid up, so desperate to breath that I had no time to think about choking or gagging – so I didn't!

The head slid out of my throat and I rose up, gasping for breath, red faced, panting, chest heaving, and he stared down at me.

“I had no idea you could do that!” he said.

“Me neither!” I said in a gasping voice.

“That felt fucking amazing!”

“Don't swear,” I said amid my ragged breaths.

He shook his head in either amusement or amazement. I wasn't sure which. I grabbed his cock in my hand and wondered if it was my imagination that it had gotten even longer and thicker. I leaned in and licked at his balls to give myself time to catch my breath, then licked up and down the shaft before taking it into my mouth once again.

I was very pleased with myself, feeling quite smug and victorious – and anxious, because now I had to do it again! However, knowing I'd done it the first time, knowing I could do it, was a strong confidence builder.

I slid my lips up and down, up and down, using long strokes, my hands squeezing the lower part of the shaft. Then I braced myself and slid down, sliding my lips all the way to my hands, then sliding my hands lower, following them with my lips until my hands slid right off his shaft and onto his balls, squeezing gently, massaging them as my lips descended right to the absolute base of his cock!

His hands clamped down on my head again and he cursed again, then his hips began to buck wildly forward. That was again not something I was prepared for, but on the other hand, I was so startled, taken by surprise, I had little time to react as he thrust himself wildly into my throat, pumping quickly in short, frantic motions.

That again threatened my gag reflex, but before I could really worry overmuch about it his pumping had slowed, and I slid myself hurriedly back up his length, my hands following, squeezing him as he softened, sliding up and down the entire length of him as he slumped back.

“Damn,” he gasped. “I hadn't intended doing that.”

I smiled, even smirked a bit, until I realized that what he meant was that I'd now disarmed him, in effect, leaving him no way to have sex with me again.

Well that was dumb of me, I thought to myself. I'd have to be more careful in the future.

*

The next day at work started out practically normal. I mean, I went in on time, did my work, none of which involved Mister Charles Cutter. Then I got an

emailed appointment on my computer for 'staffing consultation' at noon! That immediately took my breath away, of course.

And when I said almost normal till then, I mean that the work and office were normal. I was nowhere near normal. After the events of the previous two days my mind was never far from the flashes of memories of what I had done with him in his office. It was all so wicked and... and forbidden! I mean, you don't have sex with people at the office!

At least someone like me doesn't do that!

Noon was my lunch time so I sent him an email telling him that and asking to reschedule.

"I'll provide something for you to eat," the response said.

I flushed, then felt a churning sense of guilt again, my proprieties offended by the possibility all he wanted from me was quick sex, maybe another blow job. I still felt kind of smug about what I'd done last evening, even though my throat was still just a bit sore.

I was not surprised to find his administrative assistant absent once again, though it did make my stomach quiver a bit more. I braced myself, and knocked on the inner door.

"Come."

I opened the door and found, very much to my surprise, that Charles was sitting to one side behind a double bass! I closed the door almost absently, especially when I saw the cello opposite him, with another small chair behind it!

"Charles!?" I asked in surprise.

"I thought we might play a little music," he said.

Of all the things I might have imagined, this was nowhere on the list! What an astonishing man!

I went to the cello. It was an excellent cello, that was sure! I ran my hand along the finely lacquered wood, and couldn't find even a trace of imperfection with

eye or finger. I forgot Charles for a moment, sitting down behind it and examining it.

“Is this yours? Where did you get it? This is a Karl Wilhelm, isn't it!?” I asked.

“Picked it up for a song.”

“For a song?” I stared at him. “For thousands of songs, I think! These are expensive!”

“You and I have rather different definitions of that term, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said with a smile.

“Moneybags,” I snorted.

“The first time you said you played the cello I wanted to see you behind one.”

“I play the violin!”

“And the cello,” he said confidently.

“But, well, what... ?”

Then I saw there was a music stand right there. It was Fantasy, by Malcolm Arnold. I looked up and snorted in amusement. It was a solo piece for cellos. Of course, there was no reason it couldn't be a duet with the double bass.

“There is one catch to my fantasy, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said, rising and holding out his hand to me.

I lifted my hand instinctively and he took it, then pulled me to my feet, surprising me by drawing my hand up to his lips. He gently kissed the hell of my hand, then turned it of and kissed the back of my hand as my eyes widened.

“That is a lovely dress,” he said. “But it really isn't part of my fantasy.”

I blinked in confusion, then licked my lips as I saw the look in his eyes.

“What do you have in mind, you... pervert?” I asked.

His smile broadened.

He turned me around and unzipped my dress, and I stood more or less still, anxious, wary, but growing excited as he slid it forward over my shoulders to tumble to my waist. I felt his lips at the back of my neck as he brushed my hair back, even as his fingers undid my bra and pushed it forward over my shoulders as well. A jolt of electricity ran through my body at being naked again in his office, AT WORK!

I looked anxiously around, at the door, and out the window as his hands slid down my hips, pushing down dress and panties together until they lay in a pool around my ankles.

“You're not really going to ask me to play the cello naked, are you?” I exclaimed, finally realizing his intent.

That was exactly his fantasy!

Completely naked! Not even shoes!

“What about you?” I demanded. “I still haven't seen you naked!”

“You've seen the important parts,” he said with a smile.

“Suppose you let me decide what's important!”

He chuckled softly as he guided me back to the small chair. “That would be highly improper, Miss Fitzgerald.”

He'd said that before, and it didn't impress me any more this time. Though I had to admit he looked awfully good in the dark blue pinstriped suit he was wearing. He looked very much the successful banker he was.

I drew the cello against me, feeling my breasts press against the smooth, cool wood of the back, my nipples already quite, quite hard. He sat down but didn't make any move to draw the double bass to him.

“You're not going to play?”

“I will join in at the proper time,” he said.

I grumbled but pulled over the small music stand and ran my eyes over the music again to re-familiarize myself with it. I pulled the cello back a bit more, feeling the edges against my inner thighs. Then I picked up the bow and started to play. My eyes shifted, as I did, from the music, to the strings, to him. I felt quite odd, and a little self-conscious, but I felt a continuing ripple of excitement as I played.

The cello was marvelous! There was simply no way I could afford an instrument like this. I'd always really liked the cello, but I had switched to the violin at least in part because it was far easier to get around with one. Lugging a big cello around without a car was... impractical.

The music moved through my body as I played, though, a sort of melodic vibration, as I worked my fingers on the strings and drew the bow as fluidly as I could. It had been a while, but it took little time for the practiced movements to return.

But I couldn't possibly forget I was entirely naked, couldn't ignore the feel of the wood against my thighs, against my breasts and belly as I played. Nor could I forget his eyes on me, eyes which had abandoned his normal cool, stern look, and were instead filled with a sense of pleasure, of delight which I knew was partly sexual and partly not.

You didn't think I was this good, I thought. Did you, Mister Cutter!?

It had been suggested to me that I try out for a real orchestra, that is, a paying one, but there were so many applicants for every position, and it was such an unsteady, unreliable job which took years of auditions, substitutions for sick or absent players, sucking up to people, and endless practicing, mother had convinced me to go for something more reliable.

I often lost myself in the music when I played, but more this time because the sound was so clear, so deliciously true in a soft sweet way! On the other hand, being naked and being... stared at... were big distractions it was hard to completely ignore!

It was several minutes before Cutter joined in with the double bass, using the bow, since plucking would really not have worked with this song, and joining in a half beat behind me. He was surprisingly good for an amateur! I wondered when he found time to practice.

We stopped at the end of the song, and he looked at me. I felt a sudden quivering in my lower belly at the intensity of his gaze. Then he stood up and reached for my hand. I took it and he raised me to my feet, then took the bow out of my hand and turned my back to him.

“What – ?”

His right arm circled my body, bow in hand, and I gasped as I felt his left pulling sharply back on my hair.

“Ow! Oh! Charles!” I gasped.

Instinctively, my left hand thrust up and back behind me to seize his wrist, but instead he seized mine and held it there, along with a fistful of my own hair. And then... he drew the bow across my arched chest and began to... to play me!

My mouth was agape as he drew the bow gently back and forth across my body. I felt his breath warm against the nape of my neck, then felt his lips against my skin as he drew the bow back and forth, first across my breasts, then my ribs, then my stomach, then back up across my breasts again!

It was the strangest sensation! The bow consists of a shaft and a cord made of hundreds of horse-hairs. It's wide and thin, somewhat like a ribbon, and a bit rougher for a double bass than it would be for a cello. Now the ribbon of hair slid smoothly back and forth across my nipples, across my tender breasts, across my taut, fluttering belly as he kissed and chewed lightly on the nape of my neck!

“Spread your legs,” he whispered into my ear.

Trembling, I obeyed, and he angled the bow down, letting it slide to and fro, back and forth, gently across my skin, then across my clitoris, which was swollen and moist! I shuddered, my hips spasming as he let the bow caress me, and his teeth chewed harder on the side of my throat.

“I'm afraid... Miss... Fitzgerald,” he said, his voice sounding hoarse and gravelly, “That I am going to have to fuck you again!”

He took me on my hands and knees, right there on the floor in the middle of his office! He'd been rather rough when he'd taken me bent over his desk the previous evening, but it was a precise, measured, determined sort of rough. This was not measured at all! This was a wild abandonment to sheer lust!

I cried out as he thrust himself into me. He was a big man, and had taken his time previously. Not now! He was hurried, desperate, driving himself into me like a wild man! I could hear his rough breathing as he thrust into me, could feel the excitement, the eagerness in his hands as they jerked roughly back on my hips.

Crack! He slapped my bottom stingingly!

“Oh!”

He was a wild man! I felt a sense of astonishment at his loss of control, for Cutter was the most controlled person I'd ever known! Now he was like an animal as he drove himself into me with harsh, aching thrusts, his upper body now coming down atop my back, his hands dropping to the floor on either side of mine as his hips pounded against me!

I felt his teeth on my throat, and gasped as his weight drove me down to my elbows on the floor. He followed me down, still thrusting wildly, and I ached inside. But I was also very moist, very hot, and my mind and body were gripped with a sense of dark, glittering sexual excitement as he took me.

It was as far from anything called sharing, called lovemaking as, I think, you could get! He was taking me like I was his! Like I was his bitch!

His weight eased up off me, his hands abruptly transferring to my shoulders, jerking me back to meet his bruising thrusts. My bottom was pounded again and again, my body shaking, my breasts wobbling as he rode me. I felt utterly stuffed and at the same time, the head of his cock was punching against the back wall of my pussy as though it were a punching bag!

That caused a continuing ache, a continuing series of throbbing aches, but given the nature of the heat engulfing my mind, that throbbing melded into a wild dark sense of erotic heat and passion as my breathing became ragged and my body burned hotter and hotter.

My head was shaking, jerking, to the violent blows of his hips against my bottom, to the way he was jerking me back to meet those thrusts, then I cried out as I felt him quickly gathering in a thick mass of my hair, then jerking it up and back!

He'd done this the other day, too, but not as sharply! He pulled up roughly, forcing me up off my elbows, up off my hands and right back against his body as he straightened! He pulled me head up and back right against his left shoulder as his other hand moved between my legs, roughly stroking my clitoris.

“You drive me insane, Fitzgerald!” he growled.

He bit into the nape of my neck again, hard, and I cried out again. Then he threw me forward and I barely caught myself on my hands and elbows as he seized my hips, jerking me back to meet an even more powerful series of thrusts.

Then he was down upon my back once more, his chest bearing me all the way to the floor, until my breasts were pillowed out beneath me! His mouth was still at the nape of my neck, biting, sucking, growling into my flesh as his hips hammered against my upraised bottom!

I felt completely lost and out of control, as if I was on a wild, breathless roller coaster ride! I had no idea when it would stop and had no way to slow it down!

One of his hands thrust in under my belly and found my clitoris and I cried out as his fingers began to stroke wildly back and forth! The added sensations flooded my nervous system, which was already overloaded. The sexual electricity crackled through my body and I felt wave after wave of pleasure which I at first took to be a small, or low level orgasm!

Until the real orgasm arrived!

My body began to thrash and buck against him as an intense rush of sensations blew through it and overwhelmed my mind! My muscles spasmed and I felt his left hand clamp over my mouth after the start of my first scream!

It was not a cry. It was not a gurgle or a moan. It was a completely out of control scream! I am so not a screamer! But I screamed out all the breath in my lungs, most of it into the palm of his hand, thankfully. The orgasm made my muscles twist and spasm inside me, in my belly and abdomen! And they kept doing it, wave after incredible wave until I ached horribly and almost wanted it to stop!

Almost!

But it would only stop for a short time, for half minute say, then it would start again, the pressure overflowing, like a volcano, blasting out molten pleasure to set my mind spinning like a top! It surely couldn't all be one orgasm, I thought dazedly! Was I going insane!? Was I going to die!?

Not that that really mattered. All that mattered was that the pleasure, the ecstasy, go on forever!

The longer it did the less I was able to breath properly, the more light-headed I became, and then, somehow, the more powerful the orgasm became!

It felt like it went on forever, but really, there was absolutely no way, as excited

as Charles was, as wild as he was, that he could possibly keep himself erect more than a few minutes.

But what minutes!

I nearly lost consciousness in the storm of emotion and sensation!

Dazed, I found myself laying flat on the floor, him atop me, both of us gasping for breath. My breathing was much more difficult, of course, since he lay atop me. I groaned and wiggled, and he rolled over onto his back, and that allowed me to breath more evenly, but I rolled onto my back too, and that was even better.

We lay there on the floor side by side for a long minute, just breathing.

“I-I didn't know you were... multi-orgasmic,” he said in a choked voice.

Neither had I.

“I-I think I deserve a bonus for this,” I gulped, chest heaving.

He chuckled softly, throatily.

*

Of course I said no. I said absolutely not. I said it was improper. But he insisted, and Charles Cutter is not a man to say no to easily. And... the truth was I wanted very desperately to say yes and I think he knew it.

He gave me the cello as a gift!

Every objection I raised he shrugged aside.

Accepting such a present would make me feel obligated in some way? To do what? Given what we'd already done?

Accepting such a present was unfair to him since I couldn't possibly reciprocate.

Ah, but I'd already given him my body.

Not the same! It was an expensive present!

Not to him. It was pennies to him. He could absently lose the cost in one of his other pants pockets on the floor of a closet and not even notice it was gone.

It would be like I was selling my body to him!

Really? Because otherwise I wouldn't sleep with him?

Besides, he said. I would be playing for him again... and surely that was something to his benefit.

I still felt I should have refused, but he would simply take it home and stuff it in a closet until... the next time I played for him. So why shouldn't I enjoy it?

I felt vaguely guilty, though. Which he played on, because Charles Cutter was a ruthless man in all things, and he knew when to take advantage of someone!

I had the rest of the afternoon to recover, which was no easy thing. I felt as if my insides had been churned to hot butter! My bottom felt sore, and I had a difficult time concealing the bite marks on the side of my neck! I had to brush my hair over to that side!

We were going to eat at the same place, but this time, afterward, we were going shopping – for bikinis. My reward for a very dubious agreement was to be that he would not go back to work afterward. We would go to his place. I wanted to see what it looked like, to see if it gave more insight into his personality, into who Charles Cutter was.

Of course, one of the first things I realized was that Charles Cutter was not an ordinary man. Okay, I had known that already, but I had failed to take it into consideration when I'd agreed to the bathing suit shopping thing. I had expected to go somewhere normal, try something on, give him a bit of a peek through the curtains, and so on.

First, he surprised me by saying he'd drive me. Again, that shouldn't have surprised me. How was I to get the cello home, after all? Anyway, I had expected to go to a place nearby. Second, I surprised myself by my reaction to his car. I was not, or had not thought of myself as a person who got impressed by materialist things.

The car was... sleek. It was a higher end BMW painted black. I hadn't known till

then that black could shine so brightly. The inside was so insulated it shut out the world as I sank into the soft, leather seat. I had never owned a car. Mother didn't think they were environmentally sound, and I hadn't had the money – yet.

We headed smoothly up out of the garage and moved through traffic with the steady confidence he exuded in everything else he did. He turned and turned again, but never seemed to have the slightest doubt where he was headed.

“Where are we headed?” I asked.

“To buy you something sexy,” he replied.

“I don't need anything sexy,” I said crossly.

“You don't need it, true.”

“I don't want anything sexy.”

“I think you're being dishonest with yourself. I think you like the idea of being sexy.”

“I do not!” I exclaimed.

Though, really, I kind of was coming to like the idea...

And then we pulled to the curb so suddenly I was taken completely by surprise. You know how some people will move very slowly into parking spots, backing up, moving forward, being oh-so-careful? He just suddenly jerked the wheel over to the right, then to the left, and that was it. It wasn't a huge space, either.

“We're here,” he said.

He got out of the car before I could ask where 'here' was. I got out, as well, looking around, then blinked as he took my arm and led me up the sidewalk. I had no idea where we even were! But when we walked up to a shop the doorway was framed in brass, and the Gothic lettering across it was in gold.

Lady Godiva.

I read it even as he opened the door, and barely had my mouth open to protest

that this certainly didn't seem like my kind of shop before we were inside.

It was a normal shop, except that everything in it was gleaming wood. No sign of aluminum or press-board here. The carpet was quite thick, the windows tinted, and there were no shelves, only mannequins lined up in rows.

“I don't think this is my kind of place,” I said urgently.

“Nonsense. They have excellent quality suits here.”

“I'm not a rich girl!”

“My treat.”

“No wa – !”

“How do you do, sir and madam,” the sales girl said solicitously.

She was a tall, slender black girl roughly my age with her hair done up above her head, wearing a tight blue dress.

“We're looking for a few things for Aida to try on,” Charles said.

“Certainly, sir,” she said. “Simply select what you wish and I will find the proper size for the lady. Do you know your size, madam?”

“Uhm... well, that uh, depends on the suit,” I said.

“Not here,” she said with a smile. “You will not find our things varying by where they were made or who made them. If you would come this way I'll measure you so we get the perfect fit.”

“Excellent idea. I'll browse,” Charles said even as the girl was leading me away.

I was out of my element, clearly, and a bit nervous about it. I let the girl lead me into a separate room, a sort of anterior to the fitting booths within.

“If you would take off your dress, madam, I'll measure you properly,” she said.

There was no easy way to refuse! I certainly didn't want to act like a shy little girl and refuse to take my dress off. At least Charles hadn't torn my panties off

today!

I still blushed, for they were my 'sexy panties and bra', one of the matching pair I'd bought since going to work at the bank.

She had a measuring tape and quickly and efficiently measured just about every aspect of my body, leaving my breasts for last.

“Please remove your bra, madam,” she said.

“I uhm, you need that off?” I gulped.

“If we you were purchasing clothing, then no, but you are purchasing bras, so yes, we do need to know the shape of your breasts.”

I blushed even more, but removed the bra as she measured across the nipples.

“You have excellent breasts, madam,” she said as she finished.

How does one respond to that!?

And then Charles came into the room! I squeaked and moved to cover myself at first, out of instinct. He gave me an amused look and I relaxed, feeling a little silly.

“Here,,” he said, giving the woman a pair of small tags, “I like these ones.”

“Thank you so much, sir,” the girl said. “I will find the proper size for madam.”

She left the room and he grinned at me while I glowered back.

“I thought we were just going to shop!”

“That's what we're doing.”

“What did you give her?”

“The suits are on the mannequins. There are tags hanging in front and you just take the tag to the girl and she finds the proper size and color to match.”

“I wasn't aware you were going to be selecting the suits, Mister Charles Cutter!”

“Who would have a better idea of what you look good in than me?”

“Me!”

“Nonsense,” he said, sliding his hands around me and drawing me in against him.

“Charles!” I gasped, pushing at him. “The girl will be back!”

“I don't think she's the easily shocked type.”

“I am the easily shocked type!” I said, pushing him back and covering my breasts.

I would have put the dress back on but that seemed pointless if the girl was going to fetch bathing suits. Sure enough, a minute later she returned with several pair of suits. I took them into one of the booths and tried on the first.

It was not, as I'd feared, a thong. It was low on my hips, though, and was kind of reddish, or a pinkish red. The top was a sort of bandeau, but rather revealing to my eye. Of course, I knew I was far more modest than most girls my age. At least it had a full bottom!

I looked doubtfully at myself in the mirror.

“Come out and let me see,” Charles said.

I flushed, wondering what the girl would think, but slid the curtain aside and showed him. The girl, thankfully, wasn't there.

“Very nice,” he said.

“It's a little... low,” I said, trying to tug the top up to fully cover my breasts.

“Only by your standards. And it highlights your trim stomach,” he said, his fingers skimming along my lower abdomen just along the line of the suit. “No, this looks quite good. Even modest.”

I snorted doubtfully, but didn't really disagree.

The next one, on the other hand, was a string bikini. It was turquoise, and the

bottoms rose only a little higher than the other, while leaving my hips bare save for the strings. The top covered most of my breasts, but there was certainly some bare there! Again, I recognized it was fairly normal, even if immodest by my standards.

The final one was black, and it too was a string bikini. The bottom was little more than an inverted triangle very low on my abdomen, barely covering my sex and perhaps an inch and a half above it! If I hadn't followed mother's example (for cleanliness, she used to tell me) and shaved clean my pubic hair would have shown!

It had two thin strings angled steeply up across my hips and around in back to another inverted triangle just at the cleft of my buttocks. Yes, it was a thong! The top cups covered barely half my breasts, the edges just outside my nipples as they cut diagonally across my breasts!

No way was I wearing this in public.

“This is definitely my favorite,” Charles said.

“Why am I not surprised?” I asked, blushing.

“Yes, definitely a good fit,” he said, his hands coming up my sides and then around front to cup my breasts.

“Charles,” I said warningly, glancing at the doorway.

“What? I can't help it if you turn me on in this,” he said, his hands sliding down onto my bare bottom.

“You're the one who chose the suits!” I protested.

“Hmm,” he said. “I have excellent taste.”

“None of these have price tags,” I said.

“If you have to ask...”

“This suit is scandalous,” I said firmly.

“Oh, I don't think so. I've seen lots of girls wearing these types of suits.”

“I'm not that kind of girl!”

“Hot and sexy with a great body? I think you are.”

Unfortunately, it was then that the sales girl came back in. I stiffened, but I couldn't turn and run away like an idiot, so I had to pretend I didn't feel any discomfort.

“That looks fantastic on you,” she said, her voice sounding rather more than professional, like she really believed it.

“Uhm, thanks,” I said, flushing.

“You have a very nicely toned body,” she said.

She gripped my arm and gently turned me and I rolled my eyes up at an amused Charles as she looked at the back.

“And an excellent bottom!”

“We'll take all three,” Charles said.

“Wait a minute!” I gasped.

“Ah, you brought them,” he said, eyeing what appeared to be lingerie in her hands.

“Yes, sir, here they are, the ones you selected,” she said.

I stared at him. I hadn't known the shop sold lingerie too!

“Well, I do owe you for the ones I tore,” he said, giving me a smile.

I blushed and the sales girl smiled.

I have to say that despite my uneasiness with the suits, it had felt rather... good to my ego to be modeling them in front of Charles as he sat there admiring me. Well, who doesn't like to be admired, after all? And his honest lust stroked my ego and kind of made me a little excited. I was enjoying teasing him.

But modeling underwear was different. Even if it did cover as much body as the suits it was more... provocative. And it was sort of in public! Yet he sat on a comfortable chair in that lovely suit as, again and again, I came out of the booth and modeled the slinky, sexy – and in some cases slutty! – outfits for him.

“I'm not coming out,” I said with one.

“Come out.”

I poked my head through the curtain to make sure no one was there, then, nervous, but also excited despite myself, eased out wearing what was, in effect, a body stocking! Oh, it would be handy in that I wouldn't have to wear nylons. It covered me from toes to above my breasts. And it was also about as see through as a pair of dark nylons!

“Hmm,” he said. “I definitely like this.”

“Pervert,” I grumbled.

“And so... sensible,” He said.

“Sensible!?”

“I was referring to this,” he said, sliding his finger along the neat little seam right over my sex.

I flushed, for indeed, there was a seam there made of elastic material which, in effect, could be opened easily to reveal my naked sex!

“I won't have to tear anything,” he said.

“I'm not wearing this to work!”

“It's quite modest under a dress.”

“Stop that!” I gasped, as his fingers slid in between the two elastic joints to stroke lightly over my clitoris.

He grinned and I started to run away, and then the girl showed up again! I blushed hotly, but refused to act like a virginal girl by covering myself.

“That looks very sexy on you, madam,” she said.

“Thanks,” I said.

“And you'll note that the top is reinforced,” she said as she stepped forward.

She ran her fingers across my chest just along the underside of my breasts.

“This offers sufficient support that it can be worn without a bra,” she said.

“How excellent,” Charles said with a smile.

My stomach fluttered and my chest was tight, but I glowered at him anyway.

“Now try the diamond one,” he said.

I rolled my eyes but was glad to disappear back behind the curtain. The other one was basically the same, except it was made of black netting. It squeezed up and in against my breasts so I assumed it too could be worn without a bra. It had no seam over my sex, but the holes in the diamond patterned netting were large enough that Charles would probably have not needed to worry if he wanted to take me in it.

“It fits the same,” I said.

He pulled the curtain back and I gasped, covered myself quickly with my arms, then let them drop. I flushed as his eyes moved up and down, and I thought I saw him flush a bit too.

“Oh you're definitely wearing this out of here,” he said.

“What? No, I'm not!”

“We're going to my place, after all.”

“But – !”

And then the sales girl arrived again, and rather than argue, I agreed, and gratefully put my dress on over it. It looked, then, as if I was wearing nylons in a diamond pattern, as long as one didn't look too close.

We got back in the car and he gave me a smoldering look.

“No!” I said, pointing a finger at him.

“No what?”

“No, you are not fucking me!” I exclaimed, rather surprising myself, to be honest.

He gave me a look of disbelief, then laughed aloud.

“If you want what's inside the netting you'll have to make love to me, Mister Charles Cutter!”

“I think I can manage both.”

I glowered at him, but still felt a fluttering in my lower belly.

We headed for his place, which evidently was near the ocean. We were on the Santa Monica Freeway, then quickly got off in Malibu.

“You live in Malibu?”

“Yes, surprised?”

“I thought you'd be in one of those big downtown condos.”

“I have one of those too.”

I looked at him, then shook my head.

“Makes it a quick drive home. I mostly come out here on the weekends.”

The rich are different. We all know that. We've even seen the pictures. Experiencing it was something else again. His house was quite literally ON the beach. I don't mean it overlooked the beach from a distance. It was ON the beach.

It had several levels, and a big swimming pool off to one side on the second level. The interior was fabulously modern and sleek, with huge glass windows which turned out to be doors which could open up the entire 'great room' as he

called it to the ocean waves and breeze!

The house was half propped on a low cliff, while the rest was held up by a group of thick, gray, concrete pillars so near to the ocean that at high tide the water was no more than fifteen or twenty feet away! Not yards, feet! The view from the upper levels was fabulous! And you only needed to go down a circular staircase to be right there on the beach.

It wasn't a crowded public beach either. Oh, all beaches were theoretically public, but they were hard to get to in Malibu unless you lived on one of the properties crowded together along its edge. The result was that standing there with my feet in the surf I could look up and down the beach and see no one.

That, and the undeniable awe I felt at his house let him persuade me into putting on that tiny thong bikini. I felt scandalous doing it, though, but excited, prancing around in the surf and sand with him. I mean, it was one thing to be dressed like this in a room, but outside?! I felt wicked and wild!

And more than a little anxious for fear someone would show up and see me!

But then, it was the most naked I'd seen him, as well, in his bathing suit. Of course, men's suits, or even boys suits, were large and loose, unlike the suits worn by girls and women. Even so, seeing his bare chest at last, completely bare, made my fingers tingle with the desire to slide across it!

Well, Miss Fitzgerald, how do you like my little house?" he asked, sauntering towards me.

"It's lovely!" I said enthusiastically.

He slipped his arms around me and I flinched as his hands slid down to gently cup my bare buttocks. My head swiveled to the left, then the right, then up towards his neighbors. There were bushes and hedges, however, between his property and theirs, to maintain some privacy.

Still, I felt wonderfully indecent as I felt my body pressed against his, and my hands slid onto his chest and moved excitedly up and down against it as he nibbled lightly on the side of my throat.

"It's a beautiful beach," I said. "And so private!"

“Maybe you don't even need the swimsuit,” he said, tugging down my bottoms.

I squealed and grabbed them, jerking them back up again as he grinned impishly.

“Charles!”

“No one is about,” he said.

“That doesn't matter!”

“Of course it matters,” he said.

I backed against one of the pillars, which allowed him to kind of pin me there, one arm on either side of me. He looked down at me, then kissed me, and I slid my hands up over his shoulders, then up through his hair as our mouths moved together.

I could feel the cool gray stone against my back and buttocks as we kissed, and feel the heat building within me as the waves washed ashore only feet in front of me. His hands slid through my hair and down around my back, then tugged the tie at the back of my neck.

Again I gasped, jerking my hands up and back behind me. He quickly seized my hands, lifting them up and pinning them against the stone above my head as he pressed his bare chest against my bare breasts and rubbed himself lightly against me.

I stared up at him, breathless, as his eyes glinted and he rubbed his chest against my breasts again.

“What a naughty girl you are, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said softly.

“Charles!” I gulped.

Again I jerked my head up and down the beach, but saw no sign of anyone coming, and I could see for some ways.

He chuckled throatily, then pinned my wrists together with one big hand and let the other slide down my body, kneading my bare breasts, then sliding further, pushing into the small V of material over my groin. I gasped aloud as his fingers

found my clitoris, rubbing against it, and then moaned helplessly, head jerking to the left, to the right, to the left, to the right, and up at him.

Then down, staring at his hand, what was visible above the thong. His fingers were buried inside it, and two of them moved firmly up and down the line of my sex, then curled in and gently began to push forward. His thumb started to stroke against my clitoris, then as I squirmed against the pillar, wanting to tell him to stop – but not wanting him to stop!

“I bet I know what you want,” he said softly.

“Y-You don't!” I gulped.

He smirked, and released my wrists. His left hand slid behind my back, undoing the tie there, and tugging the bikini top out of my hands as I tried to seize it.

Well, I certainly hadn't worn that for long!

“You want to see me naked, don't you,” he said in a soft, taunting voice.

“W-Why would I care what you looked like naked, Mister Cutter?” I gulped.

He brushed his lips along mine, then along my cheek and up under my ear.

His fingers had slid into me, pumping slowly in and out as his thumb moved in a circular motion against my clitoris. My lower belly was becoming heavy and hot, and my bare breasts felt swollen and taut, the nipples tingling hotly.

My hands were on his chest, then his belly, then, defiantly, I gripped the waistband of his swimsuit and shoved it down. He was not entirely hard, but nor was he soft, and he was suddenly entirely naked there, back lit by the sun, but still very, very visible as my eyes raced up and down his body!

Oh yes!

I was not in the habit of looking at pornography, not really, nor had I a lot of experiences with naked men. I had taken it as an article of faith from many women that men, as a rule, didn't tend to look terribly good naked.

Charles Cutter looked fabulous naked!

There was no softness to him, no paunch. His body moved straight down from his powerful chest to his firm, flat stomach. I followed a thin line of dark hair down his equally firm, smooth, flat abdomen to where it spread out into the neatly trimmed hair around his ... cock.

He looked at me looking at him, and that cock, which had been pointed at my knee, hardened, thickened, lengthened, and pointed at my belly! My upper belly!

Awed, I reached out to it, cupping his testicles, squeezing lightly, then encircling the base of his shaft with my other hand and sliding it slowly up the length of him.

He tugged the thong down and I whimpered at a jolt of intense excitement and arousal, jerking my eyes anxiously up and down the beach.

“I bet no one has ever made love to you on a beach, little girl,” he said.

I took a ragged breath, squeezing his shaft halfway along, and raised my eyes to his. Then I sank to my knees in the sand, staring at him, again, the whole of him, my eyes running up and down his body, then focusing in on his groin.

My body felt like it was vibrating like a tuning fork as I licked up along his cock, from the base to the tip. I licked long laps, as if he was an ice cream cone, licking up the sides as well as the bottom. I mouthed his balls, sucking them excitedly into my mouth, wildly aroused at my own daring, at doing this out in the open, on a public beach!

It was shocking, it was wicked, it was wild, and it was incredibly thrilling!

I took him into my mouth, sucking and licking, bobbing up and down, up and down, taking him as deep as I could without taking him into my throat. And I was braced for that when he buried his hand in my hair and pulled me up and back.

“Oh no, not just yet, little girl,” he said. “I want this to last a little longer, and the feel of your throat around me is simply too much.”

He shifted his grip to my hands, and backed away from the pillars. I was forced to kind of stumble forward on my knees in the sand until we were out of the shadow of the house, only a couple of feet away from where the water lapped.

Again I twisted my head left and right anxiously, then up and back over my shoulder at the neighbors.

He lifted my hands straight up, then and then pushed them back so that I fell back onto my back in the soft, thick sand. At the same time, he dropped to his knees in front of me, between my legs. His big hands seized my legs and jerked my body closer, spreading my legs wide at the same time, and then he fell forward atop me!

He caught himself on his hands, of course, but I still had his bulk pressing me down as he kissed me, as he let his chest press down firmly on my bared breasts. I moaned into his mouth as I felt my pulse racing, felt the heat pulsing within me as his thick flesh was trapped between his belly and mine.

The waves were lapping at my lower legs, and I drew them up and back, gasping, then slid them around his body as his tongue did a long, slow, twirling twist inside my mouth. Then his hips rose against my legs, forcing them back. I felt the head of his cock pressing against the mouth of my sex, the plump helmet head rubbing up and down against me to produce hot rushing floods of liquid heat.

I groaned as I felt him penetrate me, as I felt the thickness of his shaft pushing firmly through the soft, delicate walls of my flesh, sliding deeper and deeper until the ache of fullness made me moan aloud.

He drove himself deep, deep inside me, until my head jerked back with a gasp of pain, the back of my head grinding against the sand. But I wanted every inch of him inside me and didn't have a thought of complaint! I knew I could take it. I'd done it already several times, after all.

He licked and kissed up and down along the underside of my throat until I drew my head back up, then his hands slid under it, his elbows partially propping him up. His hips began to move, then, in a slow, rhythmic, circling motion which also rose and fell in short, smooth, even strokes.

He was... moving inside me, pumping, at different angles, as my nipples burned against his chest. His lips moved up under my ear, his teeth chewing on me there, then back onto my mouth as I panted raggedly.

His hips rose and fell in longer strokes, but still slow, smooth, fluid, as my heels

dug into the sand again and again, then slid around him once again.

This was so lewd, so immoral and obscene! It was wonderful! I wished it would go on forever like that! At least, at that moment I did. And it did go on like that, on and on, as the heat of my body burned hotter and the intensity of the sexual pressure began to make me tremble and moan.

And then.. and then I didn't want it to go on like that any more! I wanted it faster! I wanted it faster and harder! My heels pulled down against his thighs and buttocks, but to no avail, and then my arms slid around him, grasping his buttocks.

I got sidetracked for long moments as my fingers slid up and down and began to knead the soft flesh. But then the pressure built to an almost unbearable level and I began to pull, to try to jerk him down harder and faster! But he still wouldn't. Still, I had leverage now, and so I began to use it to roll my hips up against him like... like a wanton whore!

But then he stopped, pinning my buttocks to the sand.

“Miss Fitzgerald, you're interfering with my lovemaking,” he said dryly.

I glared at him fiercely. “Fuck me!”

He laughed at me and my eyes narrowed. I dug my nails into his bottom and he yelped for a moment, then his own eyes grew narrow. He rose up momentarily, grasped my knees and jerked my legs up and then back against my body. His hands slid down onto my ankles and he let his weight forward, crushing my body in two as he held himself up with his straight, powerful arms.

And then began to fuck me!

He thrust straight down into me, while his tight grip on my ankles forced me body practically in two! I was folded back, the backs of my feet now pressed into the sand above my head, my buttocks obscenely raised up to the sun as he began to thrust into me with hard, deep, powerful strokes that hammered his hips against my buttocks!

Every thrust used the full, long length of his thick cock, every one drove an explosive rush of heat and sensation through my body and drew a helpless cry of

pleasure from my open mouth. I'm not quite sure how many of those deep thrusts it took bring on my orgasm, but not many. Less than a dozen, for sure.

Aware of being outdoors a part of me did its best to repress any sounds I might make, but I knew I was grunting, gurgling and moaning like a wild animal as the passion and heat met with the explosive release of sensation to overwhelm my mind! Waves of pleasure rolled over me, scattering my consciousness, sending my mind tumbling over and over.

And through it all was that hard, jarring impact of his hips against my taut, upraised buttocks, and the deep, savage thrust of his thick cock deep into my aching, burning, spasming pussy!

But the moment my trembling, thrashing, twisting body went limp, spent, he halted, dropping back, his cock sliding out of me. Then his mouth was on me, as my legs dropped onto the sand on either side of him, and I moaned helplessly, dazedly pushing my hands against his head as he began to avidly lick and suck at my now hypersensitive clitoris.

It was too much! I felt raw in the aftermath, and the sensations his tongue and lips were producing were too strong, uncomfortably strong. But he ignored my efforts to push him off, his hands sliding up my body to fold together around my breasts, squeezing and kneading them as his mouth devoured my sex!

The discomfort of those powerful sensations shifted and morphed into something darkly delicious as he managed to reignite the ardor within me in shockingly little time. Helpless, my chest still heaving, I squirmed beneath him, moaning, hips grinding against him.

He drew back again, and literally flipped me onto my belly as though I weighed nothing! I groaned, staring at the ground before my eyes, then felt his hands around my legs, dragging me backward through the sand. A moment later he jerked my hips up into the air and his open hand slapped my bottom with a sharp crack!

I gasped aloud, moaning, as he spread my legs. Then I felt his cock rubbing up and down against me once more, rubbing against my clitoris, the long length of his shaft pressed along my pussy, sliding up and down, up and down before he centered himself once again and pushed into me.

I cried out as he drove himself in hard and deep, seizing my hips to jerk my buttocks higher. Almost immediately, he began to thrust into me as he had earlier.

He was fucking me!

And I gloried in it, my mind reveling in the hard, driving strokes as my chest and face rubbed against the soft sand beneath me. Only when he wrapped my hair around his hand and jerked up and back to I force my arms to work and push myself up onto my elbows, gasping for breath as his hips pummeled my buttocks!

God! What a lewd scene this would be if anyone came by! And yet, the imagination of that moment, the thought of someone seeing me like this sent a roiling wave of volcanic heat through my body and mind. In moments, I was coming again, crying out, thrusting my buttocks back to meet his own strokes despite the bruising ache, glorying in the wild, raw, sexual heat of the moment!

He released my hair and as the orgasm faded I lost the strength and dropped to my face and chest in the sand. His hands gripped my hips tightly as he continued to thrust into me, my cheek grinding up and down in the sand as my glazed eyes stared sightlessly up the beach.

And then with a short, gurgling cry, he gave a series of short, frantic thrusts, and then collapsed atop me.

I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck, then his fingers pulling aside my hair there. A moment later I felt his lips kissing the back of my neck, gently, softly, without any teeth involved this time.

He rolled over then, as I kind of twisted back, and we both wound up on our backs.

“I'm all sweaty,” I groaned.

He sat up with a smile and brushed sand off my belly, and a groaned and stretched out on the beach, admittedly playing to him a bit, arching my back a little and grinning at him.

“You should just stay naked permanently,” he said.

“You going to suggest to the bank that they change the dress code?” I asked with a smirk.

“Probably that wouldn't be considered politically correct.”

I sat up. “You don't strike me as being politically correct.”

“One must keep up appearances, nonetheless.”

He stood up, then reached down for my hand. I gave it to him and he lifted me to my feet, then surprised me. I squealed as he kept pulling, bent over and hefted me easily over his shoulder!

“Charles!” I cried.

He turned and jogged into the water, then threw me further out before diving after me.

“Not sweaty any more,” he said.

Which was true enough, I suppose. We splashed about a little, and I swam around – with my eyes on the shoreline – feeling a wonderful sense of freedom skinny dipping in the ocean! Of course, now that we weren't on the beach we were visible to the houses lining the beach, which made me extremely nervous whenever my breasts were above the water!

We went back to the beach and scooped up our swimsuits at the sight of people wandering towards us, then climbed the ladder up into the floor above. He grabbed at me but I dodged aside, then grasped a narrow metal pillar near the stairs and swung myself bodily around it to land on the lower step.

“You're very limber, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said as I grinned smugly at him.

“Well,” I said. “This is too thick, but it kind of reminds me of my pole dancing class.”

He stared at me, his mouth open.

“It's good exercise,” I said, a bit self-conscious.

He continued staring at me.

“It works the core, and the arms and legs as well. It's really very good exercise. It's got nothing to do with stripping!”

“I'll have a pole installed tomorrow,” he finally said.

“Don't be silly!”

“Oh, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said with an enormous, though predatory smile, “I am being very, very serious.”

I felt my heart start to beat faster and took a deep breath, my eyes on him again. He was still entirely naked, as was I, and I felt a thrum of heat and desire within myself. That was only slightly offset by a sense of guilt and indignation, largely at myself.

I mean, this was all very, very... physical! I suppose that was all well and good, but I hadn't been raised to simply have physical relationships with men! There had to be a lot more. Mind you, I had certainly sensed interest in other directions, but I also sensed in Charles someone who was reluctant to commit to anything deeply.

That was normally a person to avoid, but I thought I had done a lot to win him over in the past few days. God, had it only been three days!? I wished I could read his mind! I wanted to know what he was honestly thinking about Me, and not simply my body.

Then again, I wasn't at all sure what I thought of Charles Cutter, as opposed to his body either. He had opened up a world of thrilling physical experiences for me, and there was a part of him I had discovered which was gentle and sensitive. But I still didn't know what I really thought of him as relationship material.

But then, it had only been three days. There was plenty of time to find out.

“I don't do lap dances,” I said warningly.

His broad smile didn't waver.

“You will,” he replied.

What an arrogant man! What an astonishing man!

In this series

[An Exasperating Man](#)

[An Astonishing Man](#)

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