



An Exasperating Man

By JJ Argus



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California Girl - 1

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

My mother was a feminist and a lesbian. She was quite determined I grow up without the normal cultural inhibitions visited upon young women. She disdained pink and lace in all my early clothing and the furniture in my room, and never told me I was pretty. Pretty didn't matter. Brains and accomplishment were what mattered, she said.

My toys were all carefully chosen for their educational value. She avoided dolls, tea sets, and the like, but neither did she substitute traditional boys toys either. She didn't want me becoming a tomboy for that would be far too cliched.

My life was rigidly scheduled. I took classes in everything under the sun, from Spanish to kick boxing to violin, piano, gymnastic, swimming, computers and gardening. In my teen years I managed, through great effort, to convince her to allow a dancing class into the mix, but that was about it insofar as anything she might consider 'girlish'.

Some of the classes continued for years and grew into real interest, like the violin, which I played in a youth orchestra and then the university student orchestra. Some I detested, like gardening and gymnastics.

The gymnastics went away, thankfully, when I 'developed' too much – very much to my mother's distress. She was a slender woman and while too intelligent to be offended by having a 'top heavy' daughter, I think she was highly disapproving emotionally. Thankfully, the rest of my body wound up growing (almost) into my breasts so they didn't seem quite so large.

Mother chose my clothes right through my mid teens, including underwear. None of that sexualized stuff for me, no lace or silk. Sensible underwear designed for comfort, not to arouse the attentions of some boy or other were the order of the day. That included bras and tops designed specifically to minimize the look of my breasts.

I didn't wear my first skirt until university, at the behest of a roommate who insisted I would look fabulous in one because I had great legs. The compliment mystified me as I had no idea, on examining my legs, why they should be considered any better than anyone else's, or why I ought to care one way or the other.

But she was insistent, and the skirt was on sale, and, well, isn't college for experimenting?

I found it comfortable but odd feeling since I'd never worn anything but trousers. It wasn't all that short, but it certainly was above the knees, and while part of me loved it in the summer heat at least, I still felt slightly like an exhibitionist wearing it.

Mind you, that was a mixed feeling, because I found, much to my chagrin, having adopted many, if not all of mother's views, that I felt considerable ego gratification at being looked at, or at least, in imagining men were looking at me 'in that way'.

I arrived at university with very little experience with boys. My mother had seen to that, having over regulated my days to the extent I had needed an appointment calender to schedule any sort of dating or socializing outside of the variety of courses she'd signed me up for.

That wasn't to say I had no friends for I had a number of girl friends, but boys were ... more difficult. They insisted on seeing me as a sexual object, and were often crude in both their language and their behavior. They didn't show the proper respect I had been brought up to insist upon. They used foul language and often tried to touch me in ways they weren't supposed to.

I did wind up having a boyfriend. His name was Dean, and he was the son of a Presbyterian minister. The best I could say about him was he was safe and polite, if somewhat boring. Mother didn't altogether approve since she didn't think much of Christianity given its attitudes towards women (which she explained to me in much detail).

I took Human Resource Management at UCLA, and was, by nature, a studious person intent on learning and getting good grades. I was a virgin when I got there, and while half of me was proud of that fact, the other half kept wondering what I was missing.

I had a number of female friends, as I said, but these were girls who adjusted to the fact I didn't consider certain topics to be acceptable, like sex and bodily functions. These were private matters, after all, and a polite person didn't discuss them with others uninvited. Nevertheless, I had become aware that a number of them, most of them, in fact, were not virgins, and that they were more than

slightly delighted in some, at least, of their – adventures – with boys.

My exposure to boys, men, I suppose, by then, at college was more limited than most. We lived in Marina Del Rey, so it would have been silly and expensive for me to have stayed at a dormitory when I had a perfectly good bedroom which cost nothing. The students in my HRM program were almost entirely female, as were almost all the teachers.

And I was still taking a number of courses outside of school, like sailing, Mandarin, Cello, and, of course, my exercise classes at the local fitness (female only) club. Then there was the university student orchestra, which took up more of my available time. I had virtually no time to date, nor was my life filled with opportunities to meet men.

My mother, perhaps, was pleased by this. My life was still quite regimented by her, every day monitored, every visit away from home resulting in questions about what I'd done and where I'd gone. I was not a rebellious girl, amazingly. But I did have my first real rebellious act in my freshman year in college.

The class I was signed up for at the fitness center was pole dancing. I did it half out of irritation with her, but also out of a mix of emotional thoughts about myself and whether I was attractive or sexy or not. My mother had taught me not to care, but I was caring, regardless. Plus it looked fun.

I could only imagine her horror if she'd known, however, and that gave me a smug sense of victory, of having put one over on her. She would not have approved, to say the least! Anything which 'objectified' women, or had them acting like 'sexual objects' was anathema to her.

But the class was fun! It was more than fun, though. It was sexy! Even though no one ever took their clothes off, and we girls all wore shorts or leotards, poles and stripping were still an undeniable part of our culture, and it was impossible to be swinging around the pole as music pounded in the background without imagining I was a stripper!

Of course, the very idea was completely and absolutely the opposite of everything my mother had ever thought to make of me, and so I often had a sense of smirking superiority at imagining what she'd do if I wound up working as a stripper.

Mind you, I was so body conscious at that point, so used to wearing shapeless, body disguising clothes in browns, blacks and grays, that I would have been far, far too shy to do anything of the sort. Even my bathing suits (one piece, of course) were more akin to something my grandmother would have worn in her youth.

The classes were highly effective in toning my body, though, which pleased me even if I was the only one who really noticed. I had taken dancing through most of my high school years, as I said, and I had found I really loved dancing. So combining the pole dancing with real dancing, that is, pretending I was a stripper, well, it was a natural.

At least in the privacy of my bedroom in front of my mirror...

But that continued to make me feel, and want to be... sexy. I began to dislike the clothes I wore, wanting brighter colors, and clothes that flattered me more. Unfortunately, I didn't have a job, nor the time for one, and my mother was not about to lay out money on anything which smacked of 'sexy'.

Nevertheless, I did manage to lose my virginity in my sophomore year. It wasn't so much a matter of being seduced or swept off my feet as my deciding I really did have to have a look and see what it was like. Despite my mother's hopes I had concluded by then that I was not a lesbian. As such, sex was something I thought I needed to acquire some knowledge of before I became too old to allow my inexperience to pass unmentioned.

The target I settled upon was Jeremy Fischer, a fellow violinist at the university. Jeremy was a slim, boyish guy with short hair and an almost girlishly pretty face. I knew some suspected he was gay but I had caught him 'noticing me' on more than a few occasions while we worked together, and had concluded otherwise.

His seduction skills were hopeless, so I had to be the one who made the first move. He was not the sexiest guy around by any means. He was, in fact a nerd. But there are benefits to having sex with a nerd. For one thing, he appreciates you a lot more than some handsome stud. For another, he has a rather good imagination.

Sex with Jeremy was... eye-opening. It was not romantic, for I felt no particular sense of emotional bonding with him. It was, in fact, embarrassing, at least at first, but Jeremy was determined to give me an orgasm, and succeeded, though I

had to tell him what to do.

Funny, hmm? Me being a virgin telling Jeremy what to do. He was not a virgin, but he wanted to know, repeatedly, what this felt like, or what that felt like, or if I liked something, or if he was squeezing, stroking, touching, too hard, slow, fast, or whatever.

But the sheer, raw, open-mouthed awe and lust in his face when he saw me naked changed my own view of myself. Granted, Jeremy didn't get to see many girls naked, but still, it was like he thought he'd found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!

My breasts (36D-cups) had, up until that point in time, mostly been an annoyance. They made it hard to find clothes which fit properly (and which weren't tight across the chest), they weighed too much, and they made athletics more difficult.

Jeremy fairly worshiped them! And I discovered that the feel of someone else's hands on my breasts was infinitely more exciting and pleasurable than my own. I also discovered just how sensitive my nipples were with a man's mouth on them! I think he made me come once just by sucking and chewing at my nipples, areolae and surrounding flesh!

Aside from that, though, the sex was... okay. Jeremy was not big, down there, if you know what I mean, and tried to make up for it with his fingers and tongue – to some success. Still, it gave me a secret thrill that I was again doing something mother didn't know about and wouldn't approve of, and it's not like it wasn't pleasant in many ways.

Aside from the violin, Jeremy and I had virtually nothing in common other than being somewhat nerdish. He was into computers, though, which I disdained, while I was more into poetry, art, and of course, psychology and sociology. So sex was really all we did together, when I could make myself available.

He satisfied my need to feel more like a woman, to feel more mature, to feel as though I were more sophisticated, and learning about life. But he satisfied it in a way which could best be described as 'good enough', or 'adequate'. That is, it wasn't exactly thrilling or anything, but it kept me from feeling too much like an asexual being.

When he graduated the next year he left for San Diego, and I remained chaste, unless you could my dildo (which I hid from mother), thereafter.

But I still considered myself a sexual person. I felt a growing sense of frustration at the lack of opportunities to express it, aside from through pole dancing and doing a sort of stripper act in front of my mirror. My imagination ran rampant, but I was not particularly brave or outgoing, so while I thought of a lot of nasty things I could do, like stripping in a club or going to a nude beach and having sex on it, I didn't, of course, seriously consider doing any of them.

I graduated with honors (of course), and through mother's connections, got a job working in the HR department at the Bank of California. My job was to consult with individual managers to help them develop staffing plans, and to walk them through hiring and promotions and ensure everything was according to policy.

After working there for four months I moved out of our house and into a small apartment, and set about developing my own life without mother overseeing every aspect of it. That included buying my own clothes (and lingerie!).

A lifetime of mother did not disappear overnight of course. And my money had to go, of necessity, on work clothes, at first. It will not surprise you that bank offices are conservative places and that women are expected to dress conservatively.

I bought a number of business suits, mostly in dark colors, with pinstripes, in many cases, but there were some skirts along with the trousers, and the jackets and blouses were tighter, more form fitting, than what I had previously worn.

Take that mother, I often thought.

On the occasion on which the focus of this story rests, I was wearing a white blouse with fine dark pinstripes, a charcoal suit, and trousers. I had come in that morning earnestly intent on doing my very best, and with a contented attitude of someone who is happy, healthy and enjoys her work.

And then I met Charles Cutter.

Charles was like no man I had previously come into close contact with. He was... not a nice man, for one thing. Nor did he make much apology about that fact. He was a vice president in charge of investments. The HR department had often had

cause to be disapproving of his methods as he often fired people for not living up to his very high expectations and demands.

On this occasion I was consulting with him on hiring, thankfully, and trying to explain to him, as tactfully as I could, why we could not do things the way he wanted them done.

This was made more difficult because Mister Cutter was a physically intimidating person. He was tall, broad shouldered and powerfully built, but more than that he had a stern demeanor with flinty gray eyes which made it extremely difficult to try to refuse him what he wanted.

When I first walked into his office I was startled at how young he was. From the way the women in HR had spoken of him I had gotten the impression of a crusty, angry older man, a ruthless, autocratic man who had no concern either for the emotional well-being of those under him, or the laws and policies under which the bank operated.

But the man who rose behind his enormous desk was not even through his thirties yet, I thought, as I held out my hand in the perfunctory but necessary greeting required. My hand all-but disappeared into his as he squeezed it just enough, not too roughly, and examined me with eyes that felt like they were going through me like an X-ray.

Those eyes... they were a soft gray, but the way he looked at you... the fierceness of his examination, as if he had to know absolutely everything about in an instant, caused the breath to catch in my throat.

“Miss Fitzgerald,” he said.

His voice was quite deep, as befitted a large man, but sort of, I don't know, furry, if you know what I mean.

“Good morning, Mister Cutter,” I said, hoping my voice was serene and confident.

“Don't let him intimidate you,” Myra had said.

Yet I was intimidated. I even forgot to correct his 'miss' to 'ms'.

That only made me more determined to set forth the policy, however, as he guided me to a chair, a kind of conversation corner at the side of his large office.

I had my file in my arm and sat down carefully, opening it.

“I understand you wish to undertake a hiring competition,” I said.

“That's correct,” he said, sitting back in the chair and examining me.

I don't mean to suggest his look was in any way sexual. It certainly didn't feel that way. It just felt like I was under very close scrutiny, as if he had not yet decided if he approved of me or not.

“Some of the criteria you have set out, however, is in violation of the California Human Rights Code, as well as Bank policy,” I said firmly.

Well, I tried to sound firm, but it sounded apologetic when it came out.

“I want the kind of people who will do well in these jobs so I don't have to keep firing them,” he said.

His high turnover had been often discussed around the HR department.

“Well of course but – .”

“It's a pain in the ass to have to keep training people, and I have to use my better operators for it, which makes it even more irritating, and costs the bank even more money,” he added.

“Yes, I understand, sir,” I said, looking down at the notes I'd been handed. “But you can't ask people if they're single or not. Hiring single people over married people is against the law. Nor can you show preference for childless people over ...”

“People who have kids focus too much time on them,” he said. “This job sucks your life away, Fitzgerald. Few people can do it for long, and even fewer who have kids, not unless they sacrifice those kids, and their relationships.”

“Perhaps then, we might consider assessing the task list for these jobs and see how we can lower the time pressures and stresses on your employees,” I

suggested.

He gave me a sour look.

“Do you have any idea how much money my better people make, Miss Fitzgerald?”

“Well ahm...”

“Most of them are into seven figures. You don't get a seven figure income from working nine to five and taking off lunch and coffee breaks. You get it by working your ass off. And I expect them to do just that or they'll find my foot up their ass.”

My retort was almost automatic, though I think it surprised us both.

“I would appreciate it, Mister Cutter, if you would refrain from using language like that in my presence,” I said rather firmly.

His eyes opened in surprise even as I felt a little shock of near-panic. I had always disapproved of bad language, so the reprimand was almost automatic.

“Are you a religious woman, Miss Fitzgerald?”

“I am a woman who appreciates the depths and breadth of the English language, Mister Cutter,” I said, forcing myself to raise my head and look confident. “You are an educated man and I'm quite confident your vocabulary is up to the task of expressing yourself without resorting to obscenities.”

“You're quite correct,” he said, giving me a frosty look, “Please excuse me.”

“Of course,” I said. “Now as to your requirements – .”

“I don't, however, need you to tell me the law, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said. “I need you to find a way around it.”

I looked down at the number of things I'd circled, barely restraining myself from shaking my head at how blatantly improper they were. At the same time, I had to admit there was probably some truth in what he was saying.

“Are you seeing anyone, Miss Fitzgerald?”

“Not at the present time,” I said, though barely restraining myself from telling him that was none of his business.

“If you were, you would see how difficult it was to maintain that relationship while working ten and twelve hour days here.”

“I have no difficult in realizing how difficult that would be,” I said truthfully.

“Do you? You work nine to five, do you not?”

“My life has always been filled with extra-curricular activities, Mister Cutter. I am not a person who goes home and spends the evening watching television, nor have I ever been that sort of person. Finding time for a relationship would be... difficult given my existing time commitments,” I said.

“Really,” he said, sounding somewhat dubious, “It's been my experience that young girls have a preference for socializing with friends and boyfriends over work.”

I made a face. That was no-doubt why he also wanted to hire only men, and young men at that.

I opened my mouth to point out how illegal that would be but didn't get a chance.

“What do you do when you're not here at the bank?” he asked challengingly.

I frowned, feeling a bit indignant at the challenge.

“I'm enrolled in a number of courses, including Mandarin,” I said. “I have fitness classes, violin practice, my book club...”

“You play the violin?” he asked, in a curious voice.

“I'm a member of the Lower Los Angeles Symphony orchestra,” I said.

“Have you ever tried the cello?”

The question surprised me. “I've taken cello lessons,” I said, hesitantly. “I do like

the cello, but I'm more accomplished on the violin.”

“I play the double bass myself, in a jazz band,” he replied.

I think I might have gaped at that.

“That surprises you,” he said, his lips quirking upward.

“Uh, yes, to be honest.”

“It's not something I have much time for, but I love music.”

“You have played cello then?” I asked.

“I originally learned it but I like the deep richness of the double bass. Plus, it's more flexible in terms of musical styles.”

“Yes, yes, it is. I do like the cello,” I said thoughtfully.

“It's a very erotic instrument, the cello,” he said.

I blinked at him, and flushed a bit, though of course, he was correct.

“The sound has a serenity to it,” I admitted.

“Serenity? I suppose, in a sense,” he said with that quirk of the lips again. “For me, it's partly visual, though, given how a woman holds the cello against her body, between her legs, and the delicate way she handles it.”

I again understood what he meant, but flushed at the words.

“I play the violin,” I said firmly.

“I'm sure you would be an excellent cello player,” he said, his face expressionless.

“Mister Cutter,” I said.

His eyes widened in evident innocence and I gave him a reproving look.

“You don't work for me, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said.

“Uhm, well, no sir.”

“In fact, HR is directly under the CEO so that executives like me can't interfere in its work, is that not correct?”

“I... couldn't say if that's the reason,” I said.

“So given my complete lack of oversight of you, my lack of ability to affect your career in any way, good or bad, what would HR policy say to my asking you to dinner?”

I was open mouthed at that. But then caught myself.

“Weren't you just saying, Mister Cutter, about how impossible it is to have a relationship while working in your department?”

“Impossible? No. Just improbable. On the other hand, even I have to eat. There's an excellent restaurant on the next block, and you work here.”

“I don't think – .”

“And we could discuss why the double bass is superior to the cello which is superior to the violin,, and even kick around some ideas about resolving my HR issues. A working dinner, say.”

“I... don't...”

I'd have to cancel my pole dancing class, but... I hadn't had dinner with a man for a long while, actually, since Jeremy. Although compared to Cutter, Jeremy was a boy.

I accepted, though it wasn't exactly a carefully thought-out acceptance. I had found Cutter extremely interesting, not to mention attractive, and, well... it had been a long time, and most of the few men in HR seemed to be either far too old, far too gay, or far too married.

It was still inappropriate, in my opinion, but I was willing to overlook it. There was something about him...

It was only when I got back to HR and sat down to check my email that I

realized the top button on my blouse had gone missing. I should say, the second button, for the top button had already been unbuttoned. I froze when I realized it, and my mind immediately flashed back to where I had been sitting, and where Cutter had been sitting, to my front, but angled to my right, on the other chair.

I felt heat come to my face, and no small anger, both at myself for not noticing and him for...for presumably taking advantage! Not that he could see a lot, I thought anxiously, trying to judge things. Though when I leaned forward, well, he would at least have been able to see my lacy white bra, and perhaps a small portion of my breast above it.

I winced at that. I had bought some sexy things since getting my own pay check. They were not for anyone to see, but just because... well, they made me feel... sexy, which I know I wasn't supposed to care about. The bra was more of a half bra, rather than one of those minimizer things mother had always purchased for me.

It wasn't like I was trying to show off! But since I'd been wearing a jacket atop the blouse I hadn't thought I needed anything more. It's not like I was that big, after all! Most of my breast was still safely covered, I thought, after going to the ladies room and awkwardly trying to see in the mirror what he had glimpsed.

He had still glimpsed far too much for my comfort! Especially when I leaned over, as I had done many times to look at the file on my lap! I glared at myself, vowing to throw out the shirt once I got home. It was too tight (unless I wore a minimizer bra), and the buttons were set too far apart!

I managed to find a safety pin to hold my blouse together. Annie, the girl across the aisle from me, had a needle and thread. I took a button off the bottom of the blouse, which was safely tucked into my trousers anyway, and sewed it in place, then buttoned the blouse up all the way to the top!

I thought of canceling our dinner, but what was I to say to him? Yet it embarrassed me, thinking of him staring at my chest without my even knowing! Of course, I could only presume he had done so. I hadn't noticed anything. But wouldn't any man? They were all pigs, after all. Mother was certainly correct about that much!

He would certainly be disappointed when he discovered there was far less to see now!

Gradually, though, I decided I was being silly. Cutter was an extremely handsome man, a powerfully built man with a lot of money. If the people under him made seven figure salaries then it was no great leap of logic to decide he must be doing very well indeed. He did not, in other words, need to go peeping at women whose buttons had fallen off.

Besides, I knew full well that even at the bank there were many women who showed more than I ever did, button or not. I was more conservative than I needed to be. Though that was changing, as I moved further from mother's immediate influence.

And it wasn't like I wouldn't have to see him again anyway. We were going to have to meet on this staffing issue somewhere, if not over dinner than in his office again.

I felt a continued pinkness in my cheeks, though, as I went through the day, just thinking about him catching glimpses of my lacy white bra and the soft upper curve of my breasts as I moved and the shirt might open and close. Had he been impressed? Had he been intrigued? Was that where the invitation had come from? Or that suggestion that the cello was an erotic instrument?

The strange thing was that as the time passed I was less embarrassed and indignant about the possibility he had spent our meeting catching glimpses inside my blouse and more... well... not exactly flattered, but a bit smug, if you will, about doing something so daring as to tempt a man, but unintentionally, which of course, meant I need feel no guilt over it.

I had, to be honest, precisely NO experience with men like Charles Cutter. He was an older man, if not so very old as all that, a big, rugged, decisive man. I had never really quite met such a man before (mother certainly not being fond of that particular type), much less considered dating one. Was that what this dinner was, a date? Surely not! Surely it was just a dinner, a working dinner between colleagues, I assured myself as my chest started to flutter.

There was nothing romantic about it!

But I wished I had time to go home and change into something... something prettier.

But no, that would be according the dinner a status it did not deserve.

By half past five my chest was tight again anyway. I had also unbuttoned the top button on my blouse once more, having felt rather too prim and proper, even at the bank, walking around with my blouse buttoned to my neck.

I brushed out my hair, frowning at it in the mirror. I had never really done a lot with my hair before. Mother was against the whole idea of all that silly, girlish frippery bother over hair. Hers was very short and neat, easy to manage, and no bother.

Mine had always been longer, as if I was both defying her and proclaiming I wasn't gay at the same time... not that there's anything wrong with being gay, of course. It had always been just past my shoulders, but since I'd left home I hadn't cut it at all, so it had, of course, grown longer still. I let my mind flit through the various hairstyles I'd seen on women around the office, contemplating how I might have my hair styled to make it, well... prettier.

My eyebrows and lashes, well, they had always been thick. Other girls had praised them more than anything else. My face was oval, though a bit narrow, with high cheekbones and a softly rounded chin. My lips were full, and I had never put lipstick on them, nor did I intend to now.

I brushed out my hair so it was neat and tidy, and then tried to hide my nervousness as I took the elevator to the lobby to meet Mister Cutter. I told myself how silly I was being many times along the way. However young he was for a vice president he was still probably fifteen years my senior!

Too old, a voice whispered! Not impossible, another voice said.

Maybe I just had a daddy complex for not having had a daddy! Darn!

*

He waited in the crowded lobby, amid the mass of people hurrying out the door, like a shoal of rock upon which the waters parted, this big, broad shouldered, stern looking man everyone gave a lot of space to as they moved around him. He stood there, very straight-backed, hands behind his back as if guarding the door, his eyes flitting about him from time to time at those moving past.

He noticed me at once, and his eyes seemed to soften. He gave me a slight nod, but his voice was still rather stiff as I paused before him.

“Miss Fitzgerald,” he said, with another slight nod, “After you,” he said, his arm motioning me to the doors.

I nodded, a bit tongue tied, and then went out the door, with him pushing on it behind me and following through. He was silent as he caught me up quickly and led the way up the street. It was only when we were well away from the crowds leaving the building that he spoke up.

“I think you'll like this place,” he said. “They have a varied menu. I didn't think to ask what you like to eat.”

“Oh, I'll eat anything,” I said. “Mother always insisted on very healthy foods, and very little meat but I'd still take a burger or hot dog whenever I got the chance.”

“And fries?” he asked with that slight smile.

“I'd kill for fries, especially the crispy ones,” I said, smiling up at him.

The restaurant was only on the next block. It was named Paul's Grille, and seemed simple and unprepossessing. The light inside was dim but not shadowy, and the seating was in high backed booths. The booths were of a gleaming dark wood, the seats and backs very nicely cushioned black leather.

No Formica tables here!

“This is a lovely place,” I said, looking around. “Do you eat here often, uhm, Mister Cutter?”

“Charles,” he said. “May I call you Aidan?”

“Of course,” I said.

“That's an interesting name.”

“It's Irish. Mother wanted a strong name which was androgynous.”

“I see. Any particular reason?”

“She felt women were discriminated against, and didn't want anyone to be able

to tell if I was male or female until meeting me. And she didn't want a name which could be shortened or changed. I imagine you have that problem.”

He snorted. “Not at the office.”

“No one tries to call you Charley?” I asked, smiling from under my eyelashes.

“Not so far,” he said dryly.

“Your friends?”

“Know better. I do have one with a strange sense of humor who calls me Chuck when he wants to annoy me.”

The waitress came over with menus, clad in leather folders. The girl herself was clad in a very short tartan kilt, and I felt my eyebrows raise as she smiled brightly, took our drink orders, and departed.

“She's a lovely girl,” Charles said, noticing my gaze.

“Yes,” I said noncommittally.

“Different workplaces have different costume requirements,” he said.

It turned my head and looked at him quizzically.

“You don't think this,” he said, gesturing at his very expensive suit, “is a costume?”

“I suppose I think of costumes as something you wear in a play or movie.”

“That's one use, but it's certainly a style of dressing which few of us would choose. It presents an image of who we are, much like her costume, or the costume of an actor in a movie. Mine says I'm a manager, probably a senior manager. Yours says you're an earnest young office worker, probably not a clerk, but not a manager either. We proclaim who we are in how we dress.”

“And what does her little kilt proclaim?”

He smiled. “That she has nice legs and would like a nice tip.”

I snorted.

“Good service would do that.”

He shrugged. “Most of the people who come in and pay are men. Most men will almost unconsciously want to be nicer to an attractive young woman. It's an attractive outfit, so I have no doubt it gets her more tips than, say, something like you're wearing would.”

“So if you had tips at the office all the women would be wearing short kilts?”

His smile broadened into something which changed his face into something remarkably friendly.

“If that was the case I'm sure senior management would put every effort into instituting a tip policy.”

“That's because senior management are all men,” I said with a snort.

“Did your mother tell you men are pigs?”

“Yes.”

“She was right. We are.”

“Is that why you're not married?”

“Not many women are willing to put up with a husband who usually gets home late in the evening and is gone early in the morning. Right now, my work is my life.”

“That seems... wrong, somehow. I'm sorry,” I said, shaking my head.

“It isn't forever. There's an old saying that it's easy to make a million dollars if you have a million dollars to start with. Once you've got money, in other words, it builds on itself provided you put it into the right investments. The trick, of course, is to get the money in the first place.”

“You must have your million by now, given what you said about the salaries in your department.”

“Yes, but I'm a lot greedier than that. I don't want a mere million. I want a lot of millions.”

“But what about everything else in life?” I demanded.

“It helps if you like your work,” he said intently. “And I do. The competitive aspect, the pressure, the victory in the game. I'm an adrenalin junkie, perhaps. I don't get up in the morning moaning about having to go to work. I like my job. I love my job. What do you do that you love, Aidan? And where is the man in your life?”

He'd turned things neatly around on me!

“Hmm, this New York Sirloin looks good,” I said, looking down at the menu.

“They put a lot of effort into those pictures so that everything looks good,” he said.

I raised my eyes and found his eyes on me, and I flushed a bit uncertainly.

“You look good, too,” he said.

“Uhm, thanks,” I said, blushing a bit more.

The cutesy blonde in the kilt returned, and I noted that her top was tight, and displayed a tasteful but definite amount of cleavage. It looked like she'd had to wear a push-up bra, though, to manage that cleavage. Her voice was musical, and way too friendly.

Charles ordered for us both. He had a T-bone steak, and ordered fries with mine. I supposed it was sexist to have him ordering for us both. No doubt mother would be annoyed, but that just made me feel a bit smug that I wasn't making anything of it.

“You ladies learn that act early in life,” he said as she departed.

I looked up at him and frowned. “What?”

“That studious disapproval whenever one of you dresses a little... provocatively.”

“I wasn't raised to think displaying your body for money was a good choice in life.”

“It's not like she's a stripper,” he said mildly.

I winced a bit at the word, given that had become one of my favorite masturbatory fantasies. Maybe I was a hypocrite.

“The skirt is short, but not revealing. She has a bit of cleavage, but no big deal. It's probably just because you're comparing her to the costumes worn at the office. Yes, there, that outfit would be considered improper. But this is a different sort of place.”

“I realize that. I'm not a prude, really,” I said. “It's just that mother was very firm about the importance of brains and accomplishment, and the unimportance of looks.”

“And daddy?”

“Daddy was a sperm donor,” I said without embarrassment.

I was used to it, and had stopped trying to lie.

“Oh?”

“My mother is gay,” I said.

“Ah, much is explained?”

I stared at him indignantly.

“You aren't a prude, but you have a very strong feminist attitude about men.”

“Not all feminists hate men,” I said.

“And your mother?”

I made a face and he snorted.

“We are who we were,” he said. “No one can easily outrun their upbringing. If your mother had been a stripper you'd find no issue with women dressing

provocatively.”

“My mother is an accountant,” I said.

“A very rules oriented group.”

“Do you always put people into neat little boxes, Mister Cutter?” I asked with a scowl.

“Yes,” he said without apology. “But I’m not adverse to shifting them from box to box as their behavior justifies.”

“You’re very judgmental.”

“Yes,” he said. “I have very high standards of behavior for people, for institutions, governments, nations, and every other group. I judge them all by my standards.”

“That’s incredibly arrogant!” I said. “Who’s to say their standards are the same as yours!”

“Many of them clearly aren’t.”

“I mean, who’s to say your standards are any better than theirs?”

“Because they’re mine,” he said simply.

I felt my mouth open in amazement. The arrogance of the man!

You are.. exasperating!” I said.

“We can only judge the world according to our own standards, Aidan,” he said. “And if you think you’re immune to that consider your attitude towards our waitress again.”

“Tiffany,” I said with a snort.

He raised his eyebrows and I scowled, because of course, he was right. I was indeed the product of my upbringing. I was judging Tiffany by my mother’s standards, which had become mine. Darn!

And there was something rather impressive about his rock solid confidence in who and what he was and his right to judge everything and everyone accordingly. Oh, it was terribly arrogant too, but maybe, well, he had a certain right to arrogance. He was a very successful man, after all.

“And where do your standards come from?” I asked.

“My father was an officer in the army,” he said.

“That doesn't shock me,” I said.

“He died some time ago,” he added.

“Oh. I'm sorry,” I said, blushing.

He shrugged. “No reason to be. Not your fault. My father wasn't perfect, though when I was younger I idolized him and tried to fashion myself after him. I realized years ago he had a lot of flaws. Most men do.”

“And women,” I added.

“Women especially.”

I opened my mouth indignantly, but found him smiling, and hesitated, unsure whether he was simply teasing.

“Women are loaded down with more inhibitions than men,” he said. “They're dumped on them when very young, a wildly schizophrenic array of cultural expectations that cannot possibly be lived up to.

“What today's America wants of its young women, even young teenagers, is to be incredibly erotic, sexually provocative virgins who never initiate anything sexual, and always resist such initiation from men until persuaded by love. It is a young woman's job to be lusted after but unobtainable, modest despite her incredible beauty, mild mannered, and sweet natured, but independent, capable and accomplished.”

He leaned forward. “And any deviation or failure is harshly judged, mostly, by other women.”

“I think you're putting things a little strongly,” I said.

He leaned back in the leather seat and stretched his long arms out along the top, reminding me how tall he was.

“How would the other women at work react to you if you showed up in a skirt like that?”

“You made your point that this is a different venue,” I said.

“Okay, so not like that, but still, a business outfit, but with, say, a somewhat high skirt and somewhat higher heels than is standard. Something not really out of line, but attractive.”

“You don't think my suit is attractive?” I asked.

“You wouldn't be here if I didn't think you were attractive,” he said, leaning forward.

I flushed and opened my mouth to protest.

“And you wouldn't be here if you didn't think I was attractive,” he said, his eyes locked on mine.

Touche! Darn him! My face flushed and I dropped my eyes, scowling at the table.

“Men and women being attracted to each other is the basis for the continuation of the human species,” he said.

“But you can't judge a person by their looks,” I said doggedly.

“Not in isolation. I was intrigued when you told me off for swearing.”

“I don't feel that sort of language is necessary or proper,” I said defensively.

“Because you're a proper sort of girl.”

I glared at him but he only smiled softly.

“I would like to hear you swear,” he said suddenly.

I stared at him. “What? Why?”

“I would like to hear you lose control. I would like to see you lose control. You're a very controlled person, Miss Cutter.”

“Oh, and you're not!” I said with a snort.

“Maybe we can lose control together then,” he said just before Tiffany arrived with our steaks.

I gulped and dropped my eyes, not sure what to say to that!

The food was very good, but my attention wasn't really on it. We didn't talk a lot while we ate, which meant that mostly we just looked at each other. And those eyes... those soft gray eyes, were doing strange things to my stomach with the way they looked at me. It wasn't like... he wasn't looking at me, well, lustfully, if I could use that sort of term. He was just... like studying me, as if he really wanted to memorize me!

Okay, there was some lust in there too. I was sure of that!

“You keep looking at me,” I finally said.

He raised his eyebrows. “Where am I to rest my eyes?” he said. “When there's a beautiful sunrise to look at, or an incredible work of art before me, or... a beautiful woman?”

I gaped at him for too long, then caught myself, face heating up.

“Oh please,” I said.

“You think that's a line?” he asked in amusement.

I rolled my eyes at him.

“It's something that sometimes confuses people about me. When I say something that is absolutely honest, they often can't understand the honesty and look for what's behind it.”

“I'm not a beautiful woman,” I said, before stuffing a piece of steak very firmly

into my mouth.

“What do you imagine a beautiful woman looks like?” he asked mildly.

For one thing, even at twenty three I still tended to think of myself as a girl, not a woman! No one had ever called me a beautiful woman! No one had ever even called me a woman!

Beautiful? Come on! I might be persuaded, on certain days, when my hair was nice, that I was pretty, but not beautiful!

“Flattery will not get you everywhere,” I said firmly.

“Would you say I'm a handsome man, Aidan?”

“Of course,” I said.

“Because I am. I don't take a lot of pride in it. I didn't sculpt my face or decide how big I'd get. I suppose I can take some pride in working out to be in good shape, but beyond that, well, I did well in the DNA lottery. So did you. False modesty is pointless. Although women are taught it's a necessity.”

“You really are arrogant,” I said.

He nodded unapologetically.

*

We walked back to the office, for he was going back to work, while I had left my bag at work because it didn't match my 'costume' and I had expected a small table.

His hand and arm guided me to the door as we went out, and I felt a small rush of pleasure as I felt it against my back. He, of course, opened the door for me and it felt weird, like, being protected or... looked after, in a strange and unfamiliar way.

“You're an interesting woman, Aidan,” he said as we walked back.

“And attractive,” I said, a bit sarcastically.

“That too.”

“Sorry, I said. “Sometimes I feel I'm channeling my mother.”

“I do the same with my father, though I've had more years to establish my own sense of who I am than you've had.”

There was no flood of people in the empty lobby now, since virtually everyone had gone home.

“We didn't get around to discussing those staffing issues,” he said.

“Well, maybe tomorrow,” I replied.

“I have meetings all day. Why don't we just have a quick chat before you go?”

I couldn't really refuse. We rode up to the top floor and walked down the corridor, then past the empty outer office where his administrative assistant normally sat and into his office. We sat in the same corner, only this time he chose to sit right next to me on the sofa, which made me a bit nervous. I glanced down to make sure the button was still holding with a bit of a strange flush of emotion.

He looked at me silently, and I licked my lips, resisting the urge to glance down again.

“You look anxious, Aidan.”

“I'm not anxious,” I said anxiously.

He sat back, calm and relaxed. “Don't worry. I won't eat you... not unless you want me to anyway.”

I sucked in a breath of air as I felt heat come to my face, and half turned on the sofa, frowning..

“That's not exactly proper language for a business discussion... Mister Cutter,” I said reprovngly.

“Charles,” he said.

I glanced down unconsciously and then tried to look determined.

“We are here to discuss business. Therefore, we should speak in a professional manner.”

“So it wouldn't be appropriate to tell you how lovely you look?”

“No,” I said with a frown.

“Would it be appropriate for you to tell me how handsome I am?”

“Now you're just teasing me,” I said.

“Quite true.

“I-I should go,” I said, jumping to my feet.

He didn't say anything, but simply sat there, relaxed. I felt a strange sense of relief mixed with disappointment, and cleared my throat before starting towards the door.

“I think we still have quite a few things to discuss,” he said.

“Perhaps tomorrow,” I replied.

He got up lazily and followed me to the door.

“This is not normally how I envisage seeing a lady to the door after a date,” he said as we reached the door.

I turned, somewhat surprised, for he'd been all business for the better part of an hour. I had to crane my head up, though I'm not short, and suddenly felt strangely hemmed in by him against the door. It wasn't in a threatening way, though, but I felt a rush of something unfamiliar in my stomach anyway.

“That wasn't a – .”

His hands were big and soft and suddenly they had caught my face in them! They were very gentle, but firm against my cheeks as he leaned in and kissed me!

I was staggered! I just kind of stood there stupidly, with his lips – his very soft lips – on mine, his face filling the world! It was like I was frozen in place while the world moved around me! His lips were soft and gentle, at first, as if the kiss was almost chaste, but with every beat of my heart, which was beating faster and faster, his lips pressed more firmly against me!

My hands came up finally, pressing reflexively against his chest, then reaching for his wrists, though my mind was still spinning! His hands slid up along my cheeks, though and into my hair as his kiss deepened, as his tongue slid along my lower lip, then eased lightly through into my mouth!

Nobody had kissed me in almost two years! And believe me, Jeremy had never kissed like this!

I felt lost in that kiss, as something stirred lower down, as my pulse raced, as sweat began to prickle between my shoulders and on my forehead. I was overwhelmed by emotions and uncertainty!

His lips finally eased off me, but he didn't straighten.

“Your hair is like silk,” he said in a soft, breathless voice.

And then his lips were on mine again, his hands gripping my hair more tightly as he kissed me more passionately. His big body pressed against me, pinning me to the door, and I had no idea what to do with my hands!

His lips drew back again. “You are indescribably beautiful,” he said.

What!? I thought dazedly.

His lips were on mine again, and this time his right hand slid out of my hair, down my cheek, down along the nape of my neck, down, down down, and up under my jacket! I felt an incredible jolt of psychic shock as I felt his hand cup my breast through the tight blouse, and a moment later a hot rushing flood of sensation and excitement!

Just like that I was almost trembling as his fingers kneaded my breast through the blouse, breathless, my lower belly thrumming hotly as his tongue slid over my own and his lips moved languidly against mine!

I moaned into his mouth, a dazed moan, still completely flummoxed by this shocking turn of events! A part of me kept fighting, like a drowning woman in a high sea, throwing up her arm in desperate protest. This wasn't right! This was completely improper behavior on his part! I should be... should be protesting and threatening and... There were policies! There were rules against this kind of thing!

That second button popped. His hand moved across and undid the third button, and I felt a panicky sense.

“Wait!” I cried, pushing back firmly.

He stepped back, drew in a deep breath, and seemed to calm himself.

“I don't like waiting,” he said in a mild voice.

“T-This is highly improper for the office!” I gulped.

“Would you like to come home with me?”

I stared at him, open mouthed, suddenly wondering what kind of place he lived and what it would look like, but then I shook that thought away.

“No!” I squeaked, then blushed at my voice.

“Are you afraid of me, Aidan?”

“No,” I said uncertainly.

“Because you know, a man as incredibly handsome, suave, sophisticated and rich as I am really doesn't need to force women to do anything they don't want to,” he said

“Nope. No modesty there,” I said, not quite certain he was being humorous, in a dry sort of way, or entirely serious.

Then again, he was almost certainly correct.

He moved forward again, and I felt a spurt of nervousness, my hands pressing against his chest. He took my wrists in a firm grip and pressed them back against

the door behind me as he... loomed over me from inches away! I gasped, and he smiled.

“Do you really need to go home to watch television?” he asked in a soft voice.

“I-I... I'm not.... I'm not – .”

“The kind of girl who engages in human behavior?” he asked softly.

He let go of my wrists quite suddenly, but as I dropped my arms he gripped my upper arms, pulled me in against him, and kissed me... on the bridge of the nose. Then he released me and walked back towards the sofa!

I stared at him, a little overwhelmed, my hand holding the door knob. And I felt another strange mix of relief and disappointment. I should just... just go, I thought as I watched him pour himself a drink. No, it was two drinks! He sat down, and held them up to me.

“I have to go,” I said, though even to me it sounded lame.

“Ah yes, an important appointment.”

I glared at him. “I have a life, you know, a busy life!”

He put one of the glasses down and took a sip from the other.

“Too busy for an after dinner aperitif?”

I looked at him suspiciously, but my mind was still swirling with the memory of that kiss, and the feel of his hand on my breast! It had been a long time since anyone had touched me like that! I felt another flush of heat to my face, realizing my nipples were quite hard and thankful for the jacket. Then I realized my shirt was still half undone, and hurriedly reached down to button it.

“No need to button that on my behalf,” he said.

I flushed again. “You just want to stare at my chest,” I said accusingly.

“Guilty. It appears to be quite a lovely chest, after all. Quite soft, too.”

I felt my chest tighten, and my stomach swirl.

“I should go,” I gulped.

“Have you given up on men, Aidan?”

“What? No, of course not!”

“You realize they're all pretty much like me, right?”

“I doubt that,” I said.

“Rephrase,” he said. “Do you anticipate at any point in your life, going out with a man who won't want to see your chest or touch it?”

“I suppose not,” I said. “But that doesn't mean – .”

He stood up and walked back to the door. That he had a glass in one hand was only slightly reassuring. I felt the door against my back.

“Do you imagine that at any point in time you would openly invite a man to touch your chest?”

I stared at him in confusion. What on earth was he talking about!?

“That's the culture in which we live, my dear,” he said. “Women don't ask for such things. Men must make the attempt, and assess whether there's real resistance.”

“Well, I'm not going to sleep with you,” I said.

I was surprised at just how little certainty there was behind that statement!

“Because?” he let the word draw out.

“Because... because... I hardly know you!”

“Then let us get to know each other better.”

He leaned in, without touching me, and kissed me. I was reluctant, but not really, if you know what I mean. I was nervous, anxious, and my stomach fluttered wildly.

His kiss was gentler this time, softer, and it stayed soft. I felt a lot less... panicked. It was still a very good kiss, mind you!

He leaned back and took a sip of his glass.

“Do yo feel you know me better yet?” he asked.

“What? No, of course not!”

He leaned in and kissed me again, and I felt kind of stupid with my hands on the door knob behind me, so let it go, bringing them up against his chest. He had a very firm chest. I felt the urge to slide my hands up and down against it but resisted.

His kiss was more hungry this time, but still gentle. His lips moved more against mine, catching my lower lip, at one point, sucking gently on it in a way which sent a strange thrill of sensation up and down my spine.

He drew back “Would you like a drink?”

“I-I... maybe,” I gulped.

He held out his, and I stared at him in confusion, then my body seemed to just act on instinct, for he raised it to my lips and I leaned in and took a sip as he tipped it forward.

“Rum and coke,” I said.

“Indeed.”

“I like rum and coke.”

I was blathering.

He smiled and then dipped his finger into the drink. I stared, no idea what he was doing, until he raised the finger and let it brush along my lips.

Then he drew it back, leaned in, and kissed me again. It was a soft kiss, as before, but now his tongue caressed my lips, then dipped lightly past them. His free hand slid through my hair again, and I felt my heart starting to beat faster.

He eased back, and I gulped in air.

“It was very... distracting discussing things with you earlier today,” he said, glancing down.

I flushed, then scowled. “I knew you were peeping down my shirt!” I said accusingly.

“Can you think of any straight man who wouldn't have?”

“You could have told me,” I said lamely.

“How?”

I gasped as his hand slid down along my neck, then turned as he drew it back. I didn't think it accidental that the back of his hand brushed firmly across my breast. I felt a surge of heat, and, maybe because it was the back of his hand, didn't feel... embarrassed really, or threatened.

“Is that the only reason you asked me to dinner?”

He stared at me for a moment, then made a face. “Is that the only reason you imagine I would be attracted to you?”

“Men are pigs.”

“But I'm a king among pigs. I am quite a discerning fellow, truth be told. On the other hand, I have no idea what specifically attracts me to you. There's so much, after all.”

He leaned in and kissed me again, and I felt an almost casual thought, that I ought to stop him. It wasn't really serious, though. I was... enjoying his kisses. They were making my pulse race.

“You're a very good kisser,” I gulped as he drew back.

“Thank you. I'm good at other things, too.”

“Like what?” I blushed right after I said it as he smiled in a sort of feral, predatory fashion.

“Perhaps I'll show you at some point.”

“A-At some point,” I gulped.

“In the meantime, you have to go.”

“Y-yes.”

He kissed me again, only this time his free hand slid in under my jacket to rest on my hip, then on my waist. Then it slid up to cup my breast as my heart thumped. I felt his fingers kneading the soft flesh gently, then his thumb slid up over my nipple, which sparkled like a live wire!

The kiss deepened, and I felt myself falling into it. I was hardly aware of him undoing my buttons again as his tongue and mine slid together in my mouth. Then his warm hand slid into my blouse and cupped my breast through the thin bra!

I gasped, and my hands grasped his arms high up near his shoulder, but the feel of his fingers as they slid up and down along my ribs sent raw heat through my body. His hand slid around behind me, caressing my back, then popped the clasp of my bra. Before I could react to that shock, to the thought that things were getting out of hand again, his hand was sliding up under my now loose bra and cupping my breast.

I felt my legs go rubbery! The breath left me as my eyes widened. The feel of his fingers on my bare breast was incredible! A wild, tumbling rush of sensations and emotions spilled through my system as his fingers caressed my breasts, stroked it, then caught my straining, eager nipple between thumb and forefinger.

I moaned into his mouth as he rolled and stroked my burning nipple. Oh yes, other men, well, guys had touched my breasts before, though admittedly not many. But not like this! His fingers didn't wildly grope me, instead they danced across my skin, teasing and caressing squeezing gently as my breast swelled.

Suddenly, his lips pulled away from my mouth, leaving me gasping, and he forced my shirt wider. I cried out as his mouth descended on my bare breast, as his teeth dug in firmly, aching around the center. His lips closed and he began to suck in a soft, rhythmic fashion as his tongue swirled around and around, then back and forth over my throbbing nipple!

This was probably the point I should have said 'stop'. If I'd had any breath to do so, if I'd had the ability to formulate words, I probably would have and should have.

All that was coming out of my mouth, though, were inarticulate gasps, moans and squeaks.

I hadn't heard the glass fall, or seen what he'd done with it, but suddenly I felt my blouse parting, and then both his hands slid into it, up near the shoulder. As they did, his wrists slid under the straps of my bra in front, pushing them aside, pushing my blouse aside, pushing my jacket aside, all in one smooth, firm motion which carried all of them back over my shoulders and halfway down my arms!

“Charles!” I gasped.

His hands pushed down to cup my breasts. My nipple was already throbbing and swollen, and a wild spike of dark heat slammed into my lower belly!

Oh my God! I felt like I was being sucked down into a whirlpool! I stood against the door, open mouthed, my face one of dazed disbelief as his mouth fed at my breast! This was no delicate, gentle nibbling, but a strong, hungry sense of being devoured!

It... hurt... a little. I mean, his teeth were biting into the soft, throbbing flesh of my breast even as his tongue swept frantically across my nipple. He sucked hungrily, even as his hands continued to slide down, forcing bra straps, blouse and jacket down my arms – incidentally, pinning my arms to my sides, not that I had any idea what to do with them!

I shuddered and moaned helplessly, trembling against him as his hands jerked down, my clothes dropping off my arms onto the floor around me. He swept me into his arms like I weighed nothing, spun around, carried me across the room and dropped me onto the sofa! And then he was atop me, filling the world, his fine suit pressed against my bare breasts as his lips found mine once again!

I knew I was supposed to stop him, supposed to say no! But I didn't want to! My breasts were throbbing hotly and I felt a tremendous sexual pressure filling my body, making my head pound, making my fingers shake even as his mouth moved down along the nape of my neck, chewing, sucking, kissing, his hands filled with my breasts.

“I-I-I can't!” I croaked.

“I can,” he growled, his mouth moving down to feast on my breasts.

I moaned helplessly, his fingers kneading my breasts, his mouth sucking and chewing first one, then the other. He was half atop me, and his right leg was pressed in against my groin, between my legs, kind of rubbing against me... or was I rubbing against him!?

His mouth was like a force of nature! It moved back up onto my lips, kissing me bruisingly, then it was on my throat, biting into me so that I cried out, then it was down on my breast again before his tongue zig-zagged its way down my belly until it was circling my belly button. His teeth nibbled at my soft underbelly and I felt a moment of panic just as I felt and saw his hands undoing my trousers.

“Charles!” I gasped.

I grabbed at them too late! He jerked my trousers down and I squealed, half twisting away, but without effect. He pulled them right off my legs, then he was between them and I was staring down at him feeling panicky!

His eyes were hungry, feral, like a wolf or lion! And I was his prey!

His hands pushed my thighs wide, so wide they ached, and then he dove in and my eyes bulged as his mouth enveloped me, enveloped my pussy through the soft lacy thong covering it! His teeth closed almost delicately, but firmly against my flesh, and I felt the heat of his breath through the silk!

He growled.

I can't describe it as anything else!

It was like his teeth, pressed into my soft flesh, began to vibrate against me! Then his tongue began to move, lapping at me, long, firm licks, through the crotch of my panties as his hands slid up my slender body, pushed aside my own, and filled themselves with my breasts again!

His eyes looked up the length of my body and I stared back, wide-eyed, helpless before the intensity of that... that hunger! That determination!

My pussy began to feel as if the nerve endings were becoming more and more sensitive, and I could feel a moist, swollen heat in myself! He sucked through

the fabric, his lips massaging me hungrily. Then drew back his head, his hands dropping abruptly, seized the slim waistband, and tore the thong off me in one motion!

It jerked my hips up briefly, and I cried out in astonishment, then I was naked before him, legs spread, and my face burned as he gave me a long appreciative look, then bent and took me into his mouth again.

With nothing between his mouth and my flesh!

Oh! My! God!

The feel of his overheated mouth on mine was like nothing I had ever experienced! I felt as though I were melting in his mouth as his mouth, lips, tongue and teeth, all gripped me, massaged me, moved against me!

My hands had gone automatically towards his head, but now he had my wrists in hand, pinning them down on the sofa on either side of me as he... growled up the length of my body, his hot eyes on mine.

Believe me when I say nothing I'd ever done with Jeremy even approached the heart stopping, breathtaking sensations I was now experiencing! That was a warm, somewhat pleasant bath, and this was a scalding flood!

His hands abandoned my wrists, as if he somehow sensed I was beyond movement, sliding up my body to feast on my breasts again, like two hungry animals, kneading and squeezing them, pinching and rolling and pulling at my nipples, pressing my swollen breasts together, then apart...

And then I lost track of exactly what he was doing as all my attention zoomed in on the sudden rush of sensation as his tongue slid up the length of my narrow sex, then found my clitoris!

He started to lap at me, short, firm licks, then longer, harder ones before shifting his tongue into a strange, squirming snake which twirled and circled, caressed and taunted me! His lips closed in for a kiss, massaging the hot, pulsing button which was rapidly becoming the center of my life. He began to suck gently, rhythmically, then harder, and alternated that with his tonguing.

Remember that scene from the Wizard of Oz where the wicked witch starts

crying “I'm melting! I'm melting!”?

A rolling wave of heat had swept up through my body, then another, then another, each deeper, more all encompassing than the last. It became hard to breath, hard to think, hard to think of breathing! I felt as though my muscles and bones had melted under that terrible heat, as if I was suddenly just a pile of helpless goo burning and throbbing to the wicked movements of his mouth!

He started licking, hard, fast, one of his hands abandoning my breast so that, an instant later, I felt the pressure of penetration, felt his fingers pushing up between the lips of my sex, sliding into the mouth of my pussy and beyond, twisting and turning from side to side as they squirmed deeper inside me!

My body began to... to undulate, my hips rolling up at him, then down again as my back arched of its own accord. My head rolled from side to side, my mouth wide, gasping for breath, eyes glassy, sightless, swept up in the torrid surge of heat and emotion which formed a bubbling cauldron of passion within me!

I tried to move my hands, to grasp his head, though not to push it away, I can assure you. But it was like I had forgotten how to control any part of my body. My hands rose and danced in midair, as if they'd forgotten what they were supposed to do. Another wave hit me, my hips rolling up, then down, my chest rolling up, then down.

The orgasm hit, and I cried out in shocked pleasure, but it only grew more intense – much more intense, and my hips bucked up desperately against him as he plunged his fingers almost painfully hard into my body, his tongue lapping wildly at my clitoris as I twisted and writhed, sobbing breathlessly as the last of the air left my lungs in a long, undulating, guttural cry of passion!

I arched violently and fell back, gulping in air, body trembling with the power of the shock waves which had rolled through it. My hips were still grinding at nothing, even as the orgasm faded, and the light overhead disappeared as he filled my vision.

I felt myself penetrated again, but quite differently this time. His fingers were hard... bony, if you know what I mean. This was ... stiff, but softer, slicker... thicker. I moaned as I felt the lips of my sex aching, as they were pushed back against me, pushed inward, then forced slowly apart – further apart than they readily could accept.

I was not quite a virgin, as I've said. I had sex with Jeremy dozens of times. And I had a dildo, as well. But Jeremy was perhaps a little smaller than is the norm, and the dildo I had chosen matched him. Cutter was not small, not at all. Cutter was... thick, and not having been much of an experimenter, I had never taken anything so large.

I groaned as I stared up at his face above me in a wondering haze. I had had an orgasm right here in his office! What an amazing thing! Wait! I was naked! Here in his office! That was astonishing! Impossible! For there he was above me, fully clothed, his suit gleaming darkly, his tie falling down to dance lightly upon my breasts.

And then I managed to raise my head up somewhat, to stare down the length of my body and see this... to see him! This... this thick... organ, impossibly thick, in my eyes, by comparison with Jeremy. He was twice as thick as Jeremy! I gaped at it as I saw the lips of my sex stretched painfully wide!

And then he pushed forward! I shuddered, feeling the ache, the pain, and yet still suffused with heat and a rising sense of wondrous excitement and passion. I stared at it, unable to draw my eyes away as it pushed remorselessly forward.

The sight was accompanied, of course, by the sensation, the feeling of being stretched achingly wide and then... that thing pushing in deeper and deeper, as if it would fill me up completely! I groaned again as my neck finally gave in and my head dropped back. I stared up at him, seeing him staring determinedly down at me.

Then he.. he settled his body upon me. My legs were spread wide, my left knee jammed against the back of the sofa, my right hanging out in mid-air, and he lowered his big body atop them, pushing himself deeper still, deeper and deeper, until an incredible, wonderful aching filled my lower belly!

I would not have thought something which hurt could feel so good at the same time! He settled his body atop me, but not crushingly so. His elbows pressed into the sofa on either side of me, half raising his chest.

“Hello, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said.

I stared at him dazedly.

“You look lovely tonight,” he said.

I just stared, gaping.

Then I cried out as his hips pushed in and forward and he thrust himself even deeper. My head jerked back sharply, and I writhed beneath him. I felt his lips, then, on the front of my throat, felt him sucking lightly, felt his lips and tongue sliding to the side, up along the nape of my neck, up under my ear, felt his teeth join in, nipping lightly.

“Please!” I gasped breathlessly. Please!”

But I didn't know how to say what I was begging for! I wanted him to stop, to slow down, to ease off, for the ache was deep and painful. Yet, before I could collect my thoughts the ache began to fade away and I moaned and tried to shift my body. My head came back down and his lips rose until he was directly above me, no more than an inch separating our lips.

“You are exquisite,” he said, “inside and out.”

And then his hand slid up through my hair and his lips came down on mine, and for a long, long minute... or maybe several... he didn't move except to kiss me. After a minute... or maybe several, my mind began to clear somewhat. I found myself analyzing how he was kissing me, how different it was from Jeremy, and then started to feel... well... dumb, because I hadn't really been doing much of anything to kiss back!

No, I had been, but only on instinct. Now I felt a rolling, churning sense of heat and even, yes, hunger passing through me, and focused on his mouth, on his lips – well, as much as I could with that thick, throbbing object buried deep inside me!

My hands rose and slid over his shoulders. I felt overawed, overwhelmed, but the kissing was drawing more of my attention as I kissed as best I could, and rapidly mirrored what he was doing with his own lips and tongue, copying him, learning, if you will, from him on the fly. I was suddenly very much aware of my own failings in this particular subject, and anxious not to have them noticed!

I was still feeling the echo of that orgasm in my body, in my nerve endings, in the back of my mind, and now he began to move, if just a little, his arms sliding

behind me shifting his body, which shifted him inside me. Every slight movement he or I made shifted that thick bar of flesh within me, and sent a new rush of sensation through my body.

I felt the soft leather under my bare back, and heard the hiss of the air vent below the side table, and knew wonder once again that this was happening – to me! I simply don't do such things! And somehow, it became extremely important for him to know that!

When his lips finally slid off mine to trail down along the nape of my neck I drew several shuddering breaths and tried to focus my mind.

“I-I... I don't... don't do... casual sex!” I moaned helplessly.

He raised his head until his face was directly over me again.

“My dear girl, whatever makes you think this is casual?” he asked.

And then his hips drew back and then slid forward again. He bent to bite into the side of my throat, and more of his weight came down on me as his hips rose and fell in slow, rhythmic motions that, of course, drew the long, thick length of him back, then drove him forward, again, and again, and again!

He was pushing against parts of me I was quite certain had never been touched before! I was gulping in air again, moaning, wincing, gasping as he moved his hips faster, using longer strokes. Every so often he stopped, burying what must surely be every last inch inside me, and grinding his hips down to take my breath away.

Then his hips rose again, fell again, rose higher, fell farther. I moaned and clutched the lapels of his jacket for dear life, as if I needed something firm to hold onto lest I lose my mind!

My body was pulsing with heat and sensation, and every time he drew back I felt this strange sense of sorrow and regret, then anticipation and excitement, then sheer delight as he drove in again, in, in, IN! Deep!

He moved faster, his hips thrusting in sharply enough now that they struck me with some force, and I began to gasp repeatedly, grunting, moaning to every deep thrust, my mind spinning as the raw sensations and emotions swept me up

in a storm of hunger and passion and need.

And then he rose up and back off me. I moaned in relief, in a sense, as his weight came off my chest, as the sheer size of him drew back to open up the world again. He didn't draw back far, however, merely onto his knees between my legs.

I moaned as I felt him sliding out, and now could look, could see, his long, thick, glistening shaft sliding out... and out... and out, and I remembering thinking How long is he!?

And then he was outside me and I felt vacant as I stared at him. He gripped himself, and I gurgled as he pressed the shining helmet head against my opening and rubbed himself up and down, sliding over my clitoris! I let out a squeak as he pushed back into me again, then pulled out and slid up and down again!

Again he pushed into me, but only the head, then drew back once more, sliding up and down my now quite slick opening, rubbing firmly against my burning clitoris!

“Please!” I gasped.

“Would you like it inside you?” he asked in a soft growl.

“Y-yes!” I moaned.

He reached out and took my hand, then guided it onto him. I stared, transfixed, feeling the thick throbbing firmness of his shaft filling my hand!

“Do you like that, baby?”

I pressed him against my opening, but he refused to push forward.

“Do you like it?” he demanded.

“Y-Yes!” I gulped, embarrassed, in a strange way, at having to admit it.

“Say it.”

“I-I like it!” I gulped.

“What do you like, Miss Fitzgerald?”

“I-I...”

“You like my cock, don't you?”

I flinched a little at the word, but it excited me at the same time.

“Say it.”

“I-I like it.”

“Say you like my cock.”

I moaned and shook my head, and he took himself in hand again, rubbing himself up and down against my clitoris. I tried to shift him back, wanting him inside me, but it was impossible.

“Say it.”

“I-I like your... cock!” I gasped.

He chuckled softly and allowed me to slide the head down towards the mouth of my sex. I moaned as he pushed into me, as he stretched me again, but then he lay there, nestled just within me.

“Say it again. I like to hear it.”

“I like your cock!” I gasped.

“Only like? You don't love my cock?”

“Charles!” I moaned in protest.

“Tell me you love it.”

“I-I do!”

“Say it.”

“I love it!”

“Say it.”

“I love your cock!” I moaned.

He pushed forward and I shuddered, a whiplash of pleasure and excitement making my back arch and my shoulders twist.

“Where do you want it?”

“I... I... inside me!”

He pushed forward, sliding through my closed fingers, sliding through my tightly clutching pussy lips, stretching the elastic walls of my pussy as he buried himself in me once again!

“Say it,” he growled, buried inside me.

“I.. .love your cock!” I gasped.

And he began to move, leaning forward, his hands now gripping my legs behind the knees. I cried out as he shoved them both up and back towards my shoulders, leaning into me, his hips working in and out in long, deep strokes left me moaning and shuddering.

Then they got faster, harder, deeper, until hips hips began to batter against my upraised buttocks, until his cock seemed to fill me, all of me! I cried out with every deep stroke, my mind buffeted by overheated waves of heat and dark, glittering sensation!

I came, another orgasm sweeping me up into its embrace like a tornado, spinning my mind around and around as it rose higher and higher. I was helpless before him, my knees folded back against my trembling body as his weight bore down on me, his mighty organ ramming into me again and again and again as I cried out in wondrous pleasure!

*

He lay atop me, awkwardly, for his weight and size were too overwhelming, half off to one side, his lips and fingers toying with my breasts as I tried to recover my breath. The second orgasm had been like an emotional shock and it took me some minutes to recover. It was, without question, the most powerful, most intense orgasm I'd ever had!

But now I began to feel a sense of astonished guilt at myself, and anger at him. Having sex on a couch at the office with a man I barely knew was just so out of character for me! I started to feel anger towards him, blaming him, as if he had forced me. But the truth was, I knew, different. I could have said no at any time. Somehow, I hadn't.

Why hadn't I?! I hadn't even known him twelve hours, but we'd had more intimate conversation than I'd had with any man in a long time – which might be pitiful, but was still true. And somehow I felt as if I did know him, if not nearly so well to quite forgive this. The... the sex, was of course, an additional knowledge.

“I don't... do this kind of thing,” I gulped.

“You used the wrong tense,” he said, rolling one of my nipples between his thumb and forefingers. “You should use the past tense. For now... you do.”

“I-I don't!” I said, trying to sit up.

He pushed me back and kissed me, and I frowned, struggling, but not strongly, and even less so the longer he kissed me.

He really was an excellent kisser, I thought helplessly.

He eased back, then sat back on his knees. He was still completely clothed. He'd only opened his zipper! I blushed as he fit himself back into his trousers and zipped it up, suddenly feeling very cheap. I sat up, and he didn't stop me, only grinned at me. I glowered at him, then drew my legs back and swung them around to stand.

“What's wrong?” he asked.

“Nothing!”

I stood up and snatched up my thong, then threw it back with a tsk of irritation. I reached for my trousers instead, and he stood up behind me, then flung those big, thick arms around me, pinning my arms to my side, pinning me against the solid bulk of his body.

“What's wrong?”

“Nothing!” I exclaimed.

“Ah, I see. You've violated the code of the female. You've allowed a man to have sex with you without fulfilling all the required steps of multiple dating and romantic exploration.”

“Stop being silly!” I snapped.

He snorted, then lifted me up, easily, I have to say, which, despite my indignation, rather impressed me.

“Charles! Put me down!”

“Of course.”

He had a large office. I haven't really put much effort into describing it. I worked in a cubicle which was probably about the size of his huge desk, minus the chair. Behind the desk was a credenza and what I took to be a large print of a Picasso painting (I later discovered it was real). To its left was the obligatory row of bookshelves to one side, filling the wall from floor to ceiling.

Three leather chairs sat before the desk. There was a round conference table in one corner, and the sofa, chair and coffee tables in another. One wall held three doors, one of which led to the outer office. A second was to a walk-in closet, used mostly for storage, but also containing a few spare clothes. The third led to a small, but fully equipped bathroom.

He pulled open the middle door, the one leading to the closet. A large mirror covered most of the inside of the door, and I blanched to see myself, struggling to pull free of his arms even as he slid them back. But he didn't free me. Instead he grasped my wrists and raised them up above my head, then pulled them down behind my neck, forcing my back to arch.

“Charles!”

“Look at yourself,” he said. “I want you to look at yourself.”

“I've seen myself!”

“You've looked at yourself, but have you noticed what anyone else would

notice?”

He was pressed against me from behind, looking over me at the mirror. Now his right hand slid around me, his hand rising to cup my left breast.

“You are an incredibly attractive sexual person,” he said.

“I-I'm not a body!” I protested.

He snorted. “Of course not! But you have one! And let's admit, miss intellectual, that the most important erogenous zone is between the ears. How you see yourself sexually becomes part and parcel of who and what you are.”

“I'm the one who took psychology!” I said with a scowl at him in the mirror.

“But I'm the one who knows people. I knew you were desperately repressed ten minutes after I met you.”

“I am not repressed!” I exclaimed indignantly.

His hand slid down my belly and cupped my sex, making me want to squirm as his fingers started to massage me there.

“What would your mother think of what you did tonight?”

I blanched then scowled at him.

“Leave her out of this!”

“How, when your moral standards are based on hers, and she hates men?”

“She doesn't hate men!”

“I think you like that you're hot and beautiful, that you like men looking at you and thinking you're hot and beautiful. But you can't let yourself admit it.”

“You're being ridiculous!”

“Do you think that there in the mirror, that girl there, who isn't you, who you never met before, do you think she'd qualify as hot and beautiful?”

I squirmed, trying to pull my arms away, but failing utterly. I glowered at him in the mirror, then at myself.

“Do you think this person in the mirror would look out of place in a men's magazine, say?”

The idea was absurd, but then again, my stripper fantasies came into play and I looked at myself again and reluctantly conceded that a picture of me looking like this would likely be... appreciated by most men.

“Men are pigs. They'd appreciate looking at any naked girl.”

“But some more than others. Aidan, how can you even argue with me, a man, in what men find exciting and attractive in a woman? I mean, use your brain.”

I still scowled, unable to find an adequate reply.

His fingers were... still. Mostly. But two of his fingers were pressing in quite firmly against my flesh to either side of my clitoris, which was still quite hot, swollen and, well, overly sensitive just now. I thought it was just an accident, but his fingers were moving, if not a lot, and kind of grinding my clitoris between them.

“Swear to me, give me your word, that you're not feeling guilty or cheap about what just happened.”

I glared at him, feeling sulky now, refusing to admit he was right.

Even if he was right, the exasperating man!

He released my wrists abruptly, but his left arm slid around me, cupping my right breast as he leaned in to take the nape of my neck in his mouth. I gasped, squirming unaccountably.

“Ch-Charles!”

“You love my cock, remember?” he breathed.

I blushed hotly, glaring at the image in the mirror again. He couldn't be hard again, not this soon.

“I-I have to go home,” I said, with less certainty than I had intended.

I saw a red mark on the left side of my throat, where he'd been licking and sucking before. Now he was on the right side. I wondered if the red marks would fade, or what I could wear tomorrow to hide them.

“I... have to go,” I gulped.

“I think... you have to come,” he said.

His fingers slid down and... in, and I gasped, as they pushed in between the lips of my sex, pushed up into my still very moist, overheated pussy.

“It's a bit like playing the cello,” he said, “Or the double bass.”

And I stared at the image, realizing he wasn't entirely wrong. One hand high, the other low, fingers working away, my body held against his. How... astonishing!

“D-Don't!” I moaned.

But he did, his fingers kneading my breast, his other hand stroking my clitoris and pumping in and out of me, his teeth and lips moving up along the nape of my neck.

“You can go after you come,” he whispered.

I couldn't have an orgasm like this! With him watching me! With me watching me!

At least, that was what I thought. I was wrong, however.

I had never watched myself having an orgasm before, of course. It was, admittedly, hard to keep any sort of focus or concentration on it now either, despite the mirror in front of us. When the orgasm hit my head jerked back spastically, and my eyes lost focus as my hips bucked wildly against his fingers.

“Maybe we'll get you on video one of these days,” I heard him say, as if from a distance.

*

I wore a black turtleneck sweater the next day. I had red marks on both sides of my throat which might well have caused embarrassing questions. Other girls talked about such things openly, but there was no way I could, even if the man who'd given them to me hadn't been someone who worked there at the bank.

I wore my charcoal suit, with the loose, knee-length skirt.

I'd spent a considerable period of time arguing with myself about wearing a skirt. Why? Because he'd told me to just before seeing me out the door, with a glint in his eyes.

Why did he want me to wear a skirt? That made me extremely wary! Did he think I'd just become his little love toy, that he could just have sex with me any time he wanted? Was that why he wanted me to wear a skirt, so he could use me quickly and then send me packing!?

What a slut I had been!

Yet... there wasn't as much guilt in that as I would have thought. I... liked Charles. It took me some time to convince myself, but I did. I didn't entirely approve of him, of course. I was still indignant at some of the things he'd done, including making me say such awful things!

The memory of saying them, though they made my cheeks a bit pink also sent a strange dark thrill through my lower belly.

I love your cock!

God! I had said that! What an awful man he was!

Yet the memory of what had happened kept flitting through my mind like a series of pornographic movies or pictures. And it wasn't just the visual memory, but the emotional memory, and even, to a degree, the physical memory of the intensity of the heat, the thrill, the pleasure I had felt.

I was wary of what he intended, anxious, nervous, and yet... there was an almost giddy sense of anticipation at the back of my mind, as well. What a wild, intense moment of life that had been compared to a lot (all, really) of my regular activities and experiences.

Even the memory of my deflowering by Jeremy was a pale thing compared to so many moments of what had happened the previous evening.

What, though, did it mean in the fullness of time? Was he just having his fun? We had no relationship, really. Should I pursue one? Was he even interested in one? He was much older than me, and not exactly my type in most respects. He certainly didn't show the sort of respect for women I had come to feel I ought to demand!

Arrogant man!

I had not even reached my cubicle when Myra, my manager called to me from her closed office. I paused and turned aside, leaning into her office.

“Good morning, Myra,” I said pleasantly.

“Good morning, Aidan,” she said, looking up from her desk just inside the door.

“I got an email from Mister Cutter about you.”

“Oh,” I said with what I hoped was a calm voice and demeanor.

“Yes, he's complaining about your lack of cooperation and arrogance.”

I didn't have to feign my shock, my eyes widening. “He what!?”

She snorted and shrugged. “It's about what we always get from him. He's a very arrogant man. He can't stand anyone telling him what to do, or in this case, what he can't do. I presume you told him some of the things he wanted to do were against policy.”

“And against the law!” I exclaimed. “What an arrogant man!”

She nodded.

“I was going to talk to you about that and see just how much we can bend on certain things.”

“Go and get a coffee and come back and see me.”

I nodded and went back to my desk, scowling. Of all the nerve! As if he'd

complained to my boss about me!

A small part of me felt hurt, though. Did he think so little of what we'd done? Was it so unimportant as to hardly have any impact on his ongoing demands regarding his hiring and firing? For me it was ... it was almost a life shaking event! And for him it was what? Nothing much apparently!

I wasn't even sure now I wanted to help him in any way!

But I couldn't exactly get out of it, so for the next half hour Myra and I discussed his separate requests, said unkind things about him, and tried to figure some way we could at least show that we were trying to help.

Or at least, that HR was trying to help! I wasn't interested in helping!

We settled on some things, and I made a frosty phone call to him to discuss them.

“Good morning, Mister Cutter,” I said curtly. “I've been in discussion with my manager with regard to your requests.”

“I think you should come up so we can discuss them,” he said.

“I'm sure we could more efficiently do so over the phone, sir,” I said stiffly.

“Are you annoyed I complained to your boss, Miss Fitzgerald?” he asked, sounding amused.

“That's entirely your prerogative, Mister Cutter,” I said.

I heard a low, throaty chuckle which, despite myself, made me squeeze my thighs together below the desk.

“I've complained every single time I've had HR on my back over something,” he said in amusement. “Myra expects it. She'd be astonished if I didn't complain, and would wonder why.”

I blinked in surprise.

“Are you wearing a skirt?” he asked.

I felt heat come to my face.

“That is irrelevant,” I said, not as firmly as I wanted to.

“I'm the most amazing man you've ever met, Aidan. Admit it.”

“You are certainly the most arrogant – .”

“My office, five minutes.”

He hung up, leaving me staring open-mouthed at the phone, glowering at it... and my chest tightening as my heart began to pound.

Darn it!

Business. It was business. I had to see him on business. Nothing more! It wasn't like he was going to attack me! I could simply say no if he got... suggestive!

I opened the door to the outer office with some trepidation, of course, but firmly braced to confront Mr. Cutter. The bottom kind of dropped out of my stomach when I saw the office empty, and wondered where his administration assistant had gone.

Not to be daunted, I knocked on the inner door.

“Come,” I heard.

Bracing myself again, straightening my shoulders, determined not to be intimidated, I opened the door and stepped inside.

And frowned. He wasn't there? Oh – !

He wasn't at his desk. He certainly was there, standing just off to the side with a file he'd taken out of a cabinet. I felt a momentary loss of breath as I saw him. He was wearing a gray suit, and until that moment I hadn't really thought of gray as a color, but rather, as the absence of color.

Not this suit! It... shone! It gleamed! It was so perfectly tailored on his body that it literally fit him like a glove. It was made of some rich, dark fabric, and had wide lapels, as well as a double breasted vest beneath. His shirt was white, and

high colored, with a wide patterned gray silk tie. He had what I first took to be a small white flower on his lapel, but as he approached, I determined it was a lapel pin made in that shape.

And then there was the man above the suit, and that set my stomach to churning, as well! Those dark, determined eyes and those full full lips turned up in a sardonic smile caught my attention and made me take a step back as he came up to me.

“Aidan,” he said.

“I.. I would think that Miss... I mean, Ms. Fitzgerald would be more appropri – .”

Which was as far as I got before his big arms slid around me and his lips silenced me. I felt my eyes going wide as I instinctively tried to pull back, but pulling against those arms was simply not possible! And then I realized I could at least pull back from those lips but... well, it took me some seconds to think of that.

And in those seconds his kiss grew from something light, almost a casual greeting, to something much more firm, to something intimate, as his lips melted against mine and the heat began to soften my entire body!

And then his tongue slid in and I dropped the files I was carrying as my heart skipped a beat. I tried frantically to regain control of myself, though.

“M-Mr. Cutter!” I gasped, finally – and somewhat reluctantly – drawing my head back.

His arms slid back but then he gripped my arms firmly.

“You will call me Charles,” he said in a soft, deep growl which sounded very much like a demand!

Or at least, a command from on high!

How arrogant of him!

“Charles,” I gulped.

His fingers slid up my arms smoothly, fluidly, until they were moving over my shoulders and in along the nape of my neck on either side, then up along my cheeks and through my hair.

“You look even more beautiful in the morning light,” he said.

!!

What was I to say to that!? I honestly was not... accustomed to men talking to me like that! To anyone talking to me like that! My mother had certainly never said I was beautiful! Or even pretty!

Jeremy, well, he had made much of my various body parts, but that was sexual talk, and not quite the same thing. Besides, he was an eager boy, not a man, and he was two years ago.

“Y-You shouldn't!” I gulped.

“You're quite correct. I shouldn't. You're here to discuss business, after all, and I'm being sidetracked. All your fault, of course.”

“My fault!?” I exclaimed indignantly.

“Perhaps I chose the wrong term. You are not responsible for the effect you have on me, of course. You are the cause, though.”

“Wh-what effect?” I gulped, despite myself.

“I have a very... focused mind,” he said, his eyes boring into me.

Of that I had no doubt!

“Until I see you.”

“Uhm...”

And running my fingers through your hair,” he said, as he did just that, “Is a distinctly erotic experience which is hard to draw back from. Very hard to care about business with this kind of tactile pleasure rushing through my nervous system.”

I gaped at him. I simply couldn't help it! He sounded so sincere! He said it almost in an offhand way, as if half speaking to himself.

Then he eased his fingers forward, which, of course, were behind my head, and I found his lips against mine again. This kiss was less overwhelming, at least, in that it ended quickly as he drew back.

“And you taste like nothing I can quite identify.”

“We uh... we have... b-business,” I gulped.

“And how are you this morning, Aidan?”

“F-fine, sir.”

“Charles,” he said.

“Charles,” I gulped.

“Are you intimidated by me, Aidan?”

“No! I mean, no, sir! I mean, of course not!” I stuttered.

I had put my hands up against his chest instinctively as he drew me in, and I hadn't thought to remove them. The material of his suit was soft as silk, and my fingers were stroking lightly against it.

I felt myself wishing to see the chest underneath the silk, which caused me to blush!

“You are a delightful, if very odd girl,” he said.

Odd?! What did he mean by that!?

Suddenly his hands were around my wrists, very firmly indeed! They were gentle, though, as they eased my hands down, then in beneath the suit. I felt myself becoming breathless, my chest tightening, as he gently moved my hands up and down against his chest through the thin fabric of his shirt.

“S-sir!” I gulped.

“Charles,” he said.

“Ch-Charles!” I breathed.

He slid my hands down so they were against his stomach, which seemed as firm, under the shirt, as his chest had been! I felt a kind of pulsing energy low down, very low down in my belly! My pulse was racing and his lips suddenly pulled up into a full on smile which lit up his face.

“You're not all that experienced with men, are you, Aidan?”

“I uhm... n-not really!” I squeaked.

“Hmmm.”

He slid my hands back up to his chest and I felt a flush of heat.

“You know, one of the primary duties of management is to nurture and mentor young employees so they can reach their full potential,” he said drolly.

He let go of my wrists, and I had a passing thought to draw my hands back, but didn't. His hands slid around me again, stroked my back lightly, then slid down beneath my jacket to cup my bottom through the skirt.

I gasped, and started to protest, but a moment later his fingers, which had been lightly caressing my buttocks, suddenly tightened. I squealed in surprise as he scooped me up against him! My arms and legs instinctively went around his body, and then he was turning completely around and sitting down on the plush chair next to the sofa!

“Mister Cutter!” I exclaimed.

I found myself straddling his lap, my knees on the chair on either side of his hips. His hands had slid up from my bottom to the small of my back as he grinned at me. We were almost but not quite face to face, though I was a bit taller now sitting atop him.

Sitting in his lap!

I squirmed to break free, to get off him, but he simply held his hands in place.

“Now then, let's deal with our staffing business,” he said calmly.

“L-Let me go!” I gulped.

“Why? Are you worried I'll hurt you?”

“No! But... this is... extremely improper!”

“Yesterday was even more improper and you weren't complaining then.”

I flushed hotly.

“I was... I should have!”

“Did you enjoy yesterday?”

I bit my lip helplessly.

“Why would you not want to do that which you manifestly enjoy doing?” he asked sensibly.

I had no answer to this either!

“Now did Myra come up with answers about those staffing issues?”

I looked at him helplessly. I could not break free unless I, well, insisted. I mean, unless I pushed it, unless I either struggled quite hard, or else clearly demanded. And... I wasn't... up to that.

Truth be known I was feeling quite breathless straddling him like that. He was so close to me, and I was so close to him. I could feel the heat of his thighs against my buttocks and legs, and my hands were on his chest again just as his were on my back.

My heart was thumping, my pulse was racing, and I was struggling to control my breathing.

“I-I dropped my notes,” I gulped.

“You're an extremely bright young lady. I'm sure you have the gist of the information in here,” he said as one hand slid up my back, into my hair, and

caressed the back of my head.

“What if someone comes in?” I gulped, turning to gaze at the door.

“Allison is having her teeth cleaned and I locked the inner door.”

I bit my lip, still quite anxious.

“Can you not concentrate?” he asked with raised eyebrow and smirk.

I glowered at him.

“Myra said that anything you did had to be justifiable on paper under human rights codes and company policy.”

“So do what I want and lie about it.”

“That is not what she said!” I replied in an exasperated tone.

“It's what she meant.”

“You cannot refuse to hire people because they're raising children!”

“Unless I find another acceptable reason.”

“These rules and laws are there for a reason, you know!” I exclaimed indignantly.

“And make perfect sense, most of the time,” he replied. “But like any policy made for a general set of circumstances there are specific, narrow circumstances for which it really should not be applicable.”

The hand he had on my back had somehow managed to slip under my jacket and was stroking me lightly through my thin sweater. Then again, my hands were on his shoulders, having automatically risen there for some reason.

“I-It's unfair to people to punish them for having children,” I said. “Don't we want people to have children!?”

“Absolutely. But we want them to raise those children properly. They can't do that if they're spending twelve hour days here.”

“Then you should realign your work so that people could do it in eight hours!” I said.

“The nature of the work forbids,” he said in a soft voice.

“Any work – oh!”

His other hand had been stroking my leg rather casually, but it now slid up my thigh and belly, and was cupping my breast!

The feel of his big hand enveloping my breast brought a rush of heat and sensation, first to my breast, then flooding on through my chest and down to my lower belly!

“Mister... Charles!”

“Am I hurting you?” he asked mildly.

“That's not the point!”

“No, I think this is the point,” he replied smugly, eyeing the rather clear sign of my hard nipple showing through bra and sweater.

“You are... impossible!” I exclaimed.

“Clearly not, for here I am, in the flesh,” he said with a grin.

His fingers were kneading my breast, and I really wanted to pull back... sort of! But I felt his legs rising up behind me as he raised his feet and propped them on the edge of the coffee table. That forced me further forward, and I felt my breathing becoming more ragged.

His other hand slid off my back and up and down along my ribs, then across my chest to pause between my breasts.

“Your heart is beating rather quickly, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said.

“I-I thought we were talking about hiring policy!” I gasped.

“Of course, Please do continue.”

His other hand was now gently caressing and kneading my other breast!

“You are.. an arrogant man!” I gulped.

“Guilty.”

His hands both slid down onto my stomach and then virtually completely encircled my waist.

“Skinny little thing. Do you eat enough?” he asked.

“I eat quite well, thank you!”

His hands slid around my back, and I felt the clip at the back of my waist undone, then the zipper coming down.

“Mister Cutter!” I gasped, reaching back to grab at his wrists.

“Yes, Miss Fitzgerald? You had more to say about all the free time parents have to spend at work?”

His hands did not so much resist my grasp on them as continue to move as if anything I did was supremely irrelevant. He was... very strong!

He tugged up the back of my sweater and his hands slid up my back, and he let out a sigh, or perhaps a soft groan.

“Your skin is even more amazingly soft than your hair. Did you know that, Aidan?” he half whispered.

His fingers moved up and down my back, then up higher, as my chest tightened to the point I could barely breath! They slid up under the straps of my bra, then down again.

“The touch of your skin is having an interesting effect on me, Aidan,” he said.

Perhaps because I was squirming somewhat I immediately knew what he was referring to, for I was sitting atop it! I could feel him hardening underneath me, and more heat suffused my body. Only this was a much more raw heat, a dark heat, a heat which swept through my mind as well, whispering to me that I

should forget my inhibitions, forget what was proper.

“I-I'm not... your little plaything!” I gasped helplessly.

“Hmm. Would that be such a bad thing? Would you like me to be your little plaything instead?”

For a moment, my mind caught on that concept, as absurd as it was, and in that moment his stroking fingers paused long enough to unsnap my bra in back. And what felt like less than a second later his hands were skimming around my ribs and up upward, pushing my bra cups aside and resting against my bare breasts!

The touch sent a scalding wave of heat and raw sensation through me, my emotions slammed by a shock-wave of a sudden desperate need which made it impossible to speak!

I don't actually remember him pulling my sweater up to bare my breasts. But I remember an endless, endless period of time with his lips sucking, his tongue licking, his teeth chewing, his hands kneading me. I was trembling and shaking and began to unconsciously grind myself against him in dazed heat.

The next thing I knew I was having an orgasm!

The force of it hit me like a blow, and my head was flung back, my breasts aching as his teeth dug into the soft flesh, my nipples burning as he sucked and pinched them. I felt my body arching back over his upright knees as my head struck his legs and I bounced atop him!

The force of the orgasm was a storm which swept my mind and shattered any thoughts and concerns about anything other than the wild, burning pleasure coursing through my body!

And then I sagged dazedly, limply, groaning, staring up at the ceiling with my glazed eyes seeing but not seeing anything.

I felt my skirt lifted up, then a sharp pressure before he'd torn off my panties.

“You should really stop wearing these,” he said.

His hands slid under my buttocks, lifting me, raising me, and my head lolled

forward. I grabbed his shoulders to keep from falling into him.

“Undo my trousers please, Miss Fitzgerald,” he said.

I stared at him, not understanding.

“Reach down and undo my trousers,” he ordered.

And stupidly, well, dumbly, I mean, without really thinking, I did so.

“Draw the zipper down.”

I pulled the zipper down slowly, noting, in an odd way, that it was quite a quality zipper.

“Now reach into the top of my boxers, pull them back and let me out.”

I stared at the bulging top of his black boxer shorts, then, suddenly mesmerized by that thick bulge, I pulled back the elastic top to expose the hungry, swollen reddish head and the hard, veined shaft underneath.

“Take it into your hands,” he ordered.

I simply stared at it, licking my lips.

“Do it, girl,” he ordered in a firm, commanding voice.

So I did. I slid my trembling fingers around him, more than slightly awed at the heat and thickness and... and texture of him! I took a shuddering breath.

“Press it against your pussy,” he said.

I moaned in denial even as I eagerly did it, rubbing the head helplessly back and forth along the tight line of my sex, gasping each time it ground against my swollen clitoris!

“Stop playing with it and put it inside,” he growled.

Biting my lip, I slowly pressed the head against myself, gasping aloud as it stretched and stretched me, as the stretching began to ache, as the flesh grew tight and taut! Then it pushed into me and I let out a helpless cry of excitement

even as I felt his hands easing down.

I did not slide down myself, however. I remained as I was, braced by my legs, with the head just inside me. His hands slid up under my sweater again, up onto my breasts, and I slowly pushed down, letting more and more weight onto his hard, thick member, gasping each time I sank a bit lower.

“Remember what you said yesterday about loving my cock?” he asked.

I flushed and glared at him, despite everything.

“Say it again.”

“I... no!”

“Say it,” he ordered.

“No!” I gulped, sinking down lower.

“You will,” he said.

It ached. Every inch which pushed into me ached a bit more. And every inch which pushed into me made my body quiver more, roused my mind more, made my body thrum with more excitement and heat.

I stared down at my own body, past his hands on my breasts, at the sight of the tight ring of my flesh wrapped around his thick shaft, watched as I slid ever closer to the base, as I became ever more breathless.

I was still holding him in my hand! My hand was fully wrapped around the base of him, my other hand holding my skirt up, as I continued to sink down.

Then he abandoned one breast, bringing his hand down to my thigh, letting his thumb angle in to brush across my clitoris... repeatedly.

“Oh!” I gasped. “D-don't!”

“Does that hurt?” he asked softly.

It was an absurd question!

I shuddered, drawing my head up and back, feeling dazed by the renewed force of the heat and a kind of sexual electricity snapping and crackling through my body. His thumb continued to brush across my clitoris with short, quick movements, and I felt myself sway in place, then reached out to grasp his shoulders and slid fully down!

“OH!” I cried.

“Ah,” he sighed.

I sought to jerk myself up, at first, but found my leg muscles weren't working very well. And then I no longer wanted to. The ache eased, though it was still there. What I mostly felt was a tremendous sense of fullness. Then the ache seemed to change, to morph into something different. It was still there, still a deep ache inside me, but it was a darkly sensual and erotic ache!

“You're very tight inside, little girl,” he said, his voice higher than usual.

His hands drifted up my body and over my breasts, pushing me back across his knees again while I gulped in air and tried to clear my head.

Then one of them slid back down and began to brush my clitoris with his thumb again!

I couldn't touch him with my hands, and found that I very much wanted to! Since I couldn't reach him, couldn't lean forward against the pressure of his hand, I dropped my arms and grasped his hand, the one between my legs, then slid in to feel the tight ring of my flesh.

I pushed myself up, groaning, and then was able to feel his... cock. I slid higher, wrapping my hand around it, squeezing it. But then his hand firmly pulled my hand away and his knees pushed up, forcing me forward – and down! I slid down again until he was fully inside me, crying out helplessly at the new rush of delicious aching inside me!

“Do you love my cock yet, Miss Fitzgerald?”

I moaned, leaning forward now, my hands on his shoulders. I felt a sense of indignation amidst the heat, and then grabbed at his tie, which surprised him. I let it go, reached behind it, fumbling at the buttons down the front of his shirt,

kind of fixated, to be honest.

I undid one, then two, then three, as his thumb returned to brushing over my clitoris, then forced my hands inside. He had no T-shirt on underneath! I shuddered at the feel of his soft, warm skin under my hands! My hands moved up and down his chest, marveling at the contours of the muscles I could feel underneath!

“Would you like to talk about staffing now, Miss Fitzgerald.”

I wasn't sure I could talk at all, to be truthful.

I was rising and falling atop him, just a bit, like, maybe an inch, gasping each time the rush of sensation hit me. I started to rock in and out, increasing the length of my motions. My hands moved off him to impatiently undo his tie, jerking it free so I could undo the top of his shirt.

Then my hands slid inside again, up over his shoulders, and I leaned in as I forced myself up... up... up! I shuddered, then slid back down with a helpless groan of pleasure at the rush of sensation as he slid back up inside me!

I leaned in again, and he tilted his head back up, and this time I kissed him! I kissed him so hard my lips hurt, but I didn't care. I was riding up and down on him now, faster and faster, getting more and more breathless!

His left hand was on my breast, his right still between my legs, his thumb stroking my clitoris, and it took very, very little time before another orgasm hit me. This one was far more powerful, and frankly shocked me as I cried out, fairly bouncing atop him as I gurgled out the last of my breath against his shoulder!

Oh my God, it felt incredible! It was a shattering explosion of sensation that overwhelmed the senses! I moved on pure instinct, my mind feeling like it was being battered raw by the intensity of the pleasure exploding through my body!

And when the orgasm left me I all-but collapsed, dazed, moaning and breathless.

Cutter was not about to let me stop, though. His hands swept down under my buttocks and he began to jerk me up and down as he thrust up into me at the same time. I could feel his own heavy breathing against my ear as my head

rested against his shoulder, and I groaned weakly, gasping as my body rode up and down, as his thick cock drove up hard into my thrumming, overheated sex!

Until with shuddering groan, he dropped me, his arms sweeping around me and crushing me against him as he relaxed.

“Fuck!” he grunted weakly.

“Don't curse,” I groaned.

“Only if you tell me you love my cock.”

I gave a helpless little laugh. “I love your cock,” I said shyly.

I felt my head being drawn back by the hair and gasped, reaching up behind to grasp his wrist, but then I felt his mouth on the nape of my neck, tunneling in under the collar of the turtleneck even as his other hand slid up to cup my breast again.

“Charles!” I moaned.

He released my hair and my face came forward again as he looked up from my throat. I found myself staring into his eyes again.

“Would you like to have dinner with me tonight, Staffing girl? I bet we find a lot to talk about.”

“I... yes,” I gulped.

“Don't you mean yes sir?” he asked.

I snorted.

“And then afterward we can come back here and... get to work.”

“I don't work late into the evenings like some people,” I said.

“That's all right. It won't really be what most people would call work anyway.”

I blushed.

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