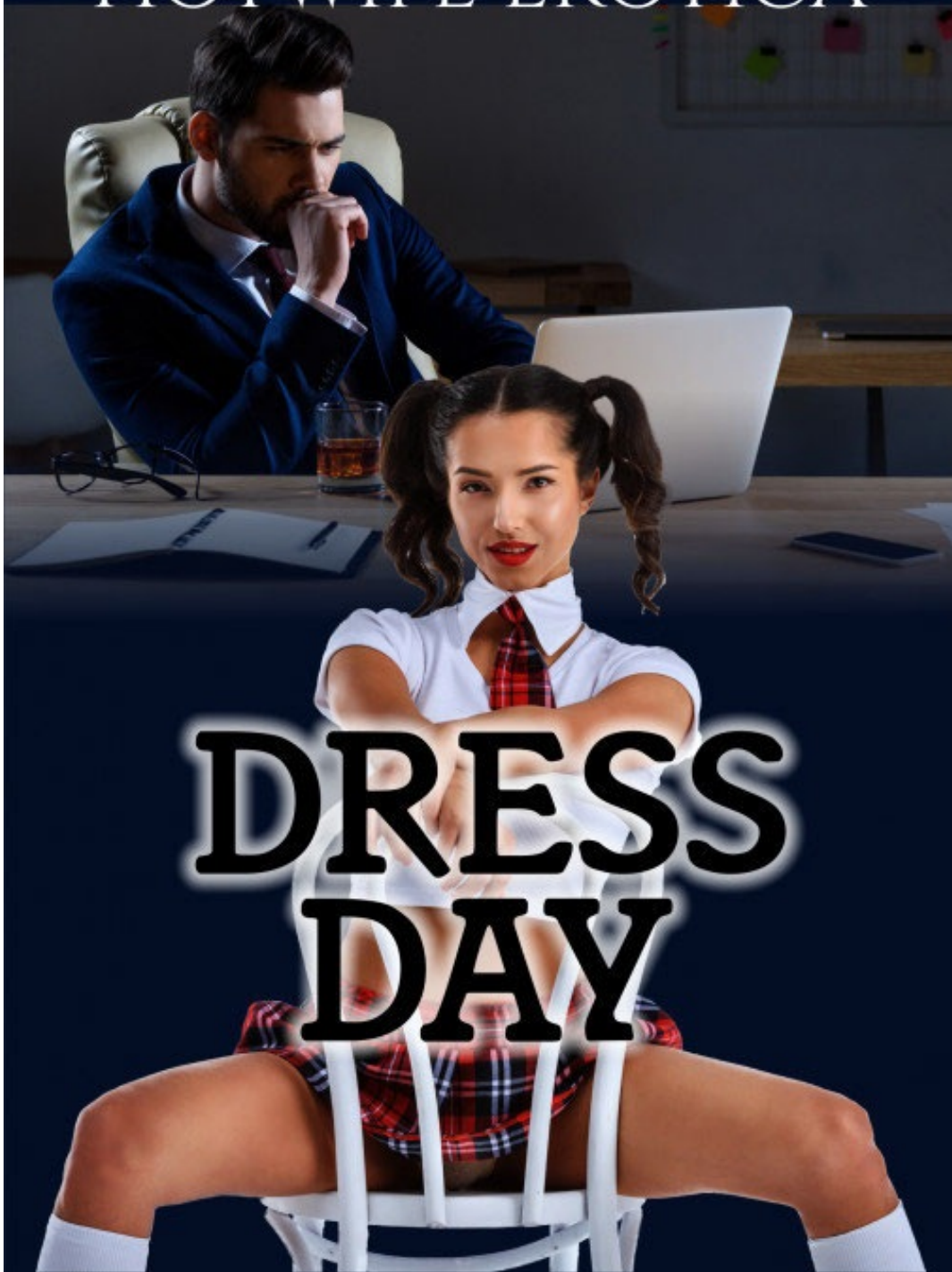


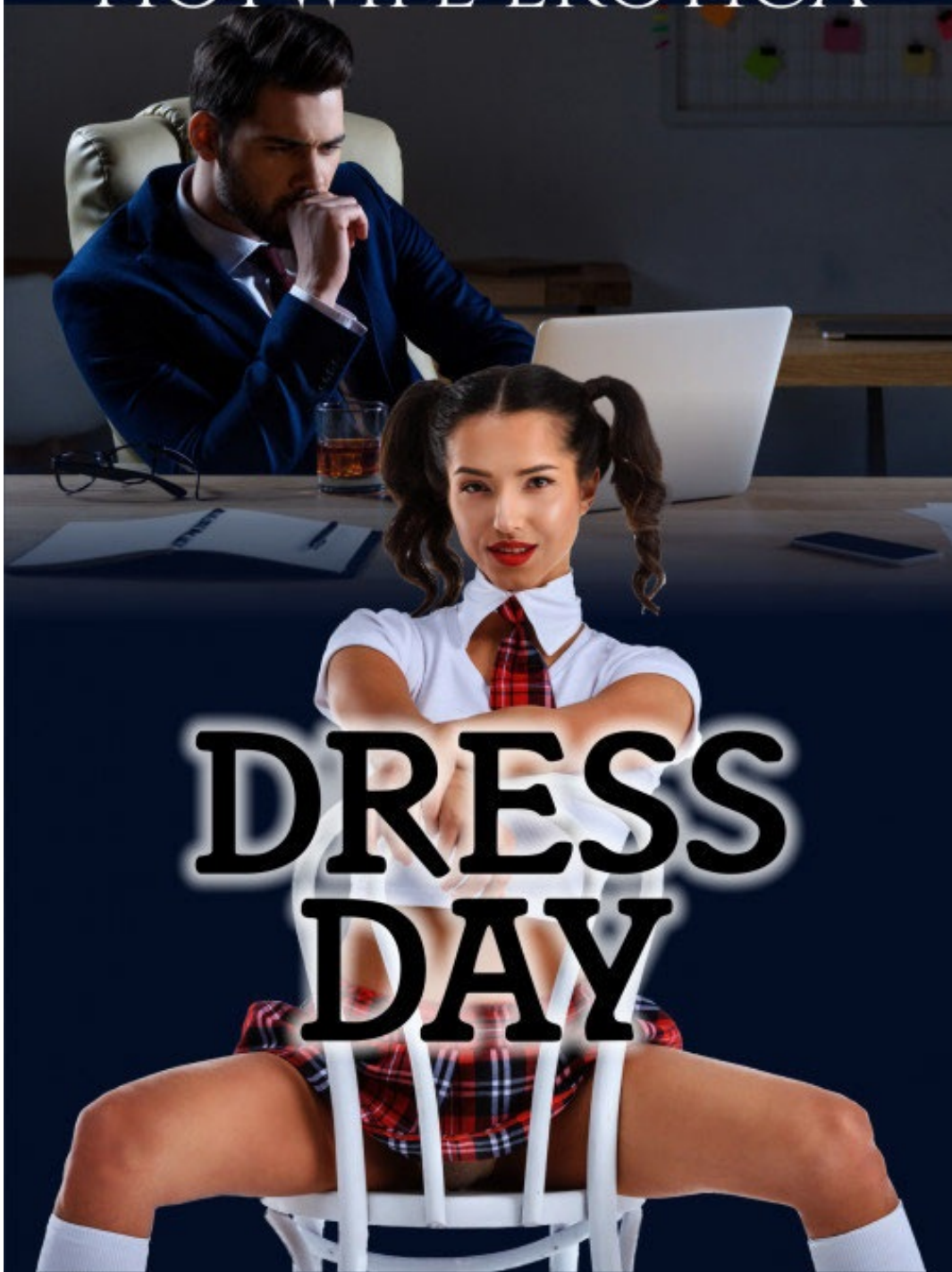
HOTWIFE EROTICA



**DRESS
DAY**

LARAN MITHRAS

HOTWIFE EROTICA



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DRESS DAY

By

Laran Mithras

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Even an alpha male can fantasize about his wife being dominated by another alpha male

CHAPTER 1

MIA

Whispers in the darkness are great for secrets.

Except that I had heard this secret before.

My husband of nine years panted over me, "Imagine it's him on you."

Which was useless, pointless, and fruitless.

My boss had not a speck of interest in me and I wondered if he had even ever really looked me square in the eye.

Does he even know what I look like?

Gen Cor Capital was not supportive of inter-office flirtations. Sexual harassment was an instant ticket to an early, wealthy retirement for the woman and termination for the male.

I suspected it worked in reverse, too, but men seemed too proud to report sexual harassment, no matter how small the numbers.

"Mia? Are you thinking about him?"

I tried to see him in the dark above me, but could only feel his flesh pressing down on mine and his hot breath. All else were dim shapes hardly illuminated by the digital clock.

I felt my husband thrust into me, hard and excited and slow. "I was thinking I could retire rich if he would just wink at me once."

He stopped, tense and breathing fast. "You don't want to do that. You want him to flirt with you."

"Yes, I know." I was safe, though, because Foster Thomas, alpha male boss of mine, was married and very conscious of sexual harassment suits.

If it was possible for an alpha male to have fear of something, my boss was the leading luminary.

I said, "He probably thinks I'm ugly."

Terry let out a strangled cry of aggravation. "How can you say that?"

"I'm not pretty."

"The fuck you aren't."

"Not compared to his model wife."

He grunted above me, admitting my point.

My husband had met them at the last Christmas party – a quick hand pump introduction while Foster's attention was already moving on so as to make a sooner escape to a function more posh. His wife, Yvette, was tall, blonde with gloriously long waves, and immaculate dress and manicure. She had looked insanely bored.

I had thought her face would crack, crumble and decay if she had to stand another minute at the party.

She was gorgeous.

My husband grunted, "She was stuck up."

"She's beautiful and she knows it. He's got a blonde Russian goddess and he's going to look at my Greek features and be impressed?" I blew a raspberry.

"Please."

"You're beautiful for a brunette. Exotic and—"

"Exotic means strange and unusual. That doesn't mean good."

He made a sound of disgust. "How do you know he doesn't have a thing for beautiful brunettes?"

"Because he would've married one."

"He should be using you, every day."

I shifted my hips at the rise of tension inside. "Mmm." My husband knew what to say to get me going. Even if Foster Thomas, handsome as any alpha on a romance cover, didn't notice me, it was at least nice to dream that I could succumb to his sexual demands without hurting my husband.

It was his fantasy. He had made it mine, too, except for the reality of the situation.

I knew I needed just a little more coaxing to be there. I breathed, "Fuck me, Foster." I knew it would ignite my husband.

It did.

He thrust hard, grinding against me when he was fully inside. He growled with command and went at my pussy as if he was someone in control.

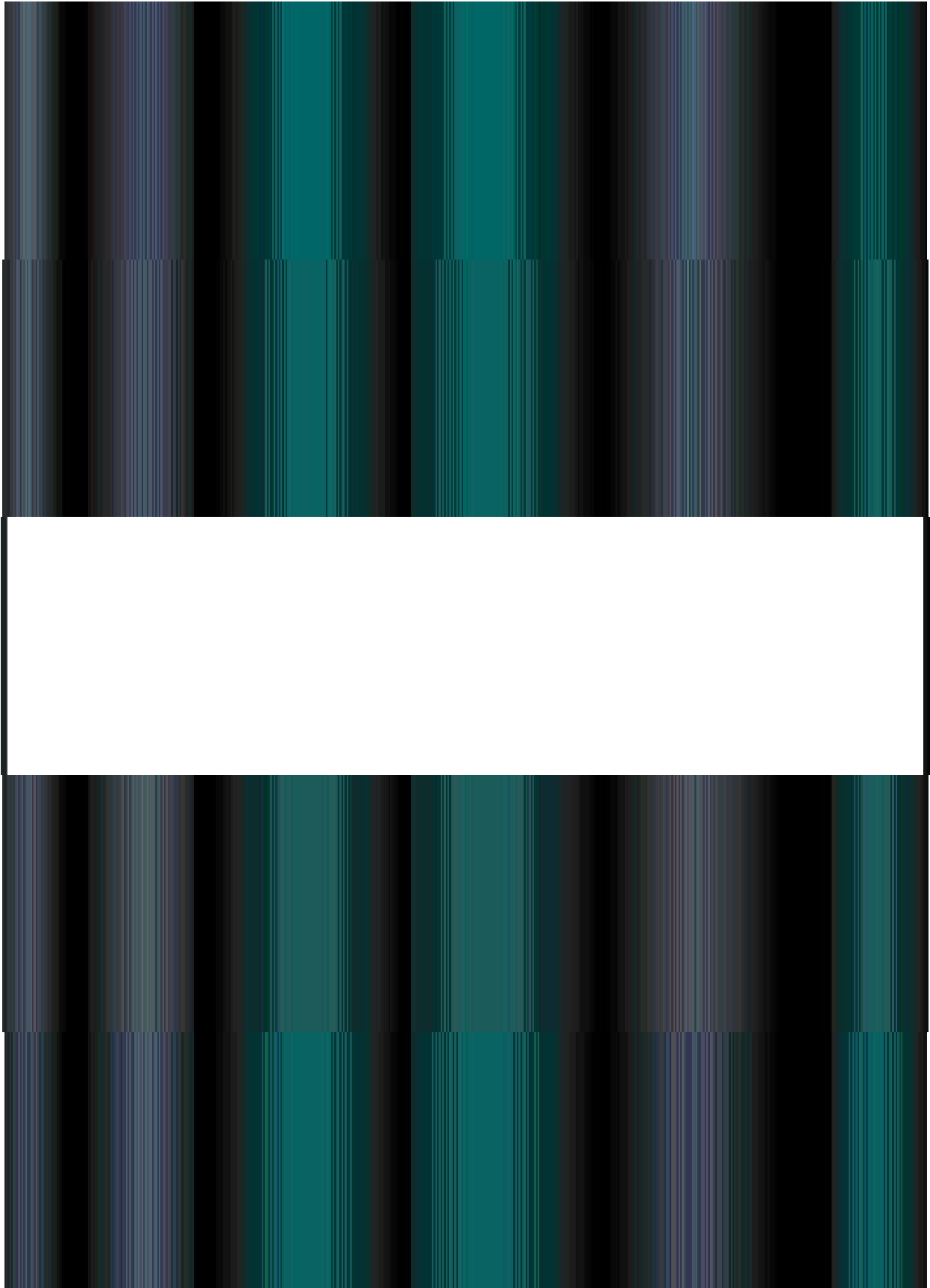
Yet, he had always been in control. My husband was just as alpha as my boss.

I rode that horizontal sliding pole of my husband's and imagined Foster. It wasn't hard; my boss was excruciatingly handsome, if hard and unyielding.

I rode the wave higher until my body quivered at the end of a taut rope – and then it snapped, letting me roll over the top and fall in tingling, crashing releases of heat and happiness.

Terry's was always triggered by mine, and his orgasm was experienced by the swelling of his cock and the hot, wet spits felt deep inside me.

It doesn't get any better than this. I loved him with all my heart.



If being a secretary wasn't glamorous, at least it paid well. The fourth floor of Gen Cor headquarters was where I worked for Foster Thomas, manager of the South Central Division. The fifth floor was the executive floor. Maybe one day I'd make it up there. Maybe if Foster was crowned.

My low heels softly thudded on the rich commercial carpet. Its dark gray hue blended well with the lighter gray walls. Muted splashes of color created a warm atmosphere of money, because money is muted, too.

I never ceased to feel the wealth controlled by Gen Cor Capital when I went to work.

"A reminder." And a smirk from Betsy.

I took the sheet with my free hand and glanced. "Yes, I saw this in the breakroom." I lifted my other hand holding my coffee mug.

Betsy lowered her eyelids until they were almost closed, lifted her eyebrows as high as they would go and slowly shook her head. "Mister Schofield wants to make sure everyone participates in the costume contest."

I sighed in aggravation at the rotund woman. I asked as sweetly as possible so she knew I was being sarcastic, "Would you like me to sign this?"

Her smug look dissolved into a scowl.

Neither of us cared about the other. She was secretary to the North Eastern Division manager and her useless pushing at the pecking order had never impressed me.

Technically, she had the more prestigious of positions compared to mine, but mine was close. North Eastern was older money. Mine was newer.

I pushed the notice back at her so fast that she reflexively brought her hand up to grab at it, then I left her standing there. I had a semi-private area outside of Foster's office. I was opening emails and sipping coffee when I saw him in my peripheral vision, marching towards his office past my desk. He had all the

swagger of a pirate patrolling his ship.

"Good morning, Mister Thomas." I didn't look at him.

He didn't look at me from behind his glasses and didn't answer. He never did.

His door clicked shut.

He always shut the door in the morning to read his email and drink his coffee in privacy.

Some fantasy, my dear husband. I shook my head. I thumbed my phone to the picture I had taken of him from across the office one day: I looked at it wistfully. He really was very handsome in a brooding way. Dark hair, trimmed beard, dark eyebrows.

If I hadn't known him already, he would've made me all tingly.

Except that I knew him better, and if he was a sexy bad boy in bed, I would never know it.

CHAPTER 2

"This looks stupid with nylons."

My husband was very supportive. "Because it does."

"Thanks."

"Really, take them off."

"Nylons are part of fashionable office wear."

"Yeah, but not with that costume."

I stood in the closet hall to the bathroom and looked at myself in the sliding mirrored doors. "Should I really be going bare legged?" I moved the skirt up and down, but I couldn't lower it at all without showing the waistband of the nylons.

Terry scratched his cheek in irritation. "Then you should have bought a sheet and went as a ghost. School girls don't wear nylons. Besides, you have great legs. Let the other women see how fine they are compared to theirs."

I giggled. "Betsy will huff and heave her boobs up and down." I took off the nylons and pulled back on the bobby socks. I stood back in front of the mirror and tugged down on the skirt. "Is this too short?"

He breathed down my neck, giving me goose bumps. "It looks sexy."

I tugged down a little more, but wearing the tiny midriff top exposing my flat belly, I was already seeing the natural creases where my thighs started. "Maybe I should put on a blouse."

"You could, but then why buy the costume? Wear it or not."

"You're not helping."

He grunted as he walked into the bathroom. "Actually, I am."

I tried adjusting the top, but there just wasn't much to work with. It had looked so cute in the online catalog, but on me I felt like an exhibitionist. I swallowed my reservations and decided to go with it. Who cares? It's just one day. I pulled at my hair and went into the bathroom. I displayed my suggestions. "Pigtails? Or a ponytail in back?"

He clicked off the electric razor. "Pigtails, definitely. Ponytails for cheerleaders."

"The pigtails make my nose look huge."

He put the razor down with a firm click and gave me a dour look. "You have a strong, sexy nose."

I used the elastic hair ties to make the pigtails.

Terry shook his head. "Higher up. That low and you look like you have wilted puppy ears."

"Now I'm a dog?"

"You asked for my help." He brushed past me, buttoning his shirt. He flung his tie around in that strange masculine way and produced a good looking tie at his neck.

"How's this?" I stood beside him and looked in the mirror. It looked stupid.

"Looks awesome. Maybe I'll have you wear that tonight."

I put hands on hips and leaned away from him to the side and gave him a look. "You have a school girl fetish?"

He shrugged. "Looks sexy on you." His expression changed to a grinning leer. "Come here, little girl..." He pinched my butt cheek.

I swatted at his hand. "Tell me what you think."

"I want to call in late and fuck you in that outfit."

I sighed. "No, these." I picked up the fake black-rimmed glasses and put them on. They looked stupid.

He shook his head. "They look stupid."

I dropped my mouth open in mock outrage. "Gee, thanks."

"No, really. It over-accentuates your nose. Take them off."

I did.

"Much nicer. Softer. Don't wear them."

I knew he was being serious. "Thanks."

"I mean it."

"No, really, I'm thanking you for being honest."

He kissed my cheek. "Win today."

A hundred dollar prize went to the best costume.

I felt really stupid walking into the lobby.

The guard blinked at me. "Mia? Is that you?" His face spread into a delighted smile.

I liked Roger. A little older than me, with only hints of gray beginning to show at his temples, he was always polite and smiled. I said, "Yeah, kinda stupid, huh?"

He laughed. "Not at all. Best costume I've seen so far. Very nice."

I deadpanned with a half-grin, "Thanks, Roger..."

Then it was strictly business: card-swipe; and a quick tap by Roger on his security pad.

Just behind him was the personnel director. He aimed his camera at me and took a picture for the email voting later. He said nothing.

I was in and took the elevator with a man dressed startlingly like early brownshirt Hitler. I felt as if he or I had stepped out of a time machine. He got off on the second floor after giving me a flip of his hand in salute.

I laughed when the door shut and muttered, "Candidate for termination?" The elevator rose silently and smoothly. The doors opened on the fourth floor and I stepped out and turned towards the breakroom.

Coffee first, even though I had already drank a cup at home. Always, coffee first. It was a thing.

Betsy was in the breakroom, chin lifted and turning for the small crowd around her. She was dressed...

I poured my coffee.

When I turned, she was standing in front of me and looking down her nose. "Nothing original about your costume. I should have expected as much."

I muttered, "What are you dressed as, anyway? Are you supposed to be a vagina?"

The breakroom went silent, but a couple of the girls tittered.

Betsy began huffing, her boobs heaving up and down beneath... whatever it was. "I'm a Boston Cream Donut; my favorite."

"I wouldn't have guessed..." I walked away before either of us said anything really ugly. It was best to avoid really nasty confrontations that might cause the personnel director, Mister Schofield, to have to mark anyone's records with an incident.

I barely heard Betsy back in the breakroom say, "Where does she get off dressing like a slut?"

Oh, you really put me in my place... Except that the tips of my ears felt hot. I flicked on the light, the copier, and moved to my desk.

A choked, strangled sound made me jump.

It was Foster and he was gripping his tie like a woman clutched her pearls. His eyes were wide, surprised, and running up and down my body.

Chills cascaded down my back and I backed away right up against my desk. I

knew fear. Was I going to get fired? Did he disapprove so much that I had thrown away a great paying job? Oh god, Betsy is going to get the last laugh.

His dark eyes fixed on my face, flicking up to the sides to look at the pigtails. He licked his lips nervously and swallowed so hard that I thought he was choking. His eyes widened even more and he looked down quickly. Then he spoke.

The strangled tone of his voice sent even more chills down my back.

He's speaking? To me?

"Good morning, Mia." He rushed past in a lurching gait.

I couldn't speak. Panic had gripped my chest so hard that I couldn't even croak like a frog. I just stared open-mouthed at him as he went into his office and slammed his door.

Loss erupted inside of me and my knees turned to water as I realized my very job had just been put on the line. Was he in there even now emailing the personnel director to fire me?

I sat down, eyes watering. I checked my emails hoping to not see the newest one being a directive for an interview with Mister Schofield. That would mean termination. None were there or came.

I sucked at my coffee with shaking hands.

Had I crossed the line so badly that termination was a real possibility? Did I need to apologize before it got that far? An apology would definitely look good on my record.

I rose out of my chair so fast it went spinning away. I cursed myself for being panicked and pushed my chair quietly back into place.

I knocked on his door.

A muffled, "Yes?" sounded irritated.

I opened the door and pushed inside. I closed it behind me and leaned against it, hands behind my back. I looked down from his glare. "I wanted to apologize

if... my costume was out of line. I'm sorry."

I looked up at the silence that followed.

Foster Thomas was sitting in his chair, leaned towards the monitor in a tense position.

I had interrupted him.

But hey, better now than after he had formed an email for the personnel director... right?

However, his hands were twitching. He jerked at his tie, his cuff, the edge of his coat and fiddled with his pen – one after the other. He shifted, twisted, and fidgeted in his chair while making that difficult flexing swallow...

And his eyes were locked on my costume. Or my body. His eyes ran over my legs, my skirt and waist, my top and my face.

Then I was blown out of the water without a sound passing between us.

He smiled.

My breath caught.

He cleared his throat like a nervous man and said, "I love your costume... I mean, it's fine. I..." He jerked at his tie again.

I put a hand flat, just under my neck. "Oh... it's okay?"

He nodded. He never nodded when he could instead answer directly in his commanding voice.

I let out a half laugh and sigh of relief. "Oh, I thought I was in trouble—"

"Trouble?" He looked confused and outraged. He started to rise from his desk, but then glanced down and sat down hard. He looked back to me and licked his lips. He was more nervous than I had ever seen him. "You're not in trouble, Mia. Not at all... Would, um... Could... Uh, we can talk about this over lunch, if you like?"

Lunch? Oh my god... Tingles ran down my suddenly wooden-feeling arms and legs. I opened my mouth to speak, cleared my throat, and was thankful I was leaned back against his office door for support.

He frowned. "Maybe that was inappropriate."

I forced myself to speak, "No, that wasn't. I'm... fine with lunch. Sure... unless you're firing me..."

He leaned back suddenly, as he was prone to do when he had an instant decision to make. "Fire you? Of course not."

I laughed weakly with relief. "Well then lunch is great..."

CHAPTER 3

I texted with shaking fingers.

Mia: Guess who's taking me to lunch?

Terry: Your boss?

Mia: Yes

Terry: Wow he liked the costume

Mia: Yes I'm so excited

Terry: I'll want to know everything

Terry: Later at home

I put my phone away; it was bad form to be using them in the office for texting. Being mostly tucked away from the cubicles around the corner, I was semi-private.

The barely audible Muzak was interrupted in a rare burst. "It's time for the costume contestants to meet and the winner declared. Please gather now in the first floor conference room."

The first floor had a conference room big enough to hold all of the employees and was often used for training, parties, and events such as this.

Foster came out of his office and lifted his brooding eyebrows at me. "Ready to win?" He held out his hand as I got up.

I felt his fingers touch the small of my back, directly on my exposed skin. His hand instantly turned hot, then clammy. He removed it quickly and cleared his throat.

My head began to swim with him walking beside me so close. It was as if he

caused a vibration in me like some forbidden Tesla machine. I was going to shake apart, but at the same time, I felt warm and peaceful. Cotton packed my throat and heat and moisture concentrated down below.

Clowns, vampires, firemen, nurses, and more – plus one large walking vagina – congregated at the elevator. It took a few runs before I felt his hand on my back again – light and gentle like a caress – guiding me inside. He stood close, touching, as we packed into the elevator.

I thought I was going to pass out.

Foster said nothing, but I heard him breathing raggedly.

Was he mad? Upset at the crowd? Angry over something I said or didn't say? I quivered with uncertainty while the heat in my pussy became more pronounced. Being dizzy, I leaned back a little against him.

It only lasted for all of a few seconds because the elevator was that fast.

The doors opened and we began filing out. I felt my pigtails swinging as I walked and I wanted nothing more than to crawl up in his arms and be carried. My nipples hardened so much that I saw them poking at the material, despite wearing a bra underneath.

He wiped his hand several times and then placed it again on the small of my back to usher me into the conference room. His touch was hot and electric. Shivers wriggled up my back and I let my mouth hang open a little to get in air.

I felt drunk.

It was difficult to move and I feared the effort at trying to look normal might have me pitch over onto my face.

Everyone was standing and not using the seats.

Arrayed around the room from front to sides were the screens they usually used for training. Normally, only a few were used, but today, they were all lit up with our pictures and email votes.

I found my silly-looking picture and saw I had received two votes. Two whole

votes. Again, I leaned back a little against my boss for support. The room was packed and no one cared or noticed.

My cell phone buzzed quietly against my hip. I didn't take it out of the skirt pocket, but it instantly sent a strange feeling racing up my pussy to my throat. My husband had texted something while I was in physical contact with a man over whom we both had fantasies.

It felt numbing and naughty.

Would my husband approve? Would his fantasy meet the brick wall of reality and crash and burn?

But it was just going to be a lunch.

Almost a date!

Except that in the back of my mind, I knew he was fiercely unflirtatious and undeniably devoted to his wife.

Brett Schofield stood at the podium and handled the mic. "Looks like our winner is Betsy Michaels with forty-seven out of two hundred and twelve votes. Congratulations, Betsy!"

I muttered, "Gawd... the vagina won."

Foster coughed behind me, then sniffed.

Betsy bounced her way through the crowd to the podium and snatched the envelope.

I said, "More dollars for doughnuts. She needed it."

Foster cleared his throat.

I knew I was skating a thin line, but my thoughts were all packed with fuzz and confusion. His proximity was a pernicious fire melting the sanity and stability of my mind.

I didn't move until he did and his hand returned to the small of my back.

Was that a hint of a caress?

Was my mind playing tricks on me?

Was the heat in my pussy causing delusions, or was his touch causing the hot ache down there?

If I wasn't careful, his touch was going to make me moan.

An image of him picking me up and carrying me made me stumble from the surprising tremble that made jelly of my legs.

He didn't appear to notice, but his hand was clammy again and left my back – leaving a cooling imprint that made me want to stuff my hand up my skirt and...

I took several deep breaths as we waited for the elevator.

His hand returned, drier, and warming the skin there again.

I closed my eyes and swayed on my feet, shuddering so hard from his touch that I was amazed he didn't comment.

That's when I heard his ragged breathing again.

No, he's not mad! He's turned on!

My eyes popped open and I turned my head back towards him, but stopped.

Yes, definitely turned on. That's the same heavy breathing when Terry gets excited. I jumped inside, feeling happy and victorious that I had finally, successfully broken Foster's hard shell. I reached up and gripped my right pigtail and twirled it in my fingers, musing about my good fortune this day.

The elevator was almost here. The quiet ding of its impending arrival was followed by...

I jerked in surprise.

Foster moaned.

His hand convulsed on the small of my back and tensed.

The doors opened.

His hand left me.

He followed me in, struggling out of his jacket. He folded it over his arm and I saw him tugging at his tie behind when I turned my head to the side.

I didn't look at him.

I thought if I did, everyone would know.

He didn't look or talk to me.

Was the wall back?

The fortress of indifference and disinterest?

The doors of the elevator opened and closed – much like how I was feeling this unexpected personal encounter with Foster was going.

We were at our floor and I felt the distinct loss that would soon come – he would stop touching me and go to his office.

Which is exactly what happened.

He said nothing.

I wilted into my chair and wondered if my talking about Betsy winning had ruined it.

I took out my phone and checked the text.

Terry: Make sure you flirt with him

I stared at it, thinking this was all too difficult. I didn't know what Foster was thinking. I didn't know anything about him except that he was a stern man to work for and that he had a beautiful wife on his arm that put me to shame.

Was lunch going to be a disaster?

Would I read him wrong and make a fool of myself?

How could I flirt with him if all these things were up in the air?

Might as well type up my resignation letter right now.

CHAPTER 4

He stared at my legs in his Mercedes.

I don't think he wanted to, but his eyes kept flicking down to them.

Should I make sure my skirt is covering as best it could? My hands twitched several times to do it, but just wasn't sure about anything. I found a novel way to bring it up. "I don't... know if I'm dressed for a restaurant..."

He snickered.

I had never seen him crack a smile.

His teeth were pearls and the crinkle at the corners of his eyes was delightful. "Yeah, I had in mind this little Mexican place. It's sort of fast food style and run by a family. They won't even blink at your costume."

I was stunned by the amount of personal interaction coming from the man. His words were usually brief and curt. Orders given; no chit chat.

I said, "I hope I'm not embarrassing you..." I meant about the restaurant.

He apparently took it another way and for a moment had me confused. "Oh, you very much are."

After a moment, I figured out he wasn't embarrassed to be seen with me. I tilted my head over and twisted a pigtail in my fingers.

He looked at me, mouth open, and groaned in discontent. He closed his eyes briefly and looked away, watching the road.

I saw his eyes flicker down to my legs again, then up to my face. He snatched his gaze away and licked his lips. His chest was rising and falling visibly, though I didn't hear any ragged breathing – despite the muted purr of the Mercedes' engine.

I ventured a question. "You really like my costume?" He would have to say something, and perhaps put my mind at ease over whether it was too much or not.

He looked at me as if I had said something crazy. He swallowed hard and looked back at the road. "Uh, very much so."

I felt a wash of relief and my shoulders sagged. "Oh, good. I thought I was showing too much skin."

He gave me that look again and said, "Um, no, not at all. Maybe not enough." He wiped his forehead harshly. "Forget I said that."

I felt a wiggle of playful tease. "Too late."

He tugged at his tie and grunted. The grunt or groan or whatever it was turned into laughter. He scratched at his neck and shook his head while letting out a bit of low-key and quiet mirth.

We were there and he opened my door and offered his hand.

I was stuck.

Getting in was no big deal. Getting out?

There was no way I could put one leg out without raising the skirt enough that he was going to see my panties.

I cursed myself for buying the costume whole and not picking and choosing pieces on my own.

But there was nothing to do except let him help me out of the car.

I swung a leg out and tried to make the act of getting out as fast as possible. I felt his eyes on my leg. I saw in my peripheral vision his gaze travel up my thigh, all the way to...

I stood, wriggling and wishing my skirt fell down fast enough that maybe he hadn't noticed... I was blushing, heat up in my face so hot that I had to forcibly gasp in air to start breathing again.

I was seriously having a bad case of the head-spins around Foster. I hoped he didn't think I was a fool.

I hoped I wasn't a fool.

The lively little Mexican restaurant smelled of corn chips, salsa, and tortillas. It hit me like the smell of home cooking and nothing like a restaurant.

I got some looks.

Foster got more.

After we ordered, I said, "I think people are glaring at you because they think you're taking a school girl to lunch." I put up my left hand to twirl my pigtail so as to show anyone looking that I was old enough and married with a wedding ring.

How can anyone think I'm younger than thirty? I twirled and noticed Foster hadn't responded; he was staring at my hand and face. I froze and yanked my hand down.

He started laughing, a derisive sound that had me wishing I was anywhere but here.

I muttered, "I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"

"You're laughing at me."

He jerked back a bit. "What? No, I'm laughing at myself."

I looked up at him, checking his face for honesty. It certainly looked like he was being honest. "Why are you laughing at yourself?"

His lips spread in a tense way, exposing a little bit of his teeth. If he had snarled then, it would've been perfect. Instead, he said, "Your whole costume has me all..."

"All what?"

"I can't... take my eyes off of you."

I blushed again, knowing he could see it – knowing everyone could see it.

He leaned over his placemat towards me. "I... have this thing for women dressed as school girls."

"Not just for school girls?" I was pressing my luck with a question so pointed and personal.

He sat back in the normal Foster-fashion I was used to and looked away. In a matter of fact voice, as if discussing investment funds, he said, "Little girls, no. Too young and inexperienced. I like my women much older."

"Gray hair?"

One shoulder lifted and fell. "Depends on how they take care of themselves. But essentially, thirty and up – at the very least."

While this wasn't the kind of topic I had ever discussed with my boss, his manner was that to which I had become so accustomed. Casual business. Frowning. Brooding. Squinting. It was all there. My hands trembled in his presence, wondering if all of this was going to be about business after all, and I had better behave appropriately.

His eyes found mine again, but this time differently. There was a little bit of light there that bespoke pleasure. "So when you came today, dressed as a school girl – and with pigtails..." He laughed again and shook his head. "You nailed my thing right there."

I shook my head, too. "You don't say..."

His eyebrows drew down. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Startled, I brought my hand back up and gripped the end of a pigtail. "Nothing, just that... I wouldn't have known and you've never really spoken to me before outside of what you want me to do in the office."

He looked away and muttered, "I'm happily married, mostly."

I pressed my lips together; I didn't know if I should be asking personal things.

He went on. "Yvette doesn't dress like a school girl. Thinks it's all silly."

My taquitos were placed in front of me.

With the conversation interrupted, we pretended to be serious about our food. Personally, my stomach was doing so many flips and flutters that I didn't know if I'd be able to finish the three I had ordered.

I picked one up and dipped it in the sour cream. I brought it up to my mouth for a bite and noticed Foster staring at me. Like, what? I took a bite of the taquito while watching him watch me.

His chest rose and fell faster and his eyes were locked on my mouth.

I snatched up my napkin and began wiping. "Do I have something...?"

He blinked and shook his head. "Uh, no, sorry." He heaved a deep sigh and cut into his quesadilla. "You, uh... probably aren't going to tell your husband about this?"

I tilted my head and his eyes followed my pigtails. I gave him a smile of curiosity. "Sure, I'll tell him."

He stopped moving and lowered his voice. "You will? Wouldn't he be... mad or jealous?"

"Terry? No. He teases me about the whole secretary boss thing..." I felt the blush return again, full force. Maybe I had said too much.

"So he wouldn't be mad I took you to lunch?"

"No, not at all. I told him by text you had asked me." I added quickly, "I was on my break." I hadn't been, but I didn't want to admit to doing something so unproductive while on the clock.

His eyebrows lifted. "Oh, he already knows?"

I nodded. His eyes followed my pigtails.

He said, "You look... great in pigtails."

I placed a hand at my throat. "I don't look stupid?"

He gave me a look that said I had asked something insane. "God no, you look fantastic. In fact, downright..." He cleared his throat and took a bite. He looked away while he chewed.

I picked up the taquito and dipped it again.

His eyes tracked its progress. He stopped chewing. His pulse beat harder in his neck.

I smiled quizzically at him until I realized I was holding what amounted to a long cylinder up near my mouth with a dollop of sour cream on the end. I dropped it as the electricity of the sexual symbolism made my fingers go nerveless.

He looked alarmed. "I'm sorry; I couldn't help it."

"No, I'm sorry I'm so clumsy." I couldn't look at him. Had he really been thinking about that?

"I didn't mean to be offensive."

I began laughing at the irritating insanity of what was going on inside me. "Offensive? No. I'm all fumbles around you. I can't think straight, act straight. I can barely walk..."

He was silent for a second, studying my face. He placed his hand at his tie, in imitation of me, and said, "Around me?"

I covered my mouth and stopped laughing. I gave him a fast little nod. "You're so... handsome and confident. It's like there's gravity around you and I get sucked in. And when you touch me..."

"I'm bothering you?"

"Yes. No. I mean, I can barely think straight."

His eyes sparkled with delight and his mouth was slightly open in wonder.
"Mia..."

"Yes?"

"Would it be okay if I invited you to lunch more often?"

I swallowed convulsively while my heart did a double flip and sent fuzziness racing into my head. "I'd love to."

"Your husband wouldn't mind? Or would you tell him?"

"No, he won't mind. I think he'd be really happy for me."

A grin I was very familiar with spread across Foster's face: his victory smile.

I asked, "Are you going to tell Yvette?" I didn't want him to; I wanted it to be our secret – even if my husband was in on it.

His face cleared instantly. "No, and she can't ever know. I love her, even if she thinks my fantasies are stupid. Even if things aren't as hot between us as they could be."

"Uh oh, trouble?" I asked with as much sympathy as I could muster.

"Trouble? No. Just... routine, I guess. She isn't all that enamored with," he lowered his voice, "sex."

On the way out to the car, he walked behind me. I stopped at the passenger door and waited. He brushed up a little behind and to the side. His face was close and I heard him inhale long and exhale just as long.

He whispered, "You're captivating, Mia. You smell so good. So simple."

"Simple?"

"Mm hmm."

I felt offended.

When he got in, he looked at my legs. "Such beautiful skin."

I was still a little stung by his comment. "Um, thanks."

After a couple minutes of driving and glancing at my legs, he asked, "Is it okay if I touch... you? Your leg? It looks so soft..."

"I... guess so..."

His hand touched down on my thigh and my insides crashed through several instant reactions: pounding pulse; hyper breathing; dizziness; moisture in my pussy; tingling and hardening in my nipples; and a grinding ache deep up inside.

His fingers caressed, not straying far from where they had landed mid-thigh.

I looked at him.

He smiled sheepishly. "Heaven."

I looked down. His slacks were tented.

I was instantly wet and knew I was going to soak out my panties. I looked away quickly in case my catching it would embarrass him.

That I was sitting in a car with a man who wasn't my husband and that man had an erection thrummed inside of me like drums of lust. It also made me feel more like a woman than I ever had before.

I have this kind of power?

At headquarters, we entered as if normal employees and not as if we had shared a lunch. He walked with his jacket folded over his arm in front of him. We rode the elevator in silence as my head swam with the delirium of having actually provoked such an intriguing response from my boss with this silly costume.

I sat at my desk, still buzzed, while he went into his office. I could not resist and took out my phone.

Mia: We went to lunch

Mia I turned him on

My husband responded and my phone vibrated just as the phone next to me gave

its low beep. I jumped, startled.

Terry: Details!!!

Foster's voice said, "Mia, could you bring the Franklin folder in, please?"

I put my phone away, fast. I got up and went to the filing cabinets, frowning. Technically, Foster could look up everything on his computer – everything was filed on our systems. We kept hard copies in case of litigation. My filing cabinets had been discussed as being moved to the records room, but it hadn't happened yet.

I pulled all of the Franklin folders not knowing which ones he wanted. I carried them into his office.

He looked up, frowning. "Shut the door."

I did. I leaned back against it, folders clutched in my arms up to my chest.

He pursed his lips. "Put those down." He flipped a finger at the corner of his desk.

Being a relatively small office despite the posh atmosphere, I only had to take two steps to do it. I backed up one step towards the door.

He tilted his head at me. "Did I say something wrong? You've had that look on your face..."

I have a look? I cleared my throat. "What look?"

"Like when someone calls for me and won't leave a number. You get this stressed look around your eyes."

I took a breath and plunged ahead. "What did you mean by simple?" Do you look down on me?

He looked startled and confused. "Simple? What?"

"You said I smelled simple."

His face instantly cleared and he got up from his chair. He came around, smiling.

"Simple as in good. My wife uses such an amazing concoction of different products – all the shampoos and conditioners and rinses and facial care products and makeup," his head moved as if dizzy, and his eyes rolled for emphasis, "and perfumes... It all gives me a headache when she stands close to me."

I blinked.

He advanced.

I backed up against the door, chest heaving.

He lifted a finger and drew it down my large nose, then over to my cheek and down.

Shivers rattled me from head to foot.

He said, "You smell wonderful. It's clean and natural. It's intoxicating."

I opened and closed my mouth as my nipples became hard points.

He removed his finger from my jawline. "Would you do me a favor?"

"Wh-what?"

"Would you wear that every day?"

"I-I only have this one costume... and I don't think it would go over well with personnel."

He twisted his lips to the side and grunted. "Yeah, you're right; Schofield would disapprove." He tapped his finger against his lips. "Maybe I can..." His eyes sharpened and he looked at me. "Would you at least wear pigtails?"

"You don't think they make me look stupid?"

He leaned close to the side, his mouth sending hot breath into my ear. "They make you look very sexy."

My teeth actually chattered and I snapped my jaw shut to stop them. I took a breath. "I guess so..."

He drew back so he could lock eyes with me. "I would be very happy..."

The ache in my pussy was now so severe that I didn't think I could walk straight. I was going to jump on my husband when I got home. I croaked, "Okay."

CHAPTER 5

I was a madwoman as I rode my husband's cock. I clawed at his chest as I drove my hips down on him, trying to fill that aching hole with what I so desperately needed: thick cock.

He panted up at me, "He really got you worked up?"

I made a sound of effort and need. "It's not like he did anything... really..."

"He touched your leg."

"It was just my leg."

My husband persisted in talking seriously when I just wanted to let go. He said, "That's very serious in an office environment."

"It was in his car."

"Still, you're his secretary. Big no-no."

"Office romances happen all the time. A lot of married women in the building have been involved—"

His eyebrows perked up. "Oh yeah? But you never have."

"We pretend to."

"That's not the same. So a lot of the women who work with you have—"

I hissed as my orgasm receded. I moved slower so I could concentrate more on talking. "Stupid, silly things that can never go anywhere. Though I suspect Maggie and Will have been carrying on for a couple years now."

"She's married?"

"Mm hmm. They both are."

He thrust up suggestively. "So... are you going to flirt with him?"

Everything inside me screamed yes, except for that nagging little voice that reminded me I was married and had promised myself to the man underneath me. Unfortunately for the rest of me, that voice won out. "But I have you."

"But we've been talking about this for years."

"Are you sure you could handle it? Fantasy to reality doesn't always work out so well."

"Look, it's probably unlikely he'd do anything anyway. You might as well have fun and tease him for all it's worth."

His cock felt so good slipping back and forth through my lips and filling my pussy that I allowed the other part of me to speak. "You think I should?"

"Yeah. Wear short skirts. He was fascinated with your legs, right?"

I remembered the hot touch of his hand on my skin. "Yeah, but..."

"But what?"

"I think I got more reaction out of him when I touched my pigtails."

He laughed. "Really?"

I nodded, eyes closed as I twirled my hips around on my husband's cock. What would Foster's feel like? I gasped and ground harder.

Terry said, "Then pigtails should be your new hairstyle."

"That's what he asked for – for me to wear them every day."

"Welcome to your new hairstyle."

"Well, it would be fast and easy in the morning. You don't think I look stupid in them?"

"Not at all. Super sexy."

"That's what he said."

"I like this guy, Mia." He let out a sexy chuckle.

"You're okay with him touching me?"

He groaned long and loud. He gripped my moving hips and plunged himself upward, impaling me with filling thrusts. "Oh yeah, I hope he touches you all over – his hands all over you."

"You really want another man touching your wife?"

"Fuck yeah, super hot."

"And you wouldn't be jealous?"

"Only if you didn't share it all with me. No, I think it's flattering that another man would get all turned on over my wife. That he gets erect looking at you is a huge compliment to me. I hope he cums thinking about you."

I lost it in a rush and swell of excitement. Could I do that to Foster? Iron-willed boss of mine? I slung my hips hard and fast, grinding out a major series of orgasmic releases that left me gasping for air. Tingles and shivers raced up and down my body as the heat radiated out from my pussy.

Terry whispered under me, thrusting for his own finish. "Promise me you'll try."

"Okay..." I gasped in capitulation, "Okay..."

He flooded me a little after and accepted me down onto his chest.

After the orgasm receded and left just the energizing tingles, my conscience returned with reality.

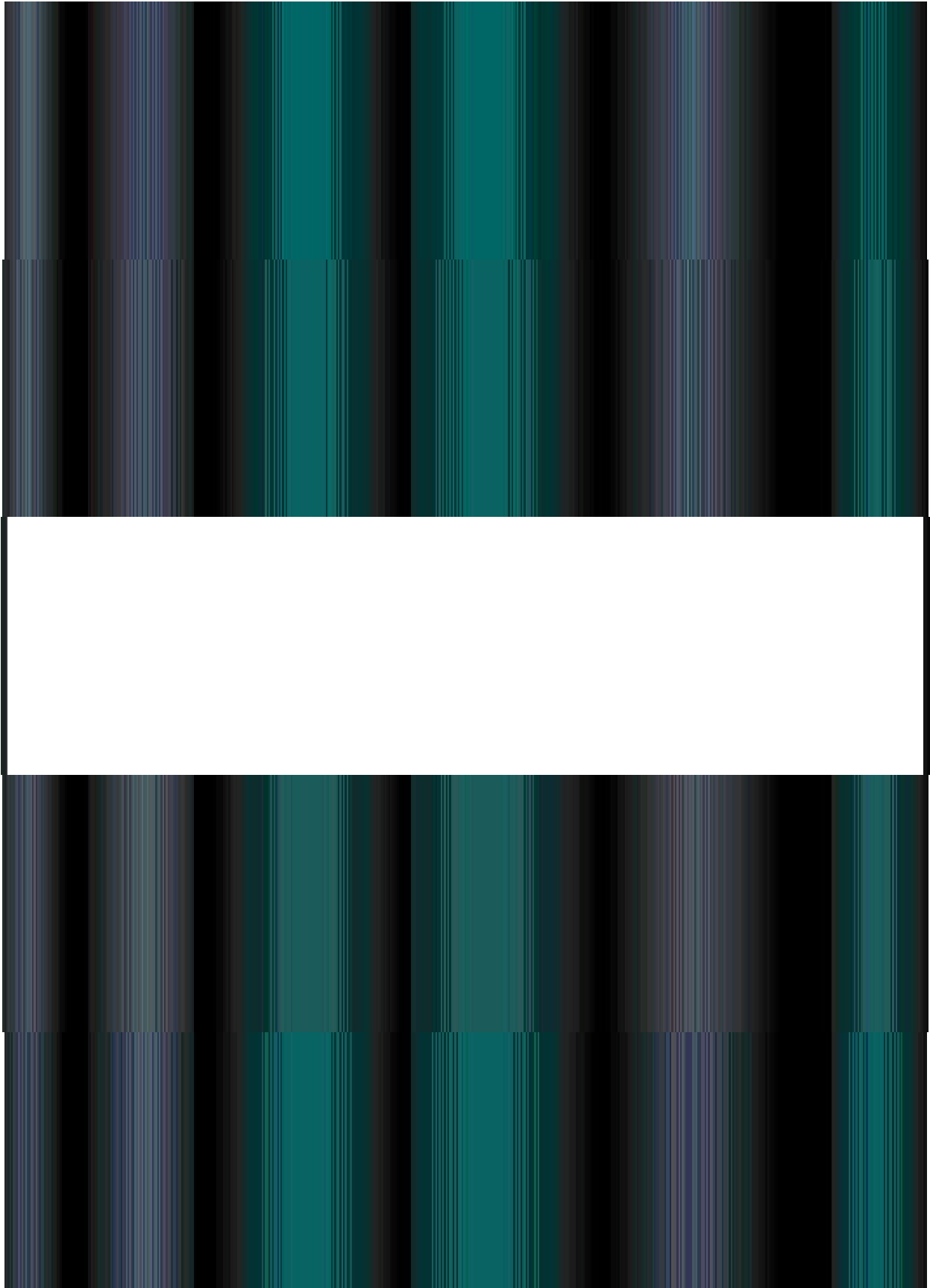
Foster might be intrigued, but he wasn't likely to do anything. Teasing him wouldn't produce any results except to possibly anger him with frustration. No, flirting with him just really wasn't all that great an idea. It might help us cum in bed, but...

I had promised my husband.

Reality was another story.

I was torn there, panting on Terry, wondering what was going to come of all this.

Nothing good, I was sure.



I went into work Monday, dressed in a more conservative skirt and a full blouse. My hair was up in pigtails. I think I had more of a dilemma leaving off the nylons. But with a knee-length skirt, it wasn't strictly necessary.

Roger gave me a wink and a smile. "Love the hair. Are you going to keep it? Keep putting it up?"

"You don't think it makes me look dumb?" I swiped my card.

He laughed and his voice came low and serious, "No way."

That made me feel better on the elevator ride up. I stepped out.

Betsy was there.

I asked, "Do you linger around the elevator just to wait for me?"

She let out a loud bark of scorn. "Huh!" Her chin lifted and she marched off.

I was pouring my coffee in the breakroom when Donovan said to me, "Love the hair. Are you going to keep doing that?"

I didn't care much for Donovan. He was the North Western Division Manager. He seemed to me too smug and insincere. However, he was technically a boss, if not mine. I said, "Everyone seems to like it, except for Betsy."

He laughed in a rising crescendo of mirth. "I don't think she likes anything about you. But don't let petty little jealousies stop you."

I made a noise of acquiescence and escaped the breakroom to my desk area.

I was sipping my coffee and scanning emails when Foster came in with his usual pirate swagger. I said, "Good morning, Mister Thomas."

He came to an abrupt halt and turned to me. "Good morning, Mia, and please don't call me that. I'd prefer to hear Foster from those... pretty lips."

If I had thought flirting would be useless, my blush gave proof I was wrong. All

I could do was smile and try not to blink as if batting my eyelashes at him.

He glanced out towards the cubicles where people stood and chatted over their coffees before the clock hit work-time. No one was near.

He hooked a finger into his collar and tugged at his tie. "I'm... going to be working late tonight. Perhaps you could stay late, too? We can have drinks."

I blinked up at him, wondering where drinks would take us. My husband had asked me to flirt, so this seemed to fall right in line with opportunity. I swallowed and said, "I think so; I'll just need to tell my husband."

He winked at me and went into his office.

I whipped up my phone and texted.

Mia: He wants me to stay late tonight

There was no answer.

Two hours later, on my break, I texted him again.

Mia: Terry? Are you there?

Mia: Did you miss my text?

Terry: I got it

Mia: He wants me to stay late

Terry: That's great

Terry: I just don't know what to say

He put a tongue-smiley in.

Mia: Should I say yes?

Terry: Yes we'll talk when you get home

A little sense of his disapproval made a lodgment in my thoughts. Wasn't this

what he wanted? Should I stay or go home as usual? I didn't want to hurt my husband if he was having second thoughts.

I was tracking the progress of our investments when Foster startled me. Instead of sending me a message through the phone's intercom, he stood over my desk. "Would you like to go to lunch again?"

I wavered on the uncertainty I felt from my husband, but decided that lunching with Foster was something Terry liked. "I'd be delighted."

I'm not sure what I expected for the car ride when we left for lunch, but Foster had been careful not to touch me in any way as we walked together out to the parking lot.

He was the perfect gentleman.

However, in the car, his hand came over and rested on my thigh. He looked over and asked, "You... don't mind, do you?"

I gave him a nervous, reassuring smile. "Not at all."

He shifted his hand on the fabric and then slid it up from my knee so he could rest his hand on my bare skin. His fingers caressed my thigh hotly and I found myself panting for air in a rush of heat from inside.

I wish you'd slide those fingers up... Oh my gosh, what a crazy thought! I bit my lip and looked out the window, but then realized it might look like I was only suffering him to touch me. I looked at him as he drove.

He glanced every once in a while, giving me a sexy grin.

I liked his hand there. Very much.

Too much.

However much I might have welcomed it, he did not slide his hand any further up than mid-thigh. My pussy ached with desire to feel the pressure of his fingers on my panties – over my clit. I had to fight the urge to squirm.

At the restaurant, over lunch, he said, "You never tried to flirt with me. Why

not?"

"Um, you're married, I'm married, and you never gave me any indication you even noticed me. It was like you couldn't be bothered..."

He made a face. "That's the impression I give off?"

I nodded.

His eyes tracked my swinging pigtails.

I lifted a hand and began twisting one.

His lips spread instantly in a rueful grin and he shook his head. "I could watch that all day."

I kept doing it, happily.

He said, "You're a great secretary, you know."

I shrugged. "It's a job. If I do it well, I get paid. Everyone has bills to pay."

His eyebrows dropped a little. "No, I mean it, seriously. If I was giving off an uncaring attitude before..."

"Oh, well... thanks."

His eyes were almost glazed over. "I love the way your lips move."

I found myself licking lips that felt suddenly dry from the attention.

"Everything you do is intoxicating."

Good thing you don't see me getting out of bed with messy hair... I smiled in silence. There was just no telling when or how I would say the wrong thing that would put him off. "So... what does Foster Thomas like?"

He swirled his fork through his Spanish rice. "Hot brunettes with sultry lips."

I coughed back laughter. "I mean, like what do you like to do. And if you like brunettes, why did you marry a blonde?"

He looked amused. "She is a brunette. She went blonde after we were married."

I blinked comically. "Beautiful Yvette? Really?" I tried not to laugh and succeeded.

He pressed his lips together judiciously. Finally, he said, "Really. She spends a lot keeping it that way." He studied his plate for a moment. "What do I like to do? My parents left me a cabin up in the mountains. I like to mountain bike up there or snow sled in the winter."

"Snow sled? Not ski? I would've thought you were a skier."

He made a face. "I tried it. Some of it was fun, but I would rather sit and fly down the mountain on a toboggan."

"Sounds like fun. How does Yvette like it?"

A small shake of his head. "She doesn't. Hates the cabin. Says there's too many spiders for her liking."

"You go all alone?"

A small nod. He was studying me.

Are you going to ask me? It sounds like fun.

Except, he didn't.

Being under his intense scrutiny made me fidget. I liked being near him. I could sense his power and drive.

I went to work.

He worked.

It was a subtle shade of difference that left me trembling.

CHAPTER 6

I spent all day waiting for the day to be over. What were Foster's plans on working late and having drinks?

People began leaving, piling up at the elevators.

Foster's door was open. I heard his voice, muted. "Mia?"

"Yes?"

"Come in."

I swiveled out of my chair and stepped into his office.

His eyebrows twitched down and he took off his glasses. "Shut the door." He reached down and pulled up a bottle of amber liquid. "Scotch okay?"

"Sure."

He motioned to a chair.

I said, "So you wear a lot of blue suits. Is that to match the décor?"

He looked up at me sharply, but his face showed amusement. "Am I that obvious?"

I felt a little victorious at having winkled out one of Foster's secrets. "The other managers prefer gray."

"Let them. Sure, the walls and carpet are gray, and they fit right in. The accents, however..."

"And that makes you stand out."

His eyebrows lifted and his chin dipped. "So it does."

"Angling for the fifth floor?"

"Of course; who wouldn't?" He handed me a tumbler half-filled with Scotch.

"You don't think Malcolm Worth is senior and in line?"

He scowled. "He's stuffy enough to be an executive, but he has no drive. However, nothing says the North Eastern Division has seniority."

"Try telling that to Betsy." I held the glass, waiting for him to drink.

"Who? Oh... his secretary." He grunted dismissively. "Here's to the fifth floor." He lifted his glass and drank.

I copied him and almost coughed at the intense burn going down my throat and seizing my chest. I let out a huff of air.

His grin was amused. "Twenty-two year old Scotch. Single malt. Good, huh?"

I couldn't taste anything except burn. I squeaked breathily, "Uh, yeah."

He leaned back and let out a quiet laugh. "You get used to it."

I glowered at the glass and lifted it in toast again. Then I downed the rest. I wasn't going to let a drink embarrass me. The second gulp was easier and I let out a slow breath to keep from coughing.

His eyebrows were high up on his forehead. He lifted to mimic the toast and drained his.

The warmth spread through me so fast that I found myself smiling at the rush of comfort. I twisted one pigtail in my hand while watching him.

He was tapping out of his computer, but hadn't failed to notice me. He shut down his system and stood up. "Do you mind... if I kiss you?"

I was stunned – not because I didn't want to, but because those words coming from his mouth sounded so strange.

I didn't answer.

He stepped around his desk and stood over my chair.

His approach resonated deep in my heart with heavier and heavier thuds. My chest heaved as he stood over me. I looked up at him, almost panting – not knowing what I should do.

Kiss?

Him? Really?

He held out his hands.

I lifted mine weakly.

He plucked the empty glass from me and placed it down. Then he gently gripped my hands and pulled me up. His breath came in puffs against my lips as I stood close to him. His lips were trembling, but it was nothing compared to the shaking I felt all over my body.

His hand slid up my back to my neck and began pulling my head in.

My mouth dropped open as my pulse raced faster and my breathing became labored. My nipples hardened as he pulled me to his chest and his head bent towards mine.

I remember looking up into his face just before his lips pressed against mine.

Time had no meaning.

Sound wasn't registering.

I was swept up in a kiss with him that ignited roaring fires inside me, burning away cares and concerns and ideas and inhibitions.

I think I moaned as my body sagged against his. I became acutely aware that he was turning me. He walked me to the back wall next to the window and pressed me up against it. His mouth stayed pressed to me and his tongue drove against mine with slow pushes and swipes that made me wet. His beard brushed against my chin and cheeks and I felt a very discernible bulge pressing against me from his slacks.

I thought I had lit up with heat before, but feeling his hardening package against my hip was explosive. I felt such an increase in heat that I thought I would break into a sweat at any moment. That I was causing this handsome man an erection was as stunning as my husband apparently thought it was.

I did this to him!

I panted faster, thrusting my hips against him.

He shifted and moved, placing his bulge directly against my clit.

Even through the clothing, I quivered at the suggestive contact through the material. I lifted a little, and slid down against his hardness. A couple of inches, no more.

The rubbing was exquisite.

I enjoyed a surge of arousal that caused an unending tremor in my legs that was growing worse by the second.

He stopped kissing me, panting maybe as loud and heavy as I was. He stared into my eyes for a few seconds, then hauled on me.

I stumbled towards the desk and his hand on my neck bent me over it. The Scotch bottle spun off the desk and tumbled to the floor with a muted thud.

I cried out in surprise, although I didn't try to get up or stop him. I was very certain my legs would not support me.

He flipped up my skirt and reached to grab the waistband of my panties. He fumbled back there for a few seconds, but couldn't get to it because it rode higher than my skirt and was trapped. He growled in frustration and tugged at the crotch of my panties. I felt a jerk and then heard my panties tear loudly. He had simply ripped the crotch open.

In less than a second, I felt the rush of cool air on my pussy lips and then the insertion of three of his fingers.

I groaned loudly, happy that the aching need there was being attended. I clawed at the desk and mumbled gibberish as his fingers moved in and out of my pussy.

I saw my ring flash and I looked at it, wondering for maybe a split second what my husband was doing. I knew, however, that nothing could stop me from doing what I was doing right now.

I heard Foster doing something with his belt and slacks.

I looked back and braced myself. I couldn't see anything except him coming closer, looking down. Then a hot wideness pressed against my pussy and began pushing in. There was almost no resistance, I was so wet. Not slow, not fast, his thickness slid into me – filling me fuller than I had ever felt.

Foster was no small man.

Bigger and thicker than my husband.

More and more he filled me, until I gasped at the strange sensation of such a deep penetration. It felt like everything inside was stretched and tight from being filled. I moaned even more gibberish, louder.

He drew out, then slammed it back in.

I yelled this time, stunned by the ferocity of his thrust and the depth at which his dick was impaling me.

He panted and grunted, ramming his thickness into my pussy over and over. I cried out, louder and higher as his hips slapped forcefully against the back of my thighs. I felt his balls pressing repeatedly against my clit and my insides began twisting and turning, coiling tight with lust and pressure.

His office door opened.

Roger stood there, flashlight in one hand and his other hand on his gun. He stopped, open-mouthed and stared at us.

At me.

His eyes flicked down to my left hand with my wedding ring as I gripped the edge of the desk.

My pigtails swung back and forth and I could say nothing.

Foster, however, sighed heavily and stopped thrusting. "It's just us, Roger. Could you give us some...?"

The guard cleared his throat. "Ah, sorry. I heard screaming on my final patrol before locking..." He trailed off and pursed his lips. With a silent nod he pulled the door shut.

Foster muttered to me, "I forgot that he does a walk-through..."

I didn't say anything – not because I was speechless, but because he immediately began fucking me again with even more force than before. I grit my teeth together to keep from making noise. It felt like his thickness was pulling me inside out.

I whimpered a little, then more, until I was again yelling out at the assault on my pussy.

Foster began to stiffen and his shaft expanded inside me, testing my limits. He called out several times, "Ah... ah..." His fingers tightened on my hips and he pulled harder. Finally, he growled out, "Agh!" His cock was deep.

It flexed.

And flexed again. And again.

Hot splashes flooded the deepest parts of my pussy with his cum.

Oh fuck. Hot! Nasty!

My eyes rolled up into my head and I shook through a strange orgasm caused by the wet sensation inside me. It wasn't a strong orgasm, but a weak one that drew out in one long tickle of tingles and not quite fully releasing waves. I squirmed as best I could on his impaling cock, but I couldn't coax a more complete orgasm out of it.

He pulled back and his shaft slid out of me wetly, still thick and full. The sliding sensation on my lips and the cool air that replaced his invasion had me shuddering on the desk. I felt my pussy clench and spasm, still needing and lacking just a little more.

Foster's hand caressed my butt and then pulled down my skirt.

I panted dreamily against the desk, not moving. If this is what being a good secretary is all about, then I'm going to want more. I rested there for a moment, humming contentedly to myself. How could something that feels so good be wrong?

CHAPTER 7

I lay in Terry's arms as we both panted from our exertions. I didn't think I'd be able to walk. I said, "So you're not mad at me?"

"No." His eyes were alight with enthusiasm. "Are you going to do him again?"

"I'd like to..."

He pressed his semi-hard spent dick against my hip. "That's what I want to hear."

"You're not grossed out that I was still messy down there?"

He laughed. "No, what a rush. Feeling his cum coating my dick was like... I don't know how to describe it. It made me thicker and the shaft was like tingling."

"You've never been so... passionate."

"Knowing he took you was like a libido boost. I guess that's what guys call reclaiming. It was like I had to outperform him to regain my rights. Or something. I would have to say, that was the best sex we've ever had."

I toyed with his chest hair. "I was surprised it made you so horny. I would've thought you'd think I was dirty or something."

"No, never. It made me want to make love to you more."

"So if I do him again, you'll... reclaim me again?"

"Damn straight."

I giggled. "Sounds like fun."

He sighed wistfully. "I have a naughty wife."

"The naughtier I am, the more you'll want to make love to me?"

He growled, not unlike Foster, and grabbed me for a kiss. He panted after, "I'm saving your panties for a trophy. It was so sexy seeing them all shredded."

"Please don't hang them from your rearview mirror."

He pouted.

"You're not thinking we should've used a condom?"

He looked offended now. "No, as long as the guy's clean... He's your boss. You're his secretary. He should be using you as often as he can. You should be sucking and stroking him as much as he needs it. Every day. Whenever. You should be more familiar with his cock than mine."

I made a face and said drily, "That would go over well with personnel."

"The married secretary has an obligation to the physical needs of her male boss."

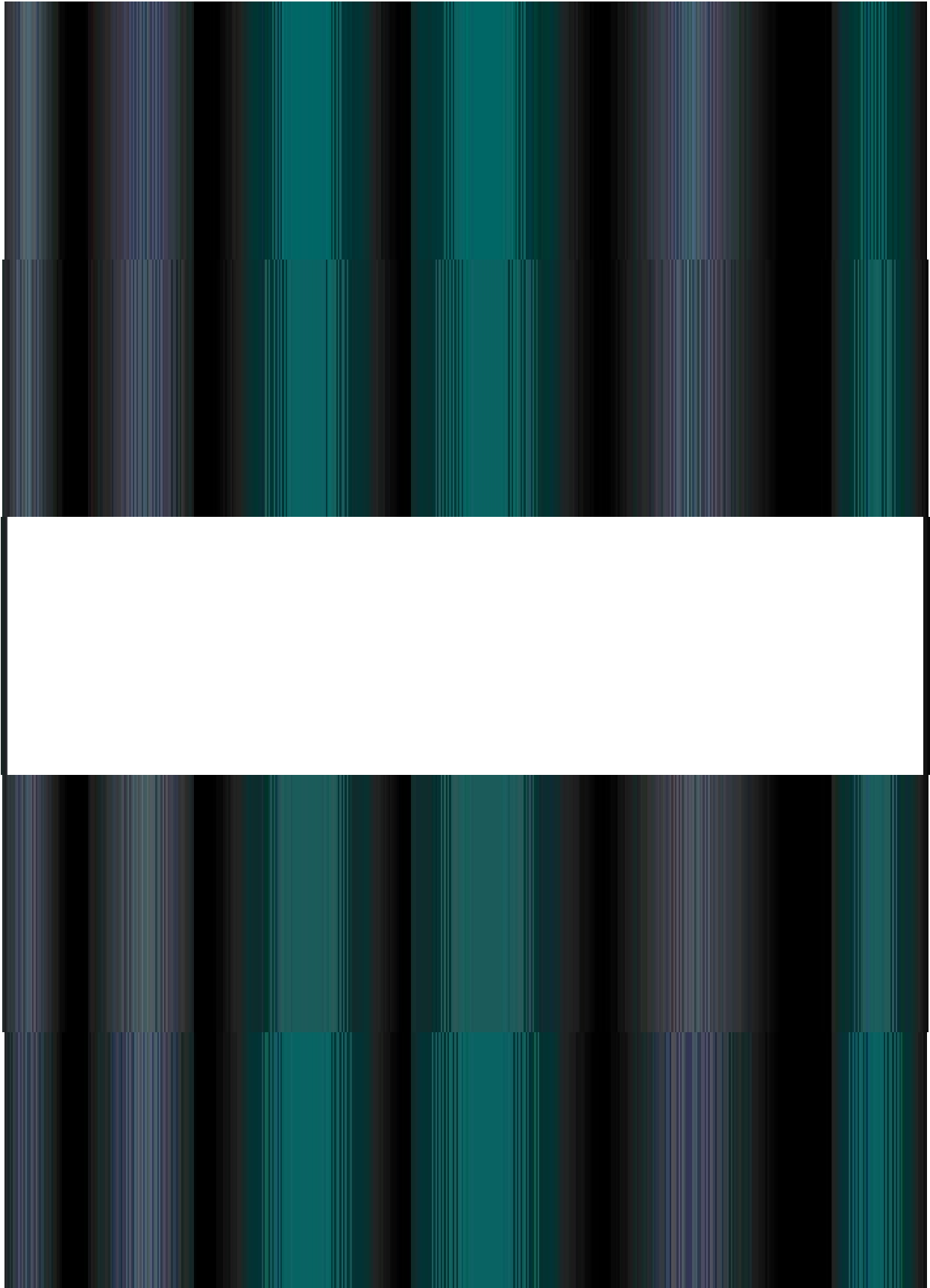
I laughed. "Your goofy fantasies..."

His face turned a little serious. "Well, really it comes down to sharing. I'm willing to share you with him. What's wrong with sharing? It is the most precious of gifts, outside of love. I am absolutely honored to share you with him and I hope he appreciates my gift."

I considered him in silence.

He got close to my ear. "I'm not kidding. His cock getting erect and hard for you is the best compliment he can pay me. I hope he fucks you every day. I just wish I could be there."

The thought of Foster's thick dick inside me made me squirm. Yes, I liked the idea.



I wore a shorter skirt into the office and blushed my way past Roger. For some reason, he looked a little hurt and didn't much look me in the eyes.

Disapproving?

I didn't know, but what adults did on their own time was none of his business.

I made my morning routine and was at my desk when Foster came marching by. If anything, there was a slight spring in his step.

He preempted me. "Good morning, Mia."

I smiled sweetly at him. "Good morning..."

He tugged at his tie and looked down at my legs. He licked his lips and then pressed them together. His hand holding the coffee cup shook. "I was thinking of another late workday—"

"I'd love to."

"But maybe you could come into my office," he swallowed hard, "a little earlier. Um..." He looked towards his office, lifted his coffee cup, and stumbled away.

I sat, amused, that I could have such an effect on the man when he had barely acknowledged me before. Not that I had resented the extreme distance he kept; no, something like that was actually a working woman's dream come true. I was very happy to do my job without all the smarmy sexual innuendo and harassment. Except that Foster's attention lately wasn't unwelcome, at all.

It was... nice.

Flattering.

A hollow ache developed in my pussy as I thought about him filling me again. I scooted my chair closer to my desk and reached down to massage at that maddening tension in my clit.

Just a few little rubs... Oh that feels so good.

I opened my mouth and panted, realizing that trying to spread that tension around was just making it grow.

I withdrew my hand and reluctantly grabbed instead for my coffee cup.

Work was work, not time for play.

He didn't take me to lunch.

It was late in the day, an hour before quitting time that he called me into his office.

He ran a hand through his hair. "I can't stand it. Shut the door."

I did, pulse beginning to pound with excitement.

He was leaned back in his chair, finger across chin, and watching everything I did. "You have such sexy legs."

I pressed my lips down on my smile and raised my skirt.

His eyes popped open wide.

I wasn't wearing panties.

His mouth dropped open and he began to look feverish.

I had deliberately dressed without them and hadn't told my husband – figuring I would tell him later as a surprise. I had wanted to see Foster's reaction first.

He tugged at his tie, hard, and then undid his slacks. His eyebrows were all down and serious. He scooted a little lower so that his cock began standing straight up. He gripped it with his hand and gave it a few strokes while staring at my pussy. It was a lot larger than my husband's, and my husband was no slouch for size. I was awed by the fact that he had somehow worked that entire thing inside me. No wonder it had felt like he was turning me inside out.

I let the skirt drop.

He groaned and made an angrier face. "Come here."

I did.

"Lift your skirt."

I did with a questioning smile. I used my left hand to pull at the hood over my clit.

His eyes were locked on my pussy. He pointed to his dick. "Get on. Now."

I was a little surprised that he was demanding it. There was no lock on the door – nor on any of the offices on the fourth floor. That amount of privacy was reserved for the fifth floor executive suites.

To get on him, I spread my legs on either side of his, and awkwardly walked forward. I remembered all the crazy things my husband had said the day before and it abruptly felt appropriate to spread open my married pussy for Foster. I gripped his erection and guided it to my hole. I whispered, "Am I a good secretary?"

He groaned faintly. "Yes..."

"Even though I'm married?"

His head moved a little dismissively. He grabbed my hips and roughly pulled me down. "Get. On. My. Dick."

I felt the head part my lips on his pull. The hard thickness stretched me open and then I was sliding down his impaling shaft. It filled me, deeper and deeper, until I was sitting on his lap. I shivered and moaned at the packed sensation.

I rose a little, adjusting, then sank deliciously back down onto his dick. I sat still, savoring his heat and thickness filling the entire length of my pussy.

He sounded a little desperate. "Fuck me."

With my legs spread wide to the side, it was very awkward. I rose and settled, lifting and sinking as I used my pussy to fuck his cock. My thigh muscles stood corded and tense as I did my best to move on him.

He said, "You... didn't tell your husband, did you?"

"I did. Is that bad?"

He jerked, startled. "You didn't."

"I did. He approved."

"He did?" The astonished look on his face was uncharacteristic of Foster Thomas.

I nodded. "He said I should do this as often as possible." I felt his strong erection flex inside me and it made me wet. I kept moving, sliding my pussy up and down his fantastic shaft. "He said that your erection inside me was the best compliment you could give him."

"I like your husband..." He had a crazed look of determination in his eyes. He squeezed on my hips and began driving up into me while pulling down.

I groaned at the tension in my thighs and pussy until it became overwhelming. I cried out as he pulled me down onto his cock.

He fumbled at my blouse. One button popped off at his desperation. He lifted my bra and stuck his mouth on one breast.

I cried out louder, grinding my pussy on his erection.

He jerked between us and I opened my eyes. He was stuffing his tie into my mouth. When it was stuffed all in, he lifted us, standing.

I wrapped my legs around him and my arms around his neck.

His arms circled around to the small of my back and held me there. He pumped up forcefully, driving his dick deep up inside me. His balls slapped wetly against me as his fantastic shaft fully reamed out the entire length of my pussy.

If not for the tie, I would've been screaming.

He grunted harshly as he fucked me, propelling my tension to heights I had never known – even better than the previous day.

I cried out, swinging my head from side to side as the coiled orgasm within me

built to a level of imminence that was more gripping than anything I had ever experienced. This is going to be...

He growled savagely and his erection flexed hard inside. Hot, wet bursts splashed in me deeper than any man had ever planted.

I convulsed on him suddenly, my body going into severe orgasmic spasms. Feeling him cumming in me so deep was a phenomenal feeling. Wave after wave of blinding lights burst inside as I grunted gutturally on his cock. Each explosion of relief radiated throughout my entire body, leaving everything tingling and satisfied.

He sat me on the desk and ripped the tie out of my mouth. He replaced it with his tongue, kissing me ravenously.

I was swooning.

He stopped kissing, panting just as heavily as me, then yanked his cock out of me as if pulling a lawnmower starter. His engorged erection jerked heavily, dripping cum like a running faucet. He shook his head ruefully. "I guess... it's not done." He shoved it back into me, pushing hard to get it as deep as possible. He grunted a few more times as my pussy clamped repeatedly in post-orgasmic bliss. He gave several further pushes, although he was already as deep as he could go. Then he pulled out again. "I think that was all of it."

I let my hand drift down to lightly caress my throbbing clit and swollen pussy lips. The labia were soaked in cum and leaking heavily. I closed my eyes and shuddered at the eroticism of the fuck we had shared.

He whispered, "Button up; I guess we won't be staying late today."

It wasn't a disappointment.

CHAPTER 8

TERRY

Getting anything out of my wife almost required a unanimous act of congress. However quiet on the outside and out in public, she was a nasty slut in bed and I loved it.

Two months of fucking her boss had resulted in a change that only I could see: she was more confident; felt sexier; and was more passionate with me.

She didn't think anything had changed, but I saw it.

I laid out her school girl outfit.

Today was a big day.

She felt it was a drastic change for the worse, but I thought it was the answer to my dreams: Foster and my wife were coming home for lunch to have sex here where I could finally see all the wonderful things she had been telling me.

What was so bad about that?

Mia had claimed that Foster was acting differently and it worried her.

I thought she was being overly worried about a bunch of nothing – like women usually get.

I had taken the day off and fidgeted with anticipation as the lunch hour drew nearer. I picked at my nails until I had actually split my right thumb nail. Using the clippers to cut back and eliminate the split revealed shaking fingers.

Why am I tense?

Mere minutes separated me from witnessing the most erotic event of my life: seeing another man fuck my wife.

Mia couldn't seem to comprehend that fucking another man was an enormous rush to my passion for her. Yes, I wanted another man hard for her: it proved her sexual allure. I wanted Foster to see her as a sexual beauty. I wanted him to be so desperate for her that he'd do anything to have her. I wanted him jealous that I was married to such a beautiful woman.

And Mia needed that.

She wasn't gorgeous by any means. Yvette had her beat in that department. But neither was she ugly and this affair with her boss had awakened that serene sensuality inside her that made her prettiness glow with beauty.

Her keys rattled in the lock.

My pulse began pounding.

I stood from the couch.

She came in, pigtails swaying and her eyes searching me out with inquisitive uncertainty. The look vanished when she saw me and the smokiness started.

Foster was behind her and had instantly locked eyes with me. He brushed past her and extended his hand. "Terry." He was shorter than me by three inches or thereabouts. I did nothing to press my height advantage.

I shook his hand.

It was a hard shake, but not challenging.

I gave a brief drop of my chin. "Foster. Nice to meet you after all this time."

He frowned, looked at me sideways, and drew down his brows. "We met at last year's Christmas—"

"I mean, after this all started. A little more personal."

He acknowledged it with a change of expression and a final jerk of the

handshake. He said, "She's a wonderful creature."

At ease now, I let the smile flow across my face. "Don't I know it."

Mia murmured, "I'm going to be in the bedroom..."

Foster's eyebrows twitched up and he turned to follow her.

I followed them, feeling proud that my wife led him through our home to our private place of rest.

Foster was in the process of taking off his tie and shirt. He scowled at me in a questioning way. "Are you... joining us?"

"Nope. Just going to get a vid of it for our private use."

My wife dropped her skirt and stepped out of it, naked. She smiled at me, at him, and twirled her pigtail in her fingers.

Foster let out a ragged sigh and attacked her. A vicious kiss that she responded to with as much enthusiasm started it all.

I thumbed the record button on my phone.

Seeing my wife kiss him so passionately gripped my guts inside and twisted them delightfully and painfully. Yes, this is what I want to see – all the passion.

Her arm was moving and I moved to get a view of her stroking his cock.

My god! The thing is beautiful! I swallowed hard. This is what she's been fucking? She had told me his dimensions, but I hadn't believed it. I was a nice six inches with a good even shape. Foster wasn't much longer but enough to notice. The head of his dick was as thick as the shaft, which was substantial, but shaped more in a flattened way. Not unattractive, just different.

I resolved not to remove my pants.

Mia's hand on his shaft didn't bother me, though my pulse did accelerate more. She dropped down to her knees and placed the head of his cock in her mouth.

I opened my mouth to pant. I hadn't expected such a reaction within me, but

seeing the mouth I kissed so lovingly stretched all around this man's cock was the most beautiful I had ever seen her. She moved her head, fucking his cock with her mouth, and flicked her eyes up to him, over to me, and back to him.

If Foster wasn't much into blowjobs or not, I didn't know. He lifted her and turned her, making her kneel on the bed. He got behind her and positioned his cock at my wife's entrance. Seeing that beautiful appendage so close to my wife's very familiar pussy was a headrush. The touch of the helmet to her labia sent shivers down my back and blood rushing into my cock.

He manhandled my wife, pulling on her hips and driving his shaft forward. Mia moaned loudly with need as the shaft slid into her pussy. As simple as that, I had witnessed my wife's pussy penetrated by another man. While my anticipation had me almost sweating and nervous with uncertainty, the mere, natural act of insertion robbed me of the expected turmoil.

He was inside her.

It just... was not a big deal.

In other ways, it was. Pride exploded within me as Foster pumped his hips and drove his cock into my wife's pussy. I drooled at the sight of his wet shaft sliding in and out. Mia's pigtailed swung and she let out all kinds of mumbly sounds of pleasure and lust.

Seeing her thigh muscles flex and her butt jiggle to Foster's pounding was insanely erotic. He maintained a rapid thrusting for several minutes until Mia sank down onto her elbows, head angled downward. She was pliant and open, letting him fuck her as he wanted.

It made my dick ooze.

Foster, however, took that as a cue to slow and lift her upper torso. She twisted her head around and they kissed, awkwardly, as his hips moved very little.

I got around and recorded the sight of his thick cock buried upwards in my wife's pussy. It made minute back and forth movements, but otherwise just flexed.

I loved it. Seeing his cock in her made me love her so very much.

Foster pulled out and lay down on the bed. He pointed. That's all he did.

My wife climbed over him and gripped his dick. She settled down and his cock disappeared up inside of her. She rocked on him, perfectly at ease with him as she was with me. They moved together with familiarity and I admired how good they looked together.

I was extremely happy my wife had the opportunity to fuck such a handsome man with a big cock and be so comfortable doing it.

She moved for a while, making good sounds, and then leaned down on him to kiss him.

I got up close behind her, taking the opportunity to get a good shot of his thickness stretching her open. My wife's beautiful ass moved slightly, coaxing him as he humped underneath her. His cock was a shiny lubed piston easily sliding in and out of her pussy. The sounds were slick and wet.

I moved back as he shifted.

He tossed her over and she bounced, pigtails flying. "This is so nice, having a bed to do this in."

I said, "You're definitely welcome to use it as often as you want."

He used his knee to nudge her legs. Mia spread them wide.

Seeing her open her legs for another man's erection was breathtaking and my cock became painfully hard.

Foster mounted her, thrusting his erection back into my wife's pussy. He drove deep in one thrust and pressed forward, getting everything inside her. My wife cried out breathily and clutched at him. He kept pressing. His balls were so firmly pressed against her there was just no more that could be shoved into my wife.

He began humping, driving hard. Mia called out, louder and louder, as their hips slapped together. They bounced on the bed and my wife's legs flopped and twitched.

I panted. I blinked. My hand shook holding the phone. He was fucking her, almost brutally, and I loved it. He grunted loudly with effort and savaged my wife's pussy with his cock.

Her head flopped. She squeezed her eyes shut. These were all things I had seen before with her, except that this was much more powerful.

Foster's back muscles and butt worked with maximum effort. Suddenly, he was growling and holding his position deep.

Mia panted, "Yes, do it. Do it!"

He growled louder and then jerked with a loud grunt of relief. The jerks and grunts came rapid, then, one after another and I realized he was emptying his balls into my wife.

I usually came much quieter.

He strained, quivering, thrusting and pushing as he convulsed in orgasm. "Oh, fuck, Mia. Ah..."

My wife was also cumming. She had admitted to me that feeling his ejaculation so deep inside her made her cum almost every time.

I almost fell to my knees. I had heard it, but seeing him orgasm inside my wife left me breathless. Fill my wife up, Foster. Do it. I had an insane urge to thank him for doing it.

When he pulled out, I saw her puffy, swollen lips, all red and wet with their juices.

And I saw the river of cum running out of her.

Never had I seen a more perfect, beautiful sight.

I came in my pants.

EPILOGUE

Not more than three days later, my wife came home in a strange mood.

"What's wrong, Mia?" I touched her shoulder.

She took out the ties and let the pigtails fall apart. "I'm getting promoted." She didn't elaborate.

This was the thing that annoyed me about my wife. Wonderful Mia didn't blab and talk as other women did; I had to drag it out of her. "So? Isn't that good news?"

"It is."

"Come on, Mia, tell me."

Now her eyes came up to mine in that strong, feminine way. "I'm being moved up to the fifth floor – away from Foster."

I was silent a second, trying to figure out what she wasn't saying. "Okay? Congratulations."

"No, Foster was the one who arranged it. He says we need to stop. Too risky for his career and mine. No more sex."

"Maybe he'll change his mind."

"He won't."

My chest collapsed in on itself on the inside. "Aw, I'm so sorry..."

Her head tilted over quizzically in her odd, chin-down manner. She often just looked at me or other people and said nothing. It used to leave me with the impression she was empty-headed, but she wasn't. Whatever she was thinking about when she tilted her head, she kept to herself – for whatever reason. "Why are you sorry?"

"That you lost your stud. Aren't you hurt?"

Her lips quirked up on one side. "Um, no, not really."

"How can you say that? You made passionate love to him—"

Her eyebrows drew down. "Stop, Terry. It was just sex. He was just a dick. There wasn't anything more to it than that. He's married; I'm married. It was play, it was fun, but I love you and you're my husband. With him, it was just fucking and I can get all I want of that from you."

"We'll have to find you another big dick."

Her eyebrows did that thing she does when she's annoyed. "It isn't about size—"

"You came all over it. Of course it is."

She rolled her eyes. "It was nice, yes. Thickness matters more. Although it did feel very sexy to have him shoot so deep. But it was just sex. It didn't have to be some huge dick to make it nasty."

It does for me. "Well, we'll start looking for a replacement."

She pressed her lips together and took one sultry step towards me. She denied her walking was sultry, but it always made me excited. She placed both hands on my work shirt and looked up into my eyes. "I love you, Terry. I love you. If that's what you really want, then I'll do it for you. But only for you, do you understand? No strangers, no guy off the street just because he has a big dick. I'm not a slut; I'm your wife."

I was nodding, happy at least she would do it for me. Visions of big dicks pounding her pussy and pumping cum into her swirled in my head.

If seeing another man unload his balls into my wife was so thrilling that it made me cum in my pants without even touching myself, then it was something I wanted as part of our lives.

I had seen it once, and now I was hooked.

Thank you for reading Dress Day! I hope you enjoyed this hotwife offering.

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