

**ECLIPSE
OF HER**

Heart



LARAN MITHRAS

**ECLIPSE
OF HER**

Heart



LARAN MITHRAS

ECLIPSE OF HER HEART

By

Laran Mithras

Cover Photo Courtesy of www.FreePhotosBank.com

Eclipse of Her Heart is a work of fiction. Names, locations and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Copyright © 2013 - All Rights Reserved

Who loves not women, wine and song, Remains a fool his whole life long.

~ Martin Luther

CHAPTER 1

Karen shook with fear, her bones turning to water. “There they are.”

Her friend Audrey rolled her eyes. “Are you going to say something this time?”

She trembled. The two men often came in together, but not in a manner that suggested homosexuality – just extremely close friends. The taller one came into the card and gift shop several times a year. His name was Charles Cooper, if his credit card wasn't stolen. His friend called him “Chuck.”

“You're going to blow it again, aren't you?” Audrey said. She shook her red curls. “Maybe I should introduce myself and grab them instead?”

Her eyes flared. “Don't you dare.”

“I don't know—”

“Stoppit.” Karen whispered as she watched the two make their way to the card aisle.

What would it be this time of year? Oh, a birthday card for his sister. And next week sometime a Mother's Day card. Was she really going to let him get away again?

Her black eyes followed him all over the store.

Audrey snickered.

“Don't.”

“Say something this time or I will.”

Panic flooded her as if she hadn't been almost twenty years out of high school. “Watch the register.”

“Mm hmm,” her friend said.

Stepping out from behind the counter, she felt the lead weight of dread overcome her.

“Oh brother,” Audrey said as she saw Karen falter.

But what if he laughs at me? What if he sneers? She adored his smile. It was calm, not forced like her ex-husband's. It gave her waves of peace punctuated with flip flops of her stomach. When she made sure their hands touched whenever he paid for his merchandise, electricity jolted her that left her numb for hours.

The friend made his way up toward the front. He always winked at her and smiled. His flash of teeth was always playful.

No, this won't do. I like you but I really like your friend. Go away.

“So you are as small as you look from behind the counter,” he said. His wink and smile said that he would roll her in bed for fun, but nothing more.

“Zack, be nice.”

And there he was, walking up behind his friend. What do I do?

“I was.”

“She's not that short.”

Why couldn't I have been tall and blonde with huge tits?

“No,” said Zack. “I just didn't know if there was a height difference in the floor behind the counter.”

Mister Charles-so-handsome-Cooper smiled down at her. There wasn't all that much height difference. She was two inches over five feet. Zack was perhaps five foot seven and Mister Handsome an inch taller than that. She felt heat rise from her blouse. She knew her face was flushing.

I should have overdone the black eye makeup and hid my whole face this morning.

“Her height is perfect.”

She blushed harder.

He raised his eyebrows. “I’m sorry, Karen--”

He called me by name! Tingles randed down her spine and chills up her arms.

“--we didn’t mean to be rude or anything. It’s always nice seeing you here.”

Her tongue would not work. She knew if she tried to say anything, her mouth would gasp like a huge fish out of water. Visibly shaking, she turned to go back to the register.

No way was Audrey going to steal them.

Glaring at her friend, she pushed her bodily out of the way of the register.

“I think you made her mad--” Charles said to his friend.

“Did not.”

“You did, too. Try to be nice next time.”

Zack grimaced. “Karen, are you mad at me?”

“N- n-” She couldn’t talk so she just shook her head. Her fingers trembled wildly over the keys of the register.

Being so close elated her but she dreaded the moment she handed him the receipt. He would leave. No.

“See?” Zack said.

“Just shut up already.”

Audrey flicked at dust on the side counter and hummed.

Karen took two steps and stomped on her foot. Too hard.

“Ow,” Audrey said in pain.

She flushed a deeper red. Now I've done it. They'll think I'm retarded.

Handing him the receipt, she brushed his fingers. It's going to be over. Tears threatened and she looked up into his brown eyes and that nice smile.

I will not cry.

The two men walked out of the store and all the way she cried in her mind, Please don't go. Please come back.

“Looks like you blew it again, sweetie.”

She growled at her friend.

“She's a good-looking woman,” Chuck said.

“I think she likes you,” Zack said.

“Are you sure? She always seems either mad or sad.”

“All that black makeup on her eyes? Maybe she's emo.”

“She doesn't act like one. Maybe it's just a hint of goth about her or something.”

Zack smiled. “You think? All her clothes are black.”

“It looks good on her.”

“Why don't you ask her out?”

He grimaced. “You know me, too nice.”

“Maybe you're asking the wrong women.”

They walked out of the mall and into the sunlight.

“Well, I have other things on my mind.”

His friend rolled his eyes. “Yeah, that dick, Ed.”

Chuck nodded. All three of them worked in an import business in the sales department. He worked phone sales. Zachary serviced local stores and Ed met and made new clients.

Business had been fantastic. They sold tools and other hardware imported from China. The profit margin was astounding. Their corporate president, Jonathan Russel, had been smart enough to go with the flow of sending manufacturing overseas. People lost jobs here, but money was money and business was business. Ed was their star salesman, making a cut of profits on commission that rivaled what the executives made.

But times were getting hard and businesses everywhere were closing, putting more and more people out of work. Few new stores were opening, and that meant little for Ed to generate in commissions. His latest sales figures were drop-ping off the charts. But in a fiscal year, the dick was still the top earner and still the talk of the corporation.

Every three months, Russel threw a barbecue at his palatial mansion and Ed was always the toast.

At least that would likely end after next quarter.

The onrush of air and engine registered on his mind just as Zack pulled on his arm.

Blaring past them and laying on her horn was a huge woman in a minivan. The frown on her face could not have been more ludicrous.

“Van-cow,” Zack said.

He blew out his breath.

“Headed there I bet.” His friend indicated the fast food joint situated in the parking lot.

“Yeah, there's that special on the jumbo-sized gordo burrito meal.”

“Yep, and... that is where she is going. I do believe you are right.”

“Don't they know the chemicals in that food are addictive?”

“She probably gets diet soda,” Zack grinned.

“Yeah, or iced tea with artificial sweetener.”

“All of which cause obesity.”

“No use telling them.”

“Where's the fun in not telling them? Shit, Chuck, some-times you're a wet rag.”

He launched a punch that caught his friend in the arm.

“What? I get off on seeing their jowls jiggle in anger.”

Chuck laughed. “You know, underneath every fat woman is a skinny woman.”

“Yeah, because the blimpos sat on them.”

He snorted. Fingering the key, his black Mercedes chirped and unlocked. It was an older model E-class, but paid off and so well-made as to be maintenance-free.

“Wanna wait and see if the van-cow orders the gordo burrito?”

“Not really.”

“Oh come on. Where's your sense of adventure?”

And that was his problem. At thirty-eight, he was boring. Never married and too nice for the girls. His early commissions had gone into renovating his beach house and buying his car. He was debt-free.

His short hair was boring. His trimmed beard was boring. His brown eyes were boring. Apparently.

His friend Zack had it all. Shoulder length hair combed back and wavy, a mustache full and prominent, and that twinkle in his eye that got all the girls.

He sighed.

“Maybe you should go back in and ask Karen to dinner?”

He looked over at his friend, and tilted his head until it hit the steering wheel. But he was silent. Why not?

Without a word, he got out. Zack grunted his approval. Rounding the car, he saw van-cow parking across three parking spaces in a rush. He tapped on Zack's window and point-ed.

She was unwrapping something, frantic.

Zack's window slid down smoothly.

The huge woman didn't raise the food though, so they didn't see what it was. Instead, she hunched over and drove her face down onto whatever she was holding.

“Whoa dude! She deep-throated it!”

Chuck laughed. “The gordo burrito for sure.” Then he turned and walked back into the mall.

Ed Baden gave an oily look to Juanita and walked into the records office. He saw the look of distaste on her face, but he knew one day he would bang the bitch. And she will scream my name.

He opened the hard files and flipped through the ac-counts of both Charles and Zachary. He noted down account numbers of their most prominent customers.

Piece of cake.

He had the personal computer codes of everyone in the corporation. The old man wasn't all that security savvy and had stored them in an unsecured section of the computer sys-tem.

Armed with the account numbers, he strolled out and back to his office. On the way past the hot chica's desk, he leered down at her and smiled.

She thrust her chin at him and muttered, “Pendejo.”

He pursed his lips in a kiss and winked.

With a jaunt in his step, he entered his office. At his computer, he began calling up the latest sales sheets using account number and personal sales codes. Methodically, he began increasing the price amounts on the goods to be delivered.

He should have been out walking the streets, pounding the pavement, so to speak. He needed sales. But the economy was worse than week-old shit in a toilet that wouldn't flush. He picked his nose while looking over his handiwork on the first order.

But there was no pavement to pound. New stores weren't opening. The construction of malls had ceased as the chain stores realized they couldn't afford to open yet another branch in an area already overburdened with malls and stores haunted by a populace that had no money.

His position was threatened.

Without new stores, his position was terminal. So he just had to make sure his position was solidified in the eyes of management – the old man, in particular. With a few clicks of his mouse, he would make sure he was employed by positioning himself to take over both job slots for the soon-to-be-fired Charles and Zachary.

“I can't help it, I get all tongue-tied,” Karen said.

“Yes, I know, you were even this way with that idiot Lance.”

Did she have to bring up my ex-husband all the time?

“Stop mentioning him. I can't help it with those two, they're so--”

She was interrupted by Audrey's frantic motions and big eyes.

Uh oh, the manager was here?

Karen turned. And there was Charles. Her insides turned to mush and she

gripped the counter. Suddenly she was out of breath.

“I--” he said.

Her mouth opened, but nothing came out.

“Is there something we can help you with?” Audrey said.

She snapped her mouth shut and scowled. But she was looking at him and he was looking at her. She saw his face go blank as she scowled.

Great.

She opened her mouth to say something, anything to dispel whatever he thought her scowl was. But he looked down at the floor as if looking for something.

“I think I might have dropped my driver's license--”

“Oh, would you like to leave your phone number if we find it?” her friend said.

What? Was she trying to pick up on him?

He looked up. “No, I must have been mistaken. Thanks, though.”

She watched him turn and leave a second time, her guts wrenching all over again. “Were you trying to pick up on him?”

“No, you twit. I asked him for you.”

The emptiness descended on her and she leaned forward on the counter to support herself. It would be another month before she saw him again and she was all alone.

“Well?” his friend said.

He shut the car door and shook his head. “I dunno, she acted angry or something, so I left.”

“Are you sure you didn't misread that?”

Starting the car and pulling out carefully, he said, “She glared at me like I had interrupted a convo.”

Zack grunted.

“Besides, I have other things to worry about.” And he did. Ed had bragged that one day he would have all of the sales and that meant both of their jobs.

Zack affected a British accent. “Yes, take us back to work, James.”

Soon their lives would be twisted beyond all recognition over a goth-looking divorcee.

CHAPTER 2

Karen slumped on her couch. She faced the wall and the television stand with no television.

I don't miss it anyway. Except for the ghost shows.

She had canceled cable a couple of years back when she realized the programming wasn't worth the eighty dollars per month she was spending. Later she had pawned the television set.

Squeezing everything she could, she had slowly paid down her credit card. From over eight-thousand dollars in debt, she had paid down to where she only owed two-thousand.

Another year and I will be free.

Free from Lance Pitera, the Greek ex-husband who liked blondes. Free from his debt-spending. Free from his stigma and stain.

She pulled over the phone book and turned to the well-worn page in the names that started with "C." Her eyes drop-ping to the name and she read it. "Charles Cooper, 411 Seastrand Rd." His phone number was there.

How many times have I wanted to drive over there?

How often? How many nights had passed and she hadn't? Was it a house on the beach? A bungalow? A condo? What did he live in? Where was he right now? What was he doing?

She looked at her hand, the hand that had touched him, their fingers brushing. Reaching down, she lowered her hands under her shorts and touched her sex.

His hand was on mine and my hand is there...

Tingles vibrated through her as she thought of his smile. She rubbed her fingers around on her clit. Her body ached for him and then her hole ached, wanting to

be filled, causing her to squirm to find relief.

His hand, touching me there...

Spirals of pleasure and vibrant sensations twirled within her and she gasped. She tried to hold back. But his face, his smile, his eyes - the coil of feeling twisted and threw her. She fell, spiraling and turning, her orgasm wrenching her and making her gasp for air.

I wish he was here.

She reached for the phone.

Charles answered the phone three weeks later.

“Hey.”

“Hey, Zack, what's up?”

“Want to come down to the Seachelle's Grill?”

Chuck was a close friend to Zack since high school. They had been different sorts of students. The shorter one had played football while Charles-snooty-Cooper had been a four-oh student on the honor society. But graduation year they began to connect. After graduation, they stayed close and even so far as pursuing jobs at the same company.

“Tell Michelle I said 'hello,' but not tonight.”

“Aw, come on.”

He was always like that; he wouldn't take “no” for an answer. But he did it in such a way that was humorous and wore down your defenses. His nature was good, but his attitude towards women was sometimes too loose.

“Oh, all right.”

“There you go. Good man. We'll be waiting.”

Click.

He sighed. He knew Zack meant well and he really did. He cared. He just didn't seem very serious about things.

He slipped on his shoes and grabbed his keys. His beach house was in a secluded section of the beachfront in Oregon. A short drive would bring him to Michelle's Grill, or Seachelle's Grill, as it was called.

Even if he had drinks, he never had enough to effect the short drive back to his place, and he never saw anyone on that part of the road anyway. He brushed his teeth with hydrogen peroxide and baking soda. Refreshed, but still pondering work, he drove to the quaint and locally popular bar. Parking on the road to avoid parking lot scuffles, scrapes and scratches, he headed toward the beat of music. Michelle had a genuine antique Wurlitzer jukebox.

Inside were aging yuppie enthusiasts and hippies too old to know any better. Their usual table was filled by smiling tourists. They didn't get too many of those here, but it happened. At a nearby table in the low light were Zack and his entourage of bubbling blondes.

“Chuck, come sit!” His friend shot out of his chair and ushered him down. “I’ll drag a chair over. Rum?”

He smiled and nodded.

His friend left him facing five women ranging from decent to beautiful.

How does he do it?

“So you are best friends with Zachary?” said a blonde to his left.

“I am, if you can believe it.”

He scanned the table. Drinks everywhere, and two wedding rings. The boy better be careful...

The two married women noticed and scowled.

But one blonde caught the looks and smiled. Turning to him, she said, “I

understand you have a place on the beach?”

Typical. He only ever attracted interest for what he could offer some money-hungry gold-digger.

“I have a dump nearby.”

Her smile wilted and those of the married women increased.

Well, that didn't go so well.

“Rum on the rocks, and let me squeeze in here,” Zack said.

Raising his glass to his friend, he said, “Thanks.”

Married woman number one said, “So your friend lives in a dump?” Her look said she knew it all.

“Yeah, that's right,” he said before his friend could answer.

“Don't believe his bullshit, he owns a--”

Chuck's kick was forceful enough to shut him up fast. “Did I say thanks for the drink?”

Rubbing his leg, Zack frowned. “You did.”

“I must congratulate you, old friend,” his arm swept those at the table. “You have assembled the most impressive display of silicone this side of a porno.”

Zack choked on his drink.

Three of the women looked very put out.

“Excuse me a moment. Going to check the jukebox.”

“Now now, ladies. My friend only likes to distance himself from those--”

“Well, he succeeded,” said some bimbo.

Then he was lost in the noise.

Michelle came up to him, her gray hair dyed blonde and looking somewhat younger than her fifty years. Her smoker's voice was evident, but she was never a social burden. "How is my favorite beachcomber, tonight?"

His smile was big, sheepish, and real. "Hi, Shelle."

"Are you coming home with me tonight, or do I have to settle for someone drunk?"

His smile widened. She never took home anyone. But she only joked that way with him.

"You're sweet."

"Don't you go insulting me in my own place," she warned. "I'll have you thrown out."

He gave her a hug and moved to the jukebox.

He supposed she knew what song he would pick, undoubtedly. It was the only song he ever did, and the only song from the Hollies – number fifty on the top one hundred from 1974. She could have replaced it with something more modern, but he was sure she was playing for his fifty cents.

When he turned back to the table, she was leaning over Zack and gesticulating in exasperation.

Good old Zack, he knows me too.

"Wouldn't take the bet, huh?" he said as he rejoined the herd of fake blondes and fake tits.

Michelle patted him on the shoulder and left.

"Hell, no," he said. "It's the only song you ever play. Why would I want to lose ten bucks?"

"Surprises me she even tries to wager with you."

His friend elbowed him. "Just part of the routine."

In that moment, he felt a kinship to his friend that would transcend time, tits and treason. He clapped him on the shoulder and downed half his rum.

I'm gonna feel that.

The blonde that had tried to talk him up before was babbling at him. About what, he couldn't be sure. About who, he didn't care. He was thinking of a dark-haired beauty with a nice set of hips and small boobs. He looked at the blonde and wanted so much to see those wonderful dark eyes made up in black staring back at him.

He felt his penis stir.

Mmm. Another night jacking my cock to the dark-haired Karen of my dreams.

The blonde took it as encouragement and babbled more excitedly, her chest heaving.

He was not interested.

Why couldn't Karen be here with me?

He downed the rest of his rum and leaned back, studying the blonde babbling nonsensical nothings at him. She was pretty. Pretty enough to get Zack. Why was she bothering with him? Then he remembered and realized the gaggle of flapping blondes all over his friend. Too much competition. Looking towards the bar, he wondered if there was a brunette in the place. Spying one, he almost got up to go to her.

How easy it would be to approach her and say something like, "Neither of us fit in here, do we?"

How easy it would be to get her back to his bed. How easy to share a passionate night. How easy to release in orgasm inside a woman as eager as he.

But, it wouldn't be Karen.

Pressing a fiver into the waitress's hand, he stood. "For-give me my friends, but I must be going."

“Your song barely ended--” Zack said.

“You know me.”

“Makes me wonder why I call.”

He smiled and gripped his friend's shoulder. He got an understanding smile in return. “Night, Chuck.”

“Night, friend.”

The blonde looked after him hopefully, but he did not look back.

Karen drove along the beach road in the hills of the coast. Normally, the sturdy rattle of her Volkswagen soothed her. This night it seemed to punctuate her loneliness. The house at 411 Seastrand was dark. She could barely see a structure. She passed by it three times trying to see anything. But this area had no streetlamps and with no light from the houses, the buildings were just shapes. She could see that the property was heavily grown over with shrubs and trees.

Realizing how stupid this was, she drove back the way she had come. When she saw headlights, she was surprised. A black Mercedes passed her and she felt stupid for having driven all the way out here for a man that barely spoke to her.

I drove out here for a smile?

The loneliness was her only friend at the moment.

Tomorrow her loneliness would continue, but her life was just beginning.

CHAPTER 3

Charles sat at his desk and adjusted his phone set to his head. His sales had dropped off marginally, but not enough to cause panic. Sales were bad everywhere and salesmen were losing hair at prodigious rates. His particular position relied on existing customers.

Fortunately for him, much of the fluctuations were softened. Sure, he sold a little less each month, but only a few percentages here and there. New Sales were down as a category in multitudes far beyond his. When a store didn't open, there were no new sales. But when an existing store closed, his sales dropped only marginally because another store nearby ordered just a little more to pick up the slack.

Nevertheless, things were bad. Less and less people had money with which to purchase goods. More jobs were lost. Less people had an income. The whole thing was a growing avalanche that threatened the mother of all corrections.

Some conspiracy nut had told him the government had specifically written laws to encourage firms to move manufacturing overseas. But if all our manufacturing is gone, how do we produce goods to bring in income?

The simple answer was, according to the nut, was that we didn't and it was by design. The government was trying to make America poor by draining off their income and savings. That way, the bankers would own everything and all would look to the bankers for the answer.

Chuck had originally told the bearded nut that he was crazy, but with every month that passed, his conviction the bearded nut was right grew stronger. He wished now he knew who the man was so he could confer with him again.

Walking by his desk, slowly, was Ed. His greasy look and smug smile made him feel dirty.

“Isn't there a young boy somewhere for you to corrupt?”

The instant scowl made Charles feel simultaneously satisfied and shamed. The

rumors had it that Ed did indeed prefer very young boys... but nothing was ever proven.

“I will hurt you.”

Charles laughed. “Get lost, freak.”

“When it comes down to it, it is I that have the ear of the president of the corporation. You are just a peon.”

He had to admit, the freak was right. Instead of answering, he flipped him off.

Ed stared down his nose at him.

“Don't you have work to do?” Charles said. “Any work? At all?”

The salesman scowled down at him but departed.

The problem was, the jerk headed right for the executive offices. What was he going in there for?

“As you see, sir, I noted that both Mister Cooper and Mister Campbell are adjusting their sales amounts,” Ed pointed to the reports and the particular columns.

“They're padding?” Jonathan Russel glowered at him. “Chuck and Zack?”

Ed held up his hands as if to be clean from such an accusation. “I can only see that both are altering their sales prices after the fact.”

Russel grunted and looked over the reports. Customers of both salesmen had lodged complaints of higher prices than agreed.

“One must wonder if they are trying to inflate their sales figures for more bonuses.” Ed looked over his fingernails as if bored.

Russel sighed. He grabbed the sheaf of papers and slapped them three times on his desk. “I do not like dishonesty. There's enough competition out there. Dishonesty only contributes to failure.”

“One of my favorite quotes of you, sir.”

“They have been consistent salesmen; I can't just let them go.”

“Perhaps an audit would answer--”

“Yes,” the president glanced at Ed. “Yes, perhaps an audit would be just the thing.”

He basked in the small victory. An audit always found something and would confirm his allegations. An auditor would assume that with password protected sales account, only the salesman could pad his figures with changed amounts. It was a win-win.

“You know sir,” he said. “I would be amenable to picking up their workload--”

“Enough, Baden,” the president said. “I have enough to think about here for the moment.”

“Of course, sir. See you at the barbecue.”

Karen paced in the store. She was just an employee, but she fretted as if she were the boss. Cleanliness here, tidiness there, efficiency everywhere. If she wasn't pacing, she was cleaning old reports off the mainframe.

“He'll come,” Audrey said. “He always does.”

“Then why hasn't he?” she snapped.

Her friend came over and placed a hand on her shoulder. She said nothing. She didn't harangue her, threaten her, or tease her this time.

“I'm sorry, Audrey.”

“It's always the week before. It's Wednesday. He has two days left.”

Karen nodded.

“Anyways, the manager is going to think you want a bonus with all this extra

effort.”

She looked at her red-haired friend, face full of freckles. “Well, why not?”

Audrey shook her head.

“My work here is good.”

“Karen.”

Karen turned abruptly at the sound of her manager's voice. “Yes?”

“Come with me to the office.”

There goes my chance at asking for a raise.

Sharing a look of defeat with Audrey, she followed the woman back into the rear of the store. Sherry was a stern woman, never quick to smile.

Entering the office, she saw the district manager there, a man named Frank. He never smiled.

Sherry indicated a chair.

Frank waited for her to sit. “Sherry tells me your work lately--”

Emotions rushed to the surface. “Please don't fire me,” she blurted. “I need this job. It's all I have.”

The district manager held up his hand, a smile on his face.

“Please, sir, I'm honest and hard-working--”

“Yes, yes, please stop.” Frank shared a look with Sherry. “We aren't here to fire you.”

Oh shit.

Karen nodded quickly. “I'm sorry, I just value my position here--”

Was that the right corporate thing to say?

“Good, good,” he said. “Our Polk Avenue branch needs a temporary manager.”

What? What does this have to do with me?

“As you might have heard, Darlene is sick. Cancer.”

Cancer? No one told us.

Frank glanced at Sherry again. She shrugged.

“Okay, maybe not. Darlene is very private. But while she undergoes treatment, she will be on leave. We would like you to fill in.”

“Yes?” she said.

“As manager,” he said.

“This is a big step for you,” Sherry said.

“Me?”

“Yes,” he said. “But only until she returns. When she does you will resume your duties here. Do not consider it a demotion when you return here. Consider the whole thing a trial promotion.”

Tears welled in her eyes.

Me?

“They want me to manage Polk!” Karen said to her friend.

Audrey squealed and smiled. She grabbed Karen by the shoulders and squeezed. Her hug was fast, fierce and friendly. “That’s wonderful.”

“It’s just a trial though, until Darlene gets better.”

“But what a huge step for you.” Happiness and smiles were all over the freckled face.

“Thank you, really.”

“When?”

“Tomorrow. I go to be briefed by the assistant and start immediately. Darlene is very sick.”

Audrey nodded. “You're going to miss Charles.”

Her mood took a nosedive.

Great. A promotion and it is ruined before it even begins.

Chuck took his lunch break and headed toward the mall. He needed a Mother's Day card. He could have stopped at half a dozen closer card shops and bought a card. There was nothing special about the cards at the gift shop in the mall. But there was Karen.

For four years he had seen her there, and ever since had made it a point to buy his cards there. She was the only thing that kept him going. Her look. Her features. Her smile. With-out them, he would be lonelier than he was.

Entering the store, he saw the redhead at the register. He looked around the store but didn't see Karen.

“Hi, Mister Cooper.”

It was nice that she remembered him, but he was disappointed in not seeing Karen. “Is Karen out sick today?”

“Oh, no. She is taking over for the manager at our Polk Avenue branch.”

“Ah, I see.” He wandered back to the card aisle but his heart wasn't in it. It wasn't the same.

“Is there anything I can help you with?” she said.

“No, no - no worries,” he said. “I didn't know you had a Polk Avenue branch. Maybe I'll go there and see what there is.”

Audrey's face lit up in a huge grin.

Audrey teared up and smiled as large as she could as he left the store. She jumped up and down on her feet and clasped her hands to her heart.

Yes, yes, yes!

She considered only a second before stopping her reach for the phone. Calling would be easy, but it would spoil the surprise.

“Don't freeze up this time, girl.” She hoped Karen felt the sentiment.

The bells on the door jingled. How Karen already hated them and it was her first day here. But she was busy sorting through a week's backlog of written daily reports undone by a sick Darlene.

This isn't a promotion, it's slavery.

“Hi, can I help you?” the cashier said.

That was a little odd. Normally customers wandered a little before the astute cashier knew that an offer of help was needed.

Slowly, a voice that vibrated her core said, “I'm just here for a Mother's Day card.”

She looked up into the eyes of the man of her dreams. Very nasty dreams, but she would never admit them. “Mister Cooper.”

His smile lit the space brighter than a thousand fluorescent bulbs. “Karen.”

The cashier backed away with modesty and respect.

She would have to remember to praise Anna's abilities when she was returned to her former position. “Maybe I can help you?”

Her heart thumped as he looked at the cashier. But he turned back to her and

smiled. “That would be a pleasure.”

Yes, yes, yes! If only Audrey could see me now.

“This way.”

She led him and felt his eyes on her the whole way. Her insides lit on fire and heat poured from her. Her sex became moist.

“I'm looking for a Mother's--”

“Day card, of course,” she said. “Try this one, this one or that one there. They are all based on distance.”

He gazed at her, squinting his eyes. “How did you know she doesn't live here?”

Looking up into his wonderful eyes, she said, “All of your cards to her are about how you miss her.”

“You notice all that?”

Her heart beat a rapid pulse. Her breath wanted to catch. “Always with you.”

It came out half strangled. She quivered, in fright. In fear. She shook, vulnerable as the most delicate of birds in the hands of a strong creature.

But he did not crush her.

“That means more to me than you know.”

Where was Audrey to witness this? She'll never believe me.

She smiled, backed up a step, and let him pick his card.

Satisfied he had what he wanted, she turned to lead him back to the counter. But she had thought much on the last month. She had considered four years of seeing this man and knowing she would crawl at his feet for just a look. She turned back. “Mister Cooper--”

“Please, my name is Chuck.”

“Chuck...” she said. Her heart thudded out of control. The vein in her neck pulsed in desperation. She couldn't seem to get enough air. “I hope you come back...”

Why do I sound so lame?

Her throat seized up. Her face flushed.

Audrey, where are you?

Her pulse accelerated until she thought her heart would give up. But she forced herself to finish, even if in a whisper, “to see me.”

Had he heard? There was no way she could repeat it. She had spent her entire reserve of whatever courage or frustration gave her the ability to speak at all around him. It was gone. Here it was, all she ever wanted to say blown in a whisper not even a mouse could hear.

Chuck looked in distress. He pursed his lips and started to speak. He shifted from one foot to the next.

Great. Now he's going to tell me what a fool I am because he's gay.

He tried to talk and his forehead began to look moist.

She stood up straighter and lifted her chin. No way was he going to make a fool of me! If I can manage a branch, then--

“Would you...” he said. His breath was labored.

What was he wanting to say? She looked at him curiously.

“That is, there's this corporate event on Saturday. Would you like to accompany me--”

A smile split her face that outshone his thousand bulbs. “Yes.”

She would alter his life and work in the most drastic of ways and neither knew it was coming.

CHAPTER 4

“Yes, any minute now,” she told Audrey on the phone.

“I knew you had it in you, girl.”

“I'm too old to be a girl.”

“Get out.”

“I'll be thirty-eight--”

“So young--”

“Shut up--” Karen rolled her eyes.

A knock on her door, a few minutes early.

“I have to go!”

A squeal on the other end let her know her friend wished her the best.

Trying to arrange her bangs, she approached the door.

And there he stood - and he held flowers.

Tears welled in her eyes and she wanted nothing more than to bury her head in her bed and cry. No one had ever brought her flowers. Not knowing what to do, she stood there, fighting her tears.

His smile was there, comforting her. “Is everything okay?”

She nodded and stood aside, still trying to fight the tears.

“If you're not feeling well--”

“No, it's just...”

He looked at her, pain in his eyes.

“It's just no one has ever brought me flowers.”

“What? No one?”

“No one,” she said.

“Then they were fools.” He walked into her apartment and into her kitchen.

Like some brazen viking of old, he rummaged and pillaged her kitchen until he found the only thing he could – a tall glass – and filled it with water. Inserting the flowers he looked around until he spied the coffee table. It was almost the center of the room. He placed them there.

The tears she had fought rolled down her cheeks. She tried to speak, but only a croak emerged. “Thank you.”

A worried look crossed his features and he rushed to her, grasping her in a comforting hug.

Wonderful sensations of warmth, security and satisfaction overcame her and she calmed almost immediately.

She didn't want the hug to end, but she felt him start to release her out of propriety. “I just need to rearrange my makeup. Give me a sec.”

“Of course,” he said.

When she came out of the bathroom, he was sitting on the couch, looking at the empty television stand.

“Oh,” she said, suddenly nervous. “I don't have a TV.”

“I have one, but I don't have cable.”

“You don't?”

“No, I don't like how much I have to pay for how little I like.”

“Me, too,” she said, “but I canceled cable because it was awful expensive.”

He nodded. "A month of cable or two ounces of silver? I'll take the silver."

"Silver?"

He waved as if to dismiss her, but stopped. "Gold and silver are the real money and are being artificially depressed. The real wealth is gold and silver."

"I thought those were dead?"

He looked at her and then shook his head. "If that was so, why have the super-wealthy all suddenly started buying precious metals and carting off the physical product?"

She shrugged.

"They know something we don't."

That made some sense.

"So what is this barbecue about?" she said.

"Company thing. Employees and spouses expected. A way for the president to keep a feeler on his workers."

"Is it that impersonal?"

He nodded. "It is."

They left the apartment and descended to the parking garage. His car was parked in the visitor area. A black Mercedes.

Why did it seem familiar?

She climbed into the wonderful interior. It smelled of leather, wood, and him.

Driving, he looked over. "So tell me about yourself."

"Oh, my story is nothing."

"Oh, come on now."

“Really.”

“Sure, and if I told you my story was nothing how would you react?”

She looked at him and flushed.

That's not fair!

“Fine,” she said. “I'm divorced and thirty-eight in a month.”

“Is that all?”

“And I've lived the last three years thinking of you.” She turned her head away from him abruptly.

Here comes the rejection.

“That's about the same amount of time I spent thinking of you.”

She was about to tell him to let her off, but then his words registered.

He had?

“What?” Her insides trembled.

He shrugged. “You fascinate me.”

I hope I do a whole lot more than fascinate him because he has consumed me.

The silence was loud.

“Look, no matter what you may think, I would never want to hurt your feelings or say--”

She looked at him, sharply, but there was no duplicity there. After searching for what seemed like forever, she relaxed. “Don't mind me. I guess I am just used to disappointment.”

“Me, too.”

Another sharp look told her that he appeared to be telling the truth.

Him? Disappointment?

“I find that hard to believe,” she said.

“Why?”

“Because you always seem so...”

“So?”

“So confident.”

He laughed. It was a clean and vibrant but muted laugh of mirth.

“Why do you think that's funny?”

“I don't know. I suppose it's like knowing you want to get to Chicago but not knowing the route to get there, so you just drive.”

What? Was he making fun of me?

“I think much of my life,” he said, “is just living in the now and not knowing how to get to the future.”

Oh.

“Oh, yes, me, too.”

Why do I sound so lame?

“You, too?” He seemed surprised.

“Three years and I couldn't get the resolve to say some-thing to you except 'cash or credit card'?”

He nodded.

They drove along the driveway of a hilly estate and parked in a field with a couple dozen other cars.

“Wow, a big event,” she said.

“It won't be all that bad, but I am glad you are here.”

He doesn't really know, does he? Being anywhere with him was wonderful.

Chuck wanted to hold her hand.

Is that the right thing to do on the first date?

He wasn't sure. He satisfied his anxiety by holding her around the waist. As it was his penis threatened to misbehave. It wanted to swell when it should be quiet and still. But it struggled against his desires and tried to stand up.

What would Zack do?

She seemed a little defensive, but quick to overcome it. He already was glad he had asked her to come. She would not be an embarrassment.

He knocked on the wide double doors and waited. It was answered, as usual, by the president's wife – a real monster in a world where monsters only scared kids.

“You're late,” she said.

He checked his watch. “I thought I was five minutes early.”

“Be here earlier next time.” She looked Karen up and down and then back to him. “I thought you were gay.”

“Disappointed?”

“Certainly, it won't do to have you chasing after me in front of Jonathan.”

“Don't get your hopes up, ma'am.”

She scowled, more – if that were possible.

“This is Karen, by the way--”

“I'm sure.” She waved them inside.

Walking through the short entry to the sliding doors directly facing the front door, they descended into the amazing backyard.

“Wow,” Karen said.

“Yeah, she's a real bitch,” he said low.

“No, I mean the grounds.”

He looked around, taking in the pool, the split-level cabana, the separate and enclosed lounge, the shrubs, lawns and flowers.

“Chuck,” Zack called with a smile. An enormous set of tits was on his arm and some blonde hair somewhere above them.

“Hey.”

“And you have Karen, wonderful.” His smile was big. “Did Elaine give you hell at the door?”

“Of course.”

“Yeah, she couldn't take her eyes off my dates.” He indicated not the blonde's face, but her stupidly large tits.

Karen coughed and laughed and then tried to clear her throat. Then she started choking.

“Uh oh, I think we need some water.”

Karen gagged on her spit.

Boy does that hurt.

Chuck and Zack and the pair of breasts led her into the enclosed lounge.

“Water, please,” he said.

The bartender produced a glass with ice cubes and water.

“Chuck, my boy,” some old voice sounded behind her.

She turned, sipping, to see a disgusting man, all mottled and gross-looking.

“Did you let my wife poison your lovely guest already?”

Chuck laughed.

Why was he laughing?

She cleared her throat in an attempt to ease the coughing.

“No, sir, I am keeping a keen watch on this one.”

The man grunted. “We thought you were gay.”

She saw Chuck flush with embarrassment.

“I’m not gay.”

Zack snickered.

She cleared her throat again.

“Yes, my dear,” the gross man took her hand and stepped close. “Did you want to say something?”

Chuck moved closer and indicated her. “Sir, this is Karen. Karen, this is our president, Jonathan Russel.”

“Just call me John...” He leered at her.

Gross!

“How do you do, Mister John?”

Zack laughed.

Chuck stiffened, but his boss relaxed and chuckled.

Then the old man put a claw on her shoulder, squeezing. “Oh, we’re going to get

along fine.”

She wanted to throw up her breakfast.

“What is going on here,” Elaine said. “Can't you control your date, Mister Cooper?”

What?

“I don't need to see my husband mauled by some gold-digger--”

Suddenly Chuck was forcing her from the room before she could begin protesting that it was he who had been touching her, not the other way around.

Zack snickered.

“Now, now, dear,” said Jonathan as they left.

“What was all that about?” she said.

“The usual,” Zack said with a smirk.

“Should we go?”

“No,” said Chuck. “We just make our exits from those situations as quickly as possible.”

His friend nodded in agreement.

Tits had nothing to say but her smile said she was either drugged or delighted.

Stomping up to them and stopping, chest heaving up and out, was an ugly man all slick and slimy.

Chuck sighed.

Zack sighed.

Tits giggled.

Am I missing something?

“And what do you think you are pulling in there?”

Chuck and Zack shared a look.

“We were just hiding the only vulnerable little boy on the whole property, but you caught us,” Zack said.

Newcomer scowled and pointed at her. “And who is this?”

She expected Chuck to answer.

Instead, he stepped in between them and into the ugly man's face. “None. Of. Your. Business.”

A feeling like a wave surged over her – of protection, security and comfort. She wanted to crawl up his back, wrap her legs around him and cling.

Mmm, wrap my legs around him...

Leaning into her ear was Zack's breathy whisper. “Our nemesis, Ed Baden.”

His hot breath tickled its way down her spine and she blushed.

“I won't stand for your lies.”

“Isn't it usually liars that automatically accuse others of lying?” Chuck said.

“Yep,” said his friend. “That's what I've heard.”

“Your time is almost up, both of you,” said Ed.

“You sound like one of our ex-presidents,” Zack said.

“Occupy yourself in the lounge, Ed.” Chuck said.

“Yeah, you just might find a little boy to plunder,” his friend said.

Ewww.

“Does he really like little boys?” she said as Chuck pulled her away.

“So the rumor goes.”

“Why doesn't someone arrest him? That's totally foul.”

“I am really beginning to like Karen,” Zack said.

He elbowed his friend. “Rein in your spurs there, cow-boy. You have two horses to ride there.”

Tits giggled.

She's good at that.

“No one arrests him because it hasn't been proven yet.”

She looked up at Chuck. She could see he was disgusted as well.

“We need to talk,” Zack said, suddenly serious.

Me?

“Yes, let's head over to the cabana.” Chuck led them.

Oh.

Entering what looked like another lounge, two pool tables, a ping pong table, and two dart boards were set in the midst of chairs and lounges along the screened windows. The other level held a dance floor and cushioned outdoor couches, though that area was also enclosed.

Posh.

“We just need to talk a little business. It won't take long,” Chuck said to her.

She shrugged. She was happy just being near him, seeing him, and smelling him.

She sat with tits and tried to figure out if she should try to start a convo or just smile vacantly like the blonde.

“We need to find out how these changes are occurring,” Chuck said.

“Yeah, today a complaint was lodged by Dan's Hard-ware. That's one of my most consistent mom and pop shops,” his friend said.

“It's only a matter of time before the big boys see it. The moms and pops are faster.”

“Yep. Something is rotten and I suspect Mister Ed Ba-den.”

“You and me both. But how can he know both of our passcodes? Mine is stupidly complex.”

“No one could guess mine, either. He or whoever must have hacked the system.”

Her ears perked up at that.

Hacked? Passcodes? Corporate structure?

“Maybe we should do this the hard way,” Chuck said.

His friend grunted. “What do you have in mind?”

“Make copies of the orders. Fax them to the client. Both of us initial them and store the hard copy. That way, if the prices change in the system, we can show a signed order from the client by fax or in person that the prices aren't matching up.”

“We should have been doing all that in the first place.”

“Yeah, but you know the old man fancies himself a computer whiz and did away with all that.”

“Yep, thought it made him cutting edge. But it's looking pretty dull to me.”

“Careful,” Chuck said. “He pays well and he's the boss.”

“I suppose.”

“Alright then, hard copies, signed by both parties.”

“Seems like our only option at this point.”

Chuck nodded. "Or we'll both end up looking for jobs."

While she was listening and chewing over in her mind what seemed a simple problem, she realized her gaze was on tits. Her double representations of all that was feminine, in other words.

For her part, tits was delighted and her vacant smile even bigger than before.

Karen rolled her eyes, but she blushed to think tits thought she was checking out her boobs.

Dinner was fantastic.

"That's because Elaine didn't cook it," Zack said, leaning toward her ear.

His hot breath once again tickled her insides.

"He's right," Chuck said.

His words turned her insides to water.

The toast to Ed seemed quick, congratulatory, and well-received.

"He makes how much?"

She couldn't have heard that right.

Chuck leaned close. "He'll gross four hundred and seventy thousand with the close of last fiscal year in sales com-missions alone."

She wanted to be sick.

"That doesn't include his salary of fifty thousand--"

Her hand smacking her forehead stopped everyone at the table. Everyone looked at her.

"Uh, mosquito," she said, wide-eyed and panicked.

Conversations resumed.

Tits giggled.

“He won't make shit this year, though,” Zack said.

Chuck nodded. “His final quarter showed a total drop-off in the New Sales category. He'll still get a small residual on existing clients he brought in, but his real money is signing new accounts.”

“If he breaks a hundred thousand next year, I'll shit my pants.” Zack's voice was fast.

“Ewww,” she said.

“All of this effects not just his income from sales, but his year-end bonuses and pension accrual, as well.”

Zack snickered.

“Bonuses?” she said.

I want to work for a company like this.

“Yes, his bonuses are capped at the maximum, one hundred thousand dollars.”

She would kill to work for this company.

“In a boom-bust economy that moves rapidly, someone like him is a flash in the pan.”

“In what we're seeing today,” Zack said, “he is about to become a failure.”

“Nope, he won't be riding this through,” Chuck said.

“Nope.”

Karen saw her own future as a narrow path with little opportunity for anything other than something just above minimum wage. “Mister Russel.”

“Yes my dear?” the president turned toward her.

Both Chuck and Zack were silent and confused.

She took a breath. “What would it take for a person like me to work for you?”

He chuckled and his eyebrows waggled. “Well, what skills do you have?”

Elaine scowled.

Tits looked lost.

“I have extensive experience with corporate computer systems and reports. I could monitor systems and advise on peak efficiency?”

“Hmm?” he said. He appeared dense.

“As a system's analyst, I could save you potentially large sums of money--”

He perked up. “Have you experience in this kind of thing?”

“In a usage and management capacity, yes.” She was telling the truth. But could she save him enough money to justify her hiring?

Jonathan nodded and pointed. “That's the man there you want to see. Impress him and you'll impress me.”

He indicated a bald man with glasses. Jovial and chunky.

“Brad, see to it she gets in to see you first thing Monday morning.”

“Of course, sir.”

Chuck and Zack were dumfounded.

But what did it matter to her if someone disapproved? She would never see these people again if things didn't work out – unless...

Unless Chuck and I get more serious.

She blushed.

“You know what you're doing?” Chuck said.

“I haven't seen your system, yet.”

“I hope she turns Ed into a toad with her keyboard,” Zack said.

She snorted.

Chuck looked at her but nodded. “We could use some help.”

She looked back and forth. “Hold on a minute. I won't do anything dishonest.”

Chuck was shaking his head before she finished. “No, that's not what we meant.”

His friend leaned over her. “But if you could dig up proof on his pedophilia--”

Chuck's foot reached across her legs and kicked his friend.

“Stop it,” Zack said.

“No, you stop it.”

Karen wanted to laugh but she noted the scowls from Elaine and Ed. Both had their reasons to distrust her and she didn't want to make enemies before she even began.

Chuck drove them home. “Are you sure you want to jump into the water with a bunch of sharks?”

She giggled. “Will I get nibbled?”

“You might get eaten.”

“Promise?” But she blushed for all of the quick quip.

He laughed. Her face was so willing and open to him. Her eyes so dark and mysterious. Her skin so pale and creamy. Her hair so dark – only a strand or two of gray was there but it looked captivating.

And then he wondered how she kept her private parts. Shaved? Unshaved? Trimmed? Close-cut? But whatever the answer, it would be her. Any style she

chose would be her. It would fit. It would match. It would entice him.

Almost the entire day he had walked around with half a hard-on. He was looking forward to going home, thinking of her and jacking his cock until he came. He wanted, in the privacy of his own home, to stretch out on his bed and stroke his shaft up and down while thinking of her face and hips and wonderful small breasts. He would even moan her name.

“Would you...” she said

Half irritated at dragging his thoughts away from her to hear what she was saying, he looked over. But his irritation dissolved when he looked at her.

How I want this woman.

She had never asked about his car. She had never asked to see his house. She had never asked how much he made. She really seemed pleased to just be with him.

Is this what I have been missing?

“Would I...?”

She turned even redder. “Would you like to come up?”

And suddenly, his world caved in. Crashing in on him were his plans for a quiet night jacking his own cock. Destroyed were his plans for masturbating while thinking of her. Gone were his plans for some privacy.

Oh!

But the prospects she offered buried all the small desires he had planned. He found he couldn't breathe.

Did she really want me like that?

He gaped at her. His cock swelled in his pants.

She flushed beet-red and turned away.

I have to say something fast.

“Yes!”

She glanced back at him.

His shock would be misread as rejection if he wasn't careful.

“I would love to,” he said. “Absolutely.”

She smiled back at him and his cock became almost uncomfortable.

She smiled at Chuck. He appeared to be uncomfortable, fidgeting and unable to find a way to relieve the pressure on his crotch without being obvious.

I do that to him?

Her pussy became hot and moist, juices threatening to make a mess of her panties.

Am I really dragging Charles up to my apartment? Where was Audrey? She would have to call her in the morning.

Climbing onto her small bed, they kissed. It was awkward at first – their first kiss. But it blossomed into a passionate exploration of love and lust between tongues. The heat in their mouths heated their tongues and the heat ruled them. His lips would brush hers during the kiss and they both trembled with desire.

Soon, a chaste kiss became the hottest of kisses with hands roaming and stroking everywhere. She ran her hands over his shirt and felt his chest underneath. He ran his hand up her thigh and hip to her side and up behind her shoulder. Pulling her in closer, he kissed deeper.

Her world spun. She wanted to pass out.

He's sitting on my bed!

His forcefulness was gentle, but demanding. He was going to take her.

Yes, take me!

He was going to violate her.

Yes, violate me!

He was going to own her and make love to her.

Yes... please, love me!

She started gasping as the pleasure of their kiss overrode her senses.

Suddenly they were tearing at each other's clothes. She succeeded in opening his shirt. Her fingers dug into his chest hair.

Mmm.

Then she realized he had maneuvered her and removed her black slacks. She was in her panties and her legs fell open of their own volition – her pussy aching to be touched.

This can't be happening!

But her dreams had materialized. They had become real. They were touching her. And the dreams were Charles Cooper.

It is happening.

She moaned in need and stripped out of the rest of her clothes.

Screw this struggling nonsense. Let him touch me. I want him to touch me.

He stripped out of the rest of his clothes and she watched his wonderful naked form climb back next to her. Her pussy swelled and became hot. Juices flowed and her insides became wet. The wetter they became, the more her hole ached for him.

Then his fingers explored her center of aching. Her demanding, hungry parts were parted and fingered. Her hips twitched and her breathing became ragged. His fingers brushed over her clitoris several times, sending spasms of pleasure through her.

Then he did what she thought he wouldn't do. His head moved down there.

He isn't!

But he did.

No way!

But he was.

His tongue came out and massaged the entirety of her pussy. Her hips raised off the bed as waves of sensation surged through her. Electricity pulsed along her limbs and she felt as helpless as a ragdoll. Her gasps came quicker. Her pulse raced. Her vision swam. The wet of his tongue ran back and forth over her clit and she started to groan.

“Unhh...”

She realized she was making the sounds.

“You like that?”

A moan escaped her, then, “Oh, yes.”

Two more licks that sent more waves of pleasure.

“It feels good?”

“Yes!” she gasped.

He stuck a finger up into her hole. Pleasure followed the passage of his finger and he crooked it upward to massage her spot. Intense pressure, pain and pleasure assaulted her. She was approaching the edge, on the verge of something wonderful. His tongue circled her clit and she felt the world turn and twist as a release of tension and a sensation of falling overtook her.

She was convulsing, pain and pleasure coming in waves and crashing together and apart. As soon as the pleasure turned to pain, it turned to tension and then blissful release followed by a winding of the tension faster than she could breathe.

The pulses came over and over, tense and insistent at first, but then slower. Finally, her body twitched, drained. Her clit was angry, used, and satisfied. It needed no more stimulation.

She pulled his head away, luxuriating in the feel of orgasm. She pulled him up, wanting to feel her ache filled. And then she felt the spongy head of his penis press against her needy hole.

This isn't happening! It must be a dream. A fantasy.

But it was happening. Her hole was opening for Chuck's cock. In it thrust. In it slid. Her hole opened to his push. He filled her, inch by inch. Not too big. Not small. But a wonderful fit of man-flesh in her starving hole. How long had she wanted this?

It's happening.

She began to cry. Tears of joy gushed from her eyes and she wrapped her legs around his hips. She gripped his shoulders and raised her body, all that she could, up to him. She wanted to bury her face in his neck, and she did, as much as she could. When his shoulder heaved upward, she bit him – not out of anger or spite, but lust.

She wanted his cock and she was getting it. She wanted her hole filled and he was filling it. She wanted intimacy and he was there.

Their bodies melded together, moving, grunting, gasping and straining. His thrusts came more forceful, driving the sensations higher and harder. She moaned with lust and pleasure. Her breathing became very difficult. She couldn't seem to catch her breath. His body was a hunk of steel above her, driving his spike of manhood into her over and over.

Then there was the moment. He tensed, his cock driving deep. A very hot wetness flooded her deep inside and she knew peace. Her femininity had conquered him. Her woman-ly allure had seduced him. Her sexuality had slain him. In that moment, he was hers.

His body wilted. No longer driving steel, he withered and collapsed next to her, partially on her, still in her.

She floated in her mind but her body was alive and tingling.

I want more. A lot more.

Her old life was over. A new life was beginning. She would soon confront the root of all evil.

CHAPTER 5

Karen fidgeted in her chair.

The bald man, Brad, looked over her resume. He was the Chief Personnel Officer and decided who was hired and who was fired.

He frowned.

She leaned forward an inch.

I want this job. My clerk job is likely to go few places.

“For six years you have been a register clerk?”

“Yes, with extensive exposure to database systems, corporate management systems, and electronic reports.” She had studied corporate lingo over the weekend.

“But have you ever run a system as an administrator?”

“No, but I have worked extensively within one and I am confident my experience will be valuable here.”

He quirked his lips. “Yes, perhaps you shall.” He flipped a few pages on his clipboard as a way of showing her he wasn't ruled by a system. “We can offer a pay of only eleven hundred dollars per week based on your experience--”

That's almost twice what I make!

“But should you prove valuable in the position, there is a lot of room for pay advancement.”

She smiled. “I'll take it, and thank you.”

He frowned and jotted down several notes on several different pieces of paper. “Very good, then, you are now employed. Do you need time to sever yourself

from your current job?”

“I don't want to create bad feelings with anyone. May I have two weeks for appearances sake, but come in for an hour or two late in the day?”

He leaned back. “I don't make the schedules, but I see no problem with that. The office manager is Raymond Moreau. I will inform him of your status. After you sever yourself, you will report to him directly.”

She nodded and flashed a grateful smile. “Thank you.”

“Welcome aboard, and good luck.”

She slid up next to the sexy man at his desk.

“I've been hired.”

Chuck looked around uneasily.

“Show me the bare essentials of how you login and access files.”

“Are you sure--”

“Do it. It's my job.”

He first logged out of everything then turned off his system. She leaned down next to him to watch. The computer used an operating system designed for immediate use. It did not have typical open-ended browsing ability, but was preloaded with software designed to immediately launch a company program.

So it started already launching the program. Like the one I'm used to. Good.

She reached down and massaged his pants.

Chuck flinched and looked around some more.

She smiled, but did not stop. She felt his package harden in his pants as he navigated through the opening and login screens of the program.

Somewhat in a disappointment, she didn't note any obvious flaw or breach in the program.

“Hmm.”

“Huh?” he said.

“I might have to get more serious with this.”

“Oh.”

She knelt down and worked at his belt.

“Oh no.”

“Uh, yes.”

“We'll both get fired.”

“No one will see.”

“How do you know?”

“Because you'll keep an eye out, won't you?”

Something wicked in her eyes must have convinced him. She gripped his rapidly expanding shaft in her hand. She gave it several pumps until it seemed very hard. It was a pretty cock, perfectly straight and formed from tip to root. It wasn't too small or too large at the tip. It wasn't overly fat. It wasn't stupidly long.

No wonder it had felt so good.

She watched in wonder as her hand stroked up and down his flesh.

He kept leaning up to look around.

With a final glance at his system display, she realized she would need a much longer and closer look. So she turned to his cock and went to work on it.

Too bad I don't get paid for this!

His smooth skin strained underneath her touch. His sponginess turned hard and throbbing. Without thought, except to do it, she lowered her mouth over his shaft.

He gasped.

She drew her lips up and down on the thing, filling her mouth. He tasted clean and like skin. She could feel him swell and twitch in her mouth and her eye got a wicked glint in it. She moved her mouth up and down, faster, and increasing the sucking pressure on the head.

His cock swelled even more.

He gasped louder and almost came out of his chair.

“Are you okay, Chuck?” called a female voice from over the partition.

She sucked harder. Faster.

“Yeah, I'm fine here, Lynne.” he gasped. “Was just trying some office scrunches.”

“Oh, okay,” came the sweet voice.

As soon as she heard the voice, she sucked harder. Her hand came up and stroked the part of the shaft that wasn't in her mouth.

His cock swelled even more in her mouth, became harder, and then flexed. She sucked even harder. An explosion of hot liquid in her mouth shocked her, but then she withdrew her mouth and pumped his shaft hard. Sperm flew high into the air and over the partition.

Was it hitting Lynne?

He gasped in relief.

She smiled up at him. “I might need a little more exposure to this system.”

“Um, I'm sure.”

Smiling, she winked at him.

Ed looked over the pale woman in the dark eye makeup. Her hips were way too big for what he liked. They were too feminine. But at least she had almost no tits. With a short haircut, she could turn him on.

She had been hired to go through the system as an analyst. He didn't like that. But there was nothing in the system that tagged him as one who had accessed any particular file on any particular date. He was certain he was safe.

Let her analyze all she wanted.

If her voice had only been a little rougher...

He smiled at Juanita as he passed to go file his hard-copy reports in the file-room.

Now she is more my speed.

Her hips looked manly, her face looked manly, and her attitude was manly. Her boobs were a little big and her mouth was troublesome. She needed to be a little more innocent.

Juanita muttered something at him.

Maybe she could use a good beating. Maybe then she would learn to shut up.

He entered the records office and filed his two reports. On a normal day, he would file six or more. Business was not good. Not good at all. He had noticed though that Chuck and Zack seemed to file about the same amount when he saw the reports in their hands.

That's where the money is.

He would get their positions.

When was the damned audit going to take place?

Chuck looked forward to the end of the day when Karen would appear. His

insides would do butterflies, and then his dick would stir.

The second day of her work, she had again come into his cubicle and stroked his erection. It was wonderful. He had to stop her at one point as the office manager came around holding his cup of coffee like a shield in front of him. He had scooted his chair all the way in and made a show of explaining how salesmen entered their numbers and figures but only certain parts came out in the hard reports.

Raymond sipped his coffee and passed by.

She jerked him then and he shot his load. But not over the partition this time.

Once again, Lynne called over the partition. "Doing those scrunches again?"

"Oh, uh, yeah."

Karen's grin became wicked and she stroked him like she was milking him. His eruption flew into the air as she watched and smiled.

"Was that good, lover?" she said.

"Yes."

She tucked his cock back into his pants. "Sure is fun."

"You like it?"

"Mm hmm. I think you need more."

He pointed at the partition. "I think she will begin to suspect."

"But your cock gets all hard when she catches you."

"That's pretty nasty."

"Maybe she gets all hot and goes home bothered."

"You're wicked."

She giggled.

But the next day, Wednesday, she was right.

After making sure no one was going to wander by, she entered his cubicle for another bit of handiwork.

He came prepared this time. Looser pants and no briefs.

“Maybe we can have dinner tonight at my place,” he said. “It’s not a total date or anything. Zack will be there.”

“I’d love to.” Her hand was massaging his growing erection.

A slight movement came from over the cubicle, barely heard. But much was in the way – binders, plants, and cabinets.

She got him hard and then stroked away. Her tiny hand felt wonderful on his cock and it swelled to fat proportions.

His gasps preceded Lynne’s call over the cubicle. “Maybe I should try those scrunches.”

She stroked him faster and he gasped harder.

“Oh, yeah, they’re a workout.”

Karen winked and kept stroking. Lynne could use whatever a scrunchie was. Her hips were out of control and her blonde hair didn’t hide her hips.

Karen’s hand froze and he followed her gaze.

Lynne was peeking over the cubicle.

His mouth opened in surprise.

Lynne didn’t look surprised but looked guilty at being caught.

Karen started stroking him again. When Lynne didn’t move away, she stuck her mouth down over the head of his cock and licked. She was showing Lynne what she had. Her hand milked his shaft as it swelled. The tension in him grew and

her flicking, teasing tongue wasn't helping.

Then he realized Lynne was gasping as well. He had only been aware of his own. Karen never slowed down. She kept looking up at Lynne and letting her see how she controlled and owned his cock.

He lost it. His cock swelled and began erupting. She stroked faster, a bright smile on her face.

Lynne gasped as his first shot launched into the air. Karen milked it, sending squirt after squirt up into the air and towards Lynne. The blasts were aimed just away from her though.

The woman on the other side of the cubicle moaned low, then gasped. Her face disappeared and the gasping increased.

Karen smiled big and bright. "Was that good?"

His head swam. This woman was wickedly satisfying. "Yes."

"Did you like me stroking you off while she watched?"

"I've never done anything like that before."

"Neither have I," she said. "But it was fun. It felt powerful. Like I was in control."

"Did you like it?"

"Yes, I thought I would die if anyone ever caught me doing that, but like I said. I felt powerful."

He cupped her cheek. "You're wonderful, Karen."

"You want me to come to your place or do you want to pick me up?"

"You know where I live?"

"Yes, silly," she said. "You're in the phone book."

"Mmm." He thought a moment. "Drive on over, if that's okay."

“Sure,” her smile said it was more than okay.

* * *

“No, I'm not kidding,” she said. “I jacked his cock right in front of her.”

“No way,” Audrey said on the other end of the line.

“Totally.”

“Didn't you get in trouble?”

“No, I had an inkling Lynne knew what was going on since the beginning.”

“You wanted her to see--”

“No, not at all!”

“But--” Audrey said.

“But when I saw her watching, I realized she was turned on by it. So I kept going.”

“Did you get anything out of it?”

“Yes! I'm all wet.”

“Oh my goodness.”

“I'm going to his place for dinner in another fifteen minutes, but Zack is going to be there.”

“That isn't so bad.”

“Well, he's fine but I wanted to get some action.”

Audrey laughed. “Listen to you.”

“I can't help it, Chuck consumes me. I want more.”

“And he feels the same about you?”

“He seems to. I don't want it to end.”

“Wow, I am so happy for you, Karen.”

“Thank you, I just hope it goes farther.”

“It's about time girl; you deserve it.”

Tears welled in her eyes. Tears of happiness. Tears of satisfaction. And tears of sadness for all the time lost. “I wish I had said something to him years ago.”

“Maybe you two just weren't ready.”

It sounded good, but she couldn't accept it. She had wasted three years of her life wanting Charles when he had secretly wanted her as well. “Well, maybe.”

“Well, good luck tonight and see if Zack remembers me at all. He was sooo handsome.”

“I'll talk to him and see what he says. But the last woman I saw him with had boobs the size of Norway.”

“Bah, figures. Okay, catch you later, girl.”

“Seeya.” She clicked off the cordless.

She stared at the coffee table where his flowers still stood, all fresh and beautiful. She was amazed at how fast her life had seemed to change direction in just seven days.

What would Mom say, if she were alive?

Her father had died when she was too young to remember him. Was that why she was vulnerable? Was that why she liked black? To hide her vulnerability?

“I'm sure some psycho-asshole could make a career off me,” she said to the flowers.

She bounded to her feet. She wanted to surprise Chuck tonight and she didn't have much time.

She started with a slight touch-up of her make-up. A slightly heavier application of the charcoal. Very small accents to the eyebrows on the top center of each one. She pulled her hair back on both sides with decorative clips.

She smiled. The alterations gave her a slightly more wicked look. Almost like a dominatrix. She laughed, though; she wasn't about to start whipping anybody.

Did the makeup hide the fear? The insecurity? But she wasn't insecure now. Perhaps still a little shy, but she floated on a wondrous cloud of joy far above those depths of self-doubt she had previously trod.

All she owned were black blouses. She liked them. She had both long and short sleeved. She also had a couple black turtlenecks, one thick for winter and one thin. She chose the thin turtleneck.

But what was she going to wear beneath that? Skirt? Slacks? Jeans?

No, not jeans. Too difficult to get out of. The skirt? No, Zack would be there and she planned to go without panties.

She chose the slacks and pulled them over her bare hips. It was time to go anyway.

Chuck opened his door to a stunning Karen. Dressed all in black, as usual, she had pulled back her hair and done something with her makeup.

His smile lit hers and both burned. They leaned together for a kiss that was quick without being rushed.

“Am I going to get some of that?” Zack called from behind them.

She giggled.

Chuck snorted and pointed a finger at his friend. “Enough of that. She's mine.”

She seemed stunned by the house. He had spent a lot re-furbishing it, but she must have appreciated the thought he put into the dark wood and brass.

“Very nice,” she said. “Now I'm embarrassed.”

He grabbed her, gently, and brought her to his face. “Don't be. Your place is as feeling of you as this might be of me.”

“But I could get lost in this.”

He smiled. “And I will lead you back.”

Surprising him, she launched up into his embrace. But it was fast. Like a tease, then she was gone again.

Karen blushed under Zack's gaze. He was seated on the couch, his arms on the back as if welcoming all who might sit.

“Wow, Chuck, you sure have a pretty girlfriend.”

She felt the blush in her rise.

With a lower voice, Zack said to her, “That's a very impressive camel-toe you have displayed there.”

She flushed, furiously. He can see that?

“It looks delicious.”

She sat in a chair, quickly, to stay steady and to hide her pussy showing through the thin material of her slacks.

“Try to be nice,” Chuck said as he kicked Zack in the shins.

“Where's your triple D date?” she said.

“Ah, I got tired of the conversation. Nipples the size of my head have a bigger ego than me, and there are two of them.”

She burst out laughing.

“I hear you're handling things well at work?”

Could she get any redder?

“He told you--”

“Makes me wish I had a cubicle there.”

“You're too much.” She was on the verge of hysterical giggles.

From the kitchen, Chuck called, “You want beer? Whiskey? Vodka, gin, or brandy?”

“Brandy is fine,” she said loud enough to carry.

He came in to a silent room but a blushing Karen.

Handing her the drink, he scowled at Zack. “What's he been going on about?”

She grinned, but nervous. “Oh nothing. Just saying he wishes he had a cubicle at work.”

Chuck chuckled. “You jerk.”

Zack raised both hands off the couch as if to show he hadn't stolen anything. “Care to show me what was really happening?”

Chuck threw a cushion at him.

She squirmed in her chair, her pussy convulsing with a deep ache at all that had happened that day. “Did you tell him about Lynne?” It came out of her mouth before she could think much about it.

Chuck flushed red with embarrassment.

“What's this about Lynne?” Zack leaned forward.

“Nothing.” Chuck was quick to say it.

“Nonsense,” she said. Her grin was as wicked as her looks. “Lynne had a front row seat as Chuck squirted all over the place--”

“She did not have--”

“She did. Peeking right over the cubicle.”

“And--”

“And she liked watching.”

Zack slapped his knee and shook his head. “The stuff I miss out on. Office orgies and--”

“There aren't any office orgies,” Chuck said.

“Like hell--” Zack started.

“Yeah, fine. You go right ahead and join in on some Raymond-on-Ed action.”

“Yuck.”

She giggled.

Chuck got up to check on dinner and spent time in the kitchen.

She joined him after a few minutes. “So I got you all hot today?” She rubbed his pants from behind.

“Well, yeah.”

“And you had to tell Zack?”

He looked at her, but there was no danger signal in her voice. “Yes, but not everything.”

“Just all the fun details.”

“Well, yes, but none of the embarrassing ones.”

“You were embarrassed over Lynne?”

“Yes. Well, no, but yes at first.”

She rubbed around his waist and found his crotch. Already he was growing large. “Did you like her seeing me jack you?”

“Mmm, yes,”

“Did you like her watching you shoot your load all over?”

“Mmm, yes,” he said. More passion in his voice.

“Do you want her?”

“Bah, no. “I want you. What you do is sexy and I like it.”

She hugged him as she rubbed.

Suddenly he turned and grabbed her. She was taken aback but relaxed in his arms.

He whispered in her ear. “Did you like Zack seeing your pussy through your slacks?”

She trembled. Was it fear? Was it lust? Was it excitement?

“I--”

He rubbed his crotch against hers. “He was looking at your pussy. Did you like it?”

“I suppose--”

“Did you hate it?”

“No.”

“Is your pussy wet?”

She gasped and tried to breathe. “Yes.”

He reached down a finger and drove it down so that it rubbed her pussy down on

her slacks past the clit and into her folds.

She moaned.

“Did you like him looking at your pussy?”

She clutched him. “I don't know.”

“But your pussy feels all hot.”

“Yes, I guess it was nice.”

His fingers tortured her then by rubbing harder and teasing her through her slacks.

“You're sexy,” he said.

No one had ever said those words to her.

The two weeks had passed.

Karen felt filled more than she had ever known. But she also felt emptier than ever before.

She needed him.

She needed his cock in her.

She needed his lips on hers.

She needed his embrace.

She needed his smell in her nose every second of every day.

She couldn't get enough and she wasn't sure if she could endure the agony.

She was working full time at the company, TC Imports, now. Her previous employment had ended amicably. They had been disappointed to see her go, but wished her well and told her the door was open.

She hated burning bridges.

She tried to jack Chuck's cock every day. Most days she did. Most days he shot into the air as Lynne watched over the cubicle wall. They could hear her fingering and gasping in orgasm as well.

Everything in regards to that was quiet in the office. It was their secret.

Delving into the bits and bytes of the program and sys-tem, she could see that the program directed the user where it wanted but did not necessarily stop someone from accessing other areas.

She had discovered the president's personal files within three days. She had found the unprotected personal code files on the fourth day. Sure, they weren't all that easy to access. Nothing obvious. But on one particular page, there was a folder icon at the top. Accessing it allowed her to access other files and eventually navigate to very sensitive files. Very sensitive. Passcode files.

She constructed an email, horrible, but shocking enough to grab attention. She used the passcode of the president. At the end, she put "This is a demonstration."

"Your boss," she said.

"Yes? Chuck said.

"Can he overlook an indecency if it means more profit?"

"Absolutely."

"Mmm. Good." She leaned on his cubicle wall.

"Going to do scrunchies right now?" Lynne said over the wall.

Chuck grinned.

She winked. "Not yet. A little later, for sure."

"Oh." Disappointed.

Lynne was sweet. A married woman struggling with the expansion of her hips, she enjoyed their secret time together. Her husband liked blondes with huge tits.

She was blonde, but her tits were not big and her figure was described as pear-shaped.

She said little, but they knew she valued their secrets together.

“A little later,” Karen said. A very wicked smile was on her face.

“Oh... good.” The words came over the wall.

To Chuck, she raised an eyebrow. “I will be sending out an email--”

“Yeah,” said a voice. Raymond, the office manager. He was resting an elbow on the cubicle wall as he held his cup in front of him.

Anyone drinking that much coffee should be dead of a massive caffeine overdose, but Raymond kept going. She wondered if he faked his coffee-drinking.

“So, yeah, you need to know that you're being called into a meeting tomorrow, Chuck? One o'clock in the conference room.”

“Oh?” Chuck said. “Okay.”

“Yeah, and were going to go ahead and ask that you have all your reports done before then?”

“What?”

“Good, I'm glad we agree.” He raised his cup and departed.

Chuck rolled his eyes.

Karen looked back and forth between Raymond's departing back and Chuck.

“Don't underestimate--”

“Pff. He's nothing.”

“I think in this instance you might be wrong.”

“Huh?” He appeared somewhat confused.

“Lynne,” she called.

“Yes?”

“I don't think there will be any... exercises today. I am very sorry.”

“Oh...”

“Tomorrow, okay?”

“Okay.”

Karen could hear the smile in Lynne's voice.

“What?” Chuck said.

“Shush. I'm going to try to save your job.”

Chuck sighed in defeat. He so looked forward to her hand at the end of the day.

It was an addiction.

He wanted it.

He needed it.

He thought about demanding it, but that didn't seem exactly right.

Even Lynne was disappointed.

But Karen had looked worried and thoughtful.

He sat back and studied his desk. Oh yes, the DIY Meg-aStore account.

Settling his headset, he phoned to see what orders they had for this week.

“Hi, Juanita,” Karen said.

“Hi,” the secretary said. It was short. It was abrupt. It was not friendly.

“Juanita...”

“Eh?” The Spanish accent was thick.

“Are there any controls over who goes into the records room?”

The pretty woman blinked. “Controls? No. All the employees have to file their reports here.”

Karen nodded. “Thank you,”

“Whatever.”

Entering the records room, she looked around at the file cabinets. Starting with the first, she began browsing the files.

What she found would change the lives of her and Chuck and Zack.

CHAPTER 6

Chuck entered the conference room at the time appointed.

Facing him across the wide conference table were three black-suited individuals. Brad, the Chief Personnel Officer, and two people in black he did not recognize.

“Oh shit,” he said.

“Is there a problem?” Brad asked.

“Black suits,” Chuck said, “always mean the worst.”

“Is there something you're trying to hide?” said one of the mousy-looking men.

“Should I bother sitting down or are you going to fire me without hearing any defense from me?”

“Please, Mister Cooper. Sit.” A balding man indicated the chair. He had slightly more hair than Brad. But his sneer, despite his words, indicated a more sinister flavor to the meeting.

Armed with her papers, Karen entered the room, unbidden.

“We're sorry, Miss, but--”

“There is something you need to see right now.” She slapped a small sheaf of papers down on the table.

Chuck looked uncomfortable as she imagined he might. But his look to her was needing. Not sexually though; he needed her help.

And she was going to give it.

“I think you need to see this and check your emails immediately.”

“We don't need--”

“Child porn is a serious allegation, gentlemen. I suggest you check your emails.”

The entire room stood almost as one.

Child porn never fails.

“What are you doing?” Chuck said. They were back in his cubicle.

“Demonstrating that there is very serious doubt as to the security and veracity of the system.”

“Do you know what you are doing?”

“No.”

“That's comforting.”

She looked at him with loving eyes. “Trust me.”

His lips quirked from one side and then to the other. “Okay.”

“I am not encouraged.”

He sighed. “I want to be positive--”

“Then be so.”

“Easy for you to say.”

“New for me to say.”

He eyed her.

“Don't look at me that way.”

“How,” he said.

“As if you don't trust me. Either you do or you don't.”

He sighed loudly in exasperation.

“Do I hear scrunchies?” Lynne called from over the partition.

Karen giggled. “No. Not today.”

“Oh,” Lynne said. The disappointment in her voice was palpable.

Ed made his way inexorably towards Chuck's cubicle. The woman was there, but he didn't care.

“So I hear you're being audited,” he said, loud, so everyone could hear. It made his dick hard.

Chuck looked at him, hate in his eyes. The look made his dick even harder.

“That's right, but there's nothing to see.”

“There's always something to see,” he said. The smugness of his voice made Chuck grit his teeth.

“Right now they're a little worried about child porn, for some reason.”

Ed frowned. Did they know my personal--

He hurried away.

Chuck was seated at the conference table once again, later.

“Call the System's Analyst in here,” one of the auditors said.

Brad left and returned a moment later with Karen.

“Right then, how did you sabotage our emails and what do you hope to accomplish with this extortion?”

She hadn't even finished entering the room.

Brad pulled out a chair for her as if this was a ballroom dinner of some sort.

She quirked her lips but sat down. "Exactly what do you want to know?"

"Are you trying to extort--"

"Please, I am not," she said.

"Then why this illegal--"

"I am demonstrating that the system I have been hired to look over is so full of holes that even someone as clean as you can be made to look criminal."

"How did you put those--"

The other auditor waved him down.

"To what effect, Miss Pitera?"

Chuck saw her grimace.

"To show that anyone with enough access can change anything they want."

The mouthy bald auditor drew breath and waved his head around in triumph.

"That's all well and good and all but--"

"No, it isn't. Would you like me to forward your emails to the FBI?"

"We never said those things."

"Prove it."

"Well, we can."

"And? Why aren't you?"

The balding auditor made a face. "It takes effort."

"But you can prove yourself innocent?"

The auditor smirked at her. "Of course."

Where was she going with this? Chuck thought.

"Immediately?"

"Of course not, but with some time, most certainly."

"Good," she said. "Then I am sure you would allow Mister Cooper here the opportunity to collect his hard-copy reports and present them?"

The bald auditor blinked, "Well, of course."

"Good," she said. Turning to him she said, "Do you have records you can show that prove your orders have been altered?"

"Er, yes, actually. I was going to present them but the auditors did not seem interested--"

"Yes, well, we could certainly look at what evidence you have," bald auditor said.

The other auditor was hairy and silent.

"Well, then, it seems to me we need to consider the records Mister Cooper has to submit," she said.

There was no objection.

Karen hadn't played her trump yet. She waited Thursday for the call to come into the conference room. When it came, she was ready.

Brad pulled a chair for her.

The two auditors scowled.

"We're not sure if we are going to press charges--" bald auditor said.

"Press charges? Over what?" she said.

“Tampering with emails.”

“Is not a crime--”

“It is and a very serious one.”

“Actually,” said hairy auditor, “it isn't if she didn't intercept them.”

“He's right,” she said. “All I did was access them here without any kind of electronic prying.”

Bald auditor looked pissed.

Stares went back and forth between the two auditors. Finally baldie spoke again. “Nevertheless, this proves nothing to the audit here at hand.”

“Actually it does,” she said.

Red rose up baldie's head. The anger was palpable.

And from such a tiny man.

“Explain yourself,” Brad said. “Teasing the auditors won't get us anywhere.”

“Of course, sir. I was simply waiting for them to calm down.” She stood and placed several files in a row in front of them. She held some back.

“These are the hard-copy orders,” hairy auditor said. “What are we supposed to have missed?”

She nodded and then placed a corresponding report above each one.

“Those are fax copies and they don't match. We know,” he said.

She tried to say something but couldn't get a word in.

Baldie fumed. “We've seen these. It is--”

“But--”

“--very common for new reports to--”

“But--”

“--be generated in place of the originals so they can pad--”

“I know that!” The snap in her voice finally shut him up.

“Take it easy, Karen,” Brad said. “You're still on probation here.”

She took a breath and leaned over, pointing to the second reports and the supposedly phony ones. “Not just different reports, gentlemen, but different writing.”

“Huh?” Suddenly, baldie was all serious and interested. He leaned over and adjusted his glasses.

“If they padded, the writing would be the same, don't you think? But the faxes are different. Different writing, different hand.”

“Do you claim to be an expert on handwriting?” hairy said.

“Is the sun shining through that window?” she said.

Hairy looked. “What does that have to do--”

“Is it?”

“Of course.”

“Are you an astronomer?”

Hairy sighed.

Brad chuckled and then coughed.

“She has a point,” baldie said. “These fields were written in different hands. Look for yourself.”

Elated she stood up straighter. “Gentlemen, the system here is so full of holes I walked right into the passcode file. Anyone could have accessed the personal passcodes, logged into the sales reports and generated new ones. Then they only needed to fill in the price fields by hand. You can see Mister Cooper's and Mister

Campbell's originals do not match the hand that wrote what you thought were pads.”

Hairy grunted, finally shoving the evidence away. “These men weren't padding.”

Baldie nodded. “The system is indeed inefficient. All of it should be electronic.”

Nods were all over the room.

I'm in a bobble-head convention.

Hairy handed her back the reports. “Good work, Miss Pitera.”

Brad stood. “Thank you Karen, that will be all.” His smile told her he approved.

Leaving the conference room, she strode directly to Chuck's cubicle. She saw Raymond begin weaving his way over. Further back and coming out of his small office was Ed. He, too, started walking over.

Chuck looked up.

Her smile told him everything.

“All done and you're all cleared, you and Zack both.”

“Awesome.”

“That is wonderful news,” Lynne called over the partition.

She giggled. Karen had seen the woman looking depressed when the news was making the rounds about Zack and Chuck on the chopping block.

I bet we're the only thing that brightens her day.

“Well now,” Raymond said. He held up his coffee cup. “Yeah, so how did it go?”

He was a toad, a typical office manager jerk. But he was her immediate supervisor. “Both are cleared.”

“What?” Ed said.

His greasiness made her want to flee and find a shower. “You heard me.”

“Impossible.”

“Too bad for you, I suppose.”

“Yeah, let's keep it civil?” Raymond said. He turned away and wandered off.

Ed glared at Chuck as if ready to leap at him.

Chuck stuck his thumbs in his ears and waggled his fingers.

She giggled.

Ed growled and looked around.

Chuck came up out of his chair instantly.

Uh oh.

Chins thrust at each other, she wondered if she was going to have to banshee all over them both to get them apart.

But they didn't come to blows. With a toss of his head, Ed backed away.

Her man stood there, standing tall, staring and steel and manliness.

She trembled inside, but not of fear. No, no longer fear. She trembled with excitement and life. She wanted to grasp his arm and jump. She wanted to hug and hold him. And she wanted to get his cock in her hands. “You should call Zack.”

He glanced at her and grinned. “You saved him, you call him.”

She shrugged. “Then I will. I'll handle other things later.”

“Oh boy,” Lynne called from over the partition.

They both laughed.

Chuck watched her walk away. Doing so was becoming harder and harder, every day. He watched the small swish of her hips and knew that fine pussy was down there hungry and waiting.

But more than just that, he wanted all the time to feel her touch, and not just on his cock – though that was great. He wanted to hold her and stroke her hair. He wanted to nibble and nuzzle her ear. He wanted to feel her skin on his.

He also enjoyed hearing her thoughts. She was practical, if on the dark side. Her mind seemed to work like his, shy at first, but willing to risk a step.

He walked to the cubicle entry and continued watching her. Catching his attention beyond her was the boss. He was leading Raymond into the conference room with Brad.

Hmm.

He looked back at Karen as she vanished into her own cubicle.

Really, we should celebrate. She saved us all.

Karen sat and reached for the phone. Thumbing through the phone cards, she selected Zachary Campbell.

“Zack.” His answer was all business.

“Hi, Zack, the news is good.”

“Who? Oh. Karen?”

“Yes.”

“Well, don't you sound sexy on the phone.”

“Pff.” She was glad he couldn't see her blush.

“Good news, huh? Hang on a second, pulling over.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Okay, then. What happened?”

“I get to keep my job though you lose yours.”

“What?”

She giggled. “I'm just kidding.”

It sounded like he was choking on the other line.

“We all get to keep our jobs – the auditors cleared you and Chuck.”

“You need a spanking.”

She laughed. “You dirty man.”

“Ha, you wanna find out how dirty?”

“No, that's okay. I'm sure there's a pair of boobs out there just waiting for your load.”

“I could try to hit yours--”

She gasped. “Zack!”

“Well, should I come back for a handjob?”

She burst out laughing. She thought her head would explode from the blush.

“No!”

“Ah, okay. Maybe Lynne--”

“Stoppit! She's married.”

“What, you think her husband would mind?”

“Ahh, you're impossible.”

He laughed.

“Thanks for the call. The good news was due.”

“Bye, Zack.”

Hanging up, she fanned herself with a file.

What an incorrigible jerk. She smiled. Then she realized she was thinking about him squirting his load onto her bare chest.

Shaking her head, she started to login to wonder about how to work with the existing system or if it should just be scrapped altogether.

A low beep interrupted her. “Karen,” from the intercom. It sounded like Brad.

She hit the button. “Yes?”

“Come into the conference room please?”

“Sure.”

She got up and headed the short distance. From out of the conference room came baldie and hairy. They nodded at her and left the door open.

Inside were Brad, Raymond and the president, Jonathan Russel. The boss had his feet up and crossed on the conference table.

She supposed he thought that made him look powerful.

“Sit, Karen.” John said.

“Did I do something wrong?”

Brad didn't laugh and neither did Raymond. But John laughed.

“No, my dear, not at all. Though I should be upset that you found holes in my program.”

So he did write it.

“Oh, well it isn't a bad program at all, it could just use a few touches of modern efficiency here and there.”

“Mm hmm. And?”

“Some new security protocols.”

He nodded. “Do you think that's the best route?”

“I just started looking at that, sir, just before I was called in. It would be cheaper for the company to use the existing system if we can make a few changes.”

“Yes, go on,” he said.

“But there's also the question of more advanced systems that would provide more sales efficiency with just a few clicks.”

“Ah, an apple here or an orange there?”

“Precisely. I need to consider it from the inside. I had planned to set up a mock sales account to see how much work was required and then if there are more efficient ways to streamline the process.”

“And you were just a sales clerk?”

“Yes, sir, but you get a feel for a process and can grasp what it's doing if you use it long enough.”

He nodded. Then he nodded to Brad.

The personnel officer immediately shuffled through a short sheaf of papers and slid them in front of her. “We're hiring you on permanent, Karen.”

Elation swept her.

“Your job focus will be the upgrade of the computer sales system.”

Easy. I think.

“You will have an office--”

Oh yeah, baby.

“--and you will work directly under Mister Russel.”

Ewww, gross.

“These are your forms for the benefits. Pension, profit-sharing and bonus structure.”

Don't put me to sleep with paperwork.

“Fill them out and sign where necessary.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Have them back to me in the morning?”

Great.

“Of course, and thank you.”

Although Raymond did not look very thrilled, he stood with the other two and shook her hand.

“Welcome aboard, Karen,” John said. “Let's keep in close contact through this, shall we?”

Fat chance.

His unwanted attention was going to be important in the very near future.

CHAPTER 7

Chuck let her in. “Gimme a kiss.”

She placed fists on hips and leaned back as if shocked.

Smiling he launched at her and almost knocked her over.

She really is tiny.

Wrapping her up in a hug, he kissed her, thoroughly. She melted into his arms. They broke for air. “Thank you for saving my job.”

The Saturday afternoon was bright and breezy. The ocean air carried and soothed the heat.

“Are you going to let me in or are you going to fondle me out here?”

He chuckled.

“Zack's not here yet?” she said.

“No, but should be along any time now.”

“Oh.”

“Why, you miss him?”

She snorted. “No, I just like being alone with you.”

She always knows what to say.

She followed him into the kitchen where he continued to ready the steaks.

He arched an eyebrow at her. “He said something about a spanking?”

“Oh, brother. He never gives up does he?”

He gave a short laugh. “Nope. Why does he think you need a spanking?”

She waved her hand. “I had called him about the auditors and told him it was good news.”

“Yeah?”

He felt her lean up against him.

“And I told him 'I get to keep my job but you lose yours.'”

“You naughty woman.”

“Anyway, I called him dirty and said something about him finding a pair of big boobs to shoot his load over--”

“You did?”

She giggled. “And then he said he could try to hit mine.”

“He did?”

“Yes, I was so embarrassed.”

“Oh, did it bother you?”

“Yes.”

“I will make him apologize.”

“Huh? Oh, no. Not bothered like that. I was blushing.”

“Oh, so you liked him saying that?”

“Well, it was flattering.”

She reached around his waist and found his crotch. “Oh my, does this have you turned on?”

“Mmm.”

“What's got you all excited? That he embarrassed me or the vision of him blowing his load onto my tiny boobs?”

His penis pulsed and flexed, hardening almost instantly.

“Wow, I guess you like that vision, huh?”

“You're sexy.”

He felt her press her head into his back and hug him tightly.

Her hand gripped and squeezed his cock through his shorts.

He chuckled in exasperation. “I need to get these steaks on.”

With a final squeeze, she let go.

She always knows when to stop. She was never clingy or smothering, though he might like being smothered with her. He couldn't get enough. “Why not put on your suit and go sun for a bit on the beach?”

“Sounds like a nice way to relax. You sure you don't want me to help here?”

He shooed her away.

She had bought a two-piece bikini. She was surprised at how little material was there for what she paid. She had even bought the cover-it-all type. No g-strings for her.

Gross.

Seeing herself in the mirror made her wonder if there was a style that covered even more.

Maybe I should have gone one-piece. I'm so pale.

She walked into the kitchen. He was heaping steaks on a plate. Almost ready to lay on the grill. “Well?” she said.

He looked up and then looked her up and down. His smile was all she needed.

“I'm going to get some sun,” she said. “How long will those take?”

“Fifteen minutes after I put them on, depending. A little less. But I'll wait for Zack to get here.”

“Okay.” She pecked him on the cheek. She felt his eyes on her the whole way out.

She took a towel and walked out the back sliding door. There was enough area free of the encroaching and over-grown plants around his house to have a table, chairs, and permanent grill. A path led through the vegetation and dunes to the beach. The nearest person was several properties away and she couldn't make out their faces.

She laid out the blanket far enough up the beach that a walker along the shore wouldn't be too close. She was a good fifty or more paces from the surf.

The breeze blew through her dark hair and soothed her. Laying down, she stretched out and let the sun soak in – without sunscreen.

A little Vitamin D won't hurt, as long as I don't burn.

She relaxed. The sensation that washed over her was deep. She began to feel as if she was floating. The sun heated her skin while the breeze kept her almost cool.

Her thoughts drifted to Chuck. Mister Charles Cooper, salesman, decent man, and so sexy-yummy. Her eyes closed, she smiled in thought. Just a month ago she had been so afraid of talking to him. Now that she had and that she could, she never wanted it to end. But she wanted even more. She wanted to wake up to him every morning and feel him breathing. She wanted to feel the warmth of his skin. She even wanted to jack his cock so Lynne could see, but every day, until they grew old together.

Her hand found its way down to her bikini bottoms. Looking to the side where the neighbors were, she saw they were lower and looking out to the water. They wouldn't see if she...

Her fingers dipped down inside her bottoms and found her clit. It was engorged. Slowly she rubbed. Then she rubbed down and found the lake of fluids held just inside her hole.

Wow, I'm wet. I need Chuck's cock.

She brought her fingers back up and ran circles around her hood. She moaned and went faster.

Feels so good.

“Do you need any help, Karen?”

Her eyes flew open and she yanked her hand out in a panic.

But she had been lying on her back. The sun flooded her eyes and blinded her. She struggled up, chest heaving, as she squinted and tried to see. “What?”

“I could help with that if you want, sexy,” Zack said.

“What? No--”

“Are you sure--”

“No!” She grabbed up her towel and ran back up the slope.

“I wasn't going to bite you,” he called after her. “Well, maybe.”

She was so very red with embarrassment.

She ran up to the house, as if fleeing rabid dogs. The smell of cooking steak drifted through her nose. She panted, panicked.

“You okay? I sent Zack down for you--”

Her look must have made him stop.

“Oh, hey.” He reached out and slowly took her into a hug. “Are you alright? Where's Zack?”

“I... uh--”

“Is everything okay?”

She flushed even redder. “He, uh...”

“What, spit it out. Did he say something? What's wrong?”

She looked up into his earnest eyes and took a breath. “I was thinking of you and had my hand doing something... and he found me like that.”

He laughed. It was that fast, low laugh of mirth and amusement.

She slapped his arm.

“So you were playing with yourself and Zack saw?”

“Yes!” She was panicked.

“Did he have his cock out?”

“Huh? What?”

“Well, if you were giving him a show, was he giving you a show?”

“I wasn't giving him a show.”

“So he had his cock out?”

She felt even more blood rush to her face. This was not good. “No!”

She clung to him, desperate, shamed with being discovered.

“Hey, it's okay,” he said. “No harm done.”

“How embarrassing.”

“You mean like when you continued to jack and suck me as Lynne looked on that first time? I was mortified.”

She looked up at him. “You were?” She had never thought he might have been embarrassed. “I'm so sorry.”

“No, don't apologize. I rather like her watching you jack me now.”

She giggled. “So you were embarrassed?”

“Yes, at first. That first time she saw us.”

“And what changed?”

“She's part of it.”

“What? What do you mean?”

He shrugged. “She's a part of the whole scene, as if without her it would be as good as it is, but different.”

“Oh?” She relaxed into his arms and reached a hand down to his shorts. His package was semi-erect. “You know she's fingering herself as she watches us.”

“Yes.”

His shaft hardened in her grasp.

“You know she watches each squirt when you cum--”

“Yes.”

His cock suddenly was fully hard and engorged.

“Do you like her seeing you cum?”

“Mmm, yes.”

She massaged his erection through his shorts, slowly. Then his hand found its way down her bottoms.

“Wow, you're wet.”

A finger found her hole and hooked up into it. She quivered and stood on her tiptoes towards him.

“Mmm,” she said.

“Was it talk of you jacking while Lynne watches?”

She giggled.

“Or was it that Zack saw you fingering your pussy?”

She gasped.

His fingers rubbed up and down her clit.

You bastard.

“Did you like Zack seeing you play with yourself?”

Sensations flooded through her pussy and the ache made her groan.

“Were you hoping to see his cock?”

“No!” She felt herself redden again. She had been relaxing.

“What if he had been stroking it when you looked?”

She gasped again. Her body quivered.

“Would you have wanted to watch him stroke his cock for you?”

Her pussy exploded in ache and desire. She grunted.

“Mmm, I think your pussy would have liked seeing him stroke his cock.”

Her hips bucked on their own. She was out of control.

“Would you have liked it if he was stroking his cock for you?”

“Yes!” Her whisper was lusty and fierce. Her hand felt his full erection. “You wanted him to stroke his cock for me?”

He groaned and his cock twitched several times. “You're wicked.”

“And you're worse,” she said.

They heard Zack approach and they separated.

A grin was on his face, sleek and devious. "I hope I didn't interrupt anything."

"No," she said. "You didn't."

"Ah, well, too bad."

"Maybe I can invite Audrey next time so you have something to chase?"

He smiled and nodded. "I remember her. Nice gal."

"Then next time," Chuck said. "She's invited."

Hoping to get off the subject of masturbation and being caught, she said to Zack, "Let's get the drinks out, shall we?"

"Already trying to get me drunk to take advantage of me?"

Chuck whacked his arm with the spatula, but his grin only got bigger.

She laughed. "Sure, let's get sloshed."

Chuck served up the platter of steaks. Karen and Zack were in the living room, talking it up and laughing. Feeling sentimental, he hurried to his room and grabbed his digital camera.

They were both laughing at something when he returned. He clicked a picture.

"You just don't stop," she said.

"Nope," Zack said.

He clicked a picture when she hit him with a cushion and he clicked one when he grabbed her and pulled her down onto the couch and onto his lap. His cock twitched and swelled. She was across his lap, giggling, her crotch over his.

She's feeling his cock down there.

He almost groaned.

They were half this side of trashed.

He wrestled her over his lap so that her butt was up in the air. His hand came down in a hard slap, but not too hard. She squealed and struggled up.

And then they kissed. He wasn't expecting it, and from their looks, neither were they. It wasn't passionate and full of love, but sensual and full of lust. His cock hardened all the way, throbbing and straining at his shorts. He clicked a picture. It would be one he treasured forever.

The electronic sound broke their kiss and Karen struggled to get up, giggling. They both came to the table and sat, still laughing.

He sat, his cock hidden. He pulled aside his shorts and started masturbating while they served themselves steak. He looked at her and felt an intense pleasure as he thought of her and stroked his shaft. He was feeling thoughts and desires alien to him.

He dreaded her leaving when she was over.

He felt lost when he left her place.

It was then, with a piece of medium rare grass-fed steak on the way to his mouth, that he realized he wanted her. All the time – and never wanted to be without her. Her foot nudged his leg under the table and he quickly tugged his shorts over his erection.

Karen leaned over her plate. “This is fantastic steak.”

Her black accented dark eyes were a wonderful mystery to him, all full of allure and seduction. No wonder Zack liked her.

He began to form in his mind a plan.

Oh man, am I trashed, thought Karen. Did I really kiss Zack in front of Chuck?

The steak was fantastic. Cooked right and juicy, she wondered how these men stayed fit.

Zack's hand strayed into her lap. She reached down and slapped his hand. It withdrew.

She smiled at her love, Chuck, and he beamed back at her. Her foot was winding its way up his leg.

Zack's hand was back.

Great.

She didn't want to make a scene though, so she waited until Chuck seemed preoccupied and then slapped Zack's hand.

The bastard snickered.

She shifted a little closer to Chuck.

Zack shifted a little to follow.

She felt his hand again, landing on her thigh, drifting higher toward her pussy.

She leaned heavily toward Chuck, trying to get away from Zack. "So, where did you learn to cook?"

Chuck smiled. He was a decent cook with a grill or frying pan. But he couldn't bake mudcakes even if supervised.

Was Zack trying to get flirty with her under the table?

She kept slapping where he couldn't see and kept moving away. His friend would follow.

Chuck might have normally overturned the table and roared a mighty warrior challenge of rage and berserk jealousy, ripping out the throat of the infidel who dared look at his owned woman, but he wasn't that primitive and certainly knew his friend knew better.

Zack was Zack. He would flirt and tease, but he would never settle down. If he kissed Karen, it was nothing to him but fun. If he touched her leg, it was nothing but teasing. If he reached up and stroked her pussy... His cock twitched twice and swelled.

Zack appeared to reach again.

She didn't know what to do. She had moved as close to Chuck as she could, but his friend kept placing his hand on her leg. Maybe that wasn't so bad, but then he would start sliding it up toward a hot and wet area where maybe he shouldn't be.

Chuck leaned to her and kissed her ear. Shivers traveled through her as Zack's hand reached her crotch.

She clamped her legs shut and ended up not blocking anything but trapping his hand there. His fingers began a slow move against the fabric of her bikini bottoms that rubbed her lips and clit.

This is nasty.

Her hips arced and she opened her legs.

No! She didn't want to.

But they opened on their own.

This alcohol isn't helping me think.

Then his fingers were directly rubbing her clit with only the thin fabric between his fingers and her skin. Her legs opened more. She moaned and covered it with a bite of steak.

Zack's fingers felt good. They felt nasty. They felt wonderful. But then they did something she couldn't excuse. Hooking his fingers, he edged past the seam of her bikini bottoms and suddenly his fingers were exploring and touching parts of her that she reserved for Chuck.

She gasped.

Her hips thrust toward his hand as she clamped her legs shut once again.

His hand trapped, Zack thrust his finger into her and began fucking her with his hand.

Her head swam.

What am I supposed to do?

Chuck stroked her arm and the side of her head.

Has Zack stuck his fingers in her? The tablecloth obscured his view of their laps.

She acted like something secret was going on.

Her body quivered and shook and not to his touches, though he knew she did when it happened.

She must be afraid.

He stroked her more.

Don't be afraid, my love.

It was then he realized he loved her.

Karen tried to restrain herself. Her pussy was being explored by Zack while her love stroked her arm. The problem was, he didn't know. Did she risk upsetting Chuck? Would it destroy his friendship with Zack?

The pleasures rippling through her were sharp, but short.

“Maybe I could use your help for a moment in the kitchen, Karen?” Chuck said to her.

With great relief, she answered, “Okay.”

“And leave me out here all alone?” Zack said. He pouted.

“You'll survive,” Chuck said.

In the kitchen, he brought out some ice and set it in a bucket.

“Getting a little turned on out there?” he said.

“What? Me?”

He moved in close and wrapped her in a hug from behind. “Yes, you.”

“What do you mean?” She sounded nervous.

“Was Zack fingering your pussy?”

“No--”

“What?”

“Well--”

“Well?”

“He tried--”

Chuck laughed low. “You act like he had his finger all the way up there.”

She moaned and her body quivered. “But I want you.”

“So he had his finger up there?” His own hand reached around and fingered the very hot juncture of her legs.

“Yes.”

“Mmm.” He pressed his cock against her from behind. “Did it feel good?”

“I wanted your hand--”

“Did it feel good?”

“Yes,” she said. Her sigh as she melted affirmed her answer.

He dipped his hands into her bikini bottoms and explored her heat. “Very nice. All hot and sopping. Did his fingers make you wet?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like it?”

“I don't know.”

“What if he puts his fingers back down there when we go back to the table?”

She moaned, low and long, her body quivering. Turning to him, she thrust her hand and gripped his erection. “It felt good but I wanted you, is that bad?”

It was his turn to quiver. “No.”

“Do you want him to finger me?”

“Mmm,” he said. His cock twitched.

She reached into his shorts and stroked his shaft. “What if I like it?”

He gasped and his cock swelled.

“Do you want me to cum on his finger?”

Lust overwhelmed him. “Yes.”

She stroked him slowly as his answer dawned on her. “Do you want him to like it?”

“Yes,” he said, he pumped his hips.

“What if I touched his cock?”

His eyes flew open and he had to pull himself away from her. He had almost cum. His laugh was nervous and relieved.

“Oh, I see.”

“What?” he said.

She leaned in close and stroked his cock through his shorts. “What if I touched his cock through his shorts, like this?”

“I think you've already done that.”

“But not with my hand. Like this.”

He groaned. His cock was ready to burst.

“If I touched his shorts, like this, would you like that?”

He groaned again. “Yes.”

“What if he likes it?”

He almost came again. He pulled away. His head swam. When she moved back up to him, he thrust out his hand and clutched her pussy through her bikini.

“What if you reach over there and feel not his shorts, but his actual cock?”

“Oh, you are very nasty.”

“Well? Would you like it?”

“Mmm, yes. And if I touched and stroked his shaft, would you like that?”

He almost came. It is a wonder he didn't.

“Yes,” she said, “you like that, don't you?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want me to like his finger on my clit?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want me to like touching his cock?”

“Oh, yes.”

“What else do you want?”

“If it sticks out and you touch it, I want you to jack his cock.”

“You do?”

“Yes.”

She rubbed his bulge again, but he fended off her hand.

“You mean it?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I don't expect to be searching out his cock anytime soon.”

He laughed. “Are you staying the night?”

“Well, I'm not going home with him!” she whispered.

He slapped her butt and sent her squealing back into the dining room.

The ocean breeze blew in, and the smell of steak wafted around the room.

She sat back down at her place and picked up her utensils. Before she could even begin finishing the fabulous steak, Zack's hand was on her thigh. She opened her legs.

Reaching under the table she snaked a hand up Chuck's leg and fondled his bulge there.

Poor thing, she thought. All tortured and no place to go. She felt Zack's fingers move up her leg to her pussy. Using her hand in a gesture that was obvious, even hidden by the table, she pulled her bikini aside. Then she went back to Chuck's cock. Zack's fingers found her pussy. They found her wet heat. They plunged inside and she moaned.

She gripped Chuck's swelling cock through his shorts and hung on as his friend explored her pussy with his fingers. She was so wet she started hearing wet sounds from the movement of his fingers inside her.

She unzipped Chuck with her hand and fished out his erection. She stroked his rapidly expanding shaft. Three strokes, and he was fully erect. She jacked him, unseen by Zack. His cock throbbed in her hand. She kept a grip on him as she leaned slowly toward Zack. Her other hand snaked over to his leg. Sliding up, she felt his bursting erection through his shorts. She slid her hand a little, back and forth. She was the only one of the three knowing all that was going on.

Her moan shook her out of her reverie.

“Well, let me help you clean up,” Zack said. He pulled away.

Chuck nodded, but wasn't ready to get up yet. Karen had a death grip on his erection and it was solid and huge.

Zack stood up and gathered some plates. His cock made a very large bulge in his shorts that he did not try to hide.

Adjusting her bikini, Karen rose also.

Chuck fumbled at his shorts. “I'll join you in a minute. Need to use the bathroom.”

Karen grabbed a few plates and carried them to the kitchen. She figured there were certain foods he would want to save and others, not. Scrounging through the kitchen, she placed the leftovers in a bowl and placed them in the fridge. They would make a great stir-fry later.

Taking the used bowls to the sink, she began rinsing.

Coming up behind her was Zack.

She grew wet, or more wet.

Yanking down her bikini bottoms, he knelt and began gently inserting three of his fingers up her pussy in a fucking motion.

She gripped the edge of the counter and bit off a groan. It felt... very good.

Chuck came out of the bathroom and padded toward the kitchen. Expecting light foreplay, he was surprised to see Zack down behind Karen with his fingers stuffed up her beautiful hole. She was leaned forward, over the sink, enjoying the attention.

His cock twitched and grew erect. They hadn't seen him so he watched for a moment. Zack's fingers fucked Karen and her hips responded lustily. In and out his fingers went and she pushed her hips back against his manual stimulation.

He pulled his own cock out and began stroking it up and down its shaft. She was beautiful. She was wonderful. Her pussy was fantastic. And her innermost secrets were being debauched by his friend. His cock reached full erection. He jacked in time to his friend's fingers.

He saw Zack reach down and move aside his shorts. His arm made movements like he was jacking his own dick.

Chuck stroked faster. His dick swelled bigger than he had ever seen.

Karen started gasping, her hips gyrating.

Zack began to stand, moving toward her while jacking his erection.

Well, it's time.

He stepped back behind the hall wall and tucked his erection back into his shorts. He said, "I hope my kitchen is clean."

Coming around the corner, he saw Zack trying to adjust his shorts while Karen was still pulling her bikini bottoms back over her pussy. She took her time.

What an awfully wicked woman.

She gazed at him with her dark eyes and smiled.

His cock threatened to tear his shorts.

In a whirlwind of sensations, Karen was glad when Zack was gone and it was

just her and Chuck.

She didn't want to have Chuck think she was just a fuck-bag to pass around. But he really appeared to like it when talk turned to Zack. Or their voyeuristic relationship with Lynne. While it titillated her to have Zack pay attention to her, she only wanted Chuck.

He didn't waste much time on cleanup.

“That can wait.”

“What?”

His smile was all lust and sex. He grabbed her and lifted her, cradling her as he strode to the bedroom. He threw her down on the bed. Pulling on a leg, he flipped her over onto her stomach and ripped down her bikini bottoms. Suddenly a solid slap to her butt-cheek flared.

She yelped.

“That's for being a tease.”

“But I thought you wanted me to tease him?”

He flipped her back over and pulled her to the edge of the bed. He said nothing.

He spread her legs and knelt down. The touch of his tongue on her aroused clit brought a loud gasp of pleasure from her. She gripped his head as he tongued her. “Is this where he fingered you?”

“Yes.”

“Did it feel good?”

“Yes.”

“Did he stick his finger up into you?”

She moaned.

How do I answer?

He licked some more. She was so very close and approaching fast. “Did his finger do this?”

He thrust it into her slowly.

The room spun. Her mind drifted and fell. Her limbs tensed and then the agony and pleasure of an orgasm constantly teased was released. Everything vibrated. Her breathing was difficult, labored. Her body bucked.

And she wanted him. She looked up, wanting to grab him and pull him in.

He was tearing off his clothes, his eyes smoldering and locked onto hers. His cock was rigid and at attention. It looked painfully erect.

Almost diving onto the bed, he moved her back roughly and speared his cock into her with one strong thrust. She cried out in pleasure at the sudden invasion. He drove into her all the way. Right away, he dropped down to kiss her. She couldn't catch her breath.

She wanted this. She was consumed by him mentally and physically. She had wanted this for years and each time they had sex it was an avalanche of fulfillment. But something was still missing. Something still incomplete.

Today was even more passionate than the other times. But all the other times were good, too.

He held himself in her, throbbing, his manhood swollen more than normal. His kisses were tender.

She wanted to float away and die on a cloud of pleasure.

Chuck leaned up on her and looked down at his swollen cock plunging in and out of her pussy. But he couldn't look at that for more than a couple of thrusts before he was in danger of blowing his load. He looked back up at her beautiful face, rapt with pleasure. Her gasps were beautiful. Her teeth be-hind parted lips were beautiful. Her glazed-in-pleasure eyes were beautiful

I love this woman.

And it was simple as that. Clicking in his mind like a light bulb coming on, he knew. What he had tried not to bother thinking about before was so very obvious now.

“I love you,” he said. Then his dam broke. He could hold it back no more. Pumping deep, gush after gush of sperm erupted from his cock and deep into her womb.

His head swam. His vision blurred. His lungs constricted. Finally he collapsed on her. She was crying.

Panicked, he leaned up. “Did I hurt you?”

She shook her head and wiped her eyes. “No, silly. I love you, too.” And the tears flowed heavier than before.

She twirled the hairs on his chest as they lay there, long after calming down from the mind-blowing sex and professions of love.

“Erm,” she said.

“Hmm?”

“I, uh, think I kissed Zack.”

“On the couch, yes. I got a picture of it.”

“I'm sorry--”

“For what?”

“For kissing him.”

He chuckled. “Do you love him?”

“No!”

“Well then, it was just a drunken kiss.”

“But--”

“I'm not going to sit here and blame you when I've been happy to see you two getting along so well.”

“I would never have let him finger me if I wasn't so trashed--”

“So I have to get you trashed every time he's around?”

“No--”

“You didn't like him fingering you?”

She growled at him, but she saw his cock twitch.

Fine, two can play that game.

She gripped his dick and started stroking. “Did you like him fingering the woman you love?”

“Well, wait a minute now--”

“Well?”

“Yes, but he's special.”

“Special how?”

“We're best friends, but more than that. It's like we complement each other.”

She kept stroking.

He grunted. “I wouldn't want anyone touching you, otherwise.”

That made her smile.

Good.

She kept stroking. “So you like him touching me?”

“It's not as simple as that.”

“Isn't it?”

“Okay then, the simple answer is yes.” His cock was once again hard.

“And the not so simple answer?”

“You are so beautiful, that I want him to see it--”

“I'm sure his eyes work.”

“--and you're so sexy I want him to experience that, too.”

“So, you want him to fuck me?”

“I didn't say that.” But his cock throbbed and strained.

“I'm not just some--”

“Don't even say it, whatever it is. You aren't just something to me. You're special.”

“And you want me to try to be special for him, too?”

“No.”

Her hand stopped stroking.

Huh?

“I thought you were trying to convince me to--”

“No. Only if you want to.”

“Me?”

“Mmm hmm. You. I love you and your needs and desires share equal space with mine. I would never force you to do something you don't want to do using my love as coercion.”

She nodded. She would need to think that one over. But she was relieved. “Well, with you I make love. I don't know that I can do that with him.”

“You know he was about to stick his cock in you when I came into the kitchen?”

“What? He was?”

“Looked like it. I was watching for a little bit.”

She stroked harder. “Oh, I see.”

“But otherwise, he is special to me, you are special to me, and if you were special to him because you wanted to be, then you get what I mean.”

“Can I enjoy your cock while I think about it?”

“Well, of course.” He smiled.

With that, she climbed over him and settled down on his shaft. The fullness was just right and it felt wonderful.

“Take your top off this time.”

“You like my small breasts? They're almost flat.”

“They're wonderful.”

She shrugged out of the bikini top and let his hands roam gently over boobs not much larger than fried eggs. Her nipples stood out, painfully.

She rode him to a second orgasm and they both passed out asleep.

CHAPTER 8

Ed sneered at the chica huddled over her work. Soon she would be his.

Then he would fuck her, slap her, and maybe keep her tied up for a while. A few beatings might do wonders.

I'll need to get rid of the kid, first. The young boy in his back room would have to go. But he could get another after he tired of beating and fucking Juanita.

“Hello, there,” he said.

“Buzz off, sicko.”

“That mouth of yours is going to cause you a lot of grief someday.”

Surprising him, she shot out of her chair and leaped for him. “Chingate!”

The woman was mad and people came running. She had him down on the floor where he struggled to get up. She clawed at his face.

“Don't you ever threaten me!” Her yell echoed through the office.

Hands pulled her off.

Raymond was there, coffee cup showing to all. “Yeah--” he said. But he didn't finish. Ed was not under Raymond's supervision.

Juanita was pulled away, her teeth gritted in anger, her limbs flailing to get back to him and her hair in wild disarray. Her eyes blazed in a fierce hatred.

Finally, knowing she wasn't going to get away and attack him some more, she sneered at him and spit.

Oh, I am very much going to enjoy beating her. Beating her badly. Her screams would fill his memories with warm thoughts for years.

“Ed,” Brad said. He had come out of the executive offices. “A moment when you think you can compose yourself.”

Ed shot a look of pure and vile hatred at Juanita.

Standing and straightening himself, he walked into the executive office wing. Following Brad into his office, he sat down.

That bitch will be mine.

Brad walked around his desk and sat in his chair.

Fuck you, prick.

“Ed, I'd like to discuss your recent sales figures.”

Eat shit. “Yes?”

“You haven't pulled in a single new account in over two months.”

How about I take a shit on your report? He was silent.

“Is there anything I should know? Something going on at home?”

Yeah, the little fuck I kidnapped doesn't satisfy me any-more. “Things are slowing down. No new places--”

Brad nonchalantly pulled a sheet from a stack. “According to the Construction Finishing Reports, three new buildings were completed--”

“Yes, I know. Fermco got them.”

“All three?”

He glared at Brad.

The personnel officer sat back. “Ed, you're our star salesman. No one has ever produced what you have.”

Then fuck off.

“But your recent figures...”

Blah blah blah.

He would need to do something. Something drastic.

Karen kicked her feet as she laid on her couch talking to Audrey on the phone.

“Can you believe it?”

“Of course I can, it was obvious you two were in love before he asked you out.”

“Oh, and he says the next time we have a barbecue, you are invited.”

“Oh, good!”

“How's Darlene?”

The phone got silent. “Not too good. She isn't expected to last more than a couple weeks, at most.”

Hmm, so a management position would be opening that would have been mine.

“What's the rumor about the management spot?”

“Anna. Like you suggested to them.”

She felt good for Anna. She was good and deserved it. But the position would have been hers. Management, earned on her own without having to use someone else's bad programming to advance, as in her current position.

The difference between the two bothered her. Easy or earned?

Her phone call ended with Audrey's promise she would be at the next Cooper barbecue, whenever it was.

Her business days were spent analyzing reports from her mock account and repeating the step-by-step process of a typical salesman. She found that it wasn't just the program that was archaic but the idea behind the operations.

Mister Russel had designed the program himself. He was something of a whiz

back in the 1980s. But computers had advanced so far that his program was just too old to keep up. Back then, much of what went on in the corporate world was kept as hardfiles in file cabinets in dark and dusty rooms.

Computer storage was little used. She could see the influence of file cabinets with the design of this old system. Mister Russel still lived in the day when some things were done on the computer and some things done by physical files. He was lost in the transition, trying to hold onto an edge he had claimed that had long since passed him by.

This was not to his discredit. But the system had to change and this was her dilemma.

Did she flatter her boss and assure her position? Or did she recommend something simple that cost a lot of money?

Not knowing which direction to choose, she pursued both.

It was the right thing to do, but she didn't know it yet.

Karen stroked his cock while Lynne looked on.

Suddenly, the woman waved and the look on her face said more than necessary.

Chuck tucked his cock back in and she picked up a sales binder just as Raymond leaned against the cubicle opening.

“Yeah, so we're going to go ahead and schedule Saturday hours...”

She rolled her eyes.

Chuck sighed. “Only the mom-and-pops are going to take calls then.”

“Yeah, well, you can catch up on your reports then, m'kay? Good.”

He walked away, his coffee cup held high as if to take a drink, before either could give any kind of input.

While Karen might be able to use the time, she doubted Chuck would accomplish much.

But, they were on salary.

When are Sundays going to be on the agenda?

She was sure mister Jonathan Almighty Russel didn't have to come in on Saturdays.

After three grueling weeks of work, Chuck was ready for a break. The only thing in his life that kept him going was Karen. Beautiful Karen. Her sexy eyes, her sexy lips, her sexy talk, her sexy breasts, her sexy... He realized he was fantasizing once again.

Saturday, bleh.

He punched a number and talked into his headset. Any-one listening to just his side of the phone call might have been impressed.

“Hi, Steve! Charles from TCI...”

“Yes...”

“And you?”

“Good...”

“Yes, they have us working some extra hours hoping we could--”

“Well, I wouldn't mind a little sun right now—”

“That's right.”

“How's your tool stock doing at the moment?”

“Oh?”

“Anything I can get you?”

“Lemme bring up the screen. How's the wife?”

“Good, good. Now, what can I fill for you today?”

Surprisingly enough, Saturday sales were substantial enough to warrant the time.

But he would never admit it. They would figure it out anyway. He didn't want to sound as if he would support a further expansion into Sunday...

Was it because the customers were in a weekend mood? Was it because by Monday they were so burned on the routine that they didn't want to spend more on stock even if they needed it?

He couldn't say his results were spectacular, but his sales picked up noticeably.

He dialed.

“Zack,” his friend said.

“Hey, bud,” Chuck said.

“Oh, hey.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Sure, that would be great.”

“See you then.”

“Sure thing, bye.”

He pressed the com-button. “Karen.”

“Yes?” After a second. Even electronically, she sounded beautiful and sexy.

“Tomorrow, barbecue. Make sure Audrey gets an invite?”

A pause. Then, “Absolutely.” She sounded relieved. He heard the sound of a kiss, then the click of a terminated com transmission.

His plans were on the road to fulfillment. He was about to wreck her life.

CHAPTER 9

Chuck opened the door to Zack. “You're early.”

“What? Expected Karen? I can put my hair in pigtails for you--”

Chuck punched him in the arm.

On the driveway, Karen's Volkswagen drove in and parked.

“Did you tell her to wear a bikini?”

He shooed his friend inside.

Climbing out of her car and approaching were Karen and Audrey.

He smiled at both.

“Hello, love,” she said. She leaned up and kissed him – a quick demonstration of affection.

“Hi, Mister Cooper,” said Audrey. She seemed stiff.

Having been once a former customer, she seemed to be stuck in the customer-employee relationship.

“Relax, Audrey, and welcome. Try to grab a drink before Zack gets it all.” His grin melted her distance.

“I heard that,” Zack said from inside the house.

Steaks were placed on the grill by a nervous Chuck. He didn't know how to proceed. What do I do? Act suave, or try to act suave?

Zack swirled the brandy in his glass. “So what's the occasion?”

Chuck studied his friend.

The shorter man swirled his drink until a little splashed onto Audrey. Then his hands were all over her trying to dry it off... or make her wet.

“Our sales are up.”

“Well, they are, yes,” he said. His hands rubbed down her leg to dry off the imagined spill.

She giggled and turned red.

Karen looked relieved that Zack turned his interest to Audrey. That hurt his feelings a little, but not much.

Was it time?

Not yet.

He put the steaks on and ran through his mind. Is this right? Is this the right thing to do? Would it devastate Karen? Would she never want to see me again?

What would any woman do faced with such a dramatic and catastrophic declaration?

Would she totally reject me for what I am and what I say? Would she be able to get over it? But he knew what he had to do and if it meant she had to deal with it, then so be it. He felt what he was about to do was right. His whole single life cried out for this declaration. It wouldn't hurt her that bad, would it? Or would she be relieved?

Audrey and his friend wrestled, trying to tickle each other.

The steaks cooked to completion. “Dinner,” he called.

Forking each steak over, he resolved to declare his feelings no matter how much hurt it caused.

She may never want to see me again.

He carried the platter into the dining area. The moment of doom approached.

Will I be able to live with myself after this? Will she? Will Zack hate me?

He had to do what he had to do. If a woman couldn't understand that, then so be it. He had lived almost forty years as a male. He knew what it was to be male. He knew what it was to think like a male. Far be it from any woman to think he was incapable of making prudent decisions as a male.

He forked the steaks based on time to those who wanted medium or rare. He gave a stone-faced look to Karen. She looked back at him, quizzically, innocent, not wanting to be hurt.

It is time, whether she thinks she's ready or not.

“Friends,” he said. The tears built in his eyes as he stood on the precipice of doom. “I have an announcement.”

“Will this take long?” Zack said.

“No, but it may spoil things.”

Zack smirked. “Is Ed coming?”

“No.”

“Then how can it spoil things?”

“Well, certain ones might have come to expect certain things--”

Zack glared. “Oh no...”

“Tonight I will disabuse that person of all notions she might expect.”

Zack dropped his fork. He shook his head. “Not again--”

“I'm doing it.” He glared at him.

His friend shook his head but threw up his arms.

Karen and Audrey were sharing looks. Confused looks.

“Karen,” he said.

Everyone looked to him.

“You professed your love to me and I cannot accept it.”

Her eyes grew big.

“This cannot go on.”

Zack threw his napkin in the air.

Tears formed in Karen's eyes.

“I have never been one to commit.”

The sound of Zack smacking his forehead was loud.

“So I know that this can't continue.”

Zack groaned in pain.

Tears welled and rolled freely down Karen's cheeks.

And his heart crushed in on itself that he could not finish what he was going to say – fast enough. If he was going to totally crush her, he would need to get it over with.

“What are you saying here?” Karen said. Her whole body trembled.

He looked down into her eyes. “I know this can't continue, so it has to end.”

“No...”

Her whimper drove nails into his heart. Best to get this over with now, before it gets worse.

“Please,” she said.

He dropped to his knees and grasped her pleading hands. “I know you think you want me, but--”

“Please don't.” She wept.

“Karen, I am nothing. You are so much more.”

Zack tried to hide his face, shaking his head.

“Please don't dump me.”

“No, my love. You are everything I want. Everything I need. I want you in my life, forever. Will you marry me?”

“Whuh--”

“Yes!” Zack was all smiles.

Audrey looked confused.

“Marry me, my love. Leave it all behind and come to me. Be mine.”

She slapped him, hard. The slap echoed. His vision blurred.

Everyone froze.

“That's going to leave a print,” Zack said.

Karen's wail was shaky. “How dare you frighten me into thinking you were dumping me!”

“Dump you? Never.” He clutched her hand.

“I thought he was going to dump her, too. It's what he used to do to all the girls.” Zack leaned over to Audrey. “Hopefully the handprint is permanent.”

Karen leaned over, as if melting, and hugged his head. “Yes, my love.”

“What? You will marry me?” He wanted to hear it again.

“Yes, I will marry you, you jerk.” Her grasp transmitted all the love he needed to know.

Chuck held up his glass to Zack.

“You had me worried there,” his friend said.

“Why?”

“Because I thought you were giving her the infamous Chuck-dump, plastic-wrapped and tagged.”

He laughed.

“I never thought you would settle down,” Zack said.

“Neither did I, my friend.”

“I hope you don't think my playing--”

“Shut up,” Chuck said. He winked at him.

Zack shook his head and then nodded. “I want you to be happy.”

“I will be. I am now.”

“And I'm not a problem?”

Chuck wrapped Zack in a friendly hug. “You dumb-shit.”

“Gee, thanks.”

“I want you to be my best man.”

“No way.”

“No kidding.”

“I'd be honored.”

Chuck could see that he meant it. “Then it's settled.”

Karen wept into Audrey's arms.

Her friend stroked her hair. “Are you okay?”

“I don't know.”

“Aww, what was wrong with his proposal?”

She burst forth with new and fresher tears.

“I thought it was nice,” Audrey said.

Karen sniffed, trying to regain control.

“Should we leave?”

“No!” Karen said.

“How can I help?”

“Oh, Audrey, I don't know.”

“Do you want me to tell hm you changed your mind?”

“Never!”

“Aww, girl, are you not wanting to--”

“No,” she said. “I just never had anyone love me like he has.”

Audrey's hug was tight and fierce.

Ed sneered at Chuck. The piece of shit had his due coming. Thinking he could hoard all those sales to himself.

Granted, Ed's normal sales would have easily outstripped Chuck's any quarter of the year. But Ed was just suffering a small lapse. Surely.

Meanwhile, Chuck laughed his residuals all the way to the bank. Fine. Residuals were nothing. A mere percentage. Ed's New Sales percentages meant the difference between the E-Class and the S-Class – three times over. Or more.

Residuals meant deciding whether or not to buy double pepperoni on a pizza.

New Sales meant deciding on the leather option for his luxury car.

“Sales are thus up for the fiscal quarter,” Chuck finished.

“Very good, Mister Cooper,” said Jonathan Russel. “And you, Mister Campbell?”

Zack stood. “As you can see here,” he pointed to the overhead projector display on the white screen, “sales are up two percent with the inclusion of Saturday sales calls.”

“Good, good--”

“Of course,” Zack said, “you would have to consider whether the time and money spent on that two percent is worth it.”

Ed didn't care. His type of clients operated Monday through Friday. Weekends were for the peons, like Zack and Charles.

“Of course,” Russel said. “Is this sustainable?”

Zack shook his head and squeezed the bridge of his nose. “Yes, it is mostly sustainable--”

“Then it's settled. Six day workweeks.”

Zack slapped his hand to his face and slid it down as if to wipe dung from it.

“Sir,” Chuck tried.

“No, it is settled.”

Both Zack and Charles threw up their hands.

Ed laughed out loud.

Stares of hatred and promise flew about the room.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” Audrey asked her as she adjusted her veil.

Karen glared at her friend. “What kind of fool would I be to back out of this?”

“Pretty stupid.”

“Right, so.”

Audrey frowned. “But is it right for you?”

“It is,” she said. She turned to Audrey. “There is nothing more important in my life than this moment. I want it.”

Audrey laughed. “Are you sure?”

Karen nodded. This was her destiny.

It was a small but modern church. Lots of glass and wood and air. Plants ran along the windows and more plants were outside. There was no huge crucifix up by the altar and in fact there was no altar. A raised dais with a podium and microphone was the focus of worship and behind was an image of a dove in flight with an olive branch in its beak.

Her wedding dress was white, mid-thigh, and high on the neck. A simple little white cap held the veil. Her mother's pearls were on her neck.

She followed Audrey out and into the worship hall. Chuck was there, with the pastor and Zack. They had their two witnesses and they wanted it private and small.

She came up to stand next to Chuck.

Zack winked at her.

Her heart beat rapidly at what was about to happen, but the pastor knew what to say. He had a fine voice and delivered a short marriage speech about how wonderful it was that God could bring together two people in so much love in today's world. He talked about the perfect demonstration of passion and commitment that was blessed by God.

As he said things and she listened, she relaxed.

This is it! I'm here!

She wanted to burst and jump around, singing. She restrained herself with a smile. She saw Chuck keep looking over at her, a smile of love on his face. He was beaming.

There has ever been a happier moment in my life.

And then her ring was being placed on her finger.

She felt proud and happy. She wanted to run outside and wave that ring around so everyone could see.

Then he was lifting her veil and kissing her.

Audrey cried, but it was a happy-for-her cry.

Walking outside with her hand in his, the sun never seemed brighter than it was right then. Everything sparkled. She hugged Chuck and dazzled him with her own sunshine.

“I ordered a catered dinner for our little reception at home,” he said. “Figured I could take a break from cooking.”

“It's about time we finally had a good meal at your place,” Zack said.

Chuck laughed and shook his friend's hand and wrapped him in a half hug.

Karen and Audrey embraced.

“I'm so happy for you,” her friend said. Tears threatened her eyes again.

“Thank you.”

“Hey, how about a hug for the best man?” Zack winked at her.

“Oh, sure.”

His hug was full, and he pressed himself against her. She could feel his cock press into her crotch. She had figured on a quick hug, but he held it for a few seconds. A small move of his hips had his bulge rubbing her clit through the

clothing and suddenly heat flamed within her.

Embarrassed, she broke the hug. She was blushing.

“Come here, Audrey,” he said.

Her friend hugged Zack in a friendly way, but he held that hug a few seconds longer, too.

“Nothing beats hugging beautiful women at a wedding,” he said. A lopsided and mischievous smile was on his face.

Chuck clapped him on the shoulder. “Let's go, you dog.”

“Woof,” he said. To Audrey: “Wanna pet me?”

She giggled.

Opening the door of the beach house - their beach house now - Chuck ushered in his friends. He was even beginning to get used to Audrey. He didn't keep very many, though Zack did. But Zack counted Chuck as his best friend and was always there for him at any time. Dinner? Zack was there. Drinks? Zack was there before him. Parties? Zack always invited Chuck and vice-versa.

Inseparable.

“Hey,” Zack said to the women. “You need my help getting out of those dresses?”

Both of them laughed. Audrey twinkled a look at him and Karen slapped his arm.

“You want my help, dear?” Chuck said to Karen.

She walked up and hugged him. “Sure. I'm just going to take off the extra stuff.”

He followed her into the bedroom and shut the door. They embraced and kissed, again, as man and wife. She hung on him and moaned happily.

“You seemed embarrassed when Zack hugged you? Is everything okay?”

“Oh, that.” She blushed.

He chuckled. “What's this about now?”

“He was excited when he hugged me.”

“You're pretty exciting to look at all dressed up like that.”

“Yes, well, he ground his bulge right on my clit--”

“Oh?” He felt himself harden.

“And I felt a flash of heat.” She reached her hand down and rubbed his growing manhood.

“Did it feel good?”

“Very.”

He moaned and moved against her hand.

“But it was a shock so I broke the hug.” She rubbed along the length of his cock through his pants. “You like hearing that?”

“Yes. What if he wants to hug you again?”

“I don't know, should I let him?”

“You can. But you are mine today and tonight.”

She smiled at him. “What if he rubs his cock against my clit through my dress again? Should I stop him?”

“Well, no. But I don't want your pussy touched unless you are clothed. I want you for myself tonight.”

“Oh? He can touch my pussy if I keep my clothes on?”

He moaned again.

“You want me to feel his cock against me?”

He gasped. “Yes, that's okay. Will you like it?”

“I don't know. Maybe. You want me touching your friend's cock?”

“Mmm, yes. That would be nice.”

“Maybe I will rub it with my hand and tease him.”

“Oh, yes, do that. Make him squirm.”

“I wonder if I could get Audrey to help?”

“Zack would like that. He might pull off his pants though. He's pretty forward.”

She smiled. “What if he does, should I leave?”

“No, you can stay, but no one touches your pussy.”

“Do you want me to help Audrey jack him?”

Her hand was squeezing his full erection in his pants. He almost came. “Yes, sure. You won't mind touching his cock?”

“Not with Audrey there, no.”

“You want to feel the skin of his cock in your fingers?”

“Mmm, sounds fun. Is it okay if I stroke it?”

“Yes.”

“Do you want to see me stroking your friend?”

“Yes,” he said. His breath was shaky. “You can kiss him, too.”

“What? His cock?”

He moaned and pulled her hand away, fast. “No, I meant his mouth.”

“Oh, duh.” She smiled. “You almost came thinking of me kissing his cock?”

“Yeah, that was crazy.”

“Crazy hot?”

He nodded.

She removed her veil. “Do you want me to?”

“What, kiss his cock?”

“Yes.”

“Mm, nasty. I guess that's okay.”

“You want to see my lips on his shaft?” She removed her pearls.

Chuck couldn't handle it. He shrugged out of his slacks and started stroking.

“Yes, that would be fine.”

She smiled at him when she saw him jacking himself. Kneeling in front of him, she said, “Like this?”

He groaned as her mouth descended over his throbbing shaft.

“If he wants me to suck him, should I?”

“Mmm, yes. Suck him.”

She ran her tongue around the head and winked at him.

What a nasty little woman.

She was his.

He changed into something more comfortable but stopped her before she left the room.

“What?” she said.

“Panties.” He held out his hand.

“Isn't that a little dangerous?”

“No. It will be more of a tease if he hugs you again.”

She laughed. “To him or me?” But she reached up under her short dress and removed them.

He kissed her lips and opened the bedroom door for her. Then he swatted her butt on the way out. “Behave.”

“Maybe I will be naughty and force you to spank me.”

He swatted her again.

Karen relished the remainder of the day. She belonged to Charles Cooper now and for the rest of her life. She would die happy knowing that she pleased him and he pleased her.

Zack had a drink in one hand and Audrey in the other. They seemed to fit well together in certain ways. She knew Zack never wanted to marry, but her friend also stated many times that after her own divorce, marriage would never be on the plate again.

They seemed to fit well together.

“Brandy?” he said to her.

“Let's try some rum.”

He raised his eyebrows. “Very good, madam, one coming right up.” He held out his pinky and sniffed up in the air.

She and her friend giggled.

“He can be naughty,” Audrey said.

“Don't I know it.”

“So you weren't exaggerating about--”

“No, in fact I didn't tell you everything.”

“What? No.”

She shrugged and smiled. “Some things are private, you know.”

“Does Chuck know?”

“Well, yes, and that's what I mean.”

“Oh, okay. And he's okay with the playing you two have done?”

She nodded. “They're best friends. He trusts Zack, I guess.”

“Nice.” She winked. “Being able to have two hunks pamper me would sound like a romance novel.”

“Just need a deserted island and two hunky billionaires who are always twenty-nine years old and go shirtless everywhere? Even when they pilot their private jet?”

Audrey laughed. “How many of those have you read?”

“Too many to count.”

“No, I wouldn't need billionaires. Just the attention would be nice.”

She can drool all she wants, but Chuck is mine.

“Here you go,” a tumbler of dark rum was pressed into her hand. “I hope I didn't miss out on anything exciting?”

“We were just talking about your cock,” she said.

“Yes, it is pretty exciting, isn't it? Wanna see?”

Both women cracked up.

“We're talking about Zack's cock again?” Chuck said. He joined them from the

kitchen.

His friend pouted. "I'm not showing you."

Audrey placed her hands on her hips. "If you don't show him, you can't show us."

"Where's the fun in that?" Zack said.

They moved out onto the patio and sat under the umbrellas.

"Hey, Audrey," Zack said.

"Hey."

"Wanna come to the stupid company event?"

"Sure."

Karen snorted. "What happened to tits and their blonde hair?"

"I couldn't keep track of the conversations."

Chuck chuckled. "Neither could we."

"There was conversation?" she said.

Zack wagged his finger at her.

One of Chuck's hands rested on her thigh. Then it began to move higher. No wonder he wanted my panties.

She opened her knees for him and let his fingers wander up to her naughty places. It felt delicious to be sitting here talking to friends while her husband slowly stroked her clit. Their view was fully blocked by the table.

"Yellowstone, was it, or Yosemite?" Audrey said. "I always get the two mixed up."

"One week in Yellowstone." She leaned happily up against Chuck. He began inserting his fingers. She was very wet from the talk earlier.

“Ed might see it as an opportunity,” Zack said.

“Let's not spoil the day with him,” Chuck said. His fingers fucked in and out of her pussy.

“Yeah, let's not. Sorry.”

“Bah, no worries. Maybe he'll get hit by a bus.”

Karen shuddered. She reached a foot up. Zack was next to Chuck. She ran her foot up her husband's leg and then reached further. She knew he could feel her foot sliding beyond him to Zack's leg. She felt her husband shift uncomfortably.

Erection problems again, huh?

Zack raised an eyebrow at her and then glanced at Chuck. Her husband raised an eyebrow back.

“You ever thought of moving?” Zack said to Chuck.

“No, whatever for?”

“Better job opportunities.”

Her foot stroked Zack's leg. He shifted uncomfortably, too. She smiled, smug.

“Nah, and leave this?”

“Yeah, your place is pretty posh.”

She placed a hand in her husband's lap. There was a tent in his pants. Removing her foot from Zack, she motioned to Audrey.

Her whisper was for her alone. “Zack seems a little bothered and uncomfortable. Maybe you can rub his little hurt.” She winked.

Audrey pursed a smile and looked shocked. But she settled back and moved closer to Zack. After a moment, he looked at her and shifted again.

“You're wicked.” Chuck's breath in her ear was wonderful.

She quietly worked on his pants and freed his erection. She slid her hand up and down his shaft, slow and gentle. Leaning, she whispered, "Audrey is stroking Zack right now."

His cock twitched.

"Say something to her."

"Like what?"

"Don't look at me, look at her." She stroked and squeezed him. "I don't know. Ask her if she wants to house-sit."

"Hmm." He looked at her friend. "So, Audrey..."

She stroked him faster. His cock twitched and swelled.

"Hmm?" Her friend's eyes were glazed.

"Feel like house-sitting?"

Karen's hand milked his cock. It felt so good.

"This place? The sun? The beach? How can I say no?"

Their eyes locked as they talked about house-sitting. Jacking him while he talked to her friend was almost like jacking him to Lynne. But the secretary at work knew what was going on. Her friend Audrey did not. This was a little more personal and special between her and her husband.

"I might have to come visit," Zack said.

Audrey smiled real big at him.

Chuck removed her hand and patted it. After a moment, he put away his member and mentioned the caterers. "I need to call them. Come with me and I'll give you some nasty kisses."

Karen smiled. "Try not to get indecent out here, you two."

Zack looked very uncomfortable. Audrey had a huge grin on her face.

Inside, she went to the bathroom. When she came into the kitchen, he was still on the phone.

“Good, see you then.” Hanging up, he said to her, “Forty-five minutes.”

She snuggled up to him and they kissed.

“So what was all that out there?”

“You started it,” she said.

“You almost made me cum.”

“Oh, sorry. I was teasing her.”

“What? You were?”

“Yes, she had implied earlier that she wouldn't mind being attended by two hunks like you and Zack.”

He laughed.

“I didn't mean to make you so uncomfortable. She was stroking Zack under the table and I thought I would torture her by having you talk to her.”

“You are a very bad girl.” He grasped her head in both hands and kissed her again. “I love you.”

“What's this now?” Zack said. “Can't you two ever get enough of each other?”

“Never,” he said. “I need to set up the extra table for the catered food.” He pecked her cheek.

Zack handed her the rum glass. “I figured we could refill. Audrey is using the bathroom.”

He poured the drinks and she moved up close behind him.

“What do you think you're doing?” His tone was playful.

“Chuck thought I don't pay you enough attention.”

“I can attest to that.”

She giggled.

He turned and hugged her. “I'm happy for the both of you. Really.”

He sounded serious. She let him hug her and the hug didn't end.

“He takes things too seriously and not seriously enough.”

She leaned back her head a little. “You mean he doesn't see things like you see them.”

“Exactly. Maybe he needs lessons.”

“I don't know. I wouldn't have stood a chance if he was like you. I'm not blonde with huge tits.”

He laughed silently. “Those are just displays.”

“Displays, what do you mean?” She felt his bulge again, through her dress. Moreso this time being without panties.

“Demonstrations. Like having a sports car.”

“So... you don't actually like them?”

“Shit no.”

She laughed. “Then why--”

“It's fun to see the looks on other people's faces.”

She pressed against him. “You're all about fun, aren't you?”

“What's life if you don't have fun?” He pressed back and shifted his hips.

She felt his hardness shift across her clit. Her breathing quickened. “Then what is it you like?”

“Smaller women.”

Her heart thumped. What?

Slowly, he began dry-humping her. Her hips angled to meet his. "I liked both you and Audrey when I first saw you."

"No way."

"But he liked you, and you know me. Can't settle down. So I stood back."

"You're lying."

He answered her with a kiss. It was a deep and hot kiss of lust. His tongue fucked her mouth and did bad things to her tongue.

She reached down and stroked his cock through his pants.

He started to reach down and she slapped his hand.

"No go now, huh?"

"Not today."

"The unspoken sounds like a promise."

She giggled. She began undoing his pants.

"Oh--" Audrey said.

Karen waved at her frantically - waved at her to come over.

"I don't want to interrupt." She looked confused.

"You're just the person I most wanted to see. Come help me and take over."

Still unsure, Audrey approached.

Karen knelt down and worked at his pants. Then she waved Audrey to get there faster.

"I--"

“Shush,” she said. Freeing his cock, she grasped her friend's hand and placed it on the shaft. It was not as long as Chuck's, but it was fat. She helped her friend stroke his cock and then stood up. She told Audrey, “Keep going.”

Grabbing her drink, she rejoined Chuck outside. “I touched his cock.”

He blinked at her whisper. “What?”

She grinned. “He hugged me again and dry-humped me. So I started rubbing his pants. Then Audrey came in as I was getting his pants down. I had her take over.”

He grinned at her. “Was it nice?”

“Yeah, it was all fat and hard.”

He hugged her. “Do you want to touch him again?”

“Maybe.”

“If your friend helps?”

“Yeah, I think I need like moral support or something.”

“Then do it. Make him finish sometime tonight.”

“Me?”

“Don't you want to feel his cock swell in your hand and spurt all over?”

“Mmm, yes.”

“Good.”

“You're okay with me jacking your friend?”

“Sure, anytime you want. As long as it's only him and I know about it.”

Zack and Audrey came out of the house, holding their drinks, and hanging on each other.

“How about a bonfire?” he said.

“Well...” Chuck started to say.

“It's not illegal, and why not?”

“A bonfire?” she said.

“Yeah, there's a pit down there between the dunes I keep in order.”

She laughed. “Then why not?”

“Okay fine. After dinner.”

“Great,” she said.

Audrey smiled at her and winked.

The dinner was from a nice Italian restaurant. There would be leftovers, though he hadn't ordered a lot.

Karen ate her lasagna and relished the spicy meat used in the making. “Do you ever eat there?”

“Rarely,” he said. “But we can eat there more if you liked it.”

“If you want to. It was good.”

“I just enjoy cooking steaks.”

“And you do it so well.”

“He does,” Zack said.

“My steak was exactly as I asked,” Audrey said. “But I can't afford anything better than ground beef.”

“Spend the extra buck per pound on grass-fed beef,” Chuck said. “Better for you. The store-bought meat is fairly bad. You'd have to locate a butcher that gets local

grass-fed stuff.”

“Bad? What?”

“All your grocery store meat is just imported from the central meat-packing plants that use hormone-treated beef. Not only does it cause hormonal imbalances in your body, but can seriously impact your ability to fight off infections and viruses.”

“Huh?” Audrey had apparently never heard the like before.

Karen looked back and forth between her friend and her husband. “He's trying to say that regular meat will make you fat and sick.”

“It will?”

Zack was settled back, nodding. “How do you think we eat all this steak and not get fat?”

“I figured maybe you went to the gym.” Audrey looked confused.

Zack snorted. “Never once.”

Chuck covered the remainder of the food. “Bonfire time, then.”

“Hot dog.”

“Don't tell me hot dogs are bad,” she said.

Zack grinned. “Then I won't.”

“What's so bad about hot dogs?”

The two of them walked down towards the beach and their voices trailed off.

“Are you sure you want me to jack your friend tonight?” she said.

“Only if you want to, my love.” He kissed her cheek. “If you don't, then don't.”

She was already feeling very tipsy from the rum. Stuff is strong.

She kicked off her shoes and trod down the path in just her short wedding dress.

CHAPTER 10

Ed beat the little kid.

He was done with him and he needed to make room for Juanita. She would be just another disappearance in the world and oh how sad. He would beat her, severely, and rape her. It would be good.

He had purchased a fine dosage of Extasy. Plop in the drink and getting her would be no problem at all.

He looked up at the evening stars and felt his world coming together around him. He was in the zone again. He just needed to wait until tomorrow when Chuck and his bitch would be off on their honeymoon. Then he would start calling all of Chuck's contacts and spreading rumors about child rape.

His clients will flock to me, one and all.

Lynne walked into the living room dressed in a t-shirt and panties. Her hips were wide, but she wasn't fat.

At least I'm not fat.

Still, she wanted to find a way to get rid of the hips that had latched onto her once slim figure like an alien symbiont.

She sat next to Andy, her husband.

He grunted. He was a bricklayer, and muscular, but also struggling with a heftiness that had not been there in his youth.

He was watching the news.

So depressing.

She had a surprise for him. Or at least she hoped.

Where was the harm?

“I found something today and I wanted to show you.”

He rolled his eyes.

“No, not shopping. Something over on the computer.”

“Oh?”

“I'll start it up and show you.”

“Sure thing.”

Their conversations were always about the same. Monosyllables and grunts. But a couple of months of displays from Chuck and Karen had finally broken through her own reticence.

The computer booted up and she clicked to the file she had saved.

“Come sit, hun.”

“Okay.” He sighed.

He was a nice man but his passion seemed to have withered.

And then she had broken through her icy resistance and decided to take the step.

He sat in the chair and she squatted next to him.

“So what is it?”

She was moving the mouse to click on her saved file. “I'm getting there.”

When the video popped up, he stiffened. “What?”

“Shhh.”

On the screen was a woman, lying back on a couch. She was naked and shoving

a dildo into a very wet-looking pussy. Lynne didn't give him time to protest; her hand reached over and rubbed his crotch.

“Lynne--”

“Shush. I thought this was sexy.” She rubbed more. “What about you?”

“Well--”

“You don't think that looks sexy?”

His dick was hardening. “But--”

“Aw, I think your little man there likes it.” She attacked his pants and freed his stiffening manhood. “There we go.”

She stroked him like Karen stroked Chuck. His thing was not as big as Chuck's, or as nice-looking, but this one was hers and she could touch it.

He hardened fully.

Smiling, she worked his shaft with months of pent-up lust. He was fully erect, throbbing, and leaking as he watched the woman on the screen shove the dildo in and out of her hole. His breathing grew ragged. She applied a little oil to her hand and stroked him more. She moved her hand in motion and time with the woman's movements on the screen.

It didn't take long after she put oil on her hand. His cock swelled dramatically and he groaned. She milked and his sperm erupted from his shaft. Ropes of it shot into the air.

Satisfied, she leaned up and kissed his cheek.

Saying nothing, she left the room.

A half hour later, he came into the bedroom, looking sheepish.

“I uh...” he said.

“Yes, hun?” She looked up from her magazine.

“I, um, ordered a dildo for you and maybe we can use it...”

Her smile told him she approved.

The bonfire was small, but large enough to flame up four or five feet.

Karen felt the heat on her legs and the cool breeze over-head from the ocean. The sound of the surf competed with the crackle of the fire. Seated on a nice, smooth log next to Chuck, she gazed across the fire at Audrey and Zack.

They kept smiling at her, looking at her legs, but she couldn't figure out why.

The third rum had certainly gotten to her. She felt buzzed and happy. “I guess I have to go to the company gatherings even if I quit now, huh?”

Chuck nodded.

“And if you don't,” Zack said. “Unfavorable review for Chuck. Fifty percent pay-cut--”

“What? That's ridiculous.”

“And they take your firstborn children.”

Oh gosh. He never quits joking. “Pay-cut, though?”

Chuck shook his head. “No, but he wasn't kidding about the review.”

She settled back a little on the log.

Zack and Audrey shifted a little to the right to see her better.

Chuck snickered.

Audrey leaned over and licked Zack's ear.

Karen frowned. She leaned to her husband. “What's going on?”

“They're looking up your dress.”

“What? Oh. Oh!” She clamped her legs shut.

Zack said, “Hey, come on now. We were enjoying the show.”

Chuck elbowed her. “Finish your drink and I’ll top us up.”

She looked at him. She still had a quarter glass left. Was he trying to get her drunk?

He waved his hand as if to tell her to hurry. Then he leaned over as he took her finished glass. Whispering, “Give him his handjob. Have Audrey help you. I’ll take my time.”

She giggled.

He got up and collected their tumblers. “Back in a few minutes.”

She watched him go and then moved over to sit on the other side of Zack.

“Aw, we can't see anything now.”

“Too bad,” she said. “But I thought Audrey and I could give you a little attention.”

He smiled as she was already unfastening his pants. His bulge grew and swelled. She took it out and gave it a few strokes. Motioning it to Audrey, her friend took over. When his hand started to come to her hemline, she stopped him and wagged a finger.

His cock looked good, though. It was very fat and engorged. Audrey was staring at it as if it were dangerous. Karen helped her jack him and the two women worked his cock over with milking strokes.

Chuck poured half-tumblers and headed back down to the fire. But he set the drinks down and approached stealthily.

His beautiful wife was there, sitting next to Zack and stroking his cock. She was right, the thing was fat. Seeing her little hand stroke his shaft was too much. He

took out his own dick and jacked it. Audrey must have got the same idea because she was rubbing her own crotch, then finally slipped a hand into her panties.

Then Karen stood up and stood in front of Zack. Lifting her dress, she gave him a view. Audrey took over jacking him. Her pussy was right at eye level and just a few feet away. He started to reach for it, but she wagged her finger at him.

She touched her own pussy for him, fingering her clit and inserting a couple of fingers. Audrey stroked his cock faster.

Zack moaned and gasped. His eyes were glued to Karen's pussy. He arched his hips up, his cock pointing to her pussy. Audrey stroked faster.

So did Chuck.

Then Karen dropped her dress and knelt down. Pulling her hair back, she placed her mouth over Zack's straining cock. With the head in her mouth, her lips were stretched wide. Her friend continued to stroke him.

Too hot.

“Yes,” he said in a whisper. “Stroke my friend into my wife's mouth.”

Zack was delirious and then strained upward and deeper into Karen's mouth. His grunts told everyone he was coming. But Karen didn't pull back. Audrey continued stroking, slower, as Karen kept him in her mouth.

She was swallowing!

Chuck almost came. He released his straining shaft and scrambled back to the drinks.

Entering the bonfire area, he handed out the drinks. “Did I miss anything?” He winked at Karen.

“Well,” Zack said. “I'm sure having a fun time.”

Audrey giggled.

Karen set her drink down and pulled his out of his hand. Then she gripped his

faced and kissed him, thoroughly. He could taste her and she could taste him – traces of his friend's cum in her mouth – his passion. His cock hardened.

“Naughty little woman--”

Her giggle was music in his ears.

CHAPTER 11

Ed sat through the stupid meeting.

“Sales figures for the...” Jonathan droned.

Blah blah blah Jonathan Russel you fucking windbag.

He tapped a pen against his folder.

Just get it over with already.

He glared at Zack, who glared back.

You got yours coming, too.

His plan was perfect. After the meeting, he would sneak into Chuck's cubicle and steal his phone index. Armed with the phone numbers and contact names on all his accounts, he would spend the rest of the day and tomorrow calling them.

“Yes, it is disturbing to hear, but the police have been around investigating Charles for having sex with several minors...”

Voila, Chuck loses his accounts to a well-placed availability. Me.

“You know, Mister Bitch, I can handle your account until all this blows over, of course.”

Instant job security.

Then, starting Wednesday, he would do the same to Zack. It would even look like he was following up on new leads being that he would be out of the office.

Come on, you dusty old fuckbag. Get it over with.

The meeting started to break up.

“Oh, one other thing,” Jonathan said.

Stupid fuck!

“The company get-together is two Sundays from now. Owing to the new Saturday hours...”

Quit babbling already.

“That will be all.”

Finally.

“Ed, would you please stay behind a moment?” Brad said.

Fuckfuckfuck.

His heart was pounding in aggravation and anger. He just wanted to get on with securing his future.

Still seated were Brad and Jonathan.

Oh no.

“Your sales figures just won't cut it. Mister Russel thinks you just need a little more effort in your work,” Brad said.

“Of course,” he said.

“Personally, I would have fired you by now, but the president does not agree. However, we are putting you on probation.”

No problem – handled within the week.

“If your sales do not show a minimum twenty percent increase--”

That would have been impossible and you know it you prick.

“--then we will be forced to let you go.”

Ed stood. “Is that all? I have work to do.”

“Now that's what I like to see,” said Jonathan.

Brad shook his head but said nothing.

Maybe I need to think about Brad as a potential target.

Lynne hummed at her desk. Ticking through phone logs, she reviewed the activity of everyone in the company.

Dull. Too bad Chuck and Karen are gone. Maybe I can interest Andy in another video tonight.

But then she heard ragged breathing.

Were they back? Or?

She got up and leaned over the partition.

Ed was there and he noticed her pop her head over. Hiding something square behind his back, he scowled at her.

“What are you doing,” she said.

“Nothing. I dropped something.” He left in a hurry.

Frowning, she wondered what he might have taken off the desk. Then she saw Chuck's phone index missing. What would he want with that?

Normally she reviewed the printouts from their archaic system. But it was simple and worked. She could if she wanted, open the event window itself. Fields were displayed for each phone in the building. When a number was dialed, it appeared.

As exciting as watching nail polish dry in slow motion.

She didn't have long to wait. A phone number appeared in the zero-six-one extension, Ed's office. Leaning back in her chair, she adjusted her glasses and flipped through the pages of the printout until she found Chuck's page. It was all a jumble of numbers and times and durations, but she knew the location of the phone number on the page and quickly scanned down the list.

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. There it is.

Sales accounts were very jealously guarded. Whatever Ed Baden was doing was not acceptable.

Printing an instant report, she waited for the printer to spit out her jumble of numbers.

A few minutes later, armed with papers, she approached Brad's office. He was on the phone. She waited, shifting from one foot to the next until even Brad noticed something was really bothering her.

“Mister Vlavec, let me call you back, please? Something a bit urgent just came across my desk. Yes, thank you.” Brad hung up the phone and looked sideways at Lynne.

“Sir, I have something you need to see, though I don't know--”

“Bring it in. Bring it in.”

“Thank you sir. I saw Ed in Chuck's cubicle stealing his phone index.”

Brad had been rocking in his chair. He stopped. “Are you certain?”

“Well, I am pretty sure--”

“That won't do--”

“But sir, almost immediately Ed made a call and it matches one of Chuck's sales accounts.”

“You have proof?”

“Right here.” She placed down the printouts.

“Phone logs? Okay, what am I looking for in this mess of numbers?”

“Here sir, is the printout just now. That field there is Ed's extension. The number there matches the number...” She flipped through the pages, rushed, to Chuck's page. Then she pointed. “Here.”

Brad frowned.

“Why would he be phoning Mister Cooper's clients and should he be phoning them at all?” Lynne said.

Brad stood and strode from the room.

Lynne followed him. Suddenly there was a coffee cup with Raymond behind it.

Brad stopped at Ed's door and listened. Then he opened the door and walked in.

So did Lynne and the coffee cup. Raymond was close behind the cup.

“There's Chuck's index!” She pointed.

“What's going on here, Ed--” Brad was angry.

“Why are you barging in on me during the middle of a sales call?”

“That was no sales call--”

“Yeah...” Raymond said.

Lynne snatched up Chuck's index.

Brad grabbed it from her.

Ed slammed down the phone and surged to his feet.

“Um, yeah...” Raymond began backing out of the room.

“You ruined my sales call--”

“That was no sales call,” Brad said again. Only this time he shouted it.

Lynne grabbed Chuck's phone index again.

“What's going on in here?” Jonathan Russel growled into the room. “Why all the yelling?”

An explosion of voices.

“Um, yeah...” Raymond said.

“Brad, what is this about?” Mister Russel puffed his chest up.

“Ed here was calling one of Chuck's accounts and telling them there was some kind of police investigation and something about minors.”

His eyebrows, bushy and senior, drew down on his mottled face. “Is this true, Ed?”

“Of course not. He has it in for me. He wants my job.”

Brad laughed.

But the circumstances were now in doubt.

Ed seethed. His chances blown at acquiring Chuck's accounts, he knew he couldn't use the same ploy and gain Zack's, either.

So instead he hit the road. Something somewhere has to open up again.

The new African-American president had promised prosperity and tens of millions of new jobs. He had voted for him. Trusted him. It was a new hope.

But even he couldn't arrest the slide that had been going on. It got worse no matter which side had the presidency. And, as expected, the new president didn't even try. He did what he was told by bankers squeezing wealth out of America until only debt remained. All that was left was carefully fabricated finger-pointing so that the real culprit got away.

Ed had sufficiently snowed Jonathan Just-call-me-John Russel so that he still had his job. But he hung on a thread. Real work was his last, desperate hope.

On Saturday, the day before the get-together, he reviewed his results. Two accounts signed. Not bad, considering the economy. But one per week was nowhere near the minimum of three per week they had expected.

His anger towered above all else.

Juanita even sneered the more. He was planning some extra-special cruelty for her.

Karen sighed happily. Then she sighed in dejection.

These were happy days for her, but happiness always came with some other symptom, such as aggravation at little day-to-day things. Like the get-together.

They had talked and bought her a skimpy black sundress. It wasn't anything formal and the company things were always supposed to be informal.

So she sat here in a thin overcoat covering her very thin sundress as they drove to the function.

“Are you sure you want me competing for Zack?” she said.

“You know Audrey. Will she mind?”

“I doubt it. You saw her fingering herself when I blew him.”

“Do you have to talk nasty while I'm driving?”

She blushed, but her grin was devious.

“So just go with the flow?”

“Whatever you want with Zack. If you are uncomfortable, do nothing.”

“Thank you, I love you.”

“I love you, too.” He squeezed her leg.

He was so handsome. His beard was trimmed and rugged. His eyes secretive but searching. She had no better experience than seeing them above her almost every night, as he thrust into her.

She couldn't get enough.

They pulled into the field to park and walked hand-in-hand to the house.

The knock on the door was answered by that horrid woman, Mister Russel's wife.

“You're late,” she said.

“I am, yes,” he said.

“You had better fix your priorities--”

“We were deliberately late, Elaine.”

“Well-- I--”

“Keeps you guessing about my seductive intentions towards you.”

The old woman actually blushed.

So she does have the hots for my man. Too bad for her.

“I might have a hard time escaping from my wife, though.”

Elaine cleared her throat, a range of emotions competing on her face. “I suppose some congratulations are in order.”

“Why thank you, Mrs. Russel.” Karen beamed.

They walked out back and down the steps.

Mister Russel was there.

Just call me John, right.

He wrapped Karen in a hug. The look of disgust on her face pleased Elaine visibly.

“I think I am going to like her,” Elaine said to Chuck.

Ed and Raymond stood near, drinks in hand, looking like twins.

“Congratulations, you two.” Jonathan said. To her: “We're glad you finally tamed him. We thought he was gay.”

“I'm not gay,” Chuck said. He rolled his eyes.

Ed edged away and no one cared.

“Hey, Chuck!” Zack said. “They still claiming you're gay?”

Her husband sighed. “Yes...”

“That was the good thing about having a pair of tits on my arm even when I thought they were dumb.” He had Audrey on his arm.

They laughed.

Audrey and Karen shared a hug.

Mister Russel turned serious. “Good work, both of you, on last week's sales figures. That was a remarkable performance.”

Chuck and Zack shared a grin between each other that included no one else.

But she knew about what they had planned and carried out. Seeing the success of their weekend sales, they shifted all their contacts to later in the week and Saturdays. They called on no one Monday or Tuesday. Sales increased twenty-five percent.

“It will be interesting to see if you can keep it up.” Jonathan turned away.

“Let's hit the lounge before the dinner,” Chuck said.

“I've already put away a bottle,” Zack said. His mouth was in a smirk. “By the way, you're late this time.”

“Yes, I am.”

Zack reached and pulled her in for a hug. He pressed his crotch into hers and she pressed back. The pressure felt good. But the hug was short.

“We need to get you out of that jacket,” he said.

She quirked an eyebrow at him and took it off. Zack's eyes roamed over her form and she blushed. He eyed the spaghetti straps holding the wispy black material up. It was banded at the waist with elastic and ended mid-thigh. She had on a short pair of black boots.

“Ooo, sexy.”

Yes, indeed,” Chuck said. His fingers brushed her shoulder and sent chills through her. Her nipples immediately hardened and she wasn't wearing a bra.

“Very sexy.”

She smiled at Zack. His shoulder length hair brushed back was wavy and handsome. His full mustache was sexy. And her husband wanted her to please him if she wanted. Heat flared in her at the thought.

I've had more sex in the last few months than my whole life but now I can't get enough.

They got their drinks from the lounge and greeted Brad and Lynne there.

“I hope things will return to normal?” Lynne said.

Chuck and Karen knew what she meant. They smiled.

Brad assumed she was referring to Ed's attempt to sabotage them.

“I'm sure there was no damage done,” the personnel officer said.

“Business as usual,” Karen said.

Lynne beamed.

“Wow, I haven't seen her look so perky,” Zack said.

Chuck and Karen laughed.

“Neither have we, really,” Karen said.

The outdoor dinner had them seated as always before. Except this time Ed was down the table.

Karen saw Jonathan lean toward her. She leaned toward him to hear what he said.

“You have any idea yet on our system?”

“I do, actually, but I need to present it. You'll have to make the choice. One way costs a lot of money but is very efficient, saving money in the longer run. The other is to modify by adding some features to the current system. Much cheaper but not as efficient. More results in the shorter run.”

“I see. That is indeed a hard choice to make in this business climate and exactly the choice we're all facing and making.”

He clapped her leg, but his hand rested there a little longer than friendly. “Good work, girl. I look forward to seeing your presentation.”

Gross!

His hand left her skin and she trembled. Not with heat but with disgust.

Yuck!

“You okay?” Chuck said into her ear.

She whispered back. “He touched my leg. I'm going to throw up.”

Chuck nodded. “Just keep running if he tries to corner you. He's been chasing Juanita for years.”

They looked down the table to Juanita. She was busy scowling at Ed.

“Does anything get past her?” she said.

“No. She's tough.”

There were no quarterly bonuses that evening, but Chuck knew he and Zack

would be getting them the next get-together.

Zack wandered off with Brad to play pool.

Audrey huddled with Karen.

“You don't mind if I tease Zack a little tonight?” Karen said.

“Not at all. He's insatiable.” Her friend stuck her tongue out. “Be my guest. Go right ahead.”

Chuck laughed and Karen blushed.

“I need to go use the bathroom,” her friend said.

Karen watched her go.

“Give me your panties,” he said.

She shot a look at him. “Again?”

“Yes.” His voice was hushed.

She was beautiful. Her almost gothic makeup with the too dark eyes and eyeliner made her pale skin seem paler and her dark hair like the breath of midnight.

“You want my bare pussy against him?”

“Yes.”

“What if he wants to lick me?”

“Let him.”

“If he goes farther?”

“Like how?”

She smiled. “What if he sticks his cock in me.”

He groaned. He wanted to see it, but that could always come later. “Let him, if

you want.”

“You want me to come back with my pussy dripping your friend's cum?”

“Oh yes.” He felt himself harden.

She blushed, but she quickly yanked and removed her panties. She bunched them and placed them in his pocket. Then she ran off as if on an Easter egg hunt.

Ed smiled down at Juanita. It had been so easy slipping the drug into her drink. Cornering her after dinner had not been hard at all. The lights were not all too bright and much could not be seen or easily noticed.

He had led her into the cabana and to the upper split-level floor. But off of that room were three smaller rooms.

For more conferences. Fuck their conferences.

Tomorrow was probably his last day. Today he would take Juanita and no one would know. But before he carted her off, he was going to fuck her.

Karen headed toward the cabana. She knew Zack would be there playing pool with Brad. She wanted to catch his eye without Brad noticing, though, so she approached the upper level first. The door was just around the corner...

“There you are my dear,” said Jonathan. He looked especially like a corpse tonight. “I've been looking all over for you.”

Yucko.

She tried to say something but he gripped her in a hug and it was a full body press.

Agh! Grody!

She struggled in his grasp, only further inflaming him as her pussy rubbed back and forth against his crotch.

Ewww, his... thing... is hardening. Blech!

She broke free in desperation and ran.

He chuckled.

Running into the upper level, she stopped. He wasn't chasing. She stopped to catch her breath. Up ahead were the stairs down to the lit pool room. But she stopped. A whimper caught her attention.

Someone is having sex.

She started to tiptoe away but realized the whimper was sad and the grunts were very vicious.

Curious, she approached the closed door to one of the conference rooms.

“Fuck you bitch,” said a male voice.

There was a slap, but deeper, as if from a fist.

The female whimpered again, drowsily, sad.

The fist smack again.

This is wrong.

Easing open the door, she looked in. Ed was there, pants around his ankles, thrusting hard between... Juanita's legs.

She froze for a second. Then Ed slugged her again. It was a full fist slug to the face.

Karen ran. She headed right back out to where Jonathan had been. She called out, “Jonathan!”

She looked around frantically and then saw him. He had turned back at her call and looked. He waved at her and turned to keep going back toward the lounge.

“Jonathan, wait!”

He turned back again.

She raised her sundress so he could see her bare pussy. Then she waved frantically.

He was coming, at a fast walk, a smile on his face.

Ed growled. He squirted his seed into her and slammed her bloody face with his fist again. He pulled up his pants.

Then the door opened.

In a rage, he turned. Just-call-me-John Russel was there, swinging a fist at him. He ducked and swung his already bloody fist into his face. The high and mighty president crumpled to the ground.

No one else was there, so he looked at Juanita. His cum dripped out of her pussy and he loathed her. Stalking over, he grabbed her hair and lifted her head. Her eyes were unfocused.

“Just so you don't think I enjoyed it, bitch...” He spit in her face. Her head lolled when he dropped it back to the table. He spit again, hitting her breasts.

Fuck you bitch, I was just getting started.

In his rage, he forgot his kit with the tape and rope tossed behind the table.

He would have to run. He had done it once before and knew what to do.

He left in a hurry.

Karen huddled up against the wall outside the door in the darkness.

Ed ran past her, and out the door of the building. She ran inside and saw Jonathan laying there.

Running back out, she started calling out frantically for anyone to come help.

Chuck watched his wife list the details to the state trooper.

Two cops had turned into four cops and then turned into the entire police force of Oregon. Or so it seemed.

Juanita was being rushed to the hospital. The drug had apparently caused a reaction that was life-threatening, among her other, lesser injuries.

Jonathan Russel was fine, nursing a bruised cheek and ego.

The police found the kit and pursed their lips. Radio talk suggested there was an immediate scramble to get to Ed Baden's home.

“Wow, and to think I sent you off with seduction in mind,” he said to his wife.

She gripped her coat around her and shook. “I hope they get him.”

“They will, eventually.”

Audrey ran up and hugged her after she was done being interviewed.

Zack watched on impassively. “Who would've known?”

“That he was a prick?”

“Worse.”

“Yeah, this is worse. He seemed mouthy, but not violent.”

“Weird.”

“Won't have to see his face in the office anymore.” Chuck was glad for that.

“I hope Juanita comes out okay,” his friend said. “I never liked her but no woman deserves that.”

“Nope.”

It was a night of endless flashing lights.

CHAPTER 12

Chuck looked around the office.

Life returned to normal, mostly.

Juanita returned to work having survived the ordeal. She was subdued, but had a fierce look in her eyes that threatened death to any man that approached her. She would never recover her previous spunk.

Ed had not been found yet, but evidence in his house suggested the previous presence of over a dozen missing boys.

Chuck and Zack picked up the slack on Ed's old job on a strictly commission basis. They worked out the details and split up the prospects between them with every Monday morning conference. They didn't do much better than Ed, for times were really hard. But they managed two accounts per week, on average. They also handled the resupply of those accounts so they were especially lucrative.

Karen went back to handling him with Lynne watching. It seemed especially satisfying to him with all the new sales pressure. Lynne seemed to be happier than ever.

Reaching for his headset two weeks after the get-together, he dialed up Zack.

His friend answered. "Zack."

"Hey."

"Hey, Chuck, lemme give you a ring back. I'm at Better Tools right now."

"Sure thing. Good luck there."

Better Tools had been an account lost to Fermco; Ed hadn't been able to pick it up.

His own figures were depressing. They weren't bad. They were even better than before with the added accounts. But overall, things were just rapidly drying up. He had always been a silver-saver, but he wondered if there was some-thing else he could be doing. He would have to search tonight, from home, on the subject of economic meltdown.

“Hey, sexy,” Karen said.

His smile was big and satisfied. “My love.”

He swore he heard Lynne sigh wistfully.

“He decided on the cheaper option.” She meant the systems plan.

“Ah. That sounds like him.”

“Because it's cheap?”

“Not necessarily, but more because it was his system. He wants it to endure.”

“I had a lot of ideas from some of the newer stuff I looked at, but I'll have to go slow at modding his system.”

He nodded.

“But the storage issue we can dispense with within the week. I'll have extra drives hooked to the mainframe and we'll be done with the physical reports.”

“Do that with my phone logs and I will kiss whatever you point at,” Lynne said.

Chuck didn't miss her implication and pointed silently to his crotch.

Karen suppressed a smile but it warped the corners of her mouth. She wagged her finger. “Well then, perhaps I'll have a look at that next?”

“Bless you,” floated over the wall.

Zack ringed back an hour later. “Whew, that was tough.”

“How'd it go?”

“I was able to get an agreement for some of the items we provide. But not all. They'll decide on the rest of the contract later.”

“Good job, there.”

“Thanks. I think I passed out afterwards and they had to call an ambulance.”

“Shut up.”

“So what did you want?”

“Sunday?”

“Sure, I'll ring up Audrey.”

“No, not Audrey.”

“Oh? Something wrong?”

“With her? No. It's just that Karen wanted to see you alone.”

“Oh?”

“She feels the time is right.”

“For what?”

“You don't know?” he said.

“Not really, no,” Zack said.

“She wants to give you what you've been lusting for.”

“Oh, now that's a surprise. I thought the wedding night was her telling me no more anything.”

“No, only that night, you fool.”

Chuck could hear him almost panting on the other end of the line.

“I'll be there.”

He shifted in his chair after hanging up. That his friend was hot for his wife caused his dick to swell. He looked forward to the display for Lynne later. He wanted some to land on her face so that she could go home to her husband with another man's cum on her.

Karen trembled all day Sunday. Whether from fear or anticipation, she didn't know which. Probably both. Another man was coming to fuck her. Another man was coming to make her cum. Another man was coming to lay on her and pant his release as he came in her – and her husband wanted it.

She only wanted Chuck. That wouldn't change. But when she realized her husband was fine with her teasing him, she developed a taste for teasing. It pleased Chuck. It made him hard and she wanted to please him. Then she realized she liked Zack and wanted to please him, too. But not like Chuck. It was different. She wanted to please him because she liked him but most importantly because he was almost a part of her husband. So she wanted to please him, too.

When his knock sounded, she almost passed out. She couldn't answer the door.

Chuck answered it. “Hey, buddy.”

“Hey.”

She heard the smile in his voice.

“Got something there?”

“For her.”

“Good. Come on in.”

There he was, all grin and mischief. Her insides watered and grew hot. She knew what they were going to do. She was wearing a shirt and panties. Nothing else.

“Don't you look beautiful today,” he said.

She didn't know what to say. She was suddenly panicked.

“I brought you something. I hope you like it.” He extended an open box with colored stuffing paper in it.

Aww.

She reached for it and gazed at him with appreciation. She still couldn't speak. The teasing before was just teasing. She wasn't prepared for this.

Behind Zack, her husband was all smiles.

She picked into the box and drew out an inlaid box. Opening it, a small ballerina popped up and began to spin. A melody played, picking out its chords as the figure slowly turned.

Tears formed in her eyes. “Thank you, it's beautiful.”

“For a beautiful woman,” he said.

She got up and hugged him, the ballerina spinning to her music on the couch. They hugged for a long time, but it was still. It neither teased nor suggested.

Until he pulled back and kissed her. She wasn't ready for the kiss. But his tongue worked its magic and soon she was warm and flowing. Her kiss matched his. Her body melted to his. Her passion built like a locomotive rolling down hill and it was just getting started.

He gently pushed her back down to the couch and he pulled down her panties. She looked at him in embarrassment, but he was eyeing her pussy with a ravenous hunger. He rubbed her clit slowly with his finger. Tension wound inside her, but it felt so good.

Chuck had left the room.

Then Zack's tongue descended on her clit. It was hot and left wet, cold trails that cooled in the air. She moaned.

Chuck re-entered the room, his pants gone. He fondled his growing cock.

She felt better seeing him there. Just knowing he was there.

Zack's tongue sent her spinning around the room, gasping and trying to catch her balance. But she couldn't. The music box finally wound down, the mournful melody burned into her brain as the coupling between her and her husband's friend. She would never forget it.

His tongue invaded her and then worked back up to massage and circle her clit. She writhed on the couch. Then suddenly it stopped. She opened her eyes and looked up. Her husband was stroking a full erection. Zack was getting up. He pulled her up and carried her into the bedroom. It was dark in there, with the wooden shades drawn.

Chuck followed them in and turned on the box fan. A steady hum and air current filled the room. It was in danger of making her drowsy. But then Zack's tongue was back on her pussy. A finger invaded her and she gasped. Then a mouth descended on hers - her husband's. They kissed while her pussy was licked and finger-fucked by their friend.

She was ready to float out of the room, but her body was building a tension that didn't want to let go. It was slow, tentative, but it wouldn't stop.

This is going to be a doozy.

Slowly her breathing increased until she was panting, her body squirmed in convulsive twitches. Her eyes rolled up in her head and then she was falling and releasing. The sensations exploded. His finger driving into her pussy magnified. His tongue on her clit sent electric currents racing painfully through her.

She floated, drifting, her body relaxing from the tension and pain and pleasure.

Zack did that to me?

She rolled her head to the side and was kissed again. She opened her eyes to her loving husband. He was stroking a very purple shaft.

Zack started to shift her down to the edge of the bed.

Chuck winked at her and kissed her lips. Then he reached down and ran his fingers through the folds of her pussy.

It felt so good, he avoided her clit and she was thankful. He knew just how to tease her. Her lips were sensitive enough, but now they demanded a pounding. She leaned up to watch him and Zack.

Zack was stroking his cock - that fat monster of flesh. He was staring at her pussy as her husband fingered her.

Then Chuck waved him forward, beckoning that fat cock to come and insert into her pussy. Surprising her, he reached out and grasped Zack's cock when it was close. Her husband stroked his friend as he pulled him closer to her. His other hand held open her pussy.

“Stay away from my butt,” Zack said.

“I'm not interested in your butt.”

“Don't be looking at it, either.”

“Don't be weird.”

“I'm not into butt.”

“Neither am I,” said her husband. His hand stroked Zack's cock faster the closer he came. Finally, she felt the head of that monster touch her lips and she quivered. She could see her husband's hand a blur and then he pushed his friend forward, into her. Parting her folds and then parting some more and then stretching them out was Zack's cock. She groaned as that wide shaft of flesh forced its way into her hole.

Chuck stood back, stroking his cock as Zack pushed his shaft slowly into his wife. She was gasping, panting, as his friend shoved his erection into her pussy. His own cock swelled and tickled, an ache developed so deep he doubted it could ever be satisfied.

Zack gripped her hips and pulled. Finally, there was no light left in between them. Karen panted, shifting and squirming, her eyes closed.

His heart thudded in his chest. He felt as if he would pass out. He had been

turned on by the talk and the teasing and seeing her blow Zack. But the actual act? He hadn't known if he could do it.

Now he knew, it was better than he could have imagined.

Slowly, Zack pulled back. Near the end when he was about to pull out, he thrust back forward, slowly. His entry was easier this time, lubed with their juices. His wife's juices on his friend's cock. His own erection strained and swelled.

Then Zack leaned forward on her, bringing his face to hers. They kissed. Zack's butt pulled out and then contracted as he thrust in. Karen's hips tilted to meet each thrust. She began to moan as he kissed her. When he broke the kiss, she punctuated the moans with gasps.

Chuck jacked his cock as he watched his wife get fucked by their best friend.

She was delirious. It was painful at first, with all that stretching. She wasn't used to it. But after a few minutes she realized the discomfort was gone. Indeed, it was replaced by the filling sensation of his thick cock.

Is this really me? Ungh, this feels good.

Zack drove his hips forward, ramming his fat cock into her. She loved it. She wanted more. She wanted him to slam her so hard she cried out in pain.

Harder!

With Chuck, love-making was tender. It was passionate and full of love. Perhaps that's why she wanted Zack to ram her. Missing was the kind of love she shared with Chuck. So it needed to be more.

More.

She wanted more. She wanted more of Chuck and Zack. Knowing now, she wouldn't want to give up Zack's cock.

No way.

She would want it from time to time. She would want it in her, thrusting, stretching her out, making her moan. If he and Audrey got married, they would have to arrange things so she could still have him from time to time.

Audrey would understand, wouldn't she?

Maybe not, but Zack wasn't the marrying kind anyway. Her bubbling fears receded.

Then her husband erased all thoughts from her mind like an eraser on a chalkboard. He was there, on the bed, lying beside her, his face on hers. They kissed. Zack's shaft continued to spear her hole.

Too nasty!

If it continued much longer, with the two of them, she would cum again. She didn't think she could hold back screams if she did.

Chuck pulled back and she opened her eyes.

Her husband was jacking his erection and it looked so good. He was excited, she could see it in his lust-lidded eyes.

They began to kiss again.

Zack suddenly pulled out and groaned.

What?

And then spurts of hot cum splashed her face and chest and the side of Chuck's face.

She started laughing.

Chuck tried wiping spoooge off his face.

“What?” Zack said. He was panting and grunting, little spurts of cum still squirting out to land on her stomach and pussy.

“You didn't have to pull out.”

“I didn't?”

“No. I had a failed pregnancy a long time ago, Had an operation.”

“Oh. I didn't know.” He looked crestfallen.

“We'll see if we can get you going again later,” she said.

“Oh, good.” He grinned.

Chuck had seen his friend pounding his shaft into Karen's pussy. It was better than he expected - closer, more intimate. He felt even closer to Zack, if that could be imagined.

And she had appeared to like it.

Zack went to the bathroom to clean.

“Did you like that?” he said.

“Ohhh, yes.”

“Want more?”

“Definitely.”

“So it's okay if he fucks you?”

“Yes, as long as you're here.”

“His cum is all over you.”

She laughed.

“Can I make love to you now?” he said.

“Mmm,” she held her arms up to invite him.

Climbing onto her, he sank his very anxious and erect shaft into her. Her pussy

walls felt so good and so wet as he slid in. It was very hot in there. He sank in and ground his pelvis into hers.

She moaned happily. Her pussy had an odd texture to it, as if after all the fucking, it changed texture. It was vibrant, alive and wet. She squirmed her hips around and moaned in lust.

He couldn't hold back. After a few normal thrusts, he leaned up and rammed his cock into her in hard thrusts. Her body shook and jerked upward with each forceful thrust. Her mouth opened in pain, but pleasurable pain.

“Oh yes,” she said.

“Like that?”

“Fuck me.”

“Want more of his cock later, too?”

“Oh yes!”

The slapping sounds were loud. His cock swelled like a star going supernova. He groaned out in release and his cock erupted huge squirts of sperm into her body.

She sighed, groaned, and panted in pleasure. She gripped his shoulders and pulled him down into a hug and then a lingering kiss.

His cock twitched in her several times in an aftermath of orgasmic convulsions.

Her pussy felt well-used.

She luxuriated between the two men on the couch. They were clothed now, but took turns stroking her hair and face. The music box was on their headboard shelf above their bed.

“Think Audrey will allow you to--”

“I don't know,” he said. “We're close, but not that close, you know.”

“Oh, that's good,” she said.

“She said later she really got off seeing you suck me.”

“Oh? Hmm.”

“Who knows, she might like to watch me with you.”

“That might be fun.”

Dinner was simple. There were other things on their minds.

She snuggled to Zack afterward and started rubbing his pants.

“You want more, huh?” Zack said. His tone was disbelieving.

“I'm not accepting that gyp-job where you squirted on me.”

He laughed.

“You hit me, too,” Chuck said.

“Get your face out of there.”

“Keep your dick inside.”

“Oh... well that's real easy.”

Karen stood up and removed her t-shirt. Then she re-moved her shorts. She shrugged and said, “It feels all achy.”

“Okay, bedroom then. Let's start this out right.”

Chuck moved ahead of them and turned on the lamp and fan.

Zack stripped and they moved onto the bed. He pushed her down and began eating her.

“Mmm,” she said. He was down there licking her, tasting her juices and the

remainder of Chuck's load. She wondered if he could taste it.

Her husband stripped, his cock already at half-mast.

Closing her eyes, she enjoyed it for a while. Opening them later, she saw two men stroking themselves. Her husband was sliding his fist up and down his shaft. It looked so sexy. She would need to work on that tool later. Down between her legs, she could see Zack's arm moving, jacking himself while he licked.

It was aching, but not tingling. She wasn't sure she would come again.

Enough.

She leaned up and pushed him away. "Get on the bed," she said.

Zack climbed up and laid down, a quirky smile on his face. She climbed over his chest.

Chuck moved to the bed to watch.

She positioned her aching and needy pussy over his pole and worked her hips around until the head was inside her lips. Then she drove herself down onto it with all she had. Penetrating her, and fucking deep, was the shaft of her husband's best friend. She moaned.

Chuck jacked his dick faster.

Karen pushed her pussy down and began riding him as if desperate. Up and down her pussy slammed on his friend's hips. His dick throbbed. He stroked. He moved so he could see her from behind. Her pussy was stretched wide, gripping Zack's engorged cock. His wife rode him up and down, Zack's cock appearing as she lifted up, then disappearing as she bore down.

Over and over she slammed her hips down on his shaft. In a grunt of exertion, she drove down and held it there, his friend's cock buried far up inside her. She moved her pussy around in small circles. He saw his friend's hips flex, driving his fat cock still farther in. They held it there together, grinding together, his

wife's pussy filled with his best friend's cock.

She gasped. She leaned up, driving down further, sitting on him and just rotating her hips. Her hands were on his chest, holding herself upright. She looked over at him as she fucked his friend. Her eyes glowed bright under her dark eyebrows with the fierce light of lust. Her mouth was open, showing her bottom teeth. Her hair was in disarray and she growled with need.

In total abandon, she began lifting herself almost off his cock and driving herself down on it. His friend's shaft, fully engorged and swollen in thickness, was forcibly driven into his wife's pussy, over and over.

Karen grunted in lust.

Zack moaned in pleasure.

Chuck groaned.

Her husband had been right. He had said it would be okay and it was. It was more than that.

Chuck filled her with love, lust and passion. He completed her. She loved him.

But his friend was giving her a dose of lust and passion that overloaded her – almost like a sepia filter on a lens gives the same scene a different outcome on the picture.

She drove her starving pussy down over his fat shaft. It stretched her so good. She wanted his cock deep. She wanted to feel it touch as deep as her husband's cock. She wanted to feel it flex in her. She moaned at the thought.

Chuck groaned.

She looked over and saw her husband milk spurt after spurt of cum out of his erection.

Zack gripped her hips and thrust his shaft up into her, filling her, stretching her, causing the room to be filled with wet sloshing sounds as his erection worked

her pussy. They worked together.

Splatters of her husband's cum hit her back. It was too much.

The so pleasurable ache turned into a pulsing electric shock of alternating pain and pleasure until...

She wailed out in orgasm.

She ground her convulsing pussy down on Zack. Her whole body shook. Her reaction set him off. He held her hips and drove his cock as far as it would go into her. Gripping her hips painfully, he forced his cock up into her, squirting his orgasm deep into her. Hers and his worked together, against each other, counterpoint to each other as they ground their hips together to keep him as deeply embedded in her pussy as possible. She felt him swell, even more than he was. She felt him pulse. She felt the hot blasts that turned wet. She was sure he felt her pussy contracting, squeezing, convulsing in orgasm as he shot his load far up her womb.

His yells of pleasure mixed with her more plaintive wails of pain and pleasure until they both subsided, still convulsing and jerking against each other to milk the last bit out.

Wow. Audrey is going to have to share. My pussy is Zack's whenever he wants. She'll just have to deal with it. But she knew Audrey wouldn't be an issue. Her heart was filled with love - and eclipsed with lust.

Chuck kissed his exhausted wife. She was so beautiful.

There would be many nights and days like this, he knew. He loved her. He needed her. She fulfilled him and gave him all that she had.

Their love was just beginning.