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Heavy is the Head

A story by Ice Bear

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Chapter I

You're hired to protect the secrets of Monarch Industries. But can you even discover what they are?

You are about to embark on an erotic journey; however, you do not know you are about to embark on any journey, erotic or otherwise. To you, you are Will Saxon, bachelor, unlucky in love, but lucky in attaining a broad range of averageness in most other arenas.

By day, you are a self-employed IT security consultant, drawing on your years of experience as a data pusher at TechTitan. In your short time as a freelancer, you've enjoyed your share of freedom from the middle men – and your domineering TechTitan middle manager Makaylyn – while having to cut corners and dance around the competition to keep steady work. By night, however, you go home to your dog Quasimodo in an otherwise empty apartment to play video games and watch TV. It leaves plenty of time to lose yourself in your work.

In the end, it's you and Mo. (Mo, because it was your ex-girlfriend Felicia who spent five years and \$80,000 studying French on her parents' dime who gave the poor mutt his full name, and who has time for that?) Mo's aspirations run as far as getting a leash with a longer lead, though he keeps his discontentment to a minimum. And you? Well, your aspirations for what you want out of all this is left for you to decide.

Your journey begins on a day like many others. A Monday, as it so happens. The alarm goes off too early, but you wake up too late. You shower quickly, nick yourself shaving and once more curse yourself for being too cheap to spring for the electric. Then it's off to battle traffic in what becomes a ninety minute slog to arrive at your client's office building. By the time you do, you're left parking a ways off down the street, paying the meter to ward off Brooklyn, the remorseless meter maid who's managed to peg you with three tickets since beginning the Monarch Innovations gig. You pay what you hope is enough time to last you through such time when you can steal a spot from one of Monarch's employees during their lunch break.

Today, your lunch consists of an egg salad sandwich. You are not looking forward to lunch.

Your arrival is right in time for your morning meetings, today consisting of a series of interviews with select members of the sales staff about their IT practices. It's mostly as engaging as it sounds, but you do spot a few notes worth making for your ultimate report so it doesn't look like you were a waste of money. Plus, another opportunity to sit across the table from the lovely Avery Parker, regional assistant to the manager of sales. The title was a mouthful, but then, anything that puts more Avery Parker in your mouth is fine by you. The woman was impossible not to notice. Strikingly beautiful features, great body, didn't seem to own anything with sleeves, never a strand of that scarlet red hair out of place, even held a conversation without having to fall back on all of the above. Best of all, though, were her fingers. Not a ring in sight.

Still, you can't exactly ask a woman out when you're contracting at a business. On the way out the door, report submitted and hat in hand, maybe. Maybe. Too damn bad for this particular gig, because Avery was far from the only looker at Monarch. Chloe the receptionist, chipper and cherubic, round in all the right places. Nora in IT with her perfect stockings clinging to more perfect legs. Hell, there's even that anonymous security guard who nearly snapped your neck with a double take, a woman whose name you never learned but whose ass you've gotten to know intimately as she paces around the building.

You almost wonder if somebody in human resources is pushing a certain profile of applicants in hopes of scoring a date. Or else maybe Monarch's want ads are explicitly looking for single, gorgeous 20- and 30-something women. Either way, the results don't lie. All in all, the company seems well-run from your perspective. Not flawless, but they're definitely taking their data security more seriously than most. Serious enough to have an NDA as long as your leg for anything you learn on the premises, and serious enough that what you have learned would fit on a list as long as your dick in winter. So far the holes you've found have been much more IT than human; strange, considering it tends to be the other way around.

Take the donut gambit. If you had a nickel for every time you'd bypassed a client's security by putting on a suit and bringing in a couple boxes of donuts, you'd have paid the parking meter with it. People really loved to help out the poor donut guy with no hands to grab his key card, it turned out. \$30 worth of donuts and you were walking through fields of vacant desks snapping images of post-its full of passwords. The only difference between what you did and corporate espionage is that you don't get to sell the company's info. You do get reimbursed for the donuts, though. Not a total wash.

Monarch, though, ran a tight ship. The morning's interviews completed, you get back to sifting through code, looking for all those cracks in the cybersystem. Bleary-eyed, you look up to find it's already almost 1:00. Only about ten minutes to evade the meter maids. Perfect timing to move to a spot in Monarch's lot, too. You pack up your laptop and make for the exit.

On your way out the door, however, you are interrupted not once, but twice.

First, as you pass the third floor break room, you can't help but notice through the open door that it is presently occupied solely by Avery Parker. She's about halfway through her meal, looks like. She looks bored, her usual gleaming, amiable smile on a rare hiatus.

Second, as you're imagining what you might say to Avery if you had the nerve to go sit with her, your phone buzzes. Programmed by your device, you snatch it from your pocket automatically and see that the text has come from none other than Aubrey Merriman herself. Which was to say, the executive assistant to Nolan King himself, founder and CEO of Monarch Innovations.

Mr. King was hoping to talk over some matters regarding your contract with you. Are you free now?

Brooklyn is assuredly out there, waiting to pounce once more on your expired meter. One more ticket, and Mo may have to give up his dreams of a fancy new leash. Still, if the CEO himself had business with you, only an idiot made him wait. Nolan King was a tycoon's tycoon; a favorable impression could make your career. Then again, a chance to chat up Avery one on one... maybe she was worth the wait. Women like her came along... well, so far just the once.

Chapter 2 - Meeting at the CEO's Office

A chance to make an impression on CEO Nolan King? Sign you up!

On my way up now, you reply to Aubrey Merriman. With a final wistful glance at Avery Parker and those bare, slender arms, you make for the elevator. Moments later, you arrive at the top floor, treated to an impressive view of the city skyline out the broad windows at the end of the hall. Past the restrooms, the boardroom and an open, empty room with no discernible purpose other than to display contempt for the price of square footage in this real estate, you reach the office of Monarch Innovations' CEO, Nolan King.

Sitting outside at a broad, L-shaped desk with a quad-monitor display is Aubrey Merriman, whom you've encountered once before during your audit of executive security protocols. Two things struck you about her. First, that she is more than up to speed on the company's security protocol and even many of the best practices for IT security. Second, that whoever was hiring all the lookers downstairs, King obviously valued talent above beauty. Not that Aubrey was a bridge troll or anything. She was simply a normal enough looking middle-aged woman. Dark hair with skeins of gray, though an impressive lack of laugh lines. It was good to know the CEO at least played it safe with his own staff.

"Mr. Saxon," she greets you. You respond in kind. "Mr. King is in a meeting, but he should be done momentarily. Please, have a seat."

You park yourself in one of the plush leather chairs in the waiting area. For office furniture it was remarkably comfortable, clearly high-end stuff. Obviously a believer in sending messages, Nolan King. After a few minutes, Aubrey excuses herself, assuring you she's passed on that you're waiting. You smile through your teeth, trying not to think about what headway you could be making with Avery in the meantime. When a few more minutes pass, you give yourself leave to peer out the windows in a nook adjacent to the private office, where, after some squinting, you can make out a small white rectangle on the windshield of your car. Striding away is a person in black uniform, indubitably that harpy Brooklyn. A curse is on its way up your windpipe when you hear the door to the CEO's office swings open.

You hurry toward the door, but as you round the counter from the observation nook, you come face-to-face into a woman you don't recognize. Literally face-to-face, in fact. She was in the midst of closing the door behind her, and the two of you collide right as she's turning around. In your urgency to avoid her, you're off balance and she bowls you right over. You land on your back and suddenly, she's all you can see.

She's beautiful. Somehow you haven't seen her before around the building, but you won't forget her, you're sure of it. Blonde hair but shaved in sort of a bad-girl aesthetic on one side, hanging in a neat tangle of tight curls. Fair skin, athletic, but not enough to quell the unbelievable swell of her breasts. As for the rest of her... well, it wouldn't be unfair to call it less than professional.

Tits. First and foremost were her tits. There was no other word for them. Once you manage to notice anything else, you forgive yourself immediately, as the fixation is obviously by design. A tight black sheathe of a dress that would have been among the sexiest sights of your life even if it didn't feature a big oval to show off her tits. It contorted those things up and out like a kid clutching his playdough, oozing between his fingers.

Oy, why did you have to think of squeezing between your fingers? You clench your fists to make sure they don't get to squeezing anything.

Her hose was dark and insufficient to reach the hem of her brief pencil skirt. Her makeup was thick, lipstick cherry red. She was young, for an office position, young enough that her whole aesthetic was more a college girl dressed up as a slutty secretary for a Halloween party. But this was not a frat house, and it was not Halloween. This was mid-January in the Monarch corporate office, and this girl did not belong.

And presently, she was on her hands and knees above you, face uncomfortably close to yours. One knee rested right up against your crotch, the accompanying thigh palpably warm. "Hello," she said with an awkward giggle.

That H, that was what snapped you out of it. A small waft accompanied it, and on it... you've never been so sure in your life that you smelled cum on a woman's breath.

"Hi," you manage, striving in vain to unnotice all of these details you just noticed.

The woman – girl, really – didn't get up. Didn't even move. If anything, she straightened her arms enough that it was easier to see her tits dragging against your chest. "Are you OK?"

"Yep. Err, yes. Yes, I'm fine. Are you?" You will yourself not to get an erection. Your subconscious, however, is giving lengthy consideration to shoving your tongue down her throat, which is not helping.

"You're sweet to ask. I'm fine. Just klutzy." She smiled, teeth white and gleaming behind cherry lips. Her hips cock to one side, just enough to twist that leg you can feel against your balls.

Some primal, male voice in your head snarls to seize the moment. Hell yeah, you're fine, it supplies. Say it. Come on, make sure she knows you wanna fuck her. Don't waste this!

Luckily, more evolved portions of your brain are doing their work as well, reminding you that this girl is probably either a hooker or the CEO's girlfriend. Possibly, you consider, his daughter, here straight away from a hot lunch date? Any of those possibilities, however, render her forbidden fruit of the highest order.

So your brain compromises, and you say nothing, simply taking in the sight of this unbelievable beauty. God, her boobs are packed in there so tight, that even on her hands and knees like this, they're trying to squeeze out wide arm holes of her vest.

She says nothing either. Is her head coming closer? Oh fuck, is she going to—

“Jenna, why don’t you help Mr. Saxon to his feet,” came a voice, and you look up in a mix of relief and despair to see Aubrey Merriman looking down at the two of you. How long had she been there? What had she seen? As the woman – Jenna, apparently – stands up, you remind yourself that nothing inappropriate actually happened, though if you look up her skirt like she’s practically inviting you to do standing so close like that, that might change. Was she wearing panties? Skirt that tight, you’d see panty lines for sure if she were, right? Something to contemplate later. At length.

Aubrey and Jenna each extend a hand, helping you back to your feet, the latter still smiling fetchingly when the CEO’s door swings back open seconds later. “Aubrey, is whathisface still–” The voice stops when the door clears the sight of the three of you. “Oh hey, there’s my guy.”



Jenna

Nolan King pauses, looking between the three of you. He really is a handsome fellow, a tight fashionable haircut over a tight, fashionable suit. He looks more like an actor playing a businessman on a soap opera than the real thing. Still, his reputation precedes him, and while he might not remember your name, you know there’s a sharp mind behind that chiseled jaw.

“What, ah, what happened here?” he asks at the little cluster outside his office.

“Oh, nothing,” Jenna explains. “I bumped into my new friend here and we had ourselves a little spill.”

“Oh. Everybody OK? Oh hell, you’re bleeding, buddy,” said Nolan, looking at you anxiously.

“I am?” You’re surprised to find upon inspection that, by your best guess, Jenna’s glasses caught you in the chin during your initial impact, and indeed, there’s a teensy little cut. Somehow the presence of a warm, gorgeous woman on top of you kept you from noticing. No wonder he wondered what had happened.

“Why don’t you get that checked out, cleaned up, yeah? Don’t want another lawsuit on my hands,” he says with an affable chuckle.

“It’s nothing,” you assure him, trying to mirror his easy demeanor. “I can power through it, honest. If you have a tissue or whatever...”

Jenna frowns, somehow looking concerned at your war wound. "I am so sorry, Mr. Saxon. I can't believe I did that. I feel terrible," she pouts.

"Quite all right – honest accident. It really is fine – certainly nothing worth rearranging the CEO's schedule over. We're supposed to meet."

"And we just did," he says. "I put a lot of stock in first impressions, Will, and you... I think I've decided to like you. Jenna, am I wrong?"

"When are you ever wrong, Mr. King?" she giggled. Jesus. You add gold digger to your list of possibilities as to their connection.

He laughs it off. "You've got work to do, I'm sure, Will. Why don't you clean yourself up, walk it off, and Aubrey will find time for us to have a proper meeting for your, you know, report or whatever. Really only wanted to look you in the eye, shake your hand, and now hey." He extends his hand, and you promptly give it a firm shake. His grip is firm, his hands soft. "Now we have."

"Good to meet you, Mr. King."

"Same, and call me Nolan." He claps you on the shoulder, gives a brief nod, and retreats into his office.

Chapter 3 - Going Down

Take the elevator down with Jenna.

“Can you hold that?” you call after a moment of indecision as you rush toward the elevator. You can feel the eyes of executive assistant Aubrey Merriman on you, and sure enough, as you take your place beside Jenna, she is watching the two of you. Does eagerness to take an elevator ride with the CEO’s mistress (girlfriend? daughter? call girl?) merit a report? Probably not. You hope.

The door helpfully closes the two of you away in seclusion. You touch a finger to the nick on your chin, hamming up the wince of pain. In truth, it’s not even on par with the cut you got shaving that morning. Still, Jenna seems to be a font of empathy, looking at you with grave concern. “You’re sure you’re OK, Mr. Saxon? I feel just awful about what I did.”

“Oh, it’s nothing,” you assure her, waving off her concern for your war wound. One more wince, to make sure she knows you’re being stoic. Is it even bleeding any more? “I’m just glad my hard head didn’t break those pretty glasses of yours. Can’t have you wandering around blind, can we?”

Your compliment, mild though it was, seems to land. Jenna taps the frames by her temple. “Well aren’t you sweet. Honestly, I can’t imagine! I’m helpless without them. I never take them off.”

“Not never, I hope,” you joke. Nice, you tell yourself. Subtle. Could be referring to naked times, could be talking about the gym. Mildly suggestive, but leaves you an out.

“No, seriously! I wear them at the office, at home, I sleep in ‘em... maybe this is TMI, but I even wear them in the shower.” She nods earnestly.

Fuck. The casually gifted image of this beauty wet and naked hammers through your cool. So much for being too forward. “The shower? Don’t they become sort of a problem? Sorry, I’ve never needed glasses – knock on wood, right? – but I have sunglasses, so.”

“And you tried them on in the shower?” There’s that giggle of hers. It starts in her throat and ripples through those spectacular tits of hers. Is this love?

“What? No, I mean... you know. Like, when it rains, or whatever.”

“You wear sunglasses on rainy days? Starting to think you don’t get how sunglasses are supposed to work, friend.”

“I... I suppose maybe you’re right,” you chuckle back awkwardly. “So, you work here? I don’t think I’ve seen you around before.”

“Oh, you wouldn’t. I’m special assistant to Ms. Merriman, so I’m mostly only ever upstairs.”

“Oh, you’re assistant to the assistant, huh? How meta.”

“Hm? Oh, no, that’s just my title. I mostly work under Mr. King. Technically according to some chart or something it says I work for Ms. Merriman. But she never really asks me to do anything, so I just kind of do what needs doing.”

“Oh.” You catch yourself short of asking what kinds of things she does under Mr. King. God, the smell of her fills the elevator. Two parts perfume, one part raw woman. And what a woman. Simply standing there, letting you smile at her as you wait for the elevator to move.

Oh. Oops. Neither of you have hit a button yet. With a sheepish grin, you gesture to the panel. “Uh, what floor can I hit for you?”

“Seven.”

“Seven, right.” You tap the button, but the elevator doesn’t respond. You try again. “Huh, it’s not, uh... weird.”

Suddenly she’s not merely near you, but next to you, close enough you can just feel the fabric of her vest through your shirt. Her eyes are on you as she flips open a metal panel you didn’t realize existed to reveal a set of numbered keys. Jenna’s fingers tap them without looking, her smile becoming less innocent in this proximity. Or maybe you merely want it to be.

The elevator starts downward. Jenna doesn’t step back. In fact, she takes a deep breath, and the brush of contact becomes an intimate pressure, chest to chest, that neither of you could miss. If there were twenty other people in this thing, she wouldn’t need to be this close.

“I think I like you, Mr. Saxon. You make me laugh. Sorry I messed up your meeting with Nolan.”

First-name basis. So probably not daughter, right?

You hold your ground, even though she isn’t merely in your bubble, she’s popped it, sucked it up, spit it out and is now casually chewing on it. “No, it’s no problem. I’m glad it happened, honestly.”

“Glad? Why glad?”

“Well because otherwise, you and I might not have met. I’d be in some boring business meeting and not, um, here. With you. In this elevator.”

“You say such sweet things, Mr. Saxon. You know, to toss some honesty back at ya – if that’s OK?”

“Please.”

Her face comes closer. You’re breathing one another’s air now. You can feel the warmth emanating from her on your face. “I’d kind of like to kiss you,” Jenna says. Your mouth opens by reflex. This woman – she – Jenna – wants to kiss you. No way you’re not going to – “Only...” You stop yourself. Or she stops you, maybe. The woman blushes, finally breaking eye contact. Freed from those entrancing eyes, you have the presence of mind to formally decide this would be well worth losing this job over.

“Only...?”

She grins down at your feet bashfully. “Most guys don’t like to kiss a girl who’s got cum on her breath.”

You have no response to that. You’d forgotten that whiff you’d gotten what seems like ages ago. Or at least forgiven it. Still, that she brought it up so candidly! Alone, in an elevator! Three inches from your face!

Then, like she hadn't just voiced her reservation to kissing you, she's... kissing you. Except, not your lips. It's your cheek, only it's not sweet like a kiss on the cheek. There's tongue. Her tongue is on your cheek. Licking, pressing like it wants to get to your tongue so badly it can't wait for her lips to travel all the way back to your mouth.

Then her hands are on you, gently grasping the back of your head to hold your face to hers. It has the effect of pulling your whole body against her, and only then do you realize how hard you are. Jenna has to feel it, but she clearly doesn't mind. Is this actually happening? Fuck it. This babe is hot, and obviously horny, and clearly into you, so you sink your fingers into her ass. Oh fuck yes. She definitely works out. This is really hap—

The elevator door slides open, and she's stepped out before you know what happened. Your head is swimming, a cool spot on your cheek from where her lips were pressed an eye's blink ago.

"Uh, Jenna, that was... can I..."

You go to step into the hallway with her, but a firm hand immediately lands on your chest. "You're not allowed in here."

The elevator has opened up into what looks to be the end of a perpendicular hallway. From here, you can see almost nothing but white walls and white tile floors. Not a sign, not a poster, nothing. It's the dead end of the least colorful space you've yet seen at Monarch. "No, it's OK, I'm not a visitor, I'm a consultant. I—"

"You can't. Understand?"

"Oh. Sure. Yeah, I'm actually a security consultant, so professionally, I have to commend you for—"

She's not interested in your professional opinion. There doesn't seem to be a professional bone in that whole sublime body. "I liked that, just now. I hope we can do it again sometime."

"Yeah. I would definitely like that. Can I call you?" You crane your neck, but she only pushes you back further.

"I hope so." She smiles sweetly. "You really like me? You're not just saying that because, you know, I'm the only one you... you know, forget it. You're sure you like me?"

"Yeah. Definitely. I mean, I blew off the CEO to get in an elevator with you, didn't I?" Maybe he blew you off first, but the math was pretty simple on which of them was more worth ingratiating yourself to.

Her smile blooms, those brilliant white teeth revealing themselves again. It's infectious. "You did. How's come?"

You're still formulating the right compliment — can't say it's because she's walking boner fuel, but don't wanna be too cheesy either — when she answers it herself. "Is it because of these, Mr. Saxon?"

Before you understand what's happening, her free hand, the one not restraining you from throwing yourself at her, tugs at the front of her vest. It looked like buttons, but evidently they were decorative because she's undoing a zipper, and the next thing you know, her tits are out. The two sides of the vest burst apart like they're relieved to be given a rest. Jenna's tits, out in the open air, in a fucking hallway – a secret hallway – and she's showing them to you.

They're exactly like you'd imagined. Big, maybe just a little bit bigger than she has a right to on her petite frame. The nipples are a floral red, and huge, like two strawberries. The tits themselves form natural cleavage, and it's too obvious they're fake. Only anime chicks have tits that big that cling together that well.

"Um... yes? Maybe it wasn't, but... yes. Definitely yes," you stammer.

"They're not real, but... I don't know, maybe real is over-rated? I really like how they look," she adds, lifting them with her free arm, the one not restraining you from throwing yourself into them face first, and jiggles them at you.

"They're... they're amazing, Jenna."

"Thanks! They weren't cheap."

"Can I..." No. What? You can't feel them! You're in an office building! Why are you even standing here? Why is she?! What is even happening?! "I'm going to be in touch."

"I hope so. Guess we'll see, right? You never know how things'll go around here."

"Oh trust me, I'll–"

The elevator door shuts, narrowly missing her arm as she pulls it away from your chest. You stumble back, catching your breath. That couldn't have been real. She was so hot! So... slutty. Things like that didn't happen to normal guys. They happened to actors, or hotshot businessmen, or rock stars. You must have imagined it. Only you didn't. You wouldn't imagine something that insane. You got on the elevator to chat her up, maybe get her number. Heck, maybe only to spend another thirty seconds with her and scope out her ass if she got off first. Not... that!

It dawns on you that you never did enter your floor. Partially curious and partially mindful of your job to check out security, you try to open the elevator doors. Maybe you can get a peek at whatever it was Jenna was so keen to keep you from seeing. (Or better yet, get a second look at what she was so keen on showing you.) The doors remain closed, however, and a recorded warning plays in a generically soothing feminine voice.

"You are not authorized to access this floor. Your attempt has been recorded."

You make a note to record this attempt in your log, doctor it so it looks like that was a planned security probe in case anybody actually gets nosy about your attempted access. Better safe than sorry.

Then it's off to your car. The whole encounter, going up to Mr. King's office and back, wasn't even half an hour, but it feels like it was a week. Brooklyn is on the other side of the street now, though she sees you snatch the ticket off your hood and watches you as if to take in your impotent despair. You leave the bitch wanting. \$80 isn't nothing, but still, not the worst fee for that wild encounter with Jenna... Jenna somebody. You never got a last name, you realize. Huh. Nevertheless, the comely toy cop flashes you a smirk before hopping into her little cart, spending a moment fixing her hair, then puttering off to torment someone else on the next block.



Brooklyn

Chapter 4 - Veep

Don't risk her finding out you're trying so hard. See instead if you can learn anything about what's on 7.

Unable to play it cool but likewise unable to cool down after that show in the elevator, you're determined. The women of Monarch Industries, usually a welcome bit of visual white noise, become a constant distraction. Jenna's tits. You imagine what they'd look like on that skinny blonde from quality control, the one with the dimples. On Remington's secretary, already the personification of the hourglass figure. Put Jenna next to that busty Latina data entry chick, strip their tops off and compare them. Why? Why did Jenna flash you in the first place? You're way beyond why at this point.

Suddenly there's Avery striding past, and suddenly all you can wonder is what she would look like in that skimpy little outfit.

What would she look like out of it?

With no help from the company directory and no desire to build a reputation as the consultant asking around after the babe who works under the CEO – maybe literally – it's time to explore other avenues. If there's anything that can hold your attention that isn't round and jiggy, it's your curiosity over the unusual layers of security imposed on the seventh floor. What is Monarch doing on 7?

Basic inquiry goes nowhere. The company's only map you can find online is their site map. A walk up both stairwells reveals only that there's no door between 6 and 8 on either of them. A fire code violation? Maybe, but even so, that's not the sort of security you were hired to look into. You even double-check that there's no secret entrance like in some mystery novel, but what would be the seventh floor landing is only so big, and it's nothing but plain white cinder blocks. Dead end.

What then? Maybe it's best if you just sit down, get some work done, and hope you run into Jenna again before your gig is over.

Your resolve is painful; the rest of the day passes with your balls growing bluer and bluer under the narrow desk in your assigned workspace. With an hour to go in the day, you abandon your analyses and start sketching out a plan. You're going to find out where Jenna went. Simple as that. Heaven help Monarch if they think they can hide her.

"Mind hitting the code for 7 for me? Hands are full – thought I'd bring in donuts today for my buddy's birthday. Surprise him."

The donut gambit. In the end, yesteryday's master plan was a contrived series of long shots. In the light of day, the tried and true is the obvious choice. After all, it worked far more often than it had a right to. Your last job, it had gotten you in the building, past security, and thanks to an access code some fat lady had left exposed in her cubicle while stuffing her face, into the server room alone and unmonitored. Donuts could work miracles.

So after a long night of frenzied masturbation the likes of which you haven't indulged in since high school, you arrive at Monarch with four huge boxes of bakery fresh donuts, along with a smattering of croissants, bagels and danish. Even so, today you even show up early enough to get a space. Take that, Brooklyn! Once in the building it becomes a waiting game, monitoring the lot to watch for the arrival of someone from upper management, timing your trip to the elevator to coincide with theirs. Normally, this maneuver tests whether the rank and file are overly inclined to be polite to someone making an ostensibly friendly gesture. Today, you're attempting an infiltration of what seems to be Monarch's most secure area on site, and hoping to do so with the help of their top people.

It's not your best idea, but it's better than going door to door asking if anybody knows the huge secret on 7.



Amy

The woman you follow into the elevator is Amy Marchiano, junior vice president of marketing. You've met with her twice during your audit, though both times so briefly you'd be stunned if she remembered you. One thing's for sure, she's on brand for Monarch. Memorably beautiful with Asian accents, smartly dressed in a sleeveless but austere gray wool top complementing her large-framed black glasses, slender but not without femininity in the lines of her. Her hair is a tad disheveled this morning, though whether it was from rising early to work from home or hitting the gym on her way in was anyone's guess. She smelled nice, too. (Or maybe it was the donuts.) She was young for her post, definitely emphasizing the junior in junior VP.

"Say, got my hands full – bringing in a little morale boost for the troops. Mind entering the code for 7 for me?"

"How sweet! Here, let me take those so you can enter your code," the woman offers, tapping her smart watch to close down whatever app she'd been using and extending her arms to make good on her offer.

"No, it's all right – this stuff's heavier than it looks. I almost dropped it just lugging it in here."

"I believe it, but I'm afraid I can't give access to someone I don't know," she says, sounding genuinely sorry. "Maybe just set it down? The floor looks like it's dry, so it shouldn't hurt anything inside."

Crud. The security protocols were working. Although reading between the lines, Ms. Marchiano seems to at least be acknowledging that she could go to 7 if she wanted. Not much to go on, though.

You could concede you got caught, try to pass it off as a security inspection. Which it very nearly is, although nothing in your meetings with Aubrey Merriman covered it explicitly, and she was explicit that she was being explicit in her expectations. Still, better to play it off. The only alternative is to stall for time, wait until it's too late to get off on 7 and act like you goofed and are heading back down on your own. Except then you realize she's been holding the elevator for you, her arm concealed from you behind your mountain of donut boxes.

"You can hit your floor, Ms. Marchiano," you open. Why does it feel so awkward, suddenly, now that for once you're not using the donut gambit the way you're meant to? She presses her button and the elevator begins moving while you continue. "You may not remember me, but we met a couple times. I'm the IT security consultant Ms. Merriman hired. And you, clever lady, have just successfully passed a test of protocols, so congratulations!"

Her eyes narrow, several possibilities looming behind plump pink lips. She quickly settles for bemusement, however. "That's right, I do remember you. Wilcox?"

"Will Saxon, actually, though I think you got most of the letters right."

She laughs. "Right, Will, sorry. I won't forget again. And call me Amy, please. So, what, you buy out some bakery and see if someone's stupid enough to let a stranger into a secure area?"

"More or less, yeah."

"Does that ever work?"

"You'd be surprised how often."

"You try it on anyone else here yet?"

You shake your head. "Monarch batting a thousand, thanks to you. So far."

"I'll have to put that on my vitae, daunted the deceptive donut dude.' OK, that sounded worse than it should have. I'm taking this online creative writing thing, and we're working on... you know, never mind. Security I can handle; verbal banter, evidently I'm a lost cause."

"Yeah, no kidding." You make a show of slowly raising the stack of donuts boxes to obscure your face, and she laughs and thwaps you on the arm playfully. It may only be thanks to Jenna and her big bared tits that you're not being overwhelmed by this sweet, sexy vision with her big dark eyes. One more reason to track Jenna down. Keep you focused in this den of temptation.

"You know, as a courtesy, you may want to chase another target. Besides 7, I mean. Getting in the front door is one thing, but... Mr. King takes security on the laboratory pretty seriously. He gets wind that you're sniffing around there, and..." She shakes her head. "Anyway, just be careful is all."

Lab? What kind of lab? You read up on Monarch for your gig here, and to the best of your knowledge, Monarch's major projects are in software. 1's and 0's, not the physical sciences. They made a name for themselves designing digital automation, a competitor to Alexa and Siri, and now are at the forefront of smarthome systems. Did that require a secret laboratory?

“Thanks, Amy, I appreciate the warning. Though that means I have about a hundred thousand calories of pastries for nothing now.”

“Hey, if you’re looking to unload those puppies, you can take them by marketing with me, make me a hero to my peeps.” She pats your arm. “I’m only joking, of course. You do what you like. Just don’t get haul it back to your desk and get diabetes or anything.” Her hand lingers for a few more pats, then retreats.

“They assured me I was expendable.”

“Come on, we don’t like to throw out our consultants until we’re done using them in our sadistic experiments.”

“Amy Marchiano, do your worst.”

An hour later, the two of you are laughing at a joke you forgot the moment you told it as you make your way out of the marketing offices and back toward the elevator. The donuts were a hit – they’re fresh bakery donuts, after all – and you and Amy amused yourselves going door to door with deliveries. She introduced you around, and then the two of you enjoyed a couple yourselves in their lounge. The whole feast ran you \$110 even, including the tip, and every cent worth it to get to watch Amy’s eyes squeeze shut in delight as her glossy pink lips slurp the sticky bits of sugar off her fingers one by one by one.

“Gonna need to hit the gym hard tonight after that,” you say with the obligatory guilt for enjoying eating like a pig in front of a beautiful woman. Never mind that she did the same.

“Come on, ride that donut pony,” she replies. “Do like I do, and just will your body to put all the calories in the right spots. Power of positive thinking, you know?”

“Well it’s doing a heck of a job.” You wince. You’d meant it only to say she kept in shape, but somehow, when the words come out they sound more suggestive than that.

“Hey, back at ya.” She ripples a few of her fingers against your stomach. Amy definitely has some boundary issues, but you sure as hell aren’t going to HR over it.

The elevator arrives. You hit the button for your respective floors; neither of you comment that you’re headed opposite directions and really ought to be riding separately. It heads for the executive’s floor first, Amy’s stop.

“Now, please don’t answer anything that I’m not supposed to know, but... between you and me, what do they even do on 7? What kinds of things are being cooked up in the lab? And again, if it’s not my business–”

“Oh, nothing interesting. Honestly, I barely know. King tells me when something’s done and we need branding for it and usually next to nothing before. Last big innovation was an alarm clock of all things. Heck of a thing, trying to sell alarm clocks in the twenty-first century.”

“Yeah, no joke. Seems... retro.”

“Yep. It’s really a neat little thing, processor learns how best to wake you up and all. Kinda cool, but it’s selling like broccoli in a candy store.” She taps her lip. “Hey, that simile’s not terrible.”

You’re nearing her floor. The two of you have rapport by now. Talked about her writing class, showed her a few pics of Mo. She got a kick out of the name. The handsiness, too, and even if it’s mostly casual pats on the arm or swiping crumbs off your shirt, it’s more touching than you’ve gotten from a woman since... well.

“Say, maybe this is a stupid question, but... do you know a woman named Jenna? I think she works for Ms. Merriman and Mr. King? Average height, bobbed hair, red glasses?”

Amy taps her lower lip pensively. The lip, in response, gleams kissably, patiently. “You know, I think so? Quirky fashion sense, sort of intense way about her?”

“Yes. That’s her all right. You know her?”

“I know of her, yeah.” Her eyes widen in comprehension. “Oh my god, is that why you were so interested in 7?”

“No! No, no no no, not at all, no,” you clarify smoothly. Maybe you should have said no one more time, to be clear. “We sort of bumped into one another yesterday, and we were right in the middle of something when she had to run. Just wanted to see if I couldn’t follow up.”

Amy nods, a sparkle in her eyes. “Right. Unfortunately, Will, I don’t have any way of getting in touch with her. My understanding is she’s part of this big project they’re cranking out on 7. Only been with us a short while, and I don’t have any contact with her team. They take the NDA’s really seriously down there, so fraternization is a big no.”

“Oh. Yeah, I get that.” Damnit! What do you have to do, wait in the parking lot and ambush her on her way out of the building? “Ah, well. Thanks anyway, Amy.”

The elevator slows to a halt and the door swings open on Amy’s floor. She steps out, but leaves one black shoe in the path of the door to hold it in place. “You really like her, huh?”

“I don’t really know if I like her.” You definitely like her body, and let’s face it, there would have to be some serious personality flaws to dissuade you from at least trying to nail her.

She nods. “Wouldn’t have thought she’s your type.”

You lean forward just enough that she can’t miss it. “I like a variety of types.”

There’s no missing the pleased twist at the corners of her lips. “I tell you what. Since you’re a consultant, you won’t be in the corporate directory. Why don’t you give me your number, and if I hear anything, I can pass it on. Least you deserve for breakfast, right?” She holds out her phone, inviting you to enter yourself as a contact.

If the gate between you and Jenna can be opened by donuts, you’re going to get a second job at Dunkin’s. “You’re sure? I don’t want to be a bother.”

“If you start to bother me, I’ll let you know.” She shoves the phone into your hands.

You type in your name and number, double check, and hand it back. “Thanks, Amy. Thanks again, that is.” She gives you a brief smile, a nod, and lets the elevator door slide shut.

You’re most of the way back to your floor when your phone buzzes. It’s an unknown number, but an obvious one. You’re lucky I like donuts, Will.

Any time, more where that came from, you answer, quickly adding her number to your own contacts.

Keep that up and you’re going to make me forget to connect you with Jenna, she writes back a moment later.

All right, that was flirty. The rest of it, that could have been a woman who’s simply predisposed to be friendly. Leaving a door open. That text was definitely flirting, though. You’re planning out a clever reply when she writes again. Anyway, time to get some work done. Don’t be a stranger.

Unless you do strangeness good. ;)

While you’re still processing that, another message follows. It’s an attachment, a video of Amy Marchiano at her desk giving a wink that can only be described as sultry, followed a moment later by a kiss blown to the camera across her free hand. On your third viewing, you at last notice that you can clearly see her nipples through her top.

What the hell is going on at Monarch Industries? Did you step in a puddle of pheromones or something? You’re a handsome enough guy, had good rapport with Amy this morning, but for crying out loud! Are you losing your mind or something?

Lunch time comes and goes. Keeping up with Amy in her impressively wolfish hunger over breakfast keeps you from eating half your tuna fish sandwich. It’s not great, but it’s not egg salad.

You’re on your way back to your cubicle when your phone rings. It’s Aubrey Merriman calling. Two contacts from the CEO’s office in two days? Maybe the hotties of Monarch Industries aren’t the only ones you’re making an impression on, you think slyly to yourself as you answer.

“Saxon.”

“Mr. Saxon, this is Aubrey Merriman. I understand you’ve been espousing an interest in... well, look. We need to talk. Come to my office at your earliest convenience.”

“I—”

The line goes dead.

Chapter 5 - Meeting at the CEO's Office II

Explain to Aubrey that you and Jenna seemed to hit it off. Snooping on 7 was only to contact her. Honesty is the best policy.

"Do you know why I called you up here?" asks Aubrey ambiguously. It's something, the grim anticipation of being chewed out, possibly fired, by a secretary. Knowing that she was somebody's assistant sure doesn't ease your anxiety any.

"I think so." Flirting with the boss's girlfriend or whatever Jenna was? Looking into company secrets? It couldn't be Amy. Could it?

"And do you have anything you'd like to state for the record?"

"Look, I wasn't trying to upset anybody. If somebody had just told me where the line was, I wouldn't have stepped over it." Good. Covers all sins, doesn't admit to anything, and—

Aubrey is frowning, however, and looks put off by your reply. "Stepped over... I'm sorry? Maybe we're not talking about the same thing. What line?"

"The... line. You know. Of... what not to do."

"I don't know, actually." Her frown intensifies. You get the feeling Aubrey Merriman is not a woman whose questions are often evaded. No wonder Mr. King has her manning the gate. "Please, enlighten me."

Shoot. Well, you came up here to bite the bullet, no sense changing course now. Between flirting with Jenna and digging into potentially sensitive corporate secrets, the latter sounds a lot more forgivable, so you lead with that. "About Jenna?"

"What about Jenna?"

"About... our encounter. In the elevator?" So she doesn't know. Only now, the way you're stammering it out, it sounds far worse. "I must have missed my guess. It's nothing nefarious, Ms. Merriman. We talked some in the elevator, seemed to hit it off, and I tried to look her up to follow up but couldn't find her in the company directory."

"Oh. So... you spoke to woman in the elevator, tried to email her, and couldn't. What line does that cross exactly?"

"Oh. Well, I didn't know if it might be considered, I dunno, unprofessional, or something." Nice. Much better than saying She definitely blew Mr. King and I tried to chat her up even so, my bad! "Since we both work here, for the moment."

"Oh! Is that all?" At last, a sparkle of mirth comes to Aubrey's eyes. "My goodness. No, Mr. Saxon, Monarch Industries is actually very tolerant of office relationships. If someone catches your eye, by all means, chat them up. I'm assuming you're up to date on sexual harassment policy and all, but that aside, corporate has no objection."

Nor any to your interest in Jenna. Not bad at all. “Oh. Well, that’s good to know.”

“Who knows, one of our young ladies may just snare you for us, keep you around long-term, eh?”

Was that a job offer? Or is she about to try to set you up with one of the babes downstairs? What?

“Wouldn’t that be something,” you reply neutrally. “So if it wasn’t that, then...”

“I see. I was actually looking to address my concerns about your recent interactions with Ms. Diamond.”

“Ms. Diamond?” Who the fuck is Ms. Diamond?

“Yes. Brook?”

You shake your head. “Who?”

“Medium height, muscular, dark hair? Parking enforcement?”

This time, the headshake is faster and more to try to jostle your brain into working right. “You mean that b–” You catch yourself just in time. “That... Brooklyn?”

“Is it Brooklyn? I think she goes by Brook. Either way, yes, I see you know who I’m referring to.”

“I... yes. But, interaction? The only interaction we’ve had was my first day here, she was writing me a ticket and I tried to talk her down. She laughed in my face. Kind of mean about it. Is there some problem?”

“Well, I hope not. That’s why I asked you to meet with me.”

“Is there some kind of police matter going on?”

“Police...? Oh heavens no! Ms. Diamond works for Monarch Industries. She’s our parking enforcer – or rather, she’s part of our security team, but does have that particular obligation on her plate.”

“What? She wears a police uniform, though, doesn’t she?”

“Our security uniforms clearly delineate staff members connection to Monarch Industries, though studies have shown that uniforms which bear resemblance to those of perceived authority generate better results in the unfortunate event of a crisis situation. In any case, we’ve not gotten complaints.”

“Oh. So...”

“Right. There’s no simple way to say this, Mr. Saxon, so I’ll just come out with it. Ms. Diamond is... dedicated. Zealous, perhaps. Moreover, on occasion she will focus that zeal on a particular individual. Whether it’s for larks, some good-natured hazing, or something else, I won’t hazard a guess. And, well, I saw that you’ve received three parking citations now in the past six business days–”

“Four in the past eight,” you point out tersely, having counted them up only that morning when you made sure that this time, your car was touching the curb.

“Oh my, I must not be current. Well regardless... I wanted to see if there was any trouble, and perhaps we’ve already answered that.”

“You’re saying she makes a habit of this? Harassing new employees and whatnot?”

“I wouldn’t categorize it as ‘harassment’ per se.”

“So why does she still have a job? I know it’s not my place to conduct personnel reviews, but if she keeps going after people...”

“Ms. Diamond happens to be a person of some special interest to certain high-ranking members of the Monarch family,” she replies. “I’d rather not be more specific than that. So termination isn’t an option, and we’re in a position where we have to treat such occurrences with a light touch.”

“Good old nepotism,” you mutter, only belatedly wondering if there’s a Merriman on the board. Aubrey doesn’t flinch, though, so it seems you’re getting away with it.

“So while there’s only so much we can do to rein her in, as it were, we don’t wish for it to interfere with our relationships with valued contractors like yourself.”

Aubrey stops, hands folded calmly in her lap. After a pause, you realize she’s deferring to you.

Oho.

“I see. Well, for starters, you could comp me for the tickets I’ve already paid. Mailed those things off, didn’t even look at the address on the envelope.”

“Done and done. The same will go for any future citations.” Not even a caveat. Maybe take a VIP parking spot, see how it goes?

“I don’t suppose we can ask her to bug off until I’m gone.”

“Unfortunately, she can be somewhat oppositional defiant. So what can I do for you to make this situation as comfortable as it can be?”

Man. Here’s your chance. How far can you push this? Considering this is the executive assistant to the CEO, they must be awfully concerned or they’d have delegated the talk to some nobody from HR. Aubrey’s been pretty chill, too, encouraging your interest in Jenna, even semi-playfully suggesting she hopes one of their ladies hooks you. Or maybe this is your chance to show what a dude you can be?

Chapter 6 - Giving It Your 70%

Impress her. Ask for nothing. Maybe you can cash it in later.

“So what can I do for you to make this situation as comfortable as it can be?”

You consider. That’s one hell of a question. Nevertheless, Brooklyn so far hasn’t been naything more than a pain, and that pain will be alleviated once Monarch picks up the tab. Even as your imagination runs with the possibilities of what all this woman might be able to do for you, you rein yourself in. No. No more thinking with your dick. That’s what had you coming up here sweating with dread in the first place, even if by some miracle it all worked itself out. No, this time you’re going to think about the bigger picture.

“Ms. Merriman, I assure you, I’m already quite comfortable.” You flash that winning thousand-watt smile of yours. “I promise if that ever changes—”

“You let me know right off, all right?” She nods, looking as if she approves of your handling of the issue. “I know at some companies ‘consultant’ is a four-letter word, but here, even our temporary people are our people.”

“Thank you, truly. I feel really welcome here. Parking operations aside,” you add with a dismissive chuckle.

“You’ll let me know if Ms. Diamond becomes too much for you to handle.”

“Oh, I’m sure I can take on one over-zealous parking operations officer.”

“Of course you can.”

Indeed, after an unusually normal afternoon of actually doing your job, you find there is once more a citation left on your dashboard. Today, it’s for parking in a reserved space, even though the orange-painted lines you took to delineate employee spaces appear on only one side of your vehicle. Ordinarily you’d be up in arms, but today, knowing it’s all some uptight lady’s hazing ritual, you tear it up without a second thought.

(Seriously, though, it can’t be reserved if both sides aren’t orange! The nerve! That woman!)

The next couple days are back to your actual job. No more weirdly flirtatious encounters with weirdly attractive women, just crunching numbers and tapping keys. Tedious, sure, but that’s what they pay you the big bucks for. You’re not the sort to let yourself fixate on a smoking hot body. Not even one with unbelievable tits like Jenna’s. Or a smile to soften granite like Amy’s. Or, sure, you can admit it, an ass that’s a hard round endorsement of somebody’s fitness center like... like...

Hmm. There’s an ass in your memory, but you can’t put a name to it.

Anyway, no, not you. You know when to back off and bide your time. Or to accept that maybe there will never be a time. Maybe someday years from now, your stint at Monarch Industries will be an uncommonly sizable deposit in your spank bank and nothing more.

You still have Mo, after all. That weekend, it's all you and him, cranking up the AC on a sweltering summer heat wave, binging TV and dozing at intervals. As too often happens, by Monday morning, the weekend is already a blur in the rear view mirror.

Hey, speaking of the rear view mirror...

You round the block, and as you retravel a stretch on Regina Blvd you confirm that you'd seen what you'd thought you'd seen. By the side of the road, kicking her tire with the pointed toe of her heeled shoe in frustration, is none other than Avery Parker, regional assistant to the manager of sales. Sure enough, that sucker is flat as flat can be, very much unlike Avery herself.

"I don't need any help, thank you," she says without looking, no doubt responding to the sound of your car door shutting.

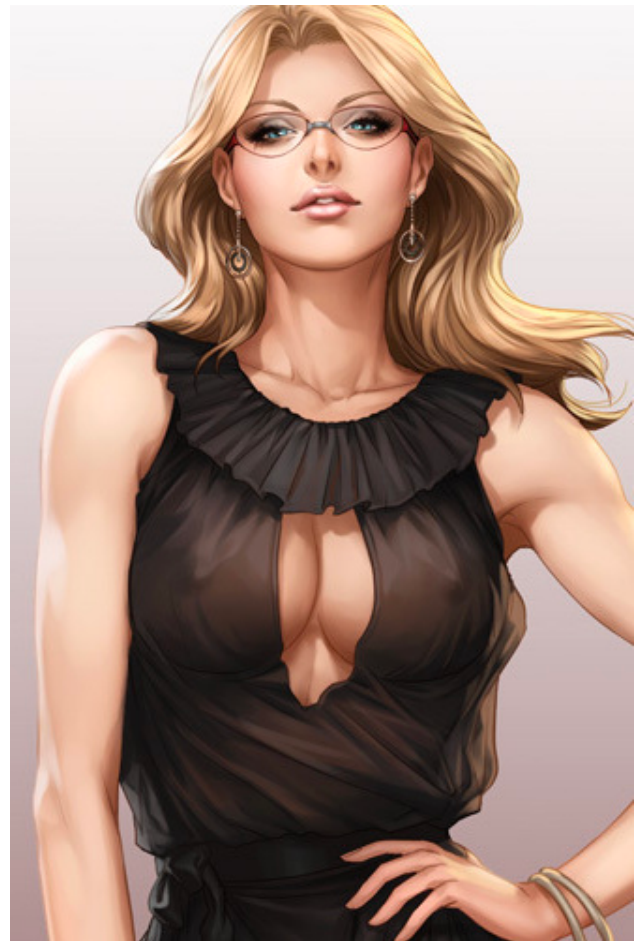
"You sure? Because it looks like you do," you reply. She turns, and her defiance at the universe's delivery of this damsel in distress scenario is apparent. Right before "I don't need any help" can become "fuck off, stranger danger," however, her eyes focus through her glasses, and recognition registers.

"It's... Will, right?" she asks.

"Bing. And Avery?" You're not the least bit sure. The question mark is solely to reassure her you've thought about her as little as she's no doubt thought about you. "From sales?"

"Good memory." She lets out an aggravated breath, scowling once more at her defunct vehicle. "Not sure how long it's been leaking, but I sure heard the rim grinding when I was driving. Stupid goddamn... Sorry. Just not how I wanted to start the week."

"Yeah, no doubt." Your own manly glee at feeling exactly the opposite, playing rescuer to a beautiful woman in need, barely misses its chance to leak into your voice. "You already called somebody, I take it?"



Avery

“Somebodies. Tow truck and a Lyft. I have a 9:30 with Danny that I can’t miss, so I can’t even follow it to the shop. I know I shouldn’t be paranoid, but... something about handing off your car to total strangers... I dunno. My mom says I have trouble accepting help. Even very expensive help, like this is obviously going to be. Fuck.”

“Yeah, no doubt.” Didn’t you just say that? You’re pretty sure you just said that. “Though hey, I know it’s the lesser of two charges, but if you want to cancel that Lyft, I’d be happy to give you a ride in.”

Despite it being a no brainer of an offer – accepting an immediate free ride from a little known coworker vs. a delayed and expensive one from a total stranger – she mulls it over a moment. “Sure. Thanks, Will. Let me grab my stuff from the car and I’ll be right there, OK?”

Her ass, shapely and inviting, does its best to thank you as she bends down in her car, rummaging for who knows what. There has to be a special place in heaven for whoever does the hiring for Monarch Industries. Or maybe hell. However amazing ass scouting talent is weighed in that equation, they’re getting full credit or sanction. A few moments later, she scoots into your passenger seat, setting her purse and a second bag between her feet as she buckles in. The seatbelt is covering almost as much of her breasts as her top, but your brief introduction to Jenna has already disabused you of any antiquated notions about dress codes at Monarch.

You give her a few minutes to touch base with the tow company now that she won’t be there to meet them. When she’s done, Avery rams her phone into her purse with a grunt. “Assholes. Do you ever get a feeling about someone where you just *know* they’re going to mess something up for you?”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine. They do this for a living, after all. Hey, look on the bright side. You’re already past the worst part of your week, eh?”

Grudgingly, she gives you a thin smile. “Here’s hoping, but yes, that’s going to be tough to top. That sound it made... yuck. That was an expensive sound.”

There’s not much to say to that. Avery gives it a block before making the transition herself. “So, Will, you live around here? There, rather – by where you picked me up.”

“Sure do. Little cul de sac right off Maple, less than half a mile.”

“No way! Small world, I guess. Look at us, practically neighbors.”

“Really? Whereabouts are you?”

You can see the question pushes a button that you forget some women even have, but her flash of caution fades quickly. “On Rexford? That big condo complex with all the trees with the silver-green leaves?”

“Yeah, I know that one. Looks really pretty.”

“For what the condo association charges, it fucking better,” she grumbles, then her eyes widen.

“Fucking FUCK!”

“What?! What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Nothing important. I forgot my goddamn jacket in my car! Jesus, I look like a... Fuck!” She folds down the sun visor, inspecting herself in the attached mirror. Her fingers tug around at the large oval around her breasts, and while you’re mostly focused on the road, you don’t miss the fact that by the time she’s done inspecting and fruitlessly adjusting, two huge nipples are pushing out into the thin black fabric. Heck of an anger response, that.

“I... I wondered if... I just didn’t want to...”

“Well thanks for that,” she gripes. For some reason, she presses her breasts together so suddenly and so firmly you can hear the skin clapping together, then releases them after a moment. From the duration of the jiggle, there’s no longer the least bit of uncertainty that Avery is going commanda under that blouse. “Goddamn tow truck’s come and gone by now, too, and we don’t have time to... Fuck!”

You don’t know what to say to that, and really, you can appreciate that the poor woman’s off to one heck of a lousy start to the week. Let her blow off some steam. Soon enough, in fact, she seems to realize her misplaced frustration and puts an arm on your shoulder apologetically. “Look, sorry, I’m pissing and moaning like crazy this morning. I’m sorry. I promise I’m usually at least 30% less bitchy.”

Her frankness wins a laugh. “I didn’t know there was a numeric scale for it.”

“Oh yeah, all sorts of factors and equations go into it. Percentage of advances rejected, level of education, hair color to hair length ration... I’m practically an actuary of it.”

“Hair color to hair length? What’s the most and least? I gotta know. For a friend.”

“Short and tall redheads are at the high end. Ass-length brunettes come in dead last, at least in the American system.”

“And in metric? Who’s worst there?”

“Blonde down to the shoulder blades all the way,” she says with a wry smile, pointedly twisting a strand of her long blonde hair around a finger.

Despite her forgetfulness regarding her jacket – and what jacket could possibly render that blouse, on that body, modest, you have no idea – Avery had the presence of mind to snag her employee parking pass and sticks it on your dashboard, securing your best space yet. Sure enough, by lunch time there’s a fresh ticket from Brooklyn for having an illicit pass transfer to your unregistered vehicle, and through the window, you can see a second one joined it for the second half of the day. You snag a fresh manila folder and designate it “Brooklyn’s BS” in sharpie, a new home for her inexplicable crusade against your parking pleasure. It can go to Aubrey Merriman along with your final report, in case anybody ever has the stones to go over the fascist bitch and wants some evidence of her abuses handy. That afternoon, you get a text from Avery Parker asking if you would mind dropping her at the tire place. She’s only slightly apologetic for the ask; you suppose it’s difficult to be a woman so gorgeous and still feel like your presence is that cumbersome to young single men. Needless to say you accept. Hardly out of your way, and you only need to stay two and a half extra hours past your usual quitting time to accommodate her.

You head into the shop with her at her invitation on the off chance her vehicle’s not ready, but sure enough, everything’s taken care of. You grimace at the price they list – turned out to be one heck of an expensive sound indeed – and even bravely venture a consoling pat on the back as she curses under her breath while submitting the demanded ransom.

You walk her to her car, where she immediately does a thorough inspection for fresh scratches in the paint. For you, it’s an exercise in only noticing how, bent over like that, her boobs threaten to jump out of her neckline when she’s facing away from you. “Hey, I guess I’ll see you around,” you say after a couple minutes of this.

“Yeah,” Avery replies absently. That’s that.

You head back to your car – only right as you’re hitting the lock button on your fob, you once again hear Avery’s voice behind you. How she snuck up so close in those heels, you have no idea. “Hey, Will. Sorry about that. Look, you’ve been awesome today, chauffeuring me around and putting up with my bullshit. I want you to know I really do appreciate it. Yeah?”

Damn, she’s pretty when she smiles. She’s sexy as hell when she scowls, but smiling, the woman is radiant. “No problem. I hope I made a sucky day a little less sucky.”

“You did. Big time.” She takes a step closer. “You know, since we’re neighbors and all, what do you think about carpooling? You and me?”

You need no time at all to respond. Avery Parker may not have the warmth of Amy Marchiano, but surely she’s at least worth getting to know. “Carpool sounds great, actually. I hate making the drive all the way into the city by myself every day. Some company would be fun.”

“Agreed. Maybe back and forth, like I do Monday Wednesday Friday, you do Tuesday Thursday? How’s that sound?”

“Or I could just drive every day. I don’t mind. I know how I am, and I guarantee you I’ll forget whose day it is and make us both late.”

Her smile broadens. “You are a godsend, buddy. I am not even going to try to talk you down from that. Deal.”

“Deal.” You extend your hand. Avery takes it, but rather than shake it, she raises it to her lips and extends her glistening pink tongue. Your jaw drops in surprise as she plants it on the back of your wrist and, with a gradualness both exquisite and awkward as hell, drags it up to your knuckle before standing back up and releasing it.

“Um...”

“Look, you’ve put up with me enough today – get the heck outta here, OK? I’ll text you my address.”

“Uh, sure. But–”

She turns, and is back at her car, giving a second check on the rear door, before you can ask what the flying hell that lick was about. Did you imagine it? You’d think you must have except for the thin trail of Avery’s saliva cooling in the heated evening air.

So you carpool with Avery. Sure enough, the thirty percent forecast in reduced bitchery is about spot on. She’s opinionated, outspoken, and critical. She adjusts the radio station without permission, applies her makeup while you’re driving, and one morning asks if you wouldn’t mind going almost half an hour out of your way after work to drop her off at the gym. Why she even goes to one so far from her home is anyone’s guess.

Still, she’s also got a knack for observational humor, is a solid partner for swapping war stories of workplace grievances, and, you even grudgingly acknowledge, has better taste in music than you. She follows hockey but disdains other pro sports; she geeks out hard about wristwatches but with enough passion to draw you in; in spite of her flawless appearance, she’s almost never girly. Avery is... cool. You can imagine that if you strapped on a penis, a beard, and fifty extra pounds on her, she’d get along great with your guy friends.

Perhaps best of all, though, she lacks a beer gut, evidences no body hair you’ve seen, and is in possession of what you can only imagine is a spectacular vagina, if the rest of her is anything to go by. While Monday’s jacket debacle seems to have annoyed, Tuesday’s tight sleeveless blouse, showing glimpses of her tits between the buttons, occasions no comment. Nor Wednesday’s skin tight pant suit painted on her ass, nor the sports bra and leggings she’s already got on for her trip to the gym Thursday, nor casual Friday’s skinny jeans and tank top, the back so low it’s hardly even there. The front is only somewhat better, a pair of thick mounds of flesh upthrust through her neckline.

She seems like she enjoys your company, too. She invites you to sit with her and a few colleagues when your paths cross at lunch Wednesday, and even sends a decidedly non-work-related text your way at almost eleven o'clock Thursday night.

Do you watch Fallon? I have thoughts on one of his bits tonight and you won't get them if you didn't watch and I have to rant them to someone so if you're not going to be my dude in the morning I have to find someone else yet tonight

Yeah, you reply, quickly searching for a video of tonight's show.

Sweet.

The rant is supplanted by a separate one, this one about how it's been three days and she still can't get the goddamn air freshener scent out of her car, and how there ought to be an air freshener whose scent destroys other air fresheners. It's inspired.

Friday afternoon, Avery is waiting for you by your car along with a fresh citation from Brooklyn for expired plates. Why a company lot would even look for such a thing aside, yours aren't even expired! You check just to reassure yourself, only to realize that the little green sticker is absent altogether. What? Those things stick through rain, sleet and snow – no way it happened to fall off! Could Brooklyn have actually peeled your sticker off? Sure enough, you can see little scratches in the dust on your plate as if someone's fingernail attempted just that. What the mother fuck?!

Nonetheless, once Avery lets you do a little venting of your own, she stops you before you can climb into the car. "Hey, look, I'm actually sticking around here for a while yet. I know, working late on a Friday." She puts a finger-gun to her head and pulls the trigger, tongue lolling out a moment later. The same tongue she has not yet referred to a single time since employing it on your hand.

"Oh, bummer. Sure I can't drag you out? Tell Danny your ride home was a jerk, wouldn't wait for you."

"Like that asswipe cares." She frowns. "I actually gotta head up quick, they're already waiting on me, but... before I do, I just wanted to run something by you. If you have a sec to talk."

You're about to tell her to go right ahead when, as if by a quirk of fate, both corners of your eye catch a different sight.

To your right, exiting the building and striding briskly toward the other end of the lot, is none other than Jenna. THE Jenna, flimsy skirt, inadequate vest and all. Her keys are already in hand, and you can hear a distant beep as she unlocks a car in that direction. It's the first time you've seen her since she flashed her tits to you on 7 over a week ago. By now, you were beginning to wonder if you'd imagined it, but there she is, tits and all.

To your left, however, you catch another sight. None other than Brooklyn Diamond, unremarkable as ever. While Jenna doesn't seem to have noticed your presence, Brooklyn's snide smirk is unmistakable as she makes her way to her own ride, one of those jeeps with the clear plastic doors. Because of course the biggest asshole at Monarch has to drive the assholiest car. What the fuck is with that woman!

"Will?" prods Avery. "You with me?"

Chapter 8 - Over White Russians

Swing for the fences – try to take them both home to Mo.

“I got ‘em both,” you assure the group. “No worries.”

There’s a hesitation, then a ghost of a smile, and then they’re gone. “You kids have fun,” someone calls.

“Um, both...?” Ingrid asks. “Are you sure?”

“It’s no trouble. Avery and I are neighbors, so it’s not like she adds anything to the trip.”

Avery arches a thin yellow eyebrow. “Ingrid lives on the other side of town.”

The longer the discussion drags on, the better the odds somebody’s going to dash off and try to catch a ride from one of their friends. You start for your car, leaving them little choice but to follow. “Not a problem. Got half a tank, at least. Plenty to go wherever we wanna go.”

To your relief, after a brief pause, the ladies fall in line. The clacking of their shoes echoes around the parking garage as you make your way back to your car. Avery takes shotgun; Ingrid pours her curves into the back seat.

It’s the redhead in the back who starts up the small talk on your way out of the garage – how much she’d like the music, how it felt good to get to use her muscles for something other than vacuuming the floors of Monarch – but as you reach the exit, it’s time to push the envelope. You’ve got two women in the car. One with the eyes of a hungry jungle cat, the other a hunk of meat dangling on a string. You’re not an inexperienced hunter; a predator or a trap, you can handle either. Both, though... This is going to take some finesse.

“Am I the only one who’s not the least bit tired yet?” you ask the car.

“Hell yes. Drinking, dancing... only gets my blood pumping faster,” Avery concurs.

“Um, I guess I’m sort of awake still,” Ingrid echoes. “I work evenings, so my sleep schedule is all kinds of weird. I usually don’t go to bed until like six or seven in the morning.”

“Hey then, all nighter it is.” You lean out the window, pay the parking fee, and leave the garage. “I got plenty to drink back at my place, and I don’t want to brag, but I have one hell of a dog there, too.”

“Puppies?” Ingrid breaks out in smiles. “I love puppies!”

“What kind of dog?”

“You’ll see.”

There’s a gradually rising tension in the car as you make for your house. Ingrid gives up on chit chat once the radio comes on. Avery looks out the window, her reflection in the glass inscrutable. Nobody is unaware that the three of you are all headed for one house with a promise of drinks and late night fun. Two in the car, and that’s an obvious code for sex. Three in the car...? You’re not sure. Maybe none of you are. You’ve never gone for anything this ambitious before.

“This is such a pretty neighborhood,” Ingrid comments as you near your pad.

Avery snorts. “The taxes out here are a bitch. Straddles the township line, so you’re paying county and city in the worst combinations.”

You pat her bared knee, taking her back a notch. “It is pretty, Ingrid. Maybe we need to let our inner accountant have the night off?”

She glances at your hand, but doesn’t object, a thin smile blooming on her lips. “Maybe.”

You pull into your garage, hoping you left the house in presentable condition. Bachelorhood has been a little too easy for a while. You lead the trio in, though, and Mo immediately leaps excitedly at your visitors, yapping and wagging ferociously, his front legs flapping as a compromise between his instinct to kick at them like wild horses and his training to be a polite member of canine society. Ingrid drops to her knees immediately, showering him with pets and kisses, and even Avery watches their interactions with simple bemusement. It’s enough of a distraction to sweep a few dishes into the dishwasher, drag a sponge across the counter, and deem it sufficient.

“Somebody said something about drinks?” Avery prompts as Ingrid allows Mo to shepherd her toward the living room. He nudges her onto the couch and proceeds to climb right up in her delighted face.

“I sure did. White Russians?”

“Norwegian, actually,” Ingrid says between nuzzles at Mo’s delighted snout. Avery shakes her head and shoos you into the kitchen. You’re midway through the mixing process when she joins you.

“How about you? I’m guessing... Swedish?” you quip softly lest Ingrid overhear.

“Blonde hair give me away? Or was it the way I look in a bikini?”

“I haven’t had the pleasure yet. Thought I remembered you saying something about your love of meatballs.”

Avery leans against the counter at your side, not quite in your way but impossible to continue without brushing against her bare arm. “I like all sorts of balls,” she says in a seductive voice.

To your relief, she bursts into laughter at the same time you do. “OK, now that was one hell of a line. ‘I love balls,’” you repeat, imitating her smoky tone.

Avery only laughs and bumps your hip with hers. “Oh shut up. Can’t blame a woman for wanting to get the... shit, I was gonna say ‘ball rolling,’ but I’m not sure you’re mature enough to hear me say the word ‘ball’ again without spilling the kahlua.”

“Rolling where?” you ask innocently. “I’m just a simple IT security consultant, treating some friends to a couple drinks. That’s all.”

“Yeah?” Avery hefts the vodka bottle, puts it up to her lips and takes a long pull. “Because if I didn’t know better, I’d swear you thought you were some Don Juan gunning for a threesome.”

The word is suddenly in the open. *Threesome*. No doubt everybody had been thinking it, but now that it’s a topic of conversation...

“Who, me? I figured that was what _you _were after. I was only trying to do you a solid, Avery, honest.”

“You’re lucky I like funny guys, Will.” She takes another sip, setting down the bottle and dabbing her lips with a nearby hand towel. “Luckier that I’m horny as fuck.”

Fuck. A contagious statement if ever there was one. “Yeah?”

Avery grabs your tie and pulls you toward her lips. Your eyes close instinctively, your lips part in anticipation. The kiss doesn’t come, though. Instead, you’re suddenly aware of your zipper being lowered, and as your eyes flutter back open, there’s a hand slipping inside them, taking gentle – but not _that _gentle – hold of your gear. Avery’s silken hand massages her findings possessively, and then she’s pulling you by the tie past her face until her lips are in your ear.

“Balls,” she whispers.

“Hey, what’re you guys laughing about?” Ingrid asks as she responds to the fresh peals of laughter from the kitchen. Mo is at her heels, sniffing curiously at her shin until deciding on a single tiny lick to the back of her knee.

“Nothing, nothing. You, ah, had to be there,” you assure her. You do up your fly as casually as you can before turning to face the newcomer.

“I adore your puppy, by the way,” she gushes, once more crouching beside him. Somehow, the ease with which you can see up her skirt is less distracting after having another woman’s hand on your junk. “What’s his name?”

“We call him Mo, for short.”

“Mo?” To the dog’s glee, she scrunches up his face and then lets the loose skin flap back into place.

“What’s it short for? Mo-narch?”

“Heh. Nah, it’s Quasimodo. You know, the Hunchback of Notre Dame?”

“I love that movie! Almost as much as I love this little guy. Are you a hunchback? Who’s an iddle widdle hunchback? Is it oo? It’s oo, isn’t it.” Mo writhes ecstatically into a hug. Avery, meanwhile, rolls her eyes and takes up her drink, downing it in a go.

Once you make a refill for Avery, the three of you retire to the living room where you turn on some music.

“Not jazz saxophone?” Avery observes with a slight grin.

If the car ride over was thick with tension, the situation in the living would need a sledgehammer to break it. Ingrid continues entertaining Mo with mounting awkwardness while Avery puts down drinks. Nobody speaks. At least, not until Ingrid excuses herself to the restroom.

“Do you not have any plan for this?” Avery inquires. “What, you thought you’d just invite two women back to your place, pour drinks, and our panties would magically melt off our bodies?”

“Believe it or not, this isn’t the sort of thing I make a habit of.”

“No excuse. Shit, Will, I think I made it pretty damn obvious back at the club that I would sleep with you. Ingrid made it pretty sure she’d sleep with anybody who paid her a compliment. Shit, I think the dog might’ve gotten her off twice since we’ve been here. But no, you had to get greedy on us, and now you’re clamming up.”

“Somehow ‘hey, wanna have a threesome’ seemed a little bit blunt for a sweet girl like Ingrid. I’m open to suggestions.”

“You’re right. Just sit back, sip your White Russian, and let Mo handle the seduction. Any second now, her legs will fly open.”

“This really isn’t helping, you know!”

“It’s my job to help you fuck me and my friend?”

The door down the hall swings open, and Ingrid steps out into the hallway. To your surprise, most of her clothes don’t exit the restroom with her. Her skirt and hose are absent, and of her two top garments only the blouse, unbutton nearly to her navel remains, hanging down just past the underwear you glimpsed in the kitchen. Her red hair is up in a ponytail now, high and thick. As the shock registers on your face, Avery swivels to follow your gaze, her drink tumbling from her hand.

“So, um, are we gonna do this, you guys? I’m not trying to rush anybody or anything, but I wanna make sure I’m home in time to feed Lady.”

“Oh. Um, yeah. Can’t keep Lady waiting.” You take to your feet, pausing beside Avery. “You in?”

“Meatballs.” She takes your hand, letting you help her to her feet.

Ingrid intuitively finds the route to your bedroom. You remember at the last moment to close the door behind you before Mo does like he did once with your old girlfriend and slurps her asshole while she’s going down on you. Bit of a mood killer. He gives a little whine at being shut out.

Ingrid takes a moment to admire a picture of you and Mo as a puppy that you keep on your dresser, then sets herself down on the edge of your bed. “So did you have a plan or anything, Will?”

“A plan? No, I am definitely making this up as I go along territory.”

She nods. "Sure. Guess none of us saw this coming, huh? So I thought, maybe, since I'm super horny, and I can tell you're super horny, Aves, maybe we could help Will get in the mood by playing with each other a little bit while he watches?"

The accountant arches an eyebrow, but then turns to look at you. Ingrid watches you. After a moment, you realize you forgot to respond, clearing your throat past a lump the size of a tennis ball. "Ahem. Um, didn't I say yes? I thought I said yes. By all means."

Ingrid smiles as Avery gamely closes on her, sidling up between the redhead's parted legs. "You're so beautiful, Avery. I want to see the rest of you."

"About fucking time, baby girl." Avery pivots in her friend's light grasp. Once her back is to her, Ingrid slowly eases the zipper of Avery's dress down her back. Black underwear comes into view, and more of it once the zipper reaches the bottom. Pale hands make their way into the breach, slipping the garment off Avery's shoulders. Her hips are too broad for it to simply slide all the way off on its own, but she helpfully shimmies out of it, her bottom swaying until it's pooled down at her feet.

The women kiss. It's a hungry kiss, but the glances in your direction are a reminder that it's also theater, erotic theater for an audience of one. Avery soon has her redheaded companion pinned to the bed where she jerks her partner's blouse wide open. At least one button flies off, bouncing off the wall and into the darkness. Beneath it is a red bra, though less so than its wearer's hair, struggling with the enormity of its task.

The kissing continues, four heavenly breasts swaying against each other as they roll around exchanging top and bottom. As Avery's slinky black panties creep further and further between her cheeks thanks to Ingrid's fervent explorations, she finally removes them altogether, tossing them across the room such that they land directly on your face. The scent of her arousal is thick on them. She soon turns her attention on her playmate's, but Ingrid seizes her hand firmly and says in a dusky tone, "No. That's for Will."

Avery smirks over her shoulder at you. "Then I guess he better get over here, hadn't he, or we're gonna find out which one of us has the stronger wrists."

As you come at your bed, Ingrid rolls to her feet and stops you just short of it. "Can we help you with your clothes, Will?"

"Be my guest, ladies."

The two of them work together with remarkable coordination considering the lack of rehearsal. Avery undoes your tie while Ingrid kneels to get off your socks, then the both of them tackle your shirt buttons, Avery from the top down and Ingrid bottom up until they meet in the middle, fingernails grazing your bare chest as they peel it off of you. Then the two kneel before you, one on your belt and the other with her second foray into your zipper, slipping your pants down to your ankles. Your underwear follows.

"Looks like somebody liked our little show, baby girl." Avery eyes your throbbing erection appreciatively.

"I liked it too, Avery. You're so lovely."

"Would you like it if we sucked your cock, Will?" Ingrid's eyes remain on yours even as her chin lowers bashfully. "I don't mean to be so greedy, but it looks so *good*, and so *big*..."

"Offering up my mouth too, are you?"

"Please, Ingrid," you interject before Avery's spirited nature can disrupt the offer. As for Ingrid, she doesn't need to be invited twice. Her hand firmly takes grip around the base of your cock and aims it towards her opening mouth. You feel, though don't quite hear, a purr of contentment as she tastes you rumbling through her lips. A wet *shlurp* issues as she lets you slide out from between her lips. Then after a few licks around the head of your cock, she's back on it, easing herself lower and lower with each determined bob until you can feel the resistance at the entrance to her throat.

Avery watches quizzically, but as you remember your threesome is presently a twosome, you beckon to her. "Balls, Avery?"

After a moment, she seems to opt for amusement and rewards your attempt at humor with compliance. Crawling around behind you, the busty blonde positions herself behind you, nearly under you, and begins lapping at your sack. Oddly, it reminds you of your first one-on-one meeting and the lick she gave your hand: needful, unexpected but most welcome. She takes turns working your testicles in her mouth one after the other, swirling them with her tongue, as Ingrid feasts on the main course. As you take hold of her ponytail, her pace falls immediately in line with your guidance, and you can't help but suspect that it's the reason she did her hair up as such to begin with, as a handle with which to fuck her beautiful face.

It's time to come. You want this to go on all night, but it's too much for any man to endure. Feeling the tremors beginning in your sack, Avery rejoins Ingrid before you, the two of them licking and slurping along your cock, sharing amicably yet pursuing greedily. Some heretofore unknown instinct impels you to pull back at the last moment; Ingrid senses your intent and strokes your shaft double-fisted, feverish, until you unload on the blonde's pretty face. Avery holds still, letting you paint her visage with your cum.

As you slump back against the dresser, catching your breath, Ingrid once more kisses her friend, then begins licking your cum off her face blob by blob. "You are such a little freak, Ingrid. Who would've thought?" Ingrid snickers between slurps.

"You don't like it?"

"Oh don't let me hold you up."

Ingrid drags her tongue along Avery's cheek, leaving a glistening line where a pearlescent glob sat in the previous moment. "Do you like it, Will?"

“You’re fucking incredible. Both of you. You’re so goddamn sexy I can hardly believe this is happening.”

Flattery seems to work, both of them smiling up at you. You offer each a hand, helping them to their feet, though it’s a momentary position before the two of them jointly spin you around and throw you onto your bed. Each climbs aboard one thigh, and suddenly there are two gorgeous faces in yours kissing your lips, your face, your neck, your ears, faster than you can keep track of who’s who. It’s dizzying, but in a way that suggests that balance is an overrated state.

“You ought to fuck her, Will,” says a voice. Whoever it is, nobody has ever been more right. You’re vaguely aware that the hair on the busty body beneath you is pale rather than scarlet, confirming the source of the generous suggestion as Ingrid. Ingrid, who takes a place beside you, heaving tits wrapped around your arm as Avery guides your tip toward her wet and waiting entrance.

“Gentle, big guy. That’s an awful lot of cock for little ol’ me, OK?”

“I’ll be gentle,” you assure you. And you are. You press into her inch by inch, each push taking it a bit deeper than the last. Her eyes squeeze shut, hands pawing at her breasts around her black bra as if trying to tear it off from the front.

“She looks so happy,” Ingrid whispers in your ear. “Do you think you could make me feel that happy?”

“Wait your turn, Ingrid. Just because you’re an amazing cocksucker doesn’t mean you get to cut in line.” You mean it playfully, but with her cheek on your shoulder, you can feel her nodding in acceptance of your rebuke. Her hands tease blindly across your chest and back while you drill the pretty blonde accountant.

Soon, gentle isn’t cutting it any more, and Avery flips herself onto her hands and knees, her shapely ass pointed at you entreatingly. “I need you deeper. Don’t hold back now. You go in all the fucking way, and you don’t slow down until I black the fuck out, understand?”

You don’t have to be told twice. Her cries fill the bedroom; you catch sound of a momentary whimper of confusion outside the bedroom door. Good old Mo, worried you’re abusing his new friends. His concern is not entirely misplaced, however; you saw your cock in and out of Avery’s tight wet tunnel like a lumberjack, like Paul goddamn Bunyan himself. Her arms give way, and soon she’s slumped down face first into your pillow, body trembling as it passively lays there and lets itself get fucked. Ingrid tentatively places a hand on the other woman’s ass, and soon is exploring it eagerly, squeezing and then lightly slapping it, Avery’s flesh jiggling mesmerizingly with each contact. It only spurs you onward, picking up the pace until suddenly her back arches, her fists grip your sheets and nearly unmake the bed as an orgasm thunders through her body. A few more moments and you’d be joining her, but there’s still more to be done.

You pull out, cock throbbing, practically purple with how swollen it feels. You’re as hard as you’ve ever been in your life. “Your time to shine, Ingrid.”

She claps her hands giddily. “I can’t wait!”

As Ingrid flops down on her back, Avery begins to remember who and where she is, looking around in dissipating confusion. “I... wow. Fucking mother fucking wow. I cannot believe you held out on me with all that these past weeks.”

You grant her a chuckle, but there’s still Ingrid to consider. Recognizing that a few moments break might help you cool off before making another go, you nod from Avery to her redheaded friend. “Why don’t you get her ready for me, eh?”

Avery arches an eyebrow as if to question your brazen suggestion, but Ingrid clutches her companion’s arm delightedly, exclaiming, “Oh god yes, that would be amazing. You don’t have to, but... sorry, I am such a sucker for having my pussy licked. Am I too excited? I don’t want to put anyone off their appetite.”



Mo

Avery shakes her head. “We’ve come this far; why not? C’mon, off with your panties, baby girl. Lemme see what I’m working with.”

Ingrid’s lips purse. “Do you... do you think you could just pull them to the side instead? I don’t know why, but there’s something so hot about being fucked with my panties still on. Like I’m just going through my day, and suddenly there’s a cock in me, and I don’t even have time to get ready for it, he’s just *taking* me and anything I do to slow him down is an imposition and then he just cums in my slutty little pussy and I can feel it dribbling into my panties, this reminder of what an easy—”

“All right, all right, Jesus, save it for Penthouse forums already,” Avery mumbles with a giggle. You hang back, observing as she plays along with the redhead’s kink, tugging her crimson underwear aside to expose a glistening wet snatch that confirms in an instant that yes, the carpet and drapes are sold as a set. For all her fussing, Avery isn’t the least bit squeamish about diving into that pussy tongue-first. She teases along the parting labia with slow, deliberate licks before giving in to Ingrid’s semi-coherent pleas for more. Soon the blonde is simply tongue-fucking her friend’s clit, stroking it so aggressively you’re almost nervous for her.

“She looks ready,” you observe. “Are you ready, Ingrid?”

“Um, I think—”

You weren’t waiting for permission, though. She’d already given you that and more. A cunt-full of determined cock cuts her off mid-consent. Unlike with Avery, you intuit that Ingrid is more than ready, and you’re inserted to the hilt in no time. Her back arches, tits rolling up out of their bra casing and bouncing up and down as you get to fucking her in earnest.

“Keep licking,” you direct Avery. She eyes you challengingly for a moment, but apparently decides she likes this side of you. Her mouth joins your dick at the entrance to Ingrid’s pussy. The race to climax proves no competition at all. This is a relay, after all, and you have a two on one advantage. Her initial screams of release are so sudden, so intense, that no sound comes out at all. Only a few moments later as you achieve your own orgasm inside her does it become audible to the human ear, and then, only as a series of helpless whimpers as you come and come inside her.

“Thank you for that,” Ingrid murmurs in your ear as she curls up beside you. “That was the best sex I’ve ever had.”

“Top ten,” Avery adds as she takes her place on the other side, but you can tell she’s only teasing.

Ever the gentleman, you confirm that Lady and Miss Kittenpuss will be all right with their owners staying the night. With that thought in mind, you bid Ingrid to open the bedroom door, which turns out to be about the only excuse you could have mustered to pry her out of your bed in that moment. She’s back in the next, with a mollified Mo on her heels. He hops up and curls up at your feet, and you’re not sure whether it’s man, woman or dog who begins snoring first.

“So that was a pretty wild evening, wasn’t it?” asks Mo the following afternoon.

It’s a dream, however, a dream during a Sunday afternoon nap brought on by brief sleep following an exhausting evening. In your dream, it doesn’t faze you that Mo can talk. He could fly and it would be normal here. “It sure the heck was, buddy.”

“I’m proud of you. Was starting to think you’d never seal the deal with one of those Monarch hotties, and look at you, bringing home two in one night. Not bad at all.”

“Not how I imagined last night going, I gotta say, but I’m sure as heck not complaining.”

“So now that you have that under your belt, what’s your takeaway from it? What stands out to you in hindsight?”

You consider, letting yourself briefly relieve as much of the incredible previous evening as you can recall. It was one hell of a night.

“You know, all I can say is...”

Chapter 9 - Hindsight

“...I need to see what else is out there.”

There is a spring in your step as you make your way back into the office Monday morning. The bagels taste fresher, the elevator muzak chimes edgier, the overcast skies betray a hint of cornflower blue. As Mondays go, this is one of the good ones.

What a weekend! The incredible events of Saturday night have barely left the forefront of your consciousness for a minute. As you make your way back to reality and the reports and checklists and data compiling before you, it's still difficult not to smile. How? You haven't a clue what made that wild night possible, but somehow you, Will Saxon, have become the kind of man who can get women like Avery and Ingrid.

Literally. Avery *and* Ingrid.

Ingrid neither called nor texted since – you never even got Ingrid's number, nor gave her yours – and your only communication with Avery was a text notifying you that she had an early meeting today and would drive herself. You could be chivalrous about it and insist, but why? After all, this is the dawn of a new day. Yes, they're amazing, and yes, you'd do it all again in a second with either or both. Ideally both. Still, you're at Monarch Industries, and so long as your contract is in place (and you mean to milk this job for every sweet drop), you have a plethora of options all around you.

Avery and Ingrid? Notches on the bedpost. Incredible, sexy, fuckable notches, but notches. Who else is there? Somewhere in these walls is Jenna, a woman so easy she flashed her boobs within ten minutes of meeting you. She's on your bucket list for sure. Maybe try to grasp beyond your reach and try your luck with that VP Amy? You seemed to hit it off. Beyond that, options and options and options for days. There's something about this place. Sex is in the air.

That feeling lasts until around 10:15. A personal Monday best.

By noon, you're shuffling toward the elevator with a weary sigh, on your way to the BMV to order a new license plate sticker. Exactly how anyone would want to spend the middle of their day, standing in line and paying fines to be allowed to use your own property. Fines you already paid the first time around. Maybe if you fill out the right form, you can get it reduced. At least Aubrey Merriman offered to comp you for this bullshit harassment, even if she can't stand in line for you. Better than some bosses would do.

As you board the elevator, there are three other people inside it. One you don't recognize but is so Monarch it hurts, a sharply pretty black-haired girl who looks too young to be working at a place like this, to say nothing of the partially visible neck tattoo being outside the norm for office fashion. The second is a man, tall and reedy, engrossed in reading something on his phone. The third, taking up every square inch of remaining space, is none other than Nolan King himself.

He lets the other two shrink into the corners to make room for you. As the doors slide shut, however, he gives you a sidelong look. "Wait, I remember you. You're, I know this, the IT consultant, and your name is..." He snaps his fingers and at last points, his finger jabbing into your chest. "Something ethnic, I know it. Like... Fukushima, or... no, that's not it. Something like that, though."

You blink. "Will. Saxon."

He laughs, far too much of a laugh for the limited space. "Will, right! You don't even look... I should shut up before I get a suit on my hands, right? Why did I think Fukushima?"

"I mean, there was a reactor disaster, but..." You shrug, immediately wishing you'd kept your mouth shut. Not exactly the kind of thing you wanted the CEO to associate your name with.

"That's gotta be it. Smart guy. Jenna's buddy, right?"

"I... am?" You're not sure what you meant that response to sound like, but the idea that he would file away that one fact yet not even your commonplace one-syllable name is pretty jarring.

"Yeah, now I remember you. She would not shut up about you for a while there. Good on you. Speaking of, now that I'm recalling the name, I heard you're making quite the impression in general, eh?"

How was this all moving so fast? "I didn't realize..."

"Oh sure. People think the CEO's out of touch with the gossip, but we're a tight little circle around here. Took half the ladies of the company out Saturday night, eh?"

Those other women in the group were also Monarch? News to you. Made sense though. Young, hot, horny. Sounded like Monarch women. "Only the one," you assure him.

If the other two passengers in the elevator have any thoughts about the increasingly explicit conversation, they're giving no sign of it.

"Not what I heard. Said you bagged some chick from accounting, that little blonde with the hot nerd girl glasses? I've seen her around. And then one of the maids? Sly dog. Hell, you're Kujo, buddy, lady killer, right?"

You're pretty sure Fukushima was a less troubling allusion. "Custodian, I think is the term, but... Well. A gentleman never tells, right?"

You catch the dark-haired woman smiling softly at you, but try not to notice. Make eye contact and it sounds like Nolan King will alert half the building before closing time! "Sure, sure. I hear you there. Could probably stand to learn a little restraint myself. Hell, don't even know what I'm saying or who I'm saying it to half the time. I just go where Aubrey tells me, ya know?"

You chuckle, trying not to register how his bro-ly nudge knocks you right into the guy with the phone. He slips further into the corner somehow. At last, the elevator opens on two, and out steps Nolan King. He pivots, though keeps moving away from the elevator with blind faith that nobody will step into his path, and fires a few finger guns in your direction. “Keep at it, Kujo. Ow owwww!” He’s still laughing at his impression when the elevator shuts.

“Quite a character,” you mutter sheepishly.

The man with his phone says nothing. The woman’s grin only widens. “So you’re some kinda player, huh?”

Half an hour later, after slogging through lunch rush traffic, you are reminded that the BMV is closed Mondays. You’re left with just enough time to swing through a drive-thru and pick up lunch and then hustle back to the office.

“Plate’s missing its sticker,” someone points out as you exit your car. You’re a block away from Monarch’s as ever overflowing lot, thanks to having to forfeit your space for the pointless errand, and not expecting to hear anyone. Pivoting, you see exactly who you expected to see.

“Yeah, well, tell that to the son of a bitch who stole it from me last week, right over there in _your _lot,” you snap back.

Brook arches an eyebrow coolly, seemingly oblivious to either of your implied accusations. “Nothing was reported to us.”

You fold your arms across your chest. “Would it have helped? Do you have some kind of sticker detection tool that would help you uncover it?”

“We have surveillance cameras. Might’ve seen something.”

“Shall we check, then?”

“Tape’s deleted after twenty-four hours if nothing’s reported.” She shrugs.

“Darn, I guess it remains a mystery.”

Brook unhooks a thick baton from her belt and taps it to the license plate a few times. “Still needs replacing, Mr. Saxon. Illegal to operate the vehicle without it.”

“I know that. I just went to the BMV to get a new one, literally half an hour ago.”

“Nice try. BMV’s closed Mondays.”

“I KNOW!” you roar in spite of yourself.

It’s Brook’s turn to fold her beefy arms. She might not be a looker like so many of the Monarch women, but she’s got muscles for days. “No need to raise your voice, Mr. Saxon. Are we going to have a problem?”

You take a deep breath and remind yourself there's nothing to be gained from picking a fight with her.
"No."

"Other than your missing sticker, that is. Still have to write a citation for that, Will. In the manual."

Your teeth grit together. "You know you aren't a real cop, right? You're just a glorified parking lot attendant! Why do you even care if my car has a sticker! I'm only here because I work for _your _boss, Monarch Industries! Is it in the manual to piss off contractors doing important and necessary work for your own company, Brook, since we're apparently on a first freaking name basis here!"

Her hands move to her hips. "My folks call me Brook, my friends Brooklyn. 'Officer Diamond' to you."

"Oh no, I called you Brook, better write me a citation for that, too, huh? Huh, Brook? Is that in the manual? Thou shalt not call the toy cop who signs her own name as Brook, Brook? Whatcha gonna do? Report me? Because I have news for you – I just spoke with Nolan King himself not two hours ago, and he seems to think I'm pretty hot shit around here! What do you think he's gonna think if he hears you're pissing off his new guy?"

You've overplayed your hand and then some. You know that. You can only hope that she doesn't.

After a staredown, one which you feel sure you're losing, she at last stands aside, clearing the sidewalk for you. "By all means, Mr. Saxon. Have a nice day. Sir." She does something with her lip, then. A lick? A bite? Chewing on it to keep her tongue in check? It passes too quickly for you to be sure.

"Oh. Well... you too. I suppose."

You hurry past her, back into the refuge of your temporary office building. Glancing back, you see her eyes are still on you as you make your way inside. When you come back to your car that evening, there's no ticket in sight. No sticker either, but no ticket.

What a day! As much as you had your head in the clouds that morning, at least you kept your wits about you for a moment here and there throughout the day. After all, at least...

Chapter 10 - Taking a Bite

...At least you got the number of the hottie with the neck tattoo.

“Hey, it’s Will.”

“Will? I don’t know any Will. Fuck off.”

“No no don’t hang up Mia!” you hurry. “From the elevator yesterday, remember?”

There’s a pause as she returns the phone to her mouth. “Oh, Mr. King’s friend?”

You’re clever enough not to contradict her, at least. “Um, right. Mr. King’s friend.”

“All right. So hey, Will.” Like that, Mia’s voice shifts from someone who had been hesitant to even answer the phone in the first place to someone who’s talking to a close friend. Or something better.

“Hey yourself. This isn’t a bad time, is it?”

“No, no prob. I was just about to hop in the shower.”

Your eyes close in spite of yourself, picturing a sheen of water glowing over the top of that neck tattoo.

“Cool, yeah. I usually shower in the morning, myself. Ease into the day and all, you know?”

“What if you get dirty at night?” Mia asked.

Damn. Her tone wasn’t quite that of a phone sex operator – or how you’d imagine one – but it was definitely suggestive. “I don’t mind being a little dirty.”

She laughs, sounding glad you played along. “I’ll bet you don’t. If half of what I hear about Mr. King is true, you boys must need to walk through the car wash at the end of the night.”

Not a surprising reputation from the guy who was getting his dick sucked by Jenna during what should have been your first meeting. Still, maybe not the best idea to keep riding on his coattails. You chuckle, then shift to the real purpose of your call. “Say, speaking of walking around – how’s that for a transition, eh?”

“Not bad, Will, not bad.”

“How about you let me take you out sometime? I was thinking they have that food festival thing going on downtown, so maybe...”

There’s not time to remember that you’re asking out a veritable stranger, a crazy hot one, and over the phone no less. None. “Sounds fun! When were you thinking? I have dates lined up Friday and Saturday, but... I guess for a friend of Mr. King...”

Huh. Apparently your idea of asking this little biscuit out wasn’t especially original. “No, no need. How about tomorrow night? Promise I’ll have you home in time for a good night’s sleep.”

“Don’t make promises I might not let you keep,” she replies with a lilt in her voice. “Sounds good. Text me your address and I’ll pick you up, kay?”

You expect the next day to pass in a blur, yet another fog of anticipation of a date with one of the sexy, and frankly, easy ladies of Monarch. Something in the water, no doubt, of which you can only hope they’re all keeping well-hydrated. However, a chance encounter after a meeting leaves you having lunch in the office of Amy Marchiano, junior VP of marketing.

“You really don’t have to buy me lunch,” you insist, again.

“Will, please.” She flicks her fingers at you dismissively. “So, long time no see. How’s it been going? Close to winding down your audit yet?”

“Getting there,” you reply, omitting unfortunately. “Still waiting on a few more interviews, some follow-up with a couple smaller departments, and some boring IT blahdy blah. But soon.”

“Aw, that’s too bad. Or, well, maybe not for you. Too bad for, you know, Monarch. That’s all. Just started to feel like you were fitting in.”

Her chair maneuvers around her desk to your side, and once she’s in front of you, her legs cross fetchingly. Once upon a time, seeing a woman this beautiful crossing those legs in that skirt... it would have been the highlight of your day. If things went well with Avery – or no, tonight was Mia – then you expected you’d forget this.

Then she uncrosses them, crosses the other way, and you catch a faint smile when your eyes flicker back up to hers, and you revise that expectation.



Mia

“It’s been great here for sure. It’s... well, it’s an interesting place to work, that’s for sure.”

“Yeah, and I hear you’re making lots of inroads.”

“Inroads?” What all has she heard?

“Oh, Aubrey’s quite pleased with you. Heck, she was practically pressuring me to try to rope you into the fold.”

“You? I mean, not that I don’t enjoy your company, Amy, but... why you? We’ve hardly worked together.”

“Pff. Networking isn’t just having connections within your circle, but expanding it. Look at yourself, after all. Last weekend, I hear you were lighting up the dance floor with Avery Parker and... oh, I forget her name, that pretty girl from custodial. Birgitte, or... crud, it’s something European-sounding I feel like, but—”

“Ingrid.”

“Right! Ingrid, I was so close.” She pauses to let you respond.

“Oh. Well, yeah. We went out to a club, had a few drinks, a few laughs. Nice girls.”

She nods. “I always liked Avery. Rough around the edges, maybe, but how else are you going to do any sanding?”

“Trying that turn of phrase out for your writing class, eh?”

Amy laughs. “Oh, right! Feels like it’s been ages. No, I already gave up the dream. Ran the numbers, realized that unless I basically tripled my words per week, I’d be finishing my first novel sometime in my early forties.” She shrugs. “So now, I’m doing a massage class.”

You adjust yourself in your seat, fold your hands in your lap. “Yeah? That sounds interesting.”

The VP rolls her eyes at herself. “I know, I know, pretty young Asian woman mastering the art of massage, I’m a walking cliché. But sometimes it’s good to live outside your comfort zone, so I figured what the hell.” Amy taps your knee playfully. “Play your cards right, mister, and maybe once I figure out how to not jab my fingernails into my patient’s shoulders, I’ll let you ask me for a turn.”

You agree by reflex. “That sounds—”

“That is, if Avery and Ingrid don’t mind. I don’t want to be that girl. Especially with the power imbalance, the last thing I want is to start something over a guy with a subordinate. Messy stuff.”

“Huh? No, no, that was just a fun night out. There’s nothing between us, like, relationship wise. I’m actually seeing someone else tonight. Told Avery about it this morning, and she was all supportive.”

“Oh yeah? I’ll keep that in mind. Who’s tonight’s lucky lady? Finally get ahold of that Jenna woman you were looking for?” She sits up excitedly.

If only. Even after Ingrid and Avery, you still haven’t forgotten those hauntingly perfect tits, flashed at you so casually. “No, her name is Mia. Dark hair, neck tat—” You stop yourself, seeing comprehension dawn on Amy’s face. And not in a flattering way. Her lips twist downwards; the glower is out of place on her usually sunny features.

“Mia. Really? Come on, Will. You’re not seriously after a girl like Mia, are you?”

“It’s only a date. We bumped into one another in the elevator, had a moment... Why? Is she part troglodyte or something?”

"You could say that." Amy quickly rises, crossing the room to close the door. Damn, but her ass looks good in that skirt. You can make out the cleft between her buttocks. Your eyes are on hers when she returns to her chair, though.

"Look. I don't like to speak ill of my coworkers, so I won't go into detail. You're a sweet guy, though, so I'd feel badly not saying something."

"Sure. What's her story?"

"Mia is... well..." She takes a moment, searching for the right words. "OK, let me back up. So Monarch, as you may have noticed, likes to get its hands on talent on the way up. We do a lot of hiring right out of college, and we're used to a fair amount of turnover to get the latest crop. That's how Mr. King and Ms. Merriman like it."

"Sure, sure."

"It keeps us young, relevant, mobile. Frankly it keeps labor down, which isn't nothing. Still – and I say this owning that I'm a thirty-year-old VP – it means our leadership is less experienced in their fields, which means we take a lot of our direction from the top."

"Yeah, I get that. Still, what's that got to do with Mia?"

"Right, I'm coming to that. So... Shoot, how to put this without sounding mean."

"Just say it, Amy."

She sighs. "OK. Mia knows that, like I said, the route to promotion comes from the top. And... she is the sort of woman who uses her youth and, um, her..."

"Her looks?" you prompt.

"Right. Looks." Amy looks relieved not to have to say something more coarse. "She uses those things to try to skip a few rungs on the ladder."

Your head cocks to the side. "Is that all? I mean, surely it's not unheard of to flirt a little to get ahead." You're playing naïve, a bit, but her response gives you what you were looking for.

"Mia... Look. You didn't hear this from me, but six months on Mr. King's birthday, she got caught trying to smuggle herself in a big box – wrapping paper and all – into his office. Naked." Her lips twist judgmentally. "Not quite, actually. There was a bow around her neck, I heard."

"Wow. You know, you could've led with that, Amy."



"I don't like to gossip! But I don't want you to get tangled up with someone who might just be trying to use you to get ahead."

"Who, me? I'm a consultant. How could I possibly—"

Her phone buzzes on her desktop. You can't see the caller, but when she does, she holds up a finger and answers. It's your nature to be nosy, and when you hear the monotonous tone of a robotic voice, you can't help but be curious.

"Ms. Marchiano. This is a secure pre-recorded message from the office of Nolan King. Are you prepared to accept?"

Amy pushes her chair with her feet, rolling back to the far side of her desk as she replies. "Yes."

It's harder to make out the voice with her farther away, her monitor interposing, but it's otherwise silent in the room, so you don't have much choice but to keep eavesdropping. Or so you tell yourself.

"Receipt of message recorded. Message proceeds: Be advised that executive level access codes will be changed effective today at 9:00 PM."

"Ugh, not again," she mutters, cutting off some of the recording.

"... via secure company email at that time. Memorize your new access code upon receiving it. The email will be purged from our servers one hour after sending. It is a violation of company policy to write down your executive access code. If you forget your code, report for disciplinary action to the office of the—"

"Yeah, yeah." Amy hangs up, shaking her head irritably. "Sorry, memo from the top."

"No worries," you say, still processing what you've heard. Executive access codes? You've been monitoring the IT security of Monarch for weeks now, and this is the first you've heard of such things. Or the second, if an executive access code is what's needed to access 7.

Why would they hide this from you? Is this some kind of test of your skills? Or are they really conducting some business so secret that they can't even let the guy they hired to help them keep their secrets know it exists?

Your lunch arrives then, hand delivered by Amy's administrative assistant, a tight-lipped fellow whose eyes go back and forth between the two of you a bit less casually than you'd like. Like you were up to something.

"Anyway, sorry to have to get into gossip. The rumor mill around here can be brutal. I know way more about who's doing what with whom than I ever wanted to, and I'm not even well-connected. You do what you want with her, but I wanted you to be forewarned. In case."

"Thanks. I think."

She takes a bite of her salad. "So, if you do go through with it – and by all means don't let my nosy butt be the deciding factor – where are you guys going?"

“We’re thinking of trying out that food festival, the... I can never remember the name.”

“Oh! Bite on the Boardwalk!” She claps her hands together excitedly. “I so wanted to go to that.”

“It’s supposed to be pretty good. At least that’s what the talking heads said on the morning news.”

“Heck, maybe I’ll get lucky and meet a hunky stranger in the elevator and find somebody to take me.”

She grins, but there’s no suggestion behind it, simply an innocent comment.

You crash into bed some almost twelve hours later, weary but fulfilled. You’re exhausted with good reason though, after...