

LOANING HER TO MY BOSS



By Laran Mithras

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“In marriage, the greater cuckold of the two is the lover.”
~ Paul Gauguin

CHAPTER 1

Kurt's life was about to become a nightmare.

His boss, Ian, strolled into the break room, coffee cup in hand. Several of the associates stopped talking, others lowered their voices.

“I hate to say this,” Ian said, “But I find myself without a date to the president's opera next Friday.”

The president of their advertising corporation invited the four branch managers and their wives to a posh opera every year. By all accounts, dry, not entertaining, and a sure cure for insomnia. But also mandatory. The president believed it built a more sophisticated excellence.

Unfortunately, their boss was undergoing a divorce that occasionally made the rounds in the break room.

Kurt wasn't sure who was at fault, or to blame. Ian was a fair boss, but drove his associates hard. Had he been the same in his marriage? He had met Margaret once. She had seemed like a reserved and pleasant lady. He gave a mental shrug, but his pulse raced. “I, um...”

Ian looked at him.

He looked at his fellow associates and back to his boss.

Ian motioned with his head as if to say, “Let's take this to my office.” He turned and walked out, moving his head only to nod to the new associate.

Kurt followed. Ian was a handsome man, and fit. He liked to rock-climb, though Kurt wondered why anyone would. Why climb up the face when you could take a path? The man kept his fair hair short, almost military. While the associates were allowed longer hair, the president demanded a certain corporate-style conformity in his managers.

Ian closed the door to his office and waved his coffee cup to a chair. "Sit."

He was taken aback. Normally Ian wanted people out of his office as soon as possible and hardly ever offered a seat. He sat.

His boss leaned back against his desk and crossed his feet. At ease, in his element. Looking down at Kurt with those sharp blue eyes.

Kurt was a good salesman. He turned in a solid performance every year and took away second or third place in the sales bonuses, consistently. He was handsome, his hair flowing to his collar in waves that caused much agitation in the women. He was also fit, liking to hike and mountain-bike. Without a doubt, the two most handsome men in the company were facing off.

A raised eyebrow from Ian let Kurt know he was waiting.

"I might have a date for you." He knew Lisa, his fiance, would be safe at the opera. The president thought any kind of public displays of affection to be beneath corporate behavior and Ian wasn't one to flirt at any of the company events. But he didn't have the details of the date on his mind, rather something else.

"Might. What's the catch?"

Kurt drew a breath. "The Sung account needs a--"

"We hired Joshua Bernstein for that already--"

"But he hasn't taken the account yet."

Ian frowned. "We had to pay him a generous bonus to lure him here."

"This is his first day and what? Another week before you assign him?"

Ian put his coffee cup down and folded his arms. "You're good, Kurt, but..."

He fished his personal pad out of his jacket pocket. He powered on and flipped through his pictures to the one he knew would grab Ian. "She looks very good in a cocktail dress." He handed the pad to his boss.

Taking it, Ian's eyebrows climbed his forehead. "I didn't think you were married?" He looked down at Kurt's left hand.

"Engaged. Her name is Lisa."

"Very nice." He slid his finger across the screen.

Uh oh. Kurt panicked.

"Oh, my, very nice, indeed."

The next picture was her in bra and panties, her brunette curls seductively hanging in her eyes. He reached up and snatched the pad.

Ian went on, unphased. "I suppose you're wanting to make a trade. I take your fiance and you get the Sung account."

Kurt nodded.

"The Sung account is one of our biggest."

"You know I can handle it."

Ian pursed his lips. "Your fiance accompanies me to the opera and I will temporarily assign you to the account the following Monday."

He wilted inside, hoping for more.

"If Mister Kim decides you are acceptable, I may then assign you permanently."

Kurt's hopes returned. It was not exactly what he had hoped, but now he had a shoe in the door. "You won't be disappointed."

Ian sighed, and then nodded. "Very well, we have ourselves a deal."

He stood, smiling.

"Will there be any problem with her escorting me?"

"I don't think so. She's somewhat meek." He didn't tell his boss that she had been verbally abused by her father and offered little obstinate feminism to a man. What would he need to know that for?

"Very good then. Buy her a black cocktail dress that covers the knees. I will reimburse you for it. Have her hair up. I will pick her up at six fifteen."

"Next Friday."

His boss nodded. "Next Friday."

* * *

Kurt took a sip of wine later that night.

"Do I have to?" Lisa pouted.

"It's just one night and he's giving me the Sung account."

"The opera?"

He felt bad that it had to be something so dull for her. He liked certain opera singing but he wasn't sure even he could sit through an entire production. "At least you'll be safe. You just have to sit there with him while the president makes noise."

"Sounds exciting." She rolled her eyes.

"Aw, be a good sport."

She placed a hand on his. "Oh, don't worry about me. If this is good for your position, I'll gladly do it."

“You're a charm, Lisa.”

“He won't be expecting anything else, like a kiss or anything would he?”

“Other than your arm on his, the president doesn't like seeing affection.”

“Good. I don't want to feel like a prostitute or something because he thinks I owe him a kiss.”

Kurt chuckled, swirling the wine in his glass.

CHAPTER 2

“Don't fuss with it,” Kurt said. “You'll loosen the band.”

She wore her hair up, clamped into place with a single band of thin silver. The look was elegant. Her slender form barely filled out her dress at the hips.

“There's a hair out of place.” She yanked the thing out. “There.”

He stood behind her and lowered his nose to her neck. Her perfume was just a hint, nothing more. He breathed her in and then parted his lips for a soft neck-kiss.

“Stop that. And don't give me one of those hickeys.”

He sighed happily. “I wasn't going to. I'm sure Mister Goldman is above all that.”

“I don't have to say anything to him, do I?”

“The president might ask your name. That's about it.”

“Good. I hate trying to sound like a corporate executive.”

“Hey, now.” He frowned and pinched her butt.

She squeaked. “You don't sound all too much like one--”

He pinched again.

“Ak-- Okay, I'm sorry.”

He pouted, feeling bad. He hugged her from behind, close. He could feel her little butt through the material. “Mmm...”

“Stop that. He'll be here any minute.”

“I think I want some later tonight.”

She giggled.

He reached around to the front and gently ran his fingers down her dress. They traced down over her pussy through the clothing.

She leaned her head back and parted her legs a little. “Mmm, do I have to go?”

He grunted. “I'm sorry, I just can't control myself around you.”

She giggled. “Well, you better stop or I'll be horny all night.”

The knock on their door was right on time.

Kurt opened the door to their townhouse. Ian stood there, his S-Class purring behind him parked in the no-parking zone. “She's ready, come on in.”

His boss glanced back at his car and stepped inside. He looked at his watch briefly in the typical corporate gesture of “I have other places to be.”

Lisa strolled to the door and stopped. She had never met Ian before. Her mouth hung open, slightly, as it had the day she had met Kurt. She grabbed his arm and leaned in to whisper, “You didn't tell me he was so handsome.”

Kurt chuckled nervously. “Ian, this is my fiance Lisa. Lisa, this is our corporate manager Ian.”

His boss took her outstretched hand gently and shook it once. “Charmed.” He indicated the door. “Shall we?”

Kurt watched her take his arm as they walked to his car. He sighed, feeling a little jealous that his boss would be having her attention for the next couple hours. But he knew he needn't worry; she didn't have wandering eyes.

He sat down at the desk in the office he had set up in the spare bedroom. He inserted the chip and began roaming through the Sung files.

* * *

He heard the key in the door. He got up and met Lisa coming in. Ian was there, outside.

“Thank you, Lisa,” his boss said. “You were a big help tonight.” He looked at Kurt and nodded. “Kurt.” He turned and left.

He shut the door and turned to his fiance.

She blew out a breath as if just having finished yard-work.

“That bad?” he said.

“You go next time.”

“I would if I could, but...”

“It was dreadfully dull.”

“Don't like opera?”

“I couldn't understand what they were singing. The whole thing was lost on me.”

Kurt laughed. “You're probably not supposed to understand.”

“I hope he has a girlfriend or something next year.”

“How did he treat you?”

“Like I was barely there.”

He hugged her. “Aww, I'm sorry.”

She returned the hug. “Let me get out of these shoes.”

He followed her into the bedroom.

She slipped off her shoes and put them back into the closet. Then she offered her back to him.

He unzipped her dress. “How was dinner?”

“Oh, it was good. Some fish dish I can't pronounce. That was nicer than the opera, anyway.”

He slid the dress off her shoulders. He ran his hand over her skin.

“My dress was long enough, right?”

“Yes, why?”

“Because I saw him look at my knees once during dinner.”

“You have pretty knees.” It made him feel good that someone as handsome as Ian had noticed them. But jealousy flared, too. “What was he doing looking at your knees?”

“It was when I got up to use the ladies room. That's why I asked. Are you not supposed to see knees in that atmosphere at all? The other women all had dresses like mine.”

He caressed her skin and slid his hands down over her B-cups and then hugged her from behind again. “It was the right length.”

She broke away and stepped out of her dress, bending to pick it up and lay it on the bed. She slipped out of her pantyhose.

Something stirred in him watching her undress from clothing she had worn for another man. But it warred with the jealousy. “He didn't touch you, did he?”

“Other than my arm, no. Why?”

“Just making sure.” That sounded right. Ian was not a flirt. “He didn't try talking to you?”

“Not really. Not during dinner or the opera. But he did thank me in the car.”

He felt comfortable with that. “Good.”

In bed, later, he ran his fingers up her legs and to her pussy. The vision of her undressing after being out on a date with his boss kept running through his mind.

She moaned happily and reached for his hardness. She gripped his fat six inches and stroked him.

He had found it difficult trying to make love to her the first few times. His penis was thick. Once he had stretched her out, their fit and feel was incredible. She had said he wasn't huge or small and that he was just perfect.

“So he didn't try to kiss you, did he?” The thought angered him. It made him want to drive over to Ian's house and confront him, punch him. Have it out.

“Not at all, why?” She squeezed his dick. “Wow, you're getting hard.”

“Because you're mine, not his.”

“Well, I don't think that was ever in any question.”

“Good then.” He climbed over her. Her legs parted for his advance. He dipped his fingers into her hole as he leaned over her. “If he asks for anything else, I won't feel so bad about saying yes.”

She jerked. “He might ask for more?”

“He might.” He positioned his head at her entrance and pushed. He slid into her wetness, slowly. “Who knows with him. He has functions going on all the time.”

She gasped as he reached full penetration. Her hips squirmed underneath him. “Anything but the opera.”

He pumped in and out, with tenderness. “He has his own client list and all sorts of get-togethers with them.”

She moaned, loudly, wrapping her legs around his waist. “You'll let him take me again if he needs it?”

His cock twitched and swelled. He drove into her harder. Her words played tricks in his mind. A sick feeling developed in his stomach. “Are you sure he didn't touch you?”

“Just my arm.” Her hips humped back at him, her pussy fucking his cock as much as his cock fucked her pussy.

His heat simmered a little, lowering. He felt relief. “I wonder what I might get out of him in return.”

“His other events aren't cocktail dress events, are they?”

“Not sure, really. I suppose most of them you could wear whatever you want.”

“Anything? Like jeans even?”

“Anything. Well, maybe not naked.”

She gasped in indignation. “You men.”

“Well, I wouldn't let you go naked anywhere with him.” His thrusts suddenly drove harder, claiming her pussy.

She gasped, this time in pleasure.

“This pussy is mine.” His hips slapped against hers. “And you'll be my wife in four months.”

“Yes, sir,” she panted.

CHAPTER 3

Monday was Kurt's big day – his introduction meeting with Mister Kim Sung.

Mister Kim as they called him was a big Korean man who owned a chain of Korean grocers that spanned the entire country. His previous advertising associate had retired.

Kurt sat in Mister Kim's office and looked around. There was a mixture of plants and off-white colors. A few vases were placed carefully. There was a Feng Shui alignment to the office that spoke of a man who knew what he wanted, got what he wanted, and let no one stand in his way.

The man himself was fat. Hefty fat, like a football player. When he walked he leaned forward as if about to topple over onto the lesser men around him. He was smart, wore big gold rings, and had a tray of food off to the side of his luxurious leather chair. The smell of noodles hung in the air, and some other spice Kurt couldn't make out.

He waited patiently.

Mister Kim was on his phone, holding it daintily with his fat pinky pointing out. He used his other hand to fork up huge mouthfuls of dripping noodles. He would occasionally speak Korean into the phone, rapid-fire. When he did, chunks of noodles came out with it.

Kurt covered his eyes and looked down. The man was a pig.

There was a grunt that rose in pitch. It was Mister Kim's way of indicating he now had time for you.

He wanted to grunt back at the Korean and beat his chest like an ape. He bowed his head once and said, “I have here the current outlays and on the last page the idea I had for your chain--”

Kim grunted and skipped to the back. He grunted again, slower. “Cable guides?”

“Indeed. Those reach--”

“I like magazines.” The man was still looking at the last page of the portfolio. He began picking his nose.

Gross. “We could reach more customers--”

Flick.

Did I just see a chunk go flying? “Er, more customers as those go out to each cable customer in--”

“What's wrong with magazines?” Pick.

“Nothing's wrong with magazines, but you have to rely on the customer to buy them--”

Flick.

Sick!

“Magazines made me successful--”

“But these cable guides go to everyone--”

The look from the Korean was threatening.

Shit. Forgot you were never supposed to interrupt him.

Mister Kim looked back down and went back to picking his nose.

I'm going to barf.

“Says here you think I can increase my sales thirty-three percent.” Pick.

“Easily, I believe.”

Flick. It passed near.

Kurt rose out of his chair in a panic. “Ick! Can you not fling your boogers this way?” He brushed his hands down his jacket as if cleaning them.

The Korean acted as if pricked with a pin. His voice was gruff, rough. “Huh? What?”

“Your nose-picking is gross. Don't fling them at me.” He glared at the fat man.

Mister Kim looked to the side and flung the portfolio across the desk. “Bah. Get out.”

“We can talk--”

“I said, get out!” The thunderous noise from the Korean's throat was incredible.

Sighing, he picked up the portfolio and looked it over. *Don't want to carry any stray boogers.*

Mister Kim was mumbling and grunting forcefully to himself.
Kurt left. *Great. I need to repair this somehow.*

* * *

He was in his car, not ten minutes later when his phone buzzed. “Kurt Mason,” he said.

The blare of the shouting from the other end had him pull the phone from his ear. “You lost us the Sung account!”

“I what?”

“How could you be so stupid as to lose the Sung account?” Ian yelled.

“I lost it?”

“He called here in a tirade and canceled his contract. What the hell did you do?”

His ear was ringing from the shouting. He had never heard Ian so mad. “I’ll call him--”

“You’ll do nothing of the sort. I’ve put Bernstein on it. Meet me in my office.” The line went dead.

An hour later he sat in Ian’s office. The man paced back and forth, barely contained. “How could you be so stupid?”

“I was handling him fine--”

“You handled him fine, alright. You threw our most profitable contract away. Mister Goldman will be wanting heads.”

“I’m going to be fired for this?”

Ian stopped pacing. “I’m sorry, Kurt. You’re a good salesman--”

“I am good. And everyone knows it--”

“But not good enough to keep Mister Kim happy? What happened in there?”

“He was flinging boogers around the room He almost hit me with one.”

“Boogers?” One eyebrow was up, the other one down. His upper lip was curled in disgust. He shook his head and went back to pacing. “And you what? Flung one of your own back at him?”

“No, I just told him to stop.”

His boss stopped pacing and pinched the bridge of his nose, his eyes squeezed shut. “Mister Kim was so profitable you should have offered to help him pick his nose.”

“Echh...”

A finger shot out. "You do whatever makes the client most comfortable. This is a cut-throat business. But one no longer employing you."

"Ian, please. I need this job and I am good at what I do. One mistake--"

"One mistake that cost us our most insanely profitable contract!"

He snapped his jaw shut at the sudden outburst.

Ian rubbed his head. "I like you, Kurt. If I wasn't head of this division, we would probably be good friends."

"Don't take away my career." The pleading in his voice was quiet.

"People like to see stability and durability. They like to see normalcy. What you did today was beyond--"

"Exactly, it wasn't my normal performance. I'm sorry. I'm sorry." He stressed it a second time.

Ian blew out a breath. "I'd be a fool to throw you away, but Mister Goldman will be wanting your head."

"Is there anything I can do?" Kurt squeezed the arms of his chair, trying to keep his hands from trembling.

Ian's mouth squirmed to one side, his eyes sliding to the other. "Hrmm. I might be able to run some interference and shield you from Goldman until he calms down."

"You will?" Hope tinged his voice.

"Maybe we can work out a temporary deal."

"Anything." *Give him a couple of my accounts to pad his own client list?*

"People like to see normalcy. I have a True Green charity picnic coming up this Saturday. Lisa goes with me to the picnic, and to any other functions that come up until I replace Margaret."

"How long until the divorce is final?" *Picnics?*

Ian waved a hand. "Three to four months. But I don't have anyone waiting in the wings."

"Huh?"

"I don't have a girlfriend yet. Your Lisa might be my date for months more afterwards."

On the one hand he felt hope that he could keep his job. On the other, he felt angry at being used, at having to give up his fiance for periodical displays of normalcy for the benefit of Ian's client list. But what else could he do? He shook his head, thinking.

Ian's voice softened. "Look, Kurt. Like I said, I like you. Lisa was a big help to me. Let's help each other out and I'll make sure you keep your job. You're a solid employee and we value that. Let me run interference with Goldman for you and we'll sweep this quietly under the rug."

Kurt knew Ian was right. And the price for Ian's help was his loaning Lisa to him for these events. "I guess I can't say 'no,' can I?" His smile was relieved. It wouldn't be all that bad. He would get beyond this Sung disaster and forge ahead with his career. In turn, he forged a closer bond to his boss by helping him out. There were no losers in this deal.

Ian stuck out his hand, obviously chewing over in his mind how he would handle Goldman. "Then we have a deal."

Kurt shot up from his chair and shook his hand eagerly.

They gripped for a moment, testing each other's strength. Just something men do. Finding equality in drive, determination and purpose, as given in the symbolic measure each took of the other through their hands, they both nodded and released.

He knew Ian would be a man of his word and he was sure his boss knew he would do his best for the company.

Now he had to give Lisa the unfortunate news.

CHAPTER 4

Kurt poured Lisa another glass of wine.

She looked dubiously at it. "What's the occasion?" She usually only had two.

He couldn't fool her. "Well, I have some good news and bad news."

Her eyebrows knit together in worry. "You're not dumping me are you?"

He shook his head, letting his disappointment at her accusation show. "Not in a million years."

"So what's going on?"

"You want the good news first? Or the bad news?" He knew her; it would be the good news first.

"The good news." She bit her lip and looked at him from a lowered head.

"I get to keep my job."

She blinked over suddenly large eyes. "You almost lost your job?"

He nodded. "I screwed up the Sung account."

"Ohhh, no..." She placed a hand on his arm.

They were seated at the dinner table. It was elegant with lace placemats. He wondered if he should have gone cheap. He would have lasted another month jobless for what he paid in the table. "He was being gross and I said something. The man blew up."

"Gross?"

"He was flicking boogers around."

Her hand went to her mouth as if to hold back vomit. "No way."

"He did."

"That's beyond gross."

“I'm glad someone agrees with me.”

“And they almost fired you for that?”

“Well, he was going to fire me, but I made him a deal.”

“What kind of deal?”

Kurt made a face. “That's the bad news. Ian will block my firing if I let him take you on his events.”

She groaned loud. “Ugh, more opera?”

“Well, no, not all the time. That's only once a year.”

“What kind of events?” Her voice was filled with a wry dread.

“This Saturday is the True Green charity picnic--”

“Picnic?” She looked down at her glass. She raised her eyebrows and made an appraising frown. “A picnic?”

“Yeah, with food and barbecue--”

“Oh, well, that doesn't sound so bad.”

“He said I could keep my job if I let him take you to those until he finds a new girlfriend.”

“Which could be any time.”

“Yes.”

“Even before Saturday.”

“I suppose.”

“But a picnic sounds fun. Maybe he can hold off finding a new girlfriend until Sunday.”

He gave her a big grin. *Whew, that worked. My job is safe.* “That's the spirit.”

She pouted. “I wish you were going.”

He rubbed her hand on his arm. “I know. Go and have fun. Eat good food, and come home to me after.”

“Okay.”

She was such a fine woman, despite her lack of self-determination. He felt lucky to have her.

* * *

Kurt looked up from his computer screen.

“Help me decide?” Lisa said. She stood there in her panties holding up a pair of white shorts and a loose, red skirt. She was wearing a sleeveless white cotton blouse.

He knew women would drive themselves crazy over these things so he got up and followed her into the bedroom. He left behind his work on two of his accounts. With luck, he could increase advertising flows from those two contracts and further pad his bonus. He had to make sure what he offered produced real results – a tangible profit to his clients or they would not long be his clients.

She held up the skirt over her waist in the full length mirror. It covered down to just above her knees. But Kurt immediately thought of Ian looking up her skirt and said, “Do the shorts.”

“Really?”

“Definitely the shorts.” He wasn't going to tell her he had a vision of Ian looking up her skirt to her tiny panties. “If there's a wind, your skirt might blow up.”

“There's no wind—”

“But if one comes up.”

She sighed happily, the decision made for her. “You're right. A skirt is more for miniature golf or something.”

He watched her wriggle into the shorts and wondered if the skirt might not be better. Zippering up, she displayed a hint of cameltoe. “Uhh...” he said.

“What's wrong? Do I have a stain or something?” She looked down at her shorts. Her legs emerged beautifully from the hem of the shorts. All of her leg was exposed, the hem being only an inch down from the crotch.

“No, but you don't have any shorts that cover more?”

“These are all I have and they're nice.”

She was right, they were nice. They looked very good on her. No doubt, Ian would like it. Despite his anxiety, he felt himself harden. *Maybe she should look enticing.* He hardened further, becoming uncomfortable.

“Am I seeing you get excited over there?”

He chuckled nervously. “Well...”

She came over to him and knelt down, her hand drifting over his bulge. “Mmm. What's got you all worked up?”

“Watching you.”

“Watching me dress? How silly.”

Watching you dress for him. His cock twitched in his pants. “I, uh...”

She rubbed and stroked.

He imagined her doing this to Ian and his penis hardened fully.

“Oh my,” she said.

He laughed and then hummed happily. It felt good.

Then she unzipped him and worked his cock free. She wrapped her lips around the fat head and lowered her mouth over it.

“Ahhh...” Her mouth was warm, wet, and soft.

A knock sounded at the door.

She pulled her mouth off and winked at him. She wiped her lips and hurried out to the front.

He wilted fast, and stuffed the half-hard thing back in his pants. Shimmying around to arrange his bulge, he walked out to the entry.

“Good, I was worried I might be under-dressed or something.”

“I told Kurt it was informal.” Ian was wearing khaki shorts and a blue tennis shirt. “Ah, there he is.”

“Ian.”

His boss nodded. “I’ll have her back by three-thirty.”

“I’ll just be working on the Phoenix Group and Adams accounts.”

His boss gave him a meaningful look. He took a step forward and clapped his shoulder, friendly. His eyes echoed the sentiment. “Good man. I knew I wasn’t wrong going to bat for you.”

“How did that go?”

Ian winked. “I told Goldman that Sung had been lured by Bernstein to Bernstein’s previous company and that he had been discontent for a while. I told him that Bernstein was with us now so it was just a matter of getting Sung back.”

“You don’t think he’ll eventually find out?”

Ian shrugged. “Goldman wants results. If we get the Sung account back, it will all be water under the bridge. I’ll be meeting with the president in Vegas next week and I’ll make sure his anger doesn’t fall on you.”

He gave him a smile. “Thank you. For everything.”

Ian stuck out his hand. When Kurt took it, his boss pulled him in for a man-to-man half hug. “You’re a good advertising executive. Don’t make any more mistakes. We can’t afford them.”

“I won’t.” He slapped Ian’s back and they parted.

“Shall we?” Ian said to Lisa.

Her smile was bright and filled with the sun.

He watched them walk out to Ian’s car. He watched her little butt wiggle in her tiny shorts, her arm through his. *Would he check out her legs? Would*

that be bad? Looking wasn't touching, right? He began to harden again. Would it be bad if he liked what he saw? Would he look at her cameltoe?

He realized then he liked the thought of Ian ogling his fiance. He hoped his boss found her fun and attractive. *Would his penis harden when he looked at her?*

Absently, he began rubbing his dick through his pants.

* * *

Kurt heard the key in the door. It had taken almost two hours to refocus his efforts towards his work. He had kept wondering if Ian was looking at Lisa's legs. One part of him was proud to have such a beautiful woman that would attract looks. But the other part of him didn't want anyone looking at her.

Lisa entered the house, laughing.

He heard Ian chuckling behind her.

"How often do they have those?" she said.

He got up and went out to the entry.

"Twice a year."

"Aww." She sounded disappointed. "Well, it was fun. I'd love to go again if they have one soon."

Ian nodded. "If they do. There's a charity dinner and dance next Friday. I'll tell Kurt about it."

Lisa bounced on her toes like an excited little girl. She clapped her hands together.

He broke in. "Assuming you don't find a girlfriend before then."

Ian gave a demure nod. "Of course."

After his boss left, he sat with her in the kitchen. "What were you laughing about?"

"Laughing? When we came in?"

"Yes, was he tickling you or something?" Anger paced back and forth in him.

"Tickling? No."

"What was so funny then?" He wanted to shake it out of her.

"Oh, we were laughing about one of the other guys there from the charity place. He had so much of the spiked punch he tried to crawl into the punch tub. The whole table and everything tipped over."

He snorted. The picture in his mind agreed with her about it being funny. But his jealousy was still there, protective, guarding. *Yes, that was it, guarding.* “He was drunk?”

“He tried to sing before crawling into the punch tub.”

Kurt shook his head. Ian got all the charity contracts. They were large, consistent, and required little upkeep. Not as profitable on a single account basis as Sung had been, but Ian's client list dwarfed Kurt's in annual profits by double. “Someday...”

“You want to climb into a punch bowl?”

“No, I mean someday maybe I will have charity clients.”

She leaned over on her stool at the counter and hugged him. “I believe in you.”

“So he didn't touch you or anything?” Both curiosity and jealousy circled each other in the boxing ring of his imagination.

“Just my arm. Same as the opera. I spent most of my time with Andrea.”

“Andrea?”

“One of the charity secretaries.” She pulled her pad from her shirt pocket. She flicked through a couple pictures and then showed him.

Someone had taken her pad and tapped a picture of Lisa and Andrea together. Lisa's bright smile was head to head with Andrea's smoldering and seductive grin. “Wow,” he said.

“Yes, she was very pretty, and the guys kept falling all over themselves to talk to her. I wish I was that pretty.”

He blinked. Andrea was beautiful, but mostly seductive-like. Lisa was pretty, cute, and obviously of brighter spirit. “You are that pretty.”

“No, I'm not. No one talked to me but her.”

“Good.”

She frowned. “You know what I mean. I was eclipsed by her.”

“You caught me with your beauty.”

“Aww.” She leaned over again and hugged him a second time. “I just meant I wouldn't mind walking around and having men fall over when I pass.”

He chuckled.

“Don't laugh at me.” She pouted.

He leaned over this time and hugged her, squeezing gently. “I fall over around you.”

“You don't count.”

“What? Why?”

“You know what I mean.”

“No, I don't. I'm so bewitched by you we're getting married.”

She waved him off. “You'd say that to anyone you were about to marry.”

He felt the typical male frustration with an insensible woman arise. He wanted to scream and pound the counter like a frenzied monkey or kid having ate too much sugar. “I wouldn't be marrying you if you were dull.”

She gave him a start of a smile which grew with fits and starts into a full smile. “I love you.”

He laughed. “I love you, too, silly.” He looked down at her smooth thighs. Had Ian looked at them?

CHAPTER 5

Kurt felt as if he were on the top of the world.

Soaring, soaring, yes!

He had persuaded both clients to expand slightly their advertising layout on three very good avenues of reach. He was certain that not only would it pay off for them, but then also for him. You couldn't just offer a new dollar in expense for a new dollar in sales. In advertising, you had to offer the potential for ten new dollars in sales for every additional dollar spent in advertising over their previous budget.

The pitch had to sound enticing, but even more, it had to work.

He dropped his keys on the stand by the door. Lisa would still be at work, receptionist for a hotel. That's how he had met her – staying overnight to meet a client. She had transferred here after they became engaged.

He poured two glasses of wine.

She would be going out this evening with Ian to the charity dance. Would his boss dance with her? Would there be a slow dance? Would they dance it? Would he hold her close, his crotch pressed into hers?

His penis hardened. He wanted her to have fun, to dance, and laugh. He didn't want her to be taken there, only to be neglected.

He stood from the barstool in the kitchen and freed his cock. He began stroking it, thinking of her. Thinking of them dancing. Pleasure spread through him from the stroking of his hand. It felt good and he jacked his cock thinking of Lisa pressed against Ian's crotch.

She's so sexy.

“Oh, hi...” Lisa said. She stood in the kitchen doorway.

Kurt went from panic to a fit of laughter in two seconds.

She raised her eyebrows. "Should I leave you and your cock alone?" She motioned over her shoulder.

He laughed again. "No. No, not at all." He picked up her wineglass and handed it to her while his erection subsided.

"What had you all worked up? Some client?"

"No, you, actually."

She puffed. "What was it, some blonde?" She was intimidated by blondes.

"No, love, it was you."

She gave him a sideways smile. "Really?"

"Really."

"I need to shower before Ian comes."

He followed her into the bedroom. "You need any help?"

"Sounds like fun, but maybe tomorrow? I need to wash up, not get all lathered for sex."

He sighed. "Okay." He sat on the bed while she showered. He looked over the clothes she had laid out. Her long blue skirt and a blue blouse. She should wear a shorter skirt.

He opened the closet and fingered through her clothing. There was the flaring red skirt that came to just above her knees. *That would be better. Now, for a blouse...*

She came out and brushed her wet hair. She looked over his selection on the bed. "Didn't like my choice?"

"You want to look like a grandmother?"

She looked at him in horrified anger, her mouth open. "No. That's my favorite skirt."

He nodded, giving in to the argument. "I know. That wasn't fair. I just thought something a little more fun."

"I'm so tired of white blouses." She wore them for work every day.

"I thought it went best with red."

She fingered the blouse on the bed. "I suppose it does."

"Maybe we can buy you a black one. That goes with red."

"Mmm, I have enough blouses." She unwrapped her towel and stood naked at the dresser. She picked out a bra and panties from the drawer.

She's choosing clothes for Ian. He admired the slight flare of her hips. The smooth curve of her lower back. The flashes of breast from the side.

Maybe she should just go without bra and panties. He opened his mouth to say it, but stopped himself. He tried again, but stopped himself again.

She fastened the bra and then raised a leg, bending down to put on her panties.

He began growing hard. Her movements were feminine and sensual. She slid her panties up. *Would Ian get to see a flash of them?* He stood and went to her. She looked up into his eyes with a questioning smile as he wrapped her in a hug. Would they dance like this? He ran his hand down to her butt and caressed it. Would he do this? Would he feel her buttcheek? Would he pull her in and rub his crotch against hers, like this?

She purred, arms wrapped around his neck.

He reached his other hand in between them and ran the side of his finger up and down her slit. She parted her thighs and hung on, moaning happily. He gently pressed in, stretching the fabric to create a more pronounced cameltoe. But Ian wouldn't be able to see it under the skirt; the fabric was too loose.

“We don't really have time--”

He groaned. “I know.”

She stepped away, smiling. She grabbed the skirt and put it on first. Zipping and fastening, she smoothed it down.

She even looks good just like that. He pulled out his personal pad and tapped a picture of her. Of her getting dressed for Ian.

She pulled on the blouse and buttoned it up. She left the top button unbuttoned.

He shook his head. He reached and unbuttoned the next two buttons. She did not have much cleavage to show and three undone wasn't too daring to be obvious.

“Why are you unbuttoning--”

“It made you look uptight.” He fluffed the blouse and made a show of looking from the sides to make sure she was decent. “All covered.”

“Are you sure?” She was looking down her own blouse.

“Yes. No bra visible. Although you can see the strap through the back.”

“Nothing I can do about that.”

Go without a bra... He fidgeted, growing hard again. He had helped her get ready for a dance-date with Ian. Or as close to a date as it could be. Would his boss approve? Would he admire her? Would he smile at her and be nice to her? His cock hardened painfully.

And then he realized he wanted Ian to like her, to smile at her, and to admire her. Lisa was worth the effort. She was vibrant and sweet. And she was beautiful. He wanted Ian to see it and appreciate her for what Kurt valued.

She did a slow spin. "Do you think Ian will approve?"

His mouth went dry. *Yes, I want him to approve. I want him to get an erection looking at you. I want him to masturbate later after he drops you back off. I want him to think about how beautiful you are and shoot his load thinking of your pussy.* But he couldn't say those things. He stood there, mouth open, quivering with lust.

She rolled her eyes. "Oh come on."

"You look good." He finally managed to speak.

"Yeah, yeah, don't overdo it."

"Sorry, was just fantasizing about you naked again."

She blushed, shaking her head. Her curls were drying and flowing with the movement. "What's gotten into you?"

He looked left and then right, as if trapped. But he knew she knew that look. So he looked her in the eyes and shrugged helplessly. "I guess Ian taking you out makes me realize how sexy you are."

"Oh. Well, there hasn't been anything funny, you know. He's been the perfect gentleman."

On one level, he felt disappointed and sorry for her. On the other, he felt a vast relief. He didn't want his woman stolen. "I suppose even if he did flirt, I wouldn't say that I couldn't have expected it, or blame him."

She gave him a confused look. "Ian? Flirt? He doesn't seem the type. He's handsome, though, so it's nice being out with him."

"More handsome than me?"

She eyed him from under a curl. "No, dear, you both are handsome in different ways. I just meant that if I have to go out with your boss, then at least he doesn't look like a slug."

"No, I wouldn't want some slug pawing you--"

"Ian doesn't paw me, either."

His cock twitched in his pants. "Well, I hope he appreciates how lucky he is to have you on his arm once in a while."

She over-dramatized a shrug. "Who knows." She went about re-hanging the blue skirt and blouse she had put out.

“I still think we should go tomorrow and pick out some new clothes for these dates you have with him.”

A smile from her. “I suppose I can't say no. But I really don't need--”

“Maybe some blacks. He likes black.”

“Oh?” She looked intrigued. She had little black in the closet. “Sometimes the black doesn't go good with my hair.”

“Mmm, we'll see what they have. Maybe we can find something.”

“Okay,” she said. She wore a smile on her face.

They finished off their glasses of wine and waited on the couch. Ian was late.

“Maybe he found a girlfriend.” Lisa pouted.

He patted her knee. “He would have called.”

The knock on the door was fast.

Kurt answered it. “Ian.”

“Hi. We're late. Cop pulled me over for coasting through a stop sign. He seemed to know I was in a hurry so he walked all around my car, inspecting it.”

Kurt snorted.

“Bastard took his time.” He turned to Lisa. “Ah, Lisa, you look wonderful.” He offered his arm.

She smiled up at him and took his arm. As they left, she shot a look back and waved to him with her free hand.

He waved back, watching her hips sway beneath that loose, red skirt. After he shut the door, he released his cock and began stroking it.

* * *

His lust didn't last long before it was replaced with worry. Was he leering at her? Touching her? *She belongs to me!* A sick feeling that Ian was usurping him started in his stomach. Would they run away together? He would have to put a stop to all of this. End the whole thing.

His contracts should make up the difference for the loss of Sung. Everyone should be happy. He would end it Monday.

Lisa's key had him up off the couch in a flash. He met them as they came in.

“Kurt,” Ian said. He gave him a short nod. Then he turned to Lisa. “Thank you, that was a fun evening.” He gave her a one-armed hug that

lasted no more than half a second.

Kurt frowned in thought. *Hardly anything to be angry about.* Had they hugged earlier? Lust began to reawaken.

He shut the door and Lisa smiled up at him.

“That was fun,” she said. “But I’m all wore out.” She headed off to the bedroom.

“So, tell me about it,” he said. The worm of suspicion was very difficult to keep from his voice.

“Some speeches, a bunch of dancing, and a catered buffet dinner. Felt like a high school reunion.”

“Did you get to dance?”

She blew out a breath. “Yes, Ian is a decent dancer. We danced quite a few. And I danced with some of the others there, too.”

“Anyone try anything with you?” The suspicion warred with lust, sparring again in the worn-out arena of his mind.

“Nope.” She was unbuttoning her blouse. Somewhere during the evening she had buttoned one extra button.

He felt good. He also felt disappointed, when he saw that. He drew a ragged, weary breath. “Wow, nothing?”

She looked up at him, shrugging out of her blouse. “One guy tried to start chatting but I mentioned I was engaged and that shut him down real fast.”

On that, he felt better. He felt no lust there for some stranger to be picking up on his fiance. But what was the deal with Ian? He wanted it? Or not? He couldn't make heads or tails in his own mind. “Were there slow dances?”

“Several.”

“Did he dance with you?”

“The flirt? No.”

“No, Ian.”

“Oh. Yes, we danced four of them, I think.”

His cock started to harden again. He stepped up behind her and helped her out of her skirt. He reached down her front, running his fingers over her panties and her pussy beneath them. He pressed his stiffness between her buttocks. “Did you feel him?” He pressed gently on her panties where her clit would be.

She gasped lightly. “Oh, well...”

“Did he get stiff dancing against you?”

“I think, maybe...”

“Did you feel him here.” He pressed again. “Or on your leg?” A chaste slow dance usually placed the crotches just off center of each other. Crotch to crotch was a little more personal.

“I felt him there.”

“On your pussy?” He kissed her neck.

She whispered. “Yes.”

He moaned and turned her around. He pressed himself against her, rubbing his bulge into her panties. “Like this?”

“On the last slow dance, yes.”

Overcome with desire, he pushed her down onto the bed. He took her panties and yanked them down. He shoved his face into her pussy and licked all over her clit.

She moaned in pleasure.

“Did he kiss you?”

“No.” She was panting.

“But you felt his cock here?” He placed his tongue on her clit and moved slowly.

She groaned out, grabbing his head. “Yesss...”

“Did it feel nice?”

“Yes.” Her gasps were coming faster. “It felt good.”

“Did you rub him back? Did you massage your clit on his hardness?”

“Not at first.”

“But you did?”

“Yes, his hardness was making me horny.”

With a growl, he removed his clothes in a frantic dance of undress. His plunge into her caused her mouth to open and the moan to be loud and long. He thrust his cock into her beautiful pussy, his hips slapping against hers. The shaft felt more engorged than ever before.

Was she thinking of Ian? Was she imagining his cock pounding her?

She shuddered in orgasm, crying out. She lifted her mouth to his neck, breathing heavily and hotly as she came. Her hips bucked hard drawing his erection in and milking it.

His release came when he imagined Ian here between her legs, thrusting. He saw stars, and then collapsed onto her, his pulsing penis still buried inside her.

CHAPTER 6

Saturday was raining. But Kurt felt alive and happy. His cock twitched in his pants as they walked into the department store.

Lisa walked contentedly beside him, hand linked in his, nothing more said about the slow dances with Ian.

Kurt wandered with her through the blouses, pointing to and commenting on the different colors. Green was bad, and so was yellow. Holding them up to her face, he could see what she meant. White, black, and purple were good. Blue was okay. Pink had to be pastel and nothing brighter. A few of the blacks weren't right – too blueish.

They chose out four new ones.

“Want to look in the lingerie section?” he said.

She rolled her eyes. “I thought we were getting clothes, not sexy things.”

“Alright, alright.”

They picked through the skirts. He picked short ones.

“I can't wear those with him--”

“Maybe they're for me.”

“Whatever.” She didn't sound convinced.

He picked out two turtlenecks. “These can go with the short skirts.”

“I suppose.”

“I think Ian would like these.”

“You think so?”

“Mm Hmm.” He started to get hard imagining her going out with his boss dressed in the short black skirt and black turtleneck.

But by Sunday, he regretted all the purchases. He paced while she was in the bathroom. How much was she thinking about his boss? Was he losing her? He wanted to pull out his hair, feeling no control in the situation at all.

By the end of the day, his resolve was firm. He would go in tomorrow and tell Ian it was all over. The deal was done. He would call it all off and they could all go on to be happy once again, he with Lisa and Ian looking elsewhere.

* * *

Kurt approached Ian's open door. He stopped, Ian was on the phone. He listened, unseen, to what his boss was saying.

“No, it wasn't Mason's fault--”

“I understand that, sir--”

“Sung wanted to leave--”

“No, sir, Kurt is a good man. I don't agree on firing--”

“It what?” Ian's chair squeaked in sudden movement. “A quarter of--”

“No. No, sir. I can't--”

“He's not at fault. Firing him would be--”

“Yes, he is a friend, but he's also one of the finest employees this branch--”

So he does like me. He wasn't lying.

“No, I am not being colored by my friendship--”

“Look at his figures. They don't lie.”

“Goldman--”

“Goldman--”

“Goldman!” The shout stunned Kurt. No one shouted at Goldman.

“It's not the answer. You want to throw away his client list and their profits?”

Ian grunted and slammed the phone down. “Son. Of. A. Bitch.”

Kurt composed himself and walked into the office.

Ian glared sidelong at him. “I just got off the phone with Goldman. I lost the branch tier three bonus by a quarter of a percent..”

Crap. Because of Sung. His newest contract flows would not hit until the following quarter.

“That's a thirty-five thousand dollar increase in my bonus I gave up on your Sung fiasco.”

Kurt felt bad. Very bad. It was one thing to keep his job. It was another to cost someone else a good portion of their annual bonus. And by a measly quarter of a percent. "I'm really sorry."

"Bastard still wants your head, too."

"I thought--"

"I've been stringing him out, but I think he knows it."

"What's going to happen?"

"I finally got through to him. I think."

"Oh? How?" He had only heard Ian's side of the conversation.

"I reminded him that firing you would lose us all your accounts. That might not be true, but he just growled and hung up on me."

Kurt fidgeted.

Ian twisted his mouth and shook his head, finally waving Kurt to sit. "I think it will be alright. He was probably as angry at the loss of gross profit in this branch as I am to lose my bonus."

"I didn't mean to--"

Ian slammed his hand down on the desk. "I know. I know. I know." Softer and softer. "Look, you are our best in this branch and I don't want to see you wasted by being fired." He leaned forward, head lowered, almost looking through his lashes. "Just do not screw up on that magnitude again."

"I swear, I won't." And he wouldn't.

Ian leaned back, rubbing the bridge of his nose. He growled, and then sighed. "I'm sorry, Kurt. Goldman had me a little riled there. Did you need something?"

His heart began to pound. He would do it. He would say it. "Actually, I wanted to talk about Lisa."

Ian nodded, looking relieved to change the subject. "Ah, good, because I wanted to talk about her, too."

"Oh?" Kurt was taken aback.

"Yes. I'm very thankful to you for loaning her to me for these functions, but..."

Kurt waited through the pause, but then said, "But?"

"It has been fun having her on my arm at these functions. She's very attractive and it has been a pleasure to have others see her with me. But these are functions and business events."

"Yes?" He shifted in his chair.

"I'd love to unwind and have her there as well."

“Unwind?”

“Yes. On the Fridays I don't have a business event, I would like her to accompany me out. I think that's more than fair recompense for my blocking your firing.”

“I... well...” Kurt thought of them slow-dancing and his pulse began to race.

“Especially considering you cost me a thirty-five thousand dollar bonus.”

He choked back his words. Ian had certainly stuck his own neck out protecting him and was paying through the nose for a mistake not his responsibility. “Maybe we--”

“I'll pick her up every Friday at six and have her home by nine. I'll make sure she gets a good dinner, maybe the movies, maybe a bar with a relaxing atmosphere. No worries, I'll make sure she's treated well.”

Will you be pressing your crotch into hers like when you danced? Suddenly, he was intrigued. He said, “Okay.”

“Excellent.” Ian stood and offered his hand.

Kurt rose and gripped it. The shake was warm and friendly.

“So what was it you had wanted to talk about Lisa?” Ian sat back down.

Can't tell him now... He shrugged. “Wanted to make sure everything was alright.”

He threw up his hands as if to say “clear.” “It's great. She seems to know what to wear, she's quiet, and that suits me perfectly. At the functions, anyways.”

“We'll be married August twenty-fifth.”

“Yes?”

“Well, it would stop then, right?”

Ian frowned, thinking. Then he rose and came around the desk. “Stop? I don't know. But there is one thing I am going to demand.”

“Huh?” Kurt was confused.

Ian clapped his shoulder and smiled. “I want to be your best man.”

“Oh. Well, sure, I guess. We hadn't gotten that far yet. Sure, sure.” He felt good giving that position to his boss. But in the back of his mind he realized Ian hadn't released him from this arrangement when the wedding was mentioned. Did he plan on picking up his newlywed wife and going out with her every Friday until he found his own woman?

* * *

Kurt laid out the short black skirt and matching turtleneck. He wanted her to wear it on her first real date out with Ian. He wanted his boss to see her legs. To see her toned thighs. To see the darkness in the recesses of the skirt that hid her panties. He wanted Ian to become hard looking at her.

But did he want more? Did he want Ian touching her?

The thought caused such a confusion of images and thoughts that he pushed them away.

“Choosing my outfit, huh?” She stood next to him, hands on her hips, shaking her head.

“I like this one.”

She looked up at the ceiling. “You chose it. I'm going to shower.”

They kissed and she went to the bathroom for her shower. She left the door ajar.

He watched her, showering, shaving her legs. Shaving for Ian. For his touch? He half wanted to confront his boss at the door and call the whole thing off. But he knew he owed the man his job and much more. Thirty-five thousand might not seem like a lot to some people but it was a lot to an advertising executive.

She came out a few minutes later, toweling her hair. She went for the dresser.

“Why don't you go without bra and panties tonight?” His voice quavered with excitement.

“You really like the thought of me doing that, don't you?” She gave him an odd, appraising look.

He shrugged. “You're beautiful.”

“Then I am also beautiful wearing them.”

“Give it a shot,” he said. His grin was lascivious.

“Not in that skirt, I'm not.”

“Then go without a bra.”

“But--”

“Your turtleneck covers everything, dear. Everything. He won't see anything. No cleavage, no hint, no skin. Nothing.”

She stood there, hands on hips, gauging him. But she was a timid creature by nature. “What if he doesn't like it?”

“Who would not like it?” he said incredulously.

She shook her head and giggled. "I'll try it. Tell me if it looks too stupid."

There was no way he was going to tell her she looked stupid.

She pulled the turtleneck on and walked back and forth in front of him. She was stunning.

"Wow," he said.

"Oh, stop that."

Her breasts moved naturally in a perky little manner.

You just don't get it, do you? "Really. Wow."

She giggled, but shook her head. "I don't know."

"Now put the skirt on without panties." He started getting hard.

"No way, Jose. Not in those skirts."

Which means she would consider it in the others? His cock started throbbing.

She put on her panties and then slipped into the small skirt. "How does it look?"

Fantastic. He knelt down in front of her and adjusted her skirt, and peeking up to her panties.

"Stop that, would you? You're making me horny."

He put his ear against her skirt and hugged her close. "I love you."

Her hand landed on his head, stroking it. "I love you, too. You don't mind Ian taking me out?"

How could I tell her I did mind? But that I also wanted more of it? He shook his head and she took it for a "no."

She sighed. "He is a handsome man and he's always so polite."

"He doesn't flirt?"

"No, not like some of the other men at the functions. He's polite but never suggestive."

"Except for the slow dancing."

She hummed with pleasure. "Yes, that was sort of nasty."

He reached a finger up and lightly stroked her panty-covered pussy.

"Stop that, you dirty man. He'll be here soon."

Minutes later, he opened the door for Ian.

"Kurt."

"Ian."

"Hello," said Lisa.

Ian's face registered surprise and appraisal. "Well, now." His smile was large and wide. He offered his arm and gave Kurt a wink.

He watched them leave, already talking about something. Her milky legs were smooth and exposed, covered barely by the small skirt. He had his dick out in a flash, stroking. He watched Ian's arm slide around her waist and pull her hips to his as they walked.

Kurt had a full erection.

When she got into the car, her skirt rode up.

Yes.

* * *

Later that night, in bed, he ran his fingers over her skin. "So did he check you out?"

She giggled. "Yes. I think he really liked the skirt."

"He was looking at your legs?"

"Mm, hmm. And my panties, too."

"He saw your panties?"

"He couldn't miss them. That skirt is too short."

"So wear it again." He traced his fingers over her panties.

"Are you kidding?"

"No, I'm not. You liked him looking, didn't you?"

"I guess I was flattered."

He reached into her panties as she spread her thighs open. "You're very wet."

"You're fingering me."

He laughed. "Uh huh. Did he touch you?"

"Several times. He had his hand on my knee and just above it a few times. And he gave me a hug outside."

"What kind of hug?"

"I don't know. A hug, you know." She reached over and began stroking his hardness.

"One-armed?"

"No, it was a full hug."

He dipped his fingers in. "Could you feel him?"

"His cock? Yes." She squirmed.

"Did you like feeling it?"

She gave a small shrug. "I don't know."

He whispered in her ear. "Did you like feeling his cock against you?"

"Yes," she whispered back. "Are you mad?"

"No. I like that you liked it."

"It made me want to stroke him."

His cock swelled and he moaned. "I bet he would have liked that."

"Him? Are you serious?"

He shot her a look. "What man wouldn't?"

She gripped his cock and stroked faster, looking down at it in concentration.

Was she thinking about what his cock would be like in her hand?

"Maybe next time you should."

She stopped stroking. "I'm engaged to you. We're going to be married in two months."

"That's right and don't you forget it."

"You really want me stroking Ian's cock?"

"He would like it."

"What if he liked it and kissed me?"

He shrugged. "A kiss is just a kiss, I guess. People kiss all the time at New Years."

"Hmm." She sounded doubtful.

"He wants to be the best man, remember?"

"Yes. Am I supposed to kiss the best man?"

CHAPTER 7

The following Friday was the night Ian hugged her in front of him when he dropped her off. He picked her up again Sunday for a charity barbecue and hugged her when she came out. They had bought her a sundress for this one. A skimpy little thing that didn't reach her knees.

She had suggested that with this dress, she might go without panties. He had become hard, instantly, when she said it. He had watched her slip the dress on over her naked body. He had ran his hands over the cotton material. She was sensuous.

He watched them hug, Lisa pressing her crotch forward into Ian's. He saw Ian smile, and then his smile widen.

He must be feeling her heat.

Lisa gave him a quick kiss goodbye and skipped out after Ian. He patted her butt as she got into the car.

Kurt was stroking, hard.

* * *

The following Friday, Ian kissed her in front of Kurt. It was a small, affectionate kiss. But the hug was long and clinging.

* * *

His work did not suffer. Kurt saw the income flows picking up on the two contracts he had worked so hard on. The flows were good and promised to do at least as good as he had anticipated.

Ian, for his part, thanked Kurt repeatedly for the use of his fiancée.

The real shock came when Ian stood in his office door, leaning against the frame and said, "I got you a raise."

"A raise? Me? Goldman--"

"Went for it. I told you he would calm down."

"Why a raise?"

"Because you're the best we have. Bernstein is still building a base. And I thought you deserved it. You've helped me out with my clients by loaning me Lisa. You've helped me personally unwind at the end of the week by graciously granting me a couple of hours with her. You've been a good friend to me and I wanted to reward it."

Kurt didn't really know what to say. "I... Thank you, I guess."

Ian laughed. "Hey, listen. I had invited Lisa Saturday to my pool party. Why don't you come along? It's a bunch of clients and a few friends. I'd like you to come. As a friend."

"I... Well, sure."

* * *

Kurt answered the door Friday. "Hey, Ian."

"Kurt." A smile as friendly as Kurt had ever seen was on Ian's face.

He gave him a smile of his own. "Dancing tonight, eh?"

Ian nodded. "She seemed to like that charity dance, so I found a low-key lounge where they do some dancing."

He heard Lisa coming downstairs from the second floor. He leaned towards his boss. "She likes the slow dances better."

"Oh? Oh." He gave Kurt a wink. "I'll have to make sure she's happy then."

They nodded at each other.

Lisa was dressed in a black skirt, short, and a red blouse. It was unbuttoned on the top three. If she turned right, Ian would see most of her boob. But he was stunned and excited to see she had picked out the shorter black skirt. She had laid out the longer one because she had said she wanted to go without panties again.

If she had no panties on, there wasn't much more than three inches of skirt covering her pussy.

He watched them hug and kiss. He saw no panty lines. His cock started to get hard.

Would she spread her thighs enough in the car to show him she had none on? He wanted her to. He wanted Ian to look over and see that beautiful pussy he saw every night. Would he want to touch it? His cock twitched.

They left, walking out to the car.

He took his erection out and stroked it. He wanted Ian to see her pussy, but he felt anger mixing with lust when thinking about him touching it. Teasing was one thing, touching and using what was his was another.

And once again, the specter of losing her raised its head. *I need to cut this off, before it goes too far. Teasing has been fun and our sex great, but this has to stop.*

He stroked slower, up and down, relishing the feel and sensation of his touch while watching his fiance get into Ian's car.

* * *

Kurt opened the front door before Lisa could fiddle with her keys. Ian was with her, arm around her. "Hey, you two."

"Kurt."

"Hi hun," Lisa said. Her eyes were smoldering and her face flushed. She wrapped him in a hug. "I told Ian to come in for some water. The help at the bar was lousy."

"Sure, of course." He shut the door behind them.

Ian sat, a few minutes later, glass in hand.

Lisa plopped herself down across his lap, legs closed. She hooked her arms around his neck.

Kurt felt jealousy. "Dancing was good?"

Ian nodded.

Lisa giggled. "Very good."

"You danced all that time? You didn't go anywhere else?"

Ian raised an eyebrow. "Just danced. And rested in between dances."

He nodded, relieved.

Despite the lap-sitting, Ian was a gentleman. And he made Kurt promise to come with Lisa the next day for the pool party.

“Swimming, jacuzzi, drinks, loud music and cops telling us to shut up. You know.” Ian had winked.

Lisa followed his boss to the door and they embraced. She pressed into him and he cupped her butt with his hands. Then they were kissing, passionately. Their heads moved together, twisting. His hands moved lower, and then slid up, exposing her butt cheeks. His hands kneaded them while Kurt watched.

After he had left, they got into bed. He was already semi-hard.

Lisa grabbed his cock and stroked it roughly.

“Whoa, turned on a bit, huh?” he said.

Her eyes were half-lidded. “I want you to fuck me. Fuck me hard.”

His erection firmed. “What happened tonight?”

“He teased me all night. I rubbed my pussy all over him and he ground his hardness against me.”

“That's all? He only teased you?”

“Yes. I even grabbed him through his pants and rubbed.”

“You did?” His surprise was battered around inside him by jealousy.

“He has a nice one, like yours.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yes, and I think he's a little bigger than you. But not thick like you are.”

He felt intrigued but uncomfortable at the same time talking about Ian's dick.

“What did he say?”

“He didn't. He kissed me.”

“Like that tongue-wrestle you did at the door?”

“Yes. Were you mad? You told me I should kiss him.” She stroked him faster. “You also told me to touch him.”

Now that she had, though, he wished he could take it all back. But his dick was fully erect, leaking juices. He would put a stop to it all. Monday. Definitely.

He fucked her. Hard. He pounded his cock into his fiance's pussy that had so recently been rubbed against his boss's erection. She called his name out, over and over, at least letting him know she was thinking of him and not Ian.

* * *

They drove up the hill into the “better” part of town. The homes with the views.

“I’ve been thinking of calling off the dating thing before the wedding.” Kurt glanced at her.

“Right. It stops just before the wedding.”

“No, I meant before that, even. Like maybe Monday.”

She looked at him, confused. “Why?”

“I’m not sure I like where this is going.”

“Going? I’m being a date to him and teasing him like you wanted me to.”

“Maybe it should end.”

“But why? Everyone’s having fun.”

“I don’t want anything beyond this dating thing to develop and I’m worried--”

“Nothing is developing. I love you, not him. You and I are getting married.”

“But--”

“You arranged this whole thing.” She pouted.

So she is disappointed. Because she was having fun or because she was developing something with Ian? He didn’t know.

She plucked at her cotton shirt covering her bikini top. “I was just helping us out, like you asked. And everything I’ve done you’ve told me to.”

She was right. But how could he tell her he was so conflicted? Would she understand? He sighed. “You’re right. I’m sorry. My feelings aren’t your fault.”

She laid a hand on his leg. “What’s really the matter?”

He looked at her and then back to the road. It was their signal. The truth. “I don’t want to lose you to him.”

To which, she burst out laughing. She covered her mouth and shook her head.

“I didn’t mean it as a joke.”

“Oh, my sweet Kurt.” She shook her head more. “You are so barking up the wrong tree on that one. Ian is sweet. He’s very nice. I have fun on our little dates. But he isn’t you and I don’t want to marry him. He’s not my Kurt. He’s not... you.”

The lump in his throat told him he was being an ass for even having doubted her. "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize. I'm glad you're worried about losing me. I thought at first you were trying to give me away, like a piece of used luggage."

His eyes were fierce. "Never. You're mine."

Her smile melted his heart with its tenderness. "That's all I've ever wanted to be."

His fears were quieted. Would he still go in Monday and end it? Despite her reassurances? Surely Ian could dig up a bimbo to replace Lisa? But a bimbo would be a bimbo, not Lisa. A note of pride stood forth as he realized Ian's request for her hand as a once a week date including events was a compliment of the highest sort.

He looked over at her. She was beautiful under her brunette curls. Her pale, creamy skin and full lips. Her big smile and her wonderful blue eyes. Her boobs were on the small side and she was very thin, but everything matched together. Nothing on her was out of place. Her timidity around men lent her a feminine vulnerability that made men want to flex their muscles and protect her.

He could see why Ian just wanted to borrow her. Was he overreacting? If he had nothing to worry about, was it all that bad that Ian wanted to touch her? Hug her? His cock began to harden in his shorts.

The party was in its early stages when they arrived. Only a few guests wandered about, chatting and drinking.

Ian's place was the smallest on the block of homes built along the ridge. It still dwarfed Kurt and Lisa's townhouse with their postage stamp backyard.

"I bought it on a foreclosure bid," Ian said. "Didn't think I'd win it."

"Neighbors alright?" Kurt said, waving his fresh glass of scotch.

Ian threw his hand down in frustration. "Bah, I never see them unless they want to complain about something. Bunch of old codgers in their country club with nothing better to do than pick on the guy who refuses to join." He took Lisa's arm and they hooked together. She was still going to be Ian's date today, even if Kurt was there.

"So they really will call the cops on you?"

"I'll bet you on it?"

Kurt laughed and shook his head. "You know your neighbors better than me. I'll pass on that bet."

Ian winked at him. He pulled Lisa off to chat with some of the others. It was his party.

He settled onto a pool chair and chatted about advertising with some older woman – a client of Ian's.

“You really think cable guides are that good?” she said. Her hair was mostly white, but she still looked alright for an older woman in a one-piece swimsuit.

He realized he was treading on dangerous ground here. Talking business with another associate's client was sort of a no-no. It could be viewed as a steal attempt. So he shrugged to her. “Depends on the locale. Some don't have mailed guides. Ian will certainly know what's best for you, though. He's very good.”

The woman nodded.

Ian came up with Lisa on his arm. “Ah, Maggie, I see you've met my associate, Kurt? He handles retail advertising.”

Kurt couldn't miss the slight emphasis on his specialty.

The woman tilted her head. “He's a charming young man and I find his views entertaining.”

Kurt couldn't miss the challenge in her voice.

Lisa gave him a sharp look with fierce eyes. “Don't flirt with her,” her eyes said. She clutched onto Ian's arm like a life preserver.

I can't win. I was just having a drink and chatting.

Ian gave a nod to Maggie. “Enjoy his company; he's a fine associate and valued in our division.”

With a last glare from Lisa, Ian pulled her away.

I'm just sitting here.

Maggie laid a hand on his arm and winked. “I think Ian's girlfriend fancies you.”

He laughed. *If she only knew.*

She laughed with him and they raised glasses.

The party grew with people and noise. Kurt remained in his chair and talked with those who sat near. Maggie had moved on, circulating as was the custom at parties. Kurt only relinquished his chair to refresh his scotch.

After lunch was served from a catered table, Ian led the way into the pool. He looked as muscular as Kurt, but maybe just a touch more. The rock-climbing must put more of a strain on the musculature than just hiking around with a hundred pound pack.

Lisa stripped off her shorts and shirt, showing her two-piece bikini. She looked beautiful, if not as buxom and flashy as two of the other women escorting some of Ian's clients.

Why do flashy blondes always have huge tits? He shook his head. One had tried to talk to him, but he shut her down without being rude.

Later, Ian and Lisa climbed into the jacuzzi. She sat next to him, talking to another couple. Eventually, the other woman nibbled on her man's ear. Lisa gave them a smile and then climbed onto Ian's lap, straddling him. She lowered her mouth to his and kissed him. Meanwhile, her body undulated, moving her pussy on his dick under the roiling water.

Had she removed her bikini bottoms? Was she fucking him? He stood, ready to go grab her.

But Ian whispered something to her for a few seconds. She nodded and climbed out. She was still wearing her bikini. She had just rubbed her pussy all over Ian's cock, separated by only a layer or two of thin cloth. Kurt looked around, wanting to find someplace private – some place to stroke his cock.

But I need to end this. I really do.

Ian climbed out and took the drink from Lisa. Kurt saw a very prominent length in Ian's swim shorts. But he wasn't sure the man had anything any larger than Kurt's.

He sat back down to hide his own growing erection. His Lisa's pussy had done that to Ian, making him semi-hard. It made him feel good. And also sick.

Monday.

CHAPTER 8

Kurt scanned the morning reports. All of his clients were within the margins of projections for profitability.

He tapped his pen on one that was showing more profit. It was borderline for an increase in reach. *Need to wait a week or two on this one.* He was using the morning reports to order his mind and calm himself.

The wedding was the Sunday after next. He needed to put a stop to the whole dating thing before then. Lisa had openly rubbed Ian's crotch at the door three nights previous.

Was that going too far?

But she had been a banshee in bed. Never once had she called Ian's name. Their sex life had reached stellar, mind-blowing proportions. Was it because she lusted for Ian and they hadn't fucked? Was it because Ian made her horny and she embraced it all with him instead of his boss?

Satisfied his portfolio was in order, he walked resolutely towards Ian's door. He wanted to tell him that it was all ending. He also wouldn't mind if Ian saw her once more before ending it. He wasn't sure if he wanted it ending today or that coming Friday, or the final Friday before their Sunday wedding. A part of him wanted them to go out again. Wanted Lisa to feel Ian's cock in her hands. But another side of him said that if she did, he would lose her. Was it that simple? If her skin touched the skin of Ian's cock, was their marriage all over?

That sounded right, but then it didn't. He paused at Ian's door. Hadn't her pussy rubbed all over his boss's cock through their clothing? He tapped on the partially closed door.

“Come in.”

He stepped in and shut the door quietly.

“Kurt. Something the matter?” Ian leaned back and dropped the report he was reviewing onto his desk.

He sat without being invited. He noticed Ian did not frown or make a face. Perhaps they truly were close now as friends and not just associates. “The dating has to stop. Today.”

“You mean the Friday nights?”

“No, all of it. Including the events. Everything. We're getting married two Sundays from now--”

“She's been a huge help to me and I thought you approved.”

“I want it over before it goes too far.”

“Too far? I have been a perfect gentleman to her and I understand you pushed her to do certain things--”

“Yeah, well, I thought better of it and this has to end.”

“I worked my ass off to keep you from getting fired and worked my ass off again to get you a raise.” Ian leaned forward, frowning. He didn't appear angry, but thoughtful.

Kurt fidgeted. Ian had certainly come through for him. “Surely you realize this can't go on.”

Ian rose from the desk and came around it. “I went to bat for you. I laid my own job on the line with Goldman. Not only that, but you cost me a hefty bonus.”

He closed his mouth with a snap. Ian was certainly right about that.

“I have worked for you. We're friends. I stuck my neck out when the easiest thing to do was fire you. And I have treated Lisa with the utmost respect. She's been a big help being there with me for my clients. You're acting more like a schoolkid than a friend.”

“But men don't go around loaning out their wives--”

“Of course they do,” Ian said. “Married secretaries accompany their bosses to conventions all the time. Lisa might not be my employee but I figured that was our way of you showing your appreciation for all I've done for you.”

He slumped in the chair. “I can't be loaning her out after we're married.”

“Of course you can. I've helped you. It's your turn to help me. I have obligations now as a couple for the next two months. I'm your best man.”

He didn't know what to say. But he shook his head.

Ian sighed, angry now. “All I've done for you and now you pull this. Fine.” He stabbed a finger forward. “You want this to end despite all I've done for you?”

Kurt nodded.

“You want me to suffer in front of my clients over the next two months just because you can't imagine Lisa going with me?”

“Not as my wife.”

He threw up his hands. “You sent her out with me several times not wearing panties, for shit's sake. Any other man would have fucked her the first time he noticed.”

“I--”

He stabbed the finger again. “You wanted me to notice. You wanted me to see. Didn't you think something might happen?”

Kurt was silent.

“I brought her back intact, every time.” He pointed to his crotch. “She has never seen this. Though she told me you want her hands on it.”

He turned red, blushing. *I guess she told him everything.*

“You want her hands on me, don't you? You want her to jack my dick so she can tell you about it.”

He shifted in his chair, suddenly uncomfortable and his dick beginning to harden.

He nodded, folding his arms. “I'll tell you what. I could still fire you. But as much as it complicates things for the next two months, I'll offer you a deal.”

Trying to calm himself, he looked at Ian eagerly. Not as a supplicant, but as an equal in a bad position and offered some hope.

“I'll end it all. After the wedding. She goes out with me as I need her until then.”

That actually sounds okay...

“But. The price for stabbing me like this, for trampling on what I thought was a good friendship of trust and respect, and especially for causing me business grief again, is this: on your wedding night, I get her first.”

“You what?”

“Those are my terms. Your wedding night and everything is over. Otherwise, I will keep coming to get her and take her with me until she tells me herself that she no longer wants to help out.”

“What makes you think I would agree to that?” He shifted in his chair, his erection betraying his indignation. *Crap, am I excited or angry? This is confusing me.*

“Because there is a third person involved. Lisa has been having fun. This is as much between the three of us as it is between you and me.”

Kurt thought about the horrid offer. *If I can convince her to break it all off herself with him before the wedding, there won't be any embarrassing moment when Ian steps forward to claim Lisa. She would never know and it would all be over on his terms, not Ian's. The teasing has been fun, but that's enough. I definitely don't want him fucking my bride on our wedding night.*

Ian glared at him, waiting.

Kurt rose and realized his erection was pushing out his pants. He said nothing, pursing his lips, and walked out of the office.

“Deal,” said Ian from behind him.

* * *

“You have to end it with him.” Kurt paced. They had been through the discussion every day since Monday. Ian was due any minute.

She paused her hair brush in mid-stroke. “We've been through this. You're hurting his job by wanting it over. He'll eventually find someone to replace me.”

How could he tell her about the deal? Would she be angry at him for having discussed her like that? Would it prove to her his sentiment and cause her to break it all off? “At least put some panties on. Your skirt is too short.”

“You liked me going without before.”

“Not tonight. Wear some for me, okay?”

“Okay, dear.” She selected some cotton panties and slid them on. “There, happy now?” Her smile said she wanted him happy.

He gave her one back. “Thank you.”

“I can't just cut him off, at least not until after his current event schedule clears up.”

“It never clears up.”

“Well, I need to give him some kind of notice.” She looked worried, for him and for Ian.

“Yes, tonight.”

Ian's knock interrupted their discussion.

She skipped down the stairs to the door.

He blew out a sigh and followed.

Ian embraced her at the door and they kissed. It was a slow kiss, and deep. He glanced at the stairs as Kurt came down. Then he reached a hand up and massaged her loose breast through her blouse.

Right in front of him.

Ian's hand then snaked into her blouse through the unbuttoned flaps and stroked a nipple.

Lisa arched her back, humming contentedly.

Kurt became frustrated. His dick hardened, but his anger flared. “Hey, now.”

Ian raise an eyebrow and removed his hand. “Ah yes, I shouldn't play with your fiance's tits in front of you.” He cupped her ass and still held her in a hug. Then he raised her skirt to feel her butt cheeks. He felt the panties. “Panties, hmm?”

“I think--” Kurt said.

Ian interrupted him. “I think you should remember who holds the keys to your job.” It wasn't said threateningly. “And that we have a deal. Breaking deals is a very bad thing.”

Lisa looked over at him. “I'll be alright. See you around nine.” Her smile said she would take care of things, that she had everything under control.

But Kurt was agitated.

He was still agitated, pacing, three hours later when he heard her keys. He opened the door for them.

Ian nodded, not as friendly as previous weeks. “Kurt.”

He sighed.

Lisa swept up to him and planted a kiss on his lips. Her own were red and swollen. Then she turned and let Ian embrace her. He kissed her, deep and passionate. She moaned and wilted in his arms.

Kurt was turned on, despite himself. He stumbled down onto the side chair and tried to hide his growing erection. He watched her grind her pussy forward into Ian's crotch.

After he left, Lisa hauled him up and planted a wet kiss on him. He gripped her and kissed her back. All of her passion was there, pressed

against him.

“Take me into the bedroom, my wonderful husband-to-be, and fuck me. I need it, right now.”

He led her up the stairs, feeling better about the evening. *Whew. She's back. And safe. And mine.*

He undressed and Lisa bounced onto the bed, her curls flopping.

“I got to touch his dick, finally.”

He paused getting into bed. “You did?” Intrigued. Perturbed. Interested.

She nodded, a smile showing her teeth plastered on her happy face.

He finished getting into bed. “Tell me about it.”

“Check this out,” she said. She pulled up her skirt. Her panties were soaked, pushed into her hole. They were smeared wet and her inner thighs were shiny.

He looked up at her in shock. “Did he fuck you?”

“No. But he came on my panties.”

“He came on your panties?” His dick twitched, throbbed, and stirred.

“I suppose he couldn't help it.” She got up and undressed, peeling off those soaked panties last.

“Was he trying to rape you or something?”

“No. He took me to his house instead of going out. We were on the couch talking about you--”

“Me?”

“Mm hmm, and how you wanted me to touch his dick.”

“You shouldn't have told him all that.”

“Why not?” She tilted her head in confusion.

“Because that's private.”

“What do you mean, private? You tell me, I go, and he's not supposed to know?”

“Well, I thought this was more between you and me.”

“And him.”

She's making sense... “I guess you're right. I'm just not used to having a third person be on somewhat intimate terms of our own conversations.”

She nodded. “I see what you mean when you put it that way.” She reached under and grabbed his dick. Then she leaned over and nibbled his ear. “I was so scared when he first allowed me to pull it out.”

“On the couch?”

“Mm hmm. I was shaking.”

He reached down and touched her clit, sliding his fingers over an ocean of juices. His fingers made wet sounds as they passed over her swollen lips. “Wow, you're all wet.”

She moved her head and nibbled at his lips, licking his lower lip and flicking her tongue against his. “I got to suck on him, too.”

His cock throbbed to full erection. He imagined her lips sliding down his boss's shaft and he almost came. He pulled back a little, realizing his tongue was touching hers – the same tongue that had shortly before licked Ian's shaft.

“Fuck me,” she said.

He climbed onto her and speared her pussy, almost coming in excitement. “How did he come to soak your panties?”

She gasped at his thrusts. “He had laid me back and opened my blouse after I sucked him for a few moments.”

“He licked your boobs?”

“Mmm hmm. Then he moved up to kiss me. That's when I felt his erection hit my panties.”

He moaned, driving harder.

“He kept moving his hips and the head of his penis just pushed my panties inside along with it.”

“He got inside you?” He had to stop. He almost came.

“The head, I guess. The panties wouldn't stretch any more than that.” She clawed his back.

“Did you move your panties aside for him?”

“No...” She gasped harder. “But I wanted to. And then he came. I could feel it all.”

He couldn't hold back. With a loud groan of lust, he sank all the way in, pressing, and squirting his orgasm inside her.

She came with him, her pussy clamping, caught up in his pleasure.

Panting, he laid back by her side. “Do you love him?”

She raised her head, quick. “Love him? No.”

“Your kisses sure seem to say you do.”

She frowned at him. “You wanted me to kiss him.”

“I know, just saying you seem to be very passionate in your kissing with him.”

“I am, I suppose, but it's just something fun. I like kissing him. I like kissing you, too.”

“And the rubbing of your boobs and ass?”

She gave him a wicked smile. “It's nice having two handsome men pay so much attention to you.”

“So you don't want to call off the wedding?”

“Now you're being silly. I want to be Lisa Mason. I'll never give that up.”

He felt a little better. “Call off the dating?”

She giggled and shook her head no.

CHAPTER 9

Kurt watched her leave with Ian two days before their wedding. He felt the inexorable pull of the event, the dread, and the trepidation. He had been unable to convince her to call everything off on her own.

She had even discussed it with Ian and from what she said, Ian appeared to be giving her an unbiased view of how his clients might be negatively effected.

He finally realized it would come down to their wedding night. He had made her promise not to have sex with Ian. She seemed horrified that he thought she had so little control.

“I'm all yours,” she had said.

But weren't handjobs and blowjobs sex? If Ian had worked the head of his cock into her pussy, though stopped by panties, wasn't that sex?

The thought of Ian's cock gaining entrance to Lisa's pussy made him rub his cock through his pants. Kurt had made her wear panties again. Would they come back soaked with Ian's sperm again? Unable to stop himself, he pulled out his cock and started masturbating, fast and hard. Would Ian touch his cock to her panties again?

His wait didn't last the whole three hours. He heard her key in the door with an hour to spare.

Lisa entered the house first, before he could reach the door. She had a look on her face that could have ignited water with lust and set it aflame at twenty paces. She walked right up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him into a very hot and wet kiss.

Kurt was surprised, but responded to her passion with his own. With his love and earnest desires for their happiness. He smelled the scotch on her;

she was a little tipsy.

She broke the kiss and whispered to him, "I sucked him off. He came in my mouth and I swallowed it all."

Ack, and I just kissed that?

She reached down and stroked his hardness. She whispered again, "I'm going to need to be fucked, my love. Let me get rid of him first."

He was still speechless over the kiss. He watched her stroll back to Ian who was waiting at the door. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed Ian as passionately as she had him.

Ian twisted her around and put her back up against the door. His hand reached down and lifted her tiny skirt. She was not wearing panties.

What? I told her to wear... She had taken them off, then.

Ian's finger dipped up into Lisa's hole. She lifted her leg to allow him better access and moaned with lust.

Kurt watched, stunned, fascinated, and entranced as his boss's fingers fucked his bride-to-be's pussy. His cock leaped to hardness while his insides fluttered in panic.

Lisa moaned, her mouth locked with Ian's. She humped her hips to the fingering.

Ian finally broke the kiss. He looked back towards Kurt. His fingers still fucked Lisa's pussy. "You're a lucky man, Kurt." He made a show of what he was doing, and then withdrew his fingers. Giving Lisa one last sloppy kiss, he told them he would see them Sunday for the wedding.

Lisa advanced on him like a tiger. "Take me to the bedroom and fuck my brains out."

"Where are your panties?" he said as they undressed in the bedroom.

"Oh, in my purse. They were in the way."

His cock jumped to full erection again. "In the way?"

She pushed him down to lay flat and climbed over him. "I was straddling him, like this, rubbing myself up and down his shaft. He is a little bit bigger than you, in length. Not as thick, though." She rubbed her very wet pussy up and down the bottom of his shaft as she faced him.

"You were doing this to him?" His eyes felt big. His cock throbbed. His heart beat faster.

She ran her pussy up and down his shaft until both were slick with juices. His own cock began oozing very copious amounts of pre-cum. She whispered, "Yes, just like this."

He gazed in awe at her pussy lips, split wide open, her hole rubbing up and down his shaft.

“Yes,” she whispered again. “Just like this. He was oozing just like you are. Can you feel his juices all over my pussy?”

He groaned, his cock twitching dangerously. He began panting. “Did you fuck him?” His skin went cold as he said it, dreading the answer, but wanting to know. Wanting to hear it from her before finding out later.

She leaned up higher and placed his cock at her entrance. She looked him deep in the eyes and began sinking down on his shaft. “You want to know if I fucked him?”

“Yes.” His pants were almost feverish.

She sank all the way down and then began riding him hard, fast, slamming her pussy down on his cock. “You want to know if I fucked him, like this?”

His body began tingling, building its orgasm. He groaned.

“No, I did not,” she said. “But if he had not pushed me away and asked for a blowjob and we had stayed another hour, I might have.”

He exploded, hard, sperm racing out of his fat shaft into her very hot pussy. So, he thought as his orgasm subsided, *my boss kept his word after all.*

Lisa bucked above him, driving herself to orgasm on his still stiff but spent cock. As she collapsed onto his heaving chest, she whispered. “Might have. I think I would have.”

* * *

The ceremony was white with black tuxes everywhere. Family and friends congratulated Kurt and told him how beautiful Lisa was and how handsome he was.

“If you weren't engaged,” one aunt had told him, “I know of a wonderful girl--”

“Auntie,” Kurt said. He frowned at her. “Not today. Not ever.”

Aunt Trudie made an oh with her mouth and nodded as if embarrassed.

The organ played softly in the background as he waited for Lisa to come out. Ian stood next to him, as polite as could be. He even seemed to have a spark of the friendliness back.

It will have to end. This is our wedding day. Lisa will be furious when she finds out my boss has made this kind of deal.

At a signal unseen, the organ began stuttering and then breaking into the traditional announcement. The pastor, waiting patiently, gave Kurt a look.

Kurt turned, seeing a vision of pure loveliness standing on her father's arm. They approached slowly, her eyes on him the whole way. She glanced once at Ian, and then back to him. He saw there, under that white veil, a look of happiness, nerves, hope, and love. She reserved that look for him.

He felt dizzy, happy, and wanted to kiss her before the ceremony even began.

“Dearly beloved...” the pastor began.

Kurt heard little of it. He was gazing at her, a stupid smile on his face. He had what he wanted. He had Lisa for his wife.

“You can kiss the bride now.” The pastor's look said it better not be salacious.

Kurt gave her the most voracious kiss he could. And she responded to him, melting in his arms. When he broke away, tears leaked from her eyes over a smile that said those wet streaks were pure joy.

They had rice thrown at them and whistles and cheers from relatives who didn't know how troubled he was under that aura of happiness. He was happy, indeed. But he was troubled.

Ian climbed into the limo with them and sat facing them. His smile was not malicious. He seemed genuinely pleased at their marriage.

“Uh,” Kurt said.

Ian winked.

I can still escape all this at the hotel. Lisa will never go for it. Not on our wedding day, sober, and not having rubbed her pussy on him for an hour. She will embarrass him.

The hotel drive didn't last very long, but Ian took the time to congratulate them both. “Now that you're married and present some stability, I think we might begin to throw some charities your way.”

Kurt was stunned. Had Ian set all this up to make him think he was going to fuck Lisa on their wedding day when all he really wanted was to present him with a gift of venturing into charities?

Lisa squeezed his arm.

Was my wife in on it? He felt numb. All my worries for nothing? All those fears? Were they nothing? He felt like a total ass.

Their arrival was simple. He checked them into the prepaid room. Ian followed them up.

Settling their luggage, Kurt shook Ian's hand. "Thank you. For everything. The job, the raise. The charities. Thank you."

Ian clapped his shoulder. "You're a good man and I feel honored having you as an employee."

Kurt felt relieved, but suddenly dizzy and a little sweaty around the neck. "Excuse me, I need to wash a little." He shut the bathroom door and ran cool water over his face and neck. Realizing he really had to go, he used the toilet.

He felt so relieved he wanted to pass out. He was light-headed with love for Lisa, relief at Ian's intentions, and happiness at their future.

He washed again, wetting his hair down to cool off. Tomorrow would be the plane ride to Florida and a beautiful resort on the beach. Their honeymoon was deliberately light on the planned events and he wanted to spend as much time holding and hugging and making love to Lisa as possible.

Kurt opened the door to the bathroom and stepped out into his nightmare.

The hum of the air conditioning was the only sound that greeted him.

Lisa was kneeling down behind Ian. His pants were down and she was reaching around, her face level with his cock from the side, as she stroked that long erection.

He's bigger than me. And her hand is on it. "Uh..." Kurt tried to say something.

"There he is," said Ian. His smile said he was pleased he was joining them.

Lisa glanced up at him and gave him a bright smile full of love and happiness. Her hand milked that long shaft as she looked into his eyes. She had only bothered to remove the white glove from her one hand.

Ian's eyes closed and he moved his hips to her stroking.

Kurt swallowed and found his voice. "This shouldn't be happening."

Ian gave him a smile, friendly still. "We had a deal."

"But this is our wedding day, not yours."

Lisa was watching both, still stroking Ian's cock.

"I've given you all I could," his boss said. "It's time you step up and keep our part of the bargain."

Panic flooded him. He looked at Lisa. "Did you know that he intends to fuck you? He wants to be the first in your pussy."

She stopped stroking, frowning.

A ha! You're sunk now, Ian.

Then she resumed milking his cock, though slower. "He told me about the deal you had."

He had? What?

She looked back at Ian's cock. Her stroking sped up. "I was mad at first--"

"At first?" He was incredulous.

"Yes, I was mad at you--"

"At me?"

"You never thought to tell me about this deal?"

I did think about it!

"You played me to him constantly, thinking you could handle everything on your own?"

"But--"

"I think if you had been up front with me when Ian made his deal, I would have turned the whole thing down and stopped everything."

Ian stopped her and pulled her up, wrapping her in a hug. His cock jutted into her wedding gown. He looked at Kurt. "I will hold my end of the bargain. No more after today. No more dates or events. You can keep your job, your raise, and the charities we begin to give you. I may have been angry, but I still think of you as my friend. I mean that."

By his tone, Kurt knew that Ian did.

Ian kissed Kurt's new bride.

His new bride stroked his boss's long shaft.

"Lisa..."

She broke the kiss and looked over at him, care in her eyes. She broke their hug and came over to him. "Kurt, my love. I have wrestled with this for a week. I had intended to say no to the deal, but now I think this is something I want."

He gaped at her. "You want him to fuck you? On our wedding day?"

She rubbed her hand down his soft shaft through his tuxedo pants. "I think that maybe I do."

"But..."

“This is something I want now, Kurt. I'm not just a pawn between you two. I want this now.”

“But--”

She leaned up to his ear, still rubbing his crotch. “I want him to fuck me. I want his cock in me. Even if only this once.”

The nightmare had turned into full-blown hell. He had counted on Lisa putting the final veto on everything and them moving on with their lives. But now she wanted to feel Ian's shaft in her. He felt sick.

She kissed him, tenderly, then moved back to Ian.

Kurt glared, but Ian did not offer the expected smug look filled with challenge and victory. Instead, he was smiling kindly at Lisa, if tinged with hunger.

His new bride lifted her wedding dress for his boss. She showed him her panties. He moved forward, sliding his erection between her legs. She dropped her dress and slid her panty-covered pussy back and forth along his shaft.

The phone rang.

Kurt looked at it as if it had grown horns. “Hello?”

“Hi there, you two!” It was Lisa's mother.

“Oh, hi Theresa.”

“I just wanted to wish you two a happy honeymoon--”

He looked over his shoulder. Lisa was frantically humping her pussy along Ian's hidden shaft. “Oh uh...”

“Is she available?”

Lisa's head was thrown back. Ian's butt was flexing as he slid his shaft along her panties.

“I don't think so...”

Lisa reached down between them and started fussing with her dress and panties. She was trying to move the panties aside.

“Oh! I'm sorry. No worries. Just tell her we all love her and we're so happy.”

“Okay, mom.”

Lisa moaned.

He looked as he hung up. She was holding her panties to the side. Ian's cock was rubbing her pussy lips back and forth. Their mouths were locked. His bride was kissing his boss.

“Hasn't this gone too far?” He said. It came out in a croak.

Lisa broke their embrace and came over to him. She began undoing his pants.

“What are you doing?”

She smiled up at him with that smoky sex look. “I want you to join me.”

“But--”

“I want you with me. We're married now.”

He grunted in exasperation, but she undressed him so that he was standing only in his boxers. Then she yanked them down. Gripping his cock, she gave it two long sucks.

It felt good. But behind her, Ian was undressing as well.

Lisa stroked him, looking up into his eyes with the most incredible love he had ever seen from her. “Help me, my husband, get out of my wedding dress.”

He was panting, part in panic, a lot in lust. “So he can fuck you?”

She kept stroking him. He was fully erect. “Yes, undress me so your boss can fuck me.”

“Are you sure--”

“I want his cock in me.” She stood and turned, offering her back.

He unzipped her with shaking hands. She stepped out of the falling dress. She was wearing a bustier and panties and garters with stockings. All bridal white. She bent down and unhooked her garters. She was so beautiful leaned over doing something so normal. But he knew she was unhooking them so she could remove her panties. For Ian. For his boss.

He grew hard, throbbing. He fidgeted.

“Sit back on the bed,” Ian said to him. “So she can sit against you.”

“I...”

“Go on.” Ian nodded gently.

Kurt got on the bed and sat with his back against the headboard. He felt his heart racing. *Is there any way to stop this?*

Lisa knelt in front of his boss and took his cock into her mouth.

Kurt moaned low before he could stop himself. It looked so amazingly sexy to see his new wife's mouth on another man's dick. Her lips, done with bright red lipstick, glided along Ian's smooth shaft. He really did have a very nice looking dick. *As if that makes this any better.*

She couldn't get it all in her mouth, he was too long. She couldn't get Kurt all in her mouth either. Ian's cock looked to be maybe two inches

longer than his. But Lisa had been right, it wasn't as fat as Kurt's. That lent it a sleek look and made it look longer than it was.

He laughed, pushing her away slowly. "You're really very good at that."

She climbed onto the bed, panties removed, and laid back on Kurt's chest.

He wrapped her in a hug. "Lisa..."

"Shh..." She turned her head and kissed his lips. She spread her legs as Ian climbed on the bed.

Ian was stroking his cock, slowly, gazing down at Lisa's shaved pussy.

Kurt hardened all the way. It was mind-blowing to see a man stroking his cock while looking at his Lisa's pussy. Though fearing what was coming, he began panting with lust at seeing his wife spread open for Ian and the man stroking his cock.

But Ian bent down instead and put his face to Lisa's pussy. He began licking her voraciously.

Lisa's gasp in his ear was filled with excitement and lust. It made him breathe faster, his heart thumping. *This is wild. But maybe he will stop with this. Maybe he won't fuck her. Maybe she will come to her senses and stop him.*

Lisa squirmed with pleasure and Kurt's erection was stimulated by her movements.

Ian leaned up, the bed creaking, and lifted her legs, bending them. He pushed her knees towards Kurt. "Take them. Hold her legs."

"So... so..." Kurt stammered.

Ian nodded.

He gently held her legs back and up from behind her knees. She was spread open, her ankles touching Ian's shoulders. Her pussy was tilted up and Kurt could see his wife's pussy clearly. It was swollen and wet, the pussy lips puffy and engorged. Her hole was gaping open.

Ian stroked his cock again with long strokes.

Lisa panted in his ear.

Kurt's erection was hot and expanding.

Ian shifted forward and laid his penis directly on her pussy. He slid his shaft back and forth, but at the angle he had it, there was no penetration.

Kurt watched in fascination as Ian's cock laid on her upturned hole and slid back and forth between the lips. The head of his cock stretched with

each thrust and the hole opened. His boss's cock was aimed almost at Kurt's face.

Ooze began running freely from the head and the noise of their juices began to compete with the creak of the bed.

Oh, this is too sexy. Kurt wanted to touch his own cock, but Lisa was laying on it. He watched, growing more turned on by the second as his wife's pussy was teased by his boss's cock. *Just don't let it go any further.* "I think... maybe... that's enough..."

Lisa whispered to him, "I want this. I want his cock in me. Right here. Right now."

"But we're married. This is our wedding night."

"I am Mrs. Mason and I am so happy. But I am going to let your boss fuck me. And I think I will enjoy it."

He moaned, unable to resist the surge of lust.

Then she gasped.

He looked down to see Ian rubbing the head of his shaft around her hole. His breathing grew ragged. His wife's pussy began contracting in pulses. Trying to grab the head of Ian's penis. Her hips squirmed. His bride wanted his boss to fuck her.

Ian nodded to Kurt. He climbed higher and aimed his cock down toward her upturned hole. He gripped his cock, stroked twice, and placed the head of his long shaft at Lisa's hole.

Kurt's eyes got big and he shook his head frantically, but his eyes were glued to Ian's cock.

His boss pushed a little and Lisa moaned. The head of his cock parted her pussy lips and pressed in.

Kurt tried to say no. *No no, stop.* His cock was fully erect. He watched the head disappear and felt Lisa squirm and tremble. He watched an inch slide into his wife before Ian pulled back, the head of his cock slick with their juices. His wife's juices.

Lisa whimpered. "Please..."

"Please what?" Ian said.

"Please. Don't tease me."

"Please what?"

Kurt wondered if she would say it, or if she would finally deny him.

"Please put it in."

"You want me to fuck you?"

“Yes.”

“You want me to fuck your married pussy?”

“Yes.” Lisa's trembling was shaking the bed.

“Say it.”

“Please. I want you to fuck my married pussy.”

Kurt moaned again, despite himself.

Ian growled and pushed the head of his erection back into her pussy. Lisa gasped. The bed creaked as Ian pushed. Lisa's mouth opened in a permanent gasp of pleasure.

Kurt watched Ian's cock slide into Lisa's pussy. Deeper and deeper it went, sliding in. He began feeling light-headed, seeing stars.

Ian moaned in pleasure, feeling the inside of Lisa's pussy with his cock. It was a sound not just of pleasure, but relief. He pulled out again causing Lisa to whimper in frustration. “Think you can take it all?”

“Yes.” Her voice was a quick gasp of need.

Kurt wondered if she could. She probably could. Ian had eight smooth inches there. He only gave her about five inches. *If he stops now...* Did he want Ian to stop? The panic was making him dizzy. *He could stop now and she only would have felt him in there. He hadn't really fucked her yet.*

Ian placed the head back to her gaping hole and pushed in.

No...

He watched Ian's cock slide back in and keep going. Lisa gasped on him, her mouth open again, her eyes squeezed shut in concentration and pleasure. His boss kept pressing, using his weight to drive his penis deep into her pussy. Lisa moaned out in surprise and shook when Ian's cock fully penetrated her hole. He ground his hips down on hers, making sure his erection was all the way in. He let out a very satisfied “Ahhh.” The bed creaked with his movements.

Kurt knew his wife had just taken a cock larger than his, and deeper than anything she would ever feel from him. His boss was two inches further in her than he had ever been or ever would be.

Ian's hands were on either side of them, his wrists touching Kurt's thighs.

He felt Ian begin thrusting in his wife, he felt it from the weight of him pushing Lisa against him and he felt it in the flexing of Ian's wrists as he used them to help drive his hips into Lisa's. He watched, in sudden clarity, as his boss's cock speared into the pussy of the woman he loved and just

married. He watched the glistening shaft slide in and out of his wife's pussy. He heard the creak of the bed, louder. He heard his wife's moans and Ian's grunts. He felt Ian's thrusts pushing Lisa. He felt his cock throbbing, needing to be touched.

And then he realized he wasn't panicking anymore. He realized he was turned on. He realized how beautiful that cock was inside his wife's beautiful pussy. And then he realized he was happy. He was happy his wife was being fucked by his boss. He let go of a knee and turned her head to him.

Her eyes snapped open, worry mixed with pleasure. But she saw the love in his eyes. Then he kissed her. Lisa moaned out loudly through his mouth and her kiss was frantic, needing, and searching. He moaned with her.

After a moment of thrusting, Ian said, "Let me lay her down." He pulled out and pulled her up. Then he laid her down next to Kurt and climbed back between her legs. Lisa smiled, shifting and opening her legs. Ian sank back in and Kurt watched it disappear into his wife.

He climbed off the bed long enough to pull off his boxers. His erection bobbed free and he sat back on the bed again to watch them. He grabbed his cock and started stroking.

Lisa, gripping Ian's shoulders, looked at Kurt with lust and happiness. Her eyes were bright, sparkling and gazing at him as he stroked. Her smile flashed for him as she watched him jack his cock.

Ian looked over and then smiled. "Oh, nice cock you have there. Good and fat. Do you like seeing me fuck your wife?"

Kurt laughed, nervous. He kept stroking and then nodded. "Yeah, I guess so."

His boss nodded and began fucking her harder. The bed creaked louder, violently, and Lisa began moaning continuously. She was almost delirious. Ian's butt flexed harder, faster, driving his cock deep. Suddenly he clenched up, fully inserted, and began grunting. Each long grunt was followed by a quivering clench of his butt.

Kurt almost came. Ian was shooting sperm into his wife's pussy deeper than any had ever been shot. *Oh yeah, that's my woman, take it all. Take all of his sperm.*

Lisa's mouth was open in awe, in lust, in pleasure.

Ian pulled out, and his cock twitched once more, sending a glob of sperm out to land on her pussy mound. He sighed. "I'll be ready for more in about ten minutes."

More?

Lisa squirmed and said, "Good."

His boss knelt back on the corner of the bed and slowly fondled himself. He was smiling at Lisa.

Kurt's erection was harder than he'd ever felt. His wife's pussy was all swollen, used, and leaking his boss's sperm.

She rolled over after a few minutes and smiled at Kurt, crawling towards him. She kissed his mouth and then lowered her head to engulf his shaft. He moaned in relief and pleasure.

Ian moved up behind her, ready again, and rammed his shaft back into her pussy.

Lisa groaned around his cock, moaning as if it felt scandalously good. Ian gripped her hips and thrust forward hard, his grunts mixing with the sounds of the bedsprings.

Kurt relished the feel of his wife's lips and the frantic movement of her mouth as her whole body jerked and moved to Ian's thrusts. It was out of this world. She stopped sucking him as the thrusts got too forceful. Her eyes were closed but she held his cock in her hand, stroking furiously. They kissed again, husband and bride, as her pussy got plowed by his boss.

Ian, thrusting, said, "Her pussy is even better than I imagined."

Kurt got up and let Lisa support herself. He sat close on the other bed, stroking himself. She quivered, frowning in concentration. Ian's hips and balls slapped against her.

Wow, I never imagined I could handle this, let alone enjoy it. Kurt masturbated while his wife got fucked on their wedding day.

She reached back and touched her clit, playing. But only for a second. Suddenly she was crying out, tensing, shaking, her brow furrowed in pain. Then she was grunting, loud, forcefully in orgasm.

Kurt couldn't hold back. Seeing his wife cum on Ian's cock was too much. His own sperm shot up and out of his engorged penis.

Ian was looking, fucking Lisa and watching Kurt enjoy it. "Oh man." He was panting. "You really do like it?"

Kurt smiled, gasping, and nodded.

Ian leaned forward, driving a quivering Lisa down onto the bed flat. He pushed his cock in all the way again and yelled out in orgasm. His butt clenched again, jerking forward, driving his squirting cock deep inside Kurt's writhing wife.

Kurt's cock twitched in aftershock, sending another stream of sperm into the air.

For several minutes, the only sounds were the air conditioner and the pants and gasps from three people.

Ian smiled, tired. "Fifteen minutes and I'll be ready for my last one."

Another one? This guy could fuck all day?

Lisa purred, her fingers running lightly over her clit. She sat up and removed her bustier. She laid back with a sigh.

Kurt laid down next to her.

Ian leaned over her, on her side, toying with a small but hard nipple. He looked at Kurt. "You know, I mean to keep my word. After I'm finished, it's all over. I never meant to hurt you, Kurt, but I knew you wanted to see this, despite your objections."

Kurt shook his head. "Huh?"

"I knew you wanted this by the things you said and had her do. I would never have forced you to watch me make love to her against your will."

"But--"

Ian shook his head. "I knew you wanted it, and you needed it. As a friend, I carried through what I figured was your greatest need. But it's over now, like I promised."

Kurt was laying on the other side of a content Lisa. *Ian had done this because he knew I would like it? He had seen through my conflict, knowing I wanted this? It was a true friend's gift.*

His boss moved slowly, climbing back over Lisa a few minutes later. His cock was mostly hard again and he stroked it as she spread her legs for their final fuck.

Kurt watched from the side as Ian fed his cock back into her very used pussy. It slid in easily, spearing her deep. He watched his wife raise her hips, tilting her pussy to align it with his thrust. They were slow, and kissed when he reached full penetration. They kissed slow, but passionately. He moved his hips with tiny thrusts, only pressing to make sure his cock was as deep in her as it could go.

The bedsprings barely creaked and the only sound was his wife's small gasps when she needed air. His movements stayed slow, his penis deep.

Kurt began stroking himself again, turned on by their pleasure.

Ian looked over and smiled, then leaned up so Kurt could see his shaft buried in Lisa's pussy. Her pussy lips made a perfect circle, stretched around his pumping erection. The wet sound of cock sliding into pussy was faint.

He leaned over and kissed his wife, now that Ian wasn't laying on her. Their breaths mixed, his lusting, hers panting to Ian's thrusts. She began moaning when he began thrusting harder. Their lovemaking went from slow to hard fucking in a matter of seconds. His hips slapped against hers, his cock a blur. The bed creaked furiously, the headboard ramming against the wall.

Kurt got up, cock in hand, and stroked as his wife took Ian's full thrusts. Her legs flailed around the bed and her head whipped side to side, wails of pain and pleasure coming from her throat. Her fingernails dug hard into Ian's back, raising welts. She was panting, unable to catch her breath, and wailing when she could. Then Ian was growling, thrusting as hard as he could. With a heave, he arched his back up and his butt began clenching, his erupting cock thrust as deep as he could get it.

Three loads in her womb on our wedding day. From my boss. Kurt almost came again. But he held back. *Three loads shot deeper in her womb than ever before.* He loved it.

Ian panted, pulling off, and then gripped his cock as an unexpected aftershock tore through him. He jerked his shaft fast as he knelt between her open legs. A heaving convulsion and a small rope of sperm went flying out, landing across her hips. With a laughing grunt of oversensitive cock, he squeezed off another drop of sperm that landed on the bed.

Lisa was all smiles, looking between them both. "That was the best wedding present, I think."

Kurt chuckled. His cock still throbbed.

Ian got off the bed and picked his clothes up off the floor, arranging them on the spare bed. "I'll clean up and go. I made a promise and I'll keep it. Our deal is finished."

"Ian..." Kurt said. "You knew I wanted this?"

His boss nodded.

"How?"

“By what she said. And what you sent her wearing and the instructions you gave her. I was always going to be the perfect gentleman.”

Kurt felt like a fool.

Ian clapped his arm and offered his hand. “You're a good friend, Kurt. I hope you find all the blessings life has to offer. You and Lisa, together.”

“Maybe...” He looked over at Lisa. He gazed at his beautiful wife, Ian's sperm running out of her pussy.

She gazed back at him, satisfied, looking forward to her life with her husband.

“Yes?” Ian cocked his head. He still held Kurt's hand in a handshake.

Kurt nodded, feeling for and detecting none of the fear he had suffered under before. “Maybe we don't need to end the deal.”

His boss raised his eyebrows in surprise, but a knowing surprise. “Are you sure?”

Kurt nodded. “I think date nights and events and all can continue as before.”

“Really?” Lisa said from the bed.

Kurt couldn't answer. He was wrapped in a hug from Ian. He tensed in shock, his half-hard erection coming into contact with Ian's very wet cock – wet with his sperm and Lisa's juices. But the hug was a genuine hug of happiness and elation.

“I had figured you wanted to see this. Or needed it. But I didn't dare hope you would still want to afterwards.”

Kurt laughed. “You thought I might?”

“I hoped. Lisa didn't think you would go for it.” He released Kurt.

He felt the smear of their mixed sex juices drying on his cock and it twitched. “Before you even put your first load in her, I found I liked it. She's got three of your loads in her and I love it.” He looked over at the clock. His new bride had been fucked by his boss for over four hours.

Lisa rose from the bed and stood between them, gripping their cocks.

It was the start of something beautiful.

