Satisfying the Boss' Hunger

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Jen turned at the sound of her boss' door opening, and saw Tom leaving Sheryl's office.

"See you Friday, unless you're interested in that drink later?" Tom asked, turning back towards Sheryl with a flirtatious grin.

"In your dreams, Tom." Sheryl replied, and Jen had to stifle a giggle at the bored tone in her boss' voice. She shook her head. Tom kept trying, no matter how many times Sheryl shot him down. He was lucky that Sheryl tolerated a lot from her people, as long as they were good at the job, and Tom was very good.



Jen schooled her face into a neutral expression as Tom came over to her desk.

"Put me down for the usual time next Friday, Jen. I think she's coming around." Tom said, flashing Jen the same grin he had just given Sheryl.

This time, Jen didn't bother to hide her snicker. "You're playing with fire hitting on the boss like that, Tom." She said, shaking her head as she made the entry in Sheryl's schedule. "OK, you're all set. See you next week, Tom."

"Thanks, Jen. You're the best." Tom said with a wink as he strode out of the room.

Jen couldn't help but smile as she watched him go. She secretly wished she had as much confidence as he did, sending a longing look towards Sheryl's office. *Maybe if I asked, Sheryl would have a different answer.* Jen thought to herself, then shook her head and turned back to her work. *No, of course she wouldn't, Jen you fool. Stop dreaming and get back to work, girl!* Jen told herself harshly, trying to focus.



The sound of Sheryl's footsteps interrupted Jen's argument with herself, and she looked up, trying to stay professional as Sheryl leaned against the wall next to Jen's desk.

"Tom's persistent, I'll give him that." Sheryl said, shaking her head. "But I'm really not up for his antics today. I need some time to myself, so I'll be having lunch in here today. Call Gianni's and get me something. You know what I like. But triple the usual, I'm starving." Sheryl's stomach rumbled loudly as she spoke, drawing the attention of both women.

Jen couldn't help noticing that Sheryl's clothing fit much more tightly than usual. Sheryl seemed to notice it too, sighing as she looked down at herself. "And set up an appointment with Wendy, I'm going to need her to make me some new outfits. I seem to be going through a late growth spurt." She said, gesturing at her clothing.

Jen took the opportunity to admire her boss' body, careful to keep her expression professional. "You've got it, Sheryl. Do you want me to set up an appointment with your doctor too?" She asked, a little concerned. "This is the third set of clothes you've needed in the past two months."

Sheryl grinned and shook her head. "No, no doctors. I feel fine. Better than I have in years, actually."

Jen shrugged and made a note to call Wendy later. "As you wish, boss." She said, openly admiring Sheryl's butt once Sheryl turned around and walked back into her office. She sighed again as the door closed. *Oh Jen, you've got it bad, don't you?* She said to herself, then reached for the phone to call in Sheryl's lunch order.





The following week, Jen looked up again as Tom exited Sheryl's office. "I'll have those plans for you Monday. Unless you'd like to go over them in private back at my place." Tom said, and Jen rolled her eyes, waiting for Sheryl to dismiss him as usual.

To Jen's surprise, Sheryl stepped out and smiled at Tom. "Actually, why don't you come on in and discuss them with me right now. At length." She said, making a suggestive motion with her hands and smiling at Tom.

Jen stared in shock as Tom walked back towards Sheryl's office door, grinning triumphantly. *No way. Sheryl can't possibly mean that the way it sounds, can she?* Jen thought, her heart sinking.


Sheryl paused a moment before leading Tom back into her office. "Clear my schedule for the rest of the day, Jen. This meeting is going to take all afternoon." She turned to grin at Tom. “Don’t you agree, Tom?” She purred seductively.
Tom just smiled and flashed Jen a thumbs-up as he followed Sheryl, closing the door behind them.



Jen stared at the door in shock until she began to hear sounds of pleasure coming from the other side of the wall. *Lucky bastard. I can't believe she picked *him*.* Jen thought to herself, turning to stare at the ceiling.

Dammit, Jen, why didn't you say anything to her? That could be you in there. Jen said to herself, then shook her head. *No, I've got to get realistic about this. Sheryl probably isn't even interested in women, more's the pity.* She sighed. *And now I'm going to have to listen to Tom being smug about this for months!*



Jen's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of her door opening, and she looked up, grimacing when she saw Samantha step through the door. *Oh hell, I forgot that *she* was coming by this afternoon.* Jen cursed mentally. She pulled herself together, and a small smile crept into her face as she looked up. *At least I get to disappoint her today.*

"Just send me in, Jen. I'm not in a mood for your games today." Samantha said, her expression cloudy.

Jen's smile widened, her voice glittering with malice as she shook her head. "Sorry Samantha, but Sheryl's got important business with Tom this afternoon. She told me to cancel all her meetings this afternoon, and that includes yours."

"What? Why would she do that?" Samantha frowned, then her eyes widened as a loud cry of pleasure sounded from Sheryl's office, prompting Jen to look longingly at the door. Samantha glared at Jen in exasperation. "Damnit Jen, this is important! Much more important than Sheryl getting laid." She spat angrily.



Jen tore her gaze from the door and glared back at Samantha. "Not to Sheryl. Or to me. In fact, I'm afraid I can't find any openings in her schedule for you until the end of next week." She said smugly.

Samantha looked furious. "Oh come off it, Jen! You aren't still upset about Lacey, are you? I moved on months ago, you should too."

Jen's temper flared. "No, I'm not over it. You seduced my girlfriend away from me! As long as I'm setting the boss's schedule, you're going to be last in line to talk with Sheryl." She retorted as another moan of pleasure came from Sheryl's office. Jen couldn't keep herself from wincing, and Samantha noticed.

"Oh, I see! You've got the hots for our boss, don't you, Jen?" Samantha exclaimed as she turned to leave. Just before she left, Samantha looked back over her shoulder at Jen. "Enjoy the show, Jen, and remember that she called Tom, not you when she needed company." Samantha taunted as she made her escape.

Jen glared at the space where Samantha had been until another cry of pleasure sounded through the room. "That does it, I'm heading home." Jen muttered to herself, scribbling a note for Sheryl before she gathered her purse and stormed out of the office.



As the door closed behind them, Sheryl smiled at Tom, pressing him up against the wall with her body. "All right, Tom, here's your chance to impress me. Show me what you've got." She said, reaching her hands down to unbutton Tom's pants.

Tom squeezed her butt before starting to take off his shirt. "Sure thing, Boss!" He said excitedly.

As she helped him strip, Sheryl felt a twinge of guilt at using her position this way, but she pushed it aside. *I'm horny, dammit, and Tom's willing. Why shouldn't I take him up on the offer?* She thought to herself. She looked up as Tom stepped out of his pants and smiled at his visible erection. *Yes, very willing.*



Sheryl stood up again and admired Tom's naked form. "I like what I see so far. How about you, Tom?" She asked, pressing her cleavage towards his face. "Do I look good to you?" She pressed closer, enjoying his reaction.

"You look wonderful, but you're wearing too much clothing." Tom replied, reaching up to unbutton Sheryl's top. She shrugged out of it and cast it aside once Tom finished, stretching her arms above her head to give him a good look. *Oh yes, this is exactly what I need right now.* Sheryl thought to herself, enjoying the look Tom was giving her.

"It's a good start, but I think you still look overdressed." Tom answered, running a hand over Sheryl's bra.

Sheryl pulled away and climbed up to sit on her desk, spreading her legs wide under her skirt. “Come over here and I’ll let you take care of that problem.” She said with a grin.

Tom followed, then pressed close to give her a kiss that took her breath away. She didn’t notice him unclasping her bra while they kissed until his hands slid underneath it. He ran his hands over her breasts, gently stroking her nipples and making Sheryl moan. “Mmm, very nice.” Tom said, pulling the bra away from Sheryl’s left breast and kissing it.

Sheryl felt a burning hunger build in her loins. “Oh! Oh my! That feels nice, but I need your attention lower down, Tom.” She said, lifting the hem of her skirt to emphasize the point. “Show me that you’re as good with your tongue as you claim.” Sheryl demanded.

Tom dropped to his knees, and lifted Sheryl’s skirt. “You’ve never had anyone as good as me, Sheryl.” He boasted, lowering his lips to her thighs.




Sheryl gasped as Tom nibbled gently along her inner thighs. She was more aroused than ever now, and barely resisted the urge to grab him and pull his head to the right spot. "Oh yes, right there!" She moaned as

Tom started licking and sucking on her pussy. The burning desire inside Sheryl grew stronger, Tom's kisses teasing her and driving her wild with need. "You're almost there! No, not there! Yes!" Sheryl tried to direct Tom, but the spot she needed him to hit kept shifting just out of reach of his tongue.

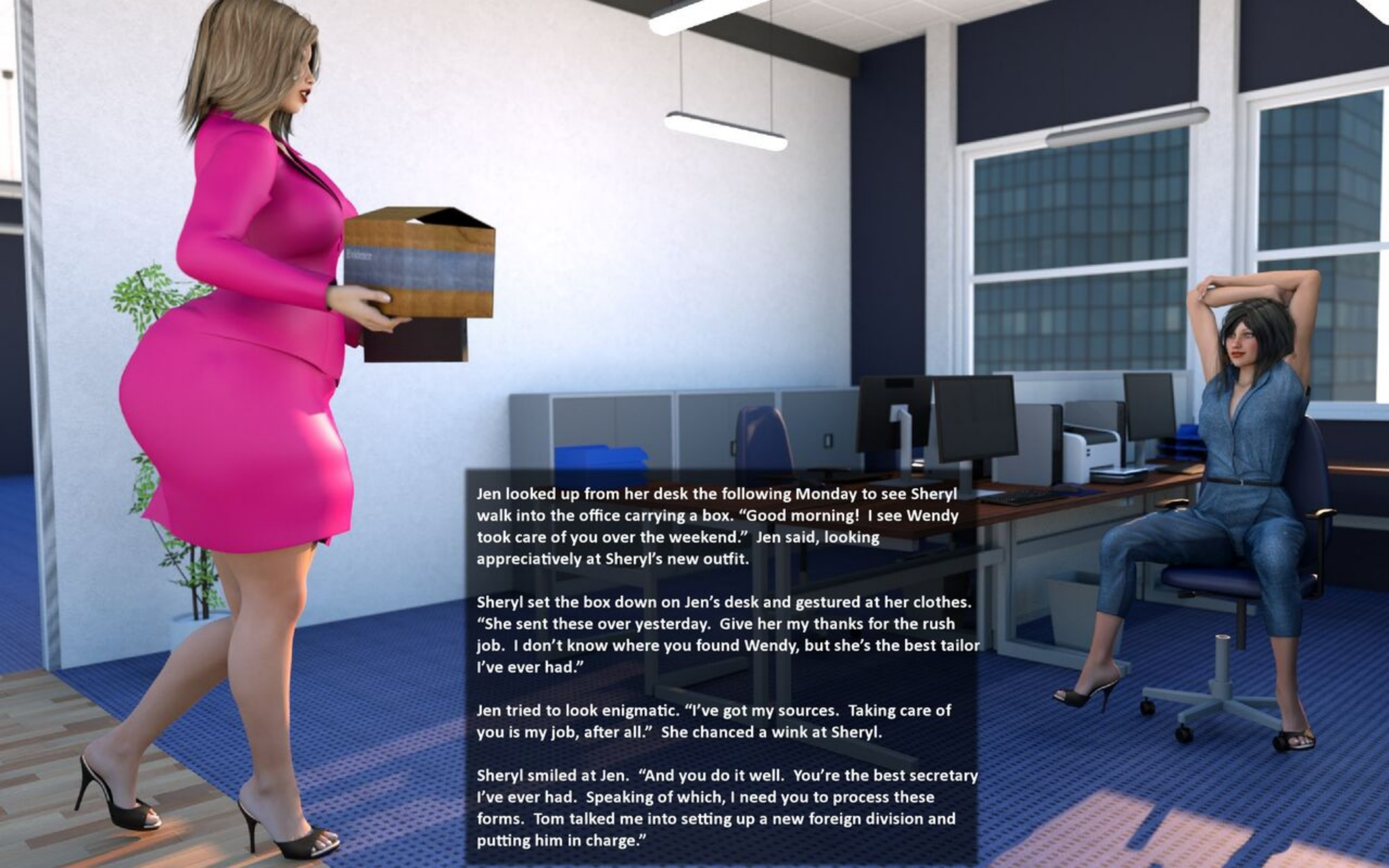

Frustrated, Sheryl grabbed Tom's shoulders, forcing his head to stay where she wanted it. "Right there, Tom! Oh yes!" Sheryl felt the orgasm build, then groaned as the spot moved deeper into her pussy, out of reach of his tongue.
"No! Deeper, Tom, I need you deeper!" She pushed, and Tom's tongue found the spot she needed. "Yes! God YES!" Sheryl cried out as the orgasm crashed through her.


Sheryl's body relaxed after that first orgasm, but as Tom tried to move, she felt that need build inside her once again. "Not yet, Tom. I need you to do that again." She felt him start to lick, and hooked her arms under his shoulders as the spot moved out of reach *again*. "Deeper!" She cried, pulling on Tom's shoulders. She felt something pop inside her, followed by a rush of pleasure. "OH!"



Tom started to flail, and Sheryl could tell that he wanted up. She shoved her body forward, pushing him down again. "Not yet, Tom. Don't stop!" Sheryl moaned as another orgasm built, stronger than the first. "Whatever you're doing down there, don't you Dare stop."


Sheryl's orgasm peaked once more, and she arched her body in ecstasy. "OH GOD! TOM!" She screamed out, even as she felt Tom's struggles increase. She felt so full, so wonderfully full. A small part of her wondered just what was happening, but she knew she needed more of this, whatever it was. "DON"T STOP! "MORE! DEEPER!" Sheryl screamed out, shoving herself against Tom's struggling form again and again.



Jen looked up from her desk the following Monday to see Sheryl walk into the office carrying a box. “Good morning! I see Wendy took care of you over the weekend.” Jen said, looking appreciatively at Sheryl’s new outfit.

Sheryl set the box down on Jen’s desk and gestured at her clothes. “She sent these over yesterday. Give her my thanks for the rush job. I don’t know where you found Wendy, but she’s the best tailor I’ve ever had.”

Jen tried to look enigmatic. “I’ve got my sources. Taking care of you is my job, after all.” She chanced a wink at Sheryl.

Sheryl smiled at Jen. “And you do it well. You’re the best secretary I’ve ever had. Speaking of which, I need you to process these forms. Tom talked me into setting up a new foreign division and putting him in charge.”


Jen took the forms, her smile dimming. *I don't think talking is how he got you to agree to this.* She set them down next to her monitor. "I'll get right on it, Sheryl."
Sheryl nodded. "I know you will, Jen. Please ship these to his new address. He seems to have left some things behind." Sheryl winked at Jen and strode into her office.


Jen opened the box and saw some of Tom's clothes folded inside. *Well, at least I won't have to put up with Tom being smug after all.* She let out a big sigh. *He's still a lucky bastard. I wish it had been me in her office, even if it would get me exiled to…* Jen checked the address on the papers. *Siberia? Huh, I guess Tom wasn't as good as he thought.* That thought did cheer her up a little as she processed the paperwork.



Later that afternoon, Andy arrived for his quarterly assessment. Jen gestured towards Sheryl's office, trying to keep the envy out of her voice. "Sheryl's ready to give you your evaluation now. You can go on in."

He walked inside, barely nodding at Jen as he passed her. Moments later, the sound of Sheryl's moans came from inside her office. Jen sighed sadly. *I could do that for her, if she'd let me.* She looked back at her calendar, then stood up and hung an "out of the office" sign on her door before closing and locking it.


Jen returned to her desk, sure now that she wouldn't be interrupted. *Fine. If I'm going to listen to this, I can at least enjoy myself.* She reached a hand down to her own crotch, imagining that she was the one causing Sheryl to moan. Her breath came faster and faster as her arousal grew.



Jen closed her eyes and imagined Sheryl's hands on her, stroking and caressing her. Her own orgasm peaked, and Jen cried out.

"Oh Sheryl!"

She moaned as she came.


Sheryl moaned as Andy licked at her pussy. Until Tom, she'd never been this easily aroused, but she'd just gotten hornier over the weekend, until she finally couldn't stand it any longer.
"Yes, right there, Andy! OH!" She shook with orgasm, screaming her pleasure to the world, not caring if Jen heard this part. The orgasm just enhanced Sheryl's other need, and she smiled invitingly down at Andy. "You are very good with your tongue, aren't you? One more of those and I'll give you the best review you've ever seen." She slid off the desk and settled herself to the floor. "Come on, let's try a different angle this time."



She pulled Andy down to the floor with her, smiling as his gaze locked on her breasts. "Go on, give the girls a kiss before you move to my lower lips." Her hunger complained, telling her to take him **now**, but Sheryl resisted, savoring the foreplay.

Andy leaned in, his mouth trailing soft kisses across both of Sheryl's breasts before slowly starting to work his way lower once more. Sheryl gasped as the need inside her grew even stronger.

"Get that mouth down here, now!" She commanded, lifting her skirt and pointing between her legs. Andy obeyed instantly, and Sheryl cried out as another orgasm began to build. She knew then that Andy was going to join Tom, and found that she didn't care. ***I need this!*** Sheryl thought to herself as she grabbed Andy by the shoulders.



Sheryl pushed on Andy's shoulders, thrusting her hips up against his face as her orgasm danced just out of reach.

"Deeper, Andy! I need more!" She cried out, feeling her labia stretch around his chin. His reply was muffled, and Sheryl could feel him try to pull away. "Finish me off, damn you!" She ordered, shoving harder, something popped deep inside her, just like when she had taken Tom.

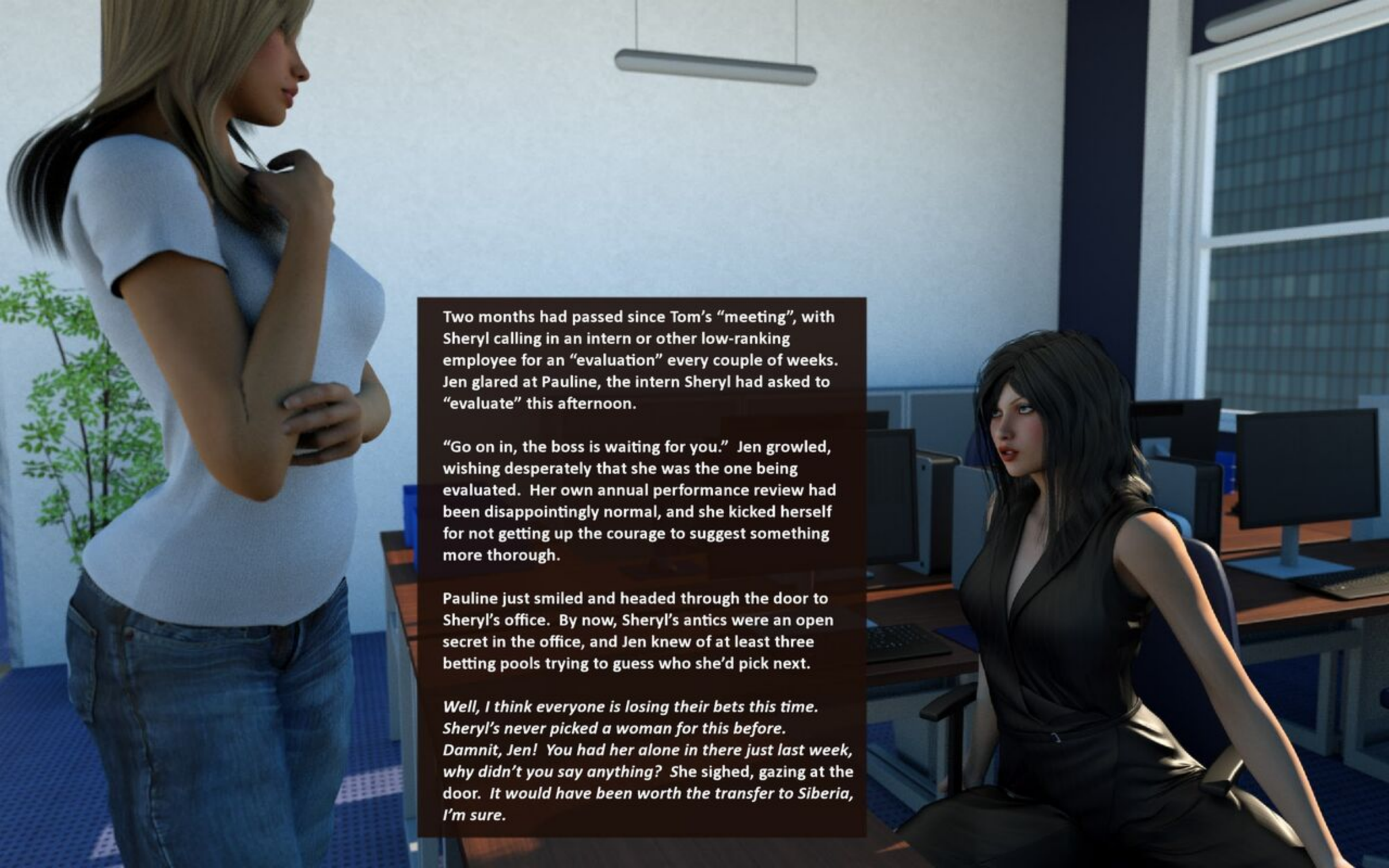


As Andy's head filled her pussy, Sheryl's orgasm crashed through her body, and she sang out her satisfaction.

"Yes, just like that! OH OH! YES!!!"

Her body shook as Andy's hands scraped against the floor, desperately seeking something to hold on to as Sheryl's vaginal muscles pulled him deeper.

"No, Andy, I'm not done with you yet. I need **all** of you for a proper evaluation." Sheryl said with a smirk as she flexed her internal muscles. She moaned as she pulled Andy into herself. "Say hi to Tom if you see him," she called out to the struggling intern as he rapidly disappeared into her depths.



Two months had passed since Tom's "meeting", with Sheryl calling in an intern or other low-ranking employee for an "evaluation" every couple of weeks. Jen glared at Pauline, the intern Sheryl had asked to "evaluate" this afternoon.

"Go on in, the boss is waiting for you." Jen growled, wishing desperately that she was the one being evaluated. Her own annual performance review had been disappointingly normal, and she kicked herself for not getting up the courage to suggest something more thorough.

Pauline just smiled and headed through the door to Sheryl's office. By now, Sheryl's antics were an open secret in the office, and Jen knew of at least three betting pools trying to guess who she'd pick next.

Well, I think everyone is losing their bets this time. Sheryl's never picked a woman for this before. Damnit, Jen! You had her alone in there just last week, why didn't you say anything? She sighed, gazing at the door. *It would have been worth the transfer to Siberia, I'm sure.*



Jen was distracted from her thoughts by Samantha's entrance. *Oh hell, she's come to gloat. That's the last thing I need right now.*

"What can I do for you, Samantha?" Jen asked, ice in her voice.

"Oh, nothing much. I just wanted to see if Sheryl's had her schedule open up yet."

Jen smiled viciously. "Not for you, I'm afraid. She's still too busy."



Just as Samantha leaned in to argue, the sound of Pauline's voice carried through the wall beside them, too muffled to make out the words. It was followed by a moan of pleasure from Sheryl, and Samantha's angry expression turned into a mocking grin.

"She still hasn't chosen you, has she Jen? I'll bet that just burns you up." Samantha laughed, turning to leave. "You just sit here and listen to them, I'll come back later. I wouldn't want to make you miss the show." She slammed the door on her way out.



Jen fumed, listening to Sheryl's moans and the sound of furniture scraping in Sheryl's office. *I want to be the one making her sing like that! Jen thought to herself. I want to see Sheryl's face as she cums, and know that I'm the one doing that for her.*

Jen got to her feet and crept quietly towards the door to Sheryl's office. *That's it, I need to at least see her.* Jen reached for the handle and began to quietly open the door. *And if she sees me watching, maybe I'll get to join in.*

Sheryl smiled at the intern, already imagining Pauline's body sliding into her own. "You know why I called you in for this meeting, don't you? I've heard the rumors going around about my appetites. They're true, as far as they go."

Pauline nodded, looking coyly at her boss. "You want me to have sex with you, don't you?" She sounded more eager than Sheryl had expected. *Well, that's a pleasant surprise,* Sheryl thought to herself. "Exactly. Now strip and come show me what you can do."





"I see, you did prepare for this meeting, didn't you?" Sheryl said with a grin as Pauline took off her shirt. The intern wasn't wearing a bra underneath, and Sheryl gave a little shiver, wondering how the woman's ample breasts would feel going in.

Pauline looked up at Sheryl with a small smile. "I'm not wearing any panties either. See?" She said, pulling her jeans down and tossing them aside. "I want you to know just how dedicated I can be to you." Pauline walked over to the desk and stood between Sheryl's legs. "So, where do you want me to start?"



Sheryl licked her lips, letting her hunger show as she spoke. "Dive right on in and show me what that tongue of yours can do. I've been waiting for this all afternoon, and I don't want to wait any longer."

"It will be my pleasure. And yours too, boss." Pauline said as she lowered her lips to Sheryl's inner thighs. Sheryl moaned in delight as the woman worked her way towards her crotch. *Just a little longer. Oh god, hurry up and get in me!* She thought to herself. A small part of her felt guilty for what she was about to do, but the hunger inside her needed filling. *Besides, Pauline's not doing anything useful around here anyway. No one's going to miss her.* Sheryl gasped as Pauline's lips reached her pussy, focusing her attention.



"Oh yes, right there!" Sheryl moaned, holding Pauline's head still as the woman lapped at her clit. She bucked her hips as pleasure flooded her, but as with the men, Sheryl's orgasm hovered just out of reach. The hunger inside her grew stronger, and she pushed Pauline's head a little lower. "Deeper now, get in there!"

Pauline took the hint and started probing Sheryl's vagina with her tongue. Sheryl moaned, pleasure building. She shoved Pauline's head again, feeling her labia spread over the other woman's chin. Pauline pushed her head back, and Sheryl heard the her gasp for breath before she shoved the intern against her with both hands. "I said, get IN!"


Sheryl felt a pop as the woman's head slid all the way into her, and cried out in pleasure. Pauline began to flail her arms and try to push away, but Sheryl grabbed her arms and overpowered her partner. "Oh no you don't, Pauline. You're going all the way. You promised to show me your dedication, and I'm not satisfied yet." She shoved the woman deeper, feeling Pauline's shoulders start to enter her.


As her vaginal muscles gripped Pauline's shoulders, Sheryl let go of the woman with her hands, stroking her clit as her body pulled the struggling intern deeper still.
"Oh! Yes, right there! YES!" Sheryl moaned, stroking faster.


Sheryl shuddered in pleasure, the motion sucking more of Pauline inside her. The woman's feet were off the ground now, kicking helplessly at the air as she continued to struggle. Sheryl felt her first true orgasm of the day swell within her.
"Deeper!" She gasped as Pauline's breasts squished their way into her, feeling just as good as she had hoped. "OH!"


Sheryl arched her back as the orgasm took her, and her hungry pussy contracted, shoving the rest of Pauline's torso inside Sheryl. Her belly stretched around the other woman as her womb made room for its meal, shoving her other organs aside. The orgasm began to fade, but Sheryl's hunger remained, and she clenched her vaginal muscles again, pulling on Pauline's hips.
"Keep going, Pauline!" She gasped as her victim's thighs slid inside her.



Sheryl kept pulling even as Pauline frantically kicked, swinging her legs through the air uselessly. The movement sent wonderful vibrations through Sheryl's body, and she felt another orgasm building.


"Oh yes! Keep moving in there, Pauline! Don't stop!" Sheryl moaned, shuddering as her vagina contracted once more, sucking on what was left of Pauline. The intern was nearly gone now, and Sheryl concentrated on pulling the last of her inside.


"YES!" Sheryl's whole body shook as Pauline's legs disappeared into her, soon followed by the woman's ankles and feet. As the last of the intern slipped past her labia, Sheryl screamed in wordless ecstasy.
"AHHH!"


As her hunger faded along with that last orgasm, Sheryl sat up and stretched. She smiled down at her full belly. “That was just what I needed, Pauline. You’re perfect for this position.” She said, feeling the intern’s struggles grow fainter inside her.


Sheryl caressed her swollen belly as the intern's struggles died away, feeling the woman's outline soften to the touch. Her body tingled, and she felt her growth start up once more. I *wonder how large I'm going to get.* Sheryl thought to herself. *I'll need to upgrade the furniture here if I get much bigger. I'll ask Jen to order some once I'm done with Pauline.* She grinned at her shrinking belly. *It won't be long now.* She thought, her arousal building once more.


Sheryl slid a hand between her legs, pleasuring herself as she stroked her diminishing belly. The stimulation seemed to make her grow faster, somehow speeding Pauline's transformation from intern to part of the giantess. Her breathing quickened, and she moaned, feeling her body grow and shift as it assimilated the young woman.


"OH!"
Sheryl cried out in orgasm one more time as her body finished growing.


As her head cleared, her belly flat once more, Sheryl heard a gasp from the doorway. She stopped and turned, eyes widening as she saw Jen standing just inside the door.
End of Part 1



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