



**THE
COMPANY
RETREAT
ASSIGNMENT**

**THE RESORT'S
EXECUTIVE SUITE
BALCONY OVERLOOKED
THE LAKE, FAIRY LIGHTS
STRUNG ALONG THE
RAILING, LAUGHTER AND
CLINKING GLASSES
DRIFTING UP FROM THE
FIREPIT BELOW WHERE
THE REST OF THE SENIOR
TEAM, MOSTLY WHITE
MEN IN THEIR FORTIES
AND FIFTIES, WERE STILL
NURSING CHAMPAGNE
AND PRETENDING THE
NIGHT WAS ORDINARY.**



INSIDE THE DIMLY LIT SUITE, TWENTYTHREE YEARS OLD EMILY KNELT NAKED ON THE PLUSH CARPET, WRISTS CROSSED BEHIND HER BACK THE WAY MR. JACKSON LIKED.



**HER PALE SKIN
WAS ALREADY
FLUSHED FROM
THE PREVIOUS
“BREAK” HE’D
CALLED HER
AWAY FOR IN THE
MEN’S
RESTROOM
DURING THE
AFTERNOON
STRATEGY
SESSION.**



EMILY HAD STOOD BESIDE MR. JACKSON'S ARMCHAIR FOR THE ENTIRE DURATION OF HIS SPEECH AT THE CONFERENCE. HER GAZE WAS LOST IN THE DISTANCE. SHE FELT PROUD TO HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AMONG SO MANY FOR THIS "SERVICE." AT THE SAME TIME, A SLIGHT FEELING OF SHAME WASHED OVER HER AS SHE FELT THE MEN'S EYES DEVOURING HER, LINGERING ON HER LARGE, HEAVY BREASTS, BARELY COVERED BY THE GRAY BLOUSE LEFT OPEN IN A GENEROUS CLEAVAGE, ON HER LEGS WRAPPED IN SHEER BLUE SELF-SUPPORTING STOCKINGS, AND AT HER RIDICULOUSLY SHORT SKIRT THAT DIDN'T EVEN COVER THE THICK BANDS OF HER STOCKINGS. HER ENTIRE OUTFIT HAD BEEN CAREFULLY CHOSEN BY MR. JACKSON, AND SHE HAD GLADLY ACCEPTED IT, KNOWING EXACTLY WHAT HER PLACE WAS.

MR. JACKSON'S PRESENTATION HAD LASTED ROUGHLY AN HOUR. THE AUDIENCE LISTENED IN COMPLETE SILENCE; NO ONE DARED TO INTERRUPT. THE SENIOR TEAM CONSISTED EXCLUSIVELY OF MEN, IN LINE WITH THE COMPANY'S NEW POLICY. AT THE END OF HIS SPEECH, A COFFEE BREAK WAS SCHEDULED. HE STOOD UP AND MOTIONED FOR HER TO FOLLOW HIM. EVERYONE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE HE WAS GOING. EVERYONE KNEW WHY. EVERYONE KNEW EMILY'S ROLE. SHE FELT A SMALL RUSH OF EMBARRASSMENT AS SHE OBEDIENTLY FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE MEN'S RESTROOM.



ONCE INSIDE, EMILY
KISSED HIM
PASSIONATELY ON
THE LIPS, THEN
DROPPED
OBEDIENTLY TO HER
KNEES.





SHE LET HIM FREELY GROPE AND SQUEEZE HER BIG NAKED TITS, A SOFT MOAN OF PLEASURE ESCAPING HER LIPS. SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM WITH LUSTFUL EYES AS HE UNZIPPED HIS TROUSERS.

SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM WITH LUSTFUL EYES AS HE UNZIPPED HIS TROUSERS. WITH DEVOTION, SHE KISSED HIS THICK BLACK COCK, LICKED THE HARD SHAFT FROM BASE TO TIP, THEN WRAPPED HER LIPS TIGHTLY AROUND THE SWOLLEN HEAD AND BEGAN SUCKING EAGERLY.





SHE WAS THERE FOR EXACTLY THIS. HER ROLE WAS SIMPLE AND CLEAR: SHE WAS MR. JACKSON'S PERSONAL CUMSLUT, HIS BALL-DRAINER. SHE SUCKED HIS COCK HUNGRILY, WORKING IT WITH HER MOUTH UNTIL THE MAN LET OUT A LOW, SUPPRESSED GRUNT AND CAME HARD, FILLING HER MOUTH WITH THICK ROPES OF CUM.





**BEFORE SWALLOWING, SHE
OPENED HER MOUTH WIDE,
SHOWING HIM THE LOAD OF
SEMEN POOLED ON HER
TONGUE, THEN CLOSED HER
LIPS AND SWALLOWED DEEPLY,
GULPING DOWN EVERY SINGLE
DROP.**

**SHE WAITED PATIENTLY WHILE
MR. JACKSON COMPOSED
HIMSELF, THEN FOLLOWED HIM
OUT OF THE MEN'S RESTROOM,
WALKING OBEDIENTLY RIGHT
BEHIND HIM. NO ONE HAD
DARED TO ENTER WHILE THEY
WERE INSIDE. THE
CONFERENCE WAS ABOUT TO
RESUME, AND SHE WOULD
ONCE AGAIN TAKE HER PLACE
BY HIS SIDE.**





**MALIK JACKSON,
SIX FOOT FOUR, BROAD
SHOULDERED, VICE
PRESIDENT OF SALES,
THE ONLY BLACK
EXECUTIVE AT THE
FIRM—STOOD OVER HER
NOW IN NOTHING BUT
HIS OPEN DRESS SHIRT
AND SLACKS, BELT
ALREADY UNBUCKLED.**

“SAY IT AGAIN”

**HE ORDERED, VOICE LOW AND
CALM.**

**“LOUDER THIS TIME. THEY’RE
RIGHT OUTSIDE.”**



EMILY'S THROAT WORKED. SHE COULD HEAR MR. HARGROVE'S BOOMING LAUGH THROUGH THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR, COULD PICTURE THE WAY HE'D GLANCED AT HER EARLIER WHEN MALIK HAD CASUALLY SUMMONED HER WITH TWO FINGERS AND THE WORDS, "EMILY, FOLLOW ME. NOW". HEADING TOWARDS THE RESTROOM. NO ONE HAD SAID A WORD. NO ONE EVER DID.

"I'M... I'M THE TEAM'S LITTLE WHITE STRESS RELIEF TOY,"

SHE RECITED, VOICE CRACKING ON THE LAST WORD. HER NIPPLES WERE PAINFULLY TIGHT FROM THE AIR CONDITIONING AND THE HUMILIATION.

"I EXIST TO MAKE THE REAL EXECUTIVES FEEL GOOD WHENEVER THEY NEED IT."







MALIK STEPPED CLOSER, THE TOE OF HIS POLISHED LOAFER NUDGING HER KNEES WIDER APART.

“AND WHO DECIDES WHEN YOU’RE NEEDED?”

“YOU DO, SIR,” SHE WHISPERED. “MY BLACK BOSS DECIDES.”

HE TILTED HER CHIN UP WITH TWO FINGERS, LOOKING AT HER GLASSY EYES AND TREMBLING LOWER LIP.

“TELL THEM WHY YOU’RE BETTER AT THIS JOB THAN ANY OF THE WHITE BOYS OUT THERE DRINKING THEIR BONUSES.”

EMILY SWALLOWED HARD. THE WORDS FELT LIKE ACID, BUT SAYING THEM ALWAYS MADE THE ACHE BETWEEN HER THIGHS WORSE.

“BECAUSE... BECAUSE WHITE GIRLS LIKE ME WERE MADE TO SERVE BLACK MEN. WE’RE SOFTER. WE’RE QUIETER WHEN WE’RE USED. WE DON’T COMPLAIN. WE JUST... OPEN UP AND THANK YOU FOR IT.”

MALIK’S THUMB BRUSHED HER BOTTOM LIP, PARTING IT.

“GOOD GIRL. NOW CRAWL TO THE WINDOW. ASS UP. FACE THE GLASS.”





**HER HEART SLAMMED AGAINST
HER RIBS. SHE OBEYED
ANYWAY, PALMS AND KNEES
SINKING INTO THE CARPET,
HIPS SWAYING THE WAY HE'D
TRAINED HER OVER THE LAST
SIX MONTHS. WHEN SHE
REACHED THE WINDOW SHE
STOOD UP, FOREHEAD ALMOST
TOUCHING THE COOL GLASS,
BACK ARCHED, THIGHS
SPREAD, ARMS RAISED.**

**THE BALCONY DOOR WAS OPEN
SIX INCHES—ENOUGH FOR
SOUND TO CARRY.**

**SILHOUETTES TO BE VISIBLE IF
ANYONE LOOKED UP FROM THE
FIREPIT.**



**HE FOLLOWED, SLOW,
DELIBERATE. ONE BIG HAND
PALMED THE BACK OF HER ASS.**

“LOOK AT THEM,”

HE MURMURED.

**“YOUR FUTURE VP, YOUR
DIRECTOR, THE GUY WHO SIGNS
YOUR PERFORMANCE REVIEWS.
THEY KNOW EXACTLY WHAT’S
HAPPENING UP HERE. THEY’VE
KNOWN SINCE THE CHRISTMAS
PARTY WHEN I FUCKED YOU IN THE
COATROOM AND YOU CAME BACK
TO THE TABLE WITH MY CUM STILL
DRIPPING DOWN YOUR THIGH.
THEY JUST DON’T HAVE THE BALLS
TO ADMIT THEY’RE JEALOUS.”**



EMILY WHIMPERED. BELOW, MR. HARGROVE RAISED HIS GLASS IN A MOCK TOAST—WHETHER TO THE GROUP OR TO THE SHADOWED FIGURES ON THE BALCONY, SHE COULDN'T TELL.

THE THICK, DARK LENGTH OF HIM SLAPPED WARMLY AGAINST HER ASS CHEEK ONCE, TWICE.

“BEG FOR IT. LOUD ENOUGH THEY MIGHT HEAR THE WORDS, EVEN IF THEY PRETEND THEY DON'T.”

“PLEASE, SIR,” SHE SAID, VOICE SHAKING BUT CLEAR. “PLEASE USE YOUR WHITE STRESS-RELIEF SLUT. FUCK ME LIKE THE DISPOSABLE HOLE I AM. I NEED IT. I NEED BLACK COCK TO REMIND ME OF MY PLACE.”





HE DIDN'T MAKE HER WAIT. ONE BRUTAL THRUST AND HE WAS BURIED TO THE HILT, STRETCHING HER OPEN, FORCING A CHOKED CRY FROM HER THROAT THAT ECHOED FAINTLY OFF THE WATER. HE DIDN'T GO SLOW TONIGHT. HE FUCKED HER HARD, KEEPING HER FACE TURNED TOWARD THE GLASS SO ANYONE WHO GLANCED UP WOULD SEE HER WIDE EYES, OPEN MOUTH, THE RHYTHMIC SLAP OF SKIN ON SKIN.



“SAY THANK YOU”

HE GROWLED BETWEEN STROKES.

“THANK YOU... THANK YOU FOR USING ME, SIR... THANK YOU FOR LETTING EVERYONE KNOW WHAT I REALLY AM...”

HE SPED UP, MAKING HER SCREAM, THE WET SOUNDS OBSCENE IN THE QUIET SUITE.

HE CAME UNLOADING HIS HOT THICK GUSH OF SEED INSIDE, FILLING HER WOMB, HIS STICKY LOAD COATING HER WALLS, LETTING THE GIRL FEELS HIS WARMTH FILL HER.





WHEN HE PULLED OUT EMILY FELL ON
HER KNEES AT HIS FEET, SHE OPENED
THE MOUTH TO CLEAN THE BLACK
COCK.

SHE SUCKED AND LICKED THE SHAFT
WITH DEVOTION, EAGERLY
SWALLOWING EACH DROP OF CUM.

“GOOD GIRL, YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR
MOUTH IS MADE FOR”

MR JACKSON REWARDS EMILY.





SHE OPENED HER MOUTH WIDE, DISPLAYING THE THICK POOL OF SEMEN RESTING ON HER TONGUE FOR HIM TO SEE. THEN SHE CLOSED HER LIPS AND SWALLOWED HARD, TAKING EVERY DROP DOWN IN A DEEP, AUDIBLE GULP.

“IT TASTES SO GOOD, SIR”

EVEN THOUGH IT WAS THE SECOND TIME SHE HAD SWALLOWED HIS CUM IN JUST A FEW HOURS, EMILY WAS STILL THIRSTY FOR IT AND CRAVED MORE.



MR. JACKSON TURNED AND HEADED TOWARD THE BATHROOM. EMILY TOOK ONE OF HIS HANDS IN HERS AND KISSED IT WITH DEEP DEVOTION AND PASSION, LIKE A DOG LICKING ITS MASTER'S HAND.

“THANK YOU SIR, THANK YOU FOR USING MY HOLES, THANK YOU FOR USING ME AS CUM DUMP, THIS MAKES ME WORTH”

THE END