

The Obedient Secretary Wins a Husband

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He twisted her nipples nastily, watching his brother impale the whimpering Sue from behind.

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THE OBEDIENT SECRETARY WINS A HUSBAND

Sue was quite surprised that her maid, and very close friend, Polly, could not be convinced to place her lips anywhere near her nether regions and perform the exercise revealed to her by her sex-crazed boss, Mr. Nelson. She had so wanted to experience the rapture that had turned the middle-aged man into a humping machine in mid-day even before the day's repast.

She even tried to convert the pretty Polly to the benefits of arse-licking by showing her the process in vivid detail with her own practiced mouth. Polly was hard-pressed to keep her whimpers to a decent level of decibels to keep their Sapphic pleasures a secret unto themselves. Still, she was reluctant to return the favor because of her fear of becoming far too slutty in her ways. The beautiful young upper class lady who was Polly's mistress respected her wishes and accepted her reluctance as evidence of the girl's basic good nature.

Polly made up for her finicky ways by paying special attention to young Sue's greedy pussy with her well-trained pointed pink tongue. The 19-year old mistress was biting the pillow to keep from alerting the household of her spirited orgasm. They fell asleep wrapped around each other, like a pair of lovers molded into one.

Tonight was the night for the meeting with her Father's friend and his son, Alfred, a boring banker, just like the Father.

The public conveyance was moving slowly today. Sue made her way to the familiar corner and saw Alfie with his head buried in a newspaper. She managed to swing her hip in a tight little pivot and wound up with her bottom offered up for his silent pleasure. The handsome lad continued to read his newspaper with one hand and his other hand began immediate explorations below-decks.

Soon, poor Sue was literally hanging on his every little movement with a leaking puss and heaving bosom. The wise young boy quickly brought the girl to her destination at the point of his fingers and allowed his rampant cock to meander into every nook and cranny of her luscious bottom. When she arrived at her stop she looked back at Alfie with eyes brimming in appreciation for his ministrations.

She saw Ruth, Aaron's 17 year-old daughter, sweeping the street, in front of the fishmonger's shop, with noticeable vigor so early in the morning. Ruth told her that her father would be late this morning because of some business at the bank. She had been hoping that she would be invited for lunch real soon, to sample the seafood, and perhaps have some invigorating exercise at the end of Aaron's huge cock.

Mr. Nelson was in good form this morning. He made her pick up the envelopes on his desk with her pursed lips after removing any trace of color remaining on her delicate lips. Sue usually decorated her lips with the cherry stick, purchased by her father in France. Every time she bent over to acquire one of the envelopes between her lips, her bored boss would poke his finger into her defenseless bottom. It was not unexciting, but she was in fear that the fellows in the shop would see her humiliated, in such a degrading manner, and laugh at her behind her back. One time, when he went in real deep with his middle finger, she fell forward on her face and dropped the envelope. She was certain she would pay for that later when he had time to tend to her.

"Miss Weston, we will be having a visit from my father, the honorable Mr. Nelson Sr. He is a bit hard of hearing, so just listen and try not to disappoint him. I have informed him of your abilities in making a good seat on a lap prior to receiving a deserved correction."

Sue was astonished to see a much older edition of young Mr. Nelson walk into the office. The man had to be in his eighties and slightly bent over, from age. It didn't really look like the old fellow would be bending anyone over his knee in his condition.

Her boss dropped a cup of tea and quickly blamed Sue for the accident.

"Young lady, you must be trained to be more circumspect!"

Mr. Nelson guided Sue over to his father, sitting on the leather chair, and told her to get over his lap and not look back or say a single word. When she had taken up position, she felt her boss pull up her

long dress and stick it inside her waist belt. She thought for a moment that they would be pulling down her bloomers next and was dreading the exposure of her bare flanks to the elderly man. But after a bit a shifting around, she felt the old man start to tentatively test her cheeks with his long thin fingers. She could tell he was well experienced in delivering corrections to female staff, and was not reluctant to slide his fingers into her nether crack to excite her rear opening.

The spanking was well organized, and she had already taken 25 sharp blows before feeling her juices start to rise between her legs. The old man was a master at the process. She could feel his long shaft pressing with authority into her pussy mound. Despite his age, the old fellow was able to muster an impressive cock-stand to excite a young girl's senses.

Sue was of the opinion that her spanking was completed, so she was taken aback when she felt her bloomers being jerked down with absolutely no warning. She could feel the cold morning air blow across her reddened cheeks with irritating currents of goose-bump creating drafts.

A finger poked her pucker hole with some degree of familiarity and she assumed it was young Mr. Nelson testing the tightness of her most private of openings. The meaty sound of the father's hands resuming their steady beat on her flanks caused her to spray some female juices onto the old man's knee in a most unladylike fashion. For an older person, he was certainly able to muster reserves of strength to punish her most severely. She knew her ass cheeks were quivering with fearful anticipation and she felt her slit split open to let her juices ooze out inexorably down the insides of her legs.

Sue was so overwhelmed with emotion, that she pushed her pubes down hard onto the old man's stiffened cock and rubbed her slit like one of the common bedsit girls that stood on the corners in the busy neighborhood. She was gasping now from the inquisitive fingers probing her anus and the spirited spanking just drawing to a close. Both of the Mrs. Nelson were digging into her blouse to play with her sensitive little nipples. She could not help but giggle at their schoolboy enthusiasm. Old Mr. Nelson was licking her rose tinted breast tips with the delicate touch of well-practiced aficionado of mammary pursuits.

When she heard the sound of their trousers falling to the floor, she knew they were getting down to more serious work. She was lucky to have a boss and his closest relative so concerned with her training that they spent so much time to tend to her disciplinary regimen.

First, the very enthusiastic young Mr. Nelson entered her teenaged bum with his rampant cock and he sported her defenseless flanks for a full quarter of an hour before she felt his seeds spurt with great authority into her heated rectum. His heavy hand never slowed in matching his thrusts with repeated spansks to her reddened flanks. When he pulled out with a loud and depraved slurping noise,

his father took position behind her with his son's assistance. The introduction of the aged man's ancient cock into her greedy pucker hole was easy, due to the previous sport of his helpful son.

Sue was immobile under the weight of the stout man and was tempted to protest his effrontery even if he was her lawful bosses' predecessor. The words were on the tip of her tongue when he suddenly began to expertly hump her bottom with a master's stroke. She was in the grasp of brilliant rapture delivered by a man over 70 years her senior. It flashed across her mind that the old man had probably delivered the goods to hundreds of females across the decades and that she was fortunate to be the recipient of his expertise. She could feel the vibrant cock jumping inside her rectal channel with the humming intensity of an electrical device.

Her orgasm was the best ever.

The old man wanted to give her a gold coin but she demurred politely, begging his forgiveness. It just did not seem right and proper to accept monetary gifts for her favors no matter what the circumstance.

When she went to the back office to help her friends, Stanley and Virgil, continue the audit of the books, she was struck by the reticent attitude of the two brothers.

"Whatever is the matter with you two boys today?"

Stanley replied, even though he was usually the silent sibling.

"Miss Sue, we was told to not be consorting with you in a physical way, or we would be made redundant of our positions."

Sue had to laugh because they seemed so serious.

"If you two boys have been discreet and I certainly have been tight-lipped, who could possibly know what we do behind a closed door?"

Virgil piped up, with a saddened voice.

"It was me, miss, I let me tongue loose to me barber about your sweet delights. I am such a fool and I regret my wagging tongue."

It was, to be sure, a delicate situation; but Sue realized rumors of this sort could be based on truth or based on sheer fiction.

“Just tell them you were making it up and it will go away. Now let me have one of your cocks to fill my mouth. No one will know the truth or the lie and I will pretend to be quite indignant about the accusation.”

Stanley was quick to release his already rampant cock for Sue’s ministrations. He was soon sighing in relief at the spurting of his seeds into her suctioning mouth. She swallowed it all down and replaced his tool with a practiced hand.

Virgil was more intent on availing himself of the pleasure of impaling her delicious flanks and made her bend over the writing desk before he lowered her dampened bloomers to her ankles. The devious fellow made straight to her brown eye which was still somewhat gaped from the session with both young Mr. Nelson and his father, Mr. Nelson Senior.

Stanley was watching his brother’s cock disappear completely inside Miss Weston’s bum with little or no effort. He speculated that Mr. Nelson was up to his old tricks with the new female employees in the privacy of the front office. It was only to be expected since he was merely carrying on in the tradition of his father before him.

The writing desk was teetering obscenely as Vigil drove his single-minded tool deep inside Sue’s clenching anus. She was whimpering non-stop and every now and then when the frantically humping lad bottomed out inside her rectum, she would groan in complete submission to her role in serving her master. She could not help but beg, the normally subdued, Virgil to apply some healthy spanks to her battered bottom to help push her over the edge of a blossoming orgasm.

Stanley was feeling a bit left out so he released Sue’s heaving bosom from inside her stiff white blouse. He nastily twisted the stiff nipples as he watched his brother steadily impale the whimpering young girl from behind just like a rutting animal. Sue looked up into his eyes with intense gratification for the added arousal needed to secure her immediate orgasmic release.

When Sue returned home that evening, she had to admit, it was a very fulfilling day at the office.

Now she had to prepare for her evening’s festivities with entertaining the boring bankers and her equally boring father.

Her gown was devastating, according to her maid Polly. She had to agree the exposed tops of her breasts and cleavage was quite interesting and the clinging nature of the gown’s material did accentuate her Mons Venus in a most delectable fashion. She entered the drawing room, with an air of self-confidence gained, in large respect, from her employment in a man’s world.

Her Father and his friend, Sir Hugo Montgomery were in front of the fireplace talking to a familiar looking young man standing with his back to her. She assumed it was Sir Hugo's son Alfred, her erstwhile "date" for the awards ceremony. Sue put on her bright and cheerful face and moved over to greet the guests.

Her words of welcome were stifled in her throat as the young man turned around and she came face to face with "Alfie" her paramour of the public conveyance secret dalliances. This was a man who up to this point had been anything but a gentleman to her.

Not that she was complaining.

She was in full awareness that the heated exchanges of sexual pleasantries were sheer anonymous daytime lust for her as well as the young man in front of her.

"So, this is Miss Sue. How do you do, my name is Alfred Montgomery. I am much honored to make your acquaintance."

Sensing that silence was not an option, Sue replied,

"So happy to finally meet you, dear Alfred. My father has sung your praises. I can assure you he has been most descriptive of your accomplishments."

Her face reddened a bit, as she recalled the young lad's finger bringing her to a swift orgasm only that very morning.

This was promising to be a very interesting dinner party indeed.