

# The Adventures of an Obedient Secretary

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## THE ADVENTURES OF AN OBEDIENT SECRETARY

It came to the attention of Lady Weston that her daughter Sue was seldom at home during the daytime hours. When she inquired of the maid Polly as to her daughter's whereabouts, the devious little doxie looked off in the distance and said,

"I 'spect her's volunteering now that the War has started, mum!"

The perfectly coiffed middle-aged woman fluffed her curls and immediately switched her attention to more interesting things like the overly burned toast in the serving tray.

The adventurous Sue was already well on her way to her new position as personal secretary at the Offices of Higgins, Stubblemeyer, and Nelson, International Commodity Brokers, LTD. She was working personally under the direct supervision of young Mr. Nelson a most decidedly non-young person.

She did not want to be late a second time as her first infraction had been dealt with most severely over the top of Mr. Nelson's desk. The pretty 18 year old technical virgin had been well acquainted with such necessary corrections from her days at the Whitechapel Girl's Finishing Academy and considered them an integral part of her training.

Even Mr. Nelson's anal attentions had been most informative to Sue in her quest for acquiring knowledge from the common-folk. She had never imagined the elderly gentleman to be so virile or

vigorous in his coupling technique. Sue tried to picture the man's spouse in such a position and she correctly concluded such a scene would never take place in the Nelson household.

She had encountered the same handsome young lad on the public conveyance on her way to work and she took pains to insure her bottom was placed well out of sight of the other passengers so he could continue his frenzied explorations of her posterior geography without creating any suspicion. Of course, she maintained her pretense of complete disregard of his attentions and even gave the impertinent fellow a casual smile as a polite person would grant to a familiar stranger. Admittedly, his ministrations on this occasion were far superior to the hurried first time when he was fearful of her visible protestations in front of spectators. She could sense he was more relaxed and confident in his manipulations of her person with furtive success.

Sue was a bit aghast that the aggressive young man even went so far as to wiggle his name tag on his work vest right in front of her face. It said rather simply "Alfie" which she correctly assumed to be his Christian and not his family name. It struck her as an odd manner of introduction and would be frowned upon in social circles. She found the name Alfie to be particularly amusing because it reminded her of a disreputable family member banned from family gatherings because of his proclivity to discussing intimate matters with females in a most inappropriate manner.

Her new-found "friend" Alfie seemed well-satisfied with his travels over her fleshy curves and into those dangerous hidden areas seldom visited by male fingers. He was whistling a bouncy tune as he jumped off just before her final destination.

Mr. Nelson was a bit preoccupied this morning and he instructed her to assist two green shaded young men bent over their books in a rear office away from the main floor. They were sorting out a jumble of records from prior years in an effort to make the figures of profit and loss make some kind of sense.

Sue introduced herself as Miss Weston and the two reserved accountants gave up their names as Stanley and Virgil. They were so similar in appearance that she asked,

"Are you two related in some way?"

Stanley blushed a pretty shade of pink and allowed that he was Virgil's older brother. He informed her that they both started working at the firm together and that they both had only recently been promoted to the level of audit managers. They fed her stacks of receipts to type into lined columns on the audit sheets and she stayed busy for the entire day forgetting completely about lunch. When Stanley told her it was almost quitting time, she realized she had to pee in the most desperate way and was mortified to ask the pertinent question of,

"Where is the Ladies room?"

Virgil who was the more observant of the two brothers deduced her need immediately and indicated a plain door in the back of the office with a nearly imperceptible nod of his curly blond head.

Sue almost ran in her haste to relieve herself in the tiny bathroom. Somehow her shoe became caught up in the railing on the toilet floor and she found herself in a most embarrassing position with her skirts above her hips and her feet immobile in the metal rail. She was forced to shout out.

“I say, Virgil or Stanley, might I bother one of you to release me from being stuck in here.”

At first, there was only silence outside the door and then she heard a very low voice inquire,

“Miss Weston, we will come in only if you authorize it. It is most unseemly to view a young lady at her toilet in private.”

Sue was beginning to see the utter ridiculous nature of her predicament.

“Please, enter either one of you or both of you and get me out of here. I feel quite silly!”

The two brothers entered and viewed Sue naked from the waist down and perched delicately on top of the wooden commode. Stanley held both her hands to bring her into a semi-standing position as Virgil crouched low under her feet extracting her from the clutches of the toilet. She could see Virgil inspecting every square inch of her female anatomy from his almost supine position beneath her. At the same time, she became aware that her hands had pulled Stanley’s hand right into her breasts and that her gyrations had caused her nipples to become visibly aroused at the sudden friction.

Sue leaned forward and fell listlessly into Stanley’s arms and sank lower until her female parts were hovering directly above Virgil’s waiting face. The older brother was twisting her sensitive nipples in such a way as to make her female juices spray lightly onto the younger brother’s face and she allowed her pulsating slit to make contact with his open lips and probing tongue. She sighed and blurted out,

“Yes, my dear boy, give it to me good. The touch of your tongue is so very nice. Put it up deep, please, dear Virgil. See how I open for you?”

Stanley was watching his brother working diligently between Sue’s trembling legs. He opened up his trousers and introduced Sue to the inquisitive nature of his throbbing cock. She realized when he pushed her head forward with his hand at the back of her head that he wanted her to accept his man meat into her mouth. She had not done this before with any boys but had heard Polly describe it in great detail.

This seemed as good a time as any to learn about the oral responsibilities women must present for the gratification of their male partners in copulation. It seemed like a huge undertaking but Sue wanted to be a success in the business world and she was willing to learn new ways to achieve her goals.

The taste of the cock made Sue a little fearful, but the sucking sounds of Virgil working incessantly to

please her untested vagina induced her to open wide and take several inches of Stanley's rampant member right to the opening of her virgin throat. She began to produce copious outpourings of saliva mixed with Stanley's pre-cum. It oozed out of her tightly suctioning lips and dripped down her chin right onto the face of his younger brother still servicing her pussy with an adoring tongue.

The sounds of the other workers preparing to leave prompted both Stanley and Virgil to accelerate their pumping motions at either end of Sue's beautiful body and caused them both to shoot their loads at the same time filling both her mouth and the back of her legs with sticky cum.

Her own orgasm was the best she had ever experienced. It was only after her panting came back to normal that they were able to exit the bathroom and proceed to the time clock under the watchful eyes of the gatekeeper, Mrs. Hutchkins. The female ogre knew something was amiss and seemed to be sniffing the air about the trio trying to deduce what was going on.

Sue was afraid she would be found out but they all exited with no incident. She promised the two brothers she would be back to work with them until the project was completed. They both seemed sorry to see her go but Mrs. Hutchkins eyes were glaring right out the side window watching them intently.

When she related her office adventures and her bus activities with Polly the upstairs maid, the young girl was fair to jumping in her excitement. Sue held her closely to calm her down and soon found she was sorely tempted to insert her fingers into the young maid's brimming pussy. Polly sighed and whispered in a shaky voice,

"Oh, Miss, do it ever so slow and gentle to poor Polly. You make me feel like a butterfly just a fluttering about and wanting to get touched everywhere."

Sue moved her other hand to Polly's pretty posterior and let her middle finger probe the aroused girl's quivering brown eye. Polly was panting now like she had just been out running for a long distance uphill. Sue could feel the juices start to ooze out of her maid's sensitive slit right into her palm. She took the opportunity to transfer the liquid to Polly's tiny rear door as lubrication for her further explorations deeper into her greedy dirt-hole. Her finger was now squishing into Polly's bottom and she had managed to insert all of her fingers except for her thumb into Polly's saturated pussy.

She could see Polly use her hands to twist her own nipples in a cruel and mischievous way.

Sue smiled in triumph watching Polly roll over and gyrating helplessly as she plundered every last one of her female secrets. She reveled in the whimpering pleas of complete submission and pushed pretty Polly into an orgasm that threatened to arouse the rest of the household. Her hand over the panting girl's mouth brought reason back to her convulsing naked body. The young lady of the household fell asleep spooning the dark-haired beauty tight against her bare skin. When she awoke in the morning there was no sign of her bed partner and she heard the hustle and bustle of the house coming to a state of readiness for the new day.

Her Father cornered her in the breakfast room and informed her that he wanted her to accompany the son of his Domestic Division, Sir Hugo Montgomery to the Company awards dinner on the night of Friday the 13th . She almost giggled when he told her the date even though she was not in the least superstitious. He told her the lad's name was Alfred Montgomery and that he was considered a "catch" by most of the eligible female population of London proper and even in some less auspicious quarters. Her father was never subtle in his match-making endeavors and she had long-ago learned it was best to go along with the futile charade as evasion caused her considerable grief.

Only a scant hour later she rode the public conveyance into her exciting new position in the business world. That was not all she was riding. Her female parts were sliding quite serenely back and forth on top of Alfie's capable fingers in a darkened corner of the lurching transit bus.

Sue was becoming most comfortable with Alfie's daily ministrations and she realized her pussy had been conditioned to start tingling in anticipation even before she mounted the overcrowded mass transit vehicle. Even her dalliance with Polly and her physical submissions to Mr. Nelson and the brothers Stanley and Virgil were overshadowed by her imaginary thoughts about her demanding bus companion.

What a strange coincidence that the name Alfie and Alfred were so similar!

She felt her juices wetting her delicate bloomers and hoped that the handsome Alfie would not be offended by her weakness of desire. Sue made every effort not to look the young man in the eye for fear her knees would go a tremble and she would lose what was left of her remaining dignity.