

# Landing The Contract. The tales of Dana Jones Part 2

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*Dana Jones's sexual adventures take on a new twist.*

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Chapter 1 Thursday Afternoon 12.40 pm Dana Jones stood in front of the vanity units in the office restroom, and regarded herself critically in the enormous mirrors that covered the wall. Her dark shoulder length hair which normally looked so neat and tidy was now looking wild and abandoned, especially after applying some mousse and then writhing her hands through it. The tiny amount of make-up she had on wouldn't have turned any heads in Los Angeles more popular singles bars, but for the office it was just fine. Fortunately Dana was anticipating something a lot more exciting this afternoon and knew she needed a more sultry effect if her wishes were to come true. Eyeing her usual business attire, Dana realised there wasn't much she could do about her outfit. Not unless she had a complete change of clothes, and that just wasn't possible without raising an awful lot of inquisitive eyebrows. Not that her white blouse and black knee length skirt were unfashionable, on the contrary. Her entire wardrobe was filled with such outfits, and they were the best her money could buy, but the word 'respectability', and not 'sexy' was the adjective that mostly came to mind when describing her business uniform. 'Still, maybe I could.....' She wondered naughtily and smiled. Checking her shoes, Dana smiled indulgently. Now they were sexy, very sexy in fact. Fashionably expensive and surprisingly comfortable, the high heels made her well-toned legs look incredible. Not just incredible, but absolutely devastating, especially since they were clad in sheer black stockings. The stockings, while seemingly out of place in the summer, were the only visible clue to what Dana was really thinking about. Being a successful lawyer means keeping yourself in control, and Dana's poker face could fool even the best Las Vegas gambler. Moreover anyone who had seen her at work that morning would never have guessed that underneath the respectable attorney's disguise, Dana Jones, wife of Mr Christopher Jones was dressed and ready for an afternoon of wild, uninhibited,

adulterous sex. Her longing for a sexual adventure was fuelled by the erotic dreams she'd experienced during her fitful night's sleep. These dreams were a result of an extremely raunchy sex tape she'd seen the previous evening. Despite having a mind blowing orgasm whilst watching the tape, one which had engulfed her whole body and left her feeling like a rag doll, Dana woke up that morning feeling hugely frustrated. Chris still in a bad mood from the night before hardly spoke to her before he stormed off to take a shower. Lying there thinking about the film again, Dana's juice's started flowing and without conscious thought her hands moved purposefully between her legs. After deliciously rubbing her clit for a few minutes Dana held open her soaking wet lips with one hand, and plunged two fingers deep inside her silky tunnel with the other and hurriedly began fingering herself. Just as she was starting to reach another powerful climax, Dana heard Chris, now finished in the bathroom, returning to the bedroom. Not wanting to get involved in another row, Dana reluctantly stopped what she was doing and pretended to be asleep. This frustrating turn of events hadn't improved her own mood by any means so after hearing Chris eventually go downstairs to make his breakfast, she too headed off to the bathroom. As the warm soapy water streamed sensually over her strung out body, Dana could slowly feel her tension draining away down the plughole, but the underlying feeling of unfulfilment still persisted . Dana returned to the bedroom and opened her wardrobes, each one bulging with clothes for all sorts of occasions. Unusually for her, she let her emotions take control of her actions and after picking out her blouse and skirt for the day, Dana went to her underwear draw and began rummaging inside it until she found what she was looking for. Her choice made, Dana carefully laid the items down on the bed and experienced a brief moment of doubt. Then she heard Christopher slam a door downstairs and her mind was instantly made up. The underwear she had chosen was something she bought a couple of years ago. She was shopping on-line and somehow ended up browsing through a sex shop. It was late at night and she was missing Chris. He was away on business and she was feeling lonely. That fact and the several glasses of wine she'd drunk had bolstered her resolve. She remembered how easy it had been and a few days later a parcel was delivered to her doorstep. The plain brown package contained a very daring silk lingerie set, and she remembered wondering at the time how Chris would react. In fact he'd never seen it because Dana, not wanting to provoke her husband, had never ever shown it to him. Black, her favourite colour and revealing more than it covered, it consisted of a tiny pair of thong panties, a delicate lace patterned corset which gave little support, but displayed a huge amount of flesh and finally sheer silk stockings which fastened onto the corset by means of suspenders. Dana, assuming her husband had gone to work, started dressing up in her sexy outfit unaware she was not alone and was being spied on. As she fastened her suspenders Dana dreamily wondered why she was wearing something that existed for only one reason. Her doubts were twofold. Firstly this underwear was highly impractical and Dana knew she would regret her choice after only a couple of hours at the office, and secondly this was the sort of outfit that one only wore for one's husband. Unfortunately he had just walked out the door and had no idea of what she was doing. Thoughts of Chris darkened her mood again. This morning's rejection had been the last straw for her. He hadn't touched her in months now and it had been a very long time since she had worn anything this sexy for him. 'Well if

he doesn't want me anymore then I'll just have to find somebody that does,' Dana thought bitterly. She remembered how angry he'd been last night. He'd gone off the deep end after discovering her looking at some pornographic photos, despite the fact they were related to the case she was working on, and then he'd hit the roof after she came to bed very, very late. It wasn't just the ungodly hour, or that she woke him up in the process, no it was the fact that Dana still feeling highly aroused wanted to make love. That idea backfired on her, in a big way. He accused her of being a whore, and only wanting to make love because of the pornographic pictures she'd seen. His words hurt her deeply and reduced her to tears. As she lay there, silently sobbing in the darkness, Dana thought about a lot of things in general, and about one thing in particular and it was long into the night before she finally fell asleep. Standing there in front of the bedroom mirror, admiring the sexy reflection gazing back at her, Dana knew the real reason she was dressed like this, but guiltily didn't want to admit it. The mental image of Robert's huge cock and the knowledge of what she could do with it if she had the chance kept encroaching into her thoughts. The length and thickness was just how she liked them and fantasizing about it kept tormenting her already aroused state of mind. It was only an impressive display of will power and the fact that she would be late for work that stopped her from lying back down on the bed and masturbating all over again. Dana stood up straight and looked in the mirror. She ran her hands over her firm bosom and could feel her nipples responding to her touch. The small buds hardened and pushed against the see-through fabric and Dana looked on in smug satisfaction. "That's better," she mumbled and watched how her fully erect nipples began poking through the soft material. Dana slipped on her blouse and began fastening it, still admiring herself. "That's why I'm wearing this," she murmured softly. "Because if everything happens like I hope it will, then this 'fuck me' outfit will be 'exactly' the right thing to be wearing!" With fingers trembling in excitement Dana hastily continued fastening the buttons of her blouse and then she pulled her skirt up around her waist. She was ready now. Her mind was made up and there was nothing she had left to chance, or at least that's what she hoped. Now it was up to Robert Cranton-Smith. This young stud, whose magnificent erection had become an obsession for her, needed to make the first move. 'All I know,' she pondered as she pulled on her high heels, 'is that if he's game, then so am I!' Chapter 2

Thursday Afternoon 12.45 pm In the restroom, Dana's awoke from her daydream and she smiled secretly. Reaching for her make-up she began getting herself ready. Firstly she reapplied her eye shadow, only now with much more attention to detail. After a few minutes work, the sparkling emerald green eyes looking back at her seemed more mysterious and exotic now, especially with her mascara emphasizing her unusually long lashes. A little touch of foundation and blusher gave her face some more colour and also accentuated her high cheekbones. One could definitely see the northern European ancestry that was pure genetic. Dana was almost done but knew her newest purchase would give her exactly the look she was aiming for. Pausing momentarily to catch her breath, her hand only inches from her mouth, Dana studied the tube of the lipstick she'd bought on the way to work. The glossy cherry red colour intended to make her lips provocatively sexy, was the last piece of the puzzle. If this didn't work then nothing would. Dana excitedly pursed her lips together and continued her transformation. After removing a tissue from between her lips Dana surveyed her work.

What she saw in the mirrors ignited a craving deep within her core, but she wanted more. Throwing caution to the wind she decided to do something about her clothes. Firstly she rolled the waistband of her skirt over itself a couple of times, which made her slender waist seem just slightly thicker. That was unavoidable, but more importantly, and this is what she wanted, this raised the hem to almost halfway up her thighs. Secondly after spraying her delicate neck with the most expensive perfume she possessed, Dana furtively checking to see if she was still alone, undid the top buttons of her blouse. This had the wondrous effect of exposing a good deal of her breasts, and why not, she was proud of her figure. A tiny squirt of perfume down her cleavage for good measure and she was done. Dana felt a thrill of excitement run down her spine when she saw how she looked. "Dana the office mouse has left the building" she said out loud, mimicking the well-known phrase. "And Dana the sex goddess, well office goddess at least," she giggled bashfully, "has arrived!" Dana smoothed her skirt down over her shapely hips. 'Mmmm nothing wrong with wanting to make a good impression on a new client,' she reasoned with herself and after taking one final approving glance, she moved towards the door. After exiting the restroom she confidently walked back to her office noticing how some of the guys who normally ignored her, were watching her with more than just a little interest. Pretending not to see the flirty, longing smiles directed at her, Dana floating on a cloud of euphoria, carried on towards her office. She could feel the hungry stares following her, drilling holes into her back and it empowered her even more. 'If only you knew,' she thought to herself and added an extra wiggle to her hips as she walked away. After entering her small reception area containing her secretary and some filing cabinets, Dana approached the younger woman sitting behind her desk and started explaining what she wanted. Susie just looked up at her boss in shock and was rendered speechless. Blinking rapidly Susie continued to stare, and her mouth, hanging wide open was in danger of catching flies. Finally recovering enough to give her boss the once over, Susie eyed Dana carefully. The make-up and the hair, now that was definitely different, but at least the clothes looked the same, although..... Susie knew there was something unusual going on, but she couldn't put her finger on it. As Dana leaned forward to write some names on Susie's notepad, the young secretary stared right into the delicious cleavage between Dana's breasts. That's what was bugging her. She could see tits. Not just anybody's tits but her boss's delicious pair. She could also see the sexy bra as well. Then she realised it wasn't a bra, it was something a lot more enticing. 'Jesus I can even see her nipples,' Susie realised before averting her gaze. Now that was one for the books she thought trying not to smile to obviously. She'd never seen Dana all made up like this before and began wondering what the hell was going on. Susie continued studying the older woman even more intently. Apart from the new sexy appearance there was a slight anxiety about Dana, as if she was extremely nervous about something. 'No not nervous,' Susie corrected herself, 'excited.' Susie grinned inwardly and speculated some more. Maybe this transformation has something to do with the meeting due to take place in a few minutes. Whatever the reason, Susie perceived that it was none of her business but she couldn't help approving of the new improved Dana Jones. "Susie, you can show Mr Cranton-Smith and Mr Waterhouse, directly through to my office when they arrive. Ok?" Although Dana's voice sounded friendly, it was taugth with tension, her nerves stretched like an elastic band ready to snap. She

wanted everything to be perfect this afternoon and although Susie was a first class secretary, she was young and carefree and sometimes she had different ways of doing things. Susie assured Dana that she knew exactly what was expected of her and that she wouldn't let her down. Dana smiled pleasantly and started moving towards the door leading to her own office. "Oh and when they arrive hold all my calls until we're done. Ok" She instructed as she opened the dividing door. "And don't forget to bring in the coffee will you," Dana said as an afterthought, concluding her instructions. Susie watched bemused as Dana disappeared from view. Inside her office Dana was restless. She tried looking out of the window at the street below, hoping to catch a glimpse of her arriving guests but it proved to be frustrating. She knew it was highly unlikely she could see them from this height but still she tried. After tormenting herself for too long Dana went and sat behind her desk and fidgeted while she waited for time to pass. Sitting there impatiently, she was aware only that her stomach was a breeding ground for butterflies . Chapter 3 Thursday Afternoon 1.00 pm After a discreet knock, two handsome gentlemen walked through her door and Dana's heartbeat momentarily stopped. she recognised Robert Cranton-Smith from the photos and video she'd seen and assumed correctly that the other man was Mr Mark Waterhouse. Dana stood up and moved around her desk intending to shake hands. Her first impression of Mark Waterhouse was that he seemed like a sharp operator. He was cautious with everything he did and said. As their eyes met Dana corrected her opinion. He wasn't cautious, he was deliberating. Like a hawk soaring on waves of thermal energy, his eyes constantly searching for prey, Mark Waterhouse watched and waited, retaining every little detail however unimportant in case it could be used to his advantage. Only when he was ready to pounce would he unleash an attack. Mark had but one goal in life, to win. Dana wondered anxiously if he was he going to make life difficult for her, but couldn't deny he was dangerously attractive. Then she turned her attention to Mr Robert Cranton-Smith. 'God he' s even more good looking in real life,' she thought to herself as she took his hand. She had found him handsome on television, well computer screen she corrected herself, but here in her office he radiated a confidence that verged on arrogance but was saved by a charming disarming smile. Without thinking, her eyes flickered down his athletic body, that had been shaped by many long hours of surfing, rock climbing and parachuting to name but a few of the dangerous sports he participated in. She liked what she saw and then her gaze strayed further downwards towards his groin. She smiled wickedly. Maybe knowing what he was packing down there caused her reaction, or maybe the fact that he just seemed to ooze sexual energy, but when their hands touched Dana felt herself jump. It was as if a constant electrical current was passing between their fingers and she could feel her inner temperature definitely rising. She felt herself blushing when she looked back at his face, and saw his penetrating gaze watching her intently. A knowing smile appeared on his sensual mouth and Dana was sure he could read her mind. Recovering her composure Dana gestured to the chairs in front of her bureau, and invited her guests to sit down whilst returning to her own seat. Both men watched Dana's pert bottom wiggle as she moved behind her desk and Robert winked at Mark with a knowing smirk. After her guests seated themselves, Dana offered them coffee and pressed a button on her intercom. Robert Cranton-Smith hadn't taken his eyes of Dana from the moment he'd entered the room and he watched her order the

coffee with amusement. Mark Waterhouse opened his attaché case and began sifting through all the papers inside when the outer door opened and Susie appeared carrying a tray of refreshments. Dana watched with interest as Robert Cranton-Smith turned and stared at her secretary with more than just casual interest as she approached the desk. Dana couldn't blame him for that. Being young and fiercely independent, Susie didn't care what people thought of her. Not only did she look like a model, but she had a first class brain inside her lovely head. Most people never knew how intelligent she was, not being able to see past the attractive beauty and provocative dress sense. Dana knew differently although in the beginning it had taken some time before they could appreciate each other's virtues. Christopher Jones on the other hand, thought Susie was the devil incarnate. During their first encounter she jokingly told him that she shared a house with five other people and weekends were spent as one big orgy. For Dana it was an exception, but for Susie it was the rule. Her blouses always had too many buttons undone, and more often than not her shoulders and chest were fetchingly on display. Many colleagues and clients had found themselves not knowing where to look after catching an eyeful of her sexy designer bras or on some occasions her bare pert breasts. Luckily for Dana and the firm of Brady, Cooper & Davidson, Susie mostly stayed seated behind her desk which was just as well because if the blouses were risqué then her skirts were damn right shameless. Calling them short is like calling the pope a religious person. Definitely true but somehow not really doing it justice. Susie wore her skirts short, incredibly short. Some could be called miniskirts but those were the more respectable ones. The ones that barely covered her buttocks were more commonly described as a wide belt. These shorter versions usually caused the most commotion in the office, for both men and women, and not always for different reasons. Today's skirt belonged to the second category. Dana ignored the sideways glance Robert gave Susie and waited patiently for the coffee to be served. After filling both men's cups, Susie instead of walking around the desk to serve Dana, decided to lean over the large wooden surface, and that was a mistake. Robert Cranton-Smith watched Susie bending over the desk, and the sight of her shapely thighs being slowly revealed was proving to be very entertaining. His viewing pleasure was further heightened when her short skirt began rising over her shapely buttocks. Much to his delight her pouting sex, tantalisingly covered by her sexy panties slowly came into view. Bulging delightfully between her slightly spread thighs, and with her skimpy underwear disappearing enticingly between her buttocks, he could feel himself stiffening and swore softly. As the rich brown liquid gradually filled Dana's cup Susie suddenly gasped and spilt coffee over the desktop. Dana was first alarmed then annoyed. Looking up sharply, Dana saw Susie had her eyes closed and was sensually biting her bottom lip. Intrigued especially when a wispy smile appeared, Dana looked past Susie and saw Robert Cranton-Smith smiling back at her, his eyes sparkling in amusement. Dana was puzzled and raised her eyebrows inquisitively. Robert just stared back at her before winking and aiming his gaze downwards. Dana ignoring the blissful expression written all over Susie's face, stretched her neck and could see exactly why Susie was getting so turned on. To say she was shocked was an understatement although in hindsight Dana wondered why she was at all surprised. Watching how Susie deliberately moved her hips backwards, pushing harder against the hand pressed between her legs, Dana look at him in silent outrage, urging him to

stop but he just ignored her. Robert feeling the gusset between his fingers was getting wetter by the second, gave Dana a long knowing look before opening his mouth and deliberately flickering his tongue at her, very suggestively! Dana was confused. Although she was ready to explode, she was indeed truly angry at him for his outrageous behaviour, she was also getting hugely turned on by what she was witnessing. Images of him, naked and sporting a huge erection kept flashing through her mind and she felt the familiar moist heat return to her loins. Seeing him blatantly fingering Susie (and how much she was enjoying it, judging from her reaction,) was both hugely stimulating and frustrating. Trying to ignore the activity happening in front of her, Dana cast a furtive glance at Mark Waterhouse but he was still busy searching through his attaché case and was oblivious to what was taking place. Not wanting to miss any more of the raunchy action, but at the same time intensely wishing it would stop, Dana returned her gaze to Robert. His triumphant grin irritated her beyond belief and she wanted to wipe that irksome smile from his face, but she dare not move for fear of betraying herself. Unable to utter a word, despite her misgivings, she couldn't deny the excitement of the moment. The voyeur in her was relishing this turn of events, and Dana secretly wished she was the one impaled on his fingers. Robert Cranton-Smith had his hand inside Susie's soaking wet panties and her warm wet opening eagerly accepted his intrusion. Dana watched fascinated how her secretary kept pushing backwards to increase the penetration and then she saw Robert wink at her. He started mouthing something but no sound came out. Dana, however didn't need to hear what he said, she could lip read. "You wish this was you don't you?" Her eyes widened in surprise. Was she so easy to read, was the lust in her face so obvious now. Ashamed at herself and chastened at how close he was to the truth, Dana stared downwards, to avoid his victorious gaze but at the same time imperceptibly nodded her head. The moist heat between her legs was increasing and Dana badly needed rescuing. Chapter 4 Thursday Afternoon 1.05 pm As if on cue Dana's distress was relieved by Mark Waterhouse. Ignorant of everything going on around him, Mark cleared his throat and Robert realising this interlude had run its course withdrew his fingers from Susie's slick tunnel and saw them glisten with her juices. Although this was a private thing between himself and Dana, despite it including the secretary, Robert knew that Mark wouldn't understand what he was doing right now and decided not to push his luck. He couldn't resist one last taunt though. "That will be all, Susie. You can return to your desk now," Dana commanded sternly. Grudgingly aware that the hand between her legs was gone, but still on a sexual high, Susie's lust induced trance was finally broken by Dana's cold voice. Looking at her boss defiantly, Susie recognised more than a small hint of jealousy in the sensual green eyes watching her. Despite the surprise attack, Susie's body had surrendered itself to the fingers that so skilful worked her pussy almost immediately, but now she realised where she was and what she was supposed to be doing. Acting like nothing out of the ordinary had happened, she began composing herself. She eyed her boss apologetically and saw Dana raise her eyebrows conspiringly, her expression one of sexual hunger. Aware she couldn't say anything Susie smiled inwardly as she realised Dana's resentfulness towards her wasn't personal, but was born out of her own wantonness. After asking if there was anything else they needed, she turned to leave the office but not before smiling gratefully at her assailant. Mark Waterhouse blissfully unaware of what had just

taken place, watched the secretary leave the office and close the door behind her. What he didn't see was how Robert Cranton-Smith still looking Dana straight in the eyes, brought his hand to his nose and began slowly inhaling Susie's musky scent, like a fine wine connoisseur before licking his fingers clean. Dana was both shocked and extremely turned on at this man's sheer audacity. Robert Cranton-Smith on the other hand, was a happy man! Secretly he couldn't believe things were going so perfectly. He couldn't have planned it any better. He made a mental note to remind himself, that if this afternoon turned out exactly as he wanted, he'd give Miss Martin, who was busy doing something else for him, a big fat bonus. The events leading up to this moment had all been started weeks before after Robert had seen a picture of Dana Jones. It was a holiday shot that Christopher Jones kept in his wallet. He'd been hired by Robert Cranton-Smith and during a get to know you moment, was asked if he was married. By way of answer Chris produced his wallet and gave Robert the photo. Robert complimenting the man, stared hard at the photo and studied every detail, imprinting it in his memory. The image of a younger stunningly attractive Dana Jones, tanned and relaxed on holiday had pushed a button in the younger man's brain. It wasn't just the fetching bikini she was wearing or the thin beach skirt sensually displaying her well-toned thighs. It was also the way she looked at the camera. She was bent forward, hand on hip and blowing a kiss at the camera. The scene seemed playful enough but it was her eyes that sealed both their fates. In the glorious sunlight they sparkled and danced, conveying her obvious happiness but looking closely Robert could also see an wantonness that fired his imagination. He'd had seen this look a thousand times before, especially on the world wide web. Ever since Robert Cranton-Smith, aged thirteen had first discovered computers, his world and preconceptions of how the world worked had been shaped by what he saw on his desktop screen. Even though he was a master hacker by the time he was fifteen, had been arrested twice by the Feds by the time he was sixteen and had made his first million when he was seventeen, his only experience with women was from what he'd seen from the internet, and he didn't watch any Doris Day films. To his young corrupted mind all women were the same. They were all sluts, taking every opportunity to have sex, with as many different men at the same time, possible. In rare lucid moments, his incredible intellect rationalised that a lot of it wasn't real, however people generally believe what they want to believe and a young Robert Cranton-Smith after seeing so much internet porn, believed that if you had lots of money and a big dick then success was guaranteed. Luckily he had both! In the evenings he could be found populating the Los Angeles nightclub scene and it was here he met some of Hollywood's up and coming stars. Not only did he earn them some serious cash on the internet, but he also earned a reputation as a wonderful albeit distant lover amongst the young starlets. As his reputation grew so did his portfolio and his address book. It grew thicker and thicker and contained the names of some of the most influential men and their wives in town. It was during this period that Robert Cranton-Smith found out that money wasn't the only thing that women craved. He discovered these so called married ladies, usually older and bored by money and power were looking for a new way to amuse themselves. Robert with his hard body and even harder cock, became their new hobby. These women were more experienced than he was and knew exactly what they wanted and it was here that a young Robert learnt not only the art of sexual pleasure, but that

women were just as sexually driven as men. Once engaged in the physical act, they gave themselves over to their own debauchery, they had no inhibitions, and knew no boundaries. They were only interested in where the next wonderful orgasm would be coming from. Robert had become an expert in recognising the wistful, dreamy glances and had grown into a real ladies man, his easy manner and good looks helped of course but it was their own secret desires that really drove these sex-craved goddesses into his bed. As far as he was concerned Robert had the perfect life, and then he saw the photo of Dana Jones. In her expression he saw the same unfulfilled desires but hers was coupled with an almost ethereal beauty. It was this combination of innocence and seductiveness that immediately hypnotised Robert Cranton-Smith. Replacing the snapshot inside his wallet, Christopher Jones thought nothing more of the incident despite the fact that his client seemed a bit reluctant to part with the photo. Robert Cranton-Smith however had made an oath. He vowed to himself that he would have her, whatever it took. Unfortunately for Christopher, when Robert wanted something badly enough, neither money or effort was spared. He hired a private investigator because he wanted to know everything about her. According to their neighbourhood, she was a decent hardworking, church going wife. Of course there were no children yet but they were still young so what's the rush. Although her husband was often away on business, Dana wasn't known to have gone astray. In fact she seemed like the perfect housewife and the more Robert learned of her private life, the more he wondered if he was mistaken. However the investigator hadn't earned his reputation for nothing and after a couple weeks of snooping, he found what he was looking for. After receiving the information via e-mail, Robert clicked the enclosed hyperlink and watched a long forgotten film in awe. Starring a much younger Dana Jones being very, very naughty, Robert still wasn't sure he believed what he'd seen. Being rich has it' perks and as his infatuation grew, Robert Cranton-Smith made some arrangements. Renting a house that backed onto the Jones's property was easily done and with the aid of high powered telescopes and cameras, Robert observed Dana when she was at home alone. The memory of what he had seen could still get him nice and hard. Dana Jones was definitely not who she seemed to be, that was for sure. What's more this stunningly attractive lawyer tried harder than anybody to disguise her true entity. She never flirted at work, kept men at arm's length and never gossiped. In fact she was regarded as cold and remote, and not even Susie knew much about Dana's life outside the office. This carefully crafted façade of professionalism, and her charade of decency for the neighbours had fooled everybody. Only late at night, when no-one else was around did she remove her mask and indulge in her true desires. Knowing which catalyst was needed to ignite the smouldering desire within Dana, Robert knew exactly what he was doing when Susie leant over the bureau. Admittedly he hadn't expected such a delightful opportunity to present itself but that didn't bother him. The ends justified the means and having benefited from the one he hoped to enjoy the other. He could feel his erect cock straining against his trousers and having seen how avidly Dana's watched him finger her secretary, there was no mistaking what she wanted. He had seen her like this before but only from a distance and now he was observing her from just a few feet away. Her gorgeous green eyes, the pupils wide and dilated, displayed a carnal desperation and her expression was one of frustrated anguish. Not even her professionalism could conceal her true feelings, and

Dana wanted to scream. She was turned on! Very turned on! She knew it and he knew it and what's more, she knew he knew, which made this situation very awkward for her and all the more interesting for him. Chapter 5 Thursday Afternoon 1.10 pm After hearing the office door closing Mark looked at Dana with his crystal clear blue eyes and began talking. "Good afternoon Mrs Jones. Firstly Mr Jullianson says hello." Dana's breathing stopped momentarily at the mention of her former boss, and wondered apprehensively what had been said. Even though Mark's voice sounded friendly, Dana detected another undertone and she cursed herself for this unforeseen development. Looking at Mark's face, she dismally realised her old employer had told more than he should have. Her confidence began to wane as she assumed the worse. It had only happened once, and she'd quit her job immediately afterwards, however her old boss had obviously remembered the convention all too well. Hopefully he hadn't told Mark the whole story, but even a hint is enough for someone like Mark. Anything said, even jokingly could be exploited for his own ends and staring into Mark's blue eyes she got the message. 'Understand real good where I'm coming from young lady, I've done my homework very thoroughly!' He smiled benignly. "Now, that the niceties dispensed with, let's get down to business, shall we?" Dana nodded agreeably. 'Here it comes,' she thought solemnly. "The accusations from Miss Martin are totally unfounded. Her story is a total fabrication and Mr Cranton-Smith wants his good name cleared." The friendly Californian accent couldn't disguise the steely hard resolve in his voice. 'So the gloves are off,' she realised abjectly, wondering if he knew they were all on the same side. "Furthermore we're seriously considering prosecuting," this was no surprise for Dana, "her for slander. We want you to destroy her, am I clear? " Dana knew that refusing his demands was futile, but she wasn't sure if she could get Cranton-Smith acquitted let alone win a counter prosecution. "Miss Martin was a willing partner in a highly charged, very physical sexual encounter between two consenting adults and my friend here," he waved his hand at the other man in the room, "will be absolved of all charges. Is that understood?" Dana looked at Mark and his hard expression said, 'You're my bitch now!' She sighed softly and felt beaten. Hearing Mark's insinuation that he knew the real reason she had left Chicago, and coming so soon after her humiliating admission to Robert's taunting, almost proved too much for her. She waited until she was confident her voice wouldn't betray her unhappiness, before answering. "Mr Waterhouse," she paused gathering her thoughts, "firstly I'm not your enemy, I'm here to help you." She smiled pleasantly, hoping to gain some ground. "I've been asked to defend your friend here," and she gestured to Robert sitting opposite her, "in a court of law, if it goes that far." She added positively. "Now whilst I will do everything in my power to reach a satisfactory conclusion," Dana's mind was racing now, "and I agree with OUR goals," her emphasis on the word 'our' wasn't missed by anybody, nor was the pause before she continued. "I can't help feeling....as a woman," Dana placed a hand on her chest and could feel her heart thundering inside her bosom, "that YOUR friend seems to have behaved like a wild animal!" Again the emphasis on the word 'your' was obvious. She stared back at him without blinking. She felt better now. She had made her opening statement clearly and concisely and her confidence started returning. She smiled sweetly at him but at the same time thought 'I don't care what you know about me, you cocksucker. I'm nobody's bitch.' She felt better now and continued.

“Now I don’t know how you folks here ‘Out West’ regard men who beat up women, but where I come from they’re considered nothing more than worms,” She added, finally feeling superior. Mark Waterhouse smiled. His source was right, she had pit and was prepared to fight for her corner. He took his time formulating his reply and Dana instantly felt uneasy again. She glanced at the man they were discussing but he was just staring out the window, a bored expression on his face. “Now Mrs Jones, I don’t know how YOU folks do things up north in the Windy City,” Dana returned her attention to the older man after hearing herself being mocked, “but here 'Out West',” and Mark pointed outside the large window to downtown Los Angeles, “we like to have real evidence before we accuse anyone of a petty crime,” he retorted superiorly. Dana snorted her discontent. “Mr Waterhouse,” she began, but was interrupted by Mark. “Please Dana, call me Mark,” he replied in a friendlier tone, his expression softened somewhat. “Mr Water.....Mark, this is certainly not being regarded as a misdemeanour by L.A.’s finest. As you are well aware these accusations are very serious. The police certainly wouldn’t have arrested him on just circumstantial evidence.” Dana flipped open the map lying on the desk in front of her and pulled out some photo’s before continuing. “I would have to agree with you.....the encounter was certainly physical judging by these pictures, but that hardly gives him the right to go and beat people up. These hospital reports and photos from the doctors who treated Miss Martin are enough to get Mr Cranton-Smith locked up for a very long time, and not in the Beverly Hills Hilton I can assure you of that.” She thought she heard a snigger. “Oh no, from what I’ve heard, the guests he’ll soon be rubbing shoulders with.....if we don’t win, couldn’t be any more different from the Hollywood celebrities he normally associates with.” Both men laughed heartily at Dana’s last remark which she found irritating because it wasn’t meant to be funny. “Am I amusing you gentlemen?” She asked coldly. “As I was saying, the DA is not taking this lightly.” She pushed some photo’s across the desk and Mark picked up the pictures and studied them. Although the quality was a bit grainy they clearly showed the bruises on Miss Martin’s right side including her arm and leg but the clincher was the very obvious black eye which no amount of grainy imagery could disguise. Mark passed the photos back to Dana and looked as relaxed as anyone in his position could be. “Dana, the District Attorney has nothing to go on. We have everything we need to clear his name,” he said confidently, and Dana was suddenly unsure of herself. Did Mark know something that she didn’t she asked herself doubtingly. “Mark the physical evidence alone is enough to convict him!” she replied insistently, her voice rising indignantly. “As a former defence lawyer I’ve seen cases prosecuted on much thinner evidence than this. Take into account that Robert is something of a public figure, the resulting publicity for the state governor is enough to guarantee a trial. You know this is just the sort of thing that launches successful political careers!” Both men could hear the exasperation in her voice. Chapter 6 Thursday Afternoon 1.15 pm Seemingly relaxed, Mark gave her a wolfish grin “Have you got a copy of the DVD there? You know, the one that Robert supplied to your office to substantiate his innocence.” Dana blinked twice before answering cautiously, her voice suddenly sounding guarded. “Here?” She shook her head emphatically. “No Mark, I don’t have any DVD,” she assured him. “Not from Mr Cranton-Smith or anybody else for that matter.” Dana was speaking the truth. The DVD Mark asked for, lay in a secure draw in her desk at home. After she had cleaned up

the evidence of her orgasm the previous evening, Dana scanned through the film again and then copied the contents to a secure file on her laptop, before eventually going to bed. Technically, she didn't have the DVD here, not that she needed it. Having watched the film several times during the last 24 hours, every frame was firmly imprinted in her brain. She was so obsessed with the erotic images that it affected her work. Upon arriving at work, Dana informed Susie that she was not to be disturbed because she was preparing for her afternoons meeting. Susie was used to this single mindedness and did everything she could to guard against interruptions. This gave Dana the privacy she wanted but instead of getting down to some serious work all her deranged mind could think about was sex. The more she tried concentrating, the more her mind wandered. Trying to see if there was anything she could find to get this 'cluster fuck', thrown out of court was proving impossible. Cluster fuck was her daddy's favourite phrase, learnt in the Marines, when everything 'went south' another favourite saying, and she used both terms frequently. She was looking for any legal technicality. A procedure that hadn't been carried out properly, a denial of her clients rights, anything at all, but there was no such luck. Due to the high profile of her client, the Police had done everything by the book. That wasn't her only problem. Every time she studied the pages in front of her, the words seemed to blur into images of sex. Wild no holds barred sex. She could see big dicks, juicy wet cunts, and hungry mouths performing various deeds of debauchery. Try as she might, Dana couldn't get images out of her head. Dana tried pulling herself together but a little voice inside her heard kept reminding her that if she wanted to, she could easily watch the film again. No-one would know and she could always say it was part of her preparation. Eventually the nagging became too much and Dana reached for her laptop. The first time she watched it, under the pretext of doing some research, Dana got very turned on. The second time she watched it she was unconsciously rubbing herself between her legs, and was almost caught by Susie who came in unannounced with a cup of coffee. Just in time Dana managed to stop the film before Susie saw anything, but her heartbeat was almost double it's normal speed. The third time Dana watched the film, she was so horny she couldn't stop herself. Pulling her skirt up around her waist, she reached inside her panties and writhed her fingers over her swollen clit until she reached a delicious orgasm. Knowing Susie could reappear at any moment made it all the more enjoyable. "That's odd," Mark Waterhouse muttered. "I'm sure Mr Davidson received a copy.....oh well never mind, luckily I've got another one here," he said smiling broadly as he fished out a grey DVD case from his attaché case. "Can we watch this here?" he asked Dana, looking around the office. Dana shook her head apologetically. "Only the conference room had such viewing facilities," she mumbled. Mark nodded his head understandingly. "What about your desktop computer?" he asked hopefully. Again Dana shook her head. "No, we're all connected to a network run by a single server, but I do have my own laptop," she offered helpfully. Mark finally smiled "Thank god for that, because I was beginning to think that we were running out of options. Now here's the disk. Let's see what happens shall we." Chapter 7 Thursday Afternoon 1.20 pm Dana placed the laptop on her bureau, with the screen facing her two guests before she moved around the desk to join them. She inserted the disk in the opening then stood between them as the film began playing. Dana held her breath for obvious reasons, but as the first frames appeared she sighed with relief as she

thought this was a different movie. Her respite was short lived when she realised she was seeing the same scene but from a different angle. Using all her will power to keep her expression neutral, Dana looked at Mark Waterhouse questioningly. "What is this Mark," she asked hesitantly. "This is from Robert's living room," he explained smugly. "This was filmed by his security system," he added matter of factly. "Ah ha. So this is....." Dana started saying, but was interrupted by an excited Robert Cranton-Smith. "Yeah Mrs Jones, this is a home movie. One like you've never seen before." Dana eyed him challengingly before answering. "Oh I don't know Robert, I've seen some pretty wild things in the past," she smiled knowingly at him. "I can assure you I'm not that easily shocked." Robert's eyes just crinkled in pleasure as he smiled back at her conspiringly. "Oh I know you'll enjoy watching this" he added suggestively and then he winked at her. Dana's eyes widened in astonishment. 'He couldn't know, could he?' she wondered pensively. Was her secret blown? She tried figuring out what he could possibly know but came up blank. Dana watched his amused expression change to one of triumph and she began to worry. On film, Mr Robert Cranton-Smith and Miss Angela Martin hurriedly entered the room and then moved towards the sofa, kissing and fondling each other. After five minutes of heavy making out he moved to the bar and poured them some drinks. Whilst watching himself Robert tried explaining expansively, almost boastfully, how turned on he was that night, especially after being teased all evening by Angela's continuous ambiguity and suggestive behaviour. He began giving a running commentary but Mark suggested to his friend that maybe he should let Dana give the film her undivided attention. He stood up and walked towards the window. Dana looked behind her and watched him. She admired the sinewy way his muscled body moved, but said nothing. She felt a shiver run down her spine as she thought of him naked and despite the ten year age gap she was severely attracted to him. She returned her attention to the film, knowing she would have to keep up the pretence of seeing the film for the first time, which in reality was true. On screen music could be heard and Angela began dancing seductively. Almost immediately she started a sexy striptease and as she was half naked she could be heard demanding that he hurry up, because she badly needed fucking. Next Dana saw Robert produce a video camera and he commenced filming the movie that she knew oh so very well. This different version was just as hot as the one she had and stealing a sly glance down at Mark, still seated on his chair, she saw that he had a large bulge in his trousers. Not for the first time today Dana's knickers started getting sticky again. Cranton was observing Dana from behind as she watched the film and he could read the signs very clearly. She was definitely turned on. The subtle fidgeting betrayed her internal struggle, her body was reacting to the visual stimulation and she was fighting a losing battle. He was impressed with what he saw, how much control she was exerting, but it was all to no avail he thought amusedly. She really was an extremely attractive woman, obviously in the prime of her life and she was turning him on enormously which made him wonder how she lived her life like she did, knowing how she really was. Standing here watching her internal struggle he couldn't believe this was the same woman who shot him down on the phone so effectively only two days ago. If only she knew how he felt about her. Cranton had browsed her social media accounts and even though they was only open to friends, nothing was secret to a man with his special skills. He'd pored over every status update and photo she'd ever

posted and although she had some nice shots of herself, nothing could compare to the real thing. Seeing her here in her office dressed in her lawyer's uniform, he found himself even more attracted to her. As she stood there watching his raunchy movie, she kept crossing and uncrossing her legs as if her feet hurt, but he knew the real reason. With each movement her buttocks moved enticingly under her short skirt and he swore he could hear Dana's breathing becoming erratic. Quietly he massaged his throbbing erection through his trousers, and wondered how far he could go. Sensing she was being watched, Dana quickly looked over her shoulder at Robert and saw him massaging his loins. Returning her attention immediately to the laptop, she fervently hoped that he hadn't seen her checking him out. she was in trouble now. First the promising bulge in Mark's lap and then seeing Robert caressing his own trouser tent was becoming too much. Was she the only one who could feel the incredible sexual tension building between them. Watching Cranton being hungrily blown by Angela was making her pussy leak and had to press her thighs together to staunch the flow. Mark was watching the screen intently and Dana wondered briefly if he'd actually seen the whole film. As if to answer her curiosity Mark spoke up. "Watch what that little bitch does now," he urged indignantly. On screen Angela grabbed hold of Robert's massive cock and placed it between her swollen pussy lips. "Come on daddy, fuck me please," Angela pleaded on screen and Dana looking over her shoulder at Robert again, saw his hand still by his groin. 'So you're just as turned on as me,' she thought excitedly. This time, Robert seeing her watching him purposefully grabbed his manhood and squeezed it. His message was obvious. Chapter 8 Thursday Afternoon 1.25 pm Dana could feel the top of her thighs getting really sticky as her oily juices flowed freely and all she wanted to do was get naked, and get dirty, but she didn't move a muscle. Despite the minimal support offered by her corset, Dana's firm breasts jutted out proudly and her erect nipples were now clearly visible through her satin blouse. Her chest was rising and falling in time with her shallow breathing and her excitement was seen by Mark when he briefly glanced up at her. Even though his eyes paused momentarily at her physical reaction, he politely made no comment. Although he said nothing Dana saw him surreptitiously rub his erection and she almost whimpered out loud. She wanted to scream at them, to jolt them into action. Weren't they both as horny as she was? Didn't they want some of what was happening on the screen? "Come on guys," she urged them silently, "get your cocks out for me so I can suck some dick" she pleaded soundlessly. All they had to do was drop their trousers and she would happily sink to her knees and engorge herself on their warm meat, sucking them until they eventually filled her mouth with hot creamy spunk. The more Dana thought about what she wanted, the more turned on she became. Was it too much to ask for, she wondered, to feel hands feverously groping her body, mouths hungrily licking and biting her nipples or even better flicking deliciously over her clit. Thinking about it made her sex ache, especially when she saw Robert relentlessly pounded Angela's cunt. That, thought Dana watching the film in anguished silence was exactly what she wanted right now, a big fat cock buried deep inside her. But why stop at one she wondered, whilst watching Angela get on all fours so that Robert could fuck her doggy style. As she saw him squatting above the actress, his giant cock poised for action, Dana remembered that two cocks was much better than one. It had been a long time ago but she'd never forgotten the experience. How she had

screamed out loud in joyous abandonment as two hard pricks thrust wildly inside her. She especially loved the feeling of her anal star being penetrated whilst sitting astride a massive thick dick. Despite her thighs being pressed tightly together, Dana felt love juice dribbling down the bare flesh between her panties and stockings and the erotic feeling sent shivers running down her spine. On screen, Robert continued fucking Angela doggy style and then Dana watched excitedly how his thumb began lubricating Angela's tight arsehole with spittle. Dana could feel her own star twitching in time with Robert's movements in the film. 'So, you're into anal sex as well are you?' she acknowledged ecstatically as Robert's thumb pushed past Angela's sphincter. On screen Robert withdrew his glistening erection from Angela's gaping pussy and placed his shiny glans against her tiny clenched arsehole. Angela feeling a sudden emptiness between her legs glanced round behind her just as the massive purple coloured mushroom head pushed past her lubricated star. This is where Dana's version ended and now she saw the reason why. Unlike Dana, Angela wasn't into anal in any way, shape or form, and started flaying her arms about wildly and tried to escape his onslaught. Her right arm elbowed the camera out of Robert's hand in her haste to stand up, and then she tripped and fell. It wasn't the tripping that did the damage, it was her face landing on the corner of the coffee table that made the sickening thud. If she was angry at Robert for trying to fuck her anally, then she was furious at him for causing her to hit her head against the table. She started punching him, scratching his face with her razor sharp fingernails and was screaming and shouting obscenities at him. Cranton-Smith unaware he'd done anything wrong was hugely confused at this sudden turn of events. At first he thought Angela was engaging in some kinky game but after she drew blood from a scratch on his cheek, he realised she was deadly serious. He began defending himself from her attacks, but she was hysterical now and Cranton had to slap her twice in the face to try and calm her down. Angela however, was made of sterner stuff and the slaps enraged her to new heights of ferocity. She recovered quickly and renewed her attack with vigour. Aware his evening was definitely over, Robert retaliated in kind, eventually pushing Angela away from himself and letting her fall onto the floor. Spitting mad now, he repeatedly swore at her and told her in no uncertain terms to leave. He left the room so she get dressed and moments later, Angela could be seen making her fateful telephone call.

Chapter 9 Thursday Afternoon 1.30 pm. Still silently dreaming about getting her arse well and truly fucked, it took Dana a moment to realise that the film had ended. Her office was unusually quiet. Nobody dared to speak and the only sound to be heard was the air conditioning, humming away unobtrusively in the background. Despite the units best efforts to keep everybody cool, all three were extremely turned on and the sexual tension was physically tangible. Finally Dana started to speak only because the silence was becoming embarrassing. "Well there's no question....." but before she could finish her sentence Robert Cranton-Smith's hands reached round and cupped her excited breasts and started massaging the soft flesh. Dana who was almost beyond herself with lust, almost orgasmed on the spot. "Oh yeeesssss," she gasped as his strong fingers started tweaking her protruding nipples causing small shocks to ripple through her torso. Dana sank enthusiastically into his arms. "Oh God.....don't stop you bastard. That feels sooooo good!" she moaned softly, "What took you so long?" she asked playfully, "Couldn't you see I was gagging for it!" she exclaimed by way of

explanation. Dana's hands cupped Robert's and held them tightly in place. Mark looked up at what was happening and horror was written all over his face. "Jesus Robbie, have you lost your fucking mind?" He was truly shocked at his friend's behaviour. He had no idea he Robert had been planning this for weeks. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he demanded exasperated. Having spent many years protecting and defending his buddy from friend and foe alike he was aghast at what he saw. Protecting Robert was not exactly what he had in mind when he left law school all those years ago, but having grown up in the same neighbourhood he couldn't let one of his own go to jail after being arrested for hacking into the State's tax records. And now, right in front of his own eyes, Robert was engaging in behaviour that could very easily be construed as sexual assault. Not only that but he was doing it with the lawyer employed to defend him in the courts of law. Robert just laughed in reply. "Mark can't you see what's happening man?" Mark glanced incomprehensibly at Dana, but she had her eyes closed and was enjoying Robert's tit massage. His expensive cologne penetrated her nostrils as she leaned backwards against his body and she felt intoxicated with lust. She opened her eyes but in her mind's eye all she could see was his large thick prick. When she spoke, her voice was thick with lust. "He's right Mark! Ever since I saw that film last night I haven't stop thinking about his big fat cock. It kept me awake all night, it was haunting my dreams and this morning I couldn't face my husband knowing I wanted to be fucked by your friend." She shifted a hand from her breast and moved it behind her, fumbling for the object of her desire. "I'm feeling so fucking horny," she remarked, "that my knickers are soaking wet and cunt juice is running down my thighs!" she said matter of factly. Mark's eyes widened in surprise, both at her obscene language and her honesty. "Oh don't look at me like that," she smiled wickedly at him. "I saw you rubbing your cock after seeing my tits, so don't deny it stud." Mark tried to protest but stopped himself. Dana just looked him straight in the eye and spoke huskily. "I need sex boys, and I need it now, so what the fuck are you waiting for?" To be continued.....