The Inner Sanctum

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At last on her last day, the boss noticed Jennie ..

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Jennie Straw provoked violent emotions from the moment she started working as a temp at the local council treasury.

She was beautiful and she was aloof with the men, thus the other women hated her. The men were restless and dissatisfied, despising her and at the same time ready to see all the other women burned to ashes in exchange for Jennie's love.

She was small and very delicate looking, more like a schoolgirl than a twenty year old woman, with long golden hair half way down her back, large brown eyes and a smile that could make a man incorrect in believing he was her special one. Her face was oval, well proportioned with a nicely shaped nose and full red lips. She dressed with simple feminine style, looking ravishing in anything she wore, preferring soft knit skirts, which she wore above knee length, her peachy bare legs driving men to insanity. Cosmetics Jennie never used and it further enraged the women that while she had all the natural colour and bloom of her beauty they had to spend time and money patching up their appearances.

She moved with light elegance and some physical aspect or other turned men's heads or caused them to leer. Jennie's breasts were like two large oranges defying gravity in her blouse and she never wore a bra. Her bottom was small and firm like a girl's, protruding ever so slightly, stirring love and passion in the hearts of all the men and making them dejected as they watched her. Of those who dared feel worthy to try, all had been turned down with polite indifference.

She gave the appearance of flaunting her lovely pretty self - radiating her feminine charm and neutralising the other ladies in the department so they felt inadequate and inferior to her.

Nobody knew her past history or perhaps the ladies would have been kinder, especially as she sometimes came into work looking remote and unhappy. Her parents had been killed in a car crash when she was 12. She had been adopted and left home at the earliest opportunity to escape certain unwanted attentions, qualifying as a secretary she had been alone in the world as she went from job

to job, unsettled and uncertain. Men had pursued her but she was reserved. There had been a love affair with a man who deceived her when she was eighteen. He took her virginity though he was married and had much pleasure from her before she found out this matrimonial fact.

Jennie was aware of her beauty and knew her worth. From the affair she had experienced she knew what it meant to a man if she would allow him his way with her. She understood why men agonized over her, why they felt pain when they stared, and she knew that if she was patient she would find a man worthy of the fruit she had in abundance to give. She had it in her mind to find a husband and understood she would not be able to live her life until she had been picked. She was prepared to wait for the man. Someone strong enough to look after her, to give her fine children and the security to raise them. She knew she was beautiful and in return for the security she needed she would provide him all the happiness as he wanted it.

On the upper floors she had been noticed by management and some of the senior staff made a move on her without success. They tried their luck one after the other and failed.

There was one man in the building in whom Jennie had an interest - Frank Johnson, the director of public services, the chief. He was of Afro-Caribbean origin, had a reputation for being a tough departmental head, was firm with his staff. A rising star in local government. His ability to process vast amounts of information and produce hard hitting reports had got him the top spot at the council. He had achieved Oxford against all the odds by working harder than all the others. He had this success - yet he was without a woman. He had dated many in the past and had discarded them not having found what he wanted for himself. He had left off for some time and focused on his work.

Frank had heard of Jennie but not seen her as he rarely had business on the lower floor. Then on her last day Jennie had an errand up stairs and she arrived with some documents at his office.

Jennie knew about Frank - she had seen him and he was the only man who held any interest for her yet she did not seek him out because she was the woman.

When she was there Frank happened to come out of his room and saw her, the beautiful delicate woman. He wished her good morning and went back to his desk feeling disturbed and tense. He made some enquiries after her and he learned that she was leaving the department that very day as her temporary contract had expired.

Later in the afternoon Jennie was tidying her desk and collecting her things together. The female staff members were relieved, she was going at last. The men were depressed. She did not want them, but she was a rare flower and it was like the end of the world to lose her. They would miss seeing her sexual loveliness radiate the office.

Later in the afternoon the big boss arrived with a small bouquet of flowers.

Frank Johnson, the director, had come for Jennie, to claim her for himself.

His large black presence loomed as he presented the flowers.

"Miss Straw I believe, I understand you are leaving is today." He said, his deep voice penetrated deep into her.

Jennie accepted the flowers. "How kind." she said with her typical reserve.

He looked at her and felt weak inside but remained strong.

Her breasts troubled him terribly - nagged at his soul and he felt unbearable tension. He could see her nipples protruding through her blouse and had to pull himself together and defy the pain.

"Would you like to join me for a coffee after work?" He asked, knowing that his life depended on her answer.

There was silence. She studied his face carefully and saw kindness but she found something else in his expression, in his eyes - a dark wildness, in the depths of his pupils - it terrified her, yet she was drawn to him and broke the silence, accepting his invitation with a cautious nod and he said he would come for her at five-thirty.

The women looked on - red with rage they were - they wanted to tear her to shreds and destroy her beauty, pull out her golden hair and rip the clothes from her perfect feminine body.

The men, all of them defeated - loved her still.

After work he arrived and she went with him to the café but they did not drink their coffees and neither did they say much except introduce first names to each other. He watched her with his dark looks but she did not feel intimidated. Her eyes began to smile back at his stare.

Several couples also sat taking their various styles of coffee. The ladies were attractive but when Jennie appeared her burning radiance destroyed them. The men were distracted and could not focus on what their partners were saying, longing for the beautiful woman and they were enraged. It made their blood boil to think that the dark powerful man was having unspeakable pleasures with their woman. That was how they saw the matter and they sat fuming.

The pair were unaware of the strong feelings against them.

"Shall we walk." he said to her.

They walked in the park and enjoyed the sunshine. He talked a little, observing and commenting on things and she found him amusing and intelligent. It made her feel special that he spoke softly to her as she had heard him in the department being masterful. She liked his way of seeing things. Occasionally she went ahead a little on her own and he looked at the pleasing shape of her bottom through her thin brown skirt and he was ill at ease, feeling the urgency to make a physical connection. He risked everything, taking her little hand in his strong fingers and held it tightly. She was surprised and looked away smiling in delight and triumph, squeezing his thumb for a moment with her little fingers. That slight pressure, a signal no words could more appropriately express, awakened the man in him, looming large he began to feel conquest of the unprotected woman and he felt an overwhelming urge to have pleasure from her.

He led her beyond the park up into a nature reserve along a disused railway which he often used for a stroll so he knew it well. It was early evening and the sun retreated behind dark clouds.

Several boys were clowning around on skateboards in front of girls in school uniform and he wanted to get well clear of them, away from their childish behaviour.

Frank guided Jennie into a thick cluster of woodland and went over a fence and helped her across. He carried her into the dense wild growth she had never seen and it thrilled her to explore this unknown territory.

He put her down and they ventured without a word into the dark mysterious depths of the wood. A rushing stream temporarily halted their progress and Frank was going to carry Jennie over but she wanted to feel the cool wetness of the shallow water. They removed their footwear and he crossed first waiting for the lady to follow. She was hesitant at first but he held out his hand and she came through the swirling shallows to him.

Birds were twittering and branches creaked and shook in the breeze. The air was thick with insects. A gentle rain was beginning to drip through but Jennie and Frank were oblivious to that. He used a decaying log as a seat and guided her to sit on his knee and he touched her face to feel the lovely softness of her skin. She was so light he barely sensed her weight but he felt the animal heat of the woman. Then he put his rough face against her cheek, breathing deeply the intoxicating fragrance of her femininity and shuddering.

He looked down at her bosom. Jennie unbuttoned her blouse baring naked breasts to the hot woodland air and looked away up to the dark sky through the branches. He beheld her ripeness and lost his wits to the young woman and he surrendered to her. His desire now frenzied in the heat he touched freely and kissed her on the lips for the first time, feeling the madness of love and desire obliterating his mind as the wild mystery of life opened to him. And Jennie wanted him and knew from her subconscious that he was right for her - that he alone had the genes that would mix with her genes and sire her offspring.

In his passion he had taken Jennie to the ground and was kissing and touching her as they writhed on the mossy patch, feeling with his strong hands the soft feminine form of the petite white woman, her bottom, legs and breasts.

Desire raged in him and he sensed that at long last the sex satisfaction he longed for would be his. The agony would end. In his haste he removed her underwear and she opened her flesh before him but as he fumbled desperately with his trousers he suddenly turned her over with a movement of the hand. Jennie rested on folded arms and raised her bottom.

He was enraptured by her slimness, her white feminine smoothness and her ripe fruit waiting for him. He looked at her pretty behind with eagerness. Then he pressed his muscular legs against her thighs and she tossed her lovely hair forwards for him to enjoy the sight of her neck while he was making love to her. Finally, she opened to him like a red rose in the midday sun.

At last the powerful black man had power over her as he had desired. He had intended to gratify all of his sexual fantasies and make love slowly, probing her deep dark place and ravishing the girlish legs and hips with his strong black hands. But the excitement was greater than anything he could have imagined and he felt the explosion of nature begin before he was ready. Sensing disaster he savagely invaded her fragile body and gave in to the thrilling pleasure which shook him violently from top to toe.

Happy and relieved at long last, the man instinctively pressed tightly against her - emptying his seed into the deep inner sanctum of the fertile woman as she gasped and shrieked.

Rain dripped through the trees onto the lovers and they were drenched.

They dressed and were damp in their clothes.

Frank looked at the woman he had just made love to and felt elation. The newly discovered territory was open to him alone, the explorer. Now he was afraid to die, to lose all this, the promised land.

Jennie looked back at him, trying to read his thoughts. "Do you love me?" she asked, staking her claim on him.

"You're my woman." He answered, laying down his law. It would have to be his way, he was prepared to lose her and live his life in misery rather than live according to her needs.

"Yes I'm your woman" she surrendered her spirit to him and bared her breasts. She was prepared to serve him on any terms.

He came to her once more, as the female body mercilessly lured him into the promised land - where the inner sanctum yielded to the dark explorer.