

# 9th A Promotion at work!

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*I begin an Affair with my boss!*

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Once we got home it was supper time, the house was cool and Catherine stoked the fire and soon got a nice fire going, I fixed myself a drink and settled into one of the chairs by the fire while she busied herself fixing supper.

I recalled the events of the afternoon and how it had affected me, I had to watch everything. I couldn't have averted my eyes if I'd wanted to; to me it was incredible to see how they endured the punishment. I was too busy taking it all in to really notice how the other women reacted to it, to see how the scene might have affected them too. I did recall how Catherine had taken hold of my hand when the first woman was being punished, not only holding it but actually gripping it quite tightly.

The fire was going nicely when Catherine came to join me by the fire, offered to replenish my drink before sitting down to join me while supper was cooking. She was quiet, a little distant I thought, and then realized something was troubling her. I had seen her sad on other occasions but not like this; I waited to see if she was going to say anything, but she just sat looking into the fire.

"You're going to leave me," she blurted out.

"What" I almost yelled, "Why should I leave you, I love you what made you think that?"

"I saw how captivated you were watching those women being disciplined" she went on. "You would have liked to be the one wielding the strap."

"So," I said, and before I could say anything more she went on.

"You ever think I might like it too," she said, "If you really cared for me you'd want me to improve too." You never find fault with my pleasing you, or complain. I've told you can't hurt me, that you can do what you want with me." "I'm so happy you've chosen to let me love you, to be there for you when you need me, now I fear I may lose you."

I didn't know what to say; now you must understand I prided myself in being intelligent and attractive. Yet there was a lot happening in my life I never gave a thought to. I'd never heard of Masters, Dominants or submissiveness at that time. Bondage, Discipline or anything like that was a mystery to me, never mind Sadism or Masochism, Yet although I didn't realize it, I was being screened or conditioned slowly to play a part by Marlene.

During supper I thought over the 9 months we'd been together, yes she had always worked hard at pleasing me. Not only that I'd come to realize how she had managed to teach me about makeup, clothing, how to tell quality, and about color coordination and styles. Getting my hair and manicures done professionally. I knew how effective it had been by how I was treated by others, thanks to her I had changed the image I had of myself. I owed her so much I could never think of leaving her.

I managed to give her some reassurance and we went to bed early, stripping off to enjoy each other. I was rough with her and yes she seemed to really enjoy it, the rougher the better actually hurting her. I could tell it did make her respond fiercely as evident by her moans and screams, her pussy wetter than ever, or perhaps I had been too self centered to notice before. That was a self improvement I would have to make myself.

I got into the habit of getting into my office early, now I was the manager I liked to get as much done in the morning as possible. My promotion had caused a problem with the staff; some went over my head to Mr. Gordon threatening to complain. He refused to budge and only one waitress actually walked out as a result. Another got fired because she became so surly with the customers she just had to go. The first couple of weeks were the worst but then things slowly started to get better.

The secret to success was efficiency, to show him I was not only good for sex, but that I had a brain and could use it. One thing that came with the job was I had to type a lot of letters. Now I was no typist never having had to, but Catherine got me a book out of the library on how to type and I spent some time every day practicing. Like anything, when I had to do or learn something, I wanted to do it well.

The following Wednesday was better, now Mr. Gordon was sure he was getting what he really wanted, he came prepared with a packet of condoms. He again wanted to rush it, but I made him take his time. I too was better prepared, wearing a more suitable garter belt and knickers. I let him get my top off as well as my skirt, and then stopped inviting him to sit on the desk as before.

After my treatment from the week before, he was quite happy to indulge me and I took his trousers right off. I sat in my chair and invited him to place his feet on the armrests, this gave me perfect access to his manhood. I began with the teasing of his cock and balls with my fingertips; he was as rigid as a pole. He was sitting back on his elbows and smiling down at me, and I made eye contact for

a minute and smiled back, then leaned forward and gave the head of his cock a kiss.

I saw the surprised look on his face, it was apparent nobody had ever done anything like that to him before. Now it was something I not only enjoyed, but was very good at. I loved to tease a cock with my tongue at first, holding it with just the palm of my hand and running my tongue lightly up and down the shaft. I was seldom in a rush as it was a turn on for me too, then to grip the head between my lips and twirl my tongue around it. I repeated this feeling him squirm, sometimes leaning forward to touch my head then falling back as his pleasure mounted.

Knowing he couldn't control himself I gave him a deep throat, taking it all the way in and massaging the foreskin with my mouth tightly wrapped around it. I expected his cum, and when it shot out of him I held it in my mouth till he finished squirting. I still didn't let go, kept sucking it as it went slack getting every last drop out of him.

I was aching inside; it had been so long since I'd last had a real cock inside me. I wanted it bad but of course he was useless for the time being. I put my hand down and felt myself; the crotch of my knickers was soaked with my juices. He watched as I gave myself a rub through them, it felt so good I couldn't help myself I just had to cum too. I was moaning and making sounds of pleasure, again this was something new to him.

He got up and I took my knickers off altogether, placing them on the desk I showed him the wet stains. "Look what you did to me," I remarked, "I'd enjoy good shag too."

He was obviously naive; no one had ever spoken to him like that before. We talked some more about the delights of sex, he told me he'd been with quite a few women as well as his wife. Obviously he treated them as just shag bags with no concern for their feelings, as long as he got 'his end away,' as he called it. I enjoyed our conversation as I felt the first moves of taking control, still I was cautious.

I played with his cock again to get it hard, he kissed me and fondled my tits in a clumsy attempt to get me aroused. I wanted to get him on the floor or desk so I could get on top, but thought it better to let him have his way for now.

Once he was good and stiff, I opened one of her rubbers and rolled it down over his cock. I gave it a bit of a suck then sat on the desk with my legs apart; he brought his cock to my pussy and lifted my legs as he slid it into me. I placed my legs over his hips, and he held onto me and fucked away. It wasn't long before I felt him stop and pulse as he ejaculated.

For me it was nice to feel a real cock inside me for a change, but of course there wasn't the satisfaction I would have liked. Once he pulled out I removed the condom and threw it in the garbage

can. There was a look of horror on his face as I did so. He quickly followed it and retrieved it, then ran to the bathroom and flushed it down the toilet. I smiled to myself as he did so, obviously scared someone might find out what we were up to.

Over the next few weeks I introduced him to more positions, till at last I could get him to lie down so I could get on top. I found that with men the second time was usually better, as they could last longer. I would begin by giving him a blow job, usually sitting at my desk and him sitting on it. Then later getting him to lie down, and after rolling a rubber down on his cock would climb on. I'd tease myself be rubbing my pussy up against it, then when I felt ready would insert it and ride him that way. Occasionally when I timed it right, I could give myself an orgasm.

Now at our club on the weekends we were getting to be friends with more and more ladies, one of the friends we made was a lovely blond lady named Joan. She would have been in her mid thirties, married yet enjoyed extracurricular activities with other women on occasion. One weekend as she had her house to herself for some reason, she decided to throw a party and we were invited. This was to be a, 'come as you are' and BYOB affair. Nothing fancy just a bunch of women getting together to have some fun, and if anyone wanted to they could sleep over.

It began as usual getting a drink and chatting as people arrived, and although we knew most there were some who'd we'd never met and were introduced too. I don't know if we were all lesbians or not, but it was definitely a ladies night out. The kitchen table was the bar and everyone would help themselves to a drink whenever they felt like it. There was quite a variety as I think most ladies brought something, and everyone was willing to share.

The hostess kept music playing on her turntable and it was quite loud but nobody cared, we were all just happy to let our hair down and party with others. The dancing started with the usual slow waltzes and, foxtrots, and soon we were all dancing in the living room. As the evening wore on it got livelier, we danced with each other, not just our partners and no one seemed upset by this. In fact it was fun to dance close and cuddle other women, getting rather naughty with one another.

Joan herself seemed to set the pace by starting to jive to the faster music, but there wasn't that much room. So she started gyrating by herself in time to the music, and soon others joined in. It was like what was to become disco dancing, with everyone dancing on the spot in a circle.

One lady started a strip by undoing her blouse to expose herself, she was well developed and shaking her shoulders made her tits go round in circles. The music seemed to get louder as we danced, not that anyone cared. Occasionally there would be a break as one tune finished and the other began, but it was a long playing record and after each pause we just kept dancing.

Everyone must have joined in as the floor got quite crowded, so we were bumping hips with one another to laughs and giggles. There was much excitement in the room and others started peeling off their clothes, Blouses and Dresses were undone and soon bras started falling on the floor as they were discarded. It was very erotic and almost everyone was caught up in the excitement. It wasn't my imagination, I noticed someone turning the volume up on the player. The increased noise added to the pleasure as ladies started playing with their own tits. More articles of clothing was being cast off and kicked aside, I was no different and soon down to just my knickers and stockings, and loving the feelings flowing through my body.

I watched my Catherine; she surprised me as she could certainly dance. Her movements very fluid a look of pure pleasure on her face, like me she was down to just her knickers, stockings and shoes and making love to herself with both hands. One hand on her tits and the other between her legs, and she wasn't the only one.

Finally the music ended and laughing and happy, we all crowded into the kitchen to get another drink. The Nudity didn't offend anyone as we all relaxed with our drinks, so nobody bothered putting any of their clothes back on. Catherine came over and gave me a hug, she was smiling and happy, her face shiny and sweating. Someone put on a slow LP and couples started dancing again, Joan asked me for a dance and setting down my drink we began dancing. It was passionate as our bare tits pressed against one another, and we began to kiss and caress. A voice said, "Excuse me" and the woman broke off and another took her place, she smiled at me as I picked up from where the other lady left off. Only that didn't last long either as there was an "Excuse me" and I had yet another partner.

This was happening elsewhere as ladies took the opportunity to dance intimately with others. I was popular being the youngest and one of the prettiest, and loved every minute of it. In between dances we would get another drink, soon when the music changed another lady would want to dance with me. It was impolite to refuse, not that I wanted to as we were all having a good time. Soon the chairs and sofa were put to good use, as the lovemaking got more serious.

It was well after midnight and I was feeling no pain, the drinks were going down smooth and both Catherine and I were having a wonderful time. Catherine doesn't drink much anyway, so if she had to drive us home she would have been OK. The main lights had been turned off which added to the atmosphere, leaving a small light over the cook stove in the kitchen, and only table light on in the living room. Soon some ladies were looking for their clothes and putting them on said their good nights to everyone and left.

If we were to stay over I wondered where we were going to sleep, it was a three bedroom house so it was a question of which bedroom we could use. The music was still playing slow waltzes and there were few people still dancing and cuddling. Joan asked me for a dance and we got up and started

dancing cheek to cheek. Her breasts felt wonderful rubbing against mine, our hands wandering over each other's backs. I was randy, my hand found the top of her knickers and I loved feeling the curvature of her hips. She pressed her torso against mine to encourage me to go further, my hand slid down the strap of her garter to find her stocking top, then up the back of her thigh to feel her arse cheek.

The music stopped playing and she placed her hands behind my neck and kissed me saying, "You staying over?"

"I'm tempted," I answered, "What about my Catherine?"

"Well her too" she answered, "I have lots of room and a lovely king sized bed."

"Tell you what," I said, "I have to go pee, why don't you ask her to see what she says?"

Returning from the bathroom I saw the two of them dancing close, Catherine had her head on Joan's shoulder as if in a dream world. Quietly I went into the kitchen and found my drink. I heard the music stop and a moment later the two of them came into the kitchen, arms around each other and they were both smiling. They came up to me and Joan put an arm around my waist, and quietly led us down the hallway to her bedroom.

There they laid me on the bed one on either side of me, their kisses began on my face and worked their way down to my tits. It was awesome, I placed my arms around each of them as they kissed and suckled my nipples. They continued down and I felt their hands pull my knickers down and off, followed by my garter and stockings. Joan came up to French kiss me, a hand caressing my tits as she did so. Catherine was gently moving my legs apart and up, her mouth found my pussy and she began tonguing it and sucking on my clit.

I had the most awesome adrenaline rush feeling my whole body come alive; it didn't take long for me to climax. I groaned and convulsed from the magnitude of it, and it had hardly subsided when I felt Joan let up. Moving before I knew what was happening; she straddled my face and presented her lovely blond haired pussy to my lips. She was so wet and smelly, almost dripping as my tongue reached into her crevice. She moaned and leaned over me, I placed my arms around her hips to pull her cunt into my face. I could tell from the feel that her mouth replaced Catherine's on my pussy, another beautiful orgasm roared to the surface and I took a few moments to let it subside before pushing Joan off me and onto her back.

Catherine wasted no time getting onto her face; the poor woman must have been so high from her loving me. I straddled Joan's legs and Catherine and I gave each other deep French kisses, she

fingering my tits as I in turn fingered Joan's pussy. I felt my Catherine's orgasm it was so powerful, it seemed to cascade through me to Joan's pussy as I automatically squeezed it for a moment.

We rested for a few minutes after, nothing was said, and we were all breathing heavy and sweating from the exertion. Nothing was said as we lay there, and then Joan and I made eye contact and with her eyes looked sideways towards Catherine. I got the message and just nodded my head and we moved onto her, dragged her further up onto the bed and began to give her royal treatment to her tits and pussy.

Catherine's squeals of delight were not only a pleasure to hear, but a further turn on for Joan and me too. We had her drumming her heels on the bed, squirming and trying to turn underneath us; we paid good attention to her cunt and tits.

Again we rested after, and I asked Catherine to go to the kitchen and grab some wine. She returned with half a bottle and two glasses, one for me and one for Joan. Once we slated our thirst, I looked at Joan laying there no doubt feeling contented, then when I put my glass down and turned my attention to her. Catherine moved up with me, the look on Joan's face could have been one of fear, or rather apprehension when she saw the two of us advance on her. She was in for one of the nicest rides of her life.

I was in for a busy summer with my new job; my efforts at pleasing Mr. Gordon started to pay off when I started taking the initiative on how I wanted to run the restaurant. He wasn't too happy about it at first, but I convinced him my personal benefits to him would make up for it.

My first change was to introduce the basics of a dress code for the waitresses. Foundation garments to accentuate their figures, recommending long legged panty girdles to give a smooth look to their hips when bending over to serve customers. Blouses to be white with short sleeves, skirts to be black or navy blue and not to come any lower than the knees, pencil skirts with a vent at the back preferred. Black nylon stockings and high heeled shoes to complete the costume, and nails to be kept nicely manicured and without any nail polish.

As we were a high class restaurant finding staff was not a problem, there were part time staff on call to fill in when required. Anyone who didn't buy into me system was got rid of, I was very strict as I wanted to maintain a very high professional standard. I assigned a code to each staff member, so in the mornings when I totaled up the receipts from the day before, I could see who was being the most productive.

I added a wine list to the back of the menu's with a brief description of each one; this helped the staff make recommendations to our customers. I slowly increased some prices overall as business

improved, and after about 5 months introduced a kick back system of 2 percent of each bill to the server as a bonus.

My social life was improving as well and Catherine loved it also, in the summer we went out more and more to nicer restaurants when I could find the time. This is where I could evaluate how others did business, in order to decide what improvements I could introduce to my own facility.

One Saturday the four of us decided to splurge and have dinner at a very plush hotel in the highlands, more for the upper classes really. That evening I was to meet a lovely lady who I was to get to know better over the next few months.

She was an acquaintance of Marlene's, and when she spotted her came over to say hello. After our dinner while having a drink, this lady joined us for a few minutes to chat. We were all introduced to one another, and it was decided we would all be go to our club in t5he city, where we could enjoy a night cap and this lady was invited by Marlene to join us.

Back at the club she sat between Marlene and me, I took her to be in her early 50's at first, a very handsome lady with short dark hair that framed her face nicely. She was wearing a simple black one piece sheath dress, with a silver monogram of the letters of her name, LL for Lillian Lloyd on her left breast. A triple strand of pearl necklace adorned her upper chest with matching ear rings. She was married to a very wealthy man 25 years her senior, who had made a fortune in the Ship building industry that, was thriving in Glasgow at that time.

She was definitely a very elegant lady, when we were introduced we shook hands saying how nice it was to meet one another. The skin felt so soft and her nails were nicely manicured, with just a couple of rings and a wedding band decorating her fingers. She'd never had to work in her life, her family was also quite wealthy and of course she married into wealth as well.

The first few years of her marriage were child bearing years and of course decoration for her husband at high class social functions. Like a lot of high powered business men at the time he was often gone on business, leaving her alone with the children. Other wealthy wives were in the same boat, (no pun intended) and they would socialize together. Bridge clubs and whist drives were popular, as were Tea parties and church socials, speaking engagements as well as attending company functions.

It seemed natural that she would be drawn to another close friend, someone who she could share secrets with. So she began a sexual relationship with this other lady who was in a similar relationship.