Changing Jobs

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You celebrate the end of the first week on the job by chatting with your bf

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You hated to leave your old job. You'd made some good friends and had worked there long enough to be sincerely sorry to leave it behind. Things had changed, and it just wasn't the same anymore. A few shake-ups, some conflicts with new staff who just didn't get it, and other issues made it feel like it wasn't where you wanted to be anymore. As things got worse, you were able to stay sane by chatting with your cyber boyfriend, Romeo4U, whenever it got to you, and it never seemed so bad when you were together.

Your affair had developed rapidly, surprising you both with how well you connected, and how perfect the chemistry was; even though you'd never met in person, the relationship was burning hot when the crack-down came. Your company cut off personal internet use and cut you off from him. It'd been so great to have a friend on your desktop when you needed him, making everything else seem tolerable, but taking him away from you at break time was the last straw. Without him, the crap just piled up until you just couldn't it, and you started looking for another job.

The interview at the new company had been brief and somewhat unusual. There weren't any questions about your skills or experiences, just general background—where you'd lived, what your interests were, and the like. The position had a number of benefits—flexible hours, a bump in pay, the much-coveted right to the 'judicious' use of personal email, and, it had to be admitted, your new boss. He was tall, confident, and handsome. His broad chest hinted at an athletic past; softened a bit now in his late 30s but still definitely fit. His icy blue eyes were compelling, piercing, and unflinching as he spoke to you. It was easy to see how such a man could be running an office so early in his career. Having a little eye candy around would certainly help the days go faster.

The first week passed uneventfully and everything was going well. On Friday, you finally had a break and you decided to exercise your personal email benefit on your morning break. Opening a chat window, you quickly found R4U and started some flirtatious chat.

…
Me: I've been dreaming of you again
R4U: Really? What about?
Me: I've been dreaming about that beautiful cock of yours
How it tastes
How it feels in my mouth
R4U: That's hot, baby
Me: I soooo need to suck you babe

The phone rang, taking you out of the moment. Damn! Just as things were starting to heat up, the boss called you into his office. You dutifully collected your thoughts, grabbed your notepad and headed to his office.

"Close the door", he commands as you enter his spacious office. You haven't heard this tone from him before and you're a little nervous as you close the door and sit down.

"We seem to have a bit of a problem here", he begins. "We are a professional office and we expect a certain level of professionalism from our staff". His eyes delve deep into yours and you ask, nervously, what the problem is.

"I've noticed that your outfits aren't leaving quite enough to the imagination and I find it very distracting." His eyes flick briefly across your white blouse, stretched across your generous chest, and down to your mid-thigh pencil skirt, currently pulled a little too high up your thigh, leaving nothing but shadow between his gaze and your pussy. You blush slightly and squirm in your seat, wondering what he can see and feeling more than a little exposed.

"I'm s-s-sorry Sir, I'll try to do better" you stumble.

"Ah, but that's only part of the problem…." he says, a slight smile appearing incongruously in his eyes and at the corner of his mouth but nowhere else.

Like a doe in the headlights, you sit, stunned, waiting for impact. "What's the problem, Sir?" you finally ask.

"When we said that you can use the internet for personal emails, we thought you might do a little shopping or make plans with friends. We had no idea you'd be using your break time for *this*".

He turns his monitor towards you and you see your recent conversation displayed on his screen. Your blush deepens and you look at the floor, mortified that *anyone* has seen this intimate

conversation, let alone your boss.

“The employee manual *explicitly* says that you can’t use our computers for indecent or immoral purposes. Wouldn’t you say this falls into at least *one* of those categories?”

Momentarily stunned, you try to recall those sections of the manual, but not recalling what you read. You are starting to panic, realizing that this all might have been a very big mistake.

“Um, I guess so, Sir” you admit, feeling small and afraid.

“I should fire you for this, you know” he says, confirming your fears.

“Yes, Sir” you reply, almost inaudibly, speaking mostly to your breasts.

“But I think you show a lot of promise and I’d hate to lose you so quickly”, his tone softens a bit as he holds out this bit of hope.

You raise your eyes at this and are surprised to see a wry smile on his face. “I have to admit that your outfits and your writing are sexy as hell. Your friend here, ‘R-4-u’ , is a very lucky guy”.

Not sure where he’s going with this, you look uncertainly at him, hoping to keep your job. “Um, I hope so, Sir?”

“I think I might be able to let you stay on one condition.”

Uncertain whether to be excited or frightened by what you assume is coming, you find the courage to return his piercing gaze. “What is that, Sir?”

“Come here”, he beckons from his side of the desk.

You find your feet and try to walk normally but your inner turmoil is making it difficult to move smoothly. You’re not sure whether you want to be that girl in the office, but your hard nipples make it pretty clear that you find this very exciting.

Standing next to him, he looks you over, his eyes plainly noticing your nipples. His eyes roam down, looking closely at your skirt, no doubt figuring out that you are not wearing anything underneath.

“No underwear, huh?” he says, making you feel naked and exposed.

“n-n-no Sir”

“Are your nipples hard?” he asks rhetorically.

“Um, yes, yes, Sir” you manage as your face burns; a twinge from below provides a second opinion as to how you feel about this turn of events.

“You’re really some kind of slut, aren’t you?” he asks, shaking his head. His tone and expression showing that he’s not completely displeased by this.

“Um, n-no sir” you stumble as you try to cross your arms across your chest in the hopes of hiding at least some of your shame.

“Well, either way, I think you need to fix the problem you’ve caused”. You notice a devilish smile forming on his face as your head snaps up, your mind spinning with the possibilities.

“I think the only way out of this is for you to suck my cock.” His sly smile indicating that he knows he’ll get what he wants.

You are confused, scared, but not wholly displeased at this turn of events. You’re already aroused from your chat, and the tension of this conversation has only deepened it. You’ve certainly had fleeting thoughts about what might be inside his well-tailored slacks but never imagined you’d be here.

Seeing neither resistance nor compliance, he stands slowly and looks down at you from his height advantage. His eyes narrow slightly, as he commands you “on your knees *now*”

Your stomach drops before the rest of you, but you find yourself on your knees quickly enough. You feel the warmth between your legs increasing as you anticipate servicing this man.

“Take it out” he commands and you raise your eyes to his crotch, looking at the very substantial and obviously hard bulge in there, pulsing, needing to escape.

You tentatively raise your hands to him; touching him tentatively.

“NOW” he commands more forcefully and you jump a bit as you lift both hands to his belt. Unbuckling, unzipping, and lowering his trousers, reveals a well tented pair of silken boxers. Reaching up, you grab the waistband and finally free the means to keeping your job.

Pleasantly girthy, his well-proportioned cock bobs gently in the stark light of the office. The large mushroom head stands proud, pointing at your mouth. You feel more stirring from below, your sex volunteering to bear this particular burden, but he has made his orders clear. You hand is stroking the shaft unconsciously as you lick your lips in preparation. His cock is firm and hot in your hand. You squeeze it gently, causing the spongy head to swell and redden slightly until you release the pressure.

“Suck it” he reminds you, smiling a little evilly down at you.

You close your eyes and suck the tip between your lush lips. As you told R4u, it really has been a long time since you’ve had a cock in your mouth and you smile, enjoying the feeling of the real thing after all the play and fantasies you’ve had about it. You click into the fantasy you were enjoying with Romeo, imagining that it’s his cock you’re sucking. You moan as you take the head into your mouth, suckling it gently as your tongue swirls around the tip. The answering moan from above is answer enough that your efforts are being appreciated. You use your hand to guide more of this lovely cock into your mouth, loving the feel of it, hot and thick between your lips. The slight saltiness brings back a flood of fond memories and you moan again. You pull back and look at the slick head, the veiny shaft, the shaved balls slowly rising as you lick around the ridge. Your free hand rises to graze against the soft, shaved skin, resulting in shudders from the powerful man above you. Smiling, you decide to make him pay a bit for making you suck him.

You blow on the wet ridge around the head while pulling on his balls. He quivers from the stimulation.

“Mmmm, suck it slut”,more moaning than commanding now that you are working your magic on him. You quickly suck him as deep as you can, causing his hips to thrust of their own accord. Your one hand wraps around his waist to grab his ass as the other settles on his balls.

You work up a rhythm, pulling him into your mouth while fondling his balls. After a brief time, you feel his balls starting to tighten. As you feel them rise to a climax, you pull them down hard as you pull away your lips and remove your hand, denying him release.

Shocked, he glares down at you. “What the fuck, slut?! When I told you to suck my cock, I meant ‘make me cum’!” Not giving you another chance to tease, he grabs your head with both hands and thrusts back into your mouth. Holding your head in place, he fucks your mouth with abandon, trying to reach the end he was robbed of. You make a simple “O” with your lips, trying just to keep up with his thrusting. Gagging every so often as he hits the back of your throat. You feel his thrusting getting ragged and hear him moaning. You know the end is near. Determined to leave with at least a little dignity and a face generally free of jizz, you wrap your arms around his waist and hold him deep in your mouth as he cums. His hips bucking against your face as his hands try to force his cock deeper.

Gagging as he spurts, it takes some effort but you manage to keep it all contained. Pulling off of him you look up so he can see his thick cum pooling in your mouth before you swallow it all. You move back in to clean him up thoroughly and enjoy the little aftershocks you give him as you lick and suck each drop from his softening cock.

He beams down at you and says “OK, I guess you can stay for a little longer”.

He offers you a hand up and gives you a tissue before he raises his boxers and pants.

As you leave, he reminds you, “now don’t forget what our email policy is, OK? I can’t ask you to suck me off every time you go online!” You laugh out of obligation and get out of his office as quickly as you can.

As you walk back to your desk, it hits you that this wasn’t R4u (as it was in your head), it was your boss. You realize that you were just face-fucked by a near-stranger in his office. His cum in your belly suddenly makes you feel ill and the taste of him in your mouth is making it worse. You feel dirty, used, and a little violated. Your arousal, slick on your thighs, makes you even more ashamed, knowing how turned on you were, how much you loved having him in your mouth, but feeling guilty knowing that it should have been R4u.

Stopping at your desk on your way to get something to get the taste out of your mouth, you realize that you left the chat window open.

R4u was still showing as online but nothing had been written since you left. Needing your friend to talk to and to confess to, you decide to push your luck to see if he was still there.

Me:Hey babe, you there?
R4u: Sure babe, what’s up?
Me: Um, I need to tell you something
R4u: What about?
Me: Well, something happened at work today
R4u: Oh, that….
Me: What?!?!?!
R4u: It was truly awesome, babe. May have been the best blowjob I ever had.
R4u: Now, can you get that shocked look off of your face and let me take you to lunch?