Crux - Part Two

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The night of the exhibition opening and Jenna learns more about Aedan than she expects...

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“Well I think it’s absolutely disgusting. Isn’t that right, Jerald?” Mrs Jenkins asserts, poking her husband in the ribs when he doesn’t respond immediately. Jenna conceals the smirk on her face, clearly being able to read Mr Jenkins thoughts; it’s obvious that his first feeling towards the erotic art collection is one of envy and not disgust.

“Yes dear, it’s decidedly disgusting,” he says, with a discreet wink in Jenna’s direction.

“It’s nothing more than cheap filth masquerading as art, and I for one would be appalled if anyone would think otherwise.” Mrs Jenkins looks around the group to gain support for her views, but all eyes are fixed on the erotic picture.

“Well Mrs Jenkins, you’re going to have to continue to be appalled,” Jenna says. “I find the collection far from cheap filth. Take this piece.” Jenna directs the groups attention to the framed photo hung next to them on the gallery wall.

The group turns and stands in silence, taking in the scene in front of them. Their eyes drawn instantly to the girl on her knees, her head impaled entirely on the beast's cock. His muscular arm wrapped tight around her head, with a savage grip on her long dark locks, keeping her place.

“I can understand why you might say that this piece is disgusting. I think however it’s all about perspective. When you look at it you probably see the girl as a victim to this man’s bestial desire, being forced to pleasure him, in what you could describe as a debased act.” She takes a step towards the picture directing their attention as she speaks. “Look at the way her gloved hands grip at his thighs. She is not pulling away from him. I think it only makes it disgusting if the girl is not a willing party to this salacious act. I think she is a willing participant. It’s amazing how Aedan has captured the raw passion and emotion in this shot. You can feel the power of emotion as they give themselves completely to each other, in an almost untamed way.”

“Jenna!” Rachel squawks from behind the group. “Can I have a word over here?”

“Excuse me, a moment.” Jenna apologizes to the group and walks over to Rachel, who stands arms crossed, highly glossed lips pouting.

“What do you think you are doing?” she hisses, when Jenna is far enough away from the group. “Do you know how much Mrs Jenkins spends in this gallery? You can’t go around antagonising her. What happened to ‘the customer is always right’?” Her sparkling blue eyes glare at Jenna.

“She is bad-mouthing the collection in front of all the other guests. I was just offering an alternative opinion and trying to win over some more sales for Aedan.”

“Yes well, we don’t pay you to give your opinion. Now be a good little girl and go and hand out some more champagne and nibbles.”

Jenna bites her lip to prevent her from retaliating; she can taste the metallic swirl of blood across her tongue. *Don’t drop to her level Jenna, keep that mouth shut,*she repeats in her mind whilst she walks to the storeroom to get the champagne for the guests.

She is bent over trying to reach the box of bottles from behind the hoover, which seems to have developed a mind of its own, when the door to the stockroom opens. She peers between her open legs at whoever has just come in, and jumps up quickly pulling the hem of her short dress down, when she sees it's Aedan standing behind her.

“The fridge is getting low on champagne so I was just getting some more,” she blurts out; trying to explain the situation he has just found her in.

He laughs at her flustered state. “I prefer a Sauvignon Blanc, myself,” he says, as he closes the door behind him.

He walks over to her, and takes the heavy box of champagne she is struggling with from her arms. Her body lurches with the electricity of his lingering touch as his hands brush the exposed skin on her arms. In the confines of the small stockroom his musky scent fills her nose, making her head swim. Thoughts of her fantasy fill her mind; the split second of contact feels like an eternity.

“Thank you,” she says, in a voice far huskier than she had intended.

“That’s exactly what I came to say to you,“ he says, placing the box on the floor.

“Oh. Why do I require your thanks?” she asks puzzled.

“I heard you defending my collection to that group. Your evaluation of that piece was excellent, and you’re absolutely right, Phoebe was very much a willing subject to Mark's attentions.” His features betray his emotions as he reminisces. “And I thought Miss Waldron was out of line to talk to you the way she did.”

Jenna scowls momentarily as that name crosses his lips, her dislike for the girl being easy to see on her pretty face.

“You heard that? Well I am used to dealing with her.” Her tone is filled with animosity and anger. “Do you know what the bitch did this morning? She pulled me into the office and showed me the CCTV footage of us talking the other night. She’s given me a verbal warning for touching the artwork, and getting finger prints on the exhibition! She made me go round this morning and clean every piece in the gallery. She even had me scrubbing the floor, because there were apparently marks on the floor from where I let you leave your bike.”

“I’m sorry to hear that I got you in trouble.” There is sincerity in his words.

“Don’t worry about it; she is only pissed at me because my sales have been higher than hers for the last six months. Mr Waldron is talking about promoting me to manager at the new gallery he is due to open.”

She bends down to retrieve a couple of bottles from the box at Aedan’s feet. It’s not until she rises back up bottles in hand, that she realises just how close her head is to Aedan’s crotch. She stops, her eyes drawn to look at the bulge in his trousers, before she remembers herself, making only the shortest embarrassed glance at his eyes. She quickly turns and moves to put the bottles in the fridge behind her. Depositing the fresh bottles, she removes a pair of chilled ones. Grateful for the cool of the glass against her skin, as her body heats up within the confines of the small area, due to Aedan’s libidinous presence.

“Well it seems to me that you deserve that promotion.” He takes one of the cold bottles from her hand, his fingers brushing across her delicate skin. Shocks radiate from his touch around her body, and she is highly aware of the tingling and dampness starting between her thighs. *He keeps doing that, I am sure he’s doing it on purpose.* Thoughts of her fantasy kiss enter her mind, her breathing catches. His grey piercing eyes look deep into hers. She is certain he can read her thoughts, but he doesn’t make a move to make those thoughts a reality, he just keeps her locked in his stare, reading her yet giving nothing away himself.

“Perhaps someone should teach that girl a lesson,” his voice breaks the tension in the small room.

“What goes around comes around. I am certain she’ll get what’s coming to her,” she replies as she walks to the door.

“Yes I’m sure she will,” he replies with a knowing look, which she misses as she opens the stockroom door, thankful for the rush of cool air that hits her flushed cheeks.

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Jenna is happy with how the rest of the opening goes. She manages to sell another four pieces of Aedan’s work. She is just about to lock the gallery door when Mr Jenkins comes bounding back in.

“Oh Gosh, I do hope I am not too late?” He is huffing and puffing as he enters the door. “I just had to make sure Grotbags was firmly out the way before returning. I am so terribly sorry if the old battle-axe caused you bother earlier?”

“It’s fine honestly. Now what can I do for you at such a late hour Mr Jenkins? I was just about to lock up.”

“Well I am sure an intelligent girl like you noticed that my opinion of young Aedan’s work does not match that of my wife’s.”

Jenna gives him a knowing smile. “Come this way, Jerald. You don’t mind me calling you that do you?” She leads him over to the photo she had caught him admiring several times throughout the night. “I believe if my instincts serve me correct, this is the one you are interested in?”

They both stand looking at the scene in front of them. It’s one of the more explicit pictures in the collection. Not unlike the picture she had defended earlier in the evening. It depicts a young, supple girl on her knees. Her long blond hair is being barbarically grasped by the powerful hands of her master. His giant member proudly protrudes from his leather trousers. The mouth of the young woman is stretched around his hard, imposing cock. The veins on his shaft are clearly visible. As her mouth sucks on the bulbous head, drool streaming down from his shaft.

“I think it will make a fine piece for my bathroom at the office,” he says, in a dreamy voice, his eyes fixed to the artwork.

“I think it’s a great choice. We just need to fill out some paperwork, and it’s all yours.”

She finishes up Mr Jenkins secret purchase, explaining she will have the photo sent to his office

when the exhibition has ended. She ushers him out into the cold night air and locks the front door, taking the stack of sales receipts to deposit them in the office.

She kicks off her shoes as she enters the office. Smiling with relief she plonks herself down in the office chair, happy to be off her aching feet after so many hours. She is cursing Rachel and her disappearance just as all the last jobs of the night need doing. She swivels the chair around to file the paperwork.

A movement on one of the scrolling CCTV images catches her eye, she shakes her head. *It can't be.* She blinks, slowly re-opening them hoping her eyes are playing a cruel trick on her. However the sight is still there.

The small monitor on the desk depicts the scenes captured by the CCTV cameras. She pulls the chair closers and waits for the screen to flick back over to the store cupboard. She gasps as the image reappears.

Just like the images in the exhibition she has been looking at all night, Jenna is faced with yet another sight of a woman on her knees, head deeply impaled on a hard cock. *Rachel!*

The screen flicks over again to a picture of the empty gallery. Jenna hurriedly rummages around the desk, swearing at Rachel for leaving it in such a state. She finds what she is looking for under a stack of brochures. She quickly takes the remote for the CCTV screen and presses the button to bring the stock room back on monitor.

Please don't let it be him. Please don't let it be him. Her heart sinks as she looks at the monitor, and sees Aedan's lust-filled face snarling back at her.

She knows she shouldn't keep watching. Her eyes are locked onto the black and white image. She sits observing with pure fascination. Aedan's hands are grasped round Rachel's head firmly holding her in place. His fingers anchored into her fake extensions. He vehemently uses her face for his pleasure. Bringing his still art works to life in front of Jenna's eyes. Her heart feels like it is going to explode and a damp patch begins spreading across her panties. There is no sound for the CCTV, but Jenna can just imagine the sounds of his cock savagely ploughing deep into her manager's throat.

Jenna is astounded by the vision of pure salacity; however she is more shocked at the voice ringing around her head. "*That's it Aedan, you show the bitch. Fuck that little slut's face,"* she wouldn't have thought it possible, but Aedan increases the ferocity, almost as if he could hear her.

Suddenly he pulls his cock from her mouth, strands of her drool cascading from his hard cock. He

pulls her up by her hair, and manhandles her so her tear-streamed and runny make-upped face is clear for the camera to see. Pushing her back to her knees, with one of his hands firmly grasping her shoulder holding her body in place, the other takes hold of his straining organ. He starts pumping his manhood, aiming directly at Rachel's face.

Jenna sees his intentions register across Rachel's features. She sees Rachel try to move but his grasp of her body is too firm. She sees Aedan's body stiffen. His body shakes as the fulmination rips through his body, sending spurt after spurt of hot creamy ejaculate over Rachel's astonished face.

The office phone rings, shattering Jenna's arousal at the scene she is witnessing. She jumps with surprise, throwing the remote she still has in her hand across the room, sending it crashing to the floor and batteries rolling free. She quickly picks up the receiver, trying to steady her voice.

"Hello, Waldron Galleries. Jenna speaking, how can I help?" She glances back at the monitor, and see's Aedan zipping up his trousers and exiting the stockroom, leaving Rachel covered in cum and alone. "Hello, Mr Waldron….. No I am afraid Rachel isn't available." She looks back at the screen watching the image of his daughter's dismayed face as she wipes the strings of cum from her cheeks and nose. "She is just cleaning up a mess in the stockroom." She smiles inwardly at her own play on words. "Oh no, everything is fine….Yes the opening went really well. I've sold seven pieces out of the new collection…No I think her focus was on entertaining this evening…She told you about the warning?...Yes I am sorry, I know it's important to keep the artwork looking it's best…Certainly, Mr Waldron…Sorry, Murray…Yes I will have the paperwork ready for our Monday meeting…Thank you…Bye."

She replaces the receiver and turns back to the screen, but the stockroom is now empty. Seething at the knowledge that Rachel had gone running to Daddy telling him about how she had to discipline his staff, she goes over to the machine that stores the recordings for the CCTV. Her hand lingers hesitantly over the eject button for the CD containing the stockroom footage. She wrestles with her conscience, before every snide comment, every put down from Rachel plays across her mind. She removes the CD, replacing it with a blank one. She scribbles a quick note to Rachel telling her she has left early, and she can do her job as manger tonight and lock up the gallery, before grabbing her coat and bag, sliding on her comfy shoes and heading out of the door.

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She unlocks the door to her apartment, calling out for Matt as she walks in shrugging off her coat, switching on the lamp in the living-room, before checking through the rest of the house. She gets to the kitchen, pours a large shot of Jameson's, downing it in one. She spots the note on the kitchen table from Matt, telling her he is stopping at Kim's tonight. She is happy for her roommate who had

finally got it together with his long time crush. She is also glad that it means she has the apartment to herself tonight. She quickly pours herself another drink, picking up the disk that she had deposited on the work top, and heads back into the living room.

Flicking on the TV, so that the dim lit room bursts into light, she slips the disk into the player and grabs the remote from the table. *Shit I forgot to pick the remote up, back at the office.* Her mind panics thinking it could draw attention to the missing footage, but she quickly dismisses it, easing her concerns with the thought that she will just nip into the gallery first thing tomorrow on her way to the gym. She is sure that Rachel won't notice. Jenna smiles when she thinks of how Rachel will have other things on her mind tonight. Like the way her face had been used as Aedan's canvas for a completely different piece of artwork.

She presses play and is thankful that Murray had paid for a good CCTV system. It only recorded when the light activated motion sensors in the stockroom came on. The first image to fill the screen is that of Barbara the cleaner, she flings the hoover down, before ungraciously pulling her knickers from between her wobbling bum cheeks. Jenna involuntary turns her head away from the sight in disgust. She fast forwards the footage of the cleaning supplies re-stock and inventory. She has to quickly stop and rewind as the image of her bent over flashes across the screen.

The camera is positioned above the door, so it can capture the faces of anyone leaving. It means it gives an accurate view of what anyone walking in the storeroom would see, and she is horrified at the sight of her bent over, looking between her legs, her dress line raised high above her stockings tops. She was practically flashing for all to see. *It wasn't all who saw was it? It was Aedan who saw me bent over!*

She watches enthralled, as the encounter with Aedan unfolds from a completely new angle, her mind melding the two together, enhancing her understanding of their interaction. Jenna witnesses the birth of the idea in Aedan's mind, for the events she is about to see, with the sight of the knowing, wicked look Aedan has on his face as he exits the stockroom, Jenna remembers her comment, *I am certain she'll get what's coming to her.* She is tempted to rewind it and watch it again, but she is desperate to watch the full encounter between Aedan and Rachel.

She skips forward until Rachel's bleached mane appears in shot. She pause's the tape and swallows down the whiskey. *Can I do this? Can I really watch this?* Her mind is in turmoil. She likes Aedan; she respects him as an artist, she would like to learn from him. She can't deny that all she'd like to learn is not all to do with photography, but could she really spy on this man?

The wining rationalisation, and the one that prompts her finger to press play on the remote, is one of; *I've already seen him cum on her face, surely that means it is okay to watch the rest.*

Rachel enters the room, quickly followed by Aedan. Jenna nearly has to pause the film again, when Rachel pulls Aedan into a passionate kiss. Feeling resentment towards the girl she dislikes so much, getting what she had fantasized about only hours before, in the very same room.

They continue their oral assault with each other. Jenna imagines what it must feel like to feel his soft, yet forceful lips against hers, the graze of his stubble against her soft skin. She wishes she could see his face, but his back is towards the camera, the screen completely taken up by the back of his head, with Rachel's over manicured claws tussling through the curls of long brown hair.

Jenna's frustration however is short lived, as Aedan pushes Rachel further into the stockroom, he positions her so she is propped up against the large boxes, and they are both side onto the camera. Jenna watches in awe as Aedan kisses his way down the exposed skin of her manager's chest, ripping free her breasts from her low cut dress. His hands molest at her pert bossom. Jenna is envious of the girl's firm, petite chest, with her small pink nipples. She takes hold of her own much larger breasts, squeezing them gently through the material of her top. She watches as Aedan deftly uses his tongue, swirling over her hardening nipples. Jenna can see the pleasure spread across Rachel's face. *God, I wish that was me!* Her hand tugs at her own nipple.

Jenna expects Aedan to continue his act of pleasuring Rachel, but he firmly grabs her by the face. She can't see his lips to make out what he has told her, but she can see Rachel's confidence falter for a second, before the cocky self-assured look returns to her face. She goes to get on her knees, but Aedan pulls her up, moves her around so his face is now clearly visible for the camera to pick up, before pushing her back to her knees. She begins unzipping Aedan's trousers.

Jenna can feel her building excitement; she had glimpsed his hard cock earlier when he had taken it in hand, and she wanted to see it again. On screen, Rachel pulls at his trousers, exposing his impressive hard length. Jenna eyes widen as his cock springs free from its restraint.

Rachel takes his shaft in her hand and begins stroking him, kissing her way from the base of his shaft up to his head, which is glistening with the signs of pre-cum, making his head shine in the florescent light. Jenna thinks of how her boss missed a trick, and would have started with his balls, teasing him more.

Rachel seems to hesitate when it comes to plunging her head down on his awaiting cock, but Aedan simply grabs a handful of her hair and thrusts inside her mouth, sending her arms flailing. There is nothing soft and sensual about the way he uses her. There is a look of pure delight plastered across his features. He controls his pace and depth, working her mouth for his own entertainment.

Jenna’s hand slips under her skirt and finds the already soaked material of her panties. She begins to urgently massage her sensitive and pulsing clit. She can’t quite believe this delectable vision in front of her. Some part of her knows she should feel bad for viewing this intimate moment of a man she knows, but the wicked side of her loves feeling naughty. She can feel her orgasm building already, as her hand matches the fierce trusting of Aedan’s cock deep into Rachel’s face.

Jenna’s breaths sharply draws in, when Aedan looks directly into the camera, his eyes seemingly penetrating straight through the screen, as if he was looking right at her. His eyes telling her; “I told you she’d get what was coming to her.”

He then looks down at the girl on her knees in front of him, his view of her mouth swallowing up his cock, sending him deeper into his primal lust.

Jenna recognises the movements from what she had viewed earlier and knows what is about to happen. She closes her eyes and imagines what it would feel like to feel his hot load spray across her face, and her body tenses as the orgasm hits her body, squeals of her delight filling the empty room. She opens her eyes just as Aedan releases his cum across the shocked face of Rachel.

Jenna is just preparing to relax back and enjoy the warm afterglow of her orgasm, when there is a knock at the front door. *Shit! Who the fuck is that?* She quickly pauses the CD, leaving a still of Rachel’s cum splashed face on the screen. She pulls down her skirt, and quickly runs to the front door, opening it in a highly flustered state.

Her heart stops and she freezes as she is faced with the sight of Aedan leaning up against the wall outside her apartment.

“Aedan! What…What are you doing here….How…” She brushes her long red hair behind her ears and wraps her arms protectively around her body, trying to cover the still erect nipples that are poking through the light fabric of her top.

“I hope you don’t mind, I looked up your address from the mailing list?” He pulls his jacket around him to protect from the cold wind. “Can I come in, it’s freezing out here?”

“Yes, yes of course. Sorry come in.” She moves to the side allowing him to enter.

He goes to walk into the living room. Jenna panics remembering what he will see on the screen of the TV.

“Kitchen!” It’s almost a scream, and she quickly corrects herself, lowering her volume and trying to

regain some composure. “We should go into the kitchen on the left, so I can get you a drink. I have already been a bad host by leaving you out in the cold. Let’s get you warmed up.”

He ushers him away from the living-room door and into the kitchen.

“I didn’t get chance to say goodbye earlier, and I wanted to thank you again for your help today,” he says, as he sits down at the kitchen table.

“Oh it’s no problem, I really don’t mind helping out when it’s for an artist as good as you. Can I get you a whisky?” she asks, as she gets two glasses out from the cupboard.

“Mmm please, a whiskey would be good, you keep massaging my ego like that, and I won’t be able to get my head back out through the door.”

She smiles with pleasure at pleasing him with her compliment, and passes him the drink she’s poured.

“I actually came round so you could show me yours,” he calmly says as his sips his drink.

She panics confused by the double entendre. Sensing this he offers more.

“Your photos, you wanted to find out what I thought of your work. I must admit I have been rather looking forward to seeing them. If you’re as good as I think you’re going to be then I am in for a treat.”

“No pressure then,” she nervously giggles. She goes to retrieve her photos from her room, returning a few moments later with the stack that she had sat ages deciding over the previous night, in anticipation of him asking to see her work.

Not for the first time that night, Aedan has her heart beating vigorously in her chest. He takes his time looking over her work, giving nothing away as he looks at each photo in turn.

“Please!” she finally begs when she can’t bear the waiting any longer.

“Oh, I do like a girl that begs,” he says, with amusement in his voice.

Jenna shocks herself with the reply that comes from nowhere out of her lips. “I don’t beg so easily in all parts of my life.”

He looks up surprised by her comment, impressed by her hidden feistiness.

“Can I use your bathroom?” he asks, as he finishes off his drink. “Then I would like to talk to you about you accompanying me on a shoot I have coming up.”

She directs him to the bathroom, and pours them both another drink. She is just delighting about the prospect of going on a shoot with him, when she remembers the image still plastered across the 50” plasma. She rushes into the living room as she hears the toilet flush. *Remote….Remote….Where’s the bloody remote.* Relived she finds it behind one of the cushions and is just about to hit the standby button, “My, My. Now what do we have here?” his voice is filled with a dirty merriment. She freezes…

“I….I….” She struggles to find the right words; total horror at being caught casts her mind into disarray.

“Well you’ve exceeded my expectations, you dirty little bitch.”

She is shocked, yet also thrilled that he seems pleased, no, more than pleased with her naughty perving of his night’s activities.

“Yes I think we are going to make a good team, you and I. What about you? Do you think you’re ready for the type of friendship I offer?” His grey eyes look seriously into hers, awaiting her response.

“Yes, Yes I am ready.”