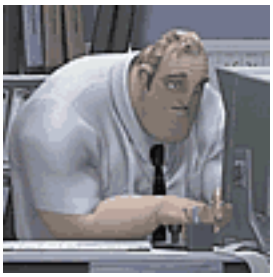
Fitting In At My New Job



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Camryn submits to a coworker's advances.

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I don’t know how I got myself into this but yet I don’t know if I want to get out of it. My name is Camryn. I’m 28 years old originally from the Northwest but I recently moved to Atlanta to take a job with a company that specializes in green solutions. You know, like solar panels, battery charging stations, and a bunch of other shit I know nothing about. The market was so bad I had to move to the South to land a job and support myself. I am not an engineer or technician or anything, I just have a degree in marketing. I landed a job with this company and now I coordinate sales and product data. I make those brochures and flyers that you throw away when you go to product fairs or conventions.

With my new job one of the few available perks is getting to go on customer outings with our internal sales staff. It’s the normal schmooze and booze setting and usually the better you are at “entertaining” the more you are asked to join.

I know what you are thinking. No, I do not mean that type of entertaining. To be more specific, if you are outgoing and are not afraid to talk to strangers and make sure that they are having a great time, you will get invited every time. It doesn’t hurt if you are attractive, which I have been told by many men that I am. I workout 5 days per week on average and I keep myself in great shape. I have blue eyes, sandy brown hair, and tanned skin. My upper body is larger than most girls with my frame and my lower body is tight thanks to my grueling gym workouts. All in all, it’s not difficult for me to attract men. Add this to the fact that I am very outgoing and social and it didn’t take long before I got invited to go downtown to entertain our customers for a night.

The day started out like any other work day. I told my boyfriend that I had been invited to the outing and he expressed his concerns. He was not too keen on me staying out late with a bunch of businessmen where he could not keep an eye on me. He knows that my tolerance is low and he usually ends up babysitting me during our nights out. I expressed that since I was still fairly new in the company that I wanted to show them that I was a team player and that it might help me with my career. Also, the event was on a Thursday night because all of the customers had to fly home on Friday. This seemed to ease his mind a bit and he asked me how late we were going to be out and I let him know that these usually end around 11:00 after dinner and drinks. With that, he left for work

and I followed shortly behind.

The day seemed to fly by with edits to our current sales promotion coming left and right. I took a break for some coffee around 10:00 when one of our sales guys walked into the break room. His name was Michael and he was not your typical sales guy. I had heard rumors that Michael played collegiate sports and he had the frame to support the rumor. He stood well over six feet tall and had a wide upper body. His waist was fairly trim but you could tell there was not much fat on him. Since the spring was approaching, he often wore Polo shirts with his business slacks and although his midsection fit a tad baggy his neck and arms left no room in his shirts. He had tanned skin which I learned was from weekends on the lakewake boarding. With green eyes and dark brown hair he was definitely not your typical salesman.

"You’re the new girl right," he said. "I heard that you were coming out with us tonight.”

He seemed to stare right through my eyes. And for some reason, I stared right back.

“Yep,” I said in response. “My name is Camryn. I just moved here from Oregon and Jim thought it would be a great way to connect with our customer base and get some info on the way they like to see the layouts of the marketing materials that we handout.”

Michael grinned and looked me up and down before saying, “I don’t think that’s the only reason you got invited. I have been waiting for you to join us. Save me a dance.”

Without waiting for my response he turned and left. Now I know that I am outgoing and all but it seemed that he was blatantly coming on to me. While I was walking back to my desk I kept replaying the conversation with him in my head. Soon I realized that I forgot my coffee and decided to pull myself together so that I could just get through the day.

About an hour before we were supposed to depart I got an email from the event coordinator stating that since it was downtown that we needed to carpool if possible. I had brought a dress for the event that was too short and low cut for work but still not too bad for a night with my workmates. I changed into it before leaving. Since I still didn’t know the city very well I caught a ride from the bus full of customers and we hit it off immediately. There wasn’t a single conversation based upon work. It was just a good, fun night out. We ate dinner at a great restaurant with a live band and our customers were having a blast. I probably danced with every one of them and none of them made me feel uncomfortable in any way. After dinner the drinks started to flow and we were having so much fun I lost count of how many concoctions that I had consumed. I was not drunk at all but the fact that my car was 40 miles away at the office gave me some comfort. I knew that if I did get tipsy I could use the drive to the office to sober up enough before driving my own car home. While thinking this one of

my dance partners called for a round of shots and I downed another before taking a break and heading to the table for a breather. That's where I found Michael chatting with a group of guys in a booth.

Michael looked up from his conversation and our eyes met again. He excused himself from the guys and immediately walked towards me. He had also changed clothes into a pair of light colored jeans and a black polo shirt. I realized that I was the one that was now looking him over as he strode to where I sat. I didn't want to make it look like I was ogling him so I turned and faced the dance floor and pretended to watch everyone. I felt his touch on the back of my neck and he leant down and said, "The customers really like you. They are having a blast and you are a great dancer."

Had he been watching me? This was getting out of hand. I mean, he is hot and all but I've got a boyfriend and I work with this guy. I decided to just go with it and act like I didn't hear that last part.

"This is really fun," I said. "I like coming out with you guys. Everyone is having a great time and the food was really good!"

When I talked to him I looked up over my shoulder at him standing over me. I don't know if it was the drinks or him but I got butterflies in my stomach. His cologne was sweet and his fingers were still touching the back of my neck. His green eyes sparkled with the dance lighting and I am sure he noticed the chills that ran down my neck. He sat his drink down on my table but remained standing over me. I tried to regain some composure by looking down to his glass and I asked, "What is that, Bourbon?"

I purposefully kept my eyes forward as he laughed and replied, "No honey. Down here we drink whiskey. And the only whiskey is Jack Daniels. It's brewed about 3 hours from here in Tennessee. They are one of our customers also. You should try some."

He slid his glass to me, offering a taste of his. I took a sip and after shots and fruity girl drinks the strength of the whiskey took me by surprise. I swallowed it and it went down very smooth.

"If you don't like it straight up you should try it with just a splash of Coke," he said. "You can keep that one. I will go get another."

With that he left me. His hands were the last to depart, seeming to hold the touch of my skin. I wondered if it was on purpose or by accident until he turned and seductively grinned again while walking away. Damn, why did he look so good while walking away?

As the night wore on I finished Michael's drink and soon had another handed to me. I knew I was

going too far, I was just having way too much fun to stop. Next thing that I knew most of the customers were gone and only a few remained on the dance floor. At last call I realized that the bus had left us and that the few customers that remained were actually staying at a hotel downtown. I was essentially drunk and stranded.

As if on queue, while looking around for a familiar face to take me back to my car I met Michael's eyes. He was in the same booth I found him in earlier except this time he was alone. I had caught him watching me again. He stood and began making strides towards me. Just like before, I couldn't take my eyes off of him. It might have been the drinks or all of the dancing but I noticed that I was getting hot. I could feel my pussy getting wet as he approached.

"And then there were 2," he said.

I responded, "I did not know the bus had left. Can you take me back to the office?"

Without uttering a word he wrapped his arm around my waist and firmly placed it on my hip while walking towards the door. I caught the scent of his cologne as we walked to the car and it was driving me wild.

We had about a 3 block walk to the car and with each step I noticed Michael's hand was inching further and further down to my ass. Even in my drunken state I resisted him by reaching my free hand back to pull his roaming hand back up. He didn't miss a stride as he said, "Move your hand."

"Michael," I said. "I have a boyfriend."

I could tell that it angered him. His walk seemed to be more brisk and he gripped my hip even tighter than before. I was struggling to keep up in my state. He was basically holding me up while walking. Just when I was about to say something he reached into his pocket, pulled out his keys, and I heard the horn of his car when he hit the unlock button.

He drove a really nice sports car and opened the passenger door for me. I sat down and pulled my legs in and noticed that he was still standing over me with the car door open. I leaned back and grinned at him when I caught him starring down the top of my dress, partially because it blocked his view and partially because he was starting to get to me. As he walked to his side I took a deep breath and tried to keep my composure.

His car door opened and he sat down. When he closed his door I realized just how dark the parking lot was. I couldn't see much as I heard the engine start and his console lit up. Suddenly my legs were illuminated and my reclining position made my dress seemed to create shadows. The headlights

came on and we were off.

“I know you want me,” he spoke in a low tone. “I can see it in your eyes.”

“I know, but I belong to someone else,” I replied in a stern voice. “I have a boyfriend and I love him very much. No matter how badly I want this it's still wrong.”

“I know you want me,” he repeated. “He will never know.”

His left hand was on the wheel leading us onto the interstate. He clicked the cruise control to the speed limit and turned his gaze in my direction before placing his free hand upon my knee.
His touch sent shivers down my spine and even though his hand stayed on my knee it still had me reeling.

As we drove he began to inch down my thigh. He was very patient as he kept inching his way down until I went to place my hand on his wrist to keep him from going any further. He seen my hand moving and grabbed my wrist before I could react. He didn’t hurt me but he pushed my hand away, stopping me from blocking him. It was forceful yet constrained. I don’t know why but I suddenly got hot all over. I leaned forward, trying again to grab his wrist to move it but he abruptly pressed his forearm into my chest above my breast and pinned me back into the seat.

“Stop fighting me Camryn,” he forcefully commanded. “You know you want this. You are getting hotter by the second.

To my horror I realized that he was right. His forearm still had me lightly pinned to my seat despite my struggles and for some reason I was on fire. My boyfriend had always been so gentile with me. I have never been dominated like this. Michael was not using even a small percentage of his strength but he had me pinned. I had a feeling that if I really wanted to I could get free but I knew that’s not what my body wanted. He was dominating me, and I loved it.

He sensed my surrender as I leaned back in my seat. My breathing remained labored, not because of the fighting but because of the wonder of what would come next.

I didn’t have to wait long as he returned his hands to my knee and lightly pulled my left knee towards him. Next his fingers pushed my right knee away from him. I knew what he wanted but I kept my legs firmly closed.

Another pull on my left knee came, this one more forceful, followed by a push to my right knee.

Still I kept my legs closed.

His hand slowly moved upwards and I thought he was going for my breasts when he quickly grabbed a handful of my hair. A faint moan escaped my lips as he lightly pulled my head back by my hair.

“Spread your legs for me Camryn,” he spoke while turning my head to face him.

If I didn’t know what caused my arousal the first time I certainly knew now. My heart was racing and my pussy was quivering under my dress. I gave in and spread my legs as far apart as I could.

“Pull your dress up to your waist,” he said.

I planted my feet on the floor of the car and raised my hips up off of the seat. Next, I grabbed the bottom of my dress and pulled it up, exposing my thong covered bottom. Sitting back down it was wedged under my ass, completely out of the way. The entire time Michael never released his grip from my hair.

Once I was seated again his hand loosened and traveled downward, straight to my soaking wet thong. He rubbed my slit through the material and said, “I knew you wanted this. Take this off also.” As he said it he pulled on the elastic band and released it, making it smack the side of my hip.

I slid the last barrier to my pussy down my legs and left it on the floorboard.

To my surprise, his hand did not immediately attack my pussy. Instead it found its way up to my tits and began to squeeze each one of them lightly. I heard him let out a growl under his breath.

He stopped squeezing my tits long enough to say, “Pull your arms through your dress and press it down to your waist. Lose the bra too.”

Without question I did as I was told. I laid my bra beside my thong on the floorboard and sat back into the seat.

“Now, recline your seat back all the way and place your hands over your head on the headrest.”

Suddenly reality hit me. I am in a car with a man that I met this morning. At his command I have willingly stripped every piece of clothing that I have on with the exception of my bundled dress around my waist. Now I am basically lying down with my hands above my head, giving his eyes and hands unobstructed access to my entire body. I can’t even see the road because I am looking up at the ceiling of the car, waiting for his next command, his next touch, and his next need.

I feel his hands on my stomach first, as his fingers trace the outline of my well toned abdominals. I feel his fingers travel upwards, brushing past my nipples before lightly clasping around my neck. He squeezes just enough for me to remember he is in control before descending down to my tits where he squeezes each one with a patience that is unbelievable. I can tell he is taking his time, relishing another mans prize under his fingertips. He tweaks my diamond hard nipples between his thumb and index finger, rolling them between each before letting go and grabbing another massive handful of my tits.

I moan under his touch and begin to whimper with each squeeze. I want him so badly. I want nothing more than for him to pull the car over and fuck me on the side of the road. I know deep down it is wrong but he has found a switch inside of me that I never knew existed. As he continues his assault on my tits I say only one word.

“Please.”

“Be quiet Camryn,” he said in a forceful tone. “This is what you get for turning me down. Just shut up and take it.”

Just his tone made me wiggle in the seat. He felt me move and his hand let go of my tit and traced downward to my soaking pussy. Without being told I spread my knees apart as far as I could. He teased me still, tracing his index finger around my sex to the inside of my thighs. His finger disconnected from my body long enough to travel to my other thigh where he traced back upward to my navel. I was ready to explode from his touch alone. He had teased me to my limit. My breathing was labored and my pulse was racing. As soon as his finger touched my clit I exploded in release. My orgasm was one of the most powerful that I have ever experienced. My pussy contracted and I moaned as if I were being fucked. The entire time Michael kept making tiny circles with his finger. He definitely knew what he was doing because as soon as my climax ended he removed his finger from my over sensitive clit and removed his hand from my thigh, allowing me to recover from the massive cum I just experienced. When I caught my breath again, all I could say was “Fuck,” with a sigh of relief.

“I told you not to talk didn’t I,” he responded. “Recline your seat back up.”

I sat back upright in the seat as Michael opened his center console and dug for something. He found what he was looking for and his hand reached to mine. He placed it on my palm. It was a hair band.

“Put your hair in a pony tail,” he said.

I wrapped my hair behind my head and twisted the rubber around the tail a couple of times before lowering my arms. He grabbed the pony tail and pulled me upward before saying, “Put your knees on the seat.”

I perched myself up on the seat as he guided my head towards his lap. I realized that during my climax he had unzipped and I was being pushed down onto his cock. Immediately I opened my mouth to accommodate his dick. I heard him say, “That’s it, swallow my dick,” as he pushed my head down his shaft. I quickly found out that he was bigger than my boyfriend. I can easily take his dick down to the base but Michael’s cock was poking at my throat and I still had 2 or 3 inches left to go. I let out a muffled gag and Michael pulled my hair upward slowly. I took the hint and wrapped my lips tightly around his dick as he pulled my face off of his cock before reversing direction and pushing me back down.

A groan escaped his lips each time he forced my mouth down over his cock. He told me to keep sucking it as he released his hold on my pony tail and reached around to find my pussy. I had my mouth full of his dick when he sank a finger into my pussy for the first time and I nearly came again. He was fucking my pussy with his fingers as I swallowed his dick when all of a sudden the car turned and stopped.

“Get your dress on,” he said. “We’re here.”

I got my dress back on and followed Michael to the door. He had a key and opened the door to our deserted office building. When we entered most of the lights were off and he pulled me into a corridor near the entrance. He opened a door and pulled me through it into a dark room. I was trying to figure out where we were when the room suddenly filled with light as the motion sensors turned on. I focused on a sink to my right and three urinals beside it. He had pulled me into the men’s restroom. There was a door across the room and he continued towards it with me in tow. When we entered this room the lights came on and I realized that this was the locker room. There were three showers lined up on a wall and a small bench and locker area. One of the showers was larger than the other two because it had a seat on the wall inside of it. Michael reached in and turned the water on before turning to me.

He released my hand long enough to push me back until my back hit the wall behind me. With one hand he pinned me against the wall while his other hand roamed my body with no apparent order to where it was going next. He leaned down and I felt his tongue run along my neck and it made my knees weaken. He pulled my dress from my shoulders and it landed in a heap on the floor. He put both of his hands on my tits and squeezed while at the same time keeping a steady pressure on me, pinning me to the wall. I closed my eyes and moaned as he roughly mauled my tits. He leaned down and alternated sucking each of my nipples into his mouth.

“Tell me you want me,” he said in between sucking my nipples. “Tell me.”

“I want y- you,” I responded in between breaths.

“Tell me you like it rough.”

“Please Michael,” I pleaded.

He wrapped his hand around my neck again and lightly squeezed before saying, “Get on your knees.”

I did as I was told and slid down the wall to the cold floor. I noticed that the room was fogging up and realized that he must have turned the shower to the hottest setting. When I got to my knees he spoke again, “Take out my cock.”

I reached up with both hands and unclasped his belt. Next I unbuttoned his jeans and slid the zipper down. The weight of his belt made his pants fall to the floor and pointed straight at me was the cock I had been sucking only minutes ago. Getting a good look at it I realized just how much bigger than my boyfriend he was. Comparing them was useless. Michael was at least 3 inches longer and much thicker. His balls hung low from his body and his thighs were muscular and tanned. While I was admiring his cock he lowered his finger to my chin and forced me to look him in the eye.

“Lick it Camryn,” he said. “Lick it like a lollipop.”

I complied and he put his hands on his hips while my tongue licked him from the base to the tip. I did this numerous times, going in a circle until I ended up on the underside where I started.

“Now my balls,” he commanded.

I grasped his dick in my hand and pointed it upward before caressing his heavy balls with my soft tongue. I sucked them both into my mouth and rolled them around lightly and heard him moan above me. With my mouth full of his balls my head was tilted upwards. My eyes met his and he had a smirk on his face. He loved this. He was using my body and we both knew I was helpless.

When I let his balls slip from my mouth he took a step back and pointed his dick at my mouth. I leaned forward and took him into my mouth and he moaned again. I began sucking his cock with relish. My tongue was making circles around his head when I pulled off of him and he was poking at my throat with every thrust.

He began talking dirty to me.

“That’s it you little slut, suck my cock.”

I moaned on his dick.

“Rub your cunt while you suck me.”

My hand went to my pussy.

“Squeeze your tits with the other.”

My other hand went to my tit and squeezed my nipple.

He took a step forward. His dick went deeper into my mouth and I leaned back to accommodate him. He leaned forward a little and I leaned back again, trying to keep his cock from choking me. This time my head touched the wall behind me.

“Look at me,” he spoke in a stern voice.

I looked up into his eyes as he took his hand and placed it on top of my head and slowly pushed his hips forward. I was pinned between the wall and his monster cock as he fed each inch into my mouth. I felt the tip of his dick touch the back of my throat. I know he felt it also but he didn’t stop. He kept pushing until my gag reflex kicked in and I coughed on his dick. Only then did he retreat before repeating the process. I became accustomed to his cock invading my throat and he was getting deeper and deeper before I began to choke on his huge dick. I realized that I had never taken my hands off of my pussy or my tits and they were practically controlling themselves. The only difference was that now I had two fingers buried in my cunt and was fucking myself vigorously while he used my mouth. At one point he took his hand from my forehead and pulled his shirt off. With his dick forcing its way back into my throat I looked up and seen the rest of his body. A tanned, chiseled chest with a well defined midsection led to his shoulders and arms that were also cut. I was taking in his body so much that I did not realize how deep his dick was until his hair tickled my nose. Somehow, he had buried his dick all the way into my throat and he stopped when my nose contacted his skin. It was then that I looked into his eyes and came again. My fingers were fucking my cunt at blazing speed and it contracted over and over again. I tried to breathe but his dick was lodged into my throat.

At the last second he pulled his tool away and I took in a huge breath. The oxygen filled my veins as my lungs supplied my body. He grabbed my hair again and pulled me up before bending over to

remove his shoes and pants the rest of the way. He let go of me when I stood and turned to the shower and adjusted the knob until the water was warm. When he was satisfied with the temperature he turned to me again.

Taking me by the hand he led me under the cascading water and kissed me for the first time. My God, he could even kiss better than anyone I had ever had before. His tongue lightly darted across my lips as if he were teasing them. His hands found my ass and pulled me closer, trapping his dick between us. My arms went around his neck and I welcomed every lick with my tongue as we savored each other.

“It’s time for you to get fucked Camryn,” he said in between kisses.

I moaned into his mouth and his hands left my ass long enough to pull one of my legs up, placing my foot on the seat. I closed my eyes as he continued to kiss me. His body moved downward and my mouth lowered, never disconnecting the kiss. I opened my eyes when I felt his dick at the entrance of my soaking cunt. He was sort of squatting so that he could get down far enough so that the head of his cock was at the opening of my pussy. I looked down and seen the lips of my pussy had wrapped around his cockhead, almost inviting him in. His fingers touched my chin and he lifted my face until our eyes met. When they did he began to push into me.

I never even blinked as he penetrated me. Our eyes stayed locked together as he fed my pussy each inch of his huge dick. He retreated and began to push again, this time feeding my pussy even more. My mouth was open and my hands gripped his shoulders as he slowly filled me. Again he retreated and when only the head of his cock was inside of me he grabbed my hair and pulled my head backwards. As he pulled he thrust into me completely, impaling me on his dick. I let out a shriek at the sudden sensation. My pussy seemed to grip his cock and massage it with every spasm it made. He was thrusting into me now, sucking on my neck as he repeatedly stroked his dick into my sex.

My orgasms came in waves as he fucked me. I was having trouble standing and my already blurred vision was getting worse. The water was making me hotter and hotter and my leg that was balancing me on the floor began to shake. Michael sensed this and reached down to hook my knee in his grip and raised me up off the seat altogether. My chin rested on his shoulder as he kept thrusting into me. He had me pinned against the shower wall and I opened my eyes. From about 10 feet away there was a wall with a full length mirror and I could see our reflection in it. Michael’s tanned thighs were rhythmically moving with each thrust into my pussy and my knees were hooked around his waist. He was coming up on the balls of his feet each time he bottomed out in my pussy. The muscles of his ass were clenching and releasing with each thrust into me. One of my arms was wrapped around his neck for balance and the other was on the back of his head. I looked into my own eyes and came again as he filled me over and over with his cock.

Michael then placed me on my feet but it wasn't for very long. He turned me so that I was facing the wall and pushed me by my shoulders down to my knees. The water had made my skin slippery so he spun me around on the slick floor until my forearms rested on the bench. Only then did he kneel behind me. He grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled my head back until his lips were beside my ear. Then he let go of my hair and wrapped one of his arms around to my tit and the other went between my legs and rubbed my clit.

"You have the tightest pussy I have ever fucked Camryn," he whispered. "Tell me what you want."

"Please. Don't stop fucking me," I pleaded. "Your cock feels so good inside of me."

He was rubbing my pussy and squeezing my tits at the same time as he whispered into my ear again, "I am going to invite you out with us every week and every week I am going to fuck you. You might have a boyfriend but your pussy is mine."

In response, all I could do was moan. Michael unwrapped his arms from my body and without being told I placed my forearms back onto the seat.

"Stuff my cock into your pussy Camryn," he said. "Fuck it."

I looked over my shoulder and reached around to grab his massive dick and obediently guided it into my pussy. At this angle he seemed even larger as I rocked my hips to take him deep inside of me. He smacked my ass as I pulled back off of his dick only to take him again.

"That's it Camryn," he taunted. "Fuck my cock."

I increased my speed as my hips pushed and pulled my pussy onto his cock. He reached around me and began rubbing my clit as I bottomed out on him. Over and over I thrust back onto his rod until I came again. This time with his dick buried inside of me.

"Yes," he taunted again. "Cum all over my cock."

When my orgasm subsided he grabbed my hair again and said, "You came all over my cock Camryn. I thought you loved your boyfriend."

With that he pulled my head back, forcing me to arch my back. His other hand went to my hip and he began pounding me from behind. I could feel his balls slapping my clit each time he bottomed out in my pussy. It felt like heaven every time he pounded his dick into me. My arms were pushing against

the wall in front of me and all I could do was grunt every time he jack hammered his dick into my sex. With each stroke I could feel his dick touching depths never reached by anyone else.

I could hear his breathing becoming labored when he grabbed my arms and pulled them from the wall. He twisted them behind my back and when my wrists were twisted on top of each other he held them both with one hand. His other pulled my hair back and I was absolutely motionless. My tits were sticking out and he was slamming into me relentlessly from behind and I loved every second of it. I began chanting, “Yes, yes, yes,” with every stroke he pounded into me. Suddenly he pulled out of me and I groaned my disapproval and begged him to continue.

“I want to fuck you on your back,” he said while looking around the room. “Hold on a second.”

I lifted myself to my feet as Michael stood. He left the shower running but went to a locker and pulled out a towel and laid it on the floor. When he had spread it out he pointed to it and said, “Lie down.”

I did as he instructed and positioned myself on my back with my knees spread. Standing over me he put his hands on his hips and looked down at me with the same smirk as before. I just grinned back and motioned for him with my index finger.

He got down on his knees between my legs and told me to close my eyes. As I closed them I felt his cock rubbing my clit and I moaned. Suddenly his cock increased speed and I opened my eyes to see that he had moved backwards where he could get his mouth on my pussy. He was flicking his tongue across my clit and it was driving me crazy.

“Fuck that feels good,” I moaned. “Please don’t stop.”

Michael encircled my pussy with his lips and kept flicking my clit and licking it with short, soft strokes. I ran my fingers through his hair as he ate my pussy.

“Yes, lick my pussy,” I moaned. “I’m going to cum again.”

It took one long lick from his tongue that started at my asshole and ran all the way to my clit to send me over the edge again. When Michael felt me tense up he clamped his lips around my sex as I came. He never withdrew and he drank every drop from my pussy.

“Fuck me,” he stated. “You even taste good.”

As I regained my senses I laid my head on the floor and Michael lifted his body up until he was hovering over me. I was panting when he put his cock back into me. As he sank into me again I lifted

my hips to meet him. He took my wrists in his hands and lifted my arms above my head. His mouth went to my tits as he fucked me on my back. As his speed increased he let go of my wrists but I was too worn down to move them. He grabbed my hips and pulled me up off of the floor with each down stroke he took. I raised my head and could see my tummy bulging every time he sank into me. His curly hair around his cock merged with my trimmed strip with each stroke. He bent forward and my ass once again rested on the floor as his strokes increased in speed. He pulled my arms to my sides before wrapping his around and under me. In response I hooked my feet around his thrusting legs.

With his lips an inch from my ear he whispered, “Are you on the pill.”

“No,” I responded between grunts.

I felt his thrusts get faster.

“You know what I am going to do, don’t you,” he said.

“Yes,” I panted.

He was moaning now.

“Tell me to do it,” he panted. “Tell me to cum in you.”

I wanted him to. I knew it was wrong but I wanted him to drive his cock into me and empty his balls into my pussy.

I whispered back, “Please Michael, cum for me. Cum deep inside my pussy. Fill me with your cum. Make my cunt a sloppy mess.”

With that I felt his cock swell in my pussy and he made one final, powerful lunge. I heard him groan in release as the first jet of cum blasted my unprotected pussy. It felt like lava shooting into me, bathing my pussy with his seed. He arched his back upward and every muscle flexed as he shot into me over and over again. I came the second his cock starting unloading into my pussy and I milked his shaft the entire time.

I felt every jet shoot into me until finally they became weaker and weaker. Drained, he released his grip on me and he propped himself up on his elbows and began kissing my chest and shoulders.

With my arms free I put my hands on his head as he looked into my eyes and said, “That was fucking incredible. I have never came so hard in my entire life. You are one hot fuck Camryn.”

His cock was still inside my pussy as I spoke, “You can have me anytime you like if you fuck me like that. I have never came so much during sex. Even your tongue is perfect.”

With that he grinned and said, “You want me to eat your pussy at work?”

I giggled under him and said “You can eat my pussy anytime.”

He grinned as he began to kiss my nipples and neck again. I realized how absolutely exhausted I was when my head rested on the towel under me. I had been thoroughly fucked and my entire body seemed to already be sore. I felt Michael’s cock slip from my pussy and I closed my eyes as he lightly sucked on my tits. I had almost fallen asleep from the sounds of the water in the shower and the bliss from my fucking when Michael sternly said, “Look at me Camryn.”

I opened my eyes and looked down to see Michael’s head between my legs just before his tongue dove into my sloppy pussy. I could not believe that he was eating me after filling me with cum. Just the thought of him drinking himself from me was turning me on like never before. I propped myself up on my elbows and watched as he licked me over and over. When our eyes met I smirked at him eating his cum out of my freshly fucked cunt. It seemed like someone else was talking when I said, “Lie down on your back.”

He hesitated for a second but turned over.

“You made my cunt a sloppy mess,” I said while climbing onto his dick. “You need to fix it.”

Instead of lowering myself back onto his cock I continued upwards until my pussy was hovering over his face.

He was grinning up at me when I grabbed his hair and pulled his mouth to my cunt.

“Suck it.”

I felt his tongue run up into my cunt and jolts of electricity went through me. With my hand full of his hair I began to rub my dripping pussy all over his face. I was rocking my hips, using his tongue and nose to rub my cunt.

“Yes,” I moaned. “Suck your cum out of my little pussy. Eat my pussy Michael.”

He closed his mouth over my cunt and I looked down to see his nose buried in my brown strip. I

could feel his cum rolling down my used pussy into his mouth as his tongue satisfied my clit and it sent me over the edge. I came, and Michael drank every drop of me.

After cleaning up a little bit I went to Michael’s car to get my bra and thong and put them on in the darkness of the parking lot. It was 2:30 in the morning and Michael grabbed my arm and kissed me before letting me leave. My dry thong immediately became soaked when I tasted cum on his lips.

My boyfriend was asleep when I arrived home and I snuck into the bed beside him. I felt no remorse or guilt for what I had just done. In fact, I couldn’t wait until next weeks outing.