The stockboy's tale

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I work at a big department store...the pay isn't great, but the benefits are awesome!

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I have the best summer job! It doesn't pay the most money and it won't look great on a resume, but I really love it. I work in the shipping and receiving department of a well known department store. It's the perfect respite from college stress. The work is super easy and the girls are awesome!
Let me tell you about last Thursday. I was working the evening shift as a re-stocker. I clocked in at 3 and I'd leave at 9 when the store closed, but by break-time I was already done with all my work. I looked forward to a couple hours of flirting with beautiful girls. With the sales being so slow- I had plenty of bored associates to choose from!
I had spent the first part of the evening in Laura's department- she looked especially good tonight, a tight cashmere sweater showed off her full breasts. We had been out a couple times and I couldn't help but stare, remembering how good those juggs felt in the backseat of my car. As I left her department and limped through the store, I needed to keep a box in front of me to hide my woody.
Later, after I had spent some time with each attractive girl- like a butterfly visiting flowers, I was back in the stock room about to lock up for the night when Laura pushed through the double doors. "Hi Brad," she said with a smile. "I saw your package earlier…..can I get a better look?"
She pushed her soft mounds against my chest as our lips met and her hand reached down between my legs. With her tongue buried in my mouth she pushed me back into the store room. I couldn't believe it, but I wasn't going to let an opportunity like this slip by! I groped her wonderful boobs through her sweater...the luxurious yarn making them feel even softer. Unzipping my jeans , she released my swelling cock from its denim prison. I didn't want to let go of her wonderful tits, but she slipped past my grip as her wet mouth sought my turgid member. My hands held back her hair so I could watch as her swallowed my shaft. I liked to watch. I also liked to hold her head, controlling the action as my hips pumped into her talented mouth.
A strange sound.
My head snapped up.
Standing in the doorway was the store manager, Ms Webster. Not Miss Webster or Mrs Webster…it was Ms Webster a hard edged, no nonsense businesswoman. She was about the same age as my mother, but there was nothing warm or motherly about her. Her clothes were always sharp, her makeup and hair perfect. She was the first female store manager for the company and she didn't get the job by being "nice." She may have been attractive once, but many years fighting the "old boys

club” gave her a hardness that was….well, she scared the shit out of me.
Laura instantly sensed something was wrong and turned to see what I was gaping at- my cock sprang from her mouth with a pop.
“You can punch out for the evening, Laura.” Ms Webster said in a very controlled voice. “We’ll talk tomorrow.”
Laura scuttled out of the stockroom, her head lowered in shame as she passed uncomfortably close to our boss who dominated the door. She was just as scared as I was. She didn’t even turn back as she made her escape. Ms Webster glared at her until she was gone from sight. Then her penetrating gaze turned to me.
“Brad,” she said, looking at my stiff cock still sticking out “when you’re ready….my office.”
I stuffed it back in, zipped up and followed.
There was a heavy silence in the elevator as we rode to the top floor. I prayed that no one would see me on my walk of shame. We finally entered the executive suite. I’m fucked, I thought as she pointed into her office and told me to “SIT!” The door shut, but I heard her tell an assistant to close the store and to tell security that she would be staying late –she didn’t want to be disturbed! A few minutes, that seemed like hours passed and she returned to her office with a couple of files. She slammed the folders on her desk with such force that it made me jump.
“What are we going to do about this, Brad?” she asked with her back turned to me as she walked behind her imposing mahogany desk.
“It’ll never happen again,” I said sheepishly.
She glared at me- “that’s not what I want to hear,” she said.
“I’m really sorry…..” I said
“If you want to save Laura’s job you’re going to have to do better then that!” She grabbed my folder, stood up and walked around to where I was sitting. “Get on your knees and beg” she growled as she slapped the side of my head with the folder.
I was shocked by her action and scared of the animal look in her eyes… I immediately obeyed. She stood in front of me, her ass against the polished surface of her desk and lifter her left leg- throwing her thigh across my right shoulder. The sharp heel of her shoe dug into my back as she pulled my face toward her. Her thigh lifted her skirt and I was shocked by the sight of her exposed pussy. A sea of thick hair was parted by two wrinkled folds.
I don’t know if she removed her panties while I was waiting in her office or if she always walked abound in just stockings and a garter belt, but the site of her naked twat inches from my face made me pause. She pulled harder with her thigh, digging the heel into me like a cowboy digging in spurs. Her right hand grabbed at my hair, pulling my head back as she pushed my mouth towards her swelling labia. She was surprisingly strong and her sharp finger nails were lethal. As hard as I tried, I couldn’t pull away without risking serious pain. She had complete control over me as she twisted my hair harder.
I gasped and breathed in her scent- dark and musky notes were barely covered by her expensive perfume. My body reacted to the pheromones- mouth watering as my nose parted her slick lips. My

tongue flicked in her hole, getting a first taste of her delicious nectar. She started to grind her clit against the bridge of my nose. Her manicured nails dug into the back of my skull prodding my face deeper into her cunt. Her labia were meaty flaps that slipped against my cheeks as I tried to burry my tongue deeper inside her. Before long I was overcome by lust and lack of oxygen. I pulled back to take a breath and was awed by the sight of her sloppy pussy. She was swollen, pink and glistening- I couldn't resist taking all of her into my mouth and sucking hard as I pulled my head back, stretching her labia to their limit. Her groans of pleasure mixed with my grunts of desire as I relentlessly, attacked her with more licking and sucking. I knew she was ready to climax when she released her hold on my hair to steady herself on the edge of the desk. I was on my knees, both hands squeezing her mature ass….tilting her pussy for my best access. My face was buried in her wetness- her labia covered my face like a gasmask- it made a soft sucking sound as I moved around inside of her. Eating pussy always gets me aroused- the look, smell and taste of a woman are all exciting, but it's the connection that really turns me on. Ms Webster was climbing towards her climax and I instinctively knew what to do…when to nibble, when to blow softly on her clit, when to slip my fingers into her slit and where find her G-spot when the time was right.

Together we were climbing to an explosive peak. My cock had been swelling at the first sight of her hairy twat. Now it was straining for release, pushed up painfully against my belt buckle. The pointed toe of her shoe added to my discomfort as she stroked her foot between my thighs. I was stroking the upper wall of her vagina as I lipped her clit. Her entire body tensed driving her shoe hard into my nutsack. Her hips arched, adding more pressure to my balls as she squirted girl cum all over my face. I came harder then I ever had with Laura.

I was gently kissing her quivering pussy, lapping up every last drop of her as she recovered her breath. She released her hold on me and I stood up. "Clean up in there" she commanded pointing to her private water closet. I did the best I could, but it was a lost cause. Her cum had dripped onto my shirt and my paints had a spreading stain from my own orgasm. I washed my face and blotted up as much of it as I could before I returned to her office. She was seated behind the big desk, a flushness in her cheek from our recent encounter the only sign that something had happened.

" You've saved Laura's job, Brad" she said as she consulted the work schedule in my file. "Next Tuesday we'll see if you can save your job too….be at my office at 9 sharp and this time don't you dare cum until I give you permission!" "Now get out and don't let anyone see what a pathetic mess you are!"