THE WAITING GAME

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This is my first story; I hope it 'hits the spot' for you! Please tell me what you think!!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/the-waiting-game.aspx

Did she really have a lot of choice now she wondered?
For the best part of an hour Tania had been interviewing for a bar job that she desperately needed to clear a backlog of debts. She had never waitressed before and had had to plead her case to be interviewed for this ‘experience preferred’ position. She had confidently told the bar owner that she was ‘a natural’ and would ‘breeze through’ any demonstrations of her ability that he required! Her long stockinged legs, had strode up and down the luxuriously appointed room as she demonstrated her ability to carry a tray of drinks, “or not in her case” she thought to herself.
The club bar was a busy, crowded environment, and waitresses had to be able to deliver drinks through the crowds. On several previous evenings she’d watched the girls, including her flat-mate Julie, weaving warily amongst the revellers, holding trays of drinks single handed high above their heads. They had made it seem a lot easier than it was now proving for Tania, and although she had yet to spill anything, her practised deliveries were not exactly smoothly executed, even in this empty room!
Her own clothes had long since been exchanged for the club’s short-skirted waitress outfit, which if she were successful in her application would be her working uniform, and althoughinitially it had surprised Tania that she had been required to be interviewed in such manner,when it had been explained to her that the bar’s popularity stemmed predominantly from the provocatively dressed waitresses it made sense that the boss would want to assess the suitability of Tania for the role before he employed her!
That hadn’t made it any less un-nerving getting changed behind the tiniest of screens situated in the corner of the office, a screen that barely stretched from knee to shoulders and wasn’t very wide either! To make matters worse, the boss had continued to talk to her while she undressed, as if nothing unusual was taking place; she had felt her heart racing, it really felt as if she was stripping for this man, despite the discreet covers.
The outfit didn’t consist of very much: the white blouse was made of a chiffon-like substance, buttoned at the front and tied off just below the rib-cage, leaving plenty of bare stomach; it was as

good as see-through, leaving every little detail of her bra clearly visible!
Sheer black stockings and a fancy little black suspender belt were next to go on, but with nowhere to sit, pulling the stockings on had been extremely difficult and she was convinced that more than a little of her half dressed body had not been covered by the screen!
A very short, black wrap-around pleated skirt completed the uniform whichhad very little extra wrap-around, meaning that every stride would separate the skirt at the front and expose the very top of her left leg well above the stocking top, which according to the club boss was deliberate and “very alluring”!
Tania doubted whether it was likely to have much effect on the club’s patrons though, who were much more likely to be preoccupied with her every move from the rear, where her sheer black stocking tops and suspenders were barely concealed by the hem of the ultra-short skirt. She understood all too well how that view would attract the guys, as her previous boyfriends had all been mesmerised by her stockings! It was quite obvious that the slightest incline of her upper body, required when serving drinks onto the low bar tables, would cause her skirt to lift enough to reveal her stocking-tops instantly, and often presumably, much more!!
Having mastered the art of carrying drinks (well sort of!), it was now time for some ‘pretend’ serving and Tania was becoming increasingly aware of just how much she would be revealing in the club when serving drinks.
The tables were long, low, and all butted against walls, necessitating service from one end only, and “to make matters interesting”, his words not hers, drinks were not allowed to be passed down the table by the clientele. Every customer had to have their drink placed in front of them by the waitress, even those furthest away, which Tania reckoned would require her to be almost lying on the table: no wonder the guys flocked into this club!!
Tania arrived at the practice table, set up in the office, for the first time and carefully lifted a drink from her tray and placed it in front of position number two. She felt her hem rise, and tingles of nervousness rippled through her body as the rear of her stocking tops crept into view.
Repeatedly she was made to walk to the table and bend slowly forward to deliver drinks to the imaginary customers. Tersely he would tell her what to do; “bend over more”, “quicker”, “slower”, “a smoother delivery please”, and each time her hem would climb up her legs showing more of her legs than she felt comfortable with, accompanied by an awkward prickly feeling that seemed to tickle through her tense body. Sometimes her fingers tingled, always her face reddened, but right now it was her nipples that were reacting; completely unbidden they were actually beginning to stiffen and she couldn’t work out why. It was all very testing!
Having watched her first clumsy and embarrassed attempts in stoic silence, the boss had now decided that Tania would benefit from his running commentary of what he could see from his perfectly placed, low slung easy-chair. “This will give you an appreciation of the customer’s view-point” he said, as he asked her to ‘slow motion’ bend across the table pushing a drink further and further across to the imaginary customer sitting in the far corner!
He described every inch of his view as he ran his eyes from her high-heeled shoes to her rising hem,

embarrassing her more with every word and every inch higher that he described. The table surface was cold to the touch and quite slippery, providing very little support to her outstretched hand and so it was no real surprise when suddenly she began to slide uncontrollably forward, still clutching the glass of beer.

Her desperate attempt to prevent further forward movement by gripping the table edge with her free left hand was proving futile and she knew that her skirt hem had ridden so highthat the tops of her legs were probably showing white flesh above the lacy black stocking tops as she fought to stop the slide.

“Stop!” he barked. Tania jumped, wondering what she’d done wrong, and tried desperately to obey.

“Don’t move another inch” he said with a growl, and with a huge effort Tania retracted her right arm leaving the beer where it stood; now able to steady herself she duly remained bent low over the table.

“In order that you appreciate precisely what it is that our customers enjoy, I want you to picture in your mind, exactly what I can see right now” he said. Tania blushed at her thoughts; she was bent fully over the low table and no doubt somewhat more than her stocking tops were on view!

“Now I want you to describe to me what you think I can see please Tania,” he demanded.

Tania gulped, it was bad enough actually doing what she was doing, but to have to describe the view as well was almost too much! With an increasingly reddening face she stammered a nervous response, “umm, I guess you’re looking at a pair of long legs, in high heels, black stockings, and, umm, my s-s-stocking tops are probably on show”.

After a long pause he prompted, “and..”.

For Tania this was just too embarrassing for words and her heart was hammering wildly, “Well I th-think possibly the t-tops of my legs as well maybe?”

Tania’s face was now glowing bright red and she was thankful that he couldn’t see that part of her anatomy! Her thumping heart continued to race; how much could he actually see? She tried to feel exactly how high the skirt hem had risen, but this wasn’t easy when she had been told not to move a muscle! Were her knickers on show, perhaps not quite if she was lucky?

“Yes, and it’s a very nice view if you’ll allow me to say so” his voice cut across her thoughts, “Now I’d like you to push the drink a little further across the table please, and stop only when you think I can see the gusset of your panties”.

“Oh jeez, this can’t be happening”; Tania gulped and thought about refusing, but never the less leant gingerly forward as commanded, feeling her skirt inch slowly up the back of her thighs. Carefully, with the tiniest of movements, hoping that it would go unnoticed, she squeezed her legs together as she stretched forward; “a minor protection from a major exposure” she mused.

Her face was glowing ever hotter now and the flush was beginning to consume her whole body. Were her panties on show yet? He hadn’t said anything, so perhaps not quite enough was on show; reluctantly and with much trepidation she edged a bit further across the table, moving the little black skirt ever higher up the back of her thighs and then stopped once again. Now she was absolutely sure that her white thong must be showing, tightly hugging her tender lips, the last vestige of protection!

If she had got her judgement right, only the very tip of her crotch would be visible; “only my crotch”, she thought sarcastically, “I’ve been ordered to bend over this table for an absolute stranger, who right now is staring at my barely covered sex, and I’m obeying, just like that”!
“Very very nice” he murmured in appreciation, interrupting her thoughts once more and confirming that her movement had indeed exposed her crotch, “that is one hell of a sexy rear view Tania; I do believe that with a bit of training you’ll turn out to be a club favourite!”
The complement was a welcome one, why, she didn’t really know, but it certainly sounded that the job was almost hers now, and it seemed to be adequate compensation for the embarrassment that was washing over her body in great waves of emotion. Emotions, Tania was aware, that seemed to have been thrown into a peculiar turmoil.
Indeed she was having great difficulty controlling her emotions at all, which had now progressed from the earlier pure embarrassment to a new, heady, narcotic mixture of excitement, fear and possibly even a little anticipation! Anticipation of what precisely, she didn’t know!
What was happening to her? What did it all mean?
Well let’s face it, she mused, she was in a rather vulnerable position, and, well, he was a good looking man after all…., and he must surely be horny as hell by now. Suddenly at that thought, a great surge of uncontrollable sexual desire swamped her body; it was a hot rush that coursed through her body and begun to send the wrong sorts of signals all the way down to her crotch!! She had always possessed a vivid imagination and right now despite desperately attempting to quash her thoughts they stayed well and truly focussed on exactly how sexy her rear must look to this total stranger. “Sexy and inviting and very exposed” she thought, and found herself shivering deliciously!
Her thought pattern was broken as she heard him clear his throat. “Now views like this are exactly why our customers visit us, and for the alcohol of course”, he laughed gently and she thought she heard him stand up.
He had already made it abundantly clear to her throughout the interview what the job entailed, and somewhere along the line a spanking would be administered, probably several, if she took the job! It was part of the waitress bonus scheme would you believe, the negative side albeit, and also part of the attraction for the customers, because it wasn’t unheard of for the club to host the occasional public spanking of a waitress when it was merited: very popular evenings apparently!
Tania was acutely aware that he was now standing very close behind her; was this the moment? Was he about to spank her? She’d never been spanked before, would it hurt? Should she protest?
“Whoa, what’s happening to me?” she thought, as another surge of what could best be described as sexual adrenalin pulsed, seemingly at the thought of a spanking, full tilt into her nether region! It was all she could do to avoid letting out a little squeal of delight as she involuntarily clenched her bottom cheeks, and her nipples stiffened once more within the confines of her bra.
He spoke softly to her then: “Remember when serving drinks you must always serve them to the correct recipient, never have a drink passed down to the long reach positions, you must always stretch until you can reach, for reasons that I’m sure you’re now perfectly aware of.”
Tania detected a touch of gentle humour in his voice, “y-yes sir, I understand” she heard herself reply.

“And while I’m on the subject of doing things correctly Tania” he said, “it is not acceptable to bend forward with your legs pressed tightly together as you are now, apart from the obvious risk of a loss of balance that you demonstrated so ably, you really are spoiling the view for your admirers.”
There was a pause then, as an unspoken question hung in the air. It was a silence that was irresistible, an acknowledgement was obviously required.
“Yes sir, sorry sir” blurted from Tania’s lips; she wasn’t sure why she kept calling him ‘sir’, but knew that she felt trapped within his power.
Quietly once again, and strangely, a little slowly he spoke, “I’d like you to spread your legs apart for me a little then please Tania.”
Now she thought she would faint; the rush of blood at his words boomed in her ears, her heart was thumping loudly, it was in her mouth, and like a rabbit frozen in car headlights she found herself rooted to the spot. She couldn’t move, her legs felt leaden and her mouth had gone dry as she tried in vain to respond.
“Your legs please” he repeated, a little stronger this time though.
Tania tried, she tried with all her might, but found it impossible to move, and her dry mouth now prevented her from speaking either; then abruptly without warning she felt his hands on her legs. Bolts of electricity spasmed to the very tip of her troubles, he might just as well have touched her there! His hands were dry and cool, and slid softly across her stocking tops and gently in between her legs easing them slowly apart! It was all too much, and a trickling dampness that had earlier begun to seep from her swelling lips now became a torrent that soaked the tightly retaining fabric of her thong. Her clitoris stood as proud and hard as her nipples aching for some attention and suddenly all of the strength disappeared from her arms as the accumulation of her female stirrings combined to send a thrilling bolt of pure energy spearing her deep inside and with a barely disguised gasp Tania slumped forward onto the cool tabletop, knocking the lager glass over in the process.
The glass didn’t break, but spilled it’s contents widely, dripping noisily onto the carpet below, something that she was momentarily unaware of as she fought to suppress the orgasm that had her juices flowing freely. Biting her tongue and thrusting her groin hard against the table edge had, she hoped, disguised her reactions for the time being, but the uncalled for fire still raged dangerously in her belly.
“Now that wasn’t very clever was it?” he murmured as his hands continued pressing her legs apart. They were no longer on her stockings, but tugging at the sensitive white flesh above the black nylon; a gentle persistence, almost a caress, that over-rode Tania’s best efforts at suppressing the tingling teasing that continued to pulse gently between her legs.
“You’re supposed to be trying to impress me Tania” he continued, “but instead”, he continued to gently apply pressure to her inner thighs and slowly began to spread her legs apart, “you’re making everything wet”. His hands slipped deeper between her legs, still pressing outwards, more urgently now, and unable to resist she shifted her weight fully onto the table allowing her legs to be spread wide apart.
With her splayed thighs no longer providing either warmth or protection, Tania felt the sudden cold of

wet material clinging coyly to her scenting lips and at that moment realised the awful truth of his next muttered “Mmm, yes, everything seems very wet!”; it wasn’t the carpet that he was referring to but her, he could see she was wet and quite probably smell her wetness as well, she was blushing furiously, and buried her face in her arms, it was too shameful to bear!

Removing his hands, they dragged quickly and gently up and out with the briefest hint of a caress that swept across both of her lower cheeks, inches short of her wet crotch that peeked from below the hem of her short skirt. Her pulsing, booming heartbeat began to race again, her whole world seemed to revolve around the apex of her legs; a hot, wet rhythm that continued to pervade her very being.

He had been talking again, but she was battling once again to control the convulsions that were returning with a vengeance, whatever he had just said to her she had missed, as she had fought to control her feelings. She lost the battle suddenly as another miniature volcano erupted deep inside her, she struggled to suppress her movements to a small shudder, and her exclamation to a small grunt that she almost disguised as a cough. But it was impossible to stop the torrent of her sweet juices, no longer trickling, but pouring from her labia lips into the tight gusset of her thong, and he would have to be blind to fail to notice exactly what was happening to her!

Therefollowed an interminable period of silence for Tania as she lay waiting for her next command; not so for the boss as he immersed himself in the wondrous sight of the scantily clad rear that gently swayed in front of him!

“I’d like you to take your skirt off for me please now Tania so that we can conclude this interview, it’s not compulsory, but I really would love to see a little bit more of you if you don’t object.”

Almost coming to her senses at the audacity of the request, she began to raise herself from the table; “Object? Of course I…”, but before she could either finish the sentence or raise herself up from the table he had placed a firm restraining hand in the middle of her back, and cut her objection off in mid-sentence.

“Tania, you’ve shown me a very sexy future employee, with a gorgeous rear view that my customers will adore, you’ve got a beautiful shape tucked in behind those knickers and I’m sure all eyes will be on you if you serve drinks like you have today, although I’d advise trying to keep everything a little drier in the future!“.

“Oh God he knows!”, she thought as he continued.

“But as your future boss I would really like to feel that I know my staff better than my clientele do, so are you able to remove it yourself in that position or would you rather I remove it for you?”.

Sheneeded desperately to close her legs to stand any chance of slowing down the rhythmic sex pulses that were wracking her body, but knew that it was forbidden. Her lips were unfurled and swollen now, trapped in a clear outline against the damp semi-transparent, thong. A thong that was suddenly jerked sharply upward, drawing a shocked squeal from her squirming body. It pushed deep into Tania’s wetness renewing the urgency of her desires. Her long legs, her groin, her wriggling buttocks, were all supported by a very narrow, very wet thong that was working magic deep inside her fleshy folds!

She hung in the air wriggling, and twitching with toes barely touching the floor. “Self control Tania is

vital”, he spoke firmly now. Talking as he was, to a scrabbling pair of nylon-clad legs that pointed the way to a flawless pair of white globes, now delightfully exposed and separated by just the merest hint of white nylon.
He loosened his grip and Tania found herself lying on the cool table top oncemore, as this time only the lightest touch of his hands on her bare thighs was required to remind her that her reflex reaction to being hung in mid-air had been to close her legs; now she must open them again.
This time was different though, this time her lips were wet, very wet! This time she felt cool air playing on her pink folds and the realisation struck home that her thong was no longer wrapped fully around her, but nestled partly inside her. This time as she slowly opened her legs as instructed she was about to show this stranger some intimate secrets!
“Yes, probably” she muttered through clenched teeth, battling to control the outrageous feelings that were swarming through her body. He had spoken again, and once again she’d missed it completely. She heard his “Thank you” from behind her then felt her skirt being lifted completely clear of her tightly rounded (and no doubt very tempting,she thought) bottom. Tania adjusted her weight a little, “he’s going to spank me now, oh god he’s really going to do it, what do I do?”
Her thoughts were interrupted. “I’ve always allowed my girls to wear knickers that give them rather more privacy than a thong does, but I have to admit that you might just have changed my mind young lady, you look absolutely gorgeous” he said, then administered another sharp upward tug to the waist-band of Tania’s thong.
Theaction once again caused a sudden involuntary grunt of surprise to burst from Tania’s lips,but this time it was followed by a low moan that seemed to belong to someone else! She reasoned however that it must be her, coinciding as it did with the most deliciously stimulating surge that had it’s source in the crotch of her thong now pushing deep between herengorged lips, and stretching it’s fiery fingers deep into her womb.
Shewas lyingon the table, with her legs wide open; she was utterly exposed, everything was on view and yet suddenly she really didn’t care! “Well it could be worse”, she reasoned calmly, “at least I remembered to put some underwear on this morning”, and despite her situation she managed a wry grin. Herjuices continued to leak, and the wet gusset now jammed between her lips couldn’t be leaving much to his imagination!
Now once more she became aware that a pause had been reached; nothing was happening now, not a word was spoken, and no movement was heard. The room seemed eerily silent.
Maybe it was her turn now, would she or wouldn’t she?
It seemed an age ago that she had boldly acknowledged that she understood the house rules; she wasn’t afraid of any punishment that she might earn, and had no problem with the revealing attire that the waitresses wore every evening,perhaps now her bluff was being called!
Yes! That was what was happening? It was time to put action to words; this was the acid test wasn't it? Proof of her resolve was now required? Proof that she wasn’t simply ‘going along’ with the interview, but would actually be able to go through with it all when ‘push came to shove’!
Her stomach butterflies doubled in strength now, and her tongue was suddenly very dry. Dared she

speak? “Y-you want to s-s-spank me now don’t you?” she stuttered, already knowing the answer, even though allhe had asked her to do was spread her legs wider.
“All?” she thought laughing inwardly at her own docile acceptance of the situation. But the act, the wanton act, of laying across his table, of allowing him to touch her intimately (well almost), her legs now spread waiting, waiting for his command, was driving her wild! Suddenly she knew he HAD to spank her, and spank her hard, and with that realisation the fire inside her began to overflow again!
“If that’s what you think you deserve right now” he responded.
“Yes I do”, oh no I said that too eagerly, “I mean, well, I’ve wet your carpet, and that’s bad I guess, and I guess that means I’ve earned my punishment doesn’t it?”
In response she felt his hand slip into the waistband of her thong and pull it slowly and inexorably up her back. Tania’s labia lips were being crushed hard against the gusset fabric and she cried out gently.
“Yes I think you’re right” he said,” if it wasn’t for this slip of material I think you would be wetting my carpet right now!”
She was wet, and there was no doubt in her mind that she was going to get wetter!
“But first I would love to see how wide those long legs of yours will spread.” Tania hesitated, trying to focus on what was happening but it wasn’t easy, she was so wet, so very wet, and that very wetness was demanding all of her attention, nothing else seemed to matter, this was a fun and horny game and just couldn’t end yet!
With a deep breath she repositioned her weight on the table leaving her legs free to move and slowly began to force them wider. The suspender straps in black, the stocking tops, and crumpled skirt pushed above her two pale globes of tight, unmarked skin, were the perfect frame. In the middle, the white triangle that coyly hid, yet at the same time outlined her wet mound, seemed to grow as she parted her legs. Cool air played on her inner thighs that now were stretched to their limit.
“Don’t move” he commanded hoarsely.
“I won’t, I promise I won’t”, Tania’s stomach was turning violently now as she longed for the next move, she knew the pain was only moments away, and still those emotions would not shut down!
She heard a hiss through the air followed by a distant “crack”.
“Aaagh” she screamed, as indescribable bolts of pain lanced through her cheeks, colliding with the electric warmth pulsing from her crotch. She writhed wildly on the table, pulling her legs rapidly back together and struggling to stand up; but he had other ideas.
A firm hand kept Tania pressed onto the table as her writhing legs, unable to gain sufficient purchase began to slow. The initial shockwave that had seared Tania’s tender cheeks forcing all thoughts of pulsing orgasms far from her mind, now began to subside. Her struggling ceased and she lay gently kneading her sore bottom, the searing pain disappeared, or at least seemed to merge into that mysterious pulsing. He was talking to her now.
“There are more to come Tania, but you are free to choose to end the interview now if you wish. I believe you will fit into our establishment with ease, but punishments are part of the routine…” his voice trailed off.

Tania lay there breathing slowly gathering her thoughts; “I want this job, it’s sexy and fun, he seems like an ok guy, but the spankings I’m not sure about…..” the pain had all but gone and now she was aware once more of laying on a table with her clothes half off, she remembered the process of opening her legs, slowly…”Oh God, here comes that feeling again, it’s just like sex, it’s warm, I’m wet, I can’t control it anymore, to hell with it all I don't want to control it!” Sherelaxed her body, put her hands out flat on the table once more and began to open her legs again.
“No!” he said.
She froze.
“Before you do that, I want you to undress for me”; and those few words brought the feelings gushing through once again, the flood-gates were opening and hot flushes spiked her nipples so ferociously that they stood stiffly proud once more.
Undressing was no mereformality; he madeher walk up and down the room, once again carryingthe tray of glasses ,while undressing with her free hand! It wasn’t easy, wasn’t a quick process, andyet the awkwardness and humiliation of the situation ahe watched her intently, just served to intensify her feelings!
When her bra finally dropped to the floor the cool air played havoc with her nipples! They were fit to burst, crying out to be squeezed or sucked or bitten hard, anything except the nothing that was happening! He was standing so close now that she could feel his breathing on them, she willed him to touch, to ease her yearning, but he knew her needs and merelycircled her slowly then stood back silently drinking in her nakedness; she was beautiful!
He made her stand still now and, leaving shoes, stockings and suspenders in place, finally ordered her to take off the thong; and still she balanced the tray! It was impossible to gracefully sweep the thong down her long legs, instead she inched it slowly down with one hand pulling first from the left and then the right, finally parting her legs slightly to release the damp material, the last vestige of protection slid to the floor. Blushing profusely Tania shivered, suddenly and violently, and yet she wasn’t cold, rather she was overheating!
What was happening? She was nervously naked in front of a total stranger, waiting for his next instruction, offering no complaint, tentatively trying to cover her nakedness with her one free hand; and yet she knew from the sharp cold that tingled between her legs now that her knickers lay on the floor below her, that she was very turned on!! How far would this man go, and more to the point, how far did she want him to go?!
She had no hair! She was beautifully smooth, and his eyes took it all in! The smooth curve of her belly swept gracefully down from her navel, the secret vertical folds that appeared incongruous amongst such flawless flesh pointed the way to her gentle pink lips peeking coyly from between her legs. He shook his head gently when her left hand moved cautiously to hide her modesty, and smiled when instantly she stopped; returning her hand to her side. In that moment the cat knew he had his mouse! She was all his now to tease and torment as he pleased; he knew it, and so did she!
The room was very quiet, and as he sat down in the chair that she had obediently placed in the middle of the room she was acutely aware of the fact that there was just the two of them present. He

patted his knee; “pass this test young lady and I think we have a deal”, he said.
In a daze she walked the two or three steps to stand in front of him, feeling much younger than her twenty-three years.
“Over my knee when you’re ready”, the words sent shivers racing through her body, and as she bent awkwardly down, her long legs seemed to lose all of their strength. She collapsed across his waiting lap and then shuffled forward at his command until her forearms and face were on the floor, acutely aware that her pert little bottom was now gloriously exposed to him, the highest part of her body; she was blushing profusely.
“In your own words please Tania” he said, “confirm that you would like me to spank you please”.
To ask such a simple thing was so difficult! Tania’s pulse was racing, her heart pounding, and her voice had disappeared! Try as she might all that seemed to emit from her mouth were garbled croaks and squeaks, but finally she made herself understood.
“Please sir, I need a spanking from you…… please?”
Now she waited…… and waited. The silence seemed to last forever. Then suddenly he spoke.
“Spread your legs nice and wide then please Tania, I want to enjoy these moments to the full!”
Once more and slowly, hesitantly, obeying his command, she began to spread her legs for him. This time was different though because everything she held private wasnowscandolously exposed; and yet that very thought was building her heat up again! Her tortured nipples were tingling in fierce competition with her moistening lips, now free from restriction. She could feel them rapidly unfurling and a deliciously ‘gooey’ feeling was beginning to overpower her! The more her legs parted, the more the heat dominated Tania. Juices had begun to flow and now with her feet nearly fully spread, as per her instructions, she could feel them trickling down with gravity, and she knew that very shortly she was going to suffer the ultimate humiliation: this man was going to spank her and watch while she dripped on his carpet!
“Crack!”, “crack!”
Strangely she heard the two sharp reports first. Distant noises that somehow didn’t apply to her, and then suddenly they did! Searing red hot flames erupted on her cheeks forcing frantic yelps of pain from her. Cries that were cut off by several more hefty blows from her tormentor. Frantically she struggled to rise from his lap, but he held her strongly and waited patiently. Her struggles would subside before he re-started. The heat from his hand mellowed, spreading inwards from her perfect cheeks now flushed a bright pink, and as the heat spread the pain became a memory; the present was now a fire alight within her womb!
He watched the subtle change in her movements closely. The tensed leg muscles loosened, her back thrown head gently lowered back to the floor, and as he touched her inner thighs to remind her, she re-opened her legs, awaiting his next move.
This time he would spank her with intent! He knew exactly where to place the torrent of blows that descended on her convulsing body. The tops of her thighs stung ferociously and the inner reaches of her pert cheeks glowed with a fire that she had never known before. Struggling to keep her legs apart Tania rocked to and fro, two more spanks crashed across her rear and she knew her cries had turned

to moans. Deep guttural female groans filled the air as she began to rock frantically, grinding her pelvis on his leg. The spanks reigned down pouring more and more heat into her tortured lips that glistened and ran with her juice; and suddenly it was happening, all of her inhibitions had gone, all of the pain was welcome, all of the exposure was humiliating and wet, and heaven beckoned! “Oh God yesssss!” she screamed.

Modesty forgotten, Tania abandoned herself to the tumultuous waves of orgasm that washed over her writhing body, delicious fingers of heat played out sensuous rhythms deep inside her tortured womb! Her every fibre in tune with her throbbing rear and pulsing lips!

Slaap! Slaap! Slaap! He settled into a rhythm, alternating from one glowing cheek to the next and watched delightedly as she raised her tortured rump to his hand, meeting it perfectly then driving down and away moaning gratefully with every warming contact. Her lips gaped wide and glistened with love juices flowing liberally now. The boss grinned as he gently continued to spank the wild pink pussy that bobbed shining and wet inches from his face! Not too hard now, just enough to keep the heat on and keep the target moving so seductively!

As his arm began to tire and he began to wonder whether his hand could continue it’s work much longer he knew the time for a conclusion was approaching. Carefully now he needed to concentrate on accuracy, placing the next smack on the inside of her right cheek his hand lingered longer than necessary and his thumb made the gentlest of contacts with her as he withdrew. A touch that drew a short gasp of shock from Tania: a quiet hiss. A sharp intake of breath that he noticed was accompanied by an almost imperceptible wriggle.

The next blow caught the inside of her left butt and the slow retreat meant his little finger brought the reaction he desired: a definite push upwards from Tania!

Twice more he repeated the right-left spanks. Each time he lingered longer, touching intimate moisture and watching her arousal build. Now she wasn’t shy! Now she rose to his touch, and uttered tiny mewling noises that were pushing him closer to bursting point.

Then it was time to stop. He rested his hand and feasted his eyes, admiring his handiwork. Tania though continued to move, grinding against his thigh to the same rhythm, and swinging gently side to side. Her sex was wide open now, a dark red hole that wept for him, her sticky juices seeping gently. Silently she offered herself to him, swaying hypnotically over his lap, enticing him, teasing him, daring him to take it further.

Gently he repositioned her body, forcing her head further down until her perfect pink orbs were peaked as high as she could get them. Placing his hands on her thighs, a touch of lace stocking and creamy cool thigh, he indicated that she should spread wider; she obliged with a small murmur. Now it was time to wait; do nothing, say nothing.

For Tania time stopped still. The spanking and sharp pain that accompanied it had stopped, but the glorious heat that flowed through her entire rear had not, she was glowing! Never had she felt so out of control, and yet so alive! Ordered around, undressed, exposed, tormented, and now waiting nervously for the next move! She hung over his lap loving every ripple that pulsed through her body, excitement that kept her rocking gently to and fro with no semblance of control, hovering on the brink

of her next orgasm.
She shifted her weight nervously, secretly moving her hands so that her breasts lay in them under the shelter of her long hair that cascaded all around her; now she had a little control! Delicately she teased her swollen nipples, so sensitive to her touch, rolling them between finger and thumb then squeezing harder and harder to send shivers down her spine: all the way down to her hot desire!
Then he touched her! “Oh my god” she screamed inside her head, but outwardly she just groaned long and loud and convulsively pushing back onto his hand, longing for more. He slid his finger along her lips, slowly from top to bottom, then pushed in a fraction and worked his way back up, ever so gently and slowly. Now he turned his attention to her clitoris; already stiff and unhooded his finger circled once, twice, and then homed in!
Squeezing, kneading, massaging her ‘little man’ he watched the most intimate of sex shows! Her breathing was coming fast now and her hips gyrated erotically. She was magnificent and his eyes took it all in, sweeping from her kicking feet up her long stockinged legs, past the lacy tops to finally dwell on her blushed posterior! Two perfect red mounds were his to play with, and there wetly writhing to his touch was the target, gaping hot and wide, arching and pushing, feeling out for his touch. He could smell her arousal now as he turned his hand upside down ready to cup her mound, teasing her with his thumb now, encouraging the hot gyrations that had him so hard it was uncomfortable!
Suddenly he took her! Thrusting his thumb hard and deep into her belly, grinding his palm down between her legs closing his thumb to trap her warm flesh in his hand and in so doing sought and found that magical spot that drove her desire beyond all hope! She yelled out now, abandoning her nipples, thrusting herself up on straightened arms, lashing her head frantically from side to side as he rammed that maddening hand back and forth. Again she orgasmed, and then again, and now he had hit that spot! “Oh god” she croaked as her legs tensed and thrust her harder onto his hand. “Oh please yes!”: she was crying out now in pure ecstasy, as the gurgling liquids streamed inside her hurtling downwards to finally explode outward. Great spurts of her sweet juices erupted in hot fountains, cascading over his thrusting arm.
Over and over she drove herself back onto his hand, pulling forward momentarily before thrusting herself hot and wet back onto his controlling hand. Shaking and trembling all over her sensitive body she rode the exquisite ride!
Mesmerised by the gyrating torso that with wild abandonment danced to the tune of his hand he revelled in her sex. The young naked body pumped back and forth, beads of perspiration twinkling down her back, his ears reverberated to wondrous cries and pleas of orgasm, and his nostrils flared to the exotic smell of her sex, which as he watched gaped wide once more and sprayed her precious liquid up his arm!
She was hot and he was hard; very hard! Now it was time; would she or wouldn’t she? He wasn’t the sort of guy to force the issue, but he would try damn hard to convince her! Easing his hand away he slipped her gently off of his knee and laid her on the floor. On her back she looked up at him through dreamy brown eyes, her lips parted, a look of expectancy perhaps? His eyes drank in her lithe body;

sheened with perspiration her breasts were delicious creamy mounds topped with two perfectly erect nipples which she reached for now and rolled them between her fingers, stretching them and pointing them towards him, and as she did so a wicked smile spread across her lips!

She raised her knees, keeping her feet on the floor, drawing her feet in close to her bottom, and slowly let her knees drop out to each side, giving him a clear view and a clear sign! Her smooth moist mound invited him in, her erect clitoris stood proudly on guard above her open lips: a dark red gash that was leaking cum juice down over her rear, to drip on the floor.

Quickly he shed his clothes and dropped to his knees. Leaning over closer now, her scent intoxicating, he delighted in every wet fold and crease. Closer still he pursed his lips and gently puffed warm air onto her. Tania moaned quietly and tensed once more, gazing down her trembling body she watched herself raise towards his mouth, watched as his tongue reached towards her, and shook violently when finally he made contact! Gentle licks around, then teeth nibbling and grazing and a wonderful wet circular sucking motion had Tania gasping for breath, arching her pelvis frantically toward his hungry mouth, desperate for more and more! Then he backed away, and through hazy eyes she watched his final approach.

His manhood was large, hot and erect, and fit to burst! Weeping juice profusely he could wait no longer and placing his hands either side of her he lowered himself toward his welcoming target!

“Whoa, hold on!” Tania propped herself up on her left elbow and shoved her right hand down between her legs stopping his advance. “What do you think you’re up to”?

“I….I… “ he stammered, shaken by the sudden confusing situation that confronted him!

She continued, her eyes boring into his flustered visage; “I came here for a job interview” but first you assault me, then you sexually assault me, and now you presume to try and have sex with me?”

He couldn’t find the words to reply!

“Well is that your intention? Are you planning the final assault of my personal space?”

Still words failed him, and now he began to feel his ardour fading away!

Then slowly a wicked smile began to curl her lips, “I have one more question that I need an answer to please”.

She waited for his “OK.” Before continuing “About this interview then; have I got the job?”

She was smiling at him now. It was a “cat got the cream” type of smile that said she knew the answer; that the question was a rhetorical one!

He came back to his senses, returning her smile; “Of course it’s yours Tania. That is if you’d really want to work for such an advantage-taking boss as me!”

She laughed. It was a sexy, tinkly sound that she uttered as she sank back onto her back. “Then kind sir”, she pulled her hand back slowly spreading her still wet lips with her fingers, drawing back her hood to reveal a very erect clitoris, “you may enter my domain at your will!”

He needed no more prompting! His glistening head nudged gently between her lips sending shock waves through to each of their cores. At first it was a playful nudge, just in deep enough to cover his tip, and then back out again. Tania was moaning and arched her back now in a futile attempt to hold onto him. Then he was pushing back in further this time, gyrating his hips slowly, inching further in as

the waves of ecstasy began to roll from him to her, and back again. He listened to her groans, her breaths that were shallow and fast now, and judging the time to be right rammed hard and deep, burying himself to the hilt.

“At last” Tania thought as his penetration forced every breath of air out of her lungs and spasmed her legs to wrap around his back., urging him on, “faster”, her body cried out, “harder for god’s sake” she yelled as lights flashed and volcanoes erupted hot and fierce between her legs.

The boss was gritting his teeth hard, hanging onto every last exquisite emotion. “I think” he grunted between gasps of pleasure, “regarding your invite”, he couldn’t hold on much longer, “now that I’m welcome”, oh god but she was beautiful, “I might just cum in!”