

Appreciating the Agent

By sweet_as_candy

Published on Lush Stories on 29 Dec 2012

This story was written for lushstories.com only. If you are reading elsewhere, it has been stolen!

A celebratory event leads to sincere appreciation...

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/anal/appreciating-the-agent.aspx>

The evening had finally arrived.

The New Years Eve Ball was to be held at the Devere Mansion hotel to celebrate the success of Oliver Taylors' latest erotic book release. Caitlyn had been preening and pampering herself to perfection in preparation for this momentous occasion. She had been working for Oliver, as his literary agent, for the past five years, ever since she graduated from University. He made her work long and hard for her money; there was no doubt about that. In fact, he would contact her all hours of the day. She was sure it was just so he could speak with her, or so she hoped.

Her beautiful pink dress, which she had bought especially for the night, hung elegantly on the back of her bedroom door. The heavily sequined bustier sparkled under the bedroom light. Caitlyn was sure that she would be able to create some attention in this dress and tonight she was determined to get it. She ran the palm of her hand over the baby pink chiffon layers of the floor-length gown, smiling to herself as she imagined Oliver's reaction on seeing her in it.

Pulling the belt of her black satin robe tighter around her tiny waist, Caitlyn headed towards her bathroom. She leaned forward and glanced at her reflection in the bathroom vanity mirror. Reaching up, she unclipped her thick dark hair allowing it to bounce around her shoulders. Her green eyes stared back at her, her face stripped bare of any make-up. The large white tiles, covering the walls of her bathroom emphasized how cold the air was.

Shivering, she untied her robe and let it slip over her slender shoulders and free from her body. Her nipples reacted to the cool air, her areola shriveled. Stepping inside of the shower cubicle she quickly turned the knob, adjusting the temperature before feeling the jets of hot water washing over her bronzed, toned skin. Closing her eyes, she imagined him standing at the bathroom door, watching her

as he leaned against the door frame. A dominant presence, knowing that she was doing this just for him, and listening as he instructed her to touch herself while he continued to watch. Her head fell back as the water rained against her full breasts, streams of liquid cascading over her hips and voluptuous ass.

“Mmmmm...Oliver..” she moaned as her hands worked their way over her body, wishing it was his touch, exploring every inch of her.

Her fingertips flicked over her hardened nipples, catching the erect knots and making them spring back into place. Her palm worked its way over her stomach and found its way to her mound. She imagined his erection growing in his pants, rubbing it as he watched her performing for him. Her fingertips slowly worked their way down the trim strip of pubic hair like a delicate pathway to her swollen nub, pressing firmly on it, letting out a low groan. Her loins ached, she needed a release, and she wanted it so desperately. She could feel the rush of blood to her clit, making it swell beneath her subtle fingers as she rubbed it steadily. Her juices began seeping from her tight hole as she touched herself harder and faster.

“That’s it, bend over and show me how much you want my cock in you,” she heard him say, a gravelly tone in her mind.

“Uhh..ohh..ahhh Oliver..fuck me ppleasee!” she cried as her fingers plunged deep inside of her core.

Two fingers were inside of her sex; she stretched her hole wider as she frantically finger-fucked herself. Her pussy juices created an effective lubricant as she plunged them deeper, pushing a third finger in as she felt her climax approaching.

“Ohhh..fuck me..yesss..ffuuccckkk!” she screamed as her pussy walls squeezed and contracted around her fingers.

The beautiful feeling of euphoria flowed through her body, like surges of electricity. Panting, she rested the palms of her hands against the frosted screen door as tried catch her breath once again.

Regaining composure, Caitlyn reached forward and squeezed a dollop of the strawberry shower gel in the palm of her hands and began lathering up her body, washing away the sticky moisture, from her orgasm, which had nestled between her svelte thighs. The foaming gel covered her curvaceous body. She closed her eyes, as she stood closer to the shower nozzle, washing away the suds.

Her telephone started to ring, interrupting her energizing shower. Caitlyn grabbed the fluffy white bath

towel from the radiator and hurried towards the lounge. Her dark hair was wet against her back, the beads of moisture covering her skin.

“Hello,” she cheerily called, a flush of excitement in her voice.

“Hey Caitlyn, I’m ringing to make sure everything is sorted for tonight,” returned the husky reply. “Did you ensure that all the appropriate press coverage will be there? This is a huge opportunity for me.”

Caitlyn rolled her eyes. As dreamy as her boss was she loathed his self-centered attitude. She had been working on building her media contacts for years and wanted him to be as successful as possible. Perhaps he needed to be put in his place. A quick glimpse of her having her boss on all fours as she teased his ass with a strap-on entered her mind. She giggled quietly to herself.

“Cat? Are you still there?”

“Yeah, boss man. I’m still here,” Caitlyn replied. “Everyone and everything is sorted.”

“Ok, Cat. Will you be here early?” asked Oliver, an urgent tone to his voice.

“Yes boss, I won’t let you down.”

Caitlyn sighed as she put down the receiver. She wondered how was she going to continue to remain professional when all she wanted was for him to fuck her senseless.

Her now damp towel clung to the curves of her body as strolled back to the bathroom. Just hearing his voice made her want to get her toys out of her lingerie drawer once again.

“Fuck it,” she thought. “I’m going to make him want me.” A naughty grin appeared on her face as she dried herself off and began to get ready for the evening ahead.

Caitlyn’s gloved hand reached out for the driver as he assisted her out of the car. The flashing lights of the paparazzi were blinding. She elegantly walked towards the hotel guard in her stilettos and her beautiful pink gown, her shawl wrapped around her shoulders to block out the cool winter air. The lights reflected off her bustier as the grand white doors were opened wide for her.

She looked around, soaking in the beauty of the reception area. The relaxing sound of the pianist in the hotel lobby bar filled her ears. The smell of the freshly cooked buffet food lingered in the air. She walked past the large water feature, in the centre of the lobby and up towards the entrance of the

main hall. To the right of the hall the grand staircase spiraled up towards the hotel suites.

“Oh hey, here you are.” Oliver smiled, walking towards her with arms stretched wide.

“Told you I’d be here on time,” responded Caitlyn.

They embraced. He softly kissed her cheek as if he was finally relieved to see her. Caitlyn avoided direct eye contact with him, her cheeks flushing a tint of pink, as if he could read her mind. She couldn’t believe how gorgeous he looked in his tuxedo. He had been preened and primed to pure perfection and his scent was even more divine.

“Erm....” Oliver stuttered. “You look pretty.”

“Pretty?” she responded. “Sheesh, thanks Oliver, go easy on the compliments, I might get a big head!”

He grinned. She could have melted into him right there and then, she wanted him to lift her pretty dress around her waist and fuck her against the wall, with passion and urgency.

She walked into the conference room behind Oliver. The splendor of the room was breath-taking. The hanging chandeliers glistened, the beams of light reflecting upon the black and silver decorations, which were hung neatly, emphasizing the elegance of the party. Champagne fountains were in the midst of the buffet spread along the long white, linen-covered tables. The sound of clapping and cheering filled her ears from the already ascending crowd of colleagues, friends, family and fans. Caitlyn smiled, proud of Oliver’s achievement. Parting ways with him, she headed off to mingle in amongst the familiar faces.

The evening went on, as the small talk over the vol-au-vents took place. She occasionally glanced over to Oliver, soaking in how handsome he looked, as if there was no one else in the room. The champagne flowed. She wanted him, she couldn’t get the vision of fucking him out of her mind. She so desperately wanted to know what it felt like to have his thick cock thrusting in and out of her saturated pussy. Caitlyn couldn’t stand it; she needed to get rid of her horny state before the evening was out.

“Oliver, I think I need to go and lie down for an hour. Can I use your room?” Caitlyn asked as she interrupted his chat with a beautiful blonde girl. “I’m feeling a little light headed! Too much champagne!”

“It’s not even gone midnight yet Cat!” mocked Oliver as he handed her his hotel door card.

“Wake me up so I can see the New Year in with you!” she called as she made her way out of the room.

“I WILL be waking you up as you haven’t even heard my speech yet!”

Caitlyn made her way up the grand staircase and towards Oliver’s room. It was just how she imagined it. A presidential suite, a large four poster bed, an en-suite as big as her living room and large bay windows with stunning views. She threw the door card on the table and lay back on his bed. Without further hesitation she bunched her dress up around her waist. Her fingers instantly found their way to her pussy; she stroked her swollen bud through the sheer material of her panties. She pulled her clit between her thumb and forefinger, stretching it then allowing it to snap back into place. Her juices began to soak the gusset of her panties as she pressed down on her clit.

She remained fully clothed. Her legs, covered with her sheer stockings, were splayed as she began masturbating more quickly. Dragging her panties to the side with her slender fingers she spread her pussy lips wide, absorbing the feeling of the cool air of the room washing over her wet sex. She plunged her fingers into her pussy, imagining him once again. She began frantically masturbating as she rubbed her fingers in circles over her throbbing clit. Her dark curls were spread on the bed as she arched her back, feeling the build of her orgasm for him.

“Ohh fuck Oliver, fuck I want you bad!” she growled, her juices slopping over her nimble fingers.

“My, my.. that is some confession,” Oliver sneered, leaning against the wall with his arms folded.

“Oh..Oli..Oliver.. How the hell? I didn’t hear.. What are you doing here?” she stammered, frantically pulling her dress back down around her legs.

“Well that is some way of getting rid of your erm...tipsy state, should we say?” Oliver grinned as he twirled a second door card in his fingers. “Please continue, don’t mind me.”

“I was..er.. I was just... Ok, I was horny,” she whispered, looking at the ground, attempting to shield her embarrassment.

“Maybe it would help relax you if you knew that I have been watching you all night. You look stunning in that dress.”

Caitlyn was taken aback, she felt like she could just melt into the bed sheets at his words. She stood up and brushed her palms over the skirt.

“You need to go back, everyone will be wondering where you are,” Caitlyn responded.

Oliver walked towards her and grabbed her wrist, stopping her from fidgeting.

“You seriously think I am going to go anywhere with this raging hard-on in my trousers? No Caitlyn, you are going to take care of it for me,” he breathed as he lowered her hand to his crotch, guiding it over the growing bulge.

She could feel the shape of it and felt it twitching beneath her hand. He pulled her petite frame in towards him so she could feel his erection, firmer. She looked up at him and saw the hunger in his eyes.

“You know what I think about when I write Caitlyn?” he breathed. “I picture you on your knees in front of me. My cock standing rigid, sap oozing from its tip. Just like it is now. My cock drips as I think of the slutty things I would get you to do for me. Is that what you want to hear Caitlyn? You want to know how my hand grips around my shaft as I stroke it thinking of you being mine? All MINE..” he growled.

Oliver traced his fingertip along her collarbone and down her cleavage as she stumbled for a response. She was left breathless, her chest began rising and falling deeper and slower, her lungs void of oxygen.

“I’ve been dying to nuzzle into these gorgeous tits all night. How does it feel to know that you make my cock incessantly hard?”

“Oli...I er..I..” mumbled Caitlyn, her pussy creaming her panties at the faintest of touches.

“You are so beautiful. Tell me how it makes you feel Caitlyn, knowing that people will be looking for us. People may hear you scream as I make you cum for me, right here in this room.” His voice was lower and slower with each statement he was throwing at her.

“I want to cum for you. I need to cum for you Oliver,” Caitlyn finally responded.

“Good then you won’t be needing this,” he replied, as he slowly pulled down the zipper at the side of her gown, letting it fall from her body and around her feet, exposing her braless frame.

“Fuck, you are gorgeous,” he groaned, stepping back to admire the ravenous beauty in front of him.

Her eyes fixed onto his as he scanned her body, fucking her with his mind. Her pussy was saturating

her white see-through thong. She needed to be fucked.

“Oliver, I didn’t know you felt...”

“You didn’t know that I felt this way?” he continued. “Didn’t you know how much I want your fucking wet cunt, like you never imagined being wanted? Well I do, and I’m going to have it.”

He reached inside of her panties, pushing his fingers into her pussy, covering them in her juice. “God, you are such a horny girl!”

He pulled his fingers from her sex and traced them up her stomach, rubbing them over her erect nipples, covering them in her honey. Oliver looked at her as he slowly licked and sucked on each nipple, tenderly. He began to suck harder, grabbing them with his teeth before letting go, his cock throbbing in response to her moans. Cupping her face in his hand, he slowly parted her lips with his mouth. She welcomed the exploration of his tongue, returning his kiss. He could taste her sweet succulent breath in his mouth and he craved more. Pulling her head towards him he hungrily fed on her with an intense state of lust.

“Take your knickers off Caitlyn. I want you in your stockings and heels only while I fuck you hard.”

Caitlyn’s clit throbbed and her pussy contracted. She felt like she could cum at one touch she was so horny. She slowly peeled her knickers off, down over her legs. The strings of her honey were dripping and attaching to her thighs, showing her state of arousal.

"In my writing I think of fantasies I want to carry out. My next story is going to be all about anal sex, Caitlyn. Would you like to be the focus of my next story?" he snickered as he reached behind her and began kneading and pulling her buttocks apart. "I will fucking spank you until you cum and then I will fuck you hard."

He savored the moment of fondling her cheeks before slowly running his index finger along her slit, "Hmmm...you are such a horny slut. This pussy is hungry for me. You’re making my fucking balls ache."

Without warning Oliver spun Caitlyn around and threw her down on the bed. He quickly undid his tie and pulled her hands around her back before proceeding to bind them together.

“Mmmm.. that’s it. Ass up and face down,” he leered as he swiftly smacked her bare ass. “Oh fuck, you look delicious, you beautiful, exquisite slut.”

The sting of Oliver's bare hand against her ass cheek seared through her body, a delicious sensation. She could feel her wetness dripping from her slit in response to it.

"See what happens to horny sluts?" Oliver leered as he continued to spank her ass. "It's my little ass now and it belongs to my fucking hand. Get your knees wider girl, must I fucking explain everything?" he growled as he spanked her ass once again.

Caitlyn groaned as she moved her knees wide apart for him. Her pussy throbbed as she felt so vulnerable, exposed and at his mercy. She needed to be fucked. Her loins ached for him to be deep inside of her.

"Please fuck me Oliver," Caitlyn moaned into the bedding.

She could hear the sound of Oliver removing his clothes, stripping naked behind her. She tried to turn her head, wanting to catch a glimpse of him stroking his cock for her.

Oliver reached forward and grabbed a handful of Caitlyn's thick hair. "Scream it fucking loud enough to convince me you mean it. I want to hear you sound like a horny slut with no control."

"Pllllleeeaaasssseeee Oliver.." Caitlyn begged. "I want you to feel your thick cream inside of me."

"Oh you'll get it alright. I'm going to fill this gorgeous ass with my cream and then you're going down to be with the guests, walking in amongst them all full of my fluid," he snickered.

Without warning he dived two fingers inside of her aching cunt. "Mmmm.. baby you're soaking."

Oliver rubbed his fingers over her rounded cheeks, smearing them with her own juice. He began tugging on his glorious erection in response to his gorgeous Agent on all fours with her hands bound behind her back. He spread her cheeks wide, hungry for her puckered hole. With the palm of his hand he lightly spanked her already crimson slit.

"Ple-please Oliver.. please let me cum," she groaned.

Suddenly she felt her hole being stretched as his thick meat filled her aching cunt. Their bodies began thrusting and rocking in unison as he fucked her with everything that he had.

The sounds of their bodies slapping together filled the room. The wetness of her sex smacked off him as he drove his shaft deeper into her. He fucked her harder and faster, he could feel her pussy getting tighter around his cock, her stomach muscles began to tighten as she felt the orgasm

approaching. Oliver slammed into her deeper.

“Ohhh I’m cumming... fuck me.. ohhh Oliver...!” she screamed as her pussy juices gushed all over him.

“Mmm.. there’s a good girl.” Oliver smiled as he withdrew his cock from her tightened hole. “Now this is the fun part”.

Oliver plunged his fingers into her pussy, soaking and covering them in as much fluid as possible before teasing her tight rimhole.

“Ohhh..god!” she moaned as she felt his fingertips push past the entrance of her ass hole. She felt the tightness as he fingers opened inside of her, lubing her up with her own juice.

She could hear the wetness of Oliver’s cock as he tugged it, watching his fingers disappearing as her ass welcomed them. He finger-fucked her tight hole and with his free hand began spanking her swollen pussy. The sound of his hand slapping off her wet sex was drowned out by Caitlyn’s groans.

Withdrawing his fingers, he pulled her ass cheeks apart and spat on her stretched hole. Pushing the head of his engorged cock to the entrance of her winking rimhole, he slowly forced his way inside of her, allowing her time to adjust to his girth until he was fully inside.

“Ohh..my .god.. Oliver..you feel so big... mmm...so thick.. fuck me..!” Caitlyn pleaded, her fingers pushing and circling on her clit with an urgent need to cum again.

He grabbed her hips as their bodies rocked together, pummeling in and out of her. His balls slapped off her cunt as he forced her knees wider apart with his own, driving balls-deep inside of her. His cock throbbed inside of her tight channel, his balls aching ready to release his load.

“Ohh...godd... fuck. Oliver I’m cumming...FUCK ME.. Yes, yes fuckk!!!” screamed Caitlyn, as her pussy contracted and her juices began gushing from her open sex.

“Mmmm...Yeah, fuck, yeah.. like that..I’m going to cum too!” groaned Oliver, he balls tightening as he let loose a river of spunk deep inside of her ass.

Breathless he slowly withdrew from her, their liquids seeping from her holes. Exhausted he threw himself down on the bed and lay next to her. Smiling at her, he brushed her dark curls from her face.

“God Oliver, we have been away ages, we need to wash up and get back.”

“Lets just lie and luxuriate first. This is one of the best parts of it all,” he replied.

“Do you know, you're so beautiful, so precious in your nastiness?” he laughed.

She grinned back at him. “And you know I always get my way in the end.”

They lay together, smiling like co-conspirators.

“Happy New Year my slutty Agent!” he smiled as he kissed her forehead gently.

“Here’s to a VERY happy and successful New Year boss,” she smiled.