

A Summer Job with Fringe Benefits

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A father hires his well-hung son for a summer of pleasure.

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When my father offered me the chance to work in his office for ten bucks an hour, I jumped at it. It was a lot better than cutting lawns and it was air-conditioned. The other benefits were unexpected. I was seventeen that summer and had just finished my junior year of high school and done well on the SATs. I needed money for college. Dressed in chinos and a clean polo shirt, I rode to work that first Monday and listened to my father tell me the rules. No smoking, no dope, no drinking and be nice to the female employees, do what they ask. He smiled at me when he said that, and I promised like a good son. I hadn't seen his female employees. I was sent immediately to the mailroom in the basement where the guy who ran it was glad to see me. His helper had quit the previous week. "Damn women ruined him," he told me. "Try to ignore `em." On my first run, delivering and picking up, I discovered the problem. My father, who was the company CEO and did the hiring and firing, had employed a half-dozen of the sexiest young women anywhere. And they were all dressed pretty much the same way: short skirts, open shirts and high heels. As far as I could tell, none of them owned a bra and all of them had jugs to die for. I met them, one by one, as I went around and collected smiles and names, most of which I quickly forgot. The bodies were not forgettable. When I got to my father's big office on the top floor, I knocked and went in. When he got off the phone, he looked up and smiled. "You hired all those girls?" I asked. He smiled and nodded. "Every single one. Now let me explain something; I promised them that if they needed refreshing, that means sex, all they had to do was ask. I have one almost every day, usually after lunch. Your job is to back me up." I shook my head and asked him to explain. "You've fucked some girls, haven't you?" I nodded. "Three, or four, not many, not often; maybe ten times." I tried to remember. Some of my efforts had been so brief and fumbling, I didn't even count them, but one or two had been great, and I left the girls happy and my balls empty. He chuckled. "Well around here, you might get ten pieces of ass a week, and they are, I assure you, demanding and very, very hot. You ever eat one of your girl friends?" I shook my head. "They'll teach you. They all love to have their pussies licked and sucked. Just do your best." He punched a button and a lovely blonde came in, her tits bouncing in a loosely knit top. He introduced me to her and said, "Ginger, take this boy out and teach him how to do cunnilingus, Okay?" She smiled and said, "Yes Sir," and took my hand. She was about five-six, or so, with a curly mop of red-blond hair and a rack that bobbed under her tightly-stretched top, a pair of mounds that were more

than handfuls, about the size of softballs. She pulled off her thong, plunked herself down in her Aeron chair, swiveled around, spread her legs and said, "Come here and get on you knees." I did as I was told, as she lifted her little skirt and spread her knees widely. Her groin was hairless and her pussy lips were puffy, but tightly closed. She smiled at me and put her hand down and spread her labia open. "Lick it, Billy, deep and hard. You can nibble those lips and poke your tongue in that pink hole." I moved closer, looked up at her smiling face and did as I was told. She was hot and wet and soon got wetter. I rolled my tongue and poked at her, and she put both hands on the back of my head and crushed my face into her slit. "That's good, real good. Now lick upward, flatten your tongue, plow that ditch." She was snorting for breath. I did as I was told and listened to her moan and growl. "The lips, the lips," she sighed. "Do the lips. Be nasty, stretch `em." I captured her fluttering labia and pulled at one side and then the other. She gasped and sobbed, "More, more," as I nibbled and lapped. She put her long legs up on my shoulders and closed her eyes, as I sucked her, mouthing her whole vulva. "Now the clit," she sighed. "Higher, higher. You're doing fine, but this is the big one; this'll bring me off." I found it with my tongue, pushed aside a flap of soft flesh, and she went absolutely ape, crying and writhing, as I stretched out her little nub and licked it hard and fast, nipping at it a few times as it swelled and hardened. She shuddered and came, flopping back in her chair and pushing me away. I stood on shaky legs and pulled down my zipper. My rigid ram jumped out and snapped up, and she squealed and reached for it, looking up at me, mouth open as she pulled it down and stroked it. It hurt, as it always did when it was rigid, but it was a brief and passing pain. "It's as big as your father's, just beautiful," and she ducked her head and mouthed my glans, licked it and then sucked it into her mouth. Of course, I had been enjoying a growth spurt since Christmas and gained two or three inches and twenty pounds or so, but my cock had really developed before that with the help of some testosterone injections and a special cream my father got for me, they thought I was underdeveloped or something; immature genitals they called it. It was now at least eight inches long and more than seven in circumference, and I was sure, still growing. I hadn't measured it for some time. Ginger sucked and used her tongue until I was fully aroused, absolutely stiff, the skin fully stretched, and then she eased it out of her mouth, licked its blunt head and said, "Fuck me." By then it was straight out and curved slightly upward, banana-like. I lifted her out of the chair and her legs encircled me as I pushed her down onto my raging spear and put her back down. She whimpered and leaned back, as I penetrated and then I grasped her hard butt and bounced her up and down on it. I was enjoying the feel of her breasts on my face and in my mouth, rocked her in and out. I lifted her and turned her toward her desk, put her down and really let her have it from behind, until she shuddered and climaxed again. I pounded at least a half foot of hard gristle in and out of her. I looked down at her lovely ass, smiled and asked, "Had enough?" She nodded, and I very slowly extracted my satisfied rod and put it away. When I got back down to the mailroom, I already had two messages. "It's starting," the boss said, with a grin as we sorted the incoming mail. He showed me where they kept a box of rubbers, various sizes and types. Susie in accounting was the first one who had called. She turned out to be a model-thin blonde with a fine set of silicone boobs who liked to have it from behind. I took her in an empty office, slipped on a condom that was too small for my ram, and in ten minutes

she was down on the floor begging me to stop. Then there was Gloria in sales, a redhead who wanted her pussy eaten. I did my best for her and left her lying in her leather chair, head back, eyes closed, gasping for breath, pulsing vagina gushing after I sucked her hard and deeply and fingered her as well. When I got to my father's office with his mail, I didn't knock and found Cindy lying across his desk and my father's big prick in her upside down mouth, and I'm sure, well down her throat. "Only way she can take it deep," he said, as I stepped between the girl's legs, unleashed my aching ram, pushed aside her panties and slipped into her as she spread her knees. My Dad used her mouth and I eventually filled her cunt with my semen, and she crawled back to her own office, with our cum dribbling from her mouth and vulva. "That ought to hold her. Damn girl's almost insatiable," my father said, as he put his big prick away. "How's it going?" "You're going to pay me, right; I mean not just in pussy?" He laughed and I went back to work. When I got home, I did my Kegel exercises and rubbed my long cock with the growth hormone they had gotten for me. It really felt great, tingling, warming and sensitizing even though it probably did not do any good. Testosterone, GHb and DHT it said on the label. My big prick stood upright when initially engorged, straining my muscles and ligaments, and it turned bright red when I rubbed this stuff on it and then spurted when I eased my grip. I could ejaculate the length of the bathtub, and won several jerk-off contests at school. When I lay on my back, my cock pointed straight up, and that was when I measured it, a tower of flesh. The tale of the tape this day: almost nine to the crown of the head. I wrapped the cloth tape around it in several places and decided seven and a half with a good average. I was well equipped for my summer job.