

# Blackmailed - a young waitress in trouble.

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*Celine was just a fantasy - until one day I caught her with her fingers in the till.*

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It was the come in mouth fantasy that gave me the most pleasure.

Celine's silky golden hair made my belly tingle at the same time as her pink tongue played sexy games with the tip of my cock, circling one way then the other, flicking on the ridge and just under. One delicate little hand holding my shaft firmly, and my balls ready to burst, gently cupped and fondled in the other.

My wife Mildred was tossing. But I was too deeply into Celine to be disturbed. I squeezed her young tits and held them tightly.

Mildred's hands found my cock and feeling my arousal she began mauling at me. Oh no not now, I think. Then suddenly had an idea.

Celine is working away at my swelling cock and I can't hold on. I squeeze her tits even more strongly as she begins to deep throat me, pulling strongly on my shaft and squeezing my balls.

I moved Mildred to her back and entered her, keeping faith with Celine as my worked up cock seems to open like a flower in the sun and blasts the milky seed deep inside. I just stop myself from calling

out her name.

Mildred wrapped her legs around me. Pleasantly stunned. But I did not stop thinking of Celine. I saw her laying on the bed belly down, her golden skin and petite ass looking so beautiful and tempting to touch. She continued to suck my half limp member like an ice cream she just can't get enough of.

She was a waitress at the pizza bar where I was manager.

It was a long interview in my office. Her lips impressed me immediately. They were quite thick and pouting like – a bit like a blow up doll that you fuck, and always with a little hole in the middle. She had a slightly oval face, well shaped nose and bright blue eyes. I wanted to penetrate her mouth the moment I saw her. I wanted to feel those juicy pink lips closing around my cock and I wanted to fuck her in the mouth right there and then until cum was shooting down her throat. But how could I? Me nearing retirement age, a balding old fart and her just a pretty blonde young thing at college. How tortuous to live one's life not being able to act upon the strongest desires. Life was unbearable.

She wore a very tight and short skirt. So tight it was, the fit shape of her ass was impossible to take your eyes off. And I could see the fullness of her breasts in a lacey black bra down her blouse which she left unbuttoned at the top. While she was telling me how much she enjoyed art of the impressionists I was thinking about bending her over the office desk and ramming her from behind. And when she mentioned her trip to the Lake District to paint a Windermere landscape I was already pumping her slippery wet pussy in the daffodils.

But that was all just fantasy. I knew it could never be. But I enjoyed the sight of her moving from table to table and I could watch her from my office through a two way mirror which I had installed for security reasons some years previously. Many times I locked the door and wanked under the table as I watched her behind the bar preparing drinks and accepting payment. Her little bum so sexy and the focus of my attention when I was coming into a napkin.

I went on in this voyeuristic fashion for some time and was resigned to it until one day, to my horror, money began to go missing from the till.

It was small change mostly, one day a fiver, the next a tenner, day after day.

I made up the difference out of my own pocket and looked out for the thief. I sat for many hours going through the CCTV footage and sure enough it paid dividends beyond my wildest dreams. It was Celine.

I had her on film lifting money from the till and stuffing it down her skirt.

My cock stiffened.

I asked her to come to my office and when she appeared locked the door behind her.

"I thought I had better show this to you before taking it further" I said. She looked at me with her big beautiful round eyes and smoothed the back of her skirt.

I played the film to her and watched for her reaction. She gasped and bit her lip.

"It's not to happen again" I said firmly. "And you'll have to be a good girl and do as you're told, or I'll

have to take this to the police."

She went off without a word back to her work, shaken.

The next day she appeared for her afternoon shift and I asked her to bring me some documents. She came with the file and put it on my desk. As she turned I patted her well shaped bottom and said "good girl". She shrieked and turned to look at me.

"Don't worry" I said, "We'll keep it to ourselves eh?".

I thought she might not turn up to work after that but it would be a gamble on her part and she was there the next day.

I called her to my office. She came looking pretty and petite as usual. I locked the door.

"I think we ought to have a serious chat". She looked at me with utter distrust and some fear. Her hair was not in a pony tail - it was hanging over her shoulders and she looked lovelier than ever.

"I've done a big favour for you and you're so cold with me", I said.

"I'm sorry", she said softly, "I am grateful, I don't mean to be unfriendly, it was ever so nice of you not to tell, but how can I repay you?"

"You could help me with something." I said and thought here goes.

"You see Celine, you are very pretty you know." She folded her arms and blushed. "And even when I was young I never had such a girl as you."

That made her smile bashfully but she suddenly went serious.

"But if you would pretend to be my girlfriend now and then, I think I would consider us even and after a while I'll even give you that tape."

She drew back from me a little, shocked and even disgusted I thought. I tried to take her hand but she snatched it away.

"Of course," I said, "If you would prefer the police to have the video". I picked up the phone and began to dial.

"No!" she said and stopped the call. She stood for a minute, thinking and weighing it all up. It gave me quite a kick to watch her squirming.

"Come closer", I said and took her by the hand, drawing her near. She was looking away.

I began to unbutton her blouse and felt my heart pounding violently in my chest, my cock felt harder like never before. Incredible that it was happening.

She had a lovely fragrance about her. I undid another button and her heavenly breasts cupped in lacey red bra came to view. So pretty it was, so lovely. I pulled her to me and pressed the side of my face to her body, intoxicated by the smell and warmth of her. I could not let go or allow her to draw away. The delight of it was something I had never experienced before. I suddenly realised I had never really lived.

It was so strange. I was so happy. I didn't want Celine for sex, I just wanted her. To be near her and to be with her always.

Next I sat her pretty ass on my lap. Her face was turned away and she had a finger to her lips. I nuzzled my face in her hair and felt the silkiness of her locks and smelt the perfume of her. I held her closer still to me, like she was my lover. I began to mutter to her how nice she was and promised to be kind to her and not hurt her. I promised to protect her and said she could always come to me for help.

I didn't go to far. I released her after a while and buttoned her blouse. I had not touched her breasts and her bra was still on. I was buzzing.

"Off you go now", I said, giving her a gentle squeeze of her tight bottom. She blushed uncomfortably and left after I unlocked the door.

My world shaken, I went home that night already eager for the next day to begin. I could think of nothing else and could not sleep - did not want to sleep. Mildred pestered me for sex but I refused. I was holding Celine in my arms the whole night. Did I love her? How could I claim it? I was

blackmailing her. But I seemed to be dependant on her charms. I wanted more and more and more.

Imagine my devastation the next day when the assistant manager gave me the information that Celine's mum had phoned in that she was not going to be at work for a couple of days as she was ill. It was like the end of the world. I could not wait, would not wait. But what could I do? It was torture. Pure bloody torture. The blank uncertainty was eating away at me all day. I wished I could go to sleep and wake up when Celine was back at work. How could she do it? Maybe she was calling my bluff. What if I called the police? She was playing a dangerous game.

I somehow suffered the agony of waiting for the next day and came in to work late.

To my delight Celine was there. I saw her sexy ass moving from table to table placing menus and cutlery.

I went to my office trying not to look at her.

She came to me later looking nervous and afraid, closing the door behind her. She looked so lovely, her skin bloomed with youth and her breasts protruded through her shirt.

I sat with my arms folded.

"Did you call them?" she asked, shaking a little.

"Yes I did" I lied. She gasped and looked terrified.

"They are phoning me back. But I haven't named anyone yet and it's really up to you what happens next".

She relaxed a little but was shaken. I invited her to sit down and made her a cup of tea then locked the door. She didn't touch the tea but looked at me as if to find out what was in my mind. It hurt me to see so much suspicion and distrust in her on my account.

"Thank you" she said. "God I'm in a terrible mess".

"Don't worry", I said patting her on the knee, "I won't say a word, you can trust me."

She bit her lower lip.

"You know", I said, "you are a lovely girl".

She gave me a look when I said that. Narrowed her eyes and turned her head away, shook it from side to side and put one hand to her temple. With the other hand she unbuttoned her blouse, One button at a time, gradually revealing the peachy complexion of her chest and the red lace bra.

"That's better", I said, my voice cracking a little.

She kept her face hidden all the time, allowing her blouse to fall away and presenting to me the beauty of her upper body. Her shoulders were divine - shaped like a goddess and so smooth and delicately rounded. Time stood still, I watched, transfixed and entranced. I came close to her slowly and kissed her bosom, she shuddered at my touch. I felt the softness of her bra on my face and breathed in her fragrance as deeply as I could. I drew back a little and put my hands on her feminine slender thighs, feeling their firmness and silky smoothness. She was not wearing stockings today. She braced her knees together so tightly I could feel the effort she used.

"Stand up" I commanded her. She stood and I rather clumsily tried to undo her bra but failed. "Take this off" I said, "I want to see you".

With one movement she let the bra fall and out popped a pair of beautiful full breasts. I looked and

leered, drooling, my hands shaking, I touched the young tits gently and squeezed each to feel the youthful springiness of the private female flesh. She tried to hide herself with her elbows but I prised them apart and brought my face close and began to kiss the pink nipples. While I was doing this she made little noises like she was in some discomfort. How long I played with her tits I do not know but it was not long enough. A knock came at the door. It was Josie, the assistant manageress. Apparently there was a tramp at the salad bar and he would not leave. Celine dressed in a hurry and I asked her to stay while I sorted out the tramp. But when I came back she was already back helping out in the kitchen. Damn! I could not call her back immediately, I was afraid that the staff would start to get suspicious.

I went home that night thrilled yet disappointed.

Of course I knew it was wrong, but could not help myself.

Seeing Mildred at home upset me quite a bit. What was I doing with the old hag? Shit, I had wasted my life. But now had some twisted redemption to look forward to.

The next day I bought a pretty little posy at the florist and took it in to the restaurant. It was stupid really, I don't know what I hoped for.

After the lunchtime rush I whispered in Celine's ear to come and see me in the office, touching her tight hot ass as I did so.

She came to me, looking afraid as usual. I presented her with the flowers. She took them with no sign of emotion. "Thanks", she said. I felt like an idiot. I suddenly got angry and said, "Look, I think I had better go to the police, this can't go on".

She began to breath violently and looked terrified. She took off her blouse and bra, showing me her tits.

"That's nice" I said and gave them a good going over with my hands and mouth for some time, But I was sexually worked up and after she dressed said to her "I would expect a little more appreciation after what I have done. I'm sticking my neck out for you."

I told her in straight terms what I wanted. She was to meet me at seven that evening in a hotel just off the M1 and if she did not show I would go direct to the police, She could hang for all I cared if she wasn't prepared to even the score a little. But I promised to bring the video and said we would be quits if she spent some proper time with me just once.

I must admit I did not expect her to come. I thought she would call my bluff and maybe even tell the police she was being blackmailed.

But she did come. I met her in the hotel car park..

She looked so small and so feminine. But her expression was icy. It didn't matter, I intended to have my way.

I signed in and came back out to tell her which room then went up. It was quite basic accomodation. Just a small room with firm double bed, Small telly etc. I had chosen the hotel because I knew it was easy to come and go without being noticed. I had met the odd escort there with no fuss.

I washed my hands and waited. There was a knock at the door and I let Celine in.

"You have the video?" she said.

I showed her the video.

"I'm afraid" she said, looking at me with her beautiful sad blue eyes and kissing the air with her pouting lips.

"Don't worry, You won't get pregnant, I've brought something." It seemed crude to speak in such a way but I guessed it would calm her down a little.

I drew the curtains and turned on the light.

She went to the bathroom. I heard running water and then a minute later the toilet flushed. Then running water. She came out and looked at me.

"Why are you doing this?" She said, an odd look of confusion on her pretty face.

"Because", I said, "You are irresistible and in normal circumstances you would never have let me do these things".

"You don't know that", she said folding her arms, "if you had been nice to me, but then we'll never know will we."

"You stole from the company", I said, "I've had to stick my neck out to save your skin and I had to replace the money." She seemed to see the sense in this argument and sighed.

She looked a little lost standing there and I realised I would have to direct things a little.

I made sure the door was properly locked and then asked Celine to sit on the bed.

I began to undress and she turned her head away.

"Look at me", I said.

She turned to look at me and no longer looked afraid. I took off my shoes, socks, trousers and all the way down to my underwear. I took off my Y fronts and stood naked in front of her. That gave me quite a thrill, standing starkers in front of a college girl so young and pretty, and my cock stood straight and hard in front of her. She looked at it.

"Touch it", I said, "play around with it a bit"

I came closer but she didn't do anything. Then she sighed, screwed up her face a bit and put her little hand on the shaft, Her touch drove me wild with desire to push my cock in between her lips but I dared not.

"My god Celine", I moaned, "you're so beautiful, forgive me."

She started to wank me slowly pulling up and down on my shaft and I had to pull away as I did not want to come so quickly. She looked a little confused when I moved.

"Now it's your turn", I said, "take off your clothes".

She undressed, taking each item off carefully and placing the garments on bedside table.

I sat on the bed and watched her nakedness unfold before me. Her body was even more beautiful than I had imagined. She was so well proportioned, Her breasts stuck out proudly and so did her peachy bottom. She was a perfect beauty. I thought with sadness that after giving the video to her it would all be over.

I touched her body gently and lovingly, caressing the young curves, particularly her fit bottom and legs which I adored. She seemed to accept it. Then I asked her to lie on her back.

I have never had the slightest desire, even when Mildred was young, to "eat pussy". But the sexy space between Celine's legs drew me strongly and I found myself kissing her in between the thighs and my lips were soon on her genitals. At the same time I explored her body with my hands, touching the breasts, navel and shoulders as I worked away with my mouth on her most private part.

I noticed her legs open a little and that did surprise me because at first I had to prise them apart. Her little pussy was also getting wet and she was beginning to make one or two noises of pleasure. I had not expected this!

I kept working away delicately, encouraged by her reaction. She began to move her bottom and suddenly tightened her thighs against my head so strongly I thought my skull was going to split and she let out an ear splitting shriek that lasted several seconds. Her thighs relaxed and I stopped, looked up and she had her eyes closed. She breathed deeply and let out a long outbreath and made a mmm sound.

I lay down next to her and closed my eyes. Although not having had an orgasm my cock was still hard I was in a state of satisfaction.

I kept my eyes closed and sensed Celine move her position. Then I felt soft little fingers taking my cock and a delicious slippery warmth wrap the bell end. I arched my back and began to breathe deeply. I opened my eyes and saw the back of Celine's head. She was laying flat on her belly and the sight of her ass in front of me looked incredibly sexy. I reached out with my hand and massaged it, feeling the hot wetness between.

The tight hug of Celine's pouting lips around my cock far exceeded all my fantasies and she handled my balls so sensually I could have believed that she really cared for me. She wanked my shaft up and down gently as she probed my throbbing bell end with her tongue. I could not last long given such exquisite stimulation. The pleasure was so intense my back arched to breaking point as the hot fluid gushed at Celine's tits - she had taken me out of her mouth and finished me off beautifully with her breasts. I grabbed her ass so strongly when I came and made her cry out.

She lay on the bed for a minute or so and then went off to the bathroom with her clothes. When she came out dressed she looked at me with big eyes as I lay naked on the bed and I thought there was some meaning in her expression that I was not capable to understand, Off she went. It made me sad to see her go but I did try to stop her. I was in some foreign dimension of consciousness

It was some time before I started coming back to reality.

Strange that she had not taken the video.

I went home and promptly took a grilling from the wife.

In the course of the night I had to visit the bathroom several times to masturbate - reliving the erotic encounter. I felt so sexual. Each wank blew my mind. I destroyed several hand towels.

The next day I went in to the restaurant.

Celine was there, wiping tables.

She looked as lovely as ever and the sight of her neat ponytail and delicate way of moving her pretty self in and out of the tables charged me with a thousand desires. I stopped and stared at her legs which were in black stockings and at the nice shape of her bottom inside the tight skirt. She must have sensed me and lifted her head, our eyes met ....

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Part 2 coming soon

