

A Quickie With My Manager's Son

By pureaddictionxo

Published on Lush Stories on 08 Jan 2012

Never did I think being late to work would result in me getting laid...

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/quickie-sex/a-quickie-with-my-managers-son.aspx>

I woke up to the sound of my buzzing alarm clock, threatening me to get out of bed for work. I had already pressed the snooze button a countless amount of times, which is a routine for me due to the fact that I'm not a morning person at all. I opened my eyes and was surprised yet frightened to see that I was late. It was 7:40 AM. An entire forty minutes late to be exact. My manager was going to be pissed. Jumping out of bed, I managed to fumble with my cell phone and clothe myself at the same time. A few rings, and a rugged voice appeared at the other end. "Jack? I'm so sorry, but I'm going to be a little late." I said reluctantly. "You're already a lot late, Samantha. Hurry your ass here, now. We have a lot of customers coming in and we're short on staff; You aren't here, and Frankie called off." Jack stated, a tone of anger in his voice. He's my manager, and for the most part he's an alright guy, except when he gets mad. None of us employees like him all too much then. But he's usually easy to get away from, considering I work at a restaurant preparing food and waiting on tables all day, which means I get to spend my time far away from him. "Yes, Sir. I'll see you soon." I said, hanging up the phone. The drive in my Honda Accord was painfully slow due to traffic, and I could only imagine how pissy Jack was going to be with me when I walked through the door. He hates when people are late... and I was really late. Hopefully he was busy yelling at someone else. That way I could get off the hook easily. It wasn't likely though, because when I walked in, he was giving me the stink eye from afar. I gave my brief hellos to a few fellow employees before making my way to the back room to put on my work apron. The swinging door opened behind me, and there he was, raging as I had hoped he wouldn't be. "You're an hour late. I hope you know I'm taking that hour off your paycheck." Jack frowned. I hurriedly put on my apron, trying to get out of this whole confrontation a little bit faster. "Yes. Yes, I know. I apologize." I said. He stared me down. "Table six wants a salad. You're on kitchen duty today. Get your ass in there before I deduct another hour." I didn't bother to reply, I pushed my way past him and into the kitchen, knowing that I was in for a long day. If only I would have woken up on time, then I wouldn't have to deal with this attitude. I should have just called off altogether. Frankie probably woke up late, too, and decided to just say "Fuck it" instead of coming into work to get yelled at. Smart thinking. There I was, preparing a salad for table six. Lettuce, olives, cucumbers. Tomatoes, croutons, onions. The whole nine yards. Collin Arbuckle, the assistant manager, came in and said hello to me. He was rather young to be the assistant manager, around eighteen or

nineteen years old. I figured he was Jack's son, or nephew, or something of the sort. He clearly hated this job just as much as I did, but it was good pay, which is why most of us stay here. "How you doing today, Sam?" he asked, shuffling through a cabinet to get something. "I'm fine, just a little stressed. Came to work late and Jack's on my back. How are you?" Collin chuckled. "That's my dad for you. I'm good, though." He closed the cabinet, setting something down on the counter, but I was too preoccupied preparing the salad to look. Ah, I was right. They were related. Of course. I should have known, they had the same grass green eyes and a spectacular jawline. "I just want to get today over with." I sighed. "Can you get the ranch dressing for me?" "Yeah," he said. "And I want to get it over with, too. I don't wanna be here any more than you do." The refrigerator opened and closed, and he came up behind me to give me the dressing. I could feel his body heat against my back. "Thank you." I smiled. He hugged me from behind, and I was a little taken aback at the romanticism in his hug, knowing that he was happily taken by a woman a lot prettier than me. She was a blonde. Top model kind of blonde. I'm a brunette, about 5'5" with an average frame and 32 C boobs. It was good enough. But at the moment, I felt like I needed to be better. "Relax," Collin whispered gently into my ear, sensing that I was a little worried about something. "I just want to cheer you up so you don't get too stressed today." Oh, that wasn't too bad, then. Unexpected, yes. But not as crazy as I thought. "You really don't need to worry about me, Collin. But thank you." He breathed lightly on my neck, sending a whirl of chills down my spine. His fingers caressed my hips, and softly touched the small of my back as I involuntarily pushed myself into him. "Ah, Sam. I'm not supposed to want you, and you're making it hard." he said. The pun in his statement was pretty amusing, because I could feel his pants thickening against my bottom, and I began wondering if I should tell him to stop before things got out of hand. "I need to make this salad." I said plainly. Collin didn't care about that damn salad at all. He pulled me into him even more, and groaned into my neck as he kissed and bit me lightly. "You're in a relationship." I reminded him. "And?" A swift motion, and his hand was exploring inside my pants, touching places that have never been touched in such a public place like this. I moaned a little at his touch. To be honest, it had been a while since I was touched like that. Work was taking over my life, and I was always too tired to date or even have a booty call come over for a little while. He rubbed my clit, and I was getting hornier by the second, even though I was supposed to be focusing on the salad. By now the customer was probably wondering where the hell I was with their food. I didn't care at the moment, lost in the ecstasy of sex. "Let me fuck you." he said. "I can't.. I need to get to work or I'll get fired. And what if someone comes in here? One of the other employees? Jack?" "Who cares? My dad isn't going to fire you. Trust me." "How do you know?" I asked, as he dipped two fingers in and out of my tight, wet pussy. It felt so good, I didn't want to resist. He tugged my pants down around my knees. "He has a little crush on you. Been talking about how he wants to fuck you hard, so I just had to get my hands on you first." His cock was harder and bigger than I had expected, I felt it creep up against my ass and he teased my pussy with it, getting both of us very excited. "You're kidding? Oh god, we shouldn't be doing this." I told him, but I'm not sure I could convince either of us, to be honest. He pushed himself into me, and I almost cried out in joy at how good it felt. I just wanted him to plow me right there in the kitchen with his big cock, but I was still worried about getting caught.

"Fuck me. Just for a minute." I moaned. He held his hands on my hips as he bent me over and destroyed me. It was unbelievably amazing, and I was quite jealous of his girlfriend for getting laid like this all the time. Deep stroke after deep stroke, moan after moan. I wanted him, and I couldn't deny that any longer. "Your pussy feels so good, nice and tight how I like it." he said roughly. "Ohhhhh fuck me! This is so fucking great!" I cried out. His balls were slapping loudly against my ass, and at that point I didn't care who came in, as long as I was getting fucked hard by my manager's son. His left hand rubbed my clit and his right squeezed my chest as he humped me from behind, getting deeper and deeper inside me. "Harder, babe. Make me cum hard all over your cock." I said. I was a little surprised by my dirty talk. I had never done it before. But then again, I had never been fucked this life before. To my surprise, or not to my surprise, not sure which one really works, I heard the kitchen door swing open. Collin didn't stop slamming into me, as I figured he wouldn't. I moaned. "What the fuck is this?" Jack's voice said. Collin laughed. "I'm fucking your dream girl, Dad. What does it look like?" He turned me around, picked me up, and fucked me in the air with my legs around his waist. I wrapped my arms around his neck, face to face with my manager's raging eyes as I let his son rail me without a care in the world. "Ohhhhhh my god. Fuck. I'm sorry, Jack." I whimpered. "Bullshit!" he yelled. "Sam, you know what would make me real happy?" Collin whispered in my ear as he continued to thrust into me. "HmMMMM?" I moaned, unable to say anything else. "Suck my dad's cock while I fuck you from behind again. I'm sure he'll appreciate it." I didn't really have a choice here, because he put me back in doggy position and I was up close and personal with Jack's hard-on, even through his pants. He was a raging horny fuck. I guess I kind of liked that. I unzipped his jeans with my teeth, and pulled his cock out. To my surprise it was just as big as Collin's, if not a little bit bigger. He stuck it in my mouth quickly. "That's right, bitch. Suck my cock. I'll face fuck you until it hurts." Jack said. Two cocks; One in my mouth, one in my pussy. It was a brilliant feeling. I slid my tongue over the head of Jack's cock, taking it into my mouth inch by inch while Collin handled me from behind. "Your cock tastes so good. Gag me with it. Make it worth it." I mumbled. At the same time, they both thrust themselves into me hard. I gagged a little, his cock reaching the back of my throat. I sucked it with everything I had in me. "I'm gonna cum." Collin said from behind me. A few deep thrusts and there it was, cum shooting inside me. The feeling made me cum as well, and my legs were shaking as he released his lovely juice. "Ohhh, fuck my throat!" I screamed, ready for Jack to cum, too. My tongue swirled around his cock and slurped wetly. I could feel he was about to bust, and with one last thrust, a spurt of cum hit my throat, and he pulled out of my mouth quickly. He aimed for the counter, and sprayed his cum all over the customer's salad. Yum. I stood up, cum dripping down my legs. "So I'm not fired?" I said. "Nope, just get cleaned up and get your filthy ass back to work." Jack smiled.