

# Love to Live - Working Extra Hours

By Freyja

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*There is no love between myself and the guy that is now pounding my pussy,*

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I am not supposed to like what I am doing right now let alone enjoy it, but the truth is I am enjoying it, so much so that I truly believe that I could become addicted. There is no love between myself and the guy that is now pounding my pussy, he wants me just for sex, nothing else, and that suits me fine. Ostensibly, all I want from him is his money, but I do have to admit to myself that more and more I am enjoying having sex with strangers. After the sex is over the strangers leave me and I have no emotions towards them, I wipe away the evidence of their presence with tissues and confine them to the trash, then I count the money and plan the next meeting. We were into our fifth year of marriage, David and I when, like so many more he lost his job and mine just didn't pay enough to keep us. Like so many more couples we lived beyond our means relying on credit cards and bonuses from our work to keep ahead of financial disaster. "David, what are we going to do?", I looked at his face lined with worry. We were now in trouble, facing the prospect of foreclosure by the bank because of our inability to service what was a huge mortgage debt. Night after night we had cried in each others' arms, as a solution to our financial problems always evaded us. David was affected so badly, he didn't eat, he didn't sleep. Although he tried desperately to avoid it there more frequent rows between us. We knew that soon it would destroy our marriage, our relationship and us both as individuals. Of all things, a blocked kitchen sink and too much alcohol put me onto my present path. David and I had rowed at breakfast and I had opened a bottle of wine to help drown my sorrows when the sink added to my miseries by refusing to empty. The plumber, a nondescript guy in his mid forties, started on the blockage and in my slightly inebriated state I offered him a glass of wine which he declined so I teased him with glimpses of bare thigh and cleavage as I pretended to work near him. The blockage cleared, he began to tidy away his tools and the moment I feared had arrived... paying the bill. I giggled at him and said I hoped that he wasn't going to ask for payment there and then but that he would send a bill. Shaking his head he apologized and explained that cash was all that he would accept as he had been caught too often with checks and promises of payment particularly now money was tight for everybody. Feeling light-headed I joked that he would do better to take the cost of his services in kind. He laughed but I saw that he eyed me up and down taking in the fact that I

was still in my robe. I feel that I am quite good looking and I have a good figure that is only marred by my boobs which are a little large. In fact David always jokes that he was attracted to me because he thought I looked top heavy and would fall over if he didn't hold me up; by my boobs of course. He maintained that he only slept with me to be there if my over-sized mammaries pinned my arms to the bed and I was unable to move. The sparkle in the plumber's eyes and the effect of the alcohol spurred me to be daring. I suggestively raised a leg and slowly and sexily raised the hem of the robe. The guy reached over and placed his hand on my thigh and seeing that I didn't object his moved it higher. I was very surprised at the effect it had on me; I felt my face flush and blood flow to places it should not at this time of day. His next move brought me to a crossroads... his fingers gently stroked my inner thigh. Now I had to decide to go further or stop him while I was able. The decision was taken out of my control as his hand dived under the robe and his fingers found my night panties. Before I was able to resist, those fingers were tugging at the fabric in an attempt to pull them aside. "Hey now", my hand grabbed his, "you only unblocked the sink", I giggled, "it will have to be a bigger job before you earn that prize". "What do I get for the sink job then" his face was very serious but his eyes sparkled at the prospect. At this point I was determined to find out just how valuable were my "assets", so I dropped the robe off my shoulders showing the guy just how big were my boobs. His eyes bulged; he was smitten with my 38C's, which were barely covered by a light night bra. To be truthful the bra is worn to stop my breasts from wandering during the night and as such there was an awful lot of flesh on show. I took his hand and allowed his outstretched fingers to brush over the cleavage, the flesh showing below the bra and that on display at the sides. A typical male, he wanted to grab at a boob and squeeze it hard in his hand, and I allowed it. A thumb roughly grated at each covered nipple in turn. After a couple of minutes I covered up again praying that he could be stopped at this point; I understood that I was playing with fire and that I could easily get burned. The plumber looked at me through narrowed eyes for a long moment then grinned with gorgeous white, sparkling teeth. "Don't think that you paid off the whole of the bill... yet, but I'll add a part of it to the 'big' job that you have for me", he winked, picked up his tool kit and waved as he left me. I know that I should have sobered up and put the incident down to experience but I couldn't get out of my mind the sexual excitement and the feeling of power that the game had given me. That big job that had interested the plumber actually existed; David needed an additional heating radiator in the snug so as to use it as an office. But how could I get the plumber to do it and how would I explain it to my husband how I had found the funds to get it done. In the past I had worked overtime to get extra money for this and that but as the credit crunch took hold the opportunities became less. But never the less I ask my boss if there was any would he please think of me. He was very good about it but said that the girls that had always been willing to do the extra time in the past would get first refusal. I wasn't going to let this put me off, on the contrary, it gave me an idea as to an explanation for having the plumbing work done. So now I was faced with concocting a story, a lie, which would convince David that I was working to pay the bills. My determination to go ahead was such that I arranged for the plumber to call again to check what was involved and what "price" I was prepared to pay. "You may be gorgeous and you may be sexy but the relocation of that radiator is going to cost you far more than a feel of your tits and

pussy” stated the workman, “raise your offer and I will consider it”. “ I don’t make a habit of this, in fact you are the only man that I ever fancied enough to even suggest it” I said with little conviction, hoping that he would be flattered and take my offer. “ I got to make a living and a handful of tit and fingers smelling of your pussy is just a loss-making job”, he responded, “sorry but its full sex or look for another plumber”. His reference to ‘full sex’ made me feel dirty and degraded... but oh how it also made me feel good! I had to do it, I had to feel his body on mine and his hard cock inside me. Feigning horror and disgust but also resignation of the inevitable I lowered my head , looked at him with a forced tear in my eyes, and nodded agreement. His look of triumph some how pleased me too. “ Payment on completion only” I whispered. The tradesman reluctantly agreed. “ Janice, you still interested in doing some extra work for me,” my boss's voice on the phone was so welcome. “ Oh please Ray, it would help a lot, things are tough right now”, I replied. Ray apologized that the work would be in the evening as there wasn’t a work station free during the day. I replied that any time was OK with me if it got me extra cash. We arranged a day and date for me to start and he even said that there could be more than one day of extra work if things went well. I knew the work he wanted me to do, I knew the others that might be working extra too, so I felt very happy when the day came. I dressed in one of my favourite dresses, put on some sexy perfume and tottered off in sexy if inappropriately high heels. The guy at the gate seemed to leer at me and although I dismissed it from my mind I did wonder why, as he, as with Ray my boss, hadn’t been with the company too long and didn’t know me that well. “ The boss will be back in ten minutes, maybe a bit longer” called the gate guy, “he had to pop out, go to his office and wait” he continued. Late sun was streaming through the fifth-floor office windows as I took a seat at the boss's desk. I spotted what at first appeared to be a new brochure advertising some of the goods for which the company was famous. Flicking through it my heart stopped as suddenly I was faced with full colour pornographic pictures of a couple having sex. Quickly I closed the pages and stepped back looking around guiltily in case I had been seen. Of course there was nobody but me in the office so I returned to the pages. I was intrigued at the detail in the pictures; the genitals of both male and female looked almost real and without thinking I ran my fingers over the guy's cock. He was one of those models that I guess all guys want to be and all girls want; with a thick and very long cock, tight butt and balls. I licked lips that had suddenly dried and felt blood rush to my pussy. Nipping my thighs tightly together didn’t satisfy the demands my pussy began to make. Almost subconsciously my fingers pushes the light dress and panties hard against my pussy mound and began to rub. The more I enjoyed the following images the more I realised that I needed to relieve the demands of my pussy. Looking at my watch I found that I had been there around five minutes and the gate guy said the boss would be away for ten minutes or longer. Reaching under my dress I pulled down my panties; no time to take them off or to put them on again when Ray returned. There was no surprise when my fingers reached my crotch that my pussy lips had swollen and were showing signs of advanced sexual arousal. Pictures of the girl with the guy's enormous cock in her mouth found my fingers rubbing hard over my mound and pressing hard over my clitoris then venturing briefly between lips slick with my own juices. As ever, I couldn’t resist raising those wet fingers to my mouth and tasting the product of my heightened sexual state. “

Julie...”, the sound of my boss's voice almost caused me to faint with shock. For a second I stood rooted to the spot, my panties so obviously at my knees and my fingers frozen in their action of masturbation, my eyes staring at the pornographic images laid out on the desk. “ ...I see that you have found my guilty secret” Ray continued, “I have to enjoy my delight of looking at pictures of the joys of mutual sexual pleasure here at the office as my wife doesn’t approve of such things”. Still rooted to the spot I stood up let the hem my dress fall in the hope of covering my wayward panties but they were too far down my legs. “ Oh my god ray, I am so sorry”, I blurted out, “I... I... oh...”. “ If it puts your mind at rest I am happy if you share the same pleasure as I in the publication that you have found”, Ray's smile comforted me and I breathed a sigh of relief. I assured him that I adored the images and laughed that it must be obvious that I do by the fact that he had caught me in flagranti delicto in his office. Looking at my panties, struggling to hold on to my knees, he asked if I wanted to get more comfortable... one way or the other. At the slight risk that my boss was about to inform me that he wanted nothing more to do with such a loose woman I decided to go for broke and slowly removed the item from my legs. As I reached for my bag intending to hide away the tiny, silken underwear Ray held out his hand for it. “ You want... ah... my undies?”, knowing full well that the acquisition of them was topmost in his mind. I held them out. Ray didn’t snatch but took them gently, and slowly moved the panties to his face, then sniffed. “ I would be honoured if you would allow me to keep your underwear as a memento of this moment”, he whispered, “your husband is a very lucky man to be the one who gets to delight in this perfume close up”. A sudden wave of heat flushed my entire body and my head swam at his exciting words particularly as I knew that the perfume could only be the mustiness of my pussy. Without thinking a hand strayed once again to my crotch. This situation was the most exciting that I could ever remember. Dumbly, I just nodded my agreement to his request. He laid the garment neatly on his desk smoothing out the fabric and allowing his fingers to dally at the crotch. Oh how I wanted, how I needed to rub hard on an aching clitoris. Noticing my hand pressing my dress hard to my crotch my boss asked, “Julie, if there is anything that I can do to give a little relief then don’t be shy of asking”. “ Oh? Would it be OK? I wont get fired? I teased. More seriously, “I really do need the money”. “ What happens here between us Julie stays strictly between you and I, we both have a lot to lose, OK?”, Ray's steely blue eyes drilled into mine as he said it. I nodded agreement. “ Ray, do one thing for me please, we can do all the things I have just seen in the magazine but there is one thing I have wanted to since you first came to the company”. “Please kiss me... passionately... because I have never kissed a guy with a moustache and I am dying to find out what it is like”. The passion of his kissing made up for my disappointment of the effect of his hairy top lip; it tickled and rasped my lips. In fact I found that after a minute or so I didn’t want his kisses, they didn’t compare to those sensuous kisses of my husband David. To distract Ray I felt for the front of his pants and was delighted at the bulge I found there. I felt quite proud that I had been able to generate such passion in my boss. It took no time at all to release his cock and oh what a wonderful feeling it was to grip his hot meat. Dropping to my knees but never loosening my grip on this tool that I hoped would soon raise me to new sexual heights. Although stroking Ray's hardness felt wonderful I was desperate to taste it, to suck it as I had sucked David's so many times. My lips on the head felt

good and soon I was greedily pulling its length into my welcoming mouth. I shook off my boss's hand on my head, I would blow him at my time. Now I was doing what I so enjoyed; stroking the shaft while sucking hard, then running my tongue over his tight balls, up the length of his dick to the tip, wriggling the tip of my tongue as far in his pee-hole, lapping around the glans. Instinctively my hand dropped to my crotch where it was badly needed. My pussy is not used to being neglected while I indulge my mouth on a guy's hard flesh so that it protested until I could appease it somewhat by, grating the heel of my hand over my mound, swirling fingers over a hooded clitoris and allowing excited finger tips to tease the inner lips that now oozed nectar. Would I, should I, encourage or allow my boss to cum now so that he would last longer later, or make him wait so as to explode deep inside me? I had thought that I was in control of this situation and that I would make Ray beg to push his penis into my eager pussy, but pussy wanted feeding and now! No matter how I rubbed it, how many fingers I shafted into its depths, it wanted a cock to fill it properly. Any idea of bringing my boss off then teasing him with a promise of penetration later disappeared I wanted him and now. Luckily I seemed to have raised his temperature and he pounded my mouth with cock. I looked up into his eyes trying to tell him that I wanted him so badly. Ray got the message, withdrew his hardness and stood me up. With a last kiss on the mouth which tickled my lips he turned me around and bent me over the desk. I braced for the anticipated lunge at me but Ray was gentle, pressing the tip covered in my saliva to my vulva and eased forward. If the opening of my sex tube was glorious the slow expansion of my depths was wondrous. So heightened was my libido, so highly was I excited that an orgasm washed like a wave through my body at the first full penetration. He must have felt the contractions because he moaned as did I. "Ray for god sake fuck me please" I had to urge him on he was just too gentle and I needed to be fucked hard at this time. He didn't need telling twice, gripping hard at my slim hips my boss thrust his meat into me and oh my god it was so good. It didn't take too long before this guy had me in ecstasy again cumming hard and gripping him in fast contractions. "Janice I've got to cum, I cant hold back babe", my boss grunted. "Do it, do it, fuck your seed into me, yes, yes, ooooh," I screamed out. What pumped deep inside me was hot and strong and Ray ensured that he kept his dick as deep as it would go, his balls hot against my bare ass. I asked for my panties explaining that his cum would seep out of me and down my thighs making quite an embarrassing mess which I might have to explain to my husband. Ray asked if I would mind actually doing the work that had been prepared for me that evening as he hadn't anticipated that I would treat him to such a fantastic time. I said of course I would, and of course Ray visited me often for a kiss and to reach into my bra or panties.

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