

Status Meeting

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Michael calls Camryn into a status meeting.

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“ Status Meeting. 9:30 AM. Wellness Room #2. ” That was the email in my inbox this morning. I did not recognize the email address and I was completely ignorant to the status that the topic referred to. Even stranger, the Wellness Rooms were a group of rooms near the entrance to our building for expectant mothers to breastfeed newborns. It was very odd to have a meeting there. While these thoughts ran through my head I realized that it was already 9:20. I didn’t even have time to respond to the email asking for clarification. I grabbed my phone in my purse, straightened my skirt and suit jacket, and headed for the Wellness Rooms. Although I knew the hallway where these rooms were located, I had never actually been in them. After all, I have no children so I have had no reason to. As I reached the hallway I could see the doors lining the wall to my right. Each door was only identified by a small placard on the wall beside it. Of course, there were no windows on the doors. The hallway was brightly lit and I noticed a globe on the ceiling with a camera lens looking directly at me. No doubt to deter anyone from playing tricks on all of the mothers that needed to use the rooms. As I continued on I found the placard labeled “Room #2” and entered. The room was pitch-black except for a laptop on the table. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness of the room I ran my hand along the wall looking for the light switch. Before I found it a hand clenched my wrist from inside the room and pulled me in before closing the door behind me. To say I was surprised was an understatement. Before I could react I was being pressed to the wall by a pair of powerful hands. “What the fuck,” I said. “Get off of me!” That’s when I heard his voice. “I have missed you, Camryn.” My heart immediately started pounding. Michael. I had not heard from him for over a month. More importantly, I had not heard from him since he thoroughly fucked me after a customer outing in downtown Atlanta. I couldn't ask few questions about him at work because I was afraid that it would raise suspicion. All I had heard was that he had to head north to help us close a major deal with an important customer. “Have you missed me,” he continued. “You scared the shit out of me Michael,” I responded. “Where have you been and what are we doing in here?” “I had to take care of some things for a couple of weeks,” he said while his hands traced a trail from my shoulders down the arms of my suit jacket. “I didn’t want to email or call you because I didn’t know who might see them.” As he spoke his hands continued to my wrists and held them to the wall. I felt his lips on my neck and it sent shivers down my spine when he kissed me. His smell was almost intoxicating. No doubt some high-end cologne. “I asked you a

question Camryn,” he continued. “Did you miss me?” As I exhaled I responded, “Yes.” His lips were kissing a trail down my neck towards my breasts when I realized the reality of the situation. We were not in his car like before. This was happening at my job. One I could not afford to lose. “Michael,” I silently whispered, “We can’t do this here.” His hand released its grip on my left wrist and I could feel him snake it around my back until he clenched my neck. “You didn’t learn the last time you tried to deny me,” he answered as he increased his grip on my neck. “When I want something, I take it. With that said, I am not some dumb-fuck that would just call you into a room at work without preparing. That laptop is tapped into the camera feed in the security office. That screen is what they are seeing right now. Look.” He let me go, turned on the light, and opened the door. As the light illuminated the room I noticed that the laptop was connected to an outlet on the wall via an ethernet cable. The screen had two windows open. One of the screens said “LIVE FEED” on the top right hand corner and the other said “SECURITY OFFICE” on the other. I noticed the hallway I entered that led to the three Wellness Rooms displayed on both screens. They were identical until Michael appeared on the screen labeled “LIVE FEED” and turned to face the camera. The screen labeled “SECURITY OFFICE” did not change. Somehow, Michael had tapped into the feed and it was no longer live. He returned and shut the door behind him, locking it just in case. “How did you do that,” I asked. “Stop asking questions,” he forcefully responded. “I have thought about your hot fucking body ever since they sent me away. I knew that I had to have you again. I have meetings I have to attend from 10:00 till my flight back to Detroit at 6:00 tonight. I have been stressed out all month and I can’t get you out of my head. Whether we do this the easy way or the hard way, for the next half hour you are going to suck my cock.” Once again, with his hands on my shoulders pushing me down, I descended to my knees in front of him. As he unbuckled his suit pants he said, “Take off your jacket and top. I want to see your tits bouncing while you suck me.” My pussy was flowing with each command he gave me. I removed my suit jacket and let it fall behind me while watching his pants fall to his ankles. As I unbuttoned my top my eyes never left the bulge sticking out from his boxers. I pulled my top off as he pushed his boxers down and stepped out of them along with his pants. When he stood, his dick was already rock hard, and he stepped towards me while I was unclasping my bra. As it slid off of my arms I heard him moan his approval as he roughly thrust his tool into my mouth in one forceful lunge, sending his cockhead to the back of my throat before retreating and thrusting again. To say I was blowing him would have been a lie. He continuously hammered his cock into my throat relentlessly. I was not giving him a blowjob. He was just using my mouth as his personal little cunt. He placed both of his hands on the top of my head and held me in place as his hips drove his cock into my throat over and over again. I thought I was going to pass out until he slowed and withdrew from my mouth. He leaned down and unzipped my skirt and pulled on the bottom with such force that I fell from my knees into a sitting position on the carpeted floor. He yanked the skirt off of my legs and grabbed my thong and pulled it off also. Next he moved the laptop to the edge of the table and pulled me to my feet before lifting my ass onto the edge of the wooden table top. I thought for a second that he was going to drive his cock into my soaked cunt but instead he pushed me onto my back, lifted my feet flat onto the table, spread my legs, and drove his tongue into my pussy. My eyes immediately shot into

the back of my head. His tongue worked magic on my tiny pussy and sent jolts of electricity through my veins. His hands reached up to find my breasts and while his tongue flicked across my clit he squeezed and pinched my nipples, sending me over the edge. My fingers locked onto his head and pulled his mouth tight to my opening as I starting coming into his mouth. The most difficult thing that I have ever experienced was not screaming as my orgasm racked my body. My abdominals were contracting with every spasm from my pussy. My mouth was wide open but somehow I refrained from vocally matching the explosions going off inside my dripping cunt. Once I came down from my orgasm, Michael told me to sit up onto my elbows. He seemed to look at me like a meal he was about to devour. He had a smirk on his face that just exuded confidence and control. "Your cunt still tastes sweet," he said. "Finger yourself for me." As my hand touched my clit I realized that I was absolutely dripping. I began rubbing it and occasionally I would sink my fingers into my sex. The entire time I rubbed my cunt I looked into his eyes until he commanded me to close my eyes and cum for him. With the hotness of the situation, it didn't take me long to get close to the edge. After about 2 minutes I could feel my orgasm building when I heard Michael tell me to open my eyes. As I focused on him I realized that he was pointing something at me. It was a Flip Camera. I was so close I had to cum, camera or not. After filming my climax he said, "You see Camryn, I can't take you on the road with me so I figure I will take the next best thing. I am going to film you sucking my cock and watch you every night no matter where I am. No one but me will ever see it." I nodded in acceptance. Satisfied, he stepped towards me and pushed me onto my back on the table again. As he walked around it he pointed the camera over every inch of my exposed body before spinning me around on the table until my head hung over the edge. Next I felt him grab my hair and pull it backwards, forcing my mouth open before filling it with his cock. From this angle I knew in my mind he was filming one hell of a show. My tits and pussy were on full display. One hand was alternating between fingering my pussy and mauling my tits while the other was catching every detail on the recorder, all the while he was thrusting into my mouth with his huge dick. When his finger dipped into my cunt I would moan around his dick and he began to whisper. "You love my cock don't you Camryn. I am going to leave you a copy of this so you can see your throat expanding every time I fill it. I want you to see how fucking hot you look with your mouth full of cock." He grabbed my hands and placed the camera into them. After telling me which direction to hold it in he withdrew his dick from my mouth and rubbed it all over my cheeks and face. "Suck my balls Camryn." My tongue pulled one of his monster balls into my mouth and rolled it around before moving to the other. "Now swallow my cock again. We only have 5 minutes before we have to get out of here. " I opened my jaw to take him in again and he immediately he started thrusting. I could tell this was having effect on him also because his speed kept increasing and he was driving his shaft deeper and deeper into my used throat. He could sense his orgasm coming because he took the camera out of my hands and pulled out of my mouth only to lift me off of the table and immediately make me kneel in front of him before shoving his cock back into my mouth. With one hand holding my head in place and the other hand firmly gripping the camera he spoke. "Camryn I am going to come all over your slut body. Is that what you want? Do you want me to unload my balls all over you? Do you want to finish the day knowing that under your sexy little sports

coat and skirt you are dripping with my load?" "Mmmmmmm," was all I could get out. "That's what I thought you little cumslut. Finger your pussy again for me." I reached down and began to shove my fingers into my cunt as he desperately worked to reach his orgasm. His hand on my forehead was clenched in my hair and it was rapidly pushing and pulling me off of his cock so hard I was having trouble balancing myself. He thrust so deep into my throat that his balls were smacking my chin with each drive and suddenly he pulled out and began to stroke his huge dick, aiming it at my face. "Look into the camera while I unload my balls on you slut." As soon as I raised my face to his weapon he groaned and pointed it down at me. Like a cannon his first jet erupted and hit me directly on the bridge of my nose and splashed down both sides. The second and third he aimed at my tits and covered them both. Like a geyser he kept coming and shot a stream onto my stomach next, rolling downward towards my navel. As his orgasm subsided he stepped closer and the remains trickled straight down onto my hand that was still rapidly moving in and out of my cunt. As my mouth opened to moan he shoved his cock in it and told me to clean him. I had my final orgasm of the day sucking his dick clean while ramming his cum into my pussy. I stood and looked down at myself and the absolute mess he had made. It was amazing the amount he had unloaded onto me. While I was scooping it up he caught me on camera putting it into my mouth like it was a treat before turning it off, attaching it to the laptop, hitting a couple of buttons, and ejecting a flash drive. He handed me the drive and said, "Until next time," before getting dressed and leaving.