

# Cal's Sexcapades: 1. A Raise?

By AutumnNymph

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*Cal is on his way home to his girlfriend, but gets sidetracked when his secretary asks for a raise..*

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I had just turned off my computer, and I was leaning back in my chair thinking of the night that lay ahead. My girlfriend was waiting for me at home...we hadn't had sex in almost a week. Tonight was supposed to be our night, and my 8-and-a-half inch cock was more than ready for some action. Oh wait, you don't know who I am yet, do you? Cal Adamshere. I'm 35, male (although I'm sure you've guessed that by now) and a lawyer. Nice to meet you. Now, where was I...oh yes. I remember now. As I was getting my things together, a knock came at my door. "Come in!" I sighed. So much for being all done with work. When the door swung open, it was my secretary, Candice Lyons. "Yes, Candice?" She shut the door behind her and made her way to my desk. "Mr. Adams, I need to talk to you." She looked like she had something heavy on her mind, so I decided another 5-10 minutes couldn't hurt. "Go ahead," I prodded her. "Well," she began, "I was hoping I could get a raise. I've been working here for almost a year now, and I really think I deserve it." She then proceeded to take off her blazer, revealing a rather sheer sleeveless top. My cock stood at attention as I took in her huge breasts, somewhat visible through her top with the help of a blood red bra. I coughed a little and tried my best to remain professional. After all, she couldn't be trying to seduce me or anything, right? I was a good 10 years older, and she was a junior at the local university. I took her on because she was a self-supporting student, and so far I really had no complaints. Still, there was something about her deep red hair, sparkling green eyes, trim waist and God, those tits...what am I saying? I shook my head and cleared my throat. "Well, Candice, we'll just have to wait for the year-end performance assessments. I think that that's only fair, don't you?" I glanced at my watch. "Will there be anything else?" She leaned forward, her breasts looking like they were ready to pop out of her flimsy top. "Oh but sir, I really need the money." My cock was now straining against my pants. I quickly shook my head. "I'm sorry, but I really can't think of anything else." She pouted for awhile, then sank back in her seat and began to whimper softly. "Oh, oh my. Don't cry, Candice. Please don't cry." I walked over to her and stroked her hair. She looked up at me and licked her lips. "Isn't there anything I can do?" she whispered. She knelt on the chair and kicked off her shoes. "I'm willing to do anything, anything at all..." with that, she took my hands and placed them on her butt. "I know you want me, Cal. I see the way you look at me. Don't you want your big roaring cock in my tight pussy? I've always wanted to fuck an older man." I stood motionless, mostly in shock that such a pretty, hot young thing would want

me. I gingerly squeezed her ass. She giggled, freed herself from my gri[ and bent over on my desk. "Do you like bad girls? I've been a bad girl, haven't I...I just seduced my boss. Do you think I deserve a spanking?" That did it. I took off my coat and tie, then I walked over to where she was standing, ass high in the air and peeking out from under her extremely short skirt. I cleared my throat. "Well, Ms. Lyons, it has come to my attention that you've been a rather bad girl..." \*smack\* She moaned with both pain and pleasure, and I smiled. This was good. "...so I think it's just appropriate..." \*smack\* Another moan. My cock was really hard now. "...that you get..." \*smack\* This time, an unintelligible sound. "...a proper spanking!" I whacked her with all my might, and watched as her knees buckled. "Yes sir," came her breathless reply. "Get naked," I barked. She silently complied, and soon she was standing before me with nothing but a devious smile. Her ass cheeks were red where I had smacked them. Before I could say anything else, though, she was kneeling before me, fumbling with my pants. When she unzipped my fly, I felt a huge sense of relief...followed by a feeling that can only be described by telling you that I started hollering "fuck fuck yes fuck me more slut yes". She blew me so hard I felt like I was going to explode. "I'm going to come!" I yelled. She smiled, slipped my cock out of her mouth, then bent over and slipped it into her tight pussy. The feeling of my cum filling her up and the walls of her pussy tightening around me made me even hotter for her. "Oh yes, yes...YES...please...need it...yes..." she was writhing and moaning with pleasure, which turned me on all the more. I reached out and grabbed her breasts, kneading them like cookie dough. I set her down on the carpeted floor and began pumping my cock in and out of her sweet pussy while reaching down with my tongue this time and sucking and licking on her luscious breasts. A little later on, I slipped out of her pussy. "You're liking this, aren't you?" She whispered hotly in my ear. She sat up, pushed me down and sat on my face, rubbing her pussy against my lips. I flicked my tongue at her clit, slowly licking at all the cum that had been spilling out. Just then, I felt her sucking at my cock again. I started squeezing her ass and she gave me another blowjob that made me cum again, this time in her mouth. "Oh fuck yes!" I exclaimed. I let go of one ass cheek and put two fingers in her vagina, which made her gag and splutter on my cock. She regained her composure and gave me a handjob instead, all the while moaning and shaking. Just when I thought she'd had enough, she rolled off of me only to lean against a wall. "Is that all you've got? Fuck me harder!" I didn't need telling twice. I pinned her against the wall, lapped at her breasts and fingerfucked her cunt. "Do you like that, baby?" I drawled in between breasts. "Yes, yes, oh God yes!" After awhile, I slipped my cock into her again, then we slid and spooned. "Now, about that raise..."