

Bosses' Wives

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After years of hard work, sometimes it doesn't pay to satisfy the boss -- but the boss' wife!

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After years of corporate boredom, disillusionment, and servitude somehow fate loves to amuse itself by providing circumstances, where, with a single decision in one moment, a career can be won - or lost. My entire professional trajectory was changed on one boring Friday afternoon, returning from lunch, to get ready for a long holiday weekend. When she trotted into the elevator, before the doors closed on her fleshy but firm derriere, my work-weary frustration was suffused by a sudden enthusiasm. From that moment, my career troubles were permanently changed; changed for better, or worse: I'll leave it for others to judge. She caught me staring into her deep cleavage formed by huge olive-toned breasts suspended in a diaphanous gray blouse, revealing a black under-wired brassiere covered by gracefully thick smooth wavy dark hair. "Working hard, or hardly working?" she smiled, with her dark almond-shaped eyes. "Hard work never hurt anyone, but why take the chance!" When she smiled, even her tapered smooth white teeth were shapely, bursting through the drudgery of afternoon business. "You seem like a man who spends his life hiding in a cubicle." "Let me know if you need cost-projection analyses," I dead-panned, letting my eyes rove around her tight black stretch pants; her white-strapped Roman sandals...then leisurely along the contoured outlines of the groove between her thighs - her bulging camel-toe: just below her fleshy mons veneris. Imperceptibly watching me gaze on different parts of her curvaceous form, she had the calm confidence of a female lion who never tired of being admired: front, back, and sideways, as my eyes feasted on her luscious pear-shaped gluteus maximus. " -- oww!" I jumped, broken out of my silent erotic reverie, as she dropped her purse and bent over, affording me a generous and downward view of her soft mammary-mountain range. "What's wrong?" I inquired, with corporate aplomb. I picked up her purse, but she was in pain, twisting uncomfortably, rubbing her shoulder. "My shoulder was partially dislocated, from four years of my husband's damn dog yanking the leash -- " I held out her purse, but she couldn't stop rubbing her strained-neck. "Have you tried Shiatsu massage therapy?" "Are you licensed to practice?" I noticed her twirled-gold and diamond-spotted wedding ring. "I try to avoid massaging married women." "I need a massage, not an affair." She tried to rotate her arm, but grimaced. "Have you gotten a diagnosis?" "I've spent a fortune on x-rays, chiropractors, masseuses, herbal remedies, chanting mantras, crystals, pain-killers-" "Sorry, but I just help out friends as a hobby." "Can you administer it in an elevator?" "Maybe, but, right now, I'm under a tight deadline." When she pulled out

a hundred-dollar bill, from her purse I gently turned her, so she stood in front of me, facing ahead, and I began pushing my thumbs deeply into both sides of her tense neck. " -- ooh -- " "Are your muscles always this contracted?" "I think it started on my honeymoon." I kneaded the muscles under her shoulder blades, pressing my thumbs harder into the canals surrounding her vertebrae. "You have strong hands." I pressed my hands down the outsides of her rib-cage. "You don't know how long it's been..." My thumbs powerfully massaged down the soft grooves around her spine. "...since I was pain-free." Something popped in her upper-back. " -- aah!" "Did it hurt?" She swung her shoulders freely. "No! That's the first time the throbbing ever stopped!" The elevator opened on the fourth-floor. "Perfect timing." "What do I owe you, Mr. Instant-Healer?" "Just glad to be of service." "How much would you charge, for a full-massage?" "Elevator massages are a little cramped." The elevator door closed on my hip. " -- oww!" I rubbed my bruised hip. "I have a private cabana at the VIP spa, in the penthouse." "They don't allow measly fourth-floor employees, in the VIP facilities." "I'll bring you in, as my guest." "I need to deliver cost-projection analyses before my boss leaves for the holiday weekend." She slid three more hundred-dollar bills, into my palm. "You're tempting me, but I'll be fired, if I'm not in my boss' suite, in twenty minutes -- " "I'm offering you an opportunity to make some extra cash, and meet some VIPs, to give you a chance to advance your stagnating career." "You're obviously a top-floor goddess, but I'm forever doomed to be a fourth-floor middle-management geek." "Are you content to work in an anonymous cubicle for the rest of your life?" "As much as I'm under-paid, and under-appreciated: I can't afford to be fired." The elevator door closed and up we rode. "Relax! If you get fired: I'm sure you can make a fortune as massage-therapist-to-the-stars -- " The elevator doors opened, revealing an ocean-green neon sign: VIP HEALTH & SPORTS SPAS. (CORPORATE MEMBERS & GUESTS ONLY) Although she was younger than me, she quickly pulled me by the arm, like she was my mother. "He's my guest." The sexy receptionist smiled, as Mrs. Mysterious dragged me to the roof-top cabanas. "Just work your magic, fast, and you'll be back at work before your boss notices." She pulled off her blouse, unhooked her thick bra, and was face-down on the padded massage table, before I could even admire her natural endowments. "What if your husband walks in?" She waved her arm, toward the floor, dismissively. "He's always too busy ruining his disorganized global organization." I looked through the cabana-curtain nervously, to see if any men at the club seemed to be jealous-VIP- husband types. "Just get to work, and stop worrying about business!" I closed the silk-strips of the hanging Oriental curtain, and started massaging her tensed-up neck. " -- Mmmmm -- " Her muscles were stiff again -- but she was relaxing. "Where did you learn such a magic touch?" "I had a professor in business-school, who spent a month teaching his class Shiatsu massage, instead of business." "Be sure and make a contribution to the alumni fund, in his memory." As she cooed and moaned: my mobile phone beeped. I fumbled with it. "If I don't have those cost-projections in five minutes: you'll be showing them to the losers on the unemployment line, Monday morning!" I rushed out, without looking back. "Thank you for helping a damsel-in-distress!" When I got to my boss' office-suite, his curvaceous but impatient personal secretary waved me in brusquely with a look on her face that said: 'stop delaying everyone's holiday weekend!' He was pacing by his panoramic window, talking excitedly on the phone. "We'll deliver a

complete departmental analysis by Tuesday morning!" He barely acknowledged me, as I sat on his plush leather couch. "Have the data sent from your global affiliates, and our cost-analysts will evaluate where superfluous expenses can be cut." I suddenly realized that I didn't have my reports, since I never got back to my cubicle after lunch. He hung-up, plopping into his big leather chair, and pounded the desk, enthusiastically. "Big news!" He swung in the chair, pouring himself a bourbon from his desk-side mini-wet-bar. "Excuse me, but first, I need to go down and get my supplemental reports." "Forget those minor reports. We're being considered in a mega-merger-target-takeover - by a global corporate presence!" He downed his drink, and poured another. "What are you drinking, to celebrate?" When I shook my head in negation: he gulped another drink exuberantly, as I pleaded: "Can't you give me ten minutes to go down and get my project-materials?" "I told you to forget that small-time project! I need you to work all weekend, analyzing their worldwide departmental structure to determine expense and personnel overlap so we can cut costs after the merger." "It's the start of Labor Day weekend." I gasped. "Screw Labor-Day and screw labor! If we get bought-out, everyone in this company will have a year-round vacation, making at least double what we all make now!" I sighed, having heard too many times about how all his employees would one day, some day, get rich enough to retire young. "Where are all your other top-level analysts?" "Gone for the holiday weekend. So, you're my man, in the clutch!" "I already booked reservations, for a -- " "Would you rather have reservations to some dodgy resort or would your rather double your salary!" "Speaking of salary, it's been nothing but promises, since I started." "If the merger goes through, your stock-options will triple in value!" "Every time a big deal shows up: I'm always the one doing the dirty-work." "If we get passed-over for the merger do you want to be the cause of this whole company's downfall?" "You're always talking about how essential I am but I'm still working on the fourth-floor, because the company's too cheap to-- " "All your concerns will be addressed after you file your analysis and recommendation on Tuesday." "I've had my fill of empty promises!" I turned toward the door. "Are you a true VIP, or not!" As he smashed his drink into the walnut bar I blurted: "This time, you better find some other VIP-donkey to haul your rickety corporate wagon uphill." He stared at me, trying to be intimidating, probably wondering what happened to my usual submissiveness. But, I turned and walked out. "If you take one more step: don't come back!" Staring absently at his personal secretary's voluptuous curves, I saw my entire career pass before my eyes -- seeing myself on a long slow line, trying desperately to convince some obese wheezing state-bureaucrat that I was entitled to full unemployment benefits, because I was not, technically, fired for insubordination. "Use my office-suite all weekend!" "Your office?" "You'll have the health spa to yourself! Order food on my expense account! Drink my liquor! Bring in hookers, I don't care! So long as you finish the analysis by Tuesday!" "Why don't you stay and do it yourself?" "I need to fly halfway across the world meet with the merger principals!" "If the merger falls through what compensation do I get, for always cancelling my plans?" "I can't promise anything until the merger closes." "I'll work the week-end -- " He patted my shoulder hard, relieved. "For a one-time fee -- of five-thousand dollars." His intoxicated eyes rolled in suprise, not expecting me to be such a savvy on-the-spot dealmaker. "Deal. Get to work!" He filled my arms with piles of reports, and sat me at his desk, like a school-boy while he packed, furiously. "I'll

check your progress, from the airport!" As I sighed, and leafed through the boring eight-hundred page financial prospectus the beautiful woman from the health spa walked in. "I thought you were meeting me in the limo," he blazed at her. "I can't go," she quietly announced. "I need you with me to offer an attractive face to the new investors!" Trembling, I stared at her, but she didn't notice me sitting at his huge desk. "I'd like to introduce my wife -- " She smiled in surprise. "Pleased to meet you," she cooed, discretely. I shook her hand generically, silently praying that she wouldn't make any reference to our private-little aborted massage-encounter. "I need you by my side during essential business negotiations!" he barked at her. "I'm spending the weekend resting at home." "Oh, no you're not!" "You don't own me!" "For what you're costing me: I need my enviable wife by my side, to help convince them, during delicate negotiations!" He rushed her out of the opulent front-doors of the office. As I had told her: miserable though I was in my daily under-paid grind I still couldn't afford to be fired, so I poured another bourbon and swivelled his enormous soft-leather chair, vieweing the entire city. "Don't over-work yourself, Mr instant-VIP!" I knocked over the bourbon glass while noticing his facetiously polite personal secretary standing at the doorway, ready to leave. "Will you be needing me, any further?" "No, no, have a great weekend." As I tried to mop up the dripping bourbon with some reports, she looked over the dissheveled office, and she kind of smirked at my instant pseudo-promotion. As I blew her a smug kiss she left in a hurry while I spun around in his chair, as the phone rang. "Are you working?" he snapped at me, amidst telephone-static. I opened to the last page of the report: page 837. "I'm already on page: 837." "Not funny! They'll be sending database updates all weekend, so pay attention to every detail!" I perfunctorily scanned his computer screen, filled with columns of boring numbers. "Don't call me, back: I'll call you, when I have a reccomendation to show you." I hung up, grabbed the bourbon bottle, and went to the spa, where I took a long frothy drunken relaxing jacuzzi, and fell asleep dreaming that his sexy wife was riding me in the foamy water. After I awakened and dried off, I discovered the executive wardrobe cabana and put on a pastel-purple silk robe and wandered back into the office, for more liquor and maybe to do a little work. Hungry and restless I picked up the phone and ordered an array of Italian, Chinese, and Mexican food on his company account, and was eating, drinking, and studying more cost-reports, when his desk phone rang. "Yes?" I put my feet up on his desk, poised to concoct some nonsense if he asked me for a progress-report. "Working hard, or hardly working?" she cooed. I gulped, and downed more bourbon. A rich beautiful woman doesn't come around that often but, ironically, doesn't leave so easily, either. "I can't afford to be fired before this merger goes through!" "I want my three-hundred-dollars worth of Shiatsu massage." "Your husband's watching my every move!" "You're an intelligent, handsome, charming young man. Do you want to spend your entire career being a wimp, hiding like a scared rodent from arrogant incompetent buffoons?" "After the project is completed on Tuesday, I'll either finish your massage, or give your money back." "I don't want my money back!" "I can't afford to be fired before the merger gets the green-light!" "True VIP's don't wait for Tuesdays, or Wednesdays, or Sundays! They take charge, any time, all the time." "Well, maybe I'm just not VIP-material." She was prodding me like I was some phlegmatic bull, too belligerent to mate with the preferred cow in the pasture. "Would it be easier, for you, if I come back up to the spa so you can satisfy my every

desire?" "Isn't that your husband's job?" "He only satisfies my spending-addiction." "I'm sure you can find dozens of wealthy, charming studs to quench your carnal addictions." "I've tried, but in seventeen years you're the only one who could relieve my chronic pain." "Why don't you just divorce the moron and stop the hide-and-seek games?" "If I divorce him before five years I only get a hundred-thousand a-month." "You can't live comfortably on one-point-two million a-year?" "A lousy million a-year is just honey for worker-bees! I still couldn't afford a new twenty-five million-dollar estate; or a new ten-million-dollar beach house; or a half-dozen luxury cars; or travelling around the world at five-star hotels!" "I'm not risking my entire career on some spoiled spendthrift Cinderella!" "Stop worrying about him! He's too busy to wonder out what I'm doing. And even if he did find out he may be tough in business-deals, but he's too much of a wimp to stop me from living my life, exactly as I want!" "So, find another masseur, and your frustrations are history." "If you want to be VIP-material, you can't be afraid of a few practical complications!" "Rub your own bruised shoulder!" "Forget the ridiculously detailed flow-charts, and just recommend they dump everyone in that hobbling mediocre company and absorb all current departments into their current global administrative infra-structure. Don't leave: I'll be up there in a few hours." CLICK. I leaned over and studied the financial data, hoping I could finish a thorough analysis before Tuesday, but the fiscal prospectus was a hopeless eight-hundred-page maze of obfuscatory creative corporate accounting; loopholes, and fraudulent deductions. Maybe she was right. The people at the top do the least work and have the most fun. I was eating sushi, and opening a bottle of his vintage champagne, when she walked in, wearing a halter-top, and silk work-out shorts, carrying travel bags. "Let's get wet together!" She yanked me toward the spa, and into the jacuzzi, before I could get my fuschia robe off. "Where's our hapless merger-mogul?" "Flying thousands of miles away! I snuck off the plane before it left, telling the stewardess I had a menstrual emergency." She spit jacuzzi water into my eyes, and bit my chest. " -- owww!" "You need to loosen up for about ten years!" She opened my soaked robe under the gushing water and slid off her shorts, mounting me, pushing her huge nipple into my mouth. "What happened to your shoulder-pain?" "I'm cured! You're a miracle healer!" I tried to push her off me, but my pipe-organ was ready to play. "Mmmmmm." She slid my organ into her slippery cathedral. "Oh yeah!" To keep from drowning, I grabbed both her fleshy butt-cheeks, as she splashed away riding me up-and-down furiously, pushing one huge nipple into my mouth: then the other, then the other... "Oh yes! Fuck me hard and fast!" It really wasn't any work, at all letting her ride like a rodeo-wench, up-and-down, while I sucked her huge nipples, one after the other. "Bite my nipple, harder!" After years of corporate drudgery: I finally found transcendence: it's much easier to take orders from the boss' wife, than from the boss. "I can't hold it, much longer!" "Shoot your assets deep inside my balance-sheet!" Despite the chaotic water-splashing, and the liquor, and her riding me faster and faster, I still kind-of flinched at the idea that my boss' kid might look like me. "Aaahhhhhhhh!" Somewhere inside of my loins, my prostate gland was working overtime, spasming and spurting. "Deeper! Fill up my fiscal reserves!" I thought I would need a rest, but sometimes enormous soft breasts banging against your face keeps your dip-stick in the oil-pan much longer than you could imagine. RING! "Tell him you're in a meeting!" RING! She tried to cover my mouth with both nipples at the same time, but I squiggled free, and turned on the phone.

"I'm finally making progress with the merger analysis -- " "Forget the merger! I want you to finish the project at my estate!" She turned around, splashing -- and lowered her giant butt-cheeks onto my ever-stiff redwood. "I'm getting more work done here, than I expected." "My wife snuck off the plane! I think she's having an affair!" "I think you should just concentrate on the merger, until Tuesday." "I'm sending my limo to pick you up at the office." "I'm starting to make some serious progress, here -- " "I want you to stay at my house for the weekend, and let me know when she comes and goes!" "It's not part of my job description, to baby-sit your slutty wife!" She splashed me in the face. "I'll give you another ten-thousand if you can catch her in the act with another man!" "Don't waste your money. I'm sure she's just home, sleeping." "She's not answering her phone." She grabbed the phone, and dumped it into the bubbling water, as I grabbed her hips and slowly entered her over-heating smoothie-canal. I drove it into her deep, grabbing her hips and pumping her. "Faster!" I pulled her hips closer, unable to stop my contractions as I felt another explosion coming. "Deeper!" I couldn't hold it back, any longer, filling her up, again. "Harder!" Sometimes, after years of hard work all the lost opportunity re-emerge. "Spank me!" I spanked both her jiggling cheeks at the same time, as they rode me, up-and-down, up-and-down, like the stock market, during a global monetary-crisis. "Oh yessssss!" I grabbed her around the waist as we caught our breaths and drank champagne. "Let's take a suana, and try some more merger model-analysis." As she pulled me out the phone bubbled at the bottom of the jacuzzi. After years and years of missed opportunities she finally made me realize the key to success: live off someone else's success because fate rewards hard workers, not for satisfying their bosses, but satisfying their boss' wives! THE END