I wouldn't call it work

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Ring on the finger doesn't mean a lock on the box.

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I wouldn’t call it work
I knew I was in trouble when she walked into the door. She was wearing those tight jeans, and a gray tank top that revealed her large firm breast. She smiled at me as she caught me looking at her. Joyce was a sexy thirty seven year old woman who was married to Brett. Brett was one of the volunteers on the Fire Department where I worked. Recently she had been coming by the Fire Station to work on a Term Paper for College.

Brett and Joyce had stopped by the Fire Station to pick up some paperwork he had forgotten. As he walked into the next room, she sat down on the couch next to me. She leaned back against the couch, which caused her breast to push against her tank top. Her hooded sweatshirt fell to the side, exposing her large breast. Her tank top was so tight that you could see the outline of her nipples. With every breath she took, her breast would slowly raise and lower. This sensation must have made her excited because her nipples became completely erect. She sat there watching T.V. when her husband came back in the room. He said that they were leaving, and she stood up. She started to zip up her sweatshirt when she suddenly dropped something. Right in front of me she turned around and bent over. Her jeans slid down and exposed the top of her thong. Just above that was a little tribal tattoo that ran above her waist. I couldn’t help, but to look at her fine round ass as she stood back up. She then turned around, looked at me and winked. Shocked, I smiled and blushed. She then walked over to the door and left.

I continued the rest of the day as if nothing had happened. But for some reason, I couldn’t get Joyce out of my mind. I kept thinking about her round ass and how I would have loved to place my tongue on it. I wanted to trace circles around those pert and erect nipples. What would it have been like to feel her wet pussy around my cock? With every thought, I became harder and harder. Around eleven o’clock in the evening, I decided to go to bed. The sleeping quarters were small, but cozy. It had one bed, a couch and a computer inside a small room with a locked door. I had made my bed and was about to lay in it when I heard a knock on the bay doors.

I walked over to the door, only to see Joyce standing there in the cold. I walked around to the front door and opened it. She walked inside and moved past me. As she did, she grabbed my hand and led me into the dark bay. Standing there between two fire trucks, she grabbed my belt and pulled me close to her. She then placed her soft lips on mine. Her tongue entered my mouth and traced circles around mine. Her firm breast pressed against my chest, as my arms moved to her waist. She took her lips from mine and kissed the side of my neck, then whispering “I saw how you looked at me today, and I want you” in my ear.
I pushed her back against one of the fire trucks and ran my hand along her ass. I kissed her neck repeatedly, working my way down her cleavage. Placing my tongue between her breasts, I tasted every inch of her body. She would moan softly as I moved my tongue under her bra and on to one of her nipples. My hand worked its way up her chest and started to rub her right breast. I could feel her knees get a little weak, as I pushed her against the fire truck. I felt her move her leg around mine, as she started to grind it on me. Her hips began to move slowly back and forth as I started to kiss her again. I unbuttoned her jeans and slowly slid my hand under her thong. My finger tips touching her skin as I slowly worked my way to her pussy. Placing my hand over the outer lips, I slowly move them in circular motions. Her hips move against my fingers as she moans. I slide her clit between my index and middle fingers. Her wetness coats my fingers with as she rubs her puss against me.

Moving her hips allows her clit to slide back and forth against my fingers. She increases the movement of her body against my hand. Moaning louder, she nears orgasm as my fingers slid by her clit. Her soaking pussy feels like silk on my hand. As she starts to come, I watch her turn her head and close her eyes. Her mouth opens as a loud moan of enjoyment comes out. Her hips stop moving as her legs squeeze against my hand. Her muscles tense up as if lightening had struck her. After coming she takes a breath and leans against me. Kissing me on the lips, she whispers in my ear. “Now it’s your turn.”

She takes me by the hand and leads me to the bunkroom. She pushes me back onto the bed and takes a couple of steps back. She slowly unzips her hooded sweat shirt and drops it on the ground. Next is her tank top, which quickly hits the ground also. Then turning around, she slides her jeans off, while bending over in front of me. The back of her thong pulls tight between her round ass cheeks. She runs her hand up her left leg and over the crotch of her underwear. Stopping on her wet pussy, she runs a single finger over it. She turns her head towards me and smiles. Her hand runs around her leg and on to her ass. Taking the same finger, she traces her thong from her sweet spot and onto her waist. Turning around she gets on all fours and crawls up to me. Her breasts are pressed against her lacey bra as she neared my legs. Her hands slid along my pants and stopped at my rod. Moving her hand along my rod, she slowly strokes it through my pants. She placed her mouth over the tip, but on top of my pants and gently bit down. As she raised her head up, a perfect wet mark of her lips were left on my pants. Giggling, she moved her hands to my belt and started to unbutton my pants. Sliding

them down exposed my throbbing rod poking out of my boxers. She looked at my boxers and read the writing on them as she laughed. “I guess they were right” she said. Looking down, I remembered I had on a pair of boxers with the words “The Luck of the Irish” on them.

She placed her hands on my cock and slowly started to stroke it. She would touch her lips to the tip of my cock and cover it with her saliva. Taking her hand, she would roll her palm over the tip and back down the shaft. She continued to do this for several minutes. Stroking me faster and faster until I almost came. Somehow she knew I was close to blowing my wad, because she stopped and stood up. She turned around and slid her ass on my cock. Slowly moving back and forth she teased me with the lace of her thong. She would then slide her hand down under her panties and place her fingers inside her. She stood there slowly caressing her pussy, moaning with every stroke. Taking her fingers out, she would place them on my lips so I could taste her sweet nectar. Returning her fingers back inside her, she covers her hand with her juices. Bending down, she places her lubed up hand on my cock and slid it down the shaft. Then she took her mouth and placed it on the head of my rod, sucking on the tip of my dick as she stroked the shaft. Once in a while she would take my entire cock inside her mouth and hold it. Pulling her head back she dripped spit on to my still throbbing rod as she stroked it. She continued sucking on the tip, increasing the speed of her hands. I told her I couldn’t stand it anymore and started to cum. She quickly pulled my cock out of her mouth and stroked it until my white stuff shot out and landed on her breast. She squeezed my rod until every drop came out. Placing it on her cleavage, she rubbed my cum all over her breast. Catching my breath, I felt her placed her mouth over my rod. She tried to suck out all the remaining man juice. When she pulled her head back, she licked her lips and said “mmm, it’s sweet”.

Sitting there, kneeled down, I leaned forward and kissed her. My tongue danced with hers as our lips met. I moved my hands around her and undone her bra as she took my shirt off of me. Kissing her neck, I ran my hands over her breast. I placed her nipples between my fingers and gently pulled on them. “Ohh” she said seductively. She stood up and shoved me back. Climbing onto the bed she placed her drenched pussy in my face. She grabbed my boxer and ripped them off as we sixty-nined. I moved her thong to the side and placed my mouth over her wet box. Rolling my tongue along the sides of her pussy lips, she began to moan. Her hot box had a sweet taste and vanilla like smell. Her clit poked its way from her hood and begged for me to lick it. I ran the tip of my tongue across it and back down to her taint. Then I stuck my tongue out and placed it directly inside her. With my hands on her hips, I pulled her down on top of my face. I felt her take control as she rode my face for several minutes. Grabbing her leg, I massaged her clit. I then moved my mouth to her ass. My tongue hit her circular hole, and she moaned in surprise. I heard her say “don’t stop” as I rimmed her ass. I kept my fingers moving on her clit as I traced every inch of her ass. As she started to cum, I moved my mouth directly on to her clit. Sucking it and then licking it. She started to moan louder and louder. I then slid my thumb onto her ass and rubbed it as I sucked on her clit. My face was covered in her wetness, as she started to shake and quiver. I latched on to her clit with my lips and flicked my tongue directly on

it. She screamed out coming on my face. Her pelvis pressed against my face almost smothered me. As she started to loosen up, I felt her lips on my dick.

She moved her body towards my cock, and started to lick it until I became hard. I slowly placed two fingers inside her and rhythmically moved them in and out. As she started to increase her speed, I would increase mine. Curling my fingers towards her waist, I must have found her g-spot. She pressed down on my hand and took me deep inside her. She squeezed her legs together tightly as my rod fell from her mouth. She let a soft moan, but I could feel her pussy walls shake around my fingers. I slid them in and out of her slowly. My cum covered fingers slid freely. I made circular movements around the spot that felt like a peach pit. The faster I went, the more she moaned. She placed her fingers over her clit and moved them violently. Her pussy quivered and became very tight as she came. A rush for fluid fell from her pussy and onto my chin and neck as she squirted on me.

I slid out from, under her and straddled her legs. I bent down and ran my tongue along the inner side of her legs. Shaking, this sensation must have tickled her. She then turned over and spread her legs. She grabbed me by the waist and pulled me towards her. My now throbbing cock easily slid inside her. Raising her legs up to my waist, I thrust deep inside and held it. She let out a sigh and started to raise her hips up. She placed her hands on my ass and kept me inside her for about a minute. I started slowly pulling my cock out of her as she begged me for more. At first I would place just the tip in her pussy. Several small strokes followed by one full thrust. I would decrease the little thrusts and increase the full thrust until I was just pounding away on her. She started to scream as I jack hammered away on her. “Deeper” she yelled. I placed her legs over my shoulders and began to pound away until she came. When she did, her pussy clamped down on my cock, and her legs shook as she screamed out “Oh my god”.
I pulled out of her as she placed one hand on my cum covered rod and said “come with me”. She spun around and got off the bed. She walked out of the room and into the bay.She placed her hands on the front of the ambulance and stood with her back to me. “Fuck me on the front of the Ambulance” she demanded. Standing behind the windows of the bay doors, she placed her hands directly on them. She spread her legs and pushed her ass out so I could enter her from behind. Throbbing cock in hand, I stood behind her and rubbed the tip against her pussy. Covered in her cum and juices, I slowly pressed my rod deep inside her. She moaned every time I thrust my rod inside. I couldn’t decide what was more exciting, watching her slid back and forth on my cock, or staring at the passing traffic watching us. “Oh yeah baby, Fuck Me” Joy screamed as every car drove by. She took one hand off of the door and placed it on her clit. I kept my hands on her hips so every time she pulled away, I could slam her back down on my cock. Playing with her pussy while I thrust away, she started to tense up again. Her arms shook, her legs quivered and she started to hold her breath. I could see her face in the reflection of the window as she came. Her mouth opened and her eyes closed. She was unable to talk as she came. Only squeaks of sound came out of her mouth. However, down below was another story. A puddle of pussy juice was dripping down her legs and

onto the floor.
Grabbing her hips, I continued to fuck her. Her eyes remained closed and she screamed. I saw her fingers move faster as my cock moved freely inside her. Covered in her wetness I pounded her pussy with everything I had. I felt myself getting ready to cum, when she quickly turned around and got on her knees. Placing her mouth on my cock, she began to suck me off.When I told her I was going to come, she pulled my cock out of her mouth and began to stroke it with her hand. She placed her middle finger in my ass and pressed down. Paralyzed, I came with great force. My load came out like a shot gun shell. It hit her in the mouth and dripped on her chin. She them placed my rod back in her mouth and continued to suck out every last drop.
Just then, a door shut. We ran back to the bunk room and she threw on her clothes.She walked out of the side door and around the front of the building. She sat down in front of the computer in the front room as Brett walked in the door. “What are you doing here” he yelled.She told him “Just working on a paper for school.” Still looking puzzled, he asked Joy how well it’s going.She said “It’s long and hard, but I’m having a great time with it”.
Feel free to comment on this. I'm new, but have been writing for a while. Anything helps.