

# The Gamble

by

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I had long thought of my boss as an attractive man. His ruggedly handsome face, his full, strong hands. The Armani suits he wore to the office looked better on him than they often did on the runways of Milan. I guess the problem is that I thought he never noticed me. I mean I am an attractive, single young woman. Perhaps it was my hair, or my makeup. I tried changing both. Even when I bleached my flaming red hair to a bright blond it was "Hello Miss Landon" and "Thank you Miss Landon." No acknowledgment that I was a woman, and a woman hot for his body.

I began my seduction by gradually shortening my skirts and plunging my necklines. I was aiming that I would not be able to bend over near him without a sneaky snatch or a beautiful breast. I wanted him to notice me. I wanted him to want me.

One day I finally had it. Did I have to dance naked on my desk, or would he ignore that as well. So while he was out I hid under his desk. Being a big business tycoon, his desk had lots of extra room for little old me to hide under. I waited for him to return. The minutes felt like hours and the fire down below was raging unabated.

When he returned I don't think he even noticed I was missing. The plan had seemed so clear earlier, but now I was terrified. I thought maybe I could wait until he left and sneak out, maybe never knowing what could have happened.

My nerve grew and I touched his leg. He didn't move as if he were numb. I worked my hand up his leg into his groin and felt for the treasure I sought. But there was nothing. Again, no acknowledgment of my existence. Now I was more determined than ever to carry on. I knew that the time was now or never.

With the hands of a thief, I undid his pants and drew forth his flaccid penis. It looked so small and forlorn. I grabbed his balls hard felling the hair press against my hand and quickly gobbled up his cock. Then I found the success I sought as the blood rushed to his member and I felt it growing against my tongue. I released it and looked at the magnificent member glistening, veiny and smooth and strong before me.

He pushed away from his desk and looked at me, startled as if I were a mouse who had bit his foot. "You are not going to ignore me this time," I said looking up at him through half lidded eyes. I rolled my shoulders to ensure he saw the maximum cleavage that my pushup bra could reveal. Again I grabbed his smooth rocky cock in my mouth and sucked it as hard as I could. The gland swelled in my mouth and I wanted to swallow it all.

I moved hard, bobbing my head like a jackhammer until he yelled out "Enough".

He pulled away from me and with his strong hands pulled me up to meet him. With his other hand he ripped my blouse and bra off simultaneously revealing my bobbing breasts. With fire in his eyes

he dove upon my ruddy nipples and sucked them until they formed like peach pits and the pleasure and the pain became excruciating.

He turned me around and with a sweep of his arm cleared his desk. Phones, laptops and papers flew everywhere leaving the dark mahogany bare to reflect the light from the windows.

He threw me face down on the desk and the cold wood burned at my nipples and crushed my breast. I could feel his fury and laughed that I had been able to release this monster from such a placid, emotionless man. He tore at my skirt and whisked it away, revealing my pantiless pussy, already wet with desire.

He plunged into me with such violence that I had never imagined. Feeling his large cock fill me with each stroke and then leave an empty void in its wake. It was like being created and destroyed over and over again. He grabbed me by my shoulders in order to increase his force as my body began to wrack with the throws of orgasm. I felt his hot wad unload into me and my tight, pulsating pussy pull at him, coaxing him on, pulling his pleasure from him.

He howled as I screamed and in a chorus of wild fucking we came together in an implosion of muscular tension. I could feel the conjoined juices of our sex running down my legs as he withdrew his now failing erection.

He fell into his chair, spent, tired. As though I had pulled all of the fire from him.

"You don't know how long I've wanted to do that," he said through his exasperated breathing.

"I never thought you noticed me," I Replied. "I've wanted you since I started here."

"You don't know how hard it has been for me to act in a professional manner with your short skirts and low cut blouses."

"Well you need not resist anymore." I looked at him with a sultry gaze, "though you might need to order me some new clothes before I return to my other duties."

We both laughed together, and it was the start of a beautiful friendship.