



# *Sex Addict*

*(MF, affair, work)*

*by Phoebe  
Phoenix AZ*

*(c) Dec 2000*

*Written especially for Kristen's  
Illustrated Archive*

Hi, my name is Mary and I'm a sex addict. I've tried to stop, to stay celibate but I can never contain myself for more than a week or so. I can't tell you how many times I've fucked up my life with this little addiction of mine.

I've lost jobs, boy friends and even a couple of husbands because I am too promiscuous. I just can't help it, I see a man, or in some cases a woman that attracts me and there I am again.

This story is about my current job. I balled the boss again even knowing what would probably happen in the end. I'd only been working there for less than a month when it happened. He was a good-looking guy and I'd been turned on by him since first meeting him at my job interview.

I didn't want to get into trouble again so I kept trying to avoid him, but heck, how do you do that when you work directly under him.

It was a Friday afternoon and the place was winding down after a super busy week and Bob, my boss, called out to me to bring in the weekly stats. I had been thinking about sex for the past few hours. My plan was to go over to Mini's Bar and Grill that evening and pick up some young stud-muffin and screw his brains out until morning. You see I'd been without all week, trying to be good and all.

I'm 44-years-old and if I wanted to be brutally honest about it I'd have to admit that I'm starting to show a little wear and tear around the edges from all the men I've had and all the booze and late night parties I've done. (But the good thing about being a woman; there is always a nice looking guy out there who lets his dick do his thinking for him.)

I still remember the first time I had sex with a boy. I can't remember all of the guys I've had, but I certainly remember that first one. I was 14 at the time and he was 18 and very popular and going to college. I was so flattered that he was interested in little old me.

Boy, I'd kill to be 14 again, things would be different if I knew then what I know now. I just squandered my perfection as a youth. I was pretty hot looking at 14, and pretty horny too.

I took this man on with out a thought. I think I would have done it sooner if someone had asked me, but back then boys always thought that girls would say no or even be offended if they tried to make a move on the girl

Well, this hunky guy who was a world older than me asked me to the college football game and I had the time of my life. My folks had been working their fingers to the bone trying to keep our family restaurant from going under and they didn't have time to keep tabs on me. So I was a free agent out there and Kevin was about to get a real slice of life from me.

We went to the game and Kevin bought me hotdogs and beer and treated me like I was all grown up. It was intoxicating and when he put his arm around my shoulders casually I just about died. There I was sitting at the big game with the best-looking guy around and he was possessively holding me so that all the other guys and girls could see that I was his.

I'd never even dated before, not really dated. Kevin knew all the right things to say and after the game we went to Lookout Mountain just south of the city "to see the city all lit up" and within 30 minutes we were fucking like rabbits.

Even to this day I can remember Kevin and that first time. I've probably had at least 400 different guys since then, but the feeling of his hands unbuttoning my blouse and tugging off my jeans; and god when he touched my pussy I was ready to jump his bones right then and there.

Oh! Kev didn't know what he had on his hands that night. He thought that he'd get his rocks off and then take me home. Well, was he wrong!

When he had my clothes off and was tugging his pants off with that frantic excitement that I've become so used to over the years since then, I couldn't contain myself, I had to touch it, feel it, I'd never seen one before and when I grabbed his dick in my cold hand he just about had a stroke.

I remember that I was surprised at how soft his dick felt, yet how hard it stood up, ready for action -- so to speak. Kevin put his hands on my tits and started squeezing them, sort of massaging them, and man oh man did that get me going.

The thing that still sticks in my mind was the feeling of him pushing me down and climbing on top of me -- the feeling of his hot naked flesh against mine, and the wonderful excitement as he stuck his stiff dick into me. My blood pressure just about shot through the roof.

I was so wet by the time he entered me that he just slid home with ease. And when he started to fuck me I started to scream as my orgasm started, I was in ecstasy. (I think I scared him at first.)

I know that we attracted attention from the other lovers who were out there that night. I was making enough noise that if they'd taped me they could have dubbed a porno film very successfully just with my moans and lusty screams.

There was even some applause after Kevin and I had our first orgasms and were lying there panting side by side. We did it 4 more times that night. I think Kevin was glad to call it a night after the 4th time. I still wanted to keep going, but I was pretty sore by then.



So as you can see I have a history of loving sex right from the very first time. I guess that I'm a real honest to goodness nymphomaniac and have been pretty much from that moment on.



I'd tried to be good. I didn't want to get fucked up at work again, but that Friday all the things that I am so susceptible to just kind of fell into place. First, I'd been thinking about sex all day, and second, my boss was looking particularly sexy that day. So when I walked into his office our eyes met and I knew what would happen.



Bob looked a little disconcerted as he looked into my eyes. I on the other hand was ready and I knew how to make things happen. I walked up too close to him, you know, right up next to him so that we were touching. Then as he was looking at the papers that I was still holding I took one of his hands and brought it up under the hem of my skirt.

That's all it took. He gasped in surprise, but I held his hand down there and when he felt my "clit ring" with his prodding fingers a groaned in his ear, "Eat me, please." and didn't have to say or do anything else.

Bob's testosterone kicked in and he was all over me. He picked me up by



the waist and placed me on his desk. Then he quickly ran over to the door and closed and locked it.

'Oh boy,' I thought he was going to fuck me and I was going to get the satisfaction that I'd been craving all day.

When Bob hurried back over to me I sprawled lewdly out on his desk pulling my skirt up my thighs to show him my naked pussy with my clit rings glistening in the harsh overhead lights.



I love clit rings -- they're so erotic, they tell any man that you're ready and willing to fuck them. Ever since I've had them I haven't had to say anything to the guy, he just knows that I'm there to fuck him.

My boss shoved my legs apart and buried his face between them eating me out just like I had asked him to. God Bob had a great technique; he really knew how to eat a pussy. I could feel him tonguing my clit rings, and I jumped in pleasure as he started to lick them, tonguing me in earnest.



As he built up speed I found myself thinking how lucky his wife must feel... er... well, she'd be lucky if he weren't about to cheat on her with me. I smiled at the thought. In a strange way it always makes me feel better about myself when other



people are pulled down to my level. (Men are such animals sometimes.)

But after a couple of minutes of great face I wanted more than a tongue jammed up me and began to beg Bob to fuck me, "Please Bob, fuck me," I said in a half moan, "I need a big stiff cock in me, I need to be ridden hard, fuck me Bob, please." I held my arms out to him and he yanked his pants down and leaped between my open legs.



I could feel him penetrate me with his rising passion. He slid deep into my slick pussy and I felt complete for a moment. Then he started thrusting in and out of my like I've experienced hundreds of times before. I knew that he was heading for a quick come but there was nothing I could do about it he was in charge so I just lay there and let him do his thing.

He stood at the edge of the desk holding my legs up and fucking me wildly -- grunting with effort as he thrust deeply -- almost pushing me across the desk in his excitement.

I had my first orgasm as he thrust into me. I had my second when I looked up at him; he'd thrown his head back and closed his eyes and was shivering, thrust to the hilt in me. I knew that he was coming in me, I knew that he was in ecstasy getting his rocks off in me, just as I'd planned.



Finally Bob slumped over me breathing like a locomotive. I let him lie on top of me for a while, feeling his heart pounding against my chest, and his dick throbbing inside me. Then after a bit I whispered in his ear, "I need it again Bob, I need you to fuck me again, please."

He looked side ways at me but I just smiled and kissed him, gently pushing him away from me. "C'mon Bob, do me again, I know you can, please Bob I want it doggy style this time."

I climbed onto my hands and knees wiggling my ass in his face like a bitch in heat. It didn't take any more effort that that. Bob was scrambling up on his desk right there with me. I immediately felt his big swollen dick still coated in our mutual slime slide home.

God he felt good!



And so there we were doing it like dogs right on his desk. As my boss enjoyed my cunt from behind I took a moment to reflect on what would probably happen this time. Once his passion was sated he'd realize what he'd done and would probably fire me right away. Or maybe he would have sex with me a few more time before the axe fell. 'There was always the blackmail advantage, he was married after all,' I thought momentarily.

But then all thoughts flew out of my mind as another lovely orgasm rushed through my body. Bob's thrusts had driven me over the edge of sanity again, just like the hundreds of times I'd been there before. I screamed in lust like a She- Wolf howling at the moon. I was temporarily out of my mind, and so was Bob apparently because I

could hear him gasping and grunting as he fucked me harder and harder, not caring who heard us.

Then he came -- Soon I could feel his hot come running down the inside of my thighs as he kept frantically screwing me like an dog taking a bitch in heat.

I kept coming again and again, my whole body was on fire, I knew subconsciously that this was one of the best fucks I'd ever had.

Bob kept thrusting and I could feel his big shaft rubbing my clit rings against my woman-nub just in the right way, I was getting light headed from the intensity of my prolonged come, it was fucking wonderful.

Somewhere deep down inside I was sad because I knew that this feeling would end soon, and then I'd be trying to find it again in all the wrong places. But right then I didn't give a damn, all I wanted was for him to keep fucking me until I blacked out.

But it was not to be, as usual -- like all the men before him he finally stopped when he'd shot his load. He slid down over my back covered in sweat, pushing me down under him. With a pang of sorrow I felt Bob slip out of my come filled hole and it was over.

But to my surprise we did it twice more before the afternoon was over. Bob turned out to be my fantasy lover with an insatiable need for sex and great stamina too.

Well, that Friday session was over 3 weeks ago and I'm still employed. As a matter of fact I even get my lunch free everyday. Bob takes me to the Holiday Inn down the street were he buys me lunch then we go up to a room and fuck each other's brains out for around 40-minutes or so, then all relaxed and happy we go back to work.

Who knows what will happen? Bob says that I'm the best fuck he's ever had, and that his wife is a real pill when it comes to the bedroom.

I've seen his wife and I have to tell you she's a real knockout. Maybe she just needs a little nudge. I have a special plan for the Christmas party at Bob's house if I'm still working here by then. I'd like to see if I could make a difference in his wife's sex life, like I have Bob's.

I'd like to try anyway...

It is not the intention of this archive to infringe on anyone's copyright. We accept the word of the contributors at face value -- but if an author or photographer finds an unauthorized work within this archive -- and wishes it removed, we will do so immediately. We will not respond to hearsay or assumptions, only to originators. Thank you. *The Staff*

**Kristen's Illustrated Archive** of **erotic stories** hosted by **free 2 find** sponsored by **offer fun**