



# *Inventory Control*

*(MF, cheat, work)*

**By Phoebe of Phoenix AZ**

*(c) Dec 2000*

*This story was written especially for Kristen's Illustrated Archive.*

God, I can't believe that I did it! And anyone who reads this I want to be the first to caution you against doing what I did. It will really screw you up at work, and even if you do have a moment of nastily wonderful excitement, what comes after probably isn't worth it.

It happened one Saturday afternoon when my boss Phil and I were doing some overtime trying to finish up the cycle counts on the inventory at work. We'd had nothing but computer problems all week and had fallen way behind with the cycle count updates. By working all Saturday we would be able to catch up so that the inventory would be totally caught up on Monday.

I had been working since 8 o'clock that morning and for some reason my thoughts kept going back to the weekend before when my boyfriend Rob and I had spent the whole Saturday in bed having great sex. He's such a stud and he always makes me crazy with lust when we decide to spend the day under the covers.

Rob had been away all week on a trip back east to visit his ailing father. And I couldn't get the memory of his big stiff weenie out of my mind. I could envision it in all its glory; the way it looked when we'd start out, so huge and thick. Then after his first orgasm how slick it was, almost like it was made out of plastic. The way it looked when I got on top of him and started riding him like a rodeo cowgirl.

I tried to stop thinking about Rob's handsome body part but the more I tried to think about other things the hotter I got, and the more I wished that he would be home when I got there that evening. I really needed him

Just a workin' girl, tryin' ta get along,  
doin' my job, and mindin' my time,  
yeaw, de da!

Mixin' fun and loven' whenever I can,  
just waitin' for the right man, yeaw, de,  
da!

To come and take me away, away...  
yeaw, de, da!

***Justa' Workin' Girl***

***by Phoebe***



because I was feeling super horny. That's the only excuse that I can come up with for what I let happen.

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Working on cycle counts put me out in the warehouse in the shipping and receiving department. The only other person was my boss Phil who was working up in the front office. I hadn't seen him since he let me into the warehouse at 8 o'clock and I felt that I was all alone.

Well, the continuous sexy thoughts that I was having about my boyfriend's nice dick made me do something that many of you might have done under the same circumstances. I reached under my skirt and pulled my panties down and began to finger fuck myself with the image of Rob's wonderful cock in my mind's eye.

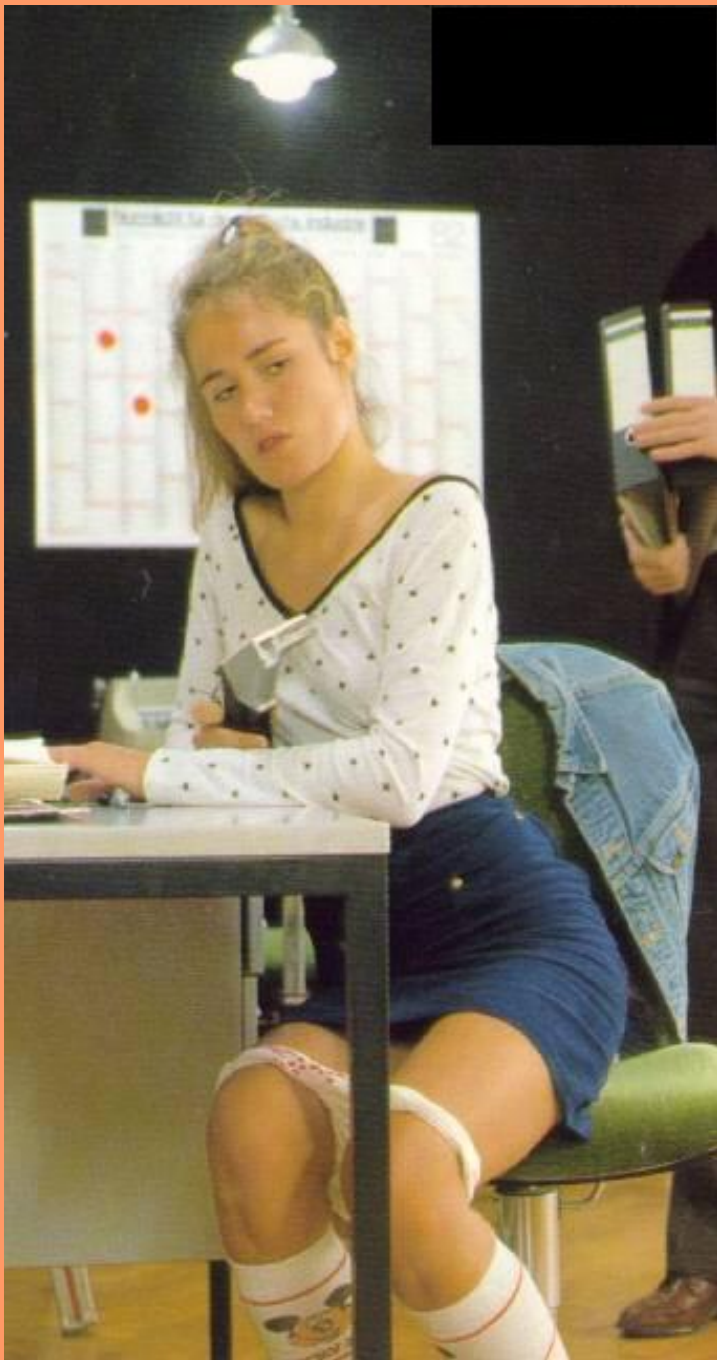
My intention was to get off as quickly as possible; to stop thinking about Rob and his wonderful meaty male shaft of pleasure, and to get back to work. But the combination of being in a place that usually had so many people running around and the thoughts that I'd had all morning made my pleasure that much more intense.

The moment that I touched myself down there I could tell that this was going to be super-intense. Time seemed to stand still as my body thrilled to the pressure that I was causing between my legs, and I closed my eyes to savor the feelings that were more intense than ever before.

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My heart almost stopped when I heard a rustling sound from behind me. I pulled my hands out from under my skirt and tried in vain to pull my panties back up without being seen. Sitting up straight I looked over my shoulder to see Phil standing there with his eyes wide and his mouth open. I also noticed that he had a big bulge at the crotch of his pants. Fuck! He'd seen what I had been doing. Now I was going to get it.

Visions of being fired for lewd behavior ran through my mind. But then I thought about that boner of his that



was so obviously poking out against his pants. And as quickly as I'd had the fear of being fired, I now wondered what he might try, knowing that he had the advantage over me, both being my boss and having caught me doing something like masturbating at work.

I didn't have to wait long to find out what his intentions were. Phil walked over to the counting table and reached down to take hold of the panties that were already down around my thighs. He looked into my eyes as he pulled them down to my ankles. I don't know why I did it, but I lifted my feet off the floor so that he removed them completely.

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There I was sitting in the warehouse with my panties in my boss's hand as he looked down at me. I was scared shitless, I mean it. I had no idea what was going to happen, what this man, my boss, was going to do to me. I held my breath as Phil brought my panties to his nose and watched as he inhaled a long deep breath as if sniffing perfume from a handkerchief. I couldn't believe my eyes.

My boss had to be at least 40 years old, and although he was tall and somewhat thin, his hair was gray and he wears glasses. I'd never thought about him sexually, not even once. Being only 20 myself, and Rob who was a year older than me, my preference was for someone my own age or maybe a couple of years older. (Generally when I look at older men sex with them never comes to mind.)

But watching Phil breathing in my odor like that made me excited for some strange reason that I didn't understand completely. Here was a successful businessman who could have just about any woman he wanted and he was sniffing my undies. It made me feel strange, and powerful all at once.

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I completely stopped breathing when Phil stepped closer and bent down, then shoved his face between my legs. I wanted to yell at him to stop, to be indignant, but when



his hot moist tongue touched my skin down there I couldn't make a sound. I watched him as he started to lick me, and fuck me with his tongue.

God I'd never had anyone do it like that before. Even Rob, who likes to eat me just fine didn't actually fuck me with his tongue. I closed my eyes and spread my legs, leaning back letting my boss tongue fuck me without protest. The thoughts running through my head while Phil kept up his tongue action on me would be x-rated in any media. And before he stopped and looked up to say he wanted to fuck me for real, I'd already decided to screw him if I could.

He stood up and so did I, tugging at his belt as he quickly untied his tie and stripped in front of me. I watched as he shoved his slacks down and was amazed at his size when his underwear was next. Phil for 40, looked every bit as good as Rob who was half his age. I knew that what we were doing was wrong, that things would never be the same again. I briefly wondered if I would tell Rob about this or not.

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Then it didn't matter any more. Phil reached into my blouse and started fondling my breast. I reciprocated by grabbing his big stiff boner and squeezed it. He sure did have a big one, at least 2 inches longer than Rob's and a little thicker too. It was strange that I could make comparisons like that and still not seem to care that I was cheating on my boyfriend. Fuck, I just wanted this guy to stick it in and show me a good time. I'd already made up my mind that I wanted to fuck him.

It was all so perverted; to have an old guy like this fuck me like a whore. At least that's the way I felt, cheap and dirty being fucked by my boss in a dirty old warehouse. He hadn't even been prepared for any rejections from me. He'd "assumed" that I'd let him take me without a fuss. Well it looked like I was going to let him, so I might as well enjoy it, I thought to myself.

I bent down and without telling Phil my intentions I started licking the head of his cock. I knew that guys enjoy watching girl's giving head so I made a real slutty



show of it looking up for his approval from time to time.

I could see that Phil was really enjoying my oral efforts. He was standing there; his legs trembling, groaning his pleasure out loudly, so loudly that if anyone walked into the building they'd think someone was in pain and dieing out here.

I felt so in control just then with this older man completely in my power, it was a new feeling and I liked it, I liked it a lot!

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I squatted down in front of Phil's big stiff boner and started to take him in earnest. I can give pretty good head if I wanted to, and I was trying to impress this older man with my talents I guess. I started taking him into my throat, gagging from time to time when he'd get a little too rambunctious and shove when I was on the down thrust myself.

I could imagine what he must think of me, squatting down in front of him almost naked, sucking on his big dick. I didn't care at that moment, the sensation of my tongue on his dick was making me crazy and I sucked and harder massaging his big heavy balls.

I was so horny that I was positively dripping. I wanted nothing more than for my boss to push me down onto the dirty concrete floor and fuck my brains out. I could imagine that huge old dick of his all slick from his pre-come and my pussy juice all mixed up together; pumping away in me, thrusting deep, spurting even deeper. God I needed him to do it, to do it NOW!

That's when Phil started grunting. Almost like in a slow-motion film we began to fall back to the floor. He held my head and gently laid me down with his cock still planted firmly in my sucking mouth. I couldn't believe that I was letting him fuck my face like this. And that's what he was doing; fucking me in the mouth like it was a woman's cunt.

Then I felt it! My boss was coming in my mouth. I



started to choke as his come hit the back of my throat, but he held my head so that I couldn't stop swallowing his come. God I felt so used and dirty, but at the same time I loved the feeling of being used to give this powerful man pleasure. He was so much older than me, yet he was attracted to me and had lost control of himself and was fucking his little inventory clerk on the dirty warehouse floor like a demon possessed.

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When I felt the last pulse of his come gush into my mouth I gently pulled him from between my lips and smiled wickedly as I licked my lips and swallowed. He watched my depraved act and I watched his dick, it was still hard and standing proudly out ready for some more action. I realized that I wanted him more than anything right then; I needed him fucking me hard and fast.

I rolled over pulling Phil to the floor and climbed a top his body. He still had his shirt on but the buttons had been pulled off in our lust and now I could see his chest and stomach. He obviously worked out because I could see his muscles tense as I lowered my pussy down over his big stiff cock.

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God it felt wonderful to mount this older man's hot boner like this. I could feel it expanding my interior cunt walls as it slid home. I enjoyed the feeling of the meaty male shaft impaling me like a spear. I wiggled around on it rubbing him against my clit and immediately experiencing a twinge of intense excitement. Then as I set up a fucking rhythm I came almost immediately, but kept up the rhythm for another few moments to enjoy these wonderful feelings for as long as possible.

Allowing me no more than a minute to catch my breath Phil made me stand up and he held me at the waist and shoved his still hard dick into me from behind. There I was standing in the warehouse getting it from my boss from behind as he pumped in and out of my cunt, faster and faster until I felt him stiffen and loose himself in



me.

For a moment I felt like a bitch in heat standing there with a male sticking his doggy cock into my cunt from behind. He was shivering and grunting as he released his load into me like an animal. I knew he was enjoying his come and for some reason that made me intensely aroused. I reached down between my legs and began to run my nub as fast as I could.

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I could feel his cock jammed between my cunt lips with my exploring fingers. Knowing that he was filling me with his come and feeling him doing it, brought me over the top. I screamed in orgasmic ecstasy as the most powerful rush I'd ever had in my life racked my body.

Phil instinctively began his fucking motions in me again to provide some friction to increase my orgasm. I couldn't breath for a moment the rush of physical and emotional satisfaction was just too much for my body to bear and I almost blacked out.

It's been three weeks since my little session with my boss. I made the mistake of telling Rob about it and we broke up that day. The good news is that Phil has given me a raise so that I can rent an apartment close to work. The even better news is that I've become his mistress and we usually go to lunch together. We don't eat much in the way of food though at lunchtime.







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