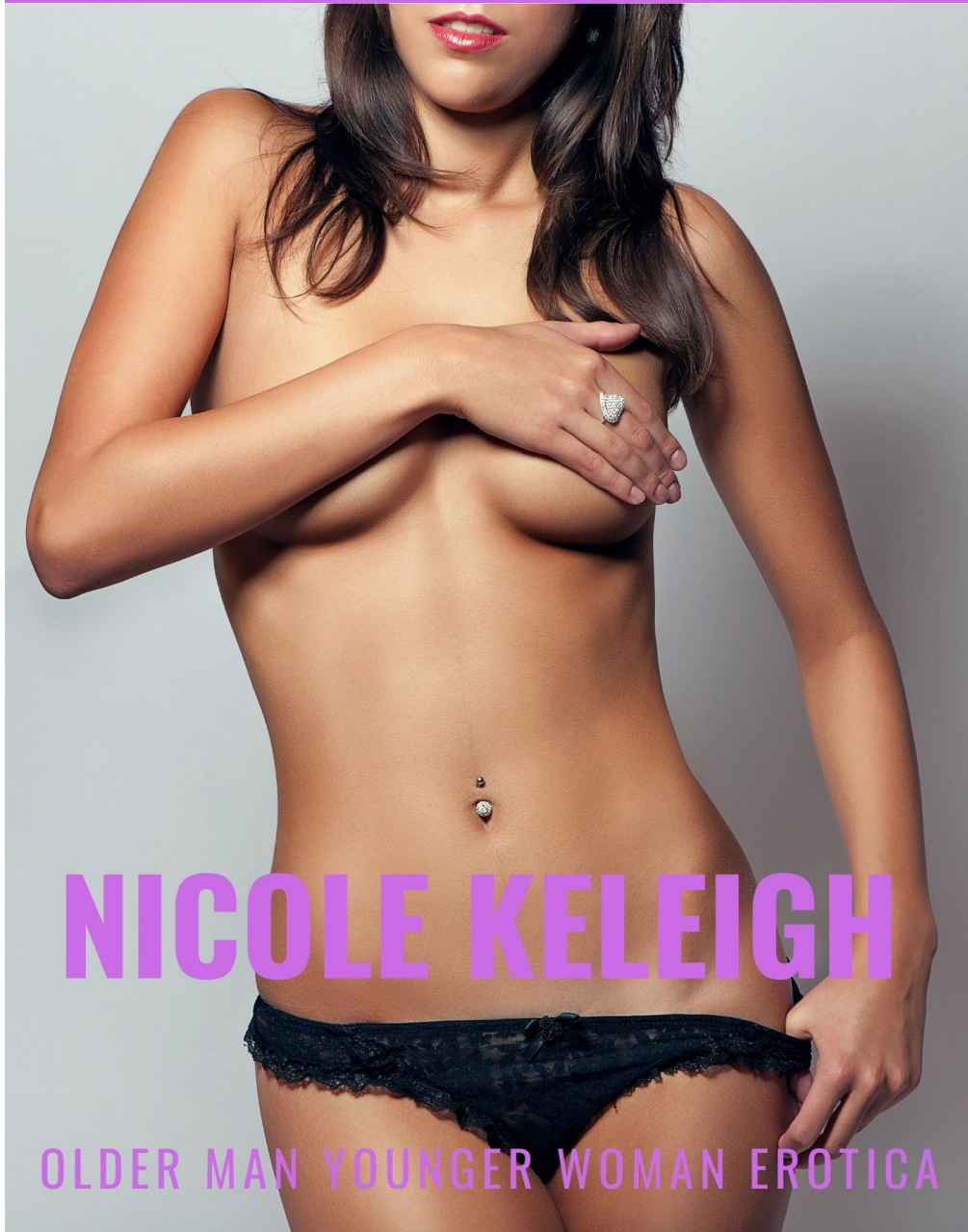


Her Boss



NICOLE KELEIGH

OLDER MAN YOUNGER WOMAN EROTICA

Her Boss

Older Man Younger Woman Erotica

By Nicole Keleigh

Nic

All characters in this story are 18 years or older. This story is intended for mature audiences only.

Names, places and other details have been changed to protect the naughty.

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In the summer between high school and college, I worked at a restaurant that was the type of restaurant that you didn't tell your parents about. I told them I had a waitress job that summer and was glad they never asked for any details or said that they wanted to visit me at work.

It was also the type of restaurant that my boyfriend didn't like me working at. It wasn't Hooters, but the unofficial uniform rules required outfits that were tight, low cut, showed an ample amount of skin, and most of the women there had an above-average bra cup size.

I couldn't tell my parents, it made my boyfriend jealous, but the tips I took home made it more than worth it. I was on track to earn enough money for a decent used car by the end of the summer and some spending money for that upcoming semester at college.

But there were other reasons why I didn't tell my parents and my boyfriend hated it. Actually one other reason. The owner.

Mr. Ryan had a bit of a reputation. Even before I started working there, I knew of allegations of tax fraud. The allegations never went beyond that, but I also heard rumors that even though he was married, he slept with some of his employees.

Those rumors were confirmed within a few days by Kailey, a girl I knew from high school, who quickly became my best friend at work.

"So it's true?" I asked after her confirmation while we were gossiping one very slow weekday night.

"Yeah, one hundred percent true." She said, then lowered her voice even further. "A few months ago, right after I started working here, I saw Jenna in his office after we had closed."

"No way," I said, looking towards where Jenna, a beautiful blonde was delivering food to a table near the front of the restaurant.

"Yeah, I don't think they knew that I was still there. I heard moaning and when I walked by the door I saw her bent over his desk, topless and with her jeans and panties around her ankles."

"No fucking way," I said, feeling a little jealous. Mr. Ryan wasn't my type, but he was hot. He was older, probably late thirty-something. Even though he seemed like he worked all the time because he owned three restaurants and a handful of gyms, he must've found time on a regular basis to go workout at the gyms he owned. Plus, he had these looks that matched his personality - bad boy, confident, and a little cocky.

"He was ramming her," Kailey said and I felt a feeling other than jealous. I felt desire and my still teenage hormones kicking into high gear as I imagined for a brief second myself in Jenna's position.

"That's wild," I said, trying to act like I wasn't turned on

by it.

"I know, but nothing compared to the parties he throws."

"Parties?" I said starting to sound like a cliché, but I was surprised to hear about that.

"Yeah, he likes to throw parties at his house and invites his friends, plus all of the girls that work here. His house is pretty cool, it's not quite a mansion but it's huge and there's a pool with a jacuzzi. The parties have all the beer or liquor you could ever want. But he doesn't allow any boyfriends."

I wasn't sure how I felt like that. It didn't take much math to figure out why he didn't want any boyfriends at the party. It felt kind of odd, maybe a little creepy. Yet at the same time, I started to wonder when he would throw the next party.

I didn't have to wait long. A few weeks later, he invited all of us to his birthday party at his house. By us, I mean all of the female employees. Boyfriends or any male significant others weren't invited.

When I walked through the front door with Kailey, the party was a lot like any other party that I had been to before. There was a keg in the kitchen, but what was different was that the kitchen had sparkling granite counter tops and expensive-looking stainless steel appliances. The first floor of what I would call a new money mansion was filled with people, however unlike any party I had been to before the guy to girl ratio was at least four girls for every one guy. My guy friends dreamed about parties like it.

More than that, they wouldn't have been able to handle the women walking around topless in little more than bikini bottoms with their bodies painted like mermaids. I had a hard time not staring at these women that looked like models.

Beyond the keg in the kitchen, there was a full bar, complete with a topless bartender in the backyard by the pool. I guess it was unlike any party that I had ever been to before. It was kind of intimidating waiting in line for a drink at the bar. The other girls acted like this wasn't anything unusual, like they had been to dozens of parties like this before.

"I'm probably only going to have a drink or two," I said to Kailey while we waited in line, "Then I'm going to go meet Vic."

Yet, I didn't leave after a drink or two. I got talked into having a shot by one of Mr. Ryan's friends. I talked to some of my coworkers that I had never talked to before, including Jenna. She wasn't as stuck up as I thought she was.

I did turn down doing a body shot off of Jenna's belly that was suggested by Mr. Ryan himself. However, I did watch another girl do it, and seeing it made it seem like it really wasn't that big of a deal.

Kailey left at some point. I should've too, but I stayed to the point where I was going to need a ride home. I was about to text my boyfriend, when Jenna stopped me in hallway as I came out of the bathroom.

"Come with me." She said without providing any more information.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Alex wanted to ask you something." She said, referring to Mr. Ryan. I knew his first name was Alex, but I had never heard anyone refer to him with just his first name before.

She led me through the crowded living room which was almost filled with his friends and a lot of my coworkers. Did they know where I was going?

She led me to a backroom that Kailey had shown me earlier. It was his movie theater room, complete with two rows of leather seating and a movie screen. The room was dimly light and empty except for Mr. Ryan. I wasn't sure where this was going, but I had an uncomfortable feeling.

"Nicole," Mr. Ryan said as he shut the door behind us. "I wanted to know if you wanted to give me a birthday present."

I gave both a confused look. I had asked Kailey if I should bring anything, but she told me not to get any presents. There wasn't any need for anything like that, she said.

"Are you bi?" Mr. Ryan asked.

"Um." I had been with two women at that point in my life, but I wasn't sure how to answer. Where was this going? I was speechless.

"He wants to see us makeout," Jenna said softly and very sensual-like.

"Oh," I said sounding a little surprised but trying to act calm. The uncomfortable feeling increased, but at the same time, I felt a little excited, maybe even a little honored that he would want to see me like that.

Jenna was beautiful with movie star looks and body of a pornstar, yet I had never felt myself attracted to her before that moment. I was so nervous, almost terrified, but so turned on.

She took my hand and pulled me closer to her. I had a feeling that this wasn't the first time that she had done something like this for Mr. Ryan. She pulled me so that we were facing each other, less than a foot apart. I saw Mr. Ryan sit down on the leather sofa in the front row and smiled.

Jenna was taller than me and I had to look up at her like I did with most guys. Yet her lips were soft and gentle. My fears were quickly replaced with lust. It was a full-blown kiss with open mouths, tongues and I think she was as turned on as I was. Was this really happening?

I got lost in her lips. She cupped my breasts squeezed them while he unzipped his pants. Internally, I started to freak out again, but I tried to act like this sort of thing happened all of the time.

It didn't stop there and what happened next really made me uncomfortable. Jenna broke away from our kiss. She grinned at me, then got on her knees in front of Mr. Ryan. I knew instantly

what the real birthday present that he wanted. My first instinct was to leave. I had a boyfriend. He had a wife. Where was she? I had met her earlier that night. What if the other girls found out and told people? What if my boyfriend found out? Or my friends? Yet, I was so turned on that the slut within me won out. I followed her down to my knees next to her.

While looking at me, she took his cock between her lips and into her mouth. It was like watching a porn video right in front of me. The way she looked at me was so slutty and said that my turn would be coming up soon.

Jenna ran her lips up and down his long, thick shaft several times then looked at me again. She held the cock for me and despite my better judgement, I leaned forward and took his dick between my lips. I slid my lips far down his shaft and far into my mouth.

I ran my lips up and down his hard cock while Jenna watched. It felt surreal. When I needed to shift the positions of my knees to get in a more comfortable position, she took over and I watched her.

We took turns, going back and forth with his cock. She did it naturally like this wasn't her first time sharing a cock with another girl. I followed her lead. While I sucked his dick, she licked and then sucked his balls. I did the same when she took a turn to suck his cock. We both licked and kissed his cock from either side, then we kissed each other some more. I enjoy giving head, but this was more than anything I had experienced before. It was just playful, three adults having fun.

"Show me your tits." Mr. Ryan said while Jenna worked his cock.

I didn't hesitate to unbutton my sweater to reveal my black and red bra. For his viewing pleasure, Jenna saw this and playfully slapped his cock against my cleavage.

I took another turn with his cock, then when she took back over, I played with my tits for him to watch. I caressed myself, feeling oh so turned on and oh so slutty. I pulled down the cups of my bra and felt my own soft flesh in my hands.

Jenna took that as an invitation to put her mouth between my breasts, licking between them, then all over my cleavage, before focusing on my nipples. I one hundred percent felt like I was co-starring in a porn movie.

She sucked on one nipple and caressed my other breasts. Her touch was so sensual, even when she was pinching my nipples.

Her hand stayed on my breast even when she returned to Mr. Ryan's cock. While squeezing my tit, she deepthroated his cock. I let out a loud moan seeing that. When she came up for air, he put his hand on the back of her head and brought her right back. He kept her there, even as she started to gag.

When she needed a break, I stepped right in to take her place. I slid my mouth as far down as I could, but then I felt a hand on the back of my head making me go further. It wasn't Mr. Ryan,

it was Jenna. She took control of how far his cock went into my throat and how fast my lips moved. It was further down than what I wanted. She made me go faster than I felt comfortable.

I had to force my mouth away from his cock when I couldn't take it anymore. As I caught my breath, she took over with his cock.

"I'm getting fucking close." He grunted a minute or two later while I had his cock in my mouth.

Jenna practically grabbed his cock from my mouth at that point and started stroking it. She pressed her cheeks against mine and rapidly stroked his cock. Yet he didn't come right away, I used my mouth to bring him to the edge, then pulled it off. I stroked him until he erupted into our open mouths. Okay, mostly my mouth. I swear I didn't do it on purpose, but most of his hot, thick, creamy cum landed on my tongue and all over my lips.

I was about to swallow his cum when Jenna looked at me and leaned forward to kiss me. An open mouth kiss with her tongue in my mouth, making sure I shared the cum with her. Then she licked sperm off of my chin and cleaned the drops that had landed on my cleavage.

It was easily one of the sluttiest things that I had done, I thought as I fixed my bra.

Mr. Ryan returned to the party first. Jenna and I came out a minute or two later after a quick stop at the bathroom mirror. The way the people looked at me, I thought they must've known what had just happened. In the mirror, I had seen how red my face was. Could they see that too? Did they notice that my lipstick and makeup looked different? Did they see that my hair wasn't perfect anymore?

I could still taste the cum in my mouth until I did a shot with Jenna a few minutes later.

A shot or three later, I felt myself getting a little too buzzed and got a ride home with one of my coworkers.

Before that night, I didn't think Mr. Ryan knew who I was. After that night, I saw him watching me a lot at work and paying special attention to me. The other girls noticed too. I didn't hear them talking behind my back, but I knew they had to be doing it. I saw the looks. I heard them go quiet when I got close.

I felt ashamed, I couldn't believe I had done that with a married man that was also my boss. It felt so wrong. I had a boyfriend and I felt bad for fooling around with another guy. I worried that his wife would find out. I could picture one of my coworkers telling him because she thought I did it to get more hours at work or other special benefits.

That wasn't it at all. I did it because I was horny. I did it because Jenna was there and she kissed me and wanted me to give a blowjob with her. I did it because it made me feel like a pornstar and I enjoy being a slut, especially a cumslut. Plus, I did it because he's hot and there's a certain energy about him

that makes me want to do anything that he wants.

The way he'd look at me while I was working made me feel like that again. One night, he sat at a table with his friends for dinner. I'd catch him looking at me and he didn't look away when I caught him.

At the end of the night, I counted down one of the registers and brought the cash back the office so the manager on duty could put the it in the safe. Yet, it wasn't the manager on duty that I found in the office.

I found Mr. Ryan at the desk and images of the story Kailey told me about Jenna in that same office came flooding into my brain. There was still several other people working, but I was debating what I would say if he wanted to see me bent over the desk.

"Thanks." He said as I handed him the cash drawer and deposit bag. His eyes were drifting down from my eyes to my tight black tank top and taking in my curves as I bent over to hand it to him.

"Of course, Mr. Ryan." I said, not standing back up yet.

"You can all me Alex."

I didn't know what to say to him. I felt speechless. I was intimidated. I was turned on.

"I want you to meet me at my house tonight." He said, it definitely wasn't a question.

"A party?"

"Just you and me." He didn't even bother to look at the open door behind me to make sure no one was there that could hear him. However, I checked.

"Your..."

"She's away for the night." He said, interrupting me and knowing exactly what I was going to ask before I even said it.

"Okay," I said. Not really saying okay that I was agreeing, more that I understood the situation.

"I'm leaving in five minutes, you should too."

"Yes sir," I said unintentionally.

"I like the sound of that."

"I didn't mean it like that," I said, stumbling with my words.

"That's okay." He said with a grin. "I think you did."

Almost exactly five minutes later, I was gathering up my stuff and heading out to the parking lot. I saw Mr. Ryan's all-black Mercedes pulling out onto the main street as I walked out the door.

I started to have doubts. Was I really going to do this? He was married. Nothing good could come out of this...besides probably some mind-blowing sex. But what about my boyfriend? He was expecting me. I had told him I would go over to his apartment once I got off of work.

"Not feeling well." I texted once I was sitting inside my car, feeling a little bit bad about lying. "I'll make it up to you tomorrow."

After I sent the second text, I didn't wait for an answer. I left the parking lot and instead of taking a right to go to my parent's house, I took a left.

My heart was pounding and my stomach filled with butterflies, yet the desire between my legs was the greatest feeling as I drove into the night.

Mr. Ryan was just pulling into his driveway when I pulled up behind him. I hoped he didn't have any security cameras or a doorbell camera that his wife could check and see my out of place older model Accord in the driveway. That didn't seem to be a worry for Mr. Ryan though. He greeted me with a smile and led me in through the garage.

It felt weird to be alone with him in his house. I felt awkward standing in his kitchen. I felt nervous and immature. He looked so confident like he did this all of the time.

"Can I get you anything to drink?"

I shook my head no. It would probably help me relax, but I didn't need any alcohol to make me lose my inhibitions that night. I already knew I would do whatever he wanted.

"Good. I don't know how long I could wait."

"Me neither," I said trying to sound sexy, but I'm sure it sounded more awkward than anything else.

"Let's go to the theater. I think you remember where that is."

I did and led the way to the backroom. I could feel his eyes on my ass the entire short walk.

The room felt different now. It wasn't as dark this time. The lights were on dimly and I saw more of the large leather lounge chair in the front row. It could fit maybe three or four people. It was the one he had been sitting on when Jenna and I had given him a blowjob a few weeks earlier. I wondered how many of my coworkers had been in that spot. How many had he fucked right there? I felt so horny, so slutty. I couldn't wait to be another one on that list.

"Are you ready to be my slut?" He said and took my breath away for a moment or two. The more I got to know him, the more I knew he wasn't like other guys.

"Yes," I said, but I was nervous. I stepped back so that I was almost against the wall.

"Take off your clothes."

"Yes sir," I said, slightly more intentional this time.

"His eyes went wide with surprise. "Are you submissive?"

"No," I said, "I don't think so. Maybe." I wanted to say that I'd read Fifty Shades of Gray and another series like that. Yet even though I read that, this felt like uncharted waters, dangerous waters.

"Keep saying yes sir and you'll do fine."

"Yes sir," I said and kicked off my work sneakers.

While he watched, I took off my tank top and revealed my orange bra that I had on underneath. This wasn't anything like stripping for my boyfriend.

"Slower." He said as I dropped my top near my feet.

I grinned. I was nervous, but so turned on as I undid the top of my jeans. I pushed the top down an inch, then turned around so he could look at my backside. He didn't have to tell me to do that. I knew what he wanted here. He watched closely as I pushed my jeans down to my thighs to expose my black thong and almost bare ass. I bent over to get my jeans off completely. They were so tight, it was a bit of a struggle to get them off, but he didn't say anything.

When I had my jeans off, I stood back up and looked at him. I smiled again.

"Turn around and bend over again." He ordered and I did.

I didn't feel sexy, I felt vulnerable and awkward in that position. Yet, his touch changed everything. I felt his fingertips tracing my ass cheeks, then sliding between them. He rubbed me through the satin fabric of my thong and I thought I would melt. I felt my body start to warm and overheat. I felt the pleasure grow within me and I stopped thinking my coworkers and their gossip, his wife, and my boyfriend.

"Take off your thong."

"Yes sir." I slid them down my legs until they were at my ankles. I wasn't sure what he was going to do. I half expected him to take me right then and there. I was wet enough, but he didn't.

"Stand up." I did and as soon as I was straight up, he turned me around and pushed me against the dark red walls.

He put a hand on my neck with no force, but it was intimidating. I suddenly had second thoughts again. This was a really bad idea. Yet, I was so excited and didn't want to move away from his touch.

Instead of backing away, I did what I thought a good slut would do. I undid his belt and he kissed me. It was a powerful, intense and overwhelming kiss. His mouth enveloped mine and his tongue forced into me.

I undid the button on his jeans, then unzipped them. My hands pushed them along with his tight boxer briefs to reveal his already very hard cock. I stroked him, feeling his power and strength in my hand. I couldn't wait to feel him inside of me. I needed it.

I was ready for him, but he was just getting started.

"Have you ever been handcuffed?"

"No sir."

When he heard my answer, he walked a few feet to a cabinet that I had assumed was for movie theater-style snacks or for storing movies. Instead he took out a pair of handcuffs, but didn't let me see what else was in the cabinet. My heart stopped.

They were metal handcuffs with a fluffy black fabric around them. I was scared, but had a giddy smile on my face. I was afraid of where this was going, but couldn't wait to find out.

"Put them on behind your back." He said as he handed them to me. They were heavier than I expected. They weren't toy ones.

"Yes sir." It wasn't as easy as I thought it would be to put them on, but he seemed to enjoy watching me.

Having the handcuffs on forced me to push out my tits. I also felt like I was completely his and he could do whatever he wanted with me. I also worried that what if he didn't have the key or had lost it.

He took a pillow from the chair and put it on the floor between me and him. "On your knees slut."

I did without any questions or comments.

"Open your mouth."

I did and he aimed his long, thick cock at my mouth. He pushed it between my lips and slid himself into my mouth. This wasn't like any blowjob that I had given before and I had given more than a few blowjobs.

I slid my lips up and down his long shaft. I wanted to use my hands, either on his cock or at least to steady myself.

He wanted more. He put a hand on the top of my head and took control. He slid his dick into my mouth like it was a pussy. He went slow at first, and made sure to give me lots of chances to breathe. At least a first.

Then he started to really fuck my mouth. His cock went deeper and deeper into my mouth. It made it hard to breathe. He went faster and faster and I gagged. As quick as he started, he stopped.

He didn't have to say anything, it was my turn. I took his cock in my mouth again, taking his cock deep into my throat. I coughed. My eyes watered. I gagged and he started to fuck my mouth again. It was more than I could take. I couldn't breathe. I was so uncomfortable and I wanted to push him away. Yet right before, I did he pulled back.

"I want to fuck you." He said and didn't give me time to react. He guided me from my knees and to bent over the edge of the leather sofa. He pushed me down so that my face was buried into the soft leather. My instinct was to use my hands to position myself, but I couldn't with them locked behind me. He lifted me up so that my ass was in the air. I knew I had a bit of a submissive side, but this made me feel more submissive than I had ever felt before. My body was there for his pleasure and nothing else. I liked it. No, I loved it.

He pushed himself into my wetness and I heard him took a deep breath. I moaned loudly as his cock filled me and stretched me to my limits. It filled me with pleasure but was almost too much.

The position felt awkward for me, but it seemed to be the perfect position for him to fuck me the way he wanted. He started off slow but soon was going faster and faster. Harder and harder. I felt like I was his slut and he was using me however he wanted. My moans became louder but were muffled by

the cushion underneath my face.

My moans became screams as he took my wrists in his hands and started to drill his cock into me. The sounds of our bare flesh slapping with each quick, hard thrust filled the room. I couldn't believe that I was having sex with him. I couldn't believe we were having sex like this.

He lifted me up so that I was standing, but still half bent over. The position, the angle, felt so fucking good. I started to shake. I started scream almost uncontrollably. The handcuffs and the feeling of his cock sent me way over the edge and into another world of pleasure. I rarely had orgasms during sex when I was that age, yet he brought it on almost easily.

My legs went weak and I collapsed back on to the seat. It was a powerful, intense orgasm. Yet, he didn't slow down. He drilled his cock deep into me. I felt too sensitive, it hurt, yet he didn't listen to me begging for him to stop or at least give me a break.

I thought he had to be close, yet he showed no signs of slowing down. He was breathing heavy and sweating just like me, but also groaning and grunting loudly. "My slut." He said over and over.

He did undo the handcuffs when I complained my they were hurting me, but that was the only break he gave me. He fucked me while holding my neck. With his strong squeezed my tits to the edge of it being painful. He spanked my ass so hard that it was painful and did leave me sore and bruised. Yet, he wanted more.

"I'm going to fuck your ass now." He said and took my breath away again. He pulled out of my pussy and I didn't dare move. I watched and he walked back to the cabinet again. He took out a clear bottle of what had to be a lubricant. "Are you an anal virgin?"

"No sir," I said softly.

"You are a slut." He said almost with a laugh. "How many guys have been in that ass?"

"Two."

"Make that three." He put me on my hands and knees, then poured the liquid between my ass cheeks. The lubricant was cold, but he warmed it with his fingers.

He put a finger into my ass and my mouth opened wide. He fingered me and I started to softly moan again. A loud moan came out of my mouth as he slid a second finger into my ass. I was a little too tight, it hurt, yet felt so good.

He stopped and I looked back to see him pouring lubricant onto his cock. He stroked himself, spreading the liquid and making his cock glisten. I'd had anal sex a handful of times with a long-term boyfriend. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't anything to write home about either. It hurt, it was awkward and I think unenjoyable for both of us. Although, he did come every time. The other guy wasn't a boyfriend, more like a fuck buddy. After too much to drink at a party, we had anal sex. I was at the

point in the night, where I didn't remember much about it, other than the guy really didn't know what he was doing. We did it a few more times after that night, none were much better. By the way, Mr. Ryan looked at me, I knew he knew exactly what he was doing.

He ran his cock between my ass cheeks, then pressed it against my tight asshole. I tried to relax because I knew it would make it easier. Yet, that was a lot easier said than done.

I held my breath and I closed my eyes as he slowly pushed the tip inside of me. It hurt. It was a sharp pain that grew as he pushed further into my tight hole. He was slow and careful, but I wanted to scream. It felt like someone was ripping me apart. I want to jump away from him, but I didn't.

I opened my eyes and started to breathe again. He pushed completely into my ass. By far the longest, thickest cock I'd ever had there. It took me a minute or two to get used to him as he took his time, as he held back waiting for me. Then he started to fuck my ass. The pain was still there, especially when not once, but twice his cock slipped out and he had to work it back in. Yet, soon the pain was replaced or at least over ridden by the feeling of pleasure.

He held my waist, spanking me occasionally. He held me tight and started to go faster and faster. It was a very different kind of pleasure, not just because of the location, but a different feeling and sensation.

His thrusts became harder and faster. Each thrust violently shook my body. I worried he might rip me apart for real. I was about to ask him to slow down or even stop, yet I didn't because I wanted to be his submissive slut and luckily it wasn't long before he did stop.

After several long, deep thrusts inside of me, he pulled out. His cock exploded on to my back, shooting cum that landed as far away as the hair that was around my neck. He blasted me with cum, coating my back and then rubbing his cock all over my ass cheeks like he was marking me. I was physically exhausted but felt excited and giddy.

I collapsed onto my stomach. It was probably the sluttiest, kinkiest night of my life. I know people do a lot more kinky things than that, but for me it was a major upgrade in kinky for me. I worried a little that someone might find out that we had sex and the things he had done to me, yet my overwhelming feeling was that I couldn't wait to do it again.

It wasn't our last time together. There were blowjobs in his in the restaurant parking lot, quickies in the corporate office after hours, and a memorable quickie in the bathroom at a nightclub. I should write about that sometime. That was a fun night.

About the Author

Nicole Keleigh writes for readers who want to be turned on, that enjoy reading about explicit sex, and often slutty sex.

Her hardcore erotica is based on her own explicit adventures, features realistic characters set in the present day. Women that like sex and men that know how to give them what they're craving. The women have curves and the men aren't billionaires, but they're hot stories that will get your cock hard or panties soaked.

When she's not writing erotica, you can find her spending time at the beach, hiking in the woods, reading, traveling or having sex.

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