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The meeting started off with Lisa asking Amanda if she'd visited Sara. Amanda laughed when they all looked disappointed that she'd visited and they'd only had a nice dinner, rented movies and ate popcorn.

Jessika smiled at Amanda, "I'm sorry you and Richard haven't gotten back together."

Amanda grinned, "I borrowed Jim from the mail room."

Jessika coughed, "Jim? Ria's Jim? How did you possibly borrow him? Lisa, didn't you once, so to speak, borrow him?"

Lisa's voice was teasing as she answered, "Oh yes, Jessika, I did borrow him, so to speak. So to speak, why don't you borrow him so for once you have a story to tell?"

Jessika looked shocked, "LISA! I have enough problems not knowing what to do without having someone I have to try and tell what to do."

Amanda cut in, "You don't tell Jim what to do – well you kind of start him off doing what you want him to do and then he takes it from there. I'm sure when he was with Ria he did things differently but right now he listens to me. I'm reading up on how to do things properly."

Sara smiled, "I have some books you can read on domination, power and trust. It is a very interesting world to enter."

All eyes had turned toward Sara and the room was quiet until Lisa said, "Our nice quiet Sara and her life on the top floor. Amanda, just how did you ever find Jim?"

Amanda took a sip of coffee and explained it had all started with a cup of coffee.

Two weeks ago I saw Jim sitting by himself in the cafeteria. I sat down with him and told him I was sorry that Ria had broke up with him.

Jim told me, "Amanda, Ria didn't break up she doesn't want to have me wear her collar."

I told him, "Yeah, right. Same thing. I guess I'm not wearing Richard's collar so it is the same thing we both got dumped."

Jim smiled, "Well, I guess in a sense we are both free. I've never seen you down here for coffee this late in the day. You usually leave work at 4:30."

I was surprised he even knew what time I left work but told him I ran out of coffee and didn't want to go to the store on the way home. He told me that he'd pick up coffee and if I wanted him to that he would drop it off at my house. I honestly thought he was kidding so I said, "Yes, that would be wonderful and can you make sure it's at my place at 8:00 p.m.?"

When he said that he'd make sure it was on time we both had laughed and that was the last I thought about it until the doorbell chimed at exactly 8:00 p.m. I'd been watching TV and never had visitors so I didn't go to answer it, until it rang the third time. I was honestly stunned when I opened the door. Jim.

"Hi Amanda, I brought two kinds that I thought you might like. Want me to make you a cup?"

I smiled, "Uh, I guess so. Come on in. I had thought you were kidding but I really could use a cup of coffee. I can make it – you really did bring it at 8:00 p.m." He looked upset that I'd been kidding about bringing me the coffee so I quickly told him to go make the coffee and stop looking upset. That seemed to make him feel better. I showed him where the kitchen was.

"Amanda, I brought you vanilla and also hazelnut. I like the vanilla. Can I make us vanilla?"

I was afraid to ask him what he meant by "us" and how long was he staying so I said sure and told him I'd wait in the living room since I was watching Dr. Phil. Wow, would Dr. Phil be surprised at how I drank my cup of coffee! Anyway, I was sitting in the living room when Jim walked in, handed me a cup of coffee and sat down on the floor in front of me. I was sipping the coffee and looking down at him. I smiled because I was getting nervous and then everything went sexual from that point on.

"Amanda, can I do anything else for you while you sip your coffee? I'd like to please you. What can I do that would please you?"

I remembered what Lisa had said about him. I figured I'd just say something and see if he would actually do it. "Jim, I'm very pleased that you've already brought me coffee, and that you've made me a cup of nice vanilla." I was wearing my robe, since I'd showered and I slowly slid it open. I watched his eyes travel from my breasts down to my pussy - it was the most lustful and needy gaze I'd ever seen someone give me. Richard never looked at me the way - Jim's eyes were feasting on me. That's about the only way I can describe it. His eyes were feasting on my nipples and pussy and the more he stared at them the more my nipples hardened and I could feel my pussy getting wet. He just sat there waiting so I said, "Jim, you may touch me and lick my pussy. I'd like to be sipping my coffee when I come so be careful not to make me spill it or I'll be displeased with you. Do you understand what I want you to do?"

He smiled, "Yes, Amanda. I'll be pleased to serve you." The next thing his hands were squeezing my breasts and his fingers were pinching my nipples. But his touch wasn't like anything I'd felt before in my life. They were tender, yet demanding when he pulled on my tits. I felt pain in each nipple when he'd pinch them. They felt on fire. His tongue licked a path down my body and I'd put my coffee cup on the table – then, leaned back on the couch. His hands had already spread my legs wider and his fingers were playing softly with my clit. He repeated the same touch of pinching and then in a moment I felt his tongue licking over it. I remembered I was suppose to tell him what to do, although, by now my brain was mush and I was just feeling tingling all through my body.

"Jim, you'd better make this good! I want to be licked like your fucking me with your tongue!"

I swear I nearly came just from telling him I wanted that to be done. I felt a need that was hot...molten...needing to explode like a volcanic reaction of heat. "Jim, suck on my clit – hard."

I felt his tongue start over my softness and then lower to that spot I needed filled. My flesh was wet and inviting when he slipped his tongue into me...pushing inside as much as he could. My body wanted more and he licked his way back to my clit. "Jim, finger me and make me come. Do it!"

I heard him groan and tell me that he'd serve me and that he'd finger me. Then his finger was inside making me want to whimper rather than give demands. I held his head, forcing him to rub harder against my clit with his tongue. I enjoyed manipulating his movements to how I wanted the pressure. As I made him suck and lick me harder, he'd finger my cunt harder and faster. I was reaching a crescendo of torment when I felt the first wave of spasms. "Hard Jim...Fuck me faster...lick my clit...keep finger-fucking me." I was so out of control but enjoyed telling him what to do. I enjoyed making him please me. I enjoyed coming on his fingers while he sucked me until I told him to stop. Then I pushed him away and walked to the bathroom. I turned on the shower and called back to him, "Jim, get your ass in here and wash me off now that you made me come!" When he walked into the bathroom he smiled and said, "Yes, I'll wash every inch of you and do whatever else you want me to do for you." I sure had a lot in mind for the rest of the night.

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Lisa was the first to speak, "AND? AND?"

Amanda laughed, "AND if we don't get back to work we'll all get fired!"

Jessika asked, "Amanda, what about Ria? What if he decides to get back with Ria?"

Amanda smiled, "He won't. I spoke with her and she is quite through with him. I didn't tell him so he would not get his feeling hurt. Actually, I think he will be just pleased with me as his new Mistress"

Jessika was stunned, "So, you want to what? Chain him to your bed or something?"

Amanda was already heading to the door when she answered, "Oh Jessika – you always want to know next month's story!"

Fifteen minutes later Jessika was back in her own office when Michael Garner walked in and she asked, "Michael, do you know anything about Jim from the mailroom?"

Michael sat down and grinned, "Why? Are you going to start wearing black thigh-high boots and call me pet?"

Jessika didn't answer and Michael smiled, "Yes, Jessika, I know Jim for a very long time and I do know about his lifestyle. Why do you ask?"

Jessika finally answered, "Well, I think he dated Amanda and now I think they are an item of sorts. I think Amanda may not know what she's getting into. I think..."

Michael laughed and handed her a folder, “I think you should read these figures and I think you should have dinner with me. What do you think now?”

Jessika smiled, “I think I’m hungry and your darn figures can just wait until the morning!”

Michael laughed, “Spoken like a true pretend Mistress – yes, Mistress Pretend Jessika - the figures can wait!”

Jessika laughed and walked past him, “Michael, you’re such an idiot at times!”

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Finally, Jessika was home from dinner - She’d had dinner with Michael. Now, she was trying to figure out how he’d managed to get her into kissing him. She remembered having a glass of wine and wanted to blame it on the wine, but there wasn’t anything she could blame but wanting to kiss him. It was after dinner in the parking lot. All during dinner he had the oddest expression in his eyes. Nothing she could pin but just a very alluring gaze when she met his eyes. The conversation as always was on a professional level until coffee. He’d ordered her favorite flavored coffee and she was impressed he’d remembered it was Vanilla Coffee. She sipped it and commented on it.

“Michael, thanks for ordering my favorite flavor. I’m surprised you remembered what I like.”

Michael had that look in his eyes when he answered, “Jessika, there isn’t anything about you that I don’t remember or want to learn.”

Jessika nervously laughed, ‘Wow, that is quite a statement. I think I better report that to Lisa and get you in trouble!’

Michael smiled, “Ah, yes, back to the old Lisa question? Am I involved with Lisa or not involved with Lisa?”

Jessika fidgeted with her coffee cup, “Well, now that you brought it up, are you?”

Grinning at her fidgeting, he teased, “Your fidgeting with your coffee cup and I didn’t bring it up at all, you did, so I don’t have to answer it.”

Jessika abruptly put her coffee cup down, “Fine! Michael! It’s not like it matters anyway - so what about the meeting next week – Did you send out a memo about it?”

Gazing at her without smiling, Michael had that look in his eyes, ‘No, Jessika. We aren’t moving from the subject with the flick of your memo question. Why do you keep asking about Lisa? Why is it so important to know?’

Jessika was already back to being formal, “It matters on a professional level, since I work with Lisa. It matters on a personal one since although a co-worker I do consider Lisa a friend and therefore wouldn’t infringe on her relationship.”

Michael’s index finger traced a line down Jessika’s shoulder, “And do you think you can infringe? Are we infringing on something now?”

Jessika slid further away and started to appear formal and the personality that Michael called her don't touch mode - she crisply answered, "This is getting out of hand, so let's finish coffee and call it a nice dinner."

Sighing, Michael answered, "Jessika, we've been dancing around mentally for over a year. So to end one problem the answer is no - Lisa is not in any way involved in this. You will have to think of other excuses since infringement does not come into the picture."

Michael was surprised when Jessika relaxed and smiled, "Oh good but I think we should leave, since I'm really done with my coffee and we're the only ones left in the restaurant, other than the clean-up crew and owner."

In the parking lot of the restaurant he walked her to her car. She smiled, "I swear this seems like déjà-vu of the last dinner."

In the next instant she was against his chest - his one arm tightly wrapped around her waist - his other hand tilting her face up to meet his gaze. For a moment she wondered how he'd moved so quickly - then his lips were meeting hers. A thought that this had happened the last time he'd walked her to the car lasted for a fleeting moment.

Somehow her arms quietly moved up his arms and held onto his shoulders. She felt her body betraying her and leaning into his kiss. The kiss deepened, as if his lips were listening to her body's request. Her body apparently requested more. As if on its own and against her wishes, her body blended tightly to his. Sensually kissing and moving against him she heard his groan of pleasure. His hands tightened and his arms held her possessively to him. Pulling his lips from hers he gazed into her eyes. It was that heated need she now recognized in his eyes. Not wanting to stop yet not wanting to lead him on she whispered, "I do enjoy being with you Michael but I don't want to be a tease, so to be honest I'm not going home with you."

Michael kissed her on the nose, "Fine. No going home with me, but keep kissing and stop thinking."

His hands started moving so slowly that she didn't realize it - if she did realize it, then it didn't set off the stop alarms she had in place. It seemed one moment she gave him a warning about not going home with him and the next moment his hand was gently sliding down her hip and sliding back up under her skirt. She did mentally make a note that it was a rather smooth move, but did nothing to reverse the move. Instead, she kissed him with more passion. Knowing his hand was moving toward her inner thigh she didn't quite open her legs wider but didn't clamp them tighter together. She heard him whisper that this was fine and all that he wanted. She heard him whispering something about she shouldn't worry but she didn't care anymore and stopped his speaking by again kissing him - her body showed him it was okay. She felt his hand slide under her panties and for a split second she worried what he'd think that she wasn't wearing any stockings. The next second it didn't matter - she felt his fingers softly pressing between the soft lips of her pussy and touch her clit.

He still pulled away from her lips, "Jessika, relax and look into my eyes. You'll see it does matter what you think of me. Do you want me to stop?"

Jessika looked into his eyes but thought his question was really not the right timing – not answering him she tried to kiss him.

She felt his fingers playing with her clit and he said, “Fine, you don’t need to say answer the question this time.”

Then his lips seared onto hers and his kiss turned deep and almost harsh - she felt on fire. His fingers began to rub in a sensual circular motion on her clit. She tried not to lose control of her feelings, but they were slipping quickly into a deep need for him. It was like a burning fire getting brighter and her entire body seemed to tense waiting for that moment. The moment his hand grabbed her ass pulling her forward while his fingers played expertly with her clit it was as if the torrents of pent up need exploded. She felt her body rock forward on his fingers and then she felt almost faint as she felt heated waves of pleasure coursing through her. It felt like the strongest orgasm she’d ever had. She was still leaning against him in a daze when she felt his hand rubbing up and down her back. She didn’t even realize he’d removed his fingers and pulled her skirt back in place. She kept her face on his shoulder not wanting to look at him as reality came back to her. All she thought was that she did something again in a damn parking lot. What would he think? That she had some fetish for restaurant parking lots! She felt suddenly embarrassed at the thought and started to pull away. She was met with a strong jerk against his body, “Nope, Jessika, you’re staying put for a few more minutes. This was great! I don’t want to end it just yet and besides no one is even parked back here but us. Stay!”

Jessika leaned into his embrace. She thought it was better than having to say anything about what had happened. After a few minutes he pulled away and opened her car door for her, “Look, Jessika, please for once don’t drive home and analyze this too much. Can we just take this as it comes, no pun intended!”

Jessika actually laughed, “Shut, up Michael. That was a horrible pun! Okay, but I just want you to know I don’t have a parking lot fetish or anything weird like that.”

Michael grinned as he shut her door. “Okay, Jessika, I don’t believe you. You need to eat dinner at my house to prove it. Other than that I will spread rumors in the office that you only kiss in parking lots. How about this Saturday? AND if you don’t want to kiss I will just show you what a great a cook I am and you get to eat a nice dinner and go home?”

Jessika said she’d go over for dinner and kiss him a quick goodnight kiss at his front door to kill any parking lot theories he was creating. He didn’t believe her that the kiss would be at the front door. She didn’t quite know if she believed it either.

The next morning at work her phone rang and it was Lisa, “Hi, I’m having a small dinner party on Saturday, can you come over?”

Jessika grimaced and quickly said, “Any other day but Saturday and I could come over. Saturday I planned to go to the library and look over real estate maps that they have for the area.”

Lisa laughed, “Wow, two down. You at the library for maps and Michael at the library for research of something but he wasn’t quite as inventive as the maps. Anything you want to share?”

Jessika laughed, “Must be a different library since I didn’t know anything about it. If he’s at my library I’ll leave and come over. How does that sound?”

Lisa chuckled, “Well, to be honest? Sounds like a bunch of bullshit BUT you two keep your secret and eventually you better spill it all at a meeting!”

They both laughed and talked about what Lisa was going to serve and who was going to be there. After Jessika hung up she wondered if they all would notice she wasn’t there and either was Michael. Quickly panicking she called Michael.

He answered, “Hi, Jessika. No, I didn’t guess. Y - your number showed up on the phone. I think we better change to Friday night or you probably will faint not showing up at Lisa’s and then I anticipate you being a nervous wreck here Saturday night wondering if they all are talking about you not being there? So, is it Friday?”

Jessika laughed, “Michael! Yes, thanks!” She hung up before he could answer anything

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Lisa was writing a list for her party, when there was a knock on her office door. Before she had a chance to open it Garret walked in sitting down in the chair in front of her desk.

Lisa smiled, “And, is this to close out the books for the month? And, I have a few friends coming to my house on Saturday night, care to join us?”

Garrets gaze into her eyes was intense when he answered, “Yes, what time?”

Lisa was stunned, since he’d never ventured anywhere other than his office, or over to hers. Then she thought about the new bookkeeper she’d hired and invited to the party.

She tried to sound ambivalent, “Garret, I’m surprised. Pleased you’ll be coming Saturday night, but still surprised. I gather you know that Trina is coming?”

Garret grinned, “Couldn’t give a damn shit about Trina. Why would you ask that?”

Lisa laughed realizing she was caught sounding insecure or jealous, “Garret, I have no idea. I must be getting old and feeble minded or something.”

Garret laughed and reached into his pocket. The panties! Lisa had never gone to his office to retrieve them. The times she’d been at his office she’d forgotten to ask for them. He held them up and smiled, “Nope, only interested in the woman that can fit into these. Can your nice tight ass fit into these Lisa? Lock the door and kneel in front of me and if you suck me nicely I’ll return them!”

Lisa gasped in shock but immediately locked the door, then put her phone line on DND (Do Not Disturb). She loved these surprise visits and sexual encounters, but still worried about her job. “Garret, one of these days we’ll get caught and I’ll get fired!”

Garret had already slid his slacks down his long, slim legs, “Well, Lisa, lucky for you I’m the President and CEO of my own CPA firm, so I’d just hire you and we can fuck and do accounting all day and night.”

Lisa was on her knees but stunned he'd said anything like that. She wasn't sure if she should believe him. "That's nice to hear, but I know you'd be sorry if it ever really came to that."

He gripped her hair moving her lips to his hard cock, "Suck, Lisa. Tease me and suck it hard, bitch."

Lisa knew exactly how he liked it and started to run her tongue around the tip of his cock. He was already dripping - she lapped it up with her tongue. Squeezing his cock from the base to the head she brought more fluid dripping from his cock. She lapped up each glistening drop that formed. She loved the taste of his sex. He was huge and thick. His balls were what she would call well-hung. Grinning, as she licked and sucked on the head of his cock, she thought he was hung like a damn horse. His cock seemed to swell more as she sucked on him. - she could never get him all the way into her throat once he swelled to his full bulging length. Grabbing his balls tightly she pulled on them and then squeezed hard.

"Yes, bitch. Squeeze them and then lick them all over. Wet them up and suck on them." She felt him sliding all the way to the end of the chair, giving her full access to his hot swollen flesh. She leaned lower and began licking his balls. Holding them in her palm she licked them all over. Leaning lower she licked under them, until she could suck them into her mouth. She heard him groaning very deep and knew he loved how she sucked his balls.

"Bitch, now suck me off. We have to finish really fast so suck hard."

His rock hard cock was throbbing in her mouth as she sucked. Her hands fondled his balls tightening each time harder with each of his moans. She felt his hands in her hair and her mouth being pushed harder onto his cock. She was gulping as much of his thrusting large cock as she could. Her jaw was starting to ache from stretching so wide as his cock pressed and sheathed itself more firmly into her mouth.

"Bitch, get ready to swallow!"

It was only a moment more that she was firmly gripping his balls and pulling on them - she felt hot streams of his cum filling her mouth. She gulped and coughed, but began swallowing every drop of him shooting down her throat. She took all of him and finally licked his cock and balls clean until she heard him tell her to stop.

"Good bitch, kiss me now."

She stood up and her eyes were glassy and dazed from enjoying swallowing his cum. Kissing him she then looked at him and smiled.

"Garret, did I earn getting my panties back now?"

He held them up and sucking on them grinned, "Yes, bitch. Are you my bitch, Lisa?"

She didn't know why she needed him to call her that when she was in a position of power and authority at this company but she knew she needed this, "Yes, Garret. For some unexplained reason I'm your bitch."

She was once again sitting behind her desk and it seemed so odd when he put the accounting folder on her desk and they started to talk about accounting problems that needed to be clarified.

When they were done with business and he started to walk out he turned and smiled, "Saturday night, I'll be there and don't look so shocked. My entire staff and half this company knows we're seeing each other, so we may as well take it out of my office – BUT, not all of it out of the office, all the time!"

She was still sitting at her desk when her phone rang and it was Amanda, "Lisa, you didn't invite Ria from mail did you? I want Jim to go, but I think he'll feel awkward if Ria is there with some new plaything, don't you think he'll feel odd?"

Lisa sighed but more out of relaxation from sucking Garret then frustration over Amanda's problem, "Amanda, just order Jim to go with you and then order him to feel nothing for anyone but you. I kind of think he already does that but Ria isn't coming to the party so don't worry."

The phone rang again and Lisa answered it to find Jessika worrying. "Lisa, I hate to ask you this but what exactly is your opinion of Michael. I'm afraid I may have led him on a tad and now he may be getting the wrong idea."

Lisa didn't tell Jessika that Michael had told her how he fingered Jessika in the parking lot. Lisa thought yes, that would qualify as a tad. "Jessy, what exactly did you do that would make Michael think he would be, let's say, able to get a tad more than what he already may have gotten?"

Lisa enjoyed Jessika stuttering into the phone and since she really did like Jessika she didn't want to confuse her, "Jessika, I've known Michael for a very long time. What I will tell you and it's the only thing I'll tell you is that Michael doesn't play games, he's a man who knows what he wants, and when he finds what he wants, he gets it. And, one more thing Jessika – Michael Garner it seems has made it very clear if you read his signals that he wants you – and to use your terms – more than a tad."

She heard the phone go silent, "Jessika? I didn't mean to upset you. I just meant that Michael isn't the type of man to use a woman."

"Uh, Thanks, Lisa. I have to hang up now and go to a meeting. But, thank you for the information."

Lisa, thought to herself, how to ruin a good relaxing mood from sucking a nice thick cock is to answer your damn office phone! She thought about telling Michael but then figured let them figure it all out.

She went back to her list for her party that was tomorrow and hoped things for Michael would work out tonight with Jessika.

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Lisa had finished her list and glancing at the clock she wondered if Jessika had gone to Michael's for dinner. She was going to call Michael but decided to wait until late that night to find out what happened. She started to call Amanda to find out if Jim was ordered to attend the party when her phone rang.

On the other side of town Jessika and Michael had finished dinner.

Jessika began clearing her plate from the table and walking into the kitchen when Michael told her to leave the dishes and to come into the living room to watch television. Laughing nervously she said, "That wouldn't be fair to leave you all the dirty dishes, I'll just finish them up and head home. Dinner was just great."

Michael smiled, "Okay, Jessika, I'll watch, while you wash all the dishes and clean up. If that's what you think is fair I'll go along with it."

Michael walked past her into the kitchen and sat on the kitchen counter. Jessika wasn't too sure she did the smartest thing about offering to do the dishes, but she cleared the table and headed to the kitchen. At the sink she started washing them and then Michael jumped off the counter standing behind her. "I thought I'd watch from here to make sure you're doing them correctly."

She laughed but felt him very close. She felt him even closer. Finally, she felt his arms sliding around her waist. "Know what Jessika? You wash the dishes and I'll just kiss your neck as incentive."

Jessika didn't answer but kept washing the dishes. She was almost done with them when his hands slid lower - grasping her hips he pulled her ass flat against him. She heard his voice deep and sensual whispering into her ear, "Don't move Jess." It was the same tone that had made her want more when they were in the parking lot. She thought doing it in a kitchen was ludicrous and that he'd never try anything more than kissing.

She liked the teasing play, while she finished the dishes, and he kept pressing against her and kissing her. When she finished the dishes she turned toward him telling him that she'd enjoyed the evening.

"Michael, this was nice and I hope we can do it again."

His answer was to pull her into his arms. Kissing her quite thoroughly and with all the pent up want he'd had for her, his lips finally parted hers. He could feel her relaxing while he kept up the slow pressure of his tongue playing with hers. His hands had ached all night to feel her ample tits. She was nice and thin, but had a wonderfully full set of breasts. With his lips never leaving her lips his hands cupped and caressed her breasts through her blouse.

It wasn't enough for either of them! Their heated breathing was enough to let them both know they wanted to finish the game they'd started over a year ago.

Pulling away from her he groaned, "Jessika, please, let me."

Jessika wasn't quite sure if he meant what she thought he meant. Being quite logical she didn't want to lead him on. "Uh, Michael just so we're on the same page, so to speak, when you say let me, do you mean you want to fuck?"

Michael laughed and began kissing her but whispered, "My Jessika, so pragmatic. Yes, for lack of a better wording." Michael didn't want to move to a different room knowing the delay would give her time to rethink what they both were about to do. He quickly slid his slacks off and began to help her remove jeans.

He never lifted his lips from hers, or her neck, or kissing her shoulders. When he finally had her naked, from the waist down, his hands pulled her hips flat against him. Flat against his body, so she could feel his hard cock pressing against her. He felt her body heated. He felt her lips kissing him. He felt like he'd waited years to have her. His hand slid down her leg...caressing...sensually touching her skin. He had her leaning back against the counter. His fingers slid between them making sure she was nice and relaxed...wet for him.

He felt her pressing against him at the same time she whispered, "Michael, are you sure we should be doing this?"

Hooking her one leg over his arm, so she was balanced, he slid his cock up into her and answered, "Yes. I'm very, very sure we should be doing this."

He felt she was slightly uncomfortable in this position but he balanced for both of them. He knew she didn't have much room for movement but he felt her tightening on him. She was as tight as he'd imagined and with every thrust upward he felt her wanting him more. She was all wetness and heat on his cock. "Jessika, I like being in you. I've wanted this. You feel so good."

He knew she wouldn't answer, but felt her arms holding tightly around him - her soft whimpers of pleasure were driving him on and on.

Finally, he felt her moving on his cock on her own. As much as she could move downward onto him, she pressed him into her. He began to delve deeper with each upward thrust until he felt he was losing control. His arms wrapped tightly around her and he felt her leg wrap around his waist.

He wasn't sure she was comfortable enough to enjoy it, "Jessika, is this very bad in this position? Should we move to the couch?"

She answered by wrapping her arms tighter around him and whispering, "Not this time."

With her answer they found a rhythm that was like riding a wave of pure sexual feelings. He felt her arch back and tighten her leg around his waist pulling him tighter into her. He felt his body stiffen but held off until he felt her body was at the same point. Then he started to thrust upward...ramming his cock into her. Feeling her wetness flooding over his cock he plunged into her until his body screamed a raging release of cum into her.

When he felt they were finally done he still held onto her tightly, until he felt her sliding her leg from around his waist. She was standing in his arms - he waited until he heard their hard breathing relaxing. He tipped her chin up so he could look into her eyes. She smiled

and then grinned. “Michael, we did it in a kitchen. We’ve fooled around in a parking lot and now in a kitchen. Don’t you think that’s a tad odd?”

Michael was just glad she didn’t go crazy on him that they did it. He smiled and kissed her, “Yes. It’s a tad odd, even for us. But, you do dishes so well! Want that cup of coffee and I’ll even make it?”

They walked into the living room and were watching TV for a few hours when Jessika asked, “Michael, I think we did it backwards. We’re now watching TV and isn’t this when you’re suppose to try and seduce me?”

Michael laughed, “Yes, but think of it this way. We’re both very timely, multi-tasking people. So, by getting it out of the way PLUS the dishes we can now relax and not worry about when it should be done?”

The phone rang and Michael let the answering machine answer it, “Michael, it’s Lisa. Are you there? Pick up if you’re there.”

Michael felt Jessika get annoyed, “Jessika – answer it if you want to and tell her we’ll see her tomorrow.”

Jessika grinned and grabbed the phone, “Lisa, Michael’s here, but we’re a tad busy, so we’ll see you tomorrow.” She hung up before Lisa could say anything.

Michael laughed, “I guess that should keep her thinking twice about calling and leaving messages?”

Jessika wasn’t so sure, “Uh, maybe I should call her back? That was a tad rude.”

Michael stood up and grabbing Jessika’s hand said, “Call her in the morning. How about just staying over and see if we can do something, somewhere, that may seem as you would say a tad normal?”

Jessika smiled and stood up.

Back at Lisa’s apartment she was mad but laughing to Garret, “The little mouse has turned into a lion! The little bitch hung up on me! AND she said they would see me tomorrow. One down, now if Amanda can just order Jim around I think our coffee breaks should get quite interesting!”

Coffee Break –May 2005 © Copyright LdyJessika

Amanda and Jim had already decided to stay together at night. In bed they were talking about going to Lisa’s party. Jim didn’t want to go if Ria was going to be attending.

Amanda was getting really mad, “What the hell does she have to do with anything, anymore? She dumped your ass and don’t go into that she removed your collar shit – it comes down to the same thing – she dumped you. Or, is it that you want to be back with her?”

Jim smiled, "I do miss the lifestyle with Ria. And, I do realize you're trying to learn, understand, and be with me in that lifestyle. But, I'm very comfortable with you and would miss you more than Ria or the lifestyle. Now, I have a question for you – would you be disappointed if I no longer wanted to sub in a lifestyle, and no longer worked in the mailroom?"

Amanda didn't answer for a very long time and then didn't know what to answer. "You're going to quit working for the company?"

Jim grinned, "NO, my Uncle would have a fit if I did that."

Now Amanda was more confused than ever – "Why would your Uncle care as long as you worked somewhere and made a living?"

"Well," said Jim, "He's always hated Ria and me together and refused to let me do more than work in the mailroom. It was his control thing, I guess. Anyway, I've been seeing you and I have no intentions of being with Ria anymore. Amanda, even if we don't work out, I'm not going back to Ria. After all the years as a sub to a Dominatrix I'll miss it - but, no matter how much I'll miss it I need more in my life. My Uncle has offered me a better position than mailroom clerk."

Amanda took a sip of soda, "Okay, Jim. I understand wanting to be more than working in the mailroom, but what company are you going to work for?"

"I'm working for the same company. I'm just going to be working for Lisa. I have an MBA and I was going to ask her about a position in accounting."

Amanda didn't want to hurt Jim's feelings but felt she should say something, "Jim, Lisa isn't hiring anyone in her department. There's one slot that has been open for a number of years, but it never has been filled and has been on hold."

Jim grinned, "YEP, you're smart and astute. That's the one I'm going to fill!"

Amanda laughed, "OH, your Uncle must be Garret, the CPA that Lisa is involved with, but no one is suppose to realize it?"

Jim smiled, "No, my Uncle is Parker."

Amanda looked shocked, "PARKER REYNOLDS is your Uncle?"

Amanda's mind was trying to piece all the information together but it kept getting more and more confusing - and now Jim was related to the owner of the company.

Jim decided that it wasn't the right time to keep discussing this, Amanda was getting annoyed with the new information, "Amanda, let's keep some options open about where I'll work. It doesn't have to be in Lisa's Department. All I really wanted to know is if you'd be upset if I stopped working in the mailroom?"

Amanda laughed, "Okay, Jim, I order you not to work in the mailroom – we can share equal ordering time!"

Jim pulled her into his arms, “I order you - to order me - to shove my cock up you.”

Amanda had started to enjoy being in control and wasn't sure she wanted to change anything. Reaching down she grabbed his hard cock – sliding her fingers lower to his balls she caressed them...then squeezed tighter. When she heard Jim groan she whispered, “Now and only now will you be allowed to fuck me. When I tell you how and when - Now, you better shove your cock inside me pushing and fucking it inside of me until you make me come.”

Her words felt soothing to Jim even though he'd stated he didn't want a submissive role. Her demands made it easier for him to be sure of what she wanted. Without hesitation he spread her legs wider ramming himself into her, as ordered. He felt her legs wrapping tightly around his waist and her hands gripping his shoulders as she ordered him to move faster, “Harder, Jim. I'm certain you can be rougher than this. Do it hard and fast or else!”

Automatically he answered, “Yes, Mistress” and began to ram so hard into her that he heard her gasp from the pressure. He was about to stop when he heard her pleased with him, “Good Boy! Yes, Jim, a nice hard fuck! Just keep pounding into me!”

He felt her teeth biting him on the shoulder...encouraging...punishing.

His cock was swollen and hard as it kept slamming into her bringing her to a point she never knew existed. The more he slammed home the more she praised him and ordered it harder and faster. Finally he pulled her hands from his shoulders pinning them above her head.

Amanda grinned up at him, “Yes, Now ram it home until I come!”

It was a position Jim had always wanted to try but Rhia had considered it dominant and refused. But, this was Amanda and he tried it, finding it gave him full access to her body. Over and over he pulled out and slammed back into her. He could feel his balls slapping against her from the force of his body against hers. He wanted to lean down and bite her nipples but then thought that could wait until next time. For now he liked being high above her, pinning her arms down beside her head, and rocking into her.

His voice was raspy from lust when he whispered, “Mistress, is this how you wanted it?” He knew he wasn't supposed to ask questions but this could be what they wanted to follow without 100% of the rules of BDSM. He realized it wasn't BDSM but it was good enough for him with her. He heard her whimper when he began pushing deeper. Once imbedded inside of Amanda he'd hold still for a moment before pulling almost out of her. He felt the heat of her body – it seemed to engulf his cock and travel through his balls. Straining for more sensation he resisted the urge to come. Moving with powerful thrusts into the hot wetness waiting for him he finally surrendered. With a deep growl of blissful agony he exploded within her. He felt her nails dig deeply into his shoulders. She climaxed, bringing heightened pleasure to his cock as she tightened on it.

His body was strained and pleased. His mind was relaxed with the knowledge of possessing and pleasing. Rolling onto his back he pulled her into his arms. “Amanda, I can't even find words to let you know how that felt to me.”

Her voice was soft, “How about wonderful, or the best, or you’ve never had it that great, or...”

He chuckled and interrupted her descriptions, “All of the above and more. How about you?”

“Well, Jim, I think I need a few more weeks to accurately pick one so what do you think of moving in so we can practice?”

Jim didn’t answer and Amanda sounded nervous, “That’s’ okay, moving in was a stupid idea. It was great.”

Jim smiled to himself, “No, I was thinking of moving in before you just said it but was afraid to bring up the subject. I was trying to just think how I can move everything tomorrow!”

It was still early for them to go to sleep when the phone rang.

“Amanda? It’s Lisa. I don’t know how to tell you this but Rhia is coming to the party. I honestly didn’t invite her but didn’t want to create an enemy at work and say no. Are you going to be okay with it? I swear I’ll call her and tell her she can’t, if it’s going to get you upset.”

Amanda looked at Jim and grinned, then answered, “Fuck Rhia – she can go where she wants. What would upset me is if you don’t let Jim work in your department when he puts in for his transfer from the mailroom. Okay?”

There was silence at the other end of the phone for a moment. “Jim in my department? Have him send his resume but since you said that you must know his Uncle is Parker Reynolds, so the answer is yes.”

Hanging up the phone Lisa turned to Garret. “Another mouse has turned into a lion. First Jessy and now Amanda are telling people to basically go fuck.”

Garret’s deep laugh filled the room, “Well, then come here and fuck this, since that seems to be going on with all your co-workers!”

Coffee Break – June 2005 © Copyright LdyJessika

Sara was starting to explain why she and Parker were late for Lisa’s party. It seemed that night that many of them were late for the party, but Sara wanted to explain first.

I’d been taking a shower, and as always, I was letting Parker watch. Parker enjoyed sitting on the sink counter watching me take the soap and making slow, sensual motions - letting the water run down over my skin. I heard him telling me how he wanted me to rub the soap on my breasts and between my legs. He liked it best if I masturbated for him while water streamed over my skin. This particular night I was surprised when he told me to finish washing, but not to touch myself.

Stepping out of the shower I heard his deep voice that always sent shivers down my spine, “Sara, come here my pet and let me dry you off. That’s my girl. Bend over and lean on the

sink, spread your legs and I'll get you nice and dry." I heard him laugh as he added, "or nice and wet?"

Leaning over the counter I watched our reflection in the mirror as he told me to close my eyes. I heard a drawer open and close. I felt him spreading my legs wider. "Parker, what do you have in mind?"

Parker laughed, "It's not what's on my mind, but what's in my hand."

His fingers expertly slid between my pussy lips finding the exact spot that made me wild for him. From the first day I'd seen Parker Reynolds I'd wanted him. I'd been way too shy to do anything, but one day he'd caught me looking at him and from that moment I was his. He'd walked up to me almost fifteen years ago and said, "I believe you work me?"

I couldn't believe the CEO of the company spoke to me and I tried to sound secure, like Lisa, but was so nervous I could only whisper, "I do the filing in your office."

Parker smiled, "You do? When do you do the filing? I've never seen you in my office?"

I looked at him and could feel myself blushing, "I make sure not to disturb you, so I wait until you're out of the office. My name is Sara."

"Well, Sara, as CEO of this company you make sure next time I'm in my office and you feel free to disturb me anytime."

Sara stuttered, "Can I come and file now? Are you going to your office?"

Parker Reynolds held out his arm and that was the beginning of our many meetings.

Sara smiled at the thought and then her mind came back to the present and she continued with the night of the party.

Sorry, I just like that thought. As I was saying, I heard the low vibration of the vibrator in his hand. He started drying the inside of my soft thighs with my favorite soft blue towel. Blue is my favorite color and he'd always managed to have anything he could find in that color. His voice was nice and deep, "Sara, my pet. Open nice and wide while I run this over your cunt."

I felt his control taking over me and I whispered, "Yes, Master." My body responded without hesitation as I felt the vibrator sliding over my thighs...higher...closer.

"That's my good pet. Wider open."

Again, without hesitation, my body responded and then I felt the vibrator slowly buzzing its way onto my clit...slow, methodical circles making me shiver. I glanced in the mirror and gazed into his eyes, then lower, to my hard nipples. My fingers reached for the tips and pain shot through my breasts as I pulled them harder...tighter. They tightened and swelled under the constant pressure I was causing them. I heard Parker encouraging me – the vibrator found its home within me. Time spun out of control!

I felt Parker sliding it in and out...hard into me, all the way - all that I could take until I whimpered. Then, he'd slide it out to the tip and tease me with it. When I whimpered his name he'd send it back into me to do its work...stirring up my wetness so I dripped onto it. Demanding my body give and give until my mind was blank and my body was his to control.

“Sara, feel it! Feel it fucking your hot cunt. Feel it demanding you give over your control and do what I want. Fuck it for me. Slam back and fuck the vibrator Sara. Like the bitch you are.”

My body arched in need – the heat coursing through me pushed my body to limits I didn't know I had. I pulled back ramming the vibrator into me - I heard his voice commanding me to fuck it harder. Again, my back arched - the vibrator made harsh noises and demands that I worship its feel within my wet pussy.

“Good girl, Sara, drive it into you. Feel the thickness of it in you stretching you to give. Feel its rhythm fucking you.”

My voice sounded drugged with lust, “Yes, I feel it. Fucking me. I need to be fucked.”

His hand kept the vibrator plugging in and out. His other fingers reached higher for my swollen nipple. With thumb and index finger he pinched...harder. Twisting the nipple back and forth with the tightest pressure - I felt my body start. This was the feeling of my body that he loved – his control. “Now my Sara, fuck the vibrator and cum for me. Be my fuck toy...pleasure me with how you like to drip for me when you cum.”

I was in a wild frenzy when I rammed back onto the vibrator. At the same time he twisted my nipple I began to whisper his name over and over. Then I jerked almost violently...my body shivered as waves of sensations blended in with the act of being fucked. His voice drove me on - I came - dripping as he had demanded. I felt as if it went on forever, until I realized it was quiet and there was no sound of the vibrator.

Gazing into the mirror I saw Parker licking the now quiet vibrator. My body was exhausted - I could do nothing but watch. His fingers found my pussy and he slid his middle finger into me and then when he pulled it out he licked it. I think he did that about five times but I was so exhausted I didn't count. Finally we finished and I realized we were late for the party!

“Lisa, I never apologized that we were late. I'm sorry.”

Lisa laughed, “Hell, I'm not! We were busy in the kitchen having dip and chips!”

Jessika grinned, “Should I ask what kind of dip?”

Lisa smirked, “Only if you think you can handle the next story – BUT, I have a meeting so all of you get out of my office until next month”

Coffee Break – July 2005 © Copyright LdyJessika

Lisa had been greeting guests and trying to keep Rhia away from Jim. She was making sure Jessika wasn't getting nervous with anyone asking questions. She was making sure Parker Reynolds was comfortable since this was his first visit to her home. She was

worrying that people would make comments about her and Garret. Lisa, who was usually quite secure in her actions, was beginning to unravel. She walked into her bedroom and sat down on her bed. In a moment the door opened and Garret walked in.

“Lisa? Something wrong?”

Lisa looked up at him, “Yes, the entire party is a disaster! Now everyone knows I’m seeing you. Rhia is after Jim. Parker must think I am inefficient and can’t even run a party!”

Garret laughed, “Good thing you don’t get paid to run company parties but get paid to run the company accounting department?”

“Garret, I’m fucking serious! It is just not running smoothly.”

“Lisa, this is a party – you don’t run it. You invite people and let them interact. You aren’t giving them the script you want them to follow. Now, how about coming back out or do you need a few minutes to get your nerves together?”

“Garret, I just need to figure out how to get Rhia to leave!”

“Okay, while your figuring it out I’m getting us chips to eat. I’ll tell anyone that asks that you’ll be right out, that you had to log into the company and correct something that wouldn’t wait until the morning.”

He walked out and noticed Rhia talking to Jim. He looked for Amanda and found her sitting in a corner talking to Jessika. “Amanda?”

Garret could see the tears starting to well up in Amanda’s eyes, “Hi, Garret. I told Rhia that Jim belonged to me and she laughed at me. Jim even told her that he wasn’t interested in her and she just keeps talking and he’s too polite to walk away!”

Garret patted her on the knee and walked over to Jim, “Jim, Amanda wants to talk to you and I want you to get your ass over there now!”

Jim grinned and turning away walked away from Rhia. “Rhia, I don’t remember Lisa really inviting you but that you called and invited yourself.”

Rhia smirked, “So, what’s it to you? I generally do what I want and can go where I want.”

Garret stepped closer, “Well, listen very carefully. This is Lisa’s party. This is Lisa’s house and I’m Lisa’s protector.”

Again Rhia smirked, “I didn’t know Lisa needed a protector.”

Garret took a menacing step closer, “You don’t know many things my little fool. Now know this – you are going to leave this party and you are going to leave Jim to Amanda. And you should keep your pretty little ass in the mailroom.”

Rhia had never liked Garret and had seen him in a few of the BDSM clubs. He had a reputation never to mess with him. Rhia laughed, “This party is a waste anyway and so is Jim and Amanda.” She walked out - Garret continued to the kitchen and picked out some

chips and then picked up the dip. Walking back to the bedroom he smiled at Amanda, before he walked in closing the door.

“Okay, Lisa, Rhia decided to leave. Amanda and Jim are happy. I thought I saw Jessika sitting with Sara. Parker was talking to Michael and all is well with your party. Now let’s eat!”

Walking over he pushed her onto her back – “GARRET! What the hell are you doing?”

He started pulling her panties down her legs, “Eating dip!”

Lisa laughed, “Garret – this is ridiculous – there’s a party going on and it’s my party!”

Garret had already slid her panties off her legs and was pushing them apart. First he’d pulled her ass to the edge of the bed so her long legs hung over the side. Second he gave her pillows for under her upper back so she was almost in a sitting position, “Promise to only eat for five minutes. Here have a chip and be quiet.”

Garret ran his hands over her silken thighs. He’d always loved her legs and running his hands over the soft inner flesh of them. Slowly, from the inside of her knees almost to her pussy he’d feel every inch of flesh sliding smoothly under his palms. His fingers ached to touch the soft wetness waiting for him but first he kissed every inch of her inner thighs, licking and kissing his way up to her pussy. Exposing her clit he sucked on it for a few minutes then reaching he dipped his fingers in the cream cheese dip covering her clit with it. Smiling at his handy work he slowly licked at it then sucked her tasty clit. He could hear her sighs in between her munching on a potato chip. Again, he put an ample amount of dip over her pussy and began licking her. He’d never done this before and he’d thought it to be a joke, but while his tongue delved over her pussy and her moans of pleasure excited him he knew he wanted the favor returned. Her pussy was slick and wet. He pulled her legs over his shoulders and rammed his tongue into her as far as he could. Sliding his hands under her ass he lifted her...holding her tight against his mouth. He felt her hands in his hair holding his mouth to her...her voice a whisper to suck her harder.

The scent of her...the taste of her mixed with the dip was intoxicating. He tasted her pussy juice and sucking her he felt her body starting to shake. Taking advantage of it he slid his mouth to her clit and biting at it and sucking on it he drove her over the edge. He could feel her trying to wiggle but he had a firm grip on her ass cheeks and a firm sucking motion on her clit. Her body shivered beneath his sucking and he felt her starting to come as her pussy became so wet he felt he was drinking her. He loved the taste of when she came and how wet she finally got...dripping for him to lick up. She sighed and he gazed up at her. Grinning at her he reached for a chip and scooped it against her pussy. “Now, honey, this is the best dip!” He did it again and grinned as he ate the chip wet with her pussy juice.

In a moment they rejoined the party. Lisa was more relaxed and went looking for Jessika and Michael. She found them in the backyard arguing. Walking back into the party she went over to Garret, “They’re arguing – maybe you should go give him a bowl of dip?”

Garret smiled, “Nope – I think I’m keeping all the dip. I should tell you I kicked Rhia out.”

Lisa smiled, “Well, that’s good but I can’t wait to find out what Jessika and Michael are arguing about. It’s either he wants it and she is saying no or he is asking and she is still

saying no.” Lisa laughed, pleased with her party but more pleased with the dip she’d made.

Coffee Break – August 2005 © Copyright LdyJessika

Lisa had waited about twenty minutes and looked in her backyard to see if Jessika and Michael were still arguing, but she couldn’t see them.

“Garret, I can’t see them, do you think we should make sure everything is okay?”

Garret smiled, “No, I think you should go and make sure your other guests are okay, before I feel like eating more chips and dip!”

Laughing together they walked into the party where Garret walked over to Parker Reynolds.

The two men shook hands and Parker said, “Well, Garret, it seems we’ve been through many things over the past twenty or so years.”

Garret smiled, “Yes, I remember when you first hired my firm – I think I had less gray hair at that time.”

Parker laughed, “We both had less gray hair. I don’t speak to many people anymore other than my Sara, but how about stopping over to the top floor and have a drink this week?”

Garret had always liked Parker Reynolds from the first time they shook hands over twenty years ago. It was an immediate respect - both had admired the other in their personal quest for power and control. Garret answered, “I’d like that Parker. It’s been quite a while. Now, I’d better go find Lisa and make sure she’s not too nervous over whatever she sees as a personal party disaster. So capable in an office without even the slightest hesitation of nerves and one party and she’s a wreck whether Rhia left or Jessika is okay!”

Parker grinned, “I saw what you did and thanks for booting Rhia out. As for Jessika I think she’ll be fine with Michael if she doesn’t drive the poor man insane. But, my Sara tells me that Jessika is so hung up on perfection and protocol that she may not give him a chance. I think my Sara wants to push them both in the right direction but I’ve ordered not to interfere.”

Garret grinned, “I see you do keep apprised of what’s still going on in the building. Well, then, Lisa and Sara have the same don’t interfere order.”

The men shook hands and made arrangements to meet at Parker’s penthouse floor the next week. Garret smiled since Parker had told him to come to penthouse floor 2, instead of penthouse floor 1. Floor 1 was where Parker lived with Sara. Garret knew from many years ago visiting that Floor 2 was a special floor – he wondered if Sara even knew what went on years ago on Floor 2. He’d find out next week but for now went to find Lisa who was still worrying where Jessika and Michael had gone.

* * * * *

Jessika and Michael had argued all the way to the back part of the property that ended in a small garden surrounded by trees. Michael was angrier than he'd ever been with her and her stupid formality ideas.

"Jessika, everyone saw us walk in together! Why the hell do you think it would look more appropriate if we walked out five minutes apart."

Jessika was tired of arguing, **"Fine, forget it! So I'll show up for work on Monday and be the topic of gossip that we left together and they'll probably think you went home with me!"**

Michael was now getting tired of the argument, **"Look, life at the company doesn't revolve around what you do. I hate to tell you this little fact, but you aren't that important that the office wants to gossip about the prim and proper ice bitch, Jessika."** As soon as it was out of his mouth he knew he'd said too much. One look at her expression and he knew it hit home harder than he'd meant it to.

He recognized that look that came into her eyes and her famous attitude in her stance and tone, **"Fine, I must agree I was a tad wrong. I apologize for the incorrect assumption. Therefore, and in all due respect, I think we should call this meeting to a close and I'm going home."**

As she went to walk past him he grabbed her by the arm and pulled her against him, **"Jessika, this isn't a meeting – All due respect is bullshit – you can't call this to a close, since it isn't a meeting – and you're a tad driving me insane. All I want is to be with you – is that concise and clear enough for you?"**

Jessika didn't move closer but didn't pull away, **"Why would you ever want to be with, I believe you said the ice bitch?"**

Michael began rubbing her back with one hand afraid to move his arm from around her waist or she'd leave. **"Because I like ice."** He began slowly kissing her neck afraid to try and kiss her lips, **"Because you're the only woman that I've been interested in for many years. Because I'm attracted to you...ice...heat...and more. Is that enough reasons or should I keep talking?"**

He could feel her relaxing against him and he heard her chuckle, **"Do they really call me the ice bitch at work?"**

His lips were moving up her neck toward her lips, **"No, they call you the ice queen, I added the bitch part to make you mad."**

A moment before their lips met he heard her whisper, **"I guess you have your work cut out trying to melt me."** He heard her chuckle when she added, **"If you're man enough for the assignment."**

He had in mind exactly what he wanted to do for this assignment. Kissing her deeply he pulled away, **"Are you game for an assignment without question?"** He began kissing her before she could answer. His hips pressed against hers and his hand now slid between them to squeeze her breast. He felt her pull away to answer - but he whispered, **"Melt for me? Do what I want for an assignment?"** He still didn't let her answer and kept kissing her. He kept on this assault of kissing and caressing her, until he felt her relax and her

body moving how he wanted it to. Her hands roamed over his back - he reached for them. He brought both her hands between them to his cock and balls. When he felt her hands squeezing harder and faster he maneuvered them both to a kneeling position. Unzipping his slacks he slid them down so her hands were on his hard cock. His hand cupped her chin and his kisses showed her how good it felt. His hands now cupped each side of her face as he kissed her harder until he knew she wanted more.

In a moment he placed his hands lightly on the top of her shoulders - holding her in a kneeling position - he stood up leaning back against a tree. Her mouth was now a few inches from his hard cock. He saw the shocked look in her eyes as she looked up at him and she started to get up. His hands firmly held her on her knees, "Jessika, go for it. Suck on me. Please, Jessika, suck me."

When he saw her glance back at his cock he took one hand off her shoulder to cup the back of her head. With only slight pressure he pulled her face closer and closer until he was almost touching her lips with his cock. "Suck me, baby. Come on...suck it."

He held his breath a moment not sure she was going to do as he asked or she'd get up and leave. He felt like he was punched into sensation as he felt her mouth close gently over his hard cock and start to move. The first thing he felt was her tongue pressing against his cock. Her mouth was sliding over his cock, while her hands still held his balls. Her eyes were closed and he heard a whimper of pleasure as she began to suck harder and faster on him. He felt his balls being squeezed and her other hand rested on his thigh for balance. His hands cupped her face pulling her in the rhythm of his hips. He didn't ram into her mouth too hard, but enough so his mind began to drift to his body's movement and the feeling building within him. He wanted to do this for hours but he still didn't want to get caught. He felt his cock throbbing and gliding in and out of her wet mouth. He finally lost control as the wet heat surrounded his cock and he released himself into her mouth. He heard himself groaning as his cock began to come in her mouth. He wasn't sure if she'd swallow or he should've pulled out - but she had his balls still in her grip and she was still sucking - until he felt he'd nothing left to give. He felt like falling to the ground but pulled her up against him. He placed her hands on his shoulders and continued kissing her, while he pulled up his slacks and zipped them. Then his arms wrapped around her until he whispered, "I think we did that assignment to perfection - but I'm afraid to ask your assessment?"

He smiled when he heard her answer, "I always heard you take your assignments seriously. I think we've now done things in a parking lot, kitchen, and garden. I think we need to have an assignment in a bed?"

Looking down at her he smiled, "One bedroom assignment is a great idea. It must have been my idea."

He laughed when she punched him in the arm and they walked back to the party.

He was surprised when she didn't leave his side at the party and when he said that they should leave he was even more shocked when she said she'd get their jackets and walked back to him handing the jacket to him.

After saying goodnight to Lisa, Jessika didn't mention leaving five minutes apart and they left together.

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Lisa turned to Garret, “Did you see that? They left together.”

Garret grinned, “Yep. The entire party saw they left together. I guess they talked out their differences in your backyard.”

Lisa was always curious; “I wonder how he talked it into her?”

Coffee Break – September 2005 © Copyright LdyJessika

The following week Garret was surprised to receive a call from Parker inviting him to Penthouse Floor 2. Garret had assumed that Parker was being polite at the party when he had invited him, yet here he was taking the elevator to Floor 2. He’d told Parker he could visit on a Thursday and was surprised when Parker insisted it be on a Saturday between 12 and 1:00 p.m.

As the elevator doors opened Garret was greeted by Parker, “Thanks for making it over here to visit at this time of day and on a Saturday. But, I think you’ll find what I’m going to show you rather interesting.

They walked into a room filled with flat screen monitors, computers, large television screens, and other equipment all related to the buildings security. “Here, have a seat over here - from here and with this remote I can view any corridor and rooms in the building. Of course, not the private rooms like restrooms or offices - but any main public room, the warehouse, loading docks, etc. Garret was stunned for a moment but then glad Parker didn’t look into the offices, since he had plans for Lisa’s office.

Garret poured himself a glass of wine and sat down, “Parker, isn’t that the warehouse?” A view of cartons and large containers came onto the screen, as the camera zoomed in between two large shipping containers Garret noticed two people, naked, sitting on a blanket. He looked over at Parker and grinned as Parker said, “Yes, Carla and Morgan put on quite a spending show on Saturday’s in the same area. I figure since it’s my building and they’re not in an office I can watch whatever comes on the screen from any of the public cameras in open public ceilings.

Garret was surprised but started watching the couple. He’d always secretly admired Carla’s large breasts wondering what they’d look like and now here he was gazing at them as the camera zoomed in closer. They were sitting directly across from each other. Morgan had his legs crossed and his engorged cock in his hand. Carla had her legs open so Morgan could watch as she masturbated. Garret laughed, “I don’t suppose you have sound to go with this?”

Parker grinned, “Actually, I do.”

In the next instant he heard Morgan, “Carla, pull your pussy lips apart so I can see you dripping while you play with yourself.”

Parker grinned at Garret, "Yes, Carla do that so we can also see it."

In a moment the camera focused directly onto Carla's body and a clear shot of her breasts and pussy - her clit was swollen and wet. Her nipples hard and pointed as if waiting for his mouth.

Carla leaned back against a carton so she could open her legs wider. For now she seemed to concentrate on her breasts. She was pulling on both her nipples...slowly pinching and twisting them...teasingly. "Don't you want to lean forward and suck on these tits?" As she pulled her nipples higher Parker's mind answered he wanted to suck on those red and swollen tits.

Morgan leaned forward and licked an offered nipple while he jerked on his own cock sliding his hand quickly up and down its shaft. They watched as Carla leaned closer so Morgan could suck on her nipples. Her breasts were large and heavy...full...swollen.

Parker said to Garret, "Kim is still with me and serves both me and my Sara." In the next moment Kim walked in...naked. Garret felt like it was years ago. Kim walked over to him and in a minute he was sucking on her nipples, while watching Carla on the wide screen offering her breasts. He heard Parker say, "Enjoy and relax and watch like we used to do."

In the next moment he watched mesmerized as Carla's hand slid from her breast to her clit using her other hand to open her pussy lips so Morgan could see it. Morgan told Carla to play with her clit. It was as if Garret was doing what Morgan was saying and he found his own hand sliding to Kim's clit and rubbing it - she stood in front of him, but not blocking his view of Carla's finger swirling on her own clit.

Carla was slowly rotating her middle finger in slow circles on her slick wet clit. Her eyes closing in pleasure, but then she opened them to stare at Morgan's cock that was dripping from him jerking on it. The moment Carla's finger slid into her own pussy, he felt his finger sliding deeply into Kim's in the same motion.

The faster Morgan's hand rubbed up and down on his shaft the faster Carla began to ram her fingers into her own pussy. You could see she now had her index and middle finger pumping in and out. As the camera closed in for a very close shot you could see how wet she was...dripping and needing more. Her hips slowly and provocatively moved so her pussy fucked her fingers. Slamming slowly onto them while they fucked her harder and faster.

For a moment Garret heard a whimper and thought it was Carla on the screen. Then realized he was ramming his fingers into Kim and she was also wet and needing to be fucked. Grabbing Kim Garret pushed her onto her back on the floor so he could finger fuck her while watching the screen. Parker sat down on the floor and pinched and pulled her nipples. As Carla's strokes increased into her pussy and Morgan started to drip you could see his balls tighten. Morgan kept saying, "Yes, fuck that cunt. Finger it damn good and ram those fingers in and out." His words drove Carla and Garret into a surge of pushing in deeper and harder. Finally you could see Carla's nipples were rock hard and tight and her eyes closed for a moment as a shiver of sensation went through her body. Garret felt Kim's cunt tighten on his fingers as Carla and Kim came at the same time. He was only slightly aware of Kim's body throbbing on his fingers while he watched Morgan shoot cum

onto Carla's breasts. His own cock was rock hard and he needed to cum but he'd wait until he was with Lisa.

They watched as Carla rubbed Morgan's cum onto her nipples and then they both got dressed and walked back through the warehouse out of camera view.

Parker spoke first, "Thank you Kim. You may go and attend to any needs that Sara has and dinner should be about 7:00." Then turning to Garret he said, "Now, that's a rare treat but they started about four months ago and do something at the same time, same place so I just watch them. Want to stop over next weekend? You can have Lisa join if you wish her to come and visit. Sara prefers not to but Lisa is more than welcome to come and watch."

Garret thought for a moment and grinned, "I'll ask her and tell her about this but I doubt she'll want to watch. She isn't much on being a watcher of things. I had once told her about Kim years ago but never thought Kim was still here."

Parker smiled thoughtfully, "Well, you're both welcome to visit and I'm sure Kim would attend to any needs you have."

Later that night after Garret fucked Lisa it was quiet - until you heard her yell, "KIM is still around? Hell, yes I want in on the action!"

Coffee Break – October 2005 © Copyright LdyJessika

Lisa wanted to know how Garret had first met Kim. He refused to discuss it other than Kim had been invited to Parker's to live, but he remembered it very well. It had been years ago, before Lisa had been hired at the company, that he'd met Kim. He and Parker were good friends, but Parker was far richer and more powerful than Garret. Parker had already built his empire of wealth and the building he now lived in. One Saturday he'd offered Garret an opportunity to become his company's accountant and a glimpse into a lifestyle that fit Garret very well.

Parker had advised Garret to meet him on the top three floors of the building and to go to the second floor. Garret had heard Parker speak of this area where he resided, but this was his first glimpse into it. When he reached the second floor he was greeted by Kim. She was naked, wearing a black leather collar, gold chain around her waist and a gold chain connecting the waist chain to her collar. Garret stepped out of the elevator but didn't know what to say when she smiled and said, "My name is Kim. You're very welcome here Garret. Mr. Parker Reynolds has given me my instructions. Come this way." In the next room Garret was shocked but covered his surprise very well and said to Parker, "So, this is how you spend your Saturdays?"

Parker had a woman bent over a desk and was clearly fucking her. He had a riding crop in his hand and would smack her on her thigh. She'd shove back harder onto him and he heard Parker whisper to her, "Good bitch, fuck me like the good bitch you are to me."

Kim smiled at Garret, "This way Garret, follow me." She led him into another room that had no furniture in it except for a chair and all the walls had mirrors. Garret coughed, "Uh, Kim, I think there's been a very big error." Kim smiled and led him by the hand to the chair. Then she smiled again and motioned for him to sit in the chair. Garret sat down in front of

one of the mirrors. In a moment Kim was draped over his lap. “Rub my ass, my back...feel my skin...pinch...touch...spank.” Her last word went through his mind like a rocket at the same time his hand seemed to move and rest on her ass. The first thing he noticed was how soft her flesh was, as he began to slide his hand over the cheeks of her ass. His other hand was automatically rubbing her back. In a moment his hand was pushing her legs wider open, then sliding lower so his fingers could feel how wet she was. He changed his position to balance her easier over his lap and in the silence was the sudden sound of a loud slap as his hand made contact with her ass. He heard her moan and the slight sting to his palm felt good to him, as the palm of his hand came down again. She squirmed on his lap as over and over his hand made contact. In a voice that didn't sound like his he heard himself almost growl, “Are you my good bitch Kim?” When she didn't answer his hand smacked harder on her ass, “Are you?” Then he heard her whispered, “Yes.” A feeling of power and satisfaction went through him at her whisper. A feeling of pure lust as his hand spanked her naked ass – his to punish or reward. Looking into the mirror he watched their reflections as his hand cracked her ass making a larger and larger redder mark on her flesh. Their gaze met and he noticed hers was full of lust and a need to cum. He rubbed her ass where he'd been smacking it - his fingers reached lower to where she needed release from the heat he'd built in her needing body. He smiled a possessive smile at her reflection in the mirror and his finger slid into her dripping pussy. He watched her squirm over his lap as he fingered her small tight pussy. Her hands were balancing her on the floor – He wanted to watch his actions reflected in the mirror. He positioned them so her cunt was facing the mirror and he could see himself finger fucking her. She had one hand on the floor balancing her body and he noticed the other one on her small, tight, nipple as she pulled on it. His voice seemed to say things he never had thought of, “Bitch...my bitch. Pull your fucking nipple harder so I can see it!” When he heard her moan from the self inflicted pain on her nipple he began to pump her cunt. The faster and deeper his fingers rammed into her the more she seemed to like it and need more. Rougher and harder he shoved his index and middle finger into her hot cunt until he felt her body begin to give over to him, “Cum now you fucking bitch!” Finally, her pussy clenched tightly onto his two fingers stretching her open. He didn't let up until she began to whimper from exhaustion of being fingered. Only then did he finally slide his fingers out of her pussy. He was satisfied and liked the feeling of making her cum. He rubbed her ass cheeks that were red from his punishment of spanking them and he realized he had a hard on that almost hurt. His cock was ramrod hard and he wanted to cum. He met Kim's gaze in the mirror and said, “I want to cum.”

Sliding her off his lap he stood up and stripped his pants off. She was sitting on the floor watching him. Looking into the mirror at his hard cock he ordered, “Suck it bitch.” He watched her crawl over and suck his cock deep into her mouth. It didn't take very long as her slender finger slid along his cock...under his balls...until he felt it slightly in his ass. As she sucked she gently moved her finger in and out of his ass. The sensation was too much and his cock felt like it exploded into her mouth as his cum shot down her throat and she swallowed it all. Standing there a few moments he let the feeling coursing through his cock, balls and ass subside. Kim stood up in front of him silently gazing into the mirror until their eyes met in a silent understanding. His hand twined into her long hair at the back of her neck and he pulled her lips against his for the first of many until Parker hired and introduced him to a woman named Lisa.

Garret smiled at the thought of that first meeting with Lisa and pulling her into his arms he heard her say, “Garret, what the hell is that smug smile for?”

Looking down at her he knew just how to get her mind off his smug smile, “Lisa, think your cousin is banging Jessika yet?”

He grinned as Lisa hit him on the arm saying that wasn't the most romantic way to say what Jessika and Michael were probably doing but she forgot all about Kim as he started to kiss her. Then he did wonder if Michael ever did get Jessika into a real bed.

Coffee Break – November 2005 © Copyright LdyJessika

Michael and Jessika had left Lisa's party and almost immediately starting bickering about where they were going to spend the night.

“Jessika, I had invited you to my place so why are we now discussing me staying overnight at your place?”

“It's really very simple and very logical if you'd just think! My place is only a few minutes from here.”

Michael looked over at her and she was in her stiff formal mode, so he knew nothing was going to be very simple or logical, but more of a puzzle to figure out about what was going on. Rather than drive to her place, or past her place, he pulled into a restaurant parking lot.

“Jess, be right back. I'm getting myself a cup of coffee and I'll bring you one?” When she'd reminded him not to forget that she takes hers with cream he knew she'd relax out of whatever was getting her upset. It took him only a few moments and he was back behind the driver seat, but he didn't start the car. Handing her the coffee he moved his car seat back so he'd more room and sipped his coffee.

“Coffee is nice and hot. Jessika, we don't have to go to either place if you want to just have coffee and I'll drop you off home.”

He saw her sit straighter in her seat and she said very formally, “That will be fine, if that's what you want - then that's fine with me. In fact, if you want I can just drink my coffee in my own kitchen and we don't even have to waste your time sitting here!”

Michael grinned to himself thinking he could mark that one off as not being the problem, “Nope. Actually I've been looking very forward to leaving that party and being with you at my place. I know yours is closer, but mine is only another five minutes from yours. So, how about if we stop by yours and you can take your car over to my place. That way if for some reason you want to leave you have your escape car? Am I close to the reason?”

“Michael, that's ridiculous, but it's a good idea, now that you've mentioned it. After we've finished the coffee you can drop me off at my place and I'll get a few things and then I'll drive over to your place.”

Michael sipped his coffee not wanting to push the point that he'd figured out what she'd been upset about, but he still wondered what the problem would be if she didn't have her own car.

Twenty minutes later he heard his front door open and Jessika call his name.

“I’m already up here. Lock the door, turn off the porch light and come on up the stairs and it’s the first bedroom on your right.”

He could hear the door closing and her walking up the stairs. He could hear her steps slowing as she came toward the bedroom door. He looked up from the bed where he was reading the newspaper. Trying to sound casual he smiled, “Hi, bathroom is through that door and then come on and hop into bed.”

He kept watching the time and was about to ask if everything was okay when she came out and walked toward the bed. He smiled and put the paper down. He wasn’t sure what to say. He wanted to tell her how beautiful she looked and how much he wanted her. She came into bed and stared at him. As always, he could tell when she was nervous, but she shocked him more when she said, “I know we’ve done this in odd places like parking lots but a bed means more. Can we just get to it before I get nervous.”

He turned off the light thinking that would help. Then he pulled her into his arms and held her. “Jessika, next time we really need to call it something other than getting to it. Kind of sounds like a project folder we’re suppose to be reviewing. But for this time, yes, we can just get to it.”

His lips found hers - before she could answer he was kissing her. He had to admit it did feel odd finally relaxing on something soft with her in his arms. He knew she was shocked that he didn’t have anything on under the covers when he slid his body next to hers. But then he was glad when her night-shirt slid higher and she wasn’t wearing anything. He wanted to take his time but knew he’d be better off as she’d said - doing it. He figured there was always the morning to do it again and then even a shower so his leg moved between hers.

He wanted to slide into her slowly and make her beg for him to move faster, but she quickly shifted her hips to take all of him inside of her. For a moment he thought that she was rushing so she’d cum and get up and go home. But her arms wrapped tightly around him and her voice deep with emotion said, “Michael, this feels wonderful to be with you in bed.” His body took command and he felt his cock slamming harder into her. He felt heat engulfing him that was stronger than anything they’d done. His mind was racing with thoughts of fucking her on her knees, with her sitting and riding his cock. There were many feelings going through his body as his hard cock kept ramming in. He knew she was whimpering in pleasure - his mind was only concentrating on the incredible feeling of her body sliding tightly on his cock. He felt her nipples hard against his chest and her soft breasts crushing with his weight each time he pressed deeply. He felt like his entire body was throbbing and he knew he was rock hard but started needing to cum. He thought he told her to hold on, but maybe he thought it and never voiced it. He felt powerful and needed to plunge deeper and faster. He said it again louder, “Jessika, hold tight. I want you to cum with me. Feel it!” He knew he said it this time because her nails dug into his back as she held tightly and let her body be taken by any movement he wanted. His thrusts were deep...fast...harder and harder each time.

He could hear her voice but as if it was from a distance through a fog, “Michael, I need to cum. Yes, it feels good with you. Michael!”

He felt her pussy clenching on his cock as she began to cum - then he lost his own control in a slamming explosion of cum - he pushed into her for the last time. He felt like it would

go on for hours until his body was completely exhausted from the pulsing waves of cumming into her. He struggled to hold his weight on his arms but she was tightly holding him against her body and he finally relaxed his entire weight on her almost falling asleep on top of her. Rolling to his side he whispered, "Jessy, I'm sorry I probably crushed you but I'm just so relaxed." He felt himself falling asleep and tried to stay awake with her in his arms, "Don't leave."

Her hands were caressing his arms and the last thing he heard was, "Sleep, Michael. That was wonderful." An hour later he woke and quickly realized she was still sleeping next to him. Smiling he gently pulled her closer and thought what he 'd like to do in the morning. Then he gently removed her from his arms and reached for the phone, unplugging it so Lisa wouldn't call and louse things up again. He then pulled her back into his arms with the thought of a shower, her sitting on him, and various other positions while he fell back to sleep.

Across town Lisa was dialing Michael finding it just kept ringing. She said to Garret, "I'm worried. No one answers at Jessika's or at Michael's." She finally decided early in the morning she'd pick up bagels and surprise Michael with a nice breakfast and find out what happened.

Coffee Break – December 2005 © Copyright LdyJessika

Lisa had been sitting in her office laughing to herself about the morning she'd brought bagels to Michael's house. She'd used her key and called his name up the stairs, but he didn't answer. She thought that she'd wake him up and walked into the bedroom. She tried to back out of the room quickly, but not quickly enough before she and Jessika saw each other at the same time. Lisa laughed and said, "Oh SHIT! Michael can explain – I'm getting out of here!" The look on Jessika's face was shocked and Michael starting laughing, "Lisa, get the hell out of here and give me back that fucking key." Lisa put the bag of bagels on the floor and quickly ran down the stairs yelling back, "The bagels are good – wake up and eat them!" All Lisa could think of was that tomorrow was the first Friday of the month and at 11:00 AM was their monthly meeting. She didn't think Jessika would come to the meeting and hoped Michael could explain.

They were all sitting in Lisa's office waiting for Jessika. Finally, Amanda said she'd call Jessika but at that moment Jessika walked in. Jessika grabbed a cup of coffee when Amanda said, "Jessika, do you have any story to tell yet? Did you and Michael ever get together?"

Jessika glanced at Lisa and answered, "No, not yet. We're meeting for dinners and at Lisa's party but that's about all that's going to ever happen. What about Ria? Did you ever finally get rid of her?"

Jessika knew that would get Amanda off the subject and she immediately started to tell about what she considered her new personality.

They'd all noticed that Amanda had changed but they never asked what the relationship now was between her and Jim. Jim had moved from working in the mailroom to Lisa's department. He wore business suits and seemed very in control and self-assured.

Amanda smiled and the women were so quiet you could hear a pin drop as Amanda explained:

Things have quite changed since Jim has moved in. I've decided that during the day he would be 100% business but once home he puts on his collar and serves me in all ways. Before leaving work yesterday I told him to meet me at our door with a nice glass of wine. We've worked out a routine that seems to work for us. Anyway, yesterday I walked in and the first thing he did was pour me a glass of wine while I put my things away. Did I mention he had to be stark ass naked when I got home? Anyway, I walked in and put my things away as he stood by the couch with my wine. Walking over I sat down on the couch..Did I mention that I was start ass naked when I sat down?

Lisa cut in, "Amanda, cut the stark-ass naked shit for shock value and just what the fuck did you have him do?"

Amanda laughed, and continued: I smiled at him and had him kneel in front of me. Then taking a sip of my wine I reached for his cock and made sure he got nice and hard. I jerked him for a few minutes making him keep his hands on his sides, kneeling, with his back very straight and his hips thrust forward. It only took a moment and he was rock hard. Then leaning back I spread my legs and pointing to my pussy said, "Lick, pet. Lick it there, until I decide to cum."

I watched as he leaned forward and slouching down on the couch so I was nice and spread open I demanded he lick it. Then as he was doing it I reached for the new whip I'd purchased. It has very long, but very soft strips of thin leather. Each time I wanted him to suck harder I'd lean and whip them across his thighs. They reached all the way across his ass cheeks and with every crack he'd suck harder. As he was licking me I'd make him jerk himself so he'd stay hard. I was getting really wet and could feel my nipples so hard they almost hurt. Finally, I demanded that he make me cum and started rubbing my pussy against his mouth and tongue until I said, "Yes, pet. That's it - right on my clit. Harder...Suck." Then, I just relaxed and let waves of pulsing orgasm rock my body. He was still kneeling, "Good boy Jim. Now lick my pussy clean of my own cum." He's so damn good at listening to everything I want him to do.

Reaching for my wine I took another sip of my wine. He was still pulling on his cock - I told him I wanted to watch him cup his balls and play with them. Then sitting down I told him I wanted to relax and finish my glass of wine while he jerked himself - but not enough to cum.

Lisa cut in "WHAT? You drank wine and the poor guy had to kneel and keep jerking himself off?"

Amanda looked over at Lisa, "Oh? And Garret doesn't make you do things?"

Lisa laughed, "Okay, point well taken. Continue!"

Sara smiled, "Then we want to hear what Garret makes you do?"

Lisa grinned, "And then we ALL want to know what Sara does!"

Amanda smiled and continued: I like to watch him try and not cum until I allow him. I finally got up and told him to stand. Standing in front of me I'd let the whip run down his

chest, “Cum for me Jim. Jerk your cock now until you shoot hot cum on me.” His cock was rock hard and I could see the veins on the sides as his cock began to drip. He had this fucking hard-throbbing erection and had to wait until I gave him permission. “Grab your balls, Jim. Good, just like that and now let me watch you squeeze them while you keep jerking that dripping cock.” He was thrusting his cock through his fist and his hand was squeezing his balls so hard they were swollen and red. I moved closer so my body was almost touching the tip of his cock when I told him to spray me. It was like watching a long pent up volcano finally explode! I loved it! He was so damn ready it was like it would never end. And, that’s how we spend our evenings but do a lot more!

Lisa was the one who wanted to know more, “Like what? Like what?”

Just as Amanda was about to continue the office phone rang. Jessika jumped and Sara gasped. They were so intent on listening that the phone scared them both.

Lisa said into the phone, “No we were already wrapping up the meeting and are done with all the notes we had to go over.” Handing the phone to Jessika she said, “It’s for you.”

Jessika got on the phone and started to stutter, “Yes, No. Well, maybe. I’m heading to my office now.”

Saying a quick good-bye Jessika raced down the hall into her office closing the door. Michael was sitting in her office, “Jessika, why’d you close the door and why do you look like you’re in shock?”

Quickly thinking she answered, “The meeting was quite an eye opener into how some things in this company work. And where the control is, so to speak?”

Michael grinned, “So to speak, huh? I’ll have to find out then what the so to speak is.” He had no intention of asking Jessika, since she looked like she’d been shocked about something - but he couldn’t wait for their meeting to be over to go to Lisa’s office and find out.