

Chapter 1

Parking the company truck at the construction site for the new building I stepped out onto the muddy curb. I had the blueprints tucked gingerly under my arm, as I read the construction sign, “Do not enter without helmet, goggles and work boots.” I thought, well so much for that sign since I was wearing new gray stockings and spike heels.

I knew spike heels were not allowed on a work site, but I had to deliver these prints to the foreman. Leaving my business jacket in the truck I proceeded to locate the site trailer where the foreman was going to meet me. It was bad enough I wore red spike heels to the work site, but today I didn't bother wearing a bra. I never thought I'd be taking off my jacket and now my heavy breasts swayed under my low cut pink blouse. The sun seemed to blaze directly down on my tits, displaying the top part of my white flesh for all the workers to see. Walking past the sign, I tried to ignore my nipples rubbing on the thin blouse's material. Although they were lightly rubbing on my blouse I pulled my shoulders back and walked onto the site.

My black, leather skirt tightly hugged my ass, molding it, cupping it and showing its outline. I wouldn't have worn it, but I didn't think I'd be taking off the jacket. The tight skirt pinned my thighs together and I had to hike it up to mid-thigh to proceed stepping from wood plank to wood plank. I'd maneuvered quite well until I came to the plank before the first step to the trailer. I found I couldn't hike my skirt up any higher and by the amount of whistles and yelling I was hearing it was already quite a display.

I stretched one gray stocking leg out and placing it on the step found myself in quite a dilemma - I couldn't move the other foot. I was quite spread open between the wooden plank and the trailer step. Suddenly, the door slammed open and the foreman, who had no use for me on the site, said, “Jessika! Do you need any help or do you want to have one of my men fall of the scaffolds?” He reached out his hand and at that point I had no choice but to take it, not wanting to fall and lose the blueprints in the process.

I really didn't care for the way he said my name drawing it out to sound like Jesssikaaa, “Jessika, there was no one else they could send to the site but you?”

I composed myself, “No, I'm in charge of the blueprints, so I brought them – I just forgot my work boots.”

His eyes immediately went to my legs, slowly looking them up and down. I felt a chill course through my body, followed by a warm rush of sensation. His eyes devoured my legs and hips. As I rolled out the plans on his desk he walked over and closed the trailer door, putting out a sign that said closed, then locking it. I thought that rather odd but didn't feel like an argument with this muscled, virile man.

The trailer was orderly, full of papers and rather dark since he had the shades down. Ignoring this I rolled out the prints and started to point out where the city insisted we make changes.

He was standing in back of me, looking over my shoulder with his hand on the desk. I could feel the hair on his arms against the smooth soft flesh of my skin where he was leaning over. I glanced over and stared at his muscled forearm when I heard his low chuckle, "See anything you like, pretty Jessika?"

I turned to him ready to give him a good piece of my mind when his other hand leaned on the desk on the other side of me - I was pinned between the desk and his arms. Leaning back against the desk I stammered, "No, I think we better proceed, don't you?"

His eyes glanced down at my breasts and I felt my breath catch. Neither of us moved and I saw his eyes widen as my nipples hardened and poked through the blouse. I could feel them like spears hitting the soft material.

He smiled and I was surprised how nice his smile made me feel as he said, "I've watched those tight nipples for the past months, Jessika, I see they like that thought."

I couldn't move - I stared into his eyes and could feel my breasts starting to tingle for his touch and he knew it. His fingers moved and tweaked the tips through my blouse. I could feel my breathing escalating and my nipples felt good between his rough index finger and thumb. I couldn't help myself and a low moan escaped my lips. My nipples needed to be touched. I needed to feel his fingers on the flesh of my rose colored tips and I moved closer to him.

He growled deep in his throat and whispered. "Soon, Jessika, soon." His lips found mine in a searing kiss filled with rage and lust. It must have been building inside this man for the past four months that I'd been coming to the site. My tongue tasted his mouth while my hands came up grasping his shoulders, pulling him against my body. His tongue felt sensual in my mouth as it dueled with mine, sweeping the inside of my mouth...tasting me...seeking and claiming every part as his own.

Pulling my blouse out of my skirt his fingers found my full breasts and tight nipples - offering them to him he pulled on my tits. I could feel his fingers twisting them and I whispered, "I want more!" Sliding my blouse over my head I revealed my peaked nipples...taut...swollen.

I moaned, "Suck on them! I want your mouth on my tits!"

He said my name in that drawl, "Jessikaaaa" before his greedy mouth clamped on one nipple sucking and pulling my tit into his mouth. I felt like my breast was being swallowed, as he sucked as much as his mouth could get. His other large hand caressed and milked the other mound of flesh, squeezing it in his hand, then slowly massaging it. My nipples were on fire and I could feel my pussy starting to get wet. Without thinking

my hips began to grind against his body. I moved back and forth, on his tight jeans, rubbing against his bulge. Feeling that bulge pressing against me my juices started to moisten my pussy and I softly moaned, "Please."

His voice was deep, "Jess, what baby? – Jess has a place she needs me to touch? – Where Jessika?"

Rubbing against him I reached down cupping my hand between his tight jeaned thighs - cupping that raging cock waiting to be set free. My voice was so deep I didn't recognize it as I pleaded, "I need you to touch my pussy, please touch me."

His rough hands slid my skirt up to my waist as his voice whispered roughly in my ear, "No panties Jessika? Good! Never come to this site wearing panties, understand me Jessikaaaaa?"

I whimpered "Yes, I understand," as his fingers pushed between my soft brown pubic hair, delving between my pussy lips. I whispered, "Finger fuck me, I want it so bad!"

He surprised me by lifting me and sliding my ass up on the desk, "No Jessika! Not this time, this time my cock wants that pussy of yours!"

I watched as he unzipped his jeans sliding them down his lean hips. He slid them down to his ankles and now I could see the length and girth of his cock waiting to ram into me.

I visibly swallowed and he laughed as he pulled my hips to the end of the desk. He hooked my legs over his shoulders and I was spread open before him. My pussy was exposed and dripping as he pushed in one finger, then two, working me and watching his fingers get coated. Then in one smooth movement he impaled his cock deep in my waiting pussy - he groaned, "You damn bitch, Jessssss, I've wanted this pussy for months!"

His hips started moving, sliding his cock out to the tip so my pussy closed around the head of his cock. He leaned forward and grabbed my tits pulling them up as he rammed in my waiting pussy. I could feel his pole growing and stretching me open...riding in me and opening me with each fuck thrust as he groaned, "Jessika, my bitch, do you want to be fucked like this?"

I was in a heated frenzy, my nipples were being pulled and this man I had never thought of had me on his desk using my body for his fucking pleasure and I needed it, "Yes, fuck me, harder, I need to be fucked hard!"

His eyes blazed into mine and I could see my words let loose the need to possess. His hands left my nipples and grabbed my hips holding me in place while he started to fuck like a piston, ramming in and out – deeper – hotter – harder. Over and over till I watched his back arch, his hips ram his rod deeper inside me - his head bent back and he groaned, "Jessssssssssika!"

I felt his hot load of come starting to spurt into my dripping cunt. I screamed his name and my back arched off the desk, as I answered, “Yes, I’m coming on your cock, your so big, hmmm, ohhhh yes!” My body stayed arched, impaled on his cock as my pussy sucked on him and milked him.

We both were panting when we opened our eyes and stared at each other surprised by our actions, but we smiled and without saying a word he pulled out of me and helped me off the now wrinkled blue-prints.

I got dressed, pulled my leather skirt back on and put back on my blouse. We finished our discussions without touching each other. He then helped me onto the plank outside the site trailer but as I left he grinned and said, “Jessy, the next set of prints are due the first of next month – will you bring them? There's something I want to show you and do!”

He watched as my nipples hardened under the blouse and I answered, “Yes, I’ll be here next month, I wouldn't miss it.”

He smiled and as he closed the trailer door he said, “Good! Next month! Remember your work boots next time - but I do like you without the panties, those you can forget!”

Chapter 2

I pulled up to the site and parked in the same parking spot as last time. Of course I didn’t have on those clunky work boots, but I did have them with me. Since the site wasn’t full of mud this time I carried the boots and walked along the planks to the trailer. Suddenly a voice in back of me said, “Jessikaaa! Why aren’t those boots on your feet?”

Already stepping onto the trailer steps I opened the door but replied, “See? Already in and no trouble with my heels and no one fell of any scaffolds!”

I walked in and tried not to think about the desk I had to put my papers on. Pulling out logbooks from my attaché case I tried to ignore him standing and pulling off his shirt! He had already locked the door and as he walked by me to answer the ringing telephone he grinned at me saying, “Calm down girl! I’m only going to the end of the trailer to shower! I clocked out an hour ago when you were suppose to be here – you’re late! No one fell off the scaffolds because everyone went home!”

I snidely snapped back at him, “I didn’t even notice you were half naked! AND I'm calm!” I went back marking things in one of the logbooks wanting to smack that grin off his face!

After hanging up the phone he went to the end of the trailer and I heard the shower turn on. It seemed like quite a while so I just kind of sashayed to that end of the trailer to yell

for him to hurry it up and get done! Noticing the door was open I glanced in and could see him behind the shower curtain. My breath stopped as I saw him cupping his balls and washing between those muscle-corded thighs. His cock looked large even when it wasn't hard as he washed that sleeping monster between his thighs. Just watching him touch himself I could feel my nipples harden and the juices start to drip from my pussy. I slowly undid my blouse and pinched the tip of my nipples as I watched him washing his cock. He was now running his hands over his flat stomach and soaping his chest when he suddenly looked over and saw me. I hadn't worn a bra and my fingers were pulling on my nipples...I had my legs apart. He didn't say anything but continued slowly to run his large hands over his chest and then very slowly back down to his groin. I cupped my breast with one hand and slid my other one down under my skirt waistband to cup my soft mound. It felt nice and moist to my fingers but I wanted his fingers on my pussy. Suddenly he turned off the shower and wet and naked walked over to me pulling me flat against his body! I didn't care that my clothes got wet. I didn't care about anything but wanting to be fucked again here in this trailer.

“Jessikaaaa, my hot little bitch couldn't wait?”

His mouth covered mine so I didn't have to answer and his kiss was hard and needing. Grabbing my hair he held my mouth against his, while his tongue swept inside my mouth and he sucked on it as if it was fucking his mouth. His chest was wet but I pressed my nipples against him, rubbing them slowly back and forth across his chest. His hands slid up between us and I felt him grasp my tits, pinching and pulling on them. Standing back from me I could see his cock was getting harder while he pulled on my nipples...twisting them and pinching them. I winced at the pressure but it only made him pull on them more, “Feel the pain? This is what my Jessikaaaa needs, just slight pain in these pretty tits!” It felt so good having his hands on my body again and I knew my pussy was wet - I pressed my thighs tight together but he saw the movement!

“Open them Jessikaaaa! Spread your thighs wide open for me now!”

He slid my skirt down and removed my blouse. I was now only wearing stockings, a garter belt and my spike heels. Falling to his knees in front of me he pushed my thighs apart and then ran his index finger over my pubic curls. Then he leaned forward inhaling my scent. He groaned in pleasure and darted his tongue between my pussy lips to touch my clit. Leaning forward I placed my hands on his shoulders and gave him access to my open cunt. His tongue danced and played over my hot clit. First he lightly tapped at it with his tongue then leaned close and began to suck on it. I was already on fire for him again! My nails were digging into his shoulders and I knew this was wrong to have started – but I wanted him. I whimpered his name and he pulled his head from between my thighs.

“What Jessikaaa? You want me to stop? You want to go over site prints? Pretend that you weren't looking at my cock in the shower?”

I could only look down in need and in confusion answered, “I don't know!”

His hands were running up and down the inside of my thighs...slowly caressing...not rushing for once. "Jessikaaa, close your eyes and just stand still!" I stared down at him not moving, "Jess – close them!" With my hands still on his shoulders and his hands caressing the inside of my thighs I closed my eyes.

I could feel his hands caressing from my ankles all the way up to my pussy but not touching it. Slowly his hands worked up and down my legs and finally I felt the burning desire for him to touch me! As his fingers moved higher and closer to my heat I finally whimpered, "Please, touch me!"

His fingers stopped just below my pussy - then I felt the lips slowly being opened and his tongue began to lick up and down. I began to slowly move as his tongue began to fuck at my clit. Sucking on my clit he slid a finger into me...I began to move on his finger but it wasn't enough, "I want you to fuck me again." His mouth left my dripping pussy and he pulled me down to kneel in front of him.

"Jessikaaa, turn around and kneel for me!"

I could see his hot bulging shaft standing erect from his body...waiting...hard and thick! I wasn't fond of this position but did as I was told. I felt his hands spreading my thighs wider and then run along my thighs and play in the wet folds of my pussy. Over and over his fingers would play with me...then I felt his cock!

"Jessikaaaa! Do you want this cock up inside that cunt?"

His hands were gripping my hips so hard it hurt but I answered, "Yes!"

His one hand left my hips grabbing the back of my hair and as I gasped in surprise he rammed his cock all the way in! I thought I would split open from the thickness of his shaft thrusting into me. He was shoving in me too fast and hard...he was too deep and I whimpered, "Slow down! You're hurting!"

His hand twined harder in my hair, "Jessikaaa! Take it!"

His hips slowed a moment to a steady rhythm. I could feel my body start to relax into the smooth fluid motion and slowly felt him slapping against me faster. Then he began to thrust into me. Finally I began to push back onto his cock as he rammed forward. "Yes, Jessikaaa, like that!"

Faster...faster...I was breathing so fast. I felt the full length of him burying itself all the way to his balls...driving deeper. I was now accepting all of him...all he could give. Finally his plunging into my pussy was too much for me and I began to whimper and moan, "I have to come, I have to come, oh please!"

"COME! NOW!"

Letting go of my hair he grabbed my hips, ramming his hot flesh all the way in. My body convulsed in a chain of erotic release around his hard shaft. I felt faint as my body started to come on his shaft. Then he finally began to shoot his hot load and I shuddered as he drained every drop of his seed in me.

I just stayed on my knees with my head hanging and breathing hard. I could feel him pull out of me and our come started dripping out of me. I was too exhausted to do anything but kneel there, resting my head on my arms on the floor. I heard him stand and in a moment I heard the shower turn back on. Then hearing him walk back over to me I looked up at his outstretched hand.

He was grinning down at me and chuckled as he said, “Come on Jessikaaa, get up off the floor and let’s shower, then we better get some work done, right?”

I just looked up at him and as I got up I said, “Yes, we had better! Guess it’s a good thing this is the last month I have to drop things off here!”

Swatting me on the ass as I passed him he grinned, “I forgot to tell you when you walked in that I had you transferred here until this work project is over! You start working with me tomorrow – and wear your boots!”

Chapter 3 The New Boss

I had called my company headquarters and found he had actually managed to get me transferred for the next eight weeks to the building site. I called every department and executive at the company and somehow he had approval all the way up the line. I finally was asked why I couldn’t do a simple job assignment and if I felt my qualifications were in question! By the time the next morning came I was furious, exhausted and did I mention, FURIOUS!

Gathering the blue prints I'd need for that day I grabbed my jacket and headed off to the site. Being a professional I had all intentions of making this job assignment just that – work and nothing more. It had been a nice kick fucking him in the trailer but now that I directly worked with him things would be very, very different. Pouring coffee into a thermos I headed out to the construction site with a new purpose in mind.

I parked in the same spot and walked out complete in thigh high skirt, sheer blouse, hard hat and ugly construction boots. From the whistles I heard I knew I looked good and not hearing any crashing sounds I assumed no one fell off the scaffolds - I opened the trailer door and walked in. I read the note and could hear his snide voice saying with that drawl he said my name with, “Jessikaaaaa, make yourself at home. I’ll be back in an hour.”

Taking off my jacket I looked around at all the papers on his desk and got straight to work, since that was what I was there for. After about two hours I heard the trailer door open and then slam shut and his angry voice.

“What the fuck did you do to this place?”

I calmly looked up from his now clean, organized desk and said, “What the fuck do you mean? The place looks fine to me.”

He stormed over to the desk but I didn't even flinch as his eyes then went over the rest of the now cleaned, dusted and organized trailer - complete with a vase of fresh flowers on top of the file cabinets.

“You know damn well what the fuck I mean, Jessikaaaa!”

I smiled up at him and got up, moving around the trailer, “Well, it needed some organizing to be efficient for my type of office and since I'm now here this is the way it's going to stay. Unless you can order yourself a new trailer to work in.”

He didn't answer but walked over to the desk and sat down. He pulled out the prints and as he started going over them he turned on an old tape deck that started blasting Neil Diamond's greatest hits.

I laughed, “Oh give me a fucking break – you're going to play Neil Diamond?”

He never looked up as he said, “Pretty Jessikaaa? I'm going to play whatever I want to play and play with whomever I want to play with.”

I snarled back at him, “Fine I'll go get some of my tapes from my car, like Celine Dion and Sarah McLachlan.” I headed for the trailer door. I didn't get very far when he grabbed me by the arm and pulled me around to face him and growled, “Look, I asked for you for two reason and the first was because you're the best in your field.” He started to turn back to the desk and I asked, “And, what is the second?”

He moved away and I was the one that grabbed him by the arm and repeated louder, “I asked what the damn second reason was for me being in this damn trailer?”

Pulling his arm away he only said, “You don't want the answer to that question.”

I was about to make an issue out of it when there was a knock on the door and I opened it to three of the men that had to go over site details. This took the better part of the morning and then he left to meet someone for lunch that had called on the phone. I had asked him, “Lunch meeting?”

He answered looking back over his shoulder, as he left the building, “Just lunch, no meeting, but yes meeting someone.”

He left without further explanation and returned an hour later. We didn't say very much but worked at separate desks in the trailer going over budgets, prints and getting all the papers in order for the final stage of building.

I was making coffee at the end of the day when the phone rang and I heard him ask if she got back to her office okay, if their talk had helped, he would see her that weekend and he missed her. He hung the phone up and walked over to the desk I was using and sat on it next to where I was going over the prints. He ran his finger up my arm and asked if I had any new alterations that needed to be made. I didn't move and my glance went to his thigh that was resting next to my arm. I could envision his thigh without his jeans...strong...muscled. I quickly answered, "No, everything will pass code and town inspections, so it's a go as far as I'm concerned." I looked up at him after I signed off on the last change orders and said, "I'm done for the day now, I'm going to pack it up for the day and I'll see you in the morning."

He didn't move his leg but put his foot on the wall blocking my exit from the desk. I looked into his eyes ready for the battle I knew was finally going to play out and said, "Get your fucking leg out of my way. Go meet your little lunch friend and leave me the hell alone."

"Jealous, my pretty Jessika?"

I only felt tired, actually exhausted and didn't want to fight. After not sleeping the previous night and going over prints all day my nerves were tight and I rubbed the back of my neck before answering, "Look, you're right. That was uncalled for and none of my business. I'm really tired and want to just take a hot shower." I saw his eyes blaze in lust as he glanced to the back of the trailer and I quickly rectified, "No, not that shower – I meant the one in my apartment."

"Jess, turn around and let me rub your neck."

He grabbed my arm, turned me around and his hands began to massage my neck and shoulders. His hands felt too good to give up over jealousy although I'd never admit to that, so I let him start to relax me, before I had to leave to go home.

"That feels good, I'll stay a few minutes and then you can move your leg and I'll go home and get my shower."

I felt his lips whisper near my neck and then place feather light kisses along my neck. I wasn't going to give in but was enjoying the attention and leaned back against him. His massaging fingers moved over my shoulders and down my arms. I didn't want to relax too much against him and felt his cock pressing against me through our clothing.

"Jessika, come shower with me?"

“I don’t think that would be a good idea. I don’t think we should be doing this while we’re working together, every day.”

His voice was deeper, a whisper on my earlobe, “I agree, Jessy.”

I whispered, “You do?”

He turned me in his arms and just before his lips came down over mine he grinned and said, “We shouldn’t do it every day, but twice a day.” I kissed him back because he was a damn good kisser - my arms sliding up those muscled arms to his shoulders. His body rubbed against mine and I felt my nipples hard as I rubbed against him.

Finally, I pulled back and looked into those eyes that seemed to mesmerize me and I said, “I guess a fast shower couldn’t hurt if it doesn’t interfere with whomever you’re suppose to meet from lunch.”

His hands grabbed my hips pulling me against him, as he ground his cock against me while looking into my eyes. Without saying anything else he grabbed my hand, turned around and walked toward the shower.

It didn’t take long for us both to be naked and under a warm spray of water. His hands were squeezing my breasts as he covered them with soap. I tried to take the soap from him.

“No, Jessika. My turn, now you just stand there nice and quiet. Spread your legs nice and wide for me.”

I spread my legs as he turned me toward the wall and pushed me over so my hands were spread on the wall and I leaned against it. His hands soaped over my breasts and down to my tummy. His hands then slowly slid over my sides and then down over my hips. His hands were big and callused as they massaged and caressed. But, damn he always made my body feel so good. I arched my back slightly and his deep voice began its littany.

“Good baby, spread them and arch for me like a pretty kitten. My hot, Jessika, bitch. My Jessika, want me to wash that special hot place?”

I whimpered yes feeling his fingers on the inside of my legs...soaping their way over my soft thighs. His hands were so close to where I needed them as they squeezed the inside of my thighs...closer.

“Tell me kitten, what does my hot bitch want me to touch? Want me to finger fuck you?”

I whimpered, “Touch me there.”

“Where baby, not till you tell me where you want to be touched?”

“Oh damn you! Please, I need you to finger me. My pussy, please!” I knew I ended on a plea but heard him growl, “Yes, my bitch.” and in the next moment I felt his fingers slide into my heat. Stretching me as he slid in two fingers, fast with a pumping motion. I knew I moaned in pleasure. His other hand came around my body and grabbed my nipple. Squeezing it hard and pinching it – I was on fire. This man could bring me to the most basic instinct in my body – to be fucked and fucked hard and fast by only him.

With the warm water beating over us his hand slid from my nipples to my clit and as he fingered me he rubbed my clit. It was too much for me and I began to whimper.

“Jessika, Jessika needs to come for me? My hot little bitch wants to come on my fingers?”

I whimpered yes and felt him pinching my clit...faster...pulling. His fingers were sliding in and out of me...thrusting...fucking. In a frenzy of movement when I pushed back on his fingers I started to come. “Oh yes! Damn you, I’m coming!” My body gave to him what he demanded. I leaned on the wall feeling his fingers still in me as my body came for him. I was too relaxed to protest when he turned me from leaning on the wall and I was surprised to be pulled against his body in a tight hug. The water was streaming over us as he kept holding me and rubbing my back. Leaning against him, my head on his chest I wasn’t sure what to do next but didn’t want to move away from being held.

“Did my girl have a nice orgasm?”

I mumbled yes and rubbed my cheek on his chest then kissed it and rubbed my cheek over it again.

“My Jessika is my hot, bitch?”

His hands were rubbing over my back and ass and I whispered yes. I was still rubbing and caressing my face over his chest. I liked the feel of his skin under my cheek and I had my arms wrapped around his waist.

He turned the water off and reaching for a towel wrapped it around my back while he still held me against him.

“Come with me Jessika.”

I looked up at him, “Where?”

He already had stepped out of the shower and was drying off as he looked at me and said, “My place. One night without us doing it on a desk or the floor or a shower.”

I thought a moment, “I don’t think that would be a good idea.”

He chuckled and we both knew he was right when he said, “I know you don’t think it’s a good idea. But, my hot little bitch will do it anyway.”

Our eyes met and our gazes locked – we both smiled and finished drying off to leave.

Chapter 4 - His Place

The ride to his house was about fifteen minutes and he kept the conversation only about work and the project. The project was the main topic but I finally had to ask, “How did you ever get me transferred under you?”

He kept his eyes on the road, “It was kind of difficult since you argued so much, but I finally took you by the hips and just pulled until you slid under me.”

“NOT that kind of transferring me!”

He laughed, “I had some favors owed to me. It’s whom you know in a company – I may be a foreman but I have some high titled friends in the company. You, on the other hand pretty kitten, have some people that thought you working in a muddy environment was a nice idea.” His laugh made me cringe and I wondered whom he meant but didn’t ask. He turned to me and reaching over ran a finger down my cheek, “Listen Jess, You’re my bitch until you leave this assignment.”

I turned to him and sneered, “And what then, you just move in the next bitch you want that someone in the company is jealous of their skills?”

His voice was monotone, “You looking to be my permanent kitten, pretty Jess?”

Looking out the window I answered, “In your dreams, bucko!”

That annoying laugh of his filled the truck. As he pulled into the driveway of a small house he said, “Jessika, you’re so transparent for such a nasty sounding kitten.”

I slammed his truck door as I got out, “And stop calling me that damn kitten shit!”

I walked to the front of his house and he opened the door. Walking into the house instead of going to the living room or den I found I had followed him into his bedroom. I was quite surprised by the orderly surroundings. The place was clean, neat and very masculine. He left me standing in the middle of his bedroom and pulled down the rich brown colored blanket on his bed. I was stunned his bed was actually color coordinated with his sheets and pillowcases a lighter brown. I turned to him, “Do you live alone?”

He walked over to me gripping me by my upper arms and snarled at me, “If I shared this place with a woman I sure as hell wouldn’t bring another woman here!” He let go of my arms and said in a quieter tone, “Look, we’ve been at each other all day, get undressed.” He left me standing there and walked into his bathroom. When he returned stark naked I

was still standing fully clothed where he had left me. I watched him walk over to the bed and he climbed in. Sitting up against the headboard he just stared at me, “Jessika, come pretty baby, you do know how to undress without a man’s help, right?”

I wanted to slap that smug look off his face. I stood facing him and slowly and very seductively undid my blouse. Pretending he wasn’t even there I walked over to his side of the bed and began to unhook my bra. Not looking at him and making sure I was out of his reach I let it drop to the floor. I stretched and arched my body before slowly sliding out of the rest of my clothing. I knew he was hard as a rock and I finally looked over at him. Our eyes met as he said, “Done playing? If you wasted this much time at work I’d send you back to the main office.”

I glared at him while his eyes were full of lust and passion. Not moving I asked, “If you dislike me so much why are you doing this? Is this some kind of bet that’s going on at the company?”

His voice was cold, like steel, “I don’t bet over women. At least come and sit on the bed. We’ll get this female discussion over with.”

I figured I’d sit a moment and tell him off. Then I’d get dressed and walk out on him. If I had to I’d walk home and hand in my resignation in the morning it would be worth it to tell him off now. It didn’t bother me that I was naked and I sat down and looked at the opposite wall. I figured let him look all he wanted since I’d never see him again after tonight. He didn’t say anything and I finally looking at him I said in an annoyed tone, “Well?”

His voice was low, “Jessy, I don’t bet with other men or women. I took a lot of questions and kidding wanting you on the project. True, you have some men and women very jealous of your capabilities. True, I have some very powerful connections that over-rode their objections to you on my assignment. And, true I want to fuck you - my bitch.”

“Am I just a bitch to you? To fuck when you feel like it?”

His arms by now had pulled me next to him and he had maneuvered me so I was looking up at him - he was lying next to me. I could feel his throbbing erection pushing against the side of my thigh - we both ignored it. His lips were kissing along my jawbone when he answered, “Not just a bitch, pretty Jesss – my bitch. My hot bitch, that wants me as much as I want her. Isn’t that right? You want it now?”

He was rubbing against me while his hot breath and kisses were going over my neck, my ear and close to the edge of my mouth. His voice was deeper, “Turn your head to kiss me baby, just that slight move and I’ll give you what you need...what my Jessika wants.”

Without thinking my lips turned for his and his mouth ravished mine the moment our lips met. My breasts ached for his touch and in a moment I felt his mouth found and sucked on the nipples. My hands held his mouth tight to my nipple and a low pleased moan

escaped by my lips, "That feels good when you do that to me." His tongue lavished attention and after a few moments I realized he was going slowly and not rushing. Sliding back up my body he hugged me tight to his body whispering, "I want my Jess under my body. I want my bitch whimpering her need to be filled."

Rolling me under his body his thigh shoved mine open as he rubbed against my flesh. His hands were molding my breasts, crushing them together as he kissed one and then the other. He grinned, "My pretty bitch has the softest, ripest, breasts I've ever sucked."

Even in need of this man I whispered, "And how many have you sucked?"

His eyes bore into mine and I felt his cock pushing into me. He answered, "None that matter now my pretty bitch. None that matter now - Okay?"

His mouth came down again over mine before I could answer and I felt his hard muscled body begin his dance within me. The hard slab of his belly rubbed over mine as he pushed his cock in and out of me. His smooth muscled thighs pressing mine wider.

I was moving with him...for him. I arched my body willingly when he said, "Fuck me my Jess. Be my bitch. Make it so damn hot we both burn up." His moans drove me on as he pounded and slammed into my wetness. I moved against him...under him. Gyrate slowly and then in a fury of motion we began to ride each other in unison. He was pulsating into me and I whimpered, "I need to come. I need you to want me so badly."

His strokes increased. Pounding me into the mattress as he groaned, "Now my bitch, come now pretty baby!"

I felt his engorged cock began to spill his hot load into me and the sensations drove me into the strongest orgasm I've ever had. My legs wrapped around his thighs as he growled, "Yes, baby. Like that. Milk this cock with your pussy." I could feel my pussy clenching on his hard cock as he came in me. My arms held him tightly to me not wanting reality to interfere. Finally, he slowly slid out of me and pulled me into his arms.

He pulled the blanket over us but I wasn't sure what to do, "Do you want to sleep before you drive me home?"

His breathing was still choppy, "You going home kitten?"

"Should I?"

"You answer that one Jessika - should you?"

I looked at his face but his eyes were closed so I answered, "I guess so."

He opened one eye and looked at me, "That's why my bitch you'll never make foreman - you suck at making the right decisions. Go to sleep - your not fucking going anywhere!"

Chapter 5 - The Morning After The Night Before

I opened my eyes and for a moment I was disoriented. Then I heard his deep voice in back of me, "Morning, Jess."

I didn't mean to groan oh no, but this is not what I had in mind when I started working for him. I had things to get done today. I had blueprints to start for a new project and didn't want to waste time arguing with him.

Turning to him I smiled, "Hi, I fell asleep. Sorry, I hope you're not upset. I better get a move on it - I have a lot to get done today."

He didn't answer and he didn't smile, he just kept staring at me. I was nervous and said, "Uh, it feels kind of odd waking up here instead of at my house."

He grinned, "So, my pretty Jessika wants us to stay at her house tonight?"

"NO! I meant I usually don't stay the entire night."

"Jessika just fucks and leaves?"

"NO! I meant. Oh fuck, I know what I meant - I have to get going!"

He just smiled and said, "After coffee I'll drive you back. I don't do shit until I have my coffee, not even for you pretty bitch!" He swung his muscular body out of bed and in a moment had a robe on and headed out of the bedroom saying, "There's another bathrobe in the closet. I'll be in the kitchen making coffee."

Sitting up I thought oh hell why not have coffee. Quickly showering I went to his closet and putting on his other blue robe went to locate where the kitchen was. I was stunned when I walked into a kitchen overlooking a beautiful backyard. At one end of the yard was a pond and at the other a peacock regally walking around. I walked over to the table that was in front of a huge bay window overlooking the yard and said, "Whose bird is that."

He laughed, "Don't let Myrtle hear you ever call her a bird. She thinks she's the owner of the backyard."

I poured myself a cup of coffee and suddenly felt very self-conscious sitting across from him instead of in the trailer and said, "You seem different here at your house than you do at the trailer."

He smirked, "Well, Jessika - I'm not! Don't get comfortable."

I bristled, "What the fuck does that mean? Don't get comfortable? Like what? You think I'd want to spend the day here with you? Fuck you, bucko!" I took the coffee cup and walked out of the kitchen to get dressed.

I knew he wouldn't come after me and I was right. Dressed and ready to walk out I went back to the kitchen. He was still sitting watching Myrtle out the window. I had to admit Myrtle did preen and display a beautiful set of colorful feathers when she opened her tail. I had never seen anyone have a peacock in their back yard, much less one named Myrtle.

"I'm ready to leave – will you drive me or should I start walking?"

He looked over his shoulder and grinned, "You should be a polite guest and bring your coffee cup to the kitchen, have another cup and then I'll take you back to the trailer. I'm tired of having you here anyway. My pretty bitch can be such a chore at times." He remained sitting as I stormed out and brought my coffee cup back. Slamming it down on the table while staring at him until I blurted out, "What did I do? Why are you being so fucking nasty?"

He got up and picking up my coffee cup washed it out put it away in the cabinet. He walked past me and I thought he'd get dressed and we would head for the car. Instead he walked into the bedroom and taking off his bathrobe got back into bed and under the covers. I was stunned as he turned on his side and patted the bed for me to sit down.

I stammered, "What exactly are you doing?"

"I'm in my bed, it's early, I'm patting where I want you to put your cute ass so we can talk. Come sit for a minute."

I walked over and sat down, "Well, I'm now sitting my cute ass down, so start talking."

He sat up but didn't touch me and said, "Answer only yes and no. Do you think you can keep your answers to just that?"

I smirked, "Yes!"

He laughed and surprised me by saying, "I enjoyed last night – did you?" I answered yes and he continued.

"Jessika, I like how you come for me. Do you like it?"

His eyes were now staring into mine and these questions were all yes answers so I answered as such. He ran his finger over my lips and gently smiled. He smiled so seldom and it always made me want to be with him when he smiled. Just one kind word was all I wanted from him. One word that would tell me I did a good job at work or here or anywhere.

“If I asked my bitch to get back in bed with me for an hour would she?”

I answered, “Are you going to ask?”

He laughed, “Too much of a chance for you to answer yes and be rejected?” I didn’t answer but I knew I wanted him. I could feel myself wanting his fingers pinching my nipples and I wanted to feel him on me and in me. His hand rested on my shoulder and began to slowly massage. I didn’t want to give in – I wanted to leave but couldn’t remember why I’d been so angry.

“My proud bitch hates rejection? Okay, Jessika, I want you to stay – do you want me?”

His arms were pulling me towards his chest and just before his lips met mine I whispered, “No, but I’ll fuck you anyway.”

He started laughing that low deep chuckle and ended the kiss reaching for my blouse. “Pretty Jess – get those fucking clothes off and get back under me!”

I laughed, “Damn you! But afterward I have to get work done.”

He was out of bed helping me off with my clothes, “Jessika, and who’s going to report you to the foreman if you don’t work this morning? We don’t have to be at the site for another two hours.”

He was now pulling me onto the bed and I thought just one more time, then I’m out of here and from now on just working with him and nothing else. The phone rang! He answered it!

“Hi, honey – No, now is not a good time. How about I pick you up tonight after work.”

He hung up without saying anything else and no way was I going to ask whom it was on the phone.

His lips were running over mine as I whispered, “Am I interrupting someone coming over?”

“No, Jessika you’re only interrupting kissing me and fucking me.” He was looking at me and I knew he wouldn’t say anything else about the phone call. His fingers were making slow circles around my nipples. I could feel them harden wanting him to touch them when he leaned over and began to lick at one. I moaned in pleasure at the feeling going through my nipples and felt his hand parting my thighs.

His voice had that low growl, “My bitch. This morning is yours. I’m going to watch my Jessika come.”

He was leaning on one elbow and kept leaning down kissing and biting at my nipples. They were swollen and burning for his touch every time he pulled his lips off of them. His fingers were rough from years of construction work but felt good as they parted my pussy lips.

“Jessika – what’s this? My bitch is already wet? My bitch wants my fingers rubbing her clit?”

I didn’t answer but spread my thighs open wider wanting and needing to be touched. He kept touching close to my clit - I whispered, “Touch me. Please. ”

His lips pressed tightly together on my nipple at the same time his fingers began to massage and pinch on my clit. I could feel his lips kissing. I could feel his fingers opening the swollen lips of my pussy and slide into my body. I knew I was wet and started to move on his fingers wanting them to go faster and deeper. Arching my back I raised my hips and he began to finger fuck me like I needed.

"Yes, Jessika - fuck my fingers my bitch. You look so beautiful fucking them."

His voice made me hotter and as he fingered me deeper I thrashed beneath them. I could feel his fingers thrusting in and out.

"Jessika - open your eyes and look into mine. Come for me - I want to watch!"

Opening my eyes I could see the lust burning in his When he bent down kissing me I exploded in an orgasm so strong that I grabbed his hand holding it still. Waves of pleasure rushed over me as he stopped kissing me and gazed into my eyes.

"Jessika - my bitch, you need me like this don't you?"

I whimpered yes as my pussy clenched on his fingers in ripples of pure sensation. He stopped stroking my breast and removing his fingers pulled the covers over us. I didn't say anything - my body began calming down and my senses returned when the telephone rang.

He sighed and answered it, "Hello, I'll be home late this afternoon. How about coming over later? Okay, great."

When he turned back I slugged him in the chest and went to get up when he pinned me down.

"Jessika! What the fuck is your problem now?"

I screamed, "MY problem? You son of a bitch - you fuck me and then make plans to fuck someone else later, before I even leave? Get off me you oaf! I have to get to the trailer and get work done."

His laugh was low and dangerous and he kept my body pinned down, "Oaf? Oaf? I can't believe you called me that! Do you want to know why you'd make a lousy man? And worse a fucking lousy foreman?"

Glaring at him I answered, "NO, go on and fucking tell me."

He started kissing my cheek and nuzzling my ear when he whispered, "Because that was my daughter on the telephone. So, my pretty bitch how about coming over for dinner to meet her. Then you and I can spend the night at your place so you can make up to me for calling me an oaf and get up and make me a nice cup of hot coffee."

I stammered, "Your daughter?"

He laughed, "Yes, that's who I went to lunch with the other day. You're such a jealous little bitch of mine. So, you obviously don't want me to fuck other women? Is that it?"

I shoved him off me and getting out of bed said, "I'm not answering that question! But, what time is dinner and what kind of coffee do you like in the morning." We grinned and headed to the shower.

Chapter 6 Dinner

The day was rather mundane with meetings after we arrived at the trailer. We didn't speak very much which seemed unusual and I had to leave for a meeting at the main office. Pulling into the parking space I walked into the building. I stood for a moment looking at the large reception area. I'd always thought this building was impressive to walk through and now looking at it I wondered why I had thought that. I walked down the main hallway and into the conference room. Taking my place at the table I said hello to the other men and women sitting there and was suddenly aware of a feeling that I didn't belong here. Pulling myself together I went to the white board and went over the figures for the project we were doing.

James, the head of the budget department on this project cut in, "Jessika, no one can ever beat the figures you put on a board and you've come in right on the mark without cutting corners. Plus under what others said you'd be requiring. Good job."

I turned to thank him and caught a sneer from one of the women. I looked directly at her and asked, "Carlotta, do you have something to add?" She shook her head no and finally gave up trying to hold eye contact with me and looked down.

At the end of the meeting James said, "Well, thank you for coming in from that mud site you're working at. I think next week you should return and work from the main office. I've heard all the budgets and blue prints are well under way and I'm sure you're ready to get back to an office and out of a trailer."

I didn't answer and keeping my back to them I erased the board. I knew I had to answer since they were still sitting at the table. Turning toward them I looked directly at them and said, "The project is due for completion in four weeks. I'll work out of the trailer until I end this project on the final term date. I've never left any project before its delivery date. Is that okay, James? I'd like to finish this to term end."

James smiled, "I knew you'd want to take this to the final nail in the final board. Fine, we'll be glad to have you back in four weeks."

I didn't bother waiting for Carlotta to say anything. I knew she'd wait until I left and then tell anyone who'd listen how she could've done this project better. I also realized she didn't want me to return to the main office, but honestly didn't know why since we never worked on any projects together. We didn't even put in bids on the same projects. Time was getting late and I headed home since I'd promised I'd go to dinner.

When I finally arrived at his house I sat in the driveway for a few minutes wondering why the hell I'd agreed to dinner with him and his daughter. What would be really funny, I thought, was if it had been a lie. I'd walk in while he thought I'd never show up and he had some woman in bed as I showed up for dinner. I began wondering if he'd been kidding and I'd taken him seriously about showing up for dinner. I started the car and was about to put it in reverse when I suddenly looked up and he was standing by my car door.

"Now, Jessika, do you think this is a food drive in and I'm going to bring the food out to the car? I know better than to think you turned the car on because you were going to leave. Right? My bitch wouldn't be thinking of leaving before dinner, would she?"

Turning off the car I answered, "No, of course not. I'm just still not sure this is a good idea."

He chuckled and started walking toward the house, "Eating dinner is always a good idea, especially when it's at the end of a long day at work. I heard your meeting went very well. Four weeks and then you're returning to the main office?"

I followed him amazed at how fast he'd heard the information, "How the hell did you know about the four weeks? They wanted me to return next week."

We were at the door, "Jessika, when will you get it through that pretty brain that there are some people that don't want you to return and I'm suppose to keep you at the mud site."

I was mad and didn't know why and about whom he was speaking, "Who is it? Tell me who doesn't want me back there. I've a right to know. This is my job we're talking about and if someone is out to stab me in the back I think I have a right to know who the hell it is!"

He didn't answer and we had walked into the kitchen where we were met by a beautiful young woman that was his daughter, "Hi, Dad. Hi, you must be Jessika. I'm Monica. Dad mentioned you're great at putting projects together."

He coughed, "I never said no such thing. I said she thinks she's hot stuff at projects but she's only a woman."

I gasped as Monica laughed, "Dad! And the correct sentence is I never said anything like that, and not I never said no such thing!"

He smiled at his daughter clearly proud of her, "Yeah, send your kid to college and she turns into a walking grammar book. Well whatever the sentence is you're both just women." He winked at her when he said this.

Monica turned to me, "How do you work for him? He's such an...an?"

I grinned, "Oaf?"

Monica burst out laughing, "Yes. Dad, at times you're an oaf?"

He finished putting things on the table and said, "Well this oaf is getting the steaks off the grill." Grinning at his daughter he continued, "And keep in mind this oaf is holding the car keys you want to borrow for this weekend." He winked at me as he walked out.

"Wait, Dad – I was only kidding." She was laughing and the easy banter was very relaxing. When he'd closed the door to the backyard she turned to me, "I guess you must be special since my Dad has never brought anyone to this house."

I laughed, "Not even close. We're on the same project for another four weeks and then I go back to the main office. He's just being nice."

She gave me a quizzical look but the back door opened before she could finish her sentence, "No, Dad is never that nice...."

She didn't get to finish her sentence and the rest of the dinner was comfortable and conversation flowed easily. I found out she was in college and having a rough time feeling she wasn't college material. She wanted to move home and go to the local college but her Dad insisted she go away to school. I didn't say anything and figured he probably wanted his home for his playground. It was pretty well known around the company that he liked his women.

After dinner we sat in the den for an hour and then Monica asked, "Well, not that having a Friday night with you two isn't exciting but...you're both not very exciting. So, Dad, about those car keys?"

Laughing he said, “Oh, now Ms. College student is bored and wants to hit the dance clubs?”

She grinned, took the keys out of his hand and said, “Yep, smart man. Jessika, it was nice meeting you. I hope we can have dinner again. Maybe without the old man sitting next to you.”

After she left I turned to him and nervously said, “Well, what now?”

He grinned, “What do you want to happen now?”

I felt my nipples harden at the thought of what I wanted but I wasn’t about to tell him how much I wanted him.

I tried to sound nonchalant as I said, “Well, what I want? Not sure. Depends on what you mean.”

Without even hesitating he reached over and grabbed the back of my hair into his fist. Then he quickly moved against me and his mouth covered mine. His tongue forced its way into my mouth and in a moment I was holding onto him tightly. When he pulled away I wanted more.

He whispered into my ear, “What does my bitch want?”

I gazed into his eyes and simply said, “You.”

He chuckled, “Want to know who I want?”

I was about to say yes but then thought what if he was going to say someone else. I looked away for a moment, “No, let’s just do it.”

He grinned, “Do what?”

I hated this bantering because I never knew what road it would go down, “Nothing, I have to go home, anyway.” I tried to pull away but he pushed me down onto the couch.

“No, my bitch is only going home if I go with her. Remember? Or should we stay here and as my bitch says, do it?”

I grimaced and tried to push him off, “Do what?”

It was odd but I heard him sigh and was surprised when he said, “No more bickering. My daughter will be home tonight. Can we go to your place and I’d like to bring my shaving gear for the morning?”

I gazed into his eyes, I was getting to be a real idiot for him and simply said, “Go grab your shaving gear.”

I was stunned at the smile he gave me as he said, “Thanks. Be right back.”

We didn't take long to get to my place.