

Under the Desk

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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The Line

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Chris stifled a yawn as he reached for the next toy. His rubber glove squeaked as he picked up the plastic dinosaur and held it under the light shining between his legs. With a practiced movement, he dipped his brush into the paint and then drew ten short lines along the spine of the toy. Without waiting for it to dry, he carefully set the toy back on the moving platform and grabbed the next.

Eleven other factory workers lined the moving platform around him. He had worked with them for three years, but they were all still stranger. No one spoke on the line, not that anyone could hear over the pumps, motors, and screeching that twelve production lines produced in the cramped quarters.

Everyone focused on their work, trying to meet the quota for the day. The constant pressure had increased over the last few months as upper management tried to make enough to keep the factory open.

The economy had hit the manufacturing sector hard and an American-based toy manufacturer had the least rosy prospects to survive. It didn't matter that they had been in business for two hundred years or that the entire town, what was left of it, depending on the steady flow of plastic dinosaurs, rabbits, and Santa Clauses that flowed out every day.

The rumors of layoffs have been coursing through the factory for a few weeks now. The latest clusterfuck of executives, Marge's word for a group of suits, had done a tour of the factory twenty minutes after close. Chris didn't see them, but having a bunch of suits checking out the building meant only a few things: someone bought

the company, they were selling the building, or they were about to go bankrupt.

He sighed and glanced to his neighbor, an curvaceous Mexican who only spoke English at full volume and had her iPod hidden in her cleavage. She didn't bother with headphones but kept it loud enough that her tits rippled with the bass notes of whatever she was listening to.

While it was distracting to half the guys painting dinosaur stripes, Chris had no interested in her or the two other women sitting nearby. The blonde, a twenty-something named Mary, attracted the most attention despite the baggy jumper management insisted everyone wore. Underneath, she wore the skimpiest top and shorts but Chris only saw them as she was flouncing out of the factory on Friday.

At the other end of the line was Marge. Everyone thought she was there when the factory first opened. The chain-smoking woman exhaled smoke even when she didn't have a cigarette in her mouth. She was also a foul-mouthed woman who played pool like a shark and somehow managed to have seven husbands, all of them dead.

Working with those two women had finally convinced Chris of the fear growing in the back of his mind. Hour after hour of staring at sweaty bodies and his eyes drifted toward the men, not the women. When they were stripping down to leave for home, he stalled in the locker room to enjoy the sights. And then replayed them in his thoughts as he masturbated at night.

His current crush was Dave, who sat across from him. Dave was a broad-shouldered man with a bit of a gut and curly hairs on his chest. He had dark eyes and hair. The only problem was Dave's homophobia. Every other word out of the man's mouth was a slur or an insult, almost universally toward gays.

It was heartbreaking. Chris found his sexuality on the factory line, but had no chance to experience it. He always liked guys, large ones at that. In a small rural town, coming out as a gay wasn't the smartest thing to do. They hadn't caught on to the rest of the country despite the lawsuits, court cases, and lectures.

Now, his only date was the Internet and his left hand. The endless stream of pictures confirmed his interest but it also made him hunger for more. Like for Dave to actually be a closeted gay and trap

him in the locker room one Friday, pressing his chest against Chris' back.

Chris tore his thoughts away and clutched at the next toy. He had a hard-on thinking about Dave's hands and a blush to match. His fingers caught the sharp teeth of the tyrannosaurs but he managed to pull it off and drag it under the line. One of his lines was a bit shaky, but he didn't want to waste time cleaning it off. Doubling up all ten lines to mask his mistake, he set the toy back on the platform.

The problem with factory work was the tedium. One toy every eleven seconds, hour after hour. The deafening roar of machinery forced Chris to concentrate on his thoughts and let his hands move automatically. Without conversation, his thoughts inevitable turned to curiosity and sex, but an hour of wondering what a real cock—not a plastic toy bought from the Internet—would feel like left him squirming uncomfortably and afraid to stand up.

The only thing he couldn't do was look up at the clock. He learned years ago that counting the seconds made everything pass slower. That drove him further into his thoughts, punctuated only by peeking up at Dave and his sweat-soaked jumper.

When the whistle rang out, the entire factory line jumped with surprise. Chris frantically finished the last line on his toy and tossed it on the rolling platform in front of him. He rested his wrist on his thigh and pushed his hard-on against his leg before closing his legs. He didn't want Dave teasing him about it.

He nodded to the others as they filtered out. By the time he had softened, the factory was quiet and the platforms were running empty. He groaned as he pushed himself off his stool and stood up.

Unlike the others, he didn't have to duck underneath the girders or the other platforms to get out. He was barely five feet tall and slender, almost delicate. He liked to pretend it was his graceful fingers that got him the job, but he knew it was just being a warm body and a willing mind. It sure wasn't his accounting degree.

With another sigh, he reached the hallway and headed toward the locker room.

"Chris Evenhall!"

Chris froze at the one voice everyone in the factory dreaded to hear. It was Phyllis Caim, the secretary for the owner of the

company. Shivering, he turned around as she marched up to him. She was a short woman with frizzy gray hair and piercing blue eyes. She was also shorter than him by almost half a foot, but she made it up with an attitude that could strip chrome from a bumper.

“Hi, Ms. Caim.”

Phyllis peered up at him. “Why are you here so late?”

“I had...” He blushed, not wanting to say anything. “I was... I’m just running late.”

Phyllis smiled, it looked like a cat about to pounce. “Didn’t want to get beaten up by the big boys in the locker room?”

An image of Dave pressing Chris against the locker while kicking apart his legs flashed through Chris’ mind. He paled as he tried to eject it out, but the damage was done. It took all of his effort not to look down at the tent forming.

To his horror, Phyllis glanced down and then back up. The smile grew wider, if possible. She clicked her tongue for a moment and her eyes flicked to the side. “Still don’t have a girlfriend?”

Chris shook his head. “No, madam.”

Phyllis smiled. “I liked it when people call me that. No wife?”

“No... madam.” He flushed.

“Got a boyfriend yet?”

Chris almost melted. He could feel the heat burning along his face and shoulders. He knew it would be riding right up into his brown hair. “No! I mean... no, no I don’t have... I’m not...”

Phyllis’s smile broadened. “Relax.”

“I... I’m... I can’t...”

“Turn around,” came a sudden order.

Chris’ mouth closed with a snap. He stared at her, confused and disoriented. Her questions left him feeling dizzy.

Phyllis used her finger to swirl around, repeating her order.

Shivering, Chris turned around. His small shoes squeaked on the floor as he came in a full circuit. He was thankful no one was watching except for an ancient woman who wouldn’t stop smiling.

Her smile scared him.

“Small, tiny. You’ll do,” she finally said. With a nod, her smile came back. “You’ll do quite nicely.”

Chris looked down the empty hall. Decades ago, it would be packed with the second-shift folk, but it was empty. He gulped, trying to ease the hardness in his throat. “W-What?”

Phyllis gestured to the bathroom. “Why don’t you clean up? Take a shower, and then come up? Robert wants to talk to you.”

As much as her rapid-fire questions confused him, being called up to the boss’ office didn’t. Ice ran through his veins as he stared at her. The only people who were ever called into Robert’s office were usually fired within minutes.

She turned and headed back toward the stairs. When she reached it, Chris still stood in place. Turning around, she pointed to the locker rooms. “I expect to see you in ten minutes.”

Her shoes tapped softly on the stairs. He stared at her, trying to will something to responding.

“Yes... madam.”

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The Offer

2

Chris nervously stepped off the stairs on the third floor of the factory. He had never been there, but he was too nervous to look at the paintings along the hallway or marvel at the century-old wood floors beneath his feet. The air smelled of dust, old perfume, and machine oil. He could pick up notes of the plastic toys and paint, but it was different than being on the factory floor. It felt sinister.

In the back of his head, he was constantly play over his actions for the last few weeks. Was it the botched line from earlier that day, or for something more serious? Was he going to be laid off? And why on a Friday night after everyone left?

His boots marked his passing down the hall toward Robert's office and Phyllis's desk. He could see her moving just around the corner, her shadow played across the carpet, flickering rapidly.

Something hit the ground and he saw it roll across the hallway.

"Oh, fudge." Phyllis's voice rose up. It was absurd and serious at the same time.

The simple phrase somehow cracked through his nervousness. He gulped and straightened his spine. Taking a deep breath, he stepped forward and into the light of the reception area around the door leading into Robert's office.

It was larger than he expected. Phyllis had a huge desk almost as wide as the machines down on the factory floor. It was dark wood and well-nicked and abused. It also looked sturdy enough to hold a horse. A stack of moving boxes rested on one side and he could see they were filled with pictures, notebooks, and office supplies. Phyllis's personal stuff.

His veins ran cold as he stood in the hallway entrance, staring at Phyllis packing up her belongings. In his mind, he knew the rumors were true. They were shutting down the factory.

Gulping to ease his throat, he peered around. Next to Phyllis's desk was the large, double-doors leading into Robert's office. His name was on a small brass plaque to the right of the door. Further around the room, and opposite to the desk, was a bank of filing cabinets easily ten feet high with a ladder next to it. They were labeled with only numbers.

"You made it," Phyllis said with a clipped tone.

Chris jumped and peered back at her. "Yes, I'm... here... like you... said."

She shook her head. "I've already told Robert that you're coming up. He's waiting for you." She gestured to the closed double doors before opening up the next drawer of her desk.

Chris fought a whimper and looked helplessly between the door and Phyllis.

Phyllis muttered to herself and started to scoop out her drawer.

Slowly, Chris inched toward the door. In three years, the only factory floor workers who walked through it lost their jobs. It was the dragon's lair and the place of no return. But, he couldn't stop moving toward it.

"Oh, for God's sake. Go through the fudging door!" snapped Phyllis.

Chris whimpered and hurried across the reception area. He pushed at the door and it swung open. Biting down on his lip, he stepped into the room before his courage fled.

Robert's office wasn't what Chris expected. It was relatively plain and dark. Tables and cabinets lined the walls; he didn't see a single foot of floorboard that didn't have something in front of it. Pictures of golf, beach scenes, and factories hung along the walls.

The back wall was glass with a view across the smokestacks of the factory. For a moment, Chris couldn't see why Robert would want it, but then he noticed that an island in the ocean was framed perfectly between the brick chimneys and antennas.

His eyes drew down to a desk that filled the space at the end of the room. If Phyllis' was large, Robert's was gigantic. It matched the rest of the furniture, old and dark, but the top was large enough for

a full sheet of plywood. It looked like an old saw table, the more he looked at it. Not like the ones they used on the floor now, but maybe one of the original saws.

The room smelled of musty air, old wood, and something spicy. It was alluring, teasing his senses and easing some of the tension that had knotted in his stomach.

“You know,” came a deep voice from the desk, “you can tell a lot about someone when they first come in here.”

A tremor shook through Chris as he focused at the men who controlled his job and life. Robert Chambers—Robert to everyone and never Mr. Chambers or Bob—was a tall man with a well-defined chest and legs. He always wore a suit, black and without stripes, but he carried it as comfortably as most people wore jeans. His gray hair was thick and wavy, but long enough to look like a wise executive instead of a military leader.

Chris found it hard to breathe. His entire body clenched as he froze in the door, one hand pressing against the wood and his other hanging limply. The urge to turn around and flee rose inside him.

Robert pushed back his chair and stood up. Even from across the room, he loomed over Chris. There was almost a foot and a half difference in their height. Not to mention the factory owner was easily twice as wide, but it was hard-looking muscle that filled his frame, not fat.

He stepped around his desk. “For example, Mr. Evenhall,” Robert’s voice was the low rumble of a V8 engine, “you look venerable and frightened.”

Chris shivered at the sound of his voice and the words. He was frightened. He was also terrified of losing his job, but unable to escape the man who slowly walked toward him.

Robert stopped in front of him. The spicy scent washed over Chris, it was his cologne. In an instant, he warmed to the scent as it imprinted in his memory. If he forgot everything about his time at the factory, he would never forget the smell as he stared up at the largest man he had ever seen.

Robert smiled. “I’m not going to bite.”

Behind Chris, Phyllis snorted.

Robert looked up and then held out his hand for Chris.

Chris took the hand, but he felt like a flower in the powerful grip. The thick fingers easily wrapped around his, reminding him that he was tiny compared to Robert. At the same time, the naughty part of him wondered what it would feel like to be forced against the desk by someone so muscular and strong. He wouldn't be able to resist, but he wouldn't want to with... his eyes glanced down to Robert's crotch before he realized it.

With a flush, he tore his eyes away. "Sorry, sir."

"Robert."

"W-What?"

Robert pulled Chris further into the room and closed the door behind him. "Robert. I'm not sir, mister, or anything else. Just Robert."

"I-I knew that."

Chris wanted to pull his hand away, but it was trapped in Robert's grip. He felt caught as the larger man guided him further into the office and to one of chairs in front of the desk. It was a library chair, with thick arms and covered in black leather.

"Sit, please?"

It was phrased as a question, but Chris couldn't disobey the rumbling voice. He sank down in the leather chair. Feeling exposed, he pressed his knees together and held his hands in his lap.

Robert watched him for a moment before turning around. For the briefest of moments, Chris thought he saw a smile.

Instead of going back around the desk, Robert simply walked to it, turned around, and then sat on the edge. With him on his desk, he towered over Chris.

Chris blanched.

"Let's start with the importing thing. I'm not laying you off."

Chris' breath came out in a rush. With a gasp, he blanched even further and peeked up.

Robert smiled. "Sorry, Phyllis might like torturing little boys like you, but I'd rather be up front."

Chris exhaled and felt his cheeks coloring. He had never been called a little boy before. Well, not often.

"Actually, the reason she asked you up what somehow spur of the moment, but also the result of some discussions we've been having over the last few months."

“Is...?” Chris clamped his mouth shut.

Robert stopped. “Go on.”

“I can’t.”

The smile came back and Chris felt a flutter in his stomach.

“Adorable. As I was saying, Phyllis and I—”

Chris barely heard the words his boss said. His mind kept going back over the word he said. Adorable. The boss thought he was adorable? His thoughts turned back to the powerful man in front of him and his idle thoughts wondered what it would be liked to be pushed to his knees and had his head grabbed.

Underneath his palms, his cock twitched.

“Mr. Evenhall?”

Chris jumped. He didn’t realize that Robert had asked him a question.

“I said, given the circumstances, can I trust you?”

For a long moment, Chris stared at him. And then, he whimpered. “I’m sorry, I was thinking... and I missed what you said.”

Robert sighed and leaned back. His right leg slid along the desk, spreading his thighs. Unwittingly, Chris’ eyes trailed down along the thick limb to Robert’s crotch. There was something there, it looked large and swollen.

With a gulp, Chris tore his eyes away.

The factory owner smiled. “Ready to pay attention?”

“Y-Yes, si... Robert.”

“Good. As I was saying, there is a lot going on with the company right now and we both think that you are key to some of our plans. But, to discuss them would require utmost discretion on your part. Can we trust you to keep this discussion private?”

Chris noticed that Robert emphasized “we” more than once as he spoke. He frowned, cursing himself for letting his mind turn toward erotic thoughts. He nodded.

Robert leaned forward, looming over Chris. “Because, if you do tell other people about this, you will find that I am not,” his smile faded instantly and was replaced by a dark glower, “someone to fuck with. Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes, sir.”

Robert's glower held for a moment. "Robert. And, there is a lot at stake here, including the reputation of this factory and the fate of this town."

"Yes, sir." Chris couldn't help but call Robert "sir." It felt right, given their differences in power. It also reminded him that he was nothing in the man's eyes, and that little submissiveness sent a flash of heat coursing along his thighs. He clutched his fingers and strained to pay attention.

Robert watched him for a long moment, then straightened his back. His legs were still apart and Chris though the bulge in his trousers was larger.

"As you know, the economy has hit us pretty hard. Hard enough that I had to seriously consider the future of this factory."

There was a pause so Chris nodded meekly.

"I have no interest in selling what my grand-daddies built, so I've looked into outside funding to get us through the next ten years or so. The men who have been hanging around were part of those investors."

"The clusterfucks of..." The words died in Chris' throat.

Robert chuckled, a deep rumbling noise that brought a quiver along Chris' stomach. "You have been talking to Marge. Yes, a clusterfuck of suits. But, rich suits that are willing to drop a large hunk of change on this factory to give us a chance to upgrade and be profitable again."

Chris sensed there was more.

The owner sighed and glanced out the window. "They want me to cut costs by ten percent to increase our profits by three. It's a stupid thing, to prove profits to get money, but without this demand, there is no investment money."

"L-Layoffs?"

Robert looked back and there was sadness in his eyes. "No. We haven't had a layoff in two centuries here. I'm not going to start. But, I am offering early retirement for those close to the age. And the highest paid employee is already said she's willing to retire to cover most of that money."

"Highest paid...? Marge?"

Robert shook his head. "No, Marge isn't that good. Phyllis, actually."

Chris looked up in shock. “She’s the highest paid person here?”

Robert grunted with agreement. He picked up a glass paperweight and rolling it along his hand. “Which... leads us to why you are here.”

Chris’ muscles tensed up again, squeezing his chest painfully. He clutched his hands and waited for the bad news.

Holding the paperweight in his hand, Robert lifted it up and sighed. When he spoke, it was a quiet rumble. “Phyllis has been my right-hand woman for a long time. She has been here since the day I started working, forty-seven years ago. Started as my grand-daddy’s secretary and has managed three generations of this factory. She’s the one who keeps track of the workers down there, makes sure the bills get paid, and also coordinates my meetings.”

Robert looked up at Chris. “Did you know that?”

Chris shook his head. “No, sir.”

The corner of Robert’s mouth jumped. He rolled the paperweight on his palm for a second before setting it down. “I trust her with more than that. She runs my life. My wife doesn’t really care about these things, so Phyllis is the one that pays to get my house cleaned, comes over to water the plants, and even makes sure the taxes are paid. When I say trust, I mean trust.”

Unsure of where Robert was going, Chris nodded.

Robert shifted and his body moved closer to the edge of the desk. Chris glanced down and realized that Robert’s crotch was only a few feet away. The large bulge was unmistakable; it was already tenting the fabric of Robert’s trousers.

A heat ran along Chris’ body. His imagination went into overdrive, trying to guess what Robert wanted but also craving to be forced against the desk, his pants pulled down, and to find out what that large bulge felt like outside the confines of Robert’s conservative attire. The blur of fantasies burned through his mind and he started to pant softly.

Chris’ cock jumped against his hand and he squeezed down to avoid revealing it.

“Damn,” Robert said and lifted his head to look at the ceiling. “Hard to believe I’ve been fucking that woman for almost fifty years.”

A spasm of shock rippled through Chris. “W-What?”

Underneath his hand, his shaft stretched out until it ached with need. He had to grip it tighter to keep it pinned to his body. Underneath his palm, he could feel his pulse beating rapidly. It matched the rushing noise in his ears.

Robert looked down. "Phyllis. I've been fucking her since I've been sixteen. Three or four times a day, every business day for forty-seven years."

Chris stared in shock, unable to remember how to speak.

The smile grew across Robert's face. He slipped closer to the edge of the desk, his own hardness painfully evident in his trousers. "Even today, I had her on her knees right there," he gestured to the ground in front of the desk, "sucking me to the balls while I was on a phone with the investors."

A whimper rose in Chris' throat. He was leaking into his jeans, soaking the fabric. He could picture himself on the ground, looking up at the huge bulge straining Robert's trousers. He wanted to slip off the chair right then and try it himself.

The chair squeaked as he started to move, but he stopped. He didn't know what to do and it was hard to think through the heated fantasies blasting through his mind and leaking out of his dick.

Robert chuckled and focused on Chris. His brown eyes were shimmering. "To prevent laying anyone off, I had to let the most trusted person in my life go. The biggest question was finding someone to replace her."

Chris' heart slammed against his chest. He stared up at Robert, trying to remember how to breathe.

"You've worked for us for three years now. You are one of the most detail-oriented person we have on the floor, with the least amount of rejects. You have gone to school for accounting and we remember that you originally applied for a bookkeeping job three years ago. We had just hired someone, but you were desperate for a job."

Slowly, Chris' mouth opened. He remembered begging for a job, any job, after the company he had worked for closed its doors. A blue-collar job was the bottom of the stack, but it was a job. He didn't think anyone would have remembered that moment from years before.

“You are also a loner, with no girlfriend, wife, or boyfriend. And you’ve kept a few secrets that Phyllis has given you over the years.”

Chris didn’t know what he was talking about. Secrets?

Robert slipped closer to the edge of the desk, until only his buttocks were resting on the edge. Chris flicked his gaze down to see the cock clearly outlined in his trousers. It was thick and fat and also soaking the fabric.

“I believe in promoting from within, though our original search was looking for a girl to take her place. But, sadly, none of the women here fit the bill. Not enough attention to detail. Sleeps around too much, I don’t use condoms. Can’t keep their mouth shut.” Robert smiled. “None of them have that... hint of submissiveness.”

Chris trembled as he stared at the cock in front of him. His mouth was open and he was almost drooling, but he couldn’t stop.

“It wasn’t until this evening, when Phyllis caught up with you that we considered a boy. But, when she mentioned your name, we knew you’d be perfect. That was, if you were willing.”

Tearing his gaze away, Chris looked up helplessly. His mouth opened and closed. He pressed his length hard against his body in a hopeless attempt to hide his excitement.

Robert slid off the desk. One large hand came out and caught Chris’ straining wrist.

Chris gave no resistance as the factory owner pulled his hand away to reveal Chris’s aching hardness and the wet spot at the tip of his shaft.

“So, Chris, would you be interested in becoming my right-hand man? It’s a lot of bookkeeping and meetings. Not to mention, letting me fuck that adorable face of yours or, from what Phyllis tells me, your sweet ass a few times every day.”

Chris’ cock exploded in his pants and a long, shuddering gasp escaped his lips. He felt his cum jetting out and soaking the fabric. Another shudder coursed through his body as he jerked in an orgasm born purely of fantasies and suggestion.

Robert smiled and rested one large hand along his twitching cock. “Is that a yes?”

Chris managed to get a nod out, his eyes glazed over as the orgasm wracked his body. He felt helpless and vulnerable, but also strung tight as a violin string.

“The pay is ten thousand more than you make now. It isn’t much, but there is a reason Phyllis is the highest paid employee. There are a lot of bonuses involved. Under the desk, one might say.” Robert smiled, “and not just for me.”

Panting, Chris couldn’t speak.

“Eventually, you’ll agree, right? I want to see the words on your lips.”

Chris swallowed hard. “S-Sorry. Y-Yes, I mean, I want the job.”

“You have to keep this a secret. This is the type of thing that could destroy this factory.”

He nodded. And then whispered, “I won’t ever tell anyone.”

The warm hand on his crotch stroked along his length, forcing another spurt of cum to ooze out. The thick fingers curled along his balls, caressing them through the fabric. “Good.”

Robert stepped back to the desk and leaned against it. He looked over Chris from head to toe, bringing another shiver of desire through the slender man. “You know what?”

“W-What, sir?”

His smile widened. “I like it when you call me sir. You can do that.”

Chris flushed. “Thank you... sir.”

“I’m thinking I’d like to see your acceptance on your lips.”

“I said I’d...” His voice trailed off as Robert unzipped his pants.

The Acceptance

3

Chris' heart rammed against his ribs as he lowered his eyes down to the manhood in front of him. It was huge and swollen, even trapped in the confines of Robert's underwear.

Robert fished around before getting his fingers into the opening of his underwear. "Normally, she does this."

"L-Let me." Chris' whisper surprised himself as he slipped off the chair. His knees struck the ground and he felt the shock course up his spine. He was hard and aching, but also desperate to see Robert's shaft.

An approving grunt rewarded him and Robert pulled his hand out. Clear strands of pre-cum clung to his fingers as he leaned back into the desk and gripped the side.

The two feet to Robert were the longest distance Chris had ever crawled. It was only seconds later, but it felt like an eternity before he was kneeling before his boss and reaching into the man's trousers. It was the first time he had ever done it and everything felt surreal as he moved.

Robert's cock was hard and pulsating, jumping with every beat of his body. It was also slick and smooth. The smell of musk swam around Chris as he eased out the swollen length and let it spring above his head.

It was beautiful. Glistening with pre-cum, the entire length was a knotty length of thick, beautiful hardness. It looked as thick as his wrist and easily nine inches crowned with a rounded tip and a flare along the glans. Thick cords of veins snaked down the length, the blue lines jumped with the pulse that kept the cock hard in his grip.

Trembling, Chris lifted both hands to it and held it against his palms. It was hot and slick, but also bore him down. The weight of it surprised him.

Above, Robert watched with parted lips and glazed eyes. His knuckles cracked as he held his desk and his body trembled.

Chris licked his lips and trailed his fingers down the slick lengths to work the testicles out of the trousers. Each large orb was almost the size of his fist. They were heavy and rolled in his palms, the hairy sack holding them tickled Chris' palms as he caressed each one in turn.

"Do you," whispered Chris, "like when she sucks on them?"

"Yes," came a shuddering reply.

Even though he had never done it before, Chris had seen it a thousand times on the Internet videos. He leaned forward until his nose was pressed against the satin skin and breathed in deep. The smell was rich with just a hint of tang to it. He pressed one cheek against it before kissing the nearest ball.

Robert jumped at the touch.

Encouraged, Chris kissed it again, using his lips to spread out over the firm center. Little hairs tickled his lips and the inside of his mouth as he tried to open his jaw to take one it; it was too large. Muscles drew the ball from his mouth, teasing him, but Chris followed it, parting his lips as far as he could go to suck along its surface.

He took his time and imprinted the sight and touch of Robert's balls against his lips. His trembling only magnified the soft breaths that rippled through his boss' curly hairs and along the sheen of pre-cum already soaking the skin.

Chris moaned softly and worked his mouth away from the sturdy balls to the pulsating shaft underneath the slick skin. It was hard, just his, but the difference between Chris' shorter and thinner cock was terrifying, just like their differences in heights.

The moment struck him. He had his mouth on another man's cock. And it was better than anything the videos ever hinted at. With a moan, he mouthed his way up along the bottom edge, using his lips to trace along veins and ridges.

By the time he reached Robert's glans, pre-cum was coursing down the length in rivers. It splashed on Chris' face, coating his nose

and chin. When he pulled away, thick strands connected their bodies before Chris brought his mouth back. He kept his hands firm on the shaft, pumping up and down just to enjoy the sensation of hardness against his palms and the slurping noises that filled his ears.

Chris had to rise from his knees to reach the tip of Robert's cock. With a soft moan, he pressed his lips around it and swirled through the thick layer glistening over the tightly-stretched head. The wrinkles that he saw earlier were gone and the shaft was shiny with lust.

He lapped at the tip before bringing his lips down.

The entire shaft jumped against his mouth.

Chris closed his eyes and focused on mouthing the top, sliding his lips around the top as he parted his mouth wider and wider. He didn't think it would fit, but he had seen far larger cocks on the Internet and knew it was possible. He panted through his nose as he worked his way down Robert's shaft, stretching his lips around the swollen head as it drooled pre-cum down his throat.

Robert tasted sweet and salty at the same time, a musky scent that cause Chris' head to spin. He liked it and lapped at it more, sucking harder until the wide glans were poised less than an inch from his lips.

"In," whispered Robert sharply, "suck it in. As far as you can." A hand stroked the side of Chris' face, powerful but not pushing.

Chris moaned and pushed down, enjoying every bump that passed his lips as he forced the head into his mouth. He had to keep his mouth obscenely apart and his jaws were already aching, but the heat and hardness and slickness were too much for him to give up.

At the last moment, his lips reached the apex of the thick crown and the head eased into his mouth. He felt a moment of relief, and then one of intense pleasure as the cock gagged his mouth. He moaned and felt the vibrations coursing down the rigid shaft.

Gripping Robert's shaft with both hands, he pumped up and down while rotating his head along the glans. The wet sounds filled his ears, punctuated by the guttural moans from above him.

Chris wanted to grab his own cock, now aching hard, but didn't. Instead, he focused all of his attention on getting as much of Robert into his mouth and pumping what didn't fit. He knew he could deep

throat the large man someday, but for the time being, there was nothing more than to suck on the tip until his boss game.

Robert's hands suddenly gripped the side of Chris' head. The powerful strength pushed Chris over the edge as he realized he was about to be face-fucked. Cum spurted into his pants as Robert thrust into his mouth, forcing a few inches into Chris' tightly-stretched lips.

"Fuck," he grunted and pulled back to drive it back.

Chris only had a heartbeat to inhale before the thick shaft slid back into his lips. The swollen head scraped against his inner teeth; Chris winched but Robert didn't seem to notice.

Robert pulled out until his crown was bulging Chris' lips and then thrust back in. Each drive pushed the hard shaft further into the submissive man's mouth.

The only thing Chris could do was sink into the shaft and open his mouth. He was nothing but a hole to fuck and the realization brought a flush of heat coursing through his body. He spent hours on the factory floor wondering what it would be like to be in the very position and it was everything he hoped it was.

Robert drove into him, pumping hard. The cock head rammed against the back of Chris' throat, gagging him, but that only seemed to drive Robert to thrust faster. Soon, the cock was punching Chris' limits and his body shook with every impact.

Hot flashes of pleasure and asphyxiation danced across his vision. He struggled to breath around the thickness, with only a few gasps slipping in. Seeing nothing but the thick manhood dominating his mouth, Chris focused on pumping there rest of the hard shaft with his cum-soaked palms.

Thick drivers of saliva and pre-cum poured out of his mouth, dripped down his chin, and scored across his shirt. He didn't care. He moaned and opened his mouth to its limits, wishing that Robert could somehow force his way all the way in.

It was pleasure and pain as he was held in place. Each thrust brought a tiny orgasm ripping through Chris' senses until there was nothing left to fire but the sharpness of empty balls. It only added to the heated submission and the fervent desire to feel Robert cum inside his mouth.

Robert grunted and gripped together. Each thrust picked Chris off his knees before it ended in a grunt. The swollen head smacked against the back of his throat and left a thick river of pre-cum to roll down his throat. Unused to the sensations, Chris gagged and gurgled which only fueled Robert's long, rough fucking.

Chris didn't know what to expect, but then his mouth was full of cum. The thick ropes splattered against the back of his throat and top of his mouth. It came in rivers that pooled around his tongue before dripping down.

An orgasm, the strongest he had experienced, tore through him as he felt Robert coming inside his mouth. His lips were a tight seal around the ridged shaft and the cum had only one way to go, down. Every dribble and surge scored along Chris' nerves as he held himself still. A reflexive swallow shook his body as he gulped down his boss' cum for the first time.

Soon, his stomach gurgled with the searing liquid. Robert's shaft wilted, leaving fresh pools of cum along Chris' tongue. He lapped at them, sucking lightly to get any left down the hole or along the shaft. he didn't know why, but he wanted to make sure the entire fat cock was glistening clean when it pulled out.

Robert shuddered. "Fuck, that was intense."

Mouth full, Chris could only try to smile across the thickness. He gulped and lapped at what he could, impaled on the shaft until Robert freed him.

Shaking himself, Robert pushed back and peeled Chris from his length. Every inch that slipped out was slick and shimmering. It also left an empty feeling inside his mouth as it escaped.

Robert's glans came out with a pop and then a few seconds later, the only thing connecting the two men was a single strand of saliva.

Chris panted and then kissed it away. He could feel it still on his lips when he looked up, wondering if there was more and terrified at the same time. His stomach was full of cum and his pants dripping with his own. Every inch of his skin was on fire, but the euphoria of the orgasm still hummed loudly in his ears.

Both men panted for a long moment. Dribbles of cum leaked from the corner of Chris' mouth and he used the back of his hand to wipe it off.

Finally, Chris broke the silence. "May I have the job, sir?"

Robert chuckled and held out his hand. His cock, limp against his pants, twitched for a moment. He held out his hand for Chris. "Fuck, yes. I think you're going to be perfect."

Chris took the hand and got to his feet. His pants were soaked with his own orgasm. He looked down and then stepped forward to ease Robert back into his pants.

"She always did that, you know," breathed Robert. "Did she tell you?"

Enjoying the feel of the swollen, sated shaft in his hand, Chris shook his head. "It feels right."

"It feels good."

"Yes," purred the slender man. "It felt really good."

Robert caught Chris' chin and tilted his gaze up. "I won't promise that it will always be this intense, but thank you. I'm sure Phyllis will tell you the rest of the things you'll need to know. You can start on Monday with your new position."

"On my knees?"

Robert grinned. "I like my coffee with one packet of that yellow sugar stuff and a dollop of cream."

"Yes, sir."

It took a few seconds to wipe off Chris' face and get the rest of the cum off his shirt. Together, the two men headed back for the reception area.

But, Phyllis was already gone, along with her boxes and belongings. Her desk was empty except for a single notebook and her computer.

"Wow," Robert said, "when she makes a decision, she makes a decision fast."

Chris whimpered. "What do I do?"

"Come in Monday, we'll figure it out. I'm sure she has notes." He smacked Chris on the ass. "Besides, you have the hard stuff already down."

Rolling his eyes at the pun, Chris smiled broadly. He could do this. It was already better than he thought it could ever be.

The Deal

4

A week later, Chris glanced at the clock and noticed it was almost one in the afternoon. He glanced up at the door leading into Robert's office and frowned. His boss had been on a conference call with the investors for almost two hours now, an hour past the estimated date.

He locked his computer and stood up. His outfit was decidedly different than the factory line overalls: a white-button down shirt, black tie, and black pants with polished shoes. The only difference was that he had dozens of replacements for everything. He learned that lesson after the first blow-jobs. Robert came a lot when he was excited and sometimes it was hard to keep it all in his mouth.

His cock twitched at the thought of that morning's pre-meeting face fuck. The back of his head was still sore from thumping against the desk, but the intensity of being slammed by the large-cocked man and his helplessness to stop Robert still curled his toes with pleasure. His boss was rough but powerful and Chris loved every moment of it.

Walking over to a water station, he got a pitcher of ice water before picking up his notebook and heading for the door. As he opened it, he could he hear Robert's strained voice drifting through.

"No, we've covered that with the inspections. The inspector said..."

As Robert continued to talk, Chris set the pitcher and notebook on a side table to close and lock the office door. One thing he learned was to be very careful when there was a chance Robert would be fucking him.

Gathering up his things, he padded across the room and refilled an empty glass.

Robert smiled at him and tapped the mute button. “Brandy, two fingers.”

Chris shook his head. “Not until after the call.”

“Phyllis always—”

“She always made you wait until the shift whistle. I read her notes.” Phyllis may have disappeared during Chris’ job interview, but she left very detailed notes on everything from how to keep the factory running to the keywords Robert used to indicate which hole he wanted to fuck. Remarkably, “dictation” wasn’t on any of the lists.

Robert scowled but then smiled. Shaking his head, he slammed on the mute button. “No, Chris forwarded you the inspection notices yesterday at—”

Chris mouthed the time.

“—ten fifteen. It had a subject...”

As Robert continued to rail on the phone, Chris glanced over the papers on his desk. The call was going through the last of the legal paperwork, but apparently there were some disagreements. Robert mentioned that he thought they were having second thoughts and the call just proved it.

Seeing his boss struggling, Chris knew what to do. Without making a sound, he slipped his thigh between Robert’s knee and his desk. Pushing gently, he indicated that Robert should back up.

Robert’s exhausted expression brightened as he obeyed.

Chris stepped in front of his boss and knelt down between his thighs. His head bumped softly against the desk before he settled into place, half under the desk and half in the Robert’s lap.

With a now practiced movement, he used his mouth to pull the zipper down and unbuckle the worn leather belt. It was one of Robert’s favorite ways of opening him and Chris could almost hear some of the tension slipping out of Robert’s voice as he managed to speak steadily on the speakerphone while having someone unzip him.

Chris felt comfortable between Robert’s thighs and even more with the large cock that quickly grew in his hand. Lifting his body so

his ass brushed against the desk, he tilted the cock to his mouth and swallowed the head.

It quickly grew, filling his mouth until he strained to keep it in his mouth. Chris held his breath and bobbed down, working it slowly further toward his throat. He wasn't in a hurry at that moment, Robert needed to relax, not to get off.

As his boss struggled on the phone, Chris worshiped his cock with his mouth. The claustrophobia under the desk, the pressure of the thighs around him, and even the knowledge that a single moan would ruin everything. It all added to the intensity of the moment and he sank into it, sliding up and down on the fat cock until it dripped with saliva and pre-cum.

Chris loved Robert's cock. He loved to feel it gagging his throat or driving into his ass. It was everything he wanted, hidden in a thin veneer of their position. To everyone in the factory, he had the shit job of keeping track of numbers and managing the boss from hell. But, behind the locked door, it was the powerful hands that gripped him as Robert slammed into his ass or the way he grabbed Chris, pushed him down to his knees, and proceeded to fuck his face.

Every day at work, nothing but pleasure and submission.

Grabbing Robert's cock with both hands, he pulled himself off the wonderful shaft and pressed it against his cheek. It would drip down to his shoulder and stain his shirt, but he didn't care. He had more in the drawer and a budget specifically to keep up appearances. But, he also knew that Robert loved to look down and see it against his face.

Lifting his gaze, he smiled at Robert. With his fingers, he squeezed gently.

Robert glanced down and then his smile grew. Reaching over, he tapped the mute button and whispered. "God, you're so fucking adorable." And then unmuted it to keep talking.

Chris beamed at the compliment and smeared the hot pre-cum over his face. He was rewarded with a surge of heat along the thick shaft. He opened his mouth and brought it to his mouth. Tilting his head, he mouthed it while looking into Robert's eyes.

Robert stared at him but kept speaking. It as a testament to his willpower that his breathing didn't change and he didn't moan even as Chris tried to deep-throat his entire length.

Time passed on, with the buzz of the speakerphone and conversation. Chris listened to the investors and lawyers working through every piece of paper and number.

The only fear Chris had was someone hearing the soft slurps of his mouth, but Robert pushed him back into the cavity of the desk and used it to mute the sounds. The confinement and darkness only focused Chris more on the massive cock.

He fondled Robert's balls, tracing along the delicate skin before using them to pull the shaft further into his mouth. He knew which touches would push him to an orgasm, but he held back. This was a long, slow blow-job, not a quick fuck.

Finally, it came down to a single point, a proof of profitability. The numbers that Robert provided didn't add up to the numbers the lawyers were using. The two numbers were almost a hundred thousand dollars off. And that money was the last thing that stopped the investors agreeing to fund the factory.

Chris listened as he worshiped Robert's cock, his mind idly following the words with every stroke that smeared more pre-cum along his face and throat. He loved the heated shaft against his lips and the way it lodged against the back of his throat; he could almost get it past the curve but the tight confines of his body were just too much to practice on such an important call. But, he also knew that Robert loved to feel it deep inside, so he bumped against the back of his throat with every stroke.

As he worked his face between Robert's balls, breathing in the musky smell, the number suddenly clicked. He knew where the difference came from. With a gasp, he lifted his head and wiped his face with the back of his arm.

A frown crossed Robert's face and he pulled back.

Slipping out, Chris lifted himself to peer over the desk. Using one dripping finger, he shifted through the pages until he found the paper. It was Phyllis' compensation, which wasn't listed under the payroll but under a variety of different codes and accounting line items. It was mostly under the table expenses, but when they were added up, they came to a rather large number. Flipping the page and ignoring the smear of pre-cum, he looked at the total. It was the same.

Silently, he handed the paper over to Robert.

Robert's thick fingers caressed along Chris' slick fingers before plucking the page. His eyes flicked back and forth as he read it.

Chris held his breath, waiting for a response.

Robert answered by reaching out, grabbing a handful of hair, and shoving Chris back to his cock.

Chris stifled a moan as he willingly opened his mouth and let Robert force him down on the shaft. The thick shaft pulsed in his mouth, straining his lips with the girth. He always loved the rush of helplessness when Robert took charge, when the powerful hand shoved him down roughly.

"Have you included the..." Robert flipped the page before he spoke again in a calm voice. "Special expenses line from last year? It's on schedule seventeen, line thirty-one through sixty-five. They were identified in the special addendum we sent you three days ago. Which was notarized by the auditor."

As the speaker grew silent, Robert tapped the mute button, gripped Chris' head with both hands, and then began to fuck his face with hard, brutal strokes.

Chris let himself moan loudly around the shaft, each noise punctuated by silence when the cock was driven into the back of his throat. He could feel it blocking his breath, filling his throat.

Robert rammed against Chris' limits, punching against the last bit of resistance before the slender man could finally deep throat his boss. It hurt from the impact, but the heat of the cock prying his mouth apart and the rush of submission turned the pain into an ecstasy.

Chris grabbed his own cock, stroking it through his trousers as he was driven down on the cock.

Thick rivers of drool and pre-cum poured out of his mouth, too much for him to keep off Robert's trousers. Like Chris, he kept spares, but it was a point of pride that Chris kept his boss neat and tidy. But, there was nothing he could do when he was being face-fucked.

A click was the only warning that the speaker was off mute. Robert grabbed Chris' head and shoved down, grinding his fat cock into Chris' straining lips. The cock was already at the back of his throat and the pressure ground against the burning ring of muscle.

Chris shuddered at the intensity. He was grateful that he had a lungful of air because Robert didn't let up on his hand.

Instead, his boss pushed harder as he listened to the lawyers ask questions about the items. They didn't understand why they were listed, or why an addendum that a secretary leaving the company would have such an impact on the bottom line.

Robert snapped as he answered, his grip on Chris' head tightening as he spoke in sharp sentences. With every word, the pressure build up and the cock began to force itself into Chris' throat.

Tears burned in Chris' eyes, but he didn't try to stop Robert. The intensity of the words and of the white-hot pleasure were too much. If he tapped the man's leg, he would relent, but to hear Robert take charge of the conversation was worth the asphyxiation and the feel of the fat cock finally invading his throat.

Robert's hand pushed down hard, grinding Chris on his cock. The swollen shaft grew thick and hot as it worked down the curve of Chris' neck. Dribbles of pre-cum tickled his throat before sliding into his gullet.

Chris forced his hands on his cock, in fears that he would stop Robert. He gagged on the shaft as it slid further into him. It was tight and hot. His jaw hurt, his knees hurt, and his throat hurt, but it was taking him. He was taking the wonderful cock of his boss. And it was his boss forcing it into him.

The realization set him off and he began to orgasm in his pants; he didn't wear underwear underneath his trousers. Advice he learned from Phyllis' notes.

With infinite slowness, the thick cock pushed past Chris' gag reflex. The force of it was unstoppable. Nothing he could do would even slow it from finally impaling him.

The only thing he could do was orgasm.

There was a pop deep in his mouth and then he sank down an inch on the thick cock. His jaw ached from keeping open, but an intense rush came as he inched closer to his goal, to press his lips against the curly hairs of his boss.

"Very well. We withdraw our concerns."

Robert gripped tightly and shoved down hard. The thick cock speared into Chris's throat and his face was driven down into the

thick patch of gray hair at Robert's base. The impact crushed Chris' nose, but it also brought an intense flash as he felt the large shaft buried deep in his throat and suffocating him.

It was too deep inside him, too strong and hard. It strained his limits. He tried to breathe but no air could escape the thick cock that impaled his throat. He trembled as he brought his dripping hand up to tap on Robert's thigh.

A ding came from the speaker.

Robert yanked Chris off his cock. The sensation of being withdrawn, the pressure easing in his suddenly aching throat, was almost as intense as the orgasm still burning through his veins. The first breath of air, wet and gasping, filled his lungs and he almost sobbed with the rush that came with it.

"That's it," whispered Robert, "just breathe."

Chris' eyes widened. "Speaker—"

"It's on mute." As if to answer, another ding of the electronic signature ran out. "Breathe, breathe." The tense voice had faded instantly into a tender rumble.

Chris sobbed again and took another breath. The ringing in his ears faded and the burn in his lungs passed away, leaving only the rawness in the back of his throat.

Robert's hand guided him down, not to impale his throat, but to pressed his cheek against the dripping shaft.

Chris looked at the towering length above him. "You didn't—"

He stopped as Robert reached over and hit the mute button. "Don't forget page ninety-three."

"Thank you," came the annoyed reply.

Chris quieted his breath and panted, not caring that he was covered in cum and saliva. He let the memory of his lips against Robert's base warm his thoughts. He never know that deep-throating would give such a rush, but he loved how it felt caught in the painfully tight confines of his throat.

"Mr. Chambers, your turn."

With one hand, Robert started to the sign the paper. With the other, he stroked Chris' cheek and held him against his cock. It was surreal, like Chris was nothing more than a pet.

Chris wanted to reach over to worship Robert's cock more, but the firm hand kept him in place. Smears of pre-cum coated his

cheek and added to the tears that came from his deep-throating. He smiled and just relaxed against the muscular thigh, happy that he helped seal the deal.

It was an eternity for the contracts to finished being signed and for everyone to say goodbye. Chris thought about what he needed to do: get fresh clothes for Robert, pour him his brandy, and then get dressed himself. He closed his eyes and gave the still-hard shaft a soft kiss as he prepared to serve his boss the second the call hung up.

A rapid fire set of beeps told him the conference call was over. The pressure on his head relented and Robert backed up.

Chris gripped the side of the desk as he stood up. "I'll get that brandy—"

Robert grabbed Chris' trousers and yanked it open. The zipper let out a crunch noise as Chris' cock jumped in the air. With a hard thrust, he jammed the trousers down toward the ground.

Stunned, Chris barely had time to register the cool air on his dripping balls before Robert grabbed his shoulder, spun him and around, and then shoved him against the desk. He managed to get his hands down to catch himself, but he still reeled at the sudden dominance.

He managed to gasp sharply and grip the desk as Robert forced one leg out of the trousers and kicked Chris' legs apart.

Chris' ass was thrust up in the air and his buttocks spread open by the sudden movement. It was fast, powerful, and needy.

Everything came into sharp focus when Robert ground the slick head of his cock against the tight ring of Chris' sphincter. The opening was already coated in Chris' cum; it dripped along his shaft and balls.

It wasn't tender pressure that impaled Chris' ass, but a hungry thrust that impaled half of the dripping length into the clenching hole. The flash of penetration, magnified by his dazed condition, tore another gasp from Chris' throat.

Robert grabbed Chris' hips, his large thumbs pulling his buttocks apart. With a groan, he yanked his cock almost out of the tight hole and drove it deeper in.

Chris mewed out with pleasure as Robert began to pound his ass. No gentle strokes, no letting him get used to being filled by

something so hard. It only took four stokes before Robert was thrusting his entire length into Chris.

Flushed with the power that Robert had over him, Chris could only grip the desk and cry out. Papers flew with every stroke, the heavy desk shifted as the impact of Robert's hips met with Chris' ass.

The thick girth that impaled him rubbed against all of his nerves, sensitive from the long blow job. His breath came out in a rush when the cock felt like it was punching his lungs. His entire world became nothing more than a sheath for his boss' lust. He could feel the swollen head as it slid easily along his tunnel, bumping against his prostate before filling him balls-deep with hardness.

Chris' cock surged to life, but it was crushed against the top of the desk. And he didn't care. The speakerphone dug into his stomach, but it was nothing compared to the pleasure of being dominated by his boss' cock.

The sound of scraping wood, slurping cocks, and grunts filled the office. The smell of sex filled the air, punctuated by the impact of Robert's balls against his own. Each thrust crushed Chris against the table. He pushed back to meet the impact, straining to get more of the hardness inside him.

Robert's hand gripped Chris' hair and he pulled back. His cock exploded inside him with a heated liquid that seemed to pour, not spurt, inside his bruised insides. The flood of cum kept coming, pulse after pulse, until Chris swore he could taste it in the back of his throat.

It just kept coming, filling his insides with liquid pressure. The twitches along the length vibrated through the rest of his body.

Chris' cock surged of its own, splattering cum against the front of desk and on the carpet. He barely felt it as he writhed on the desk, lost in an orgasm and ruining papers in a desperate attempt for purchase along the wood.

Robert groaned and released Chris. Shuddering, he pulled back and his cock slipped out of the gaping hole.

Chris let out a soft whimper of need, the formerly filled space in his body suddenly empty. He wanted it back, once the swimming sensation faded and his orgasm stop trembling his body.

The tension in his legs fled and he slipped off the desk, landing on the ground with a content, shuddering gasp. He managed to keep on his knees, but barely.

Cum poured out of his ass and pooled on the carpet.

Chris panted as he stared at the desk. Shuddering from the fading pleasure and smiling from the submission that pushed him over the edge.

Robert reached over and pulled him close. "Good job."

Chris slumped back, the limp cock of his boss resting on his shoulder. A content smile crossed his lips. "Do you want that brandy now, sir?"

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

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