

Chapter 827

"It is nothing new," I snickered. "After all, I've been working with you for a whole week." This insult was compounded by the other five girls snickering at the jest. Aya didn't get it and Katrina was undoubtedly laughing on the inside.

WwW.n(ov)elworm.côM

"I'm going to get you," Fabiola ground her teeth.

"Come on," I sighed to Fabiola, "it was a joke meant to give a little levity before charging off to your days."

"Well, don't mock me," Fabiola snapped.

"But it is so easy," Paula giggled. Fabiola turned on her.

"Enough," Katrina demanded gracefully. She handed out assignments and the group departed. Aya had my job from yesterday. She also had Katrina's Nerf gun. Seconds after the first incoming bolt, Aya decided she loved working at Havenstone. After my fellow Executive Services sisters discovered that I had a secondary gunner, they began to triple team us in true Amazon fashion.

Aya countered by building a fort using sofa cushions. She'd also scamper out and round up spent darts every time her work queue was filled. To change things up, and gain a lesson in simple tactics, Aya would move furniture around the office. When a woman, or women, would pop in to shoot me, Aya would shoot at them from an ambushing angle.

wwW.©℧(v)(e)(1)WôRM.ôôm

Honestly, for a warrior culture, these ladies were remarkably fooled by a pile of towels on Katrina's sofa - hiding a miniature sniper. Lunch came by way of Buffy and Dora. I had a feeling that Buffy was still stung by Daphne's betrayal. Watching Aya try to stare down Buffy was both amusing and a tad chilling. I was going to have to do something about her frustration.ww©.n(ov)elworm.côM

After Katrina released us, I pleaded with Desiree to entertain her niece - Aya, while I went to grab a few drinks with 'the guys'. The club they chose screamed overly-pretentious, overly-privileged and insanely over-priced. I didn't have the Class Ring, or Mummy/Daddy's bank account to go to a place like this. I had a sudden unsettling feeling.

I double-checked my bank account. I had around two grand squirreled away when I got the job with Havenstone and I knew that cache had to be running dry. I checked it and I had over five grand. Unless banks had radically altered interest rates, somebody was propping me up financially. Barring a rich girlfriend, I had a rich girl friend. Every guy I knew and liked was as poor as me.

I hobbled in on my crutches, drawing some stares. No one called out, or recognized me, so the general snobbish assumption was that I was a person who didn't 'fit in'. A few more hobbles forward and the looks began to change. My suit was tailored, I was an impressive physical specimen and exuded a charisma that implied 'eminently fuckable'.

Felix, Trent and Brian were polite enough to turn my way though they didn't call out. They hadn't grabbed a side booth, or a place at the bar. No, we had a table sans chair in the middle of the place because I had a bum leg and crutches - sadistic fuck-nuts. My first introduction was almost comical.

"Hey, Jared, isn't it?" some stranger tapped my shoulder.

wwW.(n)OvêLwOrM.c(o)m

Did he know me? No. His current female work-in-progress had noticed me and kept noticing me so he was playing the humiliation game. Fake intro - 'shocked' I wasn't who he thought I was - the revelation I wasn't from a Top Ten school - belittle me to his potential lady.

"No, Jared was my brother," I sighed. "You didn't know? He died in a jet-ski accident three weeks ago. Where you two close?"

"Ah..." dumbass stuttered.

"I am sorry to hear about your loss," the girl spoke up. "Were you and your brother close?" She had a Columbia ring, three years back on a gold chain around her neck.

"He was my twin," I mumbled. I leaned against our table and turned away (masking my grief it could be assumed).

She left Dumbass' table and came over to mine. By the looks of my three buddies, they were floored. In less than one minute, I had my arm around a stacked, pretty redhead who was rubbing her hands over my chest. My plan crystalized. I had to let someone bump into me, grunt in pain then have this nice lady - Nicole - take me to the rest rooms.

Once in that back hallway, it was a stumble and a bump into a stall in the ladies room and a quick sexual encounter. A junior corporate lawyer named Stevenson provided the catalyst. He was more apologetic to Nicole, but she was getting angrily maternal over me, my pain and grief. She blew Stevenson off and helped me to the restroom area.

Of course, I was 'sure' I could take care of everything by myself. Two stumbles later, she was insisting she take me to the men's room. I argued with her rather firmly. She couldn't come with me. After all, there were usually only one or two stalls and I didn't want to embarrass her. Nicole's inspiration was to take me to the women's room where there were plenty of stalls.

I begged her to let me go into the stall alone - despite my obvious discomfort and agony. She overrode my concerns and joined me. She took off my pants, my cock sang out 'hallelujah' and Nicole was mesmerized. I told her I found her attractive and hadn't had sex in a while. Nicole began administering a blowjob.

There were no 'uh's and 'ah's. That would be selling it in the wrong direction. I went the other way. I gritted my teeth and made as little noise as possible. When she finally broke down and asked if what she was doing felt good. I hissed out a 'yes' then explained how I didn't want to embarrass her with my vocalizations.

The resulting victorious smile and follow-up question were foregone conclusions. "Yes, I did have a condom". The girl wasn't stupid. She didn't ask me if I wanted to have sex. I had her where I wanted her - wanting sex - and she knew I wanted her. Clothes were lain over the toilet seat - the floors looked clean but still - and we got down to business.

Once Nicole decided she wanted intercourse, I took over. I had her one knee on the toilet, one leg on the floor and both hands against the back of the stall wall while I thrust into her from behind. She was huffing like a steam locomotive as I was pistoning into her gushing depths. Unable to do cunnilingus this time, I continuously wedged two fingers into the tight intrusion of my cock pumping her pussy and pulled out two coated digits.

At first, I noisily sucked them clean. Nicole figured out what I was up to and wanted in on the action, licking her own vaginal fluids off my fingers. Her first climax had her hissing like a pit of vipers and beating one fist against the porcelain wall tiles.

In the interim, with a bit of friendly finger play, I had discovered Nicole was a fully accessible sex partner. I let my cock slowly withdraw, rubbing her vaginal walls in all the right places as I did. I was setting her up for the surprise. I pressed my large, pulsing cockhead against her sphincter and started pushing in sans preparation on her part.

"Too much?" I whispered. Yes it was. We both knew it. This was a sexual gauntlet I was tossing down. How vigorous was she willing to go? Nicole was a hard-charging, go-getter for who life was a series of challenges. My words weren't an act of compassion - they were a dare. She could back out, or she could take my sizable rod up her unprepared butthole.

"Don't hold anything back," she gasped. We twisted, turned our necks as far as possible and entered a deep, tongue twisting kiss. In the midst of that, I began pushing in. Nicole was no anal virgin; that was a certainty. Equally certain was the pain she was going through as I drove all the way down. Her rectum was stretched out, her hips and buttocks were trembling and she was sweating up a storm.

She was in pain and loving it. Not out of some masochistic fit, but because she'd confronted a personal test and triumphed. All the while, we remained lip-locked. I soaked up her moans of pleasure, groans of pain and the combination of both when I was done. Only when I completed her anal penetration, did I relax my pressure and let her adjust.