

J.M. Snyder

WORKING MAN

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Makin' Copies

Aspen Mountain Press

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I'm at the water cooler, listening to Kevin's story of how he fought off a horde of housewives for the last TMX Elmo in Toys 'R Us, when I hear my name bellowed from the boss's office. "Johnson!"

The few co-workers near me scatter. I wonder if I can slink away to my desk and pretend I didn't hear when Mr. Sanford yells out again. "Johnson! In my office, now!"

"It was nice knowing you," Kevin says as I toss my cup into the trashcan. I know all too well what this must be about—the office Christmas party last Friday night. *God!* Kevin claps a hand on my back like a nail hammered into my coffin. "The Rich-Meister, caught makin' copies."

"Shut up," I mutter. With my head down, I move through the cubicles in our small office like a man going to the gallows. Ahead Mr. Sanford's door is open and I can see him sitting behind his desk, his movie-star good looks warring with the intense blaze of hatred in his eyes. He's found out then, I know he has—someone mentioned it in passing, or maybe they narced on me deliberately, who knows? Who cares? Somehow he knows about the copier and that's it, I'm fired. Day before Christmas Eve, too. *Fuck.*

I glance at his secretary as I pass but the smirk she gives me isn't sympathetic. "You're dead," she mouths. Though she holds the phone to her ear, I know she's talking to me.

Stepping into his office, I figure the best course of action is to play dumb. Pretend it wasn't me, or say I don't remember it, I was too drunk. That's mostly true...stopping in front of my boss's cherry wood desk, I swallow past the lump of fear in my throat and squeak, "Yes?"

Shit. I even *sound* guilty. Clearing my throat, I try again. "Mr. Sanford, yes." Then, realizing that's not a question, I add, "You wanted to see me?"

"Johnson," he says, his booming voice filling the room around me and rolling out into the hall, where I'm sure my co-workers hang on his every word.

There's a manila folder on his desk, dead center, all by itself. The way he clasps his hands over it tells me that whatever I'm in here for is documented in it. I stare at those tanned hands with their well-manicured fingernails and wonder if this is going to be long and painful or quick and easy. *Just fire me already,* I want to say, but I'm too scared of my boss to speak to him in that way, or any other way. I can't even look him in the face, this close. Suddenly I'm seven years old and waiting in the principal's office for the shit to hit the fan.

"Johnson," he says again, his voice slightly lower this time.

My gaze flickers up from his hands to glance over his face—he has rugged looks, craggy features that remind me of Harrison Ford or Sean Connery, one of those leading movie men now slightly past their prime. He's old enough to be my father, Mr. Sanford is, and a hard life of tough business decisions has grayed his hair at the temples. His skin has gotten so much sun over the course of his life that he sports a perennial tan, his face, hands and neck darkened and crisscrossed with smooth, fine lines.

When I first met the man, I thought him attractive, with a sparkling grin, quick laugh and strong handshake that I can still feel. But my childish crush died the minute I signed the employment paperwork.

He's a hard man to work for, with high standards that half of the employees in his firm fail to meet. I've been here six months and still feel my position is a balancing act—the turnover is so high in some departments, they don't bother to get business cards printed until you've been here at least a year.

This December's the first month no one's been let go since I've been here.

Yet.

Resisting the urge to wipe my sweaty palms off on my slacks, I ask,
"Yes...?"

"Have a seat," Mr. Sanford says, interrupting me. He motions to the overstuffed leather chair, the only place to sit that isn't behind his desk. Like a puppet whose strings are cut, I plop down onto the edge of the chair. A look of irritation flickers across his face. Fingering the folder, he shakes his head sadly. "Johnson, Johnson, Johnson."

"Yes." With a nod, I confirm that's me. The triple-name play — *not* a good sign. Now that he can't see my hands, I smooth them down the front of my pants. I suspect he wants me to ask about the folder, so I don't. If he's going to prolong the agony for me, I don't have to roll over and *take* it.

Without a word, he passes it to me. I know I'm just another lowly peon to him, some upstart kid in the advertising department, so unimportant he has to call me *Johnson* because he doesn't remember my first name. So when he tells me, "Take a look in there for me," I know it's not some impending business decision he wants me to review, or a major campaign he wants my opinion on, because that's not who I am to him.

This is the end of my career at Sanford and Associates, LLC. With a mix of trepidation and fear, I take the folder and hold it in my lap.

I don't want to look inside.

As if he wants to give me some privacy, he stands and comes around from behind his desk. Past me, to close the door. That small gesture alone tells me this might get nasty. The moment he's out of view, I open the folder and grimace at the first of several black and white photocopies staring back at me.

Someone's ass, flattened against the copier's glass. My ass.

Shit.

Behind that, another image of my butt — somehow, copies of my nether regions had seemed so much funnier on Friday night, especially with a half a

bottle of Mad Dog-laced eggnog swirling through my system. Quickly I leaf through the pages, and see the worst of it. *God.*

The next image is also black and white and crystal clear – a copy of my dick, my hands pressing it flat against the glass.

After that, another shot of my dick, just a fraction of an inch off from the first picture so I can tell this is a different image. Thumbing through the pictures is almost like looking at one of those children's flipbooks where a drawing on the bottom of each page changes slightly and almost seems to move when riffled. With each copy my cock lengthens, hardening – from the drink, or the exposure, or maybe I was playing with myself as I ran off the copies, I can't remember. The folder is full of shots of my ass and dick, and by the next to the last page, my hard erection lies across the length of the copier glass, my balls now in the picture, squished and ready for their close-up.

Kill me now. *Please.*

Despite the fact that I'm in deep shit here, looking at these pictures turns me on. Cheap porn, enough to go around. Want more? I can make copies...I wonder how bad it would be if I asked to keep the images. I mean, if he's planning to fire me anyway, I could at least post these on my blog.

The last copy is the one that seals my fate, I just know it. Yeah, Xeroxing my ass wasn't the brightest of plans, but I had to take it a step further, as this last image shows. Instead of just sitting on the copier, I vaguely recall spreading my ass cheeks wide and *then* flouncing down. So this final picture shows my fingers holding my buttocks open to give my small, tight asshole its moment in the spotlight. My balls dangle at the edge of the image as if trying to crash the party. God, it looks like *that*? The skin dark and puckered, one of my fingers pointing as if drawing attention to it.

Leaning down over the back of my chair, Mr. Sanford's voice is dangerously low as he purrs, "Would you take a look at that?"

I can explain, I think, but the thing is, I can't think of one word in my defense so I stay mum. Mr. Sanford is so close behind me that I can smell his

aftershave, something tingly and sharp, something *manly*, and it's not helping. My heart pounds in my chest, the skin across my temples constricts, my crotch is *throbbing*...how can I suddenly want someone who terrifies me so?

Pointing past me to the picture in my lap, Mr. Sanford taps the paper and beneath that, the budding erection that strains the front of my slacks. "Such a *virginal* picture," he breathes—who knew he could talk so softly when it suited him? I half-turn towards him and close my eyes as I breathe in his scent. "Don't you think so, Johnson? Look at how *clenched* those muscles are. A man could almost feel their tightness drawing him in."

A strangled noise comes from my throat. "Look at this," Mr. Sanford is saying, and I obey because I don't know what else to do. The buffed tip of his forefinger traces the outline of my asshole in the picture as if he's rimming me. "Such a delicious image," he murmurs, his voice breathy in my ear. "An ass like this practically begs to be entered. Do you know whose it is?"

Mine, I think, but my hands tremble where they grip the folder and I'm sure my voice will sound just as shaky, so I don't answer. Mr. Sanford's finger trails down the photo, below my crack to my balls, then taps a tiny spot on the underside of my left testicle. "Nice beauty mark."

Hoping to salvage something of my pride, I stutter, "Maybe it's a...a...a spot on the uh, copier, or something. You think?"

I turn to find Mr. Sanford's face mere inches from mine. I can count every fold in the corner of his eye, every pore on his nose, every bristle of hair that's begun to grow since he shaved this morning. I want to swallow and don't dare. I want to breathe and can't. If I licked my lips, my tongue would probably touch his mouth. And I thought he was intimidating before? *Jesus*.

"Um," I start, but it comes out sounding like a whimper so I don't follow it with anything else.

Those pale eyes assess me, so cool, so collected, so *calculating*. What's going on behind them? What does he think? In a whisper, I tell him, "I can explain."

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One tufted eyebrow shoots up. "What's there to explain?"

This isn't me, I want to lie, and I even open my mouth with those words on the tip of my tongue, when he interrupts me.

"Aren't these pictures yours?"

Numbly, I nod. He taps the paper again like he's knocking at the fly of my slacks. *Come in*, I think wildly. I know he has to feel my erection. A few scant folds of fabric and paper are all that separate his hand from my crotch.

"So," he says, his voice intimate. "Is this a spot on the copier? You tell me."

"No," I sigh. "It's a freckle, I think—I've never seen it but I've felt it often enough, a small raised bump on the back of my...um..." *Damn.*

Quickly Mr. Sanford flips through the other pictures to the one of my hard cock and mashed balls. "And this is you, too?" he asks. His thumb trails along the photocopy until he finds the same beauty mark. With a sharp look my way, he wants to know, "You didn't increase the magnification any, did you?" At my slight frown, he explains, "On the copier. This is your natural length?"

I nod again. "Mr. Sanford, really—"

He leans closer, the hand in my lap knocking the folder aside. The pictures flutter to the floor as his fingers close over the bulge in my slacks.

"Mr. Sanford," I gasp, but whatever I mean to say after that is silenced when his mouth presses against mine in a rough kiss.

His lips are hard, his tongue demanding its way into my mouth. Of their own accord, my hands rise to touch his face—his skin is so much smoother than it appears, his hair fine and still slightly damp from his morning shower. I slide down a little into the chair, opening my legs to the hand that paws at my lap. When he finally pulls away from me, I'm left shaking and weak.

"Mr. Sanford," I try again.

"Call me Mike." He stands and runs a hand through his hair, settling it back into place.

"Mike," I breathe. The word tapers off into a laugh I try to muffle by

covering my mouth with the back of my hand. "I was sure you were going to fire me."

He comes around the chair to lean against his desk. The zipper of his Italian slacks is open, the tip of his dick peering out at me. "I could still fire you," he tells me, an unreadable expression on his face. With a nod at the papers scattered at our feet, he adds, "I've got plenty of evidence, Johnson. It's your call. I wouldn't coerce you, but..."

He trails off, leading me along.

"But what?" I ask. *And how do we get back to where we were a moment ago? I want to know. Your hand on my cock, your mouth on mine.*

"Show me that beauty mark of yours," he says, his voice low. My blood races, flooding my dick. "I'm not saying sleep with me to keep your job," Mr. Sanford – Mike – points out, "but I don't see any harm in both of us getting something out of this, do you? Unless you're not interested..."

I love how he says it, like he could go either way but if I'm up for it...and Lord knows, I'm up. Scrambling out of the chair, I unzip my slacks and shuck them down unceremoniously. I turn towards the chair as I tug my briefs down, exposing my now-famous ass. I raise one knee and am about to climb into the chair when I feel warm hands on my inner thighs, then Mr. Sanford spreads me wide. "God," I moan as his fingers strum between my buttocks, finding the puckered hole at my center. He helps me into the chair and I kneel in the seat, ass in the air, the leather armrest pressed to the side of my face. When his hot tongue licks over my fevered skin, I have to bite into the armrest to keep from crying out.

With one hand working at his open zipper, Mr. Sanford rims my trembling hole, nipping playfully with his teeth. Saliva trickles down the hidden flesh between my ass and cock and he licks it away. Opening wide, he takes my balls into his mouth from behind, his breath cooling the paths down which he's tasted me. Then he's between my legs, below my balls, his tongue stretching out to lick at my hard length.

"Please," I sob.

Beneath my mouth, the leather has grown damp and warm, pliant, the smell so animalistic that it makes me want to hump the chair if I have to, anything at this point to get off.

Flexing my buttocks, I reach down to stroke my cock and find him in the way. He takes one of my fingers into his mouth, sucking it, then catches my cock between his lips and I feel his shoulders against the back of my thighs as he trails down my length in search of the tip. Blindly I touch his face, my fingers slipping into his ear before finding his mouth. I push down my cock, angling the tip towards him, and when he finally takes me in, I almost come from the heat and the wetness.

A few strong pulls—I'm surprised, a guy his age with suction like that, *damn*—and he lets me slip free. Standing again, his hands on my lower back, he licks the crack of my ass, his tongue finding its way over my skin to the tight hole I know he wants to fill.

"Fuck me," I say, just because it sounds dirty and vulgar.

When I glance at him over my shoulder, I catch a glimpse of the two of us in the window behind his desk. We're a dozen stories in the air, no fear of discovery, but the tempered glass shows us as dark afterimages, my butt in the air and his face buried in my ass. "Mr. Sanford," I gasp, then, "Mike. Fuck me already, *please*."

Needing no further prompting, he drops his pants—I hear the jingle of change as the slacks hit the floor. There's a breathless moment when he's no longer touching me that makes me look back again, but he's just working his own hard length before he pulls on a lubricated condom. For an old man, he is *built*—his balls hang low and tempting, and his cock stands up from a whorl of kinked gray curls that I want to nuzzle. *Later*, I promise myself. Now I want him in me. "Mike—"

That's as far as I get before he's easing into me, his thick shaft spreading me wide as he thrusts in. Past the first ring of muscle, deeper inside, delving into

me until I feel the tip of his dick in the very center of my being. I come immediately and then settle in for the rest of the ride.

His hands hold my hips, guide me back to him, and soon we find a hot, steady rhythm that drives me into the chair, ass bumping against him as he thrusts in further, harder, faster. All that separates us from the working world is one thin door.

If Mr. Sanford didn't have such a volatile personality, his secretary could walk in at any moment, or buzz his desk. The danger of discovery excites me as much as the man behind me, making me hard again, getting me off a second time. My juices slick the leather – at least it's not suede, it shouldn't stain – and when he comes, he shouts my name like an angry roar. "*Johnson!*"

I know the whole office heard *that*.

My co-workers are probably placing bets on how long I'll be given to pack up and leave after this little 'discussion,' but suddenly I know my position with the company has changed. I suspect there are many more of these closed-door sessions in my future here at Sanford and Associates, LLC. Maybe quite a few late nights, too. Maybe weekends. Any sacrifice for the good of the firm, isn't that the businessman's motto?

He slips from me and I turn around in the chair, my hip in a cooling pool of my own jism. My legs tangle over the armrest and he runs a hand up my inner thigh to touch the freckle or whatever the hell it is on the underside of my nuts. "I think we need more of these...review meetings," he tells me. "What do you think, Johnson? Every few days work for you?"

Running a hand through my hair to push it from my face, I smell sex and aftershave and wonder what it'll be like now I can actually look *forward* to coming to work. I catch his hand in mine and half-sit up, half-pull him down to claim a kiss. When his tongue parts my lips, my cock twitches with renewed interest. Against his firm mouth, I murmur, "I think I can pencil you in."

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