



Payback
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Payback

They say payback's a bitch.

Stella couldn't have agreed more as she slid her hand over her boss' crotch to jack him off. They were in the middle of a video conference meeting with some bigwigs from the corporate headquarters when Stella exacted her revenge.

Ray, her boss, was startled at her initiation, but he couldn't do anything about it. The camera was focused solely on him as he delivered the company's quarterly report. His hands froze in midair; his voice strangled in his throat. On the huge screen across the table, Mr. Imakita, the godfather of the bigwigs, asked Ray if he was okay. With all the grace he could muster, Ray cleared his throat. "I'm fine, Sir. I apologize..."

Stella fought hard not to smile, schooling her face to look concerned and then shifting her attention back to her notepad, pretending to scribble something important. Meanwhile, under the desk, she managed to unzip Ray's fly. She knew her boss, sharp dresser that he was, had an odd habit of going commando, which on this occasion suited her evil plot just fine. Ray's cock twitched, saying hello back to her. Ray stiffened, his jaws clenched and his voice strained as he recited some numbers to their bosses. And when Stella scooped his cock and gave him some gentle, loving squeezes, Ray coughed to obscure his whimper.

She stole a glance at him. Her boss was starting to sweat. Under the desk, his cock was standing proudly at full attention like a soldier ready for battle. She couldn't

see him directly, but judging from the way he felt, Ray was huge by a cock aficionado's standard. He was thick and very responsive. Truly a cock primed to blow. Too bad it was attached to an asshole of a man, the man who had made her life miserable for the past five months.

Since Ray had taken over his father's position, Stella's life had been a living hell. He complained about her performances, micro managing every task, and he even criticized the way she dressed — too slutty for a secretary, he'd said. She had bad taste in fashion, and everything else. Stella told herself she could handle the insults — she loved her job. But when she'd overheard him talk to the HR manager about letting her go a couple of days ago, she'd decided it was time for payback. If she had to go after eight faithful years with the company, she might as well go with a bang.

Stella clasped her hand on the base of his cock and gave him long, languid strokes. Ray cleared his throat again and still couldn't do anything. With more than twenty high-ranked executives on the other end who were watching his every move, Ray was trapped. He had to endure her torture until they finished this meeting. Ray shifted on his seat, his spine creaking. His granite-hard erection throbbed in her hand, hot, pulsating with its own life.

Time to kick up the game a notch. Stella ran her hand over his magnificent length, captured his cockhead and brushed her thumb over his opening. Precum leaked in her hand. His cock shivered. Ray whimpered.

"What were you saying again on the Callhourn's account, Mr. Ellis?" Mr. Imakita responded to Ray's whimpers.

Her boss looked flushed. "We have an agreement with Callhourn's legal department. They will take care their outstanding balance, Sir. I think we no longer need to pursue this matter in court."

Stella looked up to Imakita. The Big Boss looked pleased. "Very well, continue."

Swallowing her amusement, Stella clasped Ray's cock harder and gave him fast, rapid strokes. She wanted to see him come in front of these important people. She wanted to see him humiliated. A perfect revenge.

Ray swallowed hard, his voice shaky. His cock pulsed heavily in her hand. Stella sped up her pace. Ray tensed, fidgeting. She pumped him harder, faster. Sweat rolled down from Ray's temple even though the conference room was cold. He looked as if he was tethered at the edge of his self-control.

Come already, Stella thought as her pumping went ballistic.

Ray dropped the paper in his hand, then clawed the table. His nails made a screeching noise.

Come on, come on...

Ray coughed again. His rock-hard cock felt ready to burst. His body tensed. His speech turned into a mumble. Stella knew the signs. She pumped faster. Anytime now...

"Fire!" Ray choked.

What the fuck...

"Pardon me?" Imakita sounded puzzled. Twenty executives on the screen also looked puzzled.

“Fire alarm. You have to excuse me, sir.” Ray slammed his fingers on the keyboard furiously, closing the connection of the video conference’s feed. He wrenched Stella’s hand from his cock and pinned her against the table. “What the fuck are you doing?”

Stella rolled her eyes. “Does it look like it needs more explanation?”

Ray gritted his teeth. “But, why?”

“Payback’s a bitch. I know you’re going to fire me. I’m glad I won’t be working for an asshole like you anymore.”

Ray let go of Stella’s hand and sank in his chair. “I’m sorry if I’ve been too hard on you.”

“Too hard?” Stella fumed. “You’re an insufferable piece of sh-”

“I’m attracted to you. I’ve been for a long time. I can’t do my job around you. You’re the only thing I can think of. Day and night, especially when you’re near me. I can’t ask you out since you have a boyfriend... I’d figure if I made your working environment uncomfortable, eventually you would resign. But I was wrong...”

Stella’s anger vanished in instant. So, this was what the fuss was all about? “I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“Say again?”

“Trent is my cousin. He likes being chummy in public.”

Ray stared at her like a sugar addict who had been presented with an unexpected cupcake. “Well, if that’s the case... ” Stella yelped. Ray grabbed her out of her chair and

lifted her onto the table. He pinned her with his muscular body as he shoved her legs apart. "Let's finish our business then."

She wanted to protest, but Ray muffled her objection with a starving kiss. Stella melted. Heat pooled in the juncture of her thighs. Ray's hand was on her panties, and like magic, they were gone in a blink. He was inside her a heartbeat later.

"Fuck!" Stella gasped.

"Yeah, I think this is what they called it darling, fucking."

Ray's cock swelled in her depths, so furiously large, alien, but very welcome. She creamed from the assault, her pussy clasped desperately on his hungry shaft. He pulled back slowly, almost to his cockhead. Slammed back balls deep — almost as slowly as if he wanted to relive the initial penetration. Third stroke. Fourth. Stella swooned. The pleasure made her toes curl.

Ray shoved her skirt up to her hips and draped her leg on his shoulder as if he ventured for deeper penetration. Stella lost her breath, tightening the walls of her cunt. Ray swore. He lost his restraint from the impact and lunged to her, pummeling, thrusting, slamming animalistically like a beast who just answered his primal instinct. She moaned, the ecstasy felt so wicked in a body full of endorphins. Stella grabbed his shoulders, bracing against the forceful impact of his jack-hammering thrusts.

"Babe," Ray called her as he battered her pussy with a series of vicious fucks, brutalizing her to the point that Stella could feel only fire, could see only stars, immaculate, white and pure. She soared to the sky. Free.

Orgasm claimed her like a jealous mistress.

Hard. Long. And mind-blowing.

When she crashed back into the earth, she found Ray was staring at her with a wicked smile plastered on his face. His cock was still hard inside her, rigid and unspent. She flopped on the table, wondering what it would take for this guy to come.

"You didn't?" she asked him.

"You can't possibly finish me this fast. I love fucking. I could go on and on and on, just like that bunny battery."

Stella laughed. "If you weren't such an expert cocksman, I'd called this sexual harassment."

"So, sue me, Princess."

"Am I still going to be fired?"

"Yes."

"You're a fucking asshole!"

"Sssh." Ray kissed her lips. "For good reason. I can't have my fiancée working for me. Too much distraction."

"Fiancée?"

"Well, let's see, I have my dick inside you, and you feel so fucking good. I want you like this every night and I don't see why we shouldn't go all the way."

Stella was baffled. She didn't expect this whole thing to turned out like this. Ray was a good catch. An excellent catch, in fact. A perfect body, handsome face with soulful eyes that could melt you with one look. Killer smile too. Now that she knew the

reason he'd being a jerk all this times, she could forgive him. But still, she didn't feel like surrendering just yet. "What if I don't want to be your fiancée?"

Ray narrowed his eyes. Lips pouted. "Then I just turn the camera on so Imakita and our bosses at headquarters can see what we're doing."

Stella groaned.

Payback was a bitch — if it didn't backfire.

About the Author:

Lizzie Lynn Lee was a guitarist, receptionist, executive assistant, tarot reader, boutique owner and graphic artist before she discovered writing is her dream job. The advantage is she can do it in her pajamas and socks. She's an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, book worm, digital enthusiast and a night owl since most of her stories were done in the wee hours of the morning because of her caffeine-induced insomnia. These days she still plays her guitar whenever she gets bored, staring at her computer's screen or plotting the most elaborate scheme of world domination. Fortunately, she has a chronically short attention span.

She loves to hear back from her readers, so drop her a line at:

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