

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



## **Catcalling Catherine**

*Cheryl Dragon*

Call it a compliment. Call it offensive. The whistles and shouts of hot, young construction workers have become Catherine's latest sexual obsession. To protect her professional reputation, Catherine uses a service to fulfill her blue-collar fantasy and the two men hired for the job, complete with hard hats and hard-ons, do it just right. Problem solved – or so she thought.

One fantasy isn't enough for Tony. Catherine failed to recognize him as part of the crew who remodeled her office. After the best sex of his life, he wants more—their combined fantasies with no services, no secrets. Anywhere, anytime and anything she wants, if she can handle a little reality in her fantasy life.

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Catcalling Catherine

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# *CATCALLING CATHERINE*

Cheryl Dragon

## **Chapter One**

Walking back to her office building with her lunch, Catherine enjoyed the warm summer sun. New York had fabulous weather today and she ignored the noisy traffic and construction. Luckily she wasn't walking with a judge or legal colleague. It was inevitable.

The hooting and whistling from the construction workers began as soon as she was in sight and continued after she'd passed by. Catherine had worked hard to make partner at the prestigious old law firm Archibald and Whitney. At forty-four she'd achieved her career goals and wasn't about to let harassing men keep her from a nice day. Still, she'd learned not to conduct any work walking by construction workers.

She simply pressed her lips together and looked away. Ice queen, an unoriginal nickname around the firm, but she took pride in it. The only female partner, she hadn't slept her way to the top. She'd won her cases and worked hard. Professional was professional and anything personal remained completely separate. When in doubt, she did what a man would do and beat them at their own game.

When she entered the building, Catherine relaxed a bit. Once in her thirtieth floor office, she felt in charge again. The dark wood and marble desk, the huge windows and the legal admins who feared her...this was her element.

Still the dirty comments of sweaty and muscled men hung in her mind. Her body reacted completely opposite to her mind. The tingling of arousal had to be ignored in favor of work.

Unwrapping her sandwich, Catherine spotted her admin peeking in the slightly open door. Catherine waved Sara in. "It's beautiful outside. Go get some air." The only downside of her office was the huge windows didn't open.

"I need to study. Maybe I should try it outside?" The pretty young woman smiled. "Here are your messages."

"Thanks. I'm not sure you'd get any actual studying down with those construction workers. I don't know what they think will happen, making all that noise."

"You let them get to you. Just smile, put your ear buds in and act like you can't hear them. They do it for the reaction." Sara shrugged.

"They're not children." Catherine wanted to be outraged but the image of many of them, shirtless but for the bright safety vests, wet her sexual appetite. The hard hats. The sunglasses. The muscles.

"Catherine? Hello?" Sara snapped her fingers. "You okay? Maybe you got too much sun. You work too hard. Take half a day off."

Shaking off the fantasy, Catherine bit into her sandwich. "I'm fine. It's humid out there."

"Okay, I'm going to the coffee shop downstairs. Want anything?"

"Caramel coffee. Iced. Thanks." Catherine handed over some cash and tried to focus on the messages Sara left.

As soon as the door closed, Catherine pulled out her private cell phone. All summer with these construction workers would make her crazy. She needed to get rid of the fantasy or she'd do something stupid.

She logged in to her private account at Elite Fantasy Match and reviewed the fantasy she'd input last week. It wasn't posted, only in review for her eyes. The service matched people discreetly to fulfill fantasies. No real names, never at home, they used an upscale hotel and false names plus a safe word to break the fantasy role play scenario.

The service had saved her several times over the years. Always safe and discreet, that was exactly what she needed. A judge she'd dated as a young lawyer introduced her to it. No wild clubs or key parties permitted if you wanted to make partner or be a

judge someday. That guy turned out to be too kinky for Catherine's tastes but she used the service still.

The fantasy was basic, uptight executive woman needs to be roughly satisfied by two hot construction workers. They catcalled her and she had them written up. It was silly back story but it added a layer for her. In the notes, it spelled out what was acceptable and her limits. Her pussy throbbed just reading it over. Her trembling thumb activated the fantasy request.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later, Catherine had finished her iced coffee and was working on an opening argument for next week's case. When her phone beeped, she felt her skin tingle. She used that phone only for one thing...her other cell phone was for everything else.

She accessed her phone and the fantasy was filled already. Proposed date, tonight! Time and location suggested, backup date provided. She didn't need any time to think it over. Tomorrow those construction catcallers wouldn't bother her at all.

With a couple pushes of buttons, she accepted the date and time and noted the room. The flash of anticipation took over and she went in search of another iced coffee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Catherine arrived fifteen minutes early and changed into her most repressed skirt suit. Sara had banned it from Catherine's active wardrobe on first sight, funerals only. The black skirt came down to Catherine's knees and the blazer buttoned from just above her cleavage to below her waist. The high-collared white blouse made her feel extra prim and proper. But with three inch black heels and no pantyhose, she knew she'd set up the fantasy just right.

A loud knock on the door made her gasp. The game had begun. She looked through the peephole. Muscled, clad in white shirts and tight jeans, perfect down to the dirty

boots. They even had hard hats and looked sweaty. The wetness between her legs grew. Opening the door, she stepped up and played. "What do you want?" she asked sternly.

The first guy smirked. "You know." He grabbed her around her waist and pushed her back into the room. "You've got a problem with us, you go get us in trouble and think you'll get away with it."

Catherine took him in. Brown hair, haunting eyes and a mouth she wanted to consume. And muscles. He was strong, lifting her as if she weighed nothing.

"You shouldn't talk to women like that." She stood her ground and folded her arms even though he had a hold of her.

"Free speech. This is America, babe. I think you need a lesson." The other man smiled and inspected her openly. His blond hair and blue eyes were sexy but he looked younger than she expected.

The first man nodded. "I'm Tony and this is Joey. We're going to give our little Chastity here a lesson in free speech and other things adults are free to do. You want us—enough to get us in trouble. You could've just come up and talked to us." Tony tossed his hard hat on the floor.

Catherine shivered at the use of her fake name. It made the play feel safer. For all they knew she was a waitress wanting to play a fancy slut. They could be stock brokers or doctors in real life. She'd never know. "Talk to you? You don't talk. You whistled. You leer. You curse and say things about body parts. That's not talking."

"And it gets you wet, doesn't it?" Joey stepped in behind her, rubbing her arms.

Tony nodded. "You like it and you're ashamed. If you'd just admit it, we'd get along so much better." He ran a rough hand up her calf and tugged the long skirt up and up until it bunched around her thighs.

"She dresses like a nun." Joey held her arms, gently but very firm.

Catherine squirmed. Tony leaned over and his hot breath only further aroused her aching pussy.



"This thong doesn't belong on a nun. A scrap of lace over shaved pussy." Tony's fingers dipped to her core.

She arched and moaned. "Don't please." Why did she love to say that? To pretend to be chaste like the fake name she always used. It was a big lie yet it turned her on.

The men knew the game. Tony's eyes met hers as he rubbed her clit. "She's wet and denying it."

"Better get her out of these clothes before she overheats." Joey gripped her breasts tight.

"No," she gasped. Another lie. If she were a nun she'd be a terrible one for so many reasons.

"No," Tony agreed. "Leave her all buttoned up." He knelt down and used both hands to pull her thong down to her ankles. "Hold her."

Joey's grip changed to curl around her upper arms again, keeping her hands behind her back. "Got it."

They must have worked together before. It was flawless and felt so natural. She leaned back, her weight on Joey as Tony lifted her left foot and crossed it over her right ankle. Her balance was off but the heat of Joey's muscled body took away any fear. His hard cock pushed at the denim and tormented her eager fingers.

Tony knotted her thong around her ankles so she couldn't escape. Then he reached up, tugging on her prim outfit, making her feel how many layers of clothes covered her. He pushed the skirt up her body and the chill of the room met her thighs and bare cunt. When he pressed the fabric to her lips, Catherine took the hint and held it in her teeth. No skirt should be that long.

"Don't let go or we'll get all the fun and you won't get off once." Joey freed one hand to rub her ass.

Catherine moaned and held the fabric in her teeth. She couldn't see very well around it but when Tony's stubble grazed her upper inner thigh, she thrust her hips out like a slut.

"Yeah, just as we thought." Tony dipped a finger between her pussy lips. "Rich lady looks down on everyone who has a good time and secretly wants it. Doesn't want the guilt. We'll forgive you."

Joey chuckled. "We'll never tell what a slut you are. The repressed sex freak. One cock isn't enough, is it?" he whispered in her ear.

Tony slid his tongue along her slit and Catherine trembled. He flicked her clit and the first climax was so close she couldn't wait. She'd been hot since lunch and she needed it now.

Joey slapped her bottom and Catherine's head tipped back. "Ms. Chastity must be from the sisters of perpetual heat. Do the construction workers get you hot every day?"

She nodded, closing her eyes.

"You want to strip naked for them and offer yourself right there on the street." Tony pushed the verbal play.

Catherine shook her head. But Tony pinched her clit. "No lying here."

She finally nodded and wiggled her hips to torment them all. Why weren't they fucking her brains out by now? Blowjobs, double penetration. The fantasy had been very clear and open. Yet they seemed to enjoy teasing her. She'd loved it but needed relief.

Another smack to her rear from Joey and then Tony's mouth was on her pussy fully, his tongue swirled and flicked. Joey's hold didn't waiver. The strength and the pleasure pulsed through her as she rocked her pussy against Tony's face. His teeth caught her clit and the climax finally hit her. She screamed his name as her muscles flexed and trembled.

The skirt fell, covering him but the men laughed. Tony found the button on her skirt and yanked until it went flying. He pulled the skirt down to her ankles and then stood up, looked her dead in the eye. "You want cock? Suck it? Fuck it? Be a slut for us?"

She nodded eagerly. "Yes." Finally they'd got down to it.

Tony grabbed her neck and kissed her hard. As she tried to deepen it, he pulled away. "Then you need to do some work, Ms. Ivory Tower."

Tony traded places with Joey, noticing the nice hand print pinkening up on her round bottom. Joey liked to spank and clearly Chastity enjoyed the treatment. He also had a weird nun thing that Tony ignored.

Chastity had all of Tony's attention. Her black hair remained pulled back in a clip. Her dark brown eyes promised more fun. He'd wanted her the first time he'd met her, when he worked the crew who remodeled her law offices. Catherine, he remembered her real name, took little notice of the workers. Not in a rude way, but all about her business.

He knew when he saw this fantasy he'd be imagining her. That it truly was her forced him to use every ounce of control he could muster not to kick Joey out and take her his way. Her pale skin flushed easily. Her full B cups were still trapped beneath layers of material.

Unable to resist, Tony gave her bottom a firm spank and felt her jump back to him. "Joey's turn to have a little fun." Tony would satisfy her alone but she wanted two men, so she'd get two.

Joey grinned and took hold of the sides of her blazer. One hard yank and it was open, buttons flying. Tony pulled it off her shoulders and tossed it aside. After another slap on her ass, he nodded to Joey.

"Next." Joey tugged from the bottom of the blouse, popping the tiny buttons off and revealing a lacy black bra.

"Prim on the outside and a slut in the bedroom. A classic. Men love it. Why do women deny what they like?" Tony slowly unhooked her bra and tugged it off her shoulders, letting Joey do the final honors.

At twenty-nine, Joey had a lust for older women and no patience. He pulled the bra off and dove at her chest as if he'd never seen breasts before. They were an exceptional pair but Tony knew how to play it up.

"See what you do to men? All that teasing of *stay away* when you really like it? Turns young men into animals." He squeezed her bottom and Catherine moaned.

At thirty-eight, Tony had patience and control but both slipped as her naked form writhed against him. "Pull off those things around her ankles, Joey, she needs to stand on her own and take it." Tony tilted her up so Catherine could find her balance.

Joey helped her step out of the tangled mess. "She's so wet, maybe she needs a third guy?"

"She better get to work because I'm ready." Joey kicked off his construction boots, no socks. They knew how *not* to slow down a fantasy night.

"Come on, Chastity." Tony pushed her at Joey. "We undressed you and got you off. Your turn. You might think we're blue collar idiots but we give and we get. Play fair and you'll be begging us to stay all night."

Catherine tugged off Joey's hat and tank top. Then she knelt down and worked on his fly.

"Ever had two men before?" Joey asked.

Tony studied her form, nice curves and that dark hair still pulled up.

"Yes," she replied to Joey's question.

Tony believed her. She knew the fantasy drill cold and craved more. He walked over and yanked the clip from her hair. The black mass fell to her shoulders as she freed Joey's cock.

The woman refused to be distracted from her work and sucked Joey down her throat. No teasing, no kissing, she went after what she wanted.

Tony watched the same intent attitude she had for the law go into her sexual fantasies. It was worth it. Her breasts swayed, her ass arched up on display and her face softened with enjoyment. This was what she wanted. The fantasy was real for her. If she only knew how real it was for him as well.

Within minutes, Joey thrust hard into her. He was close to release. Either of the men could kick back and enjoy an endless blowjob, but they shared well and knew a needy woman could suck forever. But there remained so much more to the night's fun.

Joey shouted his release as he thrust once more. Tony watched as Catherine swallowed. Her requests on the fantasy were so thorough it aroused him. Condoms required for any penetration but not for oral. The discreet testing of the service made it safe, but everyone had their preferences and trust levels.

When Catherine moved to start on Tony, he slapped her rump. "Finish up. Help him out of those jeans."

He watched her eyes grow wider, but she helped Joey out of the jeans at his ankles and gave his sac an extra suck. No doubt she wanted him hard again. Tony knew that wouldn't take long.

Catherine stood and pulled off Tony's shirt. Her hands stayed on him, working down his chest to his crotch. Kneeling, she untied his boots and took them off. She worked intently on her tasks. Then she opened his fly and smiled slightly. No underwear, but he stepped out of the jeans so she had to follow him back.

Trailing her tongue up his thigh, she nipped at his balls and then kissed up his other thigh. Tony had teased her soundly, but she didn't get that luxury. He grabbed a fistful of black hair and guided her mouth to his shaft. The tip already had a drop of need and she licked it up eagerly.

"You want it," Tony said.

"Yes." Her dark eyes flashed up at him.

"Little brat thinks she has the power." Tony nodded to Joey.

Kneeling behind her, Joey gave her bottom a firm smack as he rubbed his cock between her ass cheeks. "Want it? Really want it?"

"Yes, please." Catherine rocked her hips.

"Then show off those slutty skills and maybe we'll fuck you senseless. Be a brat and you'll finger yourself, if we let you." Joey reached around and pinched a dark pink nipple.

Catherine muffled a response. Tony pinched her other nipple. "Don't play with us. You're so wet a dildo would slide right out. You tease us on the street and you tease us now. But you need it. You want it. So prove it." Tony released her hair and her nipple.

The loss of contact registered in her eyes and she gasped. But she immediately sucked the tip of Tony's erection like a starving woman. Her technique proved she wasn't innocent or timid.

She was boldly licking the head and underside as if she wanted him to come hard and fast. The passion she showed jolted Tony and only made him want her more. Her fingers worked his balls. Closing his eyes, Tony pictured her. Those prim suits and sexy heels in her office, working with a furrowed brow and singular purpose. How he'd wanted to give her a break and clear her mind on top of that marble desk.

Opening his eyes, he thrust into her mouth and she sucked him deeper. Her tongue wagged over the length of him, pushing him closer to release.

So close, he grabbed her breasts and rolled the soft flesh. The groan in her throat drove him closer as she worked the tip with skills no man could resist. Those soft and needy noises drove him.

Tony gave in and hit his release, pulling back and letting it land on her breasts. The rush of satisfaction coursed through him. The anger in her eyes fueled it even more. She'd wanted come in her, not on her. All those fantasy notes showed her lawyerly skill.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

"Relax, Chastity. Can't always control *every* move *every* time. I didn't want to gag you." Tony fingered up some of his come and rubbed it to her lips.

She lapped it up with eyes still full of tension. The woman wanted rough play at their hands but on her terms. Acceptable in the fantasy service world except Tony wanted to give her more.

But Joey stepped in fast. "Easy, you got him going too good. We didn't realize how slutty you could get. Ready for a ride?" Joey's cock had grown to full attention and he rubbed it between her thighs.

"Fuck me hard," she said.

Joey needed no further prompting. He covered his member with latex and eased home, not changing positions. Doggie was Joey's favorite. Tony sat down and watched Catherine's eyes, her face filled with relief as she rocked back.

"Like it? Is he big enough?" Tony asked.

"Yes." She trembled. "More."

"We got more." Joey took a packet of lube and squirted it up her ass.

Tony watched Catherine turn bright red. "Not yet."

"Oh yeah." Joey pressed a thumb to her rear. "You're ready. You're begging for it."

"I need to come," she insisted.

"You wanted two. You get two." Tony recovered faster than normal. Not fully hard yet but he wanted to keep Catherine eager to please. Anal sex and double penetration were on her wants list from the fantasy. This woman was his fantasy and Tony wanted to enjoy every second. He'd let Joey work her ass slowly for a bit to get her relaxed and open.

"No please. Pussy first. I can't. It's too much to take it in the ass right away. But I need it." She inched forward, apparently torn by her own desire.

"Fine by me. I like it tight." Joey nudged her more.

Tony moved in closer to her. "Why should she get her way? Executive rich bitch slut, whined about our catcalling to the boss. Wanna bet she won't be bitching about how we fucked her out of order? She'd never admit what she did here." He stared her down.

Catherine moaned and pulled away from Joey to straddle Tony. He grunted as he felt her slick cunt squeeze him. Finding her mouth with his, he consumed her, lifting his hips to meet her as his tongue took control of the kiss.

Leaning back, Tony sprawled on the plush carpet as she rode him like a rodeo pro. Joey wouldn't be left out. He eased up behind her and she fell onto all fours to give him a better angle. Tony wouldn't complain about it either. He wanted her close.

"Loose women like her need tightening up," Tony teased.

He knew the second Joey entered because Catherine tensed and took a deep breath. Reaching down, Tony worked her clit and in no time she moaned and Joey slid in fully. The pressure made it even better. Tony didn't want to fuck guys but doubling up on a woman had advantages he couldn't pass up.

Catherine licked her lips. "Easy."

"You sure are easy once we got over that snobby attitude." Tony nodded to Joey but wanted to play the psychological game on the sexy lawyer. "You wanted it hard before. You haven't even seen rough from us yet. This is the warm up." He thrust and felt her tighten around him.

When Joey leaned back, Catherine trembled and bit her lip. Tony watched every twitch of her face, the pleasure running deep. Rubbing her clit as Joey fucked with more speed, Tony felt Catherine shake as her body throbbed around him.

"Please." She clung to his shoulders as the climax shook her.

"One down, you should be more relaxed now. Joey, your turn to get her off, back there." Tony teased her clit with one hand and a nipple with the other.



She smiled at him under the veil of her tussled hair. Then she leaned forward, kissing him slowly.

Joey worked her ass fast and hard. Tony watched her hold on as the pleasure built in her face quickly. Her body ground to Tony, squeezing his cock. "Now, please."

"Give it to her at the same time. She wants our come." Joey held her hips tight.

"Ready when you are. Get her to come first." Tony tucked a finger under her chin so she had to look at him.

Catherine gasped and groaned as Joey sent her over. The spasms deep in her cunt and ass were all it took to trigger Tony's release. The tightness of sharing her body with Joey made the climax even sweeter. Joey kept driving in and out of her ass and finally pumped his come in and rested.

"I think that broke the ice. Let's get down to work." Tony fondled her breasts playfully and she shuddered. Not a peep of objection from his pretty lawyer.

## **Chapter Two**

The next morning, Catherine flew through her work with a fresh attitude. Every time she fulfilled a fantasy, she seemed to let go of all the stress and pressure and dive into things again. The men had been perfect and Tony had felt a little familiar. She'd had construction workers in her dreams so long it felt as if she knew them. Or maybe he fit her fantasy too perfectly. It didn't matter. She got what she needed.

Even with the late night and little sleep, her body hummed with energy.

A knock at her door and Sara poked her head in. "I've got a lunch date. Need anything?"

"Nope, I'm good. Lunch already?" She checked her watch. "I need some fresh air."

"You seem chipper. Don't let those construction workers ruin your mood."

"Not possible." Catherine grabbed her purse and went out. Strolling outside, she listened to the whistles and comments and the tingling grew in her without any frustration. It was her turn now. It seemed confusing that her mind disapproved of the language but her body responded. Either way, she'd been very satisfied already.

Catherine bought a salad and headed back to the office to kick back and watch the men from her ivory tower. The view wasn't so great but if she stayed near them too long, she might mix fantasy with reality. She didn't need to indulge in another fantasy night too soon.

Once every three months had been her limit since she started with the service. It wasn't about the money. She didn't want to turn into a sex fiend or a real tramp. She loved playing things out safely but her taste for fantasies changed with her mood. In a past fantasy, she'd worn leather boots and a merry widow while she screwed a guy on a motorcycle.

The fantasies in her mind were endless. But reality had to be where she lived. The boring men she dated weren't likely to be in to all the kinky things in which she dabbled. They wanted respectable dates for social functions and building families for their public image.

With Sara gone on the date, Catherine had peace and quiet for lunch. She opened the door to her office and she froze. The bag with her salad hit the floor and Catherine knew it wasn't a dream.

They were there. The men from last night were now standing in her office. Almost wearing the same outfits. She quickly closed the door behind her. "What are you doing here? How did you...?" Words escaped her. She hadn't ordered another round and she'd never do it at work. They hadn't requested anything more and she certainly hadn't agreed to this. Last night amazed her but her limits were firm.

"Relax, Catherine," Tony said. "You know us."

"Out! Get out. I'm suing that company. 'Discretion guaranteed' my ass." She tossed her purse in her desk drawer and grabbed her phone to dial security.

Tony held down the button to keep her from dialing anyone. "Your ass is nice but wait. Let me explain. It's not the service's fault."

"I told you we shouldn't do this, man." Joey looked nervous. "She'll have us arrested. We'll be kicked out of the group. I don't want that."

"You're correct on both counts." She looked at Joey, who leaned against a large bookcase and then to Tony, studying his face in the context of her office. It was familiar but she didn't care. They had no right to violate her privacy. "Why are you here?"

"You don't remember me? I remembered you last night. We remodeled your offices last year. We're working on the tenth floor now." He took the phone from her hand and set it back in the cradle.

"You're really construction workers?" Catherine sat down. "We've met? Oh my God! What's wrong with you?"

"It's our fantasy too." Joey shrugged. "You didn't care who we were. Just wanted hot, blue-collar sex. You're a real rich power bitch."

She glared. "I'm not. Do you know how many people I meet in a year? Clients, jurors, interns and strangers. What are the odds?"

Tony smiled. "It's New York but eventually you're bound to run into someone you know. The service isn't common but the pool of people involved makes it very possible. You didn't have a good time?"

Her face burned so hot she wanted to throw herself out the window. "Is this a blackmail thing?"

Joey pointed at her. "See? She's going to call the cops."

"Because the two guys she had a consensual three way with last night came to visit for lunch? I don't think she has anything on us," Tony said slowly.

"It is blackmail. That service will be shut down." The room broiled and she wanted it all to be a bad dream—or a good one.

"Told you a rich lady like her doesn't want a nooner with guys like us. Snobs only get dirty when it's safe for them." Joey headed for the door.

"Snob? What are you talking about? I work hard. Lots of school and lots of pressure. It wasn't easy to get here."

"We worked in your office. You talked to us and you didn't even recognize us last night." Tony stepped closer.

"I wasn't exactly focused on work then. Or your faces. I expected it to be strangers. It's the human brain. We see what we expect to see. For all I know you're lying. That's the point of the service. The discretion of fantasies with strangers. At work I'm focused on my clients. You don't get ahead staring at the hot guys."

"We're not here to blackmail you. We make good money. So are you kicking us out or not?" Tony pulled her out of the chair, up to her feet and against him.

The heat and muscle melted her. She clung to his shoulders and stared at his dark eyes. "I have meetings all afternoon, I can't play. You should've requested a repeat fantasy through the service and told me then. Not like this."

"Not a no," Joey said.

Catherine heard the rasp of a zipper and her pussy tightened. Looking up at Tony—he was the leader and the one she wanted so much more—she said, "You can't mess up these clothes. We can't be loud. Out by one."

"Nothing fancy now. Just a quick lunch break. We've got work too. We're not just hot sex toys for you. But we'd be rude not to renew our acquaintance after last night." He tugged her gray skirt up to her hips and eased her back on the cold marble desk. As of this morning, her ass still had a hand print, which she'd admired in the mirror. Now she shivered with anticipation.

Pushing her to lie all the way down, Tony eased her thong to one side. Catherine felt the cool air against her moist lips.

How could she object? She wanted it. The professional in her screamed not to do it here. Not now. But her desire won. Looking up, she saw Joey's cock standing free and hard within her reach. He pushed her top down to reveal her breasts and stroked them. Tilting her head back, she licked and sucked him until he fucked her mouth. No teasing or extra foreplay today, they all had work to get back to.

Catherine worked hard to keep Joey moaning as he squeezed her nipples. Finally she arched as much to tempt Tony as to get rougher play on her chest.

Both men obliged, only Tony didn't fuck her. That big cock of his didn't drive in and make her shudder like last night. Instead his wide and quick tongue curled around her clit then pushed lower to her inner folds. The bastard was good!

She lifted her hips, moaning. Now wasn't the time to draw out oral play. This was the fast and raw relief she needed. Tony relentlessly sucked her clit and inner folds until she grunted with Joey deep in her throat.

"Hell." Joey eased back and swept the tip over her tongue before he came in fast pulses that Catherine lapped up eagerly.

Sucking his balls as Joey caught his breath from the release high, Catherine realized Tony now tugged her sensitive inner pussy lips with his teeth. The chill shot through her but a climax remained elusive.

Joey stepped back. "That was hot but I've got to get back. Our foreman's a bastard. Thanks, Chastity. I mean Catherine." He leaned over and licked her left breast as he zipped up.

When Joey was gone, she propped herself up on her elbows and looked at Tony. "What's going on?" What would happen next? Another guy with a camera? Tony had the upper hand and she had no idea what his limits were. They'd shattered the wall between professional and personal and she'd never felt so vulnerable.

"Now you get off." Tony worked her clit gently with his teeth while his fingers rubbed her inner folds.

Her hips snapped and her brain cut out. Catherine let the flood of release, on her desk in front of huge windows thirty stories above the streets of New York City, overtake her. Juices escaped her pussy as muffled screams caught in her throat. Her body belonged to Tony in that instant.

Gasping, she gripped his hair. "Do you have to go too?"

He smiled up at her and licked his lips. "I'm the foreman."

She couldn't hide her smile. "What's your real name? It's only fair."

"Tony. I like women screaming my real name." Tony pulled her up and kissed her hard.

Easing off, Tony let her run the kiss. Joey had been convinced the lunch visit would be a big mistake but Joey was younger. He didn't know how to read the subtle signs of a real woman yet.

Tony knew a woman like Catherine might privately sue the service, but calling the cops on two men when she'd have to tell her office staff *why*. No way.

Catherine pulled back for air and looked down. Grabbing tissues, she cleaned up the wet spot she'd left. "I still can't believe this is real."

"You wrote the fantasy. I got lucky it matched mine." Tony leaned down and sucked her nipples.

She sighed. "But the odds of knowing each other. I swear I won't use it against you with your work or anything. We can't let people know about the service."

Tony laughed. "You couldn't get me in trouble with my work. The guys would cheer me on if they found out. They'd stand in line to get a shot to show me up with you. You'd only be hurting yourself. We're all consenting adults, I did nothing wrong."

"It's not fair. You can make a good living, be wild, and everyone approves. I have to watch every move I make. The men I date. Everything. It's all politics." She folded her arms.

"Unions have politics too but it's more about voting and loyalty. Lawyers are cutthroat to each other. Not a fun bunch."

"To make partner you've got to play nice. I'm not a snob. I had tons of student loans and I worked so many hours. No overtime pay. I have to hide this side of me. You understand? Joey won't talk?"

Tony nodded. "He gets it. He's with the service. We make a good team but you don't need to stress."

She shook her head. "Why do you two belong? Obviously you don't need the insanely discreet side of things. And it's not cheap. You could go anywhere and play the fantasy games. Roll playing and three ways."

"The anonymous factor. When I was younger I tried those clubs and either girls got clingy or the men got overly territorial with their women. The service made it clear cut

and easy. No info exchanged. You're the only one I ever met outside. But the unknown factor usually works for me. Never gets awkward or tense if you play by the rules."

"And Joey?" she asked.

"A few of the guys on my crew are more adventurous. I see it, men brag. These guys weren't making up stories. It was true stuff. So I casually suggested the service over pursuing their best friend's girl or whatever. Keeps them out of trouble and they get what they want. It's pricey but I did some side work for one of the guys who started the service when I was young. They need variety in their members. Not everyone wants to screw a rich guy. So they do a sliding scale for some." Tony glanced at the clock. Chatting with her was great but his erection wasn't subsiding and he had to get back on site. "Ready for dessert?"

"What? Oh, you need to go." She tucked her breasts back into her top and tried to stand up.

"No, not yet." He grabbed her hand and put it on his crotch. Then he slid a finger to her entrance.

Her pussy tightened around his digit. "God. We can't."

"Last night I saw you come fast and slow. You can." He opened his fly and reclined on her desk. "You like it on top. So go as fast as you want."

She sat still for a minute, apparently thinking over her options. "Oh God, what if a window washer saw the three of us before?"

Tony knew they hadn't. He certainly would've noticed a shadow on her sweet slit. But he'd rather torture her with the *what if* factor. "Who cares? He probably enjoyed it."

"It's my office. You can't be tracked back here. Of course you don't care." She held her head.

"And I'm sure the guy wasn't looking at me or Joey." He slid a finger under her, teasing her asshole.



She squirmed. "Stop. I don't keep condoms here. We're definitely not doing *that*." She half turned to look at him and her face softened.

Tony pulled a condom from his pocket, opened the packet and slid it on. "Ready when you are."

Catherine looked out the window and back at him. "In all the hours I've clocked in the office, I've never done this at work."

"Okay, no pressure. I'll hide it with my hard hat until I find a men's room. I'll be thinking of you last night when the uptight side didn't win. Guess you liked Joey better." He sat up.

But Catherine shoved him back down and straddled his waist. "You took a big risk coming here. I could report you to the service."

Tony knew it but as Catherine eased herself down on his cock, he couldn't care. The weight of her on him, the view of her cleavage as she leaned in. "Report me?" He rubbed his thumb on her clit. "I saw your recommendation already."

Gripping the desk, Catherine fucked him harder. "You're not supposed to reveal your identity. I had no idea this would happen when I rated the fantasy."

Her hips shifted to a grinding motion and Tony lifted for more. "I didn't reveal my identity. You already know me. Coincidence happens. And you're loving it. Maybe you need more of this?"

She smiled down at him. "What I need, I get. What I want is different. But I can't spend all my time like this."

"Me either, but there are options." Tony was so close he forgot whatever he'd wanted to say next. Catherine's pussy contracted around and possessed him.

With her face buried in his chest, her screams stayed soft and then she kissed him. Not resting, she fucked him faster. Like last night, her mouth wanted to dominate his, and her body wanted to please.

Thrusting up, he came as she continued to quake around him. When she eased back, he held her to him. "Hang on. The mail guy was supposed to come in right now and get a turn. He's got it bad for you."

Her eyes grew wide and she turned pale. "You wouldn't."

Tony couldn't keep it in and cracked a smile. "You're so easy."

"You jerk." She smacked his shoulders.

He grabbed her hands and pulled her down. "You and I could have a lot of fun if you'd lighten up and trust me."

"I don't know you." She yanked free and stood up flustered. "I have to get back to work now. My assistant will be back any minute. Please, leave."

Tony sat up and removed the used protection, putting it in the trash can. "You trusted me last night. We're more alike than you think. But you want to hide here and have play sex with complete strangers." He closed his fly and got off her desk.

He walked to the door, ignoring the urge to kiss her or spank her one last time. Deep down Tony knew it wouldn't be their last time but he'd have to play that carefully. "See ya around."

A quick glance at Catherine before he opened the door spoke volumes. She'd pulled down her skirt, arranged her cleavage to hide it as well as she could and smoothed her hair. No one would guess what she'd had for lunch.

He kept eye contact with her as he picked up her discarded salad and set it on the desk.

"Goodbye," she replied and went to work straightening her desk so there were no clues left behind.

## **Chapter Three**

In court when opposing counsel dropped a bomb, Catherine had a reputation for a quick recovery. She had taken the same attitude after Tony left. She took the garbage bag, with nothing but the condom evidence, and rolled it up small. Disposing of it in the ladies room, she primped her hair and makeup to ensure no clues remained. Adding a dash of perfume meant she couldn't smell Tony on her anymore. Then she focused on her work for the rest of the day.

When she looked up from her desk it was seven in the evening. The energy mid-day sex gave needed to be bottled and those energy drinks would be out of business. She packed up and headed for the parking garage.

At that hour, the cars were sparse and the echo of her heels added an eerie feeling to the quiet concrete structure. Her routine was very predictable and she parked in the same row and in the same section every day. In front of her luxury sedan sat a huge pickup truck. Just the sort of thing Tony'd drive.

She blotted out the thought but couldn't control her body's reaction. Maybe she was a tramp in classy clothing? None of the appropriate men she'd dated turned her on, but a little fantasy sex and name calling made her crazy.

Maybe a shrink would help? They had to be confidential. Tony stepped out from between the vehicles as Catherine passed the truck. "Hi."

Her heart nearly stopped, partly because of all those warnings about walking alone in parking garages and partly because she'd wanted to see him again. At least everything below her neck did. "Stalking me? I will report that."

"Not stalking. I do some side work after hours. We both love our work. Is that wrong?" he asked.

"No, but too many coincidences don't work. I'm not playing a game of cat and mouse with you. I'm not your whore every time you want to play. You said it wasn't blackmail. Good night." She pressed a button and unlocked her car.

"Joey sends his regrets. Another fantasy planned." Tony grabbed her by the waist before she could get to her car and set her on the tailgate of his truck.

Off balance, she tumbled back onto dusty tarps. "What the hell? I didn't sign up for anything."

Another man stepped out from the shadows. Tight denim and work boots. "Oh that's the game?" The man was younger than Tony, reddish, pale hair sticking out from his hard hat. Deep green eyes smoldered over her. She couldn't ignore the tons of freckles on his face and neck.

"No game. Tony, what are you doing?" She tried to get to the edge, but he tilted the tailgate.

"Making up for lunch. We had to cut it short and Joey had to leave. I know you like two men. And you definitely enjoyed the office sex. So I thought a little public fun could make up for it." Tony's hand slid up her now filthy skirt. "Ready to go. I told Rick you're a two-man job."

"I only got time for a quick bang and run. I got plans. If you want an all-nighter..." Rick held up his hands.

"No, I just need a hand working off the excess resistance." Tony winked at Catherine.

She seethed, but all the words swirling in her mind refused to come out of her mouth as his fingers pushed her from warm to wet and horny. "Not here," she muttered.

"Here. The sides are high. At this time, not much traffic and we'll be blocking you from view." He nodded to Rick.

The other man climbed in and unzipped his fly. The freckles trailed down onto his hardening cock in a mesmerizing pattern. "I like the feisty types. Suck it or lose it, Chastity."

The use of her fake slutty name made Catherine shiver. She rolled onto her stomach, careful to keep her head below the sides of the truck. Not even looking at Tony, she sucked Rick to the base. If Tony wanted a show, he'd get one. She fucked him with her mouth and stretched her body out on the filthy tarps, her skirt already scrunched up.

Rick lowered his head and groaned softly, his fingers threaded through her hair.

Feeling extra bad, she propped herself up on her elbows and tugged her breasts free to rub on the scratchy canvas.

"You weren't kidding," Rick said to Tony.

"Any fantasy she wants, I'll sign up." Tony pinched her ass and slid two fingers down to her pussy.

She released Rick's shaft and focused on the speckled sac, nipping and pulling until his hips started to jerk. He was probably in the service, for some reason she trusted Tony not to betray that element of her privacy, so she sucked in his come and savored it.

Rick came quietly and Catherine was grateful for that. As he zipped up, he gave her breast a squeeze. "Out of time." He dashed off into the darkness.

"What the hell?" she whispered to Tony.

The irony of being wet and horny under his touch while in public no longer mattered.

"He's part of the group. I thought you'd like it. And we thought you'd leave earlier. He wanted it, believe me." Tony worked her clit like a pro and her hips lifted like a cat's.

"Stop," she gasped. "Not here."

"Roll over and we'll get it over quick. Missionary." He put a knee up on the tailgate.

Voices echoed in the garage and Catherine buried herself in the tarps. Tony pretended to be adjusting the load in his truck bed until the small group of people moved on. Then he tugged the tarp off her.

"No, not now. Not here. I recognized those voices." She pulled up her shirt, tugged down her skirt, and scooted to the edge with all the pent-up sexual energy fueling her.

"Come on. That's the fun. You're so wet my tarps will smell like you." Tony helped her out.

"Enjoy it because that's all you're getting." She dusted herself off and realized it was hopeless. "What was that? You put an ad on the service for a guy to get a fast blowjob in a garage? I'm a sex toy for you now?" she asked in a gruff whisper.

"No toy. I only sent it to Rick. Right time, right place. Plans change, you need to be flexible." Tony handed her her briefcase she'd lost in the back of his truck.

"How young was he?"

"It's the freckles. Don't worry, he's over eighteen."

"Oh God." Her face burned.

"He's near thirty. Does that help? And he could handle you."

"Please leave me alone. I'll block you from the service and report you to their security if you keep this up." Her brain meant it. Her body wanted to climb back in the truck bed.

"Then why did you blow him?" Tony asked in her ear.

She shrugged. "He's hot. Perfect for last night too. I didn't want him to think I was a tease. I'm not a prude so I didn't need to cause a scene and draw a crowd."

"Catherine, we don't need the service. We're compatible sex-wise. Let's talk about it. You can trust me. It'll take time but let's give it a try."

She frowned. The guy who said he didn't want clingy women from sex clubs now was getting clingy with her? "We'll try it tonight. But if I say no more, you respect it. Right?" Catherine used the same warning index finger on him that she did in court.

"Fair enough. But you need to keep an open mind and let go of the lawyer-boss-lady attitude. Except when it serves the fantasy." He closed the tailgate hard.

"I can't help what I am. Follow me home. My building is secure. One call to the doorman and you're going to jail." She rounded her car and slid into the soft leather of her luxury sedan Very different from the rough tarps.

"You won't want me to leave, ever." He ducked into his truck's cab.

\* \* \* \* \*

Her large apartment proved every bit as understated and elegant as she was. Tony never doubted she worked hard or paid good money to go to college. But they were different and that was part of the fun.

When the Chinese food arrived, the uneasy silence broke. He sat at her fancy etched table using cloth napkins and chopsticks. They needed to eat, chat and change gears, if only for a little while. The drive over had been rough since he was having a hard time getting his mind off her mouth.

"You still mad?" he asked.

"About the garage or revealing you know me in my office and ruining the fantasy side of things?"

Tony chuckled. "Either. The garage was a little much, maybe, but it got your attention. The lunch fantasy I couldn't resist. I should've come alone."

She set down her chopsticks. "I keep my two lives very separate. I have to. I thought that service was a safe outlet and now..."

"What about a boyfriend who is into this stuff? Some guys like variety." Tony never got this into a fantasy playmate before. He wanted her clingy but didn't want to scare her off. He'd never been this close to his real fantasy before.

"They aren't going to do that stuff. Not with me. Those types of men have mistresses and girls on the side who do that but are disposable and deniable. Women at my level don't get the perks yet we've got to be good to have the credibility. Besides, getting fantasies to match up is hard enough with a pool of people. Having it all with one guy who I can take to functions for work and be seen with in public? Too good to be true."

Not him, Tony got that message. "So you're screwed? Come on. Some guys clean up good. And if you've got enough money and power, who cares what people think?"

"You don't care what people think?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Different set of people. Some would be freaked out by sharing a woman with another guy. Territorial. Or too close to being gay, I guess. I like it. I looked up your fantasy history."

She blushed. "Why?"

"Curious. You like variety. It's not always blue collar guys. Motorcycle screwing. Abduction. Blackmail. No wonder you were so hot to think Joey and I were there to blackmail you. I'm sure a big time lawyer could do those fantasies for you. What's next? The judge's bench?"

"Please. My stuff doesn't revolve around the legal world. My life is so planned. The cases and plea deals. The legal system churns. I like being out of control with my sex life, just a little. It takes different forms of fantasy." She glanced to the side. "What about you?"

"Like you didn't look me up?"

"You go for the high class type, uptight women. You like your blue collar role and use it. Must like ripping all those expensive clothes off."

"It's not about the silk. I don't meet a lot of women like you in my work. Big dreams you achieve and disguises you wear. Climbing the ladder and bossing men around in a fancy office isn't what you want."



"I don't want to be rude, but I have a question."

"We're beyond politeness. I'm not involved with anyone. No kids, one ex-wife."

"Not that. Why didn't you go to college? You've got me figured out. You're a foreman. Clever and perceptive. Obviously a respected leader."

"Long story. Basically my dad was sick and the bills exceeded what insurance would cover. Mom took care of him. I started at a job with the union as soon as I was old enough. Muscle paid well. After dad died, the bills were paid and Mom had enough but by then I liked what I was doing. Moving up. Once you're in a system, legal or union, you put in work and start getting somewhere and want to earn more. It's hard to walk away."

She nodded and her eyes softened. "Some days I wonder if I set the goals too high for myself. My mom was single. She wanted me to succeed without needing a man. My dad messed up her plans to go to college and split before I was born. I never married, no kids. And I'm not getting any younger, as my aunt likes to tell me."

"No one says you have to be a judge or a mother. It's what you want. It's okay to get a little wild and enjoy life. You need more of that."

"I've gotten more than a little wild. When I think about all the things I've done, I feel like it's a different person."

Tony grinned. "No, it's all you. It's not fair to you to have to live in two worlds so no one knows both sides. I'm honored." He got up and leaned over her, kissing her slowly.

She stood up and pressed to him. "I've still got the outfit I wore on the motorcycle," she whispered.

"Suit up. I ride better than any bike." He ran his hands over her ass.

Easing out of his arms, Catherine led him to the bedroom. "I'll go change." She ducked into the huge walk-in closet.

He followed. "I'll watch. And help."

She shook her head. "You've already seen me naked. I want to make an entrance. Be the bad girl a little." She tugged off his shirt and unbuttoned his jeans. "You, I want naked on the bed waiting for me."

"Bossy." He could pretend he didn't like it but his cock proved otherwise as she pulled away his boots, jeans and boxers.

For a moment, she knelt there. Still suited up from work with a strand of pearls around her neck, adding to the elite look he found so arousing. Catherine kissed his cock, teasing the tip and tugging his balls.

"Don't work too hard now or we're going to blow it." He eased her back.

"I want to. I wanted to in the garage." She lifted the pearls off her neck and wound them around his cock.

Tony almost came right then. He knew she'd never settle for anything fake and the cool touch of the beads only made him harder. "You don't want to mess those up. That's one pricey cock ring."

She smiled. "Be careful. I want to wear them later. Go."

He went and stretched out on the softest sheets he'd ever felt. When Catherine emerged from the closet, Tony knew he'd found the right woman. The black leather merry widow and boots were a sight with her black hair setting them off. Her breasts sat on top, teasing him.

Her hair was down and the rest of her was naked. The look in her eyes was molten sexual need. "Ready?" she asked.

Tony realized he'd left his protection in his jeans in the closet. "I think we need more than pearls."

She leaned over him and clenched the pearls with her teeth, slowly unwinding them from his shaft. He'd never been so hard in his life.

Confident and empowered, she slipped the strand around her neck and pulled her hair up and over the pearls. They fell on her cleavage to accentuate her form. Tony resisted the urge to take her.

Opening the nightstand drawer, she produced a condom. She licked his shaft slowly one last time then she slid it on him.

The barrier helped Tony regain his control even as she straddled him, those long boots pressing to his sides. That leather rubbed soft and supple on him. She might be bad but that outfit screamed rich slut. It wasn't her money that turned him on, it was her contrasts. Most people faked their fantasies, he'd finally found the real thing.

Letting her run the show was a new twist, but he'd done the planning and coordination before. Now he got to watch and enjoy. He lifted his hips to make contact and his greedy hands went to her chest.

"Bad boy is overeager. I just want one thing from you." She eased onto him and went all the way down on his cock.

Tony groaned and pinched her nipples against the pearl necklace. Catherine gasped and dug her fingernails into his shoulders. Her hips now commanded his body; she shifted left and then right. Tony kept up but when she ground back and forth, he tried to hold her hips.

"No, no." She leaned back and squeezed his cock inside her.

"Damn it. You need two men."

"No, just one with endurance." She pressed her hands to his chest and the force of her thrusts increased. Catherine impaled herself, pulling her full weight up off him and slamming back down as he lifted for more.

Tony couldn't stop reaching behind her. He gripped her rear so she couldn't leave him. He was close and out of control. He fucked faster until she screamed his name.

Her pussy contracting around him sent Tony right after her. The intensity lasted longer than normal and he held her to him. But her hips still worked and a muffled yelp

escaped her lips, giving Tony's ego a charge. She'd gotten a second orgasm. The wetness told him she'd climaxed deeply.

"I think I've got plans for lunch tomorrow." He smoothed her hair out of her face.

"We can't," she said seriously.

"Lunch meeting?" he asked.

"No, we can't keep doing this. No more." She shook her head and eased off him. "I'm sorry. I like it but I can't. My job, my life. I can't mix this in. People will see us together. The garage. My office. Even if we were careful it's not going to work."

"What?" He sat up. "Got your ride and done?"

"Whenever I've been unsure what to do, I ask myself what would a man do? This is what a man would do." She slipped out of bed and into her closet. After bringing out his clothes, she retreated back to the closet.

No point arguing. Tony saw the resolve in her eyes. He couldn't argue that a man would do this, but not him.

Dressing, he made sure he had everything he came with and left quietly. It wasn't over, but she'd put a kink in their fantasy...and real life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sitting in her office, Catherine stared down at the orange-vested men. Her annoyance and frustration with their comments were gone. The fantasy accomplished the goal but for the first time, doing what a man would do didn't feel right the next day.

The intercom on her phone beeped. "Catherine, there's a Tony Valmer here to see you."

Her stomach flipped. He wouldn't make a scene. Not him. Not here. A woman dismissed would act like this but not a man. Maybe if she talked to him. He'd see reason? She pushed the button. "Send him in."

The door opened and he looked calm. Too calm. He closed the door and strode up to her desk.

"There's no need to make a scene. This was fantasy play, not reality. I mean we are real but it wasn't a long-term relationship. We're not kids who fall in love at the drop of a hat." She forced herself to talk and not look at him except in the eye.

"No, we're not kids. So we should know the difference between just sex and something with potential. I didn't want a clingy woman when they were the wrong one. I never expected to find a player like you." His posture and expression read as dead serious.

Player? She never considered herself that. When Catherine opened her mouth to object, he held up a hand. "It's fine," he said.

"No—" she protested.

He cut her off. "I get it. You like the mystery. The sex with strangers. The man not knowing the real you. That's part of what does it for you. So a relationship doesn't work."

"Yes, but—"

"Don't make excuses. It's what you like. What you want. I thought there was a chance to have both. Great fantasy role playing sex and a relationship we like. That's not what you signed up for so no harm, no foul. I won't bother you. I wanted you to know that in person." He turned and left.

Catherine sat there numb as her mind sped over and over what had just happened. She analyzed arguments and argued back for a living. Normally she'd find a flaw to argue or object to. Tony had pushed her, but she'd enjoyed it.

He'd asked for more, but he hadn't proposed or gone crazy with a love at first sight fantasy. He wasn't trying to move in or take over her life. He was normal and so far, great.

Why did he have to leave so fast? Tony hadn't even given her a chance to make her case. She missed him. That was the unsettling feeling she'd wrestled with all night. She'd wanted him to stay, not leave. The insane impulse to fall asleep with him. She'd only known Tony for a few days. There was so much she didn't know.

But she wanted to find out.

The ache of knowing he meant every word he'd said hit her. He'd never bother her again. No more fantasies together? He couldn't just breeze into her life and fantasies and walk out like that.

Catherine dug her private cell phone out of her bag and logged in to the service. She tried to send a private request but Tony had already blocked her.

Refusing to give up, she searched for Rick's profile. His freckles down to his member made him easier to pinpoint than Joey. She sent him a message to meet her at lunch at a place not far from the building. Catherine needed his help if she was going to fix this. It wouldn't be the sort of nooner Rick wanted, but she'd make it up to him eventually...if Tony didn't mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

As he approached his truck, Tony spotted Rick leaning against the back with a knowing look. Tony didn't care if a guy on his crew was gay or bi. He never outed or harassed anyone. In fantasies, Tony made his rules clear but occasionally a bi guy got a little too convinced he could broaden Tony's horizons. Rick gave Tony that feeling.

"Rick, what's up?" Tony nodded to him.

"Nothing." Rick nodded to the back of the pickup.

Tony didn't bother to look. "I know we've never discussed it, but I don't do guys. You need to respect my preferences."

"Respect here, boss. I'm just on guard duty." Rick flipped down the tailgate and a very feminine foot stuck out from under the tarps.

Tony knew those toes. His blood stirred and he looked around.

"Coast is clear. I got your back. And I'm studying for my next level." He waved a manual to advance his skills. "Take your time."

With a grin, Tony slid under the tarp. The gate flipped up as soon as he was clear and Rick's weight on the back bumper made Tony feel safe they wouldn't be disturbed.

To Tony's shock and arousal, Catherine had shed all her clothing. He didn't want to get his hopes up but maybe she'd reconsidered.

"One last roll in the dirt?" he asked.

She shook her head and pressed a finger to his lips. "You made me think. I grew so accustomed to living one way, I didn't see any other. A career woman had to give up certain things to get past the glass ceiling at least when I crashed it. Especially in this old boys' network. I never believed things could change. I made my choice and lived with it." She took a deep breath.

"It's only been a day. You'll change your mind back. Don't make this frustrating for us both." His cock already stood at attention, pressing to her, but he wasn't some kid without self-control or self-respect.

Her arms laced around his neck. "I'm sorry I treated you like just another fantasy last night. I was scared. This is different. I know we need to spend a lot of time together with and without clothing to see if it'll really work long-term, but I want to try."

"Dating? Like a normal couple?" he asked.

"With fantasies when we want." She nudged his erection with her hip and then curled one leg around his waist, inching up for better alignment.

"Wait. What about being seen in public together? The law firm's Christmas party? The lawyers annual dinner dance or whatever fancy things you go to? Charity events."

"You'll look great in a tux. Whole new fantasy." She wrapped her other leg around him.

The scent of her arousal mixed with the musty tarps made Tony want to give in to her instantly. "I won't lie about who I am or what I do. That's not me."

"No, no lying. You have to dress for the occasion."

"You said last night you can't be seen with someone like me." He could hear it in his ears still.

"That's how a man would handle it. That logic is how I got to the top, thinking like the men I had to beat. In most cases, it worked. But not this time. I screwed up and hid behind the logic because it was easier." She pressed her forehead to his. "What's the point of getting to the top if you can't have what or who you want?"

Her eyes looked hopeful, as much as he could see her under those tarps. "You're sure? If we try it, I won't back down. I'm going to those parties as your date. I'm not shy."

"You're exactly what I need. I don't want to change my mind. Isn't this proof enough?" She reached down and slid her hand into the waistband of his jeans, teasing his cock.

Tony had to take the chance. He kissed her hard and carefully unzipped his fly. Lining up, he slid on protection and felt her slick folds hug him as he entered. She clung to him and Tony let his body press hers down into the tarps. His hands roamed over her as much as he could while being quiet and cautious. They had to be quick. A sex-in-public fantasy would be hot one day but now he needed to be alone with her, loud and free.

It was their most traditional position yet, missionary. She didn't seem to mind though he knew she enjoyed being on top. Her body held him tight and he fucked her in short quick thrusts.

Catherine's hips lifted and her back arched. Tony put a hand over her mouth to cover her moans. Her pussy pulsed around him and Tony gave in. He rocked harder into her until he couldn't hold out. Filling his mouth with her breast, he shouted into her flesh as he sucked. Easing back, he came on her stomach and rubbed it into her skin with his free hand.

"Spend the weekend with me, please?" she asked in a whisper to his ear.

He nodded and eased to one side of her. Somehow he'd forgotten it was Friday. Amazing how much had changed in a week. "Next time we do it in public, it'll be planned and there will be a real danger of being caught by strangers."



She shivered in his arms and he knew she was in.

## **Chapter Four**

She always kept her promises and even though Rick didn't return immediately home with them, he'd shown up promptly at seven for the fun.

Tony stared at her from the bed as she changed. "You're sure?"

Smiling, she pulled a red dress from her closet. "I'm sure. I panicked last night. I've never had a fantasy turn real before. They were always quick and over. Fun but temporary. I'm willing to explore with you."

"This chemistry doesn't happen every day."

"Very true." Catherine tugged the tight dress on. Cut low at the cleavage, so no bra, and the skirt was so short she'd never wear the dress outside the house...so no panties.

"It was good make-up sex. Now a fantasy with Rick? You're insatiable." He took a long look. "That dress makes you look like a hooker."

From the dresser she plucked a tube of red lipstick and applied it liberally. "Good."

"What's the fantasy?" he asked.

"Hooker. You nailed it. Rick helped us out and never got full play. Now he'll get whatever he wants and you get to watch."

"Watch?" he asked with frustration.

"Well, you're my pimp and you can do what you want but I think it only works with Rick getting his way. When he needs a break, you can jump in. I need a double dose." She leaned over him and rubbed his cock growing through the jeans. "We'll have to fix this."

"Work fast. He'll be here any second."

Catherine smiled and grabbed a bottle of lube from the bedside table. Tony freed his cock and stretched back. Instead of climbing on him, she drizzled the lube on his

cock and rubbed it in with her hand. Quick and rough she squeezed and teased him, running her manicured nails along the tip until his hips lifted. He wanted a blowjob at least but she wasn't about to mess up her outfit or makeup—yet.

“Bitch.” He grabbed the front of her dress and pulled it down to reveal her breasts.

She stroked him faster and let her tits bounce as he fixated on them. He was raw and unapologetically male. How could she ever give him up?

His grunts and groans built up and he came in a jolt. Catherine watched the droplets land before she tongued the tip of him and zipped up his jeans.

The doorbell rang and Catherine pulled up her dress. “Next.” She headed for the front door and opened it slowly.

True to his youth and sexually motivated nature, Rick wore jeans, a T-shirt and sandals. Nothing to get in the way.

He took her in. “You’re hot.”

“Thanks.” She noticed his cock growing and pulled him into the apartment and locked the door behind him. “My boss says you get anything you want, on the house. But he has to watch. In the bedroom.”

“Boss?” Rick frowned and then nodded. “Nice. You ready for fun? Sure you’re into it?”

Catherine smiled; he was giving her an out. “I’m sure. Sometimes the boss likes to jump in. He won’t do you, just me. He likes to make sure we can handle two demanding customers. I’m still learning.”

“A new working girl?” Rick kicked off his sandals and shrugged out of his shirt, leaving both on the living room floor.

She nodded and led him into the bedroom. Tony had moved over to one side of the bed and had a slight smile on his face that told Catherine he was ready to enjoy.

Pressing her body to Rick’s, Catherine opened his fly, no belt to get in the way. No underwear either, she discovered as the jeans slid down.

Rick kicked them away and stood there naked and hard without pretense or shame. Impatient, he tugged her dress down to show off her chest and sucked her breasts.

“Lay her out here. I need to grade her performance.” Tony patted the bed.

Catherine let Rick steer her and push her back. Her head landed close to the pillows next to Tony’s waist. If her cunt wasn’t already wet from the outfit and pre-fantasy play, she was soaked when Rick tugged the dress up and found her bare pussy.

Rick dove in face first and Catherine arched. That was the last move she’d expected. But he licked hard and sucked her pussy lips until they tingled. “More,” she moaned.

“That doesn’t look like work.” Tony flicked her nipple. “She needs to ride, not to be serviced.”

Rick pulled her off the bed and took her place. The young man had energy but little attention span. He wrapped his cock in latex and was ready to go. She kicked off the stripper heels and climbed on him. Taking his erection all the way down, she pinned his hips to the bed with her weight and leaned forward so her breasts were well displayed for both men.

Tony’s eyes darkened and she saw his cock pulsing. As she rocked, she caught his eyes and blew him a kiss.

“You like older women, Rick?” Tony asked. “They appreciate eager young men and love to fuck them.”

“Yeah. They seem classy and mature but want to be slutty.” He cupped her breasts and massaged them.

The dirty talk and hard new cock deep inside her sent Catherine into orgasm. Biting her lip, she kept fucking but her pace changed. A deep moan finally escaped her mouth.

“What a pro. Some girls take forever to come.” Rick thrust into her.

“See why she’s not getting paid? Selfish whore loves the perks of the job.” Tony smacked her ass.

Catherine swallowed another moan. He knew her weaknesses and spanked her a few more times to fuel another wave of arousal. "I need more," she demanded.

Tony laughed. "See, Rick? I'm going to train her to work bachelor parties and that crap. Gang bangs are the only thing that'll wear her out." He leaned over and nipped at her breast. "Real or plastic up your ass?"

"Real," Rick answered before Catherine had a chance.

Catherine looked at Tony and smirked. "The customer is always right." She tugged on his fly and then grabbed a bottle of lube.

Before he went around her, Tony took the lube bottle and stood on the bed carefully. He rubbed his cock along her lips.

"Yeah, get him ready," Rick coached.

Catherine flicked her tongue over Tony's sac, along his shaft and up to the tip. She sucked him only enough to make sure he was fully hard for her and Rick. "I need it so bad. I haven't had two men in days."

"She's a frat house fantasy." Rick propped himself up on his elbows to watch more.

Tony moved and knelt behind her. Catherine kept from giggling by rocking on Rick's hard cock. Tony didn't mind sharing her, and she suspected Rick had a little thing for Tony. It all worked in her favor, more cock for her!

She shuddered as Tony rubbed lube on her asshole and then squirted some inside. "Want any help lubing that long, hard cock?" she offered.

"You just hold still." He pressed the tip to her opening and her teasing stopped.

Catherine wasn't new to double penetration but both men were well hung. She took a deep breath and relaxed her muscles, giving over control to Tony. Just last night she'd kicked him out but they were back at it again.

Tony eased in slowly. Catherine leaned back for more. The tight fit, the two hot bodies surrounding her, it was so perfect. She felt Rick's cock pulse and strain inside her, his hips worked eagerly.

"All the way. Stretch her." Rick threw his hands back over his head in surrender.

"Oh yeah, I never get enough cock. I want a third for us to suck on." Catherine had no problem playing up the horny hooker role. Rick's face contorted in need when she said *us*. He was bi. She knew it.

"Yes." Rick thrust faster. "I can't stop."

"Don't stop! Give it to me." Catherine rocked her hips with Tony already in to the hilt.

Tony wrapped his arms around her and teased her breasts. Rick strained and went over, screaming until he was red. Catherine rode him as he shuddered and let her own small orgasm spread slowly. It was the best of releases that snuck up and lasted. She loved those and tightened her pussy around Rick's cock. "That's what I needed."

"Half of it anyway." Tony didn't let either of them rest, he thrust steadily and pulled out fully.

"Tony." She fell forward onto Rick and clung tightly as Tony took what he wanted just the way she liked it.

"You didn't think you were in charge? Rick might let you win but I get what I want and make you work for it." He fisted a hand in her hair, holding her down as he fucked her.

Her pussy throbbed as he plunged in and out of her ass, making the fantasy better than she'd dreamed. "Please, take me. Make me come again."

"Shit, it's tight." Rick shifted his hips to get the full friction.

Catherine braced herself, every move they made spread her and triggered more pleasure.

"Spank her. She's a bad girl who likes it. Didn't even blow you first today. Went right for it so you're a quick lay. Gotta get your quality fuck, kid," Tony encouraged Rick.

Rick's hands swatted her ass as Tony fucked it. Catherine let the heat spread and take her over. She rocked for more and when Tony slid in just right, rubbing along Rick's cock through her body, she lost control and hit full tilt orgasm.

"Harder," she screamed.

Tony reached around and pinched her clit, holding it. He twisted until she shrieked as if she'd been shocked. Her pussy and ass contracted around the cocks, holding on to them shamelessly.

She tried to keep them both but Tony pressed a thumb to her asshole and slid his cock free so his come landed on her crack.

Finally Catherine rolled off Rick and realized the red dress was still on her, scrunched up at her middle. Her body sizzled with pleasure. "Did I pass?" she asked as Tony curled in behind her.

Rick sat up and shrugged. "Worked for me. Nothing I can teach you. He's got the plans. Thanks but I've got more women to please."

He grabbed his pants and headed out for the rest of his clothes.

Slowly, she looked back at Tony after the front door had closed. "I think he liked you better." She laughed.

He slapped her rump and she kissed him with contented pleasure.

"So what's my grade?"

"B minus. You're too selfish to be a hooker." He rolled her onto her back and caged her with his arms. "You came more than Rick and I combined."

She smiled. "That's not my fault. I get off easy. How about this? I'll wash you head to toe before we go for round two. That includes a blowjob."

"Round two. You lined up another guy?"

She shook her head. "Just us but I need some more of you. Rick was eager but lacks your talents and creativity. His pussy licking skills were weak."

“What outfit will you wear for this round?” He pulled her to her feet and headed for the bathroom.

“You can pick it. Or maybe I’m your naked captive?” She stopped and kissed him hard. The play, the passion and this man every day. Maybe a woman could have it all?



## About the Author

A lover of unusual things, Cheryl Dragon enjoys writing unique stories of sinfully hot erotic romance, pure erotica or paranormals with a psychic twist. Never at a loss for ideas, she has plenty of stories yet to be written. Her two favorite settings are Las Vegas and New Orleans – where anything can happen.

Cheryl lives in the Chicagoland area with her deaf albino cat. By day she analyzes numbers as an assistant controller for a division of a large international company, which leaves her creative side free for writing.

Cheryl welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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