



“Wage Slave”

by

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WAGE SLAVE

Andrea watched the new director sashay her way across the office and thought unkind thoughts. That skirt was way too tight, for one thing, and the silky blouse was too clingy. And then there were the heels. The less said about the way they stretched out her legs, making them look eight feet long at the same time that they made her stick out her round little ass as she walked, the better.

Andrea could feel her sense of righteous indignation burning its way up, well, pretty much every part of her body all at once. It had just made her nipples poke through her blouse and painted her cheeks a rosy pink when her boss brought the director over to introduce her. "And this is Andrea Anderson. She handles the bookkeeping, maintains the computer network and generally does whatever needs doing or fixing. Andrea, this is Sharon Wayne."

Sharon gave her a brilliant smile and reached over to shake her hand. Andrea took her hand reluctantly, trying not to glance down at the cleavage invitingly displayed at the top of Sharon's shirt. "Nice to meet you," she muttered through clenched teeth. It was just not fair.

"You too. I can always handle more doing and fixing, whenever you've got the time, Andrea." Startled, Andrea met Sharon's eyes for the first time. They were dark brown and seemed to bore right through her. *Even*

dyes her hair, the big phony she nearly murmured out loud. Fortunately Bob swept Sharon off just about then. Just in time to give Andrea a spectacular view of the beautifully toned ass under the director's silky skirt.

Andrea stopped her fist before it went to her forehead in hopes of pounding some sense into her head. No point in being too obvious. Especially since it looked like Bob was going to do that for her. From this angle, it looked like he was trying to rub himself all over those very long legs in an act of desperate sincerity. Andrea pictured herself rubbing her way up those legs herself, perhaps licking and nibbling and... "Andrea! I can't login!" Sam was swearing at his computer again and she made herself forget Sharon, at least temporarily.

Since a few days passed before she saw Sharon again, it should have been easier to forget that first meeting. But somehow Sharon Wayne made herself at home in Andrea's dreams. She woke up one morning after a particularly vivid one about burying her face between Sharon's legs at one of those interminable quarterly meetings. Sharon tasted a little like honeyed mead, something that Andrea had sampled once at the local Medieval Faire. She spent her snooze time with her hand between her legs buried in her own soaking wet pussy, rubbing until she writhed with release.

That, of course, was the day that Sharon needed to get her computer logins and such set up. Andrea went in early, freshly showered and deodorized, no whiff of sex hanging around her like a cloud, no ma'am. She logged in and read the email that Bob sent her about getting the lock on Sharon's office door fixed before it locked her in. She shrugged and made a note to take care of it later. It wasn't like the overtime around here wouldn't have the same effect anyway.

Then she snuck over to Sharon's office and logged into her computer. She had finished the first round of installs and was focused on the second when a voice from the doorway made her jump. "My, my, someone's here early. Bob said you do an excellent job maintaining things around this place and I can see that he was right." Sharon was wearing pants today, along with heels and a blouse in some shimmery fabric that made Andrea's eyes go places that she didn't want them to.

Sharon dumped her jacket on the coat rack, dropping her bag in the process. That meant she had to bend over, exposing that perfect ass to Andrea's harassed gaze. Desperate to keep her hands and her mind to herself, Andrea murmured, "Thanks. It's nothing really. I'll be done in fifteen minutes if that's okay with you." She dragged her gaze back to the screen and forced her hands down on the keyboard, away from her lap and anything else they might potentially do on their own.

"That's just fine, hon. What are you doing anyway?" Sharon stepped around the desk and leaned against the back of the chair. Andrea's lungs filled with her scent and she squirmed a little as she got ever so slightly moist. Sharon brushed against her shoulder and she got a lot wetter. Soaked, really.

Sharon stayed where she was, didn't pull back an inch until Andrea couldn't stand it any more. Sure, installing the programs from the network instead of a CD would take longer but that was better than losing her job by making a pass at a straight director. "Just about done," she managed to choke out. "I can install the rest from the network so I'll just get out of your way."

She pulled herself out of the chair as if she was jet-propelled, ignoring Sharon's voice saying, "You weren't in the way--" as it trailed after her down the hallway. Hunting for shelter, she bolted into the single stall bathroom at the far end of the floor and locked the door behind her. Her hands fumbled with the zipper on her pants until she could drop them down around her ankles.

Then she slumped against the door, fingers buried in the hot wetness between her legs. She rubbed frantically, nearly convincing herself that Sharon was in the room with her until she came, thighs trembling with the effort it took to stay standing. Then there was nothing left to do but clean up, splash cold water on her face and hope she didn't run into Sharon again for a few days.

But no such luck. No sooner had she composed herself enough to leave the bathroom than she opened the door to find Sharon on the other side. "Oh there you are, Andrea. I was just going to say that I'll be in a meeting for a while this morning so feel free to finish installing in my office." She smiled and gave Andrea a look from those dark

brown eyes that suggested that she knew just what the bookkeeper had been up to.

She vanished before Andrea could do more than turn beet red. She slunk back to Sharon's office and went to work. This time, she made the effort to look around at the photos and knickknacks the other woman had begun to unpack. There was a golf club on a desk organizer; surely that was a good sign. Andrea smiled to herself, noticing the lack of fluffy things on display, at least so far. At least until she got to the photos. There was Sharon with two kids and a dog, all smiling up at the camera, even the dog. Then there was the one with the tall good-looking guy with his arm around her, still smiling.

Andrea didn't smile back. This time, she did beat her fist against her forehead, but it didn't help. Sharon was entrenched, at least for the moment. And, just her luck, was walking through the door with that cheery smile from the photos plastered on her face instead of staying imaginary. Andrea pulled herself together and muttered, "Hi. You should be all set up. Here's your list of temporary passwords and your logins. Let me know if you have any trouble."

She tried to bolt out the door, only to find Sharon blocking the way. "Bob says you have the best grasp on the office expenses around here, Andrea. I was wondering if you could stay a little late on Thursday and explain them to me. I wouldn't ask that of you but you know how booked my schedule is."

Did those long blonde eyelashes flutter over those big brown eyes? Andrea couldn't be sure. She garbled something that could have been heard as agreement if that was what you wanted to hear and fled. Once around the corner, she paused to catch her breath. Alone in the office on Thursday night with Sharon? Her heart raced. She forced herself to be sensible: alone, except for the janitors and the security guard. How romantic.

It was only Tuesday now. She wondered if she'd manage to avoid making a fool of herself before Thursday rolled around. Then she wondered what would happen if she just brushed up against the director, by accident of course. Then she'd get to find out if those delicious curves were all they promised to be. Andrea began spending her lunch break in the bathroom or in her car, her hand between her

legs imagining that her fingers were Sharon's tongue. She had never looked forward to Thursday with such a perfect mix of dread and anticipation before.

Then when Thursday finally dawned, it looked as if Sharon was going to have to reschedule. Andrea had to wait until lunchtime to find out for sure. Butterflies did exotic tropical dances in Andrea's stomach as she watched the clock. Had four hours always taken this long? She wasn't sure, but it just didn't seem right.

At last an instant message popped up: Sharon. Fingers trembling slightly, she clicked the little blinking icon. "Still on. Can I buy you dinner fr yr trble?"

She stared at the message as if it were going to grow fangs and attack her. Dinner? She couldn't possibly, she'd behave like an idiot, she'd get fired. Her fingers frantically typed: "I'll take a rain check on dinner, srly. C u at 5." There, that sounded all cool and professional, at least in IM speak. Now to make sure that the calm and collected Andrea was in charge at the end of the day. She pulled up her spreadsheets and went to work writing a report to show the director. Not the woman she wanted to make love to, but her boss's boss. Maybe if she told herself that enough times, it would sink in.

Five o'clock rolled around faster than should have been possible but by then Andrea thought she was ready. Sort of. She gathered up her various printouts and started for Sharon's office, waving her farewells as other people started to clear out. *Not deserted yet*, she noticed with a sigh of relief. It would be fine. She hoped.

Sharon was on the phone when she reached the office door, but she waved Andrea in and gestured toward the chair. From the tone of her voice, Andrea guessed that she was talking to one of her kids and resolutely tuned the conversation out. Still, she couldn't help but notice how firm Sharon's voice was. She wondered what it would be like for the director to speak just as firmly to her. She might order Andrea to do...*almost anything*. A tiny wet trickle ran from her pussy and over her labia. She tried not to scream in frustration.

Finally, Sharon got off the phone and turned her attention to her squirmingly aroused underling. Andrea wondered if she could smell desire from across the office. If she did, it didn't show. Instead, they

looked at spreadsheets and figures for a while until Sharon had to step out for a minute. Andrea could hear the janitor vacuuming the cubicles outside and sighed with relief. They were almost done anyway.

That was the moment that Sharon stepped back inside, pulling the door closed behind her. The lock snapped shut with a finality that made Andrea jump. "Oh shit," she murmured before she could stop herself. Sharon's eyebrows rose and she reached back to try and open the door. It rattled but nothing else happened.

"My fault," Andrea volunteered. "I forgot to have this fixed. But we can just yell for Lee and he can get us out." She tugged at the door, feeling obliged to give it a try. Sharon's mild perfume swept over her in a wave and she nearly closed her eyes to breathe it in.

"Why don't we finish up first?" Sharon breathed. Standing this close to her, Andrea realized that she was a bit taller than the other woman. Her full lips were kissably close though, thanks to those heels she never took off. Her eyes were dark enough to fall into and her full, round breasts were so close that it was all Andrea could do not to reach out and take one in her hands. In fact, she checked out so far that for a moment, Andrea was terrified that she had done just that.

It wasn't until Sharon turned back toward the desk that she realized that her daydreams had simply gone too far. This had to stop. "So those are some cute kids you've got there. What does your husband do?" There, that would add the splash of ice water that she so desperately needed.

"Something with his boyfriend, generally, at least when he's not selling real estate." Sharon gave her a wicked smile, one that seemed full of hidden meanings. "We got divorced a few years back but managed to stay good friends. How about you, Andrea? Got any kids? Spouse or partner?"

She seemed weirdly relaxed for a woman who was locked in an office with a total stranger after 5. Andrea was baffled. Shouldn't one of them be calling for Lee before he left for the night? Of course, Jorge or Ana would be on duty at the security desk so they could just call down and ask to be rescued. That must be what she was thinking. She shook herself a little, reminding herself to stay in the moment before her worst fears came true. "Nope, no kids. Not married either." She

gave Sharon what she hoped was a cheerful smile. "Now as for the expenses..."

Andrea rattled on for a bit, answering Sharon's questions while she wrote on the board behind Sharon's desk. It was almost enough to distract her, this discussion of areas where more money was needed and the places where they could cut back and save. She'd never been able to get Bob to listen to her like this; it was a nice feeling, and made her feel more optimistic about her job than she had in months.

Sharon chose that moment to walk up beside her to ask a final question about some specific point. Andrea glanced down and realized that she could see a lot more cleavage than she had when she'd come in. Sharon had definitely unbuttoned a bit. And wasn't there a bit more leg showing through that slit in her skirt? Sharon leaned in to point at something and brushed her breast against Andrea's arm, making the bookkeeper jump.

Once again, Sharon didn't step back, didn't apologize. Just went on looking Andrea straight in the eyes from way too close. Andrea stepped away only to find the wall at her back. She squirmed, fingers tugging at her collar to loosen it. She could feel a bead of sweat running down her neck, and a lot more than that sliding down between her thighs. Sharon looked impatient and asked her question again. She stepped in just a bit closer, well past comfort range and Andrea looked around frantically for a place to put her hands that wouldn't get her into trouble.

She'd settled on her pockets when Sharon caught her right hand in her own. "What a pretty ring!" The director turned a little so that her hip almost brushed Andrea's crotch. The bookkeeper let out a tiny moan, then tried to turn it into a cough. But it was too late. Sharon's smile told her all she needed to know. That was when the director reached up and unbuttoned the collar of Andrea's blouse. "Poor thing!" She purred. "You don't need to make yourself all hot and uncomfortable for me. I'm very impressed with your work and I suspect that'll continue. Don't you?"

Andrea nodded, not trusting herself to speak as those deft fingers withdrew from her collar. Sharon reached out and ran a finger through the line of sweat working its way down her neck. Andrea shuddered

as Sharon licked her finger off. "I think," said the director, "that I know what will make both of us a bit more comfortable." She reached up and unbuttoned another button on her blouse, opening it enough so that Andrea could see the lacy top of her bra.

In another moment, she was going to be lost. She found her voice, somehow, dredged up the question that would drive away all the ambiguity. "Ms. Wayne, are you trying to seduce me?" She squeaked before closing her eyes, unable to bear the expression of shock and horror that was sure to greet it.

"Perhaps. Mostly I was hoping that you'd seduce me, Ms. Anderson."

Andrea's eyes flew open in shock. Sharon was still way too close, her shirt exposing far too much cleavage. Her eyes were filled with wry humor. "Unless you'd rather go on rubbing yourself off in the bathroom? Speaking of which, I wouldn't mind seeing your technique." Sharon slipped her hand between Andrea's legs and pressed up against her nearly molten pussy through her khakis.

Andrea closed her eyes and gasped for air as Sharon slowly unzipped and unbuttoned her pants. Sharon followed it up by running her hand down the center seam so that it disappeared briefly between Andrea's thighs. Andrea muffled a groan and drove her right hand into her own pants. Her fingers slipped in the thick wetness until she found her hardened clit. She barely touched it, circling the agonizingly sensitive flesh two or three times before she collapsed against the wall, thighs shaking.

"My, my," Sharon drawled in a patently fake Southern accent, "that was quite the show, darling." She fanned herself with one hand and pulled her shirt open to display ample cleavage trapped in a lacy bra.

That was the last straw: Andrea reached out and grabbed her. She pulled the other woman up and out of her heels for a bone-crushing kiss. She could feel Sharon unbuttoning her shirt and spun them both around so that Sharon's back was against the wall. Then she hoisted her up so that the director's legs were wrapped around her waist. Sharon moaned as Andrea tugged her shirt out of the waistband of

her skirt, and did it again even louder when Andrea braced her with one arm and got her free hand inside her bra.

The full glories of Sharon's soft flesh rolled into her hand but Andrea realized that she wanted more. She tugged her hand loose from Sharon's bra then slipped it down between her legs. The director was wearing tiny, skimpy little underpants that were soaked all the way through. Andrea rolled them between her fingers and worked them up into Sharon's soaking wet slit. She rubbed the other woman's clit through the fabric with her thumb while she slid two of her other fingers inside her.

Sharon's eyes flew open and she spoke in that same tone of voice that she'd used on the phone. "I want you to eat me out now, Andrea."

Andrea knew an order when she heard one but that didn't mean she couldn't take her time following it. She spun around, maneuvering Sharon onto the edge of the desk. Then she leaned over to tongue Sharon's nipples into excruciating hardness through the lace of her bra until Sharon wailed. It was a sound of pure desire and it made Andrea grin as she tugged off the skimpy underwear. Here at least, she was in control and the world was as it should be.

That was when Sharon reached back and flipped the photos over before she turned around. "I'm not feeling any tongue where I want it, Andrea. I wouldn't want to have to ask Bob to put that on your next performance review." Andrea jerked her head up in alarm and looked at Sharon's face for reassurance. She didn't get much; Sharon raised one blonde brow and didn't smile. Andrea dropped to her knees and unbuttoned her skirt.

Her thoughts whirled as she ran her tongue gingerly up Sharon's bare thigh. What if she was serious? Would she have to spend all her spare time pleasuring her boss's boss? She squelched the thought and buried her face in the dark brown curls between Sharon's thighs instead. *I knew she dyed her hair.* The triumphant comment vanished into mumbled slurpings as the director's hands firmly dragged her face into her pussy.

She licked as if her job was at stake, though she hoped it wasn't. Her tongue caressed the hardening little knob of Sharon's clit like it

was sugarcoated and she shoved a finger or two into the soaking wet pussy just beneath it. Sharon moaned, pulling the sound all the way up her torso and out her throat. Andrea noticed that she did taste a tiny bit like mead and licked harder, running her tongue from clit to slit, then back again. Sharon began to tremble, then to shake.

Her wails and moans stayed soft though, nothing that would alert the security guards as they made their rounds. Andrea stayed where she was as Sharon came, legs scissoring around her ears. She bent to her task again since the other woman's hands were still holding her face firmly in place. Maybe this would be worth a bonus. She ventured another finger inside the wet slit an inch under her nose.

This time, Sharon came so hard she nearly fell off the desk. Andrea managed to catch her before she got too far and the director fell backward on the desk instead, laughing. She finally released Andrea's head and the bookkeeper stood up, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. Sharon pulled her up close and kissed her hard. She reached down and pinched Andrea's nipple through her shirt until it tore a groan from Andrea's throat. Andrea could feel her heart race, her breathing pick up until it sounded like she'd been running. She pulled Sharon in close, her hands frantically exploring the other woman's body.

Finally, Sharon pulled back, breaking off the kiss that threatened to make Andrea pass out. She pushed the bookkeeper gently back a few paces and gave her a loving look from under her dyed-blond lashes. Then Sharon gave her a sunny smile and began buttoning her blouse and skirt. She stood up and tucked her underwear into Andrea's pocket and patted her cheek next to her open mouth. "So... same time next week, Andrea? I know I can count on you."

Without waiting for a response, she walked over and gave the door a good yank. It opened with a protesting squeal and she paused to blow Andrea an air kiss over one shoulder before she walked away, perfect ass swinging to the rhythm of her heels.