

The Company Affair

By



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Chapter One

I met Samson M. Grant about two years ago. Monty, my husband and I were attending a company function that evening and Samson was introduced to me as a company Partner by my husband. My first impressions were that Samson was very attractive and suave. He had an air of confidence about him that was hard to miss. As the evening wore on, I became a little bored by all the business talk and retreated to a quiet corner and sipped at my third glass of wine, content to watch the other guests chatting happily in small groups.

Several times, I noticed Samson watching me. Instead of mingling with the other guests, he was standing just on the fringes and it seemed that each time I looked at him, he would be looking at me, smiling, as if he knew something about me that others did not know.

I could see Monty, his back to me, swinging his hands about as he talked to his friends. I knew that my Husband was in his element and I was just about forgotten to him. Just his wife of several years and easily forgotten at a time like this.



I sensed someone moving up beside me and turned to see Samson, smiling broadly, as he stood beside me.

"Goodness, Ms. Eleanor, You are much too beautiful to be standing here alone. Surely, you are not bored with all this business talk going on?"

"Well, Just a bit," I replied, smiling back at him. "But I do need to support my husband at meetings like this."

"Oh, Yes! Very important to have wives that support their husbands!" He grinned, looking out toward the group that included Monty. "Monty is an asset to the company and we are glad to have him with us."

"I'm sure that Monty is glad to be a part of this company as well." I said, smiling up at him. "Monty told me that you were a Partner, but just exactly what do you supervise?"

"Well, Ms Eleanor, I am the Personnel Director. I guess you could say that I tell people where to go." I couldn't help smiling at his obvious attempt at humor.

"And what do you do, Ms Eleanor?" He asked, "I know from the company records that you are married to Monty and have two daughters. Is that right?"

"Yes, we have been married 17 years." I replied.



"Hmm, and May I ask how old they are?" He asked.

"Sara is 17 and Melissa is 15, now. I responded.

Samson hesitated momentarily as if recalling a vital fact. I was sure, as a personnel Partner he had already read Monty's file and was aware that the date of our marriage was just slightly more than Sara's date of birth. I never gave it much thought as pregnant brides were not at all uncommon.

"What do you do besides supporting your Husband at boring company events like this?" That mischievous smile flashed across his face again.

"Well, I guess I will have to say I'm a stay at home wife and Mother. Not a very glamorous title I'm sure, but someone has to do It." trying to match his humor.

"Very good!" Samson replied, "Monty and your daughters must be very proud of you!"

Samson and I made small talk for several more minutes and I felt a flush creep over me as I noticed him letting his gaze fall on my breasts. Monty had always praised my breast size as being just right, not too large and not too small. Monty had always encouraged me to "Show them off more" and it appeared that Samson was getting a good look at my cleavage. Perhaps leaving the top two buttons undone and my $\frac{3}{4}$ cup lace bra was showing them off too much.



Samson offered to get me a fresh drink but I politely refused the drink but remarked that a breath of fresh air was what I needed more than a fresh drink. After three glasses of wine in a warm room I was feeling a little giddy and moved toward the exit sign nearby. I wobbled a little and Samson put a stabilizing

Around my waist and guided me to the door.

Holding the door open for me, I walked past him, feeling the cool evening air on my cheeks and feeling better already. Samson resumed his position at my side and slipped an arm about my waist and guided me to a small alcove. As we stood there, silently, I was very much aware of Samson's presence so close to me.

"You are even more beautiful in the moonlight." He breathed, and his arm tightened around my waist, pulling me closer to him. I knew I should push him away, but I was feeling the wine and his closeness. I turned toward him and put my arms between us, pushing on his chest slightly. "No, Please!" I murmured. "I can't...." His lips crushed down on mine as his arms tightened around me, holding me against him. I struggle briefly, then yielded to the erotic feelings that he was stirring up in me. I just kind of went limp in his arms and opened my lips to his searching tongue.



For long moments we kissed passionately, my arms going around his waist, pulling him to me. I felt his hands pulling at my blouse, and then the coolness of his hands against my warm flesh as his fingers fumbled at the clasp of my bra. The sudden release seemed to excite me more and I arched my breasts out to his searching hands. Samson squeezed and molded my breasts, his fingers pinching and pulling at the erect nipples, all the while his tongue danced against mine.

Breathlessly, we broke from the deep kisses and Samson took a step back, his fingers working on the buttons of my blouse. Seconds later, the blouse and bra was dropped to the floor and Samson gazed down at my full breasts and erect nipples. "Beautiful!!" he whispered and bent his head down to lavish kisses on each of them in turn. As he sucked vigorously on my sensitive nipples, I felt his hand running up the inside of my thighs, reaching the warm wetness of my panties. With all resistance gone, I allowed him to guide my hand to the swollen bulge in his pants.

"Take it out!" he hissed, "You know you want it!" His fingers rubbed steadily against my swollen pussy lips as my own fingers searched and found the zipper to his pants. It made a hissing noise that seemed so loud in the quiet space we occupied. Slowly, my fingers wrapped around the swollen cock, feeling it throbbing as I pulled it into the open. Samson groaned huskily and stepped back, allowing me to get my first look at his raging cock.



Even in the dim light, I could see that it was somewhat larger than Monty's . Samson's hands now came up to rest on my shoulders and I felt him pushing me downward. Still holding his cock, I bent over at the waist, the rigid flesh pointing up at me. Slowly, I stuck out my tongue and licked at the bulbous head, tasting the thin, pre-cum juice that was oozing from the tip.

As my lips closed over the swollen head, Samson leaned forward over me, his hand coming under to grasp and squeeze my hanging tits. Slowly, he worked his hips back and forth, driving his cock into my mouth. I could feel him throb against my tongue as he struggled to resist the urge to cum.

All at once, Samson pulled out of my mouth, His cock throbbing violently just beneath my nose. Quickly, he spun me around, bending me over the metal rail of the alcove. He pulled my skirt up around my waist and my panties down around my ankles. He stepped close and his huge cock bumped against my ass-hole. I pulled away slightly and raised my ass upwards and backed up. Samson quickly gasped his cock and slammed it deep into my pussy.

I groaned loudly as I felt it surge into my slick sheath, sliding deeper than anything had ever been before. I felt my cunt lips stretching around the swollen shaft and his balls bouncing against my clit. Samson bent over me and grasped my tit with one hand and manipulated my clit with the other



as he drove his cock rapidly in and out of my cunt. I was so close to cumming. The pure lust of the moment caused my insides to tingle and I felt the orgasmic ripple through my belly as my cunt spasms around his throbbing cock. I pushed back against his bucking hips, knowing that his cum was filling my womb.

We stood there for several long moments, enjoying the sensations as each of us breathed heavily from our exertions and thrilled to the lingering sensations of orgasm.

A momentary pang of guilt flashed through me, as I felt Samson slowly withdraw his softening cock. It was followed by a moment of fright as I realized that I was so very exposed to anyone who might be watching. The thought of how I would look to Monty, should he come looking for me, bare to the waist, followed by just my skirt bunched up around my waist and panties hanging around my left ankle. The thick cum from Samson was just beginning to ooze between my swollen pussy lips.

Quickly, I bent over and retrieved my panties, intending to stop the flow of cum from my wet pussy. Before I could act, Samson pressed a handkerchief against my pussy, saying, "Here, Use this! I want your panties for myself!" Somewhat embarrassed, I handed them to him as I clasped the handkerchief to my cunt and closed my legs tightly to hold it in place. As I stood up and moved to retrieve my blouse and



bra, I saw Samson using my panties to wipe his cock of our combined juices.

My movements caused my breasts to giggle and swing and the cool night air caused my nipples to harden. I quickly fastened my bra into place, lifting my tits up to nestle them into the bra, followed by my blouse.

Tucking my blouse into my skirt and straightening my hair gave me a sense of security as I turned to face Samson. His eyes were looking deeply into mine and he smiled at me, asking, "How do you feel, now?" I did not answer him, but he grabbed me and kissed me, saying, "You liked it, didn't you?" I tried to turn away, but he held me, waiting for my reply.

"It is obvious that I did enjoy it!" I replied, "But, It can't happen again! We were just carried away at the moment."

"Why, can't it happen again?" He grinned, "You have a hot little cunt and I want more of it."

"No!" I said sternly. "You know that I am a married woman and you even know my husband. We can't do this anymore. I'm sorry that it went this far."

"Don't be so sure! You may change your mind!" He grinned as he kissed me, thrusting his tongue into my mouth. I broke



away and headed for the door. Looking back at him as he stuffed my panties into his pocket and waved to me.



Chapter Two

Feeling slightly used and embarrassed, I made my way back inside. I could see Monty was still talking to the same group of people and figured that no one had noticed my absence. Quickly glancing at my watch, I saw that we might have been gone thirty minutes.

I needed to find a bathroom soon as the handkerchief was saturated with our cum and was trying to slip from between my thighs. Spying the sign that said ladies, I headed that way. Pushing the door open and the sign "LADIES" right before my eyes, made me wonder if I fit that category anymore. I guess the unexpectedness of it all was what was bothering me.

Finding the room empty, I found a stall and quickly lifted my skirt taking the handkerchief from my pussy. Sitting down and relieving myself, I contemplated the fate of the handkerchief. Flushing it seemed to be a good option, but I thought it might plug something up. As I blotted at my pussy, I realized that the cum would still be oozing out of me for some time to come. Tucking a wad of toilet paper there would



only be a temporary fix, so I settled on keeping the handkerchief.

I went to the wash basin and rinsed out the handkerchief and returned to the stall. I lifted my foot onto the stool, spreading my knees and pushed the handkerchief up inside my cunt, much like a tampon, leaving a small tip out so I could remove it when I got home. Returning to the main room, I looked about and saw Monty coming toward me. "Hi Honey! I was wondering where you had gone." He kissed me on the cheek.

"I had to use the ladies room." I replied. Somewhat ashamed of my reason. Oh, well, No one was hurt, so I decided to forget it. Monty took me by the arm and we mingled with the other people for awhile, then he said we should thank our host and hostess. We said our thanks and goodbyes to Monty's boss and his wife.

My breath caught in my throat as Monty held my coat for me, for standing at the door was Samson, a knowing smile on his face. I felt a flush rush to my cheeks as we passed him. "Have a pleasant evening, Monty and Eleanor, We will see you again."

I was silent on the way home, prompting Monty to ask, "What's the matter, honey? Didn't you enjoy yourself?" "Oh, Yes!" I replied. Leaning over to kiss his cheek. "Nothing like getting to know the people you spend most of your time with!"



"Yeah, they are a great company to work for!" He responded, "But, I am happier that I have a beautiful wife such as you!"

"Well, thank you, dear!" I said, nuzzling my head against his shoulder.

As Monty drive us toward home, His hand came down to rest on my right breast. It was not unusual for him to do this just that my nipple was kind of sensitive from the sucking and pinching done to it, by Samson. He noticed my movements and was getting excited himself. "Mmmm, Honey, your breasts are so soft and full. How about us doing a little lovemaking when we get home?"

'Oh, Honey! It's kind of late and I'm a bit tired. Why not wait until tomorrow night?" That was just what I needed for my husband to find a man's handkerchief stuffed up my cunt and possibly the reason it was there.

"Damn, sweetheart! You know how I get turned on after a few drinks like we had tonight. It can be a quickie, if you want it to be." He begged. I panicked as he tried to run his hand up to my crotch. Pushing his hand down, I said. "Ok, but just a quickie. You promise?"

"Yeah, I promise!" H e grinned. A few minutes later we pulled into our driveway and Monty hit the remote and the garage door swung up. Exiting the car, I lead the way into the house.



Everything was quiet, telling me that the girls were sound asleep. My mind was busy trying to think of some way that I could gracefully get out of fucking Monty, tonight. Not that I minded, but I know that there was more of Samson's cum inside me.

Monty went straight to our bedroom and I walked down the hall to peek into the girl's bedroom. Both were sleeping soundly and I closed their door, then turning out all the lights as I went. I stepped into our bedroom and saw Monty lying there on his back, his erection pointing upwards. I started to undress, but remembered something... The handkerchief!!!

"Please turn out the light, Monty!"

"Gee, Babe! You know how I like to see you naked! Go ahead and I'll just watch." He grinned at me. By this time my blouse was open and my bra showing.

No! Not tonight! You promised a quickie and if you get too excited you will try to make it last all night." I scolded him.

"Oh, Alright!" he groaned and turned out the light. The room was plunged into darkness and I quickly undressed, letting my clothes fall where they may. Usually I slipped my nightie on but I knew I would get up and shower after Monty was through, just before I slid into bed, I pulled the handkerchief from my pussy and dropped it on my clothes. I stretched out on my back and spread my legs as Monty rolled over cupping



my breasts and dipping a finger between my legs. I tensed up, but he mistook the motion as desire on my part, saying, "Wow, Honey! You sure are wet! I bet you were teasing me about not being in the mood."

"I just want to be a good wife for you, dear! You know that I love you so." Accepting this as a go-ahead sign, Monty rolled on top of me as I spread my legs for him. After a little adjusting, he was inside me all the way. I know it sounds a little perverse, but knowing that his cock was fucking me with Samsons cum still there caused me to respond to Monty's love making. Humping my ass up to meet his thrusts caused me to think of how Samsons larger cock had felt inside me. When I felt Monty's cock throb inside me, I hunched my ass up and let go with my own orgasm. As we relaxed, savoring the feelings of contentment, I wrapped my legs around Monty's ass holding him deep inside me. Feeling him slowly shrink and then slip out of my cunt. Monty rolled off me with a satisfied sigh.

Wishing that I could just lie there, I squeezed my thighs together, but still felt the cum oozing out of my cunt and over my ass-hole. Not wishing to sleep in the wet spot, I roused myself up, picked up my clothes and padded to the bathroom. I tossed the clothes into the hamper and sit for a moment on the toilet. The tinkle of urine filled the room and I blotted my pussy with toilet paper.



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