

**another pSecret pSociety pshort pstory**



**Inside Office 108** by Mike Bozart (Agent 33) | MARCH 2017

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by Mike Bozart

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Her mostly below ground level, windowless, repurposed office (formerly a miscellaneous storage room) was at the end of a hallway that always seemed to be poorly lit. Paula, an attractive, 36-year-old, brunette, struggling single mom, was a just-above-entry-level discrepancy reviewer in the Charlotte (NC, USA) junior college's administration unit. She had had the job for six years now and liked it reasonably well, but desperately needed more money for her two teenage sons. Her boys' father, a drunk who she never married, was long gone (somewhere in northern Florida). Without any child support, finances were very tight.

Leonard, or Lenny as he was more often called, was a 55-year-old, slim, ever-randy, silver-haired Caucasian academic who was still a bit caddish. He was married but was now a suburban empty nester. After receiving a Ph.D. in college administration, he gave up teaching for a position in such. Paula was one of his direct reports. He was giving her the come-hither eye by the end of his second week on the job.

Trevor was a 28-year-old, stocky, blonde-haired lad from the Mooresville area of southern Iredell County (25 miles – 40 km – north of Charlotte). He had joined the junior college's security team seven years prior (in 1999). Being in the National Guard, he was called up for active duty in Iraq in January of 2004. When he came back 22 months later, Trevor was a different man. He was angry and often brooded. At a college meeting in March of 2006 on tornado safety, he made way-off-topic, vitriolic comments about Washington politicians. Many suspected PTSD [Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder] and wondered if he was getting treatment. He wasn't.

It was a chilly, rainy Wednesday-before-Thanksgiving evening (November 22) in 2006. The time was 6:56 PM. All the employees in the junior college's A5 Building had gone home two hours ago. All except for two.

Inside office 108, Paula was performing fellatio on Lenny.

"Does this feel good?" Paula lifted her head to ask.

"As good as heaven, sexy," Lenny answered between gasps. "You're going to get that new position. I'll make damn sure of it."

"Oh, thank you so much, sir!" Then Paula continued with the penile tongue-lashing.

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