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“NEXT!”

Stormbringer’s bellow echoed through his office and out into the corridor where an apparently endless stream of hopefuls waited to be interviewed. He sighed and buried his head into the mound of paperwork which littered his desk, vaguely aware of the door opening and closing again. Maybe he should have insisted on the more descriptive advert, but the newspaper refused to publish it and no doubt the PC brigade would have been all over him for some feminist issue or other. What he had wanted to say was ‘Well-stacked, sexy young lady of outstanding beauty and indifferent morals required to introduce visitors to the best in hot erotic art and stories’. But what he had finally been forced to draft before the

paper would run the ad simply read 'Hostess needed to greet visitors to a modern art and literary publishing house'.

So of course he ended up with a line-up of everything from failed art students to elderly blue-stockings who looked as though they might have modelled for Picasso. Assuming Picasso's paintings were actually true to life portrayals of his subjects, of course. Three hours into the interviews and he was no nearer finding the person he wanted and, apparently, no nearer the end of hopeful applicants either.

"Sit! Name?" he grunted without looking up.

"Ethel Ramsbladder, sir" The voice was bright and innocent but he could just picture someone who walked around with a name like that. The sigh was deeper this time as he sorted through the heap of papers and found the correct application form. There it was... blah, blah, blah... 24... blah, blah, blah... hairdresser... blah, blah, blah... some modelling work...' Probably for elastic stockings, he thought sourly to himself as he looked up...



...and found his brain jolted to a sudden halt that had apparently removed both the power of speech and the ability to move.

Pink shoulder-length hair framed a pair of wide green cat eyes that regarded him tremulously, long eyelashes batting attractively to briefly hide them every few seconds. A guy could drown in orbs like that and never reach for a life raft. The pert nose had just a hint of freckles to save it from being too faultless and the mouth... if god had done a better job of creating a mouth whose pouting perfection was specifically designed to make any male within a hundred yards imagine how its lush lips would look spread around their cock; well he had yet to see it.

“Jee.....!” The power of speech returned, though not necessarily accompanied by coherence. But at least his eyes could pick their way out of those limpid green pools and drag themselves onto dry land; dry land that was inevitably, automatically, southwards.

The neck was faultless but... a small frown of disappointment... those tits in the brief wrap-around top were just too large and too perfect to be real. They detracted from his enjoyment of a scrutiny which was already taking too long, causing the girl to shift uncomfortably in her chair. Shift and resettle a bottom that had to be small and taut judging by slender hips and long, slim legs which were almost completely revealed by a matching lilac miniskirt so short he was sure there was a brief flash of darker purple about where the vee of Ethel's thighs would meet together.

"Errr... Mr Stormbringer... sir..."

Reluctantly his eyes made the uphill journey, crossing the gap where a gentle curve of exposed belly flesh was dimpled by a cute navel; up over the mountainous peaks of her (sigh...



false... why couldn't girls stay with what nature gave them?) breasts and back to the verdant green oases of her eyes.

"Miss Ramsbladder..." He almost choked over the name. That would have to go! Go? Well sure, he was going to give her the job wasn't he? She was almost too perfect for it. Well-

stacked, hot, and he could always work on her morals later. A girl like that must get propositioned hundreds of times a day and probably became cynical, if not outright annoyed by it. Still, she would be worth every cent of the money he was paying even if she did no more than stand at the door and smile for anyone who came visiting. But he couldn't tell her to dismiss the other applicants just yet. That would make him look stupid and tell her he was only employing her for her body. Not a good start at all.

"Miss Ramsbladder," he tried again. "It doesn't look as if you have had much relevant experience, does it?"

"Oh, well, no sir." A slight frown of disappointment crossed her face, "and only the one boyfriend since I was 18 so I don't know very much at all." A boyfriend? Well he would have to go too. And was she trying to be cute, seductive... flirtatious?" The voice sounded sincere enough and those eyes stared at him earnestly as though eager to please. But no one was that naïve!

"I'm not sure I follow you?"

"Well every time I go for a job interview I have to take all my clothes off to be measured for the uniform; even when none of the other girls do. And then I never seem to get the job even after..." Her voice trailed off and a blush darker in hue than her pink bangs spread across both cheeks and headed towards the impressive cleavage. "It's always over so quickly... with my boyfriend too... so I never have chance to get much experience being interviewed."



She really was that naïve? It seemed impossible; had an unseen genie suddenly granted his most impossible wish? Handled right this girl could be priceless! Handled... he put that thought aside with some difficulty and a slight shiver, glad for the moment his lower half was concealed

behind a desk. "How about we do things differently then?" he asked once a degree of self-restraint was recovered. "This time you keep your clothes on and maybe you'll actually get the job for a change. We can talk about giving you experience later."

"Oh, that would be wonderful sir!" The enthusiasm was genuine. Everything about her was genuine; except for those too-perfect tits of course. Genuine and innocent and almost begging to be taken advantage of. And who better qualified to take advantage than himself?

The innocent desire to please radiating from her cute face did much to restore Stormbringer's self-possession and his normal rather domineering personality started to





reinstate itself as he planned how best to achieve his objective; the objective, as if that needed spelling out, being to gain access to using her wonderful body whilst also employing the girl for the boost she could provide to his business enterprises. Well, if she thought she got the job based on her abilities, he would probably be half way there. So the man deliberately avoided looking below her neckline and concentrated on a calm, professional demeanour, highlighting the duties which involved greeting guests, being friendly and open towards them, guiding them around the facilities, as well as servicing their needs...

Ugghh... servicing... he had actually said that; a Freudian slip caused by him thinking too far ahead. The girl didn't seem to react though so he ploughed onwards; taking messages between the studios, tidying up, looking after the extras, servicing the artists needs when they wanted relief...

Damn! There it was again! She was still smiling brightly though, apparently not fazed by his words. There would be an apartment along with the job, a clothing allowance though he would need to approve what she wore, a salary and minge benefits...

For god's sake! Couldn't he keep his brain straight for another few minutes?

"So, Miss Ramsbladder, what would you say to us giving you a trial and see how you tit in ... errr... fit in with our little enterprise?"



"Really? Really, really?" The girl was so excited she clapped her hands together, bouncing up

and down in the chair and giving him yet another flash of what was now definitely a pair of deep-purple coloured panties.

“Yes, really, really,” he smiled. That he was starting to like the girl was an unexpected bonus on top of all the other astonishing benefits that had turned his day around so completely. Not that liking her would change anything, except to make it more pleasant to keep Ethel around in between times. “You can start by telling anyone else waiting that the position has been filled and thank them for their time. Then come back in here.”

It took rather longer than Stormbringer expected before the office door opened again. “There must have been a long line of people,” he commented as she crossed the room and regained her seat.

“Oh not really, but one man said he had never been so insulated... insulted... and he had to spank me for wasting his time or he would sue your company. So I thought... now I’m working for you I should... and then he sort of made a mess of my panties while I was across his knees so I had to take them off and wash them and ... did I do well?”

Even a worried frown looked cute on that face. Stormbringer blinked several times as his newest employee held up a small, wet, purple ball of silk for his inspection. Naïve, innocent, amenable, accessible....





Would he be waking up any time soon? He sincerely prayed the dream, it must be a dream, would carry on long enough before being interrupted by reality. "You did very well," he managed to choke out, accompanied by his sincerest smile. "That is exactly the sort of demeanour I had hoped you would show towards anyone who comes into this building. You did very well indeed, Ethel! So why don't you throw that thing in the waste bin. We can soon get you some more to replace any such garments damaged by... unfortunate accidents."

The frown instantly transformed into a happy smile and Ethel sat down. The inevitable briefly exposed vee, more clearly revealed as she leaned to one side to toss the sodden garment away, now matched her pink skin colouring and suggesting that she didn't carry any spare underwear about her person. Stormbringer was again grateful for the desk shielding him from a rather obvious reaction. Sharon Stone could go hang compared to having this girl flashing her sex in front of him!

"So you understand that being spanked is an appropriate punishment when you make a mistake?" The question was somehow asked with a straight face and the girl responded without any apparent surprise.

"Oh yes, sir, my boyfriend told me that's what happens to naughty girls so I understand all that stuff. And the way it always ends up making a mess of my clothes too, of course."

"Then you'll also know that if you make a big mistake, that spanking may not be enough. Perhaps it will be necessary to tie you across a chair and paddle your bottom instead." Was he pushing things too far too quickly? If she were really so naïve; naïve not stupid, he was sure of that, then maybe...

The slight frown returned to mar her brow and he almost backed off but then she nodded firmly and decisively. "I'm sure you know best how to deal with your workers when they do wrong." The voice was lower, a little huskier as Ethel shifted in her chair. "I'm so grateful for the job. You are the first person who ever took me seriously, Mr Stormbringer. I'll do my best to please you and if I make a mistake... I'll take whatever you decide to do to me."

Phrases like 'too good to be true', 'Christmas morning' and 'I've died and gone to heaven' flashed through his mind. But were those pupils getting a bit larger in their green surrounds? Could this innocent girl be getting a bit turned on by the thought of the things he had threatened? Surely it couldn't all be an act but at the same time she did seem to be responding to indications of bondage and some mild sadism practiced upon her body.

"Are you getting too warm, Ethel?" he tested the water.

"No... yes... ummmm... I... when I think about things like that it makes me a bit fluttery in my tummy... like I'm frightened in a nice sort of way... sir. And good girls shouldn't feel that way. I know that, sir." Clearly flustered she trailed off, eyes downcast and looking at the carpet. "Does that mean I can't have the job?" she continued in a small voice.

"No, no, don't worry yourself. You have the job, dear, and I'm pleased that you understand how I need to be able to discipline even the most hard-working and valuable employee if they slip up," Stormbringer replied. It was getting so much easier to avoid laughing when he said such things. The girl opposite him was so eager to please, so ... perfect in every way. Except...



“How did you manage to afford having the cosmetic surgery on your chest if you’ve done so little work?” The question was out before he had consciously realised he was speaking. But at least he hadn’t said ‘tits’.

“Surgery? I’ve never been in hospital sir. Well, not unless you count playing doctor and patient and my boyfriend trying to take my temperature before he...”

“Oh come on now, those breasts must have silicon implants in them!” he replied impatiently. “No need to be shy about it.”

“Oh no sir! These... they... those... they... they’re just... me. Are they no good? I could get them fixed if it would help my work here.”

Stormbringer got up and walked around the desk to get a closer look. Surely tits like that couldn’t be genuine? They must have been enhanced, he was certain. Up close the girl even smelled cute and innocent, though with just the faintest



trace of musk underlying her freshness. Even this close, standing right beside her chair and leaning forwards, he was still unable to see the tell-tale bulge on upper breast slopes, half revealed by her cleavage, which would give away the presence of implants. Almost without thinking he reached out and ran his fingers over some of the exposed flesh. It felt warm, softly resilient and natural. And the girl didn't pull away or slap his face either. She just sat there with the blush returning to her cheeks, though her breathing did deepen slightly, something noted more by his touch than anything visible.

Just that slight contact had the man's shaft pressing almost painfully against the constriction of his pants but he wasn't about to let that inhibit himself. If this amazingly attractive girl was going to allow him to touch her breasts under the assumption it was part of her job description and without him having to work hard at persuading her, who was he to tell her otherwise? Emboldened by her lack of protest, his hand flattened out, stroking down over the upper swell of her

left breast until it reached the edge of her blouse and then pressing a little firmer to create space for continuing the journey under that garment.

His eyes tracked the progress, watching the lilac coloured top bulge out to accommodate his incursion while he blindly felt the impressive extent of that one mammary mound. Both his hands together would barely manage to encompass such a breast, he realised, also realising that, incredible as it seemed, it was real natural girl under his touch. Not a trace of an implant. But having gone that far, there seemed no reason not to continue just because his assertion was proved false, so he did. The bra was strapless, deep purple in colour to match her panties, as the stretched neckline of Ethel's blouse revealed, and was barely more than a half-cup in design. It yielded fairly easily to his pressure and within moments, Stormbringer had one perfect, naked, delicious tit clasped firmly in his hand.

Well, as much of it as he could hold anyway. With the top and the bra stretched downwards, the remainder of that large breast provided ample entertainment for his eyes, which remained fixed on the girl's chest. So he failed to see her eyelashes fluttering or her pupils enlarging, but he did hear a slightly ragged breath expelled from her lips, and he did see her chest heave a little as she drew the next lung full of air deeper than before. There was no doubt too, that he felt the unseen nipple growing against the palm of his hand as he slowly but firmly moulded and fondled its hosting breast.

"So they really are natural." There was no doubt about it now he had the whole breast to play with. "And no, don't change a thing. They're very nice, Ethel." The last was said to forestall her from replying, though she seemed to be losing the power of speech anyway. When she opened her mouth the only sound to emerge was a small, needy moan of desire.



Gods, she was getting turned on so easily it was untrue! A beautiful, innocent, naïve girl who got aroused so fast? Christmas morning had nothing on this! With his other hand, Stormbringer completed the exposure, dragging blouse and bra into a tightly stretched line under Ethel's breasts, the abused garments doing no more than lifting the tits even higher without hiding anything at all. Still massaging Ethel's left mound, he took a few moments to appreciate the view of her perfect right, noting how the nipple there was also perked and a deeper pink than the girl's skin. Then his spare hand settled in a tight grip upon her spare tit and it was a marriage made in heaven as his fingers probed and explored both resilient mounds while the girl moaned softly to herself



and slumped down lower in the chair, mouth opened a little to pant softly, thighs parting slackly when her legs turned to jelly from this molesting.

“Oh sir... Ohhhhhh... no one ever interviewed me this thoroughly before.” It came out as a low, tremulous voice that he could barely hear. But he did hear it and it became a challenge. So every sexual experience this girl had previously known ended with the guy pawing her quickly and climaxing too fast? He could pick that up from what she had said before and he could understand it too; she was just so excitingly built. But he was damned if he was going to join that sorry fraternity. Whatever it took, he was going to give this girl the fucking of her life, right here and now! His cock told him he wasn't going to stop and Ethel's increasingly breathy gasps told him she wasn't going to stop him either.

Those gasps raised a pitch and increased in volume as his hands stroked down the swells of her breasts until his fingers were holding their aroused nipples. Lightly teasing them between fingers and thumbs, he listened to the girl begin to lose control, the little buds swelling and lengthening as he manipulated them, turning almost the same deep pink shade as the blush which still marked her cheeks and upper chest. On a whim, Stormbringer gripped the teats hard and twisted them with his fingers. The response was instant; a loud, excited moan of heightened arousal filled the room while Ethel arched her back sharply, pushing her tits up higher into the man's hands.



So she got turned on by a bit of pain with her foreplay? He had suspected as

much from the response to talking about spanking and paddles but his instinctive abuse of her nipples confirmed it rather clearly. Well he intended to have many future sessions with this girl while she worked for him, so there would be ample opportunity to play different games and to explore her limits. For the moment he wanted to keep it rather simple. He also rather urgently wanted to feel his aching prick buried between her legs, but that would have to wait a while. Stormbringer's priority was to be sure his new employee had no problems dumping her boyfriend and moving into the small apartment next to his own on the top floor of the building, so he was going to give her an unforgettable experience of what a guy could do to her with patience and self-control.

Tilting her head back so she had to look up at him, the man stared deeply into her wide green eyes; the greenness almost hidden by pupils expanded from arousal but her face still holding an expression of childlike trustfulness amidst the need. A fingertip lightly traced parted lips before he bent further down to kiss the girl softly, while those restless fingers went off in search of other lips that would soon be similarly parted.

Increasingly breathy gasps exploded against his own mouth when his hand blindly felt downwards until it encountered a naked leg. Experience easily identified a thigh, and the difference in texture revealed which was its inner surface. Stormbringer's hand lightly caressed the velvet warm flesh while inexorably moving upwards towards his goal, insistently widening the gap between that limb and its twin as he moved higher. There was minimal resistance as Ethel's legs fell apart from one another, thighs splaying akimbo and relaxing as though their bones had melted when his hand moved under the brief pelmet of her miniskirt.



The muskiness he had barely noticed before seemed to fill the small room and a sudden heat was released to warm his fingers as the girl's legs were stretched wider apart so that his hand could cup and cover the curved shape of her sex. Her own hands spasmodically reached up to clasp about his neck and she almost hung from the grip, mouth tight against his own and small muffled moans punctuating heavy gasping breaths as he squeezed gently. Naked under the skirt as he had expected, her panties already dampening the discarded paper in his trash can, there was nothing to impede Stormbringer's touch. His own breathing altered in intensity as fingers blindly explored that hidden core, tracing the small, closely shaved tuft of hair on her mons, then returning to cover her entire sex, fingers pressing inwards against swollen labia until the peach split open and the heating went up

another notch, accompanied this time by a flooding wetness of released moisture from between Ethel's sex lips.

"Oh... oh, Mr Stormbringer... sir... oooooo... don't... don't stop... mmmmm... interviewing me... Pleeease..." Breaking lip contact, Ethel's broken voice babbled against the man's ear as he turned his head to look down the length of her delectable body, trailing off into a series of high pitched moans that proved extremely arousing to the man. He couldn't actually see what his hand was feeling. The skirt still hid that. But he could see the heaving shapes of her breasts, upthrust nipples dark and swollen, pointing towards the ceiling as her entire body arched to his touch. Experimentally he lightly smacked the girl's cunt with a series of small slaps and she jerked as though electrocuted, pushing her hips even higher in encouragement while her voice rose into a keening wail of arousal.

But it was time to slow down a little; keep her on the boil without quite going over the edge. And besides, his cock was trying to wear a hole in his pants and seemed ready to burst the zip apart at any moment. With his fingers slowly and very lightly exploring the superheated folds of Ethel's sex, Stormbringer used his other hand to ease the pressure, flipping the button open while the zipper made its own way downwards when he dragged his rigid shaft out into the open air. His clothing reacting to gravity by sliding down to pool around his ankles, the man gripped a handful of pink hair and forced the girl's head around so the heavy club of flesh was waving gently from side to side in front of her face.

"Oh you poor man!" Ethel seemed to regain some composure as she looked at the rampant cock reared up before her eyes.

"Hunh?"



"I know... my boyfriend told me... ahhh... how lucky he was to have... unhh... a proper sized one, not a huge thingy like that..." Small moans continued to punctuate the girl's speech but she carried on anyway. "He said a

big one made... ooooo... All the blood leave your head and gave you...uuu... brain damage."

Stormbringer laughed aloud. "Your boyfriend wasn't being exactly honest with you; ex-boyfriend that is. Do I sound brain damaged?"

"Well noo...oooo... but he also said a big one would ...ahhhhhhhhhh.... break me ... down there.... So I have to leave him... uuuuhhhh... as part of my job?" She didn't sound too disappointed. Stormbringer nodded.

"Yes, and you have to trust me with my... thingy... too." The girl gulped but offered no further comment, simply staring with big eyes at the man's shaft as though hypnotised by a snake poised to strike her.

Well it was certainly a respectable weapon but no monster. Stormbringer found himself wondering just how big her ex-boyfriend's tool had actually been to make such a comparison but he wasn't curious enough to ask the girl. He preferred her

focused on what was in front of her. While his questing finger found the rather large and well-defined button of Ethel's clitoris, his other hand brought her head nearer to the end of his shaft where the foreskin had rolled back to expose the deep red tip. The girl took a deep breath and screwed up her face. "OK, I'm ready for it to spit at me now," and with that she feathered a quick kiss against the helmet and jerked backwards.

A puzzled look crossed her face and she repeated the movement, then asked, "Why isn't it spitting?"

Stormbringer just shook his head in amazement. "It will do eventually, but not for a long time yet." That may have been an exaggeration, given just how aroused he was by the half-naked body of Ethel filling his vision, but obviously anything would be an improvement over her previous experiences. "You have time to stroke it, and taste it before then," he continued.

Radiant green pools widened in wonder and then clouded as quickly when his previously immobile finger began to work slowly over the tumescent bud of her clit. He could feel the warm, ragged breathing as the girl panted, her face still close to his cock, which jerked slightly in response. Then her hand reached out carefully, looking just like someone approaching a potentially dangerous animal, and hesitantly stroked the length of his shaft as though fearful it would bite. Or spit. When it didn't Ethel grew more confident, small hand stretching to encompass the column of flesh and slide up and down, sighing with wonder when her movement caused the foreskin to draw completely back and then pushing it upwards again until it almost covered the helmet. She seemed to have almost forgotten her own arousal while she played with this new toy, though her slender hips set up an automatic thrusting motion all on their own, moving in time to the way he was slowly rubbing her own much smaller hood over the protruding tip of her clitoris.





The fingers still buried into her hair clenched tighter as the girl started to use her other hand to fondle his balls.

Inexperienced due to premature guys, she was not unwilling by any means and Stormbringer's shaft twitched harder against the restraining digits. Ethel seemed to have an instinctive idea exactly what would feel best and it took a lot of self-control not to just force her mouth down onto his tool and release. Instead he was more gentle, slowly easing her face closer until she brushed the tip again, then guiding her a bit closer, watching those pouting lips gradually part wider and wider as the head disappeared from view. Just as she seemed to reach the capacity of her mouth to stretch open, the helmet popped completely inside and the girl's lips fastened around the shaft behind it. Stormbringer shuddered as he felt a slightly rough tongue questing over the extremely sensitive flesh of his cock-head and for a while there was no sound in the room but his own heavy breathing and some snuffling grunts from Ethel as she worked on his prick while still being sexed by his finger on her love-button.

Bending slightly lower, partly to take his mind off what that tongue was doing to him and partly because he was still intent on showing this girl exactly what was what, Stormbringer slid his juice-coated finger slowly down the slit between Ethel's labia and replaced it on her clit with his thumb. The girl gasped hard and he distinctly felt small teeth graze his shaft when the lowering finger found a tight entrance just a little further down, and began to push slowly inside. Inner walls gripped tightly around his digit, almost virginal in their resistance; something which became rather relevant a few seconds later when an obstruction blocked further progress. Apparently none of her previous lovers had managed to effect a full entrance before losing control and she felt virginal because she actually was still a virgin!



Really, his mind was running out of trite clichés to describe how lucky this day

had turned out to be. So Stormbringer didn't even try to make a mental sentence comprising some combination of 'naïve' 'gorgeous' 'amenable' 'stacked' 'virgin' and 'not for much longer'. Instead he slid the finger lower down in the tight embrace of her cunt so as not to risk breaching the girl before he had his cock inside her. Keeping it half inserted into the girl, he stirred the digit in slow circles against the clasp walls while his thumb worked over Ethel's clitoris with a greater sense of purpose. The slick little bean moved from side to side as the speed of the man's manipulations increased and a growing flood of honey trickled down his finger to soak the guiding hand.

In return the experimental licking, fondling and sucking of his cock became more and more erratic. So much so that the man was getting ready to use force to pull backwards to safety. As it turned out though, that wasn't needed. A few seconds later Ethel's mouth stretched impossibly wide of its own accord; a piercing scream, loud enough to bring rescuers from several miles away, reverberated about the room and her whole body arched so high up off the chair that only the girl's feet and shoulders had any solid support. Stormbringer maintained contact with her sex only with difficulty, because she almost drove herself deep onto the invasive digit and he needed to adjust quickly while still sexing her clitoris in a

rapidly flooding environment caused by Ethel's explosive orgasm.



Well that was satisfying in its own way. Judging by her pent-up release of emotions, the girl had experienced sex before as a largely one way street where guys got their own fast release but gave little back. So it was certainly rewarding to show her some of what she had been missing and by so doing, to help ensure she would stay around and take his orders without protest. After all he had plans for her that went far beyond a single fucking, however exciting that was turning out to be. But scheming only went so far and Stormbringer was becoming increasingly aware of how much his rigid cock was also in need of its own sense of fulfillment. So with the girl still sobbing and panting for breath, eyes tightly screwed shut against this new world of experience, he bodily lifted her and placed her lying flat across a hastily cleared section of his desk. Legs trailed down slackly over the edge towards the heap of papers scattered across the floor and breasts, he noted happily, peaked upwards with little loss of definition. More importantly, Ethel's bottom was in just the right position and

at just the right height for him to step up close between her thighs and achieve his objective.

The time for foreplay and finesse had passed, so the man made little ceremony about taking hold of his throbbing prick and aiming it for the point of contact so recently occupied by his finger. Clutching the shaft near the base, he pressed forward slowly, the blunt head of his penis gradually causing Ethel's tight entrance ring to dilate as he watched with a certain fascination. The girl still had her eyes clenched shut but she was obviously aware of what was happening because her body tensed and her hands reached out to clutch at the man's forearms where they were braced to each side of her hips.

With the entire head of his cock tightly constrained by the velvet vice of her cunt, Stormbringer paused, even though the effort cost him some mental and physical distress. But it was her first real time after all, and it should be memorable. One side of his mind was telling him it would bond the girl to his needs, the other just wanted her to remember who it was who did it. So he waited.

And waited, until finally her eyes opened and the green pools, swimming with tears still, looked up into his own with an expression that fell midway between wonder and gratitude. "Oh my... I've never been so... interviewed before... Oh sir, I never knew it could be like this... oooooo...." A spasm passed through her body as another minor orgasm hit the girl, shaking the delectable mounds of her tits and causing her sex to tighten reflexively around Stormbringer's prick. It was the perfect moment and he seized upon it by thrusting forwards in a hard, almost brutal movement intended to take her virginity as rapidly as possible and embed his full length up inside that honey-coated snatch.

Fingernails dug into his arms painfully and Ethel wailed with the sudden pain while the man came to a halt again, this time to give her time to get over the ripping of her hymen and to adjust to the feel of his thick shaft stretching her insides in a way she had never before experienced. His balls ached with the throbbing need to release, pushed close up against the girl's bottom and his teeth clenched with the effort, but the delay helped Stormbringer too. He felt a little more composure and control return and the need to ejaculate



receded slightly while he kept motionless. Ethel's eyes, he realised, had never closed from when they started looking at him and they were still fixed upon his own as the grimace of pain receded from her face and the tenseness bled away from her body. Even the grip on his arms loosened as she began to relax to the novel sensation of being stuffed full of hard meat.

"Is it finished now sir?" the girl asked in a small voice that yet had a trace of hopefulness to it. She was like a child who had opened all the visible birthday presents but wasn't sure if maybe there were more good things still to come.

"No dear, that's just the start," Stormbringer replied, his voice rather uneven to match her own.





A smile of mingled innocence and anticipation flickered across her face and the girl seemed to visibly settle back and prepare to enjoy whatever was to follow. That charming mixture of naivety and amenability to having her body used was just what Stormbringer needed in a hostess for his business and just what he needed to have available in the apartment next to his own. To say nothing of in his office, in the hallway, in the studio, and anywhere else that he felt the urge to take her. Christmas had indeed come early but now it was his own turn to come. She was welcome to join in, of course.

In a surprisingly strong gesture, Ethel reached up to pull his head down against her own, their lips tight against each other and her upstanding breasts mashed between their bodies, nipples once more erect and boring holes into the man's chest. Obviously she was ready and Stormbringer had been ready for what seemed like hours, so without further delay he slid his cock back through the lubricated grasp of her cunt muscles and then drove it home again. A gasp of expelled air filled his mouth, though the moan of fulfilment was muffled somewhere between their sealed lips as Ethel seemed to start orgasming again almost immediately. It wasn't going to be a prolonged performance, what with his aroused condition, the waiting, and Ethel's still virginal pussy quivering and clenching around his shaft. But Stormbringer felt this was still a whole new world for the girl beneath him and more extensive sex sessions could wait for another time.

Ignoring technique and self-control, the man began to pump his cock into her body hard and fast, elbows resting either side of her head on the desk and lips against her own until their mutual need for more air broke that contact. Stormbringer's heavy breathing and Ethel's grunts and gasps filled the room as he fucked her into a series of minor orgasms. Then she was building, approaching a big one, and his shaft was swelling, the balls preparing to release their contents. It happened quickly but with no lack of intensity. The girl's ululating wail echoed through the building and her cunt clamped hard around the thick cylinder of invasive flesh inside it. That finished Stormbringer and with a deep growl, he slammed into her sex one more time while his seed boiled up the shaft and spurted deep into Ethel's body.

Uncoordinated thrusting met spastically spasming cunt muscles as they both lost control in an orgasmic haze of timeless rutting, only gradually slowing down when there was nothing left to ejaculate into a pussy already brimming and leaking his fluid all over the desk, and the once proud prick was softening back towards flaccidity. Mingled sweat pooled between the flattened shapes of Ethel's tits and slicked their bodies against each other with every small movement as they lay there exhausted. It had been one heck of a fuck even by Stormbringer's standards. To Ethel it was an experience out of this world and gave her a whole new appreciation of sex and what her body was capable of feeling.

"Mr Stormbringer, sir?" The small voice caught him almost falling into a doze upon the soft cushion of her body.

"Yes dear?"

"Well... now I got the job... does that mean you won't ... ummm... you won't... need to... interview me again... like this... sir?"

"Oh Ethel... never lose that innocence! I'm sure I'm going to be 'interviewing' you again rather often and in lots of different ways. And I'm sure lots of other people will want to 'interview' you too while you're working. But don't be too eager with them. After all, you're a good girl and good girls don't give in too easily when someone wants to do things like that to them." He paused a moment. "And Ethel..."

"Yes, sir?"

"We really need to do something about that name of yours."