

A Passion for Professional Development

October 2023 – Chapter One

"Unhh- oh, fuck, yes! Unnnnffff... God, you're fucking amazing! Sherri, I- when you- you-"

Sherri's blue eyes, bright with sordid satisfaction, sparkled as they gazed upward into her boss's rapturous face. In other circumstances, this young woman might have coyly giggled – or at least, flashed him a naughty grin. But right now, occupied as her mouth was with his naked cock, all she did was nod slightly... let out a little muted murmur of assent around his stiff member... and lean forward once more into her work.

"Uhh-!! Oh, fuck- Sherri! You- you dirty... bitch..."

Her blonde, shoulder-length hair was bobbing now, her eyes fluttering closed as she concentrated on the job before her. Being here on her knees, in the dim depths of CEO Calvin Schweitzmann's mahogany-and-leather-filled office, wasn't exactly new, of course. If anyone had asked, she might have even struggled to remember just how long it had been since their first flirtatious encounter... him grabbing her ass in the elevator... her sly protests and lust-filled glances in his direction... their first of many rendezvous in the fifty-three-year-old executive's personal sanctum. So her concentration wasn't at all a sign that she was unsure of herself – not in the least. It was just that...

Well, she simply took pleasure in a blow-job well done.

So up came one neatly manicured, pink-nailed hand to cup the sparsely-haired balls bobbing before her. Further forward she bent, ignoring the stiffness in her knees and the cramps in her heel-bound toes. Gag reflex? Ehh, she had one – but to be honest, at five inches he wasn't that much of a throatful. Besides, she'd learned to muscle back anything and everything in times like this.

After all, what was a bit of discomfort compared to that first-class ticket to Maui he'd promised her?

"Uh- uh- Sher- Sherri, babe- I- I think I'm gonna- I'm gonna-!"

His hoarse voice sputtered off as the orgasm took him, his veined hands clenching the edge of his gleaming desk in waves of pleasure. His hips quivered, his erect cock spasming and spurting deep within the warm confines of his secretary's obliging mouth. And still the kneeling Sherri kept pumping, drawing the shuddering moans from her superior's lips as she dutifully swallowed the

salty load.

It wasn't that much, after all. And again... in just a few days, it would all be washed away in a flood of in-flight champagne, and caviar, and 24/7 cocktails. That was the beauty of such a contractual relationship, wasn't it? He got what he wanted, and she got what she wanted, and everyone was happy!

Well, *almost* everyone...

"Hey, babe-" Calvin began several minutes later, after she had risen from the floor and begun freshening up her hair and makeup. He was still tucking his disheveled clothes back into order, his hands thrusting his shirt tails into his trousers as he spoke. "You're amazing, you know that?" He flashed a thin-lipped grin and stared pointedly at the low-cut blouse straining around her pert C-cups. "Just wait until after that boob job, though! With double-Ds, your blonde hair, and that mouth of yours... you're gonna be one *hell* of a knockout!"

"Aww, thanks," she replied, with a wry smile that masked the slight irritation at such a backhanded compliment. Though then again, he'd already said he was covering everything – medical expenses, time off, the whole shebang – free of charge. And so, speaking as a recent college grad with a mountain of student debt, she couldn't really bring herself to be too teed off. Still...

"Sure your wife doesn't want one, too?" Sherri smiled, eyeing both herself and his reflection in the mirror. "I mean, she *does* know about that side of this business trip, right?" "Oh, well, um-" Calvin paused, then shrugged carelessly. "Babe, I've told you what Linda's like! I could give her the freaking *moon* and she wouldn't be happy. So why even bother trying, you know?"

He slipped into his suit jacket once more, then hurriedly adjusted his tie in preparation for his next meeting. "Don't you worry your pretty head about her, 'kay?" He bent around and planted a hurried kiss full on her freshly-made-up lips. "It's like I've said: as far as she's concerned, it's a 'professional development trip.' And if she thinks otherwise, well, she's just gonna have to get over it. Not my problem if she doesn't like me being poly..."

And out he went. Leaving Sherri to stare into the mirror, frowning in concentration at the latest inroads on her handiwork. *Ugh, men!* But he was probably right about Linda. That wife of his would just have to deal with it. After all, if the old hag couldn't make Calvin cum as well as his talented young secretary could, well... maybe she *deserved* to feel inadequate!

Ding.

It was evening now. Sherri glanced over from her latest, half-eaten dish of Chinese takeout, lips pouting into a surprised little frown at the sight of the message flashing on her screen. It was... wait, from Calvin? What did he need now, and after hours, too?

Lucky for her she got paid by the hour, she mused as she reached for her phone and swiped it open. Huh? "Hey babe, can you come over right now? I'm super horny again. Just me here tonight, so don't worry!" Wait, really? Well, he had said once that Linda was super involved with fundraising for that animal rescue, so maybe she was gone for that? And hey, if Calvin said he was alone, well...

"Ehh, why not," she asked, to no one in particular. Her fingers slid over the screen, typing out her response: the dutiful response of a secretary whose boss *needed* her in a very particular way. "Sure, can do! Don't get too carried away until I'm there ;-p". And with that, she grudgingly rose from the table, ignoring the dirty dishes and making her way back to her dim little bedroom.

She had to make sure she looked hot, after all!

So it was that fifteen minutes later, an attractive young blonde in fire-engine-red pumps and a tight, scandalously lowcut mini dress in the same shade was slipping behind the wheel of her SUV. She gave her makeup an appraising glance in the rearview mirror, noting with satisfaction that she'd done a bang-up job on her eyeliner for having done it so quickly. Now all she had to do was buzz on over there... slip in that side door... and give dear sugar-daddy Calvin what he wanted.

Whatever it took to make sure the Maui trip went through.

All things considered, this whole thing was pretty fun, she reflected as her vehicle revved and slid through the nighttime cityscape. Not every twenty-four-year-old secretary had the chance to suck up to a wealthy boss – quite literally – and get such rewards in return. Tropical vacations? Spas? Cosmetic surgery? She hadn't nearly plumbed the depths yet – and already she was beginning to toy with the idea of asking for something bigger after this next trip. *Hmm, maybe a new car? Or a trip to Paris: all shopping included...*

But before she could fully make up her mind, she was there.

Out she stepped. Up the impeccably smooth drive, and past the ornate pillars and elegant topiary. To the side entrance. A knock, a pause. Three more knocks. Perfect – the exact rhythm she used before entering his office. And then... the knob. Which, interestingly, was already unlocked. Aww, what a dear: unlocking it just for her!

In she stepped, into the spacious and warmly-lit entryway. "Calvin?" she called – or rather, began to call. Because with the suddenness of a thunderclap, three things happened that she would never in a thousand years have expected.

A strong, brawny arm slammed around her, pinning her arms to her sides. A thick, scratchy black cloth clapped across her nose and mouth, half-blotting out her vision and filling her nose with a cloyingly sweet stench. And over the sound of her own frantic, muffled shrieks, a low, throaty voice rumbled close in her ear – sending her pulse hammering into uncomprehending panic...

"See? Got her, ma'am. Easy as shooting fish in a barrel."

But before Sherri's poor brain could even begin to piece together what was happening, her world went dark, blanketed in the sickly sweet oblivion of chloroform.

(To be continued!)