

If You Want
Part Two

“Hey, Mallory. Look, about last night.”

I put up my hands. “Whoa. I don’t want to talk about it. Really, it’s nothing.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yeppers. Super sure.”

And I was sure, at least about the part of my statement that I didn’t want to talk about it. It was embarrassing for both of them, and the fact that Grant wasn’t too embarrassed to bring it up was only *more* embarrassing. It had been one of the most awkward kisses of my adult life – if that feeble, off-target peck could even be called a kiss.

Honestly? The rest of the date had actually gone really well. He’d scored tickets to a show, and while it wasn’t my usual entertainment scene, it had been surprisingly fun. Rather than try to impress me with dinner at an expensive restaurant, he knew a solid little Japanese steakhouse that had been absolutely dynamite. (It was only then, looking at the menu, that I realized he’d skipped the phase of our daily routine of superpower want-fulfillment that pertained to my diet. I was actually allowed to eat *meat!*)

The restaurant had even been close to my apartment, allowing us to take advantage of the perfect seventy-degree evening air to take a leisurely amble home. During our day-time lunch meetups we mostly talked about work stuff, with a smattering of current events. But the ambiance last night, strolling along under stars we could almost see through the city lights, it was easy to broach new subjects. I talked about my family, my hopes for the future, where I thought life would take me when I was finishing up school and how different things had turned out. And he was such a good listener, letting me open up and showing what felt like genuine interest without judging or trying to control the conversation. A true gentleman.

Then we’d arrived at my apartment, he’d leaned in, and... the rest was history.

“All right. Well regardless, I wanted to say again that I had a really good time.”

“Me too.” For the most part. I reminded myself it wasn’t his fault. I’d always been a cutie, even when I’d let myself go there for a while. With his help upping my diet and exercise game, I was looking hotter than ever. The only fat left on my body was right where I wanted it, booty and boobies, right where it kept all the nice compliments from my supervisor Perry and the rest of the loser boys flowing. (The shoulderless pink romper I’d worn to work today was totally helping.)

Grant, though... It’s not his fault he was born that way. Skinny, gangly, a nose just a little bit too big, eyes just a little bit too small. I don’t mean he’s ugly, only that if people saw us together, they’d probably figure he was my cousin, or a brother-in-law. Maybe my accountant. He simply wasn’t in my league. He was a super sweet guy, and I was so grateful for all the nice things he did for me every day. But I just wasn’t into him, and that didn’t seem likely to change.

“So when can we go out again?”

Unfortunately, he didn't seem to have grasped this fact on his own, and it looked like I was going to have to be the bad guy. But I couldn't jeopardize... jeopardize... whatever, I couldn't lose his help. By now, the first thing we did every day at lunch was sit down and review all the things I wanted but hadn't been able to do on my own, then Grant used his power to make me do them. First was diet and exercise. I wanted to look sexy, so he helped me with that. I worked hard to look smoking hot, and I wanted to look good at work, too – so Grant gave me the guts to flaunt every mouth-watering curve on my body. After nearly overloading myself with a silly desire to be focused and efficient, now my helpful coworker was helping me enjoy life on the other end of the spectrum, and he helped me try less, think less, do less.

Not that I was stupid all of the sudden. I totally didn't wanna be stupid. I just was soooooo tired of worrying about money and bills and expectations and responsibilities and ohmygawd my head hurts just saying these gross ugly words. I wanted to just ignore all the blah and live life in the yeah, you know? And if it meant I spaced out sometimes, couldn't come up with words, or couldn't do my job so well... screw it!

(Besides, Grant was sneakily using Perry's desire to have a super-hot girl like me working under him to ignore the shortcomings in my work. Isn't that sweet? Kinda scary, too, to think he could use his power without someone even knowing it, but that's why I didn't think about it. No sense raining on my own parade, right?)

Most recently, after passing my night classes (barely – soooooo much brainy work!) and my cooking classes, I finally had time to start dating again. So now? Next on the list was finding a guy to date. I'd thrown Grant a bone that once, but... nice only goes so far.

"Look," I opened. Most guys were smart enough to hear that one word and know things were over, but Grant still looked wide-eyed and innocent. "I had a really fun night last night. I really did. I just think that maybe you and me aren't, like, a good match."

Grant speared a piece of teriyaki chicken from his lunch, not looking concerned. Good. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. "Really? I thought that, aside from one awkward moment, everything went well. Did I do something wrong?"

"No! No, you were so super nice. The show was awesome, dinner was good. Thanks again for letting me have that steak, by the way! I'm doing leg lifts under my desk to make up for it. But yeah... I think we just didn't *click*. You know what I mean?"

"You're welcome, Mallory. And no, I'm not sure I do. Was it the kiss?"

"I told you, I *don't* want to talk about that."

"It must have been," he pressed, "because other than that, our date went great. You said so yourself."

"OK fine, it was the kiss. No. Not the kiss, exactly, but... I'm just not, like, *attracted* to you. All right? You wanted to make me say it, so there you go." I felt bad, but it was better to be honest than to lead him on.

He nodded. "I thought it was something like that. And I understand. To be honest, I was a little apprehensive about getting involved with someone like you, too."

“App-what?” I took a bite of my modest sized salad.

“Apprehensive,” he repeated. “It means nervous.”

“Oh. Duh, I knew that. Why would you be nervous about me?”

“Look,” he began, and as I felt my heart hammering in my chest, suddenly I realized I was on the other end of that opener. Yikes! This *was* awful! “I like you. I do. You’re confident, outspoken, and you know what you want. I think we get along well. But let’s face it, Mallory, you’re really superficial.”

My eyes widened. “What? Are you saying I have powers, like you?” I leaned in close and whispered. “Does that mean I can talk to fish?”

Grant looked thoroughly confused for a moment, then laughed. “Wow. You may want to be a little less simple, Mal. No, superficial means shallow. You’re only interested in looks.”

My first reaction was disappointment, but then I was indignant. “What? Am not. If I were only interested in hot guys, I wouldn’t have gone out with you in the first place!”

“But you admit that other than that, I’m exactly the kind of guy you wanted.”

“Oh, totally!” He’d already used his power today, so I was *extra* wanting a guy like him now. The dates would just have to end at the front steps of my building.

“But... don’t you want to be with someone you’re attracted to?”

“That’s what I’m trying to say, duh,” I retorted. “I wish I thought of you like that, I really do, but I can’t just flip a switch and be into a guy just because he’s nice to me!”

But Grant could! I forgot about that. And lucky me, I was dating the man with the world's dumbest superpower, and he took my wanting to not be a super fish (just kidding!) and turned it into thinking he was... actually kinda cute.

Not *hot*, mind you. Cute. Not like I looked at the guy and swooned in ecstasy. But when he went to kiss me again on date #2, it was actually rather pretty OK. I wasn't thinking about the size of the pores on his nose, but about how much I'd enjoyed his company. That was what dating was for, right? To have a nice time with a nice person. So when he asked me for a third date, I didn't hesitate to say yes.

"So what's on the agenda for tonight?" I asked him at lunch the day of. He was checking out my butt in my new mini skirt while I tried to remember how to work the espresso machine. I'd finally found one that was so tight it shoved both cheeks individually! But today, from Grant, the attention made me smile even bigger than usual.

"Depends on whether you're going to keep wearing that skirt."

I frowned. "Why's that?"

"Because if you're going to look that amazing, I may just bring you straight back to my place and go for the gold."

I giggled. My pussy was the gold. "Who says I won't wear something even funner?"

"I could always swing by early, give you a little guidance." He flashed a hopeful grin as I set down his espresso, cracking open a LaCroix for myself. (As a treat – I'd been extra good this week.)

"I like you Grant, but I think I can pick out my own clothes." I hadn't wiped out my savings on the sexiest wardrobe a data entry technician (didn't something stand for that?) had ever owned.

"What, you don't want to look good for me?"

I did, as it so happened. At first I'd thought he'd been joking, but then Grant showed up half an hour early to our date, just like he'd warned me! I laughed my ass off when I saw him standing there, a cheesy little bouquet of flowers in hand. I was super embarrassed to have someone see the inside of my apartment in its current state, though. My closet had long since overflowed into the bedroom and then into the living room. Plus, I hadn't vacuumed in weeks ever since the vacuum stopped working.

Grant reminded me it needs to be plugged in to work when I apologized, but then I made him apologize for giving more cleaning to do. I've learned that I enjoy titillating (that word I remember because it has tit in it) the male gaze, but that doesn't mean I want to cook and clean for them, too!

So I gave him a tour of my new wardrobe, which was pretty fun. A lot of the stuff I buy can't really be worn outside the apartment, so nobody gets to see how how I look in it but me. Sometimes I was tempted to change in front of the window just to have someone to admire me, but I'm no slut. Just proud of what I've done for myself, ya know?

I gave Grant a fashion show! I must've tried on dozens of outfits for him. We started with some of the things I'd been thinking of wearing out – my blue and yellow floral sun dress, that tight purple knee-length skirt and cream-colored silk blouse, a burgundy cashmere sweater dress I'd gotten on sale for only \$300 or something. Less sexy than the stuff I wore to work, sure, but all cute enough for a night out.

But I could tell Grant wanted something funner. (Because he told me so.) He'd already seen a lot of my work clothes, short and clingy and low-cut and revealing and drool-inducing. So we skipped right over that stuff to the clothes that definitely crossed the line. Grant definitely liked these better! I showed him my sheer red lace teddy. I'd thought it was a cute dress when I bought it, but then the saleswoman complimented me on my choice in lingerie, so I guess it was technically underwear. There was that electric blue micro mini skirt that I could never quite get to cover both the top and bottom of my ass. I had a matching top that looked like a bikini but wasn't because it was leather and you can't get leather wet. I figured it wasn't too slutty because the matching boots I got with it covered up most of my legs.

Finally, Grant happened to notice one of my costumes sitting off to the side and asked about it. Blushing, I confessed I'd gotten a little carried away and wound up getting a whole bunch of sexy costumes, too. I figured Halloween was coming up in a couple months and I could always send back the ones I didn't wear. I wanted my options available was all. Last year Justine wore a potato costume and I wore a green bean and everybody thought we were making a statement or something, but the only statement I want to make about Justine is: hey, Justine, you suck. Gym memberships aren't that expensive, by the way.

But Grant got a big kick out of them, chuckling it up as I showed off my bondage slave costume (complete with silver chains and buckles and a ball gag); my slutty police cadet uniform, where the blouse ended right under my boobs and the tie came down and turned into panties; and of course the admittedly cliché sexy schoolgirl outfit. I tried to make it my own by

going with a black and white checkered skirt instead of the usual tartan pattern, but Grant said the classic look was probably better anyway.

I complained that we were going to take so long playing dress-up that we were going to miss our dinner reservations, but Grant helpfully reminded me I could save time by not bothering to go back into my closet to change. I did want to hurry things along, so... he got himself quite a little show! The way he stared at me when I was in my underwear or naked between outfits, I wondered if we'd ever get out of the apartment!

Sure enough, we didn't. I guess all the stripping and modeling and being leered at got me kind of excited, too, because we wound up making out on the couch for like an hour. Making out like *crazy*. I guess he was super turned on watching me change, and I guess I wanted it, too. I'd thought of Grant as nothing but a coworker for so long that it was weird suddenly having his hands on my boobs and stuff, but...

"We had fun, didn't we?" he asked over lunch the next day.

"Yeah, I guess we did." I giggled at the sweet way he was looking at me. No surprise he was admiring my outfit, since I'd let him pick it out. On the surface it was less daring than my usual – a black knee-length pencil skirt, a snug blazer, and dark stockings with these super high heels – but nobody but me and Grant knew I wasn't wearing *anything* underneath. No blouse, no bra, no panties. My tits were trying to break free every step I took! The guys were going nuts. I wanted him to pick out my clothes all the time now.

"When can we do it again? Tonight? Come on, say tonight."

I frowned. "I can't tonight. I have my performance review with Perry tomorrow morning, so I wanna have a relaxing evening and bring my A game."

"Who needs an A game with D cups?" He poked playfully at the side of my boob. Or tried to, at least; I swatted his hand away.

"Hey, we're at work! Let's try to be professional, mkay?" I scolded him, then realized part of my nipple was showing again. Oopsie! "But much as I wish having great big boobs would make for a big raise, this is the real world, buster."

"Surely you could find a way to use those babies to score points with your boss. I mean, if you wanted."

I giggled. "I definitely don't want to whore myself out to get good marks, silly bear. You'll just have to wait until this weekend to take me out again. And we *are* going out this time, you hear me?"

"Hey, you know me. Whatever you want."

My boyfriend is such a nerd, I swear.

My performance review did *not* go well. Not even in that super low-cut camisole! Perry was really mean about it, too. He complained I was showing up late, sneaking out early, and that my quality of work was totally erratic (not erotic, which was what I heard at first, and figured he was finally giving me a compliment). Half of it was missing all sorts of information and skipped lots of necessary steps. I told him it wasn't my fault, that some of the other DETs – I remember my job letters that morning, thanks to a good night sleep – were volunteering to do my work for me (because they were losers who thought it might help them get a shot at fucking me), and they must be doing a terrible job.

Then he asked if I was trading sexual favors for help with my workload! Totally insulting, right? Like just because I look hot and am not ashamed of it, I'm some kind of slut? Made me wish I'd worn underwear that day. The jerk.

"So he put me on probation," I vented to Grant over lunch after the daily power refresher. "If I don't step it up by my next quarterly review, he said he would fire me!"

Grant gave me that comforting, empathetic look of his. "That's awful. I swear, this company – all those months you were killing yourself for them and they give you no credit at all."

"I know, right? I was thinking maybe we need to scale it back some, so I can do my job better? Ugh, I *so* don't want to, but I can't lose this job, you know? My credit cards are maxed as it is!"

Grant squeezed my hand softly. "See, but if you don't want to, I can't help with it. I mean, not with my power. I totally support a woman prioritizing her career."

"See, that's it right there. Like, I *know* what that word means, but I have to think to know it, which totally harshes my mellow."

"Hang in there, Mal. We'll get you through this."

I scowled at my kale chips. "You say that, but how? I *like* how I feel now. I *like* that I'm finally focusing on me and not my dumb job. But if I keep going like this, Perry's going to fire me! And if I don't, I'll go back to being unhappy all the time!"

Grant moved around to my side of the table and put his arm around me. Normally I'm not a big fan of PDA in the workplace – leers, wolf whistles and catcalls are one thing, but touching crosses the line – but right then, it was what I needed. I leaned my head on his shoulder and closed my eyes.

His voice was a soothing murmur in my ear. "You know, you're probably right. We aren't going to fix this in a day. Maybe what you need right now is to think about what's going right in your life, and focus on that. Working for the weekend isn't the solution, but for now let's just get you through the week."

In spite of myself, I gave him a little peck on the cheek. He really was the sweetest guy I'd ever dated. For once, I'd landed one of the good ones. And he was definitely more attractive than I'd given him credit for. He was probably right, too. This was a bad day, and I'd figure out how to course correct in time. I'd probably have to turn my stupid brain on and actually think,

but I could handle that for one day. Part of one, anyway. For now, I needed to cheer myself up. In that tender moment, I knew exactly what I wanted to focus on.

“Thank you, Grant. You’re the best boyfriend ever.”

That night, I was the one asking *him* out. Once more he showed up, told me what I should wear – my latex pants that laced up the sides and a black leather halter top with these kick-ass black high-heel platform boots – and he took me out dancing. I think he liked showing me off, so I humored him a little. It was weirdly like going to work, in some ways – all the guys staring at me, flirting with me, doing stuff for me.

They all looked so surprised I was there with Grant! One guy – this huge dude with all these piercings and tattoos with skulls and boobs and stuff on them – even got confrontational about it! He got up in Grant’s face, but my date took a long moment to look him over. Then, instead of taking a swing, he asked him if, instead of fighting, he’d rather snort some cocaine behind the building. The guy thought about it, then said he’d settle for that and went. Out back, I guess.

I asked Grant if he was really gonna go do that, but he said no, he’d just seen the guy was wearing a two years’ sober thingy on his necklace. I didn’t get it, but the next song was awesome so I didn’t care. Afterwards, we went back to my place and made out some more. I’d had such a fun night out that I asked him out the next night and the night after, until suddenly it was Monday again, and I had to go back to That Place, with Those People. Bleh. Work resumed, and it felt like waiting to see Grant again each night was the only reason I got out of bed.

“Can I ask you something... personal?” asked Grant one day, lowering his voice. Hardly anyone ate lunch at 10:30, but I guess he was worried that word might get out that you could totally see I wasn’t wearing panties again under my teensy little dress. (Grant’s idea, of course. I loved that he picked such smoking hot outfits for me! How long had it been since I’d worn underwear except to try it on for him?)

“Yeah, go for it.” I stirred my powdered goji berry mix into my water. I was doing a cleanse, trying to shed those last couple pounds.

“When do you think we’re going to... you know...” He made a little hand gesture.

“To... what?” I smiled at him. I was so happy I was with him. I couldn’t wait to go out again that night.

“To have sex,” he said in almost a whisper. “We’ve been on six dates now, and I feel like things have been great between us.”

“Six dates already? I thought we’d only been on seven.” I counted quickly on my fingers. “Oh wait, seven is bigger.”

“Yeah.”

He looked at me like he was expecting something, and I remembered he’d asked a question. “Oh! The sex! Right. Like, I hope that isn’t bothering you. It’s nothing personal, hon, honest. But just because I dress like a slut doesn’t mean I *am* a slut. I like you a lot, and I love our dates. Usually, though, I don’t actually sleep with a guy until at least a few months in. Making love is, like, real, ya know?”

“Months?” He made a face.

I made one right the hell back. “You don’t think I’m worth the wait? Look, Grant, just because you’ve been a nice guy so far doesn’t give you the right to pressure me into sex! When I choose to take things that far, it’s because I’m ready to make a real commitment!” I stopped, then giggled. “All right, except for one time, but that guy was, like, insanely hot. And French!”

“I thought you said you were attracted to me now!” he snapped back.

“I am, I am. But there’s degrees, right? It’s like food. Like, I could see a grape and be like ‘oh, hey, that looks tasty.’ But then I might see a lobster tail and be like, ‘oooooh, yeah, I am so gonna fuck the shit outta that lobster tail.’ You get me?” (Of course, I wouldn’t eat either of those things with my diet, to say nothing of my budget.)

Grant sighed. Poor guy. “Attractiveness is relative, though. Hell, you told me once that you thought Cillian Murphy was really hot, and that guy looks like an accident at a wax museum. Don’t you see?”

I blinked. “Uh, what?”

“I’m saying, right now you’re only attracted to me now because you *want* to be. So why not just want to find me, as you put it, ‘insanely hot’? Wouldn’t that be more exciting?”

I gave him a look. “You’re only saying that because you want to fuck me. I’m not totally stupid, you know.”

His tone softened suddenly, and it looked like I might have hurt his feelings or something. “Of course you’re not, Mallory. I know that. And no, I don’t want you to have sex with me. Well I do, but what I want more than that is for you to *want* to have sex with me. I want you to be as happy as you deserve to be. To be with a man who drives you as wild as you drive me.”

The kindness of this man never ceased to blow my mind. If only he really were a hottie like me! I missed that kind of passion in my life. If karma was a thing, I really did deserve it, too. I put everything I had into looking this good. It was only fair my boyfriend should turn me on the same way I did every guy who looked at me. Work sucked, my social life was nonexistent except for Grant, I had less than no money. All I had to look forward to was my dating life, and darn it if some heavy petting wasn’t a far cry from the sorts of toe-curling orgasms I’d had with Jean-Christophe.

God those had been amazing nights. He’d been a cheating asshole, but man, a nice guy like Grant who could drive me wild like Jean-Christophe...

“A girl can dream,” I said.

That night, Grant and I had sex.

No. I shouldn't say had sex. We *fucked*. He came to my apartment, and I was midway through putting on the vinyl belt of a mini skirt he'd chosen for me when I couldn't take it any more. I grabbed his belt and pulled his lips into mine, and from there, it was nothing but tongues and hands and tits and genitals.

I'd had no idea Grant could be so sexy! Like, making out with him had been fun, a good way to get me worked up for my vibrator once he left for the night. But the sex! He was an Adonis. I couldn't keep my hands off of his delicate, gentle body. I finally got to see his cock, and... OK, so it wasn't the longest, or the thickest, but there was something undefinably incredible about it. Once I'd had it in me, I couldn't get enough.

"So, that fourth time, when you bent me over my kitchen table," I began, slipping off my sandal and sliding my foot between his legs. I still didn't like PDA at the office, but just being near him was making me too horny not to do *something*.

"That was the third time," he corrected me. "The fourth time was after you recovered and we did it with you lying on the table on your back."

I giggled hysterically. "Oh, right! Anyway, that move you did, when you put my leg over your shoulder and just... *ungh, ungh, ungh*... and with your hand, right on my..." I didn't finish. It was the workplace, after all. And he knew where his hand had been. I thought I could smell it on him. Or maybe I was getting wet again and was smelling myself. Unfortunately, Grant had me in a tight little pants suit today, so there was no easy way to stick my fingers down there and sniff 'em. "What *was* that?"

He grinned. "Honey, that was all improvisation. Believe me, I've never had a firecracker like you to keep up with before."

"I find that hard to believe. Nobody's *ever* pushed my buttons like that before."

His cheeks colored as he grinned self-consciously. "Well get used to it. If you're up for it, I'd like to see if I can do even better tonight."

I gave him a kiss, which turned into some light making out, until I was so horny that all afternoon, I kept forgetting I was at work (or not caring? which is like forgetting for the soul, right?) and masturbating under my desk. It was a good thing Grant didn't have any idea how bad I wanted him. With that power of his, who knows what he could have gotten me to do!

I never quite did get used to it, but I sure as heck tried. My routine now consisted of waking up; texting Grant a few options to help him choose my outfit; rushing to his cubicle to show it off; enduring the pointless, boring, blah-blah of the daily grind (punctuated only by the delightful half-hour lunch and refresher with my wonderful boyfriend); then deciding whose place we'd fuck at that night. Then fucking there. Grant had a nicer place than me, for sure. (After all, he was actually impressing management with his performance and acting like he was there for more than just to score a paycheck in exchange for being ogled.) Somewhere in there I'd sneak in a workout, dinner, then Grant would fuck her to sleep.

Life was so good, it was like this zeal had awakened inside me to car pay dayum. (A phrase Grant taught me – no idea what it means any more, but it's somehow so *right*, right?) I'd gone from being Mallory the workaday nobody whose big goal in life was to, like, get promoted and have lots of money and be respected all this other stupid pointless boring stuff, to Mallory the free spirit who wanted to be happy all the time. I was always coming up with new things I wanted!

Like when Grant asked if I ever thought about being a little more adventurous in bed. With a tiger like him? You bet I wanted to! I learned to love giving head, and trying all these positions my old less fit self could never have contorted herself into, and role playing all these really hot characters. Grant's favorite was where I pretend I was this boring cubicle drone, and he was this superman who swooped in and used his powers to make me wanna fuck him. I had to pretend I didn't even notice. For my money, though, I liked the one where he pretended he wasn't going to keep helping me with his power and I had to convince him to keep making me be happy and horny and silly and sexy. And about the only way I know how to convince anyone of anything any more is with my body, which was super hot. We went weeks at a time where I'd make him let me tit-fuck him or suck his dick in the morning before I'd let him let me have him use his power on me.

Man. Another thing I realized I wanted? To have sex at work. With Grant, I mean. The other guys were strictly look but don't touch. (Well, sometimes I allowed a little pinch or light pat on the butt, or I showed a handful of guys my tits a bunch of times. But only because I'd basically stopped even pretending to do my job any more and how else was it gonna get done?) And now that I was fucking Grant at work, that meant I wanted to be wet and ready all the time so we didn't have to slow down for foreplay. Oh, right, I hadn't said about the fucking me at work thing. Did I? Either way, now I guess I did. He fucked me at work – there, I said it. Sometimes in the supply closet, sometimes when my cube mate was away at a meeting I was skipping and I had the nook to myself. Once I even spent a whole day under Grant's desk just sucking him off non-stop. Perry kept calling and calling to see why I wasn't at my desk, so I just shoved my phone between my legs and let my geek of a boss help get me off. As for me and Grant, we both ate our lunch right there at his desk! I giggle like crazy every time I think about it.

Let's see, what else did I make Grant start making me acting on. I don't even know, honestly. I was doing what I wanted almost all the time, and I kind of lost track of what was me and what was him *and* me. Dirty talking, anal, spanking, pole dancing, modeling, taping him fucking me, fucking in public places, even some S&M. But neither of us liked the idea of hurting or being mean to the other – aren't we the cutest couple? Sometimes I wanted to handcuff him to the bed and give myself free reign of that breathtakingly scrawny, scrumptious body of his, and we were both OK with that. The rest of our bondage gear I used for lounging around the house. I wanted to look as good for him as he did for me.

Of course, with all this fucking and so little working, I totally got fired. I actually slept through my next quarterly review. (I'd been up until three in the morning taking it in the ass from my boyfriend, who knew by then not to bother trying to wake me for something as stupid as work.) So when I got in around noon, Perry was waiting for me and he said I was fired. I asked if I could finish the day, and he said no, but then I figured what the hell and so I took my top off, and I asked again and he said if he could touch my titties I could stay for the day. Then he said if he could fuck me I could stay for the week, so just to be funny I took off the rest of my clothes except my shoes because they're a real pain in the butt and bent over my desk, but then was like nah, one day ought to do it. Perry totally came in his pants while he was sucking on my tits, the freak.

Then I went to my sex god of a boyfriend and spent the rest of the day fucking his brains out. Once I'd gotten his first couple cums out of him, his stamina was up, and so for almost half an hour I lay there tits down ass up on his desk, drooling on a stack of TRF-10's. He had a TRF-6 that had mistakenly wandered into the stack, so I re-filed it for him while he leisurely plowed my endlessly needy cunt. It was the most thinking and the most work I'd done all month, but for Grant, I could go out on a limb. Maybe this is what being in love feels like?

That evening, lying in a sweaty pile on the coarse carpeted floor of his office – he got promoted! I'm so proud of him – I sucked the last dribbles of cum from his cock and gazed up at him lovingly.

"I'm going to miss working with you, baby. You know that, right?"

He stroked my hair. "Me too, Mal. We're going to have to figure out what to do with you now."

I frowned. "Like, what? Can't we keep fucking? I want to fuck you. And, like, whatever else we made me want to do. I forget it all, but you know."

Grant laughed. "Of course we can, sweetheart. But I meant for a job. You still have bills to pay, you know. Plus there's rent, and your credit score to think of, and..."

He said all the things, but I shut off my brain and let him. I was finally free of my job, but here he was, trying to bog me down with new worries and more ugly thoughts to think about. What could a girl like me even do while still being happy? Nothing that involved thinking. Or uniforms. Or any dress code really. I could be Grant's live-in girlfriend. Cook and clean and fuck him whenever I wanted. Whenever he wanted, I guess. I *always* wanted. But maybe I needed

money for something? He'd said something about money. Hmm. Stripping? I could be a stripper, I guess. It was degrading, but I guess I already degraded myself a lot anyway. Once I even said I *wanted* to be degraded a little, and now it's probably just part of the daily refresher. Still, if I was a stripper they'd probably want me to work nights, and nights were when I did most of my fucking, so...

Ugh. It was already too complicated. Just this once, I didn't want to have to do all the careful weighing of options. At last he took a breath, and I put a finger to Grant's thin, beautiful lips. "Just let me know, OK? Whatever you decide is great."

He kissed my fingertips softly. Isn't he the sweetest? God I can't wait until he can get it up again. "All right, sweetie. If that's what you want."