

There was an odd little look I didn't like on our waiter's face, and I liked it less because I felt the exact same way. This was a *nice* restaurant. Not just high end. In our line of work, we didn't do meals at dives. There was a prestige to needing reservations, and even more when you were someone like Mr. Webster, who didn't. Still, it was Valentine's Day, and he'd brought me here for dinner, not lunch. It was more than a little suggestive. It was just a performance review, but with the new partner position opened, his opinion could be what made or broke my shot. So I'd run home from the office, changed from my suit into the least feminine sweater and slacks I owned, and doubled back to make it in time. I'd gotten out of my Uber right as he was handing his keys to the valet, right in the nick of time. Even so, Webster's once over reminded me that I was a woman in what he saw as a man's world. I'd worked under him for years now, since the firm put me through law school, so I knew him pretty well. I didn't like his antiquated machismo, but hopefully letting it slide for an evening would give me a boost. I loved my job.

Our waiter wasn't impressed that I was the least elegant woman in the house. I wondered if it was a mistake myself.

"You're a beautiful woman, Libby," said Webster as we once more had our privacy.

Oh shit. Shit! This was *not* how I wanted to open. "Elizabeth, actually," I said gently. Because that was the major course correction needed.

"You've always struck me as more of a Libby. I feel like I've gotten to know you pretty well over the years. Not as well as I would have liked, I think. But you have an undefinable 'Libby' energy to you that I just find... appealing."

The way he said "appealing" made my toes curl. Or no, made my stomach lurch. That's what I meant.

"I... well... Thank you, Richard. I'll... think about it. So, should we start with the evaluation?"

"Right, right. Work-wise? Top notch. Great work, and lots of it. Better yet, you're a closer. You get it done." I found my smile returning – for only a moment, though. "So kudos. Now, as a woman... I find myself drawn to you in a way I never expected to. You're gorgeous. You know that? Stunning."

"Richard..."

"I mean it. I'd tell you not to be modest, but dressed in that burlap tent, obviously we're already past that. Still, even in those snappy little pantsuits you wear to the office, your body is... mm, divine. I think about it sometimes when I'm making love to my wife. Do you appreciate how rare it is for someone to achieve at your level when they could have settled for a trophy wife life in grad school?"

"Mr. Webster! I do not know where you--"

My boss reached across the table, a short reach as he was adjacent rather than across from me, and put his finger on my lips. He held it there as he continued his misogynistic rambling. "Shhh. I'm paying you a compliment, Libby. In fact, why don't I

just cut to the chase. I think you're beautiful, and sexy, and it doesn't hurt that you're the closest female body to me." He laughed, and I would have joined him if not for his finger.

And of course because it was so offensive. Obviously.

"So I want to make a proposal to you. Let's nip out in the alley and see if your tits look as impressive naked as I've long hoped they are. I know you're not the 24-year-old you were when I hired you, but I'll bet there's still some helium in those balloons. I haven't had a good titfuck in... I can't honestly say how long. But I'd like you to be the woman to change that. You have that rare gift of a woman who's just as attractive thundering an argument for a jury as she is on her knees in the gutter showing a man she understands her true worth."

I understood my worth better than he could ever know. My nostrils flared with each indignant breath, imagining what I would look like crouching in the dark alley with his cock rubbing between my breasts, jabbing me in the chin with excitement. It *would* be impressive, but--

But, um...

But. Butt. I smiled against his finger. Butt. He thought my tits were top notch? Oh, just you wait, Richard Webster.

Not that I was going to! I wasn't. I had a boyfriend, um... Mark? No, not Mark, but something like that.

"Then, if you do well on your audition, we can come back in, finish your meal, and I'll take you to a hotel and give you the chance to really wow me. I'm not making this offer lightly. I realize what an opportunity this is, and... well, if you hadn't caught me on the most romantic night of the year, I don't know that I'd be taking you up on it."

Wow. He was *that* impressed? If his taste in hotels was anything like his taste in restaurants, I was in for one heck of a treat. He lowered his finger, and I remembered after a moment that my lips could do more than just simper like a little twit.

"That's a very generous offer, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't flattered. Flattered! Clearly I'm not flat," I said, adjusting and tugging my sweater so it showed off my bust. My big tits. For titfucking my boss. In an alley. As an appetizer. "But I'm afraid that's not how I want to advance my career. I made it here on my own steam, and as much as I want to show you how right you are about me, I just... I'm sorry. *Really* sorry." Was I ever. I bet his cum was so delicious. If I used my titties well enough, I wouldn't even need the house dressing for my salad.

Mr. Webster nodded, though he looked less disappointed than I'd hoped. Why had I worn this stupid baggy sweater? Couldn't he see how big and bouncy my boobs were? "I see, Libby. Well, you've made your decision, and I respect it. But, judging from that vapid, glassy look in your eyes, you won't mind if I insist."

Insist? Insistence was *so* sexy in a man. Would he take me by the wrist, drag me out the back door in front of the whole kitchen staff, and throw my sweater in a dumpster and insist on me pleasuring him? I *loved* my job. Right? Not just my--

"You're fired," he said, smiling.

I blinked. "What?! No! You can't fire me! Not because I wouldn't... I mean, I would! I will. I want to. Come on, let me--"

"If it's any consolation, I was going to anyway. By the time that stuff is done doing its job on you, you probably won't be fit to mop the floors, much less try cases. So, now that there's no more question of your advancement, let's see if you can work as hard for me as a former employee as you did as an employee."

Mr. Webster stood, and held out his hand. I thrust my tits out, then giggled as I realized he meant to grab my hand, not my boobs. "Sorry about that," I apologized as he helped me to my feet. What hotel would he fuck me in, I wondered. Since I didn't work for him any more, would the company pay for it, or would I have to? Maybe I should suggest some by-the-hour hole in the wall, just to be safe. My savings weren't in the best shape at the moment.

He steered me toward the exit with a firm hand on my butt. I sighed. He *had* noticed. "Thank you for noticing my gifts, sir. It means a lot, coming from a man like you."

I was given a squeeze on my tushy – which if you think about it is really better than a raise, because... um. Because...

I like my tushy being squeezed.

"I love you, sir," I proclaimed as I bounced my titties on his cock in the alley.

"Atta girl, Libby." He patted my head, and I came so hard I fell on my butt in a puddle. Libby. What a fuckable name. He helped me back up to my knees, and I got back to work. I loved my new job even better than the old – which only made sense, after all. It was Valentine's Day.