

Living the Dream
Part One

Day 1

“Mind if I sit down?” I asked the trio of women gathered at one of the tables in Firebrand Ad Agency’s employee break room.

“Sure!” said the pretty blonde. One of the two. One of the two at this particular table. The woman patted the chair beside her. “You’re the new girl, right?”

I accepted her offer. “Guilty as charged. I’m Brianne. Cochran – junior graphic designer.”

One by one, the women shook my hand and introduced themselves. There was Marie from web design; Liz, a copyeditor; and Kelly, whose job was something called “print traffic controller,” which I was way too green in the industry to even guess what it entailed. Truth be told, up until today, I’d been stunned FAA had ever hired me. Practically right out of high school, no higher education or relevant work experience, and my portfolio was a collection of projects I’d done in my high school art classes. I’d been a fairly good student, mind, but to be hired into a full-time gig with salary and benefits at twenty years old? It was a dream come true!

Though as I looked around at the three beautiful women seated with me, my eyes were beginning to open.

“So, how are you liking FAA so far?” asked Kelly, nibbling at her kale salad with a half-loaded fork.

“It’s still my first day, so I’ve mostly been with Andrea in HR, signing paperwork and all that. But everybody I’ve met has been really nice. And my office! It’s...” I paused. Was I committing a faux pas? Had these women had offices on their first day? I didn’t want to start off having my co-workers resent me.

“Amazing?” supplied Liz, and my anxiety melted. “Totally! All the offices are. If anything, mine is almost too big! Mr. Hooper even coughed up the funds to do a little furnishing, so now I have a sofa and everything.”

“Wow!” What use did a copyeditor have for a sofa?

Marie dipped a baby carrot in some hummus, wrinkled her nose, and scraped some off before popping it in her mouth. “Did you meet Lynn and Sydney yet? They’re the best. Just follow their lead, and you will go places here, trust me.”

“We said hi, but at this point I’m not even sure I could pick them out of a lineup,” I replied bashfully. It was kind of crazy to say, but it was true. Lynn was my direct supervisor, and also one of the most attractive women I’d ever seen. Perfect hair, perfect skin, perfect teeth, perfect makeup, and, if you liked brunettes with gigantic breasts, a perfect body. That she was dressed like she was going to help a friend move was actually

sort of jarring. Other than the clothes, everything else about her suggested she was on her way to some kind of gala.

Sydney was a real head-turner, too, though if our supervisor was a ten, she might only be an eight and a half or a nine. Then again, so were the girls at this lunch table, so was the HR rep, so was the security guard by the front entrance... and if I'm being honest, so was I. Not to sound conceited or anything, but I take care of myself, and I was blessed with some good genes. I'm not one to go showing it off, but I clean up real good when I feel like it. Sure, my teeth were a tad crooked, but we'd never had the money for braces, so whatcha gonna do. Nonetheless, I hadn't gotten complaints.

Still, that so far everyone I'd met here enjoyed that same genetic providence...

"So, can I ask you all something?" I leaned closer, kept my voice low. I wasn't even sure why. They leaned in as well, and I hazarded the question that had been on my mind all morning. "Do any *men* work here?"

They looked around at one another, then nearly in unison burst into laughter. No, not laughter. Giggles. Ugh. I *hate* women who giggle.

"Of course men work here!" exclaimed Liz. "What kind of question is that?"

New girl or no, I was not at all a fan of having my questions laughed at. I might lack experience, but from the looks of these women, none of them could have more than five years themselves. *Maybe* ten for Liz, but I think as the non-blonde of the three, her dark hair simply didn't broadcast her youth as loudly. "Where?" I asked. "I haven't seen a single one since I got here."

She patted my hand in a way that was too condescending by half. "Well, there's Mr. Hooper, of course! And Mr. Gaspar, when he feels like coming in."

"Two? Is that it?"

Marie shrugged. "I mean, they hired the best people for their jobs. If men weren't qualified, they didn't get hired."

I was at once reminded of my underqualified status. "So, Hooper and Gaspar, huh? What do they do?"

"They're the senior partners." I barely avoided rolling my eyes. Of course they were. "Mr Hooper runs the company, and Mr. Gaspar... well, he's a mostly silent partner. Sort of pops in and checks up on us whenever he feels like it, makes sure we're working hard, feeling supported"

Let it go, Brianne, I told myself. It's not worth stirring the pot over. You're making twice the money you were at your old job, steady Monday to Friday 9 to 5, health and dental and life, and a list of benefits as long as your leg. So the bosses like their girls young and pretty. You're young and pretty. The system is working for you, so just shut up!

"Don't you think that's kind of... sexist?"

Damn it, Brianne!

Kelly and Marie both simply shrugged it off without a second thought. I'd known girls like that in school, the sort who didn't really care if they were objectified so long as the rewards were good. Liz, however, gave me a knowing, empathetic nod.

"I understand exactly how you feel, Brianne. I felt the exact same way when I started here a few years back. Heck, every now and then I still wonder..." Her lips pursed, and her eyes narrowed suspiciously – but in the next moment, the look vanished, replaced by her professionally pretty facade. "But hey. I've never heard even a whisper of anything untoward happening, and... come on, right? The perks of this job are too incredible. So sure, maybe their hiring motives are suspect, but as far as I've seen, there's nothing but positives to us gals."

I nodded, but only halfheartedly. It felt good to hear someone say there weren't rumors of impropriety. I'd been working since I was fifteen, and I'd dealt with my share of leering, gropy pigs, both customers and management. Not to say I couldn't *keep* dealing with it if I had to, but I'd certainly prefer to put that phase of life behind me to the extent possible.

The girls started on the usual first day gossip, telling me who to steer clear of and who to ingratiate myself to, and I started to relax a little. Maybe working somewhere practically bereft of men would actually be a positive? I'd always gotten along better with guys than girls anyway, and my boyfriend Keith was the jealous type, all the way down.

Maybe I was living the dream, after all.

Day 32

I'd been having *such* a good day up until now. Like most days lately.

I'd woken up early – and I realize that doesn't sound like the start of a good day, but I was waking up early without an alarm clock, simply letting my body decide when it had enough rest and hopping out of bed accordingly. It was amazing what getting a proper night's sleep did for me, especially as I grew firmer about insisting Keith not disturb it on a work night. I felt for the guy – literally – but I was not going to blow this opportunity by coming in haggard because my bleh boyfriend wanted a quickie at half past midnight.

I shouldn't call him bleh. But still, let's be objective. He's not exactly the cream of the crop. Heck, I earn almost twice what he does, and people are always telling me how they think I'm totally out of his league.

Anyway, after a quick breakfast. Today, greek yogurt and a dash of organic granola (treated myself today!) it was off to the gym. Another perk of the job, free membership and a huge discount on our premiums if I put in enough hours there. My first month in and I'd made the second highest tier! This month I planned on making the highest, and I was even thinking about quitting smoking. Not that I was some kind of two packs a day gal or anything, but even my modest habit was, admittedly, cutting into my odds of having a long and healthy life.

For the first time in my life, I was wanting to live as long as possible.

Seven hundred burned calories later, I took a nice long shower and got myself ready for work. That meant putting on whatever cozy clothes I felt like wearing, and spending half an hour or so on hair and makeup. I felt dumb as hell doing it, but FAA workplace culture was what it was, and I wasn't going to swim against the current. Not at this job. Where else could I stroll in an hour and a half late in sweatpants and an old t-shirt without having anyone say boo? Lynn had told me that if I was busy or found I'd been abusing their permissive policy, I could always stay late to make up time, so sometimes I did that when Keith was working evenings at the bar.

Not that I'd ever been busy here. Far from it. I had few enough projects coming across my desk that it was a much bigger challenge filling my hours productively than keeping up. It was kind of an exhilarating mindset, perfection. Once I saw what I was capable of when I really focused in on something, it made me start thinking about what else I could master. The gym was one arena, sculpting my body, but there were plenty of others. I was teaching myself to cook, relearning how to knit, fixing my teeth with an invisible retainer (that FAA completely paid for!). Also, while Keith didn't know it, I was even practicing a few skills that, when I let him in on the process my dildo and I were perfecting, he'd lose his mind over. I couldn't wait to show him.

Well, maybe not *him*. These were Forever kinds of skills. Keith may simply be the flavor of the month. Or, well, the flavor of the past three years. Still, I was young, and relationships were fleeting at my stage in life. Everyone knew that. The main thing was not to get attached.

So anyway, once I got to the office, it was time to get back to work on the Friedrich's Mufflers account, redesigning their logo to something that would really pop. I'd done half a dozen designs thus far, the first few according to their stated preferences and the rest taking a few creative liberties. I figured it couldn't hurt to have options, right? Besides, it was my only account at the moment. May as well go overboard. Even so, it left me most of the rest of the afternoon to work on my other project. Now, I know it may sound weird, but...

I've been job hunting.

I know, I know. My job at FAA is amazing. But that's the problem! It's *too* amazing. I get paid way too much with too many perks and too little work to think that this is going to last. For one, I don't see any advancement potential. Sure, Lynn keeps telling me good work gets noticed – and I do my best, honest! – but there's so little to do, I feel like any manager worth their salt who takes a hard look at my output is going to realize I'm nothing but deadweight.

Besides, how can a company stay in business like this? FAA is incredibly departmental, so much so that I'd never even been to the second floor with the senior employees, much less whatever is above that. From what I saw around the junior staff level, though, my situation was far from unique. No company operating like this stayed in business long. I wished it weren't so, but you didn't need an MBA to know you couldn't spend a hundred grand each on a dozen junior employees' salary and benefits while they produced twenty hours a week of work, at best.

Only today, in the middle of my daily browsing of the job sites for backup opportunities, there was a sudden knock at my door. Shockingly, there in the doorway stood, of all people, a man. In fact, the man who'd conducted my interview. I'd forgotten his name when he gave it to me at our first meeting. Jitters, I guess. But I'd seen him around here and there, and I'd been told this was our mysterious possibly pervy boss.

"Hi!" He waved as he stepped in. "Long time no see, Brianne."

"It has been, um... Dwayne, right? Or do I call you Mr. Gaspar?" I did like that last name. Rolled off the tongue.

"Take your pick – whatever you're comfortable with," he offered. "I wanted to check in, see how things were going with you. Settling in OK?"

"Settled, in fact. Doing great. The mockups for the Friedrich's Mufflers account are almost done. I think they're going to love some of these designs – hoping to go for one of those 'hard to choose because they love them all so much' scenarios."

“Great, great. Keep that up, Brianne. Look, while I’m here, I wanted to talk with you about some concerns we’ve had. Is this a good time?”

Oh no. Those were words I’d heard before, usually aimed at coworkers, usually at coworkers who were soon to become ex-coworkers. It felt like someone had shoved an icicle down my pants. “Oh. Um, sure. Yeah. Concerns? Did I do something wrong?”

He closed the door, and I wondered if he could hear my heart hammering in my chest. *Damn it, Brianne! Why couldn’t you just show up on time?! Your job is the most important part of your life!* But Dwayne simply sat down on the far side of my desk, crossing his legs casually. “So, Brianne, let me start by saying, Mr. Hooper and I absolutely love the work you’re doing. Top notch all the way. We were taking a risk, bringing in a young woman as new to the craft as you, but you’re coming along great and we couldn’t be prouder.”

“Oh. Well thanks! I’m so glad – Lynn keeps saying she’s happy with my work, but she’s so nice, I wondered if she was sparing my feelings, you know? That’s really good to hear. But you said... concerns?”

“Right. See, this morning, we received a call asking for a reference. I have to ask, Brianne... Are you applying for other jobs?”

Why was it so hard to swallow? “I... well, yes. But you see, only as a safety sort of thing! I–”

He held up a hand, and I instantly fell silent. “Have we failed you somehow, Brianne? We try so hard to make this a great work environment. Though maybe it’s our fault. I feel like we were so lucky to catch you on your way up, and to hear you’re already thinking of moving on... I have to say, I was so disappointed.”

“No, it’s not your fault! Oh my gosh, no, not at all. It’s only... this place is so amazing, I couldn’t imagine I’d be allowed to stay.” I knew I wasn’t supposed to say out loud that I thought I was being overpaid, but boy was that a huge part of it, too.

“Allowed to...?!” He guffawed. “Brianne, as far as I’m concerned, you have second floor potential written all over you. Sure, maybe there’s a little growth still to be desired, but I have no doubt before long you’ll be exactly the kind of senior graphic designer we’ve been waiting for.”

He took a deep breath, and went on, now with a tone of grim resolution. “However, we think of our employees as investments, and if you’re looking to take that potential elsewhere... I’m afraid we’ll have to respect your wishes and let you go.”

“Let me...?!” My voice caught in my throat. I’d been fired before, but for some reason the thought of that happening here was like a knife twisting in my gut.

“Now I don’t want you to make a hasty decision, so go ahead and take until the end of the week. If you still think this isn’t someplace you can plan on staying, we understand, but we’ll want to look for a girl who is going to be with us for the long haul.

So think it over, and get back to me with your plans by end of the day Friday. Sound fair?”

“Uh... yeah. I mean yes. Yes, Mr. Gaspar.” Mr. Gaspar. Why did that roll off my tongue so easily? I’d barely met him. Maybe I’d been more anxious about what the upper management thought of me than I’d thought.

He gave me a quick squeeze on the shoulder, and for a moment, I almost wished I could take that hand and suck on his fingers, one by one, until he forgave me for distressing him. As he strode out the door, though, I shook my head. That wasn’t something you did with a “Dwayne,” not unless they were the Rock.

Then again, it wasn’t really something I did at all. Yeesh. I had to pinch myself to make sure I was thinking straight. I could hear Mr. Gaspar chit-chatting with Sydney in the next office over. Was she flirting with him? As he left her office, I craned my neck to watch him go. Nothing at all remarkable about him. Tall-ish, lean for the most part but with a little padding around the middle, neither handsome nor ugly, though a little closer to the former if I had to put him on a sliding scale. He probably had at least a decade on me, and I’d never had any kind of daddy fantasies.

So where had that thought about sucking his fingers come from?

Just a stray thought, I told myself. You’re human. It’s OK to have fantasies, even if it’s based on something as stupid as a name.

Nine o’clock was the earliest I went home for the rest of the week. Keith was pissed, but I needed to do soul-searching, and it was so much easier in the peace and quiet of my office without him around to bug me.

That Friday, I wrote Mr. Gaspar to inform him I would be pleased to stay on in my current position. I even contacted each of the jobs I’d applied for to formally withdraw my application, so there would be no chance of FAA receiving any more distressing calls for references. From then on, I was officially committed. I was a Firebrand Ad Agency girl all the way now, come hell or high water.

Day 194

Had it really been six months? Man, how time flew by working at FAA! Ever since I'd decided I was sticking around, every week there was a new reason to feel good about my decision.

Take today, for instance. Up at dawn with my usual vigor for my morning jog to the gym. I thought back on the repulsive shape I'd been in when I started at FAA. A hundred and forty pounds, barely able to run more than a couple miles, and no way I could hold my breath with my dildo down my throat for even half as long as I could now. And that was just the conditioning. Everything about me was improved these days. My skin and hair care routines had me looking and feeling better. I got hit on everywhere I went, seemed like. Sometimes I even thought about giving a particularly cute guy a shot, but then I'd ask his name, and no matter the answer, it was never what I was waiting to hear. The man I was saving myself for.

Not that I was a virgin. No, my stupid asshole ex Keith had seen to that, the son of a bitch. That was probably the best development of all since starting FAA, dumping his sorry ass. What had I ever seen in that guy? The moment I broke up with him, it was suddenly so clear. The way he'd held me back; the way he resented the eight or ninety hours I put in at work every week; the way he'd let me settle for being merely pretty when I could have been *gorgeous*; how pissed off he'd gotten when I'd told him how I didn't feel comfortable having him touch me.

What was I supposed to say? He wasn't the one, and I was done pretending.

Anyway, after the gym, I'd take a nice long shower and frig myself crazy.

It felt a little weird, the first few times, masturbating in a public shower stall, but as I jilled myself giddily this morning, I wondered how I'd ever gotten by without it. The trick, I'd found, was to get myself as close as possible to coming, and then throw on the cold water and stop dead. It drove me *wild*. It made me jittery for the rest of the day, a constant low edge of arousal that kept my mind and body energized. Some days, I didn't even bother wearing underwear under my dress, so if I ever started to cool off, all I had to do was slip a hand under my desk and get myself going again.

(And if I spent an hour or two at it sometimes, so what? If I stayed at work until nine o'clock, no one could judge me for frittering away the afternoon in idle edging.)

Today, however, was not such a day. No, today I was wearing the most formal attire I'd put on for work in months, maybe since my interview. Don't get me wrong, I loved the casual dress code, but today I'd be interacting with Upstairs People, and it wouldn't do to show them my usual schlubby self. I picked out a pencil skirt – new, so it hugged my newly leaned thighs perfectly – with a business jacket on top. Beneath it was only a bra, and I'd gone with fire engine red so nobody would miss it in the gap of the

jacket. I thought it was a festive touch, which was appropriate considering today at work we were having the party for Lynn's new promotion!

Sydney had been moved upstairs almost two months ago in recognition of... well, whatever she did. I tried to stay out of her business, and she mine. Frankly, I hardly knew what anyone else was doing around here, and thank goodness nobody got too nosy about the countless hours I lost browsing social media for beauty tips or napping or doodling or diddling myself in my office. The work got done, though, and whenever Mr. Gaspar stopped by, he was never there for anything more than providing effusive positive feedback.

(OK, so once, I caught him pretty obviously checking me out, but hey, I looked dynamite that day, and it was the first time, so I let it slide. This job was the most important part of my life, after all.)

That day, the new girl and I were in charge of the festivities. Lynn was moving on up to the second floor! She couldn't say much about her new responsibilities, but truth be told, we hardly ever talked work these days anyway. I was happy for her, and I promised I'd be following on her heels before long.

Ashley, the afore-mentioned new girl, had only been with FAA for a few weeks, and we hadn't yet had much of a chance to bond. It was a little awkward, to be honest. She looked at Lynn and I with this sort of suspicious reverence, like she didn't trust her eyes when they told her she had such comely coworkers. Had I ever been like that? Maybe. I did my best to reassure her, being friendly and accommodating and giving Ashley her space. That had been Mr. Gaspar's suggestion, at least, and on this rare occasion in which I'd been given direct guidance from management, I wasn't about to ignore it.

I scoped her out when she was putting up the streamers, and decided she had some potential. Killer booty, that was for damn sure. She didn't have Lynn's amazingly enormous boobs, but hey, who did? Sometimes, I wondered what I'd look like with a rack like that. As good as I was looking and feeling these days, it was easy to picture myself as a busty girl. When I closed my eyes and pictured myself, it was always with bigger boobs than what I'd been born with. Not that I was small or anything, but I felt like I had it in me to be a seriously sexy big-titted babe – in addition to making senior graphic design artist. Like Mr. Gaspar said, unlimited growth potential.

I patted Ashley on the hip and told her she was doing a good job. She gave me a look like I'd done something wrong, but hey. Once upon a time that had been me, fending off Lynn's affectionate way of showing support, but in time, Ashley would acclimate to FAA's workplace culture, same as I had. I just needed to help nudge her along.

At 1 PM sharp, the party commenced. The whole first floor turned out, and I introduced Ashley around to all the women she hadn't met yet. With the

hyper-compartmentalized atmosphere of FAA, some of them I'd only met myself at Sydney's promotion party. Still, we greeted each other like old friends, one big happy family. Whether it was women I'd known for half a year or half an hour, FAA was one big happy family, united in purpose. Whatever our boss needed.

"You know, it's too bad women in the workplace can't do calendars like the firemen do, because we could make a killing, eh ladies?" I said as the group gathered around the table with its festive cake. A few hoots and hollers followed. Ashley shifted uncomfortably, and another girl I didn't recognize outright frowned. Must be new, too. She'd come up with the junior accountants; her waifish build added some beautiful diversity. Hopefully she'd learn to lose that pout before it gave her wrinkles.

"Well ladies, today we're gathered to give our best to Lynn. She had a good run and we all had the highest hopes for her, but with heavy heart, it is my despondent duty to say goodbye to my supervisor, my mentor, and..." I abandoned my dour tone, and yelled the rest jubilantly. "The best damn employee the second floor's ever gotten!"

There was a raucous round of sincere applause. It was every first floor girl's dream, moving upstairs to work under Mr. Hooper. (We assumed that was the structure, at least, though everyone knew Mr. Hooper was nothing but Mr. Gaspar's Yes Man. What exactly he did, I couldn't say. I knew better than to ask questions about things we didn't need to know. I do not question my superiors. I do whatever my boss needs.)

When the claps died down, I gestured for Lynn to take the floor. She was a woman of few words, and with this insanely sexy breathy voice that I strived to emulate in my own interactions, she opened up to the assembly of what, for a few more hours, were still her peers.

"You guys, thank you so much for this. Earning my way up to the second floor FAA staff has been my life's dream, the same as I know it is for so many of you," she began, hands clasped piously. *Life's dream* seemed a bit heavy-handed to me, but I got it. This was an amazing place to work. My job was the most important part of my life. "I'm going to miss seeing you girls every day, but I know it won't be long before..."

She paused, and we all followed her wide-eyed train of sight to the break room door, where none other than Mr. Gaspar was striding in nonchalantly. He looked as though he intended to hang back, but I waved him right into the circle with the help of a dozen plus other women. Lynn, I saw, sighed rapturously at the mere sight of him, and for a cynical moment, I wondered if my busty, lusty supervisor had obtained her promotion to the top floor by ignoble means.

But no. A girl like her might be born to use her body to advance herself in life – I almost couldn't blame her – but not Mr. Gaspar. His hiring practices aside, he was a man of integrity and always did right by us girls.

“I wasn’t expecting you to stop by, *Mister Gaspar*,” Lynn gushed, hands clasped in front of her pelvis, her huge jugs squooshed together so tightly I wondered how we didn’t see a nipple make a break for it.

Why did she say his name like that? I wondered. Like she’s winking when she says it. It’s not even that good of a name. Like meeting someone named Mike Jordan or Kyle Jenner. Close, but only a pale imitation of true greatness.

“Oh, I was in the neighborhood,” he said, waving away the attention. “Go on with your speech there, Lynn, before we get a riot on our hands. You gals don’t look like you get much cake.”

We giggled at his compliment. Was that ever true! I couldn’t remember the last time I’d had a dessert that wasn’t fruit. Not that I was going to be having any cake – I didn’t want to wind up bulimic! – but I’d take a piece when it was offered, pick at it so I looked sociable. Like the other girls would, no doubt.

Lynn smiled at him, then some more, before finally prying her eyes away and turning to the group. “Sure. So to wrap it up, I want to tell you all to keep working at it! Be disciplined, work hard on the things that matter, and above all, listen to those little voices inside your head. That’s instinct, ladies, and I can see that this is a group with great instincts. When you hear it telling you what to do, you pounce, and I promise, good things will happen.”

The girls applauded, and soon after I began my task of distributing cake as the girls got to mingling and saying their individual farewells to Lynn. I caught Ashley digging into her piece, and made sure she overheard me when I complimented Kelly on how well her diet was working. It was the last bite Ashley took.

Good. Like Lynn had said: be disciplined.

It looked like nobody really had much by way of a workload, as was so often the case. It still made me nervous sometimes, wondering how the lights stayed on, so to speak. Regardless, if Mr. Gaspar didn’t mind us socializing, we weren’t about to talk him into being more stringent. I’d rather go down with the FAA ship than look this gift horse in the mouth.

So we huddled around the breakroom, and pretty soon it was almost like a slumber party in there. A few girls – Ashley and the frowning girl from accounting – made excuses to go back to their offices, but the rest of us were all too happy to paint one another’s nails, exchange diet and beauty tips, and eventually even a massage circle. Bless Marie for the idea! She deserved an upstairs promotion herself. Massage was another hobby I’d taken an interest in mastering lately. Both Lynn and Sydney had been showing me the ropes, but it looked like the whole office was into it, too! Who knew I was part of such a fad, huh?

We lost track of time somewhere along the line; it was going on nine o’clock before we finally dragged our relaxed, drooping muscles out of the breakroom so we

could rest up for tomorrow. I wished them well, popped by my office for a little mid-evening masturbation to get my energy back up, then set about tidying up the breakroom. Least I could do as the party planner, especially since the lazy new girl who was supposed to be helping me had clocked out over an hour ago.

Should I encourage Ashley to take up a little jilling to help her keep up? Lynn's support after the time she'd caught me had meant a lot. Still, maybe that could wait until Ashley and I were better acquainted.

I was on my way to the loading dock behind the building, taking out a bag of trash stuffed with ninety-some percent of a barely-touched cake, when I saw them. No – *heard* them. As I made my way down the corridor that lead to the dumpsters in the small lot behind the building, I heard a sound that could only be two people having sex.

Curiosity got the better of me. I slipped off my shoes and made my way barefoot down the dark hall that lead to the dock, pausing at the back door. It was held open by the brick we left back here for precisely that purpose. I listened first. It was a hetero couple, that much was clear. A woman, panting, whimpering; a man huffing and grunting. Soon I made out a sound that had to be the man's balls slapping against the woman's body; I remembered that sound from Keith. Sometimes I heard it when I masturbated before work, imagining my dream man come to use me like the goddess I was making myself into for him.

It was hot, for sure, and after carefully setting down the cake on a nearby garbage can stashed just inside the exit, I even let my hands roam a little, imagining how the girl must be feeling. Damn, I missed sex. I missed *coming*. I hadn't had a full-fledged orgasm in months, and had been keeping myself on the edge of one for as long. What did he feel like inside her? Was he thick? Was he *too* thick? Was he going too fast to savor every veiny ripple in his shaft pulsating inside her pussy, or was he pounding away too fast, just using her hot wet hole to get off in? I didn't even know which one was hotter. What was it like, being fucked right out there on the loading dock, where anybody could conceivably come along and see?

However, it was that very line of imagination that lead me to a strange question, one which the girl helpfully asked for me even as it formed.

"Why do we have to do this out here?" the woman asked.

"Because sometimes I like it a little bit trashy," answered her lover.

I recognized those voices. The woman emitting that drawn-out whine was none other than Lynn! Guess she couldn't wait to get home to celebrate her promotion. Still, it was the other that stunned me. The man was...

"But Mr. Gaspar, it's... I don't know... kind of... dirty...?" Her protest was in the most feeble of terms, and I couldn't imagine why a girl as sexy and self-possessed as my former supervisor would let a man fuck her out in the open like that, when from her tone she clearly didn't want to.

What was I witnessing? Was this really the sexual assault of a senior employee by one of the executives? What on earth was happening?!

“Don’t you like it dirty?” he asked, and then I heard a few sharp sounds, like someone being slapped. My god, was he *spanking* my supervisor?!

“N-not really,” she said with a tiny whimper.

“That’s a shame, because I like girls who like it dirty.” He was breathing hard, and those balls were still slapping away. How could Mr. Gaspar do this?! Abuse an employee this way!

“Oh. Um, well... maybe I’ll learn to like it, ” she mumbled, voice lower even than its rich sensual norm, and my heart was breaking for her. I wished I had my phone so I could record this, but it was back in my purse in my office. Still, I could at least be her witness, corroborate her story if she wanted to press charges.

I guess part of me felt like it was hardly surprising, a man exclusively hiring hot young women turning out to be a pig. Still, it was such a let-down. I *believed* in FAA. This job was the most important part of my life. Already, I was thinking back to those employers who’d sounded interested back when I’d started here. Looking my best was of vital importance. Looking sexy felt good, and feeling good means looking sexy. But there was a difference between looking sexy for our own sake and looking sexy so the jerks in charge could take advantage of us.

But then, Mr. Gaspar said something that I’d never forget.

“I told you, hon. Now that you’re an upstairs girl, you can call me DJ.”

I had two reactions to those words, and gun to my head, I couldn’t have said which one was more profound.

The second response, elicited by the first, was raw terror.

DJ Gaspar. That was it. The name I’d been waiting to hear without knowing I was waiting to hear it. I’d been dreaming of DJ Gaspar – literally, dreams of a faceless body that I pleased with abandon, that filled me with a raw joy of knowing I’d finally found my purpose. It was why I’d slept so soundly, because those dreams were the fulfillment of my work. DJ Gaspar was the most incredible man on earth. I would do anything to please and satisfy DJ Gaspar. DJ Gaspar can do anything he wants to me, and I wanted to help him think of new things to want to do.

The words filled my head as I realized who “Dwayne” really was.

I never remembered it when I woke up, but the idea of it, of this perfect man looming in the shadows surrounding my life, had been with me for months. Which made no sense – how on earth could I be fantasizing about someone I’d never heard of? Why was I dreaming of submitting my body to my boss? He wasn’t even that attractive!

Except he was DJ Gaspar. Which meant he was the man I’d been waiting for all my life. DJ Gaspar was the most incredible man on earth. I would do anything to please and satisfy DJ Gaspar. DJ Gaspar can...

The words – or were they feelings? – kept repeating, on loop.

Which was why my first reaction was to fall to my knees and come my brains out. Like literally, I think my IQ actually went down.

I was still coping with both feelings, the shockwave of pleasure and this adrenaline rush screaming for me to choose Fight in my Fight v. Flight response, when I regained my senses. I heard a voice out on the dock – Mr. Gaspar's. Dwayne's. DJ's.

“You're going to fit right in upstairs, Lynn. No implants for you – no way. You're the real deal.”

“Th-thank you, sir,” came a response. She was still speaking in that low moan, and I realized now it wasn't shame; it was pure arousal. I couldn't blame her. *DJ Gaspar! She'd been fucked by DJ Gaspar!* I want to be fucked by DJ Gaspar. DJ Gaspar owns my pussy. I am a hot big-titted slut for DJ Gaspar.

He was still talking though, and I realized somewhere in the middle of my minutes-long blackout orgasm, he had finished. “Take a minute to clean up; when you're ready, come on upstairs. Your ID card should access the second floor now. I'm gonna wash up myself. You may have been right about this being a little too trashy.” He laughed.

He was coming inside. I only had seconds to react. Part of me wanted to stay where I was, kneeling on the dirty concrete, knuckle-deep in my sopping wet pussy.

DJ Gaspar owns my pussy.

No. There was something very, very wrong about all this. If he could make me feel this way, he was dangerous, no matter how achingly sexy he may be, no matter how good it would feel to give myself to him. I darted down the corridor, my bare feet noiseless on the hard floor. I only slowed to dip into my office for my purse, and then didn't stop until I was in my car. Once I got it started, it didn't stop until I pulled into the parking garage by my apartment.

By the time I slumped onto my couch, mentally and physically drained, I had a thousand questions, but one thing was very clear.

I was being brain-washed by my boss. DJ Gaspar.