



Burping Frog Publishing

# Fucked on Sight Part I

a collection of erotic stories

# Jack Allen

# The Houston Trip

Chelsea Chase had stepped into a tornado. She wasn't sure what she expected in her first week at Gentry & Chapman, but it certainly wasn't this. She was in the kitchen area near the back of the office, putting sugar and cream into a cup of coffee. She had been there since eight o'clock that morning, as she was every day, and that was her first break in three hours. It was non-stop.

She took a sip of the coffee, which was hot and invigorating. She was going to need it to keep up. When she agreed to that intern job, she was pretty sure it wouldn't be much more than getting coffee and making copies. It was that, all right, that and just about everything else.

From the way the other women in the office dressed in short skirts with long slits up the sides, and snug blouses with the buttons open halfway down the front, she also got the impression there would be sex involved, a lot of sex, with Tom, or with whoever dropped by. What man could resist the urge with all that exposed, jiggly female flesh around him?

Chelsea put the mug of coffee down and added a bit more sugar. The spoon clinked inside the mug when she stirred. So far, though, there hadn't been any sex, not even a hint of flirting between anyone in the office. She smirked and shook her head, and took a sip of coffee. Of course, it was crazy of her to expect that Tom would have one of the gorgeous, curvy women in his office bent over his desk, or on her back on the small table in the kitchen area, but she had to admit, she was a little disappointed.

She had been hoping it would be her bent over her desk, or on the counter next to the copier with her legs spread and her skirt up and Tom's huge cock pushing deep into her pussy.

If she had known this job was going to be all work and no fucking, she would have said thanks, but no thanks. The whole first week, Tom hardly even looked at her, barely said more than a "Good morning," or "Make three copies of this report and two copies of this one."

Was it silly of her to expect more since he had his huge cock all the way up her ass? Or was that just his recruiting method to get big-busted women to work for him?

All of that changed, though, on the first morning of her second week as an intern for Gentry & Chapman. It had only been two hours, and the pace was already more hectic than the last week. Her arms were loaded with folders and papers, which were hard enough to hold on their own, but with her huge breasts in the way, her arms were ready to give out. Her hair hung in her eyes and she was chasing Sheri Dockday around the office, trying to keep up with all of her instructions. If next week was going to be even more hectic than this, she was going to go crazy.

Tom Bradley came out of his office like he was his own tornado that blew through the door and tore down everything in his path. He had his tie in one hand and his jacket in the other hand, and when he rushed past the desks, the papers blew off like debris in the path of a tornado. He walked right up to Sheri, who was leading Chelsea to the copy room. She stopped abruptly, and Chelsea nearly bumped into her and dropped the files.

"Sheri, I have an urgent meeting in Houston with John Pinter. I need an assistant to fly down with me. Who do you have?" Tom said.

Sheri looked around. Her eyes settled on Chelsea.

"Chelsea, put those files down. I need you to go to Houston," she said.

Chelsea's mouth fell open.

"What? Houston?"

The next thing she knew, she was on Tom's private jet, flying

with him to Houston.

Except for the pilot and the co-pilot, they were the only two on the small jet. Chelsea sat quietly and patiently in one of the big, swiveling chairs facing Tom, with a small table between them, and a pleasant view of the clouds through one of the small windows.

Tom was busy, of course. He had a laptop, a stack of papers in his open briefcase on the next swiveling seat, and a cell phone to his ear. He was always busy. Since she had started working for him, she hadn't seen a day when he wasn't ridiculously busy.

Chelsea let out a deep breath through her nose. She felt helpless without something to do. He brought her along to be his assistant. Shouldn't she be doing something to help him? She glanced between his legs. He had a good-sized bulge in his crotch. She smiled and squeezed her legs together. That was something she could help him with.

She looked down at her chest. She still had huge, beautiful boobs. What was it going to take for him to notice her? She sighed and looked out the small window at the fluffy clouds below. She wished he would use that huge cock on her.

The door to the cockpit opened and the co-pilot came out. Chelsea's eyebrows went up. She was tall, with long legs and a short skirt, long dark hair, and big, bouncy breasts under her snug pilot's uniform. She bent over next to Chelsea with her hands on her knees, and gave her an excellent look down her uniform top at her cleavage.

"Can I get you anything to drink?" she said in a low voice, with a quick glance at Tom, who was talking on his cell phone.

"Sure. That'd be nice," Chelsea said, also in a low voice.

Tom was punching keys on his laptop and talking to someone on his cell phone, like he didn't even know they were on the plane with him.

"What can I get you? Water? A pop?" the beautiful co-pilot said. The name engraved on the tag over her left breast was Natalya.

"Do you have a Vernors?" Chelsea said.

Natalya smiled. "That's Tom's favorite. I'll get one for him,

too.”

She walked to the back of the plane, where there was a small counter area with a couple of cabinets and drawers. Chelsea’s head cocked to the side. She couldn’t help watching Natalya’s shapely ass in her tight skirt. Her eyes narrowed and her lips pursed. What was it about that tight ass that made her want to get her hands on it?

Natalya bent down to open a compact refrigerator under the counter, and she got out two pop cans. Her skirt rose up, and Chelsea got a good look at her long, firm thighs. Sitting in her swiveling chair next to Tom, with her hands clasped together in her lap, Chelsea smiled.

Natalya closed the compact refrigerator under the counter and walked toward them, carrying a can of Vernors in each hand. The corners of her mouth were turned up in a sly smile, and she was looking directly at Chelsea. Her big breasts jiggled under her snug uniform like she wasn’t wearing a bra. The sight made Chelsea’s nipples hard.

Natalya put one of the cans of Vernors on the small table next to Tom’s laptop. Tom barely noticed, never stopped his discussion on his cell phone.

Chelsea took the other can of Vernors from Natalya when she held it out for her, and when she bent slightly at the waist, Chelsea could not help looking down the front of her uniform at her generous breasts.

“Enjoy,” Natalya said.

She went back to the cockpit at the front of the plane. Chelsea took a sip of her pop and watched her go. There were more than a few things on that plane that she would like to enjoy.

“Chelsea? Here, take this,” Tom said.

She turned back to him and nearly spit out her Vernors. He was holding a handful of papers, thrust at her. She put down the pop and took the papers.

“I need to see the cost projection from last year. I can’t find it in here. See if you can find it.”

“Yes, sir,” she said.

The mass of papers was terribly confusing. She looked through it three times, trying to find anything that looked like a cost projection. But it wasn't there. If it wasn't there, what was she supposed to do?

His briefcase was still open on the seat next to him. She grabbed it and pulled it to her lap. Tom gave her an odd look, but she kept her face down to avoid his eyes.

The cost projection wasn't in his briefcase, either. She searched it three times to make sure, and tossed it back on the seat next to him. She took out her own cell phone and dialed a number.

Tom finished his conversation and closed his cell phone.

"Who are you calling?" he said.

Chelsea held up a finger and he made an ugly face, but stopped talking.

It only took a minute to get Sheri on the phone, back at Chapman & Gentry. She asked her to find the cost projection and fax it to the airport in Houston. She hung up and dialed another number. This time it took a few transfers to get to the right person, and when she was done, she snapped her cell phone shut.

"What was that all about?" Tom said, and sipped his Vernors.

Chelsea handed the wad of papers back and picked up her own can of Vernors.

"The cost projection was not included in that email. I called Sheri and had her fax it to the airport in Houston. Then I called the airport and told them to have it ready for us when we get there," she said.

Tom nodded.

"Well ... Ok. Good work," he said.

Chelsea sat back and smiled. Not bad for an intern.

In the limo on the drive into downtown Houston, Tom didn't talk on his cell phone once. Chelsea was in the back seat with him, his laptop in its case between them, almost serene in her own peacefulness.

For the rest of that afternoon, she waited in the reception area outside the office, while Tom was inside with the President of the company, or whatever big boss he was meeting with. It was a big, luxurious office, but Chelsea was just bored sitting for hours with a gray-haired receptionist who looked annoyed at her for having such big breasts.

By six o'clock that evening, they were back in the limo, driving to a hotel. Tom had a dark, despondent look on his face, and Chelsea's own heart was heavy with concern. He was shaking his head, looking out the side windows at all the sky rise buildings going by.

"That man can be so frustrating. He keeps altering the terms of the agreement. I just can't figure out what the old man wants from me," Tom said.

"What is the agreement for?" Chelsea said.

"We're trying to negotiate a merger between one of his divisions and one of our subsidiary suppliers. We're going to create a lot of new jobs. I just don't think the old man's heart is in it. I don't know what he wants from me." Tom was quiet for a couple of blocks, then turned to Chelsea. "Hell, if I thought he wanted me to suck his dick, I would have done that a long time ago."

Chelsea just nodded, but squeezed her legs together. How was she going to tell him that if there was anyone's dick that needed sucking, it was his own, and she was the one to do it?

Their hotel was the Lancaster, probably the most lavish hotel she'd ever seen. Getting out of the limo with Tom, she felt like a princess. An attractive young woman in a sharp, black uniform suit came out of the front doors to meet them as they were coming in.

"Welcome back to the Lancaster, Mr. Bradley. Your rooms are ready. I hope you find them satisfactory. And your packages are secure in your rooms," she said.

She gave them each a key card, and stood aside to let them by, all the while with a big smile. Chelsea stared at the key card

in her hand, and walked into the hotel behind Tom.

“What packages?” she said.

“You’re going to need something to wear tomorrow. I had Sheri get us some stuff to wear. I hope I got your size right,” he said.

Their rooms were right next to each other on the top floor of the Lancaster. Inside, Chelsea’s room was divided into a front room with a sofa, a tv, a fireplace, and a small kitchen area, and the second room at the back had a king size bed, wide windows that looked out over the city, and the biggest, most beautiful bathroom she’d ever seen.

The rooms had a communicating door. Chelsea found out when it opened and Tom stuck his head in. She yelped and nearly jumped to the ceiling.

“Jesus, Tom. You scared me,” she said.

“Sorry. I just wanted to tell you that we’re having dinner in an hour. Downstairs. I hope you like steak,” he said.

The door swung shut and clicked. Chelsea had her hand on her chest. Her heart was pounding, and she had a smile. He didn’t wait for her to tell him that she loved steak.

The packages were on the bed in the bedroom. They were boxes and bags from Versace and Donna Karan, and they were filled with clothes. She took them all out and laid them on the bed. It was a business suit, all silk, and included a black silk bra and panties, and matching stockings. She ran her fingers over the sheer, smooth stockings, and felt a shiver down her spine. If Tom saw her in this, he was going to want her for dinner, not a steak, no matter how juicy and tender it was.

She didn’t waste any time changing into the new underwear. She stood in front of the dresser to look at herself in the mirror. She ran her hands over her massive breasts, down over her flat stomach, over her hips to the tops of the stockings that came to the middle of her thighs. Tom must have been paying attention. He got her size perfectly. She couldn’t wait to show him.

She opened the communicating door on her side. The door on his side was open a crack. She knocked, but he didn’t answer.



She pushed the door open. His room was quiet. The laptop was open on the table in front of the sofa in the front room.

“Tom?” she said.

He didn’t answer. She stood in the middle of the room, in the tight, sheer underwear, listening.

“Tom?” she said again.

There was a light on in the back room. She walked softly into the room, carefully peeking around the corner. The bed was still made. She put her hands on her breasts. Between her legs, she was warm and moist. Where the hell was he?

She took a couple more steps into the room. She saw his feet. He was still dressed, sitting in the chair by the bed, his head back, snoring. His cell phone was in his hand, open.

She sighed and frowned, then put her hand on her hips and smiled. And she thought she was the one who was irresistible.

They were up early the next morning. Chelsea was wearing her new black silk suit, and even she couldn’t believe how stunning she looked. She was refreshed after a great night of sleep in probably the most comfortable bed she’d ever slept in, wearing a beautiful, soft night shirt that Sheri included with the packages of clothes. It was just too bad she didn’t have someone in her bed to help her take it off in the middle of the night.

They met Mr. Pinter, the President of Hallinturn, in his office. He was very cordial, and never once did he try to peek at her cleavage, which was not hard to miss under the black suit jacket with the open front of the crisp, white shirt underneath. She shook his hand and smiled real big, but it was hard not to be at least a little disappointed that he didn’t want to check out her boobs.

Tom went with Mr. Pinter into his office again, leaving her in the outer office with the secretary, who looked even more unhappy that she was there. At least they had replaced a few of the magazines on the table in front of the soft leather sofa so she had something to do.

She picked up one of the magazines, the latest issue of Time,

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