

Employee of the Day

"What were you thinking of? I mean, come on, what on earth possessed you?" I screamed at my husband Nick.

"I can't ... I just don't know....." he tried to respond but I was in full flow.

"In the garden! In broad daylight!! Are you mad? As she says, what if her grand-daughters had been staying? You are an idiot," I was like a machine gun, firing at the poor man constantly.

I had got home from work, only to be told by my neighbour something I found quite shocking. Nick has had a couple of days off, and has been doing some gardening, making the most of the lovely summer weather. He had been wearing only a pair of shorts, but at some stage had decided to rest and lie down on the grass. Our neighbour, Mrs Groves, an elderly lady, told me that he had appeared to put his hand down his shorts for about five minutes before he completely removed his shorts and then had a wank!

As she said, "I am quite open minded Becky, I have seen you sunbathe topless or even naked out there before, but to see a grown man pleasure himself in that way is pushing things too far."

So I had apologised to her, savaged him verbally and then ignored him for the rest of the evening.

He hadn't been able to explain himself, not that I gave him a chance to, and I was a bit relieved when he went off to bed a bit earlier than normal.

I sat on the sofa, had a glass of wine, then went off to bed myself.

We both sleep naked and when I climbed in he moved to hug me but I turned away.

"I'm still pissed with you so don't push your luck," I said.

"Ok. I'm sorry. I fucked up. I don't know why. Now can we just leave it, start afresh, wipe the whole slate clean? Equal? Truce?" he pleaded.

I quite enjoyed this sense of being in power and control. Having the moral high ground. But we had a good strong marriage. We were very much in love. Neither of us had ever cheated or been tempted, so I definitely wasn't going to let this first ever indiscretion on his part ruin things.

So I lay down and tried to get to sleep, but his words about wiping the slate clean and calling a truce played on my mind. I began to feel a bit guilty about something.

After about half an hour of not being able to sleep I took a deep breath and made my decision. I reached across with my left hand to his penis, cleared my throat and spoke.

"Nick...." I said in an almost doe eyed schoolgirl kind of way.

"You know what you said about calling a truce? Well I've got a confession to make to you," I spoke nervously.

"What is it honey? I'm sure it's nothing compared to what I did today," he replied, his usual reasonable sense returning.

"Well I do feel now is the time we both get back to zero and start afresh," I said.

In truth I had done something I felt very guilty about and knew that I should tell him now, while I had him feeling guilty.

"It involves Paul," I began.

Paul is my boss at the secondhand clothes store I have worked at for eighteen months. It is his own business and is situated at the quiet end of the high street. Although it is not too busy it does well, with the sideline in repairs and alterations, which we do in the room downstairs, being quite profitable. As well as Paul and myself, there is a seventeen year old girl called Carly who works there. We take it in turns to work downstairs, where there is also a toilet and a corner of the room has a sofa, a kettle and a microwave, which we use as our little staffroom. The one main rule is that there must always be one person upstairs at all times, so if two are downstairs and the third wants to come down he or she must call to be replaced.

Paul is a laid back boss, a nice guy with a good sense of humour. At thirty five, he is six years older than me and Nick, with a lovely wife called Jenny.

Now Nick had sensed straight away that I liked Paul because when I first started it was 'Paul this' and 'Paul that' all the time, but I don't think Nick ever felt that worried because there was nothing to worry about. He would tease me a lot about Paul, but only because he knew it annoyed me. It was all very innocent.

One day near Christmas last year, Paul had a couple of days off, leaving me to lock up. Nick came over at the end of the second day to give me a lift home. He came downstairs and saw some mistletoe that Carly had put up by the staffroom.

"Is that for you and Paul?" he teased.

"Yeah right. I always go wide of that if anyone's near," I replied.

A week later, on Christmas eve, after the shop closed, me, Carly and Paul shared a bottle of wine, and as I told Nick, I did give Paul a quick peck under the mistletoe, as did Carly. He was ok with that.

So back to my confession to Nick. Still stroking his now hard cock, I began....

"As I said, it involves Paul."

"Oh yes? Should I be getting worried about this?" Nick asked quietly.

"Let me tell you first, then decide."

I continued to play with his penis.

"You know last Christmas, that misletoe at work?" I probed.

"Yes," he said.

"Well, I said it was a quick peck, on the cheek. It was, but after Carly left we kissed again. This wasn't a quick peck. It was a kiss. A proper kiss, tongues, everything. I'm sorry babe," I told him, my grip on his cock tightening as if to soften his reaction to what I had told him.

"Is that all, " he replied. "That's ok, it was christmas, you'd all been drinking, don't worry."

Christ my husband could be so reasonable!

"Now you clear your mind and get some sleep, we're even now," he said, so lovely and so innocently. I loved him so much.

"Nick. There's a bit more. Listen," I said nervously, still grabbing on to his cock, squeezing out some pre cum.

"Hmmmmm, my husband's getting horny. Do you like me doing this? Or does the thought of me kissing another man turn you on?" I asked in my sexiest voice.

"Both, baby. I can see you kissing him in my mind. Did he try to touch you, you know, anywhere?"

"No, we broke off the kiss. We knew we'd gone too far. It was the wine," I spoke quietly.

"Do you think he wants to fuck you?" Nick asked.

"No! It's Carly he'd fuck, given the chance. That's what he told me after her job interview," I laughed.

"I bet his wife doesn't know that," Nick said also giggling. His right hand strayed towards the little tuft of hair between my legs.

"Now listen honey. About a month ago I was downstairs on my own , doing some repairs to clothes when Paul came down. It was about four pm," I continued with my confession, the mood between us suddenly getting more serious, my stroking of his cock getting firmer.

"Paul said an elderly man had come in, asking for me. Paul said I was busy and took a message. The man had brought in a box of chocolates for me, to thank me for repairing his jacket so nicely, and for my service. Paul came downstairs with the chocolates and told me what the man had said. I was so happy to get praise, it's unusual in shops these days."

"Well done, that's excellent. What happened to those chocolates, did I see any?" Nick asked with pretend jealousy.

"Forget the damned chocolates!" I shouted. "Listen to me."

"Oooh. Sorry," Nick laughed at me.

"Paul put the chocolates down and stood close behind me, hands on my shoulders. He told me the man

was spot on, that I was a great member of staff, a lovely person. He was stroking my shoulders, Nick."

"That's ok. It's good to get praise from the boss," he said. "As long as you don't let him stroke your shoulders too often! I mean you are a married woman, you know."

Nick inserted two fingers into my vagina and began to play inside me, getting me wetter. I continued to slowly stroke his cock, it twitching as my hands worked round it.

I continued slowly to tell my story.

"As he stood behind me, I backed my arse against his groin and began to slowly grind against him. I don't know why. After about five minutes he moved his hands down the outside of my blouse and to my chest. I didn't try to stop him."

"I'm not sure I like him doing that. Don't let him do that again," interrupted Nick.

"No there's more. He felt my tits through my bra and blouse, then I let him unbutton my blouse and take it off."

"Honey," Nick protested.

"Then he unhooked my bra and threw it to the floor next to my blouse. I still had my back to him but he was rubbing my naked tits," I calmly told my husband as I played with his balls.

As I got to this point in the story I was getting bolder. There was no turning back now, but Nick hadn't gone mad yet. All that was happening was that he leaned closer in to me to get his fingers further in to my cunt, and he rubbed my tits with his other hand.

"What happened next?" Nick asked. "It's ok honey, I don't really mind. I find it a bit horny really."

"What? My boss fondling my tits at work? Don't you really mind?" I was a bit confused.

"Just don't do it again. They're for me to fondle, not him. Tell him to go play with his own wife next time," Nick stated.

Was my husband really saying this?

"Well, Nick. He stroked my tits in that way for ages. About ten minutes. Then he moved his right hand down to my trousers. He undid the clasp, then pulled down the zip. Ever so slowly. I then held the side of my trousers and began to lower them, until they fell to my ankles of their own accord. After that I did the same to my knickers."

"Sorry? What happened to your clothes?" Nick seemed to be getting a bit stressed now.

"I was topless. And my trousers and knickers were round my ankles," I replied, stroking him a bit faster.

"You were completely exposed to him," Nick said, his fingers working my vagina a bit harder.

"Paul slid his hand between my legs and I opened them slightly so he could feel my pussy. I was so wet by now I couldn't stop. Sorry baby," I stammered almost in tears.

"Go on," demanded Paul as I trembled to my first orgasm.

"Again, he rubbed my pussy for ages. I was grinding my arse against him and I could feel he was rock solid. I moved my hand behind me so I could feel his bulge. Next he undid his trowsers and boxers and let them fall to the ground. I could feel his cock against the bare skin of my arse."

"Becky, this is turning me on," Nick stated in such a matter of fact way I felt bolder again.

"Well I leaned right forward, inviting him to take me from behind."

Nick knows I love that position. Bent forward, being rammed from behind. Me and Nick do it whenever we want a quick fuck, when time's tight. We've done that in the kitchen, bathroom, in the woods, in the park, at his work, and yes even at my work. That evening last christmas, he came to collect me and saw the mistletoe. We had a quick fuck as I held on to the back of the sofa in the staffroom. We have done it against the car by the side of a road, and even against someone else's car in a multi storey car park. Out of sight of other cars but in front of the CCTV cameras!

I love being taken from behind because it is so horny and I always come quickly.

"Are you telling me he fucked you?" asked Nick.

"I bent right forward and he thrust his cock as far as it would go. I came about five times before he finally exploded his juices in to my vagina. Oh Nick, I'm so sorry. It was a one off."

Nick said nothing as my stroking got faster and faster. As my words trailed off he shot his load across my hand and his chest. I don't ever remember him cumming so forcefully before.

He regained his composure, then spoke..

"Have you done it again?" he asked.

"Not since. No. Like I told you and I told him, it was a one off."

What I wasn't going to confess to Nick was that I found Paul's cock much bigger and more satisfying!

"Unless you find the idea of me and Paul fucking turns you on?" I probed.

"Anything you do turns me on babe," he replied.

We lay arm in arm for about twenty minutes until I spoke again.

"One last thing. A day or two later I was talking to Carly and she informed me that she had been watching from the top of the stairs and had seen the whole thing. And she wants a threesome with me and Paul!"

At those words I felt my husband's cock twitch suddenly back to life...