"Could you describe yourself in a sentence?"
"Witty, sharp and aggressive."
She grinned.
"In a good way."
He quickly responded to the grin.
Having mastered the art of confidence, he knew when to keep and break eye contact, impressed at his own abilities to speak with his eyes, when his mouth could fail him at times. He knew he would nail that interview the moment he noticed the interviewees were almost his age.

"Do you have any questions for us?" The only male of the three person panel asked him.
He took a quick scan at them, then back on his resume, then asked,
"What is your perspective on growth?"
The three looked at each other, impressed. Witty indeed.
"You begin on Monday, welcome to Watner International"
He rose, smiled and buttoned his coat, thanked them and walked out, ready for a challenge. Sarah looked at him in admiration as he bounced his way out, shoulder high. He shall be good for them.
James wanted exactly such an attitude for the Sales chief. He went through his resume, amazed by the achievement the man had attained.

"What do you think?"

She just gazed on the escalator roof before realizing she was being addressed.

"Uhm, what?"

"What do you think of Francis?"

"Cocky, exactly what we need but we need to trim his arrogance a bit."

That was not her honest opinion. She was so tired and just wanted to go be with her husband. She had recently come from her two week honeymoon and was still gushing over her husband, missing him every moment. The seven hours at work seemed an eternity of impediment to her having time with her husband. She constantly wandered her mind off work just thinking of sweaty nights she spent and joyous mornings under the strong arms of her husband. She had waited for this her whole life. He was the type of man she would go around the world just to have hold and behold.

"What fragrance is that darling? Fatigue?"
"Who says I am fatigued? Been rolling on my seat all day, interviewing an arrogant candidate." She said kissing him, feeling his beard as he grabbed her butt erotically. His left arm gently stroked her back as she melted like wax on his chest, almost collapsing.

He looked at her face, her beauty was golden. She was a berry begging for a bite. She was his weakness and her smile sent chills down his body. She had so much power over him.

"Darling, fuck the fatigue out of me..."
She whispered breathlessly as he lifted her off her heels carrying her to the bathroom, with one hand as the other sensually stripped her.

"How do you like it?"
"Today go, hard and fast."

Her mind was blown by every inch of his tongue in her mouth. Motionless and numb with adrenaline, she could barely speak except the slight *ohs* and *mmhs* that slipped through her now 'o' shaped mouth as he descended down her belly, to her pussy. She was dripping with not only sweat but also sweetness, coiling and curling herself against the bathroom tiled walls, not feeling the cold, now shaking as his tongue did magic in her depths. Her legs shook and trembled, no longer being able to support her as she collapsed in the tub, he immediately turned around, bending her over the tub, inserting the monstrous meat of penis in her warm depths. She was almost screaming at every thrust as he made soups out of her. He gently entered her, his right hand firmly on her hair as his left one occasionally spanking her with firm smacks. Her eyes were semi closed as he increased the speed of the thrust. He then got out, sat in the tub and she got on top of him.

Her hand gently slid down his chest, his arms broad with authority resting on the walls of the tub, as he groaned at the pleasure of her tongue rubbing his tip of the head. He then turned her round and while her hands on the far edge, bounced on him while crying. Her butt cheeks spread on him with every bounce as the inches sank in her. His hands firmly grabbed her waist as he shot her from down. They all suddenly paced up as she came in a loud scream before collapsing on him. He turned on the tub as the warm water ran down their bodies.

"Why are you still erect?"
"That was desert, time for dinner!"
They both laughed as he carried her to bed.

The old school Volvo pulled up at the Watner Limited building parking as he looked at the rear view. Adjusted his neck tie and winked at his image. It was the day he was going to negotiate his first deal for the company. He felt nervous but was keen enough not to show. He was a great closer and was not about to stop.
The escalator took forever to get to the seventh floor. He stepped in the office where four of the members were already in.
Elsie felt so disturbed and annoyed. How could one be late for his first meeting when an important deal is to be struck and sealed?

"Since we now have a quorum, we may begin." The chairman began.
She wondered why the ever strict chairman did not even question him.
Simons had a reputation for punctuality. He wasted no single minute in his professional life, maybe the reason why he had no social life. He was a fair man, determined to break the records set by his predecessors in the Watner family business. He employed people purely based on merit and performance.

They all gave a 15 minute proposal.
Dr. Simons Watner smiled and was totally awed by Francis' five minute proposal. After Elsie, he felt this was the best sales executive they had. He had to front his best team and partnering them would work magic.

"You realize those two do not like each other?"

Laura, the chairman's counsel asked him as they walked to the office.

He smiled broadly like he always did. A calm man who believed in being composed at every instance. Having inherited the company from his father a decade ago, he had been at the top of his game in the brokerage and security cum Courier Company. The company had made progress and he could not help but feel proud of himself.

"Sibling rivalry, healthy for business, reminds me of my younger self."

"You cannot be late for your first meeting, Francis, it is unacceptable." She said as they walked down the hallway in readiness for the meeting. He did not look at her. He simply smiled a bit, nodded and checked his watch.

"Is that diamond or ruby?" He asked, pointing at the ring which she played with occasionally.
She sighed. Did he even hear her question? She figured out not to answer him as much as she felt the deep burning urge to respond. The grey suit looked amazing on him. His cologne was nice and he looked ready for the task ahead.

"Listen, we are meeting Eden, a five star rated hotel, if we strike the deal and it would be the most lucrative in history. So be in your best shape and form today."

He did not wonder why Watner thought he needed a babysitter. He held his horses as being new in the company needed him to be monitored, or so he assumed. They alighted, he tipped the chauffeur, thanked him and they walked down to the building.

"You understand Eden's executives are females who need to feel secure. Your short skirt and *Les Palmas* Italian perfume would make them insecure and rigid."

He told her. She felt so down. No one ever made her feel inferior before. She suddenly hated him.

Who is this man?

"You want to use Magnum Security Services whose client had a breach that brought down their payroll systems at a month as busy and important as December." He stated.

Elsie gave him a "that is not an opening statement" look. She already felt this deal was off the table.
She cleared her throat and explained, smiling occasionally as she made their case.

The Eden Chief of Staff listened carefully, taking notes, probably impressed by her articulate nature.

They left.

Laura got off the phone. She smiled broadly as this was the biggest tender in the existence of the company. She was impressed at how good the man pulled off that deal in just a statement. He would be an asset. They also would have to rethink Elsie's fate since she had lost a bit of her sharpness ever since she got married. She was a bit off but she would be realigned. Laura had so much power that influenced major decisions in the firm. People thought she was in an affair with the CEO but that was not the case. She was his cousin. She walked to the janitor's room where she found Abel. He locked the door as usual in their escapades. He still smelled like the floor cleaners but she didn't mind. What he had underneath his trouser was magical.

He was a beast of sex and the way he pinned her down the bench, lifting her skirt up sliding her pants sideways before forcing his way into her warm depths that called him. His body was calling as she responded in curls and suppressed moans.
He knew he would never own her so whenever he got a chance, he made proper use of it.

She felt her pussy on fire as he thumped and humped her, as he grabbed her by hair with one hand slapping irregular spanks on her rounded ass, literally pounding the breath out of her. She let out a splash and shrieked as he also collapsed on her with a thick cum on her back.

“We are not meeting this weekend.”

He didn't respond. He just zipped up.

As he sneaked out hoping no one had seen her, she felt like trash. She didn't know why she always came back to him. Well, technically she knew, but the whys did not stop running through her mind.
As much as she didn't want to be seen with him, she was proud of his strokes.
He watched her slave walk to the office with a confidence of satisfaction.

Elsie shut her office door and turned to private browsing. She had her headphones on as she stayed glued to her computer. Her movements were slow before she saw her knob move. She calmly put her headsets down.

“Francis, I know you are new and active here, I may understand a few mistakes here and there, owing to differences in cultures at your former workplace. I however suggest we should have boundaries, this is my office and a little courtesy would be appreciated.”

“I knocked you did not open. I will not be long, just to hand you the files of our biggest tender. Secondly, I was not in another company, I was self-employed.”

She took them. He noticed her shaky hands. He then saw the headphones. Her breasts were firm and her nipples threatened to prick her shirt. Her buttons were also not done well and she seemed nervous. She also leaned forward and her body language was odd and she seemed in a hurry.

“Wow! We did it. You did well, Francis. We should catch up later and celebrate at the company lounge.”

“We should.” He said rising.

As he reached for the door, he turned back at her, smiling.

“You should not be watching that at work.”
“Watching what?”
“Porn.”
“Excuse me?”

He shut the door.

“Poorly done buttons, sleepy eyes that posture you must have been mastu…”
“Stop!” She said weakly and ashamedly.

Yes, she had a chronic addiction to self-pleasure but no one admits their dark side. Hers were darker. Her sexual escapades have monstrosities of toys of unthinkable sizes, lubricants and vibrators of all shapes. That is why she had a hidden storage in town.

He moved to her, her heart skipped a beat. He pulled her from the seat, placed her on the table.

“This is wrong!” She said as he lifted her skirt up.

He then pushed his dick in her already wet depth, she felt her clit burning with desire as his penile head teased it. The sex was vigorous as he kept pumping while his hands supported her round her neck, choking and stroking. He looked directly in her half closed eyes as he entered her in a slow but hard paced force.

“Oh, Frank, please, do not stop. Frank, steady, uhm.”

She bit her lips as Francis kept going harder.

“I love how you say Frank, could you say it again?”

She simply stared at him, took the wet wipes from her purse and wiped his thick white stained penis.
She then gaggled as her tongue sucked his tip. He was almost overwhelmed as he grabbed her hair and neck whilst the magic stick rolled down her throat. He was trembling as she sucked the life out of him, draining every single drop of cum down her gut.

He then lifted her, with her legs wrapped around his waist, against the wall, struck her with penile whips so hard that her books started falling off the cabinet, she was literally raining all over him as her breasts slapped his chest. His balls knocked her lower thighs as she almost blacked out before gushing out more squirt all over him. She was now in tears, her face ruined, red and messed.
As he dressed up and walked away, she felt blank.
She was married three weeks ago in a church wedding. What was she doing? She looked at herself in her mirror. She could not understand what had happened. How did Frank of all people fuck her? She was not guilty, she was ashamed.
She got to the escalator down.

"As it has always been our tradition, we are one big family." Simons Watner started. "We have two major events to celebrate. First we want to congratulate and reward our own Sales Executive and the best closer at Watner, Elsie, on her recent personal growth. She got married three weeks ago, and this week, she and Francis just got us a 300 million contract, the biggest in our history!"

They all applauded. It was indeed a big deal.

"I hear the honeymoon was great!"

"Listen Frank, what happened was a mistake and it is not happening again, never."

She said as she rose to go to the podium, smiling. He rose and followed her, head high and confident. It is usually fun making such a gigantic step at the start of your job at your new workplace. He was no stranger to winning but this, this was quite big.

The two had won the company a multi-million deal and we're each awarded Kshs. 10m each as bonuses. The event was marked with elegance and glamor, popping of champagne and lights graced the environment. People chatted and murmurs of joy filled the place.

Watner sat at the edge of the corner watching his team, his family, and his group celebrate the moment. He felt proud of his achievement. He also loved the team. No way could he not thank them properly.

"Congrats Francis, you are going to be good"

Sarah said as she shook his hands.
She was dressed in black dress that brought out the best in her. She had a broad pair of hips that provokingly shot out through her sides. Her breasts were visible through her chest. Her legs were slightly bowed and curved beautifully up where they met. Her cleavage was blooming and her face shone with a seductive radiance. As she walked, her bottoms danced in a sensual pattern, Francis fighting the urge to turn around. She was too good for a white girl.

"For the record, you are so sweet but married, I believe you told Abel the same thing when he fucked you in the washrooms."

Francis whispered to her as he left.

Her heart froze. Wait, he had seen her? She immediately lost her feelings, excused herself and went to the car park. She felt ashamed of herself. What was wrong with her? Her husband really gave her good sex, she had money and it was just not enough. What was her problem?

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“Are you okay sweetheart?’’
He asked her.
He tried to touch her but she resisted. He wondered why even after being given a Kshs. 10m check she still felt low and dejected. He loved that woman more than sharks love blood. He could not stand seeing her sad and all he thought was how to make her happy.

“Nothing, just tired. I got to sleep, I love you honey.’’

She acted strange, he could not help but notice. It was so unlike her. He however let it slide. Women are always moody and a little mood swing was no reasonable cause for alarm.

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“I need help in planning for this money.”

“Elsie, it is 6am in the morning.”

“Frank, I wear a Chanel watch, I know what time it is.”

“Plan that with your husband, I will give you bad advice.”

He really sounded sexy in the morning. She was lost in fantasy immediately. He was probably in his boxed shorts, his dick prints bulging, shirtless on his sofa playing video games. He could already picture his hairy chest. His firm legs rested on his table, probably wearing a pair of grey socks.

“He traveled last evening to Brussels.”
“Okay, where are you?”
“At my house.”
“Where are we meeting? You will pay me for my fiscal services!”
“At your place”
“No way!”

He hung up.
This woman is crazy. Why would he have a married woman, a work mate at his house? Yes, he was a limitless man but hell no, there was no way he was acting second fiddle to the husband. He was an alpha male. He went back to sleep.

She went to the bathroom for a shower.
She sat on the tub, playfully caressing her breasts. She loved her body and her pleasure was the only thing that mattered. She caressed her skin gently, closed eyes with a glass of apple juice on

her left hand. She felt her thighs and she sighed as she gently slid her index and ring finger in. Dammit. She will go to his place. As a rule, it is about her, not him.
He was a playboy, he was not married. She had seen his WhatsApp status, he was playing video games with unknown male companions.

“Sir, a lady by the name of Elsie wants to see you.”

He breathed hard, sighing and chuckled. This woman would definitely cause him problems. He was so certain. He thought for a moment. He had made a point of not allowing his workmates to visit him for whatever reason.

“Let her in.” He instructed the security officer.

She was dressed to kill. Her leather skirt clutched on her small waist and broad hips which begged to be freed from that grip, as the slit was ambitiously ascending her flawless thighs, partially revealing them, so bright and attractive. Her top sensually exposed her cleavage, her breasts firm like a teenager's. She smiled at him realizing the impact of her body on him. She knew when a man was turned on and even a self-proclaimed playboy like him could not hide it.

He was a tall chocolate complexioned guy, despite his arrogance, he was handsome. He had a firm pair of legs well-spaced and took ground with a firm and manly grasp. His hair was short and neatly trimmed. He had a nice scent and was a man of taste. He wore a grey pair of shorts and a football jersey, his broad chest visible through, arms apart and shoulders broad, calling her to run to his arms. She felt an urge to jump on him, tear him up and have him devour her like a hungry she-wolf on a stray prey. She drooled over his pink lips and faded mustache, so yummy she could literally eat him up. The man was a tower, a walking snack. Her heart was screaming for him and she could feel her womanhood already dripping.

He knew she had not come for advice.

“It is ungentlemanly to stare.”
“Tea or coffee?”
“Tea please.”

She stole a quick glance at the house. No art on the wall apart from a wall clock. Some rock music was playing on the speakers. The leather seats were soft and she almost felt them massaging her lower thighs.

"How did you find my address?"
"I am your boss, I did a thorough background check"

He smiled, staring at her. She rose, went to him and put her hand inside his shorts. She grabbed his penis as he wrapped his arm around her waist.

"Despite your arrogance you are a very beautiful woman." He said amidst the kisses.

She played with it, feeling every second of every inch increase and every vein pop. He lifted her to the kitchen table. He then took a bottle of strawberry cream, ripped her skirt off, naked and sprinkled it on her breast, stomach and thighs. He then slowly licked her all over. She almost burst in pleasure as the wild tongue licked away the smoothie, then his tongue over her breasts, arousing her nipples, as hard as his penis was. She was burning with desire as her body got stuck on him.

He then rolled her over and repeated the same, licking her neck and back. By then, she felt her panty literally dripping, drops on the table. Her body was weak, trembling in sweet joy as his firm hands massaged her bottoms. She let out small screams and groans the enormous hands explored her soft bottom, before finding their way to her depths. He felt her pussy paste his fingers as he gently and slowly rubbed on her clit, her curling and rolling in pain and pleasure. The man knew what to do with her body, her body knew what to do with him, a dangerous, illicit yet unavoidable affair.

"Frank, let's do this…..gentle, animal." She whispered in his ears before his tongue gently run over her ear.

His fingers teased her and she was in tears, eyes closed as she he both fingered her and had her hardened nipple deep in his mouth. Her mind and heart both raced as he carried her to his room.

The bed was a battlefield as she was bouncing on top of him, his hand on her neck as she sunk his dick in. She was out of control screaming and yelling out inaudible utters. He rolled her over again, this time coming from the back. Her round ass splashing the soft meat against his thighs. The backstrokes were so fast and she felt she could collapse under the force of the strokes. A large squirt did not stop him from ascending on her, hitting her gently and rolling on her. Her eyes rolled and semi closed as she screamed.

"Oh Frank, go easy, and gentle…..no, Fran…."
He simply responded in groans and faster poundings.

He lifted her legs over his shoulder, lifting her a bit, now her pussy exposed, at the mercy of his everlasting erection. He sent her deep wild strokes and by the time he was Cumming, she was curled at the edge of his bed trembling.

He brought her a glass of water.

“Water?”

She looked surprised. This is the time when a bottle of red sweet wine would be handy.

“I do not drink.”

She stared at him, laying on his chest, playing with his beard, caressing his chest. He was touching her wedding ring.

“Where is he?”

She rose, dressed up and looked at him.

“Frank, this is about me. Not him.”
“Need new panties?”
“No thanks. I will be on my way.”
“I will see you out.”
“No, not necessary.”

She walked to the main door, hesitated and turned back. The man was too fine, shirtless in his boxers
“Fuck it!” She said and ran back, jumping on him and kissing him all over.

He handcuffed her on the pool table and was sending thorough strokes on her. This man did not make love. He fucked, hard. There was less she could do with her hands, rather than stare and scream. He got wide while deep inside her, almost feeling like owning her. Knowing she'll never be his, he really worked on her. She struggled with her legs around his waist, even after he took off the shackles, she did not move. It was midday.

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“Laura, I cannot be a cleaner anymore.”
“Abel, we have talked about this. I will find you a place. Just not here!”

She felt this boy had grown ambitious. A man with ambition is a threat. She had to do something about it. There was no chance she could promote him from a cleaner to anything else without raising eyebrows. She had a reputation to guard. She knew Watner would never approve her dating a black man, not that he was racists, no. It just could not happen. He was like his elder brother.

“See, I do not see why you are fucking a cleaner, you like it and do not want the world to know. I am tired of being used.”
“Used? Excuse me?”

He simply rose and walked away. Clearly the kitten she had raised had grown into a Siberian tiger. That was unacceptable, it would one day maul her. There was no way she could put up with such disrespect. She could neither fire him. She never felt so helpless. A firm decisive lady helpless, she chuckled at how her love for a black penis had made her vulnerable.

“Darling, we should get at least one child.” Edward said as Elsie drove the SUV slowly.

Elsie was quiet. At the apex of her career, she could not afford to lose a single month just for the sake of a baby. She loved her husband, gentle and caring and she felt she was letting him down. Maybe she was just not good enough for him. Maybe he deserved better.

“My parents are getting worried.” He went on.

She firmly gripped on the steering wheel, her heart pounding, her heart screaming telling him to stop that talk. She battled the anger that boiled down her throat threatening to ascend up her gut. She definitely was not his type.

“Honey, we have a lot of years ahead to have kids. Just not now, let's build an empire first.” She said, as gently as she could.

“*You bastard, who says I want a kid? I have a career to focus on. You want kids? Marry someone else*!” Her heart screamed.

He sighed and laid back as the SUV roared inside their compound. There was no more amount of pressure he could take from his parents. They desperately needed a grandchild and being the only son, these delays were eating them up like cancer. His father particularly felt not so comfortable around Elsie. Out of love for his son, he never showed it but he did not like how she carried herself. He always felt not at ease with that girl.

“Edward, darling, we'll have kids.”

She said as she turned the lights off.

“Can I hold you?”
“Since when did you ask?”

*** *** ***

“From cheating on your husband, to drunken sex parties, to now fucking the janitor? Woman, when do you stop?”

Elsie felt like killing him. Why is he all over her business? Did he see him too?

“I have no idea what you are talking about.”

He grinned mischievously and adjusted his tie.

“Neither does Laura because you would be fired by now.”

The elevator stopped and they exited. There was an awkward silence between them as they entered their shared office.
She saw her ass dance in her black knee length skirt, her ripe thighs visible from behind. Her breasts were firm as usual, her neck beautiful and long enough to be choked that very moment.

“Are you jealous I am fucking with another man?”

“Who is not your husband? No I am not, what I hate is bumping into a colleague when I am from fucking a colleague.”

She looked at him.

“You slept with Laura? You dog!” She laughed.
He wondered why she was excited about that.
“How was she?”
“Sweet, just not like you.” He said approaching her table.
“Is the door locked?”
He did not answer. He simply lifted her and kissed her forehead. He then sat on her chair, as she knelt, exploring his junk with her tongue, the head knocking her throat, as she gulped down it all.

His index finger and ring finger rubbed against her clit, prompting slow sighs and short breaths from her as she curled at the edge of her seat.

"Oh, Frank, why do we do this?"

She said as she felt her dick enter her gently, stroking happiness in her walls. He pulled her hair from behind as his thighs clapped her ass. It was 9am. She sighed as he stained her back with his thick cum on her beautiful back.

"You know those dimples on your lower back are called Venus dimples."

She smiled as they dressed up ready for a meeting with the CEO. This man had studied her. He knew her body more than the pope knows the bible. He knew just where to touch her and what to say to her. She was completely powerless before him and often, even when with her husband, Francis' image kept doing rounds in her head.

"You cannot carry a notebook for your office husband?"

"Frank, just because we fuck does not mean a thing."
"Mm, well, could we fuck again tonight?"
"No, I am fucking the janitor this evening."
"Dirty hoe."
She laughed and they entered the boardroom. What a sinful office.

*** *** ***

"You know he just qualified as an accountant, don't you? You do not? Come on, you just fuck him without caring?"
"Look, Francis, this matter is just complicated."
He shook his head.

"You are scared of having him around? He is going to work in our other branch."

Why wouldn't anyone understand her? On second thought it would be a great idea to have him far away. Their escapades would be under less scrutiny. It was not bad advice after all.

"Francis, are you fucking Elsie?"

He did not answer. He simply kissed her forehead.
He took the cuffs, tied her against the bed, strapped her legs too, looked at her laid, her beautiful white skin begging to be devoured. Her thighs were thick and apart. He gently stroked her amidst her cursing and trembling. Her eyes rolled as his manhood did backs and forth between her boobs, touching her chin a bit. He then fired hot missiles into her before uncuffing her. He then turned her round and worked shots behind her, slap sounds filled the room as they made vigorous love. By the time they were done, her butt cheeks were read from stroke impacts.

"Laura, I have never fucked anyone who did not want to be fucked."

He replied as she lay on his chest as he felt her inner thighs. She was soft.

*** *** ***

George looked at the videos blankly. He felt nothing as he watched. He had always had such thoughts but seeing first hand really broke him.
How was she to face the world? It struck him on the most painful of nerves. His thoughts wandered and wondered what he had not done right. He could not blame himself. He had given his best, maybe his best was not enough. The pinch of betrayal is the hardest when you are on the receiving end. He had heard stories of hearts being broken but his, this? Barely a month after a much publicized wedding really got him. He could not go forward nor move backwards. He was in a social Cul de sac drowned in a pool of rejection and disillusionment. Betrayal is unforgivable. Sad as much as he loved her, he had to let her go. She was a wild cat, not to be tamed.

"Why did you do it?"

She simply sobbed. Tears run freely down her cheeks. The cheeks he once kissed with undivided devotion were now a pathway of tears which moved nary an inch of him. She wished she could have done better but her basal urges were simply Martian. She could never be satisfied. She hung low in shame. She had betrayed the man whose intentions were purest. A man who innocently loved and trusted her. All for what? Just a minute of pleasure? She stooped way too low.

"It is time to leave, it will be best for us."

"Georgie….."

He could hear none of it. He could not live with her. He could not forgive her. He could not harm her. It was best for an amicable asunder.

"Just leave!" He roared, not loudly, but in a finality that invited no further of a conversation. They had built something beautiful but she had ruined it. She picked her bags, walked to her car and sat in there for an hour just staring blankly.

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"Francis, you have ruined marriage." She said weakly, almost losing her breath.

Frank handed her a cup of tea. He stared at her. She looked tired. He had trained his heart to have zero emotions and was not about to make exceptions to this woman just because she gave him good sex.
She took the mug and took a sip. She had lost her appetite. It was now dawning on her that she had lost her diamond in pursuit of gold that was not there. The implications of her actions were now getting clear. Her reputation was at stake. Everyone who knew her seemed to point the "you hoe" finger.

"I also slept with you, why did you betray me?"

"Elsie, I saved your career, look on the positive side. I did not ruin your marriage. You were sleeping with other men before I did sleep with you. Your husband is a good man. He does not by any means in any universe deserve you."

The words pricked her soul. As brutal as they were, they were very true. He did not deserve her, but did not want to lose him.

"Oh, so you are now a moral police?"

"Elsie, face facts, I am not married. I cannot break anyone's heart. Who cheats barely a month after their wedding?"

She stared at him, her eyes teary, her face shaped in shame.
"You are lucky I sent the videos to your husband, and not Laura. You could be fired by now. You took office sin to a whole different level."

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Watner simply smiled.
"You fucking a staff? A janitor? Laura for heaven's sake what is this? Sexual harassment? You know disciplinary action could be taken against you?"
"Hey, I am no child, neither is he."
Again, he smiled, he simply let it slide. However, something had to be done about that.
She looked at Francis in anger. How could he betray her? After she always did him favors at work, allocating him the best deal of tenders, he sold her out to Watner. She wished she could tell Watner that he also fucked her but it would be a bad image. A senior counsel to the chairman fucking her juniors would be worse.

He smiled. He knew he had won. He understood the road to power had to be filled with hypocrisy and betrayal. He was now second in command. He had schemed the game so well.

Presenting video evidence to eliminate both women above him, proving they are morally unfit to hold office.

Francis K Jr
Managing Director

The office looked good on him. He fitted there. His first course of action was to promote Abel. He had served the sexual interests of Laura for long without a favor. A qualified Accountant had no business washing floors. He rewarded him with the post and Watner could not object as Francis kept bringing in deals to the company.

He was so ambitious. He read the business daily and knew Magnum Security Services was on the verge of collapse. He thought of a merger. He proposed the idea to Simons Watner. Watner knew it would be difficult to just buy off a rival.

“Sir, we have registered a 131% profit after taxes and in the spirit of diversifying and expansion, we should consider this. Those guys are struggling. We can acquire their assets and own them. Fully. That would mean taking their clients too.”

“Brilliant Francis. We have had bad blood with the company for a long time. Will they give up that easily?”
“There is only one way to find out.” He said.

Simons looked at him in admiration. He just realized Laura had been skating all these years. Here was a gem.
“Francis, your ambition scares me.” He said, chuckling.
“Fear not sir. My company is an online betting company. I will not steal your clients and if I quit, I will ensure you have the best replacement.”

“I will never sign your resignation, nor approve it!” He joked as he rose.

He sat and waited to see if the deal would be closed.

The signature Volvo pulled up at Magnum Towers.
He went straight to the CEO’s office. She was expecting him. She had had rumors of how charming he was. He had made a suggestion which she refused point blank. He was ushered into her office. It was a luxurious one. The furniture was exquisite. The art on the walls and the awards on the shelf showed she had had a good run. She did nothing wrong. Business was just bad. It was, maybe, not her fault.

"Francis"
"Rachel"
"Have a seat, anything to drink?"
"No, thanks, I will not take your time."

She sat listening to him. He made sense. She hated to admit but numbers didn't lie. Her wage bill was over the ceiling. She had to lay off some people. She was losing money and contracts.

"I even tried to poach Ms. Elsie from you but she has not done much to save us."

Damn! So Elsie was hired here? If they were to merge, Elsie had to be out of the picture. He understood the rule of crushing your foe completely. He knew women were vengeful and there was no way a woman could bring him down. He had ruined Elsie's marriage and career, no way could she let that slide.

"I am sorry about that."
"If, and I am saying, just if, I agree to these terms, what am I getting?"
"For starters, we are not changing anything in your structure that includes staff. We are just partnering 70/30 in our favor. We give money and clients, you give leadership. Also note that Watner is willing to buy the tower so you won't have to pay annual rent and leases. You remain in charge."

She went through the paperwork. It sounded good. It would restore her dignity which was under siege. She was being published as the worst CEO and owner. Clients were withdrawing contracts.

"One reason you are out of business is infrastructure, we also propose to upgrade systems to win clients' confidence."

She wished she could have such brilliance. She felt like the queen of Sheba listening to King Solomon's wisdom. Well, change was not bad.

"Secondly, you did not poach Elsie, she was fired for gross misconduct, sexual harassment on junior staff. Third mistake you made. Anyway, as I said, we shall not interfere with your staff, if hiring sex offenders is good, that is entirely your business. We look forward to a productive partnership."

He left.

"Sir, brace up for an early AGM. You are winning this deal."
His heart skipped. Simons simply smiled. He felt so good. He owes this man.
"Oh Francis, it is going to be a gas."

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Elsie could not believe her ears. It had happened and she could not stop. How on earth did Alison not even consult her? She stared blankly. There was no way she could be under Frank. No way. There was a knock on her door. She froze. She could not believe it. He stared at him with a sadistic glance. Her worst distraction and destruction. She felt tired and weak.

“Letting you have power over me was my biggest outdoing. What did I do to deserve this?”

“You have a week to resign or Water-Magnum group would press charges of sexual harassment against you as stipulated in the labor laws. You see Elsie, I do not see you as a threat and I just find you morally unfit to run anything or work in any company. I leave the decision to you. I am also aware your husband has not divorced you officially. You are richer than him and a court procedure would hurt your finances. Resign without a fight or I will come for you from the most unthinkable angles.”

He handed him the resignation.

She stared at it. She could not believe this was the man who gave her pleasure, now inducing pain to her.
“What goes around comes back around.”
“Your ex-husband said the same exact words.”

He walked out.

“It's done.”
“Why don't we celebrate our new partnership over a drink?” Allison asked.
“Location?”
“Our newest client.”
She gasped.
“You already found a client?”
“Done and dusted. Get ready to deliver and sign on Monday, Hotel Venus.”

She laid back as she read her email. A multimillion security and surveillance tender for three years. Venus was a 5 star international hotel at the very heart of the city. What a man. She knew she had made the right choice.

At the lounge of the restaurant, she sat at the VIP, a reserved table for two. She sipped the wine. He then walked in, elegant in a maroon three piece suit and a dark tie. She hugged him, close to five seconds almost lost in the scent of his cologne.

They talked at length, admiring his sense of business and knowledge in many things. There was no topic he was not familiar with.

“How did you know Elsie committed a crime?”

He sipped his drink. He looked over her shoulder, her dress clutched on her, her hair fallen back gently, blonde and slim but curvy. Her blue eyes were determined and pretty. Her purse matched her dress and her fingers were beautifully long.

“A janitor reported a case, it was investigated and well, judgment was passed. We are humane, we did not press charges.”

She nodded looking at him. It was not the wine. No. He was just handsome. She started thirsting for his energy.

“Enough about her, let's talk about you. What is a Caucasian woman doing in this continent of Africa?”
“Uhm, her mother is Asian, her business is in Africa and her parents are in Portugal. Could we further this conversation in my suite? Maybe I can also get to know why this brilliant man is working for someone.” They both chuckled as they left for the room.

At the very edge of the other VIP lounge, Elsie watched with a lump in her throat as they got on the escalator. She wished it were her. A year flowed freely down her cheek.

“Ma’am are you okay?”

A waiter asked her.

“Could you please walk me to the parking lot?”

“Alright ma’am.”

She played some jazz music from her phone as she wore dark lingerie. Her white skin was visible through the meshed clothes on her. Her breasts were fairly small as she moved her body erotically. Her hair fell back as she tied a knot and got near him. He pushed her on the king-size bed and got on top of him, still rolling her body to the tune of the music.

“Frank, how do you like it?”
“You smell freshly brewed fragrance from Persia, your body is magic, a beauty I would move across the world just to behold.”
“You will not move around any world, I am right here.”

She unbuttoned his shirt gently and her soft palms felt his broad chest. Her hands explored his front as his firm grip held on her waist, up her breasts that stood firm like an adult twin deer. It was a moment she had longed for. He had never fucked a black man and rumor had it that they can really fuck well.
His broad palms reached for her back and chest simultaneously as she felt his big junk bulge through his shorts. She removed the shorts and gently reached for the animal.

“Damn, Frank, this is rather….”
“Mmh, can I make it rain?”
She placed her finger on his lips.
“Shhhh, I want to hear your body talk.”

She took it and directed it into her. She felt hot and fire sparked in her as she gently rode over him. Her eyes were closed and she faced up while his strong hands guided the slow motions on her waist. She felt him fill her depths as every inch of him touched every edge of her.

She steadily increased the speed as she sighed and moaned consistently, hearing him groan in pleasure.

He then rose, took her and laid her down. He came on top, slightly opening her legs, raising them and resting them on his broad shoulders before entering her in steady thrusts. She grabbed him by neck, her mind lost in orgasms as she shot jets of cum, still he did not let go, but kept humping her.

“Frank, I am cumming, Frank, let me….”
“Calm down baby girl!”
He said amidst groans as he increased the pace, feeling her tremble and wet the bed, wishing the moments could last forever. The strokes were thorough as she curled on the bed sheets. He then got off her.

She thought it was over before he turned her and bent her. He took her by hair before sending deep wild strokes in her. Her ass clapped and she let out a shriek as he hastily let cum shots on her back, letting her collapse on the bed, shivering not from cold, but deep pleasure. For a moment she forgot everything she knew, her mind blown by the aggressive sex she had never had in her life. She had wild spasms of orgasms.

After a sip of wine, he sat on the couch, she came and faced forward and gently sat on his firm erection. He then drove it up, while holding her down so she couldn't jump away. She was a slave to this pain. She bounced on him as her breasts slapped against her chest, his hands firm on her waist as her ass pressed against her laps every time she landed. Her insides were wild with pleasure and she thought she would lose her mind

"Go longer Frank, go harder."

He simply responded with action and sent speedy shots on her, as she wheezed breathless, her naked body uncontrollable as she rolled over him.

"Francis, I love you, ohh Francis."

She then mumbled inaudible words, he knew he had worn her out. She splashed a thick squirt once more and her movements were now wild as Francis kept pumping hard.

Her moans and eye rolls increased, her hair now loose as Frank hit from back, they were all over knocking down the wine bottles in that scenic battlefield.

He lifted her up again, sat her on the table and kept fucking as they looked at each other in the eyes. She bit her lower lip unconsciously as her arms rested on his shoulders. Her breasts pressed against his chest, he felt magical and little did he know that white girls were such beasts when it came to love making. He pushed harder and once again, she collapsed on his chest, his dick still inside her, not stopping. She was partially blind. They both collapsed on the bed as she rubbed his penis with her hands gently, forcing more cum out, draining the last ounce of energy from him.

They lay naked, body to body, feeling the warmth of their bodies and thumping hearts as they faded the lights.

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"Ma'am, I should go now."
The young man said. I am supposed to rest for tomorrow's shift."

She was thoughtful and had even forgotten she had requested him to stay with her for a moment in the car.

"Can you drive?"
"Yes, I can."
"Please drive me home." She said, politely.
He obliged.
They reached the gate. She turned off the headlights.
She reached her hand for his manhood. She then went down and started reaching out with her tongue.
"No, stop it, you are tipsy."
He said walking out.
She then handed him an envelope.

“Your pay for driving me.”

Elsie laughed as he walked away. Even a waiter refused her. How the mighty have fallen. She drove to her parking space as her security gateman saluted her. She called him.

“Patrick, you are fucking me tonight.”

She said as she pulled him to her house.

“Elsie when does it stop” she remembered the words.
This was about her, yes. Her.

The End