

Jack E. Malones: Oblivious Bimbo-at-Law
- A Smutty Short -
By Razmagurk

Respect. That's what it was about. Sometimes you had to earn it.

My tits jiggled as the elevator jostled and whirred. Sadler-Uler-Kummer. The biggest law firm in the city. I'd dreamed of working here since I was a little boy. And now this was it. My big chance.

This wasn't how I wanted things to go.

I had planned to rise up like a rocket at some other firm first, show the world how big of a player I could be. I wanted them fighting over who could offer me the highest salary. I wanted them treating me like the star I was.

Except - I sighed - it hadn't exactly worked out that way, had it? I gripped a fist.

Over the past two months I'd been to every other law firm in the city. I'd searched high and low and called in every favor and contact I had. I'd gotten all the interviews I could ask for, but none of them even treated me as a serious candidate! God, it made me so mad. All those leering eyes and lips curled in disgust.

My fist tightened. I tried to settle the beating of my heart. I didn't get it! The job market was hardly saturated. Didn't I graduate summa cum laude? Were my references not glowing? Was my resume not immaculate? So why was it that every interview I went to, I was laughed at?

Where was my respect?

The elevator whirred to a stop. The door opened. I unclenched my hand and then my jaw. Try not to think about it, Jack. Confidence. That's what they want to see. Don't show them how desperate you are.

I did one last check in the elevator mirror, heart still pounding despite my best efforts. I thumbed an errant strand of hair back into place. Everything had to be perfect. I twisted my head back and forth, evaluating my appearance it from all angles.

Oh god, what if they didn't consider my blonde, ass-length handle-bar pigtails sufficiently professional?

No. I swallowed. Don't even think that. This was as conservative a style as I could muster! I'd spent hours and a fortune in the salon making sure the shade and length and swish were all just right. If anything, it might have been a little too conservative, but all the fancy braiding I'd tried hadn't helped me at all in the last few interviews. I'd gone as play today as I could, just in case. Just my lucky hot-pink scrunchies to set off my strawberry highlights.

I took a deep breath. I could do this.

I straightened out my outfit, draping a brastrap delicately off one shoulder. It was the most expensive lingerie set I could find, perfectly cupping and presenting my luscious tits to the world with a tantalizing frame of lacy silk. Today, again, taking no chances, I wore a almost-sheer belly-exposing halter over top of it so that everybody could see just how fancy it was.

The gold bangles around my wrist really completed the outfit. They'd been a 'no hard feelings' kind of gift out of nowhere from an old rival that I had humiliated so hard he'd dropped out of law school. He'd said something about a curse and learning my lesson, but all I know is that I was wearing them when I negotiated that backdoor payment system with my new landlord, so they must really do the trick.

Because hell, if there was one thing lawyers appreciated, it was an expensive haircut and an expensive suit, right?

So far the results had been overwhelmingly positive. I'd had more than a few people on the way here stop me to ask what the hell I was wearing.

I blushed at the memory of my first interview, where I'd been wearing a more conventional button-up blouse and a pencil-skirt. They thought I was applying for the secretary pool! No. I didn't spend all those years in law school just to sit around and take diction all day.

I closed my eyes. What if... what if this wasn't enough? What if they laughed at me here, too?

Reflexively, I pulled out my tube of pink gloss and put a fresh layer over my already juicy lips. I blew myself a kiss in the mirror. If big slutty bimbo-pink lips didn't send the message that a man was ready to get down to business then I didn't know what did.

Okay. I took one last breath. I could do this. I was ready.

Tired of waiting, the elevator door closed in front of me.

"Wait!" I reached out a hand to stop it, but my long acrylic nails got caught in the closing door. Oh no! I pulled them free and spread my fingers to inspect the damage. Oh, thank god, I hadn't broken a nail. My super-professional pink sparkly gel polish hadn't even scuffed. Worth every penny at the salon.

I tugged the stretchy fabric of my microskirt back down over my prodigious ass as I pressed the elevator open button. I had paid extra to have it perfectly tailored to the curve of my body. It was the ideal length to give just the hint of my colorful thong and the sparkling diamond of my plug beneath, but the damn thing did like to ride up.

Heart still going a mile a minute, I stepped out of the elevator.

My jaw dropped. Was this an office or a palace?

Great bay windows caught the mid-morning light across a lounge clad in marble and gold. From here, thirty stories up, you could look down upon the entire city. Displays and awards and statues lay artfully

arranged to to impress clients with the sheer weight of the money, power and authority this place wielded. This was an office that posited that the law was ancient and unshakable, and these were its masters.

A place, in short, that was perfect for me.

I tried not to jump in giddiness as I walked past a gilded fountain of the original SUK logo. I was here. I was actually here! I finally had a chance to make all my wildest fantasies come true!

"Uh..." came a woman's voice. "Can I help you?"

I turned to smile at the receptionist, careful to keep it grounded.

"Oh my gosh, like, hiii!" I held out a hand in greeting. She was a prim woman, the sort you see a lot of at places like this. Young and attractive enough to appease the old codgers who wanted a pretty face, but prim, professional and intelligent enough to actually be able to handle all of the many tasks required to keep an office like this running smoothly. "I'm Jack!"

People like this were the support structure that made a law firm work. It was always a good idea to get on their good side.

"Hold on," she looked down at my outstretched hand then back up at me. "Are you here for the executive stress relief seminar? Christ, I thought they were joking about hiring a stripper."

"Oh," I waved a hand dismissively. "I'm only stripping to, like, pay the bills? I'm hoping if everything goes well here today, I won't have to any more!"

I could feel the blood pounding in my ears. They were talking about hiring me?

"Well," she tilted her head. The scowl on her face slipped as her eyes became caught on the sway of the bangles around my wrist. "You're two hours early and on the wrong, uh, the wrong floor." She seemed to be having trouble concentrating.

It seemed to take her a great effort to pry her eyes away from my sparkling bracelets. When she did she did so only to have them land on the enthusiastic swell of my chest instead. She blushed, her breathing getting suddenly very heavy.

"Mmm," she bit her lip. "But I've got some stress right here you can -" She caught what she was saying just in the nick of time. She shook her head, the flush of heat on her cheeks turning crimson in embarrassment. "Oh my god, what am I saying?"

I giggled. This wasn't the first time I'd seen that face. The bangles could be almost hypnotic if the light caught them just right. Sometimes they just seemed to take all the thoughts right of your head. Sometimes I'd sit and stare at them for hours, hot and wet and oh-so achingly empty-headed.

She focused her vision tightly on the monitor in front of her, avoiding so much as glancing over at me.

"Sorry, I think you might have me mixed up with someone else? I'm here for, like," I pulled a little card out of my clutch and slid it over to her. "11am? Mr. Hendricks?"

She raised an eyebrow as she took the card.

"You're Mr. Hendrick's 11?"

I nodded.

"Of course." she very professionally didn't roll her eyes. "That pig."

"Oh, no no no!" I furrowed my brow. This girl was getting entirely the wrong idea. "It's not like that. It's for a job! I'm here to show him what I'm made of!"

"Right, I bet you are." she shook her head and raised a hand, her professionally manicured nails red, regulation-sharp and shining. Was that jealousy in her voice? She picked up the phone and pressed a few buttons. "Hi, Jason?" she barely even tried to hide the disdain. "Your 11 is here."

She nodded to whatever he was saying, her glare tightening.

"Down the hall to the left. You might have to wait though; he's doing some job interviews."

"Thank you so much!" I gave a grateful little wave and headed down the hall in the direction she had pointed.

I put as much confidence in my walk as I could muster, my hips swinging lusciously from side to side. Long slow steps, that was the key. One foot in front of the other, hips rolling from side to side with every step, just enough that anyone watching could see the tantalizing curve of my ass under my tight little skirt.

I could just make out from behind me the sound of the girl shaking her head again, no doubt prying her eyes off my luscious rump, and picking up the phone again. "Hi, HR? You're not going to believe this..."

My heels clicked along the marble tiling of the luxurious hallway. The regal charm of the place continued, decorated left and right with portraits of imposing old men. I could just see my own vacant expression reflected through the shining glass, the horny dullness of my perfectly sculpted face quietly communicating my confidence for all the world to see.

This was it. I took a moment to really put on my game face, to really sell those smoky eyes and to raise those luscious wet lips into an orgasmic O. I wanted everybody who laid eyes on me to know exactly what I was about. I could do this!

My half-lidded eyes went wide in surprise, however, when I turned the corner.

There were other candidates.

There were five other candidates.

Five tall, handsome, well dressed men. Confident, experienced, powerful, rich. Everything I wasn't. My mouth began to water.

Their jaws dropped as I approached. They looked back and forth among each other in confusion. Inwardly I grinned, that's more like it. They at least, were taking me seriously.

"Hi boys." I wiggled my fingers in greeting. Their eyes caught on my bangle then followed down to drink in the rest of me, probably sizing up this new competition.

One of them stood up. There was just the one couch as setting in this little lounge, just enough room for the three of them. Gentleman that he was, he offered me his seat.

"Ooh, thank you!" I cooed and gave him a wink. The other two stood up as well. I smoothed my skirt out from under me and sat down, the pressure of my plug pressing into my ass a warm comfort.

Five hunks, all standing behind me as I sat in the center of the couch. God, my heart thumped. What a sight that would make. Anybody looking would understand at just a glance the power dynamic there. I giggled. I was clearly the alpha. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all?

I took a moment to admire their suits. Their inseams were especially prominent, tented and bulging for all the world to see. I'd been seeing a lot of pants in that style lately, come to think of it. I was just about to ask one of them if I could touch it (that wasn't weird right? Asking to feel the fabric of another man's suit?) when the door opened.

"Jack E. Malones?" came a deep rich voice.

A tall well-dressed man stepped out, paper in his hands. He stopped suddenly and looked up at us. He raised an eyebrow as he saw me and the other candidates.

The five guys all looked around sheepishly, but I was already bouncing to my feet.

"That's me!" I stood up, however, a little too quickly and put a little too much bounce in the following steps. I could feel my titties bouncing around wildly in all the excitement. Thank god I was wearing this expensive bra or they might have escaped entirely like they did at the last interview.

I took a moment to tug my skirt back down over my ass and to compose myself. As enthusiastic as I was, I didn't want to seem too desperate.

"Uh. Right this way?"

I blew a friendly kiss goodbye to the other candidates and made my way into his office.

"I'm Jason Hendriks." the man said, holding out his hand. We stepped inside. His office was as rich and imposing and oozing - achingly - masculine as he was.

I shook his hand. His grip was as steely and firm as the biceps under the closely tailored cut of his very expensive suit. He somehow made me feel small even in my glittering skyscraper pink heels.

I met his gaze and immediately regretted it. His eyes were two deep pools, blue like the cold sea and just as piercing. My breath hitched. It was like with one glance he could see through to my very soul. I could already feel myself getting lost in those eyes.

Oh no. I whimpered. He was hot.

“Charmed.” I let out a dreamy sigh. “I mean, uh” shit. I blinked and tried to wipe the stupefied awe out of my expression. Game face. Game face. I batted my lashes and pouted my shimmering lips. Uhg, and here I was just holding his hand limply like a little girl. I pulled myself in for a hug, pressing the heat of my curvaceous body and the weight of my heavy tits tantalizingly into his firm masculine rigidity. “I’m Jack E. Malones.” I whispered into his ear, pronouncing it to rhyme with Felons. Lots of people got it wrong. “It’s good to meet you.”

He pulled away awkwardly and directed me to take a seat.

Why did they keep using absolute hunks as hiring managers? It wasn’t fair. I was already nervous enough at interviews, what man wasn’t? But this, this was downright intimidation! Who wouldn’t get all worked up when some beefy hunk starts probing deeply into his skill-set and history? I shivered, ass clenching and unclenching nervously around my plug.

The other candidates, they’d had a certain boyish virility to them, sure, but this was a man with a corner office. This was a man with a large mahogany desk, the kind of desk perfect for bending a candidate like me over and - I shook the thoughts away. God, why did they all have to be so imposing? Big, muscular, and with a bulge down to his knee. Who wouldn’t get all flustered and gooeey under that stern, scrutinizing gaze?

Shit, I had to focus. I couldn’t afford to make a bad impression.

“Well uh, Jacki, is it?” You come as a bit of a surprise. I was expecting someone a little more...” he waved a hand in the air looking for the word.

“Older?” I got that a lot. The last few hirers said I didn’t look a day over 18.

“Male.”

I furrowed my brow. What was that supposed to mean?

He sat down at his desk and pulled a hard copy of my CV and bona fidas from the stack of similar papers on his desk. He looked them over carefully, glancing between me and them.

“I’ll be frank, uh, miss. Is this... some kind of joke? Someone hired a stripper to do an interview for them? Well this isn’t funny. We are a respectable law firm.

"Oh! no joke sir. I'm *very* eager. For whatever position you want to put me in!"

"I see." His eyes narrowed. "This is you?" he held up the CV.

I nodded, pigtails bouncing. Despite his reservations, this was already going better than the last few. They had barely even given me a chance to speak.

"Is this some kind of legally blonde business? Look miss, I try not to judge a book by its cover, but I'm having a hard time believing that someone like you thinks they can get a job here."

Someone like me? There was my age coming up again. I pouted. What did a guy have to do to prove he wasn't some kind of inexperienced virgin?

"I assure you sir, despite my age I've worked very hard to earn those accolades. I know its my first time and its such a big, hard, job." I licked my lips as I emphasized the word big. "But I'm oh so eager to work under the staff here."

"Miss," he sighed, "If you're not going to take this seriously, then I should..." his eyes fell on the bangle on my wrist. He paused, seemingly unsure of what he was saying. His pulse elevated. He let out a breath like a soft sigh. "Yes, eager... very good..." He ran his eyes appraisingly over my body. "Maybe I should probe more deeply into your... uh, skill set."

He blushed as he turned back to his paperwork. Maybe I had a shot at this after all?

He shook his head and started going over my experience and credentials. It became apparent very quickly that he didn't trust what my resume was saying. He was asking me things a first year law student would know! The joke should have been on him - I was like, super good at all this law junk! - but I just... I kept looking into those piercing, soulful eyes of his and losing myself in the fantasy of working long nights bent over this desk.

I could just picture it. We'd be arguing a particularly tricky case and pull out a snifter of brandy. A few drinks later and the truth would come out - he couldn't stop thinking about me, and I him. He'd take me by the thigh, his heavy hands searching, taking. All his power, all his wealth, and it was me that he wanted. I quivered in ecstasy as he ran a finger along my cheek, lips pressing into mine. I'd melt into him, like wax against the hardness of his body. And then, driven by that deep and primal lust, we'd throw off our pretenses and -

"Miss?"

"Huh?"

Oh. Shit! I snapped back to attention. I'd just said *dorum phalus* instead of *habeas corpus* hadn't I? Get it together, Jack! I couldn't afford to make any more mistakes. I knew what I was talking about! I was just, like, totally having a hard time expressing it while the heat was on.

Get it together, Jack! Couldn't you see how important it was for this guy to like you?

His questioning continued. Despite how thoroughly I had prepared I found myself screwing up again and again. I was wriggled helplessly as his deep probing questions rubbed at all of my tender vulnerabilities. God, I was just so helpless in the stern masculinity of his gaze, like a naughty school girl called to the principal for a spanking.

Mmm...

No, focus! I'd worked all my life to get here. I couldn't back give up without a fight! I had to impress. I had to make him like me. I poured on everything I had, I leaned forward to show off the cleavage and fancy lingerie, I stroked his hand as I spoke and licked my lips invitingly. I even giggled and tittered along to all his jokes!

But it wasn't enough. He still stripped down, question by question, to my trembling naked core.

"Thank you miss," he said, glancing at the clock. "It's been really very interesting, but I don't think you're quite what we're looking for."

Oh god.

"Wait!" oh god, oh god. "Please! Please give me a chance! I didn't pass the bar just to spend another year working the pole! I've dreamed of working here all my life. Please," I pleaded, "I just want a chance, I'll do anything!"

I was practically crawling over the desk, melons knocking papers everywhere. I had nothing else to do, nowhere else to go, I'd spent all this money on fancy clothing, I'd gambled it all on these interviews!

"Anything?" he raised an eyebrow and glanced around conspiratorially.

"Anything." I pressed out my chest as far as it would go, the two perfect orbs of my tits - almost shoved directly into his face - still somehow elegant in their finery.

He seemed to give my consideration serious consideration. His gaze traveled from my tits to the door, to my eyes, then to my tits again. His face grew hot and he had that far away distracted look guys got when they spent too much time around me.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." He stood up, the straining meat of his dick, scarcely contained by his thousand-dollar trousers, raising to my eye level. "It's like something out of a cheap porno."

"Huh?" I knew I should have been looking him in the eyes but I couldn't tear myself away from the tantalizing feast inches from my face.

"Well miss," He stepped back, my heart going with him. He pulled down the blinds then walked over to the door. "If you really want it so badly..."

"Oh I do! I do! Please! Give it to me!"

He locked the door.

“How about we see how you handle oral arguments?”

His belt came off. My eyes widened as his huge dick swung into view.

“Ooh thank you!” I fell to my knees.

For a moment, I hesitated. Was I really about to suck dick for a job? I shook my head, what a silly thought. How else was I going to show him how good it would be to have me around the office? How valuable a teammate I could be? I may have been having trouble expressing myself verbally, but this? This I was good at. All that practice was about to pay off!

Besides. How was this any different from how I’d started letting my landlord fuck my ass for rent? He’d also been hesitant at first, but I was a stern negotiator and I laid my point out before him bare, save my bangles and plug, and now we had a deal we could both benefit from.

Lots of people were hesitant, come to think about it, about letting me practice sucking their dicks in an alleyway or fucking my pussy in exchange for a bus ride, but the longer they were around me, the more they started to see things from my perspective. I guess I was just charismatic like that.

And now I had to call upon every ounce of my charm for what was probably the most important blowjob of my life.

“Oh my god. It’s so big!” I pressed his dick against my conservatively whored-up face, I could feel the blood pumping hotly through the turgid member as it ran from my chin to my hairline with room to spare.

Honestly? I didn’t know if I could handle something this massive. It put the legal aides I had back at home to shame. But damnit, I had to try my best. I had to make it fit so that he could see what a good fit I was here at SUK.

Gripping this gavel tightly in both hands, I kissed up the length. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach as my nerves were washed away by a keening hunger, an excitement that left me flush and wet and breathing hotly. This was my chance. I took one more look at the thing - bigger than my whole face - and put the crown of his head against lips so velvety and pillowy pussy-pink that they threatened to devour even it.

“Thank you, sir.” I slurped, panting. “I’ll show you what a skilled orator I am.”

And so I began my opening arguments.

Most men would lean back and let me make my case. This man was not most men. This man was a high-ranking professional. This man had been to court. He thrust his hips and bucked, giving just as good as I gave. This wasn’t a monologue, it was a conversation, and - he grabbed my pigtales - we were both jockeying for control.

His argument was a mouthful to be sure, and it was hard and it was long and - oh fuck - overwhelmingly, knee-shakingly, cunt-drippingly *masculine*, but I handled it like a pro. I took it in, inch after rough inch, acquiescing to his masculinity and seniority, showing him that I was taking every turgid inch of his flesh into consideration.

And then it became a game of give and take. He'd thrust and I'd swirl my tongue. He'd pump his cock so deep into my throat that I saw stars, and I'd swallow around it to pull it in deeper. When he was shallow I was twisting his shaft with both hands, when he was deep I was fondling his rich, heavy, cum-filled balls.

Back and forth we went, over and over, him trying me out in new positions and me demonstrating again and again that no matter what situation I was in, I was able to get him to rise to the occasion.

I may have taken a pounding from his sheer virility, I may have been shivering on the edge of climax from sheer excitement, and I may have been giddy from all the pointers he was giving me, but it didn't take long before I had him in a corner, that he was moments away from cumming to see my point of view.

I'd have loved to go all night, I'd have loved to see where it took us, but time was short and we both knew it. Were we in different circumstances I'd have held back, dragged things out for as long as I could. But I'd have to leave that for another day. You know what? Good. I'd leave him wanting more.

I pulled out of him with a loud slobbery pop, he stumbled back. I giggled and pressed myself forward, the heat of my naked hooters catching his long juicy cock between them. I shuddered from the pleasure as I grasped both of my throbbing nipples and started manhandling my tits into position. I smirked. They didn't teach this one in law school!

I looked up at him coyly. His beautiful blue eyes bulged at the sight of his thick dick, glistening like my lips, disappearing between my mammoth knockers. If that didn't show that I was the perfect fit I didn't know what would!

I squeezed and bounced, jacking him off with my tits as I opened my mouth in receptive horny need. It was a desperate diatribe, but as close as he was, he barely had time to mount a rebuttal.

He came. Fast and hard and oh god did he ever cum.

Thick loads of creamy jizz arced through the air like cannon blasts, spraying all over my face, my tongue, my hair and - especially - my big needy tits. Each hot splash was like a stamp of approval slamming into me, marking me as his, as this company's.

I fell back, panting and shivering in pleasure. God, why was being covered in his cum so especially sexy? His arguments had been good, he'd really left a mark on me. All this had done was make me want to work here even more.

"So," I licked my glistening lips as I looked again into his eyes, batting my long cum-drenched lashes. His seed was cooling all over me. We'd definitely formed a rapport. "What do you think?"

"I think - uhg -" he fell back into the soft rich leather of his chair. "God help me, I think we may have a position for you after all."

"Really!?" I leapt up in the air, bouncing.

"Oh yes." He laughed and shook his head in sheer disbelief. "Quite a few, come to think of it. I'm sure those dirty old men upstairs are going to love you. You know what? There's an executive meeting later today. Why don't I bring you by and introduce you. I'm sure they'd love to see that silver tongue of yours in action."

"Oh, thank you!" I ran over and wrapped my arms around him, kissing him again and again. He didn't return the hug, but I could hardly blame him. After such a passionate debate, I was a complete mess.

"Why don't you get yourself cleaned up. There's a bathroom down the hall."

"Ooh, smart!" I giggled as I ran a finger along my tits, scooping up some of the jizz that had dripped there then sucking it off my finger. I'd want to look my best in front of all those big important men.

"Oh, and Miss Mellons?"

"Hmm?"

"I think you've forgot to put your number on your CV." He turned a paper towards me. I blinked. He was right. Oh my god, was that why no one had called me back!?

I flashed red with embarrassment as I grabbed a sharpie from his desk and wrote in the missing number, along with a quick little "Call me!" and a cream-heavy kissy mark to give it a personal touch.

Ass swaying confidently, and top more or less back in position, I made my way out the door. As I left, I heard him pick up the phone. "Hi, Mr. Kummer? You're not going to believe this..."

I grinned to the other candidates outside. No doubt they could imagine the oral excellence I had just demonstrated. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if a few of them had even heard some of my impassioned cries. I just blew them another kiss, bangle jangling, as I made way past them. Let's see them top that.

I actually made it all the way to the men's room before I literally jumped for joy, body bouncing and hands clapping excitedly before me. I did it! I actually did it! I knew it, all I'd needed was a chance.

And this was only the beginning! My boyhood dreams were finally coming a reality. Who knows, maybe all those other fantasies I'd been having about the hiring manager were about to come true too.

Ah, but first - first I had to impress the higher ups! Oh god, my heart raced at the thought of how big and powerful those older men were. I had my door in the foot now though. Finally - I started licking up the last of the cum off my face and tits - finally they were taking me seriously.

Finally - I winked into the mirror - some respect.

The End.