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the Red Pen

Performance Review

by Razmagunk



The Red Pen: Performance Review
- A Quick Horny Short -
By Razmagurk

The elevator dinged and I stepped out onto the executive floor. Lesser men would be nervous getting called into the proverbial principal's office like this, but not me. I was too important. This whole place would fall apart without me and every one of those bastards understood it. I knew too many secrets.

I don't know why the invitation had gotten me so worked up. Something about the wording had me on edge. I'm sure it was nothing. The old man probably just wanted to talk about his golf game or latest affair again. Kissing up to his fat ass was the price of getting away with half the crap I got up to.

There was a lot of giggling as I approached the old man's office. Girlish giggling. And I could swear I heard the distinct plap plap plap of a pussy getting plunged. Well, I'll be, sounded like the old dog was already breaking in his new secretary. She'd seemed feisty when he'd introduced her the other day, but men like Mr. McTitus always had a way of making them come around in the end.

I opened the door and stepped into the foyer. A sudden dizziness washed over me, like I'd stood up too fast or something. The sensation passed quickly however, when I saw the busty half-naked girl seated at the secretary desk, legs spread wide, dreamily fingering her pussy as she giggled to herself.

It took my brain a moment to register what was happening, then I smiled at the scene before me. It was good ol' Missy, the boss's secretary. Why had I been thinking there had been a new one?

She didn't so much as bat an eye or look up at me as I approached, so absorbed in the schlick schlick schlick of her own pussy-petting pleasure. With her legs spread I could see the jeweled butt plug glittering in her tight asshole. I knew this sight all too well. The girl was an insatiable anal beast. Getting to cum in that fat ass was half the reason I came up here.

"Sweetheart?" I let out a polite little cough. A shame to interrupt, but I had more important things to do. "I'm here to see the boss."

Her masturbatory frenzy was just too much, however. She arched her back, eyes rolling up into the back of her head. The motion sent her salaciously breedable body slumping forward into the desk. The thump caused her name plaque to fall off.

It read 'Marcus McTitus - Vice President' in big official letters, but it had been crossed out with a thin red line and someone had written over it in what looked like red pen, 'Missy McTitties - Horny Anal Bitch.'

That was weird. How had they gotten Missy's name and title so wrong? Good thing someone had corrected it. Missy was an absolute treat. Always eager to talk about polishing my clubs and her latest wild sexual affairs.

"Oh my gosh!" she groaned in surprise, just now noticing me. She pulled her chair back in tight against her desk, a motion that caused it to shelve and accentuate her sizeable, braless breasts, barely bound by her sheer white blouse. Beneath the desk I was pretty sure she was still going with the other hand.

"Missy." I grinned at her, drinking in an eyeful of her body. "Up to no good again, I see. You naughty girl."

"Hi Cliff!" she purred, taking the opportunity to return the favour. Her gaze locked on the sizeable erection I was doing nothing to hide. "Is that big hard thing for me?"

"You know it, sugarchecks." I waggled my eyebrows. "What's say I put those pretty lips of yours to work before this meeting?"

"Sorry Cliff," she pouted. "The boss wants to see you like, right away. She's going through and talking to all the department heads today. But, ooh," she cooed. "Let me give you something to get you through the meeting."

She raised her blouse and flashed me a vision of the glorious hooters beneath, then giggled.

"The world needs more girls like you, Missy. It really does."

"You're so sweet Cliff." She giggled. "Maybe we can make out after?"

"I'm sure I can think of far better tasks to put those lips to."

"Deal!" She giggled again.

As I stepped into the boss's office, Missy pouted sexily into the mirror on her desk, pulled out a tube of lipstick and began applying a fresh coat of gloss to her big fat red bimbo lips.

Women like that made me glad I was a man.

"You wanted to see me boss?" I said as I walked into the office. The plaque on the desk read 'Carmen Stella - Executive Assistant' but the title had been scratched out and someone had written 'Vice President' in its place.

I looked at the girl behind the desk, my brain taking a moment to process an odd moment of dissonance. Right, we had a new VP, didn't we? Missy had introduced her the other day, but we hadn't really spoken since. For some reason I couldn't even remember the old one.

I gave the girl a quick once over, sizing her up. She was a petite thing, brown hair up in a messy bun. She was dressed in an office casual white blouse and brown slacks that were more appropriate for a secretary than a VP, but I suppose at that level you could get away with a lot. Compared to Missy, she was very plain, but who wasn't? Not that I'd kick her out of bed or anything. Pretty face, at least.

She looked a lot like any of the ladies we employed here. Our hiring practices lean towards a certain aesthetic. It was all unofficial, of course, but you didn't get a job around here unless you looked a certain way or could demonstrate a certain set of skills, if you catch my drift. I don't know what she was doing in the VP position. Was she a diversity hire? Mentally I was sneering at the hypocrisy. I wished I could land promotions as easy as that. Whose dick had she sucked to end up here?

At least she'd be easy to manage.

"Cliff Arnold?" She looked up from the papers on her desk.

"That's me."

"Good to see you again Cliff. Come, have a seat." She gestured sternly to the seat opposite hers with the red pen she was holding. "It's time for your annual review."

"Annual review?" I scoffed. "There has to be some kind of mistake. I just had mine a few months ago." The girl had barely begun at the company and already she was getting things all messed up.

"Be that as it may, I'm doing a check in on all the department heads." She twirled the pen between her fingers. "I think it's high time we re-evaluate a few things around here, wouldn't you agree?"

Oh great. I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. She was one of those types. She wanted to shake things up? She wasn't going to last five minutes around here.

"Well," I gave her my most charming smile. "If you're looking for someone to explain how things work around here, I'd be more than happy to go over all the little details. I could give you a tour of the office? Or we could discuss it over coffee or lunch? There's this great little Cafe down Queen Street."

She raised an admonishing eyebrow at my forwardness. She was trying to be stern, intimidating, but she had far too pretty a face to pull that off. I grinned wider. The girl must just be playing hard to get.

"Why don't we start with some simple questions?" She looked down at a sheet of paper in front of her. I could see my picture. She had a file on me?

"Let's take a look at your job description and work responsibilities here at the company." She shuffled through her papers until she found one she liked. "Tell me about your work. What have you been doing lately?"

"Well, I'm Senior IT Infrastructure Head," I began, careful to not go too technical, lest it go over the poor girl's head. "Mostly that means overseeing our support departments, but recently we've been giving our remote communications backend a much-needed overhaul and migrating our support elements overseas."

"And how much of that do you do yourself?"

"Myself?" I blinked. "Oh no, I'm a manager. I oversee the team to do that. You know, making sure they're not slacking off by working from home or abusing their sick days. That kind of thing."

"I see. I see." She wrote something down on the page in front of her with that little red pen. "And the dusting?"

"The what?"

She pointed to the paper in front of her. "It says here in your job description that you're also in charge of dusting and cleaning."

“Uh.” I looked at where she was pointing. She turned it towards me. The little red-inked addition she had made said I was also in charge of dusting and light housekeeping. She was right, they were absolutely part of my duties. Had it not been listed? It was a good thing she had corrected it.

How had I forgotten about it? I flushed uncomfortably, hoping that little oversight wouldn't hurt my performance review too badly. I spent so much time managing our tech infrastructure I didn't always get a chance to really wipe things down as often as I maybe should. But that's why we had janitors, wasn't it?

“Are you saying you haven't been doing your job?”

“Well,” I was forcing my grin now, trying to stall. “The cleaning aspect is really a minor consideration compared to the managerial aspect of my position.”

“Oh really?” she made another little note on my file, like she was making a correction. “Then why is it such a big part of your uniform?”

“Uniform? I'm in IT, we don't have a...” I trailed off as my eyes fell downward.

I was wearing a glossy black dress, ruffled white at the hem, only just long enough to obscure the tips of my thigh high white stockings. The womanly cut of the top ran low to show off my ample lack of bosom. I even had a little white cap, and a starched white apron wrapped around my waist.

To the uninformed my Senior IT Infrastructure Head uniform did look a little like a french maid's outfit, didn't it?

“What, this?” I gestured down with my flirty little feather duster. “I can see why you might think that, but you see-”

“That is the dress of someone who cleans isn't it?” her words were firm, making clear she'd brook no argument. I was in some serious trouble.

“Y-yes.”

“Yes what?” Again she raised an imperious eyebrow.

“Yes ma'am.”

I don't know what was worse, getting admonished for not doing my job or the humiliation of this girl thinking I was wearing a *dress*.

“It's a good look for you.” She gave me a good hard once-over. “A firm reminder of your place here. No more slacking, do you understand?” She made another note in my file. “From now on, I want the floors of the IT Department clean enough to fuck on. Are we clear?”

“Ma'am?” I balked at the language.

"I said, are we clear?"

"Yes Ma'am."

I tried to stay calm, but inwardly my emotions roiled even harder. I mean, I knew it was my job, but I'd always considered it a minor part. I guess I had to be thankful that at least this bitch was so soft. Some VPs would have used it as an excuse to fire me on the spot.

"Good." Her smile had developed an edge of smugness. "I'm glad we're making progress. Let's move on, shall we? There are some notes from HR in here, I see. There have been formal complaints from some of the women on staff. Apparently, you've been quite handsy?"

A dagger stabbed into my heart. I had paid good money to have someone go in and remove that from my record.

"What, that?" I laughed nervously and held up my hands in a disarming gesture. "That was all a great big misunderstanding. We cleared that whole thing up. Those girls had all given their full consent."

The whole thing was ridiculous. A guy shouldn't be held accountable for just trying to cop a feel after having all the T&A waved in his face all day.

"Oh. You're right. I see that I was incorrect." She smiled and made another little brush of the pen.

Phew. That was a close one.

"It says here that you were the girl who was gotten handsy with."

"What?"

"You say that it was consensual? I'll make a note here that you wanted it. These things are always a fine line, wouldn't you agree? Why don't you tell me about it?"

"Ah, well." I took a moment to decide how I was going to tell this story without coming across as a huge slut to my boss. "Sometimes I wear short skirts, you know? Guys can't be blamed for grabbing a piece of my hot body every now and then." I flushed at the memory of the time I had oh-so-naughtily flashed Jack from accounting my pristine little panties. How he had followed me into the stairway to squeeze and spank my big juicy ass. My pussy was getting all warm and damp at the memory. "But I don't let it go any further than that," I lied. "I promise."

"Really?" she raised another eyebrow and did some scribbling. "Because that's not what this report says. It says here you've been seducing men left and right, giving blowjobs and getting your needy pussy stuffed by everybody with a dick."

I flushed even brighter. I'd been caught?

"But don't worry." She waved a hand dismissively. "If it is, as you say, completely consensual, I don't see why it should be any problem. Just as long as you keep things fair and continue to have sex with

everybody who asks.” She made another note. “In fact, why don’t we go ahead and make a few changes to the uniform while we’re at it so everybody will know about your... *open use* policy.”

“You can’t...!”

I looked down at the pornographic maid’s outfit I was wearing. The skirt was so short everybody could see the sexy tops of my thigh-high stockings. Whenever I bent over, they got a perfect view of my frilly white thong. The cut of my tight little dress was so low it showed off the entirety of my ample D-cups, framed in lacy perfection, and was so thin that all could see the strain of my stiff nipples.

She wanted to change it? Didn’t it already convey exactly that already? Wasn’t it sexy enough?

“Is something wrong?” She gave the pen a twirl.

I looked down in confusion. Something wasn’t quite right, but she wasn’t giving me any time to think.

“Doesn’t my uniform already advertise that pretty heavily?” I adjusted the little name badge that read ‘Free Use Slut’, then I grabbed my bust and hoist it up by way of demonstration. “That’s why I wear it, isn’t it?”

Well, that and the dusting. Had to make sure the floors were clean enough to fuck on if I was going to be going around spending so much time on my knees or bent over the server racks.

“Perhaps you’re right. Why mess with perfection? While we’re on the subject of you getting held down and bred by anybody with a dick, I have a few related questions. Looking at these files, it seems your IT Department is exclusively men, is that right?”

“That’s right.” I gulped. She didn’t sound happy about that fact.

“That would be a result of *your* hiring practices?”

“It would, yes. What can I say? There are some things in this world that men are just inherently better at. Technology is one of them. You wouldn’t understand.”

She narrowed her eyes, looked down at my boobs, then back to me.

“Well, I’m an exception. Of course.” I put a hand on my wide hip. “I have a Masters in it.”

“That’s cute.” She sorted through the papers. “We’ll come back to that in a bit. It seems as a result of these practices, we have frequent reports about sexually suggestive comments coming from your team. How have you handled that?”

“What can I say?” I gave a shrug that sent my breasts jiggling. “Boys will be boys.” I had never had any problem with it. Quite the contrary, I encouraged it. Nothing wrong with guys letting off a bit of steam.

“Will they now?” she smirked. “I don’t want to step on your team culture or anything, but this has got to stop, one way or another.” She tapped her pen indecisively. “Maybe boys should be girls instead. Maybe we should have more following in your example?”

My eyes widened. Was she threatening to get rid of my whole team and replace them with women? She couldn't do that!

"Wait!" I called out. "They're good guys. Let me handle them. I can turn them around."

"And how do you propose to do that?"

"Please," I begged. "I'll take responsibility as team leader. I'll see to it personally."

"You're offering to personally drain the balls of all of your underlings in order to keep their horny male gaze off the other departments?"

"Uh." I furrowed my brow. "If that's what it takes."

"You know what?" she leaned back in her chair. "I admire that level of dedication. Maybe I'll go easy on them after all. But the moment any of them gets out line, they're coming to see me and you're going to wind up with another little free use helper to share the loads. Are we clear?"

As soon as any of my team stepped out of line, they were going to be fired and replaced by some bimbo? That was stone cold. At least she was giving them a chance to explain themselves. My team was going to be pissed to hear this new policy, but maybe it would give them the incentive to come to me when they needed to get their rocks off.?

"Furthermore," she grinned. "I think we both agree that that's a much more prominent and important aspect to your job, wouldn't you agree? Let's cross out this part in your job description where it says you work with all that boring technology." She drew her pen across the page like a blade, then started writing something new above it. "We don't want that to get in the way of your more important responsibilities as a corporate cum dumpster."

What was she talking about? What else was I here for? Since when did my job fucking my staff and cleaning involve technology?

"But hmm... Senior IT Infrastructure Head doesn't quite sound appropriate as a title any more does it? I suppose we could rebrand this role into something a little more descriptive, but how about a change of position instead? I've got an opening just begging to be filled that's more in line with these duties. How does Office Cocksleeve sound? It's the lowest ranking position in the company, and instead of an office you'll be sitting under other people's desks, but I think it might be right for you."

"What?" I cried out, jumping to my feet. "You can't! I worked too hard to get to where I am today."

"Oh come now." She wrote some more. "It says on your file you've been gunning for this change of position for years."

"You're damn right!" I slammed a hand on the table. "Haven't I been strutting around in my sexiest heels every day? Haven't I been up hours early to put on my most whorish makeup so I could get bent over the conference table, pussy spread, when the team rolled in? I put in my hours, sucking cock after juicy cock. God knows I've proved myself! I've worked too hard not to get this."

"Well." She took a moment to consider. "If you think you're qualified. Let me take a look at your resume."

She pulled out another piece of paper. Why would she just have my resume ready like that? Something about the way she was grinning down at it sent a chill clean through me.

"On second thought." I shivered. "Maybe this isn't the best idea."

"Oh?" She tapped the pen. "Worried I might find something there you don't like?"

"Alright, let's see here." She made a few corrections with her pen. "Your name: Cumguzzler Milton Whorecheeks?" She raised an eyebrow.

I flushed.

"You must have gotten teased a lot growing up, a name like that."

"You have no idea." Seriously. What kind of a name is Milton?

The girl sat and looked over the document carefully. She seemed unsure of where to start.

"I can see why you didn't want me looking at this." She made a few corrections. "It's all out of date."

"Is it?"

"Well, it says here that you're a DD-cup," she gestured to one of her red comments. "But I know for a fact you've had three cosmetic surgeries in your time here." She grinned as she wrote that fact down. "Look, there's even a note about being addicted to getting the biggest skankiest titties possible. I'll just update this to better reflect those shoulder boulders of yours."

It was true. I rolled my shoulders to better thrust out the pendulous orbs hanging before me. I absolutely loved them. They were so big and round but stood so high on my chest. My uniform was so low cut it perfectly accentuated their sheer lurid size and roundness. I crossed my arms under my hooters, cradling them and presenting them further for her to examine.

Addicted? I wasn't addicted! Sure, I had plans for even more surgeries, and I didn't really have an end in sight, but that's because I was just getting started! I was a corporate shark. I was going to have the biggest, whoriest fuck pillows this company had ever seen.

"Could you clarify this bit here?" She tapped the top sheet of paper with her pen. "Under sex you have 'lots' and under gender you have 'proud slut'. What does that mean?"

My eyes went wide in surprise. Fury flashed through me. You'd think in this day and age people would know better.

"Respectfully, ma'am." I narrowed my eyes. "It means I identify as a slut. Socially, culturally, emotionally. My pronouns are that slut / that slut's, but I'm also okay with she/her. I'm probably the biggest slut you'll ever meet. A real dick guzzling tramp, constantly horny for free use sex in all my holes and beyond. I'm

proud of it, too. It's a big part of my life. I was there flashing my pussy from the top of a float in the last slut pride parade, and I'm a huge advocate for slut rights. I'm the reason there's condoms in the men's bathrooms here."

Something about that seemed to push her off the edge. She almost fell out of her chair laughing. What a bigot. I boiled with a simmering rage.

"Hey!" I cried. "Something wrong with that?"

"No, no. That's perfect." She wiped a tear of laughter from her eye. "I wouldn't change a thing. In fact, let's double down on it. We're an inclusive workplace here. I'm going to be making some changes to the company policies." She grabbed what looked like the employee introduction pamphlet and wrote something on it. "We want you to be fully expressive of your gender. As long as it complies with you being a slut, any and all behavior here will be tolerated - nay, encouraged! Nudity, orgies, masturbation at your seat. Just keep in mind you'll be responsible for any erections that might pop up, especially from your team."

"Oh!" I beamed. "Thank you. I had no idea we had such progressive policies. Just between you and me, while it's nice there's so much hot cock to gargle on all day, the corporate culture in this place is a little old fashioned."

"You don't say." She laughed again. I giggled along, though I felt like I didn't quite get the joke.

"Speaking of accommodations, it says here your titties and pussy are so sensitive and relentlessly horny, so slutty, that you can be brought to the edge of orgasm just by wearing a top or underwear?"

"Mmmm... yes!" Even right then my thong was rubbing against my clit, making me hot and gushy, and all this talk about my titties was making my heart throb so bad you could count my pulse by the twitching of my nipples.

"You poor thing, I had no idea. I'm sure we can work in a medical accommodation into your uniform policy." She made a few strokes. "No need for you to force yourself to wear underwear."

"Mmm, thank you ma'am." I resisted the urge to pull my huge horny tits free from my maid top and slide my soaking wet thong down past my smooth legs. "I appreciate having the option. But - ah," I groaned. "it just feels so good to be constantly half-fucked."

"You really are a huge slut, aren't you?"

"Thank you, ma'am."

"Alright, let's cut to the meat here, Ms Whorecheeks. Work experience and education." She squinted back at my resume. "My my my, this is quite the mess. You've got all these degrees and technical skills. What good would any of this do for an office cocksleeve? What was it you said? There are some things in this world that men are just inherently better at? Technology is one of them? You understand. I think it makes more sense you spent that entire period studying cute boys and make up and slutty clothing instead."

"Of course." I giggled. With each stroke of her pen my brain cleared, feeling lighter and fuzzier. I didn't know if I could even use a computer. What was the point? Vibrators were technology enough for me. If I ever really needed a computer, I could always just ask some cute boy to do it instead.

"It says here you're an active member in a number of business associations where you are highly respected. Are these real groups where men can go to find community and mentorship in this time of uncertain masculinity, or just a place where misogynistic assholes congregate to swap stories and trade political favours?"

"Um." I put a finger to my lips. "I was mostly just there for the dicks, ma'am." I giggled. I hoped she wasn't going to think less of me for it.

"That's what I thought. You know what? This is a good thing. Maybe having a gutter slut like you in the mix will be a good influence on them. In fact, let's make it so they don't just respect you, they idolize you." She scribbled the correction down. "They see you and they want to be just like you. Every cock you gargle makes them hungry, every jiggle of your tits makes them envious."

"Does it?" I furrowed my brow. Well, it was true that more than a few of them had come out as trans. And they certainly loved to follow up on a good titty fuck by asking me who my boob guy was. "That explains a lot actually."

"Sorry, that's a bit of a tangent, isn't it? Lets have a look here for anything that would help qualify you for this position. Ah, yes. Under special skills it says here you can fit an entire fist in your ass, is that right?"

"Yes ma'am!" I beamed, holding my arm up to demonstrate its size. "Right up to the elbow."

"Multi-orgasmic constantly dribbling hair-trigger pussy?"

"Yes ma'am." I put a hand to my pussy to demonstrate, but even just that faint little brush left me gasping.

"Erotically sensitive DSLs with a twelve inch tongue and aphrodisiac saliva?"

"Yeth ma'am!" I held my tongue at its full erotic length, rolling it down into my bust to get my tits slimy.

"Oh dear, that's... Wow. Maybe a little too far on that one." She seemed a little taken aback to see it. "Does the aphrodisiac affect you as well?"

"Mm hmm!" I cooed raunchily.

"All valuable traits, to be sure."

I beamed proudly at the compliment I'd worked hard to develop my skill set. I was having trouble focusing, I was just too dizzy and ditzy from how horny my needy little body was being, but she seemed happy and that had to be good, right?

"Beyond that, I'm not seeing much. No brothel experience, no porn shoots, not even an onlyfans? How am I supposed to know you can suck a dick at a professional level?"

"That can't be!" My heart broke. I was so close! "I know I have what it takes! Please. There must be something I can do to show you. I'd do anything for this promotion."

"Anything?" she raised an eyebrow.

"Anything." I begged. "Let me prove what a good cocksucker I can be."

"Well, alright." she raised an eyebrow. "This ought to be good. You're lucky that I happen to have under my desk here..." she wrote the words on the paper in front of her as she said them. "A rock-hard twelve-inch monster cock with baseball-sized testicles for you to cement your humiliation on."

That's what I had been waiting for! She was giving me my chance!

But then she screamed.

"What the fuck!? She jumped up, her enormous dick so big and hard that it sent her table thumping and all her paperwork flying. "I meant a dildo!!!"

She screamed again. She was acting like she'd never seen her own dick before, and that was saying something, a cock like that was hard to miss.

"Ooh, let me take care of that for you, boss." I cooed sexily as I slid down onto my knees and seductively wiggled my way over to her big leather chair. "Let me thank you for this opportunity to prove myself."

"No, wait, hold on. Stop." She fumbled at her desk, looking for something, but her huge dick had knocked around all the papers in front of her. She couldn't find the right one. "I meant a dildo!"

"Ooh, please." I begged. "Let me taste your cock. Let me show you how good a slut I can be!" I didn't let on how intimidated I was by the size of it. It was easily twice as big as the biggest dick I'd ever sucked. Could I really handle it?

"Oh fuck," she grunted as my lush DLSs kissed against the head, a promise of all the things to come. She was so hard I had to wrap both hands around her length to get a good angle. The apprehension on her face was rapidly giving way to confused lust. "This is crazy. It's... it's..." she swallowed hotly. "God, why is the thought of that so damn hot?"

I looked up at her like an eager slutty puppy. I couldn't let her little freak out interfere with getting that job. I had to make her see how good I could make her feel.

"I can't believe I'm agreeing to this." She sat back down, my grip on her dick pulling me between her legs. "Fine! Let's see what you're made of. God, this is so fucked up."

"Mmm!" I gave her cock head a great big appreciative smooch. If there was a better feeling in this world than hard dick against my lips, I couldn't think of any. "With pleasure!"

I pressed my body in closer, grinding my oh-so sensitive tits against her legs as I took a deep breath. Her monster cock smelled like lavender perfume and the pheromonal musk of sex. What a dick! It was bigger than my entire face.

Wasting no further time I put my lips back to the head of her cock, knowing this I could afford to draw things out a bit. It wasn't a kiss. It was too desperate for that, too eager. The tingling in my fat dicksuckers as I ran them against the hot rigidity of her cockhead was euphoric. I slurped and sucked, getting her mammoth member warmed up and ready. Not that she needed it, but a cock like this demanded respect. I was going to do this right.

"Jesus," she groaned, "is that what that feels like?"

God, she tasted so good. Some cocks I'd dive straight onto and just swallow whole, go right into a good face fuck. Sometimes guys just didn't have time to get their rod worshipped properly, you know? But with Miss Stella here I couldn't have even if I'd wanted to. Her dick was so god damn big! I wasn't sure I'd be able to take it even after getting it warmed up.

But mama Whorecheeks didn't raise no quitter. I wanted this position so badly, and these twelve inches were all that stood in my way.

I pulled off the cockhead with a loud sloppy pop. I felt empty without something on my lips, but this wasn't about my pleasure. I took her balls into my hand and gently fondled the huge eager things as best I could as I wrapped my long tongue around them, coating them in horny slobber.

I looked up, fluttering my eyes as I made eye contact. She still seemed so surprised, but I wanted her to see how much I wanted it. When I knew she was watching, I extended my tongue to its full twelve inches, aphrodisiac saliva dribbling from the tip, and without breaking eye contact, I ran the full length of my hot tongue along her equally hot member. One lick, two licks, three. Then I kissed sloppily all over her turgid length.

"Oh fuck," she grunted, the words turning into a moan and then a keening cry as the aphrodisiacs in my saliva made her harder and more sensitive than she'd probably ever been before in her life. "Oh fuck, oh fuck."

Only then, with her rod all good and juicy, did I start things off in earnest.

I dove onto her cock with abandon, its sheer size like nothing I'd ever felt before. No wonder she wanted to know she was working with a professional, no amateur could handle this. It was an unearthly size. Even with my jaw open as wide as it would go, the sheer girth of it in my mouth was overwhelming. I barely had room to maneuver it, barely had room to swirl my tongue around it, or play with it. This dick was all business. twelve inches of this! But I wasn't giving up. I'd always liked a challenge.

I took it into my hot wet mouth, sucking around it, swirling it, my cheeks bulged. Normally I'd wrap my tongue around it, snakelike, and jack it off as it pressed in and out, but there was no room. It was all I could do to undulate into it, rubbing the underside with my tongue as I sucked in to press my cheeks into it.

I'd never been so full. My pussy was positively drooling in sympathy. It wanted to be stretched out just as good, but it would have to wait its turn.

The more I bounced up and down upon it. Deeper and deeper I went. Far too soon I found the enormous head at the back of my throat. I swallowed around the throbbing thing as I re-positioned to get a better angle. This dick wasn't going to bend or yield, and so I would have to.

I had never been so full before. My jaw was as wide as it could go, my lips stretched so blissfully tight around her shaft. My huge tongue forced down by this equally huge monster. It was so big all I could do was swallow around its length and hum. Gluck, gluck, gluck!

I was surprised when my lips arrived at the base of the shaft. She seemed just as shocked. I'd have tried a lurid, sultry little smile, but too much of my lips were occupied elsewhere. God, this would be a great addition to my resume. I'd conquered twelve inches!

That's where the blowjob ended, and the face fucking began.

"I can't..." she groaned. "I can't hold back any longer. Oh fuck." Her dick twitched so strongly I thought she was going to lift me up with it. I nodded in approval, begging her with my eyes to not hold back.

Her hips went wild, pulling back and thrusting forward. I could feel the whole length of her commanding cock inside me, the pull bringing me from full to empty just as the push filled me up again, stretching me out. Her hands reached down to grip my hair as she took completely control. She was treating me like a slut. Like a hot wet jizz dumpster. I'd never felt so respected, so seen.

I groaned encouragingly around her dick. My own pussy was so hot and gushy that even one little touch would send me spiraling into a climax. I wanted so bad to just reach down and ring that little bell until I was blind, but this wasn't the time to be cumming my brains out. This was about getting her to shoot her load. As horny and desperate as I was, my hands had better things to do.

My fondling of her balls increased. I could feel the churning of cum within them like foreshadowing, growing ever more ready. There was precum flowing into my throat, I could feel it pumping its way through the underside of her dick, against my tongue, but her head was too deep to feel or taste it.

And then she fucked my face, good and hard, withdrawing a whole normal cock's worth of herself before slamming back in. Every thrust sent me shivering in pleasure, especially when she bottomed out and slammed her body into my lips. I felt like I was being stretched out around this cock, redefined by it, a cocksleeve truly getting used for the first time. I was giddy at the idea she was reshaping me for my future role.

Faster and faster she went, fucking my face so hard I was going to cum from just my lips alone. Shudders of pleasure flashed through me, body convulsing and contracting around the cock impaling me. When I had breath I was crying out, when I didn't, I was cumming all the harder. It was all I could do to keep focused on her. To remember it was her I needed to be impressing, not the other way around.

"Oh god!" She started slapping at the top of my head. I knew exactly what that meant.

She was cumming! I bottomed out one last time, squeezing her balls and swallowing deep. I could feel her dick expand as thick ropes of her churning cum pumped through it, dumping so deep inside me they were going to get my stomach pregnant. I swallowed around her cock again and again to milk it out, then started to pull off it, inch by inch, even as she still pulsed. Almost there!

I was rewarded with a rope of her hot salty cum in my mouth, and as I pulled her cock out and rubbed it against my face, one final rope blasted up to coat my face and my tits. I jerked her slimy, still-hard cock for all it was worth, trying to get every drop out, then luxuriated in cleaning it with my tongue. After all, wasn't cleaning a part of my job?

"Oh wow," she said, slumping back in her chair.

"You like?" I cooed up at her, licking my jizz-slick lips, showing her my cum-stained face and how well she had marked me. I was her property now.

Even through the post nut clarity I could see the lust, her urge to go again. Her beautiful monster of a dick was still rock hard and ready to go. Something told me I was going to enjoy working under a boss like this. I can see why she had been hired.

"Well," my amazing boss said, and let out a soft sigh. "That was, wow. Holy shit, did that just happen? I had no idea it could feel so... wow! God, this is so fucked up."

I beamed proudly at my performance. I was feeling pretty good about that.

"You know what? I think I can find a use for you after all." She pulled up a random slip of paper and started writing something down. "You've got the job. The title won't pay as much - or anything at all, for that matter - but think of the benefits - all the cum you can drink, and I'm sure we can arrange for a rewards program for dildos and boob jobs."

"Really?" I cooed. "This is everything I've ever dreamed of!"

"Of course you won't be able to afford that nice apartment of yours, or that fancy car, but you won't even need them anymore. You're going to go home each night with one of your coworkers and share a bed. Think of all the money you'll save. Let's check back on this in a few weeks. I'm going to be very interested in you demonstrating your progress." Her voice had a raunchy little hint to as she said those last few words. I'd be more than happy to give her another example of my skill. Maybe I could even show her just how good my pussy was.

"Thank you!" I couldn't stop grinning. I was completely ecstatic. "I won't let you down!"

"With that," she checked the clock. "I think we're through here. Be a dear and send my next appointment in, in a little bit will you? I've got a long day of performance reviews ahead of me," she adjusted her balls, "but I've got a thing or two I've got to deal with first."

I skipped out of the office on cloud nine. After all these years I was finally where I wanted to be! I'd have to organize a department wide circle jerk to celebrate. Sure, I'd have to do a lot of cleaning after, but it'd be worth it.

I stepped out to see the Finance head, Jack Plumber, plowing Missy's ass over her desk. The sight sent a hot shiver right through me. Jack and I had never gotten along, we'd been rivals in college when... well, when he'd gone to college.

"Hey no fair!" I cried jealously. "I wanna get pounded too."

"Damn, girl." Jack grinned luridly at the cum and saliva all over my face. "You look like you just did."

I ignored the mis-gendering, even though I'd told him a thousand times I preferred to be called 'slut' instead of 'girl' and bounced over to the desk. I leaned over it, next to Missy, the motion lifting my lacy skirt enough to present my aching horny cunt. Jack grinned and slid his hand in, playing with my pussy lips, tugging on them and slipping around and over my clit. Just the touch sent me gushing, body shivering down onto the table as a toe-curling climax rocked through me.

"You girls make me glad I work here."

I giggled, glad he worked here too.

"Ooh," Missy cooed through the pleasure of her anal pounding. "How'd it go, Cummy?"

"I got the job!" I winked at her, showcasing all the gender-affirming cum I was wearing on my face.

"Oh my god congrats!" She pulled me in for a hug, careful not to pull away far enough to break contact with the cock inside her. "Wait, does that mean I outrank you now?" She giggled. "I have some very fun things I want to do with that tongue."

"I can think of some things to do with that tongue, too." Jack raised a seductive eyebrow. I could feel myself going even gooier at his attention.

"Sorry Jack, boss wants to see you first." I stood up and gave him a little lick on the neck to remember me by, and his dick a squeeze for good measure. "But we'll be here waiting and ready when you get back."

"Sounds like my kind of party." He winked as he pulled out of Missy's prodigious ass and put her cock away.

What a man. Made me glad I was a slut.

As he walked into the office, I turned my attention back to Missy.

"Still up for that make out session, Missy?"

"You know it!" she giggled. "And when the next department head comes, we can totally keep him company together!"

Missy and I high fived. So many of the people who worked here were horny men, not that I was complaining. It was good to have a girl like Missy around, someone who had her priorities straight. Then again, with the new VP apparently making changes, who knew how things would end up?

I had been a little nervous, but my meeting had gone great. Miss Stella was a little stern, but somehow, I felt like she understood me better than I understood myself. She'd been so accommodating about me being an absolute gutter slut.

As Missy and I pressed our hot horny girly bodies together, something told me the company was in good hands.

The End.