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This story is for 18 and over only, please.

Light Flirting

by [Sommer Marsden](#)

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I really couldn't fathom a new job, but what could I do? When your boss announces that he's sold his company and that the new owner is bringing in his own staff, you do what you can. You scramble. You drink a bunch. Possibly cry. And then you suck it up and get a new job.



I had enough money in my account to give me maybe a month or two of scouting out the perfect gig. After one week, I was sure there was no such thing.

Everyone who wanted me was way too far away. Everyone I wanted wouldn't even call me back, wouldn't give me the time of day. Fuck you very much.

I sipped my coffee and nibbled on toast (yes, I was terrified on spending money, so I was eating cheap) and looked over the listings on the job sites. I just wanted to be a secretary. But everyone wanted me to be a secretary and something: secretary and receptionist, secretary and accounts receivable, secretary and space shuttle pilot. You get the picture. I just want to type reports, fetch coffee, work on spreadsheets, and sharpen pencils. Nothing earth-shattering. It was work I could do and work I enjoyed. No harm, no foul.

"Here we go. Scheduling appointments, typing reports, running errands, and light flirting." I did a double take and then laughed. "Filing, Pepper," I scolded myself. "Light *filing*. Not flirting."

Contact Adam Nelson. Good. I sent my résumé via email and poured more coffee. My cell phone rang twenty minutes later. "Pepper Valentine?"

The voice was warm and deep and sent a little tingle over my back and down my spine. It had been a long time since a voice had provoked any kind of reaction other than fear. My former boss, Mr. Klitzner, had a big booming voice and, often times, a nasty disposition. "Um, yes. This

is Pepper.”

“Pepper, Adam Nelson, here. I just read through your résumé. When can we get you in here?”

His voice was like warm chocolate—rich and a bit sweet—and it made me smile. I fucking love warm chocolate. “As soon as you want me.”

I froze, mouth open. Light flirting for sure. What the hell had I just said to my new potential boss? He laughed, though, and I remembered how to breathe.

His voice dropped, but I was surely imagining it. “How about you get in here by noon. We can have lunch and talk about you being my new secretary.”

“Yes, sir,” I whispered. It slipped out before I could stop it. And there was a tone in my voice I wasn’t accustomed to—a nervous kind of sultry note. I had never responded to Mr. Klitzner that way. It had always been *Yes, Mr. Klitzner* even, *Yes, Jerry. sir. Ever.* A whirl of fear started low in my belly. I was going to miss my chance at this job by acting like a spaz.

He didn’t seem to notice and, for that, I was thankful. “Can you be here for lunch? I’ll order in. We can talk. You seem like the right girl for me.” His voice was like a drug, deadening my nerves and making me feel pleasantly slow and a bit sluggish.

“Sure. I can be there. Just for you.” I bit my lip. There. I had done it again. I had said something wildly inappropriate to a possible employer. *God.*

He laughed again, and I found myself shifting in my seat. I moved this way and that, hoping to relieve the sudden yearning in my pussy—the pulse that beat between my thighs, only from a voice. How would I be when I met Mr. Nelson? What would I do? How would I act?



I pushed the thought away as he said his goodbyes and hung up. Then I rushed up the steps to find an outfit appropriate for an interview. I had an hour or so to get myself together and stop flinging double-entendres around like a crazy woman.

I walked out of the house in a taupe wrap dress, black hose held up by a black garter belt, three inch patent leather heels, and my hair in a loose, almost messy bun. I was sex in stilettos, but I fooled myself into thinking I had simply chosen clothes that said, *Hire me.* What I had actually chosen were clothes that said, *Want me.*

When I arrived, the office door was open, the front desk deserted. The room was decorated in a nice color scheme—a very pale shell-pink with hints of cream. Mr. Nelson had definitely not just

had the office building painted—he'd hired a decorator. Good for him. I could work for a man with some taste.

"Hello?"

No answer.

Awards lined the walls for the vocational rehabilitation work they had done. Community service plaques. Group staff photos. Overall, nice stuff. A place you'd want to work. And in every photo a tall, dark-haired man with an easy smile and one dimple. Bright-blue eyes that smiled right along with the rest of his face. Broad shoulders and trim hips and muscles. Oh, my, just enough muscle. An invisible flutter started low in my belly, and my mouth went dry. There was no way that could be Adam Nelson. He would be short and fat and bald and married happily for thirty years or more.

"Sorry it's deserted. I shut down for interviews. You'd look really nice in that photo with the rest of us. I'm sure you have a lovely smile." There was that voice, and there was the man. He was as easy to look at in person as in the photos.

I clutched my chest like an old biddy and sucked in a breath. "Dear God, you scared me!" Then I caught myself, yet again. I smiled, a real but very nervous smile. "Mr. Nelson?"

"Right you are. And I can only assume that you are Pepper. The Pepper who is going to save me from myself and a mountain of paperwork, right?" As he spoke, he took my arm in his hand—his very big, very warm hand. He led me down the hallway toward an open office door. I studied the bunching of muscles under his rolled up sleeves. He had forearms to die for, and he smelled like leather and citrus. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply. When I opened my eyes, he was staring at me and smiling—a very amused look on my almost new boss's face.

"Yes. Right! I can save you from paperwork. And light flirting is no problem."

Oh shit. Mr. Nelson smiled and guided me into his door. "Good to hear." He laughed softly, and the sound when right under the silk gusset of my panties. I sighed, exhausted from being so ridiculous.

"Filing, sir. I meant filing. I misread it this morning. I wasn't awake yet. Not enough coffee, you know. And I read it as light flirting. And I found it amusing, kind of. Anyway, I must have said it wrong because..." I hung my head and let my running anxiety-riddled monologue peter out. "God, never mind. I'm sure you're ready to just get onto the next interview."

He settled on the edge of his desk. Long legs stretched out before him, big hands clasped against his lap. "Well, I did have a few set up today, but after I talked to you, I rescheduled."

"I ... um..." I blinked. The fluorescent light on the suspended ceiling suddenly felt like an interrogator's heat lamp. He moved his hands over his crotch, right on top of his cock. I watched, sure that I was hallucinating. If I hadn't heard the hiss of his skin sliding across the

fabric of his pants, I wouldn't have believed my eyes. But he had. Before, I had shifted in my seat because I had felt a desire for him; now I was vibrating with my urgency to touch him. An unusual reaction for me, but impossible to ignore.

"How fast can you type?"

"Ninety words a minute," I whispered, transfixed by his sliding grasp. He opened his hand in slow motion like a magician and then slid his flattened palm along the now visible ridge of his hard-on. "Sir..." I said softly.

"You say that well."

I could only nod. And watch. I shifted in my seat and felt the maddening moisture gathering in my panties. Would he want to touch me? Should I let him? Did his cock taste like oranges? Would he bend me over the desk and fuck me from behind? Or on my back in his desk chair? Against the wall? I realized I was holding my breath because my ears started to ring.

"Where did you go there?" he asked. He smiled crookedly, and my heart rate tripled.

"To a very bad place," I admitted. The flush on my cheeks could start a forest fire.

"Are you a bad girl?"

Any other time that question would have made me laugh, or it would have pissed me off. Not this time. This time, it spiked my nipples and set off a flurry of invisible butterflies in my belly. I cleared my throat, tried to speak, and failed. I nodded instead.

"I don't usually conduct interviews like this," he admitted, still stroking himself through his slacks.

"That's a relief," I managed, unable to redirect my gaze. His fingernails were square. There was dark hair on his knuckles. Good hands. Big hands. I have a thing for hands.

Adam Nelson leaned in, and I leaned back. He was suddenly imposing, larger than life, and a little scary. I realized we were alone. At least, as far as I could see. Fear skittered up my spine and came to pool in my pelvis. I clenched my insides, making a small sound as my pleasure bloomed in my cunt.

"Do you take dictation?"

We both knew what he meant. There was no way that either of us could play naïve. The brazen nature of the question, followed by the gallop of my heart in my chest, stunned me. I sucked in a great gulp of air, my eyes straying away from his bright-blue eyes and back to his cock. "I do." Then I licked my lips. Deep inside I was going insane at my incredible audacity. But on the outside and in my nether regions, I was thrilled—completely flabbergasted and turned on to the

point of panting.

“Good. I need a girl who’s good. One who can go in for the long haul.” There was a distinct twinkle in his eyes and humor in his voice.

A nervous little giggle slid over my lips, and I covered my mouth. “I am. I am in for the long haul, sir.”

He stepped forward, his crotch near my face. I put my hands out, splaying them on either side of his zipper. “You have two first names,” I said for no reason.

“I do. You’re right.” He laughed softly and the sound went to my head like red wine or expensive tequila.

“You smell good,” I said. *Brilliant.*

“Thank you,” he said. “And you are very sexy in a breathy kind of way when you are flustered. You were flustered on the phone and you’re flustered now. Do you think it’s possible to be attracted to someone simply from a phone conversation?” He palmed the back of my head, sifting his fingers through my hair and pushing me ever so gently toward the bulge in his pants.



I rested my forehead against his hard cock and tried to catch my breath. The feel of his hands in my hair, working that bun so that my hair fell down around my shoulders, was soothing and arousing all at once. “I didn’t really think so. Until today,” I said.

Adam moaned, from the heat of my breath on him, I assumed. I pushed my fingers against his zipper, touching the pull like it might bite me. Then I took a deep breath, steadied my nerves, and tugged it gently. It growled its metallic growl.

“Good girl. Do you like to take orders?” he asked almost conversationally.

“Not normally,” I admitted. I had the zipper down, and I slid my pointer finger between the shiny teeth and past the fly in his boxers. My skin touched his skin, and we both made soft sounds of want.

“But will you?”

“From you,” I said, stroking him absently. I liked the feel of his cock under my finger, how it jerked like I was tugging a string.

“Stand up for me, Pepper. Let’s see what’s under this dress.”

The untying of my dress was almost ceremonial. It was belted and it fell open like a trench

coat. I had dressed like a horny pervert and had never been more thankful for subconscious sexuality.

"This is very nice. Will you dress this way every day?" he asked, peeling my bra cups down so my breasts stood out over the cups. I shivered at the sudden rush of cool air and avid attention.

"Maybe not every day. I—" I broke off because he slid his hand between my thighs, ran a finger over the tops of my hose. He rubbed my clit through my panties, working the silken material into my split so that it became soaked from his touch. "I..."

"Yes?"

"I forget. Oh, I try to dress in a professional ... m-manner every day." I was panting, and I felt like I might have a heart attack if he didn't kiss me soon. Or fuck me. I would take either one.

"And feminine it seems." While I watched, he took a pair of scissors from his desk and snipped the sides of my panties. They clung to me tenaciously for a moment and then dropped to the floor with a slight sound.

"Oh, I liked those." But there was no anger in my voice, and he glanced up to smile at me. When he got on his knees, I immediately widened my stance. His dark head lowered toward me, and I felt my pussy go warm and soft for him. And even wetter. I braced myself for the touch of his mouth but still gasped when it came. "But I like this better."

I held tight to the edge of the desk as he ate me. His hot, wet tongue and gloriously velvety mouth clamped over me. Sucking me up. Licking me clean. Making me crazy. Somehow my hands went from the desk to his shoulders, where they pushed and pulled and randomly plucked at his crisp white shirt. "Oh, God, please." I didn't know what the hell I meant, but I said it.

More low laughter. *At least he finds me amusing*, I thought. Adam stood and reached for me. I wanted to back up but had no where to go. I liked the nearly malicious look on his face, like he could eat me right up. He pulled his tie from his collar and it made a sharp hissing sound. "Put those hands out, Ms. Valentine."

I started to and then pulled them back. Out. Back. I wanted to so badly but was afraid of how far I had let myself go. How much I had gone outside of my norm. I wasn't the meet and fuck girl. I wasn't the bondage girl or the submissive girl. And while he watched, I ran all of this through my head, and my body thumped with a demanding rhythm all its own.

"Pepper," he said. There was warning and want in his voice.

Fuck it. I stopped the war inside of me. I wanted it. Needed it. And I would ride out this bizarre attraction and the even more bizarre urges. The reminder of the feel of his mouth on my pussy

was the final straw. I put my hands out wrists up and watched him tie his navy-blue tie around me in a neat and tidy knot. His hands palmed my ass and he hoisted my hips up onto the desk.

"I'm glad your dirty side won," he said against my throat and proceeded to bite a path from below my ear to my nipple.

Each nip made my body buck slightly like I was being electrocuted. All the while, his fingers spread my pussy lips and stroked my clit. My hips kept surging up to meet him. I was on the verge of begging him to fuck me. He pushed his fingers into my pussy, working my sensitivity until I was breathing hard, head throw back.

"Spread your legs." It was an order, and I obeyed, letting them fall open whorishly as he pushed himself between my thighs.

The head of his cock pressed to me. He looped my bound arms over his neck so I was draped over him. He kissed me and bit my bottom lip hard enough to make me cry out. At the same time, he slid deep inside of me and started to move.

My body, confused somewhere between pleasure and pain, gripped up around him, and I teetered there on the edge of coming as he thrust deeper. "Mr. Nelson, sir," I managed until he pinched my nipple, and I jerked under him.

"Yes, Pepper?" His hips moved faster, not jerky but urgent. He held my ass tight, so tight, while he fucked me. I wondered if I'd have handprints on my bottom when he was done.

"I want to assure you ... *oh!*" I came. Right there on my hopefully new boss's desk. I came so hard I bit my tongue.

"What would you like to tell me?" And then his mouth was full of my tit because he was sucking so hard spots bloomed in my vision.

"I don't always interview this intensely."

"I see." I could tell by his face he was done for. I leaned up and bit lightly on his coarse jaw where stubble was just pushing through the skin. Then I kissed him, sucked his tongue deeply into my mouth as he yanked me to him. "Good ... to ... know." He stilled, hissing a little and then I could tell he was coming. Hard. And that made me come again.

"About that light flirting." He continued to fuck me until all the spasms in my pussy stopped.

I was limp and boneless and, to be honest, a bit stunned. "Yes, sir?"

"It might be a little more than we imagined at first. But after lunch we can run through what I expect of you. In your new position."

When he said *position*, his grin turned my heart inside out for a moment. “I’m pretty much up for any position,” I said. And God help me, I meant it.

“I’m going to count on that.”

He smoothed his big hands over my waist, and my muscles flickered at his touch. So sensitive and steeped in sex, was I. “You can count on me, sir. I’m the girl for you.”

“I think you are.”

I smiled. Best job interview ever.



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ABOUT THE WRITER OF “LIGHT FLIRTING”: Author of hundreds of short dirty stories, **Sommer Marsden** ([SommerMarsden.blogspot.com](#)) has appeared in dozens of anthologies including [Best Women's Erotica 2010](#) and [2011](#), and she is the author of numerous novels including [Calendar Girl](#). Sommer recently edited some stellar authors in Kindle books [Dirtyville](#) and [Kinkyville](#) for her own so-small-it's-nearly-invisible publishing company [December Ink](#).