

Julia's Story

By
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The young beauty looked at the note she had found on her desk when she arrived for work this morning at T&G Rotary Gears. "Juliana, would you come to my office immediately after lunch today? We have business to discuss concerning your tenure here through the remainder of your internship and your future." And... it was signed by T. Jens, V.P. Personnel... not by Mrs. Freeman who had hired her, nor even by Mr. Fundseth, Director of Personnel... but by the vice president in charge of that entire department... and others.

Was her work, after all, unsatisfactory? Was she about to be dismissed? No, she reasoned, if she were being fired, it would not take a VP to do that. But what would become of her plans for a career in International Marketing if she had, indeed, failed here? Yes, she still had to return to the University to complete her MBA and graduate in June.

June was, she realized, a long time from August, but she was scheduled to complete this internship early next month and, after a short trip home to see family, return to the U. and her final surge to complete her Master's course. Perhaps, she thought, Jens, as he preferred to be called, was merely feeling her out... or offering a permanent position with the company? ... No... She needed that MBA! That was her goal and that is exactly what she would do.

"Enough of this," she said aloud, finally. "Whatever will be is already decided and I can't change that, so I'll not let it worry me further!" With that, she opened the file folder, picked up the phone and went back to work... even if it did seem the hands on the clock were welded in place!

"Hello Julia, please come in and have a seat. I need to run something by you and get your feelings on it."

For more than an hour the two talked of the job the company and the people there. At long last the girl thought, I still have no real clue why I am in one of the most plush offices I have ever seen in my life... One-hundred and third floor, water side, Olympic Towers in downtown Seattle with a magnificent view to the west across Puget Sound to the Olympic Mountains. The furniture was totally top drawer and exquisite!



When Jens offered her a glass of a rare Chablis and escorted her into his private chamber, she felt a bit better, but was still most curious. "I have asked you to attend me here today because the conversation we are about to have will officially never happen. What we are about to discuss can never happen in American business, at least not officially... I know your situation... your schedule... and we have discussed your goals... And I think your vision is far too shortsighted. You are on course to graduate with your MBA with a perfect academic record. Your personal record is spotless and your history in this company is beyond reproach...



If you turn down the proposal I am about to ask you to consider we will still be offering you, on graduation, a junior executive position with a six-figure starting salary plus other perks.

On hearing this, the young woman nearly fainted. Here she was afraid she was about to be fired and she was, instead, being handed the Silver Chalice... And it took her breath away. Then her mind seized on it... The "but" which was, as yet, unspoken so she just listened...

"However," Jens continued, "you can have more... Much more!"

She merely looked askance at him and said "The part that is not mentioned above... " And left it hanging there...

Jens laughed just a little then said, "You're even quicker than I imagined... But, yes, that part."

"What we're going to discuss is totally taboo and you may stop me at any time, but my hope is, you will hear me out and take time to consider all the ramifications. You are certainly far above thinking that talk can be harmful to you... But, if you do stop me, this conversation is not only over, it never took place and the earlier offer will be tendered you at the appropriate time... Should I continue?"

"Oh, yes of course... There is no way I could ever live with myself if I did not know what I was missing, now is there?"

Again Jens recapitulated all of the woman's assets plus one new one... "You are one of the most beautiful woman who has ever entered these doors and we would like to take advantage of that fact."

While flattered, the girl was in no way overwhelmed for she knew of her beauty and she knew how to use it. At this point, it was dawning on her where this was headed... she said, "When the company entertains buyers, I assume you make sure there are companions available for those who would wish one?"

Again, Jens smiled and said, "In a word, yes! We want our clients to be perfectly happy while they're here and we provide the best we can. Mostly we do so through escort services and, as you can imagine, we demand the very best... But that is still not ideal... You, my dear, are our ideal... A company executive with all the attributes thereto... Breeding, poise, intelligence and 'skin in the game', so to speak.

"Well," the girl said quietly, "I didn't imagine you'd want me to act the common escort, but I'm a bit overwhelmed. Do you have a scenario in mind that you could share with me?"

"Yes," he responded, "I do. We host cocktail affairs... strictly black tie, for those clients... You would just need to be there... One of the executive guests... But with an eye to whomever is most important to us... And just do what a woman does in that case. There is no money involved in this, so there is no smack nor taint of prostitution. We, the company, will compensate you for your services... And generously so. To attend the party, you will receive a stipend... And if the customer signs the order, that stipend is doubled along with a commission paid. In addition, you will have an open-ended expense account for whatever you need to do your job... clothes, of course... spa... beauty care... Gym membership... etc. etc. No questions will ever be asked."

"Jens," the girl said a bit breathlessly, "I will need time to make sure I want this, but I see absolutely no reason I would turn it down... But... June seems so far away."

"Sweetheart," he answered, "if you agree here, this goes into effect now! You are on full salary with your only duty until graduation being our soirées..."

"What is the fly in the ointment? Will I be in danger?"

"The downside?"

She nodded.

"Do you like women?"

"For this package, I will learn to! Actually, I've always been curious, so I see little problem there, even."

"How will this affect my career here? After all, I want to be an executive, not a procurer, when all is said and done."



“It will accelerate your career. As fast as you can learn, you will be so rewarded and expect by age thirty to be a full partner in the corporation with the seat on the board...”

The lights were low in the ballroom at the Tse Halo Country Club when the young woman entered. Just her exit from the company’s limo was enough to stop conversation in the immediate area. Not a man there did not know she had arrived... And more than a couple of women as well... With all the grace of a cultured lady, the beauty smiled warmly at her court and, spying Jens to one side, waved demurely, causing the man to immediately make his apologies to the lady at his side and move to escort the newest arrival into the interior.

The pair made a grand scene, he in charge and she on his arm as they moved through those milling about. Cleopatra had never made a grander entrance... Not even to Roman itself on the back of an elephant, than did this woman this evening!

As they entered the five-star room, Jens directed her to a very handsome, middle-aged couple where he introduced her very simply as... “Alain, Mrs. Chamberlain, I am pleased to introduce you to our newest vice president of product distribution, Juliana Knight... Julia, please meet Alain and Margaret Chamberlain... Chairman of the Board of our company and his lovely wife and partner...”

And she was lovely... A stunning blonde in her mid-thirties... approximately twenty years the junior to her husband. In fact, Julia was as stunned by the beauty before her as that lady had been by Julia.

The four talked quietly until Alain was called away, leaving Jens with the two ladies. It was Margaret who took Julia’s hand and said, “My dear, at our first opportunity we must have you to dinner! Perhaps at the lake house, Jens?” she asked.

“I will see that it is arranged for you Margaret... if that suits you, Julia.”

“Oh my, yes... It is a wonderful idea,” The girl effused while smiling precociously at the slightly older woman, knowing full well the menu she intended and her place in it... And, actually, anticipating it!

“It’s a date then,” the woman said, The time will be arranged and a car sent for you! Now, I must join Alain as I see the Prescotts of Amalgamated Manufacturing have him cornered and he has trouble abiding Mira Prescott at any time!”



With that, she was gone and Jens excused himself to attend a newly arrived couple. Julia stood quietly for just a moment in her most stunning evening gown while she took just a sip of her very fine wine and thought about what she was doing and just where she was. She had been thoroughly briefed on who would be there and who it was important to cultivate a relationship with and, equally as important, whom to avoid... Not that these were not important people... There were no unimportant people in that room, but those to whom her time was to be dedicated.

When she spied one of her primaries across the room perusing the volumes on a bookshelf there, she moved slowly in that direction... Not like a cat on the hunt, but casually, with a hello here and a smile there... a stop to exchange a word with someone she knew or to shake hands with someone she did not know. Inexorably, the distance diminished until, at last, she was near enough to speak... "Oh my, what a lovely collection... Chaucer... Shakespeare... Even Poe and Fitzgerald!"

The man turned to her and stopped... He had not seen her before and she was an absolute vision in her shimmering evening gown... Cut low enough to show what she wanted shown and promising so much more! It was long and it shimmered to her toes while being slit up the side all the way to there. He was immediately entranced... And dumbfounded.

Finally, he recovered sufficiently to offer an introduction... "Hello, I am Peter Dutchly... To whom do I have the pleasure of addressing?"

Demurely, she lowered appraising eyes and replied, "I am Julia Knight... I'm with the hosts here tonight and, to be sure, I'm a bit out of my comfort zone just now."

"Now," he laughed easily, "how could that be so? I don't think I have ever, in all of my thirty years in business, ever seen one so born to their position as you are here. Alain told me he brought a shining new executive on board but for once, I'd say he did not exaggerate!"



On cue, the girl blushed slightly and thanked him for the compliment and, in that way real women have, let him know she was attracted to him and was available... A soft touch of her fingers on his arm... Genuine interest in what he had to say... For what he said was of great interest to her and to her company.

As the evening progressed, Julia stayed close to the man... Even to the point of taking his arm, when offered, as they move from room to room. To say she was doing her job as she was hired

to do would have been no more than the truth, but... In fact, she found the gentleman to be a fascinating companion. He was gracious and polite even while exuding the power and a force of character a lesser man could only dream of possessing.

By the time the evening begin to wind down and the guests begin to retire... Seldom alone, and often, even couples were pairing with other than those with whom they had arrived, Julia was wondering how to suggest the next step without appearing eager, when Peter solved her dilemma by asking, "Julia, would you do me the honor of attending dinner with me tonight?"

"I would be delighted to do so Peter, but I'm afraid I'm not quite dressed for dinner out," the lady said... And was about to suggest she be allowed to turn to her to return to her suite to change when he added...

"That won't be necessary my dear... We shall merely dine en suite and, I assure you, you are dressed most appropriately!"

As they retired to their private dinner, Jens and Alain stood slightly aside and noted with great pleasure that their "investment" in this bright young woman was already paying dividends.

On arrival at Peter's suite, he picked up the house phone, made a few remarks then turned to



the woman who had so enchanted him this evening... Certainly, the finest evening of its kind he had ever spent "Julia, may I?" He asked as she moved into his arms and looked up into the intensity of his eyes. Has he bent to her... Not far, he noted, for she was unusually tall for a woman... His lips met hers softly as their bodies begin to sway softly to the light rhythm coming from the suite's most excellent sound system.

Softly at first, as a lover's kiss should be... Then slowly building in urgency as the fire in their souls began to smolder hotter and hotter.

She would have been most willing to postpone or even forgo dinner in favor of more intimate concerns, but understood that life was played by different rules when one played in the penthouse and timing and poise were everything, so she checked her ardor... as did he... And they danced and kissed then danced again until dinner arrived. They broke then for a regal repast... A meal fit for royalty... for is that not what was represented here?

Later, if asked, she could not have told what was served, but she surely knew how it was done for the suited waiters attended them intently... Nothing was left to chance and no opportunity to serve passed unnoted.

Talk was quiet and tended to small things of little consequence until all was cleared away when, while moving to the airs of the great Johnny Mathis hit, "Chances Are", his hand slid up her side as he was kissing her deeply... a kiss she was meeting in kind as she felt his warm hand slide inside the fold of her gown to caress her very ample breast. Softly he caressed and she sighed in response to the energy pulses he was sending through her body to the nerve centers that were igniting her throes of passion.

When fingers found, then fondled an erect nipple, she uttered an involuntary moan of pleasure and literally melted into his control. As of this moment she was his to use as he wished and to own her soul for the nonce.

Of course, with this gown, she wore no undergarments so there was absolutely nothing to hinder whatever he had in mind to do... And she was certainly not about to object! She felt the strap that passed behind her neck to serve to hold the upper half more or less in place release, baring herself to him and then allowing the entire affair to slide seamlessly to the floor as his mouth found her proud, hard nipples and he began suckling them. This mewling and purring he was eliciting from her was causing a flood of moisture to lubricate her nether regions allowing those now searching fingers to slide easily into her slit and up into her now dripping opening.

It was beyond human response and she was very afraid her legs could no longer hold her erect when he swept up her nude body and carried her to his bedroom and the exquisite round bed to be found there. Immediately upon laying her there, he spread her weakened legs as he then bent to taste of the juices flowing from the region of a well-trimmed and manicured mound.

She felt his probing tongue separate her labia as he licked her from the bottom of her entrance to the clitoris itself and when he slid his finger deep inside her to stroke her in time with his oral ministrations, she could control no more and the orgasm that followed was literally mind blowing in its intensity... She was sure she had passed out momentarily but the feeling and pulsating never slowed even as she felt his body lift from hers.



With a sinuous roll and a look of languor, she turned to see him standing, slowly removing his own clothes. She marveled at the firm condition of a fifty-five-year-old body, and was eagerly anticipating the feel of his now very rigid manhood as it penetrated where his finger had so recently explored. As he turned back to her, she rose enough to reach him and pulled his beautiful cock to her mouth where she engulfed it. This was a facet of sex she had not been fond of prior, but when this position was offered, she

knew that to be the best, she had to be the best at this part as well, so she went to work to learn.

It was a crash course, to be sure, but she had always been quick to learn any skill set before her, and this one was no different.

In mere minutes, she had the man gasping for breath and, as was her full intention, very ready to send his first discharge down her throat. She had learned to enjoy doing this and look forward to doing it for Peter.

“Sweetheart,” he stated as he pulled out of her hot and sexy mouth and stopped her expert manipulations of his very stiff member and the two round parts attached thereto, “I am older and will probably only be capable of one orgasm and I would much rather put it to better purpose than your gorgeous mouth... If you don’t mind...”

With a demure smile... Much like that of a stray cat **offered** a bowl of warm milk, she purred “I have just the place for that, Darling! And she began pulling him toward her wet and most willing orifice.

He could not believe how it felt as he slid into her depths... slowly at first, with her on her back and her legs in the air, his elbows hooked behind her knees to hold them there... More quickly now, he rode her while penetrating her deeply as her juices flowed to keep them high.

She could not keep quiet... what he was doing to her was far beyond anything she had ever known before. He was raising her to heights she had never known existed and she felt wave after wave of orgasm flood her thoroughly aroused body.

He stopped... rolled her over, moved behind her and entered her from there... This was not her first time in this position... In fact, it was one of her favorite ways to do it, but this was so different... She was so much hotter... So much more into it... And this man was older than her father... But that didn’t matter... For this was her man and she was his woman and she wriggled and she squirmed... Impaled so deeply on his rod and wanting it to never end when she felt him begin to swell even larger inside of her and his breath was shortening even as she felt her own body begin to convulse in total orgasm. She let out a very guttural, very primal scream as she felt his load discharge deep inside of her willing pussy as they both collapsed in the bed and just laid still as she eventually felt him shrink then, to her chagrin, slide out of her... Only then to feel the fluids as they seeped slowly out of her and down her legs...

The young woman excused herself to allow time to clean herself and, while she was so engaged, he asked, “Must you leave tonight?”

“No,” she responded, “I can see no reason why I would want to leave... That was the most incredible evening I have ever known and I have no desire for it... Or you... to have to separate now.”

In fact, the lady spent the weekend with Peter and...

When she checked in with Jens on Monday, she was greeted with great enthusiasm and the spectacular news that they had received the most lucrative order for equipment the company had ever received... From Amalgamated...

She had to hurry to make class, but she took time to check her bank account and was amazed by the generosity of her company... In addition, when she returned home there was a package waiting for her which, when she opened it, found it contained two Krugerrands... one ounce each .999% pure gold with no paperwork attached. This was, indeed, going to be a most lucrative situation... But her biggest surprise came, when answering the door a bit later and a messenger handed her a packet, which he had to take time to read...

“Julia... For the most remarkable weekend any man has ever known... twenty-five shares of our preferred stock... Worth today \$92.37 per share... May we meet again soon? Perhaps at my Caribbean home?” Signed... Peter

