

Doing The Business

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Interview Technique

It was just another day at the office for Phil, or so he thought as he sipped his morning coffee and looked at the final short list of candidates for the job. He'd lost his last personal assistant when she'd left to start a family, but Ruth had been with him for years and wouldn't be easy to replace. However, the list was looking promising, he'd been reading CV's for what felt like months now, but these three stood out from the rest and seemed to have exactly what he was looking for.

Phil had decided to look for a single career girl this time round, Ruth had been great as PA's go, but she had always found it difficult to balance work demands with those of her husband. This had meant he was expected to go to all the out of town meetings on his own, therefore making them all work and leaving him precious little time to socialise with clients. This time things would be different, he'd make it clear from the start.

Stepping out of his office he could see the three candidates already seated in reception. He took a moment to study them from a distance, before making his way over to collect the first of them and start the interview process. However Phil already thought that one stood out from the rest, so decided he'd keep the one that aroused more than just his interest until last, so that if she was all he hoped her to be – well there was a chance to ask her to join him at lunch and talk over the job offer.

The first two candidates were just fine, both on paper and in person. Either one being able to fit the job and his requirements for travel and all those out of town meetings, but somehow he was convinced that the last one would be the one for him. It wasn't her looks, though those were fine, and on paper all three were hard to distinguish or pick from. However there was just this hint of playfulness about her that Phil thought might make the job more fun.

So as Phil greeted her and escorted her to his office, he was already looking forward to the whole interview process once more. Well it wasn't every day he got to be alone in his office with someone who seemed to spark more than his intellectual interest!

Anna knew she was being admired, and let her bum wiggle a touch more than usual as she made her way to the smart looking executive office. Slowing down and making sure he had to brush against her as they entered it, hitching up her form fitting skirt just a little as she took her seat, showing off a bit more shapely leg in the process. Then sitting back and really owning the chair, shoulders back, breasts thrust forwards, and then fixing him with a gaze that he'd most certainly have read as a come-on had he been at a bar or nightclub.

It took Phil a moment to calm his nerves and get his now excited libido under control; this was just the sort of woman he'd go for, if it wasn't for her being here to apply for a job. He took a deep breath and started his usual preamble about the position, his company and the demands he made on his PA, while all the time his body was screaming at him to add in his requirement for a pre-meeting blowjob to calm his nerves, a celebratory fuck in the boardroom after landing a new contract and convention weekends spent sharing a

room with him and revelling in every kink and perversion he fancied trying.

Licking her full, pouting lips before answering him, Anna smirked as she noted his growing agitation, the now taught trouser crotch, the slight flush to his face and all those other little telltale signs of arousal. He was just the sort of smart-dressed type she liked, a real go-getter, hopefully with a kinky streak a mile wide. How on earth would she cope working next to a man like him, who got her pulse racing and her body all aroused, day in, day out, if he didn't make a move on her? It'd be plain torture and the only kind of torture Anna was into tended to lead to a mind blowing orgasm at the end of it all.

OK it was a job she wanted and needed, but she was also single and on the hunt for a man who could fulfil her own particular needs. A man who would put her over his knee and paddle her backside until her juices soaked her thighs and her clit throbbed with need; who could keep up with her sexual appetite and stimulate her sense of naughty. With that firmly in mind Anna leant forwards and made damn sure he got an eyeful of cleavage, before sitting back in the chair and crossing her legs, one sexy stiletto pointed in his direction.

Phil gulped, wishing to hell he could bury his face in those tits, suck and bite at her nipples, before uncrossing those lovely legs, parting them wide and thrusting his big cock deep into her wet cunt. The sexual tension was palpable as the interview rolled on; he realised that Anna was more than capable of doing the job he needed doing, but how on earth could he keep his hands off of her? He was a successful business man and didn't need dragging to court for sexually harassing a woman at work.

Phil had almost given up on his desire to hire her, when it occurred to him to ask her a few pretty important questions, seeing as she'd be required to travel with him to out of town clients, motor shows and business conventions; the latter often ending up with a dinner and drinks, if not with bars and nightclubs, loads of sexual innuendo as well as raunchy jokes being shared.

“Well I'm all for sexual innuendo and naughty jokes, yes, I know it's not politically correct and all that, but I find being on my best behaviour all the time really tiresome.” Anna sighed and hoped to hell she'd not just blown the interview.

He mused over her answer for a moment, was she really giving him carte blanche to flirt with her? Was she suggesting he might get to spend weekends away on expenses fucking her senseless? Phil decided to take the plunge, after all she wasn't his employee just yet and one of the other two women he'd just interviewed could easily fit the mark, but Anna had him horny, hard and hungry for her.

“So if I had a few drinks too many, lost my control and flirted with you a bit, while we were away on business, what would you make of it? I'm not saying I make a habit of coming on to my employees, but considering you'd be with me for days at a time out of the office, well I'd rather know now than find myself sued for being human! I mean you're a very attractive young woman and all.” Phil added as if to qualify his growing lust for the tempting morsel of womanhood sitting just feet away.

Anna smiled; it was a wicked and knowing smile, which spoke volumes to him, before she so much as said a single word. “Well to my mind, what goes on

outside of work hours, should be seen as, well, nothing to do with work. Not that I have any problem with mixing a little work with pleasure or vice versa, just as long as there's a clear understanding from the start."

She continued, now that she could see Phil was relaxing, and smiling with obvious relief. "A little naughtiness can be a fantastic stress relief tool after all, and I understand that a man in your sort of position must suffer an awful lot of work related stress. I mean all those meetings and that travel, days on end away from family and friends, it must mount up." Licking her berry-ripe lips again before continuing, "It's my understanding that a PA's role is to make your job and therefore your life less stressful, by making it run more smoothly, sort of like your company's engine oil lubricates and helps a piston rod glide more smoothly."

She was sure she had him with the mention of stress relief, but the lubrication of his piston rod sealed the deal for him. Phil was sure that she was on the same wavelength now, but how to be 100% before offering her the position? One often under him he added in his mind.

Glancing at her watch and then up at the man she hoped soon to call her boss as well as at least her occasional lover, Anna pointed out that it was in fact lunchtime and maybe it would be nice to see if they got on well outside the office, before making anything official. Expressing her understanding of the fact that it must be very hard and therefore stressful for him to choose between herself and the other two candidates.

Too right it was very hard for Phil; in fact it was rock hard and throbbing to part those beautifully pouting lips, as he fondled her magnificent breasts. But he still managed to call for a reservation at a quiet restaurant

on the other side of town, and for the car to pick them up in 20 minutes time, to take them there.

Phil decided to make the most of that short time to better acquaint himself with the lovely Anna, asking her to try out at least a few of the roles that would be required of her on a daily basis. Joking that there are only so many bad cups of coffee he could drink, before tiring of even the most alluring of young women.

Anna giggled and asked him how he took his coffee, and at what times of day she might be required to do this for him. It'd be easy to remember, as Phil took it the way she liked it too, remarking on this as potentially showing that they had many, many tastes in common.

From the way her skirt clung to her arse as she bent over, he most certainly hoped that to be the case, if not he'd be jacking-off nightly, dreaming of that firm peachy pleasure ground and her hot, wet slit close by.

She made a good cup of coffee and let him look at her tits as she served it, damn how he wanted to suck on both of her firm cherry nipples, which were already straining at the fabric of her shirt. Anna stood close at hand, seemingly waiting for his appraisal of her coffee making skills.

He gave her the thumbs up only to be asked if there was 'anything more she could do for him, anything at all', in the silkiest, sexiest voice he'd heard for years. Phil looked up at her and noted her eyes had fixed on the very evident bulge in his trousers, he wasn't sure what to say, other than, "Well, eer...If you insist."

Licking those lovely lips, Anna hiked up her tight skirt once more, this time showing stocking tops and suspenders, giving herself just enough wriggle room to kneel down before him, and slowly undo his zip.

Does Anna pass the oral part of the interview?
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