

Vitaly Mushkin
President's Sex

Erotic slave



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Аннотация

The hero of the story experiences a split personality. In life he is an ordinary man, a man, and in sex he is a President, domineering and cruel. But here the case brings him to his boss. And the President turns into... Then read it yourself.

President's Sex Erotic slave

Vitaly Mushkin

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A new saleswoman came to the store where I work as a security guard, Alla. An ordinary woman, silent, conscientious. In uniform, a black skirt up to her knees and a red waistcoat, dressed in a white shirt with a short sleeve, Alla did not differ from her other “sisters” in the craft. Woman as a woman. Well, nothing special. Long blond hair pulled back with a barrette, a minimum of make-up and slightly worn out shoes with a low heel added a picture.

It was in the winter. In the evening, before the closing of the store, we all change clothes, so to speak, by “citizen”, who in what. Alla surprised me. From the dressing room, by the way, one for all, she appeared in the hall completely transformed. High boots to the knees, short skirt, tight sweater with a high collar. It turned out that Alla has a breast, a waist and a pleasant face. She

spread her hair over her shoulders, made up her lips and eyes, and her eyes seemed to promise something. “How it has changed,” I thought. No, I did not try to do anything, especially “glue” it. Work is work, and it is not in my nature to immediately get to know an interesting woman. And Alla was not very talkative, as I said, and whether I liked her, it was difficult to say.

Six months passed. Alla joined the team, got her friends and was not so withdrawn. Sometimes, we joked with her or talked a little. After the holiday, it seemed to me, Alla recovered.

“I rested with my mother,” she said. – And my mother, you know, from the table just so you will not leave.

“Alla has recovered,” I said to my partner. – And the cheeks became wider, and the priest.

– I saw such, – my partner, Andrey answered, – when I worked at the plant. Such “ladies” could be “removed” for a glass of fortified wine. Vaughn, her face swelled. It’s not from my mother, it’s from drinking.

Andrew was wrong, Alla was not from “such”. She nursed two young children and, as the shop said, her husband left her recently.

Sometimes my dinners coincided with Alla’s dinners. We were sitting in the dining room (she was a cloakroom) at the table against each other and ate. We almost never talked about food. Alla was sitting in a soft chair, standing sideways to the table, and I was on a bench. Delivering food from her container,

the saleswoman in parallel called the children or was looking for something in the mobile phone. Almost always, the top two polo-shirt buttons of her shirt were unbuttoned. It was really stuffy in the room. I ate from my container and sometimes cast glances at the top of my white breasts, which are very tempting to look at me. And Alla had a habit, pulling the top of the shirt, blowing her breasts. And in fact, the store was often hot, and the saleswoman's work required some effort.

At the end of the day, we, the store employees, changed their clothes in turns. And Alla somehow always took up the room longer than others. Usually, before I went into the locker room, I knocked on the door, there is no one there. This time I also knocked.

– Yes, you are.

I came in. Alla was sitting on a bench in her panties and a T-shirt. Seeing the half-naked woman's body, I recoiled.

– Yes, come on, Artem, I already almost got dressed.

The piquancy of the situation made me overcome the initial fear and I stopped, holding the door handle.

“Well, if I do not get in the way.”

And behind, in the hall, there were people. And at any time someone could come in here. Alla got up, turned away and began to pull jeans on slender legs. I turned to my locker and began to change as well, watching the woman with a sidelong vision. Alla buttoned up her trousers, sat down on the bench again, took

the T-shirt with her hands and pulled her upstairs. I froze in place. After taking off her t-shirt, Alla remained absolutely with a bare torso. That is, her breasts, her beckoning white breasts, were right next to me, at arm's length. I turned to the woman. Something closed inside me.

I knew that I should not have sex. Long ago, in my youth, I discovered in myself some split personality. Outside of sex, in communication, including with women, I was a normal, so to speak, person. But when it came to intimate relationships, I had some kind of mechanism involved and I turned into President. Yes, yes, to the President. The woman, my intimate partner, became my subject, a nonentity, a vile slave. And nothing I could not stop until the very orgasm. I turned to the doctor. But the doctor said that this, they say, is in the order of things and many men are just that way and behave in sex. I believed him somewhere, but somewhere not.

I turned to Alla. Her head was at the level of my stomach. She gave me a questioning look. She covered her breast with her t-shirt. I took the saleswoman by the chin.

– Well, rubbish, are you ready for a meeting with the Presidential Member?

– Artem, do not, can enter.

I did not listen to her. I pulled out a T-shirt, which became a barrier between me and the white breast. Then he slowly

unbuttoned his trousers and lowered them to the floor. Alla sat without stirring, looking with her eyes wide. I took off my panties. My penis has already firmly taken a dominant position, it was hard as a stone. I approached the woman closely and began to drive a penis over her body, over her shoulders, over her breasts, and around her neck.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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