

Patient Lee



She's My Reference



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By Patient Lee

Carrie stormed into the faculty room and slammed her binder on the lunch table where I sat eating my lunch. It was Taco Tuesday, my favorite. She scared the crap out of me, which made me spill taco guts all over my tie.

"That man has had it in for me since the minute he stepped into this building," she said, fuming.

"What happened now?" I said. I didn't care for Carrie's sake, but we were all trying to get a feel for what life was going to be like under the new "Roberts Regime."

"I am under direct orders to clear every training session with him before I even post it! How am I supposed to know which training I need to do if I cannot post it? I have been responsible for faculty technology training for two years now, and I have never needed administrator approval to schedule training. People sign up; I schedule the training. Simple as that," she said, over enunciating as she took the mail from her mailbox and grabbed her binder. "I do not understand why he cannot just trust me, like Sandy did." She slammed the door as she left the room, and the clacking of her high heels faded away after a moment.

"What the hell was that?" the math substitute at the end of the table asked.

"Hurricane Carrie," I said. "She's a little intense. She's pissed because she won't get all her 'special privileges' now that Sandy Larson is the curriculum administrator instead of the building principal."

"What did she do to earn those privileges?" the math sub asked with a raised eyebrow.

"They graduated from here together in the 90s," I told him. "Sandy takes care of her friends."

"Takes care of them, huh?" he asked, again with a wicked waggle of the eyebrows.

I finally got his meaning. "No, no. Nothing like that," I said. "Her friends, her former teachers, the people she hired—they get the best schedules, the air conditioned classrooms, and the cushiest duties. Things like that."

"Oh." He sounded disappointed.

For the first time, I thought about the possibility that Carrie had slept with someone to get this faculty tech trainer gig. Thanks to Mr. Substitute Math Teacher, I suddenly had a very clear, very naughty vision of Sandy. On her back, completely naked, legs spread wide with Carrie's head between her thighs. Her tongue lapped gently at Sandy's pussy. In my vision, which was so vivid that it practically had its own background music, Carrie was wearing nothing but a red thong and high heels as she bent her head in for another taste. Sandy's hands rubbed her own tits, and she moaned as Carrie's fingers spread her pussy lips again—

At that moment, the bell rang, bursting my daydream like a soap bubble. "And not a moment too soon," I said to myself. My cock had begun to stir before I heard the bell, so I was grateful for its piercing sound.

* * * *

"Can you believe Carrie quit that sweet tech trainer job?" my buddy Sean said as I placed my empty beer bottle on the bar in front of me. "She had the life there for a while. Roberts must have torn her a new one after Sandy got involved." Sean's chemistry class was across the hall from my biology classroom, but Mickey's Bar was a much more comfortable environment for discussing the morons we worked with. "I heard she told him he could go fuck himself."

"No way. Ms. English Teacher wouldn't dare use a word with only four letters," I said. "What's a really long word for fuck?"

"You're the biology teacher; you'd know better than I would," he said with a snort. "I teach chemistry, for Christ's sake. I just wonder who they'll replace her with. This Roberts guy probably has a niece that needs a job or something. You know how things work around here."

"I applied for it, but I know I won't get it," I said, shaking my head.

"What won't you get?" asked Crystal, as she joined us at the bar. Crystal sometimes stopped by for a drink or two, but she was married with kids, so she never stayed long. She taught algebra and geometry, and her outspoken nature kept her from getting any slack from the administration.

"The faculty tech trainer job. Cruella de Carrie quit," I said.

"You would be so good at that job," she said. "You do everything on those computers."

"Yeah, but he doesn't kiss anybody's ass, so he won't be first on that list," Sean said. He signaled the bartender for another round.

"It's just so frickin' frustrating," I said. "I work my ass off all the time, but because I didn't go to high school with Sandy, I get nothing. Who do you have to blow to catch a break in that place?"

"Careful what you wish for," teased Crystal. "We don't know anything about Roberts yet. He might require some 'encouragement' to hire you." She punctuated "encouragement" with air quotes.

"Hell, I'd take it up the ass, if I thought it would get me the job," I said as the bartender handed me my beer.

"Which job is that?" She was young and cute, and she giggled a little when she said it. I blushed and held my hands up in front of me in defense as I said, "You know that was a joke, right?" She smiled and said, "Oh, sure. A joke," but when she returned with our change, she asked again. "What's the job?"

I told her about the position and the unlikelihood of being the one to fill it.

"Is that in the Springdale School District?" The bar was located in Springdale.

"No. East Lake. The nepotism there goes back three generations."

"Isn't there a new guy in charge at East Lake? There was a thing in the paper the other—"

"Yeah. Our new boss. James Roberts. We don't know anything about him yet. I guess I'll be the first one to test the waters." The bartender smiled, flashing her gorgeous white teeth as she turned to wait on another customer.

When she returned, she looked me in the eye with a playful look and slid a piece of paper across the bar. "Call me. Maybe I can help you get that job," she said in a low voice. She sauntered off to wait on another customer, leaving me with my chin on the floor and her number in my hand, wondering what the hell she meant.

* * * *

When I got home, Mousse, my chocolate lab, was practically tearing down the door to get out. While I walked her, I thought about the bartender at Mickey's and her offer. I thought maybe she was offering to blow someone for me, but I really kind of hoped she was offering to blow me. Fortunately, Mousse knew the way home because I was completely lost in my own head.

I put Mousse's leash on the counter, grabbed a beer from the fridge, and headed for the shower. As the hot steam swirled around me, I convinced myself that she probably meant that she could get me a job at the bar or something. A part-time job didn't seem like a bad idea either, especially if it meant working with a hottie like her.

My cock was already in my hand when I allowed myself to picture her. She had to be ten years younger than I was. She didn't even look old enough to be in a bar, which I found oddly appealing. I stroked myself as I remembered our brief encounter. I saw her working behind the bar. Beautiful hands pouring drinks, long legs barely hidden by her short shorts. I grabbed the bar of soap and washed quickly then returned my soapy, slippery hand to my erection.

As I stroked the length of my cock, my imagination undressed her. She leaned over to pick something up and her shorts fell to the floor. I moaned and gripped my cock a little tighter when I saw that light blue slice of fabric resting between her buttocks. "Of course she wears a thong," I thought, forgetting that this was all happening in my mind.

I was sure that she would be clean-shaven, and when she turned toward me and removed her panties, I saw the thin swath remaining. I took my fingers and spread some of the pre-cum pooled at the tip of my cock around my shaft and stroked faster, rocking my hips back and forth in time with my fist.

Gazing at the swell of her breasts under her shirt, I wondered if her nipples were pierced. She removed her tight, Hollister top, revealing the sweet, little bra that matched the panties that she had already dropped to the floor. In my daydream, she looked down at my erection and licked her lips. I returned the look to her sex and found that her pussy lips were swollen and damp. I wanted to reach out and stick my fingers between those lips. Again I tightened my grip, imagining how tight her pussy would be.

Finally, her bra fell to the floor, revealing the most beautiful pair of tits my imagination could conjure. They would fit perfectly in my hands. I pumped my cock with my hand, hard and fast, and my orgasm approached. My hips could barely keep up with the pace of my jacking hand. My mind returned to those beautiful, luscious tits, to imagine her nipples. *Mmm . . .* Just as I expected. Light pink areolae, long nipples, and a glint of gold. Each nipple wore a small gold ring.

My tongue flicked out of my mouth to tease a nipple, to play with the pink, pierced nub. Suddenly, my cock exploded. My whole body flexed, and I stroked hard. The cum spurted from the tip of my cock, just as my lips closed around her nipple in my mind.

My orgasm lasted much longer than it usually does when I'm by myself. I'm also sure I yelled louder than I usually do. This orgasm was by far the best that I'd ever achieved without an actual woman there to help me. I finished my shower, brushed my teeth, and went to bed without even finishing my beer.

I knew it was crazy, but I also knew I would call her in the morning.

* * * *

The next morning, I sat on the couch with a cup of coffee, a stack of lab papers to grade, and my cell phone on the coffee table in front of me. I wasn't usually nervous about calling a girl, but I didn't know what her intention was, and I certainly didn't know what I planned to do about it.

I tried correcting some papers to calm my racing thoughts, but after reading the hypothesis on the first paper four times, I knew I was wasting my time. I looked down at the slip of paper in my hand. Chelsea was her name. I picked up my phone and dialed.

"Hello?" She answered in a perky voice, which reminded me of her perky tits. My cock was already twitching, so I took a deep breath and jumped right in. "Hi, Chelsea. It's Steve, from the bar last night?" I said. My voice dripped with uncertainty.

"Are you the one with the Porsche or the one who wants a new job?"

I wasn't prepared for teasing so I stammered, "Uh, you gave me your number."

She let me flounder for a second. "I'm kidding you! How are you?"

"Good. Confused, I guess," I said, fumbling. "I'm just going to bite the bullet and ask. What did you say to me last night?"

"Oh, about the job? I meant that you could use me as a reference. I can be *very* persuasive," she replied.

"For the job at school, right?"

"Of course! Did you think I was gonna get you a job at Mickey's?"

"Well, the thought had crossed my mind."

I could hear the smile in her voice. "Well, I can't recommend you if I don't know you. Let's get together so I can make sure you are the right candidate. What is the job again?"

"Faculty tech trainer. Can we have dinner tonight?"

"No good. I bartend, remember?" she said. "The boss frowns on taking Saturday nights off. How about tomorrow around noon? We can meet for brunch at the Battlefield Inn."

"Sounds great. Should I bring my résumé?" I teased.

"Meet you at noon."

"Can't wait."

I hung up the phone and returned to my lab reports. I still had trouble focusing, but I forced myself to get them done.

* * * *

Over brunch, we chatted and got to know each other. I learned that she had a degree in special ed, but she was taking some time to decide if she really wanted to teach for the rest of her life. I told her about myself, Mousse, my job teaching freshmen and sophomores, and how I was looking to move on from teaching biology all day long.

"Is this why you want the tech job so badly?"

"Yeah. I got my master's in educational technology, and I feel like I'm wasting my degree. I'm just ready for the next step." I paused and took a sip of my coffee. "In my career and my life, I guess. I'm starting to feel old."

She slapped me on the arm. "You're not old!"

"Okay, but I'm not getting any younger, and I'm not making any progress," I said. "Take this job, for example. I'm not going to get it because I refuse to kiss anyone's ass. It pisses me off that certain people get opportunities because of who they are instead of what they can do." I drained my coffee, trying to cool my temper. This was a hot topic for me, and it didn't take much for me to lose my composure.

"I work in an environment where half of the employees were hired because they were related to someone on the school board. The other half gets special treatment and opportunities because they went to high school with the boss. And the woman who just quit this job, I swear she was hired because she wears high heels and has big tits!"

I stopped and looked at her, shaking my head. "I'm sorry. That was out of line."

She smiled and put her hand on my thigh. "Let's get out of here. I want to meet your dog."

* * * *

When I opened the door to my apartment, Mousse barreled out onto the porch and knocked Chelsea into a chair.

"Christ, Mousse! You're heavier than she is! Down, girl!" I pulled Mousse back and clipped her leash to her

collar. "She needs a walk."

Chelsea rubbed Mousse's ears with both hands and baby-talked to the dog. "That's a good girl." She grabbed the leash and the pooper-scooper from the floor and started down the stairs.

"I got this," she yelled over her shoulder to me.

"Just take her down to the corner and back! I hate to make you scoop poop on the first date!"

They were half-way down the block already, so I took the opportunity to tidy up quickly. I'm not a slob, but I didn't want her first impression to be clutter. I put my coffee cup in the dishwasher, dumped the rest of last night's beer, and made my bed in a hurry. I sat on the porch, and waited for the girls to return.

As soon as they did, Chelsea and Mousse made themselves comfy on the couch in the living room while I got some bottles of water from the fridge.

"Sorry, this is all I have to offer," I said. "It's water or beer. We just finished breakfast, so I thought we'd be better off with water."

"This is great. Thanks."

I sat in the recliner opposite the couch and watched her love up my dog. I saw her delicate hands running across Mousse's back, and I was sucked back into Friday night's daydream. I could almost feel her hands on me now, running over my back, my head, my ass--

"Steve. Are you okay?"

I jolted back to reality to find Chelsea approaching me. I jumped out of the chair, realizing too late that my little reverie had made me hard enough to see my erection outlined through my jeans. Her eyes traveled down my body and came to rest on the bulge in my pants. My cheeks flushed hotly, and I tried to stammer an apology.

Chelsea stopped me with one finger on my lips and a hand on my fly. "*Shh*. I was coming over to wake him up, but I guess he's all ready to come out and play." I didn't have a chance to say anything before she knelt in front of me and unbuttoned my jeans. I closed my eyes and heard my zipper going down slowly.

I took a deep breath as she pulled my jeans and boxers down to my knees, and relief washed over me when my cock sprang out.

"*Ooh!* Someone's happy to see me."

"It's been a while since he's seen anyone but me," I said with a sheepish grin.

She stroked me with her tiny hand, and I moaned. I touched her hair as she touched the tip of my cock with her soft tongue, making me shiver. It had been a long time. I leaned into her, and she opened her mouth and allowed my cock to slide along her tongue toward the back of her mouth. Her lips closed around me and her head bobbed back and forth, taking the length of my cock deep into her warm, wet mouth. Her tongue lashed the underside of my dick. She pulled her mouth off and licked from the root of my shaft to the head, licking the pre-cum out of my slit and swirling around the head.

I laced my fingers through her hair and groaned, knowing I wouldn't hold on for long. "Oh, suck my cock. Suck it hard," I moaned. "That's it, baby. Suck my cock. Hard." I was barely coherent.

She took my balls in her hand and rubbed with her thumb. "Oh god. That feels so good. Do you like that cock in your mouth, baby?"

She smiled around me, which pushed me right to the brink. "I'm gonna come. Oh, you're making me come. Here it comes. I'm coming. Oh, fuck."

She sucked me right through my orgasm. I expected that she would take my cock out of her mouth as I came, allowing my cum to spray her face, but that was probably because my only recent sex "partners" had been the porn stars in my stash. Before I could gather my wits to offer directions to the bathroom sink to spit it out, she stood up and kissed me. Her tongue ran through my mouth, and I could taste my cum there.

"A swallower, huh?" I held her to me and kissed her on the nose.

"Why do you think I sucked your cock? Just to make you happy?" she said, her voice laced with sarcasm. "Where do you sleep?"

"Tired already? You work for ten minutes, and you need a nap?"

"Um, no. You're going to eat my pussy until I come on your face, and then you're going to fuck me," she said. "Take your pants off. You look silly like that."

I took all of my clothes off and left them on the chair. I picked up her hand and led her to my bed, suddenly grateful I'd thought to make it for a change. I lay back on my pillow with my fingers laced behind my head. While I lay there nude, my cock hardened again. Chelsea was still completely clothed. I said, "You are way over-dressed for this party."

She didn't say a word. She unbuttoned her shirt slowly and stared into my eyes. She opened the front and let

the fabric slide down her arms onto the floor. Her bra was white, not blue like in my vision, and the anticipation of seeing her tits was almost too much for me to handle. I put my hand on my cock and stroked it lazily. I was so fixated on her tits, I didn't notice her skirt coming off until I heard it flop to the ground.

I made some sort of soft sound as I exhaled, betraying just how aroused I was.

She smiled as she reached behind her back to release her bra. I stroked harder, not knowing how else to contain myself. As her bra came down, she cupped her breasts, teasing me. I was surprised to see that her nipples were not pierced as I had imagined. They were, however, completely erect, long and delicious-looking.

I started to sit up to go to her, but she shook her head slowly and hooked her thumbs in her silky, white panties. She undulated her hips, dancing seductively for me. Then she moved her hands from her breasts, slowly down her body, coming to rest between her thighs. Slowly she turned, revealing the sweetest ass cheeks I had ever seen with just a hint of fabric between them.

I groaned again.

She bent, looking over her shoulder at me. She started to pull her thong down over her ass then turned to face me again to give me one, last look before she was also completely nude. Her panties hit the floor silently.

My eyes dropped to take in her sex. It was indeed shaved, with a small patch of hair, similar to what I had pictured. She parted her legs just enough to reveal the metallic flash of her pierced hood.

"Oh, baby. That is so fuckin' sexy," I moaned. "Come here."

I pulled her by the wrists onto my bed. I laid her back, and sat over her to take in her naked body. I put my hands on her thighs and spread her legs. "So fuckin' sexy," I said again.

Her hands played with her nipples, which drove me wild. I love it when a girl can play with herself in front of me. For a second, I imagined how hot it would be to watch her masturbate. As I pictured her fingers rubbing her clit, I reached for her tits and gave them a gentle squeeze. We smiled at each other as I teased her nipples with my fingers then bent down to take them into my mouth, one at a time.

It was Chelsea's turn to shudder, and her hands crept down her flat stomach to her pussy. I kissed her on the mouth before moving myself down between her legs. Her fingers spread her pussy lips wide, again revealing that sweet, little piece of jewelry.

"Lick my cunt, Steve," she commanded.

I complied right away, putting my face right down to her pussy. I took a deep breath, smelling her musky scent. It made my mouth water, and I dipped my tongue between her lips. The ring with the tiny bead tickled my tongue, and I took a minute to play with it.

"Is this your first?" she asked.

"No, I always go down on girls I'm fucking."

"I mean your first pierced pussy," she said with a laugh.

"Yes. As a matter of fact, it is," I said right before closing my lips over her clit and its ring. I sucked it gently until she sighed and put her hands on my head.

With my tongue warmed up, I licked her whole pussy, trying out different directions and speeds, gaging her reaction. When she grabbed my hair and guided her hips to just the right spot, I licked harder, up and down.

"Ooh. Now you've got it. Eat my pussy. Drink it like a kitten drinks his milk." She was dripping with saliva and her own juices, so I took two fingers and slipped them inside. "Oh, god," she yelled. "Yeah, baby. Get those fingers in there. Finger-fuck me until I come in your mouth."

Her toes curled and her head thrashed back and forth, so I suspected that her orgasm was close. I found her spongy G-spot and swirled my fingers there while I continued to lap at her clit. That was all it took. She pulled my hair hard, ground her pussy against my face, and yelled, "Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. There it is." As she came down from her orgasm, I kissed her pussy, gently sucking her lips into my mouth, one and then the other.

She took a deep breath and said, "Get on top of me. I love being fucked right after I come."

I reached for the nightstand, where I kept condoms handy. I hoped they were still good, since I had no idea which year I'd bought them. I ripped the package with my teeth and slid the sheath over my cock. I mounted her missionary style, and her warm, wet cunt enveloped my cock. I rubbed her tits with one hand, supporting myself with the other. Her hips rocked in short, jerky movements.

When she started grunting in time with her thrusts, I figured something was rubbing her in the right place, and let her set the pace. Within minutes, her head thrashed again, and I knew she was about to come. "Come for me, baby. Give me that orgasm," I said as I pounded her.

This orgasm was a little quieter, but sounded satisfying nonetheless.

"*Mmm*. I love your cock. Oh, yeah. Keep it right there," she moaned. She relaxed, and I kissed her, letting her

tongue explore my mouth while I slowed my hips.

She said, "Ok, I'm good. It's your turn. What turns you on?"

I chuckled and said, "*Umm*, everything we've done today, including climbing the stairs and paying the bill at the restaurant."

"You know what I mean. How do you like it? Standing up? In the recliner? What's your pleasure?"

Instead of answering, I put my hands out to help her up then eased her onto her knees, facing away from me. I put my hands on her tits and pulled her back against my chest. I took a moment to caress her then eased forward onto her hands and knees.

"How's this?" I murmured, not really asking.

She moaned as I entered her again. I put my hands on her ass and pumped my cock in and out of her pussy. I took a deep breath and focused all my energy into fucking her. I reached under and grabbed her tits, which made her moan again.

My balls tightened, and I knew I was getting close. Part of me wanted to hold on, knowing that this glorious day was almost over, but the other part of me, the one that was buried in Chelsea's pussy, took over as a spasm shot through my groin. As I felt myself letting go, I pulled my cock out of her pussy, ripped off the condom, and rubbed it up and down between her ass cheeks. My cock spurted all over her ass and her lower back, and I yelled something that even I couldn't understand.

As I relaxed, I pulled her against me, feeling the stickiness of my cum between us. As we lay there spooning, I kissed her neck and drifted off.

When I woke up, it was getting dark out, and she was gone.

* * * *

I called Chelsea on my lunch break, trying to get some privacy in the crowded faculty lounge. She agreed to meet me at school at the end of the day in time for my interview. She said that she'd wait in the lobby, and the principal could call her cell phone if necessary.

"That way I'll be close by if you need me in person, if you know what I mean." I could practically see her winking through the phone.

"Sounds good. See you at three. And Chelsea, thank you," I said.

I left my classroom at five of three. "Good luck," Crystal called from down the hall.

Sean ran out on his way to the gym, so he just called over his shoulder, "Good luck, buddy. Knock his socks off."

I rushed down the hall toward the office, and I heard them snickering in Carrie's classroom. "Can you believe that Steve Fisher thinks he's going to get the job?" Sandy said, laughing.

"I know. I think he applied before I even quit," said Carrie the Cunt. "Let him be Roberts's lap dog. What the hell do I care?" My blood boiled, but I kept walking. The last thing I needed was a confrontation on the way to a job interview.

Chelsea was waiting in the lobby for me. I greeted her with a handshake and a kiss on the cheek and thanked her again. She whispered in my ear, "If a blowjob is what it takes, it's worth it."

I nodded, and the secretary let me know that Mr. Roberts was waiting for me. I knocked gently, and he motioned for me to come in. "Close the door behind you, Mr. Fisher."

I sat in the chair across the desk from him, ready for the inquisition.

Mr. Roberts did most of the talking. He had reviewed my records--always a good employee, satisfactory ratings since I was hired, a master's in ed tech. He didn't mention if there were other candidates, but I didn't see anyone else in the hallway, so I suspected I was the only one.

"The position is yours. You just have one decision to make," he announced as he closed the blinds on the office windows. "Would you prefer to take my cock in your mouth or in your ass? Either one, and the deal is sealed."

The floor dropped out from under me, and I was pretty sure I shit my pants a little. "Excuse me?" I stammered.

"You heard me, Mr. Fisher," he said, as he stood in front of me, unbuckling his belt and leaning against his massive desk. "Decide now, and let's get this over with. You'll want to have enough time to start moving your things to your new classroom. Will you be dropping your pants or getting on your knees?"

I couldn't speak. I sank to my knees in front of Mr. Roberts as he lowered his pants, hearing Chelsea's voice in my head. *If a blowjob is what it takes, it's worth it.* I gagged practically from the get-go. With my head swirling with

disgust, I wondered how long it could possibly take. I tried to mimic what Chelsea had done to me the day before, but I couldn't take it nearly as far into my mouth as she did.

He put his hand on the top of my head, and pushed my head gently back and forth, forcing me to fuck him with my mouth. He moaned, very quietly, and his cock grew in my mouth. I tasted his pre-cum, and I gagged again as he pumped his hips toward my face.

"C'mon, you little pussy. Take it like a man," he grunted.

I couldn't breathe.

"Use your hand if you have to," he said, barking his order as if he were telling a student to get to class.

I tried. I wrapped my fingers around the base and stroked while I sucked him. Using my hand allowed me to establish a more even rhythm, and his hips followed as he fucked my face. He clenched and unclenched his fist in my hair and grunted in time with his thrusts. His cock swelled, and I suspected he was close and this chore was coming to an end. I tried to encourage a quick orgasm by swirling my tongue around the head of his cock, and his flesh thickened.

Suddenly, he grabbed my hair harder than he had before, ripping some of it out of my head, shoved his cock all the way to my throat, and held it there. He grunted, in a low, guttural tone, that I was sure Chelsea and the secretary could hear despite his effort to be quiet, and I thought, *Here it comes*.

I sputtered and then choked as he came. He did not release his grip on my hair, so there was no way I could even catch a breath. I'm sure it only lasted a few seconds, but from my perspective, it went on forever. The taste of his semen repulsed me. *This is the worst moment of my life*, I thought. I felt dirty and violated, and I couldn't wait to shower and gargle with Listerine. Or maybe gasoline.

He finally relaxed and released his grip on my hair. I looked around for a coffee mug or something so I could spit out the sour load in my mouth. He looked down at me, placed his finger over my lips, and said, "Swallow it," in the same commanding tone. With no other choice, I swallowed as he buttoned his pants and then wiped my mouth on my sleeve.

"Comb your hair before you leave my office. You look like hell," he said. I did, and he held his hand out to shake mine.

"You'll start next week. Congratulations," he said as if nothing unusual had happened.

I could barely manage a meek *thank you* through my shame.

He opened his office door, put his hand on my back, and led me out to the lobby. Chelsea jumped up with a big smile on her face when she saw us. I panicked as she approached us, but she went right past me to Mr. Roberts.

"Hi, Jimmy!" she chirped. "Did he get the job?"

"He starts next week," he said with a smile. "Thanks for the excellent reference." He winked at me knowingly.

My knees threatened to buckle, but Chelsea hugged me and said, "Congratulations!"

With my face twisted in confusion and disgust, I spoke into her ear. "What the fuck just happened?"

"I'll call you tonight, Chelsea," Roberts said as he patted me on the back and strode back into the office.

Chelsea pulled back, looked me in the eye, and spoke softly. "Jimmy was my father's best friend. He has . . . unique needs."

"I'll say." I wiped my mouth again.

"When Jimmy's wife caught Jimmy and me in their bed, she forgave him." My jaw dropped, but it got worse. "She wasn't so nice the day she walked in and my boyfriend was there, too."

"Sweet Jesus," I said, covering my mouth. I shook my head, gathering my wits. "I don't know what to say."

"Well, you got the job, so that's all that matters." She slapped me on the arm and asked, "See you at Mickey's tonight?"

I looked up just in time to see Sandy and Carrie walking by, looking at me and snickering. "Probably not. I'm starting a new job on Monday. I have to move my stuff." With that, I walked toward my new classroom with a smug smile on my face, eager to try out the air conditioning.

The End

ABOUT PATIENT LEE

Patient Lee writes Erotic Realism- stories based in reality, infusing the mundane with the erotic. She writes stories about real people inspired by the real people around her. She writes about depressed teenagers, blue-collar workers, teachers and custodians, the middle-class, people living in trailer parks or in campgrounds, crab fishermen and college students. Anybody is fair game, but most tales are grounded in realism.

Her ideas come from a variety of sources—an overheard sentence (a student declaring "I have tasty fingers!" in the middle of class became The Side Effect.), a song (Gay Greenhorn on the F/V Lost Agnes came from "Midnight Train to Georgia"), an announcement ("Come with a friend and save two dollars!"). She selects the romantic pairing for the story based on what best works with the characters, which brings variety to her tales.

Her work reflects the duality of her nature. Regular, boring job, quiet, laid-back disposition, but with a filthyrottendirty alter ego. Her stories vary—LGBT and straight, BDSM, satire, romance, casual sex, new adult, May-December, and everything in between.

PL's daytime self is a full-time high school teacher, and she has a husband and three children who play ice hockey. She spends most of her free time driving from one rink to another. She writes when she can, sometimes balancing the laptop on her knees and a cat on her chest. She enjoys her seasonal camp site overlooking a creek in the mountains. In the summer, she spends many hours at a folding table under a canopy, writing and sipping chardonnay or a super-hoppy IPA.

If you enjoyed SHE'S MY REFERENCE, A PATIENT LEE #FILTHYROTTENDIRTY IN THIRTY, you might also enjoy:



QUICK & DIRTY VOLUME TWO: MILESTONES

By Patient Lee

Quick and dirty tales of milestones in heterosexual relationships.

“Birthday Girl” Brooke's virginity goes to her bad-boy friend—A phone call prompts Brooke to remember her first time with the boy who broke her heart. Can she forgive him when he needs her the most?

“The Side Effect” How I became a cunnilinguist—When Lindsay doesn't say yes to Zack's public proposal, it takes an unethical scientist and some sensory confusion to get him over his aversion to oral sex. Will she marry him once she gets him to go down on her?

“Suffocating” A dark nuptial tragedy—Jack and Vanessa finally marry and have wicked-hot wedding-night sex, but when Vanessa shakes her bottom in a request for something dirty, it sends Jack to a dark place, full of brutal prison rape and a monster step-father. Will Jack satisfy Vanessa's needs? And who is in the

heart-shaped tub?

“Wallpaper” A pregnant wife is a horny wife—expectant father, Derek, is torn between his wife's wishes and his mother's demands. And between his horny wife's needs and a good night's sleep. Will he make it to the baby's birthday?

“Purple Glitter” What we have here is a failure to communicate—When Laura finds purple glitter on Danny's penis, she assumes he's cheating. She seeks her revenge, losing her anal virginity to her neighbor, but loses it all in the process. Where the hell did that purple glitter come from?

BONUS STORY: “Sharing Her Heart” Judy Maitland's final goodbye to Robert Maitland—Robert doesn't fit in at his new school with his Trans Am, Metallica t-shirts, and inability to read. Judy tutors him and they fall in love, but when the teacher accuses them of cheating, will they prove their honesty?

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

Excerpt From WALLPAPER:

If you've lived with a pregnant woman, you already know this, but let me tell you. Pregnant women are horny creatures. I'm not an expert, and I only have this one experience to draw from, but my wife has been horny for months now. I'm not complaining or anything, but I'm not eighteen anymore. Some nights I'm just too fuckin' tired to have sex.

Deanna slept in the car on the way home from that last childbirth class, so she was awake and refreshed when we got home. While she ate her pregnancy-required two scoops of mint chocolate chip, I hurried to get ready for bed before she finished.

I almost made it.

Just as I relaxed and closed my eyes, Deanna slipped into bed next to me. Not only was she horny, she wanted to talk.

“Derek, do you really think it makes a difference to the baby if I have the epidural. It grosses me out, but I can't wrap my head around this amount of pain. I mean, how bad could it really be? If I just keep in mind that the pain is temporary and that it's actually helping the baby to be born, I'll be able to do it, right?”

“And your mother is just driving me crazy with all of her crunchy-granola ideas about breastfeeding and organic baby food. I know she thinks I have to deliver without drugs. Even my own mother keeps telling me about all these people that she knows that had back problems for weeks after the epidural. She watches way too many of those baby shows. I don't know what to do.”

I fought to stay awake while she rambled.

“I wish I knew, babe. I've never given birth before.” I didn't add that she has no tolerance for pain, so I thought it be a freakin' miracle if she was able to push this kid out without some kind of pain meds.

She switched gears to horny, pregnant-lady mode. She propped herself up with her mountain of pillows, facing me. She reached under my t-shirt and rubbed my nipple for a moment. Her fingers trailed south, tickling her way down.

“Babe, I'm sorry. I have to get up early in the morning, and I'm exhausted. Can we finish this tomorrow?”

She glared at me for a moment before she spoke. “Fine.” She rolled away from me, obviously pissed.

“I have to get up in the morning. You can sleep in. I'm sorry.” Not the right thing to say, but I could hardly form words, I was so tired.

“I have a meeting online at eight. Just because I work from home doesn't mean I sleep all day, you know.” She was silent for a moment before she tried another tactic. “How 'bout I give you a blow job?”

Oh, my god, she was desperate. I figured my best option would be to say yes. I'd get off with no effort on my part, and she wouldn't be able to talk with her mouth full of cock. Win-win.

I pulled off my boxers, kicking them to the floor. As I rolled onto my side, my soft cock flopped down toward the bed. “Got your work cut out for you, babe. I'm not even hard.”

“Mmm . . . I love it when you get hard in my mouth. I don't get that too often.” She struggled to turn onto her side.

One thing I had recently learned about the pregnant body was the baby bump was pretty solid, and it didn't have much give to it. I had always assumed that pregnant women moved awkwardly just because their bellies were heavy. Deanna had finally gotten me to understand by demonstrating with a basketball under my shirt.

“Now try sitting up,” she’d instructed, as she held the basketball tightly against my stomach. I flopped like a fish. “See how the ball doesn’t give? It doesn’t redistribute like fat does? It doesn’t bend with you? It just pushes into your stomach.”

I’d nodded. At least I could still move my head.

“Now imagine the ball bigger and on the inside and with arms and legs pushing on your internal organs. Do you get it?” I just about did.

Now I helped her turn around so that her head was toward the foot of the bed, and she was on her side in line with my cock. This pseudo-sixty-nine position worked well for both of us.

“I don’t expect any reciprocation from you tonight, you know.” She had her pajamas on, so I hadn’t even considered giving her any oral action. I nudged her lips with my cock, hoping it would make her stop talking.

She stuck out her long tongue and licked the tip of my cock. Her tongue was warm and wet, and it got my attention. She closed her mouth over the head and licked at the slit, trying to coax some pre-cum out of the tip. I took a deep breath, feeling a stab of pleasure shoot from the tip of my cock, down deep into my balls as I stiffened.

My wife could give a blow job, that was for sure. She took me in, all the way to the root of my cock and licked from the base to the tip. Deanna gave a throaty chuckle as I hardened fully, filling her mouth. Up and down, over and over. She moved her head toward my pelvis and began fucking me with her mouth. My cock slid in and out over her tongue as she started to swirl it, just under the head. She traced circle after circle right on my sweet spot, her rough taste buds rubbing heat into my privates.

I was so tired, but my cock was wide awake. I tried to unbutton her pajama top, but didn’t have the coordination. “Take your shirt off,” I mumbled, unable to say much more through my haze of fatigue and lust. She worked the buttons with her left hand as she cupped my balls with her right. Once her top was open, I put my hand on her breast, lightly brushing the nipple. First one, then the other. She moaned but kept licking my cock as she sucked.

The hand on my balls inched back, her long fingers reaching between my legs to the spot between my balls and my asshole. Another surge of intense pleasure shot through my balls, up to the head of my cock. I tried to spread my legs to accommodate her hand.

She rubbed and tickled for a moment and then pulled her hand out. She took my cock out of her mouth long enough to tell me how swollen I felt against her tongue before slipping her middle finger into her mouth. I knew where she was planning to put that finger.

Again, she put her hand between my thighs as she resumed the suction on my rod. I tried to relax and concentrate on what her mouth was doing. I felt her finger slide back to my anus, and she applied pressure before I could stop her. As the finger slipped inside, I took a deep breath and tried not to tighten up. I knew once her finger was all the way in, I would come like mad, but I always felt some initial revulsion as her finger snaked into my rectum.

Her tongue licked and swirled, faster and harder than before, almost distracting me from the clinical feeling of her long finger. Her in-and-out technique was certainly different from my doctor’s prostate exam, but the stretching of my anus and the intrusion of her finger gave me a mixed rush of thrill and embarrassment.

She paused for a moment, sucking very gently on the head of my cock, leaving me trembling with anticipation. All at once, she slammed my cock to the very back of her mouth and pressed that finger, just in the right spot. Her tongue lapped in circles as her finger traced the inside of my rectum, pressing against my prostate.

I didn’t even warn her. My orgasm exploded into her throat, and she swallowed over and over, getting every drop of my cum. She sucked me until my balls were empty, and I collapsed back onto the bed causing her finger to fall out of my ass. My pelvis twitched when her fingertip passed through my anus. I started to fall asleep even before she pulled away from me, and I was too far gone to realize that she was having trouble getting up to wash her hands.

The last thing I heard before I succumbed to slumber was her quiet plea. “A little help here?”

YOU'VE REACHED



“THE END!”

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