

Chapter 1

"I have meetings all morning and afternoon so I won't be home until late tonight. I need you to pick up the dry cleaning, go to the grocery store, and then grab Graham from preschool and drop him off at his grandmother's. I also need you to make dinner. Tell my husband when he gets here, I will be home when I get home. I don't want to hear his mouth. Do you think you can handle all of that or is it too much?" Brenda asks in a sarcastic tone, a smug look on her face.

"Yes, ma'am." Raven says as calmly as she can and continues to finish cleaning the breakfast dishes off the table. It takes all she has not to throw the small saucer that now sits in her hand across the room at the back of Brenda's head. She controls the small giggle that wants to escape her as she pictures the thought.

"Make sure you get all of it done. I would hate to have to take time off just to replace you." Brenda says as she flies out the door and slams it behind her.

"Yes, ma'am," Raven says louder now as she gives a military stance and salute, finishing it off with a middle finger. God, if she didn't need this job so much, she thought as she finished clearing the table.

She had been working for the McIntyre's for six months now, a job she never thought she would get. She did her job well, always doing what she was told and abiding by her rules, but Brenda's attitude had not changed since day one. She thought Brenda's husband Joe was wonderful (and sexy, to say the least), and she had grown very attached to their three-year-old son, Graham. Every time he saw her, he would call her "Ra-Ra". It was so cute. Brenda didn't care for it all that much and was always trying to correct it. Graham never listened and still continued to do it. It made Raven laugh silently to herself every time he did. I'm sure it was always a small sting to Brenda's already inflated ego. The other thing that Raven had noticed was how Brenda treated her husband. Never caring or listening to anything he had to say, hardly even noticing when he came home (if she was even home herself). Raven hated the way Brenda treated him. She could sometimes see the hurt in his eyes. Raven bit her tongue and said nothing, though; it was not in her job description.

She finishes the kitchen with barely any time to spare before she has to run her errands for the day. She picks up the dry cleaning first, making sure first that everything is properly cleaned for the bitch. If it wasn't, she knew Brenda would find a way to blame her. She then goes by the grocery store, double checking everything off the list before she leaves.

Her next stop is to pick up Graham. A smile spreads across her face as she rounds the corner to his classroom. "RA-RA!" he hollers in excitement as he sees her. He runs across the room to her awaiting arms. "Ra-Ra, look what I did today." he says excitedly as he shows her his handprint collage. "Wow! That is really good, buddy." she tells him as she scoops him up in her arms. "You ready to go to grandma's?" she asks. "YEAH!" he tells her as they leave the classroom. She drops Graham off at Brenda's mother's house last. She always dreaded doing this. Brenda's mother never spoke to her. After Graham would go into the door, her mother would look at Raven like she was something right out of the Apocalypse. She never understood it, but she

didn't care. Her job meant so much to her.

She is relieved when she pulls into the driveway of the big Victorian house. Brenda is not home, for one, and she knows as soon as she finishes cleaning the house and making dinner, she can leave. It was always somewhat of a relief when she didn't have Graham in the evenings and she could leave before Brenda got home, but she can't help but to miss him.

She finishes the housework completely by five-thirty, only having a little laundry left to do. She sets to work making a big delicious dinner, not with Brenda in mind, only Joe. He had been working so hard here lately, but always managed to come home early to try and spend time with his wife. He never had any luck with it, though. Raven watched every night as Joe's eyes went from disappointment to just plain giving up. Raven figures she would try to at least make him feel comfortable when he gets home. That's all she can do.

It is around seven and dinner is almost done when she hears the click of the front door. She is happy to see that it is Joe who has entered the kitchen and not Brenda.

"Good evening, Joe." Raven says pulling out one of the kitchen chairs indicating for him to sit and rest. "How was your day?"

"It was actually pretty good, considering everything that needed to be done." he says as he takes a swig of his beer that Raven has set out for him. "How was yours."

"It was considerably good." Raven tells him as she makes his plate. "I did everything that was required of me, and got Graham to his grandma's. He made a handprint collage today in school, but he wouldn't let me bring it home. He wanted to give it to you himself." She sets his plate in front of him. "Now eat!" she tells him. Little does she know what runs through his mind when she says this.

Joe had been lonely for months. His wife hardly had anything to do with him anymore, ever since she picked up the new accounts. She spent more time with her new assistant these days, as well. Joe wondered if there was more to it than he knew. Every time he tried to talk to her about it, they would get into a fight and she would walk away. He finally just gave up on any progress.

Then Raven started working for them. He felt like he finally had something and someone to come home to. She was a good listener and always made him laugh. He saw a change in Graham, as well. Graham absolutely adored Raven. Sometimes after work, they would all three sit down and play games together or Raven would get Graham to bed early and she would help him with his music. He loved the attention and looked forward to it every night. It should have been his wife that he had a smile for these days, but it wasn't. It was Raven.

His thoughts about his rocky relationship with his wife drifts away as he watches Raven at the counter. Her body moves gracefully around the kitchen as she finishes cleaning. He can't help but to notice the outline of her bra through her tight light blue t-shirt. Her dark blue jeans contoured perfectly to her sculpted ass. He laughs slightly and forces himself to turn away. "Why don't you stop cleaning and sit down and eat dinner with me?" he says.

"Are you sure? I wouldn't want to get in trouble if she comes home." she asks.

"Of course I'm sure. Besides... I am your boss." he says smiling.

She smiles at him helplessly and walks across the room to make her own plate. She loved sitting down and eating dinner with him. She hardly ever got to do anymore because of how busy Brenda had been keeping her, but she intends on enjoying every minute this evening. She also loves the way Joe had just used the 'boss' card. He never had before and always made it known that he never intended to. But she can't help but to get a chill up her spine as she hears those words pass through his lips. She tells herself to stop thinking that way as she finally joins him at the table. She notices then that Joe has poured her a glass of wine.

They both sit and eat dinner slowly as they laugh and exchange stories about their day. The undeniable looks they give each other over their drinks do not go unnoticed, though. It takes everything Joe has not to say something to her. The sexual tension between the two of them is getting heavy and rising fast. He feels his breathing deepen and the sweat beads begin to form as he helplessly concentrates on what her breasts would look like if he just rips her shirt off. He tries his hardest to redirect these thoughts, but is unable to do so. He knows that this is it. The time has come. He can not hold back any longer.

He reaches up and wipes the sweat away from his forehead with the back of his hand, and then takes his last drink of beer. He sets the bottle back down on the table with a hard 'thud'. "You know, that shirt looks really fucking good on you." he says with a serious look in his eyes.

She is surprised and taken aback by his forwardness to her. Did he just say that? she asks herself. Her heartbeat speeds up and her breathing becomes heavy as she realizes where this is about to go. She needs to stop it, but she doesn't. She wants it just as bad as he does. "Well... thank you, Mr. McIntyre." she says as she gives him a sexy smile and stands up.

He follows her lead and does the same, shoving his chair in against the table. He gives her a seductive smile before he takes one arm and totally clears the table in one swipe, sending their dishes crashing to the floor. "I bet that shirt would look even better off of you. Why don't you hop up here and I will show you why you should call me Mr. McIntyre."

Before she can stop herself, she quickly closes the gap between them, her eyes focused on nothing but his. He reaches up fast and intertwines his fingers in the back of her hair, pulling her face closer to his. "As a matter of fact," he begins, his eyes searching hers, "by the time I am done with you, you will be screaming exactly that!"

She loses all control and succumbs to him the second his fingers graze the back of her neck and his hot sweet breath cascades warmly over her face. The words that pass through his lips makes her heart beat fast against her rib cage. She is ready and willing to do anything he wants her to.

His fingers grip her hair harder as his other arm wraps tightly around her waist, pulling her body tightly against his. His eyes remain set and focused on her as he brings his face closer, kissing

her eagerly and hungry with anticipation. He has longed to feel her lips on his, the contour of her perfect body, and he is going to make sure he remembers every single detail.

He turns her body slightly, positioning her against the table as his arm strengthens its hold on her waist. He lifts her up forcefully and sits her on the table, both hands now slowly sliding down to find the bottom of her shirt. As his lips remain pressed hard to hers, his intent clear on what is about to happen, he begins to slowly lift her shirt, exposing what he has only dreamed of having.

Her breasts are already standing at attention against her light blue lace bra, and it makes him quiver at the thought of what he is already doing to her. He wants to please her more now than ever before.

He drops her shirt on the floor, his eyes surveying her body eagerly. He wraps his arms around her waist fast, pulling her in again for a long deep kiss. As their tongues dance together feverishly and their bodies press tighter against each other's, Joe's erection can not help but to become evident in his quest. He presses himself hard between her thighs and instantly feels the heat of her growing wetness through her jeans. He longs for her more, with every passing second.

He pulls his face away from hers, their lips parting reluctantly. He smiles at her as he runs his hands to the top waist of her jeans, tugging lightly as his eyes connect with hers. "I want them off!" he tells her in a demanding tone, not hesitating any in his request. She obeys him immediately and lifts her ass slightly off the table, letting him pull her jeans slowly off and join her shirt already on the floor.

He begins to advance towards her, but she puts her hand up to his chest, stopping him in his pursuit. "Now you." she tells him as she tugs on his shirt. He does what she asks willingly, stripping down to the remainder of nothing but his boxer briefs.

"Are you ready to follow your boss's orders?" he asks. She nods her head 'yes' as he puts his hands on her waist and pulls her slowly off the table to stand in front of him. He puts both hands on the side of her face and slowly runs them into her hair, locking them in place. Before she knows it, he is pushing her down into a kneeling position in front of him, his cock already jumping slightly from the closeness of her mouth.

She reaches up and grabs the waistband of his boxer briefs and pull them off, letting them drop to his ankles. He steps out of them, taking one foot and kicking them to the side. His fingers tighten in her hair as he pulls her mouth to his cock.

She flicks her tongue around the head, teasing him ever so slightly. He does not push her further. He wants to see what she can do. She slowly opens her mouth and begins to take him in, sucking lightly with every inch she takes. She takes all of him in her mouth and stops, letting him rest inside her. She looks up and catches the surprised look in his eyes before she pulls back and the slowly does it again, her tongue still working its way around his shaft.

"Oh...my...God!" he says as his breath catches in his throat. "It feel like you're making love to

my dick when you do that!" She smiles slightly at his words and continues to pleasure him more. The sight of him throwing his head back and the feel of him pulling her hair harder makes her want and to do exactly that.

He can feel his explosion building inside of him fast, but he is not ready to succumb to it yet. He wants to yank her off of her knees and throw her on the table, but he doesn't want to stop watching her please him. The sight to him is more than he was expecting and it is unbelievable.

He watches her maintain her speed for a few more minutes, unable to tear his eyes away. What she is doing is nothing like anything he has ever felt before and he has to fight losing control. "Stand up!" he demands suddenly. She stops what she is doing and slowly stands, Joe helping her as he is still gripping her hair.

His hand tightens as he steps forward, pressing his body hard to hers. He pushes her back up against the table slowly, his cock now resting firmly between her thighs. He pulls her head back, placing his lips softly on her neck, planting light kisses all the way to her collarbone. "I hope you don't mind me being forceful and controlling like this." he says, his lips still brushing against her skin. "It's such a major turn-on."

She tries to tell him no, that she doesn't mind at all, but all she can get out is a barely audible sound and small shake of her head. He chuckles slightly against her throat, sending small vibrations through her body. "Well in that case, from here on out, every time I tell you to do something, I only want you to respond with 'Yes, Mr. McIntyre', ok? Can you do that for me, baby?"

"Yes," she says in a low whisper, barely able to maintain coherent thoughts. She didn't think she could possibly be turned on any more than she already was, but he just proves her wrong.

He pulls her hair slightly, pulling her head back and exposing her neck more for him. He presses his body harder to hers, pushing the table a couple of inches back. "Yes, what?" he growls.

"Yes, Mr. McIntyre," she says, responding obediently to his sexual game. "This man is so fucking hot' she thinks to herself as he continues to breathe heavily on her neck. She will call him whatever he wants if he keeps this up.

"Now that you're ready to play by my rules, this is what I want you to do. Drop back down on those knees and suck my dick." he says as he pulls her head back forward, making her eyes meet his.

"Yes, Mr. McIntyre," she says as she slowly lowers herself back to the floor. She takes his cock in her mouth and continues the pleasure she was giving him before.

Low moans begin to escape him and his knees become weak as she begins to go faster, her tongue working his shaft even harder. She is grabbing his ass now, pushing him farther into her mouth, taking in every inch. He knows he doesn't have much longer before he explodes. She is just too damn good.

She knows it is coming, but she is not going to stop. She wants to feel him lose control and she wants to taste him. She works harder and faster to the breaking point.

His knees begin to shake and he loses all sense of balance, falling slightly forward and gripping the edge of the table with both hands. He throws his head back and digs his fingers harder into the table and a loud growl escapes him. He empties himself into her mouth, unable to stop. His growling continues until she has taken every single last drop, licking him clean and not missing a spot. He can barely continue to stand as she slowly wipes her mouth and looks up at him.

"Damn, girl! NO ONE has ever pleased me like that before." he says as he slowly regains control and stands up. He cannot take his eyes off of her beautifully sculpted face, her round plump lips still wet from his juices. His body shudders from the sight.

"I'm glad to be of assistance, Mr. McIntyre." she says, standing slowly to position her body in front of him. She gives him a sly and sexy smile.

"Well by all means, let me be of some assistance to you." he says smiling mischievously. He slowly lowers himself down to the floor, settling firmly on his knees. He softly begins to plant kisses on her stomach, drifting his tongue back and forth across her navel. He is gentle with his touch as his fingers find their way to the top of her panties, tugging them lightly down over her ass. He continues his kisses in a pattern, following her panties all the way to her ankles. As she steps out of them and he tosses them to the side, he looks up at her and smiles once again.

He get back fully on his knees and reaches over, grabbing one leg and pulling it roughly up and over his shoulder. He grips her outer thigh and begins kissing her inner thigh, his lips slowly finding it's way to her wet heat.

Her breathing becomes heavy as Joe begins to lick and nibble at her already swollen, pink lips. His tongue works it's way up and down, playing it's game on her. It works it's way between her lips, finding her spot. He slowly licks and sucks on it as he reaches up and grabs her ass, pushing his face deeper into her.

She grips the side of the table just as he had done, her body pushing up against it and moving it more from it's place. He drives deeper into her, licking at her core, making her one steady leg begin to get weak. She leans back on the table for more leverage when he decides to insert two of his thick fingers inside of her, making her body shake and her moaning become louder. He slides in and out of her fast and then slow, lapping her up with every drop she produces.

Her body begins to quake as she feels herself slowly lose control. He slides his fingers in and out now at a steady rhythm, feeling her tighten around him. He is enjoying the way he is making her squirm, the way her back is arching and she is pushing herself more onto him. He is going to give her total and complete ecstasy, making sure he gets every single drop when he brings her over the edge. Then...he is going to do it all over again.

She lets go of the table, reaching up and grabbing his head in instinct. She can not get enough of

him against her, inside her. As she climaxes over the edge, she yells out in pleasure. "Mmmm!" Joe says, sending small vibrations through her, more than she was already feeling. "Pull that hair, girl," he mumbles against her, his free hand reaching up and grabbing hers, making sure she did what she was told.

"Oh my God!" she cries as she collapses backward onto the table, unable to hold her balance any longer. Her fingers are still locked in his hair as he finishes her off, making sure he licks her clean. He has never tasted anything so good.

As her breathing begins to slow just a little, he stands up to face her, a smile playing on his face. He reaches up and wipes her juices from his face, his tongue working it's way around to get the remainder.

He give a slow and sexy laugh as he sees her face turn from bright red to normal pink shade. "What are you laughing for?" she asks, her breathing still slightly labored. He steps towards her, the smile still there. "I just love the way your face flushes red when I'm eating that pussy." he says. Her breath catches in her throat at his closeness and his choice of words. She begins to feel herself grow wet once again.

"Now be a good little girl and turn around and face the table." he says. She smiles slightly and turns around, pushing her perfect round ass towards him. "Mmmm," he says at the sight of her advance. She smiles.

Before she knows it, he reaches up and pulls her hair, yanking her head back towards him. He pushes his body hard against her. "Tsk...Tsk...Tsk." he says, his breath hot on her ear. "You're not following the rules, little girl. What did I tell you to say when I give my orders?" Her breathing becomes heavy once again from the pain and the feel of his cock against her ass. She answers him immediately. "Yes, Mr. McIntyre." she says. He gives another low chuckle. "Good girl." he says as he lets go of her hair. He runs his hand down her back now, settling it in the middle. He slowly pushes her down, her body now resting halfway across the table. "Now hold onto the table, baby. By the time I'm done with you, I just might have to buy a new one."

She takes a deep breath as he rests his hand on her back, holding her down hard against the table. He takes one leg and spreads hers apart, making sure he has easy access. "Get ready, baby." he says. She grips the table. "Yes, Mr. McIntyre." she says just as he slams into her, giving her every inch. Her words come out in a scream as he does. He grows harder inside of her from the sound. "Yeah, baby, say it again." he demands, slamming into her once more. She lets out a cry of pure pleasure, the table shaking slightly under her. "Yes...Mr...McIntyre!" she screams as he continues his assault on her.

Her walls begin to tighten around him, her ecstasy almost at it's peak. He continues at a steady pace, rocking her body slowly than slamming into her with all his strength. He lets out loud growls every time he does, his body almost to it's peak as well.

"ARGHHH!" he yells out, pummeling into her wet heat. "Say...my...name!" He wants to hear her scream over and over and over again "Mr. McIntyre!" she screams as the table begins to slide

from his heavy movements. "No! Say my name!" he commands her once again. "Joe...Joe...Joe!" she yells, giving him what he wants. "Oh, yeah, baby! Say it! Say it until I explode inside of you! And don't stop unless I tell you to!" She continues to yell his name, never denying his request. That's all she wants to do. He feels so good and she is not going to stop reminding him he is.

He walls tighten harder around him as she reaches her orgasm, the table almost rocking completely over. "Fuck me, Joe...FUCK ME!" she screams, her fingers digging into the table at her sweet release. He feels her warm juices cascade over his cock as he slams into her again. He reaches up and grabs her hair, holding on tight as he is sent over the edge by her words. He gives her one last hard thrust, moving the table one last time across the floor. "Fuck...yeah...baby!" he growls, his cock resting firmly inside her, giving her everything he has.

His breathing is labored as he lets go of her hair and rests his hands on either side of her, holding up his shaking body. After a few seconds, he pulls out of her, stepping back to allow her to stand. She pushes herself off of the table and turns around to face him. "Damn, girl. That was the best sex I've ever had. You sure know how to follow orders well." he says smiling as he leans over and kisses her lightly on the lips. He reaches down and grabs her clothes and hands them to her. "I don't think that table will be able to take that kind of abuse again. We'll just have to find somewhere different next time." he says smiling mischievously.

She laughs slightly and slowly begins to put her clothes back on, Joe following suit. After they are both dressed, she looks around the kitchen. "I have got a serious mess to clean up," she says, laughing. He laughs, as well. "Don't worry, I'll help you." he says.

They clean the kitchen in record time, disposing of the broken dishes, as well. Just as they finish, Brenda's SUV pulls into the driveway. They smile at each other as Joe winks at her and leaves the room, settling himself into an armchair in the living room.

She grabs her purse and jacket just as Brenda steps through the front door. "Did you get everything done that was needed today?" she asks Raven, depositing her briefcase by the door. Raven smiles at her. "Yes, ma'am. Everything you asked and more." she says in a delightful tone.

"Good. See you tomorrow, then." Brenda says coldly as she makes her way upstairs. Raven walks to the front door and opens it. "Now you have a good night, Raven." Joe says coolly, a sexy smile on his face. She gives him a sexy smile back. "Yes, Mr. McIntyre." she says as she nods her head and steps out into the cool night air.