

## Part One

The phone had woken Morgan up at dawn. She knew who it was and had picked up quickly. It was him. Her stalker. His instructions had been clear. She would wear the purple bra and underwear that he had left in a box on her front porch. She'd also put on some stockings and a garter belt. She should make herself pretty. Today, she'd have to seduce one of her employees, a nerd called Jaycee. If she got him to make a move on her, this would be over—until the next time. If she came on to him, if she touched him rather than the other way around, she'd turn into a horny slut and fuck every colleague in sight.

"Tell me you understand everything," the deep voice had said on the other end.

"I understand," Morgan said, her voice trembling from her rising arousal.

She didn't use to be like that. Once, before her stalker entered her life, she was a proper lady. Now, it was a good day when her only problem was a dripping wet pussy. Somehow, her stalker had some strange powers that had turned her into a sexual deviant. She needed to masturbate at least four times a day, but that never seemed like enough.

"One last thing," the stalker said. "To him, and only him, your clothes will be almost transparent. He will see your naked body, and each glance will drive you wild with desire."

Without waiting for an answer, he hung up. Morgan got up, filled with a blend of revulsion and growing lust, and prepared to go to work.

She was at her desk early. Part of her argued that it was to beat traffic, but her horny brain knew the truth. She was hoping to catch Jaycee as he came in and somehow seduce him quickly. If she got him to make a move on her, she might have a shot at a normal day.

And perhaps a thick cock in her dripping slit.

Unfortunately, Jaycee's typical hours were from nine to five, and that morning he was later than usual. When he finally did come in and Morgan overheard his voice as he passed outside her office, her heart leaped into her chest. She got up, straightened her blouse, and adjusted her tits so they rested comfortably in the too-tight bra the stalker had provided. She peered outside her office and hailed Jaycee.

"I'd like to see you in my office, please," she said.

Jaycee dropped his jacket and backpack at his desk, then rushed back to Morgan's office. She stood behind her desk, holding a clipboard against her chest as if that would make a difference. He closed the door before looking at her.

"Hey," he began, "I'm sorry about being late, the bus was—"

He stopped, the words catching in his throat. This was it! This was the moment. He was staring at her tits. Her thighs were pressed together, but her pussy was also exposed. How would he react? Would he freak out at seeing his voluptuous boss naked before him? Would he make a pass at her? The mere thought that he might didn't disgust her, on the contrary. The perverse power of her stalker seemed to make her relish the thought. She shivered a little as her clit stiffened.

"Ah..." Jaycee continued. "You...you probably don't want to hear about that, huh?"

His face had turned red, but he wasn't freaking out. It was almost as if he didn't see through her clothes, or if he did, it wasn't something unusual. What was going on here?

"It's about the McColm script," Morgan said. "It was due yesterday, you know?"

"I know," he said. "I'm sorry about that, it was...longer than I expected."

"Long is good," Morgan said without thinking, then realized the double-entendre. "I mean, big word count. Big book. Big revenues."

Big was good too, her horny brain said. *Long and big is good, and that's exactly what you want between your slutty thighs.* She was getting sexual urges that she didn't know she could resist. Her pussy was flaring up, but that idiot Jaycee was behaving as if there wasn't a naked woman in front of him. Why wasn't he touching her tits? She knew he wasn't gay, not the way he leered at them when he thought she wouldn't notice. Not the way he was deliberately avoiding looking at them now.

Morgan put down her clipboard and repressed a smile when she saw him swallow with difficulty. Her pussy was pulsating stronger between her legs, sending waves of heat that threatened to smother her remaining inhibitions. Her legs were trembling, and Morgan became worried they might give under her.

"I want it on my desk," she said, her voice almost breaking from the relentless arousal of her pussy. "The manuscript, I mean. Before noon."

She was talking about the manuscript, of course, but what she *really* wanted was his cock deep inside her. She wanted him to ram it inside her searing cunt while he held her face and tits down on the desk. Oh, even if he couldn't see through her clothes, he had to notice how aroused she was. She wasn't making any effort to hide it anymore. Her nipples ached so much, even she could see them poke through her shirt! And her clit! Hard like a marble.

"Before noon," Jaycee said with difficulty. "Yes, ma'am."

He quickly turned around, exited her office, and closed the door behind him. Morgan realized she'd been holding her breath, and she exhaled heavily. She sat back on her desk, her hands trembling from her irresistible need. She cupped her tits, sighing at the touch of her rigid tips. One hand crept down between her knees, pulled her skirt up, and massaged her clit through the purple panties.

"Oh, God," she whispered to herself. "I can't do this here, not at work... What if someone comes..."

But no one did. No one except her.