

You aren't quite sure what to expect as you walk into the regional branch of The Fraternal Order of the Inexorable, but even without any solid expectations, reality finds a way to foil them. For one, it's basically like any other office building. When a company is casually referred to as "the Order," it kind of makes it sound...pious. More pious than it actually seems to be in practice, at least. There aren't any robes or candles here, though. Just normal office workers wearing normal clothes doing normal things.

Kind of a let-down, honestly.

A voice snaps you out of your disappointed appraisal, though. "Ah, hello! You must be my two o'clock." You turn to face the source, and- Oh, goodness. You've seen Bea in pictures before, but the kind of press release photo ops on the Order's extranet site pale in comparison to Bea in the flesh.

She's downright angelic, beaming at you as she makes her way towards through the bustling office. Bea's profile online talks at great length at how she's a mother and how that informs her decisions as the head of the Order, but just one glance at her sumptuous figure would be more than enough to tell you she's had a child. Her chest strains at her business suit, and her wide hips sway hypnotically with every step. Her make-up is impeccable, just the essentials, and her hair's pulled into a long braid that rests over her shoulder and trails down her front. Still, it's not exactly her *face* that demands your attention.

If she catches you staring, though, she doesn't say anything. Still, there's a mischievous twinkle in her eye and a smile dimpling her cheeks as she extends a hand for you to shake. "Goodness, thank you so much for taking the time to meet with me today! A young man like you probably has everything and more on his to-do list."

You take her hand and shake it. Her grip's impressively firm for such a sweet-looking woman. Bea cants her head to the side and smiles wider. "It means the world to me that you came in to see me. Please." She gestures to an office. "Just follow me, and we can get down to business. I don't like to waste time, and I'm sure you don't, either."

Bea leads the way, and soon you're comfortably seated across from her in her office. It's not decorated much, but Bea has a framed picture of her daughter on her desk along with what looks to be a child's drawing of a mother and child. Besides that, however, everything's sleek and professional. The sloppiest thing you catch a glimpse of is a piece of paper just slightly askew on the top of a stack. Seems as if your fears of a sweet older woman who has no

idea how to run a business are more or less unfounded. If someone were to judge Bea based off her office, they'd be hard-pressed to find much wrong.

Whether or not it'll be enough to sway you to work for the Order is another matter entirely, of course.

"Now!" Bea finishes setting some documents aside and adjusts her seat ever-so-slightly. She leans in and rests her elbows on her desk. Her arms press up on either side of her bust, and you can't help sparing a quick glance at her chest before meeting her gaze once more. "I'm sure you've had a chance to look over the hiring agreement I sent you a few days ago, so I won't belabor the point by- Oh!"

She looks over your shoulder and leans back in her seat, smiling brightly.

"Johnny! What is it, dear?" Her grin turns a touch apologetic as she glances back to you. "Just a moment, please."

You assure her it's no problem and spare a glance over your shoulder to see who she's talking to. What, is one of her employees' sons here for whatever reason? She sounds like she's talking to a child, and-

Ah. No, that's assuredly a grown man. A white-haired ausur stands in the threshold of Bea's office nervously, paper clutched in his hands. He all but shivers as he looks over to you, but he perks up — and starts wagging his tail — as he walks over to Bea. "Sorry to interrupt your meeting, Missus Bea."

"Oh, please!" Bea shakes her head and smiles up at "Johnny" warmly. "I always have a moment to spare for my Johnny. But we have to be quick, yes?"

"Yes, Missus Bea!" Johnny straightens up and nods firmly...before holding out the paper in his hands. "I finished the report you wanted! And, you know, I just wanted to make sure you got it as soon as I finished it." He gulps. And seems to wilt after handing it over. "I shouldn't have interrupted your meeting for something as small as this. S-Sorry."

"Shhhh." Bea reaches up to pet behind Johnny's ear, and he leans into her hand almost on instinct. "You did a wonderful job, dear. I'm so proud of you. Now, Missus Bea is going to finish up this meeting, and then I'm going to look over your report and call you in to talk about it, all right?"

"Yes, Missus Bea!" Johnny chirps, straightening up and nodding vigorously.

"Good boy! Now, I have to talk to this nice man in private, so close the door behind you. All right, Johnny?"

"Yes, Missus Bea!" Johnny's practically a bobblehead for how much he's nodding, and he only keeps it up as he backs out of the room.

The door shuts behind him with a click, and you turn your attention back to Bea. The first question you have goes unspoken, but Bea seems to read your face loud and clear:

What the *hell* was *that*?

Bea giggles into her hand and shakes her head. "Oh, goodness. Here I was hoping we'd be able to keep things a bit more 'Order'-ly during your visit, but I suppose my boys get jealous when they see a new face. Don't be cross with Johnny, though. He's a good boy."

No, no, that's not what you have a problem with! Well, it is, but you're not all that concerned with someone being *jealous* of a *business meeting*. Is that how she treats her employees?

Bea blinks at you, smiles, and cants her head to the side. "Only the ones who need it. Is there something wrong with that?"

You don't quite know what to say to *that*, but it's with a shake of your head that you rise from your seat. No, nothing's wrong, per se, but you don't know how interested you are in working for a company with that kind of...office culture. Privately, it strikes you as unusual to the point of creepiness, but-

"Oh, no, no, no! Please, let's talk this out." Bea pouts as you stand up, looking for all the world like a disappointed mother. You suppose that in this case she is literally a mother who is disappointed, but the furrow of her brow makes it seem as if you're a particularly fussy child that she's having trouble with.

You're not sure you care for the sentiment, but you sit down anyway. What, does she have an explanation for that kind of behavior? On both sides, of course. "Johnny" might have been acting like a child addressing his teacher, but is the Order seriously the kind of place where the person in charge plays into that kind of dynamic?

Bea listens as you voice your concerns, but the smile playing at her lips makes you think she's more amused than anything else. Your trepidation turns to vague irritation. Is she seriously just snowing you? She seems to be running an office like a Kindergarten classroom, and she's already acting as if you're one of her "pupils."

Then she straightens up, pushes out her chest, and undoes the top button of her blouse. Your eyes drift down on pure instinct, and Bea giggles as your gaze focuses on the cleavage she just exposed. "Here," she begins gently, pushing up against either side of her chest with her forearms. "I suppose it must seem a little odd to someone who's not used to it, but let me *assure* you

that the workplace culture we have here at the Order is *very* carefully curated."

Honestly, you've more or less written off her proposal after what you've seen. That being said, if she's willing to put on a little show for you, the least you could do is enjoy it before you decline her "generous" job offer.

She pops another button on her blouse, and you feel yourself begin to stiffen in your pants. Yeah, you *definitely* have a few minutes to spare.

"Here at the Order, I'm a very firm believer in the idea of a structured work environment. Everyone answers to *me*, and we've managed to cut down on unproductive infighting by clearing up who's in charge. And that someone is me. If someone has a problem, they come to me with it. If someone has a suggestion, they come to me with it. If someone here has a question to ask, the first words past their lips are 'Missus Bea,' and that's *just* how I like it."

"And honestly, you must see the reasoning there. You're an intelligent young man. The less uncertainty an employee has in their duties and the chain of command, the easier it is for them to just buckle down and do their job."

Yeah. That makes sense. You nod slowly as you watch her press her palms up against her breasts and massage them in slow, gentle circles. Every few seconds, they mash up against each other and you almost lose yourself in the valley of her cleavage, but a moment later, she eases off the pressure and lets you sink back down. It's a pattern of relaxation punctuated by steadily waning peaks, a kind of lazy up and down that's leaving you more and more relaxed.

Bea seems pleased that you see the benefit of her first point, so she's more than happy to just massage her chest for a bit longer, cooing and gently encouraging your undivided attention. You find yourself slumping back in your seat, content to watch her chest wobble and bounce gently.

"Doesn't this feel nice, dear?" Bea's voice is a whisper, and you nod on instinct. Why do anything else? After all, it *does* feel nice. No sense in trying to disagree or something. Just sitting back and watching her cleavage. Another button pops off as you agree, and you slump back even further. Your pants are almost painfully tight now, the tented tip of your trousers stained with just a little dark spot.

"Something that not nearly enough people are willing to admit is that they do their best work when someone else tells them what to do. It can be so *complicated* sometimes. All these decisions to make, these things to worry and fuss over..." Bea's only bouncing her breasts up against each other faster and faster, wobbling and jiggling and jostling.

Bea gasps and coos as she ups the tempo, and you find yourself answering in kind. Your lips part, and you moan softly as you find yourself fixating further and further on the bottomless valley of her cleavage. And yet, all you can do is watch. You can't move a muscle, you're too entranced by the sight of those soft, pillowy breasts, and when she finally peels back her blouse entirely, you whimper at the sight of her lacy, white bra.

You're so hard in your pants. *So* hard. So stiff and horny, and you don't quite know what to do. Bea is being so nice and putting on a show for you, but you don't-

"That's alright, dear. Everything's just fine. Just keep watching, and I'll make sure you're taken care of." Bea's voice settles like a soft, comfortable blanket over your addled mind, and you sag back into your seat further. Tension bleeds from your body, and as your arms slump uselessly to your sides, you find yourself thrusting up gently in rhythm with Bea's breast massage.

"I want to make sure everyone feels good here." Bea murmurs softly. You nod. That makes sense. That's why she's helping you feel good. That's why she's bouncing her breasts for you and letting you watch as long as you want. "I want to make sure everyone does the best job they can. And since I know best, that means they listen to me when I tell them what to do. Doesn't that make sense?"

You nod, only for your back to arch in pleasure when she rewards your agreement with a purr, a shake of her chest from side to side, and a steamy "*Good boy!*"

"Now." Bea winks at you and tugs one of her bra's cups down. She brings her hand up not a moment later to cover up her pert, pink nipple, but you still gasp at the glimpse you caught. "I want you to work for me. Really, I do. I think you're a very smart young man, and I think you could do a lot of really, really good work for me!"

"But." The second cup goes down, and soon Bea's kneading her bare titflesh in front of your half-lidded eyes. "I don't know if you truly, actually, really believe that I know best. So here's what we'll do." She winks. "You're going to take your cock out and stroke it however you want! But you're not going to cum."

You can't fish your cock out of your pants fast enough. In seconds, you're jerking it up and down, staring mindlessly at her fat, heaving tits. Bea only giggles at your clumsy enthusiasm, though she shakes her head. "Boys. Like I was *saying*. You're not going to cum. The moment you're about to pop off, you're going to let me know, and you're going to stop touching yourself."

Oh, that barely takes ten seconds! You're fucking your hand so furiously fast that you practically *sprint* to the finish line, and it's with a wavering voice that you whimper that you're almost there.

Bea just sighs and brings her hands down. The sight of her bare nipples is nearly enough to tip you over the edge, but you manage to hold on. Or rather, Bea doesn't finish you off just yet. No, she scoots her seat back and pats her lap. Does she...want you to sit in her lap? You rise to your feet, feeling more than a little shaky on them, and stagger over to her.

"See? You don't know any better. Poor thing. If you don't even know how to touch yourself correctly, how can I be sure that you're doing your best work at your job? Silly boy." She shakes her head, but there's such clear, affectionate warmth in her eyes that you practically feel your heart melt as you ease into her lap.

She's a bit smaller than you, but as Bea leans you back, that difference in heights skews in her favor instead. You find yourself looking up at her gentle smile, and you feel so warm and safe in her embrace that you can't help but smile back.

Then she guides your mouth to her teat, and you begin to suckle on instinct alone. It's a pleasant surprise when sweet, warm cream begins to trickle from her nipple into your mouth. The first few mouthfuls are greedily guzzled from her breast, but Bea gently rubs circles on your belly until you slow down.

"Good boy." She whispers, her hand moving from your belly to your bare, twitching cock.

"Poor thing." She clicks her tongue as she begins to pump your cock up and down, nice and slowly. "You think you've got it all figured out, but you don't know that it's OK to ask for help. To not know all the answers sometimes. Like right now, for instance." She twists her grip on your cock as she tugs upwards on it, and you squeak against her breast. "Keep drinking, baby. There's a good boy." You nod against her tit and let your eyes sink shut. Keep drinking.

"You're just a silly little animal on your own. And that's not helpful! Not to you, not to me, not to anyone." She leans down to press a kiss to your forehead as she cups your balls and churns them between her fingertips. When her silk-smooth palm wraps around your shaft again, she starts pumping faster. "You need someone to keep you on track. To help you relax when you get all tired and cranky. Someone to tell you what to do."

"Someone to take care of you. So here's what you're going to do, OK, sweetie?"

She's pumping even faster now. Bea takes her hand off your cock for just one moment...to pinch her free nipple and dribble some of her cream on your twitching fuckstick. Then her hand's right back around it, slick and warm and soft and milking you softer and sweeter than anything. You're gulping down her milk faster, too, but the hand cradling the back of your head makes you feel so safe, so warm, so safe-

"You're going to quit your old job, your stressful, exhausting job, and you're going to come work for me." She kisses your forehead again. "Ooh, lucky boy! And you're going to sign up for the optional three-week orientation course, and I'm going to make sure I learn everything about how your penis likes to be treated, OK?" She gives your cock a particularly hard *pump*, and you whimper against her breast.

"You're going to get paid *so* much money, because you're *such* a hard worker, and you're always going to come *right* to me when you need help focusing, OK? We'll make sure this naughty cock of yours gets all the attention it needs so you can work hard for Missus Bea."

She's jerking your cock just as fast as you were before, but Bea's mechanical in her precision. She's not sloppy, she's not clumsy, she's milking your shaft absolutely perfectly, and soon you realize that you can't live without this kind of merciless pampering. Your eyes roll back behind closed lids, and you groan with animal lust. So *good*. You nod at everything she says, because it all sounds *incredible* to you right now. Your dick feels so good, and Missus Bea is *so* smart and pretty, you just wanna *cum* for her so you can do your very best!

"*Cum. Cum for Missus Bea.*"

She purrs the command, and you whimper your eager obedience. You thrust your cock up into her hand and pump a thick wad of cum into the air. It arcs through the air and splatters on the ground. Bea lavishes praise upon you, cooing "Good boy!" with every splurt of seed you spurt into the air. Normally you'd think your orgasm's finished, but she wrings every last drop of spunk from your prick and leaves you completely dry.

And as you drift to sleep, you realize she's absolutely right. If you were lucky, you'd typically end up collapsing into bed or onto a couch after you climaxed...but now? Now you're lulled to sleep in the afterglow, suckling dreamily from a soft, pillowy breast...and listening drowsily to Bea as she whispers all about how you're going to obey her every command. Everything makes so much sense. And you know that she loves you.

You fall asleep with a smile on your lips.