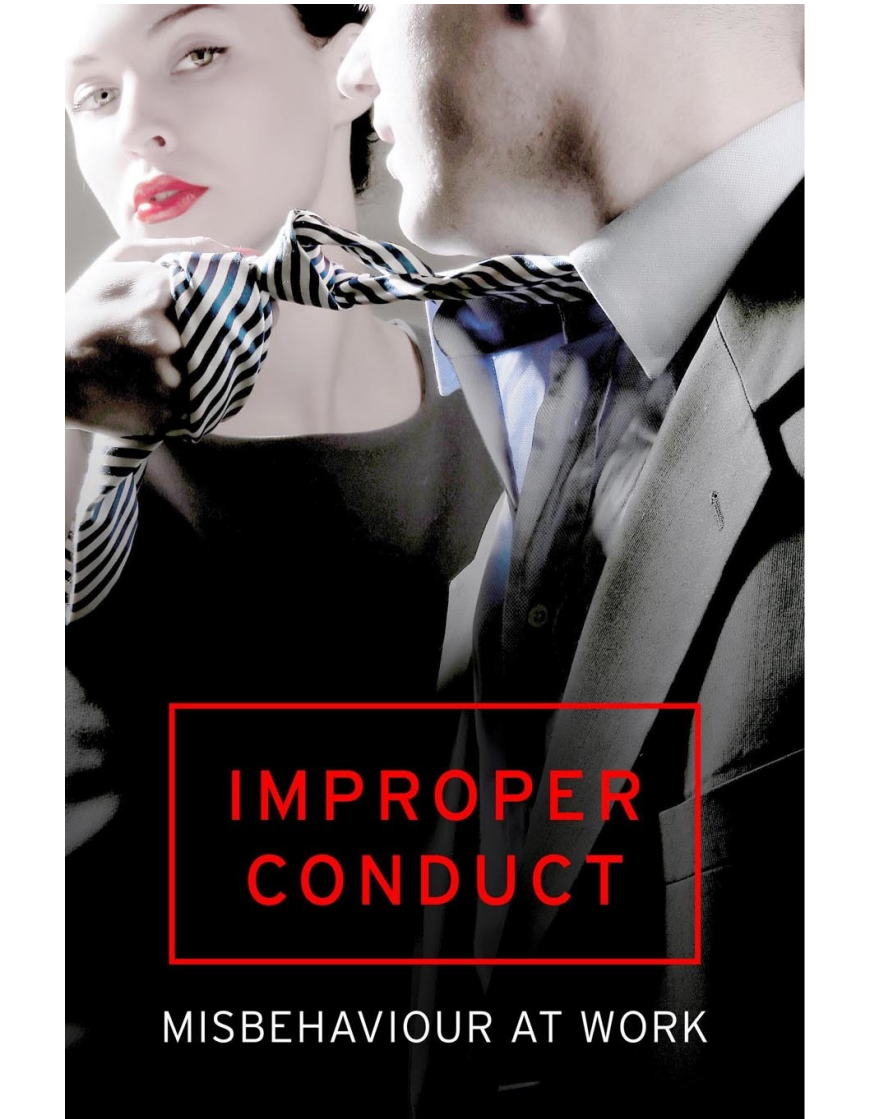


A close-up photograph of a woman with dark hair and red lipstick, wearing a black dress, adjusting the striped tie of a man in a grey suit. The man's face is partially visible in profile. The scene is dimly lit, with a strong light source from the side, creating a dramatic effect.

IMPROPER CONDUCT

MISBEHAVIOUR AT WORK

Various Various Improper Conduct

Аннотация

Ten erotica stories about inappropriate behaviour at work and the colleagues who go all the way on company time. 'Improper Conduct' includes hot erotica from Donna George Storey, Lux Zakari, Amber Leigh and Elizabeth Coldwell. The workplace has long been a pressure cooker of desire, sexual manipulation, and lustful obsessions for colleagues. Which is precisely why Mischief commissioned ten erotica short stories to explore the explicit shenanigans of work mates who just can't contain themselves. One girl's obsession with a female co-worker leads to repeat offences of sensual misconduct on company premises. Gloria's inappropriate wardrobe and behaviour results in disciplinary action that is more pleasure than pain. Zara's fantasies all come true on the day she agrees to take instructions from a very perceptive colleague.

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IMPROPER CONDUCT

Misbehaviour at Work

A Mischief Collection of Erotica



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Model Employee

Donna George Storey

Thirty minutes. That's all the time she had until the meeting began. Zara took the stairs two at a time, but stopped to collect herself before she pushed open the door to the fourth floor. Officially this wing of the building was not in use by her company, but the clever planning that served her well in her career was equally useful for this particular action item.

Chin held high, she strode into the hallway. If she happened to meet anyone, she would confidently claim she was on her way to the CEO's office to discuss her upcoming presentation. Yet, in the six months she'd been engaging in this special 'preparation' for important staff meetings, she'd never met a soul.

With one final glance down the empty corridor, she slipped into the WC by the stairwell and locked the door behind her. It might seem strange to make a special trip upstairs to answer the call of nature, to put it one way, but Zara was partial to this particular room. It was of an intimate size, with a sink, a single stall and a lounging bed upholstered in fake leather. The lighting was unusually flattering thanks to the sconces around the mirrors, and the air always had the fresh scent of lemony disinfectant cleaner. Zara suspected it was rarely used, except by her for this very special purpose.

She hung her purse and suit jacket on the hook by the sink and turned to study herself in the full-length mirror. She looked a little tired, she thought, although she was pleased with her new haircut that just grazed her jawline. Sophisticated it was, the perfect look for a vice president of marketing. She gave herself a sly smile. She had twenty-eight minutes now.

Still gazing at her reflection, she began to unbutton her blouse. She pulled it slightly down over her shoulders and unsnapped her white satin bra by its front hook. The cups parted and her breasts spilled out, as if eager to escape their workaday bondage. Her nipples were already stiff and rosy.

Her secret muscles clenched with anticipation, and she bit her lip to keep from moaning. If only the company elites could gather here instead of the conference room on the floor below. What would they say to see her like this, breasts exposed, chest splotted with sexual rash, eyes hooded with lust?

‘My model employee,’ Michael Jones, the CEO, would tell her. He always said this in a slightly flirtatious tone, but he did in fact seem pleased with her work.

But now she was of a mind to model a different professional behaviour – the kind you find in a red-light district. Zara took her breasts in her hands and began to massage them lightly, half for her own pleasure, half for the show on display in the silvery world receding before her.

‘Oh, my God, I can’t believe it. She’s standing there playing with her bare tits in front of everyone,’ a husky male voice

murmured in her ear.

‘You’re going to enjoy this week’s presentation,’ promised another, sounding very much like the CEO.

‘Pardon me, sir, but what might we expect on today’s agenda?’

‘First Ms Reynolds will masturbate for us until she comes. If we’ve shown her our appreciation with plenty of lewd comments, she’ll choose one lucky man to bang her on the conference table until she climaxes again.’

‘Choose me, darling, I’ll give your cunt a good ploughing.’

Zara pinched her nipples, twisting the hard nubs between her fingers. She didn’t need to answer. She didn’t even really know who these phantom men were, but their crude words aroused her like nothing else.

‘Lovely breasts, but why don’t you show us your bare bottom and your pretty lady parts as well?’

Obligingly Zara unzipped and let her wool pants slither down around her knees. She yanked her satin panties down and spread her thighs as if to show herself to a roomful of voyeurs.

‘There’s a quim I’d like to get to know better.’

‘Touch it, sweetheart. Touch your hard clit. That’s what we’re here to see.’

Zara dropped one hand between her legs and pressed a finger to her sweet spot.

‘Suggestible, isn’t she, boss?’

‘She’s my model employee,’ observed the CEO.

Zara hastily glanced at her watch. Five minutes had passed.

She began to strum herself industriously, aware of the soft click of her lubricated flesh.

‘I love to watch that finger jiggle, but you’re running out of time. I think you need the help of your special “friend”.’

Unfortunately the man was right. Zara did have a tight schedule today. She waddled over to her purse as best she could with her pants around her knees and fished out her treasure. She pulled the egg-shaped vibrator from its case and switched it on. It cost over a hundred dollars and was advertised to be absolutely quiet. It was indeed – except for the gasps that leaked from her lips when she held the shivering tip to her clitoris.

Again she faced the mirror. She licked her palm and brushed it over her nipple in slow circles. With the other hand, she held the toy to her mons.

‘Oh, sweet Jesus!’ That was Zara’s voice, hissing out her pleasure when the vibrator made contact.

‘She’ll come like a rocket and then one of us will have her,’ said a voice. ‘It doesn’t take her long to come again with a cock buried inside her.’

A hazy veil of lust dropped over Zara’s eyes, but she kept her gaze fixed on the female body before her. The woman in the mirror was so sexually aroused that her breasts were mottled with a pink flush, her thighs were shaking and her ass bucked up as if the vibrator were a man’s groin. The burning sensation around her clit expanded, pushing up into her belly like a balloon. With wild eyes, she glanced down at her watch on her left wrist.

Thirteen minutes until the meeting began.

She pressed the toy deeper into her flesh.

And came.

Zara squeezed her eyes shut, lost in the searingly pleasurable sensation pulsing through her body. When the last spasm subsided, she opened her eyes again and flashed herself another smile. But she had no time to waste. She immediately hiked up her slacks and fastened her bra and blouse. She dabbed her face with a handkerchief, applied fresh lipstick, and brushed out her hair. There was nothing like an orgasm to improve one's appearance.

'Why's she leaving? Didn't you say one of us gets to fuck her now?'

'Maybe next time, if you're good,' Zara murmured under her breath. Poor lad, trapped in the mirror with a throbbing hard-on. Didn't he know not to trust any promises a woman made *before*, when she'd tell a man anything to get what she needed for her release?

She was still smiling at her own joke as she pushed open the ladies' room door.

And nearly ran right into a man passing by.

'Oh, pardon me,' she cried.

'No, pardon me,' he said, equally surprised at her sudden appearance out of nowhere.

Zara noted that the man had a pleasantly deep voice. She instinctively looked up into his face. He wasn't bad looking either,

rather her type with his square face and intelligent blue eyes, not to mention the stocky body type she favoured in her men. More to wrap your legs around.

‘I didn’t know there were any offices in use up here,’ he said.

‘Oh, there aren’t, I was just coming back from a meeting with the CEO, and now I’m off to another meeting,’ Zara babbled. Not that she owed a visitor any explanations.

The man cocked his head. ‘I was just with your CEO for the past hour. And now I’m going to the weekly executive status meeting on the third floor. Is that where you’re headed?’

Caught in her lie, Zara’s cheeks turned to flame. ‘Yes, actually. I’m afraid I didn’t realise we’d have guests at the meeting today.’

To her relief, the man only smiled and began walking toward the stairwell. She followed.

‘I’m not exactly a guest. I’m a consultant. Michael asked me in to evaluate the company’s current organisation.’

Zara frowned. That kind of consultant often meant someone lost her job or was transferred to the Siberia of ‘special projects’.

The man seemed to read her thoughts. ‘I don’t think there’s anything to worry about. We’re talking fine tuning here. By the way, I’m Paul Springfield, principal with Springfield Management Training.’ He held out his hand.

‘Zara Reynolds. VP of marketing.’

Paul’s eyebrows shot up. ‘Zara Reynolds? What a coincidence. Michael was just telling me to pay special attention to you. He said you give the best damn presentations in the company.’

Could it be that at the very moment she was practising her private warm-up exercise, Michael and this stranger were discussing her charisma before an audience?

‘I don’t mean to put you on the spot. Your boss is just very impressed with you,’ Paul said. This man certainly seemed considerate, if nothing else. ‘By the way, I’m glad to see you like to get your blood pumping during the workday.’

Again she was speechless. It was as if he *knew* what she’d been doing.

‘I also try to take the stairs instead of the elevator for exercise whenever I can,’ he continued innocently and set off at a brisk pace down the stairway.

In spite of herself, Zara joined him, although she would have preferred to disappear into the woodwork. Still, if her boss and this intriguing outsider were expecting her to perform well at the meeting, she would not disappoint them.

Zara’s presentation did go very well. Once in the conference room, she quickly recovered the easy confidence she always felt after a good orgasm. Far from throwing her off her game, Paul’s sky-blue eyes provided an extra spark. In fact, her entire audience seemed captivated by her report, laughing freely at her jokes, nodding enthusiastic agreement at her suggestions.

‘They were right about you,’ Paul murmured as she brushed past him on her way out.

She just smiled.

She found herself smiling at Paul often over the next month of his consultant work. They ran into each other daily on the stairways, and both favoured the organic vegetarian restaurant near the office. Over lunch one day, he let it be known that he'd been divorced for a few years. She mentioned the relationship she'd ended when she moved to the city to take this job. Halfway through his project, Paul confessed he'd love to take her out to his favourite upscale vegetarian restaurant for dinner, but he made it a policy never to mix business with pleasure. Might she have a free evening after he'd turned in his final evaluation?

Zara's smile promised more than dinner. After all, she'd already been indulging herself in scandalous behaviour with Paul during her breaks in her special hideaway. She still performed for her colleagues, but Paul took on the role of emcee now. His satin voice narrated each new move in obscene language; his large hands and hot mouth demonstrated particularly effective techniques to heighten her response. When she was feeling really naughty, Paul would whip out a fat, florid erection and instruct her to fellate him while he leaned back against the conference table. He always pulled out just in time to ejaculate pearly spunk all over her face for the edification of her watching co-workers.

The climaxes she had from these lascivious scenes were fabulous.

Soon after he finished his work with her company, Paul did ask her to dinner, and soon after that, they went to bed together. She was not disappointed. The first night had a leisurely, innocent

festivity, as if they were teenagers discovering sex for the first time. Once he realised she was adventurous, however, he revealed his true nature as a sexual connoisseur. He introduced her to his collection of special pillows to facilitate unusual sexual positions – wedges and bolsters and rockers, which he covered in washable satin cases – and draped her body over them in the most stimulating ways.

Unbeknownst to him, he also became bolder at the imaginary company meetings, urging her to masturbate shamelessly with a long, veined dildo and bending her over the table and sodomising her in front of the assembled employees to the surprise and delight of all. Nothing made her hotter than these forbidden scenes, which she sometimes played in her head as they made love, but she still wasn't sure the real Paul would be able to handle her transgressive use of office hours. After all, his first impression of her was as a model employee.

That changed one day when they were enjoying brunch at the corner table in their favourite café after a Saturday morning of sweaty sex involving a pair of lacy crotchless knickers (hers) and multiple configurations of sex pillows (his). Over tofu scrambles, Paul took Zara's hand across the table and gazed into her eyes.

'You look so gorgeous right now. But then you've always looked radiant to me from the first moment I laid eyes on you.'

Zara laughed indulgently.

'I figured you'd been making yourself up in that ladies' room. But now I know it's just your natural beauty. You have a glow

every time we're together.'

If only he knew.

'I always wondered, though ...'

'Yes?'

'Well, I was wondering why you were in that deserted part of the building. I'm guessing that room has good lighting for make-up. Or you like to have a bit of exercise.'

'Well, you're right on both counts, but not for the reason you think.' The words slipped out before Zara could stop herself. Then she blushed. Paul looked even more intrigued.

'Come on, what's up? I insist you tell me.'

Zara's pussy contracted. She loved to submit to his commands when it came to sex, and this was unquestionably about sex. So she scooted her chair closer and brought her lips to his ear. 'I do something, well, unprofessional in that room.'

He grinned. 'What do you mean? Like you make calls to other companies to divulge secrets?'

'Of course not.' She leaned close again. 'I "relax" myself when I'm feeling stressed. You know, with that toy I showed you the other night.'

Paul's jaw dropped. 'You mean when we first met you'd just been ...? No wonder I fell for you at first sight.'

To Zara's relief, he seemed far from appalled by her confession.

'I want details. Come on, you can tell me all about it in the car.'

Once they were out of public hearing, she slowly divulged

the basic facts: that she sneaked up to the deserted ladies' room and pretended she was giving a sex show to her co-workers while she masturbated. She did not, however, mention the disembodied male voices or Paul's own enthusiastic participation in the depravity. She was so caught up in her story, she didn't notice he was driving them to her office until they'd parked in front of the building. She knew Paul well enough to guess what he had in mind.

'What if we get caught?' she asked helplessly.

'It's a Saturday,' he insisted. 'No one will be there. If they are, you can say you stopped in to pick up some work. You're well known for your dedication to the company.'

Part of her wanted to refuse, but the tingling between her legs told her that she'd regret it.

'OK, I'll give you a peek at the scene of the crime, but that's all.'

Paul gave her a 'we'll see' smile and jumped out of the car.

He suggested they take the stairs, for authenticity's sake, so Zara was properly flushed and breathless when they reached her secret room. She glanced quickly up and down the hall, opened the door and pulled him inside.

'OK, you've seen it, now let's go.'

Paul's gaze caressed the forbidden surroundings, his eyes flickering. 'What's the hurry? Now exactly where do you put on your show? Facing the sink or the full-length mirror?'

'The full-length, of course,' she murmured. 'I'll give you a

demonstration back at your place. We should get out of here now.'

Instead Paul put his hand to the small of her back and guided her over to face the mirror. He stood behind her. The bulge in his pants pressed lightly against her buttocks.

'So, you stand here like this and then what do you do?'

'Paul, please.' In spite of herself, Zara's knickers grew damp. Her breasts felt heavy and achy, desperate to be touched. Her body was so accustomed to the erotic indulgence that took place before this mirror, it was more than happy to go along with her lover's designs.

'Show me, Zara. Please.'

His voice was sweet and full of need, yet it was the edge of command that made her squirm back against him.

'No one will see you but me.'

Her final protest died in her throat. For after all, wasn't he giving her exactly what she'd dreamed of during those stolen interludes: to be seen and desired by an appreciative male in the flesh?

She began to unbutton her blouse with trembling hands. Paul let out a soft sigh of victory. Her bra unhooked from behind today, but she managed that by pushing down the sagging bra cups so her pink nipples peeped over the top.

She paused. She'd touched herself in his presence before, but only under the blankets, in low light. She'd never been so exposed. The pure exhibitionism of it made her light-headed.

‘You’re so beautiful, Zara. Please, do it. Do it for me.’

His words melted any lingering resistance. She cradled her breasts and pushed them up as if in offering to him. In the mirror he made a quick motion, as if he wanted to fondle her himself, but then thought better of it.

She took the stiff nipples between her fingers, rolling and tweaking the way she liked best.

‘Oh, God, that’s so fucking hot,’ Paul breathed. Then she saw him shake his head. ‘Sorry, sorry. I’ll try to stay quiet and just watch.’

‘No, please. I like it when they talk.’

“‘They?’”

What had she said? But Zara was beyond shame now.

‘The men watching. In the mirror. They say rude things to me. But I like it very much.’

Paul’s lips lifted in a knowing smile. ‘Do you? You like it when a man admits he’s got the hardest wood of his life watching you play with your naked tits in the ladies’ room when you should be downstairs doing an honest day’s work?’

Zara’s body jerked. Her knickers flooded with a gush of juices. He’d got it just right.

‘Well, do you?’ he pressed.

‘Yes, oh, God, yes.’

‘What else do you like to do, you trollop?’

‘I ... I like to pull down my pants and touch myself while they watch.’ Zara stammered out the words, but she found, to her

surprise, that the sound of her own voice saying naughty things aroused her as much as him.

‘I most definitely would like to see that little show. In fact, I’ve been imagining this since the day we met. I sat there in that meeting wondering what you’d look like with your shirt open and your pants pulled down. Sweating and squirming and begging for my prick. Is that what you want? Do you want me to fuck you here in your little self-love nest?’

Zara let out a moan of assent.

‘But first you should get yourself nice and wet. Take down your pants like a good girl and show me what you do when you’re alone. Not with that toy though. I want to see you get your fingers dirty.’

She fumbled with her belt and pushed her jeans and knickers down so her trimmed triangle of pubic hair was revealed. She jammed her hand between her legs and began to strum. He watched until her knees were wobbling and each breath was a groan.

‘Well done. I’m very impressed with your work, Zara, but I have to say I’m disappointed to hear you do your naughty business all on your own when every man in this company would be very motivated by this presentation.’

Zara let out a soft ‘oh’ of shame and desire. He pressed into her from behind and brought his hands around to cup her breasts. Flicking the nipples devilishly, he hissed in her ear, ‘Are you ready for my cock now, love? Do those men in the mirror put

their cocks inside you, one after the other, as you lie back on the conference table?’

‘No,’ she admitted, her eyes fixed on his large hands squeezing her breasts with practised skill. ‘I promise them they can have me after I come, but then I do something very bad. I leave them trapped in there with their hard cocks still aching in their pants.’

‘Aren’t you the little cocktease? Well, that’s not going to happen today, is it? I know just how to give you what you deserve. I’m going to lie down on that couch and you’re going to ride me like a cowgirl. Take off all your clothes now and get a condom out of your purse. Be quick. Every boss likes an employee who takes directions well.’

Zara was all too happy to follow his instructions. Paul pushed his jeans down to his thighs and stretched out on the couch, looking rather lordly. He watched coolly as she sheathed him, but couldn’t restrain a moan when she sank down onto his tool.

‘Watch yourself,’ he whispered. ‘Watch yourself get what’s coming to you after teasing all of those poor men with your naughty show.’

Zara ground her clit into him, her eyes dutifully fixed on her own nude body. The sight gave her a secret thrill. She might look more vulnerable than he did, all dressed and proper as he was, but she knew she held the real power within her naked, radiant flesh. She bucked and whimpered as the sensations intensified in her pussy. Her skin shimmered with a thin film of sweat. She could tell Paul was close, too. Could he hold out for her? She clutched

him with her secret muscles, willing herself to finish first.

Then, as if he'd pushed himself inside her head as well as her body, he barked out another order. 'Be quick about it now, Zara. You have to be at a meeting in fifteen minutes.'

It was the perfect touch.

She cried out and rammed herself onto him as the orgasm ripped up through her torso. Bucking and sobbing, she milked him until her contractions faded. Then he began to thrust, up and up into her. She tightened her thighs around him, really riding him like a cowgirl at a rodeo. He grunted like an animal as he emptied himself into her. She watched that in the mirror, too.

She had to admit Paul, too, looked especially radiant after a good orgasm.

Afterwards, they lay together on the couch idly admiring their own reflections.

'Now I know why you enchant every man in the room. You're standing up there all smug and satisfied, still wet and swollen in your knickers, while you lecture us on marketing strategy. On some level we know it, and we're transfixed by every word.'

'Perhaps you might suggest my approach as a model the next time you tell some poor CEO how to improve morale,' she teased.

'First I'm going to have to study your methods further. Do promise you'll invite me back here some time. For professional observation, of course.'

Zara flashed them both a secret smile in the mirror.

That was an action item she was sure to follow up on.

Lather. Rinse. Repeat.

Lolita Lopez

It was all that scratching and tugging that got me so hot. I kept my eyes closed as Blake shampooed my hair. Her perfectly manicured nails scratched my scalp, setting the skin alight with tingles as she swirled her fingertips through my foamy hair. The scent of the ultra-expensive vegan shampoo, a heady mix of peppermint and the woody musk of cedar, filled my nose and relaxed me. The soft lavender notes of her perfume complemented the shampoo and left me wanting to inhale more deeply.

As she leaned across me to better reach the back of my head, her small breasts brushed against mine. My eyes flicked open, and I was greeted with the enticing view of her cleavage. I recognised the hot pink push-up bra because I had one just like it in my lingerie drawer at home, albeit in a much larger cup size. The front of Blake's V-neck T-shirt gaped as she continued to scrub my hair. The jiggling flesh right before my eyes left me feeling dizzy and hot. I wondered what it would be like to drag my tongue over the swell of her breast. Would she purr with delight? God, I hoped so.

I found my reaction to Blake a bit puzzling. In twenty-nine years, I'd never been this attracted to another woman. Oh, I'd

noticed beautiful women and sometimes found my gaze lingering on the athletic types who'd shared my dorm in freshman and sophomore years of college, but I'd never felt like this. She'd stolen my breath away the first moment I'd clapped eyes on her nearly three months earlier. She'd been standing behind the reception desk, just laughing and gossiping away as I'd approached to check in for my usual salon appointment. I'd nearly tripped over my feet. She looked like some kind of spunky little pixie with her white-blonde close-cropped hair and bright smile. As she beamed at me, I'd experienced the strangest frisson of white-hot delight rushing through my belly.

She was different. She affected me so much more than any other person, male or female, ever had. I couldn't stop thinking of her between visits to the salon. She invaded my dreams and tortured me in my naughtiest fantasies. I wanted her so badly but didn't know how to tell her. I was so out of my league on this one. It was one thing to make a move on a man. I'd been doing that for ages and knew how to play that game. But going after Blake? I didn't even know where to start.

'You seem tense today,' Blake murmured as she worked her nimble fingers through the rich lather coating my locks. She smiled down at me, and my heart melted. 'You should book one of Diana's massages. She's fabulous!'

'Maybe,' I said, my gaze fixed on her smiling mouth. I started to have all sorts of deliciously dirty thoughts that were wholly inappropriate for the salon setting.

‘Am I doing your eyebrows today?’ Her fingers left my hair, and a second later I heard the spurt of water hitting the basin as she prepared to rinse my hair.

‘Yes.’

‘Just the eyebrows?’ She gave me a pointed look. ‘I can fit you in if you’d like to take off a little more than that.’

I squirmed when I realised what she was asking. ‘I’m not so sure about doing anything down south.’

She smiled sweetly. ‘I’m very gentle.’

Oh, I had no doubt. As she rinsed my sudsy hair, I considered my options. I’d been interested in a Brazilian for a while now, but I’d never been able to work up the courage to book one. I mean, having my eyebrows waxed left me teary and blotchy. Having *that* waxed? I’d probably pass out or scream like a baby.

But as Blake’s skilful hands worked conditioner into my hair, I started to wonder what it would feel like to have her hands on me. That was an incredibly intimate procedure. I’d be laid bare to her and completely vulnerable. Just the thought of her soft hands manipulating my flesh left me breathless. How could I survive the real thing?

Blake’s fingers massaged the back of my neck as she waited for the conditioner to soak in thoroughly. ‘So what do you think?’

‘I don’t know,’ I admitted nervously. ‘I’m not a huge fan of pain.’

She grinned mischievously as she kneaded my neck. ‘I know a really good way to make you forget about the pain.’

My belly wobbled as her insinuation hit home. Electric zings arced across my chest. My nipples drew tight as visions of Blake's fingers and mouth between my thighs danced before my eyes. Was I really considering putting myself through the hell of a Brazilian wax for the chance to share an illicit tryst with her? Yes. Yes, I totally was considering just that.

Swallowing hard, I met her unwavering gaze and nodded. 'All right.'

She smiled triumphantly. 'Great.'

I vibrated with anxiety and excitement as Blake finished my shampoo and conditioning and wound my hair tight in a towel. She grasped my hand and helped me sit up in the squishy vinyl chair. My gaze fell to our interlaced fingers. She sported an electric-blue manicure that looked so playful and flirty compared to my rather staid French tips. We reluctantly parted hands as I stood and put my hand to the damp towel wrapped around my wet hair.

She gestured to my stylist's station. 'After you get your hair done, I'll find you and take you to one of the private rooms in the back.'

'OK.' My wild emotions settled down a bit as I headed over to my stylist's open chair. Candie draped a cape across my front and fastened it at the nape of my neck. As she unwound the towel and wiggled her fingers through my hair, we discussed how much I wanted trimmed and whether or not I wanted a blow dry and straightening. Once that was settled, she got to work and struck

up a conversation with me.

I tried to pay attention, but I kept catching glimpses of Blake in the mirror as she dealt with other clients at the busy upscale salon and spa. We exchanged knowing smiles that sent swarms of butterflies racing through my belly. The quick trim and style was the longest thirty minutes of my life. I wanted out of that chair and into one of those private rooms at the back of the salon. Oh, sure, there was going to be pain, but there was also going to be a lot of pleasure.

And I really wanted to get to the pleasure part.

As Candie whipped free the cape, Blake casually joined us. I tried to keep my excitement in check as the three of us chatted about my hair. The taut string of sexual tension between Blake and me kept pulling us closer and closer together until our arms were brushing. Every tiny contact sent shivers down my spine. God, I couldn't wait a moment longer. I needed to touch her.

She seemed to sense my need and gave a little wave of her hand. 'Come on. I'll get us set up in one of the private rooms.'

Relieved, I shot a quick smile at Candie before pivoting on my heel and trailing Blake to the back of the salon. My gaze shifted to the playful cut of her hot-pink ruffled skirt. It made the black salon T-shirt she wore pop. The sexy swing of her hips enthralled me. I tried not to openly ogle her derrière as we passed by the row of occupied chairs and sinks at the shampoo station, but it was so damn hard to drag away my gaze.

I practically vibrated with anticipation as we neared our

room. The knowledge that something awfully naughty and totally against the rules was about to happen left me weak in the knees. My pussy actually pulsed as my clit throbbed and that first slick of arousal seeped from my core. My breasts ached. My nipples begged for attention. I was suddenly very glad of the moulded cups of my bra that hid those stiff peaks. At least they allowed me to maintain an outward semblance of modesty.

I slipped by Blake and into the room she indicated. She flipped the 'occupied' sign on the door. My gut clenched as I heard the telltale snick of the door locking behind us. She leaned back against it and stared at me. I clasped my hands together in front of me and chewed my lower lip. She unsettled me. I was used to being the aggressor in my relationships, but I had the distinct feeling Blake wanted that role.

And I liked it. I found the idea of deferring to her rather intoxicating.

'Why don't you go behind the curtain there and change.' She pointed to a screened-off area in the corner of the room. 'There are paper undies in the drawers marked by size, and some sheets. Just wrap one around your waist and come back to the table.'

My gaze moved to the paper-covered table and the counter covered in waxing supplies. My bravery started to diminish as I spotted the cloth strips and wooden sticks. Then I remembered Blake's offer to make the pain go away. That put a little spring in my step as I headed for the curtain. I made quick work of toeing off my pumps and peeling out of my cuffed trousers and

simple panties. I felt a bit ridiculous as I emerged from behind the curtain wearing the paper undies with a sheet wrapped around my waist. Not exactly the sexiest of looks.

I slid onto the table and reclined against the padded top. As I rearranged the sheet across my thighs and lower belly, Blake moved into view and smiled down at me. She'd wheeled over a cart holding pots of hot wax, little spreader sticks and various sizes of cloth strips. She picked up a bottle of lavender-coloured liquid and soaked a cotton ball. Wordlessly, she swept the primer over my eyebrows to prepare my skin for the wax.

My fingers curled into fists at my sides as the hot wax smeared across my skin. This part I could handle. It wasn't until her fingers started to smooth the strip of cloth that the dreadful panicky sensation invaded my belly. I tried not to hyperventilate as I anticipated the rip and sting of the first bit of cloth being lifted quickly from my skin.

A soft yelp escaped my lips as the cotton whooshed free of my skin. I'd been waxing and plucking my eyebrows for the better part of twelve years, and I still couldn't get a grip on the pain. Thankfully, Blake worked fast and efficiently as she shaped my eyebrows.

Try as I might, I couldn't enjoy the feel of her hands on me. My excitement deflated as I realised that, although this illicit tryst we'd planned with secret looks and a bit of innuendo sounded like it would be hot, hot, hot, it was probably going to be torture for me.

‘Maybe we won’t do the Brazilian today,’ Blake remarked as she smoothed the cooling gel across my abused eyebrows with a clean cotton ball. Her fingertips caressed my cheek. ‘It’s not for everyone.’

I glanced up at her and caught her amused smile. ‘How can you tell?’

‘Well –’ she set aside the cotton ball and stroked my upper arms ‘– you’ve ripped the paper under your hands to shreds, and your knees are shaking under that sheet.’

‘Oh,’ I said a bit sheepishly. I consciously stilled my knocking knees and stretched out my curled-up fingers. ‘Yeah,’ I replied with a heavy, resigned sigh, ‘maybe you’re right. No Brazilian today.’ I frowned apologetically. ‘I’m sorry.’

She looked surprised. ‘For?’

‘Killing the mood,’ I explained.

‘Oh, I don’t know about that,’ Blake murmured as she came around and stood next to my hip. ‘We still have a good twenty minutes before someone knocks on the door to see if we’re finished and ready to clear out of the room for the next client.’

‘Really?’ A spark of interest flared in my belly. ‘Twenty minutes, huh?’

Blake chuckled and lowered her mouth very close to mine. Her soft breath buffeted my lips. ‘Twenty minutes.’

I trembled as she teasingly brushed her pouty mouth against mine. My eyelids drifted together as bliss exploded all around me. Blake’s gentle kiss awoke the sensual side of me I’d long

neglected. Trapped in the never-ending cycle of work, work, work, I'd suppressed the part of me that hungered for a soft, slow touch, a touch exactly like the one Blake now gave me.

Our tongues tangled as she placed a knee on the low table and pushed off the floor. She straddled my sheet-covered hips and rested her palms on either side of my head. I reached up and cupped the back of her neck, holding her in place as we kissed. Lips sliding, tongues stabbing, we clutched at one another as our mouths mated in a wild dance of lust and pleasure.

She left me breathless and shaking when she sat up again and started to flick through the buttons lining the front of my shirt. She urged me to lift my shoulders so she could reach behind me and undo the clasp of my bra. Soon enough, my breasts were bared to her, my bra awkwardly shoved out of the way. She bent low and captured a nipple between her lips. I gasped at the sharp sensation of her mouth tugging on the tender peak. Her tongue soothingly laved the rosy point before she moved on to the other breast.

I threw my head back as she teased me with her lips and teeth and tongue. My God, I'd never known my breasts were so sensitive. She seemed to possess an uncanny knowledge of what I liked and just how I wanted it. My fingers sifted through her hair as she suckled and nipped. I squeezed my thighs together in a desperate attempt to assuage the pulsing, pounding need building down there.

Blake hummed happily as her lips meandered down my front.

She peppered light kisses along my belly and around my navel before moving lower down the table. I trembled with anxiety as she unwound the sheet draped across my hips and took hold of the paper panties. I didn't even have to lift my backside to aid in their removal. Blake ripped them free and tossed the remnants aside.

'Open your legs for me,' she ordered huskily. 'Let me see that pretty pink pussy of yours.'

I nearly fainted at the sound of those dirty words spilling from her cherubic mouth. I didn't hesitate, though, and spread my thighs for her. She petted my sex with soft strokes. I kept the area immaculately landscaped and trimmed. It wasn't Brazilian smooth, but it looked natural and feminine.

'Nice,' she murmured before parting the lips of my pussy with her fingers. 'So pink and wet and soft.' Her finger swirled around my opening, gathering the nectar there and spreading it around. When she circled my throbbing clit, I tensed. The sensation was too much, too soon, but Blake didn't stop. She held my gaze as she slowly stimulated my clit with the tip of her finger. It seemed almost like a dare, and I couldn't back down.

Sure enough, the overwhelming sensation faded to something much more pleasant. I rocked my hips, wanting more of the stimulation she provided, but the little witch stopped the movement of her finger. 'Oh, please,' I begged and pumped my hips.

'Patience,' she whispered and started to scoot down my body.

When she settled her face between my thighs, I lifted up on my elbows to watch her. I'd never been tasted by another woman and wanted to savour every moment of it. Her skilful tongue swiped the length of my pussy, and I groaned with pleasure. Her tongue slid lower and delved into my cunt, tonguing me in a way I'd never experienced. I panted and clawed at the table as she tongue-fucked me. Her nose nestled between my folds and rubbed against my clit in a way that made my toes curl.

When she'd had enough of tormenting me, Blake traced my labia and turned her full attention to my clit. Her tongue swirled and flicked over the tiny pink nub. I clutched at her head as she devoured me. The rhythmic flutter of her tongue sent little shockwaves through my belly. The fiery prickle of a building climax invaded my core. I pumped my hips, pressing my cunt against her expert mouth, and tried not to cry out or betray us to anyone outside the room.

She didn't make it easy. Blake penetrated me with a pair of fingers and searched for that spot that made me see stars. She slurped my clit between her lips and thrust her fingers at a faster pace. I clapped my hand over my mouth to prevent any sound from escaping. Blake showed no mercy as she lapped at my clit and pumped my pussy with her fingers. She pushed me closer and closer to the edge until, suddenly, I lost control.

Mouth agape and hips rocking, I came hard against her mouth. She never let up, not even a bit. She forced my orgasm to continue, flicking her tongue over my clit as I shuddered and

convulsed atop the table. When I couldn't take any more, I reached for her face and touched her cheek in a silent bid for mercy. She chuckled softly as she abandoned my clit. I dropped back to the table with a thud and draped my arm over my face as I tried to catch my breath.

Blake leisurely kissed her way up my body until we were nose to nose again. I cupped her face as I kissed her, my tongue tracing her lips and gathering my musky essence from her skin. She smiled down at me and stroked my cheek. 'You're really beautiful after you come. I mean, you're glowing.'

'Yeah?'

'Mmm-hmm,' she murmured and nipped at my neck.

'And what about you?' I cupped her backside and gave it a playful pat. 'Do you glow after you come?'

That mischievous spark I was beginning to love glinted in her eyes. 'Would you like to find out?'

I nodded but then added, 'I've never done this before.'

She shrugged and gave me a sweet kiss. 'We all start somewhere, right?'

'Sure.'

'Would you like me to show you how?'

'Please.'

She hopped off the table just long enough to peel out of her undies and tuck the ruffles of her skirt into the waistband. We giggled as she jumped back onto the table and our foreheads knocked together. I sensed she was just as excited as I was

uncertain.

‘Scoot down,’ she instructed. ‘I need somewhere to put my knees.’

I did as she asked even though I wasn’t sure what she planned to do. When she straddled my shoulders, a knee on either side of my head, I finally got it. Her smooth, waxed pussy rested mere inches from my mouth. I caressed her thighs as she manoeuvred into place, and licked my lips with anticipation.

‘Do you remember how I licked you?’

‘Hell yes,’ I replied with a laugh. My body still ached with the reminder of the way she masterfully manipulated me.

‘Just do that,’ she said softly and spread the lips of her cunt for me. ‘Put your tongue right here.’ She tapped her clit. ‘I’m more sensitive on the left side, and I like up and down licks.’ She slid her finger down toward her entrance. ‘And here too. I want you to taste me here.’

I vibrated with eagerness as she pressed her pussy to my mouth. I allowed my tongue to slip past my lips and touch her clit. The sensation was alien to me but something I decided I liked very much after that first tentative flick. I held tight to her thighs as my tongue slithered between her dewy folds. Her taste, a unique blend of salt and earthen musk, spilled over my taste buds. It was nothing like I’d imagined and yet everything I wanted.

‘Oh, yeah, baby,’ she whispered enthusiastically. ‘Lick my cunt just like that. Put your tongue inside me.’

Her breath hitched as I did what she asked. The warm,

soft passage welcomed my stiff invading tongue. That delicious honey tantalised. I couldn't get enough of her sweet pussy. Her little purrs and tiny whimpers spurred me onward. I grew bolder and more confident with my fluttering tongue and discovered the rhythm that worked for her. I couldn't wait to feel her shatter against my tongue and attacked her clit like a mad woman.

Her fingers wound tight in my hair as she approached her climax. When she finally burst, she pulled hard, setting my scalp on fire with a burn that felt so indescribably good. Her clit pulsed against my tongue. It drove me wild. I knew right then and there that this one tryst with Blake just wasn't going to be enough.

When her orgasm ended, she fell onto her side next to me. It was a tight squeeze on the table but we made it work. We kissed and touched and whispered softly to one another. In the back of my mind, I wondered how much time we had left together. It couldn't be much. I didn't want our moment to end, but reality intruded soon enough when one of Blake's co-workers knocked on the door and asked how much longer we'd be.

'Five minutes,' Blake called out as she touched my face. She claimed my mouth in a possessive and demanding kiss that made my head spin.

We reluctantly parted and slipped off the table. While she slipped on her hastily discarded undies, I fixed my bra and shirt. I headed toward the screen to find the rest of my clothes and get dressed. I could hear Blake cleaning up the table and the waxing supplies she'd used on my eyebrows. When I emerged

from behind the curtain, I felt a bit shy. I had no idea what would happen next.

‘Are you doing anything tonight?’ Blake rubbed the table with a disinfectant wipe before pulling down another length of the protective paper sheet.

‘Probably some takeout and reality TV,’ I replied honestly. ‘You?’

She grinned impishly. ‘I guess takeout and reality TV.’

Hope exploded in my chest. ‘Yeah?’

‘I think we’ve been dancing around this attraction of ours long enough, don’t you?’

‘Yes! So completely and totally agree.’ I quickly added, ‘I would have said something sooner, but I just didn’t know how.’

‘I figured this was the first for you. I decided to wait and see, but I guess I got a little impatient today. I threw out the Brazilian invite to gauge your reaction.’ She made an apologetic face. ‘Oh, shit. They’re going to charge you for a waxing you didn’t receive.’

I shrugged. ‘Money well spent.’

She laughed and crossed the short distance between us. Her arms slipped around my waist and hauled me tight against her chest. She threaded her fingers through my hair. Our foreheads touched a moment before our lips met in a lingering kiss.

When we separated, I smiled and gave her a squeeze. ‘I’ll text you with directions later.’

‘Great. I’ll bring a bottle of wine.’

‘And your overnight bag.’

A broad grin curved her mouth. 'Will do.'

We broke apart and headed toward the door. Out in the salon, we walked side by side to the reception desk where Blake handed over my ticket. As I waited to pay my bill, Blake hung around the desk, pretending to check on her schedule for the rest of the afternoon. After settling my bill, including the phantom Brazilian, I turned toward the door. Leslie, one of the aestheticians, stopped me. 'Wow, Caren! You're glowing. Did you have a facial?'

I couldn't squash the laugh that erupted from my throat. The look on Blake's face was priceless. 'No,' I said brightly. 'The glow must be from all the lovely hands-on service around here.'

'Must be,' Leslie happily agreed before moving on to greet her next client.

Blake and I shared one final, secret smile before I left the salon. I'd expected to feel a little sadness at leaving her behind, but I discovered exactly the opposite. Excitement bubbled in the pit of my tummy. I wasn't sure where our burgeoning relationship was going, but I figured, with the big bang that kicked it off, it had to be somewhere great.

Work It

Heather Towne

I don't work for money, I work for sex. And I don't have to work very hard, if I do say so myself. The money just seems to follow all on its own.

It all started when I turned eighteen. I didn't have the brains or ambition for college, but I was sure I had what it took to succeed in the working world. Specifically, I'm a tall, leggy, busty redhead with violet eyes and porcelain skin, and good taste in fashion.

I didn't really try to flaunt my natural charms at first, it just sort of happened by accident – when I showed up for a job interview with a run in my stocking and buttons missing on my blouse.

I saw the ad in the paper for a secretary at the office of the local diocese. And by the time I'd travelled two bus routes and fought my way through throngs of people and a wicked west wind, I found that I'd lost the two top buttons on my green satin blouse and had picked up a long run in my sheer pantyhose, from my right knee all the way up to my thigh. And there was no time to take corrective action because, by the time I noticed the wardrobe malfunctions, I was already inside the Bishop's office, being interviewed for the job.

He stared at my chest when I stuck out my hand to shake his, then at my legs when I sat down and crossed them. ‘Uh, yes, Ms. Songaard, what, uh, experience do you have for this particular job?’ Bishop McKenzie asked me. His soft voice kind of broke, and his brown eyes widened, as I reached up and fluffed out my wavy red hair, thrusting my chest out even more.

‘Well, um,’ I explained, smoothing my hand over the bare flesh exposed on my thigh below my short white silk skirt. ‘None really, I guess. I just got out of school, you see. But I’m willing to learn – eager to learn new things.’ I batted my long, blackened eyelashes.

Bishop McKenzie was small and sort of delicately featured, with a handsome face and slim figure. He wasn’t the stuffy church person I’d expected at all. He looked at my thigh and chest and smiled and said, ‘You’re enthusiastic?’

‘Very!’ I smiled back.

He cleared his throat, refocused his eyes. ‘Typing skills?’

‘I text a lot.’

‘Accounting knowledge?’

‘I get a bank statement every month.’

‘Receptionist duties?’

‘Oh, I’m on the phone all the time.’

I pulled my skirt down and sort of folded my blouse together. And Bishop McKenzie almost leapt out of his chair like he wanted to stop me.

‘I think I’ll take a chance on you, Ms. – Ellen,’ he said, smiling

warmly. ‘I know how difficult it can be for a young person to get started in the labour force these days –’

‘Really?’

‘– and I think you’ll be a quick study.’

I gushed, ‘Thank you, Bishop McKenzie!’ jumping up and grabbing the man’s hand again.

He squeezed my hand with both of his. ‘You can call me Derek,’ he said, eyes sparkling and teeth shining. ‘We’re all pretty informal around here. You can start right away?’

‘E-mmediately!’

* * *

The work was pretty easy. It was a small office, just me and an older woman who was supposed to train me to take over from her when she retired in a couple of years. She answered the phone, opened the mail, typed up the correspondence and made entries in the accounting system. Most of the time I was with Derek. He always seemed to have some special job for me to do.

Like a day after I’d started, he got me to help him set things up for the Sunday service in the church attached to the office. He gave me a quick tour of the old building, guiding me along by the elbow. I gaped at the big stained-glass windows, the elaborate sculptures and woodwork.

‘Do you attend church on a regular basis, Ellen?’ he asked.

‘No, never,’ I replied.

He squeezed my elbow. ‘We’ll have to change that. It can be quite a moving, rewarding experience, you know.’

‘OK.’

He got me to polish the altar – a big old oak table with huge scrolled legs. And when I was bending across it to reach a corner spot, I felt him sort of brush up against me from the back with the crotch of his dark pants. I was wearing a short red skirt, my long legs sheathed in white nylon stockings. I guess I gave him a pretty good view of my bum bent over like that, and he seemed to appreciate it, judging by the bulge in his pants that I felt rubbing against me.

‘You’re – you’re a very ... charming young woman, Ellen,’ he gulped, like his collar was choking him. He grasped my waist tighter, rubbed his crotch against my bum harder. His bulge pushed my red satin panties right into my butt crack. He looked so handsome and powerful in his black suit with the white collar, the stained-glass window lit up with the sun right behind him.

Maybe I was having a religious experience or whatever they call it, but I got real excited, too. I was wearing a sleeveless white blouse with no bra, and my nipples tightened with feeling, pressing into the silk. My pussy tingled and dampened in my panties. I sort of shifted my bum up and down, helping Derek rub his swelling erection against me. He closed his eyes and tilted his head back, saint-like.

Then he rubbed even harder, really pumping me. And by the way he was gritting his teeth and shaking, it looked like he was already close to coming. I wasn’t at all sure there would be a second coming, so I had to get in on the first. I was hot and

bothered myself.

I pushed away from the altar table, shoving Derek back. Then I spun around, ripped my blouse open and tore my skirt off, offering up my body to the man of God. It seemed the right thing to do.

Derek grinned ecstatically, taking up my large breasts in his soft, warm hands, staring at them with glazed eyes. He caressed my boobs, his brushing fingers and cupping palms making my cherry-red nipples explode outward with emotion. He captured my buzzing tit-tips between his slim fingers and rolled them. I flung my arms around his neck and excitedly kissed him, swirling my tongue inside his mouth.

For a minister, he really knew his way around a woman's body. He pulled his bright pink tongue out of my mouth and brought it down to my breasts, spun it all around my jutting nipples.

'Oooh, Father!' I moaned, sliding my fingers into his hair and grabbing his head. 'Reverend! I mean, Derek!'

He sucked one of my vibrating nipples into his warm, wet mouth and tugged on it with his plush lips while gripping and groping my boobs. Then he bounced his head over to my other breast at the urging of my fingernails in his scalp, and sucked on that needful nipple. I shivered with delight, chest flaming.

Derek's hands dropped off my tits and down onto my panties. I helped him skin the dampened underwear down my legs, jumping in my red leather high heels to clear them from my feet. My boobs shuddered in his face, and he just had to suck on them

some more before he dropped down to his knees at the ginger-furred altar in between my legs, and blessed my pussy with his lips.

‘Oh, Father!’ I yelped, grabbing his head again and splashing his face into my pussy.

I was so-o-o wet and juicy, super-sensitive. Derek clutched my mounded butt cheeks and dragged his tongue up and down my slit, licking my lower lips, my puffed-up clit.

It felt wonderful! I wetted his tongue even more with a hot squirt of my juices. He’d been the one about to come prematurely, but now it was me, inspired by the holy man’s unholy skill at lapping a girl’s snatch.

‘Faster, Father! Lick me harder, Father!’ I cried.

His fingernails bit into my butt cheeks, his head bobbing wildly in my hands as he lapped me with a wicked intensity, lifting me almost right up out of my heels and into heaven on the end of his tongue. I just couldn’t hold back. Not when he slapped at my buzzing button so knowingly.

‘Oh, God!’ I screamed (and it was never more appropriate). Orgasm exploded inside my pussy and crashed through my quivering body. I came and came, riding the man’s face to wicked satisfaction.

I flopped back on the altar table, exhausted and exhilarated. A not-so-virginal sacrifice to the god of lust.

* * *

Bishop McKenzie got reprimanded and transferred to a rural

diocese. Because old Mrs. Land, my office mentor, had been watching us from the vestry, and reported what she'd seen to the higher-ups.

I got fired. But not before getting a nice settlement from the church. They were afraid I was going to sue them for sexual harassment or something. They were kind of sensitive about lawsuits, apparently.

* * *

I didn't stay unemployed for long. A big high-profile, high-risk businessman hired me to work at his real estate office. He cared even less about my lack of job skills than Derek had.

Bob Brophy was into appearance, cosmetic and otherwise, with his blow-dried blond pompadour and face-lifted face, his manicured hands and immaculate tan, his fancy suits and ties. He was in his mid-fifties, I guess, and still very good-looking despite, or because of, all the plastic surgery and professional primping. He liked what he saw of me, too, what I added to his glamorous penthouse office on the ninetieth floor of his self-named building.

But he was very demanding.

'Get my wife on the phone, Ellen!' he barked at me my very first day on the job.

I set my nail file down on his gigantic desk, stood up and smoothed down the short, tight black leather skirt he'd bought me to go along with the low-cut blue satin blouse. I leaned over his desk for the phone at his elbow, and he admired the view. I

picked up the receiver and punched the button labelled 'WIFE'.

When I handed him the phone, he said, 'I think I lost a cufflink under your chair. Check for me, huh?'

I counted one cufflink on each of his two French cuffs, but I smiled and turned and bent down anyway, and looked under my chair. I almost split my skirt at the back, and Bob's sharp intake of breath almost sucked me right into his mouth. But then his wife came on the line, and he started talking to her.

I turned back around. He signalled at me to look under his desk. I nodded and crouched down, peered into the opening that split his huge desk in two. That's when I saw that he actually wanted *me* to suck *him* into *my* mouth. His cock was sticking out of his suit pants, pointing at me, pampered and pumped as the man himself.

He kept right on talking to his wife, as I got down onto all fours and crawled under his desk. There was plenty of room, the carpet sort of worn down. I reached up and grasped Bob's penis, stroked it. He didn't miss a beat, just grunting and bucking slightly, babbling to his wife about how much he loved her. I slid my lips over his smooth, swollen hood and engulfed it with my mouth.

'Yeah!' Bob bellowed into the phone. 'Of course I'm faithful to you, honey!'

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