

Jacinta's Creepy Boss

by Pan

Jacinta stared at her boss. Not surprisingly, he stared back.

Jacinta's boss was a creep. Since the moment she'd started working for him two years earlier, it was as though he'd never once behaved appropriately towards her.

Not just her: any woman that walked past. Any woman that entered the small pet store, or came into view of his office window. Even women who he saw on the cover of magazines or in printed ads.

Jacinta's boss had a problem with women.

And as the only woman who worked for him, Jacinta got the bulk of his attention. His gaze made the young woman uncomfortable every time she caught him looking at her.

He wasn't the only one who stared at her, of course; she was an attractive young woman. She dressed well and kept herself in shape. Standing at 5'6", Jacinta had short hair, dark skin, and olive eyes. Her figure was slender but curvy enough to fill out the outfits she wore to work. Most men probably found her attractive, especially if they were lucky enough to catch her big, brown, doe-like eyes.

But her boss only ever noticed her body. It didn't matter if she wore something conservative or sexy, he always looked right through her outfit. Straight at the body he'd never seen.

The body she knew he fantasized about, probably every night.

Jacinta hated it. Hated *him*. But she needed the money, and – despite her awful boss – she enjoyed working all day with pets.

One day, she decided that she'd had enough. Rather than look away uncomfortably when he fixed his gaze on her, Jacinta decided to give her boss a taste of his own medicine.

The next time her creepy boss stared at her, Jacinta stared right back.

He was not an attractive man. The first thing she'd noticed about him were his large ears, which stuck straight out from his head. He also had thin lips and a wide nose, giving him a rather beakish appearance. A few strands of greasy black hair fell over his forehead and down the sides of his neck.

He was taller than her, but not by much, and stick-thin: his legspoked out the bottom of the baggy shorts he wore to work each day (along with a white button-down shirt and thick glasses perched on his face), hairy and pale.

The difference between their appearances was stark.

But even though Jacinta was staring right at him, he never once took his eyes off of her chest. She could see his tongue darting across his thin lips whenever he breathed. His mouth hung open slightly as he gazed upon her breasts.

Jacinta crossed her arms under her boobs and glared at him. It took several minutes before he seemed to notice, reluctantly bringing his eyes up from her chest to her face.

When he saw her staring back, he didn't appear guilty or surprised. Instead he just smiled, as though enjoying the silent challenge of his employee's stare...before returning his gaze to the young woman's breasts.

Well, Jacinta thought. *Two can play at that game*. If he was going to stare at her, she was going to return the favor.

Lowering her eyes to her boss's crotch, Jacinta tried to turn the tables, to make him as uncomfortable as she was. The young woman decided to stare at his crotch, see how he liked being stared at like a piece of meat.

That'd show him.

It only took her a moment to realize he was hard. His cock was bulging against his pants, pressing upwards as he stared at her tits, as her eyes fixated on his erection.

Jacinta felt her cheeks grow hot as she stared at her boss. She couldn't help it.

His dick was huge.

The young woman couldn't believe it. She'd never seen a man's cock as large as his – not that she'd particularly slept around, of course. He was *huge*.

And as she stared, she started to blush, realizing just how brazen she was being. Standing in front of her boss, looking at his groin, treating him like a piece of meat – as he always did her.

But the longer she stared, the more she could understand the appeal. There was something oddly refreshing about staring at another person, unabashedly checking them out. Objectifying someone with no expectation.

Jacinta could feel the heat rising in her body as she stared at her boss. His member was long and erect, pressing proud and firm through the fabric. Though it was hidden behind his shorts, she could easily imagine what it would look like if she stripped him naked.

Big, she thought, as the young woman stared at her boss's penis. *Too big*. He was so large; his member looked like it belonged on some kind of giant beast. She'd never seen a cock so large in real life. Even the few times she'd seen porn, she'd never seen a cock even close in size.

It was easy to picture doing more than just looking at it, too. As she stared, the young woman easily imagined her small hand wrapping around her boss's huge member, squeezing the shaft

and stroking the fat head.

She wondered what it would be like to take him in her mouth. To kneel before her boss and suck his fat prick, choking on it, drooling around it as her lips moved down his shaft. Would he taste good? Would he fill her throat with his thick, warm cum?

God, no wonder her boss spent all day staring at her. His imagination was probably running as wild as hers was, and the young woman once more had to admit: it felt good. It felt good to imagine herself sucking her boss's enormous, throbbing prick. No, more than sucking – lowering herself onto it, taking him inside her.

The young woman's stomach fluttered nervously as she stared at her boss's groin. Part of her knew that she shouldn't be thinking such taboo thoughts (especially at her place of work!) but she just couldn't stop. She couldn't stop imagining herself naked, fucking her creepy boss, riding him until he came inside her. Until she came on his huge, throbbing cock.

Jacinta let out a long, involuntary groan. She was getting wet. Her pussy was getting wet, and her nipples were stiff. At the sound of her groan, her boss's eyes followed her gaze to his own genitals. A smug smile appeared on his face.

Jacinta's cheeks were burning red, but she didn't stop staring.

She couldn't stop staring.

Her boss's eyes darted back and forth between her face and his crotch. He seemed to be trying to gauge something, but Jacinta didn't know what. Didn't care what.

All she cared about was staring at the monster dick her boss had apparently been hiding inside those baggy shorts for all the time she'd worked for him.

Without saying a word, Jacinta's boss moved his hand between his legs. He grasped his erection through the cloth, and began stroking it, touching himself while his female employee stared in awe.

Jacinta watched her boss's hands move up and down his cock. She could see the outline of his dick through the material of his shorts. It was so big, so strong, so...masculine.

His right hand was moving faster, pumping his member, making it grow harder. His left hand was holding the waistband of his pants, keeping them closed. The bulge was now pressing against the fabric, forcing it to stretch and strain.

She let out another groan. It was so easy to imagine that was her hand, wrapped around her boss's cock. Her stroking him, squeezing his cock, feeling it grow hard. Feeling it swell up.

She wanted it to be her. She wanted it so bad.

Her eyes flickered up to her boss's face. He wasn't looking at her any more – now he, in turn,

was staring at her crotch. She was wearing a loose skirt, and the hem was just above her knees.

If she wanted to, she could touch herself.

Jacinta felt her cheeks flush again.

God. She could do exactly what her boss was doing. She could reach below her skirt and stroke her clit.

She could rub her swollen lips against her panties.

She could finger her tight little hole.

Just as her boss was touching himself, she could touch herself. She could watch him stroke his beautiful, huge cock...and touch herself, imagining it was inside her.

Fuck, she silently realized. *I want to feel it in me.*

Jacinta's boss was still staring at her. She was so embarrassed. She couldn't believe she was thinking these things. But she couldn't help it. And the more she thought about it, the hornier she got.

Slowly, agonizingly slowly, Jacinta moved one hand between her legs. As she watched her boss wrap a fist around his shorts-covered cock, Jacinta slid her hand beneath her skirt.

She could almost hear her heart beating.

She felt her fingers brush her panties, sliding along her lips. They moved over her clit, which was already slick with her juices. Her breath caught as her fingertips brushed her hooded opening, and then she rubbed her wet lips through her underwear.

It felt like heaven.

Her boss's eyes were glued to her hand, watching as her fingers touched her body. He couldn't see much, not with her skirt in the way, but he knew what she was doing.

He knew that she was touching herself. Right in the middle of the store, where anyone could see. Surrounded by cats and dogs and fish and parrots and turtles, Jacinta was touching herself, masturbating at work, getting off in front of her boss while he stared at her.

Jacinta's boss couldn't take his eyes off of her. And she couldn't take her eyes off him.

The young woman was so turned on. She was dripping wet, rubbing her pussy through her panties, imagining that her boss's huge cock was inside her.

She was fingering her pussy, surrounded by pussies. She couldn't believe how brazen she was being. A customer could have entered at any moment, and he would've seen her masturbating.

But Jacinta couldn't stop. She couldn't stop until she came.

Jacinta couldn't stop.

She couldn't stop.

She couldn't stop.

She couldn't stop.

She couldn't.

Stop.

As she let out a moan, touching her cunt in the middle of the store, in the middle of a work day, Jacinta's boss continued to stare at her. He was stroking his cock, and Jacinta was staring at his hands.

God, she could so easily imagine those hands on her body. Touching her breasts, her nipples, squeezing her ass.

Jacinta's boss moved his hand away from his cock, and began pulling down the waistband of his shorts, exposing his boxers. Now, only a thin piece of material stood between her and his thick, hard shaft.

The young woman's mouth fell open, and her breathing grew ragged.

She could see the outline of his dick through his boxer shorts.

His fat, veiny, throbbing prick.

Fuck, she thought to herself. She was so close. She knew that if she could just...if she could just...

She bit her lip. Her boss was staring right at her, stroking his cock through his boxer shorts. Because she'd been looking. Because she'd been staring at his crotch.

Jacinta glanced up at him. His eyes met hers.

He nodded, and the young woman knew what she had to do.

Lifting her skirt, Jacinta revealed exactly what her boss had: her underwear, now soaking wet, one hand inside it, desperately diddling her clit.

She could feel her heart pounding. She was so embarrassed. She was mortified.

She was so *horny*.

Her boss watched her, smiling as he stared between her legs. Her hand was moving faster inside

her panties, her fingers dancing over her swollen lips.

She was getting wet. She could feel her orgasm building. She was so close. She just needed...she just needed...

As if he could read her mind, Jacinta's boss lowered his boxers, revealing the head of his huge, erect penis.

Jacinta's eyes widened as she stared at the massive, pulsating organ. It looked so big. So long. His thick, monster prick was so beautiful it made her mouth water. She could feel her climax approaching as he revealed more of it, the foreskin stretching back, exposing his glistening, pink cock head.

The young woman's breath caught in her throat.

God, it was so hot. Her boss was watching her.

Jacinta's boss was watching her, and she was watching him.

She could barely breathe. She could hardly move. She wanted this so much.

She was so wet, she could feel her pussy dripping.

Her boss's eyes were fixed on her as he lowered his boxer shorts completely, and exposed his entire cock.

It was perfect. He wasn't circumcised, but the skin around the head was so smooth, and the bulbous cock-head was so perfectly shaped, that he could have passed for uncut. He was longer, larger, thicker than average, and his balls were huge.

The young woman couldn't believe how turned on she was. She'd never been so hot just at the sight of a prick before.

Jacinta was so wet. So aroused. So, so, *so* ready to cum.

Her eyes were glued to her boss's cock as he moved his hand back toward his groin. He was holding his stiff member in his hand, and Jacinta stared at the obscene sight of her boss, beginning to stroke himself again. In the middle of the day. In the middle of the store.

She couldn't help herself. She couldn't stop touching herself. She couldn't stop rubbing her pussy. She couldn't stop staring at her boss's huge, throbbing erection.

She couldn't stop touching herself.

She couldn't stop.

She couldn't.

Stop.

As Jacinta's boss continued to jerk off, as soon as his hand wrapped around his cock, the young woman's orgasm hit her like a freight train. She groaned, her body tensing, her knees buckling.

She could feel her juices squirting all over her panties. She was coming so hard. Her entire core felt electrified; her nipples tightened and her face flushed red.

Jacinta's boss watched her cum and smiled, smiled as he stroked his cock and Jacinta touched her cunt, masturbating in the middle of the pet store. Masturbating in front of her boss as he stared at her, smiling, his hand still between his legs, stroking his cock.

The young woman's orgasm subsided, and her breathing became erratic. Her body trembled, and she could feel her panties soaked with her fluids.

Jacinta was so embarrassed. She shook her head, trying to clear her mind now that she'd cum. She had to focus. What was she doing? This wasn't appropriate. This wasn't her. She needed to get out of there.

But instead, she just kept staring at her boss's dick.

He hadn't cum yet. She'd cum, and he hadn't.

That didn't seem fair.

As if she didn't have control of her own movement, Jacinta fell to her knees in front of her boss. She was wearing a blouse, and she unbuttoned it, removing it as her boss stared at her, revealing her pink bra.

Jacinta's boss had stared at her so many times, for so many years, but never before had she been a willing participant. Never before had she craved his stare

He'd stared at her shirt; now, he was looking directly at her bra, straight into her cleavage, watching her breasts bounce as she reached behind herself to undo the clasp.

She was so embarrassed.

She was so wet.

God, she was *so wet*.

Jacinta's boss could see her bare skin, and she could feel his eyes moving over her as she pulled her bra off, exposing her tits. His cock throbbed in response, expelling another coat of pre-cum, and the young woman's mouth watered.

Jacinta knew her boss was close. She thrust her shoulders back, pushing her chest forward, and she could feel his eyes on her chest.

She could feel his eyes on her. Jacinta's boss was watching her, and she was watching him.

God, she was so hot.

Her boss watched as Jacinta reached up and pulled down her underwear, exposing her naked pussy. He stared as the young woman spread her thighs, revealing her pink, glistening sex. Her clit was swollen, and the lips around it were engorged.

She was so wet.

His hands sped up as she began rubbing herself again, and she moaned in pleasure. She knew she shouldn't be doing this. Anyone could have come in and caught her, almost completely naked in the middle of the store.

She shouldn't have been performing for her boss. He was a creep.

But she wanted to. She wanted to give him a show.

She was so wet.

She couldn't stop.

She couldn't stop.

She couldn't.

Stop.

Jacinta's boss let out a long groan, and she knew he was about to cum. She wanted him to cum. She wanted him to cum on her body, the body he'd spent so long staring at. She wanted that massive cock of his to erupt, to coat her with hot, sticky cum.

She could feel her orgasm building again. She was so desperate. She was so hungry.

She needed it.

She was so fucking close, staring at the huge, veiny, throbbing organ. It was so big. So thick. Her boss's balls hung low, and she could feel her heart pounding.

Jacinta's boss was so hard. Hard for her. How many times had he been hard for her? How many times had he gotten hard, staring at her body as she attended to a customer or fed the fish.

Not enough. She wanted to make him hard again and again. She wanted to spend the rest of her life making him hard, making him cum.

Making him cum on her.

As if he could read her mind, her boss's beautiful cock began to swell, and he groaned loudly.

The young woman's breath caught in her throat. Her boss was cumming for her.

On her.

The young woman watched as her boss's fat, pulsating cock swelled, and she saw it throb, and she saw his cockhead bulge, and then, with one final, loud moan, his cock erupted, spewing out what looked like gallons of cum.

Jacinta's boss's cum splattered onto her stomach, her breasts, her face.

She knew she should be disgusted. She was so embarrassed. But she loved it.

She was so horny.

Jacinta began to cum again at the feeling of her boss's cum hitting her skin. She was so wet. She was so turned on. She was so hot.

The young woman's head spun. She was so high. She was so buzzed. She was so fucked up.

She was so...

so *horny*.

Jacinta's boss was still stroking himself, and Jacinta was still masturbating, watching his dick pump, watching his hot, gooey jizz shoot out. Her body began to shake as another orgasm hit her.

She was so wet.

She was so aroused.

Jacinta's boss's eyes met hers, and she smiled as she came again, her entire core shaking as she squirted her juices all over the boutique's store. She'd be in charge of cleaning that up, but she didn't care.

He was watching her.

Jacinta's boss was watching her, and she was watching him. That was all she cared about.

Her boss's cum was everywhere. Her own juices were everywhere. She was a sticky, dripping, soggy mess.

And she loved it.

She couldn't stop.

She couldn't stop.

She couldn't.

Stop.