

### **Virum Pulchrum - Part 3**

Kirk heard Violeta's heels clicking away as she was striding to her friend's room. He was still trying to wrap his mind around those last pieces of information about Olivia. And it was really *HARD* to think about it with his cock so painfully erect.

He had one immediate objective at the moment: to tame his raging hard-on somehow. Kirk took a quick glance at Violeta's direction to make sure she didn't see him. Yeah, that wasn't a good idea. Her world-class ass was hypnotizing, captivating Kirk's attention and only worsening his throbbing erection by swaying and jiggling perfectly from side to side. Nervously, using an almost inhuman amount of effort, Kirk averted his gaze away from Violeta's spectacular ass, adjusted his raging hard-on and resumed staring into space, while trying unsuccessfully to think about Math problems.

Time stood still as Kirk was nervously waiting to hear the knock on Olivia's room door. However, he heard nothing. Kirk glimpsed again at Violeta's direction and was surprised to find her standing in front of Olivia's door, her hand closed into a fist hanging in the air, ready to knock. Something seemed to have stopped her.

Violeta took a couple of deep breaths before finally knocking gently on her friend's room door three times. She waited a few moments, but no response was heard. Eventually, she took one long swig of air, closed her eyes strongly and then opened the door and entered with her eyes closed shut.

For two long minutes nothing happened, when all of a sudden - a sharp cry was heard from inside the room. Kirk immediately sprang to his feet in alarm. He awkwardly ran with a disguised hard-on while tip-toeing to Olivia's room door when a shriek stopped him in his tracks.

"Ayyyyyyyyyy! NO, OLIVIA POR FAVOR... UMFFF", he heard Violeta's voice before it was muffled abruptly.

Before he got a chance to ask if everything was okay, he heard another voice. An unfamiliar one. Then moans. Then groans of extreme pleasure. Then flat-out screams.

Kirk's feet froze in their place. He couldn't move. If Kirk had had any hope of bringing his erection down before, it was all lost now. Those voices coming from Olivia's room were the hottest he's ever heard in his life. Both girls seemed to be having what appeared to be one POWERFUL, almost *continuous* orgasm which lasted for almost 10 minutes!

Finally, the voices died down and Kirk suddenly heard footsteps. Quickly and clumsily he bolted back to his seat on the couch and tried to casually conceal his raging boner.

Not two seconds later, the door opened and out came Violeta. She quickly closed the door behind her and leaned her back against it, her arms stretched down with her palms against the door, as if to stabilize herself. She was panting heavily, her hair was a mess and her face flushed crimson red. Her dress, which used to sit perfectly on every curve, now hiked up a little higher than before. Her left dress strap fell to the side, revealing a lot of sideboob.

For a couple of moments Violeta seemed completely oblivious to Dr. Alston's presence, muttering almost inaudibly under her breath: "Put a madre, María purísima, ya no puedo hacer esto más... no puedo funcionar con ella...? Es tan cachonda... que voy hacer, padre en el cielo..."

Then, she finally turned her gaze to Kirk. She somehow became redder than before.

"Sor... sorry about that... 'pant', she's uhh... 'gulp'... ready to see you now, doctor." She gasped. Violeta's large breasts were heaving up and down along with her breathing.

Kirk looked at her and tried not to let on how freaked out he had been at that moment. He gulped audibly, cleared his throat a couple times before he finally found the strength to get off the couch. His erection was thankfully concealed well enough to not be seen by Violeta. He hoped. He vouched to maintain his professionalism, even though this seemed more and more like a lost cause.

As he reached Violeta, she seemed reluctant to let go of the door behind her, lest she lose her balance.

"I uhh... may I... ehm", Kirk asked politely.

Violeta suddenly awoke from her daze and wore a look of embarrassment once she realized Dr. Alston had been standing in front of her.

"Oh uhh... yes. Yes, of course. Sorry about that. There you go", she said apologetically with an embarrassed look on her pretty face. "

She moved aside though she was still standing very close. With her big breasts heaving up and down it was nearly impossible for Dr. Alston not to rub his arm against them as his hand reached forward to open the door.

"Wait!!" Violeta yelled as Kirk's hand touched the door handle.

Kirk looked at her with a questioning look on his face. Violeta reddened even further in her face and looked like she was trying to find the right words to say.

"N... nothing, doctor. S... sorry."

Kirk kept looking at her for another long moment and raised his eyebrow, as if giving her another chance to utter what she wanted to say.

"Just... be careful ok?" she finally blurted.

Kirk gave her a warm smile and nodded reassuringly. But internally, his mind was churning. 'Why does everyone keep saying that to me?!

And with that, he turned the door knob and entered the room.

\* \* \*

### Two years ago

*RING RINGRING RINGRING RINGRING RINGRING RING RING R...*

"*WHO IS THIS?? CALLING ME AT THIS HOUR?!*" a grumpy voice of an old, heavy smoker answered the phone.

"Ehm... Mist... Mr. Jenkins? There's uh... a customer who wants to check into the motel, sir. You t... told me to call you no matter the hour if someone comes in... so... I called", a lightly-accented Hispanic, ***agonizingly sensual*** voice talked back softly and hesitantly into the headset.

*- Loud cough -*

"*Ehm ehm oh... it's you*", his voice softened immediately. "*Yes yes, good thing you called me! Always call me, no matter the hour... I'm always available to help. So, check-in you say, eh...? TELL HIM TO COME BACK IN THE MORNING!*" Mr. Jenkins answered in a grumpy voice back at the frightened receptionist. He was about to hang up before the girl on the other end quickly said:

"S... sir? The thing is... he already booked a room in advance. And uh, he also called earlier today to ask if he'd be able to check in at this hour and was told that there would be no problem. He said he talked to the manager, which... would be... you, sir...", the girl trailed off sheepishly with what little courage she could muster.

A loud growl/sigh was heard on the other end of the line, then finally Mr. Jenkins spoke: "*Ufff... blghkhhhh... fine! TELL HIM I'LL BE DOWN THERE IN 5 MINUTES.*"

"Yes sir. Oh and sir?"

"*WHAT???*"

"He wants to know how much a standard, single room would cost for one night?"

"*HUH?! Oh, right... yeah. Let me think... eh... is he... you know...?*"

"Is he... what, sir?" She asked, confused.

"*You know...? Do I have to spell it out for you? Ughhhh... is he... more... 'tanned' than usual?*" He mumbled quietly, as if signaling he also wanted a quiet answer.

"SIR?!" the girl asked incredulously, clearly appalled by this bluntly racist question.

"*OH NEVER MIND!!!*" Mr. Jenkins resumed his loud obnoxious voice once he realized there was no cooperation on that matter from the receptionist. "*I'LL BE RIGHT THERE. AND DON'T LET HIM TOUCH THE COFFEE STAND! THAT'S ONLY FOR GUESTS WHO ALREADY PAID!!!*" He snarled before powerfully slamming the telephone handset.

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"...yes, Mr. Jenkins, thank you. See you in a minute, goodbye", the girl mimicked a much nicer ending to the cringy conversation she just had while a busy signal sound was heard on the other end of the phone. Internally, she was still flinching at her boss's horrible, unprofessional behavior. 'How low-level of a person do you have to be to talk like that...?' she thought to herself, appalled. Yet outwardly, she kept a professional facade in front of her guest. She then turned to him and said:

"The manager will be here shortly and help with the check in process, Mr. Gibbs. I apologize for the wait, I'm still fairly new here and don't know how to log guests into

the computer yet", she said apologetically, her cheeks flushing in slight embarrassment. She wasn't THAT new to "**Jenk-Inn**", actually (which she thought was a terrible, cheesy name for a motel, by the way, but who was she to say otherwise?). She's been working there for the past 5 months already and knew perfectly well how to check guests in.

However, it seemed that her manager did not trust her (or any of his employees, for that matter) with practically anything. She was just not *allowed* to check in guests. Mr. Jenkins liked to set room prices by himself every single time a guest arrived (which apparently depended on his current mood and the guest's ethnic background). Was it ethical? No. Efficient? Also no. However, was it at least a good way to manage your business? Well... no.

The receptionist was sitting behind a high desk, her face popping above the computer screen. Wallpapers with green dotted ornaments were plastered wall-to-wall. Flickering neon-red light from the lit sign outside was seeping through the door, with numerous stickers for coupons and handymen covering its glass. A couple feet behind the desk was a hive for keys on the wall, made of dark, old, peeling-off veneering wood. A small table with a cheap, plastic kettle and some coffee and sugar packets were set messily on it. A stand made from the same material was situated next to the wall on the left, filled with dated magazines, such as "*Modern Dental Health in America; 1979 edition*", "*Must-See sights of Peru*", and "*10 ways to keep your man interested*" with a picture of a smiling old lady and 3 cats sitting on her lap.

Mr. Gibbs, standing about 6'1" tall, a handsome man in his late thirties, with salt-and-pepper full hair, was standing on the other side of the counter, a small black suitcase by his side. Yet, his most profound characteristic at the moment was not his height, hair or suit. Rather, it was the absolute **shocked** expression he was wearing on his face.

"Mr. Gibbs?" the girl inquired patiently, waiting for a response from the guest. But there was none, for Mr. Gibbs was too busy trying his very best (and still failing) not to ogle her.

The girl barely wore any makeup. Her hair was tied in a simple bun. She was sitting behind a rather large desk. However, Mr. Gibbs did see that she wore a dark blue

shirt that was buttoned all the way to her neck, and gray suit-jacket above it. All in all, she dressed how any standard receptionist would.

Yet, despite that, her beauty far surpassed anything Mr. Gibbs has ever seen in his life, and that included actresses, singers, supermodels or any other beautiful girl out there, and that included recent times, where new beautiful faces started popping everywhere around the world.

Mr. Gibbs suddenly reminisced on the latest 'Miss Universe'. Contestants seemed to have *transcended* into a whole new level of beauty this year, most probably due to this new "Pulchrum" Virus. He remembered how even the first competitors to be winnowed out of the competition were so gorgeous that their beauty made him shiver in his couch. Any of them would've *easily* won the competition if they looked like that before the outbreak. And the winner? She was so gorgeous she actually made him drool watching her. And yet, somehow... somehow... this receptionist, working in this shitty motel in the middle of this shitty town, made the latest 'Miss Universe' winner become nothing more than an afterthought.

Even though the receptionist's hair was in a simple bun, it already looked better than the hair of women who just left the salon. It was a deep golden color, and by its tail it was obvious it was *extremely* full and luscious, complimenting her face perfectly. The receptionist's nose was pert, perfectly sized and placed symmetrically on her face and added another level of cuteness and beauty to her face. Her lips, even though there was no lipstick applied on them, were full, pouty, erotic in a red-pink color so vivid it actually looked like she *did* apply lipstick to them. Her skin tone was absolutely mesmerizing, a shade of natural tan, free of any blemishes or imperfections, completely smooth, vibrant and healthy looking. And her eyes... placed perfectly symmetrically on her face, were so large it was almost weird but it was just a hair less than that level. Those deep, turquoise-colored eyes were the pinnacle of her face, enchanting to look at, piercing straight into the soul of anyone who dared looking right at them. It was like she had two mini-versions of the deep ocean for eyes.

Everything about this receptionist *screamed* **PERFECTION**, multiplied by a factor of 20! Mr. Gibbs was having a hard time realizing what he was actually seeing. The girl was so ridiculously mesmerizing that for a moment Mr. Gibbs felt like he might have been hallucinating. 'She must've gotten the virus *HARD* at some point!', he thought.

The only weird thing (well, aside from her beyond-world class beauty), was how **way** too bulky her gray suit jacket was on her otherwise slender looking frame, draping cartoonishly over her shoulders. It looked like it was made for an extremely-morbidly obese person.

The goddess-like girl looked at Mr. Gibbs expectantly with her big turquoise eyes, her perfect skin complexion almost shining back at him.

“Mr. Gibbs?” She repeated herself, not unpleasantly, although a bit more firmly. She couldn’t blame him, she was used to men (and some women) looking at her like that all the time.

Mr. Gibbs blinked a few times and was suddenly aware that he was still in the midst of a conversation.

“Ehm... right, sorry”, he finally snapped out of it. “Yes, thank you. Um, miss...”

“Fuentes. Olivia Fuentes”, she said smiling, her entire attitude still professionally happy and courteous. For *just* a tiny moment Mr. Gibbs could've sworn Olivia had shifted in her seat and made a face with her eyebrows and lips simultaneously, like she was trying to suppress something, before it was gone.

Olivia took her chair back and something ludicrous started to unveil itself. It was **so** ludicrous that, at first, Mr. Gibbs didn't realize what it had been. Then she pulled back some more. Mr. Gibbs expected Olivia to stop by this point but she kept going backwards still. Then some MORE. Finally, she reached the wall behind her, arched her shoulders back and pointed her index finger at her nametag to Mr. Gibbs proudly. However, in order to be able to even *reach* her nametag, she had to straighten her right arm *and* her right hand completely, and *still* be a few inches too short. Oh well, it'll have to do. Olivia just hoped she got her message across.

Oh boy, she did.



Mr. Gibbs couldn't hide an involuntary audible gasp as she did so, and simultaneously felt his groin area becoming tighter by the second.

The desk has apparently been hiding what had to have been the largest pair of breasts that have ever existed. Even this comparison was woefully inadequate, since the second largest pair in the world was probably a few dozen inches smaller than Olivia's own pair.

Her dark blue motel uniform shirt had at least 6 'X's before the 'L', yet the sheer load it was holding within looked like it was *beyond* full capacity. The shirt protruded *obscenely* almost TWO ENTIRE FEET in front of Olivia's chest. Moreover, the gray jacket, which a moment ago seemed more fitting to hide 3 'Mr. Gibbs'es, was stretched so tight that only its lowest button was done. The lapels were spread out like strips of bacon on a turkey. The jacket's lowest portion was completely hidden under Olivia's bosom, which actually hung so far out that not only did it sit heavily in her lap, but it also actually stuck out several additional inches beyond her *knees*!

Mr. Gibbs refused to believe what he was seeing. Yet, it was right there, in front of him. Even if Olivia was completely flat-chested and had the most unattractive body in the world, Mr. Gibbs would still lust over her madly thanks to her ULTRA beautiful face. However, as he began to find out, Olivia's body more than matched her face.

Mr. Gibbs was speechless. His mouth was hanging open, even drooling a little from its corner. Never had he EVER seen a pair of breasts even remotely close to that size. Heck, even the biggest porn stars online were less than half her size, and their tits were fake as hell. Olivia, amazingly, seemed to have a completely natural, albeit VERY perky, pair of breasts. Mr. Gibbs couldn't begin to guess her cup size, if there even was one. And it wasn't just their size. They were also so **full** looking, so heavy. Olivia looked like she stuffed 2 medium-sized yoga balls underneath her uniform, each one multiple times the size of her head!

Mr. Gibbs suddenly realized he'd managed to spring a raging erection in the last few glorious seconds and quickly tried his best to conceal it. Olivia's eyes caught his noticeable and impressive bulge with her peripheral vision, but she decided to ignore it for now, seeing how uncomfortable Mr. Gibbs was. Plus, to be honest, she was REALLY used to it by now, quite understandably. However, Mr. Gibbs was *really* cute,

actually, and Olivia found herself blushing a little due to how excited she was making him.

“And what’s YOUR first name, Mr. Gibbs?” Olivia asked, her voice turned from professionally happy with just a touch of sexy into her sweetest, most sex dripping voice.

In reality Olivia was using the tiniest bit of sexiness to her voice that she managed. However, as insignificant as this added sexiness was compared to Olivia’s full potential, it was still enough to turn Mr. Gibbs into a babbling mess.

“Umm ummm umm ummm I umm I uhhh rrrrrr” he rambled.

Olivia somehow managed to look even deeper into Mr. Gibbs’ eyes, which only seemed to further increase Mr. Gibbs’ inability to speak. She was enjoying this quite a bit. Usually she actually tried to tone down the effect her immense sexuality had over other men (and a lot of women as well), but at the moment it just felt right, with the hour being so late and not having much else to do. But most of all, he was so darn cute!

“Rrrrraymond. Raymond Gibbs, ma’am. Uhh, Ms. Olivia. I mean Fuentes!” Mr. Gibbs finally found his words. Sort of. “Or... Ray. Whichever you prefer”, he quickly added.

‘Oh yes, you’re *definitely* putting my ankles on those broad shoulders of yours tonight’, Olivia thought predatorially. She beamed at him with a smile before she continued.

“It’s so nice to have you here with us Ray. Will you be staying here just one night?” she asked with a hopeful face.

“I I... EHHM! YES!!! I mean, yes... just one night, unfortunately.” He added, trying so hard to keep his eyes focused on Olivia’s own. He didn’t know if it was harder to keep eye contact due to the immense bosom sitting just a few inches below her eyes, or

whether it was her piercing gaze which threatened to penetrate his soul. Seriously, her eyes were so beautiful to look at it was almost painful to keep a direct eye contact with so much beauty.

But he managed to keep looking directly at her, and this only further enticed Olivia. Not many men were able to do that. Ray seemed different. He looked like a shy but honest guy who meant well. His direct gaze sent sparks down Olivia's nether region and caused her to rub her legs against each other. In the process, making each of her giant boobs heave up and down alternately. This was not lost on Raymond's part, who's eyes opened even wider at seeing that sexy display.

"Ooo, that's a shame", Olivia said with the sexiest pout in the world, which caused Raymond's cock to jerk once in his pants. "Are you here on business or... *pleasure*?" She asked, putting more emphasis on that last word for some reason.

Raymond was caught off-guard by the subtext of her words. "Uhh... umm. It's... I... bus... business. Definitely business! No... not pleasure."

"Ooo... sounds interesting. What business is that, if you don't mind me asking?" She looked with the utmost interest directly at him. Raymond shivered, not quite believing still he was speaking to such a stunningly gorgeous woman. He knew she was meant to be courteous as part of her job description as a front desk receptionist. However, she really *did* seem interested in what he had to say.

"Oh... it's... nothing special, really. Just... it's a little conference here in town. Well, I wouldn't call it a 'conference' per se. More like a gathering? Or... no, it's really a meeting. Meetings, actually, I think... sorry... um... anyway... it's about, uh... Medical Devices... NPI, New Product Introduction?" He babbled. *'Shit. Is she still interested? I'm boring her, aren't I? Am I boring her? Quick, get to the point...'*

"Here!" Raymond finally blurted. He hurriedly opened his suitcase and pulled out a brochure. He placed it on the counter facing Olivia and pointed at the headline. ***'Advancing Technologies in Neuro Imaging - The Next Generation'***.

Olivia stood up and took a closer look at the brochure. In the process, her voluminous boobs *took over* the desk, mashing obscenely against the computer screen and everything else around. Raymond's eyes widened immediately in shock.

"Wooooow! This looks so cool!" She said as she flipped through the brochure with her delicate hands. "And complicated! You must be *really* smart!" She complimented him with a smile.

Raymond lost his words. To get a compliment from such a fantastically beautiful woman, inches from your face, was a *real* ego boost.

"Oh... I... uh..." he stammered, blushing. Olivia's smile grew even wider. He was soooo cute, fumbling with his words like that. "Well, uh... thanks, I guess. I'm just giving a small presentation on the upcoming release of the next generation of our imaging device. There's gonna be like, 16? No... 17 people? I don't know... just, uh... hoping to win some VCs over. Heh...", he joked nervously, rubbing his neck for some unexplained reason.

"Good luck, then, although you probably won't need it. You definitely won *me* over. I'm sure they'll *love* you!", she said with a wink which caused Raymond's cock to lurch in his pants. "What time are you supposed to be there?" She asked.

"Oh, um... at uh... 10 a.m.", he said.

"Oh so you'll still have time to enjoy breakfast, hopefully. Anyway, if you do change your mind about extending your stay here *I'll be* more than happy to have you here", she said with a teasing smile. She knew she crossed a professional line there but she really didn't care at this point.

Raymond was leaking pre-cum by now. He has seen some truly beautiful, sexy women in his lifetime. He talked to them. Heck, he even slept with several exceptionally hot girls on occasion. But NEVER has he ever seen a girl even remotely close to being as sexy, beautiful or busty as Olivia was. And not only did she have that irresistible appeal, but she was also hitting on him, HARD.

"Ooooo.... Ok", he answered shakily.

As if saved (or not?) by the bell, the elevator dinged and a second later Mr. Jenkins arrived at the reception desk, his footsteps as well as his breath sounding heavy. Upon his arrival Olivia immediately took a few steps back and away from the desk and stood up straight. For a microsecond Raymond thought he caught her flinching before Olivia quickly assumed her professional demeanor.

Mr. Jenkins looked anything but professional. His frumpy black hair was all messy, his beard looked like it had been shaved 5 days ago and he wore a simple worn out T-shirt with several holes that had a drawing of Homer Simpson eating a doughnut on it. Ironically, it looked like Mr. Jenkins had left some actual doughnut crumbs on his shirt.

“So, you wanna rent a room, eh?” Mr. Jenkins muttered at Raymond in a croaky, breathy, hushed voice, not looking him in the eye. He actually sounded like he was in the middle of a drug deal.

“Yeah, I was hoping...” Raymond started answering before he was cut off.

“The rate’s 165\$ a night”, Mr. Jenkins’s voice suddenly became way stronger as he cut him off, though he still never once dared looking at Raymond. “No smoking, no music, no pets, mini-bar’s got prices on each item so you can’t say you didn’t know! Breakfast is between 7-9 a.m., no takin’ food out the dining room. We got cameras and we can see you sneakin’ stuff into your little bags so don’t even try us. Also, you break it – you buy it. Cash only”, he spewed his speech, which sounded like it was being gradually constructed based on previous incidents. Olivia rolled her eyes covertly. ‘As lovely as always...’

“‘Livliv’ here’ll show ya the room, eh, Livliv?” He snorted chauvinistically, trying to sound like he has the upper hand at a game no one seemed to be playing but himself. Yet, he never dared looking directly at Olivia. She gave him the side eye with a sigh, knowing her lowlife of a boss wasn’t even worth a response.

Raymond was still too distracted by the sexual tension he felt from the motel’s **outrageously** sexy and **impossibly** busty receptionist.

"Oh", Raymond finally said simply, trying to maintain his composure. "That's fine, uhh... Miss Fuentes was actually very help..."

"Good!" barked Mr. Jenkins back, allowing himself the slightest look up at Raymond's eyes before cowering back down. He extended his open palm. Raymond realized what he'd been waiting for. He rushed to pull several bills from his wallet and gave them to Mr. Jenkins. The manager took the money and started mumbling as he was counting the bills. He gave Raymond a quick "don't you dare try to set me up" look before he resumed counting a second time. Finally, he seemed somewhat satisfied.

Mr. Jenkins pressed a few buttons on the register while covering it with his other hand before it opened. He placed the bills and closed the register with a shove. Mr. Jenkins then grumbled a few instructions to Olivia on where to press in order to perform a check in. Olivia quietly listened as if she didn't already know exactly what to do.

Mr. Jenkins then turned to leave. Suddenly, as if he realized something he stopped and turned his head only halfway back without actually looking at Raymond. "Oh, errr... welcome to '*Jenk-Inn*'", he added as an afterthought in what sounded like an active effort to be somewhat hospitable.

"Ttthank you...", Raymond answered politely despite his shock at the manager's crudeness.

"Great!" Olivia said, completely ignoring her creeper boss, smiled widely and winked at Raymond. Raymond's pupils dilated and he started sweating a little. And to his amazement, Olivia was suddenly twirling her luscious hair while biting her lower lip seductively, her eyes sparkling back at him.

Mr. Jenkins looked at them with a confused look, both not having moved for a long moment, just staring at each other. Eventually he gave up, threw his hands in the air and turned around to go back to his room, mumbling incoherently under his breath.

Olivia quickly pressed a few keys on the keyboard and clicked her mouse a few times. As she did so, Raymond was once again treated to the magnificent sight of

her gigantic breasts, pushing *obscenely* against her uniform. He honestly had no idea how her suit stayed intact given the enormous burden it had to bear. 'Like, this is not normal. Not even close. This is a *crazy* size to have for your bust. Just to set the record straight', Raymond thought to himself. The lower outline of Olivia's simply *massive* boobs leveled just above her hips!

Raymond could also see that she wore a **very** heavy-duty bra underneath her garment. However, as big as the bra was, it wasn't nearly big enough to contain Olivia's burgeoning breasts. Through her buttoned up multiple-extra large shirt (which now seemed *really* small on her), he could see copious amounts of breast flesh swelling over the upper edge of her bra. Each giant udder swelled several inches beyond Olivia's slender arms, thus allowing Raymond to only see her gorgeous face, swan-shaming neck, delicate shoulders and a hint of her upper arms before obscuring her ENTIRE midsection.

At last, Olivia was done. She swiftly took out the "*Be Right Back*" sign which also contained a cell-phone number, then placed it on the desk and walked away from it. She approached Raymond, each step made her voluptuous tits bounce rhythmically. Ray's eyes popped out when he saw Olivia was dressed in a dark pencil skirt which clung to every contour of her endlessly shapely legs, ending slightly above her knees. She wore high heels, which needlessly only *further* accentuated how incredibly hot and sexy Olivia's legs were. Raymond was seriously in trouble of having an accident in his pants.

Olivia softly placed her delicate hand onto Ray's shoulder, neared within 2 inches from his ear, thus also mashing a significant portion of her soft bosom directly into his arm and asked: "Shall we go to your room, Mr. Raymond Gibbs?" Ray almost came in his pants. He didn't want the feeling of those pillows engulfing his arm to ever end.

"Ssssure. A... after you, uhh... miss", he barely managed, before Olivia elegantly began walking towards the elevator.

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To be continued...