

Title

Where It All Started

FMC

Nerissa Ravencroft

Heya, today, let me tell you a little story. A story about me, a young man, and my cute senpai.

“Where it all Started”

Nerissa. That is the name of my once, cute looking senpai. We’re two years apart coworker in a highly established tech company. She’s a senpai, of course she got in first, just in case you aren’t familiar with the term.

At first, she was very kind. A passionate senpai that always helps me during my early day as new-hire. Time passed, we’re basically at a point where the line of that seniority disappeared. I’d say I was in par or even ahead of her, in terms of skills and work capabilities. I think that time is where she started hating me.

I knew she was an ambitious woman. Always seeks praises from upper echelon. Always aims to be the golden-employee of the year, and of course, be our boss’s number-one. But, never did once I ever complained and think that as competition. So, how was it fair when she threw workload after workload onto me, and made me stay overtime for almost every day.

I thought, she’s just having a bad day, or she was on her period, but it kept getting escalated. Until that day, where I lost my job.

Ah... Just reminiscing it already made my penis erect.

...

I’ll tell you what happened that day.

It was already very late at night when we’re staying doing overtime. She accidentally dropped her files. Then nonchalantly bent over. Took the paper sheet by sheet, while her sexy black underwear was presented clearly to my eyes.

At that moment, I don’t know what’s gotten into me. My hand just reached the full pantyhose-covered bottoms in front of me. I grabbed the right cheek and gave a little squeeze.

Ah... shit... sorry I have to fap while telling you this embarrassing story... It’s just too damn hot...

So yeah, I touched it. How it’s so soft and warm, I felt it with my own hand.

Oh... Even now I still remember the sensation...

As I was enjoying this unfamiliar feeling, I heard a sudden snap, and a flash of light blinded my hyper-focused eyes. Little did I know, she had already taken a picture of me molesting her private parts like a criminal.

You must be thinking that I am a total pervert. But, what could you expect from a virgin in his quarter-life. That sudden impulse is undeniably... beyond control.

Adrenaline's rushing. My brain's working to its full capacity, thinking all every possible excuse to get me out of this trouble. Until finally, I found my best excuse. Or so I thought.

I was so naïve. I thought if I played it jokingly, she will let it off. Well nope, she got even angrier. But strangely, the expression she made during my panic, that evil little smirk. It's like she just had succeeded a long-planned plan.

Without warning, she pushed me down hard, from my chair to the hard carpeted floor. And can you imagine what she'd do next? She leaned closer. Put her mouth a few inches from my ears and whisper.

"I got you good"

Those four words, were spoken truly in the sluttiest tone you can ever imagine. Straightly sent shivers down to my spine.

She then looked at me. Started from my flustered face. Moving further down to my chest. Putting her palm on top, just to feel how fast my heart was beating. Didn't speak a word, she moved her look further down once again. This time to my crotch.

She smirked. She noticed the boner I had beneath my black silky trousers, and the next thing happened in a flash.

She playfully traced her slender fingers on top of my raging erection, and said something along those lines of, *"I don't mind giving you a favor"*.

For a moment, I thought, *"yes, she's forgiven me"*. My oh my, my naivety struck twice, and her true evil intention appeared before me. She threatened me, saying she will spread the photo online, to make my life done forever.

I begged, pleaded, even knelt and bowed her, all in while saying that I will do everything she says, just for her to spare me. Or at least delete the photo.

...

She agreed. Then soon after, ordered me to strip naked and fap.

I followed her order without questioning. Thinking that's the only way to save my future life. Well, you can guess. My naivety struck again, it was basically a hat-trick. She snapped another picture of me, but this time at my most defenseless, vulnerable state.

That's it... It's game over. Goodbye my future. All I could do was aimlessly following her order, just to make sure she didn't turn into more evil demon.

First, she told me to jerk off four times in rapid succession, and I did it without arguing. I mean my life's already in her very grasp. A slight touch on her phone and my disgusting acts will be up to public.

...

It didn't take long. My hard penis already leaking with pre-eject juice.

"What a crazy amount of precum, disgusting"

I can vividly remember what she said.

She knew I was already at my limit, then she told another false-promise. Yeah, I won't be fooled for the fourth times.

She told me that I mustn't cum before she was pleased and satisfied. That I must always edge whenever I was close from cumming. Still, even though I knew that was a lie, I did that too.

I remember my first edge during that nightmare-ish day. She told me to steer my look away from her chest. Changed the four-succession stroking into full continuous stroke with no gap in between. My barely held off penis was driven even more to the state of no return. She wouldn't let me edge if I still looking at her slightly showing chest.

So, I looked at her eyes. Her 'scarlet red eyes' that were lurking behind that silver framed glasses. That deep, evil, yet seductive stares, penetrated my very soul as I edge my penis hard.

Ahaha... Funny that I also just edged while writing this specific part.

...

After that painful edge, she sighed heavily, hinting that she wasn't close to having enough. She wanted to milk another—no, multiple more edges out of my pitiful, weeping penis. She then started to present her chest more, as if to provoke my virgin behavior.

I can't deny, her round bountiful 'twin-hills' are very much to my liking. So, in just a half-minute after my first edge, I could already feel the next one's coming. Even though I knew very well, that doing another edge will just bring more despair to my fat engorged penis, my hand just couldn't stop. It just kept moving faster and faster.

Looking at how helplessly excited I was, she grinned yet another wicked smile. That mischievous smile, spoke a thousand word of evil things she'd make me do.

Believe me, you would never want to be in my position.

She told me to edge, but soon after, she left. I couldn't see her, but I knew she went to her desk, opened her laptop, and began to work on some stuff.

Then, she started to hum, I could hear it faintly. She was humming the melody of— You know, that meme song by Rick Astley, ♪ *Never gonna give you up, never gonna let you down* ♪

I called her name, begging her yet again.

No response. I was ignored and felt neglected, like a child that had just lost interest in their favorite toy.

"Nerissa senpai..."

The second time I called her— still no response.

"Nerissa senpai, please..."

The third time I beseeched her with my fast, rapid strokes— to no avail. She just overlooked me completely.

Then suddenly, a clear, mocking-ish words broke the silence of our empty room.

"Edge now and ride it close forever!"

Just like that, the switch inside my brain was flipped in an instant. I hit the edge, then held it close like she instructed.

While I was battling my urge to not ejaculate, she came back.

...

To my surprise, she came back with her blouse unbuttoned. What shocked me even more was that there was no bra. Her gorgeous big breasts were freely hanging, covered only by a thin piece of paper. At first, I wasn't paying any attention to the content of the paper. I just hoped that she'd somehow slip her fingers, so her nips would become visible.

The moment she handed me a pen, that's when everything went downhill. It was a f*cking resignation form.

"Fill it and sign it! You cannot stop edging before you fill this resignation form. If you dare to stop, or even busting over. Enjoy becoming the next trending topic on the internet, fufu."

Said Nerissa, loudly and menacingly.

It was a dead end. No matter how hard I thought or begged, there was no way out. In desperation, I switched my stroking hand to the opposite one. Then with my slick, precum-coated hand, I took the pen. Our fingers unintentionally brushed against each other, dirtying her with my precum. But she didn't budge. She even flirted with her lip-licking.

...

I couldn't hold the edge any longer, my penis was already on the verge of exploding, and yet, she wasn't giving me the paper. She teased me yet again. This time she purposely laid the paper on top of her breasts, tauntingly dared me to take it from her. It was like she wanted to prolong my frustration of holding the edge.

Then I made up my mind, I didn't want to play her game anymore. So, I pushed my pen down, forcefully filling out the paper using her breasts as table. Surprised by my bold act, she slipped a cute little moan.

"Aaahnn..."

Another moan escaped her when I wrote on a spot which I believe was her nipple.

It was done in just a half minute and she finally let me have a break.

She then turned around, took the paper and buttoned up her blouse again. At that moment I felt so relieved. Not because I finally had my edging break. It's because the air around her had turned hundred-eighty degrees, like she was a completely different person.

Her smile felt genuine, with no more sinister feeling, and one thing was for sure, her next carefully chosen words unmistakably showed that she was also aroused.

"Aahn, good boy. I like your obedience the same way you obey your very own dick. Will you let me have fun for a little... bit... longer?"

...

I nodded. I lost.

I lost to her tempting gaze, I lost to her alluring words, and I lost to her— Captivating figure.

"Edge again!"

She followed after.

And so, I started hastening my pace and held my penis tight, giving it a thoughtful stroke from the very base to the utmost tip. All in while, relishing her tenderly bouncing breasts, just a few feet in front of me, which she had been shaking purposely.

...

I began to notice her blushing face. Even though her expression hadn't changed much, she still might've felt embarrassed jiggling her breasts to others.

Man, she is just very pretty, isn't she? I'm starting to think that this outcome might not be that bad. Jobs can be easily found, but that chance, where your senpai told you to jerk off right in her very presence. I don't think it would ever come again even if I reincarnate a thousand lives.

She perfectly positioned her body. Accentuating her shiny thighs, while still maintaining to tease me with her barely covered mini-skirt.

Well, that tease worked so damn well. I edged again.

And again.

And another one.

I did three edges consecutively... Willingly... Devotedly.

She felt proud, bragging how her body could make me, her rival, insanely submissive.

Besides the sounds of ticking clock and the friction my hand made, another sound slipped from her mouth. This time it was her chuckle, followed by this question:

"Why don't you just be my pet?"

???

I was being awed, silenced. Never ever crossed my mind that she'd utter that question.

"Why don't you just be my pet?"

She asked the very same question for the second time. Her sweet scarlet eyes that outshone the amalgamated glow of bluish night and dim office light, were patiently waiting for my answer.

"YES or NO?"

She stressed.

"I... I can't..."

I responded hesitantly.

“Such a shame, I was thinking of letting you touch *‘this’* if you had agreed.”

“Why didn’t you say so in the beginning?”

My pink brain *tantrumed*. But if I took back my words, there would be no more pride left in me. So, I just contented myself with that.

...

Then, she began to stand up. Told me to do likewise. She then walked near the window. Lifted her arms to tie her long, straight hair, while never taking her eyes off me as I masturbated.

“Looks like you’re already at your limit. Let’s wrap this up”

Even though I didn’t want it to be over yet, I nodded still, while looking at her profoundly full breasts. She seemed to know that I liked her breasts very much, so, she followed with another deal.

“I will let you cum to my breasts. But, starting tomorrow, you don’t have to come to work anymore. I’ll let the boss know, and hand him this resignation form by myself.”

I couldn’t deny that deal. Just let me cum to your breasts.

...

She then proceeded to give me a count down, saying that the moment she ripped her blouse open, I must ejaculate as hard as I could.

“Three...”

She began counting.

“Two...”

She intensely looked at me, not wanting to miss my exploding orgasm.

“And one...”

The final number was approaching. I hope you guys out there are also ready.

“Zero, CUM!”

I cum. I cum so hard at the view of her fully covered breasts. It almost sprayed onto her. Luckily, she was standing far enough away. She was overjoyed and satisfied, then ordered me to clean up the mess.

That night, I couldn't enjoy my post-orgasm afterglow all that much, because... She had already told me to go home and to never come back.

I quietly packed my stuff, as she started to open a bottle of whiskey to celebrate my resignation.

I thanked her for everything she had done for me, then finally said my goodbyes.

"Shoo!!"

Her last words directed at me.

I turned my back on her, grabbed the door handle, and left.

"Nggh..."

A faint groan echoed as I walked away from the room. To this day, I still don't know what that groan was for. But I believe that is the sound she would make when she 'rubs' herself out.

*
**

Written by

HoloJOI | patreon.com/HoloJOI