



the
EXPERIMENT
paul preston

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The Experiment
by

Paul Preston

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Chapter One

The Exit Interview

At the end of her final day of work Emily was directed to report to the CEO's office for her exit interview. She had never met with Mr. Miller during her time at the company and had no idea why the CEO wanted to conduct the interview personally. Emily would've preferred to skip the meeting, but her employer had always been kind to her. When her Mom first became ill, Mr. Miller signed a condolence card and had it delivered to her cubical. She'd always thought it was a nice gesture and kept the card on her desk as a reminder of his kindness. Emily felt sad to leave her job. She had worked at DMI for almost a year and worried about how she was going to survive and at the same time pay for her Mother's medical expenses after losing her source of income.

Emily reported to Mr. Miller's office at 5PM. The door was open and the CEO was seated behind a large desk, looking at his computer screen. Emily stood nervously in the doorway, unsure if she should go in.

"Excuse me, Mr. Miller. Am I interrupting you?"

"No, not at all," Mr. Miller said. "I've been expecting you, Ms. Williams. Come in and close the door behind you."

As soon as she shut the door and stepped inside Emily heard the electric buzzing sound of a bolt sliding into a lock. The noise startled her. Glancing over her shoulder, a light within the metal casing attached to the door blinked red. She stared at the blinking light for a moment and then looked back at Mr. Miller.

"Don't worry, Ms. Williams," the CEO said. "It's a self-locking door, one of our earliest technologies. Now we can speak in private. Come in."

As Emily walked toward Mr. Miller, his eyes swept over her body, lingering on her breasts. Suddenly, she felt completely naked in front of her employer. Since she had a pretty face and an attractive body, Emily tried to dress in

such a way to not provoke attention. But despite the plain blouse and skirt men always seemed to look at her in a sexual manner, which made her uncomfortable. Mr. Miller gestured to the chair in front of his desk.

“Please sit down.”

As soon as she was alone with Mr. Miller, a sexual fantasy began to play through her mind. Emily had no idea where the images were coming from. She never wanted to be the kind of woman who entertained such indecent thoughts, but they seemed to appear in her mind without her ability to stop them. She imagined allowing the CEO to kiss her and fondle her breasts, to unbutton her blouse and unsnap the back of her bra, to unzip the side of her skirt and slip her clothes off. As the fantasy played out, Emily knew what was required. Kneeling before him in nothing but stockings and panties, Emily unzipped Mr. Miller’s pants, took his hard penis into her small hands, opened her lips and... Ashamed, she covered her eyes with her hands.

“Why am I having these dirty thoughts?”

“Are you OK, Ms. Williams?” Mr. Miller asked.

She tried to push the inappropriate sexual images out of her mind.

“Just a small headache.”

“Would you like me to get you an aspirin?”

“No, I’m fine, sir. It’s just been a long day.”

The CEO nodded.

“I heard about the decision to let you go and I’m sorry. I wish there was something more I could do, but I try not to interfere with the decisions of my management team.”

“I understand.”

“You’ve been through a lot lately, haven’t you? I was sorry to hear about your mother. Did you receive the card I sent you?”

“Yes. It was very thoughtful of you. Thank you, sir.”

Mr. Miller leaned across the desk and looked directly in her eyes.

“There’s no need to address me so formally, Ms. Williams. It makes me feel so old to be called, sir. I’m not that much older than you, am I?”

The CEO was in fact older than Emily, much older, but she told him what she thought he wanted to hear.

“You’re not that old, Mr. Miller. You’re much younger than I expected.”

“Well, thank you, that’s good to hear,” he replied, smiling. “Please, call me Derrick.”

Emily began to feel increasingly uncomfortable being alone with the CEO in his office.

“I don’t think it’s appropriate for me to call you by your first name, Mr. Miller.”

Mr. Miller reached across the desk and briefly touched her hand, causing a slight tingling sensation to rush up Emily’s arm.

“Well, I certainly don’t want to do anything... inappropriate.”

The CEO gazed at Emily for an unusually long time and then let go of her hand. He looked down at an open file on his desk.

“So, how long have you worked at DMI?”

“About a year, I believe.”

“Did you like working for the company?”

“I did. Very much so, Mr. Miller.”

Mr. Miller closed the file and leaned back in his chair.

“Ms. Williams... May I call you Emily?”

Emily nodded.

“Do you know the reason you were fired from the company, Emily?”

“No. I missed a great deal of time taking care of my Mother. I suppose that was the reason.”

He leaned forward with his elbows on his desk and looked at Emily with concern.

“And how is your mother doing now? Is she still sick?”

She nodded again.

“What do the doctors say? Is she going to be better soon?”

Emily never wanted to share her personal life with anyone at the company, especially the CEO, but there had been no one else to talk to about her troubles so the truth slipped out.

“She’s... dying, Mr. Miller.”

He nodded solemnly.

“I was afraid that was the case. I’m so sorry, Emily...”

Emily lost control and tears began to slip down her cheeks. It felt good to cry, her emotions having been bottled up inside for so long. Embarrassed to reveal her feelings in front of a stranger, Emily stood up and turned away. Mr. Miller approached and wiped one of the tears from her cheek. He stared at the wetness on the tip of his finger for a moment, touching it with his thumb, as if he had never seen a woman’s tear before.

“You have such strong feelings for your mother, Emily. I can’t remember the last time I cried. It’s a miracle, really, this tear of yours...”

Mr. Miller handed Emily a tissue.

“Thank you, Mr. Miller.”

Feeling foolish, she quickly wiped her eyes.

“It looks like you could use a hug,” Mr. Miller said.

Before she could respond, Mr. Miller took Emily’s body into his arms and held her close to his chest. At first it felt nice and comforting to Emily to be embraced in such a way. But after a moment, everything changed. Mr. Miller touched Emily’s cheek with his thumb, stared into her eyes, leaned in close and began kissing her directly on her lips. As he kissed her, one of his hands drifted down her back and came to rest on Emily’s hip, while his other hand opened the top two buttons of her blouse. Emily stood absolutely still while the CEO slipped his hand under her bra and fondled her breasts, just as he had done in her fantasy. The CEO’s behavior was highly inappropriate but Emily questioned her

own response as well. While she certainly hadn't given him permission to kiss her and touch her breasts, she wasn't stopping him either. Emily chided herself for allowing such a shameful encounter to occur.

What's wrong with me? Why don't I push him away and slap him across the face?

As he continued to kiss Emily and fondle her breasts, she remembered something from her past. She had been kissed before, perhaps many times, by other anonymous men. Vague memories of several sexual encounters came to her mind and then faded, like a light switching on and off, somewhere in the back of her brain. She felt Mr. Miller's hand slip under the hem of her skirt, up the back of her thigh and come to rest over her panties on the curve of her ass. Glancing down, Emily saw the outline of Mr. Miller's erection press outward against his trousers. When his hand slipped under her panties and touched the wetness of her most intimate spot, the inappropriate sexual thoughts returned: holding the shaft of Mr. Miller's penis in the palm of her hand, stroking it, taking it delicately into her mouth, sucking on the rim and shaft over and over until... Suddenly, Mr. Miller removed his hand from under Emily's skirt and stepped away.

"I'm sorry, Emily. That was inappropriate. I shouldn't have... I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable."

There was an awkward pause. While he waited for Emily to respond, Mr. Miller tried to make eye contact with her. He brushed away a strand of hair from her eyes.

"Emily?"

Ashamed, Emily turned away to button her blouse. After the long silence, Emily assumed the exit interview was over.

"I'm sad to see you go, Emily. I really am. I wish there was something more I could do. I could make a few calls. Would you like me to help you find another job?"

After the intimate moment they shared, Emily was so ashamed she couldn't make eye contact with him.

“Thank you, but that’s not necessary...”

Emily signed the exit interview form Mr. Miller gave her and he placed it back in his desk. Mr. Miller held out his hand and she reluctantly took it. His skin felt so warm and alive that Emily could almost feel the blood pulsing through his veins.

“Well, I wish you the best, Emily. It was a pleasure to finally meet you. I’m sorry it didn’t work out for you at DMI.”

Emily nodded and walked away. When she reached the door and attempted to turn the knob, it was still locked and blinking red. She looked back over her shoulder and caught Mr. Miller admiring her backside. Emily’s cheeks blushed in shame.

“The door’s locked,” Emily said. “Could you open it please?”

“The truth is... I don’t want you to leave, Emily. Not yet.”

Walking across his spacious office, Mr. Miller sat down on a black leather couch and crossed his legs.

“I have an idea I want to discuss with you. Come sit down next to me,” he said, patting the spot on the couch next to him.

After what had just happened, Emily felt it was inappropriate to stay. All she wanted to do was go to the hospice, sit with her mother and hold her hand until visiting hours were over, and then return to her apartment and water the two plants she kept in the corner of her room.

Why am I being treated like this? Why can’t he just leave me alone?

Despite being upset, Emily tried to keep her composure.

“I really should be going now, Mr. Miller.”

“Stay a little longer, Emily. I insist.”

She tried to open the door again, but it was still blinking red.

“I want to go home now.”

Ignoring her, Mr. Miller stood up, walked across the office to a bar against the wall and poured himself a drink.

“May I offer you a drink?”

“No, thank you.”

“I’ll have one, if you don’t mind.”

Emily’s heart began pounding in her chest.

“Please open the door, Mr. Miller.”

“Of course, Emily, of course,” Mr. Miller said, turning from the bar, drink in hand. “Right after we’ve had our little chat. OK?”

It appeared Emily was unable to leave until she had spoken once more to the CEO. Reluctantly, she walked over to the couch and sat down, clutching her purse in her lap.

“Are you sure I can’t offer you a drink? The bar is fully stocked.”

“No, thank you.”

Mr. Miller joined Emily on the couch, loosening his tie and taking a drink.

“Have you started looking for another job yet?”

“Not yet.”

“What are you going to do? Do you have a plan?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t really thought about it.”

“How will you pay for your mother’s medical expenses?”

Emily began to lose her patience.

“Why are you keeping me here and asking me all these questions, Mr. Miller?”

Mr. Miller stretched his arm across the back of the couch, brushing the back of Emily’s hair with his fingertips.

“I don’t know. I suppose I feel... responsible for you, Emily. I just want to make sure you’ll be OK.”

No one, as far as she could remember, had ever spoken to her in such a caring, intimate manner. Emily felt sad suddenly and completely alone in the world.

“Why do you care so much about me?”

“I care about all the employees at the company.”

“I no longer work for your company.”

Mr. Miller put his drink down.

“Well, I have a proposition to change that. I’m surprised I didn’t think of it earlier.”

Mr. Miller turned to face her on the couch.

“Emily, I’m looking for someone to hire as my personal assistant. The applicant must be very discreet as they would be privy to some of the most intimate details of the company, as well as my personal life. I think you may be just the person I’ve been looking for to fill the position. The hours are quite flexible and the workload is light, which would give you more time to care for your ailing mother. You’ll have your own office right across the hall from mine and your pay would be significantly increased.”

“Increased?”

Reaching across the couch, Mr. Miller placed his hand directly on Emily’s knee.

“I am prepared to double your current salary.”

Mr. Miller touched her skin and a pleasant tingling sensation traveled up Emily’s leg to the warm, intimate place between her thighs. The CEO looked into her eyes, leaned in and gave her another kiss. His lips felt soft to Emily. After the kiss, Emily shyly looked down and saw the ring on his finger. She immediately felt ashamed, deeply ashamed.

How could I let this happen?

She leaned away from her employer.

“Mr. Miller. You’re married...”

Mr. Miller nodded, took her chin in his hand and pulled her close.

“Kiss me, Emily. I want you to kiss me now...”

It was shameful, but something at the core of her being compelled Emily to part her lips and allow Mr. Miller’s tongue to slip inside her mouth. As the tips of their tongues touched, Mr. Miller’s hand slipped under her skirt and moved slowly up her thigh to the front of her panties. His touch made her skin tingle. Despite how indecent it made her feel,

the intimate space between her thighs grew moist in response.

“Please, Mr. Miller. Stop...” she whispered.

Mr. Miller gently spread Emily’s knees apart and she provided no resistance. His fingers slipped under her panties and began lightly stroking the open lips of her sex. Emily leaned her head back on the couch and sighed in pleasure.

“Are you sure you want me to stop, Ms. Williams?”

Emily opened her mouth, but rather than responding she shut her eyes. She felt the CEO’s fingers slip in and out of her opening, his thumb brushing lightly over her clitoris, his palm pressing closely against the lips of her sex. Instinct took over and Emily gave in to the pleasurable sensations. As he continued to penetrate her with his fingers, she rocked her pelvis against him, simulating intercourse. After a moment, Emily’s thighs began to quiver uncontrollably and a wave of pleasure washed over her, unlike anything she had ever experienced before. When Mr. Miller finally removed his fingers from her womb, a musky scent filled the room. Emily’s skin felt warm afterwards and alive with sensation. She opened her eyes and noticed a thick, creamy white secretion oozing out of her opening. Mr. Miller raised her chin and made eye contact with her. Embarrassed by her physical response, Emily squeezed her thighs together and cast her eyes downward.

“Why am I... What is happening to me?”

“It’s called an orgasm. Haven’t you ever had one before, Emily?”

Emily couldn’t recall and shook her head no. After a moment, Mr. Miller helped her off the couch into a kneeling position in front of him. Unable to stop what had already been set in motion, she began unbuttoning the CEO’s shirt while Mr. Miller unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and removed his clothes. After taking off his socks and shoes, Emily couldn’t help notice the CEO’s body, towering above her. Thick blood vessels protruded out from under the skin

of his arms, starting from his wrists and snaking up and over his biceps. Despite his age, Mr. Miller's chest was well-defined and his lower abdomen was rippled with muscle. Below, curly wisps of black hair drew Emily's eye to his large thick penis. It stood straight up, pointing upwards over his pelvis and thighs, defying gravity and pulsing with life, a cannon ready to explode. It seemed alive with desire, the shaft shimmering with bluish-green veins bulging out of the sides and pumping blood up to the thick, bell-shaped head. The red slit at the tip looked petulant to her, upset, even angry, a pair of pouting lips demanding her attention and desperate for satisfaction. Emily tried to remember if she had ever looked so closely at a man's penis before. Suddenly, a flash of memory once again reappeared from the hidden recesses of her mind. It was a familiar thought, as if she had found herself in the same position before, kneeling in front of the same couch with the same man. But just as she tried to capture the memory, her mind went blank and the lights turned off again.

Just as she imagined earlier, her hand slowly reached out and came to rest on the warm shaft, her fingers closing around the flesh just above his scrotum. Mr. Miller tilted his head back and exhaled as Emily began sliding her fingers up and down the length of his penis, from the base to the rim.

"That feels so good, Emily," he said.

He said that before, or someone else did, I think.

The little slit at the tip seemed to be watching her, opening and shutting its eye in a flirtatious wink and beckoning Emily to take it between her lips with each pull of the flesh. As she tugged on the shaft, Mr. Miller leaned forward to set a pillow under Emily's knees, brushing the smooth surface of his penis lightly against her cheek. She realized immediately how much she liked the sensation of the long hard rod touching her face. Rubbing the stiff flesh against each side of her cheeks and opening her mouth,

Emily grazed the head and rim against her upper and lower lips. Her mouth watered, a deep craving within her took over, and Emily took the tip of Mr. Miller's penis into her mouth and began to rhythmically suck on it. She heard him breathe out in satisfaction as she swallowed more of his flesh while increasing the intensity of the suction. After making his penis slick with her saliva, she slowly traced the large vein running down the side of his shaft with her tongue, before resting her cheek against the soft flesh of his scrotum. After caressing both testicles in her palms, she took the sensitive and vulnerable area into her mouth. Mr. Miller moaned as she took each side between her lips, licking the smooth rounded surface and suckling upon them with great pleasure. Then, tracing her tongue back over the vein back up to the tip of his penis, Emily opened her lips wider and took the full length of his shaft into her mouth and down her throat, swallowing it completely. Tears came to Emily's eyes as she sucked back up to the rim.

Intuitively, she sensed Mr. Miller would not be able to hold back much longer. Though her memories of the past were unclear, Emily knew she wasn't afraid of pleasing a man in this manner. It seemed to come quite naturally to her. While sucking as hard as she could on the head and rim of his penis, Emily gently held his testicles in her palms. It didn't take much longer. Thrusting over and over into her mouth and tilting his head back, Mr. Miller ejaculated directly into Emily's mouth in several strong bursts. She swallowed, and the semen slipped easily down her throat. Emily sucked out the remaining drops before Mr. Miller removed his penis from her mouth.

After it was over, Emily got up from the floor and sat down on the couch, feeling an immediate and intense regret for her actions.

What have I done? He's married. How could I let this happen?

The CEO tried to make conversation while he dressed.

“You are a very attractive woman, Emily. You really are. I’m so glad we had this time together.”

Emily could still taste his semen in her mouth. Glancing at his wedding ring, she covered her eyes in shame.

My mother would be so ashamed if she knew.

“Are you OK, Emily? Do you still have a headache?”

Emily didn’t answer. After Mr. Miller finished dressing, he put his arms around her and brushed his fingers through her hair.

“Did you like kissing me and swallowing my semen?”

Though humiliated, some force inside compelled her to nod in response. He held her close and placed a hand on the curve of her ass. She felt it there, squeezing her flesh.

“I feel so close to you. Do you feel close to me, Emily?”

She searched her soul and realized she felt nothing after swallowing his semen, nothing at all.

“I didn’t force you, did I?” Mr. Miller asked. “I know we work together and it’s wrong, but you seemed like you wanted to do it. Was I wrong to think that?”

“No,” Emily said.

With one hand remaining on her ass, Mr. Miller slipped his hand inside her blouse and gently fondled her breasts, feeling their weight in his palm.

“Please don’t feel embarrassed or ashamed about what just happened, Emily. You gave me so much pleasure. I hope I haven’t ruined everything between us...”

Inappropriate images once again filled Emily’s mind: rubbing his penis with her hands and sucking on it, licking the sides with the tip of her tongue, suckling the tender soft skin of the scrotum, taking the head and penis once more into her mouth and sucking on it harder and harder until his semen exploded into the back of her throat, swallowing his semen, sucking out the last drops from the slit at the tip... and craving more. She shut her eyes again and tried to push the indecent thoughts out of her mind. Finally, Emily stood

up from the couch while Mr. Miller finished dressing and walked toward the door.

“Where are you going, Emily? Are you leaving?”

“Yes.”

“So soon?”

“Please open the door, Mr. Miller.”

“Of course. But before you go... do you accept the position as my personal assistant? You can start tomorrow.”

Mr. Miller approached from behind. Emily stood with her back to him, watching the red light on the door blink on and off.

I should turn around and face him. Perhaps I'm being rude, but I don't want to look at him right now.

“I don't think I can work for you, Mr. Miller, after what happened.”

Inching closer, he brushed a strand of hair behind her ear.

“You're so... pretty, Emily. Your lips, your eyes, the perfect facial structure, almost too good to be real. But you are real Very real.”

Mr. Miller put his arms around her from behind and fondled her breasts.

“I know I shouldn't feel this way, but I can't seem to get you out of my mind or keep my hands off your breasts.”

Emily liked having her breasts fondled, but she fought the urge to give in to her pleasurable feelings.

“Please open the door, Mr. Miller.”

“I know how lonely you are. I can take that feeling away for you,” Mr. Miller said, her breasts cupped in his hands.

Why is he saying that? What gives him the right?

“I'm not lonely,” Emily said.

“I think you are,” Mr. Miller replied.

She turned to face him.

“I've never even spoken to you until today, Mr. Miller. You know nothing about me.”