

It was a slower than usual day for Dillard's. The flow of customers was a bit thin, and Gwen was hoping business would pick up once it hit 5pm. She needed all those working women to spend their salaries here in her store before they could go home and give it all to Amazon.

The doe rounded the next corner and walked down the carpeted path and spotted a customer thumbing through a rack of sale items. She approached, nearly spooking the older woman from how quiet Gwen had made her approach.

"Are you finding everything ok, ma'am?" She asked, putting her eyes on the woman's fingers as she rifled through the many blouses Gwen had ordered to be marked down by 15%. Most of these items weren't in fashion anymore and were slow to vanish from their displays. The deer was hopeful a markdown in price and setting the rack close to one of the exits would help move the merchandise into some woman's closet and out of the doe's hair.

"Oh, yes, I'm just browsing a bit. Thank you." Came the reply, and Gwen nodded before stepping away. She carried herself like she was still in the military, her back straight and footsteps carefully measured with her hands clasped behind the small of her back.

It wasn't very feminine of her, since she'd been too well trained to let the habit beaten into her slip away, but her choice in outfits helped to offset it. Today she wore a pair of brown dress pants with a sandy tan turtleneck sweater. In the mirror she consciously knew she looked professional and classy with her hair fixed all nice, but her instincts told her she looked too... ugh.

She couldn't wait to retreat to the gym after leaving her shift. Gwen wanted to put in an hour of exercise while the gym was experiencing a quiet evening. The place she went to typically thinned out in the late evenings. You never had to wait to use a machine when there were half as many people as normal.

In the distance she spotted two of her employees talking at one of the cash registers. Catherine and Cheryl were distracting each other, both women leaning with their elbows resting on the countertop. As the doe approached the pair, she couldn't help but admire the rump on Cheryl, the little white rat girl who had a tight body that Gwen's imagination frequently visited. Cheryl was a college student working part time shifts here, and Catherine was an older lady, a hound, that was a full-time staffer.

Catherine noticed her approach and whispered something to Cheryl and both women stood up straight before Gwen could arrive. She stopped next to the rat, who was shorter than Gwen by many inches, and skinny by comparison. The doe took very good care of herself, and even though she was no longer putting herself through the same 'academic' rigor she had during her time in the service, she was still no slouch.

Gwen was still a very fit woman and could have easily thrown Cheryl over her shoulder and carried her like a sack of potatoes back to her office.

"Are you two working hard?" She asked with a smile, knowing that they weren't. Business may have been slow, but they did still have customers in the building that they could be tending to, as well as other responsibilities.

"It's been slow all day." Cheryl complained, which meant very little to Gwen since she knew the rat had only been clocked in for little more than an hour.

"It comes and goes, but don't forget that we still do have customers in the building that might need help. Chop chop." She replied with another smile. Gwen didn't need to grimace or frown to get people to do what she wanted them to.

Both women agreed and Cheryl stepped away from the counter to leave, Gwen turning to follow the younger girl with her eyes until the rat's butt was no longer in easy view. The good thing about being a woman was that people weren't so quick to accuse you of staring at another woman's ass. The doe having a cock thick enough to leave a girl bowlegged notwithstanding. People were reluctant to make low assumptions of anyone with a pair of tits. Gwen took advantage of that perk often.

Catherine remained at her post and began to sort through a box of discarded clothes hangers for reuse with other merchandise.

With the two girls now earning their paychecks Gwen stepped away from the counter and scouted the building once more, taking care to watch for anyone stealing something, and more importantly, watching for Cheryl's tight rump. Out of all of her staff there were only two that she was interested in, make it three if she was desperate.

Cheryl was her current favorite. Todd wasn't working today, but the fox was a lean handsome man who she was certain could be broken in if she had the chance to have a few drinks with him. The desperate third was Janine, but that woman could be so insufferable to be around. A 'Karen' feline with a very attractive body, but Gwen would have to be desperate to put up with her personality long enough to get her dick wet and spent.

There was so little to do at the moment that as she wandered down the carpeted pathways of her store her mind kept drifting to the gutter, and she was finding herself wondering if Cheryl was the type of girl to take it up the ass, or if she preferred her cunt getting ruined. With a tight body like hers she'd be tight in either hole, so Gwen didn't mind, but the curiosity was still there.

She split from the path and wandered towards the Staff Only door that would lead her to her office. There were no windows in her office so once she stepped inside and shut the door behind her she was in a private space with a desk that faced the door. No one could see her computer screen, and their web security was so lax she could browse anything on the internet without the Regional office knowing what one of the General Managers was doing online.

Not that she needed any online material when she had cute staffers she could think about instead. Sitting down at her desk she leaned back in her office chair and began to unzip. Her juicy package was a soft lump for the moment, but as she massaged it with her hand it began to stir. A free hand slid open a desk drawer and procured a condom from her stash. As her erection stiffened, she tore the condom open with her teeth and shook the wrapper off the condom and into the waste bin.

Gwen preferred raw sex, but if she was at work, she didn't to leave any incriminating evidence for the cleaning staff to find, so condoms were a good way to 'catch' any messes she might decide to make on a slow business day.

She slid the condom halfway down her cock and made sure it was snug and secure before she began to wank it.

Cheryl had dressed cute today, which made it easier to think of her. A tight pair of dress pants that hugged her butt, a nice shade of khaki that went well with the rat's pretty white fur. Her navy-blue polo was tucked in, but did a lot of work in shaping her bust. She wasn't a stacked girl, rather petite, but she was still very pretty.

With her office door shut she knew she could lean back in her chair and relax, closing her eyes and wrapping her hand around her swelling meat. Her thick girthy shaft would look so good splitting a cute girl like her open, prying open her ass or pussy would be a dream come true. What a sight Cheryl would be if she was in Gwen's lap right now, back to the doe's chest while she was getting skewered in her hole of choice!

She smiled, her cock throbbing to life, energetic and spry. Pre began to drool from her tip messily only to be caught by the condom as her hand slowly worked herself up and down.

First, the doe imagined the noise of the girl's pants button unsnapping, followed by the sound of a zipper pull. That tight rump bent over in front of her, slacks sliding down her legs until they were bunched up around her knees, exposing her cute underwear. Gwen picked out pink for the color of the girl's underwear, since she already knew the style of panty the girl wore by the panty lines that showed through her pants every day at work.

She slid them down her legs in her mind's eye, her thumbs roughly spreading the girl's ass cheeks to reveal the tight little pucker that hid there, and the moist pussy that rested below it. Two choice holes to pick from as Gwen tried to imagine what a moan would sound like with Cheryl's voice. It'd be pleasant.

The doe had no idea what kind of girl Cheryl was in bed, but by her attitude she figured the rat had some experience, enjoyed having a good time on college campus, probably was a bit wild as soon as she got a little drunk. All of that was good. Let the alcohol flow into both women and let them share a room. Gwen was a very experienced woman, having laid both men and women alike on the bed before leaving them in a coma.

The head of her cock spit a thick rope of clear prenut, oozing heavily into the condom's reservoir. Selecting the girl's cunt, she pressed her cockhead against her slit and sank herself inside, imagining the noises the girl would make. Gwen had an ego and liked it when she met a person who hadn't taken a dick bigger than the doe's own. Splitting open a tight hole was a joy to behold, and the fake-Cheryl in her imagination was tighter than most, her thick cock struggling and straining to penetrate the girl's vice tight walls.

Gwen felt a shiver up her spine, feeling a tingle behind her balls as she neared a rapid climax, something about her mood getting her to the edge of a climax far quicker than normal. She usually had incredible stamina, but stuck in her office and on the clock, she did try to speed things up a bit, but this was faster than she was accustomed to.

She eased back, relaxed, let her mind empty for a few moments as the tingling subsided and her spine relaxed in her chair. After a minute or two had passed she intensified again, filling her thoughts with the familiar noise of her own hips slapping against an ass as she pounded away at someone's bottom.

Feeling the girl clamp down and cum on her cock, squirming and jerking her tight body around as she was swept up by the intensity of her climax. Gwen would love making that girl cum hard

on her dick! She felt the tingle behind her balls return, hard and fast with more copious precum seeping from her tip and into the waiting condom, the rubber growing heavier by the moment.

She kept pumping her dick, faster and faster now, letting herself tip further and further over the edge until her balls began to draw up tight in her pants, hugging up against her body as her eyes fluttered open and stared straight up at the buzzing fluorescents overhead. She was almost there... almost about to fill that tight little...

There was a sudden knock on the door, and Gwen shot upright in her desk, her cock throbbing but not quite ready to pop. With a furious erection in her lap, she grabbed the edge of her desk and pulled herself forward, hiding her meat beneath the desktop and putting her hands on her keyboard.

"Yes? It's open." She said loudly to whoever was knocking.

The door creaked open, revealing that it was Cheryl that had interrupted the doe's daydream. Speak the devil! Gwen smiled at the pretty girl, thinking to herself that Cheryl likely had no idea Gwen was interested in her, let alone that her boss was seconds away from blowing a load to the thought of her.

"Ms. Barr, we've got a customer trying to return a bunch of clothing, but she doesn't have a receipt. We can't find proof that she bought any of it and she won't leave." The girl explained, and Gwen quickly frowned.

If someone wasn't trying to walk out with stolen goods, they were trying to pawn off stolen goods.

"Lovely! Stall her, Cheryl. I have to finish an email to Regional, then I'll be right out. Keep her busy." She told the girl.

"Yes, ma'am, we'll try." She replied and shut the door as they turned to leave.

Gwen leaned back in her chair and looked down at her dick as it slowly began to soften. She pulled the wasted condom off herself and examined the contents. All those lovely thoughts for a few ounces of precum and a pair of blue balls. She forced her dick back into her slacks and began to zip herself back up.

To hasten her dick's retreat, she tried to think of Janine and her annoying voice, to think of anything that would really irritate her. She stood up and adjusted her pants, making sure she wasn't sporting anything other than a prominent bulge. As she continued to shrink, she had to brace herself mentally for another battle with a customer trying to pull a fast one.

She doubted this lady seriously bought a bunch of clothing, then 'lost' the receipt only after having removed all the tags they could have scanned to verify the purchase. Oh, she seriously doubted that. When she finally emerged from her office, she spotted a handful of extra customers milling about her store, which uplifted her mood, but then saw this tiny shrew of a woman angrily complaining to Catherine while Cheryl awkwardly stood idly by her side trying to help.

When the girls saw Gwen coming, they both looked relieved. They might have been intimidated by their boss, but they loved seeing her walk up when a customer was giving them shit. Gwen Barr knew how to take care of business.