

Pro Boner

There's a first time for everything.

First, there's the knock at my door that almost makes me fall from my chair, and then there's that same monotonous tone from my secretary.

"Mrs. Blair, your client is ready. Shall I let him into your office now?" she asks from behind my closed door. *Ugh, great. Naptime just has to be over, doesn't it?* I think to myself in my sleep-deprived stupor. An hour ago, I was doing research for around six different cases before dozing off.

"Uh, give me a moment, Linda. I just need to clear some things up first," I drowsily reply, almost slurring. After a couple more seconds of shut-eye, I finally force myself to get up. I'm really going to miss laying my head on my cool desk.

Once I'm finally up, I stand in front of the mirror on my door to fix my messy, long black hair. Usually, I tie it into a bun, but this time, I just straighten it out. When I finally accomplish that almost-arduous task, I take one final glance at myself to make sure I look alright for my client. Clothing-wise, I'm in my gray, sleeveless turtle-neck sweater for today, as well as my black blazer, my ever-so-slightly tight office skirt, my black strapped high heels, and my thinly framed, square-rimmed glasses, which often leave people lost in my dark-blue eyes due to how strongly they emphasize them. Figure-wise, at twenty-eight years old, I'm taller than average and unintentionally voluptuous; my ass subtly protrudes from my skirt. Adding to this has been my biweekly visits to the yoga studio near my home since last year. As for my breasts, they have always been on the larger side, much to the amusement of my friends in high school, and the arousal of all the boys, who loved ogling at nerdy little me all too frequently. Even today, men approach me everywhere I go, and it sure as hell isn't for legal advice. To my disappointment, my skin still looks kind of pale, despite the hot summer weather as of late.

"At least it looks flawless as ever," I mutter under my breath. Finally, I turn around and gaze at my office. It's an oak-paneled, grey-carpeted room, with my desk right in front of me, displaying on top of it my transparent acrylic placard that has my name in bold white lettering: Heather Blair, Attorney at Law. Behind it is a vertical window that covers one section of the wall, and on both sides of that are my bookshelves loaded with most of the basic research I need. On my far-left is a black leather couch I lay on every once in a while, when I have time to kill,

while on my far-right is a small table with a coffee machine on top of it and a bottle of strong, four-year-old whiskey in one of the drawers.

Beautifully, the afternoon sun shines through my window, and I find myself almost lost in it, until I shake myself back to reality and clear up my desk by stacking all of my papers and books in one corner of the room while all of my pens go into my desk-drawers.

“Okay, Linda. Let him in,” I say afterwards. The door opens, and a young man in a red flannel shirt and denim jeans walks into the room. *Woah, he’s handsome.* Along with the flannel and jeans, he has a stubbled, sort of chiseled face, chestnut hair, and sun-kissed skin, and through his shirt, I can even see some slight muscle.

“Evening,” he says, his voice rather husky. “I’m Derrick Smith. So, you’re that lawyer lady on those commercials, right? Heather Blair?”

“Uh, yeah, that’s me, alright. Ha!”

“Well, it’s nice to officially meet you. You’re even prettier in person.”

“Oh, thanks. You too, hands- I mean, Mr. Smith.” Almost immediately, I feel the room temperature rise a couple degrees. Even more-so, my heart starts beating so fast and hard that I feel as though Derrick could see it through my clothes. When he stretches out his hand to shake mine, and I shake it, I feel a strong, yet gentle grip. *Oh, come on, Heather. You’re pushing thirty...and married for crying out loud!* I curse myself. *I just...need to compose myself and breathe slowly. He’s just really handsome is all. I’m faithful to my husband. I’m faithful to my husband. I’m faithful to my husband.* Throughout the conversation, I repeat this mantra to stay focused.

“So, Mr. Smith. What’ve we got today?” I continue. Taking his hand, we walk over to my couch and begin discussing his defense.

After about an hour or so of talking, we finally come to an agreement that we would expand more on this the next time we meet. During this time, I gradually become more and more comfortable around him. And yet, simultaneously, I couldn’t help but feel mesmerized by his own deep-green eyes. And then, out of nowhere, it hits me with the force of a freight train, and my heart suddenly stops. *Crap, I forgot about...that amendment!*

It all started about last year or so, with the case of a man who was wrongly convicted of murder. All the evidence seemed to point to this – his nervous behavior around police, his reactions to the questions asked of him, and his overall tendency to uncontrollably shake and

stutter; he simply couldn't help it. With the cards stacked against him, he was sentenced to life in prison – until he appealed his sentence and brought up his medical documents pertaining to his diagnosis regarding his shaking and stuttering. He served eight months of his prison sentence before finally being released, and in the wake of this, there was outrage about the way the justice system handled things. As a result, a new amendment to the constitution was passed – the twenty-eighth amendment.

Also known as the Wilson Amendment (named after the wrongly convicted man), it declared that all lawyers were to receive proper instruction in the realm of oral sex in relation to their sexual orientation. Lesbian female lawyers performed cunnilingus on their female clients, gay male lawyers performed fellatio on their male clients, et cetera, et cetera. Both clients and attorneys became required to disclose their sexual orientation to each other. Orgasms through oral stimulation became just as important as a proper legal defense so as to ensure that clients were as relaxed and comfortable as they could possibly be. And unfortunately, I became a lawyer in the wrong place at the wrong time. Or so I thought.

Derrick proceeds to get up from my couch. Unsure as to how to address this part of my career, I impulsively get on my knees and place my hand on his crotch. Surprised, he quickly recoils from my actions and wears an expression of borderline fear.

“Mrs. Blair! What the hell are you doing?!”

Damnit! Why did I do that?! For a short moment, I close my eyes and swallow, before slowly informing Derrick of this part of the business I find myself oh-so hesitant to describe, let alone perform in.

“Oh...um, I apologize for the suddenness of my actions, Mr. Smith, but I was under the impression that you read the full contents of our contract before-hand.”

Confused, he replies, “Err, no, I didn't. How was I supposed to expect...*that?* I mean, aren't you supposed be a lawyer, not a hooker?”

“Ugh, please don't refer to me by that term, Mr. Smith,” I say, shuddering at that word. “Anyway, to explain, as part of the rule of Attorney-Client Privilege under our contract and the laws of the Constitution from the passing of the twenty-eighth amendment, you are automatically granted the privilege of utilizing my mouth in any way you see fit pro bono.” *God, it's amazing I didn't stutter at all while saying that mouthful...speaking of which.*

“I'm sorry, but could you put that in actual English, please?”

Oh, come on! This should be obvious to you already. Slightly impatient by this point, but still wanting to remain professional, I continue in a much blunter fashion.

“You are entitled to free fellatio from me, as per the twenty-eighth amendment of the constitution, which was passed just back in January.”

And just like that, Derrick’s face transitions from a look of surprise to one of childish excitement. Boys, they really are all the same, aren’t they? Furtively, I giggle, and I see that Derrick notices the ghost of a smile on my face.

“Wait, you’ve got to be kidding me. ‘free fellatio’ as in a free blowjob from a hot lawyer like you?” he says.

“Thank you for the compliment,” I say as I feel a faint blush grow on my cheeks. *This is so weird. I get told that all the time. Why is he any different?* “And yes, you are entitled to a free blowjob from me under the rule of Attorney-Client Privilege. Studies have shown that the world of law is extremely stressful for both attorneys and clients, which can lead to all sorts of legal problems. Hence, all lawyers are now given instruction in oral sex, even myself.”

“Awesome! I could really use a blowjob right about now.” Derrick excitedly moves my hands to the lower part of his hips and unbuckles his belt. However, before he gets down to unzipping his pants after unbuckling his belt, I stop him in his tracks, putting my hands on his.

“Wait. Before we do this, I…” A pang of reluctance suddenly hits me as the rest of my sentence fails to come out of my mouth.

“What is it, Mrs. Blair?” Derrick asks with a hint of concern in his tone.

Damnit! Just tell him already! I take a deep breath and sigh, before finally getting the full extent of my thoughts out.

“I’m a virgin, Derrick.”

“What?”

“Yep, you’ve heard right. As a matter of fact, this will be my first time giving a blowjob, let alone seeing a man’s dick.”

“Why?”

“Let’s just say that my husband hasn’t exactly been the most available to me since we married six months ago. Apparently, he’s just a very busy man.”

“Alright then. I’ll be –”

“No, it’s fine, Derrick. Do what you will. But yes, be slow, and please don’t cum on my face.” Afterwards, I move Derrick’s hands away from his pants zipper, and unzip it myself. Once I pull down his pants and underwear, his impressively large cock pops out, making me jump and almost hitting my face. Startlingly enough, I find that it’s already erect. It must’ve been at least seven inches long, and half an inch wide.

Upon seeing it, I feel a cocktail of emotions I haven’t experienced since college; nervousness, excitement, amazement, hunger. I feel my mouth almost water at the sight of it, and I’m barely able to contain my feelings when I say breathily,

“Well, this is...of a considerable size. I’ll do my best to please you, but feel free to change attorneys if my methods are not to your satisfaction.” *There, I said everything that needed to be said. Time to finish the rest of the job.*

I grasp Derrick’s dick with my left hand, stroking it very slowly. As I do this, I look into his eyes once more, and feel myself mesmerized in them again. Even more-so, a desire to perform this job the best I can. I stroke it a couple times until I remove my hand to spit in it, before continuing to stroke him. As I keep stroking, it just keeps getting bigger and bigger. Impressed by this, I proceed to close my eyes and lick the tip in order to savor the texture and flavor. I really should maintain an air of professionalism while doing this, but it’s just such a nice dick. The flavor has a hint of saltiness to it, probably due to a little sweat or something. As for the texture, it keeps getting harder and harder. *I never thought I’d actually be seeing the real thing, let alone stroking it.*

A few more licks in, I kiss the head and then drag my tongue on the underside of the shaft down to his balls. I kiss and lightly suck on them, making Derrick visibly shudder in pleasure, trying his best to contain himself and savor the moment. Meanwhile, along with my sense of excitement and arousal, I feel a moisture grow between my legs, and deeply, I hope that he doesn’t notice my panties anytime soon.

After several more licks and kisses to his perfect cock and balls, I drag my tongue back to his head take it into my mouth. Again, sucking it lightly while still maintaining eye contact with him through my glasses. *That’s right, Heather. Maintain eye contact. It’s rule number one of giving a good blowjob.* As I keep going, I feel the moisture between my legs grow more and more. Despite me trying to lie to myself that it’s just the heat, I know that deep down, it’s because I’m getting more and more turned on by the second. *Suck the head and stroke the shaft;*

rule number two of giving a good blowjob. Meanwhile, I can see how much Derrick is enjoying this, as his mouth forms a perfect O in amazement. Wanting him to react more, I take him as far down my throat as I can, taking in a little more than half of it. Once I pull back, I gag a little and notice the few strings of spit between my lips and his dick.

“Woah! Y-You’re doing a more-than-satisfactory job, Mrs. Blair.”

“Thank you, Mr. Smith. But I’m only just starting.” I try once again to take him as far down my throat as I can. This time, I almost take all of him before pulling back just a little, still having my lips wrapped around his cock. I then go at it again, moving faster and faster with my mouth, bobbing back and forth while my hands grip his thighs. Within a few more seconds, and with as much determination and vigor as I can muster, I finally take the whole thing to the back of my throat. Immediately, I find myself driven over the edge, and start fingering myself with my right hand. I push aside my panties and feel my soaking wet folds. And because of this, I easily fit two of my fingers right into my slit.

On the other hand, Derrick is in obvious bliss, closing his eyes once I take all of him to savor the sensations he’s feeling.

“Oh, God! That...feels so good,” he says as I continue moving back and forth, faster and faster. So much so, in fact, that I can feel my saliva escape my bottom lip and crawl down my chin. And yet, I find myself not caring at all. Instead letting myself get lost in the sensation of swallowing his dick. In fact, at one point, I’m able to stick my tongue out and actually touch his balls while having him down my throat.

As my saliva crawls from my bottom lip, down to my chin, dripping and pooling on my sweater, I gather it in my left hand and begin stroking him again, making sure to suck him hard and deep. I suck as fast as I possibly can, loving every inch of him down my throat while Derrick writhes in pure bliss, curling his toes in his shoes. He grips my desk tightly, desperately trying to maintain composure until losing it completely. He grabs my head, and pulls me back to take a break. Once I’m off his cock, I breathe deeply.

“Was that...too much for you,” I say, giggling from my intoxication with his cock.

“I think so. You’re...intense. Hands down, the best blowjob I’ve ever gotten.”

“Ha-ha! Thank yo- aagh!” Quickly, Derrick slams me down on his dick again using both of his hands, making me take the whole length down my throat before violently thrusting in and out of my mouth.

“Like you said earlier, Heather. I can use your mouth in any way I see fit *pro bono*. I’m gonna take full advantage of this offer.”

“mph! Shlow...down!” I say, protesting. But it’s no use. He just continues to forcefully fuck my mouth as more and more spit leaks out, falling onto the floor, while black tears stream down my face, ruining my makeup.

And yet, despite my protesting, my more carnal side enjoys every second of this oral domination over me. As a matter of fact, I find myself realizing that my right hand is still massaging my moist crevice.

After several more thrusts in and out of my mouth, Derrick’s dick begins to twitch.

“Ungh, I’m gonna cum, Heather!”

Fuck, me too! Oh, why am I liking this so much? I ask myself in my intoxicated state of mind. Eventually, we cum together simultaneously. Derrick’s seed floods my mouth, almost burning my throat and stomach, yet strangely in a very pleasurable fashion that allows me to swallow it all. Taste-wise, it’s a salty deliciousness that I find myself unable to get enough of. As for my pussy, it too cums a lot, leaving a visible spot on my carpet.

Finally, Derrick pulls himself out of my mouth, and his dick gradually returns to its original flaccid state.

“Sorry for doing that Heather,” Derrick says while panting from his intense orgasm. “But like I said, that is the best blowjob I’ve ever gotten. Thank you.”

For a couple seconds, there is a pause for me to catch my breath, but it feels like an eternity until I finally regather my strength and reply,

“You’re...welcome. And thank you. I’m glad my...p-performance is to your satisfaction. Make sure to leave a good review online.”

“Ahem, so, uh, are you two finished with business now?” Less than a second later, my secretary knocks on the door and checks on us.

“Yeah, we’re done now. Is there another client in need of service and consultation?” I say.

“Yes, Mrs. Blair.”

“Tell them I’m on lunch break or something.” I then turn to Derrick and say, “Well, I look forward to seeing you again soon.” I get up and kiss his cheek before fixing myself in front of my mirror. I’m a complete mess.

“Hey, by the way, do you think we can grab some coffee sometime? My treat.” Derrick says.

Damnit! As hot as he is, I have to turn him down. I force myself to smile and speak as courteously as I can.

“I’m sorry, Derrick. You’re...really good-looking. But I’m married. This ring on my finger should’ve been obvious enough.” I raise my hand to his eye level, showing him the gold-and-diamond wedding ring on my finger.

Crestfallen, Derrick replies, “Oh, I understand, Mrs. Blair. I’m...sorry I made this awkward for us. I look forward to our next meeting though. ‘til next time!” He quickly pulls his pants and underwear back up and buckles them, before finally exiting my office, clearly in a state of embarrassment.

Meanwhile, I grab a tissue and wipe off some of the makeup on my face and the drool around my mouth before tossing it in the waste bin next to my desk. Afterwards, I lock my door and retrieve the whiskey from my drawer and pour a glass for myself. As I regretfully sip from my glass, I walk to my window, and see Derrick drive away, off into the distance as the afternoon sun sets below the horizon.

I’m sorry, Derrick. I really am.