

SEAL THE DEAL

Randy Wright found himself engulfed in panic as the representatives of the QamarTech Group swept into the Wright Corporation Building that morning, arriving directly from Dubai to the bustling business center of Freeopolis. In his forties, Randy stood on the cusp of inheriting his father's legacy, the esteemed Mr. Roger Wright, who was poised to savor his retirement and pass down his vast holdings to his eldest son. However, for this crucial deal, Randy's father had promised to be present.

Amidst his mounting anxiety, Malcolm Rivers, Randy's trusted right-hand man, burst into his office.



Randy, you need to speak with them. They're growing impatient!

I KNOW! I'M TRYING TO REACH MY DAD BUT HE'S NOT ANSWERING!

Oh my god, this is the deal of the year. I'm breaking out in a cold sweat.



Exiting the office, they saw the young employee Cameron Wilson, who had just arrived.

WILSON! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?? BRING SOME DRINKS TO OUR GUESTS!



Yes, Mr. Wright! I'm sorry Mr. Wright!

You'll have to handle this alone, my friend. You're capable. We're capable. Let's at least offer them refreshments and engage in some small talk.

Thanks to your father's mentorship, I've learned a thing or two during my ten years here.



Cameron, who was bisexual, harbored a significant crush on his new boss. However, unlike Mr. Wright senior, his son exhibited a markedly hostile demeanor toward Cameron and all other employees, except for Malcolm.

In the waiting room, there were three arab men: two distinguished older gentlemen, one portly and the other towering, along with a strapping young man.

This is a very serious lack of respect! These nonbelievers blasphemous Americans can't let us wait like this. And how did you dress Raaid? Why you are adopting this indecent Western fashion style? Is disrespectful towards your roots!

Calm down, Uncle Hamood! You know how much I like Prada. We must appear also modern to the Americans.

The young man is right, Hamood. You need to relax, the Western world is like this. I'm just getting hungry...my belly is rumbling. When is lunch?



I'm Randall Wright, and this is Malcolm Rivers, my assistant. Apologies for the delay; we were awaiting my father to commence negotiations, but we were unable to reach him. We can proceed without him.

I'm Raaid al-Hanif, the official interpreter and future administrator of the QamarTech Group. I travel with my uncle, Hamood al al-Kaiser, across the globe, bringing languages and absorbing the intricacies of our business.

Hamood al al-Kaiser serves as the CEO of the QamarTech Group, though he entered the enterprise later on. He's the force behind our international expansion, and your father primarily liaises with his division.

Finally! I was losing my patience.

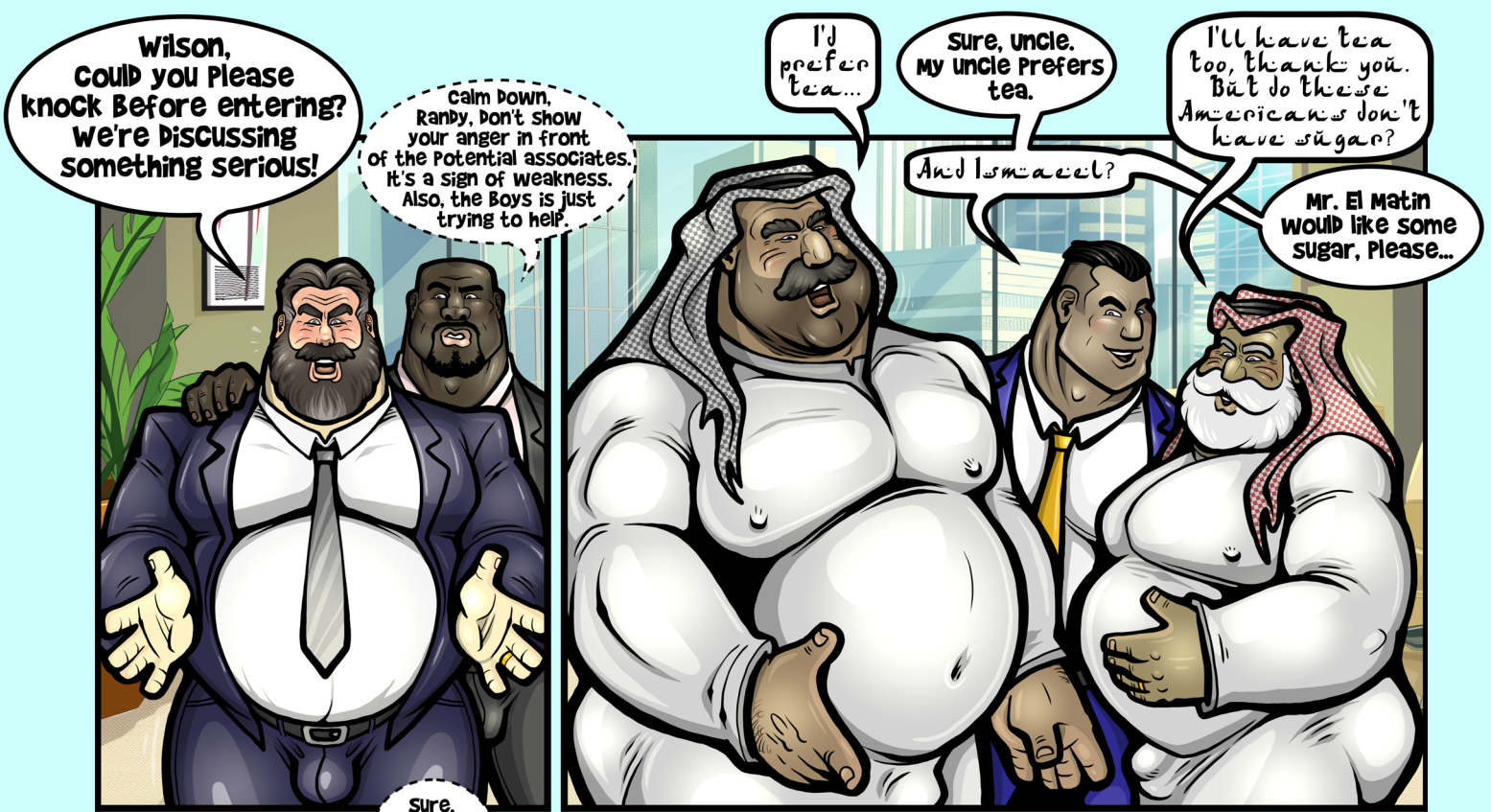


Ismaeel el-Matin is the esteemed founder and ultimate authority within our corporation. Though he approaches retirement, all decisions still require his signature.

Wilson entered in the room, holding a tray.

Mr. Wright! I've brought the drinks, tea or coffee?





Wilson, could you please knock before entering? We're discussing something serious!

Calm down, Ranby. Don't show your anger in front of the potential associates. It's a sign of weakness. Also, the Boys is just trying to help.

I'd prefer tea...

Sure, uncle. My uncle prefers tea.

I'll have tea too, thank you. But do these Americans don't have sugar?

And Ismaeel?

Mr. El Matin would like some sugar, please...

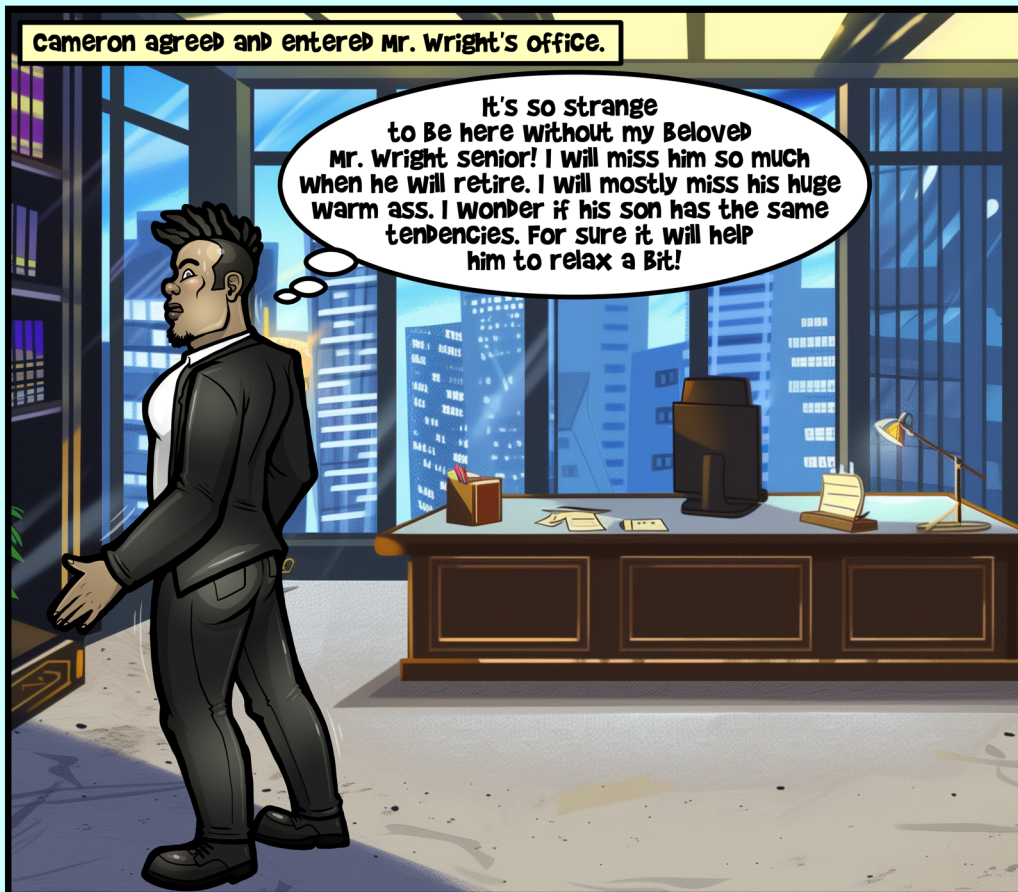


Ah, right. Malcolm, can I have a word with you?

Sure, Boy...you are doing great!

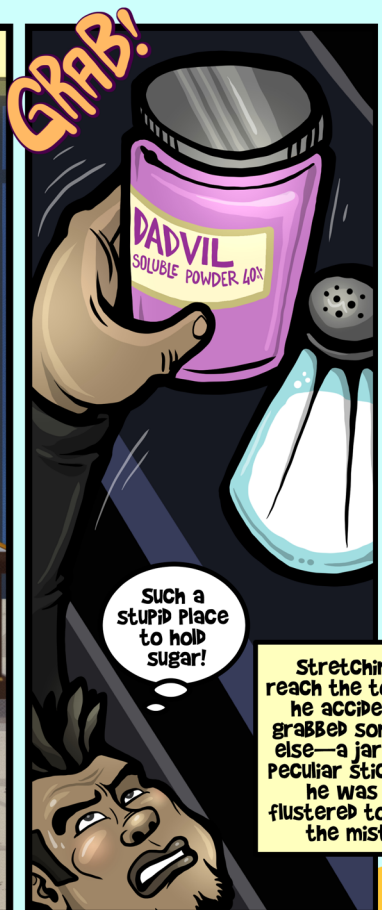
I think we're out of sugar... I couldn't find any!

Damn... well, go check Mr. Wright Senior's office. It should be on the top shelf in his Bar, you have my authorization.



Cameron agreed and entered Mr. Wright's office.

It's so strange to be here without my beloved Mr. Wright senior! I will miss him so much when he will retire. I will mostly miss his huge warm ass. I wonder if his son has the same tendencies. For sure it will help him to relax a bit!

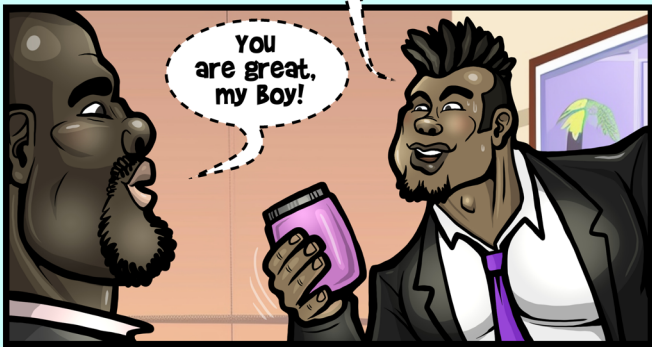


GRAB!

Such a stupid place to hold sugar!

Stretching to reach the top shelf, he accidentally grabbed something else—a jar with a peculiar sticker but he was too flustered to notice the mistake.

He didn't know that the jar was the first clue about where really Mr. Wright Senior was and why he was unreachable...



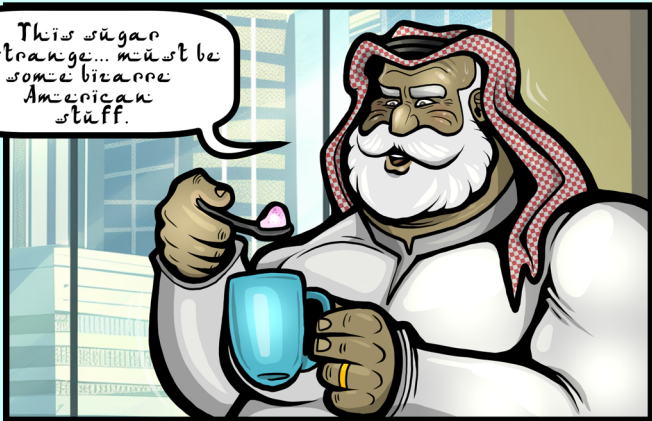
I got it, Malcolm!

You are great, my Boy!

As they sipped their Beverages, the Conversation shifted to Business matters, But Ranby Couldn't Shake the feeling of unease, his anxiety manifesting in Beads of sweat forming on his forehead.



I'm Panicking! I wonder where is my baby!!!

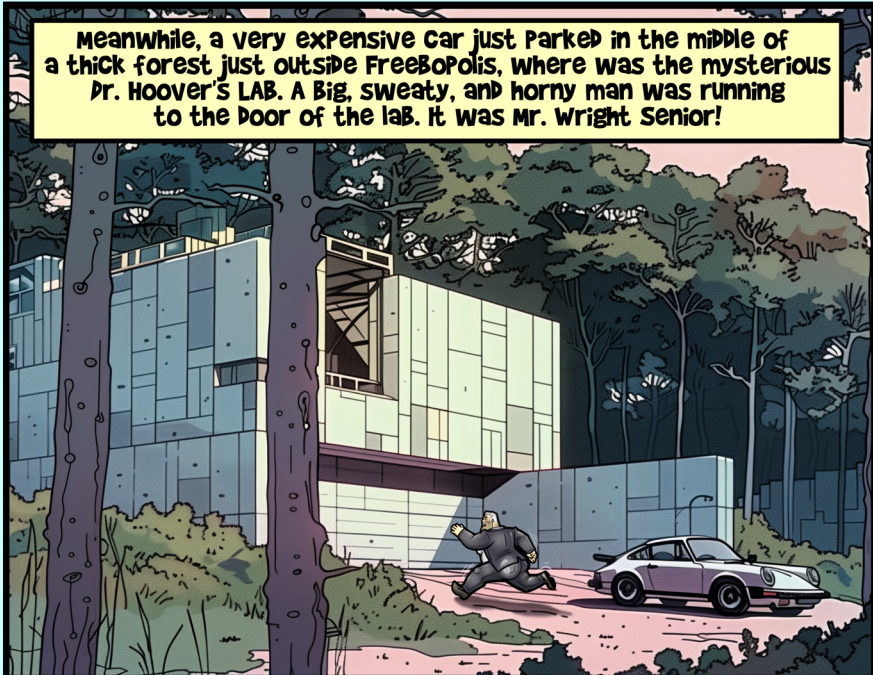


This sugar is strange... must be some bizarre American stuff.



The two Dads from Dubai added sugar to their Drinks, and Ranby wright too, while Malcolm and Raaid abstained.

Hamood and Ismael started panting and sweating too.



Meanwhile, a very expensive Car just Parked in the middle of a thick forest just outside Freeopolis, where was the mysterious Pr. Hoover's Lab. A Big, sweaty, and horny man was running to the Door of the Lab. It was Mr. Wright Senior!



Please, Doctor, what did you give me? I'm so horny...I need to get fucked! I mean...gangbanged! HELP ME!!!

to Be CONTINUED....