The Present

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A lonely cubicle dweller receives an unexpected gift to prepare her for her date...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/anal/the-present.aspx

cgirl6969: u there? nervous about doing this 8:16am

daemon_male: why the nerves? 8:19am

cgirl6969: just new 8:32am

daemon_male: still up for it? 8:32am

cgirl6969: going to do it now. Have a mtg at 9 8:43am

daemon_male: so hot. IM later. 8:44am

Casey reached into her file cabinet and pulled out the small gift box. Slipping the red ribbon into the trash basket, she stacked her phone and notebook on the box as she set out for her meeting. While her typical path led her through rows of drab, identical cubes into the central conference rooms, on this particular morning Casey took a detour into a restroom in a quieter part of the building. Confirming that the facility was empty, she stepped into the back stall and closed the door.

The slight tremble in her hands caught her off guard. Was it just nerves, or perhaps excitement? Casey removed the box lid. She felt her heart race as she lowered her panties.

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cgirl6969: pretty worked up 12:26pm

daemon_male: have you kept it in? 12:33pm

cgirl6969: yes. Its intense 12:34pm

cgirl6969: feel it constantly. Keeps me excited 12:34pm

daemon_male: good. Part of the point 12:36pm

cgirl6969: gotta run. C u at 6 12:37pm

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Casey made it through her afternoon update with her supervisor. She must have seemed fidgety, crossing and uncrossing her legs, occasionally losing her train of thought. In the final hour of the workday she found herself checking her phone at her desk every few minutes, fighting the urge to text him.

Sitting intensified the effect; her own weight pushed the toy inside to its limit. Despite the multiple layers—skirt and undergarments—she felt a constant sense of exposure, so open and vulnerable.

At the surrounding cubicles, her co-workers went about their mindless drone of routine. Could they really not see a difference in her behavior? Perhaps she was just hypersensitive, nerve endings on fire… or perhaps they were so absorbed in tedium as to not care regardless.

If Casey was known for anything in her department, it was a pervasive impression of all things ordinary: Auburn hair, average build, and modest beauty. She never drew attention with her attire. For her five-year service award, her team had struggled to find things to say about her. Her life outside of work wasn't an object of interest simply because it was *assumed* to be uninteresting.

It was for this reason that no one noticed the slightly stilted way she walked to her car—almost as if uncomfortable in her heels. Further, no one paid any attention when she turned left out of the parking lot, again breaking her ironclad routine, heading toward downtown instead of her apartment.

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cgirl6969: omw. Nervous 5:27pm

daemon_male: Waiting for you in the bar 5:31pm

Her heart raced again as she pulled into the parking lot. Conflicting emotions rose from within—anxiety, anticipation, longing and uncertainty fought for the forefront. Even though she knew exactly where this evening was headed, she also saw several drinks in her immediate future to settle her down.

Sliding into the passenger seat, Casey removed her shoes and stripped off her hose. She exchanged them for a dark pair of stockings from an overnight bag. The fresh stockings stopped at mid-thigh, just a few inches above her dress line. She also put on a new pair of shoes, tall heels with an ankle strap as he had requested.

She rose from the vehicle and gave a quick adjustment to the toy before heading into the bar.

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daemon_male: can u still feel all of it? 8:19pm

“Why are you texting me?” she laughed. “I’m right here.”

Casey shifted in her chair toward her date. Despite an attentive waiter, they each had two empty cocktail glasses on the table.

“Just trying to remain discreet,” he replied. Michael wore his signature smile that suggested more of a devilish spirit than anything truly humorous.

“Yes, I can still feel everything...” she smiled back. “Here…” she adjusted her crossed legs and drew his hand up her thigh. “Feel for yourself.” Casey surprised and pleased herself with the brazen nature of the move. She guided his fingers to her backside. He slipped inside her panties and discovered the toy securely within her. The heat from her loins grew intense.

She closed her eyes and drew breath. Her thoughts went back to the beginning of the week, when the mysterious gift box had appeared at work following their last date. She recalled how forward he had seemed, discussing such taboo desires with her so early on. She couldn’t remember which had surprised her more—that he had expressed such desire to take her in this manner or that she had agreed to it…

The box had appeared shortly after. Inside was a clear glass plug with one intended purpose, accompanied by a handwritten note that read, “to prepare you for the night’s activities.” She had blushed and quickly shoved the box into her file cabinet. Now here she was, three days later, preparing herself for him.

Damn he looks good, she thought. Beyond the piercing eyes and strong jaw, Michael cut an impressive shape. Front, back or profile, it didn’t matter. But there was something beyond looks, beyond charm that lit a fire inside her; he carried a presence that simply demanded. It was only their

third date, but Casey was certain she would do everything that was expected of her tonight…

“Your panties are soaked.” Michael broke her train of thought. His fingers had found her labia, working toward her clit. Casey suddenly became conscious of her environment and how visible their actions were becoming.

“Do you want another drink? I want you relaxed for me.”

She placed her hand on his. “Believe me, I’m ready. Let’s get the check.”

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The sheets caressed her bare stomach as she moved into the position he wanted. Michael had been very specific with his desires. Casey lay stripped down to just her black panties and stockings. Thick, beautiful breasts brushed against the bed as she arched her back for him. Exactly as he wanted.

Michael had also removed his clothing, and as he passed by she caught a glimpse of his erection. The shaft was thicker than she remembered. It occurred to her that there was to be no foreplay for the evening—instead a play comprised of one lengthy, intense act.

Without a word, he took position behind her. His hands were warm against her flesh as he pulled her panties to her knees. With her back arched at such an angle, Casey was exposed in a way she could only imagine—her most forbidden flesh laid bare for his viewing pleasure.

Her opening formed a perfect circle around the glass plug. Michael took his time, tracing fingers softly around the rim with one hand as he pushed the toy into her with his other. The sudden change in intensity made Casey cry out, releasing what she had suppressed from her coworkers while sitting throughout the day.

“Do you know what I’m about to do to you?” he asked.

“Yes…” she whispered.

“Tell me.”

“You’re going to fuck me.”

“How am I going to fuck you?”

“In—” she exhaled hard as he pushed the plug deeper again. “In my ass…”

“Yes…” Michael whispered as he gently removed the plug. After so many hours, it felt odd to her to have the toy absent. Almost… empty.

He moved in close and she sensed the heat of his cock. “Show me. Show me where you want to be fucked.”

Casey reached around and traced a slow circle across her relaxed opening. “Here,” she whispered into the sheets. “Fuck me here… please…”

She felt herself open again as he pushed the head of his cock inside. The heat from within was immediate.

“Squeeze down on the head,” he ordered. She wordlessly tensed and tightened down on him.

Michael closed his eyes and rolled his head back, savoring the sensation. “Again. Keep doing it… just like that…” Soft moans rose in chorus as she worked him, pleasuring the head of his cock. Casey felt so dirty thinking about what they were doing, but butterflies in her stomach had given way to boiling blood. Excitement coursed through her veins.

He began to push deeper, his path eased by his pre-come inside her. The shaft opened her wide as he continued in one long, very deliberate stroke. As she began to relax around him, Michael drove his cock progressively into her until they hit bottom.

Fuck he’s deep, she thought. *Much deeper than the toy.* The pair began to move together, drawing their bodies apart and moving back together. It took little time to establish a rhythm—she was amazed at how well the toy had prepared her for his cock.

They fucked in silence. Moans, whimpers, and tensed muscles took the place of words. Casey lost track of time. Anal sex was not something new for her, but this degree of depth and pleasure was certainly new to the act.

Her hand found her clit. She began to manipulate herself as he drove his shaft into her again and again. Before long the motions of fingers matched the rocking of their bodies. Beads of sweat formed at her forehead and across her back.

After a time, Casey realized how close she was bringing herself to orgasm. She sensed that Michael was getting close also.

“Finish inside me…” she moaned. “Please… come deep inside…”

Her words were all he needed. As Michael approached climax he lengthened his strokes, lowering his body onto her back.

“Yes… fuck… I’m going to come…”

Casey cried out as she peaked. His hand found hers and together they aggressively worked her clit. She became aware of Michael’s shaft contracting against her, and then he brought his weight down onto her.

Michael finished hard inside her.

His come flooded her bowels in thick spurts. Hot fluid shot deep into her, sending a rush through her body like nothing she could remember. *Oh fuck this is so forbidden…*

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Throughout the following week, Casey didn’t hear from Michael. Her thoughts often returned to their experience, and she wondered if that was the last they would be together. She was about to write him off when a package arrived addressed to her on Friday. Inside was a small gift box wrapped with a red bow.