Tied up for lunch

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Published on Lush Stories on 16 Dec 2010

It seemed more fun to eat in, than eat out.

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You are bored!

You watch the time endlessly tick one second at a time. You are wishing for excitement. Your eyes shut and your mind starts to wander down your body. Your hand follows your thoughts tracing itself down your scrubsgently caressing, asif alover. As you reach your breasts, you have a sudden convulsion. Your muscles contract including your pussy. Your eyes spring open with shock.

"No," you think to yourself. "Not here."

You go back to watching the clock. Another minute has gone. You let out a long sigh. Your phone vibrates.

"Who could it be," you think to yourself. You lift your phone from the desk and the display lights up revealing a message. "Its from him." You start to feel a buzzing sensationin your clit. You open the message and go wide-eyed. "I'm on my way, see you in 10 minutes X."

You check the time. You will be going on break as I arrive. You grin and the buzzing from your clit becomes a throbbing.

Imagining what we are going to do distracts you from the ticking clock. While your excitement builds, your black lace panties become damp.

I have visited you during work a few times, for lunch. We have met and then gone out somewhere. Your femalework colleagues are jealous of the romantic gestures and wish their men were the same. But this time it is different, you somehow know it is. Your mind begins sending more signals imagining what's going to happen.

You can feel your juices flow between your thighs, like a river. Your nipples are pushing hard against your bra, and every movement rubs them against the black lace drawing your attention to them. It is

made worse because you know you can't do anything about it. Summoning all the will power you have:you resist the urges to pleasure yourself but barely.

Waiting for me takes just a moment. I standin your doorway, casually dressed in jeans and a shirt. As our eyes meet, we both smile. I hold your gaze for a few moments before stepping inside and closing the door behind me. You let out a little moan as I turn the lock on the door.

You stand up, as I close the distance between us. I take in your excited hard nipples and the redness of your face. I know what you have been thinking about. I move close, very close to you. My thigh pushes between yours parting your legs.

As my thigh pushes up applying pressure to your eager pussy you throw your arms around me and we embrace passionately, kissing deeply: our tongues performing a ballet in each others mouths.

My hands work their way inside your scrubs and on to your breasts. You pull away suddenly. "We can't do this here."

But, I'm on you again, and we continue our foreplaybut now, with my hands circling your boobs outside your clothes. Your hand moves down, stopping at the bulge in my jeans. You can feel how hard I am. You begin stroking up and down the whole length. Now it is my turn to stop. I pull away from you.

Your hands and lips are still working at the air. Your eyes flick open to see me standing there, motionless. You begin to ask what is going on until I silence you.

I move toward you, slowly, reaching out my hands to your waist. As I grip your top --your hesitation soon passes. You lift your arms. As my hands reach yours: I stop. I hold your arms up, twisting your top off around your wrists. Your boobs look even more amazing in their bra, as they are squeezed together when your arms rise.

I'm distracted by them for only a moment before continuing to tie your wrist to the steel shelving, with your own top.Once bound:I very slowly work my way down you, kissing you gently. When I get you your boobs, I extend my tongue and lick between them.
I continue downuntilI'm on my knees eyes level with your waist. My hands tenderly slip your bottoms down over your hips and down your thighs.

Once they reach the floor, you step out of them. I then use them to tie your ankles to the same shelving making sure my knots are tight but comfortable.

There is a sudden sound of someone outside the room. Someone is trying the handle. The sudden shock pumps adrenaline through your body. I ask you quietly with a sly grin:if I should open it. Your eyes are fixed on the door and you shake your head from side to side a little. I laugh softly. You stare at me your look of shock turning to anger, and then to lust. Your burning desire to be satisfied and the danger of being caught makes you more excited than we could ever imagine.

Isee what I'm looking for on your desk.I walk over and pick something concealed by my body.I turn on my heel. In my hand I am brandishing a pair of scissors.
I open and close them smiling at you. I move close to you, running the scissors across up your arm and across your shoulder. The cold steel makes you shiver. Goose bumps appear on your skin.

With the flat of the blade against your skin I run them down between your breasts. With a few nips your bra falls to the floor in pieces.Mmmm... I gaze at your exposed boobs your nipples so hard. It feels so good for them to be free.