Peeping Girl IV

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Taking my fetish to work

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The office couple. They sit so close to one another at lunch it's like they are joined at the hip. I watch them and notice how he just brushes the side of her thigh as they eat. God the way he looks at her. Of course I can't take my eyes off of them, staring rudely as I swallow mouth fulls of coffee. She's the worst kind of tease too, leaning in and whispering what I imagine are obscenities right into his ear, watching how his eyes buldge out of his head, grinning and gripping at her thigh tighter and tighter. I shift myself as to not draw too much attention, not wanting them to notice how I squirm in my chair trying to manuever the panel of my panties so they are snug against my sex. Shit. Here we go. At work? Fuck!

His eyes move to her face, leaning into her closer, whispering something back to her. Her face is flushed, and she immediately crumbles her lunch between her hands and stands. She's tugging her skirt down, and smoothing it over the curves of her hips looking down at him, his hands pushing the chair away from the table. Probably..a good time to leave the lunch area for them. Sure he has just told her to come with him somewhere discreet. As he stands I notice his incredibly large bulge just pushing at the pleats at the front of his pants.

Trying to figure out where they might be heading I push my own chair away from the table and grab my coffee, draining the rest into the open garbage can and quickly dismissing any need for caffeine, this scene unfolding before my eyes enough to wake me up. He's leading her through the doors, pulling her behind him, and she's wishing her heels weren't so damn high, stumbling behind him. Hard not to laugh at the eagerness he is showing her, and to me although he has no idea he's cooperating with my need to see just what they are up to. I follow close behind, swinging my purse over my shoulder and heading through the same swinging doors, seeing the back of her as he tugs her into his office. How lucky for him. His own office and a hot little bitch just following him wherever he takes her. Damn. I hurry down the hall hoping that his blinds aren't pulled close, that he is just that careless to leave them open enough for my spying eyes to partake in this.The door closes, clicking sounds indicating it's locked. I stop across from the office window and make the first move looking at the window and to my delight the stupid fucker did just that, leaving the middle set of blinds opened just enough. Guess he's not worried about being caught or just caught up in the moment so fully never thinking to check. Either way, I win I'm thinking reaching into my bag and pulling out my cell. Leaning against the wall opposite the window, pawing at the keypad as though I'm making my

afernoon call to someone somewhere.
He stands behind his big mahogany desk, pulling her body into his. Watching so closely at how he is so loving towards her, his hands caressing the curve of her hips, around where he squeezes at her ass with both hands tugging at her body making her mold to his. My eyes move to his upper arms, staring intently as his muscles buldge through his white cotton shirt, his fingers moving to the seam of her little skirt tugging it upward. Keep going you naughty boy. Show me what's under that skirt. My hand shakes as I hold on the my phone, the palm of my henad sweaty. Look at that. My god, look at that ass. He's not stopping until she's fully exposed, as if just for me. Dayummm!! Her ass is perked and tight, the thong she chose for her work day. Just makes me wonder if he had't set this up from the beginning. Maybe told her to wear this special pair just for him. Suddenly, his hand sweeps across his desk scattering papers, files, pens and cd's to the floor. I slowly blink as I see his gentle caresses turn to needy pawing at her ass. Not so nice maybe. Not caressing anymore, deep penetrating grips, spreading her ass apart and tugging at the back of that thong, upward, then a hot little slap across her ass. I watch as it jiggles. My god!
My coworkers walk past me, smiling and nodding in acknowledgement of me, I cover the bottom of my phone as if I were really talking to someone, and smiling sweet hellos back. Never showing for a moment that I am here for anything else. Keeping them in my periphrial vision, watching in amazement as he's got her on all fours now, across the length of his desk. Jesus he's got her displayed for me? No. For him. Trying to convince myself that I'm so greedy to think he knows I am out here watching. She starts a naughty rocking, back and forth before him, his hands are running over her satiny blouse...raking his hands through her long black mane. If I didn't know any better I'd bet this isn't the first time he's had her like this. I narrow my gaze and focus at his hand as it moves under her body now, slipping up her top, paying those sweet breasts a little attention as the other hand slaps at her ass over and over again.
I glance down at my watch, distgusted that lunch hour is just about over, only a few more minutes left to see where this is going to go from here. Raising my eyes back to the couple, my legs suddenly weaken, his hand moves to the back of her neck, and he pushes her head down to the top of the desk, forcing her down, just as her ass raises, perched so perfectly for him. I damn near drop my phone, but keep a tighter grip instead fogetting the time, or the fact that I'm in a well lit hallway. My face must be giving me away, so hot, my heart beating so fast and hard under my chest. Looking down the hallway, trying so damn hard not to look so obvious. Christ, he's wasting no time, already behind her at the edge of the desk, pulling her by the hips back to his mouth, wetly kissing at her, then lowering his hand between her legs, slapping at her pussy though that satiny material. Oh damn She pulls her knuckle to her mouth and bites hard, surely to keep herself from yelling out and ruining it for them both. And for me!
His thick finger tugs at the top of the thong right at the center of her ass, splitting her apart tugging up, grinning down at her, his other hand running up and down her leg. It was then I figured this was good enough to be just a little late coming back from lunch. Where did this man learn this torture? Panty playing. God how hot is that? Moving his hands to meet at the crack of her ass, spreading her wide,

lowering quickly to toungue fuck her sweet tight little ass. I can't help but whimper loudly watching. Again, his hands moving as if choreographed around her body between her trembling legs, rubbing across her pussy deeply, pushing the satin material into her folds, rubbing, his tongue continuing it's raping of her asshole. My senses stir, my own pussy feeling his fingers between my legs. Feeling what she must be feeling without touching at all. Taking myself inside that office and imagining it was me there rocking like a bitch in heat, being teased to orgasm. Watching closesly as her face contorts, biting hard on her knuckle, bucking back at him, harder and harder, and he just loves it, smiling wide with his tongue probing her. Leaning a bit to her side now, looking down at her and speaking to her. Her eyes just close tightly, slowing her rocking down to a desperate grind against his body. Just as sure as he is not going to stop until she gives it to him, he pulls those panties to one side and lifts her ass higher, moving under her and lapping hotly at her cunt, kneeding her ass cheeks and delivering a hard tongue fuck right against her seal, sucking and moaning into her, his fingers spreading her wider to get to where he needs to be, capturing her hard little clit in his mouth and sucking there. Fuck! Fuck!!!! I can't take my eyes off them now, god please let her cum before I need to move along. The sounds from the room are muffled but I can hear his low moans as he slurps her up and down, fucking her pussy with his tongue deeper and deeper. Stopping and nodding up at her as she's begging...look at her begging him to let her cum. A hard slap to her ass, he's nodding at her to do it. Come for your man...I can read his lips. Her reaction one I will not soon forget, gripping at the edge, pulling herself from the desk as a long string of drool stays connected to the desk and her mouth. Shaking, shuddering, his hand holding tight to her hips as she releases, then lowering his mouth to her clit and covering it as it squirts in his mouth, his eyes rolling into the back of his head, almost like he needed her cream to survive.

My phone slips from my hands and breaks to the floor. I bend and scoop it up, tossing the pieces into the opening of my purse, tossing my hair from my eyes, wobbly and incoherant, standing back up. I quickly glance one last time to see him at her side caressing her face gently, his mouth covered...glazed with her cum, soothing her back down.

I take a quick look down the hallway to my office, still my eyes are drawn to watch. Fighting with myself to stop and get back to work. I turn and head to my office a fucking wet slippery mess. That lucky little bitch. When will lunch hour be this good for me.