Blog 3

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Stephen has a cherry and it needs popping.

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Blog 3:

I was hoping to finish telling you the story of Pippa, me and the double ended dildo this evening, but things have moved on apace with little Stephen of the photocopier and I really need to bring you up to date with that.

I got into work yesterday to find one of those chocolate hearts sitting in the middle of my desk and Stephanie beside herself with joy at the prospect of having something to tease me with all day. Now, it didn't take a genius to figure out where the choccie heart thingy had come from but I wasn't really in the mood for playing with an adolescent, so I stuck it in my top drawer and gave Stephanie my best 'don't mess with me' look and by 11 o' clock I'd done my best to forget all about it.

So I arrive at work this morning and what do Ifind … flowers!

Oh dear, something definitely needed to be done.

I grabbed up the flowers and heart, gave Stephanie a fierce "don't" before she could even get her mouth into gear and stalked out of the office and down the corridor to the accounts department.

Now, I'd like to say I sashayed or strutted and how sexy I must have looked as my stiletto extended legs covered the short distance from one end of the building to the other, but I was in a 'take no prisoners' mood and if you'd been there all you'd have noticed was one pissed lady.

Stephen was sat at his work station, so I marched over, placed my beautifully rounded posterior on the edge of his desk, planted one heeled foot on the floor and stuck the other firmly into his groin as

he leaned back in his wheely, swivelled chair. What had started as a smile on his face had quickly turned into a look of concern as I pushed down with my shoe, squeezing the soft sac of his balls and his flaccid cock beneath its sole. I hold up the chocolate heart …

“I am not your girlfriend. Understand?”

He nodded painfully slowly and I held up the flowers.

“And I am not your mother.”

I waited for him to respond; watched his face reddening, saw moisture accumulating at the corner of his eyes as his whole body seemed to freeze before me and then I remembered …

I remembered how when I was nineteen, in my second job and really rather lost, there had been this guy called John who’d shown me the ropes and how I’d got all the messages of his professional kindness mixed up. At first I’d thought he was hot for me and then I actually got really hot for him. It had been messy and I’d ended up looking stupid and getting a bit hurt. Now here I was John and Stephen was me and I really owed it to him and to myself to handle it better than I did in my youth.

And then it occurred to me that maybe Stephen was a virgin.

And as soon as I thought it, I knew it had to be true.

And now there was a very inappropriate dampness spreading between my legs.

I mollified my tone:

“Look Stephen, please don’t send me gifts, okay. I’m not going to be your girlfriend but perhaps, we could be friends … special friends.”

Friends with benefits, I added just to myself as I removed my foot from his groin, leaned forward and carefully stroked any dust and dirt off the fabric of his trousers …

“Why don’t you come round to mine this evening, we’ll have a drink and we can talk about it … Okay.”

Which is what he is going to do; so I’m gonna have to dash because I’ve got a virgin who needs their cherry popping, arriving very shortly and I do want to look my best … but don’t worry I will pop back and tell you how it went.

Okay, I’m back. I’ve got a huge grin across my face, a very fluffy head and some rather sticky fingers because my very happy pussy is full of lots of lovely, gooey boy cum and I keep having to dip my fingers in to stop it dribbling all down my thighs and making a mess of the upholstery.

Excuse me a moment.

Mmmmm.

And if the truth be told I think that my own body might also be contributing a little to the mess but don’t worry, because as long as I’ve got a couple of fingers and an eager little mouth I think I should be able to keep myself clean. But you don’t want to know about that, you want to hear about Stephen.

Headline news: if Stephen was a virgin before then he certainly isn’t now and boy oh boy do I love a bit of fumbling innocence.

So, I didn’t waste much time making it pretty clear that he wasn’t really here for a drink and a bit of a chat and judging by the way his cock was tenting in his pants I think he’d rather hoped that was the case. He was looking pretty uncomfortable all constrained in his jeans so I popped his button, dragged his fly down and let my fingers have a good grope inside his boxers before bringing it out into the light for a closer inspection.

He has a nice cock; I don’t think I’d really appreciated that during our brief liaison by the photocopier; slender and soft with tight, lightly haired ball sacs snuggling beneath. So, I circled my thumb and middle finger around its base, dropped down onto my haunches and had a little nuzzle with my nose in amongst his pubic hair whilst my tongue gave his bollocks some gentle licking. He’d showered before leaving and for a little while I lost myself enjoying the soft abrading of his pubic hair against my cheek as my tongue darted around checking to see if he’d been thorough in his toilette.

It wasn’t long before his balls were all glistening and shiny; coated with my saliva; so I decided it was time that I would really like to have a closer inspection of his cock. Tenderly, I let my circling fingers glide up his length, my tongue sliding up the underside of his shaft in their wake until finally I was able to dribble my tongue across what I could now see was a very purple, pulsing cockhead. I’d been about to suck him into my mouth but instead I let my head fall back slightly (my tongue tip just maintaining contact) and looked up. His eyes were wide starring down at me, his face red, and his whole body shaking. I placed a hand on his arse, stroked it gently downwards feeling his muscles clenching beneath my fingers and I was just about to flick my tongue tip over his quivering cockhead when the first spurt of his yummy, sticky cum splattered my hairline and cheek.

Poor boy; but don’t worry because I am a good girl and I wasn’t going to let a little bit of over

enthusiasm ruin my evening. Certainly, I'd managed to get my lips wrapped around his cock before the second spurt and with a few short tugs of my hand up and down his length and some quite fearsome sucking I soon had a mouthful of quite delicious man-cum for my tongue to roll round and round in my mouth.

I'm sorry, but I'm running out of time and to be honest I'm finding it hard to focus. Certainly my fingers seem to be spending as much time between my legs as running across the keyboard and I'd really like to get off to bed so that I can … well, let's put it this way, it's not really sleeping I have on my mind.

The beauty of youth is their recuperative powers and I'd wanted to tell you about how I'd eased him into a chair and introduced him to my pussy. How I'd put one spiked heel on the armrest, pulled up my itsy bitsy skirt and shown him the gentle swell of my pubis beautifully clothed in a silky white thong. How I'd taken his hand in mine and guided his fingers across the fabric letting him feel the quivering of my flesh beneath his touch. How, I'd run his finger up and down my moist opening and how we both had watched as the fabric beneath his fingers had got wetter and stickier with his every touch. How I'd lead him up to find the stiff nub of my clitoris, the surprise that ran across his face as I spasmed at his touch and how my legs had started to shake uncontrollably.

I'd also wanted to tell you about how I'd pulled my panties to one side. How I'd revealed myself to him in all my glorious needy wetness. How he'd run his finger through my dribbling flesh unbidden and how I'd squirmed when his finger slid across my clit. And then I'd wanted to tell you about how I'd taken a handful of his hair and guided his head between my cum slick thighs and how his tongue had lapped along my length from perineum to pubis.

Well, needless to say, Stephen is a very talented young man and by the time his cock had regained some of its former glory I was a soaked, panting bundle of need.

I mounted him. There in the chair. His cock was stiff, my pussy was pleading to be filled and so I straddled him. I don't think he really had much idea of what to do with me but it didn't matter. I drove myself down on his splendid cock, my pussy muscles clamping fiercely around him, wet squelching noises accompanying every descent, my lovely little bottom jiggling as it crashed against his thighs, my tiny breasts bouncing wildly beneath my blouse, my hair stuck to my face by a light sheen of sweat and the remains of his cum, my hands gripping the back of the chair, my face inches from his, eyes locked on each other and my mouth screaming, screaming, screaming … "Fuck Me."

And now, I really am going to have to go to bed and sort myself out.

Goodnight.