

# Ops Meeting

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*Text messaging gets out of hand*

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I'd met Kelly some six weeks previously on a cross functional meeting which I'd organised and invited her along to as a field supervisor. She was one of a number of supervisors from each of four regions who'd been forwarding me the gripes of field based staff about their counterparts in the ops room, so being new and somewhat more dynamic than the time served managers I decided on a meeting to go over all problems. The meeting had been held away from both our home bases at the company's headquarters in Cambridge and involved one field manager; me! Three field supervisors, of which Kelly was one, and half a dozen or so ops room managers and staff. Owing to the travel time from the field bases we'd travelled up the night before and had all agreed that the best course of action before our meeting would be a night on the piss.

I was looking forward to meeting Kelly as I'd only spoken to her by phone until this point, but she'd always come across as confident and very bubbly and I'd liked the sound of her sexy voice. She'd phoned me a couple of times ahead of travelling to finalise some paperwork and had arrived at the hotel about a half hour ahead of me and my supervisor Steve who'd travelled with me. I'd barely got my bag on the bed before my phone rang with Kelly urgently trying to find out how long we'd be. I told her we'd just got in and that I was unpacking as she spoke. It didn't take long to find that the four of us were staying in four rooms, two either side of the corridor with Kelly next door to me. I told her to give us ten to get washed and changed and give us a call and we'd head on down the restaurant.

I'd barely stepped out of the shower five minutes later when there was a knock at the door and I answered it wrapped from the waist down in a towel to an attractive blonde, around my age, who seemed in quite an excited state. I looked at her with a slight frown.

'Hiya,' she said, 'you ready or what?'

I could tell from the soft east Midlands accent who she was. Her question just confirmed it.

'Er, yeah, gimme five and I'll give you a knock! Room 206 yeah?'

'Oh don't worry, I'll come in and wait.' she said, 'not shy are you?'

To say I was thrown would be an understatement. The door gently pushed me back into the room and a dazzling smile led Kelly in. She was prettier than I'd imagined and I could see where all the personality that came across in our phone calls to date had come from. She came in and sat on the farther of the two beds and started chatting away about the journey over. I smiled. I'd always liked the sound of her on the phone and now this physical introduction to her had cemented my impression.

'Er I've uh just gotta get dressed,' I said excusing myself, grabbing some clothes and heading for the bathroom, 'help yourself to some jelly babies, but be gentle with the male ones, they're shy and only like nibbling!'

Mrs Confident got up and started tucking into my choice of travel sweets and continued to chat away as I got dressed behind the bathroom door. I emerged two minutes later with my modesty back intact and sat on the edge of the other bed to put my shoes and socks on. I stood up and got myself sprayed up and was about to invite her to call on the other two when it suddenly dawned on me that we hadn't even introduced ourselves. I leant over reaching out my hand, smiled and said;

'Hi, I'm Simon by the way. Nice to meet you at last Kelly?' I said questioningly.

She giggled and replied, 'I know, I'm awful, my husband's always telling me off about being so forward.'

'Not at all,' I replied, 'it's not that we don't know each other, it's just that we've never met! Shall we go get the others?' I glanced down at the bag of sweets she'd been tucking in to as we were going out of the door and said, 'I hope you were gentle with my babies?!'

She giggled again and we headed on down the corridor. I was as completely at ease with her in the flesh (so to speak) as I had previously been with her by phone. Her comment mentioning her husband had let me know everything I needed to in that she was happily married and her physical manner, that she was comfortable in my company. I harboured no desires to end up sharing a room with her that night, but at the same time I was looking forward to enjoying her company.

As it turned out only three of us went out, with Kelly and I being joined by Steve my supervisor who was about as exciting as a damp patch. Kelly had been in the company for some time and had organised to meet up with a few of the local staff who finished their shift at ten. We had a good night with plenty to drink and plenty of laughs and I have to say that I was well taken in by the sparkle in Kelly's gorgeous hazel eyes more than once. She was the most subtle flirt I'd ever been out with, and was decidedly put out when I guessed what her cocktail was on her return from a trip to the bar.

‘Slippery nipple?’ I said as I took the proffered shot glass.

‘How did you know,’ she smirked, ‘had one before?’

‘One or two.’ I smiled.

She was one of very few people I’ve met whom I’d completely hit it off with and the banter between us had come thick and fast all night.

‘You may as well have mine too,’ said Steve ‘I’m knackered, I’m heading back.’

Kelly’s smile dropped. ‘Why, what’s the time?’

It was gone midnight so Kelly decided it was time we all headed back given our meeting the following morning. I took Steve’s drink and holding a shot glass in each hand, I twisted them in my upward pointing fingers at Kelly who looked at me in mock scorn. We finished one each before heading for the door.

We said our goodbyes to the local bods and made our way back to the hotel. All credit to Kelly, she ghosted her way to her room before I had chance to look around and say goodnight. I thought nothing of it and thought back on a cracking evening. I’ve always enjoyed meeting new people and to get on with them was always a bonus. That Kelly was prettier than I’d imagined and effortlessly sexy were added bonuses. I went to sleep with a smile.

We barely met for breakfast as Kelly had been absolutely wrecked the night before and got up late. At the meeting, although she participated well, she kept her distance in more ways than one, sitting across the wide table from me and barely looked at me throughout. I couldn’t think why as she’d done nothing outrageous as such and although flirtatious had done or said nothing untoward. I wondered if I had for a while, but let it go. Despite my best efforts and intentions I barely got a chance to speak to her before we found ourselves at the end of the meeting and heading home. I noticed her saying her goodbyes to ops room colleagues, but once again she’d slipped away before I’d got chance to thank her and say goodbye..... Now six weeks later her name popped up on my PDA’s message screen and I found myself opening it up with some curiosity.

*‘Hiya boss, how’s it going? I’ve read your report and e-mailed you some other points that you may want to add J ’*

I smiled at the cheeky intro and conclusion as I turned to open up my e-mails. I picked out her

message and opened it up briefly scanning the detail before returning to my phone.

*'Morning stranger. Yeah, I've got it. Thought you'd forgotten who I was!'*

I wasn't expecting a response for some time as Kelly wasn't due on shift for another four hours at least and the lazy gimps I had working for me would deny any knowledge of their personal equipment until such time. I was mildly surprised then when my PDA buzzed on my desk within two minutes.

*'And they said you don't get in until midday! You're the tall drunk one aren't you. I seem to recall you flirting with Cambridge's best J'*

The cheeky cow, I thought before setting into my reply.

*'Cheeky sod and hark Mrs Innocent pants. Butter was melting in the streets around you!'* I clicked send and half regretted my hasty choice of message. Should I be this familiar with a member of staff – especially one I barely knew?

Kelly's response was rapid. These PDA's were a marvel!

*'Yeah and I'd have needed to have been covered in it to avoid you!!'*

I flushed on reading that and thought 'hang on, where's this going?' I thought back to our exploits on the town that night. There was nothing that I would have pinged me down as being inappropriate. Flirtatious yes, but I'd thought we'd both been as bad as one another that night with the most outrageous part of the night being Kelly's choice of cocktails for us, which she'd been miffed about me guessing. I tapped my more cautious response.

*'I take it though that the report is up to madam's exacting standards?'*

*'Not bad for a rough draft,'* came her reply, *'What's the matter? Don't you like butter?'*

Her flirting had kicked back in, albeit by text. I chanced my arm.

*'There's nothing rough about my draft! And forgive me, but weren't you the one to buy the kinky cocktails?'*

The response was immediate; *'Yes, but weren't you the one to kiss the locals goodnight!'*

Touché, I sensed a tongue sticking out at the end of that reply. I'd forgotten how she'd playfully got

me to kiss one of the Cambridge bods goodnight.

*'Excuse me,' I wrote, 'but wasn't that at your request? And much to my chagrin, wasn't it one of your gay friends that I kissed goodnight, albeit on the cheek?'*

I cringed at the thought which came back to me at that moment. I'm not anti gay, but I am anti joining in! My phone buzzed again and I could sense the mischief in her response. I smiled as I read it and thought about Kelly chuckling away to herself the other end.

*'Yeah, but I know you wanted to do tongues!'*

*'Not with him I didn't I can assure you that!'*

I put my PDA down and smiled. I realised that I had become enlivened by this brief exchanged and sensed my jaw and chest had become tense as we'd gone on, even for such a short time. Kelly's reply was not so swift and wondered if she'd misinterpreted my response. The buzz from my desk told me that I was about to find out.

*'Well you weren't going to do tongues with me I can assure you! J '*

Courage got the better of me as I winged my response back. *'I can't believe you thought that I wanted to. Ever the gentleman I'd have escorted you to your room, which I seem to recall was a mere twelve feet from mine, before leaving you safely at your door. However you'll never find out cos you did a runner.'* Smiley face that one Mrs Carr I thought smugly.

I sat and thought for a minute at the direction our texting had taken. Gone off the rails a bit here I thought and immediately reflected on my last response. Where was this going? I thought about my position in comparison to Kelly's. If it came down to it we were both in the wrong, but I knew whose head would be on the block if it hit the fan here – mine! I had a bit more to think about as my phone vibrated again. I picked it up somewhat tentatively and read.

*'Get away, you're all the same. If I'd have let you "walk me home" I'd never have got rid of you. Away from home, hotel ... every man's dream'*

I smiled again as I read it. She was a bigger flirt than I could ever give her credit for. I couldn't keep myself on track and tapped another reply.

*'Forgive me, but there is more subtlety about me than the drunken tussle for twenty minutes before falling asleep. Surely your imagination could take you further than your little scenario?'* I teased.

*'Yeah, I just didn't think your imagination would. J'* came her cheeky reply.

I became emboldened. *'Well if I say it myself, I'm more of the erotic type. I'd have gone more for the steamy, sensuous, encounter in the hotel pool area late in the evening. Something with a bit more subtlety than a slippery nipple cocktail.'*

There was a touch of my tongue being stuck out through that response and although I'd become somewhat more flushed by my reply I thought little of it and didn't really expect a response. When I didn't get one for a couple of minutes I thought that our brief dalliances by text had come to an end. A few minutes later the familiar buzz from my desk told me otherwise and I started reading Kelly's latest response. If I'd been flushed before, I was about to positively glow.

*'OK,' her message started, 'try this for size...*

*I sat on the bench in the sauna and my thoughts wander across to you just outside, swimming the short lengths of the pool. With no-one else in the cubicle I brought my hand up to my neck and allowed it to trace the path of a bead of sweat as it rolled its way down my chest before it disappeared between the valley of my breasts and on down my tummy. I reach across and glide my fingertips lightly over the tight nylon fibres of my swimsuit, brushing over my firming nipple before floating down over my belly and over my pubic mound. My middle finger traces gentle circles over the top of my mound and feels its way over the lips beneath which swell to the touch with warm tingling sensations starting to build and make their way up into my tummy ...'*

Kerrriissstt! I thought. My cheeks were on fire and there was a definite swelling in my trousers. Where did she let that come from? I read it again to make sure I wasn't dreaming. Our text liaisons had taken a turn for the outrageous and it had had a definite effect on me. I didn't stop to think how we'd got here, I just wanted to add my piece and not being one to stop a good thing I tapped out a long response, which the PDA allowed, and hit send with....

*'As I turned to do another length I saw her glance across at me as she slipped into the sauna. Curiosity and base male instincts got the better of me and I stopped and climbed out. I grabbed my towel and walked quietly over towards the sauna. It being late there were no other guests using the small in house gym and the one staff member had ventured off to reception to try his luck with the pretty blonde on the late shift. I opened the sauna door and stepped in to dry heat of the unit. Conversely, I immediately caught her, frozen in the corner, her legs up on the bench and her right hand between her slightly parted legs. Two fingers of her right hand were on her crotch beneath the edge of the swimsuit as she sat there motionless, caught in the moment. I sat down opposite quietly and placed my left leg up on the bench. My shorts rode and my already semi erect cock slipped from*

*under the loose liner and pressed along my leg. I pulled the material back up across my crotch and exposed most all of my now fully erect cock to her. Gently taking the tip of my knob in the fingertips of my right hand I slid my foreskin down over my already glistening knob and back again, repeating the action as I watched her fingers starting to move again ...'*

Fuck! If I hadn't overstepped the mark before, I certainly had now. My mind was playing merry hell with me and I thought I'd really done it this time. I tried to compose myself and start some work, aware of the fact that I had two female members of staff in adjoining offices that could walk in at any moment. How they hadn't until now was beyond me, but I made a conscious effort to compose myself, starting by wheeling my chair closer to my desk, which vibrated noisily again making me jump. I picked up the PDA and saw Kelly's name above her number. I tapped the screen and opened the message;

*'My fingers slid under the edge of my swim suit and moved over the top of my pussy lips. Moving two fingers across my mound and separating them I slid them down either side of my labia before slipping back up and gently pinching my clit between them. A coating of my juices seeped up between my fingers as I took them from the confines of my swimsuit and across to the gusset I smoothly pulled the material across to expose my sopping wet, clean shaven pussy to him ...'*

My heart was racing as I read her latest response. My cock was having a definite argument with my underwear and trousers and was pressed firmly against the top of my left thigh and against the underside of my desk. I was experiencing sensations that I'd never had without physical contact. Mini contractions pulsed at the base of my cock and I got the distinct feeling that I was going to shoot my load without even touching it! I read Kelly's reply again, hardly believing the content or her use of words. Was I really part of this interaction? Fuck, the list of messages from her said I was! I tapped out another response;

*'I could barely believe the sight before me. Her pussy glistened in the dim light of the cubicle and I watched as she slowly slid two fingers into her hole, her body flinching as she gently pumped her digits in and out, the walls and lips of her pussy gripping them as she reached up to the rough wall of the front of her pussy, the sensations intensified and flowed up into her abdomen. She let out a low moan and looked across as I gripped my now fully erect cock in my hand and pushed down hard on my foreskin, forcing it over my glistening knob and back down the length of my shaft ending in the exquisite pain of its full retraction. My returning grip forced pre-cum back up its length which I rubbed over my swollen glans with my thumb before I lifted my hand to my mouth and sucked softly on the sticky fluid. She looked over and let out another moan and bucked her mound onto her fingers, pumping rapidly...'*

Reality had flown out the window some time back. Either of my two female staff entering now would

have caused me severe problems in explaining away the deep red colour that I could feel in my cheeks. And if either of them needed my presence at their desk I was fucked as the bulge in my trousers was both considerable and striking. As much as we all enjoyed a laugh, joke and teasing we'd all known the boundaries that protocol set and my current state was definitely beyond them. The loud vibration of plastic on wood startled me back to the situation in hand as Kelly's reply came back.

*'Wow! That really hit the mark. That was a much better scenario than I'd given you credit for, I'm gonna have to go to the bathroom and clean up!'*

I was relieved and dumbfounded. Initially by the fact that I hadn't offended Kelly with my responses and then by her reply. I knew I liked to read this stuff, but here (at last) I was able to not only share it with a woman, but also arouse her enough to respond this way. Was I right in thinking I'd aroused her to this state where she needed the bathroom or was this another of her teases?! I penned a response.

*'Forgive my ignorance – and innocence, but are you telling me that that actually did it for you, and are you serious about the bathroom bit?'*

Her feedback was immediate. *'Oh yes! There is an extremely wet patch in my knickers and I'm going to have to go and relieve myself before I head off out! Aren't you?'*

*'Fuck! On all counts! Are you seriously telling me that you're going for a wank? I think I need to cos there's one almighty swelling in my pants! My problem is that I'm in work and have got to walk through an office with two female staff in it and a bleeding lob on!'*

*'Yes I am and I can't wait to taste myself either, thank you. Lol. Perhaps seeing you in that state will inspire them to work'*

Christ this was never ending! This woman was draining every last drop of sanity from me and it all seemed to be being drawn out through my cock! I've often said 'it's only words' when coming up with some perverse quip or other to family, friends or colleagues, but the words that both Kelly and I had written and sent in the last twenty minutes were painting some elaborate and extremely erotic pictures which had got both of us, literally, dribbling. I sent Kelly a further reply.

*'I'm off! My head is spinning and my poor knob doesn't know if it's coming or going, so I'm just off to the loo to check. Wish me luck! J '*

Given our recent dialogue I chanced my arm one last time and ended the message with a 'x'. I got one in return with a cheeky wink.

With that terminating our communication for the time being I tried to regain some composure. A trip to the toilet was definitely required, so I grabbed an empty box file from under my desk and using it to cover any waist level embarrassment, stepped out of my office and turned right towards the toilet. Karen my 23 year old admin assistant sat opposite my door and barely glanced up from the early returns on her PC. Jane my assistant manager was sat in her office immediately next door and to my right and whilst like mine her door was open, she didn't give me a second glance. Either of them were, for different reasons, well worth a play, but them catching me in my current condition was not worth the potential dilemma. I headed to the toilet.

As I walked into the toilet, a sizeable single unit with just the toilet a wash basin and mirror, I caught myself in the mirror. My cheeks, though now cooling, remained flushed. I noticed that my heart rate had dropped and I took a glance at my chest through the buttons on my shirt. My upper chest remained the same deep red that I know my face had been five minutes ago. I readjusted my shirt and tie and now took in my trousers. My erection had faded, but not gone and the effects of our discourse certainly hadn't.

I unzipped myself and undid the button on my trousers. I pushed the waistband of my underwear away with the back of my hand and took in the sticky mess leaking from my semi erect cock that had coated the inside of my cotton briefs. It was no good, the thoughts of what had recently passed were too great and I pinched my knob between thumb and forefinger and began to wank. My fingers gripped my bell end tightly to counter the slippery effects of my cum coated knob and I thrust my foreskin quickly back and forth over it. I was soon erect, though not to the extent I had been ten minutes ago, so cupping my balls with my left hand I used my fingertips to push on the base of my cock, forcing it tighter within its skin.

I've never been bothered by my length of just under six inches, but more than happy with my girth which more than matched that. I gripped my cock in my fist now and thought about it pounding into Kelly's soaking wet pussy. I imagined her walls to be tight against my girth and gripping my cock against the strokes inside her. It wasn't long at all before the muscular stirrings started in the base of my knob and the contractions started which sent those oh so fantastic sensations to the end of my cock. I shot two, three, four short bursts of cum over the sink which I was holding on to and absorbed the sight of myself in the mirror. I took in my reflection and smiled.

I'd have loved to have had Kelly over that sink right now, but instead made do with thanking her within for bringing me to this point. I only hoped that there was a reciprocal wank going on in her neck of the woods. I had to rein in those thoughts in though otherwise I'd be here for far too long and Karen and Jane would start asking questions about how busy I hadn't been. I washed myself and the wash basin down and tidied myself up before making my way back to my office, making one last check to ensure

that no unwanted bulges remained. You could double my wage for that year and I couldn't tell you what I did for the next hour, my brain was a mash.

Shortly after two o'clock the PDA buzzed on my desk. Kelly's name and number appeared on the front screen. My heart skipped a beat and I felt a familiar sensation in my trousers...