Lunchtime with the Boss.

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My boss TAKES me for lunch

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It is almost lunchtime. I am sitting at my desk staring at my computer. I hear my door open. I don't bother to look back to see who it is. I know it's him. He closes the door and turns the lock.

"Chris, we don't have time for this, your wife is coming for lunch in 20 minutes."

"Baby, there is always time to fuck you," he says in a low voice.

I feel him behind me. He reaches around me and slides his hands down my blouse and finds my nipples. He pinches them hard, and I gasp in pleasure as he bites and kisses the back of my neck. I stand up and lean back against him, feeling his hard cock thrusting through his pants, rubbing against my ass.

He turns me around and unbuttons my shirt, shoves my bra down over my tits. His mouth finds my nipples, hungrily sucking and biting them. His hand slides up my skirt, and my thighs spread almost against my will, as the pleasure fills my pussy with heat. I reach down and rub his hard throbbing, cock through his pants.

I undo the top button of his pants, reaching inside to rub his dick. He groans and pushes my skirt up, slides my silky black panties off. He licks his lips, admiring my garters and stockings. His hands slide to my ass and he picks me up, setting me on my desk.

His pants and underwear slide down around his knees, and without any warning he thrusts hard into my tight pussy. I wrap my legs around him as he thrusts inside me. I want him deeper and further inside. He starts fucking me hard and fast. Pleasure shoots through my body, my hips rocking back and forth, meeting his every thrust.

My first orgasm shatters me and I start to scream out my pleasure, but he puts his hand over my mouth, covering my scream of ecstasy. I lay back on the desk and his hands grip my tits, his thumbs rubbing my nipples.

He turns me over suddenly, bending me over my desk. His hands grip my asscheeks, squeezing them and spreading them. He savagely takes me from behind. Slamming into my tight wet hole so hard that I gasp in surprise.

Our skin slaps together as he fucks me harder and faster than he has ever fucked me before. His body tightens and I know he needs to cum. He reaches under me and his fingers find my clit as he trails kisses down my back all the while thrusting into me. He pinches my clit once hard.

My climax rolls over my body and I jerk against him as he starts to cum. His hips jerk hard and his hot creamy load shoots into my tight, wet pussy. His body spasms with pleasure, his moans quietly filling my office. He collapses against me.

There is a knock at the door. Our secretary says, "Mr. Stevens? Your wife is here for lunch."

He straightens up, and pulls his pants up. I yank my skirt down and button my shirt. I am looking for my panties but he smiles and sticks them in his pocket. He starts to walk away, but suddenly comes back. He kisses me hard, his lips almost punishing mine, grinding against me, clinging desperately to my softer mouth. I lick his lips slowly.

His hand slides up my skirt and he shoves two fingers inside my pussy hard. He pulls them back out and puts them to my lips. I suck my own juice and his cum off his fingers. He trails them down my cleavage, and walks to the door.

I walk with him, and we see his wife coming down the hall. She gives him a hug and a kiss and asks if he is ready to go to lunch. He calls over his shoulder, "I'll be back in an hour."

I smile as I watch them walk down the hall.