At The Office

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She finally gets him in the one place he said they couldn't.

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You had no idea that I was heading in to see you that day. It wasn't first the time I had been to your office, but it would be the first time that I stayed longer than 5 minutes. People never asked you any questions. Or me for that matter. But you would never let me stay long enough for them to do so. Of course, I understood why and I never questioned it myself.

I wanted you like this since the first time I stepped inside your office. The hard cherry wood desk felt like it was calling me. Even begging me to stay. But I knew if I asked, you would say no. So showing up like this was the only way.

I dressed appropriately, just in case. Simple blue summer dress with a white embroidered cardigan. Nice flats and a clutch. Something very presentable with nothing on underneath. There was a good chance that with me showing up like this, you were probably going to be angry. You might even make me leave as soon as I arrived. But I was willing to take that risk.

I walked in, surpassing your secretary, and found you settled in your chair behind your desk. Your back was to me as you were rummaging through some files. I could hearing mumbling and cursing under your breath. I knew you were having a bad day. You had been sending me texts all throughout the morning telling me of how much you needed a release. You never said why and it wasn't in my nature to ask. But I knew what you needed. I knew what you wanted more than you did.

Since you weren't facing me, I took the opportunity to shut the door and lock it. I was hoping you wouldn't be needed anytime soon. And as soon as you heard the click, you swung around swiftly - one hand full of files, the other bracing your phone against your ear. I hadn't realized you were on the phone and from the look on your face, you obviously hadn't realized someone was there. You were definitely surprised to see me. Surprised but not the least bit pleased.

"Louis, I call you back as soon as I find that file."

A simple click of the off button and a sly smile from my mouth and you knew exactly what I was there for. That probably irritated you even more.

"What are you doing? I told you not to come here."

I sighed and leaned against the door. "I know. But you seemed like you were having such an awful day and I wanted to come visit. Hopefully make it better." Even I could hear the extra sweetness leaking from my voice. I was acting coy, but we both knew what I wanted. I behaved in this manner whenever I wanted something.

"You need to leave. I have a lot to do today and no time to play games."

There's was both hesitation and frustration in your voice. Almost as if you weren't certain how to respond to me. Or if you even really wanted me to leave.

I walked over to your desk, not once taking my eyes off of you as I removed my sweater and placed it with my clutch in one of the spare chairs. "No games. Promise." Walking over to you, I placed myself between you and your desk, surprised you hadn't moved away from me. "Can I just give you a kiss? If I can, I promise to leave."

I could see the hesitation in your face. You knew what would happen from just one kiss. And I knew you wouldn't deny me what I wanted. You couldn't, no matter how hard you tried.

"Just one. And then you need to let me get back to work."

My smiled widen, probably more than I realized, and bracing my hands against your chair, I placed myself over and on to your lap. I noticed your arms flex as your hands gripped firmly on to the arm rests of the chair. You were doing your best not to get lost in the situation. "What are you doing?"

I giggled from the realization that irritation and frustration had left your voice and nervousness had kicked in.

"Giving you a kiss like you said I could. Don't worry. The door is locked."

And before you could protest, I placed my mouth against your lips and forced my tongue through. I knew it wouldn't be long before you caved and all it took was mere seconds. I could feel your hands guiding their way up my thighs and to my ass. You kissed me back with the same force as I was kissing you, darting your tongue against mine. But as soon as your hands gripped firmly to my bare

naked ass, I felt your body tensed up and you pull away from my mouth.

"Baby..."

I wasn't sure if you were getting ready to protest again or just shocked that I wasn't wearing anything underneath. I could feel your cock hardening against your trousers. Your body was telling me exactly what you wanted. I pushed myself downwards, grinding my pussy against your cock and feeling you harden some more. You couldn't hide the pleasure of the movement as you closed your eyes and lightly moaned.

"Do you know that right now the juices from my cunt are leaking on to your pants?" I said, smiling wickedly as I pushed down against you again.

"Baby, we can't do this here."

"Oh yes, we can." My breathing started to become heavy as I continued to rub myself against your cock. "I want you here. In your office. On your desk. And you know I won't take no for an answer."

I pushed myself against you harder and forced you to kiss me. I could feel myself dripping as your cock strained through the fabric. Your hands roamed everywhere they could find bare skin, roughly grabbing and groping at different parts. I could feel the want through your body and your mouth as you pulled me closer. And every time you grabbed me roughly, I would grind harder onto your cock.

At some point, your hands made their way out from under my dress and to my shoulders, pulling the dress down and letting my breasts become free to your view. You took no time in breaking our kiss and attacking my tits with your mouth. And it took all the strength in me not to moan so loud. It was almost as if we were having sex in your chair. You sucked and bit at my nipples, hungrily pulling at them as I ran my fingers through your hair, pushing your face closer. I was practically riding your cock through the fabric, rubbing my clit against you as much as I could and feeling the rise of my orgasm.

"Good god, I'm going to cum."

Without warning, you pushed me off of you and towards your desk, kissing me again and more roughly than before.

"I can feel how warm you are with just you sitting on me. But if you're going to cum anywhere, you going to cum with my cock inside that warm cunt of yours. Now sit down."

I did as I was told, not even wanting to argue with you for interrupting my orgasm, and sat on the

edge of the desk smiling. You quickly removed yourself from your pants and before I knew it, pulled my legs apart and shoved your cock deep inside of me. It was the only time I lost control of myself and moaned out loud.

In that moment, I was happy I had locked the door. Had anyone walked in, the position we were in would have been hard to explain. Me on the desk with my dress wrapped around my waist. You in-between my legs with your pants and boxers at your feet, pounding into me roughly. We grabbed at each others bodies as you fucked me and while I was sure our clothes were becoming quite wrinkled from our hands, I didn't care.

I grabbed at your ass and pushed you closer to me as my mouth went in to bite your neck so I could moan. I could feel every part of my body pulsating and wanting nothing but for you to fuck me like this all day, right on your desk. I knew what you wanted. I knew the reason for the roughness and the control you were taking. I knew what you needed.

"You said you needed a release. Release yourself on me. Release yourself in me." And with that, I laid back and opened my legs wider to you. You stopped, just looking at me as I laid there. And once again without warning, started to pound into me. I bit my lip to keep from moaning out loud again and felt myself moving back and forth against the desk roughly. You gave no warning and no mercy but hit me hard with every push. Your fingers dug deep into my thighs, holding me apart, and I could feel the pain being caused by your hands, shooting through me like unforgettable pleasure.

As soon as I could feel myself wanting to cum, I didn't even warn you. I grabbed at the desk, pulling myself to you some more and then quickly covered my mouth as my orgasm started to go through me. It had to be obvious through the muffled scream and my body arching off the desk that I had hit bliss. And it was exactly what I wanted, to cum on your desk as you were fucking me.

I started to breathe hard and suddenly felt like my legs were about to be ripped off from my body. You were gripping at them harder and had pulled me closer, fucking me faster than before. My chest heaved, as I both tried to catch my breath and stop myself from moaning out loud. I knew you were close and I wanted you to cum. Right inside of me. Right in the place you said we could never have sex. Right in your office.

I felt you push forward and stop as you held your mouth close and groaned. I could feel the heat from your body and mine as you came and noticed the perspiration on our skins. You pushed into me some more before letting go of my legs and collapsing on top of me. I could hear us both breathing hard and for a while neither one of us spoke.

When you finally got up and slowly pulled your cock out of me, causing us both to moan in unison, I

suddenly wanted another round just to have you back in. I sat up as you pulled yourself together and felt our cum slowly leak out of me and onto your desk. I smiled wickedly. You looked at me, smiling as well. But I already knew what you were getting ready to say before you even spoke.

"You need to go. Before someone ask who you are and why you're here."

I began to place my dress back over my shoulders and fixed my hair while you fixed your own clothes. "I know, I know. You don't want any questions." As soon as I felt composed, I began to move off the desk. You stopped me before my feet hit the floor and kissed me with the same passion as when I was sitting on your lap.

"That was fantastic."

I kissed you again, showcasing my want, and then removed myself from your desk.

"You're welcome."

Before I gained the urge and courage to have you take me again in your office, I fixed the rest of my dress, placed my cardigan back on, grabbed my clutch and headed for the door. Your secretary was just about to open the door as I did and without missing a beat, I smiled and moved past her. With her still in ear shot, I could hear her speaking to you.

"Sir, your wife is on the line."