Double Dare

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Published on Lush Stories on 03 Mar 2009

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Chris and Lindsay aren't the best workmates... but find common ground just the same

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/double-dare.aspx

Chris Stevens felt his face redden as Lindsay Briar's tongue lashed him. Her face was already an angry crimson as she passionately denigrated Chris and his department.

One of the Management Team rules was that its members should not interrupt each other, so he was forced to sit and listen. The rule could be infuriating, but not as infuriating as Lindsay.

Halfway through, Chris stopped hearing her. He gazed at his fingernails and bit his tongue—literally. His embarrassment started to subside when he scanned the other faces around the room and recognized in his colleagues' expressions. He saw that they felt she'd overstated her argument and damaged her case. They had all been there before with Lindsay, and mostly viewed her as the enemy.

The tragedy in her being the most annoying person on the planet was that it was easy to overlook how attractive she was. Her shoulder-length blonde hair was straight and well-groomed, flowing around her face and highlighting her startling blue eyes. She had a nice figure that she hid well under charcoal business suits and her nose and mouth wouldn't be out of place on a catwalk. When she opened that mouth, though, all illusions of Lindsay as an object of desire were smothered.

Her voice was shrill and cutting when she got animated and today she was on a par with any Disney character. What started as a point about how the month-end numbers were late again had turned into another all-out attack. Fortunately, Chris could not have cared less anymore.

At the end of her poisonous assault she looked at him for a response.

Chris shrugged to everyone in the room. "She's got a point." At the same time he was thinking, She may also have a dick though. "I'll look into the issue. See if there's anything we can do."

Lindsay appeared slowed—probably because she had spent ten minutes building an argument

against him and he conceded immediately. “You… you mean you don’t already know what went wrong?”

“No.” Chris smiled innocently. I do, but you can go screw for now.

“But it’s your team!” She exploded again. “Have you got no control over what happens?”

He idly rubbed the corner of his eye with a finger. He knew the relaxed gesture would wind her up further. “It’s only the fourth of the month. I’ll have an answer and an action plan for you in a few days.”

His lack of fight finally silenced her and the Chairperson moved them on to the next agenda item.

Chris smiled smugly and sipped at his glass of water. For once he enjoyed the mad-as-hell gaze he knew Lindsay Briar was directing at him.

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An hour later, he arrived back in his office. He was reconnecting his laptop when Lindsay barged in behind him. He didn’t look up, but heard the door shut behind her, loud enough to make him wonder if the plaque showing his name and title, IT Manager, had fallen off.

“I guess that’s violated my open door policy.” He looked up and smiled.

Lindsay’s look might have wilted a cactus. “Can we talk?” Her tone indicated a statement, rather than the question.

No. “Sure.” He tapped his password on the keyboard. “Can I get you a coffee?”

“Your team is making me look bad.”

Chris almost laughed. I thought you’re doing a great job of that without their help. “I know you have issues Lindsay, but we’re getting to them. Things are improving. No coffee, then?”

Her eyes bulged with anger. He watched her ponder her next attack and wondered about the unlucky bastard who was married to her. Unconfirmed rumors were that she was recently separated though—so that poor bastard may have caught a break.

Lindsay was twenty-eight and the company’s Administration Manager. In the five months she had been there her department’s efficiency had increased by twenty percent and she had made zero percent friends. Chris knew one of her Team Leads well and had heard the expression, “She needs a good fucking to loosen her up” several times. It was unusual that a good-looking blonde didn’t have a line of volunteers for the job, but in her case it was no surprise.

She finally sat down on his guest chair, took a deep breath and tapped the folder she was holding.

“Look, whether you like it or not, you’ve screwed up the month-end numbers for eight of the last ten months.”

“That’s an exaggeration.”

“No it’s not. You just have your head too far up your ass to see what’s going on.”

“No way it’s more than three times.” Chris’s tone hardened as he fumbled through his memory for confirmation. “Maybe four, no more—bet you anything you like.”

Lindsay shook her head slowly. “Come out of denial. Eight times.”

He could only remember two instances prior to the current problems when there were issues. He figured there might be another couple he’d forgotten so was sure he was on solid ground. “No way you can prove more than five times,” he dismissed. “Show me more than five and I’ll run naked around the third floor.”

She gave him a measured look of sympathy and then handed him the folder. “It’s your funeral… or your naked butt at least.”

The front sheet detailed month-end issues going back a year. Problems with his own department were highlighted in red. His heart started to sink when he counted four and by the time he got to six he realized he was in a hole that required no more digging. The final number was eight. Chris quietly replaced the paper and closed the folder. He could feel that his face had paled.

“Can we agree we have an issue here that requires your immediate, and full, attention?” She took the folder back.

Chris nodded—his throat now dry.

“Good.” Lindsay stood up and opened his office door. “Let’s talk about your action plan tomorrow.” She stepped out into the corridor.

His sigh of relief was half-way across his lips when she hustled back. “Oh, I almost forgot,” she smiled with a vicious mock sweetness, “I do intend to collect on that bet.”

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The cruelest thing was the waiting. The bet hung over Chris for almost two weeks—unmentioned by either of them and plaguing his psyche. It was a slow torture that was reawakened each time he saw her and she said nothing on the subject. He knew the real pain was yet to come but the waiting was beginning to tear him apart to the point he considered mentioning it to her.

Lindsay’s email arrived on a Thursday. It had no subject and the only text in the message was,

“Saturday, 7:30 a.m.”

Chris stared at the email for several minutes and enjoyed the tainted relief. At least she hadn’t been sadistic enough to insist he paid his debt during working hours. In six months this was the first sympathetic gesture he had seen from her. He replied using the same text, “Saturday, 7:30 a.m.”

He didn’t sleep much that Friday night. His mind turned over and over, wondering how the whole episode might play out and trying to figure out how he could minimize his embarrassment. He planned a route around the third floor that would afford most cover and even practiced slipping in and out of his pants for minimum exposure.

He lived alone, so there was no one around to question why he was trimming his pubic hair before bed. Chris figured that if he was going to be exposed he’d better look as good as he could. His nervous discomfort continued when he got into bed but all of his misgivings were tinged with a slight sexual edge. At first he was simply holding his erection, but before long he was masturbating.

The following morning Lindsay’s car was already in the lot when he arrived. Thankfully, Chris’s car brought the total number of vehicles there to two. He jumped out and almost ran to the office door. He was keen to get this over before anyone else arrived.

Lindsay was dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt and standing with her arms folded when he arrived on the floor. “Good morning,” she welcomed him with a dry look.

“Hi.” He smiled uncertainly. For all his thoughts and planning, he had no clue what to say or do next. A late-breaking idea was to ask her for leniency. He dismissed the idea, but wasn’t sure whether he was being brave or because he was enjoying the excitement.

As usual, Lindsay was all business. “There’s no one else here yet, but I know some of my team, at least, are working this morning. I figure you have enough time to get this done without losing your job. I wasn’t sure you’d turn up.”

“A bet’s a bet,” he answered dryly.

“Agreed.” She didn’t move but her face adopted a knowing look. “But losing a bet like this to a woman… some guys would’ve done anything to wriggle out of it.”

Chris sighed. “Okay. Let’s go.” He started to pull at the buttons on his shirt and turned away. “I hope you haven’t hidden any cameras around here.” He tried to joke but the higher than normal pitch of his voice gave him away.

“No cameras.” She confirmed with a slightly nervous laugh of her own. “Just me. I’ll wait here.”

Chris threw his shirt on a chair and surveyed his route. The floor was square with a central bank of elevators and stairs that prevented an all-around view of the space. There was a path between the

desks that made a lap of less than two hundred yards. He figured this would be all over in less than a minute.

He kept his back to her as he kicked off his shoes and socks. As he unzipped his jeans he had one final thought about checking that she wanted him to go through with this, but in the end he hooked his fingers into the waistband and pulled them down. When his hands returned to do the same to his briefs he was relieved to find that he wasn't hard. Without another word or look at her, he pulled the briefs away, threw them on the chair and set off around the floor at a brisk walk.

"Running." Lindsay called after him. "The deal was running."

Chris picked up the pace and immediately felt the unusual sensation of his cock bouncing up and slapping against his thighs and lower belly. "Stay limp," he encouraged himself in a whisper. It wasn't a plea he had ever expected to utter.

As he made his second turn and knew that her line of sight was obstructed he felt he'd done a good job of keeping his bobbing member obscured, but he also knew that the next turn would bring him full-frontal to her. He looked up as he rounded the corner desk and saw that she hadn't moved and was staring straight at him. Her arms were still crossed and she had a slight smile on her face as her eyes followed him back to his clothes.

His heart thumped in his chest as he started to dress and he wasn't sure if it was because of the exertion or the excitement. He was still facing away from her as he pulled on his jeans that there was a noticeable inflation in his cock.

"Well done." Lindsay was smirking when he turned to face her, still fastening his shirt.

"Glad you enjoyed," he deadpanned.

"I like winning." She finally uncrossed her arms and took a step away from her leaning position. "Come on. I'll buy you breakfast."

It wasn't exactly what Chris was expecting to hear but after a short pause to take her offer in he followed her.

Sitting across from her in the deli he decided that he liked her weekend look better than the harsh appearance he was more familiar with. Her blonde hair was lighter and less groomed, her face sported less make-up, and he loved the pastel pink and blue colors of her loose sweatshirt and impossibly tight jeans. The biggest change was that she wore glasses. He'd never realized she normally wore contacts. The narrow, frameless specs were a feature on her casually fresh face.

Over omelets and pancakes they chipped away at some more of the ice between them.

The office rumors were fact—she had recently separated. Apart from hunting for a new house, she

had nothing going on in her life outside of work. Chris got the impression she was being cautious about what she gave away about her private life but a more playful side of her was emerging, and it was a side he liked. When he asked her about her hardass image he saw her smile fully for the first time. He watched her eyes soften and her full lips open as she shook her head at him.

“I’m just trying to get the job done.” She wagged a playful fingertip at him. “Maybe I try too hard sometimes. You guys just hate perfectionists.”

“Depends what you’re being a perfectionist about.”

“I want to be a perfectionist at everything.” She giggled and her face lit up some more. He found himself wondering what it might be like to kiss those perfectionist’s lips. Underneath the table his cock started to appreciate this new side of Lindsay.

When the check came Lindsay picked it up swiftly. “I’ll get this.” Chris reached to challenge her but she dismissed him. “I’ll expense it—call it a team-building exercise.”

His eyebrows arched quizzically.

“Team building works,” she assured him. “I have more respect for a colleague after today.”

When they got back to the parking lot Chris stood by while she opened her door. She slipped into the driver’s seat and grinned up at him. “How about we have a reverse bet? I’ll make the run, if you don’t screw the month-end numbers up next week?”

His mind ran through the bet. “What’s the penalty if the numbers are wrong?”

Her face took on an impish look now as she turned the key and fired up the car. “For a big error, we’ll carry over to next month. For a small error… maybe I get to keep my underwear on?”

There was no downside and the undertone was intriguing. “Deal.”

“Deal.” Lindsay closed her door and pulled away. It was impossible to be certain, but Chris thought he saw her wink at him trough the tinted glass.

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He held daily meetings with his team in the run up to month-end. He had them make a plan for double and triple-checking the numbers to make sure there were no errors before they were published and promised he’d take them out for a team dinner if everything was perfect. As the big day drew close, he was more nervous than he expected.

As Chris sat at his desk and personally checked the numbers one final time his belly was a knot of tension. When he hit the send button on the email that delivered all of Lindsay’s team’s activity he

swallowed and stared at the screen until the send icon stopped flashing. The moment of truth was still a day away, but there was nothing more he could do to influence the outcome.

Lindsay obviously prolonged his pain as much as she could. Her mail came at the very end of the following day. “Congratulations. Saturday, 7:30 a.m.?”

A huge smile took over his face and he started to wonder what she would be wearing before she took it off.

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Lindsay’s car was there when he arrived—just like last time. Today he ran to the office door for an entirely different reason.

When he got to the third floor she was sitting at an empty desk and scrolling some information on her cell phone. She was wearing the same pink sweatshirt, but in place of her jeans she had on a gray pair of sweat pants.

“Morning,” he announced jovially. “Nice day for a run around.”

“Good morning.” She put the cell phone down and stood up. “Guess I’ll just get this over with.” Her air of reluctance was opaque.

He stood by the seat she vacated and watched every movement as she walked to a desk a few feet away. Without any delay, she turned away from him and pulled the sweatshirt over her head. He caught his breath as the smooth skin of her back came into view. She had no bra on. With no discernible pause she pulled down her pants and revealed a perfect bottom—once again with no underwear in sight.

She set off at a jog straight away and he watched her tight butt cheeks move up and down with her stride. She rounded the first corner, and he watched her breasts—which were larger than he expected—bounce along. After being out of his view for a few seconds, she rounded the final bend and came straight towards him, her small triangular bush drawing his gaze as he strained to see her lips and slit. It was all over so quickly but the image of her running towards him wearing nothing but a broad smile would live with him forever.

Chris watched as she pulled her clothes on—still no underwear. When she turned back towards him she was grinning and showed no sign of embarrassment.

“I guess it’s my turn for breakfast?” He offered and ushered her towards the stairs.

This time at the deli there was little ice left to break and they joked and shared much more over breakfast. “So,” he paused to sip at his coffee, “we’re even now. No more bets?”

“I guess.” She placed her fork on the plate. “Unless you’d really like another bet?”

Once again he felt her ability to fog his mind with erotic thoughts in an instant. Suddenly he was thinking about running around the office naked together, parting Lindsay’s lips with his tongue and wrapping his fingers around her beautiful breasts. His thoughts enticed him all the more because he knew she was sitting across from him with no underwear on. He wondered if she realized just how excited he was beneath the table.

“I’m sure we can think of something,” he laughed. “This one sure was fun.”

“Agreed.” She dabbed at her lips with a napkin. “We’ll have to let each other know when we figure out another good bet.”

“Deal,” he nodded, already knowing that the anticipation would drive him crazy.

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Several times in the next few days he thought about new bets for Lindsay but in the end it was she who came up with the next challenge.

It was in the monthly Management Team meeting. They were going around the boardroom table for individual updates and Lindsay praised Chris and his team for an accurate close. The room was in a state of semi-stunned quiet as she offered her thanks. Chris watched her sit down, smile across at him, and begin tapping the keyboard of her laptop. He was still looking over at her and imagining how he would like help her out of the gray jacket she was wearing when a mail alert popped up on his own screen.

“I dare you to get your cock out,” he read.

Keeping a straight face was difficult but he managed it and typed back, “Right now? You’re crazy.”

He watched the grin spread over her face as she read the message—no more than seven feet across the table from him. She tapped the keyboard again and her message arrived moments later. “Double dare.”

She was looking at him when he looked up from the screen, her eyes holding his and leaving no doubt about her seriousness. His heart beat like a dry snare drum as he sized up the situation. On either side of him were the HR Manager and the Sales Manager. They were both intently following the speaker and Chris wondered if he just slid down in his seat a little and pulled his chair tight into the table’s edge… maybe he could just about get away with it. The excitement of the moment made up his mind.

His message to her was, “I dare you to take your panties off and show your pussy. Double dare.”

She shot him a smug look as she typed her reply, “Take a look.”

A few moments later Chris’ pen fell off the edge of the table—aided by a usefully clumsy forearm. He made half-hearted attempt to reach the pen without leaving his seat. Next he pushed his chair back and got to his knees. His first glance across to where she sat confirmed his efforts were worth it. Her legs were as wide apart as her skirt allowed and at the end of the dimming tunnel she’d created there was no mistaking the sweet outline of her pussy. He looked as long as he dared and as his eyes adjusted to the light he was almost certain he saw a glint of inviting moisture.

When he made it back into his seat Chris pulled himself in tight, took a couple of deep breaths and looked up at the taunting figure opposite. She made a small hand gesture that said, “Well then?”

He slipped one hand under the table while the other doodled on his notepad with the rescued pen. First he carefully undid his zipper, and then eased his hand inside. It wasn’t easy remaining undetected as he worked his way into his briefs and took hold of his inflating member but he managed, and eventually pulled it free of clothing. The sight of Lindsay’s pussy had started the hard-on, and the excitement of this moment was completing the job. When his hand was back on top of the table he felt the tip of his cock touch the underside. He looked over to her and nodded twice, very slowly.

Her tactic for seeing what was going on under the table was different but equally effective. He watched as she started with a scratch her ankle. After a few moments she dipped her head below the level of the table, making it look like she was tending to her foot, and looked over to see him.

Her head was out of sight for only a few seconds but to Chris it seemed much longer. When she reappeared she looked calm and collected, which was not how he was feeling right then. After another torturous few seconds she casually glanced over to him, pursed her lips and nodded approvingly. Her eyes went straight to her screen and she tapped a few keys.

The email read, “Nice cock. I want to suck it.”

Chris was in the process of trying to maneuver himself back into his pants when the message arrived. The difficulty of his task doubled as the words pumped him with even more excitement. He paused for a few seconds and typed back, “Come on over. All yours.”

His invitation prompted her face to take on a playful smile. When he got her reply it said, “Not practical. You working late tonight?”

Chris’ heart developed an instant booming echo as the prospect of Lindsay gelled into a reality. His fingers were hard to control as he typed back. “I do have something that needs urgent attention. 7:30, my office?”

He figured that the long, slow lick around her lips that her tongue made was deliberate, but he appreciated it nonetheless. When her message came it confirmed that Chris would not be able to

concentrate on work for the next few hours. “Maybe I can help? 7:30 works. I’ll bring dinner. Make sure you don’t have any pants on when I get there.”

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The next few hours were impossible. He couldn’t work and could barely think about anything but the look in her eye and what her body might feel like. As their scheduled “meeting” drew close, his erection showed no signs of dissipating—a full four hours after its arrival. If he’d used a male enhancement drug he would be considering a visit to a doctor at this point, but he knew the solution would arrive soon.

Chris closed his office door at 7:00. No one could see in through the opaque glass that made up the rest of the wall where the door was and the late hour meant that no one was likely to drop by to discuss work. At 7:15 he slipped out of his shoes, socks, pants and underwear. His cock stood straight up and twitched constantly. He couldn’t resist a stroke or two, but managed to restrain himself and slide his chair closer to his desk so that he was concealed.

She was a couple of minutes early. There was a firm knock on his door, it opened and she walked in with a large bag of carry-out Chinese food. She placed the food on his desk as she walked around behind it. “I thought you had an open door policy?”

“Only when I’m fully dressed,” he smirked.

“Show me?”

Chris slowly slid his chair back and revealed his naked lower half. His cock greeted her proudly and she nodded her appreciation. “Nice.” She walked back to the other side of the desk and opened the bag. “Shall we eat?”

“We could’ve gone out to dinner.” He slipped back under the desk.

“This is just fine,” she dismissed. “It cuts out that whole your-place-or-mine discussion. And, if we went out, I wouldn’t be able to see your cock while we eat.”

“Yes. I guess I do feel a little underdressed. What about you take your skirt and panties off?”

“That’s not a bad idea.”

He stood and continued to unload the cartons onto the desk while she unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor, revealing a pair of tiny red panties. She flashed him a quick smile, walked over to the door, and locked it. “We don’t want dinner interrupted,” she commented as she turned around and started to pull down her panties. After bending over to pull them off her feet, Lindsay casually let them fall from her hand onto his desk. “That better for you?”

“Much,” he nodded as he unashamedly looked at her crotch. “My favorite dinner.”

“Chinese?” She quipped.

“Mmmmm, that too.” He popped open a carton of chow mein.

She picked a couple of cartons and started to mix their contents with chopsticks. “I hope my menu choices for you are okay.”

He nodded as he sucked noodles into his mouth. “I like all of your ideas, so far. You’ve come a long way in my estimation over the last few weeks.”

“Good. You’ve risen in mine too.” She picked up a fried won ton. “I have to say, I’ve enjoyed getting you undressed. I’m also looking forward to a closer working relationship from now on.”

“Closer’s always good,” he smirked.

As they shared the food, Chris thought it remarkable how often they each had to stand up while they scooped various dishes into the cartons they ate from. Every time he stood up he enjoyed an unrestricted view of her inviting pussy. Every time she stood up he opened his legs and allowed her an eyeful of his cock and balls. Almost with each mouthful, the tension grew. As much as he knew there was more than dinner on the agenda, the way things were with Lindsay she was just as likely to put her pants back on and leave. The anticipation was exquisite, no matter the outcome.

Lindsay stood again and poked around the emptying cartons. “I see you’ve taken the last of the General Tso’s.” She pointed a playfully accusing chopstick at him.

“Sorry,” he laughed. “If I’d known it was your favorite…”

“I love the sauce, but…” She held up an empty carton and tipped it towards his desk to demonstrate there was none left. “You haven’t left me any.” He watched her face take on a mock pout and then started to see if he had any left in his carton.

“Here, you can have this piece.” He held up his last piece and waited for her.

She put down her carton and stepped slowly around to his side of the desk. Chris was watching her pussy come into view and didn’t notice the drop of sauce as it fell from the chicken, landing with a small splash on the tip of his cock. He looked down and saw small droplets on his shirt.

“That was careless.” She smiled as she stooped to take the chicken into her mouth and started to chew. “Now you’re going to have to have the shirt cleaned.”

“Never mind.” He reached for a napkin.

“No!” Lindsay stopped his hand. “That’s valuable sauce. Let me take care of it.”

Her eyes didn’t leave his as she fell to her knees and swung his chair around so he was facing him. His cock was now directly in front of her chest. She was still holding his gaze as she stooped forward and extended her tongue. When she looked down at his cock his eyes switched to her tongue and watched as she licked at the sauce.

He closed his eyes and sighed as she lapped up the errant liquid. Her tongue was delicate and inquisitive as it explored the contours of his cock-head, and then started to lick its way down the shaft. When he opened his eyes she was looking straight back at him, her eyes smiling. “I sure love that General Tso’s.” She giggled, and then closed her mouth over him.

Her lips pinched around the rim of his cock while her tongue continued to search any last morsels of sauce on the head. As her tongue swirled around him, so the tingling sensations started to flow up and down along his length. She started to suck on him gently, increasing the vacuum slowly and steadily until he thought she might actually suck the come straight from him. She let the pressure drop just as slowly and he felt his heart start to beat again. He got a distinct feeling that she knew something about sucking cock and enjoyed demonstrating her talent.

“I’ve been looking forward to that all afternoon.” Lindsay brought a hand up to gently caress his shaft. The other hand followed immediately and cupped his balls.

“So have I.” Chris’s throat felt dryer than he expected. “For a long time before you expressed an interest in sucking I think.”

“That’s nice to know.” Her hand worked him slowly as she smiled up to him. “Feels like there’s a lot of pressure down here.” She alternately squeezed his shaft and balls. “Would you like me to take care of that?”

He nodded and watched her smile morph into an impish grin just before her mouth covered him again.
His initial impression that she knew what to do with a cock in her mouth was an underestimation. The movements of her mouth and hands were coordinated perfectly to inflict as much pleasure on his being as possible. Chris took a deep breath and soaked in the sensations as her hands played with his balls and gently stretched the skin on his shaft up and down with a firm grip. Her lips were also working up and down, always keeping the head inside and allowing her tongue to rub him just beneath the tip. He started to drift over to another world when she began a slow rhythm of sucking.

He caught her looking up at him, opened his mouth and realized he was out of breath just enjoying the moment. “You… you realize that if you keep doing that…”

Lindsay’s eyes softened and she nodded her head, allowing the roof of her mouth to run over his

cock.

“You know that I’ll…” He started to feel the inevitable build of his orgasm.

She continued to nod, smiling even more.

Her determination to have him come in her mouth was the final trigger. The combination of her intent, slow hand movements, varying suction and her tongue’s continued work on the underside of his cock was irresistible, and the climax came at him in a rush. He could do nothing but groan as he started to come, his cock twitching rhythmically as the waves of heat shot through him.

All through his orgasm Lindsay kept him inside her mouth and continued her movements. The first spurt of come was the most powerful he’d ever felt but she didn’t flinch. As the streams continued he could hardly breathe but he felt the movements of her mouth as she swallowed.

When he was finally able to look down at her she slowly sucked her way off him, finishing with a gentle kiss on the tip of his cock. She held him tight, straight up and glistening now. “Gotta love that sauce.” She failed to keep a straight face and giggled. “How was dessert for you?”

“It sucked,” he laughed with her.

She turned her attention to the still-strong erection she had in her hand. “How’s your recovery time? I have another job for this.”

Chris started to pull at the buttons on his shirt. “Let’s find out. But I think if I see you naked again I’ll be just fine.”

He was out of his shirt before she got to the second button on her blouse, so he stood up and took over. Lindsay leaned up and kissed him, swiftly parting his lips and urging his tongue to come play with hers. As he freed her buttons he felt her hands on his chest and sides. When he’d pulled her blouse off she let her hand caress his hard-on again. He found the catch of her bra, unhooked it and it fell forward to reveal those gorgeous breasts. His hands clamped onto them and pushed firmly. Her nipples were hard and prodded into his palms.

She continued to stroke him slowly as he dipped his head and took a nipple in his mouth, tweaking the other with his fingers as he sucked on her. Lindsay moaned for the first time and he took the cue to suck harder. Her breasts felt wonderful, but he was getting hungry for more, and was sure she was too.

His hand found the soft, wet skin between her legs. He rubbed her pussy with circular movements as he continued to lick and suck on her nipple. She moaned and he felt her body push towards him. Her juices covered his hand quickly, but it was the heat he felt from her that caught his attention as he slipped a finger into her. “Oh… that’s good,” she breathed as the finger slid out and back in.

Chris felt he had some control over the moment now, and eased her backwards to lean her ass on the edge of his desk. He kissed her mouth and smiled before slipping down to his knees, keeping his finger inside her. When his eyes reached the level of her swollen pussy, he took a deep breath and enjoyed the sight of her well-oiled sex. He watched how her pussy lips wrapped around him as his finger slid in and out, and he could smell her juices starting to permeate the air. Four of his five senses were firing wildly, so the time to taste had arrived.

His finger continued its movements as he licked all the way up her slit with the tip of his tongue. He felt her lean back on the desk and use her hands for support. She let out a long, slow moan as he found her clit. He covered it with his tongue and pressed gently. She pushed against him and he added a second finger to slip into her. This time the moan was more high-pitched, but still all pleasure.

He managed to lick his way up her pussy lips another twice before she leaned forward and whispered to him, “As much as I love what you’re doing, I want you to get up here and fuck me. Right about now would be great.” Her voice was deeper than he recognized, but the intonation was a turn-on.

When he stood up, she grasped his head with both hands and kissed him deeply. Her tongue licked and played with his as her hands dropped to his hips and left him in no doubt to how she wanted to him to proceed. The head of his cock was pushing against her open pussy lips before he knew it, and it only took a small movement in the right direction to ease into her. They locked eyes as he reached the end of her silken sheath. He smiled, amazed at the heat he felt from her as she enveloped him.

“You feel so good.” He kissed her again.

She pulled him close and whispered. “So do you. I want to feel you make me come.”

Her hands never left his hips as she encouraged his strokes. As his rhythm built she wriggled to sit on the edge of the desk and raise her feet. She leaned back a little, kept hold of his hips and wrapped her legs around his butt. Now she started pulling him into her, harder and harder. Looking down, he saw her breasts bouncing with each thrust, and his cock disappearing into her over and over. He realized he was close to coming again.

When she started to moan uncontrollably he slowed the pace of his strokes but kept up the forceful

thrusts. He slipped a hand between his body and hers, and felt for her clit. He simply covered her with his fingers and let his body continue to slam against them. Her eyes opened, wide and glassy, for a few seconds. He knew she started to climax when her eyes closed, and she threw her head back.

She pulled him harder and harder as her orgasm ran through her body. Her pussy contracted around him four, five, six times as she squealed with pleasure, dug her nails into his sides, and pulled. When her head came forward again she was looking at him, panting and pushing at the side of her mouth with her tongue. He had simultaneous realizations that she was still urging him, and that he was about to come again.

A few more hungry thrusts and he started. Lindsay had recovered enough to see what was happening and she tightened her hold on him as he started to spit into her. His balls were tiny knots of tension as he pushed as hard as his body would allow. He vaguely heard her whisper something, took one final look down at his cock disappearing into her, and collapsed into her arms.

They held each other as their breathing abated. He was still inside her but softening when he pulled his head back to look at her. “You are quite something,” he laughed. “Remind me how we got here?”

“Simple, really.” She planted a soft kiss on his lower lip. “Your team’s professional ineptitude.” She shifted to a better sitting position and he finally slipped out of her. “However, I do believe you have now made up for that, and should no longer be considered inept. Not as a lover anyway.”

One of his hands made circular movements over her back while the other came up to caress her cheek. He kissed her again. “So what happens now?”

“Well,” she passed while his tongue found hers. “I think we’d better start by going back to my place.”

“Oh, yeah?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Yes. I’m thinking that I’d better get the sauce out of your shirt.” She reached between them and took hold of him. “I think we got your cock clean, but your shirt still has some spots.”

“Do you have something I can wear while you wash it?”

“You don’t need to worry about that.”