Fucking My Supervisor at Work

By Mercury23

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A joke I make at work leads to more than I was expecting.

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Sonia was the supervisor in a supported living facility that I occasionally worked in. I didn't see her every time I went there but when I did it was always nice to see her. I wasn't sure how old she was but if I had to guess I would say about 25 years old. I knew she had a partner and they had a son but I'd heard her say that she wasn't married.

I think she was mixed race; maybe white and Asian but I wasn't sure. She had long, straight hair which was a deep brown which framed her pretty face. She had striking features and I found it difficult not to stare at her. Her body was slim with what I would guess as being B cup breasts which were firm , curvy hips and a tight butt which looked good in whatever she wore. I'd seen her bend over while she was working on a number of occasions and I had notice that she had a tramp stamp tattoo which got me wondering; she might be a respectable young mother now but had she been a little slutty in the past.

The thing with Sonia was that she was the boss and could come across as a little abrupt but I kinda liked her and have to admit that I had got off thinking about her.

It was a Friday afternoon and I was just finishing work which meant that I had to drop some paperwork and keys back to the facility. I was working with Steve that day which meant we had spent most of the day laughing, having stupid conversations and checking out girls. We were just walking from the parking lot at the rear of the building and as we approached the corner of the building I noticed an open window on the ground floor. The drapes were pulled back so that you could see into the room.

"Hey," I said, "that must be the sleeping in room".

Steve looked up, nodding.

A wicked thought popped into my mind.

“I might climb through there next time Sonia is doing a sleeping in shift,” I joked.

Steve agreed and we laughed as we turned the corner of the building, heading toward the front door. As I hit the corner I almost walked in to someone coming the other way. It was Sonia, heading out to her car. The three of us stopped and I found myself wondering if she had heard what I had said. I looked at Steve briefly and I could see he was thinking the same thing but was probably less bothered as it had been me saying it and not him.

“Hi,” Steve and I both said, smiling but I could see by her face she wasn’t too impressed. Maybe it was the thought of having to start work on a Friday afternoon when everyone else appeared to be finishing for the weekend. But it soon became apparent that that wasn’t the reason.

“What were you just saying?” Sonia asked.

I was silent for a moment, wondering how I could talk my way out of the situation but it was obvious that I’d been busted.

“Okay,” I said. “I’m sorry. I made a joke about sneaking into the sleeping in room the next time you have a sleeping shift”.

Sonia looked at me, not smiling. Steve on the other hand was smirking away, knowing that there was no way for me to recover. Sonia’s eye contact with me was intense and Steve took the opportunity to bail out.

“Well, it looks like you two have a lot to talk about so I’ll just leave you to it,” he said, looking between us trying to stifle a grin and headed off up the road. I watched as Steve walked away. Bastard.

I looked back at Sonia who was still looking pretty pissed. I decided that there was no easy way out so I said what I thought she would want to hear.

“Look, I apologize for what I said. It was a joke and I really hope you don’t think I’m actually going to be hiding in the sleeping in room next time you go in there”.

Sonia’s expression seemed to soften a little.

“Why did you say it?” She asked.

I had known Sonia for about 8 months and we’d always got on well enough so I thought I would just be honest with her. I guessed I couldn’t make it any worse.

“Honestly? Well, I don’t know if you’ve noticed but you’re hot,” I said maintaining eye contact with her, hoping to fight her fire with some honest heat of my own but I wasn’t expecting to hear what she said.

“Really? Do you think so?”

I looked at her for a moment expecting to see her face change again and for her to get mad but she just stood there.

“Well, yes, I do think you’re hot,” I told her.

Sonia looked at the floor.

“Are you alright?” I asked her.

“Yes. I just haven’t had anyone say that to me for a while”.

“Are you kidding? Your boyfriend doesn’t say it?”

“Not like he used to. But then I guess things change when you’ve been in a relationship for a while,” she said, still looking at the floor.

“Well, I think you are,” I said, deciding to keep being honest with her.

Sonia was silent.

“Hey, listen, I have to drop this stuff inside,” I said, “but I’m sorry if I upset you”.

Sonia looked up at me.

“It’s okay. I’m not upset. Hey, I’ll walk back in with you; I forgot my key so I’d have to hit the buzzer to get someone to let me in anyway”.

I said okay, a little relieved that she didn’t appear to be mad at me anymore. We walked up the slope

to the front door and I opened it with my key. I pushed the door open and held it as Sonia walked through, taking the opportunity to check her out. She was wearing a long, open weave cream sweater which just covered her ass with what appeared to be a white tank top underneath. Below that she wore a pair of full length tight black leggings and a pair of flat sandals. I watched as she walked through the interior doors, enjoying the sight of her hips as they moved under her leggings, trying to decide whether she was wearing panties or a thong but it was hard to tell.

We walked into the main living area which at that time of day was always deserted. I walked over to the table and dropped the keys and folder. When I turned around Sonia was standing in front of the sleeping in room door. I went to walk towards the exit but she spoke.

“Just so you know I’m not mad about what you said”.

“Well, I’m glad. It wasn’t meant to be heard by anyone else and it was a joke,” I replied, looking at her.

She still looked a little pissed but I think that was just how she looked when she wasn’t smiling.

“And thank you for saying that I’m hot,” she said, looking embarrassed.

“You’re welcome,” I said, smiling. “I meant it”.

We looked at each other for a moment and I was about to leave when Sonia stepped forward and kissed me on the mouth. It wasn’t a long kiss but it was firm and it felt like she meant it. I was taken aback and for a second I looked at her. Sonia took a step back and put her hand to her lips, looking at the floor. I could see she was about to say something but I didn’t want her to say that she was sorry and that I had better go so I stepped forward and moving her hand from her mouth I gently tilted her face towards mine and gently kissed her lips. This time the kiss was longer and as I slid my hand to the back of her neck I felt Sonia’s full lips part. I let my tongue softly touch her upper lip and I felt her sigh into my mouth as her body relaxed. I put my other arm around her, pulling her closer to me, our bodies pressed against each other as our kiss became harder and more urgent. Suddenly she pulled away.

“Someone might come in,” she said looking up at me, slightly breathless. She turned, opening the door behind her and stepping into the sleeping in room.

I followed her and as I stepped through the door I pushed it closed behind me. Sonia turned to look at me. Outside she had seemed a little nervous, a little unsure but now that the door was closed I could see she was back to being confident again. She stepped toward me and pushing me back against the

closed door she kissed my lips again. This time her mouth was already open and I felt her tongue pushing between my lips. I responded, pulling her to me, my tongue finding hers, our kisses becoming almost frenzied.

“Do you really think I’m hot?” Sonia asked our mouths still joined.

“Fuck yes,” I replied, pulling her head to one side and kissing her neck.

Sonia’s hands went to the back of my head, pulling my mouth harder onto the soft skin of her neck.

“When did you first think it?”

“The first time I saw you,” I replied my mouth moving back to hers.

“What did you think?” She asked as she gently bit my bottom lip.

“I just remember thinking how pretty you were and wondering if you were with someone. Then every time I saw you I kept thinking how sexy you are and I always watch you”.

Sonia moaned softly into my mouth as we continued to kiss, our tongues almost wrestling.

“Do you ever think about me?” She asked.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Tell me. Tell me what you think about,” she told me pressing her body against mine. I moved my leg between hers, feeling the warmth from her vagina on my thigh. Sonia groaned softly.

“I think about what it would be like to fuck you,” I said. “I think about seeing you naked, licking your pussy and fucking you”.

Sonia groaned again, louder this time as she began grinding her hot pussy against my leg.

I dropped my hands to her ass and pulled her tight to me, increasing the pressure on my thigh. I could feel how hot she was and I could almost feel her getting damp even through her underwear and leggings. Her ass cheeks felt as firm as I thought they would.

I slid my hands up her back, lifting her sweater, feeling her skin beneath her tank top. Sonia’s legs were all but wrapped around my thigh now and she was alternating between kissing me and gently

biting and sucking my lip. My hands reached her bra clasp and I quickly unhooked it. She didn't protest and so I began to lift her sweater over her head. She broke our kiss just long enough to allow me to pull it over her head and drop it to the floor. Her slender arms pulled me back into the kiss and I began moving my leg between hers.

"Tell me more," she whispered.

"I think about what it would be like if you sucked my cock. I imagine lying on my back while you take my cock in your mouth, licking and sucking it, making me cum".

"Fuck," she whispered. "What do you do when you're thinking about those things?"

"I get myself off," I told her. "I stroke my cock while I think about fucking you and I imagine your face in front of me when I make myself cum".

Suddenly Sonia was grabbing at my t-shirt, pulling it up and off dropping it to the floor. I responded by lifting her tank top. As I lifted it over her head my hand caught her un-clasped white, Lycra, pulling one cup exposing her left breast; I immediately dropped my mouth to it. Her breast was firm and her skin was soft, smelling of perfume and whatever soap she used in the shower. Her nipple was small and very hard and it felt good as I took it in my mouth. Sonia moaned, pulling my head and pressing my mouth onto her breast. I reached up and slid her bra straps over her shoulders, lifting my mouth off her nipple so that I could remove her bra completely. I kissed Sonia's mouth again, cupping both her breasts in my hands, my thumbs massaging her nipples. Sonia moaned at my touch and began kissing my chest, her hands moving to the belt on my jeans, un-buckling it quickly, her fingers fumbling with the button fly. In frustration I felt her grab the material either side of the fly and pull it, opening my jeans. She quickly dipped her small hand inside, finding my cock which was already getting hard but was trapped by my jeans. She ran her hand over my boxers, feeling my hard on beneath. I let out a deep groan and she began to rub. I slipped my hands inside the waist band of her leggings, sliding them down over the white Lycra thong which matched the bra which was lying on the floor at our feet. I felt Sonia kick off her shoes and I dropped to my knees, pulling the tight black material down her long, slim legs and held them there at her ankles as she stepped out. Kneeling on the floor put my face level with Sonia's stomach which to my delight was as firm as I had imagined. I gently kissed her warm skin as I took her ass cheeks in my hands. Sonia's hands were on the back of my head and as I looked up I could see that her eyes were closed.

The skin of Sonia's stomach was warm and tasted good but I couldn't hold back from lowering my mouth to the front of her panties and burying my face between her legs. I heard Sonia moan, louder this time, higher, almost a whimper and her hands were on my head, pulling me into her. I nuzzled at the firm material, taking in the scent of her pussy; it was musky but also had a clean, soapy smell and

I could feel that her wetness was beginning to soak into the material. I reached up and pulled her panties down, exposing her pussy. It was firm, tight and clean shaven and I could see her lips, soft and pink in front of me. I ran my tongue along them, causing Sonia's legs to tremble, allowing it to barely part them before pulling it out and kissing her pussy. Sonia moaned again and I looked up at her.

"One of the other things I think about," I said, "is what you sound like when you cum".

Sonia's eyes were still closed and her breathing was heavy.

"Why don't you find out," she said her voice barely a whisper.

Moving my mouth back to her pussy I ran my tongue along her lips again, from between her legs up to her clit but not quite touching it.

"Don't tease," she whined, increasing the pressure of her hands on my head.

Adjusting my position so that I was sitting on the floor, allowing me to get closer to her pussy, I took her ass cheeks in my hands and pulled her to my mouth. This time I let my tongue slip inside her as far as it would reach, moving it around in her soft opening, tasting her wetness. Sonia moaned again, gently grinding against my mouth, her movements helped by my hands.

I looked up as I slowly began to slide my tongue out from between her lips and up to her clit, stopping just short, watching her upturned face. Her body tensed as my tongue moved closer to her stiffening clit and jerked as I stopped my movements. Sonia's fingers pressed harder on my head and she whined again.

"Don't tease me, Rich. Lick my clit. Please".

It was the first time she'd said my name and I knew she was desperate for me to continue.

Slowly I ran my tongue up to her clit, feeling the hard button under my tongue. Still watching her face I saw her mouth open at the touch of my tongue and I knew that stopping again would probably piss her off. It crossed my mind to see how much teasing she would take so I held my tongue on her clit, not moving it.

"Fuck, Rich," Sonia moaned. "Please don't tease me. Lick it!"

I held on for a few more seconds, feeling the muscles in her ass cheeks tighten in frustration. Then,

just as she must have been thinking I was never going to continue I began to slid my tongue over her hard clitoris. Sonia’s body tensed again and I watched as she let her head drop forward, the intense sensation coursing through her body.

“Oh, fuck, Rich. Don’t stop. Don’t stop,” her voice more forceful this time, sounding more like the in charge Sonia I had lusted after over the last 8 months.

I continued to lick her clit, alternating between running my tongue up and over it to circular movements to side to side, trying to tell which had the most effect on her. Her breathing was getting faste,r her ass was clenched tight and her legs were beginning to tremble. I began to lick faster, wanting her to cum. I moved my finger to the soft, wet opening of her pussy and gently slid it inside, the movement making her body buck. I slid in another and Sonia groaned then began to whimper over and over her eyes closed tight her legs all but on the verge of buckling beneath her.

Suddenly I felt Sonia’s whole body jerk, her stomach tightening as she doubled over. Her pussy was dripping around my fingers and she let out a moan as she held my head tight into her. She was grinding her hips against me, pushing her clit onto my tongue as she continued to whimper and moan her body tense. Suddenly she pulled away from my mouth, dropping to her knees in front of me, breathlessly forcing her tongue into my mouth, tasting her own pussy.

“Fuck me,” she whispered into my mouth.

I stood up in front of her and Sonia’s hands moved to my jeans, pulling them down while I stepped out of them. She reached to the buttoned opening on the front of my boxers, undoing it and reaching inside, sliding my hard cock out. As I watched she took the tip in her mouth and slid onto it, sucking and licking, taking the shaft as far into her mouth as she could. She pulled back, looking up at me.

“Fuck me, Rich,” she said again this time her voice sounding more husky.

“Get on the bed,” I told her pulling my shorts down and stepping out of them.

Sonia turned and walked to the single bed, lying on her back and watching me walk to her. I climbed on next to her and she opened her long, slim, tanned legs exposing her wet pussy to me. I moved between them, taking her tits in my mouth in turn as she held my cock, pulling me towards her. I felt the tip touch her soft lips and I could feel how open and wet she was. I thrust slowly forward with my hips but there was little resistance and I my cock slid into her in one movement. Sonia moaned, saying my name again as her legs entwined with mine. Our mouths joined again, our tongues moving into the others mouth and I began moving inside her, Sonia grinding her hips against me.

“Fuck,” I whispered. “Your pussy feels even better than I imagined”.

“Did you like hearing me cum?” Sonia asked her mouth next to my ear.

“Oh fuck, yes”.

I continued moving inside her, our movements increasing until we were fucking hard and fast. Sonia’s legs were wrapped around me and her hands grabbed my ass, pulling me deep into her with every thrust.

“Don’t stop, Rich,” Sonia groaned, “don’t cum yet. Okay?”

“I won’t,” I said, hoping I could hold off despite the speed that we were moving at.

“Fuck me from behind,” Sonia groaned huskily.

I quickly pulled out of her tight pussy, grateful for the chance to reduce the intensity on my cock before I came. I lifted myself up and Sonia quickly flipped over. I used my legs to close hers, placing mine either side. Placing my cock between the tops of her thighs just below her ass I thrust into her, sliding straight back into her. We both called out with the intensity and I held myself deep inside her, waiting for the sensation to subside. Sonia moaned as I pulled out of her, then I began to fuck her as hard as I could. Sonia let out a low moan into the pillow as my hips slapped onto her ass, causing it to shake with each thrust.

I watched as Sonia’s toned back tensed under me and her moans became louder despite being muffled by the pillow, her hands gripping it tighter and tighter. Sonia started talking.

“Oh fuck! Rich don’t stop. You’re going to make me cum again,” she called lifting her head off the pillow with her arms, her back arching. I lowered my head and began to gently bite her neck.

Sonia let out a low groan and a series of whimpers as her pussy tightened around my cock. I felt my own orgasm getting closer with each stroke but the increased tension from the muscles in Sonia’s pussy started to tip me over the edge and I let out a low groan.

“Are you going to cum? She whispered between breaths. “Tell me. Tell me you’re cumming”.

Her sexy voice pushed me to the edge and I pumped into her, filling Sonia’s tight pussy with my cum.

“Oh, Sonia,” I groaned. “I’m cumming”.