Sex and the Working Girl 1 My Office Husband

By Freelancer

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Linda finds sexual release in the arms of her personal assistant on a hot day in July.

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There comes a time in every married girls life when all the excitement goes out of her sex life and she starts to think about having an affair. That's what all my older and wiser married girlfriends told me when I married Todd twenty years ago. I smiled and nodded as they told me that but I never dreamed it would happen to me but it did. It didn't happen suddenly over the twenty years of my marriage, there was a time when Todd couldn't get enough of my body, a time when he couldn't keep his hands off my body, not even in public. Still after twenty years of marriage, it had finally reached the point where I can run around the house naked and not get a rise out of him. Slowly over twenty years of marriage it had finally reached the point where I wouldn't have had any sex life if it wasn't for playing with myself.

My job wasn't helping matters any either. I was the photo editor for a well-known woman's magazine the published well endowed named men as their centerfold every month not to mention very erotic photo stories. Everyday I have to look at hundreds of very well endowed guys in varying states of arousal. Seeing all those big, hard cocks staring out at me had me hornier than ever and I made frequent trips into my private bathroom to masturbate in a horny frenzy. Yeah, Goddamn right, I thought about having an affair. I thought about it all the time. However, I never planned to actually have one. I mean, my sex life had gone to hell but I still loved my husband in every other way and I didn't want to hurt him or lose him. Like most of my horny but otherwise happily married girlfriends, my first extramarital affair just happened when the time was right. Actually, I slipped into it slowly, naturally over several months.

Looking back on it now I know that the die had been cast when my faithful, personal assistant, Alicia, resigned to give birth to her first child and then become a stay at home mother at the beginning of summer. The replacement that HR sent me was a man and he was gorgeous in a very rugged, manly sort of way. He was a quick study and had my routine down pat in no time flat. Alicia had been a great personal assistant in the usual sense of the word, but Joe started spoiling me rotten. He always arrived before me and everything was ready for me when I arrived at 9 am. I learned from security that he was coming in every morning between 7:30 an 8 am. By the time I walked into my private office, the computers were booted up and online, the a/c was adjusted perfectly, folders containing

the photos to be reviewed that day were neatly arranged on my computer's desktop, and the first pot of coffee had been brewed. The coffee was more than just brewed, there was a cup of freshly brewed coffee setting on my desk, fixed just the way I liked it. He was definitely spoiling me. Alicia had always arrived at the same time as I did and I had to wait for the computers to come online, the office to cool down to the 65 degrees that was comfortable for me, and I had to wait for my first cup of coffee. I think that it was the coffee that did it for me and I'm only half kidding about that. After having spent nearly an hour and a half on buses, I had to take three buses every morning to get to work; I really needed that first cup of coffee. The two Egg McMuffins that started appearing next to that cup of coffee helped to. Somehow, Joe had discovered that I didn't have time to eat before leaving home. The first morning I saw those sandwiches I actually threw my arms around him and hugged him tightly against me in gratitude.

Unlike with Alicia, we fell into a very relaxed relationship. I started leaving the door to my inner office open and he would wander in from time to time to see if I needed anything. He would stand behind me, laying his hands lightly, intimately on my shoulders as he looked at the pictures that I was viewing on the computer monitor. An easy banter built up between us as we commented on those pictures and some of the captions that always accompanied them. I started to really enjoy those impromptu visits, the feeling of his hands on my shoulders comforting. My husband seldom even touched me that way any more and I found myself looking forward to Joe's visits.

As time passed, I found myself thinking about Joe as I showered and dressed for work in the morning. For the first time in years I started wearing clothes that I thought a man would like seeing me in. I stopped wearing slacks and modest tops to wearing very short skirts and daring blouses with nothing on under them except for a matching g-string. I had tossed the company's dress code out the window and it wasn't long before the girls in the outer office were dressing in very sexy outfits as well but the only one Joe seem to notice was me. He started spending all his fee time in my office, puttering around, straightening things that didn't need straightening as he undressed me with his eyes. His gentle touches as he stood behind me slowly turned into intimate caresses as we looked at all the erotic pictures submitted for potential publications. I no longer took any of the pictures submitted to the bathroom with me when I slipped off to masturbate, I fantasized about having Joe ripping off all my clothes and fucking me senseless on my office rug. In my heart of hearts, I wanted it to happen. I just couldn't bring myself to make the first move. Thank God for the sudden heat wave that hit the city that Thursday.

It was the day before the long Fourth of July weekend. My husband and son were going camping and my daughter would be spending it with her boyfriend getting her brains fucked out while cruising some lake aboard his day cruiser. I would be spending it all alone stretched out naked beside our pool working on my tan. At least that what I thought when I dressed for work that morning. I wore one of my shortest mini dresses that morning, a white, halter top affair with a neckline that plunged all the way down to my navel. It was going to be a scorcher according to the weather channel, the mercury was already hovering near 75 degrees at 7 am and was supposed to hit 90 by midday but I still pulled on my thigh high leather boots with their spike heels. I liked what those spike heels did to my

muscular thighs and heart shaped ass. That outfit made me feel very sexy. It wasn't long after I left the house that I started to wonder if feeling sexy was going to be worth if because my feet and legs felt like they were in an oven set to Broil. By the time I reached the office, I was in pain, real pain. When I walked into the office it felt like I had stepped out of a blast furnace and stepped into a deep freezer because Joe had cranked the a/c up to it highest setting and it was a lovely 55 degrees throughout the offices. I moaned in pleasure as that cold air flowed over me, my nipple hardening instantly. Joe had dressed more wisely; he was wearing short, Jean cutoffs, and a tank top.
The weather forecast had been wrong, it hit 90 degrees outside by 11 am, and the a/c was barely holding its own. My legs were burning up again. Joe walked into my office and closed the door behind him, something he had never done before. I watched as he walked over to my office sofa and pulled out an ice chest that he had stashed behind it. As he walked over to me, I saw that he had two ice-cold long necks in his hands. We drank in silence for several minutes. After Joe finished his beer, he knelt down before me and started pulling my boots off.
"Christ, Linda, you must be sweating up a storm in these things. Let me help you out of these boots."
"Jesus, Joe, I think I love you."
As Joe pulled those long boots off me, he let his fingertips trail down my thighs and legs. Those feathery light touches sent excitement shooting up my legs and thighs like lightening bolts. After removing my boots, he went into my bathroom and returned with a washcloth that he had soaked in cold water and gently started to bathe my legs and inner thighs with the cool water. I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes as his hands moved higher up between my thighs. Finally, I felt his finger brush across my lace-covered pussy. His touch hadn't been an accident. I moaned in pleasure as his fingers slipped beneath the sopping wet lace to finger my gaping slit. My moans of pleasure grew louder as his long fingers slid up between my bloated lips to move over my sensitive little clit. My thighs spread wide open as I felt release building up deep inside me.
Then his hands were gone. My eyes flew open as I reached out for him.
"Nooooo! Please Joe. Don't stop. Not now. You've made me so fucking horny. I'll die if you leave me this way."
I tried pulling him back down to me but I didn't have the strength.
"I'm not going to leave you until you're totally satisfied in every way, Linda. I promise."
I watched as he rose slowly from between my trembling thighs. The bulge in the crotch of his tight cutoffs told me that he wanted me as much as I wanted and needed him. He did leave me but only long enough to tell everyone to take the rest of the day off because it was getting to be too hot to work. I think his exact words were "It's getting too fucking hot to work. Go home. Have happy and safe Fourth and we'll see all on Monday." When he finally returned to me the outer office was in total darkness.
This time, by the time he reached where I sat, he was completely naked except for his socks. His hard cocked curved upward toward his stomach instead of jutting straight out, it had just the right tilt to it to rub tightly against that special spot that triggered violent orgasms when I fingered myself. Stepping between my still spread thighs he reached behind my neck and untied the halter top letting it

fall into my lap, still leaning over me he took my freed titties in his large, powerful hands and caressed my long, fat nipples. Rolling my nipples around between his thumbs and forefingers, he worked them into two fiery hot coals of tit flesh. They had grown longer, fatter, and harder than they had ever been before. By the time he leaned down and took them into his hot, moist mouth they felt as if they were about to pop like over inflated balloons.

Slowly he started kissing his way down my chest to my trembling stomach. As he kissed and licked his way lower and lower, his finger gripped my mini dress and g-string forcing them down over my thighs and legs. As he pushed my dress off, I wrapped my fingers in his hair forcing his hear downward, forcing his mouth and tongue down toward my aching little clit that was throbbing uncontrollably with arousal.

As his mouth found my steamy hot hold, my hips arched up off my seat pushing my crotch even tighter against his mouth. I was so fucking aroused that I knew that I would start cumming the minute he tongued my little trigger. Then it happened, I felt his tongue sliding upwards towards my enflamed little love button. As I felt the tip of his luscious tongue slide over it and around it, I started cumming like a steam locomotive.

"Oh, Goooddd. That's it. I'm cummmmiiiinnnnggg. Sooooo fuckiiinnnggg goooooddddd!"

I continued sceaming out at the top of my lungs as wave after wave of orgasms rolled over my long neglected body. Joe kept lapping up my juices as they spewed forth from between my wide spread pussy lips. His tongue continuing to circle my love button as my orgasms slowly subsided.

After holding me tight in his arms, gentling my trembling body with his hands, for a few minutes longer he scooped me up in his arms and carried me over to the large couch that stood across from my desk. Dropping me on the couch, he whipped my legs up over his shoulders and slammed his rock hard rod all the way up inside me with one mighty thrust of his hip.

I thought I had stopped cumming but as soon as his pubic bone mashed up against mine, I started cumming all over again.

"Joe…I'm cumming again. oh…God…I'm cumming again."

Joe started plowing in and out of me faster and faster. Within seconds I felt his cock erupt deep inside me filling me with his hot jism. Wads after wad struck the back of my womb, each mighty impact triggering a new wave of orgasms. For the first time in my life, I knew what it meant to have multiple orgasms. Slowly the world grew dark as consciousness slipped away from me. The pleasure was so intense that I actually swooned. Unconsiousness slipped into a deep sleep. When I finally opened my eyes, the sun had gone down. The clock on the table next to the sofa told me it was 7 p.m. Joe smiled into my eyes as I peered into his. I had just spent six hours in his arms. For the first time in years, I wasn't horny.

"Joe, sweetheart…what are you doing for the Fourth? My husband and son went camping. My daughter is fucking her boyfriend's brains out on his day cruiser. I'm going to be all alone…."

My voice trailed off. I didn't want to be alone. I didn't want my new lover to stop holding me.

"Linda, spend it with me. I'm running in a motor cross in El Paso on Saturday and I would love to have you come with me.