Teasing My Boss

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I get naughty with my boss and end up with a good fuck

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When the top man at our little firm asked me to be his PA for a few weeks, I was overjoyed. The regular one had gone on maternity leave and I was chosen ahead of two other older and more experienced women. I think being the new girl, I had wanted to make a good impression when I started last autumn. I reckon Jim liked the idea of someone fresh and excited by fine art as his right hand girl. I enjoyed my regular job taking photos of paintings for the website and I would have to still do that along with a temp, while I was Jim's PA.

What was never mentioned when I had my interview was the subject of dress codes. Since starting I've pretty well worn what I like from jeans to hot pants and short skirts. The only thing I've never worn is anything low cut, although I have turned up in some tight tops. Sally, the girl who has gone on maternity leave is ten years older than me and while she's very nice and everything, she's quite straight-laced. I wondered if Jim would approve of me doing my new role in my usual clothes.

I came in one the Monday and went straight to the boss's office. I wanted to make sure his office smelled of fresh coffee when he came in and I also brought him a Danish pastry from Sainsbury's on my way in. I wanted to make a good impression on my first day. Jim is about late thirties, maybe 40 and quite a good-looking bloke really. He's always sharply dressed and obviously works out a bit. His brown hair is a bit grey and grizzled at the sides, and he's mature but still quite young in his ways. On the odd time I've been in his office, I noticed he has photos of his wife and daughter on his desk. Except that on this Monday his wife's one wasn't there. I thought it was a bit odd, but could only assume there had been a rift.

Jim came in about fifteen minutes after me.

"Good morning Danielle. Oh what's this?" He asked pointing to the Danish in the plastic carton.

"Morning Jim. It's just a little something, I thought you would like with your coffee."

"Oh thanks Danielle, that's lovely."

I smiled as I went to get his coffee and I wondered if he would be checking me out. I had decided on the professional look for my first day, with a dark grey pencil skirt, black tights, red blouse and black shoes. Now not wanting to blow my own trumpet, but I do have a good figure and I'm always getting wolf whistles and stuff from builders and workmen when I go jogging. I'm pretty sure my bum looked good in my skirt and well… I bet Jim was having a good look. He was definitely checking me out when I came back with his coffee. A girl knows when a man likes what he sees.

My first day went well and I made sure I took every opportunity to give him a good view when I could. I crossed and uncrossed my legs a few times when we had a meeting. I even perched on the edge of his desk once, so he could see how the wood pressed into my bum cheeks. Jim gave me one of those looks as I stood up. His eyes said everything. His gaze started just below my waist and wandered up to my boobs and then focused on my face. A younger man might have been nervous, Jim was confident but impressed.

That night I wondered whether to wear something similar for my second day or up the stakes. I had asked a close colleague about his wife and how her photo had gone missing. Sure enough it turns out they had split up just after Christmas. I felt sorry for him in one way, but in another I took it as a green light to see how far I could push my luck. I perused my wardrobe before bed time and chose a little outfit, which would blow his socks off.

On the Tuesday morning, I brought in a couple of daffodils and put them in a vase of fresh water and put them on his desk. I sat at my own little desk and waited for him to arrive. The coffee was on and I was ready for another day at the office.

Jim came in and I got a whiff of some very expensive after shave. He had a nice fresh, clean smell and he looked good too. I think he had put a little wax in his hair and he was kind of glowing somehow. He looked at me with his kind blue-grey eyes, when he saw the flowers.

"Danielle, you're too kind!" He said.

"That's OK," I said, trying to do my best innocent little girl look.

"Coffee?"

"Yes, I could murder one," he said.

I stood up and walked towards the little kitchen. I deliberately made sure my hips moved as I walked. I was wearing the shortest black skirt in my wardrobe, with flesh-coloured tights and a white blouse. I

had left the top three buttons undone accidentally on purpose, which left just enough boobage visible and still be decent. I heard Jim half cough/half choke when he saw me. I came back with his coffee and his eyes were undressing me. My skirt was so short that I'm sure some bum cheek was visible below the hem, which also meant all of my legs were on show. If I were to sit opposite him…well he would see everything. I wasn't wearing any panties under my tights, so that was more or less true.

I was on the line of what you could get away with at work and I was excited by how I was raising Jim's blood pressure. I wanted to know if I could break him.

As the day went on, I would take a walk to the photo copier or the fax machine and each time Jim would be looking at my legs or my boobs. I was getting more and more excited and if I'm honest the gusset of my tights was wet by late morning. I wondered if he was getting hard under his desk. I wanted to know what he was thinking and if he was imagining what I was like naked.

It was after lunch that I decided to take things to another level. I picked up a sheaf of paper work that I had been reading through and walked round to Jim's desk to ask him about something. As I reached his chair, butter fingers me dropped the papers and they scattered on the floor. I immediately turned round and stooped to pick them up, causing my skirt to ride up virtually to my waist. I knew that Jim would have a clear view of my bum and my pussy, pushed against the nylon of my tights. I stood up when I had retrieved the last sheet and turned round. I realised my skirt had not quite fallen back in place and a little portion of my foof was still visible.

"Whoops!" I said, as I inched it down into place.

Jim's face was a picture. It displayed every emotion from shock to bewilderment to pure lust.

"I wanted to ask you something Jim, but I forgot now."

"It doesn't matter…Danielle, there's something I need to show you. Can you come through to the archive room?"

The archive room is a like a massive air-conditioned safe, where we keep all the photographic records of everything we've ever sold and only Jim has the combination to the entry pad. As he stood up I noticed he picked up a wad of papers and was carrying them as if he was shielding something and I knew then I had given him a wood on. I was suddenly so turned on, I could feel my pussy juices trickle out. I wanted his cock inside me and I would have done anything to achieve it.

Jim tapped on the pad and looked down my blouse as he turned the large silver handle on the door. I gazed up at him with what I hoped was my most smoking hot look. When we were in the room he

closed the door and dropped the papers. Sure enough, there was one hell of a tent in his trousers.

“For two days you’ve tortured me Danielle. Wiggling your perfect ass here and there and giving me those looks.”

“Have I?” I said, all innocent.

“You know you have. Culminating in that little show just now. Well you’ve asked for it you little slut and now you’re sure going to get it.”

I had never seen this side to my boss. The mild mannered man I knew, who was normally so proper, was suddenly calling me a slut. I was so turned on I so wanted him to fuck me, but not before I had given him some head.

I stepped towards him and played with the bottom of his tie and then traced my fingers over his stomach and further onto the front of his trousers where my hand reached the outline of his massive cock. I unzipped his flies and unbuckled his belt and button. I had his trousers down in a jiffy. I dropped to my knees and rolled the palm of my hand over the bulge in his boxers. Jim groaned just from me doing that, so I don’t know what he would do with my lips around his shaft! I would soon find out. I looked up at him as I rolled his boxer shorts down and his dick must have been seven, if not eight inches long and thick with it. I rolled my tongue over the end, which made it twitch. His cock was moist as if a little precum had already seeped out and I was only too happy to take him into my mouth. It was hot and throbbing as I sucked on him. Jim’s groans were even louder and he was sort of gasping as if he was struggling for air. I licked his cock and I sucked him for a few minutes and I was getting ever wetter between my legs. I’m sure I was going to form a little pool of juice on the floor if I didn’t get plugged soon. As it happened, Jim took matters out of my hands.

I was wanking his cock as I sucked but suddenly he pulled out and told me to stand up. His face had a look of a man possessed with lust and he turned me round and pushed me into one of the racks. I felt his warm, strong hands on my skirt as he pulled it up to my waist and then tug my tights down over my bum. First he had his hands all over my bum cheeks and then I felt him slip his cock lengthwise between my legs, so that he rubbed against the damp velvet of my pussy lips. It felt so good and we were both moaning with pleasure.

He began to unfasten my blouse with one hand as he used the other to reposition his dick and he asked me to bend over further and suddenly I could feel my pussy being stretched as his huge wanger began to penetrate me. I let out a long cry of pain and pleasure. It was a good thing I was so wet. When he was inside me, he began grunting and groaning like a wild animal and his hands now free lifted my bra up and he cupped my tits in his hands fondling them surprisingly gently as his cock

was drilling into my pussy harder and faster. I was shrieking with pleasure as the whole length and width of my little cunt was packed with his throbbing cock.

“Aaaaghh Danielle…Danielle!” He said, over and over again as he groped my tits and pounded my pussy. I could feel his pulse in those eight inches of manhood as he thrust away and I just held onto the metal uprights of the rack, as I took the rogering of my life. I was thrilled with the intensity of the moment and my orgasm was creeping up on me as I could feel my whole body begin to tingle with pleasure…it was so good. Jim never stopped or let up once. As I started to cum he held onto my hips and I could feel him push my bum cheeks together as if he wanted to make me even tighter.

I was so close to the best orgasm I've ever had and Jim just kept thrusting his tool inside me hitting my spot over and over. I bit my fingers as m y body became just a shuddering mass of orgasm as I let out a long scream of ecstasy.

“Aaaaaah Jim! I’m coming I’m coming! Aaaaaaah...oooooh!”

“Yess” YESSS Danielle! Danielle!!!!”

I was still in the throes of orgasm as I felt his cock explode inside me and his cries filled the room. His own body was jerking as his spunk welled up inside my pussy. There was four spasms of his cock as he emptied his sack inside me and then he stopped. He just stood there for a few moments, his cock still throbbing and then slipped out. He held his still hard cock in his hands and spoke softly.

“ I saved you a bit Danielle!”

I dropped to my knees obediently and took his cock between my lips, drawing out the last few drops of cum and let it slip down my throat.

In the four weeks I was working as Jim’s PA I let him fuck me two more times and he would also have a little feel of my bum now and then too. Funnily enough I got quite a good raise at the end of January.