Nails

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Published on Lush Stories on 06 Apr 2011

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/voyeur/nails.aspx

I’m good looking enough but nothing special. I’d give myself a seven on a scale of one to ten, though I’ve been told I deserve better. I have short brown hair, I’m not comfortable dressing sexy or wearing a lot of makeup, and I’m not outgoing, which isn’t surprising, since I’m a software engineer. I’m kind of nerdy, but at least my figure is attractive. It gets me attention, but it’s not always the kind of attention I want.

By contrast there’s this girl in accounting. Her name is Tina, and she’s hot. Her hair is long and blond, and she keeps it in a ponytail that she swishes from side to side as she sashays down the halls. She wears bright red lipstick, blushes her cheeks, darkens her eyelashes, and she’s talkative and vivacious, which makes it seem like she’s flirting even when she’s not. Her figure is wonderful—smaller and bigger than mine in all the right places, and she has great legs, though I don’t like the way she shows them off, with fuck-me skirts and high heels. If I was a guy I’d want to fuck her for sure.

I was going to say that I don’t like Tina, but she’s really not that bad. When it’s just us girls she’s pretty nice, and she’s smart and works hard. It’s just that she’s insecure, especially about her looks—go figure. When she’s with a guy she needs his approval, which translates into showing off her body—the fuck-me skirt thing—and shameless sucking up.

Besides designing product software I’m in charge of IT, so my cube is near Administration. And since I’m a girl, and with the way Tina dresses, they put me in the cube that looks into hers. I think they figured a guy wouldn’t get any work done, and I’m sure that’s true. Tina keeps her modesty when the boss is in her cube, but when she’s just working she often lifts one leg and pushes off with the other to swivel around in her chair and get at her file cabinet. This causes her legs to spread, which, with her short skirts, exposes her between her legs. I’ve fantasized about keeping a spreadsheet that tracks her panty collection and which ones she wears on which days—Monday’s tend to be ordinary—Friday’s are always special except when she’s having her period. I guess I could keep track of her cycle in my spreadsheet too.

It was the end of our fiscal year, and a crew of auditors came in to check our books. There were five of them—two older guys, a guy in his forties, and two younger guys. The five of them, our CFO, and Tina had a get acquainted meeting. I could see them through the glass of our conference room as I walked by to go to the ladies room, and the new guys checked me out, though with Tina there I don't know why they bothered. After the meeting the bigwigs left, leaving the middle-aged guy, the two younger guys, and Tina to do all the work.

Audits are a pain in the ass. The job of the auditors is to poke into everything (preferably Tina, they must have thinking) and find mistakes, and they can ask for pretty much any document. It was Tina's job to give them everything they asked for and to insure they were satisfied, figuratively speaking.

The middle-aged guy was a slave driver and had his two underlings hopping. They, in turn, took their frustrations out on Tina, whom they ran ragged. All day long they sent her into the back room to retrieve piles of paper that she had to put away when they were finished. By the end of the day her ponytail was undone, her makeup needed refreshing, and her blouse was no longer tucked into her skirt. She looked like her mother just caught her in bed making out with a boy she wasn't supposed to be with.

I caught Tina's eye and mopped my hand across my forehead.

She nodded *yes*, *tough day*.

After the second day the auditors had the situation in hand—they would have preferred to have Tina in hand—and the middle-aged guy left. That's when the fun really began. The two young guys had gotten to know Tina, had spent two days ogling her legs and looking down her blouse (she'd been wearing her best bras, and I knew, matching panties), and now they were in charge and had the authority to give Tina orders of their own.

The problem was they had to compete for her, and being guys, that's what they did. While one was adding figures the other was sitting on Tina's desk flirting. When he had to do some work, the other guy came to tell Tina what a good job she was doing and how helpful she was.

The first guy got it got it wrong—he assumed Tina was a dumb sexy blond who'd respond to innuendo and jock humor. It is true she was sexy, very much so, but she wasn't stupid, and she wasn't coarse.

The second guy got it right. Tina desired to please, and his praise touched her where she wanted to be touched most, at least as a starting point. To be fair, his praise wasn't wholly manipulative. Sure, he wanted to get into her pants, and Tina knew that, but Tina *had* done a good job and *had* put out

extra effort to make the work of the auditors easier.

After awhile Tina's signals became clear, and guy number one licked his wounds and left. Guy number two hung around to see if his tomcatting was going to pay off. Even I wondered how lucky he'd get.

They stayed in Tina's cube where I watched them while I pretended to work. They sat side by side, looking at Tina's PC. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but the body language was clear—they were touching shoulders, touching hands, making eye contact, and smiling. Also, Tina's skirt had ridden up immodestly, and she wasn't pulling it down.

Tina went to the ladies room and came back and sat. Her skirt was way up, and her friend couldn't take his eyes from between her legs. My guess was that she had taken off her panties, an outrageous thing to do, and was giving him a look. He put his hand down, I couldn't see where, but I saw Tina open her legs. She started squirming, and she grabbed his hand and removed it. She looked toward me, but I pretended to be engrossed in my monitor.

His hand must have had the desired effect, for Tina whispered something to the guy, and then she got up and walked out back. He gave her a moment and then followed.

I waited exactly three minutes and followed too, and using my key to the server room, which also opened the door to the financial records room, I let myself in.

Tina was already moaning, and I tiptoed to see what she was doing, or, more accurately, see what was being done *to* her.

Tina was standing on one leg. Her other leg was raised and resting on guy number two's hip. Her legs were spread, his hand was under her ass, and his fingers were exploring her pussy.

One of her arms was holding his ass. Her other arm was behind her, holding onto a shelf for balance. Tina was rubbing her breasts on his chest.

"Take off your shirt," he told her.

Tina shook her head and mumbled something negative, but the guy wasn't taking *no* for an answer, and he took his fingers out of Tina's pussy and began unbuttoning her shirt.

She tried to stop him, but it was a halfhearted attempt. When he got her shirt open and began teasing her nipples her reserve melted away, and she allowed him to push her shirt down her arms

and take it off completely.

Tina was nearly naked, only dressed in a miniskirt and heels, and his hands were all over her. She moaned as he felt her up and gasped each time he hit a sweet spot, and she frantically began trying to get his belt open, which he finally did himself. He lowered his trousers and underwear.

His cock wasn't the biggest I'd ever seen, but it was big enough and hard as any I'd had inside me. And though I'm not in Tina's class, looks-wise, I do know how to make a man hard.

Tina was in his arms and in heat, squirming and pleading for him to "put it in," but he was a cool customer and wouldn't let her have it. Instead he teased her mercilessly, until she slid down and took his cock in her mouth and sucked it.

That didn't last long, for her tease was better than his, and Tina quickly got him to where she wanted him. She was smart enough not to keep at it, for sucking a man is dangerous when you want to get fucked.

He lowered her to the cold floor (girls usually get the worst of it in that department), and he stepped out of his trousers.

Tina opened her legs. She was more than ready with milky fluid was pooled at her entrance.

He got on his knees, between hers, and played with her thighs with his fingertips. Then he took his cock and positioned it, with his hand, just inside the lips of her pussy.

Again he teased Tina, this time with his cock, pushing in and out, in and out of just her opening, until she would have no more of that, and she grabbed two hunks of his ass with ten fingernails and dug in hard.

"Ahhh," he screamed. "You Bitch!" as she pulled him in.

Those were the only sounds he made, but Tina was making enough sounds for the both of them, and her sounds and his anger drove him wild. He pulled his cock all the way out, sneered sadistically, and he rammed into her depths, sinking to the hilt with a brutal thrust meant to hurt her.

But Tina didn't seem to care or notice, or maybe it's what she wanted. Her fingers tightened, her nails dug deeper, and she yanked him in and out, fucking herself in rhythms to suit her needs as she moaned, gasped, and squealed in a rut of lust.

I was seeing a different side of Tina—I'd always thought of her as unsure of herself, prudish, a tease who wouldn't put out, but it was clear that she was in charge, at least at first. After a while the balance of power shifted, and it was hard to determine who was in charge—both were thrusting in a fury of madness in a tempo they'd negotiated for their coupling.

With a great grunt of release he came first, but to his credit he kept going, going at her, going at her until he flung Tina over a cliff, and with eyes tightly shut, her face twisted in agony, and a mighty "ohhhhh" of relief she fell headlong into an orgasm that she kept fucking to prolong.

Tina released her grip of Mr. Auditor's buttocks, and he calmed down and became complacent. He was polite enough to stay in Tina for a long time, kissing her with kisses she didn't return, until she gave him permission to pull out.

The last thing I noticed was Tina's fingernail marks, deep crescents welling blood that dripped down his thighs; his cock, now limp, wet with Tina's fluids; and Tina's pussy, bright red, dripping with girl juice and cum. I sneaked back to my desk.

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He was gone when Tina got back from the ladies room. She looked in on me, trying to gauge how much I knew or guessed.

I motioned her inside my cube, and I clicked my mouse and showed her my monitor on which there was a full screen picture of Tina with her legs spread, her face contorted with anguish, and the auditor's cock buried deep inside her.

Tina was shocked and then angry, but I quickly told her not to worry, and I deleted the picture and emptied my Recycle Bin.

"I deleted the picture from my phone, too," I told her, "but what if it hadn't been me? You'd best be more careful in the future."

"Please don't tell anyone," Tina begged.

"I won't," I said, and to assure her I confessed to the one time I fucked our boss at a hotel during a three-day convention.

Girls will be girls, and we had a good talk that we didn't want to end. "Would you like to come over to my house?" Tina asked. "We could pick up some take-out."

“Sounds like fun,” I replied. “You know, you’re very pretty. It’s no wonder all the guys go for you. And you really do a great job here. You’re one of the most competent people in the company.”

Tina smiled with pleasure. We left together, but I wondered what I was going to do about her nails. *Tie her hands behind her back*, I thought. It was going to be a fun evening.