Another day

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to get the job done.

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"This is an extract from a longer story that I'm posting as a toe in the water, so please forgive some of the clunky explanations and let me know if you like it or perhaps more importantly if you don't like it. thanks."

I walked across the factory floor again, same time every day, well I had to pick up the figures, I was going to be in a lot of trouble if the reports weren't done on time. Smiling and joking with some of the workforce as I passed by, then taking a deep breath before knocking and entering a side office.

Opening the buttons on my blouse and the releasing the catch at the front of my bra I shook my shoulders and my hair and breasts swung free in a single movement.

My pussy clenched naked under the loose skirt I wore, the panties I had so shamefully removed in the ladies earlier, resting in my handbag under my desk, the moisture of my arousal running up and down the lips of my cunt as I stood waiting, flushed and hot.

Knocking again on a connecting door I waited for the "enter" shifting from foot to foot nervously glancing at the tiny web cam with it's red light blinking telling me that you were watching my embarrassment.

Finally I hear the word and almost fall through the door which I close behind me and lock. Still facing away I slide my open blouse off my shoulders and slip off the bra. Lowering my skirt I stand there in just my shoes, and turn towards the desk. My eyes fly to your eyes, trapped in your gaze my eyes widen as I move forwards to stand on the cross on the floor, one foot on either end of it, spread wide, my hands on the back of my neck under my hair.

Having watched me into position in silence you bend once more to your work, I am left standing ignored, disregarded, I feel a small drop of moisture slowly creep along the lips of my pussy.

“Tomorrow you will not lock the door. Hands on the desk” your voice harsh and low startles me and I lean forward in a rush my hands hitting the desk as the thought that I hope this wont take too long wars with the other side of my brain that wishes it would last for ever. My tits hang down heavy and full nipples tingle as they brush the cold polished wood surface of the desk. My legs wide open pointing straight to the door, the handle turns, and finding it locked, the person knocks, there is no response from either of us, and the latch turns again and then falls silent, I want to pee so badly and hold it tightly but cannot stop other juices from leaking out over my closed pussy lips.

As you move round your desk you stop at the window, “Hot in here isn’t it?” “Yes Sir” “Should we open a window?” I moan and cannot stop a single drop of moisture running down my thigh. “No please don’t” its out before I can stop it, I shiver wondering what your reaction will be now, nothing is normally calculated to cause you to do exactly the opposite of what I want than to beg you not to do it.

My head drops between my arms as I cower at you possible reaction. Suddenly your hand hard and calloused is touching my pussy, prying it apart, opening, owning and possessing it. Sure in your touch a further moan is out of my mouth before I can stop it but this one has nothing to do with fear, my hips move on your fingers, the lips are pushed out opening and uncoiling welcoming sucking, needing. The sudden slap directly onto the open cunt doesn’t ring some much as splash, the lips twitch and part further, more juice running between the lips a precursor of the flood to come. Hard hands catch at my hanging breasts as the silky hard cock head starts to forage in the welcoming folds, sheathing himself to the hilt I rear up from the desk as his hands bite into my nipples a hand in my hair forcing my head back down as he pulls back, and thrusts again. Everything else forgotten, my pussy pulses round his hard shaft, so tender, so slick so hard, and my hands clutch convulsively on the desk as he cums.

Pulling out of me he returns to his chair dropping the used condom on the desk by my nose he says, “Why are you still here? The figures are in the tray in the outer office, take the rubbish with you.”

I tremble as I rapidly redress the condom wrapped round my finger and the figures cover it as I hurry back to my desk.