



A. J. Quick

Quick Flash - I may need to get another job - Part
3

By AJQuick

Published on Lush Stories on 21 Aug 2013

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of AJ Quick, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write AJ Quick at ajquickwriter@gmail.com

Jaime and Jamal have another passionate visit to the stairwell.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/interracial/quick-flash-i-may-need-to-get-another-3.aspx>

Katie, I'm going crazy! I've had to wait all day and it is making me an unproductive lunatic! Jamal wasn't in the office when I arrived this morning so I kept my eye on his new assistant. I have no idea what her name is, because I honestly don't care. She is just a temp who is working with him until his assistant returns from maternity leave. I suppose I should learn her name as she could be useful. Anyway, as soon she went to the lunchroom for coffee, I followed her. After I poured my coffee I tried to nonchalantly ask when Jamal was coming in. I made up some lame excuse about having some reports I wanted to discuss with him. I think that smart little bitch is catching on. She told me that his plane was delayed and then gave me a wink. Although she did say she would let me know when he arrived. It is so hard to get information out of her without blurting out, "Can you please tell me when that amazing, handsome, intelligent man with the big cock returns?" I hope she is an ally and not an enemy, or I will definitely be looking for another job. When I sat back down at my desk I thought, No problem. He'll return and I'll invite him out to dinner, take him back to my place, and then I can finally get the relief that I so badly need! Well, that was my thinking until I received this text this morning - "Stuck on the runway. Won't be back at the office 4 pm. Have to fly out again at 7:00 pm. Frustrating." I nearly screamed. So, I've been sitting here waiting, knowing he will only be in the office for maybe an hour, and I will once again have to wait for several days when we can finally go out on a date and I can devour...I mean...enjoy his company. Unfortunately, waiting for him to arrive has been rather distracting. I've done one... one thing all day. I can't concentrate on anything at all. I did the same analysis three times on the exact same report this morning. I'm such a dolt. I just can't stop thinking about him. I've never been attracted to any of my co-workers before so I've never dealt with all of these feelings. I feel like such a stalker when I look over at his desk 200 times a day even when I know he isn't here. It's like I'm obsessed! You know me, I don't obsess over any guy ever. Ever! Honestly, I haven't felt like this since high school when I had that crush on Tommy Freedman. Remember how I would sit in class and just stare at him? Going to class every day was so conflicting. I wanted to see him and drool over him, and at the same time I had butterflies every day before walking into that room. I'm almost 30 years old and when I pulled open the big glass doors in the

lobby and walked in this morning, I got those same butterflies. I don't know if this is lust, or a crush, or something more meaningful, but it is fun and it feels awesome! I keep staring at the clock wishing it would go faster and faster. Since I can't think anyway, I figured I'd update you. Jamal should arrive within the next thirty minutes, so if this email suddenly cuts off, it means he walked in and I clicked Send! UGH! I forgot to tell you yesterday that Mr. Asshole came over to get the rest of his things on Saturday. I have no idea what I was thinking when I agreed to let him move in with me. Last week, when I thought Jamal was going to come over, I took all of Mr. Asshole's things and I shoved them into my closets, so I spent all day Saturday pulling all of his shit back out and boxing it up. So he comes over yesterday and after he put everything in his car he comes back into my apartment, looks around and says, "Well, that should be everything. Hey, you look good. Can I have a goodbye fuck?" Seriously? I nearly threw up in my mouth! I couldn't wait to get him and his shit out! Thankfully, ten minutes after he left I received a text from Jamal. "Your paperwork is incomplete. You will need to be disciplined ." It made me giddy to hear from him. I understood what he meant because all weekend long I would receive cryptic texts like: "I found a long error in your report. I know it is hard . Please see me when I return." "I think we can F ile U nder C harles K eating. M onday, E veryone N eeds O vertures W ithdrawn." I put the bold in there for you. I stared at that last message for an hour before I could see what he was trying to tell me! On Sunday, I went out and bought a personal phone. While it is a fun game to try and figure out what he is trying to tell me, it is also annoying. I just want to be able to communicate with Jamal without having all the corporate restrictions and eyes on us. When he gets back I'll suggest he get one as well. That is, if he ever gets back! It is now 4:02! At least writing to you keeps my mind busy. The last thirty minutes seemed to fly by compared to the rest of the day. I swear the seconds were taking hours to pass. Last night after work I went shopping to get something new so I could really catch Jamal's eye today. I went to six different stores and I ended up buying this pretty blue wrap dress. I like the way it fits but it does end up showing off my leg a little. I know because that creepy guy in Accounting has been sending me inter-office chat messages telling me he can see my inner thigh as I walk in this dress, which apparently gives him the right to ask if he can lick my inner thigh. How is it the creeps are allowed to be creeps but the sexy, intelligent guys always have to be good? Can't the good guys be naughty once in a while too? Tick, tock, tick, tock. 4:11. Katie, no matter what happens...do NOT let me go full stalker on Jamal! LOL. It feels like I am becoming one. I was just looking up apps to track smartphones. At least then I wouldn't have to sit here and stare at the clock. I would know when he was going to arrive. LOL. Okay, I'm officially insane. 4:20. I stopped writing so I could tidy up my desk. That took a whopping nine minutes. Now what do I do? Oh I can hear you saying it now, "Well you could work you crazy bitch!" I know, but I can't concentrate on anything today! I'm also starving. I didn't want to have to rush back to my desk so I told the girls I was going to take a late lunch today. I really want to have my normal- Oh shit! He just walked in. Talk to you later! _____ I'm back! Oh shit! Oh SHIT! OH SHIT! Trying to catch my breath here. Let me try to think clearly so I can give you every juicy detail. Jamal put down his things, looked through his messages, wrote on a sticky note and put the note a folder and then he walked past me and put the folder on my desk. The note

simply said: STAIRS! I hid the note and put my things away, and then told the girls I was going for lunch. I grabbed my purse and walked out through the main office doors. When I got into the hallway Jamal was waiting for me by the stairwell. I looked around and no one else was in the hallway so I ran to the stairwell. We entered the stairwell and we walked down to our usual spot. I put my purse down by the door so I could easily grab it if we had to leave quickly. Jamal walked down the stairs and we embraced tightly. We both listened for a moment to make sure no one else was in the stairwell as we hugged. "I missed you," I finally whispered. "I missed you too. I was so pissed when I found out I have to fly out again tonight." "How long is this trip?" I tried my best not to sound desperate. "Five very, very, very frustrating days." I can't wait five more days! I refused to wait five more days. It felt great to be back in his strong, muscular arms. My hands were rubbing his muscular back and he had his arms around me, but I wasn't going to wait five days, no matter what the consequences were. Slowly, I pushed his arms down and his hands went from around my back down to my ass, and I held his arms still to let him know I wanted his hands on my ass. He squeezed my ass tightly and then slowly rubbed it. (Thank God for squats!) He backed away slightly and looked at me with those beautiful brown eyes. He whispered, "I can't feel your panties." "That's because I'm not wearing any," I whispered as I smiled. He started to smile like a Cheshire cat and then he continued to squeeze my ass. Inch by inch his fingers slid further and further down my ass. I knew what he really wanted. I broke our embrace and pushed him up against the wall. I reached around to my hip and untied the knotted material that held my dress together. Remember how the creep could see my inner thigh? That was because last night I modified the dress. I cut a slit all the way up the front of it. When it is wrapped around my waist, you get a little peek of my inner thigh, but when I untie the knot and open the front... Maybe I was secretly hoping we would end up back in the stairwell. Maybe. After untying the knot, I let the dress fall free. I put my fingers into the slit and then pulled the dress open in the front and then put my hands up on my hips while still holding the dress. It was like the curtains being opened to a stage. I stared him right in the eyes...which was only for a second because Jamal just had to look down. Did I tell you I love his smile? I reached over and grabbed his right hand as I spread my legs slightly, and I put his large, warm hand in between my legs. I exhaled and closed my eyes as the heat of his hand immediately made me wet. He cupped my pussy with his hand as he leaned forward and kissed me! The kiss took me by surprise! Yes, he has made me cum, and I've sucked on his beautiful hard cock, but I was still surprised that he wanted to kiss me. His lips were warm and soft and the kiss was actually quite passionate. His finger slowly started to slide over my pussy lips while his lips were gliding over my lips. I could hear how soaking wet I was. He parted my pussy lips by spreading his fingers apart, and then I felt his finger start to search for me. I stopped kissing because I started to breathe heavy. His finger then slid between my lips and I started to pant every time the tip of his finger touched my pussy. He could have easily slid his finger inside of me but he didn't. He just kept circling his fingertips over my soaking wet, tight pussy. I couldn't help myself anymore. I reached over and started to undo his belt as quickly as I could. My lust was at an immeasurable level and I whimpered when I couldn't undo the stupid button on the top of his pants. It was really tight and it was really pissing me off! I would have ripped his pants open if I had the

strength! He must have seen my frustration because he took his hand off of my pussy and helped me with his button. As he put his hand back onto my pussy, I dug into the front of his pants like I was digging into a present on Christmas morning. I reached into his pants and as my fingers slid around that thick cock, Jamal's fingers started to spread my pussy lips again. My desire for his cock was distracted slightly by the pleasure of his fingers sliding back and forth over my wet pussy lips. His fingers rubbed over my clit and I moaned. He covered my mouth with his left hand for a moment, to remind me to keep quiet. I started to stroke his hard cock quickly with my right hand as he teased my pussy. We stared into each others eyes, communicating silently. I then reached up with my left hand, grabbed the back of his neck, and pulled him close to me so I could kiss him as I gripped his big, black, hard cock tighter and started to stroke it faster. He plunged his finger into me... I moaned into his mouth as I finally had him inside of me. We kissed passionately as he slowly plunged his finger into me. I placed my left foot up on the wall behind him so he could easily get his finger deeper inside of me. I knew I was soaking wet so I couldn't understand why he was penetrating me so slowly. I thought his hand was being blocked so I reached down with my left hand to help him, and when I pushed on his hand, I realized it was intentionally sliding it in slow. He is such a fucking tease! He then quickly moved his hand and put his hand over mine, his middle finger over mine. He then slid both of our finger back inside me. I moaned as I felt the stretch, and moaned again as we both slowly slid our fingers in and out of me. "Shhhhhh," he reminded me. I didn't even realize how loud I was being. I was already in another time and place. I enjoying the moment far too much to notice my moans, squeals, or even screams. It was just all so intense. It was so intense that I realized I was no longer stroking him. It is hard to concentrate on stroking a cock when you you are being fingered so perfectly. We then started to get into the perfect rhythm- KERCHUK FUCK! I will forever hate the sound of a metal door opening in a stairwell. We both held perfectly still and we looked up. The footsteps were way above us. Jamal looked into my eyes and continued to finger me. I shook my head and slid my finger out and took my hand off of his cock. I absentmindedly reached for the ties on my dress, but I couldn't concentrate. His finger was still sliding in and out of me. I started to shake my head. Please no. I'm going to moan! He continued, his finger probing for my g-spot as the footsteps continued toward us. I bit my lip as his finger slowly slid over my g-spot. His eyes were full of pleasure as he could see the effect it was having on me. Tap, tap, tap, tap. The footsteps continued toward us. I reluctantly grabbed his wrist and slid his finger out of me as I put my leg down. I quietly put his finger all the way into my mouth and then slowly and quietly sucked all of my juices off of it. He closed his eyes and then looked up and flipped off the invisible person that was approaching us. We both laughed as quietly as possible. Tap, tap, tap, tap. The sound of the shoes hitting the concrete steps was still approaching us. Fuck you stranger! Go away! I started to wrap my skirt back around my waist. We've done this before. We could tell how much time we still had so we were ess panicked than before. Jamal continued to look up, his rock hard cock still out of his pants. I wrapped my fingers around his hot, black, shaft and stroked it a few more times. He tried to move my hands off of his shaft but I wouldn't let go. I was going to tease him and stroke him until we saw the person, just like he did to me when I sucked on his hot cock but- KERCHUNK We stood there, listening and waiting.

Did someone new come into the stairwell or did the other person go out? Silence! Jamal looked at me and then gave me a sinister grin. He quickly grabbed me and spun me around so my back was to him. His right hand pushed my shoulder while his left hand pulled on my hip, causing me to bend over quickly. I reached out quickly and put my hands against the concrete wall to hold myself up as I spread my legs. His hands scrambled quickly for the bottom of my skirt, and he pulled it up over my ass and draped it over my back. He grabbed his cock with his right hand, and grabbed my neck with his left, his fingers wrapping slightly around my throat. The tip of his cock started to probe for my pussy but he was rushing and missed. When he missed the second time, I reached between my legs and helped guide him. He thrust hard. I gasped. I was instantly impaled. I was so wet and he thrust so hard that he filled me...and then he shoved himself in some more! It was the most full I've ever been. The stretch made my toes curl in my shoes and I let out a guttural yell. His left hand moved from my neck to my mouth to mute me. He slid out and slid back inside me very slowly twice, coating his hot shaft with my juices, and then he covered my mouth a little tighter, put his right hand on the back of my head, and started to ram me hard and fast. He was so big and thick and he was ramming me so hard and fast that I couldn't help but moan and squeal. His big hand muffled most of my noises. kerchunk We didn't move. We listened carefully. Someone was in the hallway. Jamal kept sliding himself in and out slowly as the person passed by the metal door. It is amazing what you can hear when your senses are heightened. His right hand went from the back of my head, down to my long brown hair. He grabbed a handful and pulled me back to him. "You have to be quiet," he whispered into my ear. I nodded. He moved his hand away from my face and stepped back slightly, and then he grabbed my hips and pulled me back toward him. I could no longer reach the wall so I turned and put my hands on the second step and put my ass up high for him. He shifted to the side and stood behind me. "Ready?" he whispered. I nodded, as I took in a deep breath. I knew what was coming. He slid himself back into me, causing me to gasp again. He then gripped my hips tightly and then started to fuck me hard and fast, plunging that hot, thick shaft into my soaking wet pussy as fast as he could go. I did my best to muffle my moans and screams. Fuck...that cock is huge! I just realized my toes were curled up in my shoes as I was typing this. Just the thought of him fucking me makes me wet...and dizzy. The only sound that you could hear in the stairwell were his bare hips colliding with my naked ass...and the sounds of his balls slapping my soaking wet clit. I fought with all my might to hold in my screams. I quickly felt his cock begin to swell within me. He started to thrust more intensely and I lost my grip on second step. I bent all the way forward at the waist and ended up with one forearm on the bottom step, and a hand gripping the railing somewhere. Jamal was too close to care about what position I was in or how awkward it was for me. He just kept slamming that big cock into my already sore pussy. A few more slams and then he shoved himself all the way inside of me. He grunted quietly and then as his body jerked, his hot cum shot deep inside of me. I let out a small moan as the cum rushed inside of me. He didn't pull his cock out and slam it back in like most men I have been with. He would just grind his cock into me as his cum gushed out of that long, hard shaft. Being rammed by such a big cock while having to be quiet, being in such a confined space, and knowing at any second someone could enter the stairwell was so intense. I didn't even care that I didn't cum. I

wasn't even worried about cumming. I just wanted to have him inside of me and I wanted him to be pleased. I've never, ever, ever fucked anyone that I worked with before and I would never thinking of fucking someone at work, but I have to say... It was the fucking hottest thing I've ever done. He backed up slowly and his cock slipped out of me. My knees nearly buckled now that I wasn't being impaled with that telephone pole. "Shit, I don't have anything to clean up with," he said through his gasps. I quickly turned and knelt down and started to lick and suck his cum and my creamy juices off of his black skin. I loved hearing his moans as- KERCHUNK Fuck! The sound was close. That was the door from our floor! I quickly stood up as he shoved his cock into his pants and zipped up. I pulled my skirt down and turned and reached down and grabbed my purse as I felt his hand on my lower back. As I stood up he pushed open the door. We walked quickly down the hallway toward the restroom and I quickly realized my skirt was untied and still open in the front! I grabbed the side and pulled it to my hip and started to tie it again. Just before I got to the restroom, four women started to walk out. I was too embarrassed to be around them so I just kept walking. How could they not know I was being fucked just two minutes before? I put my head down and I walked to the elevators. As I stood there waiting for the elevators, I started to feel his cum slowly oozing out of me. I crossed my legs, hoping Jamal's cum wouldn't drip down onto the floor! And of course, the four bitches from the restroom also came to wait for the elevator. I know it sounds silly, but I felt like I had a spotlight shining down on me. "ATTENTION EVERYONE: Jaime just had sex in the stairwell!" I was sure that my flushed cheeks, my wrinkled skirt, and my trembling hands would give it away anyway! DING I walked into the elevator and headed for the back corner, turned and stared at the floor as the elevator descended. There were so many things that were rushing through my mind. DING I exited the elevator and quickly walked past the four babbling bitches and past the security desk and pushed open the big glass lobby doors and inhaled deeply as the fresh air and warm sun comforted me. As I walked down the street, I was finally able to get my heart rate and breathing back into control. Still, I couldn't help but smile as I ordered my lunch from that deli that is two blocks away. There was only two people in this world that knew I had cum smeared in between my thighs. I thought about washing it off but it made me feel sexy and dirty all at the same time. It must have shown on my face because all the men behind me in line kept smiling at me as I waited for my sandwich to be prepared. Pulling out my phone, I saw Jamal's text. JAMAL: You OK? I replied: Fantastic! At lunch. I walked back to the building, giddy like a schoolgirl. I pushed open the big glass doors and started to walk through the lobby. "Ma'am? Ma'am?" I was lost in my own little world until he called me the second time. I looked over to the security desk. "Yes?" I was puzzled. No one from security had ever spoken with me before. I looked up and it happened to be the cute security guard that usually smiles at me. "There's a note for you," he said. His arm was outstretched, the note between his fingers. I walked over and since I had my purse in my hand, I grabbed the note with the hand that had the sandwich. When I stepped into the elevator I put my purse on my arm so I could read the note. My hands started to shake. "I've been watching you in the stairwell. That was the hottest thing I've ever seen. Make sure it happens again or the video will end up your bosses desk." The security guard has been watching us every time! At first, I started to freak out! I went weak, had a knot in my stomach, and my heart was

beating out of my chest. I had so many questions! Would he really notify our bosses? Was this blackmail? Would the video get put on the Internet? How much could he really see? Should I tell Jamal? But as the elevator reached my floor, I took a step to exit the elevator and I noticed I was wet again! Maybe I'm addicted to the excitement, or maybe I love being watched. Maybe I just want to protect Jamal and his job, or maybe I want the risk. Maybe I don't give a fuck about this job, or maybe I'm insane, but I'm definitely going to take Jamal back into the stairwell, especially now that I know someone is watching! So now I've done two things all day today. I've done analysis on one report (three times) and I managed to enjoy my delicious Jamal again in the stairwell. Let's go out for drinks soon! I need someone sane to talk to! Jaime