Office Stalking

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My office fantasy come true in ways I never expected

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I really never thought I would be one of those people... the kind that would turn into a virtual stalker. But Erica brought that out in me. Turns out she brought a lot more out in me that I ever imagined.

Allow me to explain.

Erica started working for me about a year ago and from day one, I found myself fantasizing about her. I had never really had bi-sexual tendencies before, but there was something about her that filled my dreams. She was perfect, the kind of perfect that can't be properly described with words. She stood about 5'10", but that was aided by the 4" heels she wore every day to work, even on casual Friday. Her legs were perfectly shaped, and enhanced by the stockings and short skirts she wore nearly every day.

She was thin, but in a healthy manner, and had perfectly round breasts, both aspects highlighted by the fitted sweaters and blouses she wore. Her eyes were pools of deep blue, her lips were always an alluring shade of red and her blonde hair sat atop her head like an angel's halo. She was magnificently beautiful, yet she still had this innocent quality about her. She commanded attention from everyone in the office, yet never seemed aware of the fact that nearly everyone was constantly undressing her with their eyes.

Honestly, I don't know why it started, but I knew that I had to do something or my fantasies about here were going to drive me wild. So, after learning her routine, I began to leave anonymous notes on her desk when she would leave for her morning break. They were innocent at first...

"You are the most beautiful woman in this building."

"God must be missing one of his angels."

Yes, they were cheesy and pathetic at first, but I was new to this type of thing and didn't want to

overdo it at first. I made sure to type the notes to maintain my anonymity, as my handwriting is distinctively girly. I would watch from my office as she found the notes. I was shocked that she would actually blush at the ridiculous comments. I could tell that she was actually surprised that she had a "secret admirer."

After a couple of weeks, I became a little bolder in my comments...

"I want to see you naked."

"I want to nibble and suck on you magnificent breasts."

"Is your pussy shaved?"

"I want to lick your pussy and taste your juices."

With each note, I would watch and see what her reaction was. Admittedly, I was afraid I had pushed too far, but to my surprise, I would watch as she would deftly slide her hand down and against her crotch as she read each note. I couldn't believe it! She was excited by the comments. Of course, I still had one thing going against me, in that I had no idea who she was thinking about when she read the notes. I knew I was going to have to reveal myself soon, but I feared she would reject me if I did.

As luck would have it, I bumped into Erica in the mall a couple of days after my latest note. She was looking magnificently beautiful as usual, and after some pleasant chit-chat, we parted ways. I watched as she walked down the mall and turned into Victoria's Secret. I couldn't help myself, so I followed her and made sure to keep my distance, but close enough to watch where she was shopping. She left without buying anything, sadly, but she did provide me with information that would allow me to take my stalking one step further.

I walked over to the drawers she was looking at and was pleasantly aroused to learn that Erica wore size 36DD bras, and apparently XS panties.

As I was imagining her in only her bra and panties, I was stuck with the urge to take the next step in my stalking adventure. Completely on impulse, I looked through the store until I found the sexiest, sheerest, laciest purple bra and matching sheer lace thong. I quickly purchased them and headed home, the whole time dreaming of what Erica would look like wearing the bra and thong I purchased. That night, I barely slept, my thoughts completely overwhelmed with my fantasies of Erica in the lingerie I had bought.

The next morning, I got to work early. I had wrapped the lingerie in a small box tied up with a frilly

purple ribbon. Inside the box with the lingerie, I had placed a note that read...

"*I would give anything to see you wearing these. Hope you like them. If you're interested in putting on a little fashion show, put a post-it note on your nameplate with the word 'yes' and I'll leave you a note with a time and location for the show. Like I said, I would do anything to see you wearing these items."*

I placed the box on her seat so she would be sure to find it, then I went to my office and waited for Erica to arrive. About an hour later, she came in and found the box. I watched as she opened the box, gasping as she discovered the lingerie. She then took the note out and read it. What happened next surprised me. I watched as she put four post-it notes on her nameplate, then she picked up the box and left.

Curious, I casually walked over to her cubicle, and found the post-it notes spelled out "Y-E-S-!" I nearly had an orgasm right there, until I was suddenly struck with the thought that I would finally have to reveal myself has Erica's secret admirer.

I walked through the office aimlessly for the next 10 minutes, trying to figure out how to let Erica know I was the one lusting after her. Would she reciprocate the feelings? Would she reject me? Would she laugh at me? My arousal slowly turned to nervous anxiety. Finally, I returned to my office, not even noticing the blinds had be lowered.

I opened the door to my office, and stood in the opening in stunned silence. Standing in front of my desk was Erica, wearing nothing but the lingerie I had purchased for her and her black 4" heels. Everything seemed to move in slow motion as I looked her over from head to toe. Though it seemed as if were an eternity, only a few seconds had passed before Erica broke the silence.

"You might want to close that door, Alexis."

I snapped out of my trance long enough to close the door as Erica suggested, then watched as she walked over, reached behind me and locked the door. Her lips now positioned mere inches from my ear, I listened as Erica whispered.

"Well, you wanted to see me wearing this, so now it's time to discuss what you are going to give me."

As she finished whispering in my ear, she leaned closer and gently licked the side of my neck before returning to my desk, leaning against it.

Barely able to speak, I managed to whisper out "How...how did you know it was me?"

Erica smiled. Even standing in my office in nothing but a bra, thong and heels, she still had this amazing innocence about her.

"I've known since the fourth note, Alexis. After you left the first few each time I went on my break, I decided to linger about to see who was leaving the notes. I caught you with the fourth one. You really should have changed up your routine, Alexis."

I blushed, suddenly feeling very sheepish and lowering my head a little as she continued.

"The day we ran into each other in the mall, I knew you followed me to Victoria's Secret" Erica continued. "By then, I knew the extent of your fantasies about me, wanting to see me naked and wondering if my pussy was shaved and all, so I decided to see how far you might be willing to take things. I purposely allowed you to learn my sizes to see if you would use that information to your advantage, which you obviously did," she said, posing seductively for me. "I wasn't surprised when I found the lingerie on my desk this morning, but your note certainly got my attention. That's when I decided to take matters into my own hands. So, as I said before, it's time to discuss what you are going to give me."

I stood there, speechless, every inch of my body aroused. My nipples were rock hard, and I could feel my clit swelling inside my pussy.

Quietly, I said "What...what do you want from me?"

"Well, you did say anything, didn't you Alexis?" Erica asked with a mischevious grin on her face.

I nodded my agreement.

Without saying another word, Erica motioned for me to turn around. Confused, but overcome with arousal, I complied, turning my back to her. Seconds later, I felt something being secured around my neck. It was thin and quite tight.

"I was wondering if I would ever get a chance to put this on you, so imagine my excitement when you presented me with the perfect opportunity to do so. Why don't you go take a look?"

Erica handed me a compact, and I looked in the mirror to see the bright pink leather choker around my neck. However, I gasped when I discovered the word "Slave" on the front of the choker. I turned to face Erica, obviously shocked. Erica only giggled.

"Remember, Alexis, you said you would give me anything to see me in the lingerie, right?"

I nodded, still rather chocked at the choker around my neck.

"Well, what I want you to give me is you. All of you, without reservation and hesitation. I want you to be my slave. So the question is this; do you agree to be my slave, or do I get dressed and return the lingerie? If you are willing to be my slave, kneel down. Otherwise, I'm leaving."

Slowly, almost unconsciously, I dropped to my knees. Erica knew this was what I wanted all along. I was surprised at how expertly she had manipulated the situation to her advantage. Yet, I longed to let her use me. I knew I was no longer in control of what happened, but I didn't care. I wanted nothing more than to be with her in whatever capacity I could.

Erica snapped her fingers, bringing my back from my train of thought.

"Excellent, Alexis. I'm very glad to see we are in agreement. Now, some ground rules. I expect you to do anything and everything I require of you at all times. I will not exploit our new relationship here at work, except for when I need you satisfy my urges as they may arise during the day. During the workday, I will never take advantage of your role outside of this office. To everyone else, you are still the manager. Only I will know of your true role as my slave.

"If I ever ask you to do something you are uncomfortable with, you may express that, but you must present a compelling argument as to why you do not wish to please me. I promise to respect your opinion if it is justified, but I do expect you to allow yourself to be stretched out of your comfort zone. Outside the office, I expect you to be available to me anytime I desire. Again, you can refuse with a compelling argument. As with work, I will not take advantage of your family life if I determine your reasoning to be justified. Now, do you agree with these rules?"

I nodded, realizing how long she had been planning this.

"Wonderful." Erica said calmly, still portraying an amazing innocence in the midst of this less-than-innocent situation. "Now, I think we should seal our contract with a kiss, don't you?"

Again, I nodded, eager to kiss those perfect, luscious red lips. But to my surprise, Erica slid her thumbs into the waist of her thong and pushed the thong down over her hips and ass and down her legs, stepping out of them and revealing her perfect, bald pussy to me.

"As you can see, I am shaved, my slave, so you can cross that curiosity off your list. Now, crawl over here and press your lips against mine and commit yourself to being my slave."

Without hesitation, I crawled over to Erica, coming to rest on my knees at her feet. Leaning forward, I pressed my lips against her pussy lips and begin licking, slowly pushing my tongue between her lips and into her lovebox. Erica's moans served as encouragement, and I pressed my tongue in further and further, licking large circles inside her pussy.

I felt Erica grab fistfuls of my hair, holding my head in place as my tongue found her swelling clit, teasing it until it was rock hard. Then I began to nibble on her clit, biting it and pulling it with my teeth as best I could, alternately pushing it back into her pussy with my tongue, hearing her moans become louder and louder. Spurred on by her moans, I drove my tongue deeper and faster into Erica's velvety pussy, exploring every inch of her, desperate to taste her juices.

The longer I explored, the more anxious I became until my tongue was pumping Erica's pussy hard and fast like a mini-jackhammer. For several minutes, I tongue-fucked Erica's perfect pussy, until I felt her whole body shudder violently. Suddenly, my mouth was filled with her tart juices. I sucked and swallowed as fast as I could, struggling to keep up with the flow of her nectar. I could feel her juices filling my mouth, leaking out of the sides of my mouth, flowing down my cheeks and chin, dripping down onto my blouse.

As Erica's orgasm subsided, she let go of my hair and stepped away from my mouth. I watched as she got dressed, pulling on her sexy red miniskirt and pulling her fitted black v-neck sweater over her head and covering up her magnificent breasts, though the sweater was tight enough that her erect nipples were still quite visible. I also couldn't help but notice that her thong was still on the floor at my knees. Erica must have noticed me looking longingly at her panties on the floor.

"Why don't you use those as a hair scrunchie, my slave? I want to see you in a ponytail the rest of the day. I'll stop by at 4:00 to collect them properly." And with that, she unlocked my door and left my office.

I remained on my knees for several minutes, putting my hair in a ponytail and using Erica's thong as a scrunchie as ordered. I collected some of her nectar from my cheeks and chin with my fingers, licking them clean. I didn't know where this was going to lead, but I did know that it was exactly what I wanted.