

# Secretary Solo

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*Sexy secretary does it herself*

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Marcia settled down to read the latest erotic tale by Zane. Being a secretary at a law firm didn't really allow her a lot of down time, but today was relatively slow. Her boss was out of town, so she didn't really have much to do. To be honest her sex life was moving just as slow. Marcia was five feet seven and 120 lbs. She had shoulder length brown hair and almond colored eyes to go with her caramel skin. However her greatest assets were her 36D breasts which she loved to flaunt with low cut tops. Her ass and legs were finely toned due to three weekly hour sessions in the company gym. Lately however the only action she had been getting was from the vibrator that she kept in her bed stand. The last time she had had a rendezvous with a dick attached to a human being was six months ago and it was an experience that she would rather forget. Her partner that night had spent the majority of the time that he was in her telling her how good she felt. The problem was, she couldn't really feel him. The experience had left her disenchanted with men. So she had turned to Zane for some form of sexual stimulation. As she read through the chapters that oh so familiar tingling feeling began to parade about her body. It started at the back of her neck and moved swiftly to her nipples. She put the book down for a quick second and examined the nipples that were now printing through the fabric of her blouse. They looked like little raisins that belonged amidst the flakes of cereal. Marcia sighed and picked the book back up and after a few more minutes of reading that tingly sensation had made its way between her legs. Before she knew it her fingers had found their way to the outside of her black lace panties. She had leaned back in her office chair and spread her legs and with the book in her right hand her left hand was rubbing the mound of flesh between her legs. As the rubbing intensified, Marcia could feel the moistness that had begun to surround her pussy. "I can't believe I'm doing this here," she said to know one in particular. She knew what she was doing was dangerous; she could be caught at any second, but that thought turned her on even more. She hiked up her navy blue skirt and pulled her panties to the side revealing a strip of freshly shaved pubic hair which paved the way to two slender pussy lips. Her strip of hair was moist with her nectar and as she parted her lips the erotic feeling caused her to moan ever so slightly. She quickly moved her fingers away from her pussy as if she had been shocked by a volt of electricity. But to her surprise her fingers went directly to her mouth. Her tongue instinctively came out and lapped up the moisture that had

remained on her fingers. The taste brought a smile to her lips and her fingers moved back to the treasure below her waist once more. Marcia spread her pussy lips with her index and ring finger and slowly inserted her middle finger into her pussy. She began to move it in and out to the only sound in the office. The tick tock of the clock on the wall. After about fifteen seconds had elapsed Marcia began to pick up the pace and soon she was thrusting her finger into her pussy at least three times for every tick tock of the clock. The sounds of the clock were soon joined by Marcia's heavy breathing and then a rather loud thud as the Zane novel fell to the carpeted floor. But Marcia was oblivious to that and everything around her. Her now free right hand went straight to the buttons of her blouse. Much to her surprise she skilfully undid the top three buttons of her blouse and pulled her right breast out of the cup of her matching black lace bra. She began to caress her breasts and take her nipples in the tips of her fingers, squeezing them lightly at first and applying more pressure as her sex drive increased. Marcia closed her eyes moaning in rhythm to the thrusts of her finger in her pussy and the squeezes of her nipples. Her thoughts were no longer with the characters in the book. The only thing on her mind was how incredible this feeling felt right now. Marcia threw her head back as her finger continued to give her the best fuck she had had in a very, very long time. She could hear the soft sappy sound that was emanating from the wetness of her pussy and she knew that it would only be a matter of time before she was going to cum. With each ferocious thrust into her pussy her finger went deeper and deeper. She curved her finger in an upward motion with each insertion until it touched that unmistakable prize. Then Marcia's whole body tensed up and began to shake. Her right hand latched onto her right breast and she began to feel a warm substance seep from between her pussy lips. Marcia moaned in excitement and leaned further back in her chair. She sat there motionless for about two minutes listening to the quiet sound of the office clock trying to gather herself. The ring of the office phone jerked her back to reality and she jumped out of her seat to answer it. "Morning Johnson and Charles law firm." "Hey Marcia, just calling to check in," her boss's voice replied. As Marcia scrambled about her desk to find the messages that her boss required her eyes rested on her chair which was showcasing a rather large wet spot. She chuckled to herself. "Who needs a man, or a vibrator for that matter, my fingers work just fine!"