

Last Day Send-off

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With a little help, a man gives his desk a decent send off on his last day at work

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One sad little box and a card containing some of the most insincere messages ever written; that was all I would take with me when I left. And, even then, only as far as the nearest bin. After eight years I would leave this company with nothing, and only look back to flip them the finger on my way out the door. The box full of accumulated desk crap sat by the door to my private office. Meanwhile I sat at the now immaculate desk returning the last few emails in my inbox with semi-polite variations on “fuck off, it’s not my problem anymore!” The phone rang. I rolled my eyes. I was going to be out the door for the last time in half an hour; what could anyone possibly want? “Mr Sanders, there’s a young lady in reception for you,” the receptionist said. I smiled. “Hmm, what’s she wearing?” I asked. “Excuse me?” “Oh, nothing, send her up.” I turned back to the screen, not really looking at the words. Behind me, my visitor tapped on the door. “Come in.” The door clicked open and I forced myself to sit still as she crossed the room to me. She dropped her bag down beside the desk, laid a soft hand on my shoulder and leaned in to whisper in my ear. “I thought you might need some cheering up.” I covered her hand with my own, still facing away. “How very sweet of you, Kay. And how were you planning to cheer me up?” She moved round to my side and I turned to face her. “By giving your desk the send-off it deserves,” she said. I ran my hands down her sides to her hips and hooked my thumbs through the belt loops on her shorts. She wore no bra under her skimpy red vest top and I suspected there was nothing under the shorts either. I slid my hands round to her ass and pulled her closer between my legs. I looked up at her and she winked at me. Turning to my computer I set my “out of office” to a pre-planned message that said; Mr Sanders has left the building. See ya fuckers! Then I stood and lifted Kay onto the edge of the desk. She wrapped her arms round my neck as I kissed her, sating my hunger for her lips. She clasped her legs round my waist. Her flip flops dropped to the floor. I lifted her top over her head while she deftly unbuttoned my shirt, and then pressed her body to my chest, skin on skin. “This feels so naughty,” she said. “Yeah. The walls aren’t very thick. I want everyone to hear me fuck you. You game?” “Definitely.” I leaned over her, forcing her back until she lay on the desk. I unbuttoned her shorts and slid my hand in to cup her mound. No pants, just like I’d thought. She

moaned as I began to tease her, my cock hardening in response to the feel of her silky, soft flesh. "Louder," I said. I rubbed her a little faster and she cried out. "That's my girl. You're loving this, aren't you?" She moaned loudly and grinned at me. I had to have her now. I quickly unzipped and freed my cock, giving myself a few pumping strokes with one hand. Then I lifted her legs up over my shoulders and pulled her shorts down to her thighs. Too impatient to take them off completely I rammed my cock into her waiting pussy. "Oh fuck yes," she cried, hands scrabbling for purchase on the desk. I pulled almost completely out and then filled her again. Her pussy stretched around me, so tight and tender. Slowly I built up the force until I was pounding her so hard the desk shuddered and creaked. Each thrust made the desk hit the wall behind with a resounding thump. "Oh, yes!" Kay cried. "Fuck my pussy, fuck me hard." She kept up a filthy running commentary. I almost laughed, but my own grunts and growls were almost as loud as hers. I could feel her juices running down my balls, dripping down my trousers. Kay squeezed her hand between her thighs to rub her clit and I pressed her breasts together, squeezing and tugging on her nipples. Both of us cried louder and louder. My voice started to get hoarse but it didn't matter. "Make me cum," Kay yelled. "Oh yes, oh yes, oh... fuuuck!" She screamed as she came and I laughed. So melodramatic, even for her. I let myself go then, pounded her a few more times and growled as I filled her. "You little slut," I whispered. "An Oscar winning performance if ever I saw one." She grinned and winked at me. "You know it was only a little bit of an exaggeration." I pulled out, letting my cum dribble out of her pussy. She reached for her bag for a tissue to clean herself up. "Leave it," I said. "I want you to walk out of her with my cum dripping down your leg." She pulled her shorts up and retrieved her top. I switched off my computer, grabbed my box from by the door and took her hand. We walked out through the open plan office. Kay's hair was tangled and damp with sweat in places, her nipples stood up through her top and she had a wet patch spreading across her crotch. A line of my cum glistened on her thigh. I left my shirt undone, my hair mussed up. My still softening cock made a soft bulge in my trousers. When we reached the door, I turned to face the ogling crowd. I sketched a salute, took a bow and turned my back. A couple of people clapped, then a few more, until the entire office was cheering. I hugged Kay to my hip and didn't look back.