

More Than Coffee Bargained For

By pain_for_pleasure

Published on Lush Stories on 20 Jul 2010

While I do not pretend to own any part of the internet or anything on the internet. I do pretend and maintain to own my original ideas. I use these to write my stories therefore I own my stories. I have no problem letting someone use my stories as a whole on another site as long as I am credited as the original author. Please if you would like to use one of my stories message me with the details and I would be happy to allow you to do so. Thanks Andy

He just needed some coffee but got so much more

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/quicke-sex/more-than-coffee-bargained-for.aspx>

Alan was a 35 year old insurance agent working at a small company called Ensured Insurance. He was actually quite successful and had recently got a promotion granting him a private office in their small firm. While this was great for privacy and thinking, it restricted his access to his secret of success... coffee. He couldn't get enough of the stuff. His old desk was only a couple of paces from the break room where the coffee maker was kept. This meant only a minute or so was all it took to get a fresh cup. Now with his office being across the room from the break room it took considerably longer to get one as he had to walk across the room. This meant walking past everyone in the office, and while he wasn't overly social, he did like to talk. One person he did like talking to especially was Leila, the new hire, she was straight out of college. She was 25 and beautiful; long flowing red hair, 5' 8", and 34DDD breasts. He would linger chatting with her longer than the others. He wasn't interested in the conversation so much as the view standing over her afforded. She always wore low cut dresses and they never left anything to imagination. Most days he arrived at the office earlier than everyone so he was never surprised when someone wasn't there. However, today was an exception. On his way to get coffee Leila wasn't there, which was odd for her because she hadn't missed a day of work in the 3 months she'd been there. He decided not to worry about it and proceeded to the break room a little disappointed. When he got there he opened the door and turned to close it so it wouldn't block the hall. "You might as well lock it while you're at it," a familiar voice from behind him said. He turned to see Leila sitting on the table with her legs spread and her fingers in her pussy. "Leila, what the hell?" "Don't act like you don't want this, babe." "Um, well yeah I do but here?" "Well I'm ready and I see how you stare at me everyday so let's go." "Are you sure it's ok we do this here?" "Like I said, babe, lock the door. Now hurry up, my fingers aren't cutting it anymore." He weighed his options quickly and decided to go for it. What the hell, he thought, a quick taste won't hurt. He locked the door

and loosened his tie. As he moved closer he could smell her delicious aroma. It was a mixture of flowers from her perfume and sweetness from the attention she was giving herself. With each step he took her fingers went faster in anticipation. First he leaned in for a kiss as he removed her fingers, but did not replace them with his. Alan couldn't believe that this was happening, but decided to relish it while it lasted. After breaking off the long passionate kiss, Alan moved between her legs drinking in the aroma of her aroused state. Deciding he was going to tease her a little bit, he moved in and started kissing her thighs and right above her clit while not touching it. Leila wanted no part of this and grabbed him by the hair and shoved his face in her pussy. "We don't have time for that," she all but screamed, "just eat it, bitch!" Not wasting time he dove in with his experienced tongue. She tasted so sweet, sweeter than anyone he'd ever been with. Alan ate hungrily, lapping at her slit with large strokes and flicking her clit at the end. Leila didn't know what hit her when he started. She lost it and in minutes was cumming on his face. Alan came to when she came down from her orgasm and realized where they were. Getting to his feet he said, "We should probably get out of here before people get suspicious." Leila, already way ahead of him, said, "First you should clean off your face." She giggled as she handed him a folded piece of paper and with a kiss said, "Eight o'clock don't be late. The door will be open come in and find me." With that she fixed her dress, unlocked the door and returned to her desk. Alan quickly cleaned up, got his coffee and left the room wondering if anyone knew what just happened. When he got back to his desk all he could think of was what just happened and what was going to happen later that night..... Second story ever, please comment! :)