

Falling for the Boss

By countrygirl_26

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Built up tension finally explodes

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I had worked at the same place for almost 6 months now. I had just turned 18 a few days ago and made sure my boss knew it. I had had a massive crush on him since I started there and I was almost positive the feeling was mutual. I had spent the drive on my first day wondering if my new boss would be young and sexy or old and fat. By the time I was pulling in I had decided with my luck, he would be old and fat. It didn't take me long to realize, old and fat truly would have been lucky because, I got young and hot, and it was torture. I found out that he was 29, married and had a 3 year old daughter. He had ocean blue eyes that made me melt, hair that wasn't quite blond but wasn't brown either, and his smile was what really got me. Especially since he smiled at me every single time he looked at me. It actually drove me nuts because it had such a strong effect on me. Apart from being so good looking, he was also a great guy. He was funny and laid back, which made him not necessarily the best boss as he didn't want to piss anybody off even when he should have. But I loved working with him. He was good at what he did (as far as the job, not the managing aspect), and he had a passion for it that I loved as I had the same. We spent day after day joking and flirting. He was careful to make sure he only flirted obviously when none of the other 6 employees were around and just when it was us two, like if we ran into each other. Sometimes he would ask me to help him and send the others off on a different time consuming task. My favorite was when he needed to get by me in a tight walkway (which happened quite frequently). I would step forward, rather than backward, making it so he needed to go behind me, and I would push my ass back into him as he slid by. Once I did it the first time, he seemed to need to go behind me much more often. We often texted after work or on during the week as I only worked weekend and we would flirt for hours. I knew he was married, but I also knew he hated his wife and only married her because she got pregnant and thought it was the right thing to do. He complained about what a bitch she was constantly when I was around, so it eased my guilt just a little. I had met his daughter a few times and absolutely adored her. She looked just like him, had his bright blue eyes and was the sweetest little girl I had ever met. We talked about her constantly as I loved hearing all the little things she did. Like I said though, I had just turned 18 and made a point of bring it up to him. That day, I could tell he had upped the flirting to things that were a little more obvious. It was nearing the end of the day and I was in the office organizing paper work and cleaning things up a bit. (He was kind of messy). Everybody had left for the day, except him, as

he had to check on a few things before he could leave. He also tended to stay later working on paperwork or various non-important things, simply because he hated going home to his wife. She worked second shift so usually he stayed just late enough that he would get home as she was leaving, so he could spend time with his daughter without dealing with his wife. When he finished and came into the office I was just finishing up and getting ready to leave. We talked for a little and I ended up sitting up on the edge of the desk because I had been on my feet all day and was tired of standing. He had been standing in the doorway while we talked. After several minutes, he checked the time and realized it was "safe" to go home. That's when he reached behind me to grab some papers and his hand grazed my ass. His lips were less than an inch from my neck. It was very cliché but he pulled back and his face was closer to mine than it ever had been. I could smell his deodorant and Old Spice body wash and closed my eyes as I breathed in the smell. I hadn't even opened my eyes before he was kissing me, his lips crushing against mine with a force that surprised me. I returned the kiss with an equal amount of urgency. His hands held my back, pulling me into him, and mine wrapped around his neck. The more we kissed, the harder I tried to pull him closer and closer to me. Our tongues moved with vigor in each other's mouths, with months of built-up sexual tension and need between us pushing us forward. His hands moved down to cup my ass and pull me up so my pelvis was against his. I ground my body into him and we continued to kiss, hands moving and exploring and stripping off pieces of clothing. It wasn't 5 minutes later that we were naked and he was kneeling on the ground with me still on the desk, spreading my legs, biting my inner thighs up further and further till his tongue was on my clit. I moaned and ran my fingers through his hair, gripping it between my fingers and pulling him closer. His tongue continued working on my clit, taking a break every few minutes to pull back and lightly blow air onto my pussy, sending tremors throughout my body before he would replace his hot tongue on me. When I couldn't wait any longer, I pulled him up to me and gripped his ass, pulling him towards me as he guided his cock into my pussy. My fingers dug into his back as he thrust into me over and over. I kissed his neck and lightly bit his shoulder, moving my hands over him and calling out his name, as he continued pumping his cock in me. Right before he was about to cum he pulled out and shot his cum all over my naked stomach, not even knowing how much I loved that. He collapsed back into the chair behind him and his cock went limp as I regained control of my breathing. Then he got me some paper towels and wiped him cum from me, getting some on his finger, then putting it into my mouth for me to lick off. As we started pulling our clothes back on, he did something I was not expecting one bit. He asked if I wanted to come over for dinner, pointing out that his wife had called saying that their daughter had not gotten a nap and needed to go to bed early. I, of course, agreed.