

# The Mailroom

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*Bored and in need of some new cock, Deidre finds interest in the Mailroom Clerk.*

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Deidre Simmons gets a lot of attention in the office. A lot of . . . inappropriate attention. It's not uncommon for her to find a pair of amorous eyes zoned in on her tits or ass, or have a superior whisper something in her ear that would have him out on his ass faster than he could blink. But it doesn't bother her, either. In fact, she welcomes it—revels in it, and will even get a little piqued when someone ignores her. Her friend, Samantha, chalked it up to the nasty divorce she'd gone through two years ago, and that Deidre's wanton behavior was her way of getting back at her cheating ex-husband. Deidre thought that was a bunch of baloney. She just wanted a good, hard fuck by a good, hard cock attached to a willing and able man. Simple as that. Besides, she was thirty-two with two preadolescent boys; her MILF card wouldn't last forever. And who knew how long before they would hire some young little thing with a pretty face and high beams under her top, stealing all of her precious attention? Still, though . . . she found herself a little bored these days. She'd fucked most of the yuppies here at least twice. And the ones that she really liked were either terminated by jealous supervisors, or were frightened that word of their love-making would make it back to those jealous supervisors. God, it's been two days, she thought. I need some dick in me. Right. Now. She considered the cute black boy from the Sales Department when Gideon Cassel, the Mailroom Clerk, trudged pass her open office room on his usual . . . route. She felt herself smile, steamy images of being pressed a Mailroom shelf flashing through her mind. Heat flushed her skin, flame flickering to life between her thighs. He was the only person she hadn't let touch her. It was time to change that. She rose from behind her desk, five-inch stiletto pumps thudding against the commercial carpeting. She unbuttoned her black suit jacket, and then a few buttons of her crisp white button-down to reveal a bit of her creamy, ample cleavage. She tossed her platinum-blond behind her shoulders, and stalked out of her office with a supermodel's grace. She strode past the gangly, curly-haired Mailroom clerk and his cart, not-so-much as glancing at him, hair bouncing behind her. But he could feel his eyes locked on her back—on her ass—and her mouth turned up at the corners. I wonder why I never

bothered with him before? she wondered. She usually went for the quiet, brooding types and Gideon was as quiet as they came. He embodied teenage angst. The best kind of angst, Deidre thought, as they tended to release a good deal of that latent hostility through sex. Good and rough, just the way she liked it. She shot a quick glance over her shoulder. It appeared Gideon was done with his little office route already. Good, she thought. She wouldn't have to wait for long in the Mailroom. Though, she did kind of want to make the place a little more . . . fuck-friendly before he arrived. Oh well, she'd just have to make do. She was good at that. She hurried her pace. She arrived in the Mailroom minutes later. It was surprisingly large, and not-surprisingly littered with mail. A large, gray cubby-hole unit covered the entire west wall. Against the northern wall, copy and fax machines sat upon large folding tables, where even more mail was cluttered. A tan, dated computer hummed in one of the corners, the monitor displaying a bright green font against a black screen. They either lacked the funds to make this place look a little better, or simply didn't care. She leaned toward the latter. Deidre shrugged off her jacket and draped it over the back of an old office chair, and perched herself atop one of the folding tables, uncaring for the mail she sat upon. Gideon's cart pushed open the Mailroom's door as she draped one thigh over the other. She made her face an expressionless mask. It took every erg of her self control to keep from laughing when his pale-green eyes widened, discovering her sitting primly in his tiny little Mailroom. He hadn't noticed her until he was half-way inside. "Uh . . . Miss Simmons?" Gideon said, his face twisted with uncertainty and diffidence. The door clicked shut behind him. She hopped off the table, moving toward him, heels clicking against the tiled floor. She gripped his navy-blue tie and pulled him close, her chest pressing against his. Deidre barely reached his chin. Gideon became stock still, confusion drawing his eyebrows together. His pale-green eyes met hers, as if searching to see what she'd truly been up to. "Miss Simmons . . ." he said again, and she chuckled, brushing her lips against his jawline. She felt him tense up, and her smile grew wider. "I need some dick," Deidre informed him, as if she was requesting stapler. "And you're going to give it to me. Okay?" He said nothing. She pushed him back until he hit the door, lowering herself to a crouch, her skirt hiking up around her waist. Of course, she wore no panties. They only got in the way when it came time to get down to business. She went to undoing his belt buckle, and then his zipper. "But you're Human Resources . . ." He said shakily, tangling his hands in his hair. He played the reluctant card. They all did. But just like the others, he'd do nothing about it. "So? We need love, too, you know," Deidre said, her words weighed with sarcasm. Before she could pull down his boxers, he covered himself. She glanced up, noticing the shame that'd colored him beet red. She almost felt sorry for him, but she had an idea of why he suddenly became physically apprehensive. "What is it, hun? I don't bite." "I'm not exactly . . ." "Hung like a fire hose?" Deidre guessed. Gideon nodded. "Oh, please," she batted his hands away, and pulled his boxers down. His cock sprang out, hard and pulsating, screaming to get inside something. Gideon wasn't huge, but he wasn't tiny either. God had blessed him with a decent sized cock that was more than enough to please her. Hell, she'd gotten off on smaller. She made a satisfied noise, and Gideon released a breath, bleeding away the tension. She slid him into her mouth, a moan escaping her. He sucked in a sharp breath, his hands tensing up at his sides. She glanced up, taking him deeper into her mouth,

tongue sliding along the underside of his cock. She took him deeper still, burying her nose in his pelvis, and slowly dragged back. He let out a soft, shuddering moan. She was enjoying his reactions, his excitement making her twinge in all the right places. She almost didn't feel herself reaching for her slit, fingers tracing along the moistened folds. "God . . . that feels—don't stop," he managed. Christ, he's going to make me cum talking like that. Her head bobbed back and forth, cock slipping in and out of her mouth. Precum tasted bittersweet on her tongue, and she felt her pussy throb, fire spilling through her veins. She pulled her mouth off of his cock with a pop, and slid her tongue along its underside before taking one of his balls into her mouth. He smacked his dick against her cheek while she sucked, and she shuddered. She was taking a liking to his newfound courage. Her hand stroked his shaft while she continued to suck at his balls, feeling it twitch in her palm. Gideon's moans developed into low, animalistic growls. She felt another twinge in her pussy. "Aww, fuck yeah . . ." He whispered, getting himself a handful of her hair, directing her head so that he could stuff her mouth with his cock again. "Put that fucking mouth back on this dick," he commanded with clinched teeth, his eyebrows drawn fiercely together. He must have been waiting for this opportunity. He thrust his hips a little, tangling both of his hands in her hair, pulling her toward him. Electricity shot through her, fingers moving faster against her clit now—hard, quick circles. "You like gettin' your face fucked, you slut?" It wasn't really a question, but his tone demanded an answer. "Mhm!" she moaned helplessly, nodding as best she could. Gazing up at him she saw his head resting back against the door, his mouth held open, eyes closed. His thrusts were becoming less subtle, his cock almost hitting the back of her throat. She welcomed it, emitting soft gagging noises on his dick. Suddenly he tugged her head away from him, rearing it back. He smoothed his bulbous, purpling dickhead against her cherry-red lips, and playfully bounced it against them. "I want your cock in me," she said almost without knowing. "Right. Fucking. Now." "I was just about to suggest that," Gideon's mouth twisted into a lopsided grin as she rose—skirt falling back down, just above her knees—and lead him by his tie towards the folding tables. Let's hope he fucks as good as I suck, she thought. She hiked her skirt up around her waist again and leaned over the table. She arched her back downward, making her already plump ass look rounder—inviting. She shot a glance over her shoulder, reaching behind her with a hand to spread an asscheek. A moment later she felt him, stabbing into her, devoid of the gentleness she didn't care for. She sucked in a sharp breath, falling over the mail littered table, but jumped when she felt his hand slap against her ass. "Fuck!" She said as hushed as she could, and bit her lower lip. Gideon slid his cock back out of her before ramming her again, and again, pounding her in hard, but controlled, strokes. Velvet closed hotly around him, taking all of him, the veins of his cock sliding against her insides. Thwap! He slapped her ass again, and she felt him gather her hair into a pony tail, tugging her head back. He emitted low, guttural sounds that had her pussy soaked. The action made her cum, fire exploding in her belly and spreading through her legs and pussy, her body convulsing in fits of ecstasy. The sounds of him entering her grew louder, soft and slick, in harmony with the slapping sounds of him slamming into her behind. He was better than she ever thought he'd be. She cursed herself for not bothering to seduce him earlier. She needed this. Hell, they both did. "Oh Christ! Damn . . . damn . . . damn, damn, damn!" She felt tears burn the corners of her eyes, her

breath ragged and helpless. He must have been enjoying her reactions. "Shut it up, bitch!" He said, tugging harder on her hair. "Take. The. Dick!" He punctuated each word with a hard, quick thrust, turning her noises into sobbing moans, ecstasy tingling every nerve in her body. "That's right, slut. Take it." His thrusts became harder, deeper, and faster. His grunts growing louder. He'd released her hair, letting it spill past her shoulders and fall in her face. He'd taken hold of her skirt, then, pulling her against him. He was about to cum. A carnal hunger twisted in her gut. "Please . . . come in . . . my mouth," she managed between sharp breaths. He pulled out of her, and she immediately turned and fell to her knees. She reared her head back, opening her mouth good and wide while he stroked his slick cock, its pulsating head dangling over her lips. "Fuck! Here I come! Here I fucking come!" He said, and she took him into her mouth, thick, hot jism spraying against the back of her throat. His hips jerked a bit, but she held him in place, making sure she received every drop. Gideon's moans soothed her ears like music. She swallowed, and pulled away from his cock with an alleviated sigh, a grin stretching across her pretty face. She watched him, his chest heaving, face twisted. "Damn," he finally said, staggering back a few steps. He scrabbled for his boxers and slacks. "You're . . ."

"Amazing?" Deidre finished his thought, rising to her feet and wiping her mouth. She adjusted her skirt and top, and let out a breath. "I know, babe. You're too bad, yourself," Liar. You know he's the best fuck you've had in a while . He grinned, sliding his belt through the buckle. "I might catch up with you later, hun," she said, walking to the door. She opened it, paused. "How's lunch sound? Same place?" "Sure. Sounds great." "Good. See you then," Winking, she stepped out and made her way back to her office, in a stride that was less than her usual runway model grace. She had a certain Mailroom clerk to blame for that. Her smile broadened, satisfied. Finally.