The Real Fantasia

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A wacky, out of control world.

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This is an old story I wrote in 2007 when I had too many fantasies floating around in my head.

It was my second week at Q Corp. Everyone was friendly and seemed to go out of their way to make me feel at home. I'd met a few of the girls on my team and they were real lookers. I was waiting to survey the lie of the land before making a move.

"Hello Clarke!" someone stuck her head through the door of my cubicle. I turned.

It was Uemura, the petite chattery girl working with me on the profiling team.

"Hi Uemura!" I grinned, glad to get a break from what seemed to be intentionally obfuscated code.

She walked in and peered over my shoulder.

"Bob wrote that didn't he?" she asked.

I nodded and she sighed.

"We've been trying to get our clients to move to the new API. It's cleaner and faster. Meanwhile, inhouse we still have people like Bob using stuff we depreciated two revisions back."

"I think I've already checked in some of that," I said.

"Dan's going to raise hell when you tell him," she shook her head. "Sometimes I wish I could kick that Bob of an asshole in the nuts."

That was Uemura. Swearing and cursing in that cute accent while keeping a pretty, straight face. I smiled inwardly.

"I'm new here. I wouldn't want to challenge someone who's been here since you rolled out the very first version, if what I hear is true," I shrugged resignedly.

"I'll talk to him," she reassured me. "Did you get an invitation to the party?"

"What party?" I asked as the email notification box for my email program popped up. "There it is."

It was from Jenny, our project manager inviting us to a party at 7pm.

"What's it for?" I asked Uemura.

"Beats me," she lifted her shoulders slightly. "I guess you'll have to get used to it. We have parties all the time. After a while we stopped having any reasons. We just have parties and no reasons, yes?"

We laughed at her little joke.

"So tell me, Uemura-chan, are they any fun?" I asked.

"Normal stuff. Beer..."

"I teetotal."

"Tee-to-tal," she repeated. "I don't think I've heard that word before. What does it mean?"

"I can't give you a dictionary definition, but it means I don't drink alcohol."

"It's good you mentioned it. We can arrange something else for you."

"I don't understand," I was puzzled. "You said 'we.' Is it something you and Jenny are hosting together?"

"Parties are a company affair -- everyone pitches in," she explained. "Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it."

"I think I will," I replied.

She looked at her watch, signifying the small talk was over.

"I've got to get back to work," she said unnecessarily. "Just leave out the packages Bob worked on until we come to an agreement. It wouldn't make sense to check them in only to have Dan pull them out of the repository."

I watched her leave, my eyes on the subtle motion of her small, almost imperceptible ass under her jeans. I gulped, admonished myself for my roving eyes, then resumed working.

That evening I had nothing doing. I'm not exactly a party man, my only recollections of parties being the ones from my college days -- loud music, too much booze, and the smell of pot and whatever else people smoked.

I briefly contemplated not going but after channel-surfing for a few minutes with nothing interesting on TV, the boredom finally got to me. I looked around for a clean pair of jeans and a t-shirt, making yet another mental note to do my laundry.

When I got in the party was already in full swing. The dance floor was alive with company executives jiving with low-level coders. The music blaring from the speakers was a cacophony of sounds that I wouldn't have termed music even if I was high on crack. Everyone seemed to be having a great time.

I walked to the bar to get a drink and while away time.

Bob was manning the bar. He had on a pair of headphones and was doing the best jig he could from behind the bar. I asked for a Coke and he poured me some brandy. I didn't complain. I found a seat and pretended to sip from my glass.

"Having a great time are we?" someone sat next to me, out of breath. She had obviously just come off the dance floor.

"Yes," my voice lacked conviction.

Jenny laughed.

"It's pure bullshit, but it works because of what's to come later," she winked.

"Really?" I asked dryly.

"Yeah," she winked again, taking my hand. "Let's dance."

I didn't have time to protest. She dragged me onto the dance floor and I tried to move as well as I could with her.

There didn't seem to be any logic to our movements except that she was rubbing her breasts against my chest one moment, then the next had her back to me and was brushing her ass against the crotch of my jeans.

"This is tuneless!" I shouted above the din.

"It's meant to be!" she shouted back.

Good God, what have I gotten myself into? I wondered.

I excused myself and headed for the bathroom. When I pushed the door open, I stood open-mouthed.

I recognized one of the girls on my team backed against the wall. Her skirt and panties were in a pool around her high heels and kneeling before her, almost in reverence was an intern. His head was buried between her legs and from where I stood I could hear her moans as he licked her.

I was aware of my erection when the crotch of my jeans tightened. I had never realized I had the voyeur in me but I doubt they would have noticed me even if I had walked right up to them.

She stroked his hair adoringly, a look of pure lust on her face as his tongue played with her cunt. I saw him briefly disengage, then rise to his feet and penetrate her in one single thrust before I left hurriedly to cool off, the urge to relieve myself gone.

When I rejoined the party some more meaningful music was playing. Bob had taken off his headphones and I was able to get a Coke.

I retired into a corner to sip on my drink, the images of the intern going down -- or up -- on my colleague fresh in my mind and serving as a reminder that I hadn't gotten laid in months.

"May I have this dance?" I heard Uemura ask.

"Where've you been?" I turned to her.

"Do you want to dance or not?" she asked again. She pulled me to my feet before I could object and

we joined the others on the dance floor.

Before long I was moving in ways I never knew I could. My partner was lively, and I found myself wondering why I'd thought it wasn't going to be swell minutes before.

A slow number was put on and Uemura came into my arms. I fished my handkerchief out of my pocket and helped her wipe the sweat on her face. She smiled gratefully.

I can't remember when we made contact but some moments later, she had her face buried in my chest. I rubbed her back gently, moving my hands slowly down until I got to the beginning of her bottom.

I took a deep breath when I slid my hands even lower until I was cupping her buttocks. I kneaded them gently, pulling her even closer.

"That feels nice," she sighed. "Rub my back."

We both knew I wasn't rubbing her back.

I kissed the top of her head, then buried my nose in her hair. She smelled wonderful -- sweaty from dancing, but wonderful.

Taking encouragement from her sighs, I hiked her short skirt up slightly, and massaged her warm, panty-clad bottom. She tilted her head upward and our eyes met. She was blushing.

I realized she was guiding us towards a darker corner. I turned so that I had my back to everyone and slipped my hands into her panties, my thumb finding her clit. She tilted her head up and we kissed -- slowly and tentatively at first, then wildly, not getting enough of our tongues.

My erection was more pronounced now and it rubbed against her abdomen. She rubbed her palm against my crotch, then deftly, unzipped my jeans and popped out my cock with some difficulty.

I was too far gone to care if everyone was watching. I peeled her panties down and my finger zeroed in on her asshole. I traced the wrinkles, somewhat smoothened by the sweat in her crack, and she jerked slightly.

"Relax," I whispered. She nodded as I spread her cheeks even further for unrestricted access.

Her fingers were wrapped around my cock and she masturbated me as gently as the lack of moisture

allowed. The pressure was beginning to build up at the base of my shaft. I wanted her to stop... but I didn't want her to stop.

When my cock jerked, she spun me around to face the others. I was aghast but there was little I could do. There was a thrill from the taboo-ness of facing the group and shooting my cum across the room from my pulsing cock.

When it was over and I began to soften, I stood facing them sheepishly. I had no idea how I was going to make a graceful exit. I scanned the room slowly, my eyes connecting with each person's, trying to gauge their reaction to what had happened.

Everyone was silent and I felt beads of cold sweat forming on my neck and running down the hollow of my back.

Whatever expectation I had of what would happen next didn't include Bob giving me the thumbs up from behind the bar, then the eruption as everyone cheered.

It was surreal. I looked round again and slowly, realization dawned on me.

I was at an orgy.

Jenny was straddled over Dan's lap but I could see his cock, glistening with her juices, between her legs. Mubarak, the Pakistani DBA had his hand inside the blouse of one of the marketing executives. Everywhere I looked, I saw people getting it on.

I turned to Uemura. She had stepped out of her panties and skirt and was wearing a broad grin on her face.

"Why, you witch!" I said in mock anger.

She laughed, then turned and ran. I followed.

We dashed out of the party room, heading for the offices. She turned a corner and when I went round it, she jumped into my arms, knocking the wind out of me.

She wrapped her legs around me and we kissed again, taking our time this time. She wrapped her legs around my waist and I supported her by placing my hands under her bottom.

I moved to the wall and held her against it.

"Why didn't you tell me it was an orgy?" I asked.

"You wouldn't have come if I told you, would you?" she asked back.

I thought for a moment, then shook my head, "No."

With my teeth, I ripped off the buttons of her blouse. She wasn't wearing a brassiere. I played with her breasts, holding her nipples lightly between my teeth and flicking my tongue against the tips. She held my head to her, the low moans coming from her throat telling me I was doing well.

I went lower, licking down her abdomen, enjoying the salty taste of her skin. I paused briefly at her navel and she giggled like a schoolgirl when I sucked on it.

I moved still lower but it wasn't bright enough for me in the corridor. I lifted her off the floor and headed for the conference room.

Without breaking my stride, I switched on the lights and placed her on the table.

"Is this necessary?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied. "I want to see all of you. I want to see your pussy."

And your asshole, I didn't add. I would probably have freaked her out if I'd said that.

I parted the soft folds of flesh and began to lick, Her legs opened wider as she moaned with pleasure. When my tongue found her hiding clit, she grabbed my head and came violently.

I wet my finger in her cum and brushed it against her anus. Her orgasm hadn't subsided and it was a while after she was done cumming before she noticed. She was strangely quiet, not moving except for the occasional flex of the ring of muscle. I could tell it was a new experience for her and she was too shy to talk about something that taboo.

"Well?" I prompted, breaking the silence, my finger stroking her. "What do you think?"

"Freaky," she whispered. "I can't believe I'm enjoying this."

I chuckled. "That's normal," I said. "It's pretty."

My dick was back to life again. She helped me step out of my denims. Taking my penis in her hand, she brushed it against her slit, then eased the head in. She was so wet I slid in without much effort. I placed my hands under her hips and she wrapped her legs around my waist.

The walls of her velvety cunt, smooth and slippery with her juices felt like heaven. I thrust away enthusiastically, never wanting the moment to end. We both came at the same time and my cum was still scalding her sugar walls when she flipped us over on the conference table and began to ride me.

Surprisingly, my erection hadn't subsided. I played with her asshole as I moved my hips to meet her bouncing on my cock. I could feel another orgasm building up. There was the familiar tingling sensation at the base of my cock...

...And then I felt the wetness ofmysoaked boxers. I tossed off the sheets and switched on the bedside lamp. The time by the clock said it was 9:00am.

Damnit, I was late!

I shaved and washed in record time, grabbed the first shirt and pair of pants I saw and joined the rush hour traffic.

When I walked into the Q Corp building, I hurried to my cubicle to see if I could get done with my assigned task before 10.

I found Uemura behind my workstation, calmly tapping away at the keyboard.

"Hello Clarke," she said without turning.

"Hi," I said. "Thanks for the help."

She turned round and flashed me a smile. "We all help each other here -- it's really nothing."

"I'm sorry I overslept," I explained. "I had some silly dream that..."

I stopped, realizing I had almost given it away.

She swiveled round to face me. "What dream?"

"It's nothing," I said hastily. "Something about a wild party."

Her eyes twinkled with mischief. "You'd better hurry along and see Jenny then. I'd like to hear about your dream."

I plopped my laptop bag on the desk and hurried to Jenny's office.

When I pushed open the door, my mouth hung open. She was bent over her desk and Dan was stabbing his dick in and out of her from behind.

"Hello Clarke," she called cheerily. "Would you like to join us?"

"Ummm, no," I said quickly and shut the door.

When I got back to my cubicle, Uemura was waiting for me.

"I'm not sure I understand," I said, embarrassed. "I don't remember driving back home."

"That's because I fucked you out," she said the words easily. "Bob and Ivan took you home."

I nodded, dazed.

"You look tense," she remarked. "Do you want me to give you a blowjob?"

"What?!"

"Relax," she said. "It's like asking you if you want a drink."

She brushed past me. When she reached the doorway, she stopped and said, "Don't forget I offered you one."

This was going to take some getting used to.