

Office Souvenirs Part 1

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Those board meetings...

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Company meetings were so boring, so it was a good thing when the boss let them out for a short interval, and Alana made a line for the bathroom on the floor below. The floor that Liza worked on. Her co-worker always stayed late, she was a team leader for the marketing section, bossing around a bunch of nasty dudes that wanted nothing more than to stare lewdly at her tight ass and fantasize about fucking it. At the thought of Liza's ass... and, oh god, Liza's pussy, Alana's knees gave a weak twitch, and she jammed the elevator button, hot, slick juice already hitting her lace thong. After an eternity, the elevator reached the 16th floor, and Alana was off like a shot, walking as quickly as could be deemed normal, her cunt lips sliding against one another, another shot of juice hitting her soaked thong. Liza was in the meeting room, with two guys. They seemed to be laughing, having a good time just hanging out, until one of them leered at Liza's tits, and Alana stopped short. They didn't notice her there, and the one that leered raised a hand to cup her breast. Liza gave a seductive smile that made Alana's heart thump, and her manicured left hand slid oh-so-slowly over the growing bulge in the man's slacks. The other man got behind her, and grabbed an ass cheek in each of his large hands, shaking them, then one hand lifted the bottom of Liza's skirt up, exposing a red G-string that just barely covered a soaking pussy. The first man opened her top, and had his mouth over one nipple, and one hand cupping the wet part between Liza's shapely thighs. She looked like she was in the throes of ecstasy, a sultry grin on her red lips, one hand holding the first man's head to her breast, the other going down to join his hand over her pussy- then sliding underneath it, and pulling her thong aside. The man behind her roughly bent her over, jerking her away from the first man. She leaned on the meeting table and spread her legs more, giving the men, and Alana, a perfect view of that hot ass and that hot- Hot! Dripping cunt. Alana felt her mouth go dry, a mix of fear at being seen, jealousy at being not the one pleasuring Liza, and indescribable excitement, at seeing her clandestine lover cheating on her with two well-hung hunks. She stood there, just watching, half wanting to participate, half wanting to walk away in disgust and hurt. "You want it, boys?" Liza grinned, turning her head to look at Jake. He licked his lips and pulled down the zip in his slacks, reaching inside to grab a stiff 9-incher, complete with a luscious spongy head and pulsing veins. Damien was already way ahead of Jake, tugging a condom out of his wallet, he ripped the pack open with his mouth, and slid it over his oversized dong. Liza had fucked around with Damien before, and his 10-inch monster was long and

thick and curved just enough to give maximum pleasure to any girls' hungry cunt. Especially one as cock crazy as Liza's. She arched her back and laid flat out on the board room table, her exposed tits on the cool wood, aching nipples sending frantic pulses at the cold. Liza reached back and put a hand around Jake's cock, stroking it, making precum ooze out, and he shuddered from the feeling. The next moment, Liza screamed as Damien rammed his huge cock up her pussy without any warning, fucking her deep and fast. She was bucking her hips up and down that thick pole, getting more excited by the image in her mind of herself- laying herself out like a slut, office shirt shoved above her ample tits, pencil skirt around her hips, being fucked by a 10-inch monster that belonged to a fully-clothed man, grabbing her hips and fucking her like he wanted to breed her slutty, juicy cunt. Fucking her and fucking her... so hard! Moans and "Oh God, fuck me HARDER!" were pouring out of her mouth. Jake stood by, watching his boss, a woman who he was suppose to be afraid of, taking orders from, and he was going to be the next to fuck her, his dick got harder at that thought, and his hand flew over its length in a blur, other hand handling his balls, squeezing. Damien fucked her even faster, his hips slamming against her tight ass, making her moan and squeal, and beg like the little whore she was. Her pussy gripped his dick, begging it for cum, begging it to fill it all up. Alana had never felt more aroused in her life, the two men were really having a ball with her, and she seemed to be loving it. Alana had an impulse to walk in there and join them, but the thought of cheating on Steve with a man seemed wrong to her, so she walked away. She went into the bathroom, knowing that no one else but Liza and her... companions, were still in the office at that time, and she waited there for her secret lover. Knowing she'd make an entrance there eventually. Damien turned up the speed of his fucking, cock jerking in and out of her snatch, she'd already come twice, and Damien was still going at her like a bulldozer. Jake had stripped off his slacks and sat on one of the chairs along the table, masturbating and watching the action. He'd come once too, and didn't seem too interested in fucking her now. Suddenly, Damien grabbed her hips and snapped his cock deep inside Liza, a harsh groan breaking from his lips as he pumped the condom full of his hot, sticky cum. She shivered and the shudder went all the way down to her used and abused cunt, as Damien pulled his cock out of her. He grabbed the condom off his cock and made a move to tie it up, but Liza sat up on the desk and took it from him. She turned to give Jake a good view and poured the contents over her large tits, making the most slutty face that she could manage for him, and fake-moaning like a whore. Jake groaned as well, and stood up to spill his cum on the board table, hand jerking his dick wildly. Liza giggled at him, and crawled across the table to kiss Jake full on the lips, making out one last time, and letting him rub his hands all over her, sliding two fingers into her dripping snatch. She squeeze the head of his cock between two fingers and felt him flinch from the sensitivity. "Did you enjoy the show?" she purred, sliding her pussy over his outstretched hand. "Y-yeah..." he breathed. "Maybe next time, I'll let you fuck me." She smiled devilishly and pulled away from him. They all started to redress and Damien threw a rag from a nearby cleaner's station to Liza for her to clean the desk of their mixed juices. As they left the boardroom, Liza smacked Damien's hard ass. "It was nice doing work with you again, Mr Lucas." She winked. Damien put his spectacles on, smoothed back his hair and straightened his tie. "The same to you, Ms Blake." He said formally before heading home. "As for

you, Jake Howards, I expect you bright and early on Monday morning,” she said to Jake in a calm tone that belied the heat in her eyes. Jake grinned. “Yes ma’am.” After the men left, Liza made her way shakily to the toilet, intending to clean herself up before heading out. The sticky juices from her cunt made her pussy lips slide slickly against one another, making her feel a little horny again even though she’d just been given a good and proper fucking by Damien. That was not to mention the fact that Damien’s used condom was in her hand and its previous contents on her tits. She dumped the thing in the bin just outside the toilet, and started unbuttoning her shirt again as she opened the door. Entering the toilet, she jumped as she realized someone else was in there, and her hands flew up to close the opening of her shirt over her bra. “Oh hello, I didn’t see... Alana?” She asked, realizing who it was. “Hey there Liza,” Alana grinned, she was naked except for a red thong that almost matched Liza’s. Liza grinned back. To be continued...