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It was the first Friday of the month at 11:15 a.m. when the phone rang in the Executive Administrator's office. It had already been a stressful morning for Jessika and looking at the phone she sighed in relief when she realized it was Carla calling. Picking up the phone she didn't get the chance to even say hello.

"Jessika, get down to Lisa's office – we're already having the coffee poured and yours is getting cold!"

Jessika looked at the clock, "Damn, I didn't realize the time. I'm heading to Lisa's right now." Quickly calling the company's receptionist advising to hold her calls she walked out of her office and down the hall. Taking the elevator down three floors to accounting she said hello to a few people along the way, but that was about all the conversation she'd ever have. Jessika had always been aloof to most of the people in the company but somehow one day a few months ago she'd agreed to a small meeting once a month. The meetings had started out discussing road maps for each department, budgets, and how to bring solutions to market. Then somehow it went from business to office gossip. She'd refused to discuss office gossip and somehow it then went from office gossip to internet sex sites. Now smiling she remembered that first time the discussions changed to what their monthly meetings were now about.

That day they'd been sitting in Lisa's office. Lisa was what Jessika called your perfect blonde. Lisa had natural blonde hair, blue eyes, a perfect body, feminine build, and was quiet with perfect mannerisms. That particular morning when it had all started it was Lisa's department that they'd been reviewing. The accounting department never had a problem with Lisa in charge. Lisa wanted to hire a new Accounts Receivable Clerk and it had been approved. It was well known in the company that Lisa was a formidable opponent to have and that she was demanding with work performance in her department. Actually, she was known as a bitch to work for.

Jessika remembered quite clearly the conversation that started it all. Lisa had been angry and pointing out how her department needed more funding to get the accounting done. Suddenly, without any knocking Garret walked in. Garret didn't even work for their company but was the President of the CPA firm that that did the accounting. The conversation that had ensued was strange at the time, but looking back it made sense.

Lisa stammered, "Garret, why are you here? Did I forget to send something?"

Garret was calm and didn't even acknowledge that there were others in the room, much less in the middle of a meeting. He walked over and sat on the corner of Lisa's desk. "Lisa, can you bring over the papers to my office about 7:00 P.M. tonight – if you'd like you can explain to your friends?" Lisa smiled and assured him at least five times that she'd be there on time. It was strange to watch Lisa sounding unsure of herself.

When he walked out Jessika said, "What the hell was that all about? He walks in here and you act like a doormat? That sure isn't the personality we all see here every day? And what are you suppose to tell us?"

Lisa looked very uncomfortable which was also unusual for her and said, "This is rather embarrassing. I'm dating Garret since he's been divorced. I swear I wasn't dating him when he was married, but since he's been divorced we've gotten close."

Sara chimed in, "DATING! Exactly how long and how close is close? And, what should you explain. He specifically said that you could explain to your friends. Well, we don't actually hang out together outside of work, but I consider you my friend at work, so you can explain!"

Lisa looked even more uncomfortable and turned a bright red but said, "Well, since we both have kids living home I've been going to his office and we date there most of the time."

Amanda laughed, "You've been dating the man in his office, isn't that rather odd or uncomfortable?"

Lisa stammered, "No, he has a beautiful office and a large couch."

The women didn't say a word thinking about what Lisa meant about the couch and finally Jessika just asked, "Okay, let's go step by step on this. You're dating Garret in his office and you date him on the couch. So, do we dare ask what you do on the couch on this type of date? Inquiring minds want to know?" No one actually expected Lisa to blurt it all out.

Lisa continued that she'd first brought papers to Garret's office a few times and one night she'd been delayed and he said that he'd wait for her. It had been about 9:00 P.M. when she'd walked in and he was sleeping on the couch. Lisa explained what had happened:

\* \* \* \* \*

"Garret? Wake up? It's me Lisa and I have the papers. I let myself in with the key from our company."

When he didn't wake up she walked over to the couch sitting down next to him to gently shake him. She didn't think at that point that he was awake, but his arms wrapped around her and he began kissing her with the most passionate kiss she'd ever felt. She should have pushed him away but it had felt so good that she kissed him back.

Lisa giggled and explained to the women, "It just felt nice. From there it just went on pretty quickly, the first time."

Jessika laughed, "Went on pretty quickly, exactly where?"

Lisa continued and the women sat mesmerized, while having coffee at work, listening to a co-worker describing her sexual experience with the CPA firm President. But, Lisa continued:

"Garret, maybe we should stop?" When he opened his eyes he smiled and said, "I'd rather hear, Garret that was wonderful."

Lisa smiled back and answered, "Garret, that was wonderful – I don't suppose you would care to do it again?"

In a few moments Garret had locked the door to his office and they were back on the couch...naked...Lisa snuggling under his body. As Lisa again kissed him all the thoughts of who he was and why she was there were erased from her mind. All she knew was that it felt good. That it felt right. His lips traveled from her lips to her breasts. It had been a long time since someone had licked her nipples and his mouth sucking on hers made her whimper in pleasure. He lifted his head from her breast, "Are you okay? Lisa I want this very much. Is it all okay with you?" Lisa thought to herself that since she was already naked under the man that it was a little late for him to be asking so she spread her legs wider in invitation and felt him pushing his cock into her. She whispered in his ear that it was wonderful and that she wanted it all. Then she kissed him. Their tongues played with each other, as he began to fuck her right in his office on his couch. She moved in unison with his hips and wrapping her legs around his waist she felt him moving faster. She could hear him breathing harder and was surprised and a little shocked at his words. But, it also excited her and she could feel his words making her wetter.

"Lisa, feel me inside of you. Lisa, feel my cock ramming into you. Do you want me? Do you want to be fucked by me like this, Lisa?"

At first Lisa didn't know what to answer since no man had ever asked her questions when they were fucking. She whispered, "Yes."

"Lisa, yes who? Say my name."

She felt embarrassed but was now in such a state of arousal she whispered, "Yes, Garret."

She almost felt as if his body became violent as he began to ram harder and faster into her body. She was now holding on to him tightly and felt her body starting to tingle with sensations. Her nipples hardened and pointed. Her pussy wet...wanting...tightening. Then his words drove her over the edge into a spiraling strong orgasm.

"Lisa, come for me. Let me feel your pussy tighten on this cock. Do it Lisa, now!" She began whimpering as the strongest orgasm came over her body and she tightened her legs around his waist feeling his cock come. It felt good to her as he stiffened then let out a loud groan as his body gave it all to her. Then she relaxed under him and neither of them spoke until Garret chuckled, "I guess we should look at the papers?"

Sighing and hugging him Lisa laughed, "What papers?"

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Jessika nearly spit out her coffee from laughing, "Papers? I think you were set up. I'm sorry, I guess if it's working out then that's all that counts? I can't believe we just had a meeting about a couch? What's next?"

Meaning that as a joke Jessika was stunned when Amanda said, "I did it in the company elevator with my boyfriend, so I think I beat the couch story."

All of them turned to Amanda wanting to hear the story but Jessika said, "I've got to get back to work. Either tell it or save it for the next meeting but I'm out of here."

Amanda smiled, "Okay, next time I get to tell my elevator story!"

They left Lisa's office and that was the start of a monthly coffee break - that was never missed by any of the women.

### **Office Coffee Break #2 – Amanda © Copyright, 2003 LdyJessika@aol.com**

The month had been a difficult one for Jessika. Distributors were arguing and trying to figure out which Distributor in Korea was telling the truth was next to impossible. Each did business deals outside the company's QA and each never told the entire story. At this point it seemed the easiest thing would be to put in a third distributor and send an e-mail stating may the best man win, and let them fight it out. Or, in this case let them do any type of business deals they could get away with in Korea, and leave her alone.

She'd noticed Garret stopped by the company quite a bit but no one seemed to notice it as unusual. Nor did they notice that Lisa's door was always now closed when Garret was at the company.

Sara had noticed it and mentioned, "Jessika, you don't suppose there's something going on in that office, even though there's no couch?" Sara started laughing and Jessika said they should both mind their own business. A moment later they were walking quietly past Lisa's door as Sara whispered, "You hear anything?"

Jessika laughed quietly, "Well, I'm not going to stand here with my ear to the damn door and listen."

Sara quickly said, "Keep a look out. I'm going to listen!"

"SARA! NO! Oh shit if we get caught this will be so degrading and we can get written up!"

In a moment Sara quickly motioned for Jessika to follow her and they walked down the hall to get a cup of coffee. Jessika finally said, "Well? What's the verdict? Are they going over papers or is Garret going over Lisa?"

Sara smiled, "It's the second. Moaning and groaning in that office."

Jessika gasped, "Oh shit! I can't believe they're doing it in the office. I'm going to go over agreements and get my mind back to business. See you tomorrow for our usual coffee meeting. Oh great! I think Amanda is going to describe an elevator experience. Maybe we should call these meeting off?"

Sara looked at Jessika like she was insane, "NO! We finally have fun and no one is getting hurt, since no one is married. No one works in the same department. And besides, if anyone said anything no one would believe them anyway."

"Jessika turned down the next hall, "Okay, I'm in for coffee. See you tomorrow."

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The following morning walking to the team meeting, or what Jessika thought of as Coffee with a side order of sex stories, Michael stopped her. She'd always thought he was a nice looking man but rather arrogant. She'd even discussed his attitude with a close friend of hers, Marnie, and they 'd decided he was not being self-assured – the man was just damn arrogant and bordered on rude.

"Jessika, wait up. I have something we need to discuss. I need to speak to you now for about ten minutes."

Jessika clearly had folders in her hand and was walking at a fast pace. She felt it should have been obvious that she didn't have time at this moment to just stop and talk. Plus he could have asked if she'd time to discuss something and not assume his need to discuss something would take precedence over her time schedule.

She turned to him and in a cold formal voice answered Michael Garner, "Mr. Garner, I don't have time at this moment. Feel free to call my secretary and we can speak later today, or at any other time, mutually convenient." She bristled more at the smirk on his face but admired his quick response.

"Of course. I'll call her later and perhaps 3:30 today would be, uh, mutually convenient?"

Jessika kept walking. Not even turning toward him she said that it was fine and that she'd see him if her calendar was clear.

Finally, in the office and grabbing a cup of coffee she sat down and laughed, "I swear, I think people wait for this one day to stop me in the hall every ten seconds as I try to get down to this meeting!"

Amanda laughed, "I know, it's like a conspiracy! All morning my boss kept asking if I could put off this meeting and I kept telling him I had a report to give. Well, that isn't exactly the truth, but it isn't exactly a lie. But, since we're now running late I'll get right to that report, before I chicken out."

\* \* \* \*

Amanda started to explain that she'd been working late - Jessika started to wonder why everything seemed to happen when someone was working late!

Amanda and her boyfriend, Richard, were in her office while she finished reports. He'd been teasing her about doing it on her desk or that he could sit under her desk and kiss her thighs. She'd laughed and told him not to be so ridiculous and that she'd no intentions of doing it on her desk.

"Richard, I refuse to do it on my desk! That has to be the most common office place to do it. Every porn flick we watch with an office in it they do it on the desk. I hate a messy desk, and I have no intentions of moving papers - so the answer is NO." She started laughing and leaving her office they entered the elevator.

As the elevator door opened to elevator #2 Richard asked, "Do they turn off the other elevators or do all three of them work all the time?"

Amanda thought that was an odd question but answered that all three always worked, but that at this time of night only two departments were allowed to work late. Their building was on an office light timer to save electricity. Only her floor and Jessika's floor had office lights timed to stay on this late and that Jessika's floor was timed an hour later. Plus Jessika's floor usually used elevator 1 since they had a key to the elevator panel to by-pass all floors.

Richard grinned, "Elevator 2 – our private chariot ride to the main floor."

They'd only gone down three floors when Richard pressed the stop button on the elevator panel. Amanda screeched, "Are you nuts? I can get fired if someone finds out."

Richard quickly slid down his slacks and answered, 'Then you better hurry the hell up and flip up your skirt before you get fired!'

Amanda didn't even think but quickly turned around, pulled up her skirt and slid off her panties stuffing them in her attaché case and then leaned over grabbing hold of the rail.

Richard laughed, "That's what I like, employee concern for job performance!"

Amanda tried to sound angry but laughed, 'Hurry the hell up and shove that cock of yours in me before I really do get fired.'

Amanda felt Richard grab her hips and she opened her legs wider. His fingers felt between her pussy lips and she knew in a moment that she was wet – his fingers began to slide in and out fucking her. Then when she felt herself pushing back onto his fingers she felt them sliding out of her. "Richard, shove it in!"

She felt him slowly pushing in and wished he'd hurry but now it felt so good that she didn't care how long they took. It just felt good as he pushed in all the way. She lowered her body more giving him easier access. She had to hold onto the rail when he began to ground into her. Her body was tight on his cock as he pressed into her – sinking deeper.

"Richard, I'm just not going to be able to last very long – I already have to come."

Richard moaned, "Then come Amanda."

She felt him pumping harder and faster. With each of his rammed thrusts she had to push back taking him deeper and deeper inside of her. It felt like she was pinned. It felt like she was about to climax and she began to whisper his name.

She couldn't hold back any longer being seized by rushes of sensations, and with a soft whimper she shuddered as her pussy began to clench on his cock. She felt him continuing to thrust until she knew he was and hearing his deep groan she felt him pull her by her hips jamming his cock deeply into her. Then she felt him coming inside of her until he stopped moving.

Amanda stayed still only a moment and realization of where they were and what they'd just done hit her like a splash of cold water. She quickly moved away and straightened out her skirt. Grabbing the handkerchief he gave her she quickly dried their come on her pussy and thighs. "Oh my GOD, Richard, hurry and zip up – I can't believe we did this!"

Richard pushed the button for the elevator to continue and pulled her into his arms, "Oh hush, Amanda, now when you get to the 15<sup>th</sup> floor you can always think of us."

Carla laughed, "You did it at my floor! Oh hell, I'll never be able to get in that elevator now without thinking of you doing it."

Amanda grinned, "Well, it just kind of happened and we had to do it so damn fast. We did it in the legal library room and at least there we took our time."

Carla had a sly look on her face and said, "Oh yes, you did, didn't you – I believe it was on a Thursday night about 7:00 p.m. – Actually you did it on the table."

All eyes turned to Carla as Amanda turned scarlet red with embarrassment. "You saw us?"

Carla smiled, "I saw someone but until just now never knew who it was and I was too embarrassed to let them know I was in the library! Oh this is too funny – that was you and Richard? Okay, don't look so embarrassed I did it in the library about a year ago."

Jessika asked, "I'm afraid to ask with whom but let me guess that you were working late?"

Carla was about to start telling them when Lisa's phone rang and Lisa said, "Hi, Mr. Jeffrys, Jessika has just left. Our meeting just ended and she should probably be on your floor in a few minutes."

Jessika quietly grabbed all her papers and headed for the door whispering, "Carla, don't you dare tell that story until next month! This one I've to hear!"

As everyone left Lisa's office they looked forward to the next meeting. At times office team meetings can be such a win-win situation.

**November Office Coffee Break #3 –Carla© Copyright, 2003 LdyJessika@aol.com**

Jessika looked at her calendar and grinned when she saw November 7<sup>th</sup>, which was the first Friday of the month. This team meeting she was looking forward to. Every time she went into the law library, during October, she tried to figure out what section of the library that Carla had done it in and with whom Carla had done it.

Jessika was beginning to wonder if there was anyplace in the entire company that someone hadn't done it yet when Michael walked into her office.

Michael laughed and said, "Hello, a penny for your thoughts?"

Jessika looked up startled but quickly said, "Sorry, the going rate for thoughts is on a fluctuating scale and a penny doesn't cover the thought expense rate. I have to leave for a meeting. Whatever you need, will have to wait."

As she pushed her way past him he said under his breath but she heard it, "Where you're concerned probably every man's needs have to wait!"

Jessika was going to ignore his remark but he always seemed to get her mad, she sneered at him, "No, Michael, just yours will wait!"

She heard him laugh and she smiled. She may dislike him but he always had a laugh that made her smile. It was spontaneous and he had a nice deep sound to his laughter. She quickly walked down the hall and to the elevator to go down to Lisa's office. When she got into the elevator it went one floor and stopped. When the doors opened in walked Amanda and Richard. Richard, thinking that no one knew that he and Amanda fucked in the elevator, joked to her, "Amanda this company has really nice elevators. Some elevators are very closed in but these are rather roomy, aren't they?"

Amanda couldn't answer and stood still, as if she just went into a state of shock. Jessika quickly covered for Amanda and answered, "I have to agree with you, Richard. The company invested two years ago in a new elevator system and it has worked out quite well. Amanda, are you heading to the meeting?"

Amanda stuttered, "Oh yes, I was apparently thinking of something else. I think these elevators are just perfect, Richard!" Amanda then glared at Richard and he started laughing – luckily they were at Lisa's floor and the two women got out of the elevator.

"Thanks, Jessika. I was just mortified he brought that up!"

Jessika grinned, "Well, he doesn't think I know – that was just hysterical when he kept saying how roomy the elevator is, and you kept coughing, and he wouldn't take the hint to shut up. I loved it!"

Amanda laughed, "Okay, I guess it was rather funny. But, I swear I'll never do it anywhere on the company premises again. Well, unless these meeting get really boring and we need new stories. Okay, I did in the library and Carla said she had seen us but Carla did it in the law library, too!"

Both women were still laughing when they sat down at the meeting table. Lisa spoke first, "Okay, Carla, I've been to that law library three times this week and can't figure out where the hell you did it. The tables are all as small as single desks and unless you were on the carpet I can't figure it out. At least when you saw Amanda they had long tables – WAIT, maybe that's why they removed the tables for desks!"

Sara chuckled, "You went to the library three times trying to figure out where Carla did it?"

Jessika saw Lisa bristle and was afraid that Lisa was about to cut Sara to pieces and Lisa answered, "No, I had reviews to do on accounting! Sara, at times you can be so...SO.."

Carla cut in before Lisa said something nasty, "SO, do I tell my story or about the time I saw Richard and Amanda?"

Lisa smiled, "Yes, I guess you had better because I was about to throttle Sara. Sorry Sara, I just lose my temper at times. Tell yours, it's best not to talk about someone else."

Sara didn't get a chance to answer because Carla started her next sentence with a bombshell, "Well, to be blunt I fucked Jessika's boss."

Jessika's voice was beyond the words shocked and stunned, "You fucked, Roger Jeffrys! I'm not sure I should listen to this story. I think it might ruin the working relationship with him. I honestly am not sure I want to hear this." But, since Jessika wasn't getting up to leave the meeting room Carla started her story.

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Carla explained that it was only once and before Jessika even started working at the company. And it was before Roger was married, so it didn't even count anymore. When Carla saw the relieved look on Jessika's face she explained that it was a Sunday and the company and law library was closed. She had a project to finish and called the company to see if anyone had a key she could use to use the library. Roger had answered the phone, opened the front door and when he saw all the heavy books she was carrying he just took some and they walked to the library. They talked only about company things and he let her in the library. Roger had explained to her that she only had an hour since he was leaving and would have to lock up the library before he left.

About fifteen minutes she had looked for a book and finally at the end of Aisle C-5 she saw it on the top shelf. She kneeled on the small desk at the end of the aisle, took the book down and was still kneeling looking at other books. Suddenly she heard Roger in back of her.

"Can I reach anything for you?"

Realizing she was kneeling and leaning on her hands she also realized her skirt pulled above her thighs in the back of her. Figuring she would just ignore her position she thought to make a joke of it.

"Yes, you can pull my skirt down while I look at these books."

She heard him nervously cough, "Well, uh, Carla, that wasn't quite what I meant but sure." Carla felt his fingers slip under the edge of her tight skirt and tug gently, sliding the skirt down.

"There, Carla, all nice and proper now."

He'd said it very formally but his fingers were still under the edge of her skirt and neither of them moved away. She felt his fingers slightly tremble and then slowly slide the skirt back up...higher than it was before. She didn't turn to face him, she didn't pull away...she didn't say anything but slid her knees wider on the small desk. Then she thought she heard him unzipping his slacks but the feel of his fingers sliding over her silk panties made her want to be fucked. She knew she was wet and could feel her panties slowly getting wet, as he rubbed harder.

In a moment he was sliding the tight skirt up to her waist and pulling her panties down her thighs. It was difficult kneeling for her to lift up her legs for him to slide them off but in a moment they were off and without words she went back to being on all fours. Then she felt his fingers. Sliding into her wet pussy. Spreading wider she pushed back feeling two of his fingers fucking her. No words had yet been spoken as her pussy dripped over his fingers while he finger fucked her.

He finally whispered to her, "Nice and tight pussy!"

She knew she whimpered and then she felt the warmth between her legs get hotter and wetter. Slick with wetness she pushed harder back onto his fingers. They pushed harder and deeper into her. Arching like a cat to meet his fingers she wanted them further into her...harder!

His fingers were pumping her hard and he again whispered, "Nice, Carla. Hot, tight, pussy. Wet, Carla, push back harder."

Moving harder against him she began to rock back and forth on her hands and knees on the small table. She rocked on his fingers...fucking them until his strokes into her increased to a tempo that she had to come. In a moment her body was feeling sensations going through her. Her pussy tightened on his fingers and began to spasm in waves of coming. She knew she whimpered and she kept hearing him repeat how hot she was...how tight.

She kept shoving her pussy onto his fingers as tremors ran through her and she drenched his fingers and hand. After a moment she felt his fingers sliding out of her pussy and felt him sliding her skirt down. She looked in back of her and he was licking the glistening wetness of her come off his fingers.

He smiled, "I think we'd better lock up the library."

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Carla had stopped speaking and looked around then said, "That was the story. That was all we did. It was that one time and we never spoke about it. Actually before that we had hardly spoken and since then we hardly speak. He's polite as always, but since we are in different departments there's not much to speak of."

Jessika chuckled, "That's so like that asshole! He fucks someone and hardly speaks and then never even speaks to her about it! He is such an idiot. Actually, I'm glad you told the story. Now I know my opinion of him is correct."

The phone rang and per usual it was Mr. Jeffrys looking for Jessika. She excused herself and went into his office to find him speaking with Michael.

Mr. Jeffrys said, "Jessika, if these team meetings are going to interfere with requests from Michael to go over business then I'm afraid they may not be a good use of company time."

Jessika laughed and they both looked at her with odd expressions, "Oh, sorry, Mr. Jeffrys. Yes, of course company time – how best to spend it during the week and weekends." She burst out in a fresh round of laughter and Mr. Jeffrys got angry.

"Well, I don't quite see the humor in wasted time but I expect you to clear your calendar and go over Michael's project."

Jessika grinned and turned to leave his office, "No problem. I'll make sure my entire desk is clear to go over his project. It's probably not a very large project anyway. I can probably go over his project in a few minutes."

With a fresh burst of laughter she closed Mr. Jeffry's office door and found Lisa standing there. "Jessika! I heard all of that. Have you gone nuts saying that? Even if they don't know what the hell you're talking about you have to stop laughing!"

Jessika and Lisa looked at each other for a moment and then they both burst out laughing as Michael walked out of the office.

He just smiled at them, "Ladies, I'm not even going to comment. Jessika when you have time I really do have, well, let's call it papers for you to go over!"

Jessika and Lisa smiled as Jessika said, "Yes, papers. Tomorrow at 9:00 will be fine."

Lisa then said, "You missed the part of the story where Carla mentioned the following week when she went to the library that the desk at the end of the aisle was missing! He probably had it burned. And wait till you hear next month about nice, quiet, Sara!"

Jessika whispered, "OH shit, it's in his office! He had it over by the law books he keeps – it's the desk!"

They went to Jessika's office to call Carla and made arrangements to hold the next month's meeting in Jessika's office.

#### \* **December Office Coffee Break**

Jessika didn't rush to the office that morning since she didn't want to go over contracts with Michael Garner, or even speak to Michael Garner. She knew that her meeting with Michael was scheduled at 9:00 so she arrived at 9:15, got her cup of coffee and walked into her office. She was shocked to see him sitting in her office drinking a cup of coffee.

"Michael, why are you in my office?"

**She walked to her desk. She sat down and glared at him. She noticed that he didn't seem surprised, or annoyed that she was late for the meeting.**

**He looked at his watch and then took a sip of his coffee before answering, "I'm in your office waiting for you to arrive since we have a meeting about 9:15."**

**Jessika didn't comment that their meeting was at 9:00 and that she waited and wanted to be late. She only said, "Fine, what did you want to speak about?"**

**Without saying anything he walked out of her office leaving a note on her desk.**

**Picking up the note she read, "Call me when you want to discuss the contract. It's new business. If you aren't interested then call anyway. My deadline is next month the day after your, so called, review meetings. I'll keep my calendar open."**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**The first thing at the next meeting Jessika blurted out, "Somehow Michael Garner knows what we talk about?"**

**Lisa bristled, "That bastard, but how? Has anyone told anyone – Amanda, have you told Richard?"**

**Amanda laughed, "NO, how could I ever tell him that I told you we did it in the elevator. He'd stop seeing me. He hates office gossip in any manner. Maybe, Michael is just goading you into telling him something and he knows nothing. He's supposed to be very good in negotiations. He gets a lot of his information from bluffing. Test him next time. I bet he doesn't know anything!"**

**They were about to discuss Michael when Sara in her quiet voice said, "When we're done talking about Michael can I tell about Parker?"**

**The entire room went so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Finally Carla said, "Sara, do you mean Parker Reynolds, or is there another Parker at this company?"**

**Sara smiled, "Yes, Parker Reynolds, we're engaged but not telling anyone and we always fuck in his office."**

**Lisa laughed, "Oh my GOD, she said the word fuck. You're so quiet, Sara, I can't imagine you saying it much less doing it AND much less with Parker Reynolds!"**

**Amanda asked, "Who is Parker Reynolds?"**

**Lisa laughed and Sara smiled and answered, "Parker Reynolds used to own this company but hasn't been involved for over ten years. He only comes in at night and still maintains the top floor for living. He owns the building."**

**Jessika looked amazed, "That's whose on the top floor? All papers or references only say PR and it has a private elevator."**

**Sara laughed, "Well, this can't leave this office! Anyway, the view from his conference room table is great looking over the city."**

Carla snickered, "Do we assume you are at the table, or on the table?"

Sara grinned, "Oh, I'm quite on the table, but it is rather a different type of table than you're thinking. We met quite by accident and we were both quite shocked we liked bondage.

Jessika gasped, "You? Sara you hardly say a word, you're so shy and you like tying this man up?"

"No, Jessika – I like being tied up and at times spanked."

There was no sound in the room as the women sat in shocked silence listening to Sara start her story. Jessika was amazed at how animated Sara was when she began telling about Parker. Sara was always so quiet and shy, but hearing her talk about Parker she was like a different person.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'd known Parker since I started here over fifteen years ago, but at that time he was CEO and I was working in the administrative offices and did the filing in his office. We'd become quite good friends and met outside the company for years. Once he decided to sell the company we didn't see any conflicts in our seeing each other. Then he decided, when he sold the building, to remain in possession of the top floor for his living space - it's been quite easy to get together. And, I'm never late for work!

Well, there is quite a bit to tell and I love talking about Parker, but his conference room has a white marble table and seats twenty. At one corner of the table is our special area and no one sits at the corner. The one wall is completely glass and since it's on the 15<sup>th</sup> floor you have quite a wonderful view. Well, on this particular night we went upstairs and Parker took me to the room. By now we were well into our relationship and I knew I was to undress for him. Parker likes to undress first and then watch as I slowly undress in front of him. At times, he tells me to slow down, or turn around or bend over but it's our ritual that I undress for him.

Naked I walked to the marble table and slid onto it. It was very cold to my back since it was late at night and winter. I liked the coldness of the marble as my back and ass touched it. Parker told me to close my eyes and spread my legs. As he pulled the conference room chair to the table I rested my feet on each arm of the chair. It was only a moment until I felt his lips caressing my inner thigh. Then his lips always slide so slowly and sensually until I can't take the feelings and I beg him to lick me.

"Parker, please, lick me....touch me."

I feel his lips sucking at my clit and in a moment his tongue is lapping at my pussy hard and fast...driving me hotter. I know I am dripping and he licked harder and then began sucking hard and biting at my clit causing shivers to go through me. The marble felt colder and yet heat was between my thighs burning as hot as the marble was cold. Over and over Parker would lick and bite until I begged him.

"I need to come. Parker may I please...Master?"

For a split second he'd lift his head and tell me I am allowed and then in a fury of passion he'd drive his fingers into me while his tongue lashed at my clit until in uncontrollable, shuddering spasms I could feel my pussy climax. It was like nothing I'd ever felt. I was staring out the window into a world of lights and coming harder every time he kept sucking on me. It was quite a while until he stopped and I was exhausted from it.

Then Parker slid away from the table and I'd slide onto his lap. We sat like that for a while looking out the window at the world of the city below us and then went to sleep. The next day I'd go all the way down the elevator and then walk up into the lobby and take the company elevator here to work. Kind of catchy don't you think?

\* \* \* \* \*

Catchy was not quite the word Jessika was thinking of but she stuttered, "Uh, yes, Sara, that is quite catchy. Isn't it Lisa?"

Lisa was still shocked, "I think it sure puts Ms. Quiet Sara on a new playing level!"

Amanda laughed, "Sara, I think it is wonderful and you will never be late for work when you get married. But I guess you will stop working and just live there?"

Sara smiled, "We talk about it but for now we just like it this way. So, now you know but must keep it a secret. I think it isn't as much fun as Lisa and Garrett doing it on his couch and dating in his office. Do you only do it on the couch?"

Lisa laughed, "Well last time I was kind of hanging over the arm of the couch. But, yes, mainly the couch."

Sara grinned, "Well I guess then next month we get to learn what to do with the arm of a couch!"

In a moment they all quickly gathered up papers and headed back to their respective office. Jessika entered hers and looking at her calendar marked down the next meeting at 9:00 the next month and then called Michael to make an appointment the same day at 11:00.

### **January Office Coffee Break –2004**

Jessika called Michael Garner, "Michael, I know I missed that conversation you wanted to have over contracts last month – look, if it can wait until about 4:00 today I can make it. I did speak to Roger Jeffrys and he was rather annoyed I didn't call you last month. SO, can we do it later today?"

Michael didn't sound very friendly and Jessika actually thought she heard him laugh for a moment – all he answered was, "I can just imagine how important your monthly meeting is with the other departments. Strange that it's the same women every month and no one ever sees any type of reports or meeting summaries. I'll be in your office at 4:00 to as you said, do it!"

Jessika went to explain that she didn't mean to sound rude or flippant but he hung up. She called his extension but no one answered. Quickly getting her files she turned the opposite direction of the meeting, went down two floors, up a different elevator, and then to the meeting. She thought to herself that it was silly that she was sneaking to a meeting but something in Michael's tone about her meetings was annoying.

Finally sitting down in the meeting Sara looked at Jessika and said, "I have some really strange news but it is only by the grapevine and may be a rumor. Michael Garner is getting promoted next month and will be taking over Roger Jeffrys job!"

Jessika sat there in a state of shock. Lisa chimed in, "Did you hear if he's bringing his administrative assistant with him? Is he firing Jessika? You know Jessy, it isn't like he likes you - and you never went to that meeting he wanted! Maybe he wanted to tell you about this!"

Sara answered, "I haven't seen any memo's on firing or hiring or even transfer of positions other than Roger is giving notice of retirement and Michael is slated to replace him. Nothing has been signed but I just thought I'd give us all a heads up on what is going on.

Jessika was deep in thought but said, "Look, I'll find out later today. I have to see the idiot at 4:00. For now I want to hear what Lisa can do with couches."

They all started laughing as Lisa started her story.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, as you know I have to bring to our accountant, Garrett, the monthly reports. The first time I was rather shocked we fucked. The second time I was hoping we would but I did go over with the intention that if we didn't that it would not interfere with our working relationship in any way. I had called his office from the lobby and he said everyone was gone and to come up. My heart was racing and I honestly didn't want to appear like I was there with the ending reports like some bitch in heat!

Carla laughed, "OH no! Never would we think that of you racing all the way across town with papers you could have sent by courier!"

Lisa grinned, "I'm just job conscientious – not like you Carla!"

Anyway, I walked into his office and Garrett was sitting behind his desk. He looked relaxed since he didn't have on his jacket but only his white shirt. When he stood up and walked to lock the door he only had on his white shirt! I was shocked but so happy I sat down on the leather couch and started taking off my heels and stockings before he even asked.

Garret came over and pulled me to my feet and started kissing my nipples through my blouse. It seems in my haste to race all the way across town with those papers I failed to properly dress and forgot my bra. Okay, I was like a bitch in heat!

It was just wild. We were all over each other. First, I was on top riding his cock – he'd pull me flat on top of him and start to fuck pushing his hips upward so fast I could hardly keep the same rhythm. I felt like a rag doll just hanging onto him

while being fucked. I lost track of how many times I came with his cock ramming up into me when he stopped and told me to get on my knees. Turning around I was kneeling on the couch with Garret in back of me. I was leaning on the arm of the couch when he shoved harder and I reached over the arm of the couch and leaned both hands on the floor.

"Lisa, are you okay in this position? Your pussy is nice and high this way and I can get a great fuck!"

I was so crazy for the way this man fucked me I'd do it in any position. I could feel his fingers start to slide up and down my pussy and the arm of the couch was very soft and a great cushion on my stomach. Then I felt his hard cock start to slide up and down my pussy and I wanted him in me, "Garrett, I need it."

"You need what, Lisa, tell me what you need and I'll give it to you!"

I felt him teasing my pussy...slowly pushing just the head of his cock into me then pulling it out...wet...and sliding it over my pussy and ass. When he didn't put it back in but kept sliding it I answered, "Garret, I need your cock in me. Please, push it back into me and fuck me."

It was all he needed to hear and he slid his cock back inside of me. I felt so damn full and it felt wonderful. I tried to push back but didn't have much room for movement bent so far over the couch arm. I felt his hands on my hips and then a loud crack on my ass...then felt his cock ram straight into me. He slammed into my slick wetness. It was like sweet warmth shoving in side of me. I was on fire. I kept getting shoved harder onto the arm of the couch but it felt good. I could feel every thrust of his hips driving his cock into me deeper. Without being able to move it was deep penetration until I couldn't stand it anymore and started to come. I felt it before I could do anything to stop or hold back. With his cock ramming and his fingers digging into my hips I just exploded in pulsating waves of orgasm. Then I heard him groan and he rammed so hard I thought I'd go right over the arm of the couch. He buried himself in me. It was like he never came so hard and he just kept ramming and coming! When we finally stopped I couldn't get back up and he had to pull me up. We just fell onto the couch and slept for a few hours. I told him I'd come back next month.

Lisa looked around the group and they were all staring at her. "Uh, is everyone okay?"

Sara whispered, "Damn Lisa, that was like listening to an X-rated tape or something. I think I almost came listening to you!"

Lisa laughed, "Well, actually I nearly came sitting here telling it. I guess this was rather X-rated?"

Amanda and Carla both laughed and Amanda started fanning herself with a folder, "Oh my gosh! I don't think I can top that next month – We did stupid things like take naked images on the copier!"

Jessika chuckled, "And did you pay for your own copier paper or did the company pay for those pictures – then they belong to the company so turn them over."

At the end of the meeting as Jessika was leaving Lisa called, "Well, tell us next time about your meeting with Michael even if it doesn't have any juicy parts! Inquiring minds want to know!"

## **February Office Coffee Break © Copyright LdyJessika**

The morning started off worse than Jessika could have ever imagined. She had car trouble and was late for work. She didn't brush her hair, didn't put on make up, didn't stop for coffee and rushed into her office to find Michael Garner sitting at the small conference table.

He looked up from the papers, "Oh, so this is what you look like in the mornings?"

She was in a horrible mood and didn't have time to switch her personality to pure business when she answered, "Oh fuck you, Michael, leave me alone."

She immediately was mortified at what just had happened, "Michael, I apologize. I', not ready for this meeting, you surprised me sitting there and I just answered without thinking. I know that was against company policy. Can you please leave for about fifteen minutes, so I can get it all together."

He didn't answer but stood up and as he walked out he replied, "I'll bring you back coffee – I already know you take two sugars and cream. You have as much time as it takes for me to get to the coffee pot and back, which is less than fifteen minutes. Get started."

She sighed after he left. She could tell this was going to be a stressful day. Throwing her attaché case on the floor she began to put on make-up. She was brushing her hair when he walked in bringing two cups of coffee.

"Good Morning, Jessika. You have nice hair. I'll sit over here while you finish up, Okay?"

She didn't answer but placed the brush in her drawer and walked over to the table. Sitting down she said, "Thank you for the coffee, I believe we have some matters to discuss."

Their eyes met for an instant longer than comfortable and she looked down into her coffee cup. Her mind for some reason couldn't focus on business. She thought for a moment of him walking into her office. But instead of carrying coffee to the table he had walked over to her. His hand had taken the brush from her hand and pulled her to a standing position in front of him. As she looked up into his eyes his lips met hers in a passionate kiss. Her arms wrapped around his shoulders and she felt her body melting against his.

"Jessika? Are you okay? What are you staring at in the coffee cup?"

Jessika looked up stuttering, "What! What? Michael, I can't do this now." She stood up and quickly walked to the window looking out to quiet her mind from her sensual thoughts of him. She knew he was shocked. She knew she'd never appeared at this company in any manner other than pure professional. Finally, she

turned to find him sitting quietly reading Forbes Magazine. She gazed at him for a few minutes. Then her imagination picked up right where it left off with his lips burning onto hers and her body crushing against his.

She could hear his voice whispering, "Jessika. Let me touch you. Jessika, let me feel you." She felt his hand sliding under her skirt and up her thigh-high stockings. She sensually whispered, touch me, as his fingers found their way to her silk panties. She widened her stance. His arm wrapped around her waist pulling her pussy onto his hand...his fingers rubbed her through the silk. His voice always had that tone that demanded no argument, when he told her he was sliding her panties down. In a moment she felt his strong fingers sliding along her pussy lips. It was a teasing touch yet tantalizing. She whimpered her want for more of this man and then felt him touching her clit...rubbing it gently. Giving her the feeling she wished for coursing through her body. He was gently fingering her as she felt herself getting wetter and wetter. Hearing herself whispering words....more...faster...need to cum. She heard him saying open your eyes and look at me.

She obeyed, gazing into his eyes where she saw the lust burning in them for her. The moment she had waited for. His eyes burning his need into hers. His voice telling her to open her eyes...look at him. Her nipples hard and tingling. Her body was tightening like a coil ready to snap. Her pussy was hot, burning desire until sensations built so much that she cried his name and her body felt like it exploded. She felt his fingers ram deeper and his thumb rub her clit harder. It was all too much for her body and pushing down harder onto his fingers she came. It had been so long since she'd cum that it felt like freedom. Clinging to him she let the feelings course through her and relax her being. Feeling his strong arm holding her, giving her support as his fingers continued their teasing, satisfying roaming over her pussy. Then, while leaning on him as his hand rubbed up and down her back she knew he was the one man she'd always want.

Then she heard his voice and slamming back into reality she heard him saying over and over, "Jessika? Are you okay? Open your eyes and look at me. Jessika? Open your eyes!"

He was still holding the Forbes Magazine but now standing in front of her, "Jessika?"

She felt embarrassed and very insecure just having a fantasy about the man standing in front of her. "I am so sorry, Michael. I am usually very efficient. I am very professional. I am very capable."

She watched him drop the magazine on the floor and he pulled her against him, "It's okay, Jessika. Just relax for a moment. No talking. Breath slowly and relax, for just a moment. You're honestly the most professional capable woman I've ever met, so whatever's going on this morning just relax a moment, okay? I can promise it won't leave this office. Relax."

Standing a moment she relaxed while her mind raced that this was Michael Garner. Michael with the reputation of being a shark in business, and that he refused team work within the company with any women. Finally, she pulled away and although flustered began to think clearly, "Michael, thank you. I guess perhaps this is just

not my morning, but I think I'm together now. I guess perhaps we should go over the business that you requested this meeting for?"

He didn't let go of her right away, "I guess this means it's time I let you out of my arms and I'll get the folders. But if you notice the time on your wall clock I think it is time you start your monthly race down the hall for that team meeting?"

Jessika pulled out of his arms, "Oh, drat! You're correct. Michael, can we do this later today? I really don't want to miss the team meeting? I know I've put this off but can you please let it wait, again?"

Jessika was quite surprised he smiled and laughed. She noted that he had a nice laugh as he walked over and picked up his folders.

"Okay, but now you have to meet me later today or even tonight for dinner. And I want to know what you were daydreaming about since you had a smile on your lips."

Jessika smiled, "Don't worry it wasn't about you."

She then walked out and as he turned the corner she raced down the hallway to the elevator. She wasn't going to tell them about her fantasy. She thought she'd think it over and over until it felt real again. She'd tell them he brought her coffee and then she put the meeting off because he couldn't focus.

### **March Office Coffee Break © Copyright LdyJessika**

Jessika walked into the coffee break and was immediately asked how the meeting went with Michael. She explained that he couldn't focus on the documents, so she didn't have time to waste and told him to make another appointment.

Lisa raised one eyebrow and said, "Michael Garner, not able to focus on business? What was he staring at or doing that he couldn't focus?"

Jessika laughed and said that it appeared that Garner had an allergy and a brutal headache and wanted to put the meeting off.

Lisa smiled not really believing her but didn't say anything. Actually no one knew it but Michael Garner was Lisa's cousin. Since the company frowned on hiring relatives they had decided not to say anything. They hardly ever talked and weren't close so what happened within the company didn't matter – usually! Lisa decided that later that night she'd call Michael to see how his headache was. She had always thought that Jessika and Michael would make a great team but Jessika was so formal all the time that Lisa never mentioned the idea.

Lisa turned to Amanda asking how her and Richard enjoyed the company get together at Jake's Disco. It seemed that somehow last month a notice went around that there was a party at Jake's and quite a few employees went. No one really knew who posted the flyer in the employee lounge but by the time it was taken down a lot of copies of it had been made. Of course, the company posted a disclaimer that it was not company related but by then a lot of people decided it had sounded like a great idea and showed up at the disco.

Amanda laughed, "It was, cold, loud music so you couldn't talk, and so dark a pick-pocket would have had a blast taking wallets. The dance floor was crowded unless you danced in a corner, but the drinks weren't watered down and I had a great time – we kind of did something while dancing.

Carla laughed, "You kind of did something? So did you do something or you didn't do something, or did you start something and didn't finish? What the hell happened on the dance floor, and what was something?"

Amanda explained:

We arrived an hour later and walked in. We sat down at a table with that odd couple from the mail room into all the leather and always talking about chains and things.

Jessika interrupted her, "Who the hell is that?"

Amanda laughed, "Ria Collins and Jim Night. He wears that black leather collar and everyone says she's his Mistress and he's a love slave - or some type of slave. Anyway, they were there and we sat down at their table. It was really interesting to watch them but then Richard couldn't stand being at their table so we got up to dance."

Sara asked, "Do you think she spanks him? I read that some men like to be spanked. Oh my heavens, what if she spanks him in the mail room!"

Sara sneered, "Well, then at least if she gets tired of spanking him, then she can put postage on his ass and mail him somewhere!"

Amanda laughed and then described the disco and how they got up from the table and had to push their way through the crowd to get to the dance floor. Even on the dance floor there wasn't much room so they finally were pushed into a corner, where although very dark wasn't crowded. Also in the corner most of the couples weren't dancing more than a step and just moving against each other to the music. They had stopped dancing and were hugging and swaying to the music.

Richard, "Amanda, is that your wrap-around skirt you have on?"

Amanda laughed, "Yes, why? Do you want me to run home and change into a different skirt?"

Richard, "Uh, no I was going to say swivel the skirt so the flap is directly in front of your pussy." Richard whispered in her ear that he thought it would be rather interesting to feel what she had on under the skirt. He was shocked after she shifted her skirt to find no panties.

They danced slowly with Richard pressing into her. His hands had roamed down her back and cupped her ass against his groin. Then, as his fingers were flexing on her ass he wondered what skirt she had on and wanted to slide his fingers over her pussy. Turning her so his back was to the dance floor he easily slid his hand inside her wrap-around skirt.

**"Amanda, honey, widen your legs. No one can see. Actually no one in this place would care if I fingered you on a table!"**

**Amanda chuckled, "I agree this isn't going to win the class disco award and this feels so naughty. I like naughty Richard. Ever since we did it in the elevator I've wanted to do it in a public place. Is that sick?"**

**Richard's mind went racing to about ten places he wanted to either fuck her or watch her masturbate in public. "Uh, no I'd like to watch you in a few places I can think of. Is that sick?"**

**Amanda moaned that they are both sick as his fingers slid over her pussy and she felt him pinching her clit. When he whispered that she was dripping and she should get wetter for him she felt her juices dripping more for him. She loved the feeling of getting wetter and feeling his fingers sliding easily over her pussy lips.**

**She slid her hand between them and pinched her nipple through her halter top. She heard him whisper that he wished he could suck on them and that he liked licking her tits and sucking her nipples. His words made her hotter and she spread her legs wider giving him access to whatever he wanted to do. Immediately she felt his finger pushing into her cunt.**

**Richard, "Shove two fingers in me. Finger fuck me hard, here on the dance floor."**

**Richard slid his index and middle fingers into her hot, wet, pussy while they rocked slowly to the music. He would slide his fingers out of her wetness and pinch and pull her clit. He wished he could kneel in front of her and suck on it...he wanted to lick her up and down. His hard cock was pushing against his jeans but this night was for her. His fingers slid up and down her pussy lips...teasing...tantalizing until he felt her trying to get them closer to push into her.**

**Richard, "I want to be fucked...now. Finger fuck me."**

**Amanda knew that he'd do what she asked - he moaned in her ear that he wanted her to cum on his fingers. She felt his two fingers push deeper into her delicate softness. She could feel him pressing his fingers on her most sensitive spot. She could feel her pussy start to tingle and she heard her breathing louder with need. He was moving to the music and fingering her. She was moving to the music and her body was skyrocketing through sensations...building to that perfect place she needed to be. She arched her back pushing down on his fingers in a frenzy of need and rode his fingers like a hard cock. Finally as he fingered her harder and she rocked down like a crazed woman fucking them she felt that burst of ecstasy and grabbed onto his shoulders. Gripping his shoulders for balance she felt his fingers fucking into her as her pussy tightened and convulsed on them. She had cum harder than she ever thought she ever had. She wasn't sure if it was because they were in a public place or just his fingering her cunt made her crazy to cum. She finally smiled and realized they were still swaying slowly but the music had changed and it was a fast disco number on.**

**Amanda giggled, "I think we better get off the dance floor. If I tried to dance fast right now I'd fall down. But I'd have a very satisfied look on my face."**

Richard walked off the dance floor with one arm around Amanda and sucking on his fingers. When they got back to the table Ria looked at them rather oddly but didn't say anything.

Amanda laughed, "Well, all in all it was a rather nice night. I didn't see any of you there but I know for a fact that Ria was jerking off her love boy under the table."

Sara laughed, "How do you know, did you look under the table?"

Amanda smiled, "Well, actually, when Richard got up to get us drinks and talk to Milo from his department she told me if I didn't want to watch Jimmy get jerked off that it would be a good idea if I went with Richard. She wasn't being nasty – so I said go right ahead. Then she told him to pull his cock out and gave him a bunch of orders and then there she went jerking him while he had to drink and talk to me."

Carla cut in, "CRAP! we have to get back to work, we went over a half hour. AND, now I want to hear this. I'll faint when he brings in the mail in an hour! I'll pretend I'm typing!"

The meeting ended and they all raced back to their departments while Lisa decided to go to the mail room and get a stamp.

### **April Office Coffee Break © Copyright LdyJessika**

Lisa walked into the mailroom and up to the counter where Ria was weighing packages. Ria looked up and smiled knowing Lisa was a major nasty bitch when she wanted to be.

"Good afternoon, Lisa, is there something I can assist you with?"

Lisa smiled, "I have a package that has to go airborne for Friday delivery and I was wondering at what time on Thursday it needs to get off?"

Ria smiled, "Well, I don't do airborne, but let me ask Jim. Jim? to get airborne on Friday what time does it have to get off on Thursday?"

Jim wasn't really paying attention and just answered, "I'd like to get it off about 2:00 on Thursday."

Ria turned to him, "Did you say you would like to get it off about 2:00 on Thursday?"

Jim still wasn't paying attention while he was concentrating on what he was typing, "Well it would be best to make sure it gets there on Friday. Unless getting it off at 2:00 isn't convenient for Ms. Lisa?"

The two women exchanged glances and Ria grinned, "Would you like me to send Jim to come and get it?"

Lisa wasn't sure but answered, "Would it be okay if he came to my office and would he mind?"

Ria turned to Jim, "Jim, do you mind going to Lisa's office and following my directions?"

Jim looked up finally realizing what was transpiring. He'd always liked looking at Lisa but never thought he'd have an opportunity to serve. "Ria, I'll do whatever you feel is best. If you think it best to go to Lisa's office then I'll go get her package. When will it be ready?"

Lisa thought to herself that maybe she'd better not let the other women know what's going on. She wouldn't want it getting back to Garret. Then she felt an odd feeling of power and looked at Ria, "How about now?"

Ria turned to Jim, "Go with Lisa and get what she needs, okay?"

Jim smiled at Ria and without saying anything followed Lisa to her office.

Lisa closed the office door and turned to Jim, "Am I to understand from Ria that you're here to follow up on what I need you do to?"

Jim could see Lisa was nervous but he could also sense her power and determination. Her office reminded him of power. The glass, chrome – cold and determined. "Yes, Lisa. Do you have a particular thing you need done? To be rather blunt, if I may, I'm here to serve you. But, you already knew that."

Lisa could think of about ten sexual things she'd like done to her, but quickly looking at the clock decided on just getting off with him sucking on her. She wasn't quite sure how to go about it but she figured she'd just treat him like an employee and order him to do what she wanted to get done. Walking to her chair she pulled up her skirt and pulled off her panties. Then sitting in her chair she draped one leg over each arm of the chair and slid her bottom to the end of the chair. Looking at him she slowly and clearly said, "Well, if you truly want to do what I want you to then I want you to suck me until I come all over your mouth? Do you think you can do that – Jim?"

Jim gazed into Lisa's eyes and wanted so much to please her so Ria would be proud of him, "Yes, Lisa, I think I can do that. I'll show you."

Lisa was quite surprised at how graceful Jim walked in front of her and kneeling down began to lick the inside of her thigh...sensually running his lips over her flesh.

Lisa's senses were beginning to tingle and she liked the feeling of being able to tell him what she wanted, "Lower...I want you to not waste time and lick my clit. Now. Lick!"

She heard him whisper, "Yes, Lisa." Then she watched as his fingers opened her pussy lips wide apart and his tongue began to circle her clit. In a moment he was licking and lapping at her pussy as if he were thirsting for her. She'd never had a man this much into licking her pussy. Up and down he'd rake his tongue over her moist flesh. Finally she demanded, "Jim...fuck me with your tongue!"

Without hesitation she noticed he immediately rammed his tongue deeply into her. She reached down and grabbed his head on either side with your hands. Then she

did something she'd never done and began moving his head how she wanted to be tongue fucked and licked. It sent feelings of sensual power through her. Having Jim at her command to bring her any pleasure she wanted. "Suck and finger me now, Jim"

She felt his mouth take a tight hold on her clit as he sucked hard on it...his tongue licking. His finger played for only a moment at her opening and then she felt it slam into her. "More, Jim. I want more fingers in me!"

She thought she heard him moan in agreement. She didn't know since her mind and body were racing. The powerful feeling of command, "Jim...finger me hard. I want three fingers in me like a fucking dildo." She was surprised at what she was saying and more surprised that whatever she said he'd do without hesitation.

She felt his index finger and middle finger sliding in and out and - it felt tight. Then she felt him biting on her clit...pulling harder and harder on it. She felt him stretching her wider and then his ring finger sliding into her wet, dripping pussy. She felt stretched. She didn't think she could really take it but when he began to slowly and methodically move his fingers she relaxed. Looking down at him she actually smiled and began to run her fingers through his hair, "Nice, Jim. That feels really nice. Keep going for me, Jim. I'm going to come soon. That's it, Jim. Suck me, baby...suck hard and finger me."

She felt his fingers begin to slide into her faster, while his lips began to rub and suck...rub and lick...tongue her...suck her...kiss. Over and over she felt him feasting on her pussy and clit until she heard herself whisper, "Oh my God, I'm coming!" Then it washed over her like a tidal wave of sensations. She felt her pussy clamp so hard on his fingers that she thought he'd never get them out of her. Over and over she felt her body giving while he licked and sucked.

Then she felt his licking slowing down and his fingers moving slower. She never realized when he'd removed two fingers, so only one was now touching inside of her...pushing in and out. She was too sensitive to continue, "Jim...stop sucking now. I'm about to faint!"

He looked up at her and smiled as his lips still glistened with her own pussy juice.

"Lisa, are you satisfied?"

Lisa smiled, "Hell yes! That was wonderful. You're quite a treasure."

Jim grinned as he stood up, "Well, I'm happy that I can tell Ria that I did as I know she'd want me to do."

Lisa had pulled her skirt down and watched as he walked out of her office when her phone rang.

She heard Carla, "Lisa? Here I was all ready for the Jim Boy Toy to bring in the mail and Ria brought the mail. I even asked if Jim was sick and she laughed and answered that he wasn't sick but busy doing up a package. She is so damn weird, isn't she?"

Lisa laughed, "Yes, she does seem to have a way with words. I have to get a report done. I'll see you at the next coffee meeting."

### **May Office Coffee Break © Copyright LdyJessika**

The month of May began with warm weather, sunny skies and rumors about the monthly meetings. Michael Garner seemed to be the one causing all the trouble - asking each of their supervisors if they ever turned in a report. Of course they did but he took the liberty of reading them – finding none of them matched.

"Jessika? Can I have a moment of your time since we still have never had that meeting that I need with you?"

Jessika looked up from her desk and smiled at Michael. She was now quite used to his entering her office with questions of one sort or another. Actually she was quite good at this new cat and mouse routine and she didn't care which position of cat or mouse she was in.

Jessika gave him her best smile, "Ah, good morning to you too Mr. Michael Garner. We are looking quite dashing this fine May day!"

Michael sat down in the chair across from her desk, "Yes, well be that as it may, I need a clear cut time for a discussion about a future project."

Jessika smiled and picking up her pencil reached for the calendar, "And, be that as it may, what date would you like this clear cut discussion to take place?"

Michael didn't smile, "At a time when you don't escape, make excuses, or swoon."

Jessika lost her sense of humor, "SWOON? like heck. Fine, you want a meeting let's get it over with. How about next week, this time, this place."

Michael stood up and walked out the door. Then he looked back in, "I'll check my calendar and see if I'm free – I'll get back to you in ten minutes. Oh, wait, you can't wait ten minutes or you'll miss that monthly meeting of the closed door professionals - discussing exactly what?"

Jessika got up and walked past him, "None of your business is what we discuss. I'll be back in an hour. Let me know if we can get our discussions over with next week." She heard him laugh and she smiled as she went to the meeting.

When she walked in to Sara's office she heard the last part of Carla's conversation, "And then the idiot says to me, No one tells me what to wear and when to wear it!"

Jessika laughed, "Who did you tell to take off their clothes?"

Sara laughed, "NO! It was that idiot from DAST Inc. – he was hot and complained the air conditioning didn't seem to be working, so all I did was suggest he take off his coat and that I'd hang it up in the front closet. He gets all red in the face and yells at me something about no one tells him how to dress, and what to where, and when he should wear it. I was going to say fine then sit in the meeting and sweat to death, but I apologized and walked out. I thought I'd turn the heat up and maybe

he wouldn't come back. Anyway let's talk about better things – like my shower with Parker Reynolds watching."

Jessika nearly choked on her coffee, "Parker Reynolds is into voyeurism? I don't know if I'm ready for this."

Lisa laughed, "From what we hear you're never ready for anything, including the long lost meeting with Michael Garner?"

Jessika raised an eyebrow and pretended to be snide, "Oh well, Miss Lisa, for your information and inquiring mind that meeting will take place next week."

Sara cut in with her story.

Yes, actually Parker Reynolds is very much into watching but his favorite place is sitting in his chair, which if he leans to the left he can see into the closet door mirror which reflects where I undress in the other room.

Anyway, this particular night I was in the other room and noticed that he was watching me more than he was watching the television. Well, to be honest, I knew he watched, so I made sure that the door was all the way open. This particular night rather than just masturbate I decided to use my vibrator. Actually I'm not quite sure what I came from stronger – the vibration of my toy or knowing he was watching me, while he had a rock hard cock.

I think by now he may know why I'm doing it. But, to be honest, I love when he watches me touching myself. I kind of start the same way every time

Lisa laughed, "And do tell, exactly what way is the same way every time, as you always say – to be honest."

Sara smiled and continued, Well, to be honest, I started by standing in front of the closet mirror that I knew he could clearly see. I did a slow strip. Kind of like a very sensual strip tease, but not where my actions were brazen and obvious. After I was naked I ran my hands over my breasts. Then, I reached into a small box on the dresser. Taking out the vibrator I licked it and kissed it, while slowly sliding my other hand over my body and then lower between my legs. By now I could see that Parker was quite aroused and unbuckling his slacks.

Standing at an angle to the mirror I widened my stance so he could get the best view. I played with my pussy lips for a few moments. Pulling them apart so he could see my clit and then just rubbing it. Then, I sensually slid the vibrator over my wet clit and slowly into my pussy. I could see his reflection and smiled to myself when he began to rub his cock. Matching the rhythm of his hand sliding up and down his cock I began fucking myself with the vibrator. I'm not sure if he could hear the low buzz of the vibrator or then the faster buzzing sound as I turned it to the speed that felt the best. I like it fast – it gets me wetter with that vibration running into me – and I can feel it inside.

Lifting my leg I rested my foot on the wall – I swear I could hear him groan when I did that and he began jerking his cock faster. This is what I like best - when my foot is on the wall and it opens me wider for him to clearly see me fucking myself.

The frantic pace of fucking myself began to make me almost too dizzy to stand. More than that, staring into the mirror at the reflection of his hard, straining cock was making me crazy.

I didn't even realize it for a few moments but I was pumping my hips back and forth while I fucked myself with the vibrator. I could see it was making him harder and I think I saw his mouth the words come for me! I'm not sure - but as I watched his reflection I knew when he wanted me to come.

Shoving the vibrator the hardest and the deepest into me I closed my eyes a moment. I let the tingling start to take hold. Feeling my clit begin to tingle and my body begin to feel those sensations. I was breathing heavily, I was hot...I needed to come. My pussy juice was dripping over the vibrator and then I felt as if my body was exploding. I was shaking when I finally felt my pussy clenching so hard onto that vibrator that I had to turn it off - my body spiraled out of control. I stood there a few moments enjoying the feeling of my pussy clenching and knowing that Parker was waiting for me to open my eyes and gaze into his. That was the best moment. I slid the vibrator out of me as it glistened with my wetness and gazed into the mirror - into Parker's gaze. Then I pretended I was so surprised that he saw me doing this. I slowly walked over to him and took care of his obvious problem still throbbing in his hand.

And that is my story.

Jessika spoke first, "Oh my! I'm not sure what has me most curious - that quiet Sara is quite the showcase or Parker Reynolds like to so to speak watch. I'm actually quite stunned."

Lisa laughed, "Oh shit, Jessika, you're stunned at almost every story, every month. An you still haven't told us what the hell is up between you and Michael Garner. Rumors are flying that you avoid him and we want to know why?"

Jessika smiled, "Lisa, you want to know everything. Actually I avoid him because he is annoying, arrogant, and I don't care for his personality!"

Lisa thought to herself that her cousin Michael may be a bit arrogant but he had a wonderful personality. "Okay, forget that question about Michael. Carla? Any new tales to tell, since we found out about the desk in Roger Jeffery's office?"

Carla had been quiet for a month or so just listening but shocked the entire room when she answered, "I'm dating Morgan from the loading dock."

Amanda laughed, "Morgan? I think Richard knows him. Isn't he the one in his 50's and he rides his Harley motorcycle to work? I hear he parks it in the loading dock office next to his desk! That Morgan?"

Carla grinned, "Yeah, guess next time I should catch you up?"

Jessika looked at her watch, "Maybe we can make this a two hour meeting and you can tell us now?"

Lisa grinned and opened the office door, "We have enough rumors going around now about this meeting. We better also start deciding on what to put in our reports - I've heard someone is checking to see if we have the same reports. I'll e-mail you my part about accounting and you add yours and we'll all have the same story. See you next time and Carla, you're damn right you better catch us up."

## **June Office Coffee Break © Copyright LdyJessika**

The meeting had started late because Jessika couldn't get Michael out of her office. At the meeting she quickly said, "Carla you go and I'll tell what happened next month."

Carla laughed and began to tell them how she'd met Morgan.

\* \* \* \* \*

Carla had walked onto the loading docks to deliver to Morgan her department's logbook. She'd heard he wasn't the nicest person to deal with, so she was nervous walking into his office.

"Morgan, I'm really sorry to bother you, but I need to go over the guidelines for the new receiving and shipping logbook.

He smiled, "How sorry is really sorry. Is that more than sorry, but less than very sorry?" He laughed and waved his hand for her to stop standing at the door and come in.

He wasn't what she'd expected, but the rumor about his motorcycle was true since it was parked on the other side of his office.

He laughed when he noticed she'd looked over at this motorcycle, "That's Maggie over there. She's pure Harley - ever been on one?"

Carla smiled, "Uh, no, not even when one was standing still. Can I ask why you park it in here or is that a secret?"

Morgan stared at her for a moment before answering, "You've never come down here before. You've always signed things but someone else always brought them down here. Why have you come yourself? Your secretary, Jillian, is she sick? She usually always comes down."

She started to get up out of the chair, "I can send Jillian down if you rather I leave."

"Whoa girl! I didn't say that at all. Come on and sit back down - Can I get you a cup of coffee. Not the best coffee maker but I just made some and it should be still warm. We can go over your books and I promise to even do all the paperwork. How's that sound?"

She sat down and he brought her a cup of coffee. Opening the logbook on the table she prepared to go over the guidelines, "This is going to sound odd, since I've never

spoken to you before, but do you know you have a reputation of being quite formidable?"

Taking a sip of his coffee he smiled, "If formidable is like having a reputation for being a real bad ass then the answer is yes. I've worked quite a bit at that reputation, so don't you go ruining it on me by saying I made you a cup of coffee. If you want I can snarl and scare you so you can go back into the offices and tell them you're never setting foot here again."

"You would rather I never come here again?"

"Nope. Didn't say that - you sure do have a way of turning things around when a man says something. I've seen you quite a bit over the past two years so I guess it's nice that your finally here."

Carla was surprised at how pleasant the meeting was going over the guidelines when he suddenly said, "I have to close out the docks. It's 5:00 and the gates have to be locked. I'll be right back, if you want to wait, or else if you have to go we can finish in the morning." He smiled when she said she'd wait.

While he was gone she went over to his bike and looked it over. She'd no idea what she was really looking at but she did acknowledge it was shiny and very masculine looking. It seemed to suit him. And it even looked as if it fit in his office loading dock. Pouring herself another cup of coffee she sat back down and waited about a half hour. She was about to leave him a note when he walked in the office.

"Writing me an escape note that you left?"

Standing up she turned as he turned off the lights on the outside platform. It made the outside very dark since his office had no windows only the doorway. She suddenly felt nervous and stuttered, "Uh, no, do those lights turn back on? I won't be able to see the way back to the building door."

"Carla, don't worry – you can't go back in that door. It has an automatic locking at 5:00 timer so you have to come out the loading dock platform and in the front of the building. Scared of me?"

He'd walked over to where she was standing and moved closer to her. She didn't move. He didn't move. He took another step closer so his body was barely touching hers. He asked, again, "Scared of me?"

Her voice was low, "Should I be?"

She felt his finger run over her lips as she gazed into the deepest blue eyes she'd ever seen. He tipped her chin up and his voice whispered just above her lips, "Yes, you should be scared of me, are you?"

She could feel his breath as his lips came closer to hers. She leaned forward feeling his body now slightly touching hers as she whispered, "No, Morgan, I'm not afraid of you but I'm not sure why."

She felt his hands as one held her chin and the other cupped the back of her head. "You aren't afraid because you know I'd never hurt anyone." Then she felt the most passionate kiss cover her lips that she'd ever felt in her entire life. He didn't just kiss her - she felt as if her entire body melted against his. Her soft blouse pressed against his rough denim shirt and his hand ran down her back cupping her ass - pulling her flat against him. She kissed him as if she was thirsting for him her entire life. Feeling his hand pulling her blouse out of her skirt she helped undo the buttons and slid off her bra.

Then suddenly he pulled away from her and turned to walk toward the door.

Carla grabbed for her blouse, "Oh, I'm sorry. I don't know why we did that? I'm so sorry."

He laughed, "Hell, I'm not! I just want to lock the damn door - if you're out in the dark you can see us clearly and we must look like two teenagers going at it."

Carla was still holding her blouse in front of her when he walked back. The moment seemed to be gone and she was embarrassed. "I guess we should stop?"

Morgan walked up to her and pulled her into his arms, "Nope. Wrong. I felt something in that kiss and I'm going to find out the rest. Unless you want me not to kiss you?"

Dropping the blouse she put her arms around his neck and pulled his lips toward hers. His mouth opened against her and his tongue claimed hers. His fingers found their way down to her hard nipple, waiting to be squeezed. She felt fire racing through her nipples as he pulled on one then the other - his kiss getting deeper and more possessive.

His body was grinding into hers as she leaned back on the desk for support. She felt his other hand sliding down her hip...over her thigh. His hand touched her flesh and slid up under her skirt bringing it up toward her waist. She felt his hand closer and closer - rather than stop him she spread her legs with the need she had for him to touch her. She felt his fingers the moment they touched her panties and she knew she was wet. His kisses stopped a moment and his voice sounded rough, "Carla, I want to touch you, okay?"

She was too in need to care about stopping him. She wanted his fingers inside of her. She wanted his fingers fucking her. "Morgan, touch me."

She felt as his fingers slid into the wetness of her, pulling her panties down her legs. She felt as his hand cupped her mound and then his kisses seemed violent with need. His fingers spread her pussy lips and his middle finger shoved into her. She arched her back - she took more. It was the wildest feelings she'd ever had. He moved his finger deeply in and out, as his tongue seemed to match the rhythm. Her hips were moving frantically on his finger and her hands were pulling him harder against her. Faster and slower he'd shove his finger into her as it became more like she was riding his finger. Rocking...shifting...her body rode his finger as if it owned her movements. She heard his voice as if it was coming through long tunnel.

"Carla, come for me, baby. Ride my finger and come on it for me. Now, baby."

She wasn't sure if it was his voice...his finger slamming into her...her own body needing release, but her body exploded in erotic pleasure like she'd never experienced before. Over and over she heard his voice whispering how good it was...to keep coming. She felt him holding her as she leaned against him...his finger sliding out of her. She felt as if she was in a fog - the only thing keeping her from falling was his arm around her.

His lips were still kissing her ear...her neck, "Carla, we have to get out of here. The night guy comes in here in about five minutes and I don't think this meets any guidelines in your book?"

She felt like she had cold water poured on her, "OH SHIT! I forgot about him!"

Morgan smiled handing her the bra and blouse, "I didn't! That's why we had to rush!"

Carla quickly put on her blouse and grabbing her panties off the floor thought to herself if that was what he was like when he rushed she'd probably die of pleasure if he went slower. She wasn't sure what to say next after doing something like this but luckily he said what was needed, "Come on. I'll walk the bike to the front of the building. I don't suppose you want to go for dinner? I know this is kind of backwards what is going on but I'd really like to take you for dinner. Then maybe we can do this not as rushed?"

Smiling Carla walked over to him and his bike, "So, Maggie, are you going to share him?"

Morgan laughed, "Maggie says I can ride her, and you can ride me."

\* \* \* \* \*

The phone rang and it was Michael calling Jessika for the meeting she was now very late for.

"I know your meetings are some top secret mission but do you think you can possibly make this meeting that we've set up?"

Jessika laughed into the phone as the other girls were already leaving the office, "Sure, we're done with the important part of the meeting."

### **Coffee Break – July © Copyright, LdyJessika**

Jessika walked into her office to find Michael Garner sitting on the edge of her desk reading her Forbes magazine.

Looking up from the magazine he smirked, "Monthly meeting of the all important ladies of the company go well? Care to share what was the agenda?"

Jessika walked around him and sat at her desk, "What business do you need to go over since I leave in about ten minutes."

Michael looked at his watch, "Want to go to dinner?"

Jessika looked at her watch, "Want to do this meeting in ten minutes?"

Putting down the magazine he said, "Is that a yes?"

She picked up a folder and opening it answered, "It wasn't an answer but the answer would have to be a no. Want to put the meeting off until tomorrow when we both have more time?"

She noticed he was getting angry but gave him credit that he appeared calm and his voice always maintained an even tone when he answered, "Jessika, pardon the politically incorrect wording but I am getting very tired of this shit. I've been waiting for over a month and you continue to play this cat and mouse game all the time as if I want to date you, rather than have a business meeting."

"DATE ME? CAT AND MOUSE GAME?" Jessika's voice rose to a high pitch as she stood up. Grabbing the magazine out of his hand and throwing it on her desk she ranted at him, "Get out of my office. NO, wait! It's almost ten minutes so you just stay here Mr. Michael all important Garner, and I'll get out of my own office."

Michael grabbed her by the arm as she stormed past him and teasingly said, "So, does this mean dinner is 100% out of the question or can we just grab pizza downstairs at Tony's and continue to fight?"

She realized he had quite a grip on her arm even if he seemed as if he was teasing and she recognized in his eyes that he was only half teasing. Glaring at him she sputtered, "Great, now I'll have a black and blue mark of your fingers on my arm to remember you by. Fine, pizza at Tony's so let go of me."

He didn't let go of right away but rubbed his thumb on her skin where he held her arm. "I didn't mean to bruise you. You're more delicate than I honestly realized. I'm sorry about the bruise. Let's get out of here and fight over a nice pepperoni pizza."

Letting go of her arm he reached for his attaché case. When he had walked to the office door he stepped aside, "After you. Not because I'm being polite, but I'm afraid you'll kick me in the ass and then lock the office door with me on the outside."

Jessika walked past him and laughed, "Now that you mention it that's a very good idea. Promise not to kick, bite, or do bodily things to your person!"

As she walked past him he said in voice so low that she barely heard him, "Biting and bodily things sound good."

Jessika noticed the odd glances they were getting as they walked into the elevator together. When the doors opened on the next floor Lisa walked in and said, "Wow, the two of you in the same elevator and no bloodshed? Now this is news for the company to hear tomorrow."

Jessika laughed, "Lisa, shut up – I just didn't want the cleaning crew to have to stay after hours."

Michael just smiled, "Hello, Lisa. Want to come over this weekend for another game of tennis?"

Stunned at his statement Jessika turned to Lisa for her answer.

Lisa smiled, "Well, Michael, why don't we just see what plays out by this weekend, shall we?"

As they walked into the pizza restaurant, Jessika still shocked at the conversation that had taken place between Lisa and Michael didn't say anything. Then she noticed in a corner of the restaurant sat Morgan and Carla. They were so intent upon each other they didn't even look around. Then Carla got up to go to the ladies room and Jessika excusing herself went after Carla.

"Carla, I'm stuck here with Michael Garner. Can you and Morgan come over to the table?" Carla had a far away, satisfied, look on her face and smiled, "He just got me off under the table. Isn't that just dreamy?"

Jessika screeched, "Under the table? Are you nuts? Here? How? Wait, don't answer that last question." But Carla answered it anyway.

Oh Jessika, this should wait for the next meeting but it just kind of happened. We were done eating and I was pressing my thigh against his. I was just teasing him. You know how you pretend you press, and then lightly move away, then move closer again. Okay, I can see you don't know! Anyway, Jessy, I pressed and then rubbed and he finally got the hint. Moving his hand off the table he started to rub my leg just below my skirt. Then I did a rather brazen move under the table and hooked my leg over his so his hand slid onto my inner thigh. We kept drinking soda and ordered demitasse and two spumonis. He kept talking and using one hand to drink, since his other had now slid up my thigh. I always wanted to do this so I had earlier gone to the ladies room and removed my panties.

Oh Jessika! Don't give me that look! You should try something like this sometime!

I had smiled at Morgan and told him that this was exciting and his fingers slid further and further until he was fingering me under the table. Feeling his fingers start to pinch my clit I couldn't do anything but close my eyes. It was heaven while I felt my clit being touched...pinched. His fingers are so long and tapered. Strong hands yet they touch any part of my body lightly as if he owns that part. I knew I was getting wet when I felt that long finger of his sliding right into me. Right under that table his finger slid into my pussy as if it belonged there. I coughed trying to get my mind back but he told me to relax and feel everything. I did just that!

I opened my legs wider and that was the best move I've ever done. His fingers had total access. He pretended he was whispering in my ear. He wanted to turn so he could start finger fucking me. I could feel his finger in so deep that his knuckles grinded my pussy. I was hot and trying not to squirm but arched slightly upward at each fucking in me. My clit throbbing...my nipples were so tight under my blouse. Shifting restlessly I rose to meet his thrusts. I was so careful not to move too much - finally I climaxed when he slammed two fingers into my pussy. Then I had to sit there a few minutes getting my senses back and had to come to the ladies room to put some cold water on my face. Then you came in! This is so wonderful to share

what happened! Jessika, stop staring at me like I have two heads and say something.

**“Carla! You did it in a restaurant!”**

Carla laughed, **“Yes, I know. I was the one that just told you about it. Come on, Morgan is waiting and I see you’re with Michael?”**

As they left Jessika finally laughed, **“Carla, you have to tell this one at the meeting but I bet no one will believe you, that you did it in a restaurant!”**

Sitting back down at the table Jessika smiled at Michael but he said, **“You okay? You were gone a long time. I thought you left through the ladies room window to escape. I ordered pizza but didn’t order dessert. What do you think you want for desert?”**

Jessika laughed, **“Anything but Spumoni!”**

Michael looked at her quizzically but didn’t ask questions. He figured he’d find everything out eventually so he would wait it out. He thought to himself if there’s one thing he was great at was waiting things out to finally win.

### **Coffee Break – August © Copyright, 2004, LdyJessika**

Michael and Jessika were still eating pizza when her cell phone rang. Looking at the incoming number she realized that it was Lisa.

**“Hello, Lisa. Yes, I’m still at the restaurant. Yep, no bloodshed – just business so don’t worry about your weekend with him, this is purely business. I’ll talk to you at work in the morning.”** Hanging up before Lisa could explain anything Jessika said to Michael, **“I’ve never seen Lisa quite this jealous. You must be very special to her.”**

Michael grinned, **“Yes, we’re rather close, but not quite the way you’re thinking.”**

Jessika bristled, **“I’m not stupid. Look, can we just get to whatever business you want to discuss. We’re just about through with this pizza and still haven’t discussed anything major. What project were you referring to when we left my office?”**

Michael had been putting this off, but with no choice left he went into the project he wanted to start with her as his assistant. He explained that they’d need to work together in the office about two days a week and for at least two hours each day.

**“So, Jessika can you work on the project with me?”**

Jessika really was quite interested in the project but answered, **“What about Lisa? Wouldn’t you rather work with Lisa on the project?”**

Michael smiled, **“Well if we need an accountant I’ll be sure bring her on the project, but for now we only need to figure out teams to get started in each area. I doubt she has your expertise. Do you want to think about it for tonight and give me your answer in the morning?”**

Jessika answered, "Why do you need to go see Lisa now? I guess we split the rest of the pizza up to take home so we can leave."

Michael stared at her, "Jealous? Why so curious suddenly about my relationship with Lisa? What's going around that analytical brain of yours."

Jessika answered him that it wasn't her business about Lisa and then surprised him by saying she'd work on the project. Conversation for the rest of the dinner was about things at the office touching on nothing and just filling time. They were still talking about hobbies and what they liked to do outside of office time when the restaurant started to close. Jessika was surprised that they both liked to hike and spend time in the country. He'd reminded her of a pure city person that would hate anything about the country. Finally, they couldn't sit there any longer and he walked her to her car.

They walked slowly neither really wanting to go home. At her car she took her car keys and opened the door when he said, "Want to stay and talk a while longer?" Jessika turned toward him, "About what? I don't think I'd remember very many details if you start about the project now."

He put his hands on either side of her waist...his voice was low..."Then, Jessika, see if you think you can remember the details of this!" She felt his hands pulling her toward him and thought of pulling away, but her hands didn't listen and were sliding up his arms.

She felt him pull her flat against him and could feel the heat of his body searing right through his clothes and through hers. It was mesmerizing as his lips slowly kissed hers. She leaned into him and her thoughts were telling her to pull away and that this was Michael Garner. The Michael Garner she despised talking to. She could feel the softness of his lips as they parted hers. She managed to stop the kiss and slightly pull back and in a shaky voice said, "Michael, I think you can stop. I think I'll remember the details."

He smiled, "Well, then perhaps I'll need a full report in the morning of the details. In the meantime drive safely and I'd feel better if you call me when you get home so I know you got there okay. Will you do that?"

Jessika had pulled away and was getting in her car, "Yes. It takes me about forty minutes to get home."

She was just pulling in her driveway when her cell phone rang. Answering it she heard Michael, "Hey, you home yet? It's been almost an hour. Everything okay?"

She laughed, "Yes, I'm just getting out of the car and opening the front door. There, I'm inside, the lights are now on and I'm locking the door. See you in the morning."

She liked his laugh, "Hey, Jessika, do you remember the details?"

"Yes, Michael, very vividly! See you in the morning."

Later that night, as she pulled the covers high, and snuggled into her bed, the details were very vivid. Her nipples tightened at how vivid, and her imagination finished the scene in the parking lot.

She felt his arms tightening around her, while he pressed her back against the car. His lips searing a path down the arch of her throat to the opening of her blouse. She knew she wanted this...she knew she wanted more...she wanted him pressing into her...fucking her high and hard. Lifting her onto the hood of the car he slid her panties down and shoved her skirt higher and higher. Lifting her hips it slid to her waist. The car hood felt cold to her flesh when she felt her legs being opened and his body sliding between them.

Staring into his eyes she wondered how he quickly slid his slacks down, but in a moment he was leaning over her. Her legs dangled over the car bumper but she wrapped them around his waist. Then she felt as if the moment of all their fighting was culminating between her thighs. She could feel him at the point of pushing in when he hesitated, "Jessika, now or never. Your decision, but make it fast!"

She breathlessly whispered, "Now, Michael."

She could feel how effortless it was for him to push all the way into her, as if that's where he belonged. She heard him sigh and felt his weight as he whispered, "Yes, this is what I've wanted. This is right."

Her thoughts were melting into a cauldron of sensations racing through her body. Arching her back she pushed further onto his cock. Wanting him fully into her it felt as if her body had waited a lifetime for just this moment. Her nails raked down his back leaving marks of possession and need. His lips found hers and in blinding lust his tongue took possession of her mouth. She was filled with his scent...his taste...his feel. Her fingers spread wide on his back - each finger feeling as if it had a burning sensation where it touched his back.

She felt his kisses harder and his ramming into her at a frenzied pace until she arched in abandon and let the feelings carry her away. Whimpering that she had to come she heard his voice through a haze, "Yes, baby. Yes, Jessika, now come with me. I need it!" In a blinding moment her body screamed, as he fucked her and she came. She felt him stiffen and arching his hips he sent his cock slamming into her while his body seemed to explode in an endless stream.

Dazed they looked at each other until he grinned, "Jessika, we're in the damn company parking lot! Let's get the hell out of here!"

Suddenly the alarm clock in her bedroom rang and she sat bolt upright in bed! Laughing she looked at the clock and it was time to get up for work. All she could think of was that if it really happened that way she'd probably have scratched her car hood with her belt and it would have cost her about \$500.00 to get it touched up and waxed. Thinking about him she wasn't too sure she wanted to go to work and thought about calling in sick. But, today was their monthly coffee meeting and she wanted to see if Carla would mention the restaurant. And, see if Lisa was dating Michael.

**Coffee Break – Sept © Copyright, 2004, LdyJessika**

Jessika had thought this month's meeting was starting out so funny that she started laughing. Carla was busy laughing and explaining about Jessika's shocked look at the Italian restaurant while Carla was telling her about being fingered under the table. Jessika was swearing she didn't see anything going on and Sara was asking what everyone had for dinner at the restaurant. Lisa was trying to explain to Jessika that she didn't like Michael other than a close friend. But everyone was stunned into silence when quiet Sara announced that she'd married Parker Reynolds and was now living on the top floor of the building.

Lisa spoke first, "You've married him? Sara, he's a recluse that used to own this company and never leaves the top floor of this building. Are you daft?"

Sara smiled that quite smile and said, "We were married and he's quite a voyeur as well as being into bondage and all kinds of interesting things to play with. I suppose maybe daft is in there somewhere with the bondage but it's rather interesting."

We were only married last week and although I worked during the day we honeymooned at night. Each night he gave me a special present. The first night he gave me nipple clips. The second night he gave me a nice collar. The third night he gave me cuffs. The fourth...

Jessika cut in "Is this going to get to the partridge in a pear tree. Perhaps just tell us what he gave you on the last night and how exactly was it having your honeymoon in the building you work at? This is really quite odd but rather interesting!"

Sara grinned and said, "Okay, honeymoon tales! I'll have tons to tell you all every month!"

Jessika smiled, "I'm not sure we have that many months before someone breaks up our meetings so start with the last night."

\* \* \* \*

Last night as a present he gave me a beautiful dildo that was so huge it took me quite a while to relax as he worked it into me. We'd started as we usually do, with Parker watching me dance naked in front of him. I actually did it quite well but he liked it most when I swayed slowly in front of him pinching my nipples until they were red and swollen. I knew when to move on since his voice got rough and he said, "Sara, my pet, open your creamy thighs now and touch your self - but let me see it all."

It was nice that he told me what to do so I didn't get confused. I moved closer to him and spread my legs wider. I slowly opened my pussy lips nice and wide so he could look at how pretty my clit was. Then I took my finger and rubbed it slowly over my clit. I could see his eyes widen when I pushed my finger into my cunt and then rubbed the juice on my nipples to make them nice and wet. I could feel my own wetness on my nipples and pinched the tips until I felt slight pain. Then he said, "Sara, let me suck the pussy juice off your tits while you finger yourself."

I loved the sensations going through me as much as his mouth sucking hard on my tits. He just loves sucking for hours on them until they're so sore I can hardly wear a bra to work the next day. I could feel his tongue fondling my nipple and his hands cupping and squeezing them at the same time. His hands tightened so much around them that I felt pain down through my body to my pussy. I began to ache between my thighs and wanted him sucking down there but I knew he wanted to suck my breasts. By now I was standing between his thighs and his one hand was squeezing my breast and his other was sliding between the cheeks of my ass. I was throbbing and began to fuck myself with two fingers. It was so wonderful feeling the rhythm of his sucking and his middle finger sliding along the crack of my ass toward my asshole.

His fingers slid past my asshole so he could get my own dripping juice to rub over it. I was quite hot by then with my two fingers inside of me. My nipples were hot and red from his sucking on them and the feel of his finger slowly probing at that private place of mine was driving me quite insane for more. He was just rubbing over it without really stopping or making me nervous about what he was going to do.

He lifted his head from sucking and he stared at how red my nipple was...he nipped at my nipple and his teeth clamped onto it like an alligator clamp...tight...hard....painful. He pulled me forward by pulling my nipple and then relaxed and I pushed backward against his finger. Finally I felt it...his finger began to push harder at my asshole and the rocking rhythm with my fingers in me...his teeth owning my nipple. He slowly so as not to frighten me slid his finger past that tight muscle and I liked it. I wasn't sure how to move being pinned with my fingers, his finger and his sucking on my tit. But, the pain and pleasure started to blot out everything but Parker's finger in my very private area.

It was like riding a wild dream of sensual yet forbidden feelings and I began to shudder when he said, "This is only the beginning of what I'll teach you to like. Sara, this is only the beginning, the very beginning of a long learning process for you."

Then he bit me harder and his finger slid further into me. I could almost feel his finger that was inside of me touching through me, to my own that were inside of me. I fucked my fingers faster, which caused his to push in further. I whispered how much I love him and then I felt the gush of juice from my pussy over my fingers and it was blinding in sensations with his finger in my ass. It was a wonderful way to start our honeymoon on the top floor don't you think so?

\* \* \* \*

Jessika hadn't moved since Sara had started speaking and didn't quite know if this was the type of stories they were suppose to share. This whole meeting thing seemed to be getting deeper with personal stories but she didn't want to hurt Sara so quickly said, "Uh, well I have to admit Sara it was quite a way to get started on a honeymoon! Lisa, don't you think so?"

Lisa burst out laughing, "Well, so much for our quiet Sara. Sara, girl, you have bagged the owner of the building, founder of this company and had a honeymoon quite like no one here can probably ever hope to match or some may be afraid to match!

Jessika was never so glad to hear the phone ring and quickly grabbed it even though it wasn't her office. "HELLO?"

She heard Michael, "Uh, Jessika? Why are you yelling and why are you answering Lisa's phone - but I'm calling for you anyway and wanted to know if your meeting is almost over since we have the project to go over."

Jessika answered, "Five minutes, my office!" and she hung up on him. Sara laughed, "Jessika, I think I've shocked you."

They started leaving the office and Jessika quickly hugged Sara, "Shocked is mildly putting it but I think you look happy and that is what counts."

They all laughed when Lisa walked by and spanked Sara on the ass, "Bad, Sara. Our nice quiet Sara. We may need to hear next month about honeymoon night number 2 but next month is my turn for the story!"

### **Coffee Break – October © Copyright LdyJessika**

In the elevator Jessika was still thinking about Sara's story. She still couldn't believe what she'd heard. She wasn't sure what shocked her more – that Sara had married Parker Reynolds, or that Sara was living in the building on the top floor. Plus, she couldn't believe she answered Lisa's phone and told Michael that she'd be right up to her office. She still was thinking about stories when she walked into her office and bumped right into Michael, who was leaving to get coffee.

"WHOA, girl! Jessika, slow down, I was just going to get us coffee, but we can get some later."

Jessika walked past him and stuttered, "Oh, well. Uh, oh well, thanks. Can we talk about the project? Isn't it kind of stuffy in here? I wish this building had windows that opened! Was I longer than five minutes? Am I late, again?"

Michael was staring at her with a quizzical expression on his face. He walked over to the window and from behind the curtain found the pole with a hook at the end, and opened the top part of the window. Then turning to her he smiled, "All top windows open and all offices have the hook behind the curtains. Yes, it is stuffy in here. No you are not late. No you actually only took four minutes. Yes, we can talk about the project. There, I think I've covered everything, but since you seem like you're suffocating how about we walk to the courtyard and grab coffee on the way."

Jessika just about raced past him, "Yes, the courtyard! Coffee! I think I just need to get out of this building for a few minutes and think."

Michael didn't answer and was thinking that he'd never seen Jessika this frazzled to the point she was being nice to him and not on guard. Rather than ruin his good luck he followed quietly. Once outside he pointed her in the direction of a nice place to sit. Then he went back into the building for coffee and eventually sat down on the bench next to her. Handing her the coffee he smiled, "Feeling like you can breath now? That building can get quite stuffy. Guess it's stuffy because Parker Reynolds lives on the top floor."

Jessika started choking on her coffee, "How do you know?"

Michael laughed, "Oh everyone knows Reynolds lives on the top floors. He's lived there since he sold the building. He's a recluse but everyone knows he lives in the building. Why wouldn't I know?" Raising an eyebrow he asked, "Jessika, what the hell has you wound up like a spinning top?"

Jessika finally stopped choking and thought she was acting like a fool and he'd tell the entire office. She quickly became formal and answered, "Nothing, I apologize for acting so unprofessional. What did you want to discuss about the project?"

Michael smiled, recognizing the formal tone and body language that she suddenly took on. He didn't want to ruin their time sitting outside, "Well, actually, I need to go to Arizona to see some buildings we're thinking of purchasing. I'd like you to go with me and give me your assessment of them. Either refurbishing them to set up offices, or for a turn-around sale. We'd need to do it rather quickly, leaving in a few hours and returning late tomorrow. I can make the plane reservations and rent the car. I just need your consent that you'll take on the Arizona project with me."

Jessika didn't want to go, but she really wanted a break from the office so she said okay. The next thing she knew he was handing her a ticket that he'd already purchased for her and told her the company car would pick her up later that evening. She wanted to call him an arrogant S.O.B for making reservations, before she gave her answer - but he was already standing up and smiling. He was so infuriating and arrogant but they walked back to the building talking about the project. In a few minutes she was back in her office on the phone telling Lisa she was heading home to pack. Lisa hung the phone up and grinned at Michael who was sitting across from her desk, "I can't believe you got Jessy to go on this project, considering she hates you." He laughed, "I can't believe it either, but whatever happened in your meeting had her so frazzled she wasn't thinking clearly. What was your meeting about?" Lisa grinned, "Boring politics, business records, and things like that. See you when you get back if she doesn't kill you for being arrogant."

.....Later that night in Arizona....

The flight had been turbulent and then an extra hour to find the rental car. It was now 11:00 P.M. when they finally arrived at the hotel. Jessika was never very good at handling traveling stress and was mentally and physically exhausted. She'd showered and was now in Michael's room going over pictures of buildings. She'd agreed it would be easier to just go to his room, rather than meet in the restaurant. She realized he wouldn't try anything. She felt he was arrogant, but not a business idiot that would lose his job over being inappropriate on a business trip.

She put the pictures of the buildings in order that they'd visit tomorrow on the bed. She was leaning on a pillow looking them over. In one moment she was looking at pictures and in the next moment she was asleep on Michael Garner's bed in a hotel.

Michael looked over and saw she was sleeping. "Jessika?" When she didn't answer he picked up the pictures. He removed her shoes but carefully didn't touch anything else, so she wouldn't wake up and scream or something! He pulled off his shirt and

removed his shoes and socks. Leaving his slacks on he moved next to her and pulled a blanket over them. He knew he should have woken her up. He knew this was not what Jessika would have wanted. But, he knew he wouldn't pass up this chance to at least sleep next to her. In a moment she'd snuggled closer and was sleeping quite soundly. His hand gently ran through her hair and she snuggled closer. He wondered what her slight smile was, while she was sleeping. He wondered if she was dreaming.

\* \* \* \* \*

In her dream Jessika was in her hotel room showering. Then slowly she dried off using a luxurious cotton bath towel. Wrapping it around herself she sensually sauntered into the bedroom area where relaxing in her bed waiting was Michael. He held out his hand to her and she walked next to the bed. Dropping her towel she held his hand and she purred, "Michael, do you like what you see?" As he pulled her into the bed he whispered against her lips, "I like what I taste."

Stretching against the length of his body she felt his muscles tighten in anticipation. She rubbed her hips against him...he rolled on top of her...the long pent up need erupted.

She felt him slam her thighs apart with his leg as he powered his way into possession. It was a furious blending of his hard cock deep within her. This is what she'd been craving from him. Arching her back she slammed him deeper and wrapped her legs tightly around his waist. His teeth bit into her neck and she whimpered in need telling him to slam into her harder. On and on it went her pussy wet and her nails raking down his back digging into the muscled cheeks of his ass. His voice was raspy and deep, "Now Jessika, cum for me – now."

In what seemed like an endless fluid motion, his cock rammed into her. His hips pounded her into the mattress. Her voice was whispered as her pussy clamped tightly around his cock. She whispered his name as she came, "Michael, I need you. I need you"

She felt him hugging her as her kisses trailed over his neck she heard him saying, "Jessika? Wake up. What are you dreaming about?"

Her eyes flew open and she was staring into Michael's eyes, suddenly aware she was fully dressed. Quickly it all came back to her...the project...the plane ride...the pictures...she'd fallen asleep! "I was having a nightmare! A horrible nightmare! I have to get up and get out of here!"

He pinned her down, "Stop! You were only sleeping. Just listen to me and just stay with me for another hour and sleep. Please, Jessika. Don't run out – we can sleep another hour and then have coffee. Okay?" He grinned, "Anyone tell you that you snore?"

She laughed, "I don't snore – you're lying. I guess what's another hour?"

Rolling off of her he pulled her against him and whispered, "Want to tell me about that nightmare? May help talking about it to someone?"

She smiled but he couldn't see it, "Nah, was just a dumb nightmare. Go to sleep – you probably have those pictures out of order and I'll have to go over them again."

### **Coffee Break – November © Copyright LdyJessika**

Jessika and Michael were having breakfast in the hotel restaurant when her cell phone rang and Lisa started talking, "Jessy, I heard from Michael and you better watch yourself because I honestly think he likes you. Look, I know this is none of my business but he's after more than business on this trip. Okay? Don't be mad at me but I just wanted you to know."

Jessika couldn't speak since Michael was gazing at her with a puzzled look. Jessika stuttered into the phone, "No, you didn't wake me up. We are having breakfast as we speak and I'll be back to the office as soon as possible. I believe this is my month to give a report at the meeting and I can describe the buildings and financials of this trip."

Lisa laughed and hung up the phone after saying, "Oh yes, I can't wait to hear the description of your trip!"

Michael smiled, "Anyone I know on that phone call?"

Jessika sipped her coffee, "Yes, it was Lisa wondering if you were safe. She apparently worries about you quite a bit for a co-worker, don't you think?" Jessika wasn't sure why Lisa even called with that information or why Michael would call Lisa. She sighed realizing that she should have gone back to her own room. She thought back to the early morning when he'd said what's another hour? She thought to herself that she now had that answer to that question – another hour? Dangerous!

"Jessika? Is something wrong? Suddenly you look very distant?"

Jessika bristled and became formal, "Nothing is wrong. We're on business and I suggest we get to work, don't you think so?"

Sighing Michael finished his coffee and stood up, "No, I don't, but since I put this deal together I guess we should get started since Lisa obviously said something that has put you back into your mode of insecure." He started walking toward the restaurant door when she caught up with him.

She was too furious to speak so she pushed past him and walked out and straight to the car. She heard him chuckle when she pushed an elbow into him as she pushed past him but she ignored him and waited at the car.

She watched him walking toward her and realized he was speaking on his cell phone. She wondered if he was speaking to Lisa. She wondered why the hell he and Lisa had some secret thing going and no one knew about it. "Lisa on the phone – again?"

He walked to the driver side without answering but laughed, "Why? Would you be jealous if it was?" He heard her curse and answer for him to just shut up and drive. He didn't want to upset her more than she already seemed to be so he started

talking about the project and by the time they were at the first building they were back on a business track and going over figures and projections to take back to the office.

Back at the office Lisa was laughing when she heard her office door quietly close. She turned to reprimand the person when she found herself face to face with Garrett. It had been a few months since she'd last seen him. They'd had an argument and she'd left his office. She recalled he'd said for her to call him but she'd kept thinking she'd call him the next day and days turned into weeks. Then she felt he probably didn't give a damn so she never called. He was the one man that always made her feel on edge. He was the one man that made her feel alive and that she didn't have to be in control.

"Lisa, I had accounting statements to drop off and you have the key to my office."

Lisa quickly walked back to her desk. Without walking around the desk she leaned over to open the top desk drawer, "I have it right here in the drawer. I've been meaning to give it back to you." Suddenly she felt him in back of her. His body pressing against hers. His hands on her hips. His lips searing hot kisses, on the back of her neck.

She heard him angry as he said, "I don't want my fucking key back! I want you!"

She felt his hands sliding lower over her hips to her thighs. She knew she should tell him to get his hands off of her. She knew she shouldn't be spreading her thighs wider, as his hands were pulling up her skirt to her waist. She only whispered, "Garrett – the door – I have to lock it."

Her panties were sliding down her legs..."I've already locked it when I walked in."

Her thighs were pushed open wider by strong hands, "I've waited for you to call...I've waited long enough!"

Her pussy was being shoved into by his hard cock, "This is where this cock needs to be. In you! Feel it, Lisa? Feel what you've needed and wanted....right?"

Lisa could barely speak, it felt so good having him ramming into her. She was bent over her desk. Bent over the papers she should be giving to Garrett. All she cared about was giving to Garrett, but not the papers. She felt her breasts crushing onto the desk as he pressed over her and into her. She heard him demanding that she tell him how much she needed him fucking her. She whimpered, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I need this so badly. Oh, Garrett, I've missed this. I need you fucking me...hard... please.

She could feel his cock pushing deeper. His size was big and thick. It had always taken a few moments for him to finally be able to shove his cock all the way into her tight pussy. Finally she was wet enough for him to slide up to the base of his shaft. She heard his sigh of pleasure being shoved all the way into her hot tight pussy. Neither of them moved for a few moments liking the feel of being connected to tightly.

Then she heard his groan of pleasure as he slid almost all of the way out. Then slowly and smoothly all the way back in. It was sheer hell and pleasure, as he kept

pulling all the way out until the very tip of cock was just pushing open her pussy lips. She tried to push backward wanting him back into her but he held her by the hips at the position he wanted. She heard him whisper, "Now, baby. Now I'll fuck you the way you want me to. You want it hard and fast and hot!"

She felt his fingers dig into the flesh of her hips as he began to pump his cock in and out of her. She knew she was wet and his cock felt like a piston ramming in and out. She was rocking back and forth as his hands kept pulling her onto his cock and pushing her away. She was bent over the desk with her legs wider than she'd ever felt them pushed apart. She felt him fucking her... ramming... over and over he'd slam into her. His hot, bulging, cock was stretching to its full length inside of her. Rock hard and swollen he kept pounding her until he heard her whimpering. Then, and only then, when her whimpers were of base need did he allow himself to pump faster. Slamming into her he felt his body finally stiffen and his cock shooting cum into her. It felt like a hot need was being satisfied when he felt her pussy clamping onto his cock. It was a long pent up fuck. A long pent up missing her hot body. It was damn good in his book!

Lisa was exhausted still resting on the desk when she felt her skirt being slid back down into place. She turned to him as he was putting her panties in his pocket.

Smiling at her he said, "If you want your panties you have to come and get them out of my office drawer. But, don't worry – I'll keep that drawer locked. Is it a deal?"

She smiled and kissed him, "Yes, I think I like that particular deal. When do you suggest I come to get them?"

He kissed her and started walking toward her office door, "I have a meeting tonight, so how about tomorrow night?" She grinned and agreed.

After he left she sat down and thought about calling Michael to warn him not to push Jessika too much. Then she smiled thinking or it might be too late and Jessika would just have to deal with it like she just did.

### **Coffee Break –December© Copyright LdyJessika**

Finally, Jessika was back in her office. She locked her door. The trip with Michael was confusing on a business level and personal level. She'd vowed never to get involved with anyone in the company. Actually she vowed never to get involved with anyone, anywhere. She wasn't sure she wanted to go to this month's meeting but found herself walking into Lisa's office.

Sara was the first to speak, "Jessika, are you okay?"

Lisa sat quietly and only smiled. Carla laughed, "Not to worry, Jessika – no more restaurant stories!"

Jessika relaxed and smiled. "Well, my trip was rather pure business so not much to tell so someone else will have to tell a story until my life gets more interesting."

Sara smiled, "And is that about to happen?"

Jessika smiled, "Wouldn't you like to know! I don't think interesting enters into my realm of life like yours. Any new tales from the top floor?"

Lisa was looking at Jessika. Jessika returned her look but didn't say anything and then Sara laughed.

"Well, actually I have a very odd story but since Parker never comes to visit my office we have phone sex."

Carla was the one to break the silence that fell over the room, "YOU HAVE WHAT?"

"Well, everyone gets to take a coffee break and we decided it would be best if I stay in my office. So, one day I called upstairs or what I really should refer to as home. Parker answered the phone and I wanted to go up and have a quickie so to speak. It always never was convenient for me to go upstairs during the day so Parker had a hidden camera put in my office."

Carla again broke the silence, "YOU HAVE A WHAT IN YOUR OFFICE?"

Sara laughed and continued, "Carla, can you wait until I'm done before you keep yelling you have a what? As I was saying, Parker had a camera put in my office and on this particular day when I left in the morning he told me not to where panties. AND, Carla, please don't yell you didn't wear what to the office? Now, as I was trying to tell my story! My phone rang at the usual time and Parker told me to sit in my chair and turn towards the camera. I did exactly what he told me to. I slid my skirt higher until my pussy was showing. Smiling sensually into the camera I spread my thighs nice and wide. Hooking my legs over the arms of my office chair I leaned back to show a nice full view to Parker of what he could be licking. I knew he was probably stroking his cock. His voice on the phone was so sexually stimulating that I could feel the dampness starting. Following his orders I gently opened my pussy lips and heard him moan and tell me how pretty I looked spread open on his monitor. He told me he could see the nice wet moistness starting. Placing my finger on my clit I slowly played with it to the instructions he gave me. He'd tell me to rub harder and then I'd do it nice and slow in circular motions. I rubbed over my entire pussy until he finally told me I could slide my middle finger inside and fuck it. I shoved my finger deeply into what Parker calls my tight wet heat. His voice was like velvet sliding over my body and his words kept getting me hotter and wetter for him. Deep into my pussy he wanted my fingers and I shoved them higher. Then I slid in my index finger and spread wider for him. While my fingers were pressing in and out I arched my back so he could see how nice and deep I was fucking myself. I could hear his breathing getting deeper and his voice getting very low. He told me his cock was nice and hard in his hand, while he watched me on his monitor. I whispered into the phone for him to watch how I fuck myself for him...how much I enjoy him watching how wet and hot I get for him. I was squirming in the chair, while I slowly rotated my hips to move my fingers. At one time I took them out and sucked off my pussy juice. I whispered into the phone that I bet he wished he were in my office to taste it and how good I tasted. Then I knew by his breathing that he wanted me to get off on my fingers. By now my pussy was throbbing and I could just imagine that cock of his dripping. I stared straight into the camera and mouthed the words fuck me...I like being fucked. Then with a passion and lust to show him how I liked him watching I kept staring at the camera. Fucking myself with my fingers I rammed them all the way in. I was

twisting on my chair trying to get my fingers into me more - my thighs wider open over the arms of the chair. I get so fucking hot when I do this for him! I like thrusting my fingers into me, while he watches. I heard him on the phone telling me to fuck myself and come like the bitch that I am for him. In another few moments of my fingers shoving in and out, I felt my body slamming on its own accord onto them over and over. I couldn't hold it back or control my movements - writhing in torment I finally whimpered and gave him the view he wanted. I knew I was like a wanton bitch in heat for him - I came on my fingers and had to close my thighs from the sensations! I was still out of breath sitting there with my skirt up around my waist - he moaned and hung up the phone. I slid my skirt back down and went back to work."

Sara smiled her quiet smile and turned to Carla, "Okay, Carla you can ask your what questions now. Was my story okay? Why isn't anyone saying anything? Jessika?"

Jessika, as always, was in shock when Sara told her stories, "Uh, Sara, you always just amaze me. I mean that in a nice way. You are just so quiet. But, I guess I can use the word interesting?"

Lisa laughed, "Sara, you are married to a voyeur, do you know that? Did you know that when you married him?"

Sara smiled, "No, actually I didn't know what a voyeur was - but it's kind of exciting on my daily coffee breaks. Parker is into quite a few things. He mentioned if anyone would like to come visit that they're welcome to come up to the penthouse on any weekend?"

No one answered and then Amanda said, "I'd like to visit this weekend. Richard and I broke up and I'd like to visit someone."

Jessika and Lisa quickly looked at each other at the same time, but neither said anything until Lisa said, "Just make sure you two know what type of visit it will be. We all have to work together, so things are best known at the beginning of visits like if it's dinner or snacks or checkers or cards."

Sara laughed, "Oh Lisa, not to worry!"

The meeting ended and as Lisa was walking with Jessika she said, "Jessika, I know Sara said not to worry, but do you think Amanda knows what may be being suggested?"

Jessika looked at Lisa, "What's being suggested?"

Lisa laughed, "Oh Jessika! THINK!"

Jessika walked back into her office and closed the door. This was a very strange day and now she wished it was already next month's meeting so she could know what went on for the weekend up in the penthouse and what Lisa was thinking would happen up there.

**Coffee Break –January© Copyright LdyJessika**

The meeting started off with Lisa asking Amanda if she'd visited Sara. Amanda laughed when they all looked disappointed that she'd visited and they'd only had a nice dinner, rented movies and ate popcorn.

Jessika smiled at Amanda, "I'm sorry you and Richard haven't gotten back together."

Amanda grinned, "I borrowed Jim from the mail room."

Jessika coughed, "Jim? Ria's Jim? How did you possibly borrow him? Lisa, didn't you once, so to speak, borrow him?"

Lisa's voice was teasing as she answered, "Oh yes, Jessika, I did borrow him, so to speak. So to speak, why don't you borrow him so for once you have a story to tell?"

Jessika looked shocked, "LISA! I have enough problems not knowing what to do without having someone I have to try and tell what to do."

Amanda cut in, "You don't tell Jim what to do – well you kind of start him off doing what you want him to do and then he takes it from there. I'm sure when he was with Ria he did things differently but right now he listens to me. I'm reading up on how to do things properly."

Sara smiled, "I have some books you can read on domination, power and trust. It is a very interesting world to enter."

All eyes had turned toward Sara and the room was quiet until Lisa said, "Our nice quiet Sara and her life on the top floor. Amanda, just how did you ever find Jim?"

Amanda took a sip of coffee and explained it had all started with a cup of coffee.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks ago I saw Jim sitting by himself in the cafeteria. I sat down with him and told him I was sorry that Ria had broke up with him.

Jim told me, "Amanda, Ria didn't break up she doesn't want to have me wear her collar."

I told him, "Yeah, right. Same thing. I guess I'm not wearing Richard's collar so it is the same thing we both got dumped."

Jim smiled, "Well, I guess in a sense we are both free. I've never seen you down here for coffee this late in the day. You usually leave work at 4:30."

I was surprised he even knew what time I left work but told him I ran out of coffee and didn't want to go to the store on the way home. He told me that he'd pick up coffee and if I wanted him to that he would drop it off at my house. I honestly thought he was kidding so I said, "Yes, that would be wonderful and can you make sure it's at my place at 8:00 p.m.?"

When he said that he'd make sure it was on time we both had laughed and that was the last I thought about it until the doorbell chimed at exactly 8:00 p.m. I'd been

watching TV and never had visitors so I didn't go to answer it, until it rang the third time. I was honestly stunned when I opened the door. Jim.

"Hi Amanda, I brought two kinds that I thought you might like. Want me to make you a cup?"

I smiled, "Uh, I guess so. Come on in. I had thought you were kidding but I really could use a cup of coffee. I can make it – you really did bring it at 8:00 p.m." He looked upset that I'd been kidding about bringing me the coffee so I quickly told him to go make the coffee and stop looking upset. That seemed to make him feel better. I showed him where the kitchen was.

"Amanda, I brought you vanilla and also hazelnut. I like the vanilla. Can I make us vanilla?"

I was afraid to ask him what he meant by "us" and how long was he staying so I said sure and told him I'd wait in the living room since I was watching Dr. Phil. Wow, would Dr. Phil be surprised at how I drank my cup of coffee! Anyway, I was sitting in the living room when Jim walked in, handed me a cup of coffee and sat down on the floor in front of me. I was sipping the coffee and looking down at him. I smiled because I was getting nervous and then everything went sexual from that point on.

"Amanda, can I do anything else for you while you sip your coffee? I'd like to please you. What can I do that would please you?"

I remembered what Lisa had said about him. I figured I'd just say something and see if he would actually do it. "Jim, I'm very pleased that you've already brought me coffee, and that you've made me a cup of nice vanilla." I was wearing my robe, since I'd showered and I slowly slid it open. I watched his eyes travel from my breasts down to my pussy - it was the most lustful and needy gaze I'd ever seen someone give me. Richard never looked at me the way - Jim's eyes were feasting on me. That's about the only way I can describe it. His eyes were feasting on my nipples and pussy and the more he stared at them the more my nipples hardened and I could feel my pussy getting wet. He just sat there waiting so I said, "Jim, you may touch me and lick my pussy. I'd like to be sipping my coffee when I come so be careful not to make me spill it or I'll be displeased with you. Do you understand what I want you to do?"

He smiled, "Yes, Amanda. I'll be pleased to serve you." The next thing his hands were squeezing my breasts and his fingers were pinching my nipples. But his touch wasn't like anything I'd felt before in my life. They were tender, yet demanding when he pulled on my tits. I felt pain in each nipple when he'd pinch them. They felt on fire. His tongue licked a path down my body and I'd put my coffee cup on the table – then, leaned back on the couch. His hands had already spread my legs wider and his fingers were playing softly with my clit. He repeated the same touch of pinching and then in a moment I felt his tongue licking over it. I remembered I was suppose to tell him what to do, although, by now my brain was mush and I was just feeling tingling all through my body.

"Jim, you'd better make this good! I want to be licked like your fucking me with your tongue!"

I swear I nearly came just from telling him I wanted that to be done. I felt a need that was hot...molten...needing to explode like a volcanic reaction of heat. "Jim, suck on my clit – hard."

I felt his tongue start over my softness and then lower to that spot I needed filled. My flesh was wet and inviting when he slipped his tongue into me...pushing inside as much as he could. My body wanted more and he licked his way back to my clit. "Jim, finger me and make me come. Do it!"

I heard him groan and tell me that he'd serve me and that he'd finger me. Then his finger was inside making me want to whimper rather than give demands. I held his head, forcing him to rub harder against my clit with his tongue. I enjoyed manipulating his movements to how I wanted the pressure. As I made him suck and lick me harder, he'd finger my cunt harder and faster. I was reaching a crescendo of torment when I felt the first wave of spasms. "Hard Jim...Fuck me faster...lick my clit...keep finger-fucking me." I was so out of control but enjoyed telling him what to do. I enjoyed making him please me. I enjoyed coming on his fingers while he sucked me until I told him to stop. Then I pushed him away and walked to the bathroom. I turned on the shower and called back to him, "Jim, get your ass in here and wash me off now that you made me come!" When he walked into the bathroom he smiled and said, "Yes, I'll wash every inch of you and do whatever else you want me to do for you." I sure had a lot in mind for the rest of the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lisa was the first to speak, "AND? AND?"

Amanda laughed, "AND if we don't get back to work we'll all get fired!"

Jessika asked, "Amanda, what about Ria? What if he decides to get back with Ria?"

Amanda smiled, "He won't. I spoke with her and she is quite through with him. I didn't tell him so he would not get his feeling hurt. Actually, I think he will be just pleased with me as his new Mistress"

Jessika was stunned, "So, you want to what? Chain him to your bed or something?"

Amanda was already heading to the door when she answered, "Oh Jessika – you always want to know next month's story!"

Fifteen minutes later Jessika was back in her own office when Michael Garner walked in and she asked, "Michael, do you know anything about Jim from the mailroom?"

Michael sat down and grinned, "Why? Are you going to start wearing black thigh-high boots and call me pet?"

Jessika didn't answer and Michael smiled, "Yes, Jessika, I know Jim for a very long time and I do know about his lifestyle. Why do you ask?"

Jessika finally answered, "Well, I think he dated Amanda and now I think they are an item of sorts. I think Amanda may not know what she's getting into. I think..."

Michael laughed and handed her a folder, "I think you should read these figures and I think you should have dinner with me. What do you think now?"

Jessika smiled, "I think I'm hungry and your darn figures can just wait until the morning!"

Michael laughed, "Spoken like a true pretend Mistress – yes, Mistress Pretend Jessika - the figures can wait!"

Jessika laughed and walked past him, "Michael, you're such an idiot at times!"