

Coffee – October 2007 © Copyright LdyJessika™, 2007

Michael was surprised at the story Jeremy told him about the gym. Then, again, today was full of surprises.

Walking into Jessika's office he heard her on the phone saying, "You like it hard and being spanked? Don't you find that a tad odd?" Jessika looked up and started stuttering, "I have to hang up, Michael came in." Slamming down the phone Jessika smiled, "Hi, I was speaking with Sara about the state of the file room."

Michael sat down, "And she is filing under the letter "s" for spanked?"

Jessika turned red with embarrassment, "Oh, you apparently heard the spank word?"

Michael smiled, "Yes, care to tell me the rest?"

"Okay, Michael but it depends on what you think of riding crops? What do you think of them?"

Michael didn't answer but sat there trying to think of the right answer, "Well, when we were at the ranch you said you didn't like them to be used with horses and I agree I don't think they should be used on a horse."

"Perfect, Michael. See we think alike on so many things!"

Michael didn't see anything that they just thought alike about so he just went with whatever he thought she wanted to hear, "Well, Jessika, on riding crops I agree with you 100% on their use or when not to be used, how hard to be used, and when not to be used hard." He almost laughed at what he said knowing it was nothing until Jessika went on how much she agreed with him. Finally, when he agreed and asked that she tell him the use of a riding crop she closed her office door, leaned over her desk and told him everything that Sara had confided.

It had been a Saturday night and Parker was in a very odd mood. He seemed agitated and no matter what Sara did Parker kept pacing around the apartment. Finally she asked if he wanted her to call Kim and was surprised when he answered no but he would like to go to the upper floor with her. When they entered the room Parker didn't even wait but turned to her, "Stand in front of me and strip...slowly...seduce me, bitch."

Sara smiled and walked in front of his chair, where he sat, silently staring at her. Slowly her hands slid over her breasts...cupping them through the light material. One by one she unbuttoned her blouse and let it slowly slide down her slender arms. Then reaching in back of her she unhooked her bra but held it in front of her...not letting it drop, "Do you wish to see my breasts?" She slowly let it fall from one breast showing a beautifully formed nipple...hardened to a perfect point. The other breast was soon revealed as the bra fell to the floor. Soft breasts tipped

with hard nipples waiting to be sucked. A black tight skirt wiggled off her full hips followed by bikini panties. The panties were gently kicked to Parker as he caught them and brought them to his lips. She noticed his eyes take on an almost feral look of lust as he sucked on her panties. Standing naked before him she moved closer to his knees.

His hands rested calmly on his knees as his eyes slowly went from her plump breasts to her pussy. His voice was clear...calm...concise, "Turn around, I want so see your ass." She was surprised, but slowly turned twice around and then stood facing away from him.

She felt his hands running over both her ass cheeks...squeezing them...pulling them apart. Over and over she felt his hands massaging them and then his fingers would dig in to her soft flesh. She felt his breath on them then his lips kissing and his teeth biting. His voice was velvet soft but she could hear the control in it, "This ass is mine. Mine to play with. Mine to punish. Mine to pleasure." Then she felt dizzy, as one moment she was standing, and the next she was over his lap with his hand slamming down on her soft flesh. She could hear his breathing and groan of pleasure at the sound his hand made connecting his palm with her soft flesh. Stinging raced through the cheeks of her ass and it felt good. She wanted more – he wanted more.

Slowly after twenty minutes the cheeks of her ass were red and her body wiggled on his lap after each slap. Then she felt the riding crop. Her body stilled on his lap and his voice whispered, "Easy, bitch. It won't hurt. It's all in the hand how a crop is used." She felt it running over her ass, down her thighs then back up to her cheeks. Then very lightly it tapped over her butt. Lightly tapping the riding crop all over...then slightly harder. It felt like teasing...she finally wanted the sting and wiggled on his lap. In that instant she felt it come harder stinging her flesh. Is stung but felt good to her. Again, and again she felt a stinging across the cheeks of her ass until a warm burn was constant on her flesh. It was then she heard him telling her to finger her clit...make herself cum.

Her fingers began pinching and rubbing her clit hard...harder. In a frenzy of need she rubbed her clit in small, fast, circular motions then up and down. Her juices were flowing over her fingers and she felt his hand spanking her. It only made her wetter and she could feel the need to cum racing through her clit. Her whimpering seemed to reverberate in the room as she couldn't control the heat racing through her pussy. Then the crop rubbed against her ass and it then lightly smacked. The sting made her reach her peak and with a cry of lust she shuddered as pain and pleasure raced over her. Rhythmic spasms seized her and then the reality of her stinging ass cheeks made her realize what had just happened.

She hung over his lap a few moments when she heard his voice, "Relax Sara, this is going to be cold but it will take the heat out of your flesh and you won't bruise." In a moment she felt a cool rag being placed over her ass cheeks...then colder. Oddly enough it felt good and she wondered why they'd never done this before and if they'd do it again. "Parker, can we do this again?"

Parker laughed, “Yes, but not right away. You bruise way to easily and we’ll switch from this crop to one with light tresses that isn’t such a percussion crop.”

Sara smiled at the thought and they proceeded to go to dinner and then the bedroom to continue.

Jessika seemed to tell Michael that entire story in one breath, “Michael, isn’t that the oddest that they’d do that. And, then eat dinner?”

Michael was in shock...all he could answer was, “Dinner, yes...odd. But, they do always seem to have an odd lifestyle so maybe that crop fit into it?”

“Well, don’t you ever get any ideas because I’m never, ever, ever going to do that! Do you think it feels good?”

Michael wasn’t sure what to answer since Jessika never actually knew what she seemed to be saying. “Jessika, let’s go for coffee!”

“Know what Michael? We can go get coffee next to that adult store and do research. Okay?”

Michael grinned wondering what man would ever say no to that suggestion, “Jessika, your brilliant, if we go and do research maybe it won’t seem so odd!”

Jessika put her answering machine on, grabbed her sweater and they walked out of the building heading for the oddest cup of coffee he was sure he would ever have.

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Lisa was sitting on the edge of her desk when Sara, the last to come into the monthly meeting, closed the door and smiled.

“Lisa, I believe you haven’t shared anything in quite a while. Are you still with Garret?”

Lisa laughed, “As if you wouldn’t find out if we’d broken off. You and Parker know about everything that goes on in this building.”

Jessika stuttered, “Everything! You mean even in our offices?”

They all turned to Jessika, when Sara smiled, “No, Jessika, your office is private. We don’t have a security camera in the offices, only the halls. Why have you been doing anything in your office that we need to see on a camera?”

“NO! I never do anything in my office other than work. I work very hard, at working hard, and never would do anything in my office. Never, ever!”

Lisa cut in, “Calm down Jessika – we know you’d never do anything that’s not protocol here at work.”

Jessika turned to Lisa, “Why? Do you think I’m not daring enough to try something in my office?”

“Jessika, you’re very daring, but I have to start my story or we’ll run out of time - then we’ll have to explain why our monthly management meeting went over the allotted hour.”

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Last weekend I spent the entire weekend at Garret’s. It all started out very tame with a nice dinner - then we took a shower. It was just a shower, and although we did kiss and play a moment, that was all that happened. We then put on bathrobes and went to the den to watch television. Throwing pillows onto the floor we sat down and started watching a movie. I’m not quite sure how we went from that to being naked, but the room was very warm, and we seemed to take off the bathrobes. I do remember his voice seemed to whisper, but I heard it very clearly – it always has such a sensual effect on me that I don’t even question when he tells me to do something.

“Lisa, the movie is nice but I rather watch you. Touch yourself for me, masturbate.”

I was shocked, “What did you just ask?”

Garret smiled, “I didn’t ask anything, I told you what to do. Again, I want to see you playing with your clit. I want you to touch yourself and masturbate. I want to see and watch, now.”

I smiled but also felt embarrassed at the thought of sitting there touching myself. But, once I began to touch my creamy breasts and saw the lust blazing in Garret’s eyes I gave in to the pure sensation of pleasing myself.

Spreading my legs wider so he could see my clit, I concentrated on the feelings of my nipples. Pinching them and then cupping my breasts, as if offering them to him, I smiled and teased him.

He knew what I was doing and said, “Very nice offer, but I’ll suck and bite them later tonight. Pull on the nipples for me, bitch. Pull and make them hurt.”

I heard myself whimpering while pinching my nipples. Looking down at my fingers I noticed my long, red, nails and the contrast they made to my white flesh. My senses began to feel as if they were heightened - my nipples began to burn...heat...pain. I closed my eyes as they burned hotter and I pinched harder.

“Your clit – touch it, bitch. Use one hand and pinch your clit.”

It took a moment for me to realize he'd said something. Lost in sensations, of rubbing and squeezing my breasts, it felt too good to stop - his voice was almost hypnotic. My one hand squeezed my breast, almost crushing it. My other slid down my body...slowly...teasing Garret, while he watched.

I liked how he smiled at me...how his eyes followed my fingers lower and lower until my middle finger touched my clit. It was like an electric shock from my nipples to my clit. Moaning and letting my head relax, it gently fell back onto the couch – in a moment I felt my pussy wet and slick. My pussy felt so soft and warm...I enjoyed touching my clit and starting to rub it slowly in circular motions. Moaning I pinched the delicate flesh, then I pinched harder...harder. As pain slid through me, I realized I wanted more – that it made me feel alive.

Quickly looking at Garret I noticed his eyes staring at my pussy and his words slid over me like melted honey. “Fuck yourself now, three fingers shoving up your cunt, bitch. Fuck yourself until you cum on them.”

Spreading my knees wider I rolled onto my back, lifting my knees toward my chest - he could see everything between my thighs. I wished I had a huge dildo to shove up my pussy, but then starting with my index and middle fingers I slid them into me. It felt better than it had when I did it by myself – it was his gaze...hot...lusting, and when he licked his lips I felt my pussy get wetter. Now I wanted him to see me cum...I wanted him to be hard and needing to fuck me.

The moistness dripping over my fingers was intoxicating as my soft flesh became sensitive to every move of my hand. Fucking myself harder and faster I felt empowered knowing he could not look away. It was as if I was riding his cock, with each thrust of my fingers. I felt him slide closer to my bottom and his hand rubbing my ass as continued masturbating for him. Then I felt his middle finger slide into my ass and slowly move in and out. My fingers in my cunt and his finger in my ass made every movement unbearably sensitive.

His gaze locked with mine as he said, “Rock and fuck them bitch. Cum like the heated bitch you are for me.”

My hips were moving faster as my fingers now rammed with precision motion in and out...fucking. When I tried to move away from my fingers, I felt his finger in my bottom...when I tried to move away from his finger, I felt mine going deeper up my cunt. I had stopped pinching my nipple and my fingers now tried to rub my clit. I felt sweat trickling down between my tits as my body started to spiral and convulse in sensations.

By now I wasn't sure if it was his finger or mine moving faster and harder. I only knew I was about to shatter and I felt my entire body tingling. Then I felt my pussy clamp on my fingers and his finger - I began to climax out of control. I remembered hearing my voice but it sounded miles away - I moaned his name. It seemed it would never stop and I quickly removed my fingers but my pussy kept

up pulsating waves of pleasure. When I felt him remove his finger my legs fell to the carpet and I rolled to my side in exhaustion. I felt him curl up in back of me and his body warmth was comforting. I felt sleepy and started to fall into a peaceful sleep

I heard him whisper, “Nice. You did that very well but now I have this hard on that’s hard as a rock. Sleep a few minutes and then I’m going to fuck your tits.”

* * * *

Lisa looked around her office and Jessika said, “And? did he do it to your tits?”

Lisa laughed as she answered, “Okay, Jessika, you guess the answer...do you think I let him?”

Jessika grinned, “I think you’d let him fuck any part of you.”

They all laughed and after a few minutes of setting up a time for the next meeting went back to their offices.

Jessika called Michael, “Michael, did you ever do someone’s tits?”

Michael nearly choked on the sip of coffee he’d just taken but answered, “Jessika, can I answer that tonight, I have a meeting right now and can’t lose concentration on tits. Okay?”

Jessika had agreed and Michael quickly called Jeremy, “Jeremy, I’m on my way up to your office for a meeting. Don’t ask any questions just tell Rebecca you forgot a meeting and I’m on my way up there. This involves getting away from Jessika, for a moment.”

Jeremy laughed, “Get away? This one I have to hear. I’ll tell Rebecca you’re on your way to my office for a meeting I forgot to have her put on the calendar.”

Jeremy couldn’t wait to hear the answer and had something to tell Michael about Rebecca.

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Before leaving the office for the day Michael walked into Jeremy’s and asked, “Do you have any idea why Rachel just now pretended she didn’t see me?”

Jeremy was grinning and answered that Rachel had seen Jessika in the adult toy store and Jessika was wearing a blonde wig, so she wouldn’t be recognized,

“Did Rachel see what Jessika bought?”

“Jessika bought five vibrators.”

“FIVE?”

“Yep, five – Rachel tried to speak with her but Jessika acted like it wasn't her - Rachel didn't want her to think she was recognized. Rachel actually said to Jessika that she'd thought she looked like a friend of hers, but that she must be mistaken. I laughed because we seem to all be involved in Jessika's view that reality doesn't exist at times.”

Michael was shocked and after a few more minutes of talking left the office and drove to Jessika's. By the time he arrived he was quite perplexed that Jessika had told him that she would not go to a store like that and now he found out that she bought five vibrators. Pulling the car to a stop he called Lisa.

“Lisa, get this. First Jessika tells me she'd never go into an adult store alone and now I found out that not only did she go into the one on the corner but that she bought five vibrators. What do you think is going on?”

Lisa didn't answer for a moment, “Michael, I'm not really sure and that does sound -odd for Jessika to do. But, I do know this about her - if you ask her, she'll give you an answer that may sound perfectly normal to her, but will be the weirdest answer you ever heard. But, whatever the reason is remember that to her it's logical, so don't go getting mad.”

Michael wasn't satisfied with that answer but thanked Lisa and hung up - he was at Jessika's door. Knocking harder on the door than he meant to he was surprised when Jessika answered and seemed out of breath. He walked past her into the den.

“You seem out of breath, Jessika. Were you jogging?”

Jessika laughed, “Jogging in the house? That's a good idea but you were banging so hard on the door I ran from downstairs to the front door. I think it was running up the stairs that did my cardio exercise for the night. Is something wrong?”

“Yes, Jessika, something is wrong.”

When Jessika didn't answer he repeated, “YES, Jessika, something is wrong.”

“Michael, are you sick? You keep repeating the same sentence and not say what's wrong.”

“Jessika, I was waiting for you to ask me what's wrong.”

“Okay, Michael, you're obviously in an odd mood so I'll ask – what's wrong, Michael. What's wrong Michael – there I asked twice since you said it twice.”

“Jessika, do you have a blonde wig?”

Jessika sat for a few moments and then answered, "I have lots of wigs, for when I have to go places that I don't want to be recognized. Why?"

"Where would you go that you don't want to be recognized?"

"Buying chocolate cookies at the bakery. Buying ice cream at Basking Robbins. Do you want me to make a list – there are quite a few places? Would you feel better then if I made a list? Do you think you have the flu, Michael?"

"I have an idea Jessika. How about if you put on a wig and we go to the adult store?" Michael was sure that she'd never say she'd already been to the adult store.

"We can go, but I went yesterday – OH, and I wore the blond wig – but I think I wasn't seen. But, I'd like to go with you, and you can help me out and you can return four vibrators. I wanted to surprise you and buy one, but then got embarrassed - so I bought five and said they were gifts for Xmas presents. I'll go get a wig and be right back."

"No, wait. Let me see what you bought and we'll pick one out to keep upstairs?"

"Michael, you're brilliant. Know what? We can pick one out for your place and maybe my office? That way you only have to return 2 and it won't look like you bought too many for Xmas! What a great idea. Let's go upstairs and I'll show you."

Michael was sure his idea of her showing him wasn't what she was thinking – but he was very, very wrong.

When they were in her bedroom he wasn't sure what she was doing when she said, "Okay, now you have to sit here on the bed but you have to be naked and I'm going to put on a t-shirt and sit right here."

"Jessika, why do you keep reading from that paper?"

"Michael stop asking questions and focus! Now I have to put some of this Astroglide I bought on the vibrator and now we're ready. Are you ready?"

Michael smiled, smart enough not to answer and just shake his head in agreement. He ignored it when she again read the paper, folded it, and put it in back of her. Then his eyes went right to what she was doing.

"Michael, this is stage 1 of my surprise." Michael watched as she scooted closer and handed him the vibrator. Then leaning backward she pointed where she wanted it. It took a moment and Michael started to slide it over her clit on low vibration. He watched as she played with her nipples. Then her expression changed as he pushed the vibrator slowly and gently inside of her. She balanced so she could watch as it went in and out...vibrating. She could feel the length and thickness of it...stretching her wider. The vibration tingling through her body.

“This is good Michael. I like it when you do that.” Michael wanted to say do what, but was afraid she’d stop. He said, “I like doing that. This is good.”

She arched her back making him thrust it deeper. “Michael, fuck me harder with it. Now!” The vibrator slammed in and out as he increased the tempo. She moved against it, while staring and watching his hand work it inside of her. It looked good and felt even better being fucked like this. Slowly she felt the vibrator being turned on higher, and her body shivered with the new sensations. She heard Michael’s whispered, “This is good. I like it. I want you to like it and feel good.” She felt herself moving and her gaze stayed glued to the vibrator fucking her. Then in a moment of complete not being able to hold it back any longer she erupted in a dazzling climax.

Falling back onto the bed she whispered, “Oh heavens, that was good. Michael turn it off I’m one big vibration!” She just stayed still as he turned the vibrator off and slowly...very slowly slid it out of her pussy and dropped it on the floor. Moving over her he kissed her and whispered that he had a cock so hard he better find a place for it inside of her. He didn’t wait for an answer but replaced the removed vibrator with his cock ramming it inside quickly until his cock finally shot his load into her.

Michael was exhausted and still surprised from the evening as he held Jessika while she fell asleep. Reaching to put the paper she was reading on the nightstand he noticed it was a story called The Vibrator. Smiling he wondered if she found other stories and first thing in the morning he was going to call Lisa and find out who wrote it since it was on their company letterhead.