

**Coffee Break – January 2006 © Copyright LdyJessika**

**Jessika's meeting with Michael started by her gulping down her coffee, slamming a folder on her desk and stuttering out, "I've been to the monthly meeting - My nerves are shot. It was a tad of an eye opener. AND WHY THE HELL DOES LISA HAVE A KEY TO YOUR HOUSE?"**

**Then she paced back and forth behind her desk talking to herself while Michael stared at her. Finally she looked at him and said, "Don't you have anything to say to me? Any reason?"**

**Grinning he answered, "It's impolite to cut into a conversation, even the one you were having with yourself. I was waiting for you to take a breath so I could cut in."**

**"Well, now you can have your say. What exactly was the reason your former lover Lisa still has the key?"**

**Michael started laughing so hard he started to cough, "Lisa? Former lover? How did you get to that conclusion? Wait, let me guess – it was the bagels?"**

**Jessika walked out of the office slamming her own office door, with him inside. Then she opened it and yelled, "Forget it ALL! I'm going home for the day!" She heard his laughter as she slammed the door. For the first time since she started worked with the company she went home during a working day.**

**Michael walked behind Jessika's desk and dialed Lisa but her secretary said that Garret and Ms. Kim were in Lisa's office and her Do Not Disturb line was lit.**

**Michael wondered whom Ms. Kim could possibly be, but then walked out and decided to drive over to Jessika's.**

**In the meantime Lisa was behind her locked office door - with Kim bending over her desk while Garret was moving his cock toward Kim's waiting pussy.**

**It had started rather strange in Lisa's office but then got stranger and proceeded to a fuck session on company time.**

**Garret had returned the accounting records for the previous fiscal term and they were having coffee when his cell phone rang. Answering it he was surprised to hear Parker say, "Kim is on her way down to the office to bring Sara her lunch. Do you want Kim to stop by your company? And, yes I do mean for anything?"**

**Garrett laughed, "Actually, I'm in your company in Lisa's office, but thanks for the offer."**

Lisa was whispering, "WHAT OFFER? What? What offer?"

Garrett turned to Lisa, "Kim is the offer. Know what Parker? Do you think Kim would like to meet Lisa?"

Garrett ended the call and smiled at Lisa, "Okay, now you get to put your wish to meet the infamous Kim into reality. Do you want to? Or, if you don't I'll meet her in the hall and tell her she should return to Parker's penthouse."

Lisa said she wanted to meet Kim. At first Lisa wasn't sure she liked Kim but when Kim smiled at her she knew they'd be friends.

Kim walked over to Lisa ignoring Garrett, "Lisa, I've heard much about you. I know you and Garrett are together and I respect that bond. I've belonged to Mr. Reynolds for many years - now I take care of Mr. Reynolds and his Sara."

Lisa smiled giving Kim a hug that surprised Garrett. Lisa noticed Garrett was more surprised when she said to Kim, "Well, I understand that Mr. Reynolds mentioned you could spend some time with us. I've always wanted to watch Garrett with a woman - I think I'd like you to be that woman."

Kim finally acknowledged and smiled at Garrett. Sashaying over to him she pressed her body against his, gazing into his eyes. "Miss Lisa wants you to fuck me." Turning away from him she waked to the desk. Then, smiling at Lisa she slowly and sensually removed her clothes and bent over Lisa's desk. Kim's eyes were gazing into Lisa's when Garrett spread her legs open and started to play with her pussy. Then Kim heard him say to Lisa, "Tell me to fuck her."

Lisa stared, at the couple getting ready to fuck, in almost silent amazement. Garrett was large and muscular but seeing him towering over Kim made her realize how powerful he actually was. She watched as his fingers were gripping Kim by her slender hips waiting to pull her back onto his cock. "Fuck her Garrett. Make the bitch cum."

She heard Garrett say something to Kim but she didn't quite understand what was said. She was too amazed at how easily Garrett sunk his cock into Kim slamming her back onto it. She watched as Kim's eyes closed - Kim seemed to be in an almost trance like state being fucked. Then Kim opened her eyes and they locked with Lisa's. It felt to Lisa as if Kim was silently saying to feel what was being done. Lisa walked closer as if Kim was calling her to whisper something only for her to hear. As Lisa bent down to Kim she felt Kim's slender fingers on her face drawing her into in a kiss that was the softest Lisa had ever felt. For a moment Lisa was worried what Garrett would think of her kissing another woman, but there was something so sensual going on that Lisa deepened the kiss. She could hear Kim's whimpers at being fucked, while she was kissing her. The harder Kim was being fucked the more their tongues played in their own rhythm. Lisa's fingers slowly

found their way under Kim, to Kim's hard pointed nipple. Lisa had never felt another woman's nipple and enjoyed flicking it like she liked her own to be touched. Lisa almost forgot about Garrett and that she was suppose to be watching him fuck Kim. She heard Garrett telling her to kiss Kim harder and pinch Kim's tits. Lisa was in a world of listening to Garrett tell her what to do and hearing the soft whimpers of pleasure from Kim. Lisa's hand twined Kim's hair around her fist, holding her mouth tightly to hers. Her other fingers were working Kim's nipple. She could feel Kim's tits rocking back and forth each time Garrett rammed his cock up her. She could feel how soft Kim's skin was to touch and knew when Kim's body arched that Garrett was about to cum into her. Lisa wanted to watch and breaking the kiss watched Garrett throw his head back groaning in controlled satisfaction - his hard throbbing cock shot hot cum into Kim's pussy.

Lisa's finger had pinched harder on Kim's nipple when Garrett came and for a moment she was afraid she'd hurt Kim. One glance at the satisfied look on Kim's face made Lisa realize this is what Kim enjoyed. Garrett pulled his cock out of Kim and pulling on his pants said, "Kim, get dressed now. Lisa, come over here." Lisa actually was still standing in the same place when Garrett walked over to her. Pulling her into his arms he whispered, "That was good. But, you're the only one. Are you okay?"

Lisa nervously laughed, "I think I'm okay."

Lisa heard Kim, "Lisa, is okay. Lisa is just surprised. If you both enjoyed it I'd like to visit again."

At first Lisa was angry that Kim had answered for her, but looking at Kim she smiled and realized that she was not only okay but wanted to do this again.

Garrett smiled, "I think it can be arranged." After Kim had left Garrett said, "I'm glad you weren't mad at Kim for answering for you."

When he finally left her office he was glad Lisa wasn't mad at Kim, but he'd bet she'd be mad at Parker and Sara and him if she'd known he'd set a camera in her office so they could watch what just went on.

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Smiling at Parker, Sara called Kim to come and watch the DVD. As Kim and Sara sat on the floor, in front of Parker, the wide screen TV panel showed Kim and Lisa kissing while Garrett shoved his cock up Kim's pussy. Parker smiled at his wife and leaning down whispered in her ear, "Happy Valentine's Day my Sara, come and sit on my lap with that lovely naked body of yours."

Sara clicked the DVD on hold, freezing the scene of Kim moaning and Garrett looking down at his hard cock up Kim's cunt. Sliding onto Parker's lap Sara said, "I like your Valentine hard cock you have for me." Then sitting on his lap facing the movie she spread her legs over his thighs straddling them. Clicking back on the DVD she heard Parker tell Kim, "Pleasure my wife, Kim, while you watch Garrett fucking you."

Kim and Sara now had a special bond. Sara remembered that at first she was jealous that Kim had been with Parker for so many years. Then she realized Kim was only interested in what made Parker happy. After a while Kim had started brushing Sara's hair, helping her to get dressed. Then it went to the day she massaged Sara during a bubble bath, and then it fell into a comfortable pattern. Kim took care of Garrett and Sara, in all ways.

Sara snuggled back onto Parker's body, as his strong arms slid around her body – his hands cupped her breasts, "Finger my wife Kim and watch the TV."

While the movie showed Garrett grabbing Kim's hips and slamming into her, Kim's slender fingers began to play with Sara's clit.

Kim smiled as she played with Sara thinking back to the first time her hands slowly slid over Sara's body. Garrett had told Kim to bring Sara a new set of scented soaps while Sara was bathing. Kim walked in and Sara reached for the soaps, but Kim held them back. Sara looked shocked, "Kim, give me the soaps! I can wash myself. I don't mind that you bathe Garrett, but I'd rather do my own bathing, so please give me the soaps."

Kim smiled, "I will wash Miss Sara's back. That will feel good to you and not feel like I'm bathing you. You'll bathe yourself, as you said. Garrett will be pleased that I helped his Sara, okay?"

Sara didn't want Garrett to be upset if he'd thought that she'd like her back washed by Kim, "Okay, Kim, but only for a moment. Just to please Garrett, since he thought he was being considerate."

Kim rubbed the lavender-scented soap between her hands. Then leaning close to Sara's ear whispered, "Relax, Miss Sara and feel how good this feels to you. Close your eyes, please." Then her hands slowly began to massage Sara's shoulders. The heated bath and the slow yet strong movements of Kim's hands on her shoulders relaxed her. She hung her head forward so Kim could massage the back of her neck. As Kim's fingers worked their magic they slid closer and closer to Sara's collarbones. Sara had her eyes closed while she listened to Kim's voice telling her to relax. When Kim's fingers slid over the top of Sara's breasts it didn't feel at all odd to Sara, but she felt unsure. Kim's voice was like a relaxing melody, "Don't worry Miss Sara. This massage will be to relax you. Enjoy and let me. You work so hard in the office. I wish to relax you and make Mr. Garrett pleased." Sara's eyes closed and Kim's fingers expertly slid over Sara's nipples.

It was at that point the door gently opened and Garrett quietly said, "I'm pleased Sara. Relax and keep your eyes closed. I'm pleased that Kim's giving you a moment of quiet and relaxation. It makes Kim happy to please me – to please us. I'll stay, so you feel more comfortable with Kim's ministrations."

Garrett moved to the side of the large tub. Kneeling down he leaned over and kissed Sara on the lips. His hand sliding under the bubble bath water to Sara's soft inner thighs. "Spread your thighs open wider, Sara. Keep your eyes closed and just feel Kim's hands and mine, all for your pleasure and relaxation."

Garrett's fingers slid into Sara's pussy, at the same time Kim's soft lips sucked on Sara's nipple. Garrett knew it was a first for Sara, "Don't worry Sara. I want Kim to suck on your nipple. I want you to feel good. I won't allow Kim to do anything I know you won't feel good about."

Sara's body was now beyond her control. She opened her eyes in almost a sleepy fashion and watched her nipple being sucked on by a woman. She noticed her nipples were hard and brazenly exposed. They seemed swollen from Kim's sucking and were throbbing. She felt almost wanton, as a man had his fingers in her pussy and woman sucked her tits. Kim stopped sucking and gazing into Sara's eyes slowly moved her lips to Sara's in a gentle kiss. Sara gasped as Kim's lips met hers and she felt her clit pinched harder. Her gasp was covered by Kim's kiss. In a moment Kim slid kisses back down and captured the other nipple in her mouth, then flicked the tip with her tongue. It didn't take long before Sara was whimpering and needing to cum. It was then that she heard his words but she was so relaxed and wanting the feelings that were washing over her that she didn't respond and say no, "Sara, I'm going to have Kim's fingers replace mine. I want to suck on your tits. I want to taste you and suck on your nipples."

That was the first time of many to follow that Kim's gentle fingers began to massage Sara's pussy while Garrett sucked on Sara's nipples. Sara's body was shifting in the water under Kim's fingering her clit...rubbing...delving into her pussy. As Kim's strokes increased and Garrett sucked Sara's nipple they both felt Sara's body explode in pleasure. As Sara's sighs of pleasure filled the room, Kim gently slid her fingers out of Sara's pussy - she quietly left the room. When Sara opened her eyes she was gazing at Garrett smiling down at her as if Kim had been a dream.

"Sara, Kim enjoyed pleasing you, but she'll only do what I tell her. Don't ever worry that she'll want to force more than you want. And also know that she'll never mean more to me than you. I love you. I don't love Kim. But, I appreciate Kim and she'll always have a home with us. Okay?"

Sara smiled and accepted Kim's special friendship.

Now, over two years later Sara was Mrs. Garrett Parker and Kim continued to please them both. Sitting between Sara's thighs Kim gazed at Garrett's balls that she could see while Sara sat on his lap. She wanted to suck on them, but knew he wished that she pleased his Sara. Kim gazed up at Garrett - he winked at her knowing full well what she wanted to do to please him. She continued to please Sara while they watched the TV until she pleased Sara and Garrett smiled down at her, pleased with what she'd just done. "Thank you Kim. My Sara enjoyed you very much. I'd like to be alone now with my wife. Dinner can be later at about 7:00 and then later you can do what you're thinking." He watched the rest of the movie while his Sara peacefully slept in his arms.

**Coffee Break – March 2006 © Copyright LdyJessika**

This month only Lisa, Jessika and Sara were at the meeting, since Carla and Amanda were on vacation.

Lisa challenged Jessika to say something about Michael, but Jessika bristled, "Look, Lisa, why not tell your own story about you and Michael."

Sara laughed, "Jessika, that would be rather close of them, don't you think?"

Jessika had no idea what Sara meant, but Sara knew Lisa and Michael were cousins. There wasn't too much about the company that Sara didn't know, but she didn't elaborate more than that.

Lisa smiled, "All I know is that about a week ago you left the company and Michael went racing after you. Oh, don't look so shocked – the parking lot attendant said you drove like a bat out of hell out of the driveway. Then apparently he happened to ask Michael why he was leaving and Michael told him he was leaving to find you. After that the entire company heard about it. So, where exactly did you take off to?"

Jessika smiled, thinking back to when she left the office, calmed down at Starbucks with a cup of coffee, and then drove home. She was going to take a shower, put on fresh makeup and go back to work when the doorbell rang. She didn't want to deal with Michael so she didn't answer it. After about the tenth ring she heard him banging on the door. She still wouldn't have answered it but was afraid a neighbor would get the wrong impression so she went to the door.

"Michael, I'm not home so stop banging on my door."

Michael thought at times that Jessika, for being so smart, acted like a child but he answered, "Well, can you please tell Jessika when she gets home to let me in and I'll wait here for her, because she's important to me."

**“Michael, I don’t want to talk to you. I want to relax, shower and go back to work!”**

**Michael stopped knocking on the door to think of a solution – then, the front door opened. He’d been about to leave, but took advantage of the door opening and being invited in.**

**“Michael, come in, but I’m not talking to you and the only reason I’m letting you in is so a neighbor doesn’t see you banging on the door.”**

**Michael smiled, “Thanks, I was starting to leave, but wanted to get a few things cleared up, if that’s okay with your shower schedule. You don’t have to talk to me, or even answer me, but just listen. Does that sound okay?”**

**As he walked past her he pulled her into his arms, “Shower and fight at the same time? Now listen to me, Lisa isn’t in the picture and never has been. She’s a really good friend. I’ve never fucked her, never thought about fucking her, never wanted to fuck her and never will want to fuck her – There, does that cover most of the questions? Wait, the key! Lisa has a key since someone needs to have a key. I can take it back and give it to you and then only you will have a key. How’s that for starters?”**

**Jessika was tired of thinking about it all and only answered, “I’m not going back to work at all. I’m staying here. You can go back to work - I’m going to take a shower.”**

**Michael laughed, “And, if I say I don’t want to go back to work and rather stay here and take a shower with you can you fit that in your schedule?”**

**Jessika looked pensive, “I don’t know – I guess its better then doing it in a parking lot but I’m not that sure about doing it in a shower. How many times have you done it in a shower?”**

**Michael was too smart to answer that question, “Jessika, probably more then you’ve done it in a shower, but I’ve never done it in a shower with you, and I doubt after you that I’ll want to do it in a shower with anyone else but you.”**

**Jessika slapped him on the arm, “What a sneaky politically correct answer!” Turning away she laughed and walked up the stairs.**

**“Okay, Michael, let’s say for arguments sake that I believe you about Lisa. And, let’s say for arguments sake that I accept your offer to take the key from Lisa. And, further, what would happen if I decided to use the key?”**

**Michael had started walking up the stairs with Jessika following him and still going on, “And, Michael, what exactly are the parameters in place for my use of the key?”**

Michael was looking into one room and noticed it was an office and walked across the hall and into the bathroom with Jessika still nagging on, "You know, Michael, having a key may quite put a damper on your nightlife, if I don't know the parameters and used it when I wasn't suppose to, if you know what I mean?"

Michael turned on the shower, "No, Jessika, what do you mean, if you know what I mean?"

Jessika suddenly looked around as if she'd no idea how they walked into the bathroom. "Well, look, just because we've apparently agreed to do it in the shower, what happens if I walk in on you at your place? Oh, and without bringing bagels!"

Michael stripped naked and walked into the shower, "Okay, Jessy, pretend it's a power point presentation so you understand this better. A) I don't sleep around, as you so think. B) It means only you have the key and I only sleep with you. C) The parameter is a courtesy call to make sure I'm home but, if that makes you think I'm going to rush a woman out of the back window then don't call."

Jessika had slipped out of her clothes and walked into the shower, "Okay."

Michael laughed pulling her under the warm water and into his arms, "Okay? That's it? No more arguing or questions, just okay?"

He felt her hands sliding down his body to cup his balls - he didn't ask anymore questions, but knew it wasn't just okay and that they'd continue this talk later. He let her play with his cock and balls, while he kissed her. He already knew how he wanted to fuck her and slowly kissed his way down her neck. She had started to slide down his body to suck on his cock but his hands pulled her back to a standing position and turned her back to him. Reaching around her he pulled her flat against him, his cock rubbing against her ass cheeks.

"Michael, I'm not sure how to do it in a shower?"

Smiling he whispered, "Relax and enjoy the warm water and put your arms on the shower wall."

Moving his foot between hers he pushed her legs wider open. Then kissing her back he bent her forward to lean on the shower wall. He felt her body tense – taking his time he wrapped his arms around her waist holding her tightly against him. Moving slowly he whispered, "You feel good, Jessy. That's it honey, relax and bend lower. I'm going to slide my cock in. I want to fuck you under the nice warm water. That's it bend and relax."

He leaned lower, slowly pulling her back by her hips. Then positioning himself he thrust into her hard. He heard her gasp but felt her arch and push against him, taking all of him. The heat of her body was magnificent engulfing his swollen

cock - for a moment he relished the hot feeling of her body. Then, he felt her moving on him and he rammed harder until he felt her grinding harder back on him. His fingers dug into her flesh...his body felt on fire. He could see his fingers leaving red marks on her soft white flesh. He gripped harder wanting to leave marks she'd see the next day when she dressed. Her soft whimpers filled the shower and his tempo increased to an almost violent thrusting. Finally, in a frenzy slamming into her he felt her pussy spasm, as she cried out his name. In a flash of movement his cock found release as a jarring climax shook his body. He kept moving, not wanting the feelings to stop in either of them. He wanted to tell her how much he liked fucking her but kept silent while their breathing slowed and he felt her move off him.

Turning to him she smiled and moved into his arms, "Damn, Michael, that sure beat the parking lot and other places. Well, maybe not the bed."

Grabbing a towel he wrapped her in it and started to dry her off. "Well, Jessika, since we both aren't going back to work how about we have lunch and then head for your bed? We can call it a day of working off site."

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Jessika looked at Lisa and Sara and smiled, "Well, I hate to ruin the entire company's rumor mill but in truth Michael and I just worked off site the entire afternoon. At times he can be a chore and you have to repeat things over and over."

Lisa looked at Sara and winked. She'd already talked to Michael and already told Sara of Michael and Jessika's off site afternoon.

**April 2006**

The meeting had started like all the others, until Carla came in. Rumors were circulating that Carla and Morgan had an argument in his office and had split up.

Lisa was the one to bring up the subject, "Carla, we may as well be blunt about the rumor we've heard - have you and Morgan split up?"

Sitting down Carla sighed and answered, "No, but we came very close. In fact, I guess you could say I called it off and then Morgan called it back on. I'd always heard he didn't like to be told what to do. Up to last week we always agreed on things. Then, this bimbo rides into town. AND, I mean rides in on a motorcycle and off he goes for a day without a word. The message said someone had come to town and he'd be back in a day or two. I didn't think anything of it so yesterday, late afternoon, I drove over to his house and this other bike was parked next to his. I still didn't think anything and as always walked around the house to the back door - they were sitting in the back yard, on the ground, completely drunk! I

turned and walked off and heard Morgan yelling for me to stop but he sure didn't bother to get up.

Jessika offered, "Well, Carla, maybe if he was so drunk he couldn't get up?"

They all looked at Jessika like she was nuts so she stammered, "Well, I didn't mean he couldn't get it up - I meant he couldn't walk!"

Carla laughed, "Oh, Jessy, I know what you meant and he probably couldn't do either in the drunken state he was in. I guess it was lucky he couldn't get his legs, or his other thing up – Okay to get rid of the rumor here's what happened.

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I had left his house and didn't hear from him until the next day at work when my phone rang.

"Carla, it's Morgan. I need today's incoming shipping forms. You usually bring them down at 4:00 AM – the crew will be here at 6:00 and the gates open at 7:00 AM. Are you in the office?"

Carla picked up the phone, "I'll bring them down now. It's only 4:05 AM." I hung up the phone and brought him the stupid forms.

I walked past him and threw them on his desk, "Here! These are coming in this morning! I'll pick up the tally sheet at the end of my shift." He was still standing by the door and slammed it.

"Oh no you don't, Carla. You don't start my day off throwing papers on my desk and giving me an attitude. No one comes to my office and gives me an attitude."

I looked at him and he looked furious, "Attitude? The sheets aren't due on your desk until 4:30 and I've always gotten them down here earlier. I have other things to do, as you obviously do - *and did* - so I have no idea what your attitude speech is about."

He didn't open the door and actually looked menacing walking towards me. I was too mad to move - then he stopped in front of me but laughed and said, "Did? So this all is about the word "did". And what DID I do that was obvious? Wait, Carla, let me guess – this is all about yesterday in my backyard what you walked in on? Or, thought you walked in on?"

"Look, Morgan, apparently you can do who you want and so can I, so when we date - we date, and when you date Ms. biker bimbo, well then you date the biker bimbo."

I can tell you that sentence I said was like pouring gas on fire. The next minute he picked up the phone, yelled for all his calls to be put on hold, slammed the phone down and I have no idea how he did it but one minute I was standing and the next I was slammed down and pinned on his desk. I wasn't hurt but startled.

“Carla, no one is coming into this area for a damn hour! This isn't going to take very long but we're fucking now, here.”

He didn't even remove his clothes – just slid his jeans down and I had my skirt shoved up and panties pulled off. I think I was in shock and didn't argue, but I really did want him - and this was all about him.

He pulled me to the edge of the desk. He didn't even kiss me! He pulled my legs over his shoulders and glared down at me. “Carla, you don't say a word. You don't move to get up. You don't do anything but cum, and you don't even have to do that, if you don't want to. You just fuck me.”

I just looked up at him and shook my head that I understood. I could feel his cock harder than I'd ever felt it slam into me before. It was like a dam pole! His arms crossed over my legs holding them apart but tight against him. He kept looking at his cock slamming into me. I knew I was wet and he rammed faster and easier into me. He'd look at the clock on the wall and then down at his cock whispering to me, “Almost, Carla. We have a few more minutes, before I have to finish. Looks damn good fucking you, like this.”

He could tell I had to cum and with one arm holding my legs his other hand began to finger my clit, while fucking me. I couldn't hold out any longer between the pressure of his cock in me, and his damn fingers rubbing my clit. I closed my eyes and felt my pussy clamp so damn tight on his cock that I think I just about drowned his cock with cum! I was surprised I didn't feel him cum at the same time but when I opened my eyes he was staring down at me and said, “Now, I'll cum. I lied about you didn't have to!” I never knew he had so much control – he rammed twice and then I felt him throbbing in me as he shot his load. Finally, he grinned down at me and said, “That's a good way to start any day!”

Then he pulled up his jeans and I quickly got dressed. The son of a bitch walks over to the coffee pot and says, “We still have about twenty minutes before the crew start showing up, want a cup of coffee?”

Now, I finally was furious! “Coffee? That's it. You offer me a cup of coffee? If you think I'm the type you can just fuck on your desk...”

He cut off my sentence and was angry again, “Let's get one thing fucking straight – I did just fuck you on my desk – where the hell is this going, Carla?”

I actually could not think at that point where to try and explain how I felt so I took the coffee and just sat down on his desk. I looked right at him and said, “Okay, no

more arguing. We are at work and as you said the crew is probably sitting at the gate. I suggest you open the gate and we get the stock being dropped off logged in. I'll go out and press the gate switch. Okay?"

He opened the door and I walked past him and opened the gate.

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Lisa was the first to ask, "And, AND? That was it?"

Carla looked at all of them, "No, the part that made me feel really stupid was he laughed when I walked past him."

Lisa was furious, "He laughed! He didn't say anything?"

Carla answered, "No, he laughed and said he'd give my regards to his sister, who I had called a bimbo and was the woman that rode into town on her bike. I met her yesterday. She's really his sister."

Lisa still was furious, "And you believed her?"

Carla turned red from embarrassment and answered, "No, I couldn't let it go and asked to see her drivers license. Then they both started laughing at me and went on and on with proof. I finally, after seeing a photo album of them with their parents felt like an idiot. Guess I looked like one?"

Lisa and the rest burst out laughing since no one was going to disagree. As they left the room Jessika laughed and told Carla, "One good thing came out of all of this. I'm never going to ask for proof. I'll sneak and find out anything I want to know!"

**Coffee - May 2006 – © Copyright, LdyJessika, 2006**

**Lisa was in her office at 5:30 AM. One reason was to get ready for the quarterly taxes but the main reason was to finish her work before the monthly meeting.**

**Working at her desk she was startled when her door opened at 5:45 am. She snarled, "Who the hell's there?"**

**His deep laughter filled her office as he walked in holding two cups of coffee, "Someone whose glad they sure as hell don't work for you! Are you always this grumpy in the mornings?" Garrett walked in closing the door behind him. He grinned, "Wait, let me lock the door since I have an idea what I'd like with my Starbucks coffee."**

Lisa smiled but wasn't too happy, "Look, I have tons of work and I have to get you those stupid accounting comps today."

Garrett placed the coffee on her desk and pulled a chair next to it. Ignoring her remarks he watched her gaze follow as he spread his legs wide in a relaxing position. "Well, Lisa, you just go ahead and wrap up those figures and I'll just relax here."

His hand lowered to his groin rubbing it through his expensive slacks. "Yes, Lisa, I'll just sit here with a nice thick hard cock while you do those figures."

He watched her lick her lips and he knew it was only a matter of moments before he'd have her kneeling and sucking him. "You can have a nice starter here between my legs, then a hot cup of coffee and then I'd help you with those comps. But, no, you'd rather get me those stupid figures all by yourself." His hand squeezed himself as he slightly groaned from the sensations and his thoughts of her mouth leaving red lipstick on his cock as it sucked up and down. "Think about it Lisa...sucking...nice hot cum before coffee? Come on over here and see what I have to offer?"

He unzipped the zipper on his slacks and pulled his hard cock out to where his erection was in her full view. His hand squeezed, rubbing it up and down...making it larger and thicker. He watched as she walked toward him not saying anything. She almost seemed to him in a trance just staring at his hand and his dripping erection. "That's my good bitch, Lisa. Come on baby...keep walking and kneel right in front of me. Almost now, kneel down and I'll let you lick me."

He liked how she didn't even stop in motion but kneeled reaching for his throbbing cock. She mumbled, "Thick and hard." He greeted her by grabbing her hair causing her mouth to be pulled toward his cock as he thrust toward her. "Suck it, Lisa. Come on and suck this thing for me!" He shoved it between her red lips watching the lipstick trail left on it. His fingers twined in her hair pinning her mouth on him as he began to gently lead her in a dance. He was in total control. He controlled the speed she used, her movements on his shaft...how she sucked harder or softer. Any sensation he wanted she was his to fulfill it. Leaning back further he made access to the base of his cock easier from his slacks. He thought about pulling the slacks down but he knew he'd cum in a few minutes so didn't want to waste the time.

He gazed at her sucking on him, "Harder, Lisa, we don't have any more time and you have to make me cum and swallow it all. Now, bitch, suck this cock and get it off." He felt her nails dig into his thighs as her mouth pressed down and she engulfed his cock in her mouth. Her hand slid into his slacks and squeezed his balls. He groaned as her hand tightened tighter...tighter until the pain was about as much as he could bear, but still he needed the pain to be more. "Nails, use them on my balls...more bitch." He could hear sucking as her mouth filled with

precum, but then, it was the pain between his legs that caught his attention. At first he could feel her nails lightly touching him. It felt almost frustrating, until he felt them slightly change position so the tops of her nails were touching him. Again, he waited while fucking her mouth for sensations. Then it was like tiny pins, as her nail tips began digging and her fingers pulled and tightened. His groan was one of pleasure but from the pain that shook his body as her nails dug deeper into the soft flesh of his balls. His fingers twined tightly in her hair pulling it until he felt a rush of pain through him. It felt so great as endorphins raced through him and a euphoric pleasure engulfed his body. In an explosive moment he moaned her name as his cum spilled into her mouth and he heard her swallowing every drop he could give her. "Easy now Lisa, let your nails off me very slowly...that's it...ease them up more...rub me now." It was moments before he could clearly see her still kneeling on the floor and his cock being licked gently. He took a deep breath, "Hell, that was more than even I anticipated for a morning in your office." He smiled as she grinned at him and she said, "Hell, now where is my damn coffee? You did mention a cock and Starbucks coffee"

Standing up she was still licking the side of her mouth where she could taste his cum. She laughed, "I think you are still on my mouth!"

He grabbed her to him and hugged her, "Damn, you're a difficult woman at times. But then, my bitch, you're a hell of a fuck and you can suck my cock the best of any woman I ever had. Here, have a coffee!"

They were sitting doing the comps when Jessika walked in, "Hi Lisa. Hello Garrett, I was just going for coffee, can I get you some?"

Garrett smiled, "No thank you, Jessika. I've already had everything I need for the moment."

Jessika smiled and walked toward the door, "Okay, as long as you both have what you need I'll head for the coffee shop to get mine."

After Jessika left Lisa laughed, "She's going to get hers at the coffee shop? I better call Michael!"

**Coffee - June 2006 – © Copyright, LdyJessika, 2006**

One thing Lisa always knew was when Michael and Jessika had one of their ongoing disagreements about work. Michael would call and sound frustrated that Jessika would be so logical one moment, and the next moment turn emotional about a program and fight to keep it, even when it isn't going to book any revenue.

Lisa laughed into the phone and said to Michael, "Well, you're in luck. She just left my office and is heading for the coffee shop, and since she's so predictable I bet

she has a Starbucks Vanilla Mocha and half a doughnut, throwing the other half out and heads to her office.”

When Jessika walked into her office she was stunned to see Michael back and going over the files the just argued over.

“Hi, Jessika. Did you bring me coffee?”

Jessika walked behind her desk and quietly but formally replied, “I didn’t realize you were going to continue the meeting. If I’d realized you were going to continue the meeting, then I would have, of course, been polite and brought you a cup of coffee for the meeting. I assume, that since you’re here, you’re continuing the meeting. Is my meeting assumption correct?”

Michael gazed at her wondering how she can just string sentences together over and over and repeat a word “meeting” so many times.

Michael knew he shouldn’t mimic her but he couldn’t resist, “Yes, Jessika, the meeting assumption you made, about the meeting, is the correct meeting assumption. I, of course, like you, am assuming the meeting you are referring to is the meeting of today and not another meeting. Do I have the right meeting of all the meetings we’ve had?”

He started to smile as her calm began to break, “Michael – go to hell.” She got up and started around the desk to walk out the door.

Grabbing her by the arm he tried to calm her down, “Wait, Oh hell, wait a minute! I don’t want to argue. I’ll try to see your points of view about the project but let’s table it and go over a different project. Let’s get the ones we are closer on approval out of the way and then we can argue until the proverbial cows come home on the others.”

She stopped pulling away and looking at him said, “I think Lisa and Garret were doing it in their office.”

Michael’s brain actually went blank for a moment. How she changed subjects and thought patterns were just too quick for him at times. But, not wanting to continue the other project argument he smiled, “Just so we are on the same terminology. Does your reference to it mean the same as my reference to fucking?”

“Yes, Michael, I think they were doing that. Well, I think they had just finished it when I walked in and asked them if they wanted coffee. Do you think a lot of employees are doing it in the office? Did you ever do it in the office?”

Michael thought for a moment whether to answer truthfully, “Not yet. I don’t suppose you would even, for a moment, consider bending over the desk?” He

started to laugh since he meant it as a joke and was shocked when she pulled away, locked the office and walked over to her desk.

“Know what Michael? Let’s just do it like apparently everyone else is. If they can all do it then why not me. I can do it in an office! Hell, I did it in a parking lot so why not an office?”

Michael wasn’t quite sure where this all suddenly came from but really did want to do it anywhere she’d ever let him, “Look, just because other people do it in the office doesn’t mean that we have to do it here.” He was watching as she removed her panties, slid her skirt up to her waist and leaned over the desk. “Then again, there’s always a first time for everything and if this is what you want then I’ll of course go along with it.”

Michael still wasn’t sure but knew enough if he said no with her leaning over she’d get so insecure that he turned her down it would take months to get back to this point. Leaning over he put her phone on Do Not Disturb, made sure she actually locked the door and walked up behind her.

“Jessika, this has to be really fast! This can’t have nice words, etc. – it’s almost lunch-time and people will be leaving their offices. Oh hell!” He didn’t even bother to take any clothes off and hoped his open zipper wouldn’t kill him while they were fucking. He quickly undid only his belt, top snap, zipper used spit to lubricate his cock, grabbed her by the hips and slid into her pussy. The only thing that registered to him was it felt damn good with her bending over the desk.

She whispered, “Okay, I’ll be quiet and we can do this fast. It’s kind of neat this way in the office.”

He made sure he was inside of her and started pumping slowly, for a moment, then quickly picked up the pace to slamming into her. After a moment he didn’t care where they were just that she felt wet and he could feel her pushing back onto him.

Leaning over her he whispered, “Feel it? Like it in the office being fucked. I like it Jessy, I like fucking you as you bend over your desk. Nice hot pussy bending over her desk.” She was wearing her shoes that made her the perfect height for his cock to ram into her. Gazing down at her ass he began running his hands over them as he fucked. Her flesh was soft to his touch and it drove him on to want to cum inside her. “Are you ready, Jessy? Can you feel me needing to cum inside of you? That’s it...fuck me. Push that ass back.”

He leaned lower trying to get a better angle with the clothes in the way but finally felt his flesh being sucked deeply into her wet pussy. That was the feeling he needed to start doing it harder and deeper. Again, he whispered how he liked fucking her in her office. He could feel the effect his words had each time as she rocked back wanting him deeper. Finally, he knew he had to finish and again held her hips to hold her where he wanted, and when he wanted her pulled back on.

He knew the exact moment she started to cum. He let her cum for a few seconds and then let himself release and explode inside of her. Careful not to groan too loudly he moaned and tried to make sure she was also quiet as they finished. He didn't wait but quickly pulled out and zipped his slacks. "Jessika, come on honey, move it and pull your skirt down." She didn't move for a moment and then jumped like she was shot out of a canon.

"HELL, Michael, what the hell are we doing! Were in the office on working hours?"

Michael laughed, "Now you think about that? Okay, before you get crazy about hours how about we skip lunch and that could be the lunch-time we used? Okay?"

He was stunned when she answered, "No! I want you to take me to lunch! I bet Garrett takes Lisa to lunch after they do it in the office. I think I did it pretty good, don't you?"

Michael was not sure about this entire meeting but knew enough when to agree, "Yes, I think that had to be the way it is done in an office. Let's get out of here, now, okay?"

As they were walking out they saw Lisa and Garret. Lisa said, "Hi, we're heading for lunch want to join us?"

Michael said that they had plans and Lisa heard Jessika say to Michael, "HA! See, I told you about lunch, didn't I?"

Lisa noted to ask Michael what Jessika meant and why Jessika looked like she'd just run a mile.

Coffee – July, 2006 © Copyright LdyJessika, 2006

Lunch started out with a nice dinner salad, and what Michael would call a dangerous conversation.

Jessika smiled at him and whispered, "I think I did it extra good in the office, don't you?"

Michael smiled, "You were the best!"

Jessika stopped smiling, "What do you mean I was the best? That sounds like you did it before and they weren't any good. I thought you said you didn't do it before in the office?"

Michael could see where this conversation was heading, if he didn't change it fast. As luck would have it Lisa and Garret walked up to the table and sat down.

Lisa said, "Hi, we can't get a table so mind if we join you. But, since we just sat down I guess it's time we just order. Did you hear that Morgan and Carla got caught fucking on the loading docks last week?"

Jessika gasped, "They were doing it on a loading dock?"

Michael added, "Well, I guess that's classier then if they did it in a parking lot where it's more public."

Jessika gasped again and Lisa laughed, "Well, I don't know if they did "it" but all I know is they were seen fucking on dock 17 on cardboard boxes. Milton, the night watchman, was an hour early and saw them.

Michael laughed, "And what? He told the entire office?"

Lisa laughed, "No! He had to sign a W-4 form and told me when he came into my office. I asked Carla about it and she nearly died when I told her old Milton saw them."

Lisa smiled thinking about what Carla told her:

Morgan was finished working for the day, but was on the dock checking crates that had been delivered. It was after work and Carla was on dock 17 logging in new material that had arrived in cartons instead of one large crate.

She'd been counting to make sure all the boxes were on the skid when she felt someone staring at her. Turning around she smiled, as her body was pressed backward until her back was flat against the boxes and Morgan was kissing her. When he stopped for a moment his voice was deep with emotion, "Carla, no one is on the docks. I've been here over an hour and all is locked and Milton doesn't get here for an hour or more. I haven't seen you all day...it feels so good, baby, to have your lips to kiss." Rubbing his body slowly against her he felt his cock pushing against his pants as her hand slowly moved down. He hoped she'd rub his cock and whispered into her ear. Then he slowly felt her start to soften against him and her hand rubbing him through his pants. Unzipping his pants he pushed her hand against his hard flesh and felt her start jerking him off - he wanted more than just coming in her hand. Allowing her to get him to the point that he was dripping pre-cum he slowly pulled her jeans down and off her legs. He smiled how quickly her panties came off he knew that in a moment he would have his cock in her pussy.

He knew the security camera wasn't turned off and that it scanned the dock, but it was only seen in Parker's penthouse and he figured the old guy never even bothered watching the security cameras. He'd heard all of them were fake and just for appearance. He never figured the camera was not only on, but was being viewed by Parker and Sara.

Lifting Carla onto the boxes it made her pussy the right height for him to easily fuck. He had to pull her to the very tip of the box, but in a smooth motion he pulled her onto his cock and slid it deeply into that wet place of hers. Wrapping her legs around him she pushed her tits against him and rubbed, "Like it Morgan with me sitting and my tits smashed against you?" He smiled and pushed her back against one of the boxes. "Pull your nipples while I fuck you!" Looking down he watched as his cock slid in and out making her cunt hairs glimmer with wet pussy juice. His cock seemed as if it was dripped in lubricant...so damn wet...hot.

Looking downward he could see the veins on his cock as it rammed in and out of her body. It felt so damn good. Gazing at her nipples as she pulled on them, he felt an inward need to suck the hard points deep into his mouth. He made a mental note that tomorrow he wanted to suck them and cum on her tits, watching his cum drip over her hard pointed nipples. He watched as her eyes closed and her whimpers drove his need like a fire. He felt his cock throbbing inside of her but held back...plunging deeper. Feeling the softness of her ass against his balls slapping on them, he felt her unwrap her legs from his waist. He watched her leaning back and placing her ankles on his shoulders. Grapping her ankles he pushed her legs straight up in the air and slammed her onto his cock. He was deep...slamming into her in possession.

"That's it Carla, now I'm deep, honey...nice and deep in this hot cunt of yours."

She whimpered and pinched her nipples so tightly that he noticed she winced from doing it so hard, "That's it Carla, pinch them for me. Pull those nipples because tomorrow I'm going to fuck those tits and cum all over them. Does that sound good to you baby? Want my hot cum all over those tits of yours?"

He heard her moaning and felt her pussy juice drenching his cock - she began to cum and whimper how good he felt fucking her. He wasn't done yet, "Carla, feel my cock getting ready to explode in you? Feel it Carla, feel it baby. Get ready bitch...ready...almost...damn, now...Feel it!" In that split second he felt his body pouring himself into her and that exploding calm come over him. He let her legs down and collapsed onto her for a moment knowing they had to get out of there.

"Carla, I'd fuck you all night but that night watchman will be here. Come on, let's get out of here and go for dinner."

He laughed when she answered, "Morgan, I can just about move and you think of food!"

As they were walking toward the front of the loading dock they passed Milton who smiled and said, "Have a nice night." Morgan grinned. Carla turned to Morgan and asked, "Was he telling us to have a nice night, or was that kind of a question?"

**Morgan slapped her on the ass, “He’s just telling us to have a nice night since we’re getting off of work now.”**

**Coffee – August, 2006 © Copyright LdyJessika, 2006**

### **Part 1 – the Punishment**

**Shadows cascaded across the room, from twelve long tapered candles. The candelabra holding them was tall, black wrought iron, and elegant. Quietly sitting, naked, on a plush, soft carpet, Lisa gazed around the room. Her thoughts wandered from should she tell Garrett this wasn’t a good idea, to she never knew this room existed.**

**Hearing the slight sound of door opening she turned toward the door. She knew he heard her surprised gasp at seeing him, because he smiled at her. Starting to speak her voice wavered, “Garrett? This room?”**

**The long stemmed wine glass was handed to her and she tasted the smooth Merlot as she sipped from it. Not sitting down but standing...towering over her...Garrett sipped from his own glass of wine. As she started to rise he admonished, “I didn’t say to do anything, Lisa. The note said to come here and sit, quietly, until I arrive and give you further direction.” Ignoring her he walked to a wall cabinet and opened the mahogany doors. Again, she felt he must have heard her gasp at the collection of whips and other things she viewed on the walls of the cabinet.**

**Moving back to her his smile was oddly teasing, “So, my brazenly beautiful, Lisa, do you think you’ll tattle-tale this night to your group next week?”**

**“I’m not sure what you mean, Garrett? It’s a monthly, boring, policy update meeting. I think this wouldn’t quite fit in.”**

**He circled her as she watched the whip in his hand lightly slapping against his bare thigh. The candles seemed as if they flickered with each slap. The sound as it met his thigh seemed as if it were caressing against her flesh.**

**“Updates you call them? Well, then I think I will be happy to oblige you with an update. Now, Lisa, do you really think I, of all people, would not know what goes on that you do?”**

**Not sure if he was bluffing, but not wanting to agree Lisa stammered, “Do other people in the company think we don’t compare policy updates?”**

**“There are only two people that know what you really discuss and I’m one. Now, I’m surprised, but not upset by it. I don’t feel the need to hold back as I’ve been doing for the past two years with what I want from you.”**

**Lisa wasn’t sure what was about to happen and had thought they’d done quite a lot, “This isn’t going to ruin anything about our working together, is it?”**

**Amazed at how secure and commanding she was in the office he was always surprised how insecure she could be.**

**Answering so that she’d be reassured – laughing he said, “No, my dear. Your reputation as Queen Bitch of the accounting department will always remain intact. Our working relationship will always remain intact, and if you ever want to quit and come work for me that is always an open invitation.” He saw her entire body relax and her eyes gaze at him with want instead of questions.**

**Taking the riding crop he ran it over her breasts, “Stand up. I believe you’ll be more relaxed standing.” Then...slowly...the riding crop trailed over each bared nipple until they were hard and pointed. Their gazes were locked and he watched her expression soften from sensations. When her gaze turned dreamlike the crop traced down between her breasts...lower over her flat stomach to rub over her soft mound. His quiet, but stern tone broke the silence, “Don’t look down, Lisa. I didn’t say to look anywhere but into my eyes...widen your stance.”**

**Her gaze slowly met his...she felt the power of his gaze at the same time she felt the leather crop sliding between her pussy lips. Not knowing what she should do she crossed her arms, “If you need something to do with your hands pinch your nipples for me until they hurt.” Uncrossing her arms her fingers followed his dictate. Wetness and warmth were unleashing lust within her body...her legs widened in welcome of anything he did with her body. Swaying slightly with the flicker of the candles, she felt as if the room was dancing with what he was doing. Sliding the crop back and forth between her pussy lips he changed the angle so it rubbed over her clit. Feeling she was suppose to come she started to move quicker, only to be surprised that he turned her away from him, “No, Lisa, I didn’t say you were going to cum on this. Bend over and finger yourself.” Pushing her body to the bend he wanted he rubbed his hand over her ass. “That’s it, rub your clit with one hand and squeeze your tits and pinch your nipples.”**

**The riding crop began to run smoothly over her ass. Always marveling at how tight her ass cheeks were he began to lightly slap them with the crop. The light slap sounded loud in the silence. She gasped in surprise at the first touch of the crop to her flesh. Watching her body movements, while she fingered herself, he began to whip at her thighs...ass cheeks. Moving to her side he could see her fingers sliding in and out of her cunt. “Move Lisa, rock on your fingers.” With each movement backward the crack of the riding crop sounded, as it met her flesh. Trying to step forward she was blocked by his arm in front of her...moving closer his body touched hers. Now, standing between his arm in front of her and the**

crop in back of her she whimpered - it smacked her ass but she continued to fuck herself...shifting restlessly on her fingers. Her nipples were swollen...pointed...tingling – the crop sounded again and again leaving red marks on her white flesh.

His voice, deep and gravely resonated against the shadows, “Bitch...my bad bitch who told everything? Are you going to tell them what a bad girl you are? That I punished you this first time by cropping your nice ass? Are you going to tell them how you cry your submission to me...how you need to be whipped...spanked...need to beg to cum?”

Knowing she was almost dizzy with new sensations his hand covered hers, squeezing her breast in a tight grip. “Cum bitch.” He tightened his grip on her breast when he knew she was cumming. The crop cracked against her ass marking red light welts in their place. He knew she was lost in her orgasm and whimpering she’d never tell. Whimpering she was sorry she told about their sex.

Dropping the crop to the floor he swung her into his arms, carrying her to the bed. Her fingers still between her pussy lips he whispered, “Punishment one is over but now you’ll let me have the main reason you’re here. Are you going to tell them anything about this next punishment?”

He believed her when she whispered she’d never tell. No one would believe her anyway. He smiled, no one other than Sara and Parker, who knew this room existed for at least three years. If it weren’t for Sara telling Parker, and Parker telling him of the conversation, he’d still be fucking Lisa without really doing what he’d wanted for years. When he heard she told Sara she liked the domination he knew he could bring her to the next level.

“Rest now Lisa, we’ve all night and I need to get something. In the morning we’ll go for breakfast and head to the office. Sound okay?”

Her voice was sleepy, “Yes, Garrett, office...no one will know...breakfast...okay.”

**Coffee Break Sept. © Copyright LdyJessika, 2006**

Michael’s secretary asked him, “It seems like Jessika and the other managers are either afraid of that monthly meeting, or looked forward to it the way they all raced to Lisa’s office. Do you know what that’s all about? Everyone keeps asking me, but no one ever types minutes of the meeting, or a summary, a list of things to follow for, updates. Michael, what do they discuss every month?”

Michael was looking at papers, “Mostly which secretaries are being nosey? Only kidding you, Rebecca, it’s mainly how they can improve themselves in the workplace. No one would want to have theirs typed up, and the list of things they’d have to improve would be too long for any secretary to type!”

Rebecca smiled, "How about we have a monthly meeting over coffee?"

Michael stared at her a moment not quite comprehending her questions. We have three-month reviews. Do you want me to speak with Jeremy about having a monthly meeting to review follow ups?"

Rebecca looked upset, "Not exactly since Jeremy wants me fired. I thought monthly you could tell me what I'm doing wrong and need to improve on."

Not sure where this conversation was going, but sure she wasn't propositioning him he smiled, "Rebecca, you've been my secretary for over three years and extremely efficient. I couldn't think of wanting to have a different secretary, so what Jeremy wants, or doesn't want, doesn't count."

"Well, then you don't quite know Jeremy, as well as you think you do. I'm not going to say anything else - let's forget I brought it up."

Michael stared at her wondering if they were all taking lessons from Jessika on how to confuse him. How to ask you a question, then not let you find an answer. Saying that you should forget it, before you had time to think about it. He thought why forget it if she brought it up! Not wanting to upset her he said, "Okay, but if you want to discuss something about this I'm always available." He then walked down the hall, took the elevator to the fifth floor and waked to Jeremy's office.

Jeremy was his boss and the Vice President of Projects. Jeremy had the reputation of being on guard and micro managing all the projects in his department. Michael had known him for years and although they seldom spoke at work, once in a while, at the club they played racquetball. For years, Michael sent project reports and questions to Jeremy via e-mail. Other then every three-month reviews they seldom spoke at work. Michael was the only person in the department that Jeremy didn't micro manage.

"Jeremy, I have a situation I need to ask you about. Nothing urgent, or even important – if you're busy I can come back." He sat down and Jeremy said, "I think it must be important if you came into my office rather than e-mail, so what's up?"

Michael said one word to gage his reaction, "Rebecca."

Jeremy answered, "Secretary."

Michael always did admire how Jeremy could show absolutely no emotion or surprise at all. Michael laughed, "Okay, Rebecca has an idea you want her fired, true or false?"

Jeremy grinned, "True."

**“Hell, Jeremy, she’s the best secretary I’ve had, why would you want her fired?”**

**Jeremy look annoyed, “And who told you I said fired? Let me guess. My Administrative Assistant who quit last week told a secretary. It is the secretary grapevine of gossip going wrong. Or, it could be any number of secretaries along the grapevine of female gossips that finally told yours.”**

**“Well, Jeremy, in the long or short run of it, it got to Rebecca and she’s afraid you want her fired.”**

**Jeremy threw his pen down. “Shit! What the hell is wrong with women! You let them type a confidential memo and it goes from secretary to secretary - worse than a computer virus, without a cure! I said moved! NOT fired. I said I would like to consider her to be moved.” He opened his desk and pulled out a paper handing it to Michael. “I was going to discuss it with you, but wanted to get some items down. I certainly wouldn’t do anything about moving Rebecca without speaking to you, which you can see by the meeting request was going to be scheduled for tomorrow morning. I had someone else in mind to move, but needed her personnel file. Anyway, you may as well read it now and we can discuss it.”**

**Michael read that Jeremy wanted to give Rebecca a promotion to Administrative Assistant, but to work for Jeremy.**

**Jeremy continued, “Look, Rebecca doesn’t have to accept it but she’s next in line for promotion. She’s met every criteria to move from a secretarial position to administrative assistant.”**

**“Well, Jeremy, that sure isn’t what she’s expecting, but she certainly does deserve the promotion - even though I hate to lose her. Who’s the other person to move?”**

**“With all the consolidations we’re going to use a departmental secretary. All project leaders will type their own reports, like you already do. I’m going to join projects with two people, per project, but making the projects larger in scope. The major, important projects will be with you. I was thinking of your other project person being Jessika. Unless, her odd ways will drive you nuts. I know she’s very efficient and the work she turns in is perfect, but half the time I have no idea what she’s speaking about – it’s like riddles.”**

**Michael laughed, stood up and said, “All sounds good – can I approach Rebecca with the suggestion?” After Jeremy agreed Michael approached Rebecca. He was amazed how quickly she went from depressed to jumping up and down in his office, going on that she’d always wanted to work for Jeremy. He looked out of his office door a few minutes later to find her very happy, and wondered what she was thinking of with that sly grin on her face. He had no way of knowing what women sometimes fantasize about, or about whom!**

Rebecca was what they referred to as a very nice person with a winning personality. To her that meant they saw her as fat. She always hated that and laughed that she'd rather be nasty, thin and damn rich. Her imagination was quite vivid and she loved porn rather than romance or erotica. She smiled wondering if she had put that on her resume listing it under activities would she have gotten the job. She watched so many videos she felt she could write and film them - boy could she write one about her and her new to be boss – sitting down she quickly took out her laptop rather than use the company computer. Then she let her imagination go to work and typed:

He looked up from his desk, “Rebecca, I thought you left?”

“You think a lot of things Jeremy – in fact, I find that you think too much!” Walking over to his desk she shoved the papers to the floor, “Jeremy – don't even give those papers one thought since I'm the one that will pick them up, sort them perfectly, and place them all in order back on your desk.”

Knowing her usually quiet and placid ways he demanded, “What the hell is this?”

She moved his leg out of the way and sat directly in front of him on his desk. She knew he really didn't want her to leave. Without much preamble she opened the side drawers of his desk. Put a heel on each one – opened her luscious legs while pulling her skirt out of the way. Knowing he would be more shocked that she was naked under her skirt - she watched as his eyes stared at the pussy before him.

Smiling she picked up the stapler and said, “Jeremy, care to play with anything you see on the desk – perhaps you want to finger the stapler, or something else you see?”

No words were said but she watched his fingers slowly and almost shaking reached forward to sift through the pubic hair on her mound, his voice was shaky, “What is okay that I do?” When she replied anything she felt his fingers slide over her pussy...pressing in on her clit. “Play, Jeremy...touch my pussy, or pull on my clit. In other words, whatever you want to do. We can just call this playtime – no sex just touching and playing?”

He didn't agree but sunk his middle finger into her wet pussy. His other fingers held her pussy lips wider apart so he could get a full view of his finger slowly fucking her. Turning his hand his middle finger fucked her while his thumb pushed on her clit. She heard his breathing deepening - leaning back on his desk she spread her thighs wider using the desk drawers as support. It felt damn good being fingered by him. She slid closer...was wetter. His finger began to move on her clit while two of his concentrated on pushing in and out. I didn't take very long - she pushed downward as he shoved his fingers into her. There! She whispered, “Yes, let me cum on your fingers, Jeremy – I want this finger fucking.” She arched her body in satisfaction as the last ripple of orgasm rushed through her body. She didn't move for a few moments savoring the feelings. Sitting up

she smiled a very sultry smile, “That was just wonderful. Now, I better get all those papers off the floor since now you’re back to being my boss.”

She watched him sitting there staring at her but licking his finger. As she gingerly jumped off his desk and started picking up papers he smiled “And what was I, just now, while you were on my desk?”

Laughing she said, “Jeremy, never, ever mix business with pleasure – that was playtime and had nothing to do with you as my boss.”

She’d never seen a perplexed look on his face but in a moment he shook his head as if clearing a fog and said, “Right. Clean this mess up. Somehow the papers fell off my desk and they need to be put in order. I’m getting a cup of coffee. Uh, want one?”

She smiled, “Sure and I definitely want more play time, if that’s okay with you?”

It was the first time Jeremy really smiled, “Yes, that will definitely have to be repeated.”

“Rebecca! REBECCA – I’ve asked you three times are you sure you want the promotion! HELLO – EARTH TO REBECCA – I have to sign your transfer papers!”

She stared at Michael then burst out laughing, “Yes, thank you. Do I ever want that promotion – Yes – sign them!”

Michael walked back into his office wondering why the monthly meeting hadn’t finished and now he was wondering what everyone specifically said at those meetings. Probably now Rebecca would be going since she was going into a management position. He sat down at Jessika’s desk and waited for her. He wasn’t sure the exact reaction she’d have to finding out she was his project partner and that he was the lead.

**Coffee – October, 2006 © Copyright LdyJessika, 2006**

## **Part 2 – the Punishment**

Light sifted, from a Victorian lamp sitting on the dark mahogany dresser, highlighting the red marks on Lisa’s flesh, where it had met Garrett’s riding crop. He enjoyed punishing her and the look of concern when she first saw the riding crop. But, then he loved the look of pure pleasure on her face at the end of the night. He then thought to himself that he’d never heard such rubbish, that he was supposed to believe she and her friends discussed policy at their monthly meetings. She should have known by now that he knew everything about her, especially when she’s lying. For that she’d received his first punishment with the crop. He’d known her so long that he felt he was the only one who really knew Lisa. He was always amazed that everyone in her company thought of her as a

nasty bitch to work for, powerful and controlling. He knew otherwise of his Lisa. He smiled thinking of her as his Lisa. He wasn't really sure when he began to think of her that way, but it seemed that now this was what he wanted and he knew that she felt secure within their relationship. He knew she didn't realize it was changing into a more powerful and long-term relationship but he would bring her into it slowly. Step by step – toy by toy – whatever he wanted.

Garrett rubbed his hand over her ass. She stirred and whispered, “Garret, I think I liked it.”

Garret smiled knowing full well that she liked it, “Yes, I believe we both enjoyed it and that's what counts. It has to bring pleasure to the both of us. But I have something else I'm going to do before I fuck you – turn over on your back.” He was surprised how she didn't question him. He smiled at the thought that if she mentioned this at her coffee meeting that they'd be stunned.

Sighing Lisa did question, “Garret? I do get to tell you if I don't' like something, right?”

Taking out a gold pair of nipple clamps he laughed, “Oh, I'm sure you can make your opinions known in the bedroom the way you make them quite known at work. Don't worry – I already said it has to be pleasurable for both of us. Well, maybe more for me and more pain for you, but we'll progress slowly.”

He noticed she looked worried as he sucked her nipple to a hard point then placed the clip on it. He laughed when she yelled, “Crap! That hurts!”

“See Lisa, you make yourself very well known. Here I'll loosen it, but it really shouldn't hurt - if you don't think but feel it, you should feel very tight pressure.”

By the time he sucked her other nipple to a nice tight point she was gently moving on the bed. As it clipped into place she whimpered, but seemed to relax with the feelings it created. Sitting comfortably next to her he methodically squeezed her achingly swollen breasts. As if milking them his fingers closed and opened on her flesh. Watching the clips with the movements of her breasts, the clips seemed as if they wanted to pop off - he enjoyed gazing at them. He whispered to her how nicely she was formed with large breasts just ripe for sucking and pulling. “Lisa, my Lisa, nice large tits, red swollen nipples waiting for my tongue. Squeeze your tits for me, Lisa. I have other places to play with.” His hands left her breasts and pulled her legs wide apart. “Now, Lisa, I want you to do everything I say as soon as I say it!” He watched as her hands quickly went to her breasts. She first lightly touched the clips and then slid her hands around her breasts tightening them, until her breasts were squeezed to bursting.

His hand slowly slid towards her pussy...tantalizing the soft flesh of her inner thighs, until she whimpered for more. He knew she was wet but reaching for lubricant he dripped it over her clit and pussy. He wanted her wetter, as he

reached for the vibrator. Without hesitating he slid it between her creamy pussy lips and into her. “Relax, bitch. That’s a girl, like that. Open...fuck it.” He watched and waited until he could feel her body heat and heightened movements. Then in a smooth motion he removed the vibrator climbing over her body and between her open thighs. Between her legs he gazed at her dripping cunt – “Ready bitch, want this cock rammed into that hot pussy?”

Without waiting for her answer he positioned his cock slamming it into her. He heard her exhale with the force of his body making contact inside her cunt. With his hands braced on either side of her face he rocked back and forth inside of her. “Lisa, wrap your legs around my waist!” As soon as he felt them wrapped tightly around him he began fucking harder and faster. He felt her moving to accommodate the large size of his cock, as he buried deeper and deeper. Taking a few minutes he went slowly to get her pussy fully opened to take his cock all the way. Then he rammed and filled her to the hilt so he could feel his balls slapping against her. “Open your eyes, bitch. Watch me. Feel me owning you.”

Gazing into her wide-open eyes he could see the heat and need. “That’s it, move with me. Let me push this hard, big cock, into that hot cunt of yours.”

He pressed into her wetness pumping his hips...driving his cock as deeply as he could get into her. Digging her nails into his shoulders she whimpered, as if impaled on his cock but she tried to take even more of him. He felt as if he owned the world at that moment – as if everything was meant to culminate in that moment of time. Arching his back and pushing into her he felt her body start to tremble. Her whimpers were uninhibited as she soared over the edge stiffening in shear release. “That’s it my bitch, cum for me.” His voice had a raw edge of male possession at the final moment that he let go his control and shot cum high into her.

Careful not to let the full weight of his body rest on top of her he carefully removed the clips from her nipples one at a time. Licking her red swollen tits he heard her whisper that it felt good. Taking his time he slowly licked one, and then licked the other, until he felt her falling back to sleep. Rolling to his side he put the clips and vibrator in the side drawer when he heard her sleepily ask, “Garrett? What else is in that drawer? Anything I should know about?”

Kissing her he answered, “Not now. I’ll show you all of it in good time. I want to share many things with you and we’ve already started.” Then smiling he asked, “So, are you going to tell your coffee meeting about the nice nipple clips?”

He heard her laugh, “Only if I want Jessika to drop into a dead faint. Then she’d probably drive my cousin, Michael out of his mind with questions or just never let him near her again.” She chuckled as she said, “ I think I’ll keep our meetings to policy – we only talk of policy as far as I remember.”

**He laughed, “Policy my ass – or better yet your ass.” He made a mental note of what he’d do next to her for her policy comment.**

**Coffee – November, 2006 © Copyright LdyJessika, 2006**

**This particular Friday had been rough with difficult negotiations and meetings. Michael was relaxing, now that the day ended, when he looked up from reading and nearly spit his coffee on his desk. Jessika walked in saying, “I can’t believe what Jeremy just told me! Do you know you’re missing Rebecca, and I mean she cleaned out her desk lock, stock, and barrel.”**

**Jessika had never visited Michael’s office. In fact, she hardly left her office to visit anyone, except for Lisa’s monthly meetings. Other than that, she’d the reputation of staying in her office, with her door closed, until the end of the day. Jeremy had confided in Michael that after he’d originally hired Jessika that he had thought about firing her. He’d heard she was very odd, but with the amount of work she’d turned in at the end of every day he couldn’t care less if she was odd and closed and bolted her door.**

**Michael could easily see Jessika was in one of her moods of extreme anxiety - he spoke very carefully, “Jessika, Rebecca is working for Jeremy. Jessika, Rebecca is very happy with the move. Jessika, do you realize this is the first time you’ve ever ventured onto this floor, and my office?”**

**Jessika looked around as if she was just realizing it and she blurted out, “Well, this situation that has come up calls for extreme actions. I have to take the animal by the horns and take control!”**

**Michael got up and walked over to her, “Jessika, the expression is take the bull by the horns and what exactly is it that you need to control today?”**

**She looked at him as if he was daft, “Michael, didn’t you read the memo?”**

**Michael quickly returned to his desk and went through his in basket finally finding the memo that told him that he and Jessika, as of that date, were a team.**

**“Jessika, it says we’re a team, so what do you need to take control of? I’m just hazy on where the bull and the control are coming into the memo?”**

**“Michael, we have to go to Jeremy as a united front! We have to tell him we can’t work together. It would ruin everything I’ve worked for! It will be impossible. It will create confusion. I don’t know why I’m trying to explain this to you. I have to leave and go home, I’ll just have to figure this out tomorrow!”**

**Before he could even answer she was out the door closing it behind her. By the time he got around his desk and opened the door she was already in the elevator with the doors closing. He called Jeremy, “Hey, look, whatever Jessika asks you**

to do about the teams put in place can you let me know? I think she wants to back out of the entire team projects.”

Jeremy laughed, “Is that what she was just in my office talking about? I got lost with animals, horns, and told her to go talk to you and work it out. I don’t think that was the answer she expected, all she said was a very formal thank you sir for listening and then walked out. Look, whatever you want to do is fine with me. If you want a different partner that’s okay too. I’m sure I can find some type of smaller project for her to work on.”

“No, don’t give her that option. I’ll work on it and get back to you. I think I can get her to go along with the project team idea – she just needs time to get used to new ideas.”

Michael drove directly to her house and used his key to open the door. The door wasn’t bolted so he figured that was a good sign that she wasn’t bolting him out. He walked and didn’t see any signs of her on the first floor - he bounded up the stairs to her bedroom. He’d figured she’d be in bed sulking but was surprised that she was already in her nightshirt with only a small nightlight on. He smiled as he sat down on the edge of her bed. Finding her sitting up hugging her pillow he said, “Here, give me the pillow and come here.” He was again surprised how easily she gave it up – she was clearly in an odd mood, since she’d usually start talking.

“Okay, Jessika – what the hell is going on?”

She looked at him and answered, “Let’s fuck!”

“Jessika, you flew into my office. You flew out of my office. You were talking about taking control. Now I ask you what’s wrong and your explanation about it all is to say let’s fuck?”

“Fine, Michael, if you don’t want to then you can just say you don’t want to. You don’t have to go blaming it on me. A simple no Jessika, you’re not who I like, would be enough to give me a clue!”

“Jessika, what the hell are you talking about!” Michael wasn’t sure if he was feeling confused, or mad but then said, “Jessika, you want to fuck? Let’s fuck!” Taking off his clothes he climbed into her bed. Pulling the nightshirt off of her he smiled, “Fuck you want, babe, then fucked you’ll get. I aim to please!”

He heard her quietly say, “Fine, let’s just do it, and get it over with!”

He wasn’t sure what snapped in his mind but he answered at the same time he pulled her under him, “Shut up for once bitch, and fuck!”

He didn't wait for her answer - instead of kissing her he sucked her nipple – hard...his thigh wedged its way between her thighs. He heard her gasp at his rough treatment, but, instead of stopping, his fingers pinched her other nipple. Sucking on one and pinching the other his cock slid closer to slamming into her pussy. The thought slammed through his thoughts of watching his cock slide into her.

Pulling away and up from her body, he quickly adjusted kneeling between her open thighs. Jerking on his cock he enjoyed the feeling of its hardness, while he watched her pussy glisten and getting wetter. Slowly, still jerking his cock, it reached the entrance of her heat...sliding closer. Then he felt the swollen head of his cock pushing in - thrusting his hips he rammed into her. He heard her gasp but he didn't care...he slammed down onto her body shoving his cock all the way inside in one hard smooth stroke. His mouth claimed hers and his throbbing cock strained getting deeper. The heat was coursing through him like molten lava - her tongue dueled with his for control. She was no match - his palm clamped tightly onto the soft flesh of her breast crushing it. He heard her whimper in discomfort and his answering kiss was harder in possession. His cock never stopped its beat of slamming in and pulling out. Slamming and thrusting until it built out of control. Trying to hold back it was too much and his body needed release - his cock felt like it exploded inside of her. He heard his own gasp and groan as he couldn't control, or contain his cock - he spilled into her. He felt as if every drop of his strength drained into her but his lips were not done ravishing her mouth, until he heard her pull away and whisper, "Michael, enough, please?"

He pulled his mouth from hers and whispered, "Enough what? Enough fucking? Are you done fucking, or done with me?"

Rolling to his side his arm covered his eyes as he realized what he'd just done without any consideration. He waited for her to answer him and kick him out. He felt it was over.

Feeling his arm being pulled from covering his eyes he looked into hers as she leaned over him. She smiled shyly and quietly said, "Hi, Michael."

He wasn't sure how to answer, "Hi, Jessika." He wanted to ask if she was mad but didn't really want to get into it.

"Michael, can you stay over, or should we go to your house to sleep?"

"We'll sleep here. Do you want to talk? It's still early. Are you okay?" Michael really wasn't sure where the conversation would go, "We can talk to Jeremy in the morning, but I need to tell you that I want you on my team. We're the only two on the team!" Laughing he said, "We are a team of two, I guess."

He felt her snuggle into his side and her voice was sleepy, “We don’t have to talk to Jeremy at all. I think I got confused and over-reacted. Do you think I over-reacted?”

Michael smiled knowing no way he was answering that with the truth, “I think the situation was very confusing, and called for grabbing the animal by the horn.”

He relaxed when she laughed, “Michael you only grabbed your own horn and jerked it, too. Now go to sleep, this has been a very confusing day for me!”

He smiled thinking he’d call Lisa in the morning and find out what the hell Jessika was talking about all day.