

The sun is shining brightly outside my window, making long bright stripes across my desk. Outside it's warm and pleasant and the birds are chirping. But I'm stuck in my office.

While I'm sitting at my desk eating my lunch I can't keep my mind on my food. It seems that all I can think about is you. I'm picturing you sitting on my desk with your back to the computer monitor, your legs spread wide and one foot on either arm of my chair. You've pulled your shirt up to your chin, exposing your breasts to my gaze. You aren't wearing anything else but sneakers.

As I slowly run my hands up your calves and onto the sensitive skin of your inner thighs it makes you tingle. At first you giggle at the sensation, but when my hands reach your pubes and pull your pink slit open your laughter immediately becomes a gasp of heated pleasure. "Watch me, Steve," you purr, and so I sit back and enjoy the show as you lick your fingers and rub the glistening moisture over your erect nipples. You lift your tits, offering them to me, and squeeze them in your hands. The flesh bulges slightly between your fingers and you pinch the buds of your nipples, rolling them between thumb and forefinger, then pulling on them and moaning softly. "I can't wait to feel you suck them," you whisper to me. "God, I love to feel you bite them."

You slide your left hand over, cradling both breasts like the treasures they are, and raise your right hand up to your face. You suck your index finger between your soft, pink lips, letting me get a good look at the way your tongue swirls around the pointy tip of it, and then you lower that hand again and rub the wet fingertip up and down the moist petals of your sex. Slippery lubricant oozes out, coating your fingers. The musky scent of your arousal fills my head like an intoxicating perfume and the already hard cock in my pants throbs in reply.

"Do you like watching me, Steve," you ask, and when I try to answer I can't speak louder than a hoarse whisper – my throat is dry, and my tongue has grown nearly as stiff as my prick in anticipation of tasting you. So I nod silently, my eyes trying to see everything at once – the gleaming wet opening between your thighs, the heavy mounds with their proud nipples still cradled in your arm, the glow of animal heat flickering across your face – and reach up to touch the pink pillows of your tits. At my caress you release them to my hands with a deep groan, and your eyes flutter closed and your head drops back as the sensations fill you.

Now you have both hands in your crotch, sliding one finger slowly in and out of your soaking opening as your other hand gently rubs the hood over your distended clitoris. "Steve," you gasp, "please eat me – please – if I don't feel your tongue right now I'll go crazy – please..." and with that you pull your pussy wide open in an unmistakable invitation.

I pull my office chair closer and lean forward, slipping my arms under your knees and bringing my face down to your steaming sex. You quickly pull your hands out of my way so I can get right to business, but I want to play a little. Teasingly I kiss the feverish lips, feeling your dew so hot against my mouth. Tentatively, torturously, I run the tip of my tongue up between them, feeling you shudder at my licking. "Oh god, yes, Steve," you moan, and I feel your hands on the back of my head, fingers trying to wrap themselves in my hair, as you pull me against yourself. "Feels so good," you groan as I feast on your dripping labia.

I lick upwards, dragging the flat of my tongue over the hood that hides your clit and you whimper loudly in response. Again I lick you, pressing down hard with my tongue, squashing the stiff button in its hiding place. "Steve, please, fuck me," you gasp. "I want to cum all over your dick. Please, do it now?"

Quickly I disentangle myself from your legs and stand up. I push my pants and shorts down and the swollen column of my cock juts up towards you like a bird dog sensing prey. You look down between us and run your fingers over the reddish head of my prick, smearing the sticky precum that leaks out of me around on the pointed knob. "Damn, I love looking at your cock," you murmur. "Please let me have it." Then you pull gently on my rod, guiding me into the hot gateway of your body.

When I first penetrate you it feels like sliding into a boiling bath. I push into you, not stopping until our bodies meet. Hot fluid squeezes out around my penis and immediately my balls and your ass are soaking wet. For a long minute we stayed still, joined so intimately together, and our mouths found each other. Our kisses were filled with passionate want, and the raw animal need for release. As our tongues wrestled together we held each other, then your head moved onto my shoulder and your sweet voice whispered into my ear "please, Steve – fuck me now – fuck me really hard!"

I gripped you by the hips, my fingers sliding under the cheeks of your butt so I could pull you closer to the edge of the desk. You grasped my shoulders and I pulled back, feeling the cool air of the room against the wet skin of my shaft, and then plunged back into your body. The sudden impalement made you whimper in pain and I stopped, fully sheathed in the simmering heat of you. "Are you all right, baby?" I asked.

You looked up at me and your eyes seemed to be having trouble focusing. "Oh, yeah – don't stop, Steve – do it hard – I need it so bad."

Without another word I withdrew again, leaving only the tip of my organ inside you, and then rammed home again. Your cry was louder this time, but it wasn't one of pain alone – the hurt was mixed with a naughty joy. I began to pound into your soft opening, stabbing into you over and over again. Repeatedly I felt the head of my cock bump into spongy resistance and I knew I was reaching the top of your vagina. With each thrust I felt fresh syrup drip out of your well, coating my scrotum and making the desktop slick and greasy. Soon I had to pull you to me just to keep you on the edge of the desk, yanking you cruelly onto my hardness. Your breathless, high-pitched grunts and the way your head – eyes tightly shut and lower lip slack in ecstasy – lolled on your shoulders told me how much you were enjoying being my helpless, captive fucktoy.

Again and again I filled your channel, tearing into you with almost animal savagery. Your nails dug into my shoulders and your voice became a guttural snarl as you reached for your climax. When you peaked the first time you cried out as though you were in pain, and I felt your cunt clutch at my erection as you came. The first climax rapidly turned into a second, more brutal, one, and your body went rigid as the tremors raced through you. Your back arched, thrusting your breasts against my chest as I stuffed my thickness up inside you over and over, and I saw tears forming at the corners of your tightly shut eyes as a third, even more powerful orgasm slammed into you. Your body sucked hungrily at my cock, bringing me to my own roaring climax. Yanking you against me brutally I stabbed up into your belly, trying to pierce that unseen barrier, and I felt the scalding lava of my cum spurt from my pistoning prick and gush into the thirsty, burning well inside your pelvis. You threw your arms around my neck and held me tightly as my balls spilled my burning seed into you, my hoarse voice growling loudly against your cheek as the tremendous come cascaded through my body.

Then it was over, and we clung to each other as our bodies trembled against one another. I could feel our combined fluids dripping down my legs and your soft breasts heaving against my chest as you panted in my ear and I kissed the side of your throat over and over.

At last we had to separate, our bodies parting with a slurping, sticky sound. We didn't want to let go of one another, but my lunch hour was over. "Besides," I chuckled, "you need to get on home and get a shower. When I get home I want you to be ready for more. I didn't get to lick your pussy nearly enough yet."

End  
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