

Office Slut

Contributed by Administrator
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My office had gotten a little dim, I noticed, and it was the first hint that my workday was almost over. I ran my eyes along the next proofing document, not really reading it, more so sizing it up. I was debating whether to call that one the last for the day, or the one I was about to finish. I thought about going home and decided there wasn't much worth hurrying home for. In the grand scheme of things, my fish would just have to survive an extra half hour without dinner. A comical thought of my goldfish tightening their proverbial belts came to mind.

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I chuckled as I finished the Brown vs. Metzger proof and sat back with a smiling sigh. I unfolded the manila envelope and pulled out the next piece of documentation. I noticed right off that this proof involved literary guidelines referring to an acquisition, not to dismissal like all the others I had been working on today. By now, I was very much alone in my tall office building and had no interns to send for the needed support documents. This meant a trip to the library. I decided that I would retrieve the needed volumes, set them on my desk, and leave the whole thing for tomorrow.

Four flights of stairs lead me to the reference section in the upstairs portion of the library. The dimly lit room had the feel of seclusion. During the day, the lights were almost blinding and the bustle of people usually left little or no room for off-hand speculation. More of a get in, get it, get out type of situation than anything else. I walked over to the Acquisition shelves and began running my finger across the leather-bound book spines when I heard a giggle. A sort of mischievous giggle that implied eager titillation. I swung my head around, curious to see who would be trying to out do me in the "working late" department. The balcony was empty, save an abundant array of reference books and legal propaganda. I thought for a moment, and was about to dismiss the giggle as a result of over-working, but it came again. The sound was coming from downstairs in the main portion of the library.

I have always considered myself curious, never enough to get in to trouble, but I had to find the source of the aforementioned giggle. I decided to employ some of the covert tactics I had been practicing in my navy seals video game and move to a better position for a little recon. I soon discovered, to my surprise, two young interns, Coleen and Brenda, having what seemed like a very private conversation. I began to feel a little weird about eavesdropping. I was about to get back to work when Brenda, the blonde one, pulled her blouse over her head and tossed it on a near-by globe. Without missing a beat, Coleen unbuttoned her sweater and let it fall to the floor. "Interesting exercise in mimicry", I thought to myself.

Brenda had a broad smile and a fervent look in her green eyes. Her lips parted, loosing another cute giggle as she stepped closer to Coleen. Her hand slipped around Coleen's back and they stood smiling at one another for a moment. With one quick motion, Brenda had Coleen's white, conservative bra off and was swinging it round her outstretched finger. Coleen's supple breasts heaved and almost all at once her nipples hardened. Brenda let fly the bra and it landed on the table next to the blouse-laden globe. The two women began to talk in low, hushed voices and Brenda placed her hand gently atop Coleen's more than perky breast. She rubbed and massaged for a moment, then shoved the dainty brunette onto one of the desks. By this time, I had forgotten about acquisition, about dismissal, I had even forgotten about the pain of the rail digging into my ribs as I craned for a better look. I did notice the throbbing in my crotch, however.

It turned out that Brenda was a sort of dominating type, and she was asserting this fact to Coleen. She unhooked her black-laced bra and gave her own nipples a twist. Coleen, sitting eagerly on the edge of the desk, licked hungrily at Brenda's fingertips and nipples until, finally, Brenda moved her hand to a more supportive position under her tit for Coleen to suck freely her entire areola. A bit of giggling gave way to a moan from Brenda. Without any further a due, Brenda forced Coleen on to her back and began to suck and lick her breasts, all the while squeezing and caressing them.

Brenda got to her knees and placed Coleen's leg over her shoulder. Brenda kissed her inner thigh with very wet lips and slid her tongue along her creamy white skin. There was no mistaking the moment when Brenda's oral muscle pressed firmly against the outside of Coleen's white cotton panties. Nor was there any mistaking the sound of those panties being torn from their wearer. Coleen's knees bent upward as she braced for the first of many orgasmic climaxes she would be subjected to. She became a willing participant in what seemed to be a challenge of sexual endurance. For nearly forty minutes Brenda nibbled her labia and inner thigh area, occasionally returning to the clitoris to drive the orgasms harder and further. She inserted two fingers inside Coleen and began using the "come here" motion to further enhance the experience. More like "come now" if you asked me.

After a particularly loud and moist climax, Brenda stood up. "Why did you stop?" Coleen begged, gasping for air and wriggling from post orgasmic tremors. "Its my turn." replied Brenda in a very matter-of-fact tone. With that, Brenda bent at the waist and crawled over top of the still prone Coleen. They kissed for a bit, stroking and fingering one another's breasts, and Brenda continued her cat-like crawl and positioned herself at Coleen's head, half squatting over her face. "Lick my pussy, now!" demanded Brenda, and Coleen did not disappoint. She immediately lunged her tongue fully into Brenda's juicy twat. Hungrily licking and slurping as she went, Brenda began to moan and writhe in place. Finally she broke into deep, guttural moans of delight and inhibition. I decided to use this noise to cover my own ejaculatory

response. If you can't join 'em, beat it, right?

Brenda and Coleen both wore knowing little grins as they dressed one another and hugged and kissed a bit. They decided that this would remain an anonymous session with more to come. I was very happy to hear this and made a side note to myself to check up on my references more often. They finished gathering their things and headed toward the door. Brenda opened the door and turned to Coleen, who in turn, turned to look at the very place where I sat hunched over and very uncomfortable.

"We will do this again as long as it remains a secret, okay Mr. Rodman?" Stunned at the reference to me, I held my breath, hoping that this was a bluff.

"We will take your silence to mean you understand." added Brenda.

"See you tomorrow morning Mr. Rodman."

The two girls began to giggle as they walked out of earshot and the hydraulic arm of the library door pulled it shut. I sat still for a moment longer, thinking they would try to burst back in and confirm I was there. Only after both my legs had fallen asleep did I feel safe enough to leave. I walked across the upper library to the stairwell door, all the while looking back to the door and at my legs, which had just begun their pins-and-needles bit of waking up. I opened the door to the stairwell, and was shocked to see the young women standing there with coy grins on their faces.

"Wanna join tomorrow night, or you just a voyeur?" Brenda asked.

Lets just say I have been hard at work ever since.