

Coffee January and February

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His desk seemed as ominous as the storm clouds outside the window. Thunder could be heard at the same time Jeremy closed his office door. Jessika looked at the dark oak desk and the dark clouds and decided this was not an opportune time to give her opinion. Quickly standing up to walk out she collided with him as he was walking toward his desk.

“Watch out! Are you okay Jessika? I nearly knocked you down. Where are you going? I have time to speak with you about the issues you said that you have. Sit back down, okay?”

Jessika sat down.

“Now, Jessika, I have your e-mail memo that it’s impossible, for proprietary reasons, that you can’t work on a team with Michael. And for your own proprietary reasons you can’t share those reasons with me.” Looking directly at her he noticed that she was nodding her head and smiling that he understood. He didn’t want to tell her that he hadn’t a clue what the hell she was thinking. “Okay, as I understand it everything is proprietary to you, but it all revolves around Michael. Now, that you can share with me because that’s the one piece of information that isn’t proprietary, is that correct?” After she nodded he went on.

“First, your work has always been very impressive, on time and extremely accurate. That’s the only reason I’m going to work this very proprietary situation out. I think what we need to do is short time projects without a team. Teams are not put together for short time periods. That way you need not divulge the proprietary reasons you have. The first joint project for you with Michael will be one week. If, at the end of that time, you need another week to finish that project then you and Michael have that option. Your joint projects with Michael will exist on a one week basis ending every Friday. Every Friday you’ll then decide if the project needs another week. On Monday you’ll start another one week period. I don’t consider you and Michael a team, since it’s weekly. Would that be acceptable? I’ll send Michael a memo that you and he aren’t a team, but will work together jointly per week with the option of adding weeks to complete a project.”

He mentally noted that when she smiled at you that you felt like you just solved the world’s problems and were the most important person in her life.

He smiled back and walked her out of the office feeling very satisfied that she was no longer upset.

“Michael? Jeremy, here. Jessika left my office and you and she aren’t going to be on a team. You are jointly working week by week. No, I have no idea what the difference is. No, I have no idea because her reasons were proprietary to her and Jessika never reveals proprietary information. No, I don’t care how it sounds, do whatever she wants to make it a joint weekly project but you aren’t a damn team!” Hanging up the phone he called upstairs but no one answered. He thought that odd since Sara and Parker seldom left the penthouse but he left a message for Parker to return the call. He’d no idea that they were in the penthouse in Parker’s office.

Parker’s office had the same couch that he first fucked Sara on. He loved lying naked on the couch as she played with his cock. The coffee table had a beautifully carved wooden box and inside was their favorite lubricant. Sara would bring in coffee and place it on the coffee table. Then she’d start humming a favorite tune of hers that only she knew. She’d hummed the same tune when she was a child and it always relaxed her mind to a pleasant, fantasy place. Sitting next to his hip facing toward him her hand would start gently running up his thigh, while she’d relax and sip coffee. Parker watched as her hand slowly slid closer to his cock. He’d watch as she’d begin to gently rock in time to her humming and her hand would move closer. Then as she made a gentle sighing tone with her humming she’d turn her body at the waist and start kissing his cock. She’d continue humming and kissing...rubbing his cock over her lips...her cheeks. Her eyes took on a glazed look as if the humming mentally drugged her – it did.

His cock was hard as she’d suck and lick all the way to his balls. Then he’d suck in his breath, as sensations rammed through his gut ...she’d suck his balls into her mouth and jerk his cock. He’d moan in pleasure and the sound and his scent would drive her deeper into her own world. Within her world he was the focus...her reason for being, “Suck them...yes, like that, my bitch - Suck them harder!” Then after a while of her sucking, he’d relax letting her play, as she called it. At times he’d lubricate his fingers and pushing her thighs open he’d shove them into her pussy. He could finger fuck her harder and she’d suck his cock harder. It seemed as if he controlled her body’s motions through fingering her. Mainly he preferred to lie there watching as she enjoyed her playing and sucking on his throbbing cock. Her entire body moved in rhythm as she sucked him.

“Kiss my balls...lick under them, bitch. Yes, so damn good, Sara...now suck them into your hot bitch mouth.” Over and over he felt his balls being pulled into her sucking mouth. He felt them tighten and more lubricant being dripped on his cock. Then her hand gripped his cock and began jerking him while her lips kissed and sucked the precum off the tip. He

gazed at her open mouth just waiting to catch his cum when he finally shot off. Hard...sucking...he watched. He watched his cock drip while she sucked it off while her hand clenched and released his cock...loosened...clenched. It was like she was milking it until he couldn't stand it. His hips began to push up pushing his cock closer to her waiting open mouth. Then he groaned as his cock shot hot cum and her mouth closed around it sucking and swallowing all of it. Swallowing every drop she'd then sit up licking her lips and grinning at him. Then she'd lean back down and kiss and rub her cheek on his cock. He'd pull her up to his chest and hold her there waiting for his breathing to calm down, after a cum that was so hard and strong it almost hurt for her to continue licking it. Fucking her was great but having her sit and play with him was beyond sensations. At times she'd look at him and simply say that she'd a difficult day and needed to hum. Laughing he always said they should go visit his office.

Finally, he sat up but Sara was still be in her playing mind and slid to her knees wanting to continue licking his cock. "Sara, you have to stop the hummies now and come back to reality. The phone rang and I need to see who called." He always smiled...her eyes were still glazed and she didn't want reality to intrude on her play time. He patiently waited while reality slowly intrude on her and then she'd sigh, "Okay, but I need so badly at times to hum and leave reality. Who do you think called?"

He laughed, "I don't really care, but I'd better go listen to the recorder. You rest a minute, or do you have that coffee meeting today."

He smiled when he saw that kick start her brain, "I have to go! I need to find out what happened for New Years with everyone."

At the same time the others were heading for Lisa's office for the first 2007 meeting.

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Garret waited patiently for Lisa to finish her bath. Enjoying the anticipation of her walking into his bedroom he suddenly thought of something he wanted to do. He walked into the bathroom but ignored her as she said, "Garret, I thought you said you wanted to wait until I was done and then I was to walk into the bedroom, naked."

He turned and smiled, "Yes, but we've had a change of plans. Come out of the tub and hop up here onto the bathroom counter. There's enough room next to the sink for you to comfortably sit." As he placed a towel on the counter and patted it she said, "Why would I sit on a bathroom counter?"

Patting the counter he didn't smile as he answered, "Because I've just told you to do it!" He stared at her until she rose from the bath and walked to him. He realized she wasn't sure what to do. Reaching for the towel he wrapped her in it. Then seductively kissing her neck he reached under the towel to caress her pussy. When he felt her leaning into him he leaned back and smiled, "I'm going to shave your pussy." He almost laughed at her expression of alarm when she stuttered, "Shave my what?" He laughed, "No I'm not shaving your what; I'm going to be shaving your pussy." In a moment he helped her onto the counter.

Not wanting to scare her, he leaned forward kissing her lips, until he felt her give into his care. Whispering close to her ear he knew that his voice was mesmerizing to her, "Lisa, I want to do this. I want to take care of you. Kiss...lick...suck on you. Can I baby?" As soon as her heard her whisper yes, his fingers slid over her soft thighs...spreading them wider open...then gently he slid his two fingers into her cunt. He wasn't in any rush wanting this to be a pleasant erotic experience for her. After she was nice and wet he instructed her simply to relax and watch everything. "Lisa, don't worry about this at all. I've done this before but this is going to be special for me, since it's you, and as you know it's now only you."

As he lathered the shaving cream over her pussy, he smiled as she stared at what he was doing. "There, Lisa, now watch as you become very smooth and beautiful, without pussy hair." Reaching for the new shaver he'd bought just for this occasion he slowly removed the shaving cream...her pussy became clean shaven...smooth. Carefully he kept each stroke of the shaver slow and light against her flesh. "Now, Lisa, you must hold very still and don't move or get nervous. I'm going to shave lower, but I'll protect your clit with my finger." Giving her credit for not moving, he wasn't sure if she was mesmerized by the sight of her flesh becoming clean shaven, or that she was afraid to move. "Lisa, when this is done I'm going to lick you. Are you okay? Do you like your new look?" When she answered yes he began to clean away the remainder of the shaving cream. When she was clean of all pussy hair he put down the shaver. "Now, Lisa, a nice warm cloth to clean the rest of the cream off of you and I'll hand you a mirror to admire my work." Cleaning off all of the shaving cream he took the hand mirror and held it by her pussy showing her how she now looked.

"There now, Lisa, let me see if you taste as good as you look. I like this look for your pussy and it's easier for me to tongue you." Without hesitation he shoved her creamy thighs wider open. Then, again without hesitation, he began licking his way from her thigh to the apex of her legs. He heard her whisper his name as he came closer and closer to the clean

shaven flesh. Finally, his tongue began to lick the soft flesh of her pussy lips. He could smell how clean she was, the scent of his own shaving cream, scent of a woman. He knew his cock wanted to be inside of her, but for now he wanted to suck her clit. Spreading the softness of her pussy lips his tongue ran along the inside of each - finally concentrating on her clit. Lightly running over it down to her damp entrance he teased her. He could feel her starting to move her hips silently begging him to do it harder. Sliding a finger into her he heard her sigh in pleasure. Licking her harder he could feel his finger getting wetter and wetter - her pussy became moist and hot with need.

Moving her hips slowly he knew what she needed. He accommodated her by shoving his index and middle finger into her. Immediately, her cunt tightened on his fingers like a glove. With her cunt clamping on his fingers, he took the opportunity to lean closer and sucked her clit. Grabbing her clit with his lips he pulled on it sucking it until she was moaning his name.

“Garrett, please...can I come?”

He didn't wish her to, but for this first time he didn't want to give her more than she could handle and have her experience ruined. Lifting his head for a moment to look into her dazed, passionate eyes, he answered for her to come while he sucked and licked.

Concentrating now on licking up and down the inside of her pussy lips he'd stop a moment to suck on her clit. Then, he began to pump his fingers in and out ...fucking her. Slowly and provocatively his tongue began to rub her clit, as she squirmed pushing against it. He felt her hands in his hair as she held his head tight to her cunt – He felt the moment that she began cumming. He could feel her clenching on his fingers...his tongue began to lick up the juices running onto them. He felt every muscle in her pussy, while she climaxed over and over.

Leaning back he smiled while removing his fingers. She was still sitting on the counter relaxing so he began kissing her nipples. He was hard as a rock and had in mind a shower for them both. Actually, he'd more in mind for her to do in the shower, but for now he'd let her bask in her pleasure.

Looking down at her clean shaving pussy he decided that would be the way it stayed. He also bet that she'd never share this at her meetings, and smiled at that thought. He never did ask her what the last meeting was like, but he'd do that after their shower.

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