

**Coffee – January 2008 © Copyright LdyJessika®, 2008**

**The first person Michael called in the morning was Lisa.**

**“Lisa, do you know where Jessika got a story called The Vibrator? Lisa, this isn’t funny – when you stop laughing answer me. Lisa, stop laughing! Yes, I swear that’s what the story was called. Yes, it’s true Jessika had on a wig when she bought one. Okay, I can see this isn’t getting any answers and if you can’t stop laughing you should just hang up. Lisa? Lisa!”**

**Michael slammed down the phone and drove to the office.**

**Entering the elevator he walked to Lisa’s office to find her door was locked and all her secretary would say was Lisa’s in a meeting with Jim. Michael didn’t think that odd since Jim did work for Lisa, but he was surprised she didn’t call him back after she hung up on him.**

**On his way to his own office he met Amanda and said, “Do you know what time Lisa and Jim will be done with their meeting?”**

**Amanda grinned answering, “No, but I anticipate they will be tied up about an hour.” Then she started laughing and walked into her office.**

**Standing for a moment watching her he said out loud, “What’s with everyone laughing when I ask questions today?” Later, sitting at his desk he called Lisa’s secretary leaving a message for Lisa to call him the minute she was finished with her meeting.**

**He called Jeremy but only got a busy signal. Then he called Rebecca equally getting a busy signal. He wondered if he was the only one in the company not in an early morning meeting.**

**As he was wondering about calling his own meeting, he had no idea what really was going on in Jeremy’s office - in a way it was a meeting.**

**Rebecca was laughing, that Jeremy’s therapy meetings with her must be working, since she doesn’t feel as self-conscious. Jeremy smiled, “Good, then you stand like this. That’s it, now you bend forward over my desk. I need to make sure your therapy session helps you get over that hang up that you don’t look good from this view. Now, from where I’m standing your ass looks damn good to me!”**

**Rebecca laughed, “I can’t believe I don’t mind being naked without my ass on the floor where you can’t see it!”**

**Jeremy’s hands were gripping her wide hips while his body bent over her. Slowly he continued to massage her hips and rub his cock against her flesh. Sliding his hands around her he positioned her for easier fucking - but he wasn’t in any rush. “Open your stance wider. That’s it just like that. Now, Rebecca, you just relax and I’ll make you feel good.” His fingers slid between the soft folds of her pussy lips finding her already wet. This is what he liked most about her. She’d start off nervous, that he wouldn’t like her this time, and in a moment she was wet and needing him to fuck her. He let his thumb start pressing on her clit and rubbing it very slowly...sensually. “Feel it honey, feel how nice and warm you say it feels. Slowly relaxing with my finger touching you, like a warm blanket**

starting to cover you.” Leaning over her he began to lick and kiss the back of her neck. His arms snaking around her while his fingers were playing between her pussy lips...rubbing...playing. He felt her hips start to push back against him harder against his cock. She was moving against his cock with the same rhythm his fingers were moving over her clit. His other hand moved up to her sensitive nipple, as if it was waiting for his fingers to pinch hard...harder. Her moan from the painful sensation of her nipple being pulled made his cock harder and thicker with needing to be inside of her.

His cock was pushing between her legs feeling her wetness. Finally, he pushed her lower on his desk so she was resting her cheek on it, her arms comfortably on each side of her face. Grabbing her hips he positioned himself so his cock was at her wet pussy. As he moved forward he felt her shove backward, engulfing his cock into her pussy. “Need it Rebecca? You moved backward onto this nice thick cock...need it?”

He heard her whimper, “Yes, please...like this!”

His hands moved to her hips and he began to pull her back as he slammed forward deeper into her. He felt like her pussy was stroking his cock, as it slid in deeper and then out to the head. Her ass looked good to him and he liked the way she was - what she called chunky legged and big assed. “I like this big ass, Rebecca. No don’t get nervous – I really don’t like thin women. I need a nice big assed woman like you to ram against.” Feeling her again relaxing he felt her gyrating in slow motion on his cock - he encouraged her, “That’s it. Fuck yourself on this cock.” She was moving against him with hot web abandonment. He knew she felt comfortable with him and that made him feel powerful and protective of her. “More baby, fuck this cock however you want. Slow, fast, hard, whatever makes you feel good, Rebecca.”

They were rocking together back and forth with his cock staying tight inside of her. Then he noticed the time and knew he had to hurry it up. His fingers dug into her soft flesh and his movements surged into her. Fucking her so hard she began to slide back and forth on his desk but he held tightly to her hips. Pounding into her he heard her breathing in the same pattern as he was breathing...felt her fucking him stroke for stroke. They were in an erotic frenzy of heat and need when he felt her start to shudder...tighten on his cock. It felt the best. It was a tight pussy on his full throbbing cock...his office...his secretary. He looked down to watch his cock fucking her soft pussy until he felt his balls so tight that his cock violently shot his hot cum into her. Damn it felt good! He could feel his cock jerk as each load shot into her until he didn’t have anything left to give.

He wished they had more time but he pulled out and pulled up his pants as she was slowly moving and standing up. Pulling her into a quick embrace and passionate kiss he said, “Rebecca, we have to hurry and get coffee and look like we were doing something more work oriented. Are you okay? I hate to do it like this.”

He heard her giggle as she turned and quickly dressed. “Okay, Sir, one nice hot coffee to go with a hot morning coming up!” Before she left his office he grabbed and kissed her saying, “Remember, I like your ass.”

The phone started ringing, “Jeremy here, how can I help, you. Hey, Michael. Did I ever thank you for getting Rebecca transferred, into my department. She’s really a pleasure to have.” Hanging up Jeremy thought of having her again, but needed to wait until 11:00 coffee break.

**Coffee – February 2008 © Copyright LdyJessika®, 2008**

**Michael hung up the phone upset that no one was answering company phones. It was like the entire damn company had their own morning meetings. He called Jessika, who answered the phone, but by then he was in such a foul mood he sneered, “You mean you answered the phone, without having a meeting with anyone this morning?”**

**Silence.**

**Then he heard her speaking very slowly, “I didn’t do anything wrong, so I don’t know why you’re mad at me and being snarky!” Then he heard the loud bang of her phone being hung up.**

**Walking to her office he knocked on the door. “Jessika, open the door.”**

**Her secretary gave him a nasty look, “Jessika isn’t in yet, but she should be here shortly.”**

**He ignored her, “Jessika, your door is locked, so you have to be in your office today.”**

**Her secretary laughed, “That sure isn’t going to get my boss to open her door. If she says she isn’t in the office yet, then she isn’t in there.”**

**“Are you expecting me to buy into this? You don’t really expect me to play pretend that Jessika isn’t in her office?”**

**Kimberly, Jessika’s secretary, shrugged her shoulders, “Suit yourself, Sir. I’ve worked for Jessika for five years - if she doesn’t think she’s in the office, then she isn’t in the office!” Turning her back on him she went back to typing.**

**Michael thought about banging on the door, but that wouldn’t be office protocol so he simply said in a loud voice, “Kimberly, when Jessika comes in today can you have her call me? I....uh, I’d like to buy her a cup of coffee.”**

**Kimberly smiled, “The moment Jessika walks in I’ll tell her you stopped by. And, that you mentioned you will be buying her a vanilla coffee, with a special cinnamon bun.”**

**Michael grinned, “Yes, a very special cinnamon bun with lots of cinnamon.” Walking away Michael began wondering if the relationship was something he wanted to continue. Calling Lisa, who finally answered he said, “Lisa, I can’t do this stupid pretend Jessika does and I’m thinking of breaking the relationship off with her. How badly do you think she’ll take it, and on a scale of one to ten how do you think it will effect the workday?”**

**Lisa sounded more serious then he’d ever heard her, “How soon do you want to move to Europe? That’s about where you’ll have to move. Effect the workday? I doubt it will effect Jessika’s workday, but yours will be miserable. She’ll just pretend you don’t exist. Now, want to tell me what the hell is going on?”**

**“No, forget I even called. I’ve got to get going. I have to get the Steingard Building Project off the ground this morning and reports are due. Talk to you later.” Hanging up the phone Michael started looking over papers noticing that Jim didn’t sign off on the budget. Calling**

Jim he asked about the missing signature and thought he heard Jim groan as he answered. He asked what was wrong and Jim explained that he had sprained his ankle and just tried to stand up.

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Hanging up the telephone Jim groaned - it wasn't his ankle that caused the pain.

Strapped to his office chair Jim watched as Amanda quickly removed her scarf – a long, thin, gold satin scarf. Comfortable sitting on the floor she played with his balls. Then pulling them downward, she deftly tied the scarf at the base of his cock causing his balls to bulge as the scarf pulled tight at the base of his cock.

The satin scarf then did a figure 8 around his cock and under his balls, then between his cock and balls so it protruded away from his body dividing his cock from his balls by the satin. Rubbing her hand over his bulging balls she used her nails lightly over them – then lightly slapping them caused the nice sounding moan he made. Tightening her hand around them she squeezed...released...squeezed and then licked them.

“Jim, close your eyes and feel your balls swelling...your cock dripping.”

Milking his shaft she made drops of cum ooze from the tip of his cock. Using it as lubricant she slid her fingers tightly just over the head...squeezing. While her one hand squeezed his aching bulge, she used the other to squeeze the head of his cock.

“Jim, look down at this cock. Nice bulging erection...swollen. This cock belong to me for whatever I want to do with it.”

She heard him moan his submission as throbbing cock and balls were tied tighter. Watching carefully that the blood flow was not cut off she lubricated her palm and rubbed his balls before lightly slapping them. She heard his moan and decided to end her play.

“Want this cock to cum, Jim?” Not waiting for an answer she loosened the satin scarf slightly on his balls and jerked the length of his rigid, swollen, cock. She could see his cock was about to explode and while smoothly pulling on it she covered the head with her mouth. A few well-placed squeezes and pulls and his cock exploded hot cum into her mouth. Sucking it all from his cock she swallowed and stood up - untied him and smiled when she was done releasing him.

“Now, Jim, go get me a hot cup of coffee, to go with the nice cum I just swallowed.” She watched him quickly pulling up his slacks, grab her coffee cup and smile at her before he left her office.

Sitting behind her desk she smiled and thought that was a good way to start any day.

On the way back from the kitchen Jim quickly stopped in Michael's office to sign the papers. Michael asked how his ankle was and Jim smiled, “It's much better, thank you.”

Michael watched Jim walk out and noted that Jim didn't limp at all. He was about to walk after Jim and ask more about Jim's injury when the phone rang.

“Michael, this is Kimberly and Jessika has just entered and is on the line for you.”

**“Jessika, can you meet me outside in the park for coffee-break. I have to speak with you about something. No, I think it would be best, if we discuss this outside the company. No, it isn’t about work. Okay, I’ll meet you there in an hour.”**

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**Walking to the park, Michael thought about the best way to explain to Jessika that he really couldn’t pretend and ignore facts - and that he thought they could use a small break from seeing each other. Knowing what Lisa had told him that he would be sorry for suggesting such a thing he still felt a break may be best. As he sat down he noticed Jessika was feeding squirrels next to the sign that said “Don’t feed Squirrels.”**

**Finally she noticed him and walked over sitting down next to him. Smiling she said, “Now, Michael, it can’t be that ominous, you look rather like you’re afraid to say something.”**

**Michael smiled, “Jessika, didn’t you notice the sign that said don’t feed the squirrels and you were ignoring it and feeding them.”**

**Jessika smiled, “No, I was giving only Molly a snack because she’s pregnant and there isn’t enough for her to eat that’s healthy.”**

**Michael continued in an even explanatory voice, “Molly? Okay, let’s say you were giving Molly a snack – the sign still says not to give Molly a snack, since it’s feeding. Do you understand what the sign means?”**

**Jessika, stared at him, “Michael, Molly is pregnant and I wasn’t feeding squirrels. That’s plural. So, if we must use the word feeding, I was feeding a squirrel, not multiple squirrels. And, when have you joined the park squirrel patrol? You called me all the way here during a working day to complain about a squirrel?”**

**Michael was clearly annoyed, “NO, I came here to tell you that I think we aren’t on the same page and I can’t think of a nicer way to do this. Probably better to pull off a band aid fast, even though it may be painful. Jessika, I need some space.”**

**Jessika stood up, “Fine, you need space - I know that’s a nice way of saying I’m being dumped. If you need space you can go sit on an airport runway, I’m going back to work. I’ve no idea why you pull off your band aids fast, but thank you for letting me know. I’m not quite sure what I’m supposed to do with that bit of information. Bye.”**

**Michael sat for a moment shocked that she just got up and walked back toward the office. She didn’t even ask him to discuss his reasons or argue it was a wrong decision.**

**Walking into Lisa’s office he stuttered when he saw Jessika sitting in the office, “Sorry, I can come back later.”**

**Without acknowledging him Jessika stood up, “Thanks for the notes Lisa, I’ll come over for dinner tonight and thank you.” Walking past Michael she seemed as if she didn’t even notice he was there.**

**“Lisa, is Jessika okay?”**

**Lisa sneered at him, "You stupid ass! Yes, she's fine. But, how are you?"**

**"I think I just made the biggest mistake in my life, but she didn't even give us a chance to talk it out. I said I wanted space but expected her to ask why, and then we'd talk about it. Instead she said fine and walked back to the office, as if we never meant anything to each other."**

**Lisa laughed, "So fucking typical male. You break up and then wonder why we don't want to discuss it, or feel we can't live without you and need to find where the meaning went?"**

**Michael grimaced, "Okay, now how do I undo this crap I got myself into?"**

**Lisa called Kimberly, "Great, I'll tell him."**

**"Jessika doesn't even realize you broke off with her. She thinks you have an issue with band-aids and her feeding Molly. Who is Molly and why was she feeding her? Is she babysitting someone's kid? Anyway, Kimberly says try a picnic in Jessika's office. Jessika likes picnics in her office."**

**Michael laughed, "Here I think I don't want to pretend and now I'm going to pretend that I have an issue with a band aid, her feeding squirrels when the sign says not to, and have a picnic in an office. This is worse now than when I started the day!"**

**Walking to her office he stopped to speak with Jim who was very formal. When Michael finally asked what his problem was Jim succinctly said, "You're the problem. You and your stupid band-aid comment to Jessika. I know what that meant!"**

**"CRAP! Does the entire building know about my band-aid comment? I'm going to fix it, so just fucking relax!"**

**Michael angrily walked to Jessika's office to be met by Kimberly who told him to come over to her desk and put out his arm. He looked at her like she was nuts but finally after the conversation going on, and on, he finally held out his arm. Kimberly gingerly put on a band-aid between his wrist and elbow and pulled the band-aid tight.**

**"There you go Michael. A band-aid right on your arm hairs - to see how you enjoy it if you do pull it off." Ignoring his remarks she told him he could go in and that Jessika was expecting him.**

**Walking in to her office he closed and locked the door behind him. Expecting a fight he was surprised to find her sitting on the floor on a blanket drinking coffee and that she had a cup for him.**

**"Michael, come on and sit down for a spell. Today is my day off but I'm doing some of my own notes. I'm taking a break and decided to have a cup of coffee. "**

**"Jessika, we have to talk."**

**"No, Michael, we don't have to talk. You talked and I listened and that was your only allotment of talking that I'll give you today."**

**“So, come on down here and I’ll do what I want to you.”**

**“WHAT?”**

**“Michael, you heard me quite right. You don’t get to run this conversation. You had yours, this is my picnic, this is my office, and you’re my lunch, so put your ass on the blanket. Take off your slacks and for once shut up your logic and just do it.”**

**Not sure what was going on, but realizing he was either going to do what Jessika said, or she may kick him out he made sure the door was locked, realized his cock was hard and turned to do as she requested.**

**Jessika wasted no time and no thought. She’d already removed her panties and climbed on top of him...grabbing his cock and sliding onto it. She could see his shocked expression as she moved her hips fucking him - for once she didn’t care how he felt, or thought. Sliding up and down she was quite shocked at how easy it was being on top.**

**She noticed that he wanted to say something but closing her eyes she fucked him harder...pounding down as much as she could. It felt good...it felt like she could do it as hard as she wanted...as long as she wanted. Reaching in back of her she knew she shocked him when she grabbed his balls. Grinning down at him she felt him hard and now thrusting upward into her pussy. She was wet. She could feel her nipples hard and erect. As if on cue, she pressed down as Michael thrust upward. It felt so damn good, her body felt hot...on fire...fucking him when she wanted, when she chose to. Again she fucked faster and harder - rocking on his cock...embedding him inside as deeply as she wanted. She wanted to just keep sitting on him and fucking him, but her body wanted release. When he reached and pinched her nipples she felt her pussy clamp tighter and waves of pleasure as she came hard on him. Then she felt that upward thrust as his cum shot into her body. For a moment she kept rocking - then as quickly as she climbed onto him she stood up.**

**Walking to her desk and putting on her panties she watched as he slid on his slacks and sat down in the chair facing her desk.**

**Smiling at him she reached over and ripped off the band-aid as fast and hard as she could.**

**“OUCH. Damn, Jessika – that ripped off my arm hairs!”**

**Smiling Jessika said, “But, that’s how you like it Michael, isn’t it?”**

**Michael grinned, “Yes, I guess it was – but not anymore. Maybe later do you want to go and give Molly a snack?”**

**Jessika laughed as he was leaving the office, “Yes, feeding Molly would be perfect.”**

**Reaching for the phone she called Lisa, “Lisa, it worked! Can I learn more tricks like that?”**

**Lisa promised yes but turning to Amanda laughed, “No, grabbing Michael by the balls was the only, so called, trick Jessika needs to know. Now, tell me more about how you had Jim’s balls tied with a silk scarf.”**

Amanda was in Lisa's office, when Jessika had called about her manipulating Michael. After Lisa hung up the phone she asked Amanda about the scarf incident. Grinning and with a very sly look, Amanda told Lisa that she'd have to wait for the next meeting, before she should tell about the silk scarf.

Lisa laughed, "No way am I waiting another week to find out about this silk scarf tied around Jim's balls. Inquiring minds want to know and I want the details, now. I'll even spring and buy lunch – my treat?"

Amanda smiled, "You really do want the details! Fine, I'll tell you, but you're buying me lunch and not backing out, with some meeting excuse, deal?"

Only after Lisa had called the restaurant to make their reservations for that afternoon did Amanda start telling Lisa about the scarf.

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It had started like one of our regular sessions. We were sitting on the couch, naked of course, and Jim was relaxing. Turning to him I said, "On your back and let me sit between your legs"

I positioned myself between his legs and leaned back on the arm of the couch, while his legs were on either side of me. He'd scooted forward, so his cock was very close to my lap. He'd no idea what I was going to do, so I just started stroking his cock. Nothing much really, just poured some lubricant over it and stroked up and down. He wiggled his hips wanting me to go faster, but I ignored his movements.

"Jim, stop moving – I'll do this at the pace I want. Relax, we have a very long time to do this."

Watching his expression I could see the sensations I was bringing him, when I would stroke high over the head of his cock and tighten my hand around the head. Stroking his shaft was okay, but when I'd tighten my hand and only stroke the head of his cock I could see it caused major sensations. I knew he wanted more, but I'd slide back down to the shaft and just play up and down...waiting for his expression of need. Then, I'd slowly slide my hand lower and pull on his balls, tightening my fingers around them...so slowly. He'd no idea what I'd planned next, so I continued to pull and squeeze his balls as if that is all I was going to do. With my one hand still pulling on them I smiled, "Jim, nice balls! I like how they feel. I like to squeeze them but right now I have a special treat."

Reaching into the corner of the couch I pulled a long, thin, black silk scarf. It was soft and wouldn't cut into his skin...although he'd never had this done before I knew once he felt the pressure he'd be hooked on the sensations. Without hesitation I tied a loop around his balls and cock, tying a small knot at the bottom of his balls. Then I did a nice figure eight with the scarf around his cock, balls, and around his cock from the opposite side. Tying the second knot below his cock.



His eyes were staring at his now bulging balls and his cock seemed thicker...bigger. The color turned to a deep red but I'd watch the pressure so no damage would be done to his flesh, or hemorrhage to a vein. He watched as I lightly ran my nails over his swollen balls. He winced, but it was pure pleasure to him. Then he watched as I ran the tip of my index finger up the underside of his cock and rubbed just below the head of it. His entire cock jerked in a spasm. Slowly and deliberately I'd run the tip of my index finger around the tip of his cock and then rub the palm of my hand over it. Now, it was time for my second game...

"Jim, pull your legs to your chest...lock your arms around your legs with your cock, where I can sit on it on this side of your legs." Once he'd done that his cock was on the outside of his legs toward me although very squeezed. Standing over his legs I pushed them more toward his chest, causing him to roll higher onto his shoulders...his ass higher in the air. I sat right down onto his cock and began fucking him. Grabbing his ankles I leaned forward, almost making him touch his toes to the couch, as I rocked him inside of me using his legs for balance.

"Jim, are you okay? Too crushed? Too being fucked?"

His gaze was full of lust...endorphin hazed, but he said he was okay. I fucked him faster, enjoying not only being on top but having him in that position. I continued for a few minutes but knowing that this was the first time his cock was tied I slowed down and pulled off of him. Pulling his legs back down on either side of me I made sure his cock wasn't too engorged or the veins in danger.

Slowly, with one hand, I cupped his swollen balls and started to slowly stroke up his cock...not touching the head at all. He groaned every time I went close to the head of his cock, but stopped short of touching it. Careful to watch the time, so as not to keep the blood engorging his balls and cock to long, I realized I had five minutes before I had to release pressure. Now, I poured lubricant over the head of his cock and under his balls. Wrapping my fingers around the head of his cock I squeezed and started to quickly jerk it. Watching his expression of need and pain/pleasure of needing to cum, I wasn't yet going to let him - denial was such pleasure.

I kissed the tip of his cock and licked his swollen, quite purple veined balls. His skin was tight. Again, after a few moments of tasting how tight his skin felt on my lips I slowly I untied the black silk scarf - he groaned and I continued to lick his balls and cock...his cock was dripping.

Pouring more lubricant over his cock and balls it only took a moment of jerking his cock....stroking...squeezing the head. "Cum, Jim...you can let it all cum." That was all he needed to hear since he was so damn ready to cum. All in all it was quite a nice afternoon. And, Lisa, that is my scarf tale.

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Lisa grinned, "Damn, you're going to tell all that at the meeting about the scarf, etc. etc. etc.?"

Amanda laughed, "Hell no! They'd think I was the cruelest bitch they came across. I thought we'd make Jessika tell her squirrel feed story. Now, let's go to lunch – reliving that scarf session has made me hungry and I'll have to do with food since Jim is in a meeting.

Coffee – May 2008 © LdyJessika®, 2008

The door to Lisa's office closed. The women quickly sat at the conference table anxious to start this month's meeting.

Jessika was the first to ask, "Sara, is there a woman named Kim who lives on the top floor where you happen to live? There is this odd rumor going around, not that I listen to rumors, but this rumor was the type one had to listen to."

Lisa laughed, "And Jessika why is this rumor the type that you had to listen to, and we're suppose to believe that you don't listen to any other type of rumor?"

Jessika smiled, "Well, I usually listen but don't repeat them. This one I'd never repeat because it sounds rather like a novel by Harold Robbins...a tad sex that usually is in novels. But, it was said that there's a woman living up there with you and Mr. Reynolds! I said she must be like a helping person, since you work and take care of Mr. Reynolds. Right?"

Sara, as always, smiled and said in her quiet way, "Kim takes care of Parker and at times she takes care of me. Then again, last week Kim took care of us both."

Jessika stated, "I didn't realize you and Mr. Reynolds were ill last week. I would have taken care of you, if you had needed help."

Leaning over Sara kissed Jessika on the cheek, "You're a love, Jessika, and a very good friend to me and Parker." In her quiet tone she explained, "That isn't quite the type of taking care of I'd meant, so perhaps I'll be the one to take over this month's meeting and explain some of Kim's special talents."

Lisa grinned, "Shall we all assume it isn't culinary talents?"

Sara returned the grin, "You're correct, as always, Lisa. Jessika, you'd better get yourself another cup of coffee and come back and sit by me. "

Last month, while on sabbatical from work for a few months, I brought papers down to Lisa's office and we chatted for, oh, maybe a half hour. When I'd left the penthouse Kim was in our bedroom putting fresh sheets on the bed. Parker was sitting in his favorite chair in front of the fireplace that we have in our bedroom. As you remember it was really cold outside and snowing but the fireplace makes our bedroom so nice and cozy...actually rather sensual.

Anyway, rather than get into a full length description of our bedroom I'd walked in and found Parker in his chair with his legs quite spread apart. Parker looked up at me and smiled that beautiful smile of his and motioned for me to come over. When I got to his chair I watched in amazement as Kim sat between his legs rubbing her cheek against his balls. Her eyes were closed and she seemed almost in a trance rubbing and kissing them...licking...and then rubbing her lips on them. Sitting on the arm of the chair I

continued to gaze at how she sucked them into her mouth and how much Parker was enjoying it.

I wasn't sure what to do when Parker explained, "Sara, my love, undress and join us. Kim will pleasure both of us. Don't worry, I'll show you what we'll all do together - then you and I'll go for a nice, quiet dinner at your favorite Italian Restaurant. We'll call Lisa and Garrett to join us. How does that sound, my love?"

It took me only a moment to quickly shower and then I joined them again in the bedroom. By this time Kim was kneeling but still sucking on Parker's balls and playing with his cock. Reaching out his hand I went to him, "Sara, take one leg and step over my legs - you'll be sitting on my lap. It will seem awkward at first, but then lean back on me and you'll be quite balanced."

Of course, I did what he asked. I was sitting on his lap, my legs draped over his legs, and he had his arm wrapped around my waist so that I wouldn't slide down. When I looked down I could see his cock and Kim licking...sucking...jerking it. Then in a moment she bent his cock away from me as he lifted me for a moment. As he lowered me she positioned his cock and it went right up my pussy. I sat for a moment staring down at his cock inside of me, while his hands reached around me pinching my nipples. More shocked was the sensation of Kim's licking my clit as his cock was in me. I gazed down, as her hand would squeeze his balls, while she licked me. He was moving very gently so she was able to continue. Then he squeezed my nipples harder, "Kim, go to the bed." In a moment he'd lifted me off his cock and carried me to the bed. He lay down and motioned for me to ride his cock. His legs were open and I could feel Kim in back of me playing with his balls, while I put his cock in side of me. It felt funny because I could feel her hands but then she reached around me and was cupping my breasts...her hand slid lower and she fingered my clit while his cock was up me. All he was doing was slowly rocking and I was ready to explode but again he wanted to change position. I was almost getting confused but his direction was very clear and I knew what was going to happen, "Sara, you will lie on your back with your ass propped up on the pillows...Kim, you know what I want."

It took a moment while Parker got out of bed and watched but Kim helped me put two pillows under my ass and then pushed my legs wide apart. She smiled at me, "Miss Sara, your pussy is very beautiful and I love your taste." Then, she positioned herself on her knees between my legs and began to suck and lick at me the way she'd done to Parker when I'd entered the room. Parker watched for a moment and I could tell by the look in his eyes that he was enjoying watching me getting pleased by Kim. In a moment he got in back of her and grabbing her almost harshly by the hips he rammed his cock into her pussy. I heard her groan but she only sucked on me harder. Then her fingers slid into me and as she was getting fucked by his cock she finger fucked me. I was staring into Parker's eyes and he smiled at me, "My love, you look beautiful getting eaten out by Kim. Her pussy feels my cock. Good girls, Kim you suck on my Sara and make her feel good while I fuck your cunt. Be my good bitch and lick Sara...suck her clit."

I felt Kim's mouth harder and sucking tighter on my clit. I could hear her low whimpers...I couldn't hold still and had to move my hips upward, while she sucked down on me. Parker had her hips tight in his hands and I could see him ready to shoot his load into her. "Good bitch, Kim...suck my Sara and make her cum...You can't cum until you make my Sara cum for me." His words and watching him fuck her made me need to cum...my clit was on fire from her mouth and in a moment I closed my eyes and couldn't care what they were doing

because my pussy was in spasms of cumming. I felt her licking me and saw Parker the moment he came in her. He pulled her back tight, "Now Kim, feel it hot inside of your cunt. Damn good bitch, clamp that pussy on this cock." He groaned and stopped moving - she looked at me while still between my thighs and smiled at me. We stayed like that for a moment. Her kneeling between my thighs with Parker quite embedded up her pussy. Finally he stood up, "Sara, you're beautiful. I'm going to sit in my chair and Kim will take care of you."

Parker went to his chair and sat down watching us. Kim pulled the pillows out from under me and covered me with the blanket, "Miss Sara, you rest now." Before she pulled up the covers she kissed me and then her lips trailed down to my nipple where she sucked on it. Without thinking I held her head tight to my nipple because it felt good. Then she walked over to Parker and whispered something and left the room.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I realized that Parker was dressed for dinner. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, "Sara, love, wake up. Don't rush. Wake up slowly and get dressed for dinner. I've already called Lisa and Garrett and they'll be meeting us. Kim went to her friend and will be back on Tuesday with a special gift I asked her to buy for you.

And that is the story and what happened. Not really shocking but that was my story.

Jessika was the first one to say something, "Okay, so I guess this Kim really does exist but now I want to know what exactly was the gift? Or, is that too personal to tell."

Lisa laughed, "Oh right! Personal? She just tells us she was being sucked off, while her husband fucked someone, and you think that telling about the gift will be too personal?"

Jessika laughed and Sara smiled and said, "Well, then at the next meeting I shall strive to tell you about my gift."

Coffee – June 2008 © LdyJessika®, 2008

The meeting, as always, was held once a month. The women laughed that they were almost addicted to hearing the stories of sex, since they knew the men involved. From the first meeting years ago they realized how they'd grown into sensual women, that enjoyed hearing the other's escapades. Over the years how their sexual encounters, even though with the same person, had grown adding more, and more, into the sexual relationships.

After Jessika had made her discrete and disguised visit to the adult toy store the women began researching and deciding toys were the new direction.

Lisa started off the discussion pretending she didn't know Jessika had visited the toy store, "Has anyone bought anything recently at that adult toy store that opened a few months ago?"

Before Lisa could ask Jessika specific questions, Sara, in her usual quiet manner said, "Kim brought me that gift, remember?"

As they all turned to look at Sara, Lisa queried, "Ah, yes, I recall you once mentioned that Parker had sent Kim, somewhere, to buy something, but you never did let us know if she

ever returned with anything – or specifically if she returned with something we would want to know about. So, Sara, spill it – did she bring anything back from the adult store?”

Sara smiled and replied in her gentle way, “A box of things.”

Jessika nearly spit out the coffee she was about to swallow, “A BOX! She brought back a box of things from that store. Not just one item? A BOX OF THINGS?”

Sara laughed, “Yes, Jessika – a box of toys – all kinds. Now, do you want me to tell you before, or after, you take another sip of your coffee?”

Jessika giggled, “Hold on and let me take a sip, or I may choke. Okay, I’m all set.” Jessika wisely put down the coffee cup and leaning forward said, “Now, was the box wrapped pretty, or just a plain old brown box.”

Sara decided to embellish on the box knowing Jessika loved wrapped presents.

Kim and I have become very good friends since I’ve married Parker. Even before that, she never interfered with our relationship. I’ve asked Parker many times why Kim doesn’t want to leave us, or find a husband of her own. Parker always answers that if I ever want Kim to leave he’ll make arrangements for her to live somewhere else. I like Kim and I really hate cleaning and cooking. This way I can work here and Kim helps by doing the things I dislike. I’m not jealous of her and I know you all think it’s a very odd relationship...but for us it works.

On this particular evening Parker and I had a quiet dinner. I’d asked where Kim was and he told me she was spending the night with a friend. I’d asked him what friend and he smiled and said, “Kim has a gentleman friend she’s seen for years, he’s single and travels worldwide. To answer your next question, he’s asked her for years to marry him, but she feels safer living here. As a young woman she didn’t have a very easy life, but that’s for her to tell you, if she so chooses. As long as it’s okay with you, then Kim will live with us. Now want to see your present box?”

Before I could say yes, Parker placed in front of me a beautifully wrapped box. The paper was a sky colored blue with lots of baby animal pictures of squirrels, colts, puppies and kittens. When I unwrapped it, very carefully not to rip the paper, the box was not a brown cardboard but a beautiful white shiny box. Opening it I then had to lift out smaller boxes wrapped in white gift paper, or blue gift paper.

At that point Parker said, “Sara – only open one of the white wrapped ones tonight. The white ones are something for you to use or have. The blue ones are something for me.”

I’d picked out a box, but Parker took it and put it back, “Honey, let’s start with this box and work our way up. If you’ll look at the boxes you’ll notice that they’re numbered from 1-5. I went over them with Kim and they’re in the order. You should start with number 1 and work up to 5. Number 5 being the most extreme toy, and number 1 being what we’d used a while ago. I think let’s just start with number 1.”

I opened the box numbered one and was glad, but I was also disappointed that it was a jel vibrator - but what we did made it more special then usual. Parker must have noticed my expression and laughed, “What? You wanted to start with the number 5? That will be soon,

now strip down to your lovely flesh and get on our dinner table. You're going to be my dessert." He then took the boxes and placed them in our dining room china cabinet. As he cleared his dinner plate and made room, I quickly undressed and then he helped me up on the formal dining room table. Actually I liked the idea of being on our expensive table-cloth and noticed that our chandelier was so pretty. I've never quite looked at it from that angle.

I was surprised when Parker told me to sit up. It felt uncomfortable, at first, sitting on the edge of the dining room table with my feet propped on his thighs. When he spread his thighs wider my legs opened further and that was the beginning of what we now call "Toy Time".

"Sara, stay in a sitting position, just like you are now."

Sitting back in his favorite high-backed Victorian dining room chair, he started to lightly touch my nipples. With his index finger he traced a line from the tip of my nipple down to my clit. This was slowly repeated at least ten times. Then he dipped his finger into the cold water glass and again traced...slowly...provocatively... from my now tight nipple to my clit. The cold made it more intense. The way he leisurely did it made me realize who was in control and I needed more. Slowly massaging my clit I saw him reach for the vibrator...dipping the tip in the cold water I felt his finger replaced with cold vibrations that soon turned to heated lust. Again, the vibrator was dipped in the cold water – if felt as if the water was colder every time he dipped it in. My nipple felt as if an electric shock had touched it, instead of the iced vibrator...sensations so powerful...almost painful...shot through my body down to my clit. As it trailed a line of iced vibrations down my body I shivered in anticipation. The chill moving over me as it made its course to its final destination. Upon approaching my waiting clit I felt my legs opened wider.

"Sara, close your eyes now and feel."

I'd thought I'd feel my clit being stimulated, but the cool trail slid over it and pressed at my cunt. By then I needed to be fucked so badly that I wanted to slide off the table and shove it up me. Finally it slid inside of me...the speed being turned on. It was still cold and felt odd, but my body engulfed it wanting it deeper. His other index finger and thumb grabbed my nipple - as he fucked me with the vibrator he pinched and pulled my nipple. It was all too many sensations. My body was being manipulated forward - he pulled my swollen, sore, nipple - vibrations from my cunt coursed upward toward it. I could feel myself getting tighter inside as my body needed to cum. I was shocked when the vibrator turned up higher...his fingers tightened like a screw on my nipple...tighter, pinching. My body shivered and in an almost violent jerking movement I started to cum. I could hear my moaning whimpers echoing throughout my body. I had to lean forward and grip his shoulders, or I think I'd have fainted. My body was shivering and his voice seemed as if miles away.

"Sara, open your eyes. The vibrator is removed. You seem to be vibrating on your own. You're quite an excellent dessert to have on the table."

Opening my eyes I gazed at his smile, "Parker, I think I'm going to have to sleep here on the dining room table. I don't think I can walk."

Laughing he told me to stay there as he washed and put my toy in our China cabinet – right next to my Royal Dalton China! He carried me up to bed but I don't remember much else but falling asleep, so that is all I can tell you.

Lisa was the first to speak and laughed, "All? I think I need to restyle my china cabinet!"

Jessika smiled, "Royal Dalton is my favorite China."

Amanda broke into the conversation before Sara and Jessika would get into discussing China patterns, "Okay, let's break this up now, before we start discussing dishes. And we still have to hear next time about the blue boxes!"

Laughing they all grabbed folders, that they'd never look at, and went back to their offices to get to work.

Coffee – July 2008 © LdyJessika®, 2008

The meeting was about to start but Carla was missing.

Lisa asked, "I know we have five minutes until the meeting but we're all here but Carla. Does anyone know if she had anything schedule this morning that we should start without her?"

Sara smiled, "She had a meeting with Morgan, so let's wait for her."

In the meantime on the loading dock Carla was trying to cut short a meeting she was having with Morgan.

"Morgan, I have a meeting in Lisa's office and we will need to continue this discussion tomorrow."

Morgan shot back, "What's with those meetings? What can be so important that if you miss one that someone can't send you a summary of the damn thing."

Carla could see Morgan was getting angry, "It 's working on a team – we go over what we've worked on, how it could've been done better, quicker, and more efficient. I'm really late and need to attend it."

Morgan walked her to the door but at the last moment closed the door and locked it. Taking her hand and placing it his jeans between his legs he grinned, "I think you need to attend to this!"

Carla laughed, "Morgan, have you lost all your senses. Coffee break is over on the loading platform in ten minutes."

Morgan didn't move...pressing her hand harder and moving it over his cock he stated, "Well then, Carla, I guess we better figure out how to do it better, quicker and more efficient if you want to make that meeting."

Carla was surprised at his tone and the look in his eyes made it clear she wasn't leaving for the other meeting until she finished this meeting. Answering in an annoyed tone, "Morgan,

**this isn't the time but if you're going to insist, then figure it out where I leave my clothes on. Got any ideas for that one?"**

**Grinning Morgan said, "Yeah, I can figure this one out. Not gonna be a very romantic fuck but it will be efficient and quick. We can work on the better at a later time." Laughing he told her to lay on the floor and pull up her blouse.**

**Shocked but grinning Carla quickly got on the floor lifting up her blouse figuring she should also pull up her skirt.**

**"Nope, leave your skirt down and smooth it so it doesn't get wrinkled. Now watch this!"**

**In a moment he unbuckled his belt and zipped down his pants pulling down his shorts freeing his rock-hard cock. He then pulled her bra upward over her big tits and moved closer to them. Looking down at them he pinched their nipples, pulling them upward. He watched her close her eyes and he quickly looked at the wall clock. Two minutes - he began to squeeze her breasts just molding and massaging them. Playing gently with her nipples...squeezing one big breast while pinching the nipple of the other. Then after a minute he concentrated on sucking one nipple while pinching and flicking the other. Now looking at the wall clock he smiled.**

**Four minutes: "Carla, stretch your arms above your head. Keep your eyes closed." Without any lubricant he quickly bent forward licking the inside of both her breasts. When he knew they were wet enough he grabbed her tits crushing them together. He looked at the clock and without hesitation began fucking her tits. Closing his eyes he concentrated on fucking her tits. Pressure...he needed more pressure. He could feel he was rock hard but needed more - "Carla, forget that position and watch while you push your tits together on my cock." He watched her expression seeing his cock slamming through her tits. He could move faster now leaning on his hands. He liked her watching him fuck her tits. Seeing her expression the harder he got and dripping on her skin he heard her whisper, "Damn, that feels good." Two minutes left and he felt his balls tighten and almost willing himself to cum he finally shot his cum onto her chest. He smiled and grabbing his handkerchief wiped her chest and quickly pulled her bra down.**

**Then looking at the clock he quickly swung off her and pushed her skirt around her waist. In a moment he had her panties pulled to the side and his tongue was licking her clit and his finger was fucking her. He knew he could get her off with his tongue. She was like a fuck toy to his tongue and in a minute he felt her starting to cum. Fucking her harder, using his middle and index fingers, he began sucking harder on her clit. Feeling her now frantic movements, trying to press her clit against his tongue, he knew she was ready. He could feel her body tensing...needing what he was giving her. Finally, he felt her cunt spasm on his fingers - he slowed shoving them inside of her to a sensual movement. That was the moment he liked the best, when he could feel her lose control from what he was doing to her - but craving that he didn't stop. He sucked a few more moments making her body jerk each time he did it to her. Then, watching the time he quickly kissed her clit and gave it a final lick. Moving away from her he smiled and started to pull her skirt down into place. He jumped up in a smooth movement, buckling and zipping up his pants.**

**Looking down at her and at the clock he quickly said, "Come on, Carla, grab my hand and get up." Pulling her up he again looked at the clock just as he heard the break buzzer go off that break had ended.**



Laughing he looked at her, “Carla – Damn I’m good at time! Should I come to the meeting and give you girls how to do things on a timeline?”

Carla laughed, “Morgan, you’re an idiot and that was too fast!”

Morgan smiled as he opened the door, “Well, we can work on the better but ya gotta admit that it was efficient? Got the job done?”

Walking away Carla grinned, “Not that efficient! My bra is sticking to something sticky on me. You apparently have to work on that!”

Morgan laughed and watched Carla walk down the hall to her meeting, then called Lisa to tell her that Carla was on her way to learn about being quick and efficient.

**Coffee – August 2008 © LdyJessika®, 2008**

Jessika had left last month’s meeting thinking about ways to be quick and efficient. She’d been working on weekly projects with Michael for months. Wondering if teams were more efficient she walked into Jeremy’s office, sat down, and looked very perplexed.

“Jessika, you look rather upset. Is there something I can help you with?”

Jessika looked at him and directly said, “Yes, Jeremy there is. I need to know your definition of something in order for me to become more efficient. As you know, Michael and I’ve been project co-workers for many months and do you we would be more efficient as a team?”

Jeremy sat there gazing at her. He recalled she was the one who insisted that she couldn’t be a team with Michael. Standing up he smiled, “Jessika, sit here for a moment. I have someone on the line at my secretary’s desk and need to finish the call. Don’t move – I’ll only be a moment.”

Quickly closing his office door he went to his secretary’s desk and dialed Michael, “Michael, Jessika is sitting in my office. Do I answer her team or project work, for more efficient! You know Jessika - if someone gives her the wrong answer, her world falls apart. Any suggestions?” Hanging up from Michael he walked back into his office.

“Well, now that the call is over I’ve been quickly thinking about a definition for you. Now, Jessika, sometimes things are very confusing but in the end everything always works out. As to the efficiency of you and Michael on a team together, versus you and Michael doing project work together, I think it depends on the day and the weather. Such as, in a bad storm it’s best to be a team. BUT, in clear weather then project work is fine, since it isn’t dangerous weather.”

Jessika was staring at him and not saying anything. He was about to try and make sense of the ridiculous sentence Michael had told him to say, when she answered him.

“Jeremy, that’s wonderful. That makes so much sense and is very astute. I really think you’re the best Senior Management this company has. Every time I have an issue you put it

in clear and concise terms. Thank you. I won't waste anymore of your time. I know exactly what I need to do."

Jeremy thought that when Jessika smiled she could melt anyone's heart. He'd no idea why he felt so satisfied giving an answer that made no sense at all.

He quickly dialed Michael, "Michael, if you ever tell anyone what I just repeated to Jessika, then I'll have to kill you. And, one of these days you have to tell me how that woman can be so damn good getting those projects done and so out of reality. I think she's on her way down to your office. I guess you need to look out the window for weather reports. Weird woman!"

Hanging up the phone he looked up to see his administrator standing in the doorway. "Hello Rebecca, do you have anything for me?"

Rebecca walked into his office closing the door behind her. "Well, Sir, it seems that I may just have some things to go over...or I may have something for you to go over." Walking slowly over to his desk she walked to his side, "I'll put this folder here and when you have the time you can look it over." Bending forward she reached to the furthest point of his desk. She almost giggled when she heard him groan and whisper, "You teasing little wench! You know I love your big ass and here you flaunt it right in front of me?"

She felt his hands grab her hips and heard his chair push away from his desk. This had become her favorite way to be fucked.

She quietly laughed, "Now, Sir, would I tease you during a work day?"

He'd already pulled up her skirt to find she was naked under it. "No, Ms. Rebecca, you'd never do that. I recall that you're quite sure that I'd never want this nice chunky ass. I recall you're self-conscious and would never do anything in a gym, or an office. No, Ms. Rebecca, you'd never do anything like that." He'd pulled down his slacks and was jerking his cock – he was already hard as a rock.

"So, Ms. Rebecca, do you think I've got something that has to get filed somewhere, and would you happen to know where I should put it?"

Rebecca was wet...she began bending lower. From the waist up she was flat on his desk and she wiggled her ass, "Sir, I think I may know where it goes. That's why I'm so good at filing."

His fingers were playing with her pussy and she was wet and ready. Not wasting anymore time he slid his cock deeply into her. This was better than the last time. This was such a great office fuck. Leaning over her he felt his cock deeply pushing in, until he couldn't ram it in any deeper. Feeling her pushing back onto his cock, he held her in place. He was staring at her ass, while she slowly let her body relax into his fucking. Letting herself be pushed and pulled back and forth on his desk blotter. Then after a few minutes of constant pounding he felt her getting tighter on his cock. That was the feeling he liked when she fucked him. He'd get her to a point where she would whimper and then like a vise grip his cock would feel her pussy tighten on it. He knew he couldn't hold back very long in this position constantly ramming in her.

His voice sounded deeper than he'd ever heard himself, "Rebecca, I can't hold it back...ready to cum for me, bitch?" He heard her whisper yes and in a moment felt himself stiffen, release a long held breath, groan, and cum inside of her. He kept ramming a few more times until he heard her whisper, "Stay still. I'm tingling too much to take anymore. It feels so damn good like this."

Jeremy smiled and stayed still, while rubbing her ass and hips. He whispered back to her, "To repeat what you said, it feels very damn good like this. I've never enjoyed it so much." Pulling his cock out of her, he moved back and pulled up his slacks - she straightened out her skirt. He sat down and fixed his blotter and then noticed she smiled, but walked very slowly out to her desk.

Calling her extension he said, "Ms. Rebecca, could I interest you in an off site cup of coffee. We can call it a follow up meeting to after filing discussions?"

Enjoying her laughter, as she said yes, he wondered if he should call Michael and see how his meeting with Jessika was going. Then he walked out of his office thinking Michael would have to deal with Jessika and the weather. He'd just had a damn good fuck and was going for coffee with Rebecca. He'd call as soon as he got back to the office. Walking out of the building he said to Rebecca, "Do you know anything about Jessika and how she possibly thinks, or I mean interprets things."

Rebecca laughed, "Things in reality, or do you mean in what we call the Jessika world?"

Grinning he said, "Never mind, it sounds too complicated."