

Coffee – July 2007 © Copyright LdyJessika, 2007

Lisa called everyone to the monthly meeting. There were so many rumors going around about Morgan and Carla that everyone showed up early. Finally, Carla showed up at the meeting and as she closed the door to Lisa's office Lisa blurted out, "Well, is it true that someone took a picture of you in a bar doing it? Oh, crap! I sound like Jessika with that "doing it" - did you, or did you not, have someone take a cell phone photo of you fucking in a bar?"

Carla smiled, "I don't know, I haven't seen any picture?"

Jessika chimed in, "Okay, then did you just do anything in a bar of a nature that could be mistaken as sex?"

Sara laughed, "Jessika, how can it be mistaken as sex?"

Jessika laughed, "I was trying to be politically correct."

Lisa changed the question, "Okay, Carla, did you fuck in a bar last Friday night?"

Carla walked over and poured a cup of coffee. Turning to Lisa she smiled, "Okay, the answer is yes, want to know where and how?"

Jessika grinned and raised her hand, "I want to know!"

Sara said, "Well, I heard it was in the pool room but that you didn't know it was on the security camera, since the pool room was closed for repair."

Carla was stunned, "How the hell do you know that?"

Sara only said that she had her sources and didn't want to say that she'd already seen the tape - Parker used the same security company and knew the owner.

As Carla started the story Sara smiled knowing each sentence that Carla would be telling.

Carla sipped her coffee and told the story....

"Well, it all started out as a nice dinner at a really high end restaurant and then Morgan wanted to go for a beer. I've always been amazed how we go from an expensive restaurant and then drive to his place, hop on the motorcycle, and go to some pool bar to shoot pool. But, since it seems the best of both worlds and keeps us both happy we tend to call it dine and trash night.

Anyway, we went to the bar and it was packed full of people and full of cigarette smoke. I started getting a headache from all the smoke in the front bar, so we headed to the back room to shoot some pool to find a sign saying the pool room under construction. Morgan knew the guy sitting there so no one would enter the room and he let us go in. Of course, that was after Morgan gave him a \$50. Now, I

want you all to know we did play pool. It isn't like we paid to have the room to fuck – I'd go home for that. I think it must have been when I was leaning over to take a shot and he Morgan was too close to my ass that he started thinking of fucking. He leaned over to help me line up for the corner pocket and I moved. He moved. I moved back a step and my ass went right against his cock. I think that was what set us both off. His hands grabbed me by the waist and he turned me around to face him. The next thing I know is I'm being backed up against the wall right next to the rack of pool cues.

I said to him, "Morgan – let's do it on the pool table."

I thought that we were going to move but instead he lifted my skirt up, pulled down my panties...unzipped his pants...and then lifted me up around his waist.

I was shocked he was that strong! "Morgan – have you gone fucking nuts"

He didn't even answer me. The next thing I knew was that my back was slammed against a wall – his cock was ramming into me and all I could think was that I hope no one is on the other side of the wall! The weight of me pushing down, and his cock ramming in made him enter me extra deep. His hands were under my ass and I wrapped my legs around his waist and wrapped my arms around his neck to hold myself onto him. It was wild. I never knew I could do it that way without falling on my ass. I wasn't much help, but did try and lift myself up and down. It was mostly his hands under my ass pulling me up - then him pounding into me with his thick cock that was making me hornier. When he began to bite the side of my neck I began asking to be fucked harder. I was about to cum but told me to hold on longer and grab him tighter around the shoulders. Then before I knew it he'd walked over to the pool table and sat me on the edge. Damn, that thing is uncomfortable. I was at the very edge and still holding onto him. I began to move my hips. Now I could get every inch of his throbbing cock into me and look down and see him ramming me with it. He was completely inside of me while whispering how hot my cunt was wrapped around his cock. "That's it Carla, fuck me. Fuck me like the hot bitch I know you are for this cock." I could feel him deeply penetrating and throbbing. Damn, he feels like he gets so huge before he goes to shoot his load. He was big and now hot and movements were ramming me back so hard I had to hang onto his shoulders until he groaned and I could feel his cock pulsing in me. Then it was like my pussy clamped and every vibration of his cock made me cum. I was lucky I didn't scream or anything. Finally, I almost laughed when he said, "Fuck, we're in the damn pool room! Quick, get off the table." He's the one that started it and it's like I'm to blame for him fucking me on a table."

At that point Jessika said, "And don't forget against the wall, too. He must have blamed you for that, too."

Carla laughed, "Yeah, Jessika. I'm to blame for his damn cock ramming me into a wall."

Lisa, smiled, "Well, now that's what I call shooting...pool."

They finished their office meeting and Jessika went back to her office looking over the walls wondering how difficult it is to do against a wall. Reaching for her phone she called Michael.

“Michael, did you ever do it against a wall?”

Michael knew enough not to get caught saying yes. “It...If you mean the “it” you usually use that for, the answer is no, BUT, I’ve always wondered if it really works or it’s_____” He chuckled and continued, “ The more important question is did you ever do it against a wall, do you know a wall that needs it done against, and do you want me to come survey your office, since I’m very good at surveying, since that’s part of my degree.”

Jessika laughed, “Okay.” and quickly hung up.

Lisa met Michael walking rather quickly down the hall, “Michael, slow down, is there a fire or something.”

Michael didn’t answer her but walked into Jessika’s and closed the door.

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That evening Sara remarked to Parker that Michael nearly ran her down in the hall and didn’t even stop when it caused her to drop the folders she was carrying. Parker raised an eyebrow and asked if she knew where Michael was racing to that he ignored her folders falling. Sara didn’t know but mentioned he was heading toward Jessika’s office. Parker smiled, “Well, why not come over here and sit on my lap and tell me about your monthly meeting – what was the latest in female seductions?” Sara smiled and wiggled her bottom as she sat on Parker’s lap, “Well, I won’t tell you who spoke, since that’s a secret, but she did it against a wall. I personally would find that quite uncomfortable.”

Parker laughed at the same time he was lifting Sara’s skirt to her waist. Pushing her backwards her back was now comfortably resting on the couch, with her bottom lying across Parker’s lap. “Well, why don’t you tell me about what you heard while I play with this pretty pussy. Then we can figure out where Michael was rushing to.” He heard Sara sigh, and her voice had a dreamy sound when she started to describe the story. Parker was only half listening wondering what Michael was doing to Jessika and how he was doing it.

In the meantime reaching for lubricant he poured an ample amount over Sara’s clit and a vibrator. Without any foreplay he pushed it up into her and turned it on high. He liked not having to fiddle for hours getting a woman ready. He liked how Sara spread her legs open wide so he could twist and turn it while shoving it in and out of her cunt. “That’s it my Sara, fuck the thing up you.” It didn’t take long and he could see her juices sliding over the vibrator...needing to be fucked...harder...faster. When he heard her begging him he accommodated her pleas and fucked her faster with it. Finally she was begging to cum and without

waiting further he twisted the vibrator inside of her. The sensations were so strong she felt faint until her body began to cum. When he knew she was done he turned it off, slid it out slowly and whispered, "Now, my good girl, how about a cup of coffee?" Sara giggled and standing up went to get her husband a fresh cup of coffee. Parker smiled relishing how easily Sara was to live with and please, but more how easy she was to fuck.

Michael entered Jessika's office...closed the door...locked it...closed the blinds and turned to find Jessika reading papers in a file folder. "Hi, Michael, why did you close up everything?"

Michael didn't answer, but sitting down on the edge of her desk, took the folder out of her hands and quietly said, "You called me to ask about doing "it" so I am here to find out if the "it" meant "it" or reading a report."

Jessika stood up and walked over to the wall. "To be blunt let's do the wall!"

For the first time Jessika was glad she had the corner office with no office on either side, as she was slammed harder against the wall when he shoved into her. She heard Michael telling her to hold tight around his neck. It felt so wicked with her legs wrapped around his waist. The thought that this was totally inappropriate office behavior only made her want to be fucked more. She could feel his fingers digging into her ass cheeks as he held her up and pinned against the wall. Michael stopped kissing her and whispered, "This is what an office wall is for, come on sweet thing, cum for me!"

Feeling wickedly decadent she whispered that she liked being fucked against the wall. The pounding of his cock into her continued - until she felt as if she shattered. She felt him cum at the same time. She knew it couldn't be, but it felt like at that moment he inched further in and spread her wider...hotter...splitting her open. She felt his hot breath against her neck, heard his words of complete need until his final groan of satisfaction slammed into her. Michael couldn't move...didn't want to move - he wanted her legs wrapped around his waist while his cock was up her to go on forever. Staying in the position he whispered, "I always knew I liked this wall in your office. It will never quite look the same to me." He chuckled when she said she'd better move the file cabinet in front of it or she'd constantly stare at it. He held her tightly and told her to unwrap her legs, as he lowered her so she was standing. He laughed when she slid her skirt in place blaming the whole thing on him.

"Michael, this was really inappropriate office behavior against the wall!"

He smiled, "Oh, I get it, Jessika. Fucking on your desk is appropriate but not a wall? Okay, then how about if you're sitting on top of the file cabinet?"

Jessika was fussing with files as he quickly put on his slacks. "Well, a wall is just so tacky. But, actually at least it wasn't a shared wall with the next office so I guess that makes it appropriate."

She seemed quite satisfied with her rationalizing so he agreed, "I would never do it with you against a shared wall, even if you wanted it. That would be way out of line for an office!" He knew he answered correctly because she gave him that smile that could melt butter. His answer made no sense to him since he couldn't care less if he did it against the wall that shared the conference room, and the room had a meeting going on - but as long as his answer made her happy then he was safe.

"Know what Michael? I knew you'd be like the way you are." Laughing she punched him in the arm and said, "You couldn't give a damn if there was a football team on the other side of the wall. Now I have a meeting with Sara to go to, so I'll see you at dinner!"

Michael laughed but didn't answer. He figured quit while you're ahead but he'd all intentions of heading down to Lisa's and see if Lisa ever did it against the wall. The thought of the office walls having plaques on them of who owned which wall made him chuckle as he walked out of her office.

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It was 7:00 p.m and Jeremy was working late. Walking out of his office he was surprised to see his administrator, Rebecca.

"Rebecca? Why are you here this late?"

Rebecca smiled and Jeremy thought she always looked pretty when she smiled, "Sir, I'm going over Michael's team notes with Jessika, even though they're not suppose to be called a team. They've been working on projects since January, so I've no idea why she refuses to be on a team with Michael."

Jeremy laughed, "I don't think anyone knows how Jessika thinks, but her work is great so her thinking is never questioned. Can you call and see if the gym is staying open until 9 tonight."

A few moments later Rebecca walked into his office, "The gym closed at 7 but they mentioned you can use it anyway. I'm not sure what that means but that was the statement."

Jeremy explained, "Not many people know this, but I'm part owner of the gym. I'd appreciate if you keep that confidential. I've never seen you down in the gym working out, do you ever go to the gym?"

Rebecca seemed embarrassed, "I feel self-conscious in front of people so after work I usually put on my sweats and just jog."

Jeremy stood up and picking up his gym bag said, "Come on. No one will be down there but me, so you can work out and not feel like anyone is staring. How about coming down with me?"

Rebecca thought about it for a moment and always did want to work out in the gym that was in the basement of the building - she said fine and in a few moments they were in the basement.

The gym was small but had all the aerobic equipment needed and then a complete area for free weights. Jeremy went to work out with the free weights and she remained on the bike, treadmill and then started on a few of the machines.

Jeremy walked over and smiled, "Want to work out with some barbells if I hold them?"

Rebecca felt odd looking at him. He looked handsome with a white towel draped around his neck. She smiled at how masculine he seemed to her when he wiped sweat off his face and neck. They moved to a bench and he showed her how to do a Close-Grip Concentrated Barbell Curl. He was standing, as she was bringing the bar up, and he couldn't help but notice the swell of her breasts above her tank top. Staring at them he kept his concentration on helping her, making sure the weight was not too heavy but he could feel his cock thinking of other things. When she finished the set she gazed up at him, "Did I do that right?"

Laughing he answered, "I think you do about anything you try perfectly." After a few more free weights he followed her to the machines. Somehow they fell into a pattern of being next to each other. While she did the Leg Extension she watched him doing the Leg Curl Machine. Her eyes seemed to constantly be looking at his thigh muscles. Catching her looking he flexed his thigh muscle and laughed.

Rebecca blushed, "Jeremy, I'm sorry, I was staring." Quickly getting off the machine she moved to a machine and stood staring at it. She heard Jeremy walk up in back of her and say, "Come on and get on it. It's for your butt!" He laughed when she gasped and blushed, "Rebecca, you look fine, but actually the machine is for a butt workout. Here, lie down on your stomach on it and then this bar goes under your heels and you bring the bar toward your butt." He was actually surprised when she laughed and got on the machine and began doing it. While he was counting and gazing at her ass he moved closer. Leaning over her he whispered, "Did you ever think about getting fucked like this? Stand up Rebecca!" Jeremy for a moment didn't think he really asked that, but when she stood up and gazed into his eyes he could see the want in her eyes. He quickly helped her out of her sweat pants and he quickly took off his jogging shorts.

"Get back on the machine, Rebecca. Reach out for those handles in front of you."

Jeremy got in back of her, between her thighs. She was face down holding the handles in front of her. The machine table had an arch so her ass was tipped higher than her shoulders. Grabbing her by the hips he pulled her closer to the end of the soft padded table. Then pushing her thighs wider he pushed against

her, until he was slammed into her. He'd come to this gym for over ten years and always imagined fucking someone on this machine, exactly in this way. He'd never thought it would ever happen and he didn't plan it. But it felt good...powerful.

He began fucking her, "Want it bitch? I know you've wanted to be fucked like this on this machine. This is for a good fucking." He could see her holding on the handles tightly as he slammed her up and down. Fucking harder he pulled her back each time on his cock. "Isn't this how you wanted to be fucked? Answer me bitch!"

He felt his cock get harder as she answered, "Yes. I need you, Jeremy. I've wanted to be fucked by you since I've worked for you. I want this." He liked looking at her ass as he rammed in and out of her cunt. Then, without thinking his hand cracked her ass. He saw her slightly move in shock at being spanked and it was actually the first time in his life he'd ever done that. Maybe it was the sight of her nice ass shaking each time he fucked her pussy. He just knew he like the feel...the sound...her jump when his hand landed on her soft flesh. Again, the moment he fucked her, his hand came slapping down on her ass cheek. "You deserve this bitch. You deserve to be fucked hard for the cock teasing bitch that you are." Not waiting for her answer he thrust harder and faster. Groaning in satisfaction when he heard her gasp and whimper his name. Embedding his cock totally in her he felt explosive with lust slamming through his body. "That's it bitch, push on the handles and slam your cunt back onto this cock. I know you want to slam onto this cock of mine." He could hear her whimpers and breathing escalating and saw a light sheen of sweat on her back. He felt an urge to lick it off her back, but the urge to cum was overtaking all his thoughts. With one hand slapping her ass, and his other hand grasping her hip he fucked her...thrusting each time harder...hotter...wilder. Finally in a frenzy of her whimpers and his words he felt her cunt start to tighten on his cock. "Cum bitch. Cum like the hot bitch I know you are!" Then he plunged one last time pulling her hard onto him. With a groan of complete male dominance he felt his cock shooting cum into her. He heard her whisper his name as sensual waves of pleasure raced over her.

It seemed like an eternity but suddenly he realized what he'd just done. He moved away and quickly pulled up his jogging shorts and rubbed her back, "Rebecca, are you okay? Please tell me that you're okay?"

She slid off the machine and pulled on her sweatpants. Turning to him she smiled, "Okay? That's the most you've ever spoken to me!" They both laughed and Jeremy smiled, "Well, I guess then I should speak to you more often? I don't suppose you would want to work out down here again? We can come down after hours, but only if you want to."

As they walked to the showers Rebecca said, "I think I might just like working out after all!"

Jeremy smiled and thought that tomorrow he'd call Michael and thank him for suggesting Rebecca be promoted to his area.