

Did I really lead him on?

I really DO fancy John! I know it's wrong; what with me being a young married woman; but there is something about him that makes my pulse race whenever he is around! And that is quite a lot because we work together in a building society office, and in the tight confines of the areas behind the serving counter, there are many times when our bodies brush up against each other; sometimes accidentally, sometimes deliberately!

I married at 18 and I love my husband dearly, but he is the only lover I have ever had, and after 4 years of marriage, I occasionally got to thinking that I wished I had got to experience sex with others before I got married so young. And John was doing nothing to get those kinds of thought out of my head!

Sex with my husband Dave was a regular thing – he was a considerate lover and was highly sexed and liked me to wear stockings and suspenders all the time – even at work! He said that wearing them all the time would make me feel sexy and be ready for sex when I got home, but just recently I was fantasising that one night I might get home having been already well and truly fucked!

When Dave and I had sex, I would often close my eyes and fantasise that it was John's tongue licking my pussy, or his hard cock ploughing in and out of my tight pussy. But that was dangerous as I was worried that I might just call out John's name in the heat of passion, and that would NOT be a good thing at all!

John was a bit of a womaniser; he had a succession of girlfriends and lovers and was always flirting with me and the other young girl in the office. He was 3 years older than me and regularly worked out at the gym to keep himself fit. Just recently, he broke up with his girlfriend and seemed to be flirting even more than usual with me. And he was getting more and more outrageous with the things he said, and the things he did!

One lunch time, we were eating our lunch in the basement that was used as a storage room/rest room. It had several large storage cabinets and filing cabinets and a table and chairs and a few easy chairs and a sofa for relaxing during our breaks. Two others left to go back to work but John and I still had 30 minutes of our break left. Suddenly the discussion went from polite chit-chat to sexual innuendo and he blurted out that he could see the tell-tale lumps of my suspender belt through my black skirt.

"Do you always wear black stockings and suspenders?" He asked? "I am sure I have seen the outline of them before and you are definitely wearing them today!"

"That's none of your business" I replied, trying to sound indignant and shocked, but I couldn't help the cheeky smile on my face!

"And you wear thong panties all the while" he added "I can see the outline of those too when you bend over!"

"You shouldn't be looking!" I retorted, still unable to suppress a smile.

"Well you shouldn't be bending over with hot blooded males around – especially when you have such a nice tight little bottom, and it is so obviously decorated with sexy underwear!"

"When PERVERTS are around you mean!" I replied

Suddenly I felt uncomfortable and fidgety sitting down and had to get up and move around. I got up and walked towards the coffee making area. John was already standing and he moved across the room and grabbed the kettle before I could.

"Do you fancy something hot and wet?" he asked?

"Yes, so long as it is in a cup and tastes of coffee" I replied

"Can I ask a favour?" said John

"What is it?"

"Can I stroke the bumps of your suspenders? I think they are so erotic and it will make my day!"

"Why should I allow you to do that? I am a happily married woman!"

"Oh go on, it will be our little secret and it will give me something to think about later when I go home alone!"

I didn't reply immediately because I was digesting what John had just said and also what he MEANT by that last sentence! What he was effectively saying was that he wanted to think about touching me up, whilst jerking off! I glazed over momentarily whilst I suddenly had a mental image of him with trousers around his ankles, eyes closed, whilst furiously wanking his hard cock to orgasm!

John obviously took my silence and staring as a sign of agreement! Because I jumped as I felt his hand brush the front of my thigh! I flinched and pulled back instinctively but that only brought my arse into contact with his other hand which quickly closed on my butt and squeezed my firm bum cheek.

"Do you mind?" I said in a hushed shouting manner, only too aware that I didn't want to arouse the suspicions of the colleagues above.

"I don't mind at all!" John said, beaming from ear to ear, you have SUCH a nice arse and I have been dying to get my hands on it for months! "Definitely every bit as good as I imagined!"

My mind was in a turmoil, my legs felt like jelly and I didn't know whether to run upstairs and start work early, or sit down and finish my coffee – either option involved walking and I was not sure that my legs would carry me without giving way! I remained standing at the coffee area, and John remained standing beside me. I could feel his eyes burning into my flesh as he looked at my face and down the contours of my body to my arse and legs. I could also feel his breath against my neck, he seemed to be breathing faster than normal, and then I realised that I was breathing heavily too! It was as if we had both climbed the stairs quickly, but both of us had only walked 6 feet!

I adjusted my feet nervously and transferred my weight from one leg to the other, it was then that I realised that my pussy was WET! I could feel it with just that small movement, and the more I thought about it, the wetter I became! Oh my god! – this can't be happening!

"You are one sexy little minx" John whispered in a very sultry voice, "not only do you have a beautiful, sexy body, with a great ass, perfect tits, flat stomach, pretty face, and legs that are just about perfect! But when you accentuate all that by wearing black stockings, a thong and heels, well you damn near need to wear a sign that says BEWARE! Danger of coming in your pants by just looking at me!"

I then burst out laughing! Partly because what he said was very funny, but partly because I was so wound up like a coiled spring that if I didn't laugh then I would have probably cried or screamed! In that moment, I spun around and went around the filing cabinets to the stairs and up and through the door to the office above and immediately to the ladies room at the back where I peeled off my soaked thong and did my best so mop up my juices with toilet paper.

I felt as horny as hell and I had to fight the urge to stroke my pussy and bring myself to orgasm – I knew it would not have taken much, but I did not want to give John the satisfaction of seeing me with a post-orgasmic glow.

For the rest of the afternoon we were very busy and that meant there was no opportunity for continuing what had been started. At the end of the day I got out as soon as possible and rushed home. I usually got home before Dave and I quickly ran upstairs and changed my still damp thong for a clean one and went down to start preparing dinner. Dave came in about half an hour later and came into the kitchen and wrapped his arms around me and kissed my neck as we exchanged pleasantries about our working day. Sometimes, he would be horny when he came home and start groping me, and other times, he would go and get changed and we would eat and then make love after we had gone to bed. Either way, it would usually be Dave who initiated sex but I would usually be a very willing partner.

Tonight was one of those occasions when it seemed that sex would be postponed until later because apart from kissing my neck and rubbing his hands on my stomach, Dave was showing no signs of taking things further. But I was still feeling very horny and needed to relieve the itch that had been building up in my pussy since midday so I decided to help things along a little by pushing my ass back into Dave's groin.

"Is that a pistol in your pocket or are you just pleased to see me?" I asked

Dave needed little encouragement and I immediately felt a stirring in his trousers that was not there a moment before! I turned my head and pouted my lips and as he leant forward I opened my mouth and my tongue was already poised to start playing tonsil tennis. We pecked at each other's lips before locking our mouths in a long lingering and very wet kiss that had us both breathing heavily.

His hands were now roaming from my flat stomach, up to my breasts and then down again to my thighs where he toyed with my suspender clips as John had done earlier. Only this time, the hands went slowly down to the hem of my skirt and then started pushing the material up my legs until his hand made contact with my silky stockings and then onto the warm, bare flesh at the top of my thighs.

Our tongues were still mashing together as his hands moved onto my groin and cupped my pussy mound and I knew that he could feel the heat emanating from my crotch.

"I don't know what has got you feeling so hot but whatever it was, I like it!" breathed Dave.

"Just shut up and fuck me, right here, right now – pull my thong to one side and shove your cock into me from behind – just fuck me!"

So fuck me he did, he bent me over the worktop and pulled my skirt over my waist, he pulled my wet thong to one side and quickly unzipped his trousers and pulled out his hard cock. With one firm forward movement, he was buried balls deep in my wet welcoming pussy. He grabbed hold up my hips and thrust into me like a dog on heat, and I pushed back with every thrust to make sure I got every millimetre rammed into my hot hole.

I reached down underneath and stroked his balls as they swung and bounced against my clit, then I couldn't hold back any longer, I rubbed my fingertips on my so sensitive clit and started coming almost immediately! My pussy clenched and convulsed and wave after wave pulsed through my stomach, into my nipples and centred on my clit and deep in my pussy. Dave was still pumping away and on one of those very rare occasions, I had come so quickly that he was surprised I wasn't shouting at him to wait for me. But my violent pussy convulsions had brought him close very quickly and now he roared as he thrust so deep that I was sure he was trying to get his whole body inside me! As his orgasm started, I could feel his cock swell and pulse and start to spurt his love juice deep into my pussy and that triggered another orgasm in me that left me twitching and writhing on the worktop like a fish out of water.

Suddenly, Dave slumped down over me and bit my earlobe and neck and once again we kissed deeply.

"Oh my god, that was fantastic! Can we start every evening like that?"

"No I replied coyly, sometimes I need to be wooed and made love to, and other times I just need to be fucked, so you will just have to learn to roll with the punches and moods and take care of me accordingly!"

I left him standing there scratching his head and with come dripping off his softening dick onto the kitchen floor whilst I headed for the shower.

The days and weeks after that were decidedly different at work, John would take every opportunity to brush up against me and when he was sure that the coast was clear, he would stroke my suspender clips through my skirt – it came to be known as his "daily fix" and most of the time I would just allow it to happen by totally ignoring it or just tutting. But I knew that behind the counter, things could not go any further. Downstairs was another matter though, and on the occasions when we were down there alone, he would come up behind me and place both hands on the front of my thighs and slowly trace the suspender clips and down to the tops of my stockings around to the clips at the back and then finish by squeezing my ass cheeks.

Today, though was different! I was making coffee as a colleague closed the door behind her and suddenly John was behind me. I said nothing as he slowly put his hands around and touched the front of my thighs. I kept on making the coffee but instead of gliding over my skin with his fingertips, he placed his hands flat against my thighs and pulled me back into his groin and I immediately felt his hard cock pressing into the cleft of my ass cheeks.

"And what do you think you are doing? This is not the "daily fix" I allowed you to have"

"No, the "daily fix" is not enough, I can't keep my hands off you, and every day I have to jerk off to stop myself from going crazy!"

I was pinned between the counter and his hard cock and any attempt to move only pushed my ass harder against his stiff dick.

"Someone is going to come in and catch us!" I said

"I know you want this to go further" he whispered, "Can you feel my big dick pushing against your perfect ass?" Has Dave got a big dick? As he asked the question, he eased off me and grabbed hold of my wrist, he quickly pushed it behind my body and squeezed my fingers around his cock – it felt huge!

I used the momentary gap between us to twist my body and pull myself free, I quickly moved to the stairs and up into the office above, John started to follow but I knew he couldn't come upstairs with a tent in his trousers. He emerged 10 minutes later but had a glint in his eye and I knew that I was going to have to make some very real decisions in the days and weeks to come!

Friday evening after work was always time for a quick drink at the pub around the corner before going home, and most of us usually went along. This was usually another excuse for flirting and propositions but I always had one drink and left for home. John announced at the pub that he was having a house party the following Friday after work and we were all invited. He said that partners were invited too (although it was clear from the look that he gave me that he hoped I would NOT be bringing mine!)

We all decided during the following week that we would all go to the party and all of our partners had agreed to come too. I would just have to make sure that I kept Dave close to me that evening!

The week passed by with the usual "daily fix" and occasional rubbing of his body against mine, then on Thursday, with only John and me in an empty office counter, I saw him looking at me, and for reasons still unsure to me, I looked back at him, got off my chair, went to the filing cabinet and bent down to the lowest drawer. I bent from the waist with my ass pointing directly at him and stayed down there for much longer than I needed to. When I stood up and looked over at John, he was smiling and openly stroking a huge bulge in his trousers.

"Nice ass" he said.

"Nice cock!" I replied nonchalantly whilst sitting back down again and continuing working as though nothing had happened.

John moved behind me and as he passed, he leant in and whispered, I am just going to get rid of this hard-on you have given me, but you know what cock-teasers deserve to get, don't you?

Friday came and passed quickly, we had all agreed to go to the pub as usual and then go straight to John's from there and our partners would meet us there later. Two colleagues were driving so the other six of us piled into two cars. Before I knew it, I was in the back seat with John and he was helping me fit my seatbelt in the darkness. He left his hand touching my thigh as the car moved off and I made no effort to remove it. John was chatting to the two male colleagues in the front and now his hand was slowly stroking the outside of my thigh and dragging his fingernails against my suspender clips. He leant forward to apparently accentuate a point in the conversation but what he was really doing was moving his body as a shield between them and me, and at the same time he moved his hand onto my knee.

His fingers started to dance lightly on my flesh that sent a tingle straight to my pussy and made my

nipples harden. My inhibitions had been lowered by weeks of sexual interaction and lowered further by the two stiff drinks that I had quickly downed at the pub on an empty stomach!

As he continued talking, his hand started to push its way up my skirt and I flinched as his fingers found the warm flesh above my stocking tops. He stroked and caressed and tried to push my legs apart to continue towards their goal, but I managed to keep my thoughts, and my legs, together, and then we suddenly pulled up outside his house.

As we got out, John leant in close and whispered "is your pussy wet?"

I didn't answer him, but I think he knew that the answer was YES!

John had set up everything for us to arrive and soon the drinks were flowing and snacks were passed around. The music was in one room and others were congregated in another downstairs room, plus the kitchen, chatting and making small talk.

Dave and other partners, plus other friends quickly arrived and the party was soon in full flow. I was standing in the kitchen with Dave and several others when John came through and did the host bit by topping up drinks and chatting effortlessly with everyone. He looked at me and I suddenly felt nervous.

"You have a lovely house" I blurted out

"Thanks, do you want the full guided tour?" John replied.

"Oh no, don't be silly" I said

"What? Said Dave? "I can't believe you are turning down the chance of nosing around someone else's pad! That's most unlike you!"

"OK then" I said, "come and have a look with me"

"Nah" said Dave, "you go and look around, I will stay here chatting and get us another drink"

Before I could utter another word, John had grabbed my wrist and was leading me out of the kitchen and up the stairs "you have already seen most of downstairs" he said, "come and look at the view from up here"

He pushed me up the stairs and into the first room on the left, which was the master bedroom with ensuite and a huge picture window that overlooked open fields at the back of the house.

"I bet the view is amazing in the daytime" I said nervously

"I have got something else that is amazing! Have a look!" he said

I turned around and John stood at the foot of the bed with his zip pulled down and a rapidly hardening cock in his hand. I froze!

"What the hell are you doing? Someone could come in at any minute?" I gushed

"Well we had better be quick then! You have been cock-teasing me for too long and it's about time you started teasing my cock with your hands and mouth instead!"

"Don't be ridiculous!" I replied but my eyes were fixed to the huge pole of flesh that John was slowly pumping with his fist. His cock was huge! It was easily 3 inches longer than Dave and much thicker too and was already leaking beads of pre-cum from the big pee hole at the end of his love stick.

"Well then we have a dilemma" said John, "We can either go back downstairs with a huge bulge in my trousers, and everyone will get a good idea that we haven't just been looking at furniture and the view. Or you can help me get rid of this hard-on and we can go and re-join the party with no suspicions aroused!"

John moved a few steps forward and placed both hands on my shoulders, he led me like a lamb to the edge of the bed and when my knees hit the edge, I sat down quickly and suddenly, I had a 9 inch fuck stick pointing inches away from my face.

It was scary; it was huge; it was veiny; it was throbbing; it was primeval..... it was beautiful!

If that wasn't enough, John opened his trousers further and lifted out two huge testicles the size of kiwi fruits, they hung down heavily under his fuck stick and his hairless scrotum moved slowly as his nuts pulsed in readiness of delivering what could only be a massive dose of baby juice.

My head was spinning, and I knew his argument was compelling – I certainly didn't want to go back downstairs with John trying to hide a huge bulge in his trousers! Added to that, was the fact that my lips were dry and I was licking them involuntarily. John saw that too and moved forward and placed the tip of his cock against my mouth. I couldn't help myself, my tongue snaked out and licked the sensitive area underneath where the foreskin is joined to the head. He groaned! I looked up at him and our eyes met – this was it! I slowly opened my mouth and moved forward, all the while looking straight into his eyes as my lips stretched around his huge cock. I reached up and grabbed his huge balls, I squeezed and kneaded them as I slurped and sucked on his dick. How could something so big get so hard? My fingers would not reach around his girth as I wanked him into my mouth with both hands.

Time stood still as he fucked my mouth, his hands in my hair, pulling more of his dick into my mouth as I fought my gag reflex and his cockhead nudged against my throat.

His hips started to twitch, his balls started to tighten, his cock was throbbing and pulsing, I knew he was close. I panicked! Lifting my head off his cock I said, "You can't get cum onto my clothes! Where are the tissues?"

"No tissues", he blurted "you know what you have to do, you cock-teaser!"

SHIT! I thought as he rammed his cock back into my throat and grabbed handfuls of my hair whilst rhythmically fucking my face.

"Oh God! I have dreamed of this moment! Look at me!"

I looked up and watched as his eyes narrowed into slits and then his cock pulsed and a string of cum hit the back of my throat, followed by another, then another, and again, as I furiously pumped his cock and

squeezed the cum out of his big balls and into my mouth. Cum started to dribble out of my mouth as I swallowed and could not keep up with sheer volume of liquid. How could anyone produce so much cum?

His cock started to soften and I quickly cleaned up every drop of cum from his cock and scooped up the rest that had dripped down onto my hands and cleavage. John groaned like an animal and I flopped back onto the bed – totally exhausted!

Before I knew what had hit me, John had grabbed both my ankles and suddenly my knees were up near my head! He leaned forward and buried his face into my sopping wet crotch. With my legs spread and his hands holding me firmly behind my knees, John buried his tongue past the flimsy wet string of my thong and licked in one slow but deliberate movement from the cleft of my ass, onto my puckered asshole, past the sensitive area between my ass and my pussy, then dragged his tongue hard against my pussy lips which opened like a flower in Spring, then hard across my clit and I came instantly and pushed up against his mouth which pulled away as quickly as it had hit me!

I looked up longingly and the bastard was grinning at me.

"That's just a little taste of what you can expect next time!" He said with a smug face that was wet with my love juice.

"Now get into the toilet and clean yourself up! We had better get back to the party!"