Office Escapades: Brittany

by gsodom

*Brittany, the office prude, puts on a show.*

My corner office set up is great, but not conducive to privacy. The glass wall and door, as one would expect, are at the end of a hallway and across from other offices. Anyone, in those opposite offices, or simply walking down the hall for that matter, has an open view into my office. I love the open office design as they call it, but again, doesn't help with privacy. Walking into my office you are facing the left side of my desk, which sits between the glass wall and a large window that looks out to the driveway and parallel street. Between the desk and the glass wall. Sits a small conference table with two chairs.

Brittany knocked on the glass door, walking in as I looked up from my computer and right on time for our meeting.

"Have a seat," I said motioning to a chair at the conference table.

Brittany is one of those girls that just gets your attention. She isn't what you would call drop dead gorgeous, but she is just damn sexy and something about her makes her very attractive. She is early twenties, not fresh out of college, but not of worldly experience either. Maybe that is part of the mystique. She is hard to figure out and is known around the office as being a cold, prude. Anytime someone makes the slightest sexually charged comment, she finds a way to leave the conversation. She is about 5'6" and what I call curvy fit in that you can tell she used to be athletic, maybe a cheerleader or dancer, but hasn't worked out too hard in a while. Solid C cup with small waist above a plump but tight ass and hips you can grab on to.

I couldn't help but notice she was dressed a little differently than usual. Her usually more conservative attire has been replaced with something on the sexier side. I had never seen her in a mini skirt before today and this one was quite an attention getter, red and stopping just above the knees, but with a slit along the left side that seemed to extend about halfway up her thigh. It was hard to be discreet. Her white shirt was a bit sheer, not see through, but enough so to know she was wearing a black bra underneath. I couldn't help but notice her skirt ride up her thighs as she sat down. I also couldn't help but notice she made no effort to pull them hem back down either. My curiosity began to peak, and it took some effort not to look down and to keep my eyes up. It took more effort when I noticed she was looking down at her own lap and my quick glance had me notice then that her shirt was unbuttoned down to where the middle of her bra would be. I wondered if it was an accident and again lifted my gaze to her face where there appeared to be a knowing grin. My curiosity rose a little higher.

We started our meeting as usual with some casual small talk. Could tell something was up as Brittany seemed nervous and a little fidgety, shifting her ass around in the chair quite a bit, the hem of her skirt slipping up a little more each time. I couldn't help the quick glance down every chance I got, hoping to see a little more thigh. Her legs are muscular and clearly whatever sport she played had not left her muscles yet. She moved forward in the chair, her ass half on and half off, and leaned forward to hand me a page to look at. Her breasts squeezed together with her reaching motion and her shirt opened enough for me to have a good look. And while reaching to take the paper from her hand made my sneak peek a little less obvious, I looked up to find her staring straight into my eyes; a very knowing stair.

"Do you like it?" she asked. "Yes, this looks great," I replied while looking down at the worksheet.

"That's not what I mean," she said. I looked up, caught off guard, and stammered an apology. "It's OK," she said, "I am just messing with you." She relaxed and reclined back in the chair without sliding her ass back, her knees parted slightly, and it was all I could do not to stare down.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Oh, nothing," I replied, maintaining eye contact, and trying to keep a steady voice. She reached up to touch her shoulder length blonde hair, her right hand brushing it behind her ear, and then slid her fingertips down to her shoulder, collarbone, and slowly to her right breast, circling her middle finger slowly around where her nipple would be hiding behind her bra. After a few slow circles she stopped. Realizing my eyes had followed her hand, I looked up. Her tongued parted her lips and she softly said, "sorry, I felt an itch." I could only hope the growing bulge in my pants wasn't becoming too obvious. "Yes, well perhaps we should continue this another time," I said, not knowing what else to do.

"Yes, sir," she said, with an emphasis on the sir, "but there was one more thing I wanted to share with you." With both hands she reached down to the hem of her skirt and inched it higher up her thighs. She leaned forward and rocked her hips side to side to loosen the skirt from under her ass, allowing her to inch it even higher, and then reclined back in the chair. The hem rested in the crease where her thighs meet her hips revealing tiny, laced black panties with a small string wrapping around her hips.

"Brittany, I do not think this is a good idea," I said in my best firm voice. "Sir," she said, please relax and enjoy, I have been thinking about this for a long time."

"What are you going to do when somebody walks by," I asked, realizing that I wasn't stopping her and making a bad decision. She grinned and said, "don't worry, Catherine is keeping a look out and going to text me if someone is coming this way." Catherine is the smoking hot Latina who works in our HR department. "What?!" is all could say. Brittany replied "Yes, she is 'helping' me. We have a little agreement. Now relax. You can only watch..today."

I was stunned and didn't know what to do. I probably should have stood up and walked out, but instead I leaned back in my chair and said nothing.

Her skirt was now pulled up around her waist and the tiny black panties struggled to cover everything. She slid her right hand slowly down the front of her panties, her palm covering everything. Pressing firmly she slid her hand back up, pulling her panties tightly against her pussy, showing me a glimpse of a trimmed blonde bush hiding underneath. She let out a slight moan. Her left hand moved to her left breast and began to slowly rub. Her nipples began to stiffen and become visible through her short and bra. She again slid her hand down the front of her panties, this time using only her middle finger to slide down and slowly back up, again letting out a slight moan with a touch of a whine in her voice.

Her left hand moved left to right across her chest, and back again, firmly rubbing each breast. With her next exploration she slid her right hand inside the top of her panties and down, her index and ring finger slipping out the side as her middle finger slid slowly down and back up. she paused where her clit would be and began a slow, circling motion with her finger.

Sliding down again, this time she curled her hand, slipping her middle finger between her lips. She looked at me and said, "I am so fucking wet right now, sir, you should feel this. But not today." She pulled her hand out and sucked her finger into her mouth, moaning again. Her left hand dropped from her chest to her pussy and tugged her panties to the left, showing me her tightly groomed blonde bush and the moisture glistening on her lips. Her right hand came down. She rubbed circular motions on her clit with her middle finger. She then gently inserted her middle finger and began to slide it in and out. She inserted her ring finger, increasing the pace, pressing hard against her pussy, her palm against he clit, as she slid her fingers in and out.

She was breathing hard, vigorously finger fucking herself. Her breathing picked up pace in time with the motion of her hand. Her head fell back as her arched and she let out a groan as she shuddered in the chair and her hand froze between her legs, fingers deep inside her. Her body seemed to freeze for a few seconds and then go completely relaxed. She slowly pulled her fingers out. She pulled her panties back over her mound and rubbed herself slowly. I watched as her body relaxed and slowly recovered, her head coming forward, her eyes opening and looking into mine.

"Holy fuck," she said, "I haven't cum like that since using my vibrator this morning. Thank you, sir." She stood up. Hooking her thumbs inside her panty string she pulled them down her legs and stepped out of them. She picked them up and straightened her skirt. She leaned toward me and said, "hold out your hand." I did so and she placed her wet panties in my palm. "You are going to want to keep these." She leaned in further and kissed my mouth. "Thank you for allowing me to share my presentation, sir," she said. She turned and walked out, leaving me speechless.