

* *Lady Aibell Press* *



Terri Pray
OFFICE SECRETS



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by

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Office Secrets

Foolish did not even begin to describe how Nancy felt. After all those months of Karl running around, cheating and lying his way through awkward situations, she had still believed him. Still agreed to take him back and give him yet another chance to tear her heart into shreds.

Bastard!

Finding him in their bed with Lillian had been the final straw. Just how much had he expected her to take before she finally said enough?

Obviously he had expected far more than she had been prepared to put up with if the look on his face when she finally let loose of her anger had been anything to go by. Served him right, served them both right. How dare they betray her like that!

The bedding. Nancy shuddered. The sheets, pillows, comforter, everything down to the mattress had been tossed out into the garbage rather than remain to pollute the apartment.

“You shouldn’t dwell on him. He’s not worth it, never was if you ask me.” Jenny Harvey dropped a new set of papers on Nancy’s desk. “Come on, it’s quitting time in about an hour. What do you say we grab a drink or three? Start the weekend off with a bang.”

Tempting thought, but there was that nagging voice at the back of Nancy’s mind wondering just what Jenny wanted from her. Obviously not Karl, unless Jenny sought a way to track Karl down and hook up with him by playing up to Nancy.

You’re getting paranoid.

Maybe she was, but after finding out just how many of her so called friends had done the horizontal mambo with Karl, who could blame her?

“Thanks,” Nancy said, “but I really should try and catch up with a little work here before I head for home, and the apartment is a mess.”

“Normally is after you’ve thrown the ex out on his ear. Packed all his things in garbage bags yet?”

“Yes, and dumped them out on the curb. If he wants them, he knows where to find them.” Nancy flicked through the files without looking up at Jenny. The last thing she needed right now was to be drawn into an in-depth conversation about that man. Not when she still struggled to prevent the tears from re-surfacing at the memory of what he had done.

“Well, you know where I am if you change your mind.” Jenny shrugged and settled one hip on the edge of Nancy’s desk. “I’m telling you, though, don’t give that pig another thought. He’s not worth it. Besides, there are a million other men out there, real men, ones that will be honest with you and treat you the way you deserve.”

“Maybe there are, but I’ve not noticed any of late.”

“What about Robert Spindler?”

Nancy frowned and gave Jenny a quick hard look. “You mean *our* Robert? The one that works here?”

“Who else did you think I meant? Really, Nancy, for someone of your intelligence you can really be quite dumb at times.” Jenny settled a little more on the desk, crossing her ankles as she leaned in. “He’s cute, and he does give you some very interesting looks at times.”

“You know the rules on in-house dating.” Cute? That did not even begin to do him justice. He was handsome, well groomed, dark, bordering on dangerous, not to mention the fact he was a blatant flirt.

“And your point is?”

“Look, I’ve just gotten rid of one asshole, why would I risk my job over another?” Robert of the intense gaze, quick smile and easygoing ways. Why would a man like that give her a second look?

No, don’t think about that. Not about the way he makes you feel, those long slow looks that leave you with your thighs pressed tightly together, squirming in your seat.

“I mean, he’s friendly with everything in a skirt. He just enjoys flirting.” Nancy tried not to let her discomfort show by focusing on other things. Work. Bills. Politics. Her mom’s lasagna.

That did the trick. At least now she could listen to Jenny without turning scarlet.

“Because, silly, sometimes in order to make the right move you have to break a few rules.” Jenny slipped down from the desk, straightening her skirt as she did so. “Honestly, you need to shake yourself up a bit and stop following all the rules. Be a little daring now and then, it won’t kill you. Just give it a little thought, will you? If you aren’t up to taking the plunge with Robert, then at least come and have a few drinks with me. Unless they’ve made in-house friendships against the rules as well, you should be perfectly safe.”

Nancy shook her head and pulled out a pen to start making notations on the documents Jenny had put in front of her. “Some risks aren’t worth taking, Jenny. Not for me. I’ve got an apartment to keep up, some bills to pay and half the income I thought I would have for the month. Losing my job is the last thing I need right now.”

So why did images of Robert and his playful smile continue to plague her even after Jenny had left the room?

* * * *

“Why are you still working? It’s long past quitting time, isn’t it?” Robert peered through her door, his dark brown gaze lingering over her breasts before he must have recalled that he was not supposed to do things like that. Not that she minded, but then again Nancy did not set the rules. Still, if he stared like that at the wrong woman in this building, the air would be filled with screams of sexual harassment in a heartbeat.

Not that she was ever likely to complain about where his gaze lingered. More than one of her fantasies in the past few months had revolved around Robert, and there had been a few more of those in the last couple of hours thanks to Jenny’s comment.

Best of all had been those wicked dreams in the privacy of her apartment since Karl had left. Ones filled with quick dirty sex that left her writhing in her bed, only to wake and find her hands sliding between her own thighs in a desperate need to relieve the burning pressure.

He did not know and never would. Those who ran the company frowned on any sexual

conversations. Bad for business, or so they said.

What did they know?

Stuck up old men who had probably long since forgotten just what sex was all about—if they had ever known in the first place.

“I’ve just got a few things I need to finish up first, and then I’ll be heading out.” She gestured at the scattered files across her desk. Not that she had any reason to be heading for home. Not with Karl gone, for good this time. Even if he tried to return, the locks had been changed. No way in hell was she letting that asshole back into her life—no matter what he offered her.

“Are you okay? You looked as though something had upset you for a moment.” Robert slipped into the small office, letting the door close behind him. “You’ve been a little out of sorts for a few days now.”

“I’ve had a lot on my mind.” Like just how to erase every trace of that lying, stinking sack of shit she had been foolish enough to hook up with three years ago. The world would not miss his presence, not even if he ran off the edge of a cliff. If she failed to see him for another fifty years, it would still be too soon.

Had she gone too far in throwing his stuff out with the rest of the garbage? Not that it mattered. By the time he got around to trying to collect his things, it would be too late. She had a small place; no one could fault her for getting rid of his junk. If he thought she would provide free storage for him, then he had another thing coming. He could have done what any real man would have had the courage to do: collect his things and pay for storage, or find himself a new apartment to dump them in.

“I’ve noticed. Is it something you need to talk about it?” Robert settled on the edge of the desk, the fine cloth taut over his thighs. The way he looked, he had to work out.

“Not unless you have a cure for getting rid of idiots from my life,” she muttered, folding the file over with a loud slap.

“Ah, guy trouble. Should I leave now, or simply find a safe place to hide until the danger has passed? You are in the all men must die stage, aren’t you?” A mischievous light danced in his eyes.

That managed to at least bring a smile to her lips. “Not quite. That passed a few hours ago.”

“Good timing then.”

She leaned back in her chair, making no pretense at how she looked over Robert. He was an attractive enough man. Well dressed most of the time, and as she had already noticed, he worked out. The sort of man that she couldn’t imagine would give her a second glance if she came on to him, but here he was sitting on the edge of her desk, offering a friendly ear.

“You need a drink?” Robert glanced back toward the office door before he continued. “I know a nice bar just down the road. Light supper, a few drinks. It might be good for you to get out and do more than work.”

“What I need is something I doubt you’d be willing to give me.” The words gained life before her common sense had the chance to stop them. “Damn, I mean.... Never mind, ignore me. I’m over-tired. It’s been a couple of very long days.”

Weeks, months, a long year of lies, cheating, more lies as Karl covered up what he had really been up to. Had Karl slept his way through every last one of her friends, or just the three she’d found out about? No, not friends. Ex-friends. Fakes. You could not trust people who would lie to a friend like that.

“That bad?” Robert’s words broke through her thoughts.

“He cheated on me, with three of my best friends.”

“You mean with three women who *claimed* to be your friends. Real ones don’t do things like that. No matter what the excuse. Don’t tell me, they were drunk when it happened. It started as nothing more than a hug, a friendly kiss, then one thing led to another.” He rattled off the litany without thought.

“You too?”

“Several times over.” He nodded slightly. “The past two girlfriends pulled something like that with me.”

Women cheated on him? Whatever for?

“Were they blind?”

“No, apparently I’m just too...nice.”

The nice guy...I just want to be friends routine. She had known a few men who had pulled a similar trick on her. Though being honest, she had used that line at least once before.

“I’m sorry,” she murmured, unable to meet his gaze.

“Ah, something you’ve heard before, or used before?” He leaned in a little over the desk.

“Used, but I was pretty young then. I thought bad boys were cool. What college girl doesn’t?” she admitted with a rueful smile, glancing up at him.

“And now?”

Such dark eyes, she’d rarely seen a man with eyes that intense or bright.

“Now? Well, I’m through with bad boys.” She pushed the chair back from the desk, fingers playing over the edge of her skirt. “They’re nothing but trouble. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t want a man that will let me walk all over him either, but I want an honest man in my life. Is that such a terrible thing?”

“Not to my way of looking at things.” His gaze moved openly down her body, over her lap. The skirt had risen, caught on the edge of the chair, leaving her thighs bare to his view, almost to the tops of her stockings. Hold ups, silly really. She had tried putting them on as a way of proving to herself she was still attractive. The same with the light traces of make up and soft dab of perfume. Had it worked? No, not until she had caught the look in Robert’s gaze.

Hunger.

Not something she was used to seeing from men, not any more. During her time with Karl, she had slipped into what she now knew to be bad habits. It had been easy for her to ignore those around her and focus on her work, until she had reached a point where she had barely shared a cup of coffee with anyone but her close circle of so-called friends. It was time for some serious changes.

“You look good,” he nodded, meeting her gaze. “You don’t normally come to work looking like this. Trying to shake off his stench?”

“Something like that.” Could he see the blush she was sure now claimed her cheeks? This wasn’t like her. She did not try things like this, insane ideas like hitting on men at work. What if someone heard them? It would be the talk of the office by the following morning. Then what would happen?

She would be called into the office manager’s room. Given a lecture, or be suspended without pay for an infraction of the workplace policies. Worst of all, she ran the risk of being fired.

“Maybe find someone to help you wipe out his touch as well?” His voice took on a softer, husky tone. “Wouldn’t that require one of those bad boys you’ve just sworn away from?”

Gods. He was worth the risk.

“No, it wouldn’t. I mean, well, not really.” Her throat tightened, lips drying out. What was she doing? He could end up telling those special friends in the office about her coming on to him, and they’d all have a good laugh at the new office slut.

But then, he would not share the secret with anyone who would speak of it to the manager, not if he wanted to keep his job.

She knew the risks, yet still she continued. “A good man might help me, if he knew that was all I was looking for right now. He might see a woman in need of reminding that she is a woman, and still attractive to men.”

Silence filled the small room, quickly followed by her discomfort as heat rushed across her cheeks. *Say something.* He had to say something, or she’d end up making an even bigger fool of herself.

Had it been too soon, or had she just chosen the wrong person to say it to?

Hitting on him had seemed like a good idea. He was always polite, despite his roving gaze. Stupid, though. She would have been better off getting drunk at the local bar and picking up someone there. At least so she had been told. She did not look that bad, maybe it would have been the wiser thing to do.

“So you’re looking for a good man with a rogue’s touch? Is that what you think you need right now?” A soft growl carried his words.

She nodded, unwilling to trust her voice. A rogue, what woman would not want a rogue in their life? Images of old heroes flashed through her mind, those adventurous lead men of the movies, those bold, brazen figures who dashed across the screen, hat at a jaunty angle, carrying a whip or sword ready to save the day. Good men, with bad habits.

Very bad and deliciously sensual habits.

“And you’re hoping I might be willing to be that man?” Robert smiled, a light touching his eyes that lent him a wicked look. “Perhaps I might be able to help. What if I bent you over your desk here and now? Spanked that little ass until it turns pink?”

She had not quite planned on that being a part of the equation. “Spanked?” She squeaked.

“Well you would need a little correction for being so naughty in the office.” A feral light touched his eyes. “A nice, firm spanking would work well.”

“I thought you said you were one of the nice guys?” Spanking? That would hurt. She certainly had not planned on there being any pain involved.

“I am.” He slid off the edge of the desk, assessing her openly now. “But I also have a wicked streak, and if we’re going to break the rules on fraternization then we might as well do it in style.”

No in-house dating. Oh, she knew that rule well and had never agreed with it.

“I see. So you think if I decide...I mean if we want to delve into a little mutual pleasure, then I should be punished for it? What about you? What would you need to do in order to be corrected?”

It didn’t seem fair if she were the only one that ended up being spanked for breaking the rules. After all, they would both be involved in the act.

“That we can discuss later.” He walked slowly around the desk, reaching out for her hand. “If you want to explore all of this with me, that is.”

Her sex clenched, a heat washing across her inner walls, her thighs pressing tightly together with his words. Wicked, he was wicked, but so was she if the thought of being leant over the desk, her skirts raised about her hips, waiting to be spanked left her squirming in her chair.

“Yes,” she murmured, his fingers combing through her hair. Such a gentle touch, unlike

anything she had felt before. The promise of control, kindness, desire all rolled into one. "Yes, I do."

His fingers tightened in her carefully braided hair as he pulled her from the relative safety of her chair. Her nipples hardened beneath her bra, standing out through the soft fabric of her blouse.

"I've wanted to touch you for months now, but I never dared hope." With a firm tug he pulled her close to him, easing her around until her back rested against his chest, and then he wrapped both arms about her body in a possessive grip.

His, if only for the moment.

"Stupid rules," he said, "but one of us has to pay the price for breaking them, and I'm not the sort that takes a spanking well, so I volunteer you to take it for us both."

Her throat tightened, breath catching. "You can't mean that."

"Oh, but I do. I've always enjoyed the idea of spanking the rounded ass of a young woman. One who accepted it willingly, welcomed my touch, and I think you would." He almost growled into her hair while holding her tight against his chest.

He smelled so good, cedar wood and sweat all rolled into one. His heartbeat thumping against her back lulled her into a sense of peace. She would have never guessed that he had this darker side to his nature. She shivered. Delight, anticipation, her body craved something she hadn't known before. Protection? No, not quite, more like guidance for a moment or two. She had taken control and finally kicked Karl out of her life; now she wanted a safe, warm place to curl up in, where the man would take care of her and keep her protected for the rest of her life.

No, not for life. She wasn't going to think of it that deeply. Just a few moments. An hour at most. Time to heal from Karl's betrayal.

"Please," she whimpered, moving from his arms. "I'm not sure I can do this."

"Yes, you are, and you'll show me by leaning over the desk, ass high in the air, and asking me to take down your panties."

What? Was he insane?

If so, then so was she. Without a word of protest she walked back around the desk, pressed her palms to the wood, and pushed her ass high into the air. "Please, take down my panties."

"I think you can ask better than that."

What did he mean? Her lips pressed tightly together, a soft quiver working through her body. A wicked idea formed at the back of her mind, one that left her trembling, her body heating from within.

"Please, sir. Take down my panties."

The very words left her feeling needful, a slick heat coating her vulva. Wicked. She had never dreamed of asking a man to spank her...had she?

"And do you want to be spanked?" He moved behind her, lifting up her skirt until it bunched about her hips. "Or do you just want to feel my cock seeking its way into your body?"

"Please, sir, spank me. I've been bad, naughty and deserve to be punished." *Where had that come from?*

"I think I can arrange that for you." His fingers slipped into the sides of her panties, little more than a soft wisp of white cotton. "Such naughty clothing, the panties of a bad girl who needs to be punished, don't you think?"

Thongs were wrong? She must have missed the memo on that.

"A little slip of cotton separating such fine ass cheeks, lifting and presenting them for a fast, hard correction. No well behaved woman would wear such a thing." The soft cloth fell about her

ankles, leaving her ass bare to his view. "I think you wanted this, long before I offered you the chance."

Had she? No, that simply was not possible. She knew of women who liked such things, enjoyed their walks into the darker side of life, but she wasn't one of them. Never would be. Yet here she was, asking him to spank her.

Her mind reeled with too many questions.

A cry of pain tore from her lips, her body jerking against the edge of the desk. The crack had caught her off guard. Heat blossomed through her cheeks at the single spank.

"I think you liked that."

Nancy whimpered, trying to force her mind to work.

"And I think you want far more than a single smack, though, and you're going to thank me for each one from now on, aren't you? And count them, starting with the next smack." His finger brushed over her stinging ass—cool touches, light, teasing over her taut skin.

"Yes, sir." Somehow she managed to speak, though the words came as little more than a soft whisper.

"Are you sure?" She could hear the smile in his voice, even though she was unable to look back over her shoulder and see his face.

"Yes, sir, I'm sure." Her stomach knotted. The need to feel his touch again burned through her being. She should have protested, screamed for help. Instead she wanted feel his hand crack against her ass a second time...or more. The desire to arch into the cracks, bury herself into the mix of pain and pleasure, forget the hurt of Karl's actions....

"Please, spank me, sir."

The new crack landed against her upturned ass, forcing a gasp of delight from her lips. She arched back toward him, shocked by her own reactions.

"One, thank you, sir."

Heat seeped across her ass cheeks, shame boiling in the pit of her stomach. That feeling should have made her feel horrible, forced her to make him stop, to curl up and cry. Instead it fueled the drive between her thighs. He was turning her on, faster and more deeply than any man had managed to do before.

"Wanton slut," he whispered, slapping down against her other ass cheek.

She cried out, hips jerking toward the edge of the desk, thighs pressed tight, but even that didn't stop her from smelling the scent of her own arousal.

"Two, thank you, sir."

Robert leaned close, his breath caressing the back of her neck, his chest brushing against her back, fingers curling into her ass. "Such lovely sounds. Delightful noises. You could set the entire office on fire with how you're reacting. Can you imagine them watching you? Every set of eyes on your bottom, watching it turn a deep shade of red under my hand?"

Nancy groaned, her fingers tightening on the edge of the desk. Alone or not she could see them, hear them. How they would laugh, cheer her on, the whispers of the men and some of the women from her reactions. Wicked, evil, sickening. So why did her body jerk and her hips roll with a need she had never known before? She wanted him, needed him, craved the feeling of his cock sliding into the slick, warm depths of her body.

His hand lifted away from her body and slapped down twice on her ass, once on each cheek. He left her sobbing out, one nail shattering under the pressure of her grip on the desk.

"Three, thank you, sir. Four, thank you, sir." She forced herself to focus enough to count the two blows.

“Such a nice, deep color.” He pressed both hands against her ass cheeks, cupping them tight. “And heat, a lovely heat. I bet you can feel that all the way into your pussy, can’t you?”

The word sounded almost dirty on his lips.

“Yes, sir. I can.” Whimpering? Was she whimpering now?

“I think I’ll test just how hot you’ve become down there.” One hand slipped between her thighs, cupping her sex, sliding a finger between her lips. “Yes, I can feel it. You’re hotter than I bet you’ve felt in a long time.”

“Yes, sir.” Little more than growled words escaped as her hips rocked. She craved so much more than a single finger between her thighs.

“Two more spanks I think, three each sounds fair to me for a first offence.”

First offence? Would there be other times? Gods she hoped so.

His firm hands moved away from her body, leaving her wanting, and a low moan bubbled into life. She wanted him, desired him in a way she didn’t understand. Nor did she care. He offered her the chance to glimpse into the darkness, to experience those sensual games of pain and pleasure she’d only heard about in passing from others—whispered secrets shared in corners between giggling women in the office. Not conversations she had ever been allowed to join. Too stuck up, at least that’s how they looked at her. She knew that all too well.

Both hands slapped down against her ass cheeks at the same time. Loud and painful enough to turn a cry into a scream. Pain and pleasure combined.

“Five, thank you, sir. Six, thank you, sir.” Tears welled in her eyes, spilling over her cheeks, hitting the desk in soft splats of salt-heavy water.

“Such a pretty, naughty girl.” His hands, now warm from the spanking, cupped her ass cheeks, massaging into the taut, throbbing skin. “One last punishment to come, isn’t there? To leave you knowing just what has happened between us and wash away any doubts.”

Confusion spread over her. His words made no sense until she heard the zipper on his pants, felt cloth falling to the floor. He wanted her, maybe as much as she desired him buried within her heated walls. Her teeth sank into her own bottom lip. With a soft cry she pushed her thighs wider, pressing her head to the desk, offering herself to him.

An offer he took without another word.

He leaned forward, brushing against the slick lips of her sex, his cock sliding between her thighs. She wanted him, needed him, so very much. Fingers dug into her hips, clenching her tight. His throbbing erection thrust into her core. With a growl he sank into her body.

Wrong. A part of her claimed this was wrong, but she no longer cared. Both of them craved this, wanted this shared moment of passion between them. Desire outweighed reason; his cock filled her sex, throbbing against her tight, slick walls. She rocked back against him, driving her hips toward him, her breath coming in long, slow gasps of desire.

Rippling need clenched along his cock. Soft wet sounds filled the office, low groans, his balls slapping against her ass, fingers tight in her hips. Dirty, wrong, and she didn’t care. Sweat beaded across her forehead, coating the valley of her breasts. Nipples grazed her bra, swinging even with the confines of the clothing. So soft, gentle, sensual, reduced to a woman being fucked over the edge of a desk.

“So tight,” he groaned.

No gentle words, no soft seduction. Raw, powerful sex.

Hair spilled over her face, caressing her cheeks, veiling her gaze. Fire throbbed through her body, pulsing over her core, clenching about his cock as she whimpered, pushed back against his body. She trembled, blood rushing through her veins, thighs shaking with the power of her

desire.

Her vision clouded, a scream forming at the back of her throat, cunt tightening, threatening to close fully on his seeking cock. She didn't care who might hear her. All that mattered was this moment. His cock, her body, their shared passion.

"Come for me," he urged, his breath little more than gasps between heated thrusts. "Come for me now."

The scream soared into life, echoing in the small office. She rocked back against him, head resting against the desk, ass throbbing from the spanking she had been given. Liquid heat washed over his cock, her cunt rippling, milking him with each passing moment, urging his release from him in a loud, feral growl.

For a moment neither of them moved, both too drained to do anything but use the desk to support them.

"Thank you," he whispered against her neck, laying a gentle kiss to tender skin. "I needed that."

"We both did." She lifted up from the desk, still feeling his cock between her trembling walls, a low throb from them both as he pulled back from her body. What they had shared had been quick, dirty and delicious. Something she hoped to share again.

"We could have been caught." He reached for his pants and zipped them shut.

"I know."

"Lost our jobs."

"Yes," she agreed, reaching for her panties. She'd need to wash, clean up, but for now she made no move to. Would it be wrong to travel home with the feeling of his cum still in her body, her thighs coated with their shared pleasure?

"I think I'd like to do this again." He cupped her cheek as she turned to look at him. "As often as you want, in fact."

She should have said no, that this was a one off, but her body had other ideas. "I think I'd like that."

"An office secret?" he suggested, nodding toward the closed door.

They both knew what would happen if someone else found out what they'd just done. Not only would there be the loss of employment and benefits, but they'd have to deal with the gossip that would spread even before they were escorted out of the building.

Nancy shivered, meeting his gaze. "The best kind."

THE END

About the Author

Terri Pray

Originally from England, Terri Pray now lives in Iowa with her husband and two children. Her work ranges from sweet romance to wild erotica, horror, and suspense, to fantasy and adventure. With several books in print, more in e-book, and her fantasy series, Erien, now to be the basis of a new D6 Role playing game, it's hard to imagine that this English import has only been writing professionally since 2003.

Our authors love to hear from their readers!

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