

THE FILE ROOM

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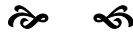
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"Good night, Marcy." More calls followed the first as the final parade of office workers left the law offices of Cohen and Cohen. Marcy Jefferson took an armload of files and put them into the basket of the file cart on wheels. She glanced at the clock as she passed. Shit. Five o'clock, overtime again. Mrs. Stern hated when she worked late, paying overtime for tasks she thought Marcy should have finished during regular business hours. Like that was ever gonna happen with the load they heaped onto her. Thankfully she didn't have any classes tonight or she'd have been screwed.

Marcy shrugged, and then readjusted the skirt of her lavender suit. Why she had worn this particular suit, she didn't know, but this morning it had appealed to her. It was more like a sheath with a jacket over top. Every time she stretched her arms high to reach a book on the top shelf or bent over to retrieve something she'd dropped, the damned skirt rode up, exposing most of her legs. Since she worked in an office full of bitchy women and lecherous men, she spent a lot of time pulling the skirt down. Men had a tendency to walk into walls when they stared at her legs too long. She didn't want that happening now. Thankfully, most of the men had already left, searching out a Friday-night-friend at the local watering hole.

Marcy, blessedly alone, bent over to retrieve a pile of

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files that had dropped from her hands. Not bothering to bend at the knees, she gave her legs a good stretch.

Thump. "Oh, dear."

Marcy righted herself just as one of the senior partners peeled himself off of the wall he had slammed into, probably while watching her ass.

Files in hand, Marcy pasted a Madonna smile on her face and turned to the man. "Good night, Mr. Jacobson. Please be sure to give my regards to your wife. Your anniversary is next week, isn't it?"

"Uh, yes. Yes, I will. *Harrumph.* And yes it is. Thank you."

"How many years will it be?"

"Well, if I don't walk into any more walls, it will be twenty-five."

"The silver anniversary. I hope you have something special planned for her. If you forget, you're toast and will be drawing up your own divorce papers."

"Yes. I will keep that in mind. Thank you for the reminder." The man patted the pockets of his Armani suit, as if searching for something, until the elevator arrived, then jumped into it as if the building were on fire.

Marcy gave a throaty chuckle at his consternation and entered the file room where the state-of-the-art copiers lived. The office couldn't afford half the supplies they needed, but at least they sprang for a quality copier that did everything but bring you a cup of coffee while it produced your documents. Marcy put the first file to be copied in the machine and waited.

The setting sun reflected her image in the window, and she wrapped a few strands of copper hair around her

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finger. It sprang back with a life of its own. She'd always liked her hair, even if it wasn't very fashionable or practical. Having a delicious body made her seem dumb. Being a redhead made her smart. And she was very smart.

Due to a grueling work-school schedule she hadn't had a date in a year. Longer than that since she'd had a decent fuck. She shrugged. Guess they didn't make men the way she liked them anymore. They were too sensitive, too caring, too whatever. Most women wanted a girlfriend with a dick. That didn't satisfy her. What really did it was a man who wasn't afraid to get down and dirty and who wasn't afraid to suck between her legs. Marcy glanced around. No one was here. Why not? She reached beneath her skirt and slipped a finger inside her panties. Wet already. Just thinking about a good fuck got her juices flowing. Too bad there wasn't anyone around who could take care of her needs. All that nice cream going to waste. Everyone worthwhile had left. No one to lap it up.

Reaching up to her breasts, she fingered her nipples through the peachskin fabric. The material clung to her in all the right places and thanks to a lacy bra, her nipples reacted quickly to the touch of her fingers, standing out, wanting more. Wishing she had someone for a quick, intense fuck with no strings attached, she closed her eyes and let her head drift back, trying to think who the hell she could call on for such a favor. The men she knew would want more or were so committed already she wouldn't think of asking. Once in a while having a fuck-buddy came in handy.

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Quick electric tingles low in her belly made her wish she had her vibrator at hand. But should that fall out of her bag in a meeting, she'd never hear the end of it. She wasn't sure that carrying a loaded vibrator was a terminating offense, but she didn't want to risk it.

The copier ceased its functioning, and she collected the document, then put in a new one and hit the start button.

The door to the file room slammed shut, and the lights went off.

"Oh, funny. Whoever the hell is trying to scare me, it's not working. I'm not scared at all." Her eyes worked, trying to adjust to the almost black room.

She sensed a presence beside her and whirled.

"I don't want you to be afraid. I just want to fuck your brains out, baby doll."

He spun her around, grabbed her, and planted a firm, wet kiss on her lips. He'd caught her in mid-gasp and pressed his mouth against hers. Now he thrust his tongue in and out, telling her in no uncertain terms just what it was he wanted. What he was willing to do for her.

Pussy juice flowed out of her like a stream in spring. God that felt good. Even better when...what was his name again...Rod, Reg...Reed turned her away from him, reached around her front and started popping the buttons loose from her jacket. Reed. How could she have ever overlooked him in the office? She'd have to do better.

"I've wanted to suck your titties forever."

"What took you so long?" she panted, eager for him to do so, and struggled out of the jacket to give him access.

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"I was sucking someone else's."

"At least you're monogamous for a little while." She pushed her ass back into his zipper and his huge erection pressed against her. Anticipation surged inside her and she groaned at the thought. That much dick ought to be enough to satisfy her, at least for now, she thought and wiggled her ass against him. She just hoped he was as thick and heavy as the preliminary investigation alluded to.

His fingers were busy opening her dress, and his hands worked to free her breasts from the lacy bra. What a waste of good lingerie! Hands, obviously masterful, reached up and cupped both of her breasts in his careful hands, testing their weight, testing their fit in his palms.

"You are so lovely," he whispered in her ear. With her breasts cupped, she watched as he flicked his thumbs over both nipples. Instantly they reacted, puckering tight, wanting more. Removing his hands from her tits, he turned her and leaned over, taking one aching nipple into his mouth.

Marcy hissed in a breath at the first touch of his hot, wet tongue. When he suckled on her nipple, it was pure heaven. Then he moved, licking and sucking her other tit. "They taste as good as I expected them to." She buried her hands in his thick, brown hair as he worked.

"This is great, but I want it all."

"You got it, baby." Reed stepped behind her and then he went to work. Reed slid her skirt up over her buttocks and thanks to the tiny scrap of fabric she called panties, he was able to dispense with it in a quick twist of his wrist. Then, her anticipation ended, and he released his fully

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charged weapon. It pulsed hot and hard and ready against the skin of her ass. "Lean forward," he whispered his husky request into her ear. "I want to fuck you with your ass in the air." In one svelte move he spread her legs. Placing the head of his thick cock against the opening of her pussy, he swirled it around, coating himself with her juices.

"Mmm," she groaned through clenched teeth and nodded her head. "Now would be a good time,"

"Take it all for me," he said and shoved his cock deep inside her dripping pussy.

She almost screamed with a climax right away, but she wasn't ready to let any man get away that easily. She raised her ass and lowered her head, grasping onto her knees. Thanks to her twice weekly yoga class she could do this without killing herself or toppling them onto the floor.

Oh, the man filled her up, going deep, very deep. He clenched his hands on her hips and drove his cock into her slow and all the way to the hilt, savoring every inch of her pussy. She squeezed her inner muscles and clamped down on him, squeezing him back, wanting him to feel her. She could hear his breath gasping in and out of his lungs. *Good*. He needed to work for this one.

Just as that particular tingling started in her belly, Reed stopped. He pulled all the way out, and she cried out in protest, disappointed that his huge dick had left her nest.

"What's wrong?" she asked. "I was just getting started."

He fumbled around with the copier beside them and

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swept everything onto the floor, then grasped her hips. He picked her up and deposited her on the copy machine.

"What are you doing?" she shrieked as her ass came into contact with the cold glass.

"I want a picture for posterity, no pun intended," he said and pushed the copy button as he put his face between her legs. The green flash repeated once, twice, more, it kept going. Reed must have leaned on the start button.

Not caring about the wasted paper or finding every copy the machine spat out, Marcy leaned back and spread her legs wide, wanting to give him as much access to her cunt as possible. As Reed's tongue burrowed into the curling red hair between her legs she gasped, the warm, soft feel of him awakening dormant needs and roaring to life. A master of tongue massage, Reed swirled his tongue all around her clit, coaxing it to a trembling bud. Two fingers of one hand dove deep, caressing her from the inside as his tongue played with her clit on the outside. God, what a man.

Unable to stop it, the trembling, thrashing orgasm took her by surprise. She came with Reed's mouth sucking her clit and her pussy clamping around his fingers. Spasms, out of control, thrilled her and her release made her cry out.

Minutes later, Reed withdrew his fingers from her pussy and licked them clean. "You taste so sweet," he said and pulled her forward, scooping her up in his arms. The length of her long legs wound themselves around his narrow hips, and he plunged inside her again. Reed held her against the wall and fucked her. Hard. Each time he

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rocked into her, she could hear books in the next room fall from the shelves onto the floor.

It was the best thing that happened to her all day. All year for that matter. That special thread of electricity shot from her pussy all the way through her as she shattered in orgasm again. Each thrust Reed put into her strengthened the spasms quivering through her body and she cried out, screeching his name, wanting more of him, all of him, fucking her.

She could only hang on as he fucked her faster and faster, making his way to his own spasming climax. Reed gripped her hips as he came, his cock pulsing inside her.

They clung to each other, leaning against the wall. Sweat dripped from them, and Reed licked her neck, nuzzled her ear, and kissed her lips. He tasted of her, and she liked it.

"Do you think we could go on a date now?" he asked.

"Oh, yeah," she said and smiled, thinking of what damage they could do in a bed. "Just ask me."