



LOVE NOTES

52

REED
MANNING

Love Notes
by Reed Manning

Fictionwise

www.Fictionwise.com

Copyright ©1990 by Reed Manning

First published in Club International, January 1990

NOTICE: This ebook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This book cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This ebook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

It was a slow day at the *News Spectrum*. Glorie finished the last ad in the stack to be typeset and pushed her chair away from the keyboard. Relaxing, she leaned back and gazed out across the production area.

She was just in time to see Jack, the sales coordinator, stride purposefully across the room and disappear through one of the many doorways. A sudden thrill ran up her legs. God, he was good-looking. She loved the way his shoulders strained against the seams of his shirt.

She imagined what those shoulders would look like, rippling as he loomed over her, his thrusts driving her deep into the mattress. Checking to be sure no one was looking, she opened a notepad and began scribbling furiously.

Jack—I want to run my tongue down the shaft of your cock. I want to tease it with my lips until you beg me to make you come. Then I want to you to put it in and fuck me till I can't breathe....

Across the floor a proofreader hung up her phone, rose, and began to approach. Hastily Glorie tore the sheet out of her pad, crumpled it, and tossed it in her wastebasket.

The proofreader didn't notice. She held out a photocopy of an ad covered with red marks. "The client asked for a shitload of changes. Can you do them right away? He wants another proof."

"Sure thing," Glorie chirped, struggling not to let her blush show. Her co-worker was oblivious. Soon Glorie was typesetting the corrections.

But even as her fingers moved, she couldn't get the fantasy out of her mind of Jack's erection swelling, veins purpling, a drop of preorgasmic secretion bubbling out of the tip as she closed her lips around it.

As soon as she had finished her task she made a beeline for the women's restroom. She closed and locked the door, yanked her panties down, and thrust her hand between her legs. Her fingers were instantly soaked.

She didn't need any preliminaries. She placed two fingers against her clit and rubbed furiously in tiny, clockwise circles. In less than ten seconds she shuddered, arching up completely off the toilet seat, mouth gaping, breath frozen. She remained suspended there for what seemed like an hour, finally collapsing on the seat and gasping so fervently she was sure someone would hear her even through the closed door.

She gained control of herself, sighed, and broke into a blissful smile. She hadn't had an orgasm that good in months. Coming at all was rare enough in these days of routine married sex.

If Jack could do this to her at a distance, how nice it would be up close. But Jack had his spouse; she was tied to her workaholic husband. Losing the smile, she wiped up her slick crotch, flushed the toilet, and went back to her station.

* * * *

The daily hubbub within the building wound down. One by one the employees left. Only a pair of salesmen and an overworked copyeditor remained when George, the custodian, arrived. The old fellow opened up the utility closet, wheeled

out his fifty gallon plastic garbage can, and began his rounds, whistling cheerfully.

By the time George reached the type composition room, his container was overflowing with trash. Compacting it, he made enough room to empty three more wastebaskets, though as he upended the one by Glorie's chair, a few crumpled balls of paper rolled onto the floor.

As he stooped over to pick them up, a scribbled line caught his eye: *put it in and fuck me till I can't breathe....*

George grunted, straightened up, and carefully unfolded the note. His bushy, white eyebrows shot up, and as he read on, out came a deep, heartfelt chuckle.

He reread it, guffawed again, and started to throw the paper away. He stopped. George was old enough that an occasional tumble with his missus was plenty of action, but he hadn't forgotten what lust was like. It would be a damn shame if a note like this didn't lead to something.

Just how could he arrange it? There was only one person named Jack on the staff, and though the note wasn't signed, he could guess the writer's identity. How to get the two of them together? The woman obviously wouldn't want to be exposed bald-faced. But maybe there was a way....

George sat down at a desk and copied the note onto fresh paper. Then he added, *"If you think this sounds nice, leave a reply under the coke machine."* Smiling conspiratorially, George deposited his forgery inside Jack's top drawer.

* * * *

Jack arrived early the next day, intent on reviewing resumes for an opening in the sales department. Blowing on

his coffee to cool it, he opened his desk drawer, focussed on the foreign scrap of paper there, and nearly scalded the fingers holding the cup.

Once he was convinced it was real, he hurriedly shut the drawer. He feigned composure as one of his saleswomen bustled through the door and settled at her desk. He checked to see whether she might glance meaningfully at him, but she did not.

Who could have written the note? Someone from the office, that much was likely. That didn't narrow it down much, though. The *News Spectrum* employed over thirty women.

Over the next hour most of the staff arrived. None of the women behaved differently. By then Jack had calmed down. Though his head was filled with the image of a moist, waiting pussy, he was able to think rationally.

The woman didn't want him to know who she was yet, or she would have dropped other hints. The only way to find out was to answer the note. When lunch time came, he begged off an invitation from his buddy, the head accountant, took a paper pad and envelope with him, and found an undisturbed place to park several blocks down the street.

Shaking so badly he could hardly hold the pen steady, he wrote, *"Yes. I want to lap your cunt until I drown in your juice. I want to bang those hot walls until my dick falls off. Soon. Please."*

He sealed the message in the envelope and returned to work. The coke machine was at the end of an otherwise unused hallway. It was simple enough to find a moment to

deposit the note in the specified place. From then on the hours stretched out like warm taffy.

* * * *

That night George saved the coke machine area for last. No one was left to hear his cackle as he got down on hands and knees and spotted the envelope. He had already decided what he would do if it were there. He opened it and added at the bottom: *"Jack doesn't know who you are. But this is how he feels. If you want to tell him more, leave notes in his mailbox, and look for answers under the coke machine."* He left it in a new envelope on top of Glorie's desk.

* * * *

Glorie noticed the blank envelope as she was chatting with her supervisor at mid-morning. Unsuspecting, she opened it while the other woman went on about a particularly obnoxious client. The blood drained out of Glorie's face. Fortunately the supervisor happened to be glancing out the window at the time. Quickly Glorie tossed the note to the side, upside down. Only after she was alone did she come back to it. She was still shaking.

Oh, God, what had she done?

Furthermore, what should she do? Maybe the second part was true, and Jack didn't know. But somebody knew. The blood that had gone out of her cheeks raced back in, turning her crimson. Who? It could have been almost anybody. She'd never be able to look anyone in the office in the eyes again, for fear they were the one.

Hold on, she thought. Get control. Just carry on as if none of this happened. Forget about it.

She tried. In the next three days, much to her relief, no one made snide comments or gave any indication that they were privy to her secret. Late that day she passed Jack in the corridor. He didn't seem to see her. The next day she encountered him at the coffee machine. "Good morning," was all he said.

He really didn't know.

She took her time pouring her coffee, furtively watching as Jack tested the temperature of his cup. His tongue darted out, retreated—a quick glimmer of pink tissue.

She paused. *I want to lap your cunt until I drown in your juice.* She squeezed her thighs more tightly. She could picture that tongue doing just that.

The next day, she rounded a corner and nearly collided with him.

"Whoa," he said, catching her by the arm as she rocked on high heeled shoes. "Where's the fire?" He smiled, let go, and went his way.

The place where his fingers had held her arm radiated vividly. But not as vividly as had his smile.

What the hell, she thought. She'd answer the note. It was just sentences on paper. Things didn't need to go any further than that. Why not have some innocent fun?

"Dear Jack," she wrote during her break, writing with her left hand to disguise her handwriting, *"I like little nibbles right at the top of my clit. I like at least two fingers moving in and out while you do it. What do you like?"*

Twice she pulled the note out of her purse and slid it into the wastebasket. Each time she rescued it. Finally, on her

Love Notes
by Reed Manning

way to the time clock, she succeeded in leaving it in Jack's mail slot, thanking her stars that the slots were in an alcove where she wasn't observed.

* * * *

In the morning Jack saw the blank envelope waiting in his box. He hesitated before he retrieved it. After so many days, he had begun to give up hope that his note would ever be answered.

He locked himself in a restroom stall to read the message. "All *riiight*," he murmured as he finished. The handwriting looked a little different, but what did that matter? Unable to wait, he added directly beneath her words: *"I like a woman to use her hands while she sucks my cock—one around her mouth to deepen the stroke, another cupping my balls. When can we try it?"*

He refolded the paper, put it in a new envelope, and hid it under the coke machine.

* * * *

Glorie found the reply later that day, and for the rest of her shift her mind was filled with imagined sensations—the weight of his balls as she gently lifted them, the tickle of his pubic hair as she deep-throated him, the hardness of him as he penetrated her. She was glad she'd written back. She'd make her next note even hotter.

There was one problem. *"When can we try it?"* She paused, pen in hand. No. She wouldn't answer that question. The notes were fun—and safe. Doing it would not be safe.

Though it was tempting.

* * * *

For four weeks the notes continued, until George thought his zipper would melt from reading them as they passed back and forth. The custodian opened the latest one from Jack and saw, for the tenth time, a request for something more than just words on paper.

George frowned. The woman was obviously not going to give her identity away. She might go on like this forever. That wasn't good enough. These two people needed each other. George had to do something to get them the rest of the way.

It took him a couple of days to choose a strategy. He stayed late to implement it, smiling through his nightly duties until the time came. Using one of the office typewriters, he composed two extra notes, which he added to the circuit.

The one to Glorie read: *"You want to keep your identity secret. Okay. Come to the big darkroom Tuesday night at 8pm. Leave the lights off. Jack will be there at 8:15. Don't talk, and he won't hear your voice. Leave before he does, and he'll never see you. No one will know."*

The one to Jack read: *"If you want me, you can't know who I am. Come to the big darkroom Tuesday night at exactly 8:15. I'll be there. The lights stay off. After I leave, you have to wait there at least ten minutes."*

* * * *

On Tuesday night, Glorie parked her car behind the restaurant three buildings away. Her feet seemed to float as she walked down the alley to her place of business, face and figure hidden not just by the shadows but by a hood and ankle-length coat.

Tuesday night was a dead night. The paper went to press early in the afternoon; nobody worked late. Even the janitor was gone. Most conveniently of all, it was her husband's bowling night.

Was she really doing this? The goose pimples on her legs felt six inches high, even though the night was warm. But she kept walking. After all the times she'd creamed over his sentences, she had to know what he was like in the flesh.

Just so long as he didn't learn who he was fucking.

She nearly dropped the key as she unlocked the rear entrance. The darkroom was down a hall to her left, accessed by a revolving, lightproof door. Once through it, she fumbled for the light switch, unable to see a thing until she found it.

She undressed by the soft glow of red lights. The room, used for process camera work, was large and carpeted, very unlike the cramped, smelly darkroom two doors down, where the photographer developed and printed his rolls of film. Here the fumes, constantly vented, were mild and almost pleasant.

She stacked her clothes in a neat pile so that she could find them again in the dark. Memorizing the positions of objects in the room, she doused the lights.

About ten minutes later, the door began to rotate in its track.

* * * *

Jack took one step into complete blackness and waited. When he felt a hand on his chest, he gasped. He reached out and touched soft, pert breasts and a slim waist.

At last. "Hello," he said.

She murmured, but did not speak. She took his hands away. He reached for her shoulder instead, but she brushed that off, too.

Then he understood. She didn't want his fingers to tell him too much about how she looked. "Okay," he said. "Your move."

She undressed him. Finally, when the last sock had been thrown to the side, she pulled his face down and kissed him.

Her lips massaged his with an experienced flair. Her tongue swirled in and out, gifting him with a warm, delicate flavor. His cock hardened. She pressed her belly against it without halting the kiss. He dry-humped her, breath deepening with each press of his hips.

Finally they paused. "Nice," he whispered.

"Mmmm," she agreed. She was tugging behind his neck now, guiding him into a kneel with her beneath him. She kept pressing his head down, until his nose was tickled by pubic hair. He inhaled her light, feminine musk, and began to probe with his tongue.

When he found her cunt, it was already slick with her nectar. He tasted it, found it sweet, and lubed his fingers with it while he lapped around her clit. Her button swelled, an easy target for his flicking tongue. His ring finger stroked her ass while the index and middle slid in, encountering just the right amount of resistance.

He found the right rhythm immediately. She moaned, writhing, giving him such clear feedback that he couldn't help but do her right. Suddenly her breathing shifted. She came with tiny, stifled cries of ecstasy.

His wife never came that easily. Tremendously aroused, he slid forward. Hot pussy walls closed snugly around his hard-on.

She gasped as he entered her. He fucked her hard and long, saving his orgasm. Her moans told him she how much she liked it.

Finally she pressed upward with her hands—a signal. He rolled off, curious, and had hardly settled on his back when she took him in her mouth.

It was perfect. With the first touch of her lips around his shaft all thoughts of endurance vanished. She swallowed every spurt—another thing his wife never did. Dizzy, he sagged against the carpet.

He stayed there, hardly believing how good it had been, as she dressed in the dark and left. Sighing, he gave her a few minutes, flicked on the red lights, and found his own clothes.

* * * *

Three weeks later, Glorie happened to be walking down the hall near the darkroom. Jack was there, gazing longingly at the revolving door.

She couldn't help it. She paused, remembering. She'd never had a man who could stay so hard for so long. She could barely wait until that night, their fourth rendezvous. Inevitably their eyes met.

It was only for a moment, but that was enough. His gaze shifted down across her body. Men often looked at her like that. It could mean nothing, but Glorie knew otherwise. Jack knew.

They passed. They said nothing. Nor would they, she decided. Things were great just the way they were. Why mess with it?

* * * *

George missed the notes. They had slowed to a trickle as Jack and Glorie settled into their affair. Other than that, he was delighted to have been of service.

One day, however, as he was emptying the trash, a crumpled piece of stationery dropped out. He read it and smiled conspiratorially. The cute lady editor wanted the accountant upstairs.

He scratched his head. This one might be a challenge. On the other hand, there were two darkrooms....

If you are connected to the Internet, take a moment to rate this ebook by going back to your bookshelf: [Click Here](#)