

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Night at the Office
By Drew Zachary

Greg Ewing was making his second set of rounds for the evening in the Quartermain building, humming softly to himself as he went. It was relatively early in his shift, just coming up to ten-thirty, but the office complex was dead quiet. This section, *his* section, was only six levels and the offices pretty much cleared out after business hours. That left him with a nightshift full of timed walks, a lot of radio chatter with the guys in the other sections, and a lot of magazines to read.

His neat stack of reading material was devoted to motorcycles. He knew what he wanted, and spent many an hour poring over specs and day-dreaming about the rides he was going to take. Then he'd go home, fall into bed, and have a few hours of actual dreams before he went to his day job, working at Tyler and Son's Auto Mechanics. The night guard thing was going to buy him a new bike, but his first love was mechanics; it always would be. There was no way he could do this kind of job forever; he'd die of boredom.

He took the stairs to the fourth floor, noted the time, and started walking down the hallway. He was still humming, the same little snatch of a song he couldn't remember the words to, and he took a look in each open office door as he went. Some lights were on, some were off, but there wasn't a soul to be seen. Computers worked, flashing screen savers at him, and in one office, a digital picture frame cycled through photos of someone's kids.

"Huh." Greg watched it for a while, bemused. "Don't that beat all?"

No one answered him, and he kept on going, his boots creaking slightly as he walked. At the end of the hall, he turned to the right and headed down the next stretch, moving toward the middle of the level. He'd do the outside perimeter and then move to the center, then take the elevator to the next floor. There, he'd trace his steps in reverse, working his way back to the stairs.

Die. Of. Boredom.

As he got to the far end of the fourth floor, he heard the first noise coming from the big corner office. It had to be Mr. Wittmeyer at Wittmeyer Solutions. The guy seemed to be a bit of a workaholic -- always in his office, bent over books or on the phone. The guy wasn't bad looking, either. Probably about Greg's own age, he had short brown hair and hazel eyes and one of those jaws you'd have to call chiseled. Greg realized he had no idea how tall the guy was -- he'd never seen Wittmeyer anywhere but firmly planted in his chair.

As he got closer, the sounds got clearer and they didn't sound like Wittmeyer on the phone. At all.

Greg paused for a moment, his head tilted to the side as he listened. He knew damn well that no one had been signed into the building after hours, and he was almost positive that Mr. Wittmeyer had to be alone. It didn't sound like it, though -- and they weren't talking. The best thing to do, of course, was turn around and walk away, but what if... well, what if there *was* someone in the building? Greg had to know about that; it was his job.

Still. It wasn't exactly polite to go barging in on a man when he was making sounds like *that*. But on the other hand, his door was open. That sort of invited at least a glance in to make sure he was okay and to confirm that the grunts weren't Mr. Wittmeyer getting the holy hell beat out of him.

Reasonably assured that he wasn't going to get fired for checking up on the man, Greg approached the door, moving slowly and quietly. He glanced in. Wittmeyer was definitely alone, and wasn't the one making the noises. Or at least not all of them. Greg could see the reflection from the computer

screen in the window behind Wittmeyer's head. There was a fucking daisy chain. He couldn't tell exactly, but it looked like four or five guys fucking each other hard.

And Mr. Wittmeyer... well, he was watching and very enthusiastically participating the only way he could.

Greg saw it all, including Wittmeyer's rather gorgeous cock poking out from his trousers, in the instant before Wittmeyer's eyes flashed to his.

Greg's mouth went dry, his face got hot, and his dick grew hard, fast. "Sorry, sir," he managed to say. "Just doing my rounds." He took a step back, but couldn't quite make himself look away.

The computer clicked off and Wittmeyer shoved his dick back into his pants fast enough Greg actually winced for the guy despite his embarrassment.

"I'll... uh, I'll go. Now. And you can get back to... uh, that." Oh, wow. Smooth hardly covered it. Greg winced. "I really am sorry."

"You always peek into the offices with sex sounds coming out of them?" Wittmeyer asked, his voice rough.

"First time it's happened," Greg admitted. "And it's my job to make sure the building is secure -- I wanted to know if there were unauthorized people in the building and to make sure you weren't getting beaten up." He shrugged and wished to everything holy that his cock would go down. "Do you always jack off with your door open?" Whoops. He didn't mean to say that part out loud.

Wittmeyer stared at him. "I thought I was alone." There was a hint of a stain on Wittmeyer's cheeks now, though, that hadn't been there a second ago.

Greg nodded and then shook his head. "But..." he said slowly, thinking about that, "you knew I was not only here, but that I'd be making rounds. Maybe even rounds on this floor." He took a step forward instead of back. "You knew you weren't alone."

"I had no way of knowing when you'd be by." Wittmeyer didn't look particularly upset that Greg was advancing instead of retreating. In fact, he hadn't looked all that upset about getting caught in the first place. Greg glanced at Wittmeyer's crotch. Things definitely hadn't gone down at all.

"And even knowing I *might* be by, you didn't close your door?" Greg started to grin. He also stopped willing his erection away. "Interesting."

"You got..." Wittmeyer did a slow up and down look, taking him all in before meeting his eyes challengingly. "...a problem with that?"

"Not anymore." Greg fingered off his radio and perched himself on the edge of Mr. Wittmeyer's desk. "But I might have to maybe make a report. I'm not sure."

"I'd rather you didn't do that." Wittmeyer's gaze flicked down to glance at his package. The man licked his lips. "Isn't there anything I can do to... convince you not to?"

"Maybe. To tell you the truth, I'm not even sure who'd I report to." Greg pretended to think about that for a moment. "Or even what. I mean, unauthorized use of the internet? If they want adult stuff blocked, they can do that on their own. Hell, maybe it's a DVD you brought from home." He looked at Wittmeyer and grinned. "Is it? Do you bring your good stuff to work with you? The stuff you know will get your motor running?"

"I own the company -- I can do what the hell I want on the internet. And in my office."

"No problem, then. I work for the property management company, though." Greg stood up. "Nothing to report, then. Too bad I have to get back to work." He almost held his breath, waiting to see if Wittmeyer was going to just let him go.

"I'm sure there's something I can do for you to make sure you keep mum about my little indiscretion. Some payment of some kind..." It didn't look like Wittmeyer was trying to offer him money.

"That would be... kind of you," Greg said thoughtfully. "It might ease some of my embarrassment, too. What do you have in mind?" He sat back down on the desk, his legs spread wide, on display.

"I think you'd better tell me what you want. I'd hate to get it wrong."

"I don't know if you could, seeing as how you're the big boss and all." Greg looked Wittmeyer up and down, taking in the rumpled, after-hours suit and the flush of Wittmeyer's skin. Greg's pulse picked up a couple of beats and he shifted his weight, his balls starting to ache. "But what I want is to see your pretty mouth around my cock."

Wittmeyer's eyes got darker and he swallowed. "Yes, sir." Just like that, Wittmeyer went to his knees in front of Greg and began nuzzling.

Oh, *man*. "Sir, even. I like that." Greg put one hand on the back of Wittmeyer's head to keep him right there. "Do it nice and slow. Get me out and take your time."

"Yes, sir." Wittmeyer looked up at him. "You're the boss." Then the man went back to nuzzling, mouthing him through his pants.

Greg had never been boss of anything a day in his life, but he could live with getting blowjobs as a job benefit.

"That's it," he said, pushing harder against Wittmeyer's mouth. "Right up to the tip." He could feel the cotton of his boxers getting slick where he was leaking. "Undo my zipper."

Wittmeyer slid his hands up along the insides of Greg's legs, fingers spread and dragging on him.

"Do it," Greg said, a bit more harshly. He tugged on Wittmeyer's hair and glared down at him. "Now."

Wittmeyer groaned and his hands moved faster, still touching Greg's legs, but getting quickly to his zipper. The long fingers didn't bother with his belt or the button; they focused on the zipper and tugged it down.

Greg shuddered, a long roll down his spine. Being obeyed was almost as heady as the mouth sliding along his shaft, over the heavy fabric of his uniform. "Good, good." He looked down and nodded. "Now. Get my dick out and lick. Show me what your tongue can do."

"Yes, sir." The words sounded like they were being dragged out of him, but Wittmeyer obeyed eagerly enough.

His cock was taken out, Wittmeyer's hands warm and careful. Then Wittmeyer slid his tongue across the tip of Greg's dick. Gasping, Greg held on tight to both the desk and to Wittmeyer. He had to force himself not to plunge in and start fucking Wittmeyer's face, not to pull the man's head closer.

"Yeah. More. Just licking -- I'll tell you when to suck. Get me wet." Greg's cock swelled even harder, straining toward Wittmeyer.

Wittmeyer's eyes closed and he licked all around Greg's cock, tongue lapping and laving. Wittmeyer was fucking good at it, like he loved tasting cock.

Greg moved again, angling his hips and getting his butt closer to the edge of the desk. He groaned, unable to keep it in, and humped up, rubbing his prick on Wittmeyer's cheek. "Like that? Like the way my meat tastes?" He reached down and gave his balls a fast grope, his pants far too tight around his nuts. "Want me to stuff your mouth?"

"Yes, sir. Yes." Wittmeyer humped the air.

"You wait until I say before you get off, hear?" Greg had no idea how far he could push this thing, but he was going to try to get them both off with as big a bang as he could. "Say yes, and open wide."

"Yes, sir." Wittmeyer opened his mouth and pushed forward, stopping just before taking Greg's cock in.

"Good boy." Greg grunted and thrust in, his hand on the back of Wittmeyer's neck, holding him in place to take it. "Oh, fuck. Yes." His eyes rolled back and he hoped to hell that Wittmeyer wasn't going to gag as he started fucking with long, deep strokes.

Wittmeyer took it like a trooper, tongue slapping at Greg's cock, suction like a damn Hoover.

Greg grunted and groaned again, getting far more into it with every thrust. His cock was so fucking hard it was like the flashlight he always carried. "Jesus. Yes. Suck me off." Wittmeyer's lips were getting swollen, pink and shiny. "Look up at me. Do it."

The man's eyes flashed up at him and he could see the desire in them, making them dark.

"Next time," Greg said slowly, gliding into Wittmeyer's hot mouth, so close to shooting his load he was shaking, "next time I catch you jerking off here, I'll fuck you over your desk. Take your ass hard and make you come on your own desk."

Wittmeyer's moan vibrated around his cock, the sensation shooting along it and straight to his balls.

"*God!*" Greg's eyes closed and he pulled Wittmeyer's face right into his groin, his balls spasming as they emptied in three long pulses. "Take it. God, yes." He pulled back enough to let Wittmeyer breathe, but didn't let go of his head. "Your turn," Greg said, panting. "Go for it."

Wittmeyer shoved his hands down his pants, hips pumping a few times before he cried out around Greg's cock and stilled.

Nodding, breathing hard, Greg rocked in and out of Wittmeyer's mouth for another moment before letting him go and pulling away. "Not bad. You've got a good mouth." He had to undo his belt to rearrange his clothes and put his wet cock away.

Wittmeyer licked his lips and had just opened his mouth to answer when they heard the footsteps, clearly headed their way. Slipping back into his chair, Wittmeyer moved it away from the desk and pointed, hissing, "Get in there."

"Where?" Greg was almost frozen, but Wittmeyer urgently pointed again, down and back. Under the desk. Okay, then. Greg scrambled, folding himself up as he got down, grateful that he was not terribly tall and a little on the lean side, and that the desk had a solid front that would shield him.

Wittmeyer scooted his chair forward, legs spread to bracket him.

The footsteps came closer and then stopped. "Oh. Hello there, sir." Shit, that sounded like Granger.

"Yes? Can I help you?" Wittmeyer sounded every inch the annoyed executive and not a man who'd just gotten off on sucking Greg off and then coming in his pants.

"Well, maybe, sir." Granger sounded like he'd rather be anywhere than there. "Sorry to bother you, though."

Greg rolled his eyes and willed Granger to just hurry up. He could smell come, and it was a little distracting. Actually, he could see it, too. Greg looked at Wittmeyer's pants and the wet spot forming. It would be a shame to have such nice pants ruined. Carefully, Greg leaned forward and reached out for Wittmeyer's fly. Maybe Greg could clean him up a bit.

Wittmeyer's legs went stiff, but otherwise the man made no indication that he knew what Greg was up to. "Well, what is it?" The snap sounded impatient, but Greg liked to think that was due more to what he was doing than Wittmeyer pretending he was busy.

"I haven't heard from Ewing in a while. Greg Ewing. He's the man in this section." Granger was dithering.

Greg got Wittmeyer's fly open and slid a hand inside, finding slick and sticky spots. He licked one of his fingers clean and decided that was just fine. If he was lucky -- if they were all lucky -- Granger would keep dithering while Greg got himself a bit closer. It only took a bit of squeeze under the keyboard tray and he could lick, hands pushing Wittmeyer's legs a little farther apart.

Wittmeyer's cock twitched. Hard.

"And how is this my problem?" Wittmeyer sounded more aroused than annoyed now, but hopefully Granger wouldn't notice the difference.

"Well, it's not, of course. But if you've seen him or heard from him, it would be helpful. His radio might be acting up, and I'd hate to have to walk every floor if I don't need to."

Greg kept licking, cleaning up spunk and nudging at Wittmeyer's cock. His own cock was liking the action, the danger; hell, he was getting off on so many aspects of the whole thing he didn't know what was turning him on most. He got the pants totally undone, pulled them to the sides, and then Wittmeyer's boxers tugged down. He opened his mouth and took Wittmeyer in, letting him get hard in Greg's mouth.

And hard Wittmeyer got, cock going solid in seconds.

The man shifted and Greg got Wittmeyer's pants tugged down a bit from around his hips. "He came awhile ago."

Greg would have snickered, but his mouth was full and he was still tasting come. He worked his hand into Wittmeyer's trousers and played with the man's balls.

"Oh. That's good to know. Thank you, sir, sorry to interrupt." Granger sounded like he was moving away. "Don't work too hard."

Wittmeyer made a noise that a generous -- or oblivious -- man would have said was a snort. He also shifted down on his chair a little more, legs spreading wider.

"I'll keep looking," Granger called, now down the hall. "If he comes around again, tell him to check his batteries."

Greg sucked hard, his fingers stretching to reach Wittmeyer's hole. His own pants were way too tight again.

"You need..." Wittmeyer moaned softly. "You need to check your batteries."

Greg came off Wittmeyer's cock with a slurp. "I'll get right on that. After I'm done here."

Wittmeyer's laughter was strained.

"It's cramped under here." Greg's fingertip found what it was looking for and he stroked over Wittmeyer's ass. "And you're a very kinky man."

Wittmeyer's whole body bucked for him. "Look who's talking."

"Good point." Greg grinned. "Thanks for covering for me." He licked at the head of Wittmeyer's cock and teased his hole again. "Ask me for what you want."

"Suck me, man. Make me come."

"That's not asking," Greg scolded gently. "That's telling." He withdrew his hand.

"Oh, fuck. Sorry, sir." He could hear the need in Wittmeyer's voice. "Please, sir. Suck me, please."

"Better." Greg licked him again and rolled Wittmeyer's balls. "Much better." He opened wide and started sucking, his head bobbing. His own cock was stiff, insistent, and with his free hand, Greg undid his belt.

"Thank you. Thank you, sir."

Greg let Wittmeyer's dick hit the back of his throat and grunted. God, that was hot. He got a hand around his own cock and squeezed, then sucked harder on Wittmeyer, tapping his hole again. He wanted in there, bad. But he'd make Wittmeyer wait for it.

"Fuck, I'm going to. I need to come, sir."

He could hear the desperate need in Wittmeyer's voice.

Looking up, Greg nodded. Greg shoved his finger into Wittmeyer's ass, just to the first knuckle, and let him do what he was going to do. The rush of power was astounding, enough to make him dizzy with lust.

"Fuck!" Wittmeyer shouted the word out as come poured down Greg's throat.

Greg swallowed and licked and maybe even growled a bit as he took it. He held his own erection in a tight fist, beating off faster and faster as tingles and tension raced down his spine. Just before he came, he let Wittmeyer slip from his mouth and Greg looked up as he came all over the floor.

"Something to remember me by," he tried to say. He wasn't sure how well it came out; his ears were ringing too loudly for him to hear.

Wittmeyer reached for Greg's face and wiped something away from the corner of his mouth.

Greg grabbed for Wittmeyer's wrist and held his hand there. "Messy." He shrugged and let go. "Oh, well." He grinned, unable to help it. "Can I get up now?" Not that he entirely trusted his legs to work.

Wittmeyer pushed his chair back and chuckled. "I don't know. Can you?"

"I don't know." Greg laughed and tried to get out from under the desk without getting spunk on his knees. "Well. That was a nice change of pace." He got to his feet and leaned on the desk for a moment, trying to keep his balance.

Wittmeyer looked smug, satisfied. It was a good look on the guy.

Greg made sure he was all done up and put away, then picked up his radio and turned it back on. With a wink, he checked his batteries before he walked toward the door. "Oh, hey. Don't forget what I said I'd do if I catch you doing that in here again."

Wittmeyer's grin was lazy. "I won't. I'm counting on it."

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