

Conferenced In

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A most important meeting.....

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SEE ME IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM. She looked at the email in dismay and her stomach sank from the "yell" text and then flipped habitually due to her amorous unrequited feelings. The smell of his aftershave was on her memory speed dial. his gaze, the cold appraisal rode her clit and her brain ran screaming out the intimidation door. the other girls in the office referred to him as beef stew. a play on his first name. Rochelle called him sir when she fucked him in her daydreams not finding a more appealing term for the man she worked for. Mr Davis was what she used at work, avoiding the term sir and the flush it sent her desire for him. He had a strict dress policy that was flattering but uncomfortable. it fit the black and white sleek company logo but she fought back by wearing outrageous colors and mismatching silk under her black skirt. White blouse and black skirt every day uncomfortable and secretly rebellious. at least she got to pick her style of shoes. today she wore comfy ankle strapped four inch open toed heels with a fifties retro feel. yellow lace bra, and racy silk hi hip panties. a darker red slip and no hose. she felt better in the underwear than the uniform. Rochelle had walked the hall dragging her feet, called the elevator and rode it to the top floor. the door to the conference room painfully close to the elevator. steeling her nerves she opened the door expecting an executive jury to meet her instead there was "stew" looking out the window. alone and apparently deep in the thoughts of her mistake whatever it was. He told her to take a seat and he would be with her in a second, not even turning around. Angry she could handle but if he was disappointed that was another story. since it was just the two of them, she sat next to his seat at the head of the conference table. Worrying as she surveyed his tall frame looking out the window and still admiring his frame in the black armani suit that was his uniform. He wore it like he was born in one, enfuratingly sexy! Stu had made up his mind to reprioritize, today he was asking for something he probably shouldnt but how could he keep working with Rochelle and not have her as his own. He would normally court and seduce her but the relationship they had with work made that impossible. He made a mental note to be more involved in the interview process. And ran his game plan through his head not noticing the view below his rightful reign. He ran the plays he wanted first. Stride over to Rochelle, rip off her clothes, take out months of frustration on her ample ass and save her pussy for a second round. no words, just action. Yeah that will work great. he slapped himself on his own back mentally and settled for plan two. She said his name Mr davis and his balls ached with the pent up frustration of wanting her. All or nothing he thought as he turned to face the girl seated at the conference table.

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