

THE HOME OFFICE MEETING



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Elena adjusted the camera angle on her laptop for the fifth time. The home office was quiet except for the soft hum of the air conditioning and the distant sound of her husband David moving around downstairs. She wore a crisp white blouse unbuttoned just enough to show the lace edge of her black bra, and a short black skirt that rode high on her thighs when she sat. Professional enough for the weekly team meeting. Barely.

The Zoom window filled with familiar faces: her manager Rachel, cool and collected; Tom from marketing, always a little too attentive; and Maya, the new hire who had been sending Elena increasingly bold glances in the office chat for weeks.

“Morning, everyone,” Elena said, smiling at the camera.

Rachel launched into the agenda. Numbers. Deadlines. Client feedback. Elena half-listened, her mind already drifting. David had texted her twenty minutes earlier:

Leave the door unlocked. I'll be up during your meeting.



She had replied with a single heart emoji and a photo of her bare thighs under the desk.

Ten minutes into the call, the door behind her opened quietly. David stepped in, closed it, and locked it with a soft click. Elena's pulse jumped. She kept her eyes on the screen, nodding at something Rachel was saying, while David walked up behind her chair.

His hands settled on her shoulders, warm and deliberate. He leaned down and kissed the side of her neck, just below her ear. Elena's breath caught. She muted her microphone for a second.

"You're early," she whispered.

"Couldn't wait," he murmured against her skin. His hands slid down, cupping her breasts through the blouse, thumbs brushing over her nipples until they tightened. Elena bit her lip and unmuted.

Rachel was still talking. Elena made an appropriate sound of agreement.



David's fingers worked the remaining buttons of her blouse open. He pulled the fabric apart, exposing the black lace bra. Then he reached around and tugged the cups down, freeing her breasts. The cool air of the room kissed her nipples. Elena's cheeks flushed, but she kept her expression carefully neutral for the camera.

Tom was speaking now about conversion rates. Elena nodded, her thighs pressing together under the desk as David rolled both nipples between his fingers, pinching just hard enough to make her shift in the chair.

He knelt beside her, out of the camera's view, and pushed her chair back a few inches. Elena's skirt was already hiked high. David slid his hands up her bare thighs, hooked his fingers into the sides of her thong, and pulled it down her legs. She lifted her hips to help him. The thong disappeared into his pocket.

Elena was already wet. She could feel it.

David's mouth found the inside of her thigh, kissing slowly upward. Elena's fingers tightened on the edge of the desk. She kept her eyes on the screen, answering a direct question from Rachel with a steady voice even as David's tongue finally dragged along her slit.



She almost moaned.

David licked her slowly, thoroughly, spreading her open with his thumbs so he could circle her clit with the tip of his tongue. Elena's hips wanted to roll. She forced them still. Her voice stayed calm as she discussed timeline adjustments, but her free hand slid under the desk and tangled in David's hair, holding him against her.

He sucked her clit between his lips and flicked it with his tongue. Elena's thighs trembled. She muted herself again for three seconds, let out a shaky breath, then unmuted and smiled at the camera.

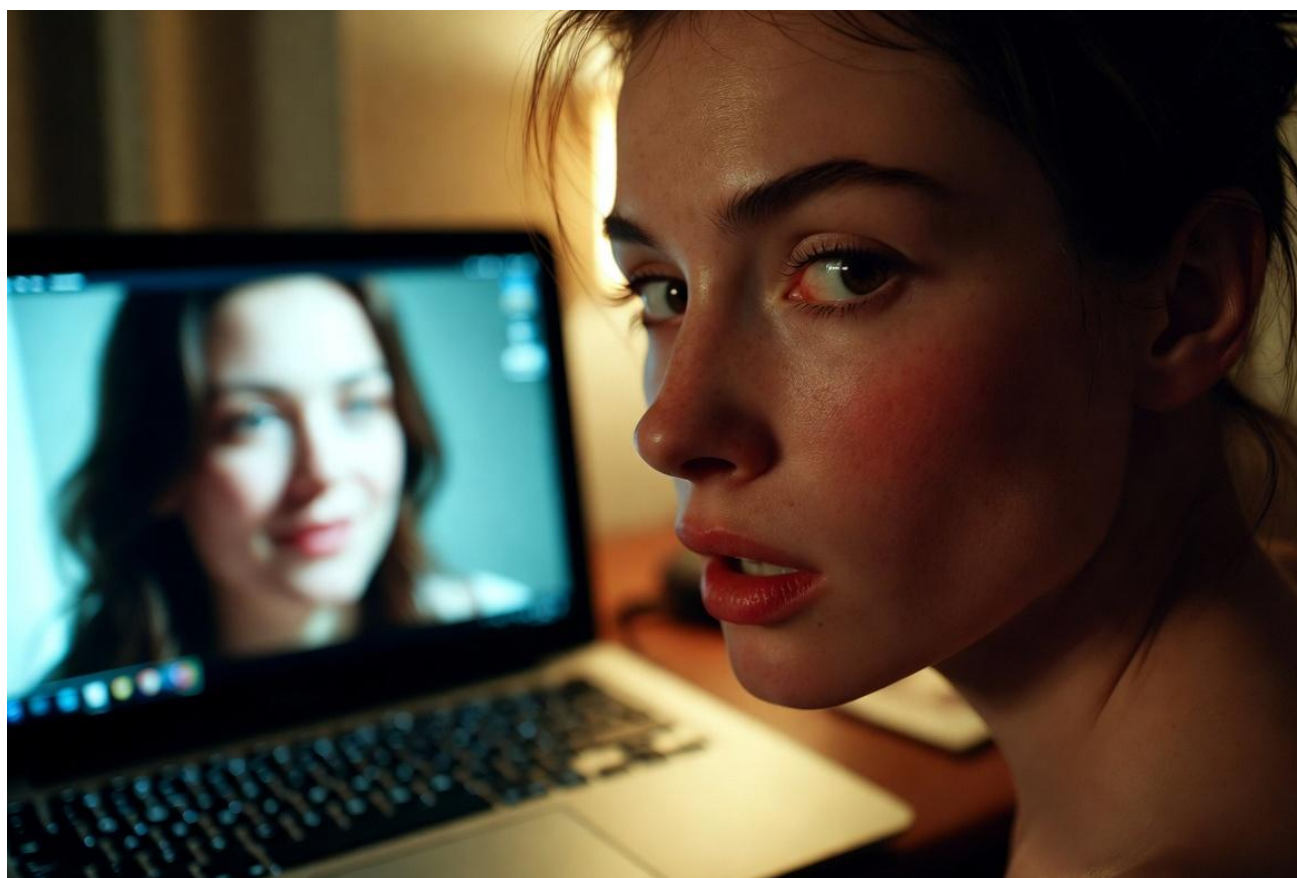
Maya was watching her a little too closely.

David pushed two fingers inside her while he continued licking. The wet sound was soft but unmistakable to anyone close enough. Elena's inner walls clenched around his fingers. He curled them, finding the spot that always made her melt, and rubbed steadily while his tongue worked her clit.

She came hard and silently, biting the inside of her cheek, her legs shaking under the desk. David kept licking her through it, gentler now, until the aftershocks faded.

He stood, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and unzipped his pants. His cock was thick and already hard. Elena's eyes flicked down for a split second, then back to the screen.

David guided the head of his cock to her entrance and pushed in slowly. Elena's mouth opened on a silent gasp as he filled her. He didn't rush. He sank deeper, inch by inch, until his hips met her ass. Then he began to fuck her with long, controlled strokes—deep enough that she felt every ridge, slow enough that the chair barely moved.



Elena answered another question from Rachel, her voice only slightly breathier than usual.

David's hands gripped her waist under the desk. He fucked her harder, the wet sound of his cock sliding in and out of her now louder. Elena's breasts swayed with each thrust. She reached up and pinched one of her own nipples, biting her lip.

On the screen, Tom had gone quiet. Maya's cheeks were pink. Rachel was still talking, oblivious—or pretending to be.

David leaned over her, one hand sliding up to cover her mouth lightly as he thrust deeper. Elena moaned against his palm. He fucked her with short, powerful strokes now, the kind that always pushed her over the edge fast. She came again, clenching hard around him, her vision blurring for a second.

David pulled out, breathing heavily. He turned her chair slightly, guided her head down, and fed his cock between her lips. Elena sucked him eagerly, tasting herself on his skin. She took him deep, relaxing her throat the way he liked, while her hand stroked what she couldn't fit.

Above the desk, she kept her eyes on the camera, nodding at something Maya said.

David's hand rested on the back of her head, not pushing, just holding. He let her suck him for another minute before pulling free with a wet pop.

He spun her chair back to face the desk properly, lifted one of her legs, and hooked it over the armrest so she was open and exposed. Then he pushed back inside her in one smooth thrust.

This time he didn't hold back. He fucked her hard and deep, the wet slap of skin against skin filling the small office. Elena's hands gripped the edge of the desk. Her blouse hung open, breasts bouncing with every thrust. She was past caring about the camera. Her moans were soft but no longer completely silent.

Rachel finally noticed something was off.

"Elena? Everything okay over there?"

Elena looked straight into the camera, cheeks flushed, lips parted, and smiled. "Everything's perfect. Just... multitasking."



David laughed quietly behind her and drove in harder.

Maya's eyes were wide. Tom had leaned closer to his screen. Rachel's eyebrows rose, then a slow, knowing smile curved her mouth.

"Well," Rachel said smoothly, "perhaps we should wrap the formal portion of this meeting. Elena, why don't you stay on the call for a few more minutes? The rest of you can drop off."

Tom and Maya disconnected almost immediately—though Maya's last glance was pure heat. Rachel stayed.

David didn't stop fucking Elena. He reached around and rubbed her clit in tight circles while he thrust. Elena came a third time with a broken cry, her pussy fluttering around his cock.

Rachel watched from the screen, chin resting on her hand, eyes dark with interest.

"You two are filthy," she said, voice low. "I've been wondering how long it would take."

David pulled out, stroked himself twice, and came across Elena's lower stomach and the tops of her thighs in thick ropes. Elena watched, breathing hard, then looked back at the camera.

Rachel smiled. "Next week's meeting is at my place. Bring David. And leave the door unlocked."

The call ended.

David cleaned her gently with a warm cloth from the bathroom, then pulled her into his lap. Elena curled against his chest, still half-dressed, thoroughly fucked, and glowing.

"That was reckless," she murmured.

"You loved every second of it."

She laughed softly and kissed him. "I really did."

Downstairs the house was quiet. Upstairs, the home office smelled of sex and perfume. Elena's laptop screen had gone dark, but the memory of the open call—and the promise of next week—lingered like a spark.

She reached for her phone and typed a quick message to the private group chat she shared with Maya and Rachel:

Next meeting is going to be interesting.

The replies came fast.

Maya: *I want a front-row seat.* Rachel: *You'll have more than that.*

Elena smiled, set the phone down, and let David carry her to the bedroom for round two—this time without an audience.

For now.