

Encounter -- Corporate Spy: Valuable Assets

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Valuable Assets

As I scanned in my ID card and made my way down the hall to the elevator doors, my mood was way better than a Monday morning called for. My weekend had been uneventful since my friend-with-benefits was out of town on some secret mission, so can you blame a girl for looking forward to seeing her sexy-ass boss again?

As I passed other employees of EMpower, I couldn't help but feel like everyone was staring at me -- like they could see right through the sober skirt-suit to the... special something I had underneath. A pleasant shiver ran down my spine. Something told me Emmanuel would be more than happy to see me as well.

The elevator pinged, and I marched down to the gleaming doors of Emmanuel Godard's office, sashaying like I was on a Paris runway. I swept my card in the slot, and the door opened.

"Good morning, Sir," I purred, coming up closer and leaning on his desk. I made sure the edge of the lace-and-vinyl bra peeked out from under my unbuttoned white dress shirt.

God, I missed him -- even if it were only for two days. The sight of those chocolate-colored eyes with their lush eyelashes, those full lips, and his swimmer's body in that tailored suit made me cream my crotchless black lace thong.

Emmanuel looked up at me. "Good morning, Genevieve."

I raised an eyebrow. *What, that's it?* I leaned in closer, discreetly undoing another button. "I have something for you," I whispered.

"I hope it's a double espresso. Black."

I sprang back, blinking in surprise. Had I hear him correctly? "But..." I stammered.

"Genevieve, this is all fun and games to you, but I have an investors' meeting in five minutes."

I stood there, feeling like a world-class moron. Unfortunately, that did nothing for the ache between my legs.

"So please go get that coffee, and take it to the boardroom 1A."

His gaze returned to the computer screen in front of him.

I did my best to hide my disappointment. "Very well."

As I wrestled with the espresso machine, my frustration grew into something like anger. Meetings had never stopped him before. What the hell was the matter with him? Could it be one of the investors was some curvaceous blonde?

Well, that won't fly, Mr. Godard. Maybe with some ordinary ninny secretary. But you're dealing with a spy here. I lingered outside the boardroom with my espresso until the clock showed 8:59. Then I set the coffee down in front of Emmanuel's chair, quickly looked around, and slipped under the table like a child playing hide and seek. The conference table was massive, angular, with panels down its sides that concealed me perfectly.

Okay, so hiding under a table was not exactly high espionage. But for what I had in mind, it was just right.

Sure enough, in a minute people started to file in. I could hear the tapping of fingers on keyboards, rustle of papers and hushed voices. They all grew silent when

Emmanuel walked in. He greeted them customarily as he made his way to his enormous leather office chair and took a seat.

It took him a fraction of a second to notice me. I grinned at him. His eyes widened, but when he looked up he assumed his usual perfect, composed and neutral expression.

He went on with his prepared speech, betraying no sign that his wayward secretary was crouching next to his chair. *Oh, really. Let's see how long it lasts.*

Gently, I ran my hand along the seam of his trouser leg. He didn't so much as shiver. Very well. I moved on to his inner thigh, tracing the seam up and down with my fingertip. A barely perceptible tremor ran through him. I grinned to myself.

When I caressed the bulge in his trousers, his voice faltered for a second, but he managed to get it under control. Lucky for me, some other things he couldn't control so well. He grew hard under the expensive woollen fabric, his cock swelling to its full, more than impressive size. I teased its outline with my fingernails. He drew in a sharp breath, and I felt his thighs and stomach tense.

To my disappointment, he had finished saying what he had to say, and one of the men in the boardroom got up and started to drone on, something about assets.

Fortunately, I had the one of Emmanuel's assets that interested me most right in my face. Taking my time, I slid down his zipper. I saw his hand grip the arm of the chair, knuckles turning white.

Sorry, boss. That's what you get for leaving a girl hanging.

I noted with malicious satisfaction that he wasn't wearing briefs. I eased his cock out of his trousers and it bounced free, long and thick and hard and gorgeous. I wrapped my hand around it- it was too thick to fit into my hand- and gave it a squeeze. The vein on the underside of Emmanuel's cock bulged, and I saw his hand tremble as he gripped the chair arm harder.

I stroked, slowly, all the way up to the swollen, shiny cinnamon-colored head, and back down. The only thing I regretted was not being able to see his face.

His legs tensed, muscles flexing as he struggled to stay in control. I wasn't going to make it easy for him. I flicked my tongue over the head of his cock. He tasted fresh and clean, with just a hint of that delicious salty musk. His legs quivered as I licked, coating him with my saliva, and sucked the head of his cock into my mouth while my hand worked his shaft.

Immediately I tasted salty pre-come on my tongue. His body was tense, radiating heat, and I sucked on his cock-head, gently at first, then harder and harder until I took all of his length into my mouth. I could feel his cock throbbing, aching for me to continue, but decided to torture him a little. I stayed still, slipping my hand into his trousers to cup his balls. By the way he shuddered I knew he was just about ready to explode.

Perfect.

I let his cock slide halfway out of my mouth and started stroking his thick, veiny shaft with my free hand, teasing the slit at the tip of his cock with my tongue at the same time.

It did not take long. Just as the investor/manager/executive/whoever was extolling the virtues of this or that deal, Emmanuel reached under the table, threading his fingers through my hair. Yes! Arousal surged within me as he shoved my head onto his cock. It pulsed in my mouth, spilling hot salty come into the back of my throat. I sucked harder, swallowing it all up. He held back a gasp of pleasure- just barely. No doubt the investor thought he was getting this excited about the profits.

His cock jolted a couple more times with the aftershocks of the orgasm, and he sighed with deep satisfaction as I released him from my grasp.

"Y..yes." I heard his voice somewhere over my head. "This is... an exciting opportunity for all of us."

You bet it is.

Once everyone was gone, I emerged from under the table. Emmanuel zipped up his trousers. His hands were shaking just a little.

“This will get you one hell of a punishment, you know,” he said casually. He threaded his fingers through my hair and manoeuvred me down onto the table.

“Actually,” I murmured as he hiked up my skirt to expose my crotchless thong, “That was kinda the point.”

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