**A Very Public Display**

by[SouthCoastSurfer](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1362257&page=submissions)©

I wake early, my legs all tangled up in the hot covers.   
  
Letting out a sleepy groan I kick them away down the bed and roll into the centre where it's cooler, long hair trailing out behind me. The nape of my neck feels damp with perspiration.   
  
Despite the hour, the sun is already up. Shining through the gaps in the blind. Tiger striping my body with soft orange light.  
  
Gosh it's hot. It's the first proper week of summer and already the papers are full of Heatwave! Global warming. Hottest ever...  
  
I stretch out on my front. Enjoying the coolness of the sheets against my bare legs. Close my eyes again. My skin still feels hot. Tingly. The slightest remnants of a dream that I can't really remember somewhere in the back of my fuzzy head. I stretch out an exploratory arm but he's already gone. I vaguely remember something about an early meeting in the city.  
  
Even the thought of him has me ready to go and despite my drowsiness I can already feel the familiar heat between my legs. I get this way sometimes. So horny that it's all I can think about. Like a hunger. An almost insatiable need to get myself off. My hand drifts down.  
  
Our relationship is still relatively new. New enough to still be firmly within the honeymoon period at any rate. We talk all the time. Stay up late. Drink too much. I can barely recall a time in the last few years where I have laughed so much or felt so content and happy.   
  
Oh, and we screw constantly. Like mink.   
  
Sex with him is different. Exciting. Addictive. The other day we went to the supermarket together and I wore nothing more than my raincoat and heels. Teasing him with the occasional flash of skin when I thought no one was looking. Not exactly a normal shopping trip but typical of the kind of thing he has me doing.   
  
I let out a little sigh of frustration. How quickly I've got used to him being here. Adam. My boyfriend. How quickly I've got used to our morning routine. I can't help but rub myself a little through my underwear. Still laying on my front. My favourite way to masturbate, fingers circling. Eyes closed.   
  
BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.  
  
The alarm shocks me from my thoughts. Jolts me awake. I open one bleary eye and let out a sigh, reaching across and above my head to switch it off.   
  
It's late and only now do I realise I must have hit the snooze button three or four times already. My twin passions at the moment – sex and sleeping. I stretch out, trying to ignore the craving between my legs. Need to get up. Need to go to work.  
  
I kick the sheets aside and sit up. Pull my hair out of my face with one hand and up into a ponytail. Slide out of bed. Pad sleepily to the bathroom.   
  
As I go about my morning routine I gradually begin to wake up. I discard my clothes on the cool tiles of the bathroom floor. Catch my pale, naked reflection in the shower screen as I slide open the door and step in.   
  
My senses come gradually to life under the hot cascade of water as it runs down over my naked body, slowly washing away all vestiges of last nights antics. I shampoo my hair before rubbing body wash into my skin. Scrubbing myself clean. I try to keep my mind empty, just focus on the job at hand but inevitably he seeps into my consciousness.  
  
Just small flashes. The look in his dark brown eyes, his mouth full of me. Tongue swirling slowly back and forth. In and out. I squeeze my legs together at the memory. I still feel slightly tender down there. Close my eyes beneath the spray of water.  
  
I need to get a grip. Need to get out of the shower. Need to stop thinking about his thick cock and the empty ache between my legs.   
  
Somehow I manage to finish up and turn the water off. I grab a towel and dry myself quickly, the soft fibres feeling rough on my sensitive skin. A cloud of steam pursues me from the bathroom as I open the door into the hallway.   
  
Once back in the bedroom I finish up my routine; deodorant, make up, perfume and hair. Pausing to take in my naked reflection in front of the mirror. The girl that stares back at me is a stranger. Face flushed, pupils dilated, Hard nipples on small, high breasts. She seems to radiate sex. A petite, naked, cock hungry slut.   
  
Surely I can't go to work like this? Surely someone will notice? Will be able to tell what is in my head just by looking at me?  
  
Another memory from last night flashes through my mind; the wet splatter against the tiles of the kitchen. Like someone upending a glass of water. My feet and legs suddenly drenched.   
  
Even now I flush with embarrassment (and something else). I can't believe he made me come like that. Like something out of a porn film. Surely that kind of thing doesn't happen in real life? But it had. Jet after jet shooting out of me and onto the kitchen floor.  
  
Afterwards he had to hold me up, supporting me where my knees were weak. My body still in spasm, causing little trickles to run down my legs.   
  
I try to focus, to be normal. For a moment I think the urge might fade but of course it doesn't. I feel like I'm going to implode if I don't do something about it.   
  
I want to wank. Want to drop to my knees on the carpet and rub myself off. I want him to come home and fuck me again. What I really, really don't want to do is to have to spend the entire day at work in this condition!   
  
My hand snakes between my legs, almost of its own volition. Just a little bit, I think. Just to see how wet I am.   
  
I part my legs slightly. Trace my fingertips over my freshly shaven skin. Jesus I'm horny. Coated in a warm, slippery wetness. Swollen with arousal.   
  
Heat radiates from within, drawing my fingers and I slide them deep and back out again. Up and over my clit. All slick now with my juices.  
  
I'm so turned on. If I was any hornier it'd be running down my legs! A cacophony of images flickers through my head as I begin to frantically stroke myself, my body screaming for release.   
  
More from last night. Except this time, instead of me cleaning up with kitchen towels while he showered, I imagine Adam behind me, fucking me in the mess I've made. Pushing my face down into it. The sweet taste on my tongue.  
  
I come hard, bent almost double with the exertion of release. panting like a dog. No finesse or patience, Just pure resolve. An addict needing a fix.   
  
Fuck, I needed that. Slowly, I straighten up, rational thought returning. God, what is wrong with me at the moment? No time to savour the feeling. Need to get to work.   
  
I let out a series of shaky breaths and look in the mirror, afraid of what I will see, but it's not too bad. Just a few minor fixes to the make-up. No time to clean myself up or shower again.  
  
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My eyes drift to the tortoiseshell glasses on my bedside, my latest wardrobe addition. I still can't quite believe I have to wear glasses. I have somehow passed thirty and instantly become some kind of short sighted mole girl!   
  
It's not that they're not stylish. They are. God knows they were expensive enough. It's just that I still feel so self conscious wearing them. I can't help but feel like some kind of nerdy scientist. Like I've left my lab coat somewhere.   
  
I'm hoping that this will pass. That I can wear them without feeling like a dick, but I'm not there yet. Also, is it even possible to look beautiful wearing glasses? Or is the best I can hope for some kind of "hot librarian" look?  
  
I let out a sigh, thinking for the umpteenth time that I need to sort out contact lenses. Oh well.   
  
I quickly dress, thankful that I had already ironed my work clothes for the week. I am halfway though buttoning my trousers when I remember I have a meeting today. Shit!  
  
Quickly skim them down my legs and off, frantically rooting through the wardrobe for something suitable. My eyes linger momentarily on a tan business skirt I bought last year, ironed and on its hanger.  
  
I quickly pull the tight material up over my hips, tuck my crisp white blouse into the high waistband. Not bad. There. Not bad at all. The skirt clings to my legs and hips, but in a good way. I look businesslike. Professional. It is only when I turn that I remember how high the split in the back is and why I rarely wear this outfit but what the hell, it seems to fit my mood and at least it makes me look a little less of a geek.   
  
Tights? Too hot. Stockings? Too risky with that split. Bare legs then. Definitely warm enough. I look at my reflection a final time. Undo two buttons, do them up again. Too much cleavage. Undo one. Then the other. Fuck it. Heels, handbag and phone and then I am out the door and click clacking my way down the stairs on the way to the subway.  
  
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The first part of my morning passes in the usual blur of activity. Thankfully I am too busy to focus on anything but preparation for my meeting and so have no time to dwell on Adam or what he may have planned for me later.  
  
Around 10.30 James finally swans in. Pausing only to distract at least three of my staff from their work. I swear he does it on purpose, cocky little shit.  
  
James is a consultant who is purportedly here to help us improve efficiency but who apparently prefers to spend his time flirting and generally being an arrogant prat. He can't be much more than 22 or 23 and apparently only got the job on account of being the son of one of the directors. Needless to say, we do not see eye to eye.  
  
I can't quite put my finger on what it is about him that I find so irritating. I have noticed that he always seems to be watching me whenever he thinks I'm not looking and sometimes when he knows I am. Other people have noticed this too.   
  
Lisa overheard him talking about me to one of his little consultant pals in the canteen last week as well. Naturally she then immediately told me all about it. Apparently he called me a cougar. A cougar! I'm 31 years old, not some predatory old slapper! He then went on to say how I wouldn't act so high and mighty if he had me bent over my desk. As if.   
  
It's not like I am a complete stranger to being checked out in the office though. In fact most of the time I don't mind at all. It's sometimes a nice boost to the ego to know that someone finds you attractive as long as it's not too creepy or obvious.  
  
But James just bugs me.   
  
Anyway, with all of this last minute meeting preparation I'm really not in the mood for him today. Plus, if he says anything about my glasses I swear I'm going to smash his face in!  
  
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As it turns out, my fears are completely unfounded and James is nothing but charming. We work together on the presentation and I even have to admit that some of his ideas are actually quite good. However, as we work, I begin to notice him taking surreptitious glances at me. I'm sure he thinks he is being subtle but to anyone else watching us I'm sure it is completely blatant.   
  
Much to my consternation, I guess there is a small part of me that quite likes the attention though. I will concede that he is quite handsome in that public schoolboy, chiselled jaw kind of way. Always impeccably dressed. It's not really that I dislike him. He's just so...young. And annoying.  
  
As the morning goes on I find that I am even more aware of his gaze than usual. I must confess that I maybe play up to it a little. Put a bit more arch into my back as I bend over to talk to another colleague, knowing he will be watching. Perhaps pushing my bottom out a little further than normal.   
  
I only intend to tease him a little but as lunchtime draws closer, I receive my first email from Adam and my excitement is instantly ratcheted up to a level bordering on pornographic.   
  
There is no subject line and it simply reads: I have a surprise for you later.   
  
I wiggle a little in my seat, knowing full well what kind of surprise it will be – something dirty.   
  
What Kind of surprise? I respond straight away. Nothing if not predictable.   
  
It takes fifteen minutes for him to reply. A good one. You are going to be a very naughty girl later...  
  
I am suddenly and absurdly wet. A side effect of my wandering mind? What has he got planned? What is he going to make me do this time? Oh god.   
  
I can feel the heat settling between my legs again. The tightening of my nipples beneath my shirt. He must have emailed me from his blackberry. Sending me messages from his business meeting. Is he thinking about fucking me as his colleagues sit around talking about mergers and share options? Is he hard?  
  
An image of me naked and on top of him explodes into my mind. Sliding up and down on his thick cock, his hands cupping my breasts.  
  
As I look up, guiltily, I become acutely aware that James is still watching me. God I hope I'm not too obvious.  
  
I have a genuine moment of concern that he's going to come over and know how turned on I am. Somehow be able to tell just from my face. Or be able to smell me or something. Or that I'm so wet that I will leak through my skirt. Is that actually a possibility? My underwear feels sodden where I am so suddenly and ridiculously turned on.  
  
Please, not now I think as I try despairingly to will my errant body back under control. Ignore the craving between my legs.   
  
He keeps glancing my way and I find myself wondering what he is thinking? Is he thinking about me? Does he want to screw me? Is he hard? I wonder fleetingly what it would be like to fuck him. Wait till everyone else has gone home and then let him have me on my desk the way he wanted.   
  
On my back, legs spread wide, shirt open. Hands all over my breasts. His knees prying my thighs apart, pinning me to the desk with his weight. My tight pussy stretching around his cock as he fucks me.   
  
God but I'm horny. What am I going to do? I even fleetingly think about rubbing myself off in the work toilets but then discount the idea. Too risky. Distraction then. Lunch.  
  
I grab my phone and bag and bolt out into the sun, away from Adam. Away From James. Away from the unwanted images in my head.  
  
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When I get outside, the relative coolness of the morning has been scoured away by the heat of the sun and the air feels dense, close and muggy. Not even the slightest breath of wind.   
  
I slow my pace, trying not to get too hot and sweaty but I'm fighting a losing battle. I can feel the perspiration on my body and the dampness at the nape of my neck. I pin my hair up which helps a little but not enough.   
  
Despite the distraction of the heat, I am still barbarously aroused. I pause briefly, undoing another button on my shirt. Most of my cleavage now on display. Right at the limit of what could be considered decent.   
  
Other people notice too. What is it about the hot weather? I don't have big boobs. A nice handful is how an ex once described them. However, at least three guys that I pass blatantly stare at my tits. Their eyes travelling over my body. Shamelessly looking me up and down.   
  
Where ordinarily such behaviour would annoy me, today it doesn't. Today I feel sexy and wild. Today I want to be noticed. Lusted over. I wonder what they are thinking? Are they thinking about what it would be like to undress me? To touch me? Fuck me?   
  
I watch myself in a shop window as I pass. Put a little more sway into my walk than normal. Slim hips moving beneath the tight skirt. My legs look tan and worked out. Something sexy in the way my ankles flex with each step in my high heels.   
  
I'm also glad I wore my glasses now. They give me an air of respectability in contrast to my low buttoned shirt. I am not normally anywhere near this daring. In fact, before Adam I normally dressed quite conservatively.   
  
I have become a bit bolder though. It's not that I dress inappropriately or anything. More that now I will wear a dress where previously I may have worn trousers and a jumper.  
  
My new wardrobe has apparently not passed by unnoticed by the guys in the office either. This is a relatively new discovery for me. The kind of thing I would probably have been completely oblivious to, pre Adam. But now the amount of guys I notice checking me out is crazy!   
  
It is quite flattering. Especially that so many of the men are so much younger. I guess the fact that I'm a manager and good at my job is another point in my favour.   
  
I know that Adam would approve of my outfit today anyway. If he had his way I'm sure he would have me dressed just the right side of prostitution most of the time!   
  
I pause to buy a sandwich and eat it on a bench in the park, the sun hot on my bare skin. I try to keep my thoughts neutral. Mundane. It works to a degree and by the time I return to the office I feel more in control.  
  
The icy blast of the air conditioner hits me as I step inside, further helping to dampen my ardour. I need to concentrate. To be focussed for my meeting. It's an important one and will take most of the afternoon. Quarterly planning meeting with the other department heads.  
  
Back at my desk I put the finishing touches to my presentation. I just have enough time for a quick freshen up in the bathroom before heading to the lift and up to the boardroom.  
  
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There are a number of other people already there when I open the door. Although the meeting hasn't yet started, a man I don't know is talking about "business integrity" or some such nonsense. Naturally Ken is already there in a desperate bid to impress and can't resist butting in.   
  
Ken is one of those dinosaurs that you still get in most offices. He is a throwback to an earlier time - the golden age of sexism and afternoon golf. Naturally he holds all women in disdain and considers them inferior, despite having the equivalent intelligence of a guinea pig!  
  
Despite this, he still feels the need to offer his opinion on everything from government policy to the middle east peace process. How his kind aren't yet extinct I don't know.  
  
I take my seat, nodding hello to a few people I recognise as James bustles in with a boyish grin, barely on time.   
  
Most of the big departments are represented. Legal, Marketing, Finance. Eventually John arrives, takes a seat at the head of the table and calls the meeting to order. I like John. He always comes across as a decent guy and despite only being in his early forties, is already part of the exec.   
  
The first hour or so passes by with updates from the other departments until it is my turn. I begin my presentation, going through performance to date.   
  
The figures, whilst nothing spectacular, are marginally up on forecast and seem to be well received. I then hand over to James to walk everyone through our department plan for the next quarter. He has barely time to start talking when Ken interrupts with a question.   
  
Ken, of course, is utterly useless at his job. How he is still here and how he holds on to what is a fairly senior role is beyond me. I look at him now, with his doughy face and lank, greasy hair. A garish pink shirt struggling to contain the weight of his belly.   
  
Despite his own obvious failings, he is the kind of guy that will seize upon any hesitation or mistake and use it to belittle you. As though the best way to distract people from his own poor performance is to constantly try to stitch everyone else up. Even more so if his target is female and pretty. As such, he is universally despised by all of the women in the office, myself included.  
  
James hasn't really been here long enough to know what Ken is like and seems thrown by the irrelevance of the question. While I have no great love for James I can't just hang him out to dry. Besides, the plan in question is largely mine after all.  
  
I let James squirm for another few seconds before I interject.   
  
"Sorry Ken, I'm not quite sure I understand the relevance of your point. Perhaps if we could let James continue and ask any questions at the end?"  
  
I am perhaps unnecessarily condescending but Ken knows enough not to push it in the presence of John. As I turn away I can still feel his eyes boring into me as James continues his presentation.

Once James has finished, I am able to pretty much switch off. The next hour or so passes by without incident as my mind again begins to wander to later and what Adam may have in store. It doesn't take long before my thoughts are plagued with sexual fantasies that have me crossing and re-crossing my legs and all but squirming in my seat.   
  
In fact, it is only the awareness that someone is saying my name that brings me back to the present.   
  
"Sara, I thought that was your responsibility?" This, of course, from Ken. "Were you even listening?"  
  
"I...err, sorry, I was a bit distracted" I stutter. Fuck! I have no idea what they are talking about.   
  
Thankfully rescue comes from an unexpected source in James.  
  
"Of course. It was part of our consideration in the forward projection for next month. I was working on this while Sara was doing the figures." Not missing an opportunity to take a little extra credit himself whilst simultaneously bailing me out.  
  
Ken doesn't respond. Just continues to glare at me even after the conversation moves on. I glance across at him again but he doesn't notice. His eyes locked as they are on my legs. I look down and realise that my skirt has ridden up with all of my leg crossing. Baring a long, smooth expanse of thigh.   
  
The way he is looking at me makes me think back to my first week and his clumsy pass at me in the pub.  
  
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It was a few years ago on a hot summers day, not unlike this one.   
  
We had all gone for after work drinks and as the evening had gone on his flirting had become increasingly more obvious, making me more and more uncomfortable. He had told me repeatedly how his wife was away for the weekend. Hinting that I could spend the night rather than get a cab home. Even indicating that it may help my career prospects.   
  
While I did my best to avoid him, the night still ended with his large, meaty hand on my arse at the bar, whispering into my ear how I was a sexy little bitch and a cock tease.   
  
God knows what he would have done if we were somewhere more private but thankfully one of my female colleagues had seen what was going on and had managed to rescue me.   
  
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My thoughts return to the present where, despite myself, I am still scandalously turned on. I fleetingly find myself wondering what would have happened that night if I had gone with him? Would I have slept with him? What would it have been like? Does he have a big dick?   
  
An unwanted image looms in my mind and I suddenly see myself bent over on my hands and knees with him behind me. His hands around my waist and his thick length sliding smoothly in and out of me.   
  
I squirm unconsciously in my seat before I catch myself, swiftly shutting down that train of thought.   
  
When I glance back across at him he smiles at me. Openly undressing me with his eyes and I turn away in revulsion. Yuck, what the hell is wrong with me that I would think about that fat old pervert?   
  
I smooth my skirt back down, knees demurely together suddenly paranoid that he knows. That they all know. How aroused I am. How hungry for cock. Thankfully the meeting finishes soon after and I am able to escape without talking to anyone else.  
  
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When I get back to my desk there is another email from Adam. He wants me to go home and change and then meet him at a fancy bar in town. No other instructions.   
  
I just have time to email a reply before someone is at my desk. Peering over my shoulder. James.  
  
"Who's Adam?" he asks.  
  
"None of your business," I reply, irritated at his lack of manners. Slightly flustered at almost getting caught. Again.  
  
"Alright, no need to be so touchy. Especially after I just saved your ass."  
  
I let out a sigh.  
  
"Sorry. I didn't mean to snap. But you shouldn't read other peoples email. It could have been something private."  
  
"Yeah. Anyway. About me saving you back there. I reckon you owe me a favour now."  
  
"Oh, do you now? If I recall correctly I saved you first."  
  
"Ha. Yeah, OK. Maybe. How about each of us owes the other a favour then?"  
  
"Or we could just call it quits?"  
  
"Where would be the fun in that?   
  
"Hmm. Was there something particular you wanted?"  
  
"Nope. Just to let you know you don't need to worry about Ken. I'll watch your back."  
  
I remember how I felt earlier when his eyes were on me and a sudden fit of boldness seizes me.   
  
"Just my back huh?"  
  
He looks confused for a moment. "What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, you seemed to be watching more than my back earlier"  
  
A smile slowly spreads across his face as he gets my meaning.  
  
"You noticed that huh?"  
  
"You weren't exactly subtle."  
  
"Well. You look...good today," he says, flashing that boyish grin.   
  
I smile back up at him. Lots of eye contact. Smooth a stray lock of hair back behind my ear with one hand.   
  
"Thank you. But what makes you think I want you looking at me like that?" All coy now.   
  
"I just have this...feeling."   
  
"Uh huh. And what else does this feeling tell you?"  
  
"What else? Well, for a start that you would probably like to see me somewhere a bit more private. Away from work..."  
  
"Oh really?" my voice a little husky, "and what would we do in private that we can't do here?"  
  
He edges his chair closer to mine.   
  
"Lots of things" his eyes dropping to my legs, his meaning obvious.  
  
He moves closer still. Our knees are almost touching. Thank god the office is mostly empty now.   
  
I feel the heat spreading across my face and down my chest to my abdomen. Then lower still. I give a little wiggle in my seat. His eyes are still locked on mine. He really is quite handsome.   
  
"You don't think that's a bit...presumptuous?" I stammer, coquettishly. .   
  
"You tell me..." he says, reaching out and tracing a small circle just above my knee with a fingertip.   
  
The sudden contact makes me jump a little but I don't pull away. I can feel the arousal humming between my thighs. His fingers circle marginally higher.   
  
"I..."  
  
"Shhh," he leans in. His mouth close to my ear. That hand still moving. Creeping closer to the already scandalously high hem of my skirt.   
  
"Open your legs," he whispers.  
  
"I...no...why?" suddenly entirely out of my depth.   
  
"Because, I think you want to," that grin again, "and because I want see your hot little pussy"  
  
I take a sharp intake of breath. How did he know? How did he know that kind of talk would turn me on? Am I that obvious? I think it's partly the way he says it in his posh accent that does it. I look down. Realise that I am hidden enough behind the desk that no one else could see.   
  
I let my legs fall apart a fraction before I catch myself. Could I go through with it? Am I going through with it? I take a quick, furtive glance around the office to check if anyone is looking. They're not.   
  
He watches me the whole time. The indecision in my eyes. Pleasure versus principle. My white lace knickers feel sodden, plastered against me where I'm so wet. I glance down between his legs where his cock is clearly visible. Rock hard beneath his trousers.   
  
To my shock I want it. Want it so badly that I would let him have me right here and now. Want him to hitch my skirt up over my hips. Want him to push my legs apart and open me up to his gaze. Want him to tip me back in my chair and yank my knickers aside. Butterfly me with his fingers.  
  
Only the sudden shrill of his mobile phone breaks the spell. We both jump at the sound. I yank my skirt down.  
  
"Fuck, it's John" he says.  
  
"Director John?"  
  
"Yes"  
  
"Well, pick it up then" I gasp, my voice high.  
  
As he speaks to my boss my senses rush back. Fuck. What the hell are you doing? I need to get out of here. Need to get away from him. Jesus, he's nearly ten years younger than me. What the hell was I thinking.   
  
I can see him trying to catch my attention. To get me to wait but I ignore him. Quickly turn off my computer at the base unit and flee before his call finishes.  
  
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I think about it all the way home on the train. What have I done? Why on earth James of all people. I can't even explain. Just chalk it up to temporary insanity.  
  
I swear to myself there and then that nothing like that will ever happen again. Yet there is part of me that is still turned on. A part that can still remember the hunger in his expression when his eyes were on my legs. All jumbled together in my head with Adam and his plans for me.   
  
Thankfully it's not that busy and the journey home is relatively quick. I head straight to the shower when I arrive.   
  
Once I'm done I pick out an outfit that I know Adam will like. Skimpy black underwear. Vest top and red heels. Jeans so tight that they could have been painted on.   
  
I get to the bar early. A first for me and a further sign of just how jumpy and distracted I am. I still feel slightly ashamed of myself and it isn't until my third drink that I begin to calm down. In fact I don't really settle until Adam arrives.   
  
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I watch him as he pushes through the door and moves across the bar. He hasn't yet seen me yet. I still can't quite believe that he's my boyfriend.   
  
He is stereotypically tall dark and handsome. Almost impossibly good looking. I lift an arm to wave at him but he's already seen me. That knowing smile. Those dark eyes. I feel my breath quicken.  
  
"Hi"  
  
"Hi"  
  
"So," I say, trying to keep my voice from betraying me, "there's a surprise?"  
  
"There is. You're very impatient though Miss Bancroft"  
  
"I am, Mr Thompson. Do you not know that it's rude to keep a lady waiting?"  
  
"Ah, but its the build up that makes it exciting don't you think? Nothing wrong with a bit of delayed gratification" he says, sliding into the seat next to me, leaning in for a kiss.   
  
I am too eager in my response and our teeth clash. It makes him laugh and once again I find myself thinking what a great smile he has.   
  
"You seem very...eager tonight. One could almost think there has been something weighing on your mind today."  
  
I blush, but not for the reason he thinks.   
  
"So, how about that girl over there?" he says, changing the subject.  
  
It is a familiar game. One of many. I still remember the first time we played it. In another bar. Half drunk. Afterwards we went home and watched porn together. Played do what they do. I don't really get get mad or jealous when he admires other girls. I think we both feel secure enough with each other to know it's just a game. Or at least I think it's just a game?  
  
He's certainly the only guy I've ever been with who seems to actively enjoy other men looking at me though. Initially it freaked me out a bit and I kept waiting for him to get all jealous but then I realised that he liked it. That the more other people want me, the more he seems to want me.   
  
Now I love it. Love his reaction when I tell him about other guys hitting on me. The way he has to pounce on me and fuck my brains out. Like he's marking his territory or something. It's all very...primal.   
  
I look across at the girl. She's young and slim. Good legs in a cheap looking denim skirt. Bleach blonde hair. Not unattractive.   
  
"She's cute."  
  
"Nah, too slutty looking" he replies.  
  
"You don't like slutty looking?" I tease.  
  
"Only on you" he says, leaning in to nuzzle my ear. "Your turn."  
  
I scan the bar. A real dearth of talent so far tonight. My eyes finally settling on a couple of big, black guys playing pool.   
  
"Dirty girl" he says, following my gaze, "but I like your style. You'd look good as the meat in that particular sandwich..."  
  
I blush at his words and at the accompanying image. I know that I would never be bold enough to go through with such a thing but the idea is exciting nonetheless.   
  
"Here," he says, handing me a small, expensively wrapped package. "I want you to go to the rest-room and open this. Then I want you to put them on and come back".  
  
Of course I do as he says. Thankfully the rest-room is empty. My hand is shaking slightly as I fumble open the package. It is not what I expect. Inside is a small but expensive looking pair of lace panties. I hold them up for inspection.   
  
They are black and pretty and feminine but there is something odd about the crotch. Almost as though there is something inside it. It takes me a moment to realise what it is but then I get it. It's a vibrator. They vibrate. Presumably from a remote control which he must have.   
  
I feel my breath quicken in expectation. That's...rude. I pause. A moment of uncertainty. Do I actually want my boyfriend to use a vibrator on me in public? To be honest I am also slightly sceptical that it will even work but after the day I've had I will probably give anything a go if it means I can finally come!  
  
Decision made, I struggle out of my tight jeans and knickers and slip Adams present on. They pull snugly up against me when I bend to pick my jeans back up from the floor.   
  
Even though nothing has happened yet, I am already wet. For me it's always been as much about what's in my head as any physical sensation. Something Adam seems to know all too well. In fact I sometimes find it scary how accurately he is able to judge what will turn me on.   
  
I realise then that I have been standing in front of the bathroom mirror for a long time and so, taking a deep breath, I open the door and step back out into the bar.  
  
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I feel incredibly self conscious as I walk back to my seat. It feels like half the bar is watching. The anticipation of what's to come already taking its toll on me.   
  
"Well?" he grins at me.  
  
"I don't know. I'm not sure they will actually w...ohhh" I gasp as he turns on the power.  
  
Any doubts I may have had go instantly out of the window. The vibrations feel deep and powerful. Not buzzy at all. Directly against my clit.   
  
"Stop...stop" I gasp, suddenly paranoid that someone will hear.  
  
The vibrations slow but don't stop. I slop wine over the side of my glass. Completely flustered by the unnatural sensation.   
  
"Don't worry. I tested it at home. It's almost silent. No one is going to hear."  
  
I gulp.   
  
"How does it feel?" he asks.  
  
"It's...good. Wow. It's really..."  
  
"Strong?"  
  
"Yes. Go slow OK?"  
  
"Hmm. You do realise I am going to make you come don't you" he says, leaning in close and kissing my neck.  
  
My chest feels tight and I feel myself flushing at the prospect of actually orgasming in a public bar. Oh god.   
  
"Anyway, your turn" he says, suddenly cutting the vibrations and drawing a frustrated scowl from me.  
  
I look around the busy bar for a minute until my eyes finally settle on brunette trying to find a seat. She is pretty, probably about my height. Early twenties maybe?   
  
"How about her?" I say  
  
"Mmm, she's sexy," he says. "I could definitely watch you two fuck" giving me another quick burst.   
  
"Uhh. You'd love that wouldn't you? Me with another girl"  
  
"Of course. Although if you'd prefer a guy it looks like she has a boyfriend..."  
  
"Where?" I say, squinting across the bar, unable to really make him out. I've left my glasses at home tonight. Wanting to look my sexiest.  
  
He sighs. "You really have to get used to them you know. You don't look any less gorgeous"  
  
I smile at the complement.   
  
"Yeah, yeah. I bet you just have a thing for pity fucking nerdy girls."  
  
He laughs and opens his mouth to respond but is distracted by something over my shoulder. When I look around, the couple looking for a table are directly behind me.  
  
I let out a little gasp of surprise as I recognise who it is. James. Fuck! What the hell is he doing here? Please don't see me!   
  
I turn my body back toward Adam, hoping James won't recognise me but the movement is too quick and in my panic, I whack his beer glass clean off the table where it shatters loudly on the floor.  
  
Adam looks at me in astonishment as I cringe. Half the bar is now looking at us. Brilliant! There are a few half hearted cheers and then that voice, directly behind me.   
  
"Sara?"  
  
I turn slowly. Try my hardest to act surprised.  
  
"I...I'm...James...erm...hi."   
  
Reduced to the role of stammering idiot, I can feel Adam smirking beside me. I have complained about James often enough for Adam to know who he is. How irritating I find him. Naturally I have chosen not to share the unexpected turn of events from earlier today.   
  
"Still making an impression I see. What are you doing here?" Annoyingly, far more composed than I.   
  
Thankfully my boyfriend takes charge of the situation before I can make even more of a fool of myself. Standing up and extending his hand.   
  
"Hi, I'm Adam, Sara's boyfriend."  
  
"Oh, hi, I'm James. Sara and I work together."  
  
"Yes. I've...heard a lot about you."  
  
I want to hide behind the sofa.  
  
"Really? Nothing too bad I hope. This is Sophie, my girlfriend"  
  
"Pleased to meet you," I finally manage, taking in the girl in front of me.   
  
Across the bar she was pretty but up close, she is gorgeous. We shake hands and much to my mortification, Adam offers them the two empty chairs at our table.  
  
"Here, let me get you both a drink"  
  
"No, that's OK we were just about to..."  
  
"Yeah, great," Adam says at the same time.  
  
"No, really..." I stammer, already struggling from the sofa. But before I can get to my feet Adam gives me another long burst of vibration and my mouth drops open in shock as I flop, uselessly, back on to the couch.   
  
"We can stay for another. I'll have a beer and Sara will have a dry white wine thanks"  
  
I am in shock. I stare daggers at him but he ignores me. All the while those awful, throbbing deep vibrations continue.   
  
"No worries. Sophie, can you give me a hand?"  
  
As soon as they are out of earshot I turn and hiss at Adam.   
  
"What the fuck are you doing?"  
  
He grins at my outrage.   
  
"I just thought it might be fun to continue our game a little while longer. I know how close you were"  
  
"I...No. Not in front of James. I have to work with him," I almost squeak. I am appalled at the direction this is heading.  
  
"Are you sure? He's a good looking guy."  
  
"He's...a prat. Please..." I plead, adopting a different tack.   
  
Naturally he ignores me and leans in closer. Whispers into my ear.   
  
"Do you think they'd be shocked if they knew how wet you are?"   
  
No, probably fucking not, I think. At least not James. Not after he nearly had me spreading my legs for him in the middle of the office. Even so, I find myself looking across at them both as they return.   
  
Sophie takes a sip of her drink and licks her lips and I fleetingly wonder whether she would be turned on if she knew what was going on. Is she horny right now? Is she wet? Then another round of buzzing makes me shut my eyes briefly as I struggle against the sensation building between my legs.  
  
I wonder what it would be like if they knew? I picture the three of them watching me. Quiet. Serious faces. All their attention focussed on me. Expressions intense, the atmosphere charged. What is the correct etiquette for watching someone come in public?   
  
Adam nudges me with his knee and I open my eyes again. Stare out at their faces but thankfully their focus is elsewhere. Sophie is looking out across the bar and saying something to James. Only Adam is paying attention to me. A knowing smirk hovering on his tanned face. I discretely shift my weight, trying to escape some of the sensation but it doesn't really work. If anything it feels even more intense and I bite my lip slightly in an effort not to gasp.   
  
Sophie says something to Adam but I am beyond listening now. All my attention suddenly focused between my legs and that familiar build up of tension. James looks across at me as Adam turns to answer Sophie.   
  
His gaze is wolfish. No chance of misinterpretation. It isn't a look you should give someone else's girlfriend. I wiggle excitedly under the scrutiny.   
  
I know that look. It is the same one Adam has been giving me all evening. I want you, it says. I want to strip your clothes off and fuck your brains out.

I can feel my arousal pulsing between my legs. I stare boldly back at him. My eyes meeting his. My look saying the same thing - I want your cock. I want you to fuck me. To fold me double and pound me. I want your fingers in my cunt. Your tongue in my arse. Your cum running down my chin.  
  
Any minute now I'm going to lose it. I almost cry out at the build up of pressure. Only Adam seems to understand my predicament. To read my expression. I am caught hovering on the edge as he backs the power off, part relief part frustration, as I realise how close I was to orgasming in front of a room full of people.   
  
James is looking at me strangely now. Knowing something is up but not what. Sophie, thank god, is oblivious. He looks at me again, then across at Adam who grins back at him.   
  
Don't talk. Please. Don't tell him. I know that I am beginning to blush.   
  
Just piss off. Make some excuse. Have some pressing appointment you have to attend. Go home and fuck little miss perfect. Anything but please, please don't talk to my boyfriend!  
  
I want to come so badly that it's all I can do not to just finish myself off here and now. But not in front of James and his too pretty girlfriend. I look pleadingly back to my boyfriend.   
  
I know Adams expression. It is that look he gets right before he does something filthy to me. All intense and focused. I feel my stomach sink. I know what's coming even before he does it. I want to move. Want to stop him but he's too far away.   
  
His hand comes out of his jacket almost in slow motion. Inside it is the remote control. The object of my torment. Of course he couldn't just be satisfied with getting me off in public. Of course he would have to push me further.  
  
He places the remote down on the table in front of him. Knowing someone may notice it. May even pick it up. Play with it. May even recognise it or figure out what it is. Who the other half is attached to. I'm almost surprised he doesn't just put in on the bar and let all and sundry take turns getting me off.   
  
Of course I turn myself on even more thinking about just that. A whole bar full of men watching me as I come, fully clothed. Writhing around and moaning like a slut beneath their gaze.   
  
It gets worse. Adam excuses himself to go to the bathroom and James slides across into his seat. Sophie is talking to some girl she knows on the other side of the table. I see in freeze frame the moment his gaze drops to the remote control on the table. The moment his hand reaches forward and picks it up. The brief look of confusion in his eyes.   
  
Then he presses a button, the power goes up and I moan. I actually moan. A proper sex noise. Thank god the pub is busy and no one other than James seems to notice.  
  
He looks at me in shock, then at the remote in his hand. Realisation slowly dawning. His smirk becomes a fully fledged leer. He looks across for any sign of Adam and then nudges the power again.  
  
"Don't..." I go to say, raising a hand to take back the control but he moves easily away, turning it all the way up to maximum.   
  
He has none of Adams finesse. None of his control. Adam would have kept me on edge all evening. Teased me until I was begging him for release. Not so James.  
  
I feel the tension inside of me beginning to spiral rapidly up. Not to be denied. A kind of hot, swelling pressure that only gets stronger and more intense. Building towards a climax. My skin feels warm and I can feel my toes beginning to curl. Oh god, it's too much. I can't take it. Too intense.   
  
I realise in that moment that I don't want James. That there will be no repeat of today. That he would be the same in bed. Good. Brash. Confident. But not Adam.  
  
Then I start to come. Ridiculously hard. A massive, massive, stomach clenching orgasm. Wave after wave of heat. Hands gripping the table. Legs quivering. My whole body shuddering uncontrollably.   
  
It completely overwhelms me. It's partly the sensation but more the fact that it is happening to me in public. The knowledge that anyone could glance over and see me coming my brains out. I have to fight with every part of my being not to just throw my head back and moan my way through it.   
  
All I want to do is to arch my back up and scream out loud as every muscle in my body seems to cramp up at once. It's so powerful that I can hardly even draw breath.   
  
By the time Adam returns my eyes are shut. Knuckles white where I am gripping the table so hard. Trembling legs braced tight against the floor. Thankfully he realises what is happening. Picks up the remote from the table where James has placed it and turns off the power. Thank god. Relief. Oh thank god.   
  
"Are you OK?" Sophie is saying, finally realising something is amiss. Her expression concerned as James smirks, wide eyed, behind her.   
  
"I'm fine," I gasp, my voice shaky. "Just need to get some air."  
  
"Come on, lets get you out of here" Adam says, helping me to my feet, already leading me from the bar on shaky legs.  
  
The last thing I hear is Sophie saying "I hope she's alright?"  
  
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It takes a long time for me to get my breath back. When finally I do, I open my mouth to speak but Adam gets there before me.  
  
"Where?" he says his hand still clamped around my upper arm. Dragging me along as though I were a disobedient child.  
  
"Mine," I gasp, "closer."  
  
We don't talk at all in the cab. Yet his eyes burn into me the whole way back.  
  
As soon as it stops I am out, bolting for the communal entrance and up the stairs. As fast as I can in my high heels. Knowing he will be following.   
  
I get as far as my own front door before Adam catches me. I'm still trying to get my keys out of my bag when he presses his body into my back. I moan out loud as he licks my ear, his cock grinding against my bottom as I arch and squirm against him.   
  
He undoes my bra. Unceremoniously yanking it up with my top. Then my breasts are in his hands and I moan again as starts pulling roughly on my already rock hard nipples.   
  
I manage to get my keys out of my bag at the same time that he starts unbuttoning my jeans. His body moves briefly away from mine and I gasp as he yanks them down to my ankles along with my underwear.   
  
I redouble my efforts to fumble the key into the lock. Suddenly aware that if I don't hurry he might fuck me right here in the hallway. Pressed up against my own front door where anyone could see.  
  
I almost sob in relief as finally, I get the key in and the door swings open. I stumble through it. My jeans still caught around my ankles where my heels are still on.   
  
I only make it as far as the kitchen before he is on me. Without warning he tackles me roughly to the floor. I yelp at the impact.   
  
I can hear him behind me, frantically tearing his own clothes off and I go to get up on all fours but his hand closes around the back of my neck, pushes my face down.   
  
"No, like this," he says, pinning me to the floor.   
  
I want him to be rough. To hurt me a little. I arch my back up the way I know he likes. My bottom raised, all my weight on my knees and chest.   
  
I want to spread my legs but they are still caught tight together by my jeans. He moves forward, aligning himself with my dripping cunt and then, with one smooth thrust, he is inside me. Fucking me hard on the kitchen floor. My bare breasts pressed against the cool tiles.   
  
I moan as he does it. My stomach muscles tightening, my pussy clamping around him. Breath hissing out in time with his thrusts.  
  
"Oh god I'm going to come!'" I say aloud and before I have a chance to even think my orgasm is upon me, rolling through me like a wave. My body jerks about wildly beneath him as he continues to thrust. Over and over and over and over until finally it is just too much. Too intense.  
  
"Oh my god stop! Stop!' I plead, pushing at him with one hand.   
  
He slides out as I slump down onto the floor on my front, calmer now but my breathing still heavy. I can feel him still behind me. One hand on the curve of my arched back. He runs his wet cock all over my dripping pussy and up over my arsehole, wetting it with my juices.  
  
It feels delicious and if he wants me there I know I will let him. Instead he moves away. Works my jeans and heels off, finally freeing my legs. When I roll over onto my back I realise that he still hasn't come yet. That his cock is still rock hard.  
  
Smiling to myself I struggle up to my knees, push him back and straddle him. My turn to take the initiative. He slides in effortlessly. Lets me take control for a while before he begins to match my thrusts with his own. It feels amazing and I want to savour the sensation.  
  
I get to my feet, one hand on his chest, the other on one of the kitchen units, steadying myself as I sit back down and ride him.  
  
I keep sliding his full length in and out. Occasionally stopping to tease just the tip. Letting him enter me one centimetre at a time before sitting down hard. I move my knees forward and angle my hips a little. Greedy. Wanting even more of him.   
  
Pretty soon I find the perfect place. The perfect position and I can feel something building inside me. Intense. Both familiar and unfamiliar. I grind harder on to him, closer and closer as I gasp and moan.  
  
I can feel my legs shaking with the effort. Can feel myself losing rhythm slightly. A small change of angle that makes his cock touch some spot inside me. Then again. Then again. Then again. Then ohhhhhh, ohhhhh, ohhhhh.   
  
I open my eyes in shock as I feel the fluid gush out of me and down over his balls and cock.   
  
"Oh, Fuck. You dirty bitch!" he gasps, the filthiest look on his face. Obviously every bit as surprised as me. Before I have time to even collect my thoughts he rolls me over and slams back into me.   
  
I moan at the feeling that is building again already. My abdomen feels taught and I realise it's about to happen for a second time. His thrusts get harder, less controlled and I know he is nearly there too.  
  
Whatever he is doing is so perfect that I can't focus on anything apart from my own panting and yelping. I can't even comprehend what is happening, my mind all over the place. My stomach muscles ache as I go over the edge and it happens again and again gushing from my body even as he spasms and begins to come inside me.   
  
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Afterwards I slowly come back down to earth. I can feel his cock softening inside me and as I begin to slip toward a contented doze beneath him, I find I myself thinking the strangest thought - how nice it would be, just once, to actually make it to bed.   
  
Oh well. There is always tomorrow I suppose.