**Boardroom Sex Slave**

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I always thoroughly enjoy the annual Christmas party the big multinational company I work for holds. Sometimes they get quite wild, not to mention the backroom orgies! Sadly this year's party was cancelled, but it will be a long time before I forget last year's. I'll be enjoying it again in my mind as I tell you about it.  
  
My husband had walked out on me for some bimbo just a few weeks before, and the party was temporarily keeping my mind off that. I was also telling myself that he was a bastard I was well rid of, that I'm a woman still just in my thirties, and I was an executive rising steadily up the company hierarchy so things weren't too bad really. Then it happened.  
  
I was walking back from the ladies' to the party along an empty corridor. My thoughts were miles away and a bit clouded by alcohol. I hardly noticed the man coming toward me from the opposite direction until he was right next to me. Then suddenly I realised two things in rapid succession. One: he was the CEO, Matt Frazer, the top man. Two: he was unzipping his trousers and getting his penis out to expose it to me. An instant later he was standing there next to me with his cock poking out of his pants.  
  
"This is what you've been wanting all through the party isn't it Helen?" Matt said thrusting his naked cock toward me. Even with only part of it sticking out I could see it was huge and very obviously fully erect.  
  
OK I'd been a bit of a flirt at the party. After weeks without my husband's attentions I was getting randy. I know I've got a good figure and I'd been flaunting it in a classic curve-clinging halter top and almost backless little black dress that looked good with my dark hair and my pearls and didn't need a bra. I'd worn high heels and sheer black nylon stockings in case anyone got interested in me. I'd had a few guys' hands on my bottom through my dress during the evening but nothing more exciting than that, and not from any guy I fancied.  
  
Matt Frazer was certainly the kind of guy any woman would fancy. He's mid forties, radiates power, fit and muscular with just a distinguished looking hint of grey in his hair. I'd heard about men in our building who'd exposed their penises to women but it had never happened to me before. Now I was faced with the CEO sticking his cock out at me. My thoughts were spinning. What should I do? Should I just ignore him and walk away? Should I slap his face?  
  
In an instant I realised two more things: I was at a career defining moment, and I was as much up for some naughty fun as Matt was. I smiled at him and reached down to gently feel the big round purple head of his penis and to slide my fingers lightly up and down the length of his shaft to tickle his hairy balls. Matt grunted, juddered and rammed his cock forward at the touch of my fingers. I purred and said something like:  
  
"That beauty looks like it's up ready for fun." Then looking him in the eye and giving him my most mischievous smile I said "would he like a bit more attention?"  
  
To make sure he'd got the message, as I spoke I closed my thumb and forefinger in a loose ring round his shaft and stroked it up and down a couple of times to show him I knew how to wank a boy. I'd no sooner said that when we heard someone approaching from around a corner in the corridor. Fortunately right next to us was an alcove leading to a cleaner's cupboard. It was a perfect hiding place and we darted into it.  
  
Matt had certainly got my message. As soon as we were out of sight from the corridor he had his hand round my waist to pull me against him. His hand slid down my bare back, over my bottom through my dress feeling my curves and following the outline of my panties. Then his exploring hand was under my dress finding my stocking tops, my bare thighs above and my thin satin panties. Almost immediately his hand was down inside my panties playing with my naked bottom and exploring the valley between my bum cheeks.  
  
As Matt played with my bottom I undid the top button of his trousers and pulled them right down round his spread thighs. I saw that he was "commando" without any underwear so his naked penis and balls were right out. He lifted his shirt up above his belly button and thrust his hips aggressively forward. He certainly was well hung. His balls were very hairy but his penis was nice and smooth and bending up fully erect so its big round head was out and pointing at the ceiling. I played with his penis and balls giving his straining hard shaft light touches with my fingertips the way my husband liked, working him up to the peak of erection sensitivity. I softly whispered things like:  
  
"Is that what my naughty boy likes?" His grunts and gasps told me he certainly did!  
  
As I was playing with him his hand under my dress pulled my panties down my stockinged thighs. His hand found my cunt and now it was my turn to gasp, squirm with sex pleasure and nuzzle my mound against his adventurous hand as his fingers ruffled my bush and slipped into my vagina. I let my panties drop to my feet then picked them up and brushed them lightly across his shaft and balls. My panties were smooth black satin with lacy hems. My husband used to like me to do that with my panties while he was undressing me, especially when I caught his soft penis head with the lace. Just for fun I hung my panties on Matt's hard up shaft. He liked that too.  
  
I stood next to Matt with my stocking clad legs astride his and my dress pulled up so my naked bush brushed his bare thigh. I fondled Matt's bum, tickling him down his bum crack and reaching under him between his legs to tease his arse and his balls from behind. Then I hand jobbed him.  
  
Back at school when I was eighteen I'd earned a reputation for giving boys good hand jobs with the added treat of letting boys pull my white cotton schoolgirl knickers down and get my blouse open. In those days I'd given most of my hand jobs with the boy standing just like I was wanking Matt then. I'd honed my skills in the years since, especially with my husband. I showed Matt I knew what men like.  
  
I wrapped my hand loosely round his penis shaft. It was so big I could hardly close my hand round it. I began the smooth rhythmic tugging and stroking, pulling his foreskin up and down over the hard muscle underneath and sliding my hand right up over his big soft penis head. His shaft was iron hard. I learned afterwards that he'd taken a Viagra before the party just in case he scored. His face twisted in sex pleasure and he gasped, grunted and whimpered like a little child. As I wanked him he fondled my cunt, my bottom, my bare thighs above my stockings and slipped his hand down inside my stockings. He fondled my breasts through the thin cloth of my dress, finding my peaking nipples.  
  
I'd long ago learned how to make a boy wait. After what seemed like ages of me pleasuring his shaft he grunted really loudly and I knew he was coming. His fingers dug into my bottom to pull me hard against him, he thrust his hips forward like he was fucking a woman. His penis suddenly became even harder in my hand, then his whole body juddered and his cock pulsed in my hand as several huge dollops of semen shot a couple of feet from its tip. His hand clutching my bottom held me against him as I carefully wanked the last spurt of semen out of his penis. When I finally let go of his cock he stood there breathing heavily with his still partly erect penis sticking out horizontally, swinging stiffly with a strand of semen dangling from it.  
  
But I wasn't finished yet. After weeks of imposed celibacy I'd tasted man flesh. I was hot, and I was wet and tingling between my legs from the attention his hand had given my pussy. I wanted more - now!  
  
"Shall we find a room and have some more fun?" I suggested. Matt hardly needed to be asked.  
  
We readjusted our clothes, except that Matt kept my panties. We headed to the board room with its big long walnut topped table surrounded by executive swivel chairs. Matt locked the door with his pass key. No one would disturb us there except the silently watching portraits of the founders of the company on the walls.  
  
Moments later I was pressed back against the boardroom table with Matt's hands all over me both through my dress and under it. He unclipped my halter top, pulled my dress down and his hands were on my naked breasts. I slipped my dress down over my hips, let it drop and kicked it under the table out of the way in case the semen got spurting again. It had been ages since a man had played with my breasts and I could have taken any amount of that. His hands and tongue caught my nipples just the way I like and soon they were up like corks.  
  
When I was nude except for my stockings, black shiny high heels, pearl ear rings and necklace I lifted a knee up onto the boardroom table. Standing like that spread my legs pulled my vagina wide open. I arched my back a bit so my pussy thrust forward and my breasts swung up and out.  
  
"Is this what you were thinking of me doing when we were in that meeting this morning?" I said, fingering my pussy.  
  
I knew Matt had an eye for the ladies. In meetings with him his eyes constantly lingered on me and I could all but feel my clothes evaporate under his lustful gaze. I guessed he masturbated thinking of me. In meetings I enjoyed sex fantasies about what I'd like him to do with me. Now my fantasies had come true! He ruffled my pubic hair and treated my pussy, inner thigh tops and that sensitive spot right under me to a long delicious fingering.  
  
"You do hotter things than that for me in my dreams Helen," Matt replied, giving me a soft growl and stroking my pussy in a way that sent a tingle through me.  
  
"Go on, tell me" I said, grinning at him.  
  
I was getting excited and when a man gets me excited I want to do filthy things for him. I've always been like that.  
  
"Get up on that table and take your stockings off, real slow. Then show me what you've got."  
  
There was an underlying growl in Matt's voice that hinted at the burning lust inside. I got the idea. He wanted me to do the kind of things men like to watch women do in strip clubs and in porn. I was so excited I just wanted to do whatever he commanded. I'd posed enough times for my husband's camera to know what men like. I hope my husband's still enjoying all the kinky pictures he took of me, the bastard.  
  
I climbed nude except for my high heels, pearls and stockings onto the table top. I knelt wide legged facing Matt to take my stockings off and I tossed each stocking to him. His hands were all over me: my thighs, my bottom, my breasts and most of all my pussy. I was squealing, squirming and whimpering with sex pleasure and arousal. I could hardly believe the erotic poses he wanted to see me in and play with me in. I remember him saying things like:  
  
"Legs wider, whore! ... Stick those tits out you dirty slut!"  
  
And I was loving it!  
  
As Matt watched me strip and pose nude on the table he stripped naked too. His well muscled gym trained body was well worth seeing, and that hungry penis of his was hard up fully erect again. I was squatting naked on the table just in my high heels and jewellery when somehow the lewd grin on his face told me he had something kinky in mind. He was the CEO and I was an employee, but an idea came into my head. Now he was my master and I was his willing sex slave!  
  
"What does my master want his sex slave to do for him?" I asked, fingering my pussy between my spread legs.  
  
Matt grinned. I'd got the right idea. With my eyes fixed on his so masculine swinging buttocks, muscular thighs and stiffly swinging erect penis Matt walked to one end of the long boardroom table. My heart was pounding wondering what he'd want. He turned and stood facing me along the length of the table with his legs slightly spread and massive cock sticking straight up above the table.  
  
"You dirty slut Helen! Now slave, crawl toward me on all fours swinging your tits."  
  
Matt's voice was low and husky as if this was something he'd been waiting for. So that's what Matt had been imagining me doing during that morning meeting, grovelling and crawling naked toward him for his voyeur sex pleasure. Perhaps my describing myself as his sex slave that gave him the idea, or perhaps he thought of all women like that, but I didn't care. You dirty minded pervert, I thought, but I couldn't help grinning at him. Something about so masculine, so powerful Matt made me enjoy the thought of being his whore and sex slave. I unquestioningly obeyed!  
  
I made sure I gave him a good spread legged, tit swinging view of my naked body as I crawled slowly on all fours toward Matt. The nipples of my hanging breasts brushed the table top. I looked him straight in the eye all the way and Matt's hungry eyes were locked on me. He was holding my black panties, brushing them over his hard up erect penis.  
  
When I reached his end of the table I got into a kneeling position right in front of my master facing him with my legs as wide as I could get them. We kissed with our tongues touching and he had a long feel of my breasts, bottom, thighs and cunt, sliding his hand right under me between my legs to tickle my bum crack.  
  
"What does my master desire his sex slave to do for his pleasure?" I asked.  
  
"Suck my cock off, whore!" Matt said, thrusting his hips and quivering stiff penis forward.  
  
His hairy scrotum was just level with the table top and his erect cock towered up above it. I was so aroused I would have done anything he wanted for him. In retrospect I'm glad he just wanted a suck off. I'm still an age when I could get pregnant if we'd fucked and we didn't have any condoms with us. But this was certainly kinky enough!  
  
I got back on all fours on the table top and got my head down. II kissed his belly button and the tops of his spread thighs working my way slowly toward his towering erect penis. I licked his big round penis head all over, reaching down to tickle his balls and between his legs as I did. He growled and thrust his cock forward. His hands were on my shoulders, arms, bare back, reaching under me to my breasts and running through my hair. I was loving that!  
  
I concentrated my licking and lip and tongue play on that sensitive spot, his frenulum, just under his penis head. The grunts and gasps I heard from above me and his hands clawing my back told me I was driving him wild. After I'd teased him like that I teased him even more by taking just the head of his penis into my mouth and massaging it with my tongue. Then I got going in earnest, showing him I knew how to suck boys too.  
  
I slid my saliva wetted lips and tongue smoothly and rhythmically down his shaft as far as I could till his thick pubic hair brushed my face and up till I was just kissing his knob. I squeezed his shaft with my lips, catching the base of his penis head with my lips and sucking on the up stroke. It took him much longer to cum than my husband ever did. He cried out, his cock went really hard in my mouth, he grabbed my head and pushed it down against his cock, his thighs thrust against the edge of the table, I heard a stifled grunt from above me and his semen spurted into my mouth.  
  
Then having pleasured her master his naked sex slave slid her lips off her sex master's penis, leaned back and looked up at him from her grovelling position on the table.  
  
"Did my master's sex slave please him?" I asked.  
  
As I spoke I gave his still stiff and mostly erect shaft a light stroke between my fingers. As if in answer Matt grunted and a last splash of semen spurted from his jerking penis onto the table top. Yes I'd certainly pleased him!  
  
We had to leave it at that. The semi-official end time of the party was near, and we both had waiting limos to take us home: Matt to his unsuspecting wife, me to my lonely bed.  
  
It's been a long year but thanks to Matt my bed hasn't been quite so lonely. And to this day no one in the office has found out how the fresh scratches in the polished walnut from my high heels, the pool of sticky not quite dry semen on the boardroom table top, and the black panties I forgot to put back on which were found in the boardroom next morning got there!