**Computer Desk**

by[Enygma55](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=478782&page=submissions)©

You hear the door open behind you as you are sitting at your desk in your comfy leather chair. You have been waiting for this all day and you think you know what is going to happen. Footsteps approach you and you feel his fingers trace the skin of your neck as they run through your blonde hair.   
  
"Are you ready, little Bailey, for this?" he deep voice asks you.  
  
You don't trust yourself to answer as he continues to play with your hair. He takes your silence as agreement. He gathers your hair up and pulls on it hard, bringing you to your feet. His other hand slides down your back his finger tips following your spine. You quiver a little and try to pull away but he keeps you trapped by pulling on your hair harder.   
  
"Maybe..." you start to say as you try to turn around.  
  
His free hand grabs you and pulls you tight against him. His hand roams your body and he grinds against you. Slowly pushing your shirt up, you quiver already enjoying the control he has over you. You grind back against him trying to shake his self control but he continues to slowly pull your shirt off. His fingers stroke your stomach and up across your bra, settling around you neck where his thumb traces your jaw line. He holds you there, you feel his breath on your neck and his hand on your skin. You try not to squirm with impatience but it is so hard and so is he, you can feel him pressed against your ass. He continues to tease you for a few minutes, his hand sliding across your skin, touching you, caressing you.   
  
He, suddenly, pushes you forward bending you over the computer desk. His hand still in your hair as he keeps you pinned to it, your face on the cool wood. Quickly, you feel you bra come off and his finger tips caressing one nipple then the other. You moan softly as he plays with your breasts. He is teasing you so bad as he grinds against your ass. You are dreading when he pushes down your shorts because you were being really naughty and slutty today and didn't wear panties. His fingers dance across your skin as he goes down your body. He rubs your pussy through your shorts making you press against him. Kissing your neck you feel him grinding his cock against your ass, then he whispers into your ear.  
  
"Are you going to be a good little cum slut for me, Bailey?"  
  
You shake your head no but besides that you don't answer as he continues to tease your pussy, making you moan into the wood as you squirm under his touches. He unbuttons your shorts and slides them down your legs. He makes a growling sound in his throat.  
  
"Darlin', you have been bad today, not wearing panties," He says to you.  
  
"No, sir, I'm a good girl, I just didn't feel like it today," you respond back.  
  
His fingers run along your ass, rubbing your skin. You tense up knowing what is coming and his hand smacks down hard against your naked bottom. You shake your head and trying to get away but he keeps you trapped against the desk as his hand comes down again and again on your ass.  
  
"Such a naughty little slut, not wearing panties, arguing with me, lying to me," He says to you as his hand smacks down again.  
  
You moan and squeak at the same time, enjoying it and hating it at the same time. You try to be a good girl but these naughty ideas always pop into your head. His hand continues to spank your ass and his grip on your hair keeps the cool wood of your computer desk presses against your face. After a 20 count of spanks, you ass is throbbing and you know you will have a hard time sitting down tomorrow but it really did excite you. His hand caresses your ass as he trails his fingers down the back of your thigh and then in between your legs. You blush.  
  
"Oh did that get my naughty little slut excited? Me spanking her like the bad girl she is?" He asks as feels how wet your pussy is and his touch causes you to moan.  
  
"Yes sir," you reply, knowing that you really wanted to deny it but you also just want him to fuck you hard against this desk and treat you like the dirty little slut you are.  
  
"You know, Bailey, I am going to fuck you right here and now. But you can't cum until I let you or I will find many, many ways to punish you worse," He states as you hear his pants come off.  
  
"Of course sir," you reply as you feel that hard cock slide along your pussy. You quiver and moan lightly waiting for it and him to take you.  
  
He teases you with it though, moving along your wet pussy lips, it brushing against your clit. It is maddening, you start to rock forward to get it inside you but his hand in your hair pulls you back into position. He makes a tsking sound and continues to tease your pussy with his cock. You whimper as he teases you, screaming in your head for him to fuck you but he keeps it up. You know if you had been good and stayed put he would already be fucking you but you had to try to get him into you sooner.  
  
"Please, sir fuck me? Please, I need you to fuck me, please?" You finally say what is running through your head.  
  
"Oh does my little girl want me to fuck her and treat her like my good little cum slut?" He asks, in that arrogant tone you find so damn yummy.  
  
"Yes sir please fuck your good little slut, I need it, I want it please sir fuck me," You beg.  
  
His cock slams into you, rocking you and the desk. One hand gripping your ass and the other pulling on your hair, he slams his cock in and out of you. He fills your pussy up and then takes it away. It is his control that is killing you, He is fucking you just how he wants you and wants to take you. You moan and gasp as he relentlessly pounds you against this desk. Your hands grab the sides and hold on as his cock takes your tight little pussy and he makes you his little slut. You love being his little slut. Him making you wait to cum and him making you beg, the way he talks to you. You moan and try to speak but it just comes out in wordless mewling. His body and his cock are powerful as he fucks you against this desk. Your nipples rub along the wood as his thrusts rock you. You feel yourself about to cum and hold back, trying to speak.  
  
"Please sir can I cum for you? Can I please cum sir?"  
  
"No."  
  
You groan in frustration as he continues to pound your pussy. You barely contain yourself and you get lost in the controlling yourself. His cock feels so good but you focus on his command to not cum. Gripping the desk tight you squeeze and release as he continues to fuck you, moaning into the wood as he jerks your head up by your hair. He leans forward with his lips next to your ear.  
  
"Cum," he whispers as he cums deep inside your pussy.