**Office Fun**

by[julesteve](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1114660&page=submissions)©

The company that I worked for was renovating our offices, most people had taken leave rather than work in a mess so we were operating with just a skeleton staff.  
  
There were some important changes to be made to our computer system, as the painting contractors worked Monday to Friday my boss asked if I would mind opening up at the weekend so that a technician could come in and install the updates. As I had nothing planned I said it would be no problem.  
  
The technician arrived about half an hour after I opened up, he came over to say hello then started to work on the computers. I had seen him around the office before; he was a typical computer geek type, mid twenties, quiet but always perfectly polite.  
  
I had work to do sorting files so I moved along the shelves humming along to the radio, sometimes having to climb a small set of steps to reach the higher shelves.   
  
Around mid morning I was feeling a little hungry and turned to tell the tech that I was going on a break and ask if he wanted a cup of coffee.  
  
He was working at the desk just behind me and looked quickly away as I turned towards him, I had noticed him paying more and more attention to my legs as I climbed up and down the steps but I have to admit as I enjoy the attention I really wasn't bothered.   
  
He accepted my offer of a cup of coffee so we made our way to the little canteen adjacent to the offices. When I had fixed our drinks I sat with my legs crossed on one of the tall stools, sipping my drink and chatting, as I leant forward to offer him a biscuit my skirt rode up a little exposing quite a bit of thigh. I had to keep from laughing as he was obviously trying to sneak a peek without getting caught.  
Uncrossing my legs and easing forward on the stool I knew that my skirt would ride up a bit as I swung myself around to get off the stool and I was sure from his flushed cheeks that he had gotten a glimpse of my panties.   
  
I cleared up and returned to work, as I moved between my desk and the rows of files I noticed that he had casually drifted over towards the side of the office where I was using some steps to reach files down from the upper shelves.   
  
  
Glancing over at him while I worked I noticed that he was taking sly looks, checking out my ass and legs every time I climbed the steps. Pretending that I hadn't noticed I replaced the files I had been looking through then climbed down the steps and started looking through the ones on the lower shelf.   
  
Once in a while, I would crouch down but just turn my legs away from him at the last second so that all he got was a quick look along the side of my upper thighs.  
  
He had knelt down doing something with a cable along the edge of a desk and was doing his best to sneak a peek up my skirt so. Feeling naughty I bent over to retrieve a file, making sure I was positioned so that his eyes were about level with my ass.   
  
Turning quickly I caught him staring and was happy to see him flush bright red as he quickly looked away with an expression of panic on his face at being caught out.   
  
Although there had been nothing to see except my skirt stretched tight over my ass he must have thought I was going to go mad at him, but I just smiled and carried on working as if I was ignoring the attention. As I returned to my desk he was still sneaking little glances over in my direction so obviously he hadn't been put off so I decided to tease him some more.  
  
I left it for a few minutes then casually walked over next to where he was working, took out a file and started flicking through the sections inside standing with my back to him. From his position he wouldn't realise that I could see his reflection in a glass partition and so be able to see his reaction as I gave him a little 'flash' of panties.   
  
Climbing the steps and pretended to be reading through the files I casually reached up under my skirt, pushing it up over the back of my thigh as if to reach an itch.  
  
Checking his reflection in the partition I could see that I had his full attention.   
  
A little flutter of excitement tickled over my belly as he slyly peeked up my skirt.   
  
I decided to give him a better look and pretended that I needed a file just out of reach, using it as an excuse to take one foot off the steps and stand on the adjacent desk straddled between the two, legs apart stretching to reach along the row of files.   
  
The tech had been working a little behind me and as I had stepped over onto the desk and I guessed he would now be almost directly below where I was standing.   
  
I could only imagine the view he was getting from that angle.  
  
Once again I checked his reflection and saw that he had crouched down at the side of the desk I was standing on and was frozen to the spot staring open mouthed straight up between my legs.   
  
In one hand he held the cable that he had been threading along the desk, his other was in his pocket and I was sure from the way that it was moving he was stroking himself as he looked up my skirt.  
  
I was wrong.  
  
He quickly pulled his phone out of his pocket, checked it, then held it out so that it was just below the hem of my skirt, pointing up right between my legs and took a picture. He fumbled a bit in his haste to shove it back in his pocket while keeping an eye on me making sure that I hadn't looked down and spotted him.  
  
My heart was racing butterflies danced in my stomach and I was just a little damp between the legs, a familiar tingle of excitement passed over me.  
  
Pushing the file back in place I climbed back down the steps.   
  
I sat on the edge of a desk just a little way off and positioned myself so that one leg was hanging over the edge with the other raised up as I rested my foot on a chair, my knees very slightly apart enticing him so he would get just the briefest glimpse of panties. As he turned towards me his focus was immediately drawn along my legs to the flash of material between my legs.   
  
"Do you like to look up my skirt?" I said.  
  
He almost fell against the desk as he scrambled back on his knees.  
  
"I'm so sorry, please don't get me fired." He pleaded.  
I leant back on my hands so that my skirt slipped up over my thighs.  
  
"You didn't answer my question." I said and spread my knees apart exposing a little more of my panties to him before quickly closing them together again.   
  
He licked his lips eyes wide; I could tell I was driving him crazy so I slowly spread my legs again, this time tugging my skirt up past my hips.   
  
He looked longingly at my panties.  
  
"I know you've been peeking is this what you have been trying to see all day?"  
  
Shaking his head he said. "Look I am really sorry; it's just that you are an attractive woman in a short skirt surely you can't blame me for looking."  
  
I swung my legs over the edge of the desk and stood with my hand on my hip.  
  
"You're right I can't blame you for looking." I said.  
  
He seemed to relax a little, "Look I'm so sorry it won't..."   
  
I cut him off, "but what about the picture you took?"  
  
He flushed bright red and tried to pull away from me as I reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone.   
  
"Let's have a little look shall we." I said.  
  
I took his phone over to my desk, searched for the lead from my phone in my draw then downloaded the photo onto my computer.  
  
His phone was top of the range, (as if I expected anything less from a computer nerd) so the image that came up was bright and clear showing the view up my skirt that he had enjoyed so much. My little sheer panties did nothing to hide my pussy, every detail clearly visible.   
  
My outer lips had parted slightly as I had straddled the desk and steps so there was even a little peek of my labia, slightly puffy with excitement.  
  
"What were you going to do with this picture?" I asked him.  
  
"Nothing." He stammered.  
  
"Please delete it; I am so sorry I don't know why I did it, please don't tell anyone."  
  
I saved the picture to my computer then handed his phone back to him saying.  
  
"After all the trouble you went to taking it I think it would be silly to delete it."   
  
He put the phone back in his pocket then just stood there looking at the floor a little unsure of what was expected of him or what to do next.  
  
"Do you have a girlfriend?" I asked.  
  
He went redder still. "No not at the moment."  
  
"Is that why you were looking at me?" I swung around and lifted one leg over the arm of my chair spreading my legs apart so that he could see right up to my panties.   
  
"Is this what you like to look at when you get off?"  
  
He stared as I slipped my hand over my thigh and touched a finger to the thin material between my legs; I was already wet from the shock of seeing the picture he had sneaked showing my most intimate parts in glorious detail.  
  
"I think you were going look at that picture tonight and masturbate, weren't you?"  
  
He shook his head. "No honest, I don't know why I did it."  
  
"So you don't like looking at me then?" I said.  
  
He swallowed hard. "Of course I do... I don't know what to say."  
  
"Actually I was quite enjoying the attention" I said.  
  
There was a discernable bulge in his trousers even though he had shuffled around so that he was sideways on to me in an attempt to hide it.  
  
I was feeling incredibly horny.  
  
"Look you're a single guy spending most of the day getting off on sneaking peeks at my panties so we both know what you were going to do later while you were looking at that picture of my pussy."   
  
I thought he was going to burst into tears; his face was glowing with embarrassment.  
  
"There's no shame in it girls like to do it too." I said.   
  
"In fact I am feeling so turned on thinking about it I really need to touch myself and to honest you don't look very comfortable so instead of waiting to get home to take care of things how about we watch each other masturbate right here and now."   
  
"It has to be better than looking at a picture." I giggled.  
  
"What here?" he said gesturing around.  
  
"Why not we're alone," I said. "Tell you what; if you let me watch you today I might just choose to wear something shorter tomorrow and you can take all the pictures you like" His gaze was centred on the hand between my legs and he was nervously biting his lip I could see that he wanted to but was perhaps still worrying that he would get into trouble.  
  
"Let me see the effect I've had on you and I might just take my panties off." I said.  
  
To my surprise he said. "Please don't."  
  
"So you don't want to watch me?" I said puzzled.  
  
"Its not that." He said quietly. "It's just that I like looking at women in panties."  
  
That explained the obsession with looking up my skirt.  
  
"Nothing wrong with that," I said "I don't mind keeping them on if that's what you like but I need to see you, shall we do this?"  
  
Without further prompting he unfastened his trousers and let them fall to his feet.  
  
He immediately took hold of his cock as it sprang free from his boxer shorts hesitated a second or two when he saw me looking at it then slowly started to stroke his hand up and down the shaft.   
  
I watched mesmerized as a drop of glistening pre-cum formed on the tip of his helmet, oozing from the little slit and dribbling over his fingers coating his thick shaft.  
  
A wet patch was spreading over the crotch of my panties as I moved my fingers over the front of them and down over the heat between my legs it seemed to make it all the more erotic masturbating with my panties on, hiding myself away.  
  
I pressed the thin material against my lips, rubbing back and forth in time with his movements as I watched his hand sliding up and down his penis, gently tugging the foreskin over the engorged head.  
  
His gaze was focused between my legs, his eyes wide watching intently as my fingers pushed the material of my panties between my swollen lips, the sensitive flesh folding over them as my hand glided over my wet slit.  
  
Close to orgasm I slid my fingers over the sopping material while I pressed the fingers of my other hand to my clit, the sheer material of my panties slightly rough on my sensitive little nub, I stroked myself with increasing urgency, up and down the length of my slit until I could feel hot wetness running down the inside of my thigh, juices leaked from my pussy as I hit orgasm, all my senses concentrated on the sensations between my legs.  
  
My pussy throbbed delightfully as the waves of orgasm swept through my body; gradually subsiding to leave me exhausted and spent.  
  
As my breathing slowed from a pant I watched the tech masturbate, close to climax. His hand was blur as he worked his hand back and forth, squeezing his shaft hard, the purple head looked as if it was about to burst.  
  
With a grunt he stiffened, pushing his hips out towards me as great silvery gobs spurted from his cock landing on the carpet right by my foot.  
  
He held his cock tight as it jerked and twitched in his grip until at last just a lazy dribble of cum oozed from the end and dribbled over his fingers.  
  
He was panting as he looked up at me; quickly pulling his pants up tucking himself away as I stood and removed my wet panties dropped them in my desk draw then smoothed down my skirt.  
  
"It's getting near time to finish so we might as well go home." I said.  
  
He nodded. "Will you be opening up tomorrow?" he asked.  
  
"Why wouldn't I be?" I said puzzled.  
  
He looked embarrassed. "You know...today."  
  
"Don't be silly." I said.   
  
"Just carry on doing exactly what you were doing today."   
He looked confused.  
  
"What do you mean?" he said.  
  
"I suggest you concentrate on the getting your work finished, but I don't mind if you take the time to sneak a picture if you want to." I said.  
He looked shocked, "Really?"   
  
"I promised to wear something short didn't I?"  
  
With that I gathered up my things and ushered him out of the building.  
  
The next morning the tech guy was really quiet.  
  
We worked until around just after mid day then stopped for a break.  
  
"Why don't you make a coffee while I look at the pictures on your phone?" I said.  
  
He looked shocked and I laughed.  
  
Did you really think I hadn't spotted you earlier this morning?  
  
Without a word he passed his phone to me and went to fetch our drinks.  
  
I hooked his phone up to my computer but apart from the picture he had taken yesterday there was only one image. As he liked looking at panties I had worn a simple white thong that would show up easily under my short skirt. I was a bit disappointed that he had not made more of an effort.  
  
He came over with the drinks and looked puzzled.  
  
"Is that the only one?" he said.  
  
"Look for yourself." I said to him, handing him the phone. He looked through it and only found the one photo from today that I had seen.  
  
He fiddled about with his phone for a bit then said.   
  
"There, I think that's Ok now but I am a bit annoyed because there were two more pictures."  
  
"Both of my panties?" I asked, teasing him.   
  
To be honest I found it highly erotic knowing that he was sneaking little peeks and taking pictures and had been putting myself in some situations where my panties were just showing under the hem of my skirt and others where he would get a clear view of them, I had been a little damp all morning knowing that I was being 'spied on' and felt a little disappointed at the lack of 'evidence.'  
  
He went a bit red again.   
  
"You said it was alright so I took some of you when you were on the steps and when you were bending over reaching something from your desk."  
  
"I would have liked to see them; did you have a good view of my panties?"  
  
His cheeks were glowing. "Yes."  
  
"Was it just my panties that you could see?" teasing both the tech and myself a little wanting to know how I had looked to him.  
  
"I could make out the shape of you and they were kind of pressed into you at one point so I could see a bit more of it." He was burning with embarrassment and I couldn't help but push him a little.  
  
"By it do you mean my pussy?"  
  
He nodded.  
  
I was feeling incredibly horny and naughty.  
  
Some of the desks were still covered with a decorator's sheet so I cleared the debris from one, turned the sheet so that it was clean side up and sat back on it with my legs hanging over the side, I reached down and hitched my skirt up.  
  
"I'm a little disappointed I didn't get to see what you saw so you might as well take a picture now so we both have something to look at." I said.  
  
He fumbled with his phone and brought it up with shaking hands.  
"Would you mind if I asked you a question?" I asked.  
Speechless, he nodded his head, yes.  
  
"Did you like yesterdays picture where you could see my pussy through my panties?"  
  
Again he nodded.  
  
"Would you like me to pull my panties to one side so that you can see it again?"  
  
He was glowing bright red; his excitement was obvious by the bulge in his trousers.  
  
"Yes please, if you want to." He said very quietly.  
  
I reached between my legs and pulled my panties down over my buttocks and away from my damp pussy then lay back over the table.  
  
I drew my knees up a little letting my skirt ride up over my thighs.  
  
"Tell me what you can see" I said.  
  
He was a little breathless.  
  
"I can see your panties and just little bit of your..."  
  
He hesitated. "You know."  
  
Teasing him I said.  
  
"No I don't know, tell me."  
  
Almost in a whisper he said, "Your pussy lips."   
  
"Put you're camera between my legs and take a picture." I said my heart beating.  
  
I felt his arm brush the edge of my skirt as he closed in to take the picture and I knew he would catch the musky scent of my sex.  
  
Not bothering to pull up my panties I sat up.   
  
"Did you like that?" I asked him.  
  
He nodded yes.  
  
"Would you like to take another?" I asked.  
  
Again he nodded, the bulge in his trousers had grown but this time he was doing nothing to try and hide it, my horniness got the better of me and I decided to push things a little more for my own needs than his.  
"How would you like to see my pussy, naked right now?" I said.  
  
He nodded. "And take a picture?" He asked shyly.  
  
"What do you think?" I replied.  
  
By now my pussy was incredibly wet, I could felt a little damp trickle of run down between my legs, I was so turned on that I wanted to spread my legs and show everything to him, I wanted to watch his face as he took a picture of my pussy but most of all I wanted to cum.   
  
I took a deep breath. "Turn around until I say it's Ok to look."   
  
As he turned his back I reached down hitched my skirt up around my waist and started to take off my panties. Then remembering that it was panties he had a fetish for I didn't take them all the way off, leaving them wrapped around my thigh.   
  
It felt extra naughty lying there open and exposed in a place that was usually bustling with activity, my was heart pounding and I couldn't help but touch a finger to my pussy as I imagined what it would be like to lie there with all my colleagues gathered around. I was so wet and aroused that a little 'tongue' of labia poked out from between my smooth lips. I pinched it between my thumb and forefinger rubbing them back and forth, teasing until I was gasping for breath caught up in my own excitement having to force myself to stop as I remembered I was not alone.   
  
Taking a moment to catch my breath I closed my legs and whispered "I'm ready."  
  
As he turned back to face me I slowly opened myself up to him. I swear his cock jumped in his trousers as I parted my thighs and he saw my pussy in all its naked glory for the first time with no panties obscuring it.  
  
He stood motionless until I said.  
  
"Are you going to take a picture?"  
  
His hand was trembling as he brought the camera up.  
  
"Take your cock out so that I can see you too." I said.  
  
Without any hesitation this time he took off his trousers and pulled his cock free of his boxers, a little line of pre cum trailing between them and the swollen end as it sprang free and slapped against his belly.

I lay motionless my tummy doing flips as I whispered.   
  
"Come a bit closer to me like you were when you took that other picture."  
  
He stepped between my legs and leant forward so close that his cock just brushed the leg that was hanging off the table, he jumped back leaving a thick line of clear liquid that trailed from half way up my thigh to the end of his cock.  
  
It broke and landed wetly along my leg.  
  
Embarrassed he started to apologise but stopped as I sat up laughing.  
  
"Don't worry about it, that's not the first time that I've been covered in this stuff."  
  
I hesitated, "And more."  
  
My pussy was really wet now.   
  
As I lay there I could feel my juices trickling down between my legs and tickling between my buttocks, all the teasing had gotten to me and I needed to cum.   
  
Sitting up I said to him. "We will do things differently today, I want you to watch me but this time you mustn't make yourself cum Ok? Watch me then I can watch you."  
  
He nodded and dropped his hand away from his penis where he had been lazily stroking his hand back and forth.  
  
Lying back on the table I brought my knees up and ran a hand over my pussy coating my fingers in my juices while spreading the wetness all over my lips letting my finger linger there as I drew it slowly along my slit.   
  
Using the fingers of my other hand I spread my lips, a little tingle of excitement shuddering through me as I opened myself up knowing he would be able to see everything, I slipped two fingers inside my soft pink hole caressing the smooth walls of my vagina then let my swollen lips fold back over them as I brought my other hand back up to my clit.  
  
I still couldn't believe I was sitting with my legs spread wide masturbating in my work place in front of a tech whose name I didn't even know, it was such an erotic feeling that washed over me that I let out a load moan. Pressing my fingers to my clit I started to move them in little circles in time with the fingers I was thrusting into myself until I could feel a really strong orgasm start to build up inside me.   
  
As I masturbated I watched his face, his eyes never moved from between my legs, he was flushed and seemed to be breathing a little heavy and even though I had asked him not to he was very gently stroking his cock in time to my movements.  
  
When my orgasm hit, it was so intense that I squeezed my legs together hard over my hand, the walls of my pussy contracted and pulsed over the fingers buried deep inside me as juices flooded over them and I gasped for breath, shuddering as a muscle in my thigh jumped, twitching as I rubbed my clitoris hard.  
  
Eventually I relaxed flopping back with my legs wide open, a little chill breeze playing across the damp of my pussy from the air conditioning.  
  
I sat up, wiped myself with a tissue and slowly pulled my panties back on.  
  
The tech looked at me a little confused and perhaps a little embarrassed to be standing there holding his cock while I was seemingly getting dressed.  
  
He looked even more puzzled as I slipped my skirt off then sat back down.  
  
"You like women in panties, don't you?" I said.  
  
"Yes." He replied a little hesitantly.  
  
"Because I have put them back on to give you a little treat." I said.   
  
Sitting on the edge of the table so that my buttocks were perched on the very edge I leant back and opened my legs, my panties were wet and clinging, I had pulled them up tight against me so that they moulded to the shape of my mound and sank a little between my lips.  
  
As he watched me his hand started to pump his cock faster.  
  
"Stand between my knees." I said.  
  
He moved forward and I opened my legs a little more to a accommodate him.  
  
"Stop and tell me just before you are going to cum." I said.  
  
He looked up from between my legs.  
  
"Don't worry; I won't let it go on you." He replied a little breathless.  
  
"It's not that." I said "as I told you before have a little treat for you."  
  
He was starting to breathe hard as he stroked his hand up and down, from the look on his face I thought that he was going to shoot his load as he watched me press a finger to my panties checking between my legs to make sure the material lay nicely along my slit, highlighting it in a perfect 'camel toe.'  
  
Looking back up at the tech I could see that he was nearly there, a thick vein stood out along his shaft, the head glistened with the same clear liquid that had splashed on my leg little bubbles forming as he pulled the foreskin back and forth.  
  
As I watched him warmth was growing between my legs and there was a tingle in my pussy as my own need built again.  
  
"Are you going to cum?" I asked him.  
  
"Nearly," he managed to gasp.  
  
I could scarcely believe what I was doing, as I spread my legs wider.  
  
"If you come closer I will let you rub just the tip of your cock against my panties."  
  
  
He was trembling as he moved between my thighs and very gently touched the head of his cock against the soft white material.   
  
"Hold it against me while you stroke it." I said.  
  
He circled his index finger and thumb around his cock, just below the helmet holding it still as he pressed it against my panties, he moved his other hand back and forth over the shaft in a fast rhythm, every time he moved his hand up the shaft the pressure caused the head to twitch a little against my slit, tickling my lips.  
  
He was being too gentle and it was driving me mad, I moved my hips.  
  
"Rub it up and down." I said.   
  
He got the message, holding it firm just under the head he rubbed it back and forth over my panties leaving a thin band of wetness as he guided it over the soft material sliding it up and down my slit.  
  
As he rubbed the head of his penis over my panties I couldn't resist the urge any longer and started to rub my clit.   
  
He watched as I pushed my finger under the waist band and rubbed it back and forth gasping as I pressed still hyper sensitive from my last orgasm.  
  
The pressure of his cock on my panties was actually pushing my lips apart a little; only the thin material was stopping the end of his cock from slipping it into me.   
  
"I'm sorry I can't hold on any longer." He said.   
  
I stared at his hand fascinated as he pulled the head away from my panties and began pumping his cock frantically, I was close to orgasm and worked my fingers to match his manic pace concentrating on my throbbing clit, tossing my head back and pushing my hips up against my hand to increase the pressure.  
  
I looked back down to his cock just in time to see the first load of cum shoot from the tip and land on my stomach, he went to pull it away but I cried out,  
  
"Press it to me again."  
  
He pushed the head of his cock to my panties and I could feel it pulsing as he squirted rope after rope of sticky white cum over them, he was still working his hand back and forth so each time he tugged his foreskin over the head his knuckles were rubbing against my pussy as he crushed the end of his cock against me.   
  
My panties had ridden right up and although my slit was still covered his penis was actually brushing against a little bit of my labia poking out of the sopping material.  
  
The sensation was too much and my second orgasm ripped through me.   
  
My juices flooded out into panties that were already soaked in his cum.  
  
Caught up in my orgasm I needed more sensation grabbed his hand with mine and pushed down crushing his cock against my pussy and held it to me as we both came down from our orgasm, the last little spurts of his cum dribbling down over my panties and bare swollen lips, trickling over my thighs in sticky little rivulets.  
  
We parted and I pulled my sopping panties, wrapped them in some tissue and dropped them in the bin intending to dispose of them later.  
  
The tech was pulling his boxers up over his now flaccid cock, he still looked a little red and out of breath but grinned at me as he caught my eye, then noticed the large damp patch on the decorator's sheet.  
  
I picked up my skirt and said.  
  
"Now you know why I took this off, I didn't want to get it messy."  
  
With that I went to the ladies to freshen up, enjoying the naughtiness of walking the corridors naked from the waist down.  
  
When I got back to the office the tech had turned the sheet back over and dumped a paint can over the top of the damp patch in an attempt to hide the evidence.  
  
We went to my computer and downloaded the pictures from his phone, I copied them to a disc so that I could take a copy home, emailed them to Steve then deleted the images, I looked up at the tech and said, "you can't be to careful with a works pc."  
  
He laughed, "Damn right, some of the tech guys are a little weird."  
  
We said our goodbyes and he left as I was gathering up my things. I was just going to leave then remembered the panties in my draw from yesterday and the ruined pair in the bin, when I went to retrieve them I found that they were gone!   
  
There was only one explanation; the tech must have taken them when I was freshening up in the ladies, it seemed he really did have a thing about panties after all.  
  
J. xx