Trudy: Day at the Office

by Richard Janice ©

Trudy swung open the door with "FRANK ALLISON C.P.A." stenciled in large,

black letters on the frosted glass. "Good morning, Mr. Allison." Trudy

sang as she let the door swing closed and walked toward her desk in the

large reception office. Her desk was toward the back of the reception

office, which was divided by a single step up to a highly polished wooden

floor. The desk was in the center of this area with file cabinets lining

the walls.

She arrived at her desk and looking to her right, she could see Mr.

Allison sitting at his desk, through the open office door next to the

reception area. On the lower, carpeted level of the large room were

cushioned chairs, separated by small tables for clients to sit while

waiting for their appointments.

"Good morning, Trudy." Mr. Allison answered as he looked up from his desk

to Trudy, standing at her desk in the next room.

"Oh, man, what a dish" Mr. Allison thought, as he took in the petite

blond, wearing the little, yellow mini-skirt and yellow silk blouse. "Did

you have a nice weekend?" he asked.

"Yes sir, I did." she said, walking to the open office doorway.

Mr. Allison looked at the tantalizing figure standing in the doorway and

was surprised at how quickly he was responding to her long, soft legs

standing in high heel shoes and the very short, ruffled skirt suspended at

the tops of her delectable thighs.

Her yellow blouse clinging around her large breasts revealed their soft

fullness. The gentle, upward slope of her tits was visible, as the thin

silk rested on her fleshy mounds. The yellow blouse was open to her

breasts, exposing the edges of her full, ripe titties.

"Trudy, we have a nine o'clock appointment with Mr. Wilson, and I need his

file." Mr. Allison said, gazing at her thighs and wondering what color

knickers she might have on. "Would you get it for me, please." he added,

his cock beginning to stir now.

"Sure, Mr. Allison, I'll get it out in a minute." Trudy sang and turned

toward her desk.

Mr. Allison watched her walk towards her desk as her yellow ruffled skirt

rocked, to and fro across her soft, tanned thighs. His eyes fixated on her

legs as he watched her step up on the raised floor near her desk, gaping

at the exposed soft, white skin of her inner thigh as she lifted her leg.

His cock getting hard now, Mr. Allison continued watching Trudy as she

went across the room to the file cabinet. Her long legs reflected in the

polished, wood floor as she bent down slightly to the drawer containing

the "W's". He watched lecherously and saw her fluffy skirt rise up to her

little ass, exposing the soft crease at the top of her long legs and the

slope of her tight, bare cheeks.

Trudy reached into the open drawer and pulled out the manila folder

labeled, "Wilson, George". Then turning, her high heels clicked loudly as

she headed back across the shiny wooden floor to Mr. Allison's desk.

"Here is Mr. Wilson's file." Trudy said as she stood in front of Mr.

Allison's desk.

Mr. Allison's cock jerked as he looked at Trudy standing in front of his

desk. Her slim, tanned thighs a vision as he looked across the desk at

her. The hem of her little skirt hung to just below her pussy and staring,

past the hem of her little, flared skirt, he could see the shadowed skin

in between her soft thighs.

"Will that be all, Mr. Allison?" she asked, aware that he was staring at

her legs. She shifted her weight, causing her firm breasts to jiggle under

the clingy, silk blouse.

"Yes, thank you, Trudy." he said, as he looked up past her full breasts to

her face.

Her blond hair hung across her shoulders, framing the soft, small features

of her face. Her full, pouting lips tinted pink with lipstick and her

eyes, like blue gems in the dark, sultry borders of her eye liner,

sparkled as she looked at him. His cock had become hard as he fantasized

about what it would be like to kiss her full lips and make love to this

sexy, little body.

Trudy turned towards the open door as her flared skirt swung out and

flashed her little white ass. She left the office, and again, Mr. Allison

watched the little blond nymph walk across the reflective floor to her

desk.

Reaching down to rub his hardened penis through his pants, he watched the

full length of her legs reflected on the shiny surface, moving towards her

desk. Arriving at the desk, she rolled the small, typist chair out and

maneuvered herself onto the cushioned seat.

Trudy was enjoying the way Mr. Allison looked at her. He has looked at her

that way since she began working for him. Trudy felt that he was a perfect

boss because he frequently gave her a bonus when things went well and he

was generous with paid time off.

As she sat at her desk typing a memo, her thoughts drifted the strange man

on the bus and how good his cock felt throbbing in her pussy. As she

thought about how his hands felt under her ruffled skirt on her bare

behind, she noticed her pussy becoming damp. She shifted on the chair,

crossing her legs under the shelf holding the typewriter. Suddenly, she

looked up and standing in front of her was a gray haired man with a white

mustache.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson. We have been expecting you." Trudy smiled

maintaining her professional composure.

"Please have a seat and Mr. Allison will be with you in a moment" Trudy

said, indicating the chairs across the room.

As the gray haired man turned toward the chairs, Trudy got up to announce

the client to Mr. Allison. Her high heels clicked loudly across the wooden

floor as she walked.

"Mr. Wilson is here, Mr. Allison" Trudy said, standing at the open

doorway.

Mr. Wilson took a seat in the center of the row of chairs and sitting down

he saw Trudy standing at the door of Mr. Allison's office. Her little,

yellow mini-skirt flared out and he could see, from his lower position,

her legs as they ended at her little butt. The shadowed skin of her

rounded buttocks was barely hidden by her ruffled hem.

Picking up a magazine, Mr. Wilson leafed through the pages. Holding the

issue in front of his face, he peered over the top of the magazine and

watched Trudy walk back to her desk. Titillated at the sight of her

titties wiggling under the clinging blouse she wore, he began to fantasize

about this young woman. As Trudy sat on the chair at her desk with her

knees held tightly together, he watched her swing her legs under the shelf

and began typing.

"He's trying to look up my skirt." Trudy said to herself as she looked up

and caught the older man looking at her over the raised magazine.

"That dirty old man," Trudy flushed, remembering she hadn't worn knickers.

"Well, I'll just give him something to look at." She thought as she slowly

lifted her long legs to cross them.

Then she pushed her chair away from her desk and stood up. Turning her

back to Mr. Wilson, she pressed the sides of her yellow ruffled skirt to

her hips causing the back of the mini-skirt to rise in the center,

exposing the dark crease dividing the cheeks of her soft, white ass.

As Mr. Wilson peered over the magazine, he became sexually aroused at the

site of this young blond in the mini-skirt standing at her desk. His cock

stirred as he watched her turn around and smooth her skirt. She had pushed

up the back when she pressed the flared hem to her legs and he ogled at

the appearance of her little, fleshy cheeks peeking at him under the

raised hem.

Trudy slowly walked to a file cabinet and stooped down to the bottom

drawer. Then, after taking a paper out of the drawer, she rose, bending at

the waist to a standing position.

Mr. Wilson felt his heart skip as he watched this little blond in a

mini-skirt bent over the file cabinet. Her little girlish ass peeked out

lewdly at him as her skirt rose up high across her ripe, firm cheeks. He

could faintly make out the folds of her blond-haired pussy as she

lingered, bending over the file.

Then, she turned and looked directly at Mr. Wilson as she walked back to

her desk. Sitting again in her chair, she swung her long, bare legs around

and under the shelf holding her typewriter.

Trudy typed busily as the man lowered his magazine to gaze at her legs

displayed under the typing table. Laying the magazine on his lap to cover

his mounting erection, he peered up her skirt to the top of her legs. Then

he watched her as Trudy slowly spread her legs apart, showing him, from

under the shelf, all of her light blond-haired pussy. The swollen,

glistening lips opened slightly, exposing to the aroused man, the wet,

pink skin of her entrance.

"Come in Mr. Wilson." Said Mr. Allison as he stepped out of his office and

motioned the startled man to his office.

Trudy smiled at him, as Mr. Wilson slowly got up, adjusted his pants and

walked past Trudy's desk to the adjoining office.

After about fifteen minutes Mr. Allison's office door opened. Mr. Wilson

walked out again and went to Trudy's desk.

"Miss, could you please make a copy of this for me?" Mr. Wilson asked as

he extended a folder of papers to her.

"Oh, no problem, sir. I'll have them for you in a minute." Trudy answered,

looking up from her typewriter, smiling.

Trudy took the papers and pushed her chair away from her desk, her little

ruffled skirt lay loosely across her lap, a yellow border at the tops of

her soft, slim thighs. She got up from the chair, standing very close to

the graying man. Lingering there briefly, she turned toward the copy

machine and laid the paper on the feeder. Pressing a button, she waited as

the machine began making a humming noise.

Mr. Wilson watched her as she waited, studying the trim, little blond girl

in the brief mini-skirt. The back of her legs were deliciously exposed as

the skirt draped over her little round ass, stopping abruptly at he tops

of her thighs. His cock became erect as he thought about her little pink

pussy, naked underneath the yellow ruffles of the abbreviated mini-skirt.

As Trudy waited, the copy machine pulled the papers through. Then, the

humming stopped and Trudy, looking back at the older man, smiled. Bending

over to retrieve the copies from the container at the bottom of the

machine she raised one leg behind her, lifting the little skirt away from

her bared, little behind as she extended her high heel covered foot toward

him.

Mr. Wilson's cock throbbed as he watched Trudy bend over the copy machine,

her skirt rising like a yellow curtain over the white, arched cheeks of

her uncovered little ass. The pink furrows of soft flesh peeked out from

behind the thin, blond hairs surrounding her little slit as he looked up

the extended leg past the raised hem of her skirt. The delectable sight

brought a gasping sound from the mesmerized Mr. Wilson.

Trudy heard the man gasp, and turning around, she could see that he was

very aroused and walked over to him, handing him the copied papers.

"I saw you looking up my skirt, Mr. Wilson." She whispered to him,

clasping her hands behind her back.

"You know, it excites me when you look at me that way and well----maybe we

could get together sometime." she added softly, as her eyes looked down,

bashfully. Her little ruffles brushed against the bulge in his trousers as

she lightly swayed her body, left and right against him.

"That would be nice, Miss ------ehh." the graying man replied, not knowing

her name and hypnotized by the soft blond features of her face. His cock

strained with the light brushing of her ruffled skirt rubbing against him.

Her large, firm nipples protruded erotically from the clinging, silk

blouse. He could see the pillow-like tops of her full, fleshy tits past

the gaping opening of her soft, silky blouse.

"Trudy. Please call me Trudy, Mr. Wilson." She exclaimed as she turned and

leaned over her desk. Taking a piece of scrap paper, she wrote down her

phone number.

Mr. Wilson's heart skipped again as he watched the tantalizing, little

blond girl shamelessly bent over her desk. Her pretty ass displayed in the

frame formed by the raised hem of the ruffled mini-skirt. His cock was now

very hard as he watched the lewd vision before him. Trudy turned and

handed the flustered Mr. Wilson the paper and smiled. Now leaning on her

butt, half sitting against the top of the desk with her long legs

stretched out to the shiny floor, the ruffled front of her skirt pushed

out. The magnificent beauty showed him a glimpse of her bared pussy under

the patch of light, blond hair. She folded her arms in front of her,

pushing up her full breasts. The fleshy cleavage spilled out of the gaping

opening of her silky blouse as Mr. Wilson ogled at the splendid display of

her soft upturned nipples, outlined explicitly against the thin, yellow

fabric.

Meanwhile Mr. Allison could see Trudy and Mr. Wilson through the open door

of his office from his desk. He watched as Trudy made the copies and saw

her little naked ass bent over the copy machine. Feeling his cock getting

hard he reached down and rubbed the engorged member through his slacks. He unzipped his pants and withdrawing his hardened cock, he began to softly

stroke the hard shaft while watching the tantalizing little blond lean

over her desk. He watched as her yellow ruffles rose halfway up her lewdly

displayed ass.

Mr. Allison was vigorously pumping his cock as he watched Mr. Wilson leave

and saw the leggy, blond secretary sit back at her typewriter. Her little

skirt rested suggestively on her slim thighs as she looked over a page of

a contract she had been working on. Rubbing the hard cock softly now, he

closed his eyes, and fantasized about her gorgeous little ass pushing

against his swollen member.

Trudy looked at the document in her hand and couldn't decide on the

wording of a particular phrase. She got up and went to Mr. Allison's

office for a clarification when, as she rounded his desk, she saw him with

his eyes closed, slowly pumping his long hard cock.

"Mr. Allison!" she screeched in surprise, as she looked at the purplish

head of his swollen cock, held tightly in his hand.

The startled Mr. Allison opened his eyes to see Trudy standing in front of

him in her opened, silky blouse and revealing short skirt.

"Trudy," Mr. Allison gulped, obviously surprised to see her standing

there. "You surprised me." He added nervously as he attempted to cover his

large, engorged penis under his hand.

Trudy turned her back to him as he returned the erect cock back into his

trousers. Then he got up and closed the office door, turning the lock.

Returning to Trudy, he looked into her blue eyes and said, "I'm sorry

about that, Trudy. It's that you are so sexy, dressed like this. I

couldn't help myself." He placed his hand on her breast and squeezed the

soft, full flesh gently through the thin, silky blouse. He could feel her

warm nipple hardening under the palm of his hand.

"Mr. Wilson, you shouldn't do that!" Trudy said, her voice rising as she

pushed his hand away and stepped back. Her swollen breasts jiggled

wantonly under the thin silk.

"Please, Trudy, just let me look at them for a minute." he said as he

reached for her bobbing breast again.

"No! Well------ maybe for just a minute." Trudy answered seductively,

stepping back again.

" But, just for a minute, Mr. Allison." She added quickly as she slowly

unbuttoned the loose blouse to her waist, watching Mr. Allison's face

redden with excitement.

Her blouse opened to the waist; she pulled the wispy material aside to

expose her full, suspended breasts. The brown nipples stood out hard and

inviting on the pillows of soft, white titties. She placed each hand under

a breast and pushed them together, forming a sensuously deep valley in

between the buoyant, fleshy orbs.

"Do you like my titties, Mr. Allison?" she sang softly and pouted, as she

looked down at her fleshy tits and lifted them slowly, one at a time,

pressing it seductively against the other.

"Oh! Trudy, yes." he answered breathlessly, stepping forward and covering

both of her soft tits in his hands.

"Oh! No, Mr. Allison." She teased, pushing him back. Trudy pulled the silk

material over her swollen breasts as her soft, long blond hair shook about

her face.

"You said look, not touch." She sang girlishly, as she again pulled the

open blouse apart, allowing her fleshy titties to spring past the smooth

material and bounce freely.

"Please Trudy, I'll give you anything." He begged breathlessly, his

engorged cock aching for release.

"Why, Mr. Allison," she scolded. "What kind of girl do you think I am?"

Trudy teased, as she pulled on her hard, brown nipples.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars, if you let me kiss your breasts." He

said hurriedly, as he reached in his pocket and withdrew a one hundred

dollar bill. He offered it to her.

"Well, maybe just a little." she said shyly, taking the bill in her hand.

"But, just a little bit." she added, giggling softly.

Mr. Allison stepped up to her and bent over as she lifted a generous tit

to his face. He sucked on the hardened nipple and pulled the warm, fleshy

breast deep into his mouth. Then, reaching around her waist, he lifted the

back of her little ruffled skirt and squeezed the warm fleshy globes of

her naked ass, pulling her close into his body, tightly against his

throbbing, erect cock.

Trudy moaned softly, becoming overwhelmed, as she felt his stiff cock

pressed hard against her little pussy along with the wet sucking on her

sensitive breast.

Trudy dropped down to her knees and unzipped his pants and opening his

trousers, she pulled them down to his knees. Taking his erect cock and

full balls in her hands she began licking the bulbous head with loving

abandon, gently rubbing the two sacks of cum that swung gently below the

base of his cock.

With a long wet lick, Trudy ran her tongue to the base of his monstrous

organ. Trudy could feel his heart beat as it pulsed in his hard rod. With

new interest, Trudy began polishing his cock with her own saliva. When it

was good and soaked with her own saliva Trudy kissed its head once, twice

and on the third time Trudy allowed it to penetrate her flaming pink lips.

Slowly, Trudy swallowed the fleshy post until she could feel it press

against the back of her throat. By working her head, a little sideways,

and swallowing, Trudy allowed the cock to slide down her throat. Mr.

Allison's uncontrolled moans told her that he liked every second of this

as much as Trudy liked every inch of this hard cock. Trudy pulled away,

kissed it again, and re-swallowed it (just to prove she could). Within

seconds, Trudy was repeatedly swallowing his cock then pulling away

looking at it.

Continuously hungry for variety, Trudy gently squeezed the base of his

penis adding a rough lumpy surface to it as its veins bulged in response.

Then Trudy slipped her other hand between his hairy legs and slowly worked

her fingers between the cheeks of his ass. Trudy found his tight asshole

and slowly began to penetrate it with her fingers, wiggling them to add

excitement to the situation. Instantly his cock grew very rigid and the

veins on it raked delightfully on the walls of her throat.

Only seconds had passed since Trudy had penetrated his asshole when his

cock stood at attention and pulsed. Trudy knew what was next. She pulled

away and jacked his throbbing tool. Trudy twisted and squeezed it around

its purple head. To Trudy it seemed like an eternity before the second

pulse. At the end of the second pulse, his wad of cum was just beginning

to ooze from the end of his huge cock. Its white beauty was just poised

there, waiting to be lunged her way. Trudy pulled far away and then zoomed

in for a quick wet suck on the ample head of his cock. The third pulse

came just as the head exited her pink lips, making the cock jump wildly

and hit her nose. Trudy pulled away as fast as she could, to savor the

view of his cum in flight. Still, seemingly in slow motion, Trudy saw his

come begin to leave the hole in the end of his cock. A never-ending string

of white cum ejected from his cock. It strung for a foot or more before

landing on her waiting face. The slippery cum was hot and satisfying. A

fourth pulse sent a huge wad into her opened mouth. A fifth and sixth

pulse also painted her face and hair. A few faint pulses ended the

glorious cum carnival. Trudy then rubbed his cum all over her face with

his still rigid cock, then lovingly licked it clean.

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Standing up again, Trudy turned as she buttoned her blouse and Mr. Allison

watched her as she walked to the door of the office. Her little ruffled

skirt bounced against her ass, as she unlocked the door to go to her

adjoining office.

"That was really nice, Mr. Allison." She said sweetly, as she walked out

through the open door.

It was about eleven when Mr. Allison walked out of his office and looked

at Trudy, as he opened the door to the busy street.

"Trudy, I have to go to a luncheon with a couple attorneys, and I won't be

back until about two." he said, as if nothing had happened between them.

"OK, Mr. Allison, I'll stay here for lunch, and take care of the office

while your gone." Trudy answered, looking up from her typewriter, as he

stepped out the door.

Trudy continued typing, as her thoughts drifted back to what happened in

Mr. Allison's office this morning. She wondered if Mr. Allison had

insisted, would she have let him screw her, there, in the office. She

really enjoyed the excitement on Mr. Allison's' face as she exposed and

seductively rubbed her tits for him and sucked him off.

Trudy was getting wet, and felt the moisture building up in her uncovered

pussy, as she thought about Mr. Allison. She put her hand between her

delectable, bare thighs and pushed under her short skirt to the soft skin

at her pussy. Trudy gently stroked her little pussy, under the skirt, and

inserted her finger into her little, wet opening. Suddenly, the ringing of

the telephone, on her desk startled her.

"Mr. Allison's' office, This is Trudy. May I help you?" She said politely,

her finger glistening, wet from her pussy.

"Uh, Trudy? This is Scott." The man's voice on the phone answered.

"Oh, hello Scott. How did you know where I work?" She asked, as she

remembered how she had sucked on his huge cock last night, and squirmed on

her naked skin, pushing her ass into the soft cushion of her chair.

"I called Ginger and she told me how I could reach you." He explained.

"Hope you don't mind that I called you like this, but, I thought you

would, maybe, have lunch with me." He said in a quiet voice.

"Oh Scott, I'd love too, but I can't leave the office. Mr. Allison will be

out until two and I can't leave until he gets back." Trudy told him.

"Well, how about, I pick up something, and bring it over there. We could

get a bite to eat and you wouldn't have to leave." he asked, hopefully.

Trudy thought for a minute and agreed to meet Scott at her office in

fifteen minutes. Hanging up the phone she put her finger back on her,

still, wet pussy and rubbed the soft skin gently as she thought about

Scott's big cock, and how it tasted coming in her mouth, last night.

Scott arrived carrying a bag of food from the nearby deli. Trudy was at

her desk and stood up to greet him as he walked in briskly.

"Hi, Trudy. You look great today." He said as he looked at the cute,

yellow, ruffled skirt showcasing her slim, tanned legs. His cock stirred

as he noted how her full, fleshy breasts peeked out, past the open neck of

her clinging blouse.

He walked to her, stepping up to the highly polished floor. As he arrived

at her desk, he looked at her legs, reflected against the shiny floor. The

bare skin of her legs was visible, all the way up to her blond pussy,

reflecting against the shiny floor. Scott could easily see she wasn't

wearing any knickers and the realization made his cock get hard as it

bulged excitedly against his trousers.

"Thanks for bringing lunch." Trudy said, as she put her arms around his

neck. She pressed her body to him, and felt his growing hardness against

her belly. She breathed into his ear as she rubbed the hardened cock

through his pants with her soft belly. She wanted to have Scott, and she

was going to have a good time with him.

Trudy stepped back from the surprised, delighted Scott and took the bag of

food from him. She turned around and placed the food on the desk. The

sight of her little skirt ruffles swinging around the back of her soft

thighs drove Scott crazy with lust.

"Scott, why don't you sit here in my chair. You can use the desk as a

table." Trudy offered, her voice soft, like a whisper, as she sat on the

end of the desk.

Trudy's long legs displayed in front of him, with her little skirt resting

high on her soft, tanned thighs made him even hornier. He glanced at her

swollen breasts, outlined in the clinging, yellow silk of her unbuttoned

blouse. Her hard nipples pointed out seductively, against the thin

material.

"Scott, do you like my legs?" she asked, almost whispering, as she noticed

his gaze on her long, bare legs.

"Trudy, you have the most beautiful legs I've ever seen." Scott answered

as he studied her luscious thighs at the hem of her little skirt.

Trudy swung her legs around so that he could see right up her little

ruffles. She spread her soft, white legs apart and lifted them, resting

each high heel on the arm of his chair. He stared at her little, blond

pussy as she placed a finger on the narrow, pink slit, and slowly rubbed

it up and down.

"Do you like to look up my skirt, ------- at my legs and my little pussy,

Scott?" She asked girlishly, her mouth, sensuously opened.

She rubbed, back and forth, along the wet crack with her narrow finger,

occasionally allowing the glistening digit to disappear in between the

warm, wet folds of her pussy.

"Scott, will you please show me your cock?" she asked him, as she brought

her finger out of the succulent, pink folds. She put it in her mouth, and

began to suck on her finger as if it were a cock.

Scott got extremely excited as he watched the petit, blond-haired beauty

sitting on the desk, her legs raised up and spread apart so he could see

her naked, open vagina. He watched her as she sucked, teasingly, on her

finger. Scott reached into his now, opened zipper and took out his big,

hard cock. He began stroking it, as he looked up her skirt. She closed her

legs, and let them dangle off the desk.

"Do you like to look up my skirt, at my legs, --- and my little pussy?"

Trudy asked him, as she leaned back on her hands and again, spreading her

legs apart, then closing them together again. Her skirt was up past her

legs, exposing the blond hair on top of her little pussy. It was driving

him crazy. Then, she slowly spread her legs again, her pussy opened to

him, wet and inviting.

"Golly Scott, you have a big, hard cock." she told him, watching him

stroke the firm shaft.

"Scott, would you mind if I asked you a question?" her finger disappearing

into her pussy again.

Speechless, Scott nodded his head, yes.

"I wonder if you could maybe--- rub----- just the tip against my wet pussy

---a little.

Scott got up and laid his thick engorged organ in the light hair above her

pussy. Rubbing it back and across the soft hair, his head got larger and

very thick, leaving behind a thin band of lubricating wetness across the

fine hair.

Trudy moaned as he rubbed his cock in her pubic hair and then he brought

the swollen head down, along her open crack. Rubbing it up and down for a

moment, he pushed against her, his cock gliding into her pussy, sliding

easily through the slippery wetness.

Trudy pushed Scott back off her and his cock came out of her pussy, the

hard shaft and purple head, soaked with her fluids. She sat up on the

desk, grabbed his cock with one hand and cupped his balls in the other.

"Oh, no, Scott. You can't do that right now." She teased. "But if you

want, you can kiss my little pussy, for a while." She told him, as she

gently pulled on his cock.

Trudy laid back on the desk as Scott sat again, pulling his chair to her

and he began to softly, lick the succulent, wet, hair covered crack. He

pushed his tongue, separating the pliant lips and stroked the pink, wet

skin up and down. As his tongue brushed the hard bud of her clitoris, he

could feel the girl getting hotter. Her soft thighs rubbed the sides of

his face while the ruffled hem of her short skirt brushed against his

forehead.

This big man sucking and licking her pussy, making her gasp for air as he

probed her with his hot tongue overwhelmed Trudy. She grabbed a handful of

his hair as she came again and again under Scott's persistent, wet

licking.

Sitting up again, Trudy reached for his wet cock and took it in her hands,

gently tugging on the hot, engorged head.

"Do you want to stick that back in my little pussy, Scott?" She asked in a

baby voice, lightly wringing the swollen head in her hand.

She rubbed the head of his cock softly, driving Scott crazy. Then she got

off the desk and knelt down at Scott's feet. Picking up his huge, thick

cock in her hands, she continued to gently massage the head.

"I was hoping you would call me, Scott." she told him as she flicked her

finger over the sensitive hole at the tip of his enormous head. Then she

licked the shaft of the cock from the base, along the engorged vein and

across the head. Repeating the licking over and over, she rubbed his heavy

balls and tugged them with her fingers until Scott grabbed her head. His

strong fingers dug into her soft, blond hair and he pulled her face, hard,

against his desperate erection.

Trudy pulled away, her pink lips, wet from kissing Scott's huge organ. Her

long, blond hair hung softly over her small, pretty face.

"Scott, do you think it would be ok, if I sat on your lap?" she asked,

smiling at the aroused man sitting in her chair.

Trudy stood up, turned and sat on his lap across his hard cock. Hidden

under the little, yellow ruffles of her skirt, her wet pussy pushed

against Scott's hot, wet cock. She wiggled on the hot, slippery tube and

put her arm around his shoulder. Kissing him on the mouth, her wet tongue

scrapped across his lips. She wiggled her little ass again, against the

throbbing, hard penis. Then, she looked down as she opened another button

on her blouse, and pulled the silky material away from her titties,

letting the full, soft breasts jiggle past the silky border.

"My nipple is sooo sensitive." She cooed, as she pinched the hard knob and

pulled on it. Letting it go again, the aroused nipple bounced back and

bobbed on top of her big, soft titty.

"Wouldn't you like to suck on my little nipple for a while, Scott?" she

asked, as she lifted her soft, succulent breast up to his face.

Scott bent to take the swollen nipple in his mouth as she wiggled her

soaked pussy against his hot, wet cock. He sucked gently on her nipple as

Trudy moaned softly.

Scott's cock jerked wildly and slipped into the open wet lips of her pussy

while she wiggled and ground her little ass on him. She moaned, as she

rocked on the inserted cock. The engulfed shaft sliding in and out of the

hot wet channel brought Scott nearly to orgasm. Then she got up and stood

in front of him, her little skirt was up past her hips. Scott looked

longingly at her swollen, blond pussy lips.

"Scott, please do it from behind." she breathed. Her face was, soft and

blond with red tinged cheeks, from her sexual excitement. Turning around,

she bent over the desk, her exquisite, tantalizing ass completely naked.

Her little yellow ruffles lay on top of her naked, upturned cheeks.

Scott stood up and squeezed her soft, little ass in his hands. He pushed

his swollen cock against the wet, open, pink pussy, entering her easily.

Sliding along the slippery wetness, deep into her, he rhythmically pumped

the little pussy, rubbing her soft ass cheeks around in his hands. Then,

he rammed his cock, deep into her, and pounded against her horny pussy

again and again. He continued to ram her hot sex, faster and faster, until

he suddenly stiffened, and with a loud moan, the ramming head of his cock

exploded and gushed hot cum inside her.

Trudy moaned loudly as she felt Scott's cock pumping her and the sudden

hot wetness of his gushing semen made her cum with him. The walls of her

pussy closed in tightly, around the spurting cock and rhythmically pumped

the jerking penis inside her.

After a minute, he withdrew his wet, spent cock and Trudy turned around

again, facing him. She knelt down in front of him and very gently, sucked

on his softening organ, while gently massaging his large balls.