

Simon stood at the wall-to-ceiling picture window that looked out over the depressing downtown. His jacket was off, hands in his pockets. I stopped just inside the door. When I closed it behind me, I felt a strange sense of safety. As if anything could happen inside this beige space and it would be okay.

“You can take off your jacket now,” he said without turning around.

My heart seemed to jump into my throat. Every nerve ending in my body stood at attention. I opened my mouth to say something snappy, but nothing came out. Instead, I slid one arm out of my jacket, then the other. Not sure what to do with it, I dropped it to the floor.

“Good. Now you can put your hands on your nipples.”

I didn't move. I wasn't sure I'd heard right. Besides, my heart was beating too fast. There was a long pause while we both stood still, me looking at his back, him looking out the window. Finally, he turned and gave me a mild stare.

“You're not touching your nipples.”

I cleared my throat. “No.”

“I would imagine they're in need of some contact right now. How do they feel? Aroused? Irritated?” His expression was one of concerned interest.

He had a point. “Like I want to jump out of my skin,” I admitted.

“Ah, I thought so. That's why I suggested touching them. I certainly wouldn't want you to jump out of that beautiful skin. Would you like to try it now?”

In the back of my mind, I wondered why we were talking about my nipples rather than proper phone procedure, or some other job-related issue. But his green eyes flicked over my body, scattering sparks of heat wherever they went, and before I knew it my hands rose to my tits. I put my fingers around my nipples. The heat of them surprised me. My poor nipples were burning up under there. How had he known it was exactly what I needed, to touch myself like that?

“Tighter,” came Simon's soft, almost hypnotic voice.

I pressed tighter and felt the texture of the lace dig into my flesh. My breath caught and my face flushed. A jolt of heat zinged on a straight line from my nipples to my insides. Moisture sprang between my legs. Startled by my body's reaction, I snatched my hands away from my nipples.

“Did I ask you to stop?” Simon sounded disappointed. Reproving. My hands jumped back to my breasts. “No, stop,” he said.

I stopped, hands hovering a few inches away from my breasts.

“I want to see what you look like now. Unbutton your blouse.”

*What the F?* Was my brand-new boss really telling me to undo my blouse? And was I really on fire to do whatever he said? It kills me to admit it, but I couldn't disobey him. Didn't want to. He was leading me somewhere with that sexy voice. Somewhere I'd never been. Somewhere I wanted to go. I unbuttoned my blouse and drew it off my shoulders. I dropped it onto the floor, on top of my jacket. The stuffy office air felt cool against my skin.

"Beautiful," said Simon, a note of approval in his voice. "Exactly how I'd pictured it on you. But your hair's all wrong. It should be piled on your head. Do it."

That last phrase came out stronger, more like an order. Without thinking, I filled my hands with my hair and pulled it to the top of my head. It felt thick and silky against my hands. I'd never been quite so aware of the feel of my hair before.

Simon walked across the office with deliberate slowness. When he got to my side, he walked around me. From behind, I felt his finger touch lightly on the back of my neck.

"Fascinating tattoo." He seemed to realize it was still tender back there, because he didn't linger on the tattoo. Instead he traced his finger along the side of my neck, down the rounded front of my shoulder, into the crevice between my breasts, creating a trail of fire wherever he touched. Then he delved under the lace of the teddy. Unbearable excitement filled me as he lifted my nipple away from the fabric.

"Mm," he said noncommittally as he examined my nipple. He reached around my back and brought the other one out of its nest. His body, strong and smelling of some kind of jet-set aftershave, pressed against me. In the office window, I saw our reflection. His intent face bent over my shoulder, his hands at my front, tugging at my nipples. Me in a provocative teddy and tight hobble skirt. The sight added to my excitement and I leaned back against him. "You've had an interesting morning, haven't you?" He murmured in my ear. "Look how these juicy little morsels swelled up. I bet that lace teased you hard, didn't it? Rubbed up against you like a rough little kitten tongue. I thought about you all morning, thought about these breasts stirring under your blouse. Thought about how wet it must be making you. Thought about how your nipples would feel against my hands, all hard and excited and..."

A spasm shook my body. It shocked me. What was happening to me? It was as if he had suddenly acquired ownership of the body that had previously been mine. I was dancing to his tune, singing at his command.

He pulled my nipples again, hard, and again my body arched back against him. I felt his erection press against my ass. The thought that I'd given him that hard-on made me even more excited. I wanted him to ravage me with it. Grind it deep. I squirmed and panted, but he wouldn't let me get closer to his cock.

