

Alex I: The Pool Table

By Stephanie Wilson

Laura walked into his office. Alex had his telephone headset on and was in the middle of a call. He watched as she walked over to the pool table and began playing. Why was it that her shots always had her leaning across the table? Her short red dress being pulled just high enough to catch a glimpse of her gorgeous backside. God, was she beautiful. Her long legs looked great in that dress, with those matching heels. Her long black hair flowing across her bare back. Her smooth shoulders reaching across the...."Mr. Jones? Are you there?" The voice on the other end of the phone brought Alex back to reality. "I'll call you back", he said as he hung up and took off the headset, without even waiting for a reply. Laura looked up from her shot and smiled at Alex.

"It looks like your having a hard time with that shot. Care for a helping hand?" Alex said as he walked over to her. He came up behind her and reached down over her, placing his hands over hers and guiding her shot.

Being touched by him felt so good. His strong hands guiding her shot across the table. She could feel him pressed up against her, the bulge in his pants lined up right against her. She could feel his warm breath on her skin. Mmm, she wanted him so badly, and she knew he wanted her. She could feel it, literally.

Plunk. The ball went perfectly into the hole. If nothing else, he sure was good at pool. Alex smirked, and said "Nice shot." and began to walk back to his desk.

No, he couldn't go back to work now. She knows he wants her. Why is he playing this game? She quickly turned around to face him. "Um...you could help me some more with my game," she said as she walked over to him.

"Your game will improve with practice. Is there something else I can do for you?" Alex said with his look of pretend cluelessness. Her hand moved down towards his pants. "Well, there is something...." She said with a flirtatious look in her eye as she began to stroke him through the layer of fabric.

God, her hand felt so good there. Alex had been so wrapped up in work lately, he'd forgotten how good a woman's touch can be. That was something Alex had always appreciated. In his wild youth days, he'd been caught none too few a times with them, much to his father's distaste. But those are another story.

Alex gave in. He was going to take her, right there and then. He grabbed her hand away from his pants, and lifted her up onto the pool table. He had that ravenous look in his eyes. He reached up her dress and pulled off her matching red panties, and tossed them onto the table. He quickly undid his belt, and opened his trousers. She was smiling with anticipation. He took out his cock and slid it into her. God, she was so wet and tight. This felt great. He began thrusting, deeper and harder into her. He held onto her hips, controlling the motion perfectly. If there was one thing Alex needed, it was control. He felt so good inside her. His firm, strong member thrusting deep within her womb. He was so big inside her. His thrusting

continued, harder and faster. He began to pant as a broad grin swept across his face. His panting got heavier. He moaned as he released his hot seed deep within her. He looked down at her pretty face and smirked, knowing she liked it just as much. He pulled out of her, wiping himself off on her sex as he did, and did himself back up. He made sure his clothes looked just as presentable as before, and then tossed her back her panties.

"Like I said, nice shot." Alex repeated as he walked back over to his desk and sat down.

"Now...I've really got to get back to work". He placed his headset back on, and she lay back on the table with a look of pure ecstasy on her face. Alex smirked again. She put her panties back on, hopped off the table, and left his office.

The End