

Office Romance

Episode III

by Jasmine Lace



A Santa hat bobbed up and down on a bald man with caramel skin. He walked over to Doris Mahoney's desk. A smile dazzled on his lips as he cradled a small square cardboard box in one of his strong arms. His bicep bulged up like a giant scoop of toffee ice cream, ready to be tasted. His kaki brown, UPS uniform shorts wrapped nicely around his muscular thighs, promising nights of long stamina.

Doris licked the white frosting from her rosy lips. The Christmas cupcake she had been eating held loosely in her hand while she pictured licking the frosting off the bicep that bulged effortlessly as the delivery man carried his package.

He confidently swayed towards her.

Doris absentmindedly straightened her red and green Christmas sweater. The bells attached to the gawky outfit jingled as she wiped cake crumbs away. Her thin cheeks turned rosy when the handsome delivery man stopped in front of her desk.

“Merry Christmas, beautiful,” he greeted her. His smile lifted in a sexy glow.

“Merry Christmas, Kevin,” Doris responded brightly. “Are you having a good day today?”

“Fine, just keeping busy. Christmas is our busiest season, so I haven’t anything to complain about.”

She gave him a long goofy smile.

Say something, she yelled at herself. You’re making it awkward by just staring. Talk.

They didn’t speak. Kevin Hastings looked around, his confident wavering a little.

You didn't spend \$20 to send a package from home to the office, only to stare at him like a freak, Doris thought fanatically. *Say something now!*

“So, that’s a good size package you got there?” she said before she realized her mistake. Then she made another by looking down at his crotch. Her eyes lingered in that area for a few moments longer than they should have. “I mean...”

“Haha, well, it’s a package for you actually,” Kevin handed it over. Then he winked, “Probably something you want to unwrap later.”

Doris giggled loudly.

“I bet you have a lot of packages to look into this holiday season,” he added.

“Oh you,” she smiled.

Kevin’s eyebrows lifted flirtatiously.

Is he flirting with me? She thought happily.

Doris stared in silence as she pictured unbuckling his thick belt and watching his tight shorts fall to the ground, revealing a nice Christmas gift in red boxer briefs.

“Like the hat?” Kevin’s eyes motioned up to the Santa hat on his head.

“Yes. A little holiday cheer, huh? I like it.”

“Here,” Kevin took it off and held it out for her.

“No, I couldn....”

“Yes,” he insisted.

“It makes more sense for you to wear it than me,” she said.

“Nay, but you’ll look better in it.”

He moved around her desk to get closer to her. Doris held her breath as he combed back her blond hair and gently placed the hat on top of her head. She stared up at his small black eyes and strong jaw.

Like most men, Kevin barely stood at her eye level. She was happy that she had remembered not to

wear her black heels that day. She slouched a little in her flats near her long-time crush without making him feel inadequate for not matching her tall height.

“That’s perfect,” he smiled.

Doris’ armpits began to sweat. Her face grew hot. She had rarely been this close to Kevin before. Fighting the urge to lend in for a kiss, she stood still in silence, gawking at him. Her thoughts were to shell shocked by their closeness to order herself to talk to him some more.

“Well, I’m off,” he said after another long awkward silence. Then he turned and walked away. “Busy season and all. So many packages to delivery and so little time before Christmas is here.”

“Yeah, I...” she mumbled.

“Take care, beautiful.”

Doris stared disappointedly at his nice round tush, regretting not having a chance to squeeze it.

I’m such a babbling idiot, she thought as the past few minutes replayed in her head. She didn’t remember saying much. But when she had spoken, Doris was sure it had been nonsense. *God, why didn’t I ask him to the office Christmas party?*

Ideas of eggnog and drunkenly groping Kevin in the company copy room flew through her mind. Doris opened the box. She took out a book wrapped in green foil and her office mug.

I am running out of things to ship to myself.

Luckily, she had her secret Santa gift sent there. It was near lunchtime when the floor would be nearly empty. Doris could sneak into Cameron Dalton’s office and drop it off without anyone noticing.

She walked towards his office. She knew he would be excited about his gift. For months, Cameron has

spoken to people around her about the art he had seen at Tim Collom Gallery in Sacramento.

Doris had been paying attention.

She had gotten a book of the local artists paintings and after weeks of haggling got him to sign it. Doris couldn't wait to see the happy look on his face when Cameron would tell people about his great Secret Santa present.

She walked into his large corner office. The off-white shades had been pulled down. The grey, winter afternoon sun rays came in through an inch from the floor, putting the room in a dark dimness.

The dark chestnut wood matched the desk and walls perfectly. Even the cabinets on the side of his desk had the same glossy look. Doris set the green package on the desk. She looked admiringly down at the silver frame of Cameron's beautiful wife.

Doris had met her once or twice before. She was a tall blonde. Not as tall as Doris. But a comfortable tall where men of Camron's 6-foot height still towered a little over women, who matched his wife's height.

I bet she never had to worry about wearing heels, Doris thought in envy.

Suddenly, she heard the knob to the office door turn. Fearing her secrecy being blown, Doris pressed her hands against the bells on her Christmas sweater to stop them from sounding her presence. Then she rushed to the office closet. Doris hid herself in the dark space before Cameron had entered his office.

He sat down at his desk and scanned over some papers. Doris looked out the crack of the closet door that she had left open. Panic lifted in her as she wondered about an excuse of what to say to him when she left the closet. Nothing seemed like a good idea.

I'll just have to get on with it, she thought in disappointment to the fact that her cover was blown.

Doris started to open the closet door when an angry voice stopped her.

“What was that!?!” Alexis Washington shrieked at Cameron.

Cameron pushed away from his desk when Alexis moved passed the desk and stood in front of him.

“You came to my house?!?” she accused.

“You stopped answering my texts and calls after you said you had told him,” Cameron said defensively before standing up. “I didn’t know what he might have done to you.”

“Coming to my house wouldn’t have improved things!” Alexis’ eyes hardened as she stared past the 6-inches he had above her. His hazel eyes stared back unfazed.

Doris’ eyes widened. *What could Alexis have said to make her husband do something? she thought. And what would he have done? Hit her? But why? Did Alexis’ husband normally physically abuse her?*

Videos and seminars of handling coworker's domestic abuse ran in Doris' mind. She had some handouts to print off and give to Alexis when she got free of her hiding place.

Doris placed her ear closer to the opening of the cracked closet door. She wasn’t going anywhere until she found out more.

“We were finally getting better,” Alexis said. “And you showing up almost ruined everything.”

“How!?!” Cameron shouted.

“Shhhh!” Alexis looked behind her and went to close the door.

“No one is here,” he rolled his eyes. “Besides, he cheated on you. I thought you were over him.”

Alexis was having marital problems!?! Doris thought. But what does Cameron have to do with it? I thought they were just friends.

Doris always considered Cam's and Alexis' relationship a bit too touchy feely. They were always talking and laughing together which made it odd when they worked on different floors. It was like they made it a point to make up an excuse to be in those areas to visit with each other.

Doris remembered when she saw them in the parking lot last Friday. They seemed awkwardly quiet.

"Anthony and I talked this weekend," Alexis admitted. "He's stopped and his trying to be..."

"Bullshit! Every man says they're sorry when they get caught."

"He's my husband. I have to give it a shot," Alexis choked out.

For a long time, Doris didn't hear anything. She peeked through her small slit and saw Cameron move closer to Alexis. Alexis' hands flew up to ward off his embrace.

"No," she stepped back.

"It doesn't matter about him," he said as his arms encircled her waist.

"What!?! " Alexis' hands were trapped against his chest.

"It didn't matter that night you were with me. When I made you squeal while inside you," his voice went husky and low. His forehead was placed next to hers as she tried to turn away from him.

He did what now!?!

Broken regulations swirled in Doris's head as she thought about the idea of two co-workers having an affair in her company.

“You know how good I can make you feel with just a touch of my fingers. He can’t do what I can do for you.”

“Uh, you’re not all that,” Alexis said. She turned around to leave but Cam still held her close to him. Her back was crushed against his chest. “And you don’t know what Anthony does for me.”

“Oh yeah, I bet you I can prove you wrong,” he said.

“Stop. No. Don’t.”

Doris heard Alexis say. Sexual harassment protocols flowed in her mind. She felt like she needed to do something before there was a major rape case on her hands.

She pushed the door open. Doris stopped from shouting out when she saw Alexis’ head turned backwards, kissing Cameron hungrily back as his hands moved up her black skirt.

Doris rushed back behind the door, confused on what to do next. Soon, she heard Alexis moaning loudly.

Christmas pop music blasted through the rental speakers of the cafeteria. Doris had arranged the long tables with red and gold tablecloths adorned with potted poinsettias. The tables gathered in the back near the serving line of various hors d’oeuvres and assorted dips. In front of the tables was a small empty dance floor where company coworkers spoke in small conversations among their spouses and dates.

Doris stood in the back corner, mean mugging Alexis as she spoke with her handsome

husband, Anthony. Cameron stood with his arm around his wife and spoke to Paul Grove from sales.

She saw Cam glance over at Alexis. Alexis turned her back to him and spoke closer to her husband.

Yeah, act like nothing happened, slut, Doris thought while taking a long sip of eggnog from a Christmas paper cup.

She tried to block out Alexis' moans that echoed in her head.

"Good turn out," Max Zhao from tech came over to Doris.

She rolled her eyes at his goofy smile. Max was always bugging her about something or another. He talked about boring tech computer things that no one cared about.

"Hmmm," Doris said while looking around for someone else to talk to.

"I've been so excited by this all week," he said and took a sip of eggnog. "It looks great. I love what you've done with..."

Doris downed her eggnog and walked away to get more.

No one as fine as Cameron has ever took me in the office, she thought bitterly. *I think two years ago was the last time I even touched a penis that wasn't made of plastic.*

She poured a heavy glass of eggnog in her cup. Leaning against the table of beverages, she almost knocked the table down with her weight. She gloomily stared over at Cameron as his wife excused herself and walked towards the restrooms.

Doris noticed Alexis's husband was deep in conversation with Cindy Gallagher from marketing. Doris narrowed her eyes towards the office slut. Her red hair was twisted in her finger while she laughed at one of Anthony's jokes.

Poor unsuspecting fool, she thought. Here he is trying to make things work and...

She saw Alexis pouring herself a glass of red wine when Cam walked over to her. He whispered something close to her.

They're probably planning to sneak back to his office for round 3, Doris thought.

She pictured Alexis bent over Cameron's desk as he had entered her from behind. Her black skirt over her waist. Alexis' head was pulled back while she had moaned with every thrust. Cam was leaning over her as his mouth moved on the side of Alexis' neck.

"I saw this interesting thing on YouTube yesterday. It made me think of you," Doris blocked out Max's story.

She was too busy thinking about how she wanted to have Kevin, the delivery guy, thrust into her like she had seen Cameron doing earlier that afternoon.

She had been getting packages from Kevin for over three years now and she wasn't anywhere near getting a hug from him, let alone a fuck. Doris hadn't the courage to ask him out but here were two married people who were getting it on in her company building. Doris hated them so much.

Like they didn't have someone at home to get sex from, she thought bitterly. They had to step out on their spouses. They had someone who loved them and kept them company. Selfish assholes!

"So, what do you think?" Max interrupted her thoughts.

Doris stared at him in confusion. "What do I think about what?" she asked him in irritation.

"About getting a drink after this. I know this place that I saw on..."

"You want to have a drink with me?" she asked him in surprise.

“Of course,” he said. “You look so pretty tonight. Not to say you never look pretty. I think you always wear nice clothes and...”

“You think I look pretty?” Doris rarely heard anyone call her that.

Sure, Kevin called her “beautiful” but he called every woman in the office that. Doris thought it was his pet name for all women. Just Kevin being a nice, flirty guy. Harmless.

“You are gorgeous,” He blushed into his can of soda. Then he bravely nodded up to Doris.

She eyed him up and down as if it was for the first time. Max was a half a foot shorter than her. He wore frameless glasses over his chubby face. He had the palest skin she had ever seen on a Chinese American. She wondered if it was because he spent all his time inside, in front of a computer screen.

Doris took her time as she sipped hard and long on her eggnog. Max was too short and boring for Doris. But he had said she was gorgeous.

Fifteen minutes later, Doris was sitting on the metal, prep table in the back kitchen. Her Santa hat tilted to the side and her long legs propped over Max’s shoulders.

She placed her head back and with her eyes shut tight she replayed what she had seen in Cameron’s office earlier that day. Alexis’s long moans had been muffled by Cameron’s hand over her mouth. He was moving into her deep from behind. Alexis had started to buck wildly back into him until her

body shook. a moment later, Alexis had collapsed on to his desk in rapid breaths.

Between kisses on her shoulder, Cameron had said, “Not all that, huh!?!”

Next, he had slipped out from behind her. Cameron had grabbed Alexis’s curly ponytail and had guided her off his desk to turn her around.

He slumped down into his chair and said, “Look what you did. You got him all wet. Come down here and clean your juices off him.”

Doris’ vagina walls began to tighten as Max’s tongue worked around her lower lips. A raging fireball at the bottom of her stomach was forming an inferno about to race through her body.

“I’ve dreamed of this for so long,” Max’s head popped up, breaking Doris’ concentration.

“Shhh, yeah, yeah,” Doris hushed him as she pushed his head back down between her thighs. “Don’t stop! Keep going!” She grinded into his mouth.

Doris came hard in Max’s mouth as she remembered the gulping and gagging sounds rising from Alexis’ throat as she saw Alexis’ bobbing head appear and disappear from behind the desk.

To be continued..



Watch out for Episode IV to find out what happens next.

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