

Xtasy – 1

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This incident goes back to the time when I had just landed up my first job in well-known Wight Goods Manufacturer in Bangalore (immediately after college). But before we precede let me give you a small background.

I was considered a sweet heart by most of the ladies in the office. But privately however I have tried to camouflage myself I am ultimately just another horny dick with some perversions. I like reading and writing pornography. At home I have my crate of pornography dug away from eyebrow raisers. It had a collection of downloaded erotic stories, Human Digest and some fantasies written by me. What all of it had in common been that it involved dominant women? Different situations – office colleague, disciplining teachers, neighbor aunties, co-passengers etc. Often, the men were seduced by the women. In some cases, the man was the initial aggressor, but the woman turned out to be more than his match and he is made to somehow yield to her.

My most intensely arousing fantasies involve my being seduced by a friendly but dominant woman, and the porn I wrote myself consisted of stories on this theme. By a “dominant woman”, I’m not referring to the stereotypical, leather-clad “Mistress” who hurts, degrades, and humiliates her partner. My kind of dominant woman doesn’t break down my resistance with pain, physical force, or sadism, but rather she uses the art of seduction and her erotic power over me. It’s done in an intensely controlling, but non-hurtful and non-humiliating manner.

Everything she gets me to do is through her ability to persuade and seduce. I do what she wants because she’s has me so aroused, not because of fear or by being forcefully overpowered. All the porn in my collection, including those pieces I wrote myself, involves this kind of woman.

I had brought my selected erotica to office and hid it in a folder amidst some little used, boring papers. The selection was a dozen or so of my favorites, including 3 pieces I wrote myself, in which I am the person being seduced and dominated. While in the office whenever I get the urge I bring the folder into a stall in the men’s room, and I stroke and tease my cock while reading the porn. Due to the fact that this is a busy rest room in a crowded office building, I would never bring myself to orgasm, but just quietly titillate myself to the point where my orgasm later at home would be intense and satisfying.

So anyway, one Friday at work I was in the bathroom stall, teasing my cock and really getting into my fantasies, when suddenly I realized I was late for a meeting. I had lost track of the time. As I rushed out of the rest room, I nearly collided with a woman whom I’d seen several times before. She was a Bengali,

about 30 and pretty, with a really nice figure. She stood out around the office as one of the few women who weren't shy about wearing sexy clothes to work. She'd swing her hips and let her breasts bounce as she'd walk and I'd often find myself staring appreciatively at her swaying ass and sexy body.

She was wearing a tight red dress of a light knit material, which stopped just below her knees. In the morning I had seen her and admired how sexy she looked in that dress with her gorgeous body and sexy walk. The dress had really enhanced her figure. So anyway, after nearly colliding with her, I started to blurt out a hurried apology about being late for a meeting, but I almost choked on the words when she seemed to gaze at my crotch and then back up to my eyes. At that point I realized that I still had a partial hard-on from my restroom masturbation, but I kept my cool Barely. She had a smile and replied to my apology with what seemed to be a raised eyebrow and a cheerful "No problem." I nervously apologized again and rushed back to my desk where I quickly stashed the folder of pornography, grabbed my notepad, and ran to the meeting.

Luckily, the meeting started late and I got there just as the door was closing. It went on for a couple hours and was boring as hell, and my mind wandered back to that woman. Did she really notice my hard-on, or was it just my imagination? Was that some sort of a knowing look she gave me after her apparent gaze at my crotch, or just a cheerful acceptance of my apology? After a while I decided that I was reading far too much into her actions and was once again letting my imagination get the better of me. I sighed to myself and tried to concentrate on the meeting.

It finally ended around 5:15, 15 minutes before quitting time. But as usual, I had to work late. Back at my desk I sat down with the intention of resuming work on the Marketing Promotion Scheme I was trying to finish, but I looked down and noticed a note. It read "You dropped some papers out of your folder. Call me before 5:30. Meethi." There was a phone extension number. I swore to myself and practically tore my desk drawer open.

My fears were realized when I looked into my secret porn folder: the erotica was missing along with some of the innocent papers I used to hide it in. I swore again. That stuff must have fallen out of my folder some time after I was in the restroom masturbating. I went into a panic. Was "Meethi" the sexy woman in the red dress, or someone else? What if Meethi is offended by the porn and tells my boss Inform HR? Or worse, what if she shows it around the office for a good laugh at my expense? I entertained the notion that the porn was still in between a couple of the innocent papers and it wasn't detected, but I had to admit to myself that such a thing was virtually impossible.

I drove myself crazy with my fears for a few minutes until I suddenly snapped

out of it and looked at my watch. If I was going to call at all, it had to be soon because it was almost 5:30. So, I made the decision: I'd call Meethi and get it over with. Not responding would be worse for me in the long run if she somehow disapproved of the erotica. I gritted my teeth, dialed the extension on the note, and hoped for the best.

A woman's voice answered and I vowed I would try to be calm. I said, "Hello. Is this Meethi Beri?"

"Yes it is."

I introduced myself and said, "Uh, I found a note on my desk with this number on it. It Uh, the note said that you found some papers of mine?"

"Oh Yeah, that's right. I've got them right here." Her voice was friendly.

"Uh, good, and, uh, thanks for leaving me that note. Um, uh, sorry I didn't get back to you sooner. I just got out of a meeting".

"The same one you were running to when you almost bumped into me?" So Meethi was the sexy woman in the red dress. She was being friendly and cheerful. I relaxed a bit and replied that it indeed was.

"I'm glad you called," she continued. "I was away from my desk a lot this afternoon, and I thought that you might have called when I was gone and were afraid to leave a message. I was about to come by and see if you were at your desk." So she thought I'd be afraid to leave a message. There's no reason for her thinking that unless she saw the porn. Damn! But she was still being nice about the whole thing. Actually, she was downright cheerful. That was a good sign.

She lowered her voice to a whisper, as if someone was nearby: "So, Cherry, can we talk in private?"

About what? All she had to do was return the porn. This was getting more and more interesting. But I was still nervous and played dumb. "Oh Sure, I guess. If you want. What about?"

She laughed and said, "I think you know what it's about, Cherry." She paused, waiting for a reply, but I was speechless. Her voice was confident and a bit sultry. I felt a wave of excitement and a stirring in my groin. After a moment, she continued, "Can we meet before you leave tonight?"

"Ummm Sure." I made it sound like I had to figure out my schedule before I could be certain, although in actuality nothing could have made me miss this opportunity. I hoped she couldn't see through that childish ruse. "Uh, let's see

Any time before 6 or 7 would be fine.”

“Good,” she said in a friendly but somewhat businesslike manner that matched the tone I had just been feigning. “How about 6:30?”

“Sure, that’s fine.” I was calmer. “Um, where should we meet? A conference room?”

“I think it would be better to use an office. I have the keys to one that’s empty this week. How about if I come by and show you where it is? Will you be at the same place I left my note?”

“Yeah OK. Just come by. I’ll be at the same place.”

She started whispering again, “I’ll pretend I need help with the note I’m writing.”

“Oh, OK. That’s fine. And, uh, you’ll bring my stuff?”

She laughed. “Oh yes I’ll bring all your “stuff”, Cherry.” Her conspiratorial secrecy and the teasing emphasis she put on the word “stuff” got me all the more intrigued She obviously knew about the porn and was being quite cheerful about it. I wondered what she had in mind for our private meeting. “Don’t worry,” she added. “See you then. Bye.” I said goodbye and she hung up.

The time went slowly. I tried to work, but I was too anxious and excited. I kept looking at my watch every minute or so and tried in vain to concentrate on my work. Most of the time had finally gone by when suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. I practically jumped out of my seat. I turned and saw it was Meethi.

She was smiling, which put me a bit more at ease. She looked good standing there next to where I was sitting. My eyes were at the level of her chest, and she made no attempt to move when I turned and found myself staring at her nice breasts from about a foot away. She put her hand back on my shoulder when I turned, and her thigh pressed against mine. Her perfume ‘Cool Waters’ was intoxicating. I felt my penis starting to harden. This was looking more and more interesting all the time!

She laughed good-naturedly, squeezed my shoulder, and pushed slightly against me. I felt her thigh against mine again, and this time I also felt her breast brush lightly against my shoulder. “Cherry. C’mon, follow me. I’ll show you the note I’m having trouble with.” She winked and then motioned me to follow her.

“Oh Uh Right Uh Let I just log out here ” I was so excited I was shaking. I managed to log off the computer, and then I stood up. I grabbed my

bag, almost dropping it, and said, "OK, I'm ready."

She laughed heartily but good-naturedly at me, gave me a reassuring, sexy smile, and said, "Yeah You're ready all right," as she slowly lowered her eyes down to my crotch and back up. My cock was hardening and I'm sure that was visible in my pants. She winked and said, "c'mon. There's an empty office I know about." She led the way to an office on the opposite end of the floor that she unlocked. "This is VNB's office," she explained. "He's out of town for two weeks, and as the departmental secretary, I have the only other key. We won't be disturbed. Lock the door behind you."

I said "OK," and did so. She put her bag on the empty desktop and sat up next to it, cross-legged. She motioned me to sit and looked at me as if she was waiting for me to say something. I nervously sat down but couldn't think of anything to say more than a dumb-sounding, nervous, "Well, here we are."

"Yes, that's true," she said with exaggerated mock seriousness and she laughed again, smiling. "You're quite the nervous one, aren't you Cherry?"

I was quite nervous and I tried to excuse my nervousness by stammering something about being tired and overworked that barely made sense and sounded really lame. "You look like you are going to drop dead. Why are you so nervous Cherry?"

That got me even more nervous, and I stammered, "Uh Yeah I guess I'm high-strung I always have been I'm sorry I'm just Well "

She laughed again. "Don't worry, Cherry. I don't bite."

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