

Closed Door Policy

by Pan

Chapter 5

When I delivered Ron's meal, I had regained my composure. You would never have guessed that the young woman bringing him a tuna sandwich had just frigged herself to orgasm leaning against the office door, crying out her boss's name.

As I turned to leave, Ron gestured to the chair opposite him. He didn't say a word, but I immediately knew that he wanted company. I'd left my meal on my desk, but I sat down, and waited for him to finish. I didn't want to interrupt him, so I just watched him eat, watching his mouth move around the sandwich, watching his jaw flex, listening to him chew and swallow.

I didn't know how long we sat there as Ron quietly ate, but it felt like no time at all before he was done. My head was slightly faint – the smell was stronger than it had been when I took his order, and a secret thrill ran through my body. I knew that my blue dress was responsible.

When Ron was done, he smiled at me, and opened his mouth. But before he could say anything, a concerned look came across his face.

“Sir?”

My eyebrows shot up as I realized what was happening. My boss was choking!

I jumped up, ran around the back of his desk, and gave Ron a huge thump on the back. His eyes flew open, and he coughed, gagging, coughing, trying to breathe.

“Breathe, sir,” I exclaimed, hitting him on the back once more. “Please, sir, breathe.”

On the third thump, Ron coughed, and spat out a chunk of half-chewed food. He shook his head, and took a deep breath, before collapsing back in his chair and breathing deeply.

I didn't even realize I was crying until my boss looked up at me with concern, putting his hand on my cheek. I nuzzled into it, tears running down my face.

“I-I'm sorry, s-sir. I j-just...I thought you were...I thought you were...”

After a moment of stiff awkwardness, Ron put one arm around me. I leaned against him and collapsed into sobs. It had been nothing, really, but I'd never seen anyone choke like that, and it had been all too easy to imagine what would've happened if I wasn't there.

“G-good thing I kept you company during lunch, hey sir?” I said, trying to smile through my sniffles. He smiled back, and patted me gently on the head.

Ron's smell – and no, this shouldn't have been at all surprising – was much, much stronger coming from the source. I don't know how long I sat there, my face pressed against his chest,

breathing his scent in deeply.

It wasn't until he gave an uncomfortable cough that I suddenly became aware of something. While I'd been leaning on him, my hand had...strayed.

Onto his crotch.

"Oh, god, sir!" I exclaimed, standing up straight. "I'm so, so sorry."

Ron opened his mouth, but before he could comfort me, I...I fled the room. It had been an accident, of course – while I was crying, my hands had been on his chest, and as I'd relaxed... well, it was gravity's fault more than anything.

But from his point of view, I'd cried on his chest and then started groping his erection.

And yes, he'd definitely been erect. It had been a while since I'd slept with anyone, but I know the feeling of an erection. And *what* an erection. I didn't know if it was somehow the result of the testosterone treatment, or if Ron was just naturally gifted, but...wow.

No wonder his wife stayed with him.

I closed the door to Ron's office as I left, before sinking into my office chair in shame. What the hell had come over me lately? First I'd been dressing up for his attention, then I'd been distracting him from work, masturbating in the office...and then immediately after *saving his life*, I'd accidentally copped a feel.

Something was seriously wrong with me.

For the next forty minutes, there were no outgoing emails or phone calls from Ron's office. I studiously worked at my desk, my cheeks burning all the while. His smell still filled my nostrils, now joined by another sense memory: the feeling of his cock in my hand.

It had felt so right. So natural. If he hadn't coughed to bring my attention to what I was doing, would I have gone further? My hand hadn't just been resting on his erection; I'd been cupping it. How long would it have taken for me before I started stroking it? Would I even have noticed if I'd sunk to my knees and taken it into my mouth, using my tongue to get him off, draining my boss's balls into my willing, waiting throat?

I shivered in pleasure, clamping my legs shut. No. I'd already gotten off once in the office, I couldn't do it again.

My lunch break was over. It was time to work.

When Ron's "break" ended (the thought of which caused another tingle of arousal to move down my spine and pool in my center), his requests began once more. The first two were simple bookkeeping updates...but the third was to empty the trash in his office. Apparently the cleaning lady hadn't been in for a few days – probably scared off by the smell.

Rapping gently on the door, I entered Ron's office. He only looked up from his computer for a moment; just enough time to run his eyes over my body, and make me blush. Then he returned his attention to his work.

The trashcan was beside his desk, and sure enough, it was full to the point of overflowing. Empty it, and my boss would be happy. Ron would be happy. My job was to make Ron happy. To take care of his needs.

Easy enough.

He didn't stir as I moved my way across the room, my black shoes silent on the carpet. As I picked up the bin, a few wet tissues fell out, and my eyes widened as I realized what they were.

I swallowed thickly. They were his...clean-up.

My boss had asked me to clean up his clean-up.

Part of me was tempted to just leave it. The cleaning lady would probably be back over the weekend. She could take care of it then.

But I couldn't let Ron down. Not after everything else I'd done.

I dropped to my knees in front of Ron's desk. It took me a moment to realize that the sound of his typing had stopped; when I looked up, he was looking down at me. My heart was pounding.

This was a simple task. Pick up the tissues, put them in the trash can, leave. Easy peasy.

From where he was sitting, I knew that Ron must have a great view of my cleavage. His eyes weren't focused on my face, and I knew – I *knew* – that he must be looking at my breasts.

Not that I blamed him, of course. Even without his...condition...what man is going to ignore an attractive young woman kneeling in front of him, her boobs on display? I looked up at him and licked my lips.

Was he imagining what I was imagining? Was he fantasizing about me? What was he thinking – sexy secretary? Or slutty maid, perhaps? After all, I was cleaning up after him. Cleaning up his dirty tissues.

My eyes flicked down to his crotch. He was hard. Not surprising, considering his condition. Even less surprising, considering that I was kneeling in front of him, staring at his bulge.

I took a deep breath. I was here for a reason.

My hands were shaking as they picked up the tissue. It was still wet. Still warm. He must have *just* finished wiping himself. Imagining – no, *remembering* – my hand on his crotch. The feeling of my body against his.

I squeezed my thighs together, and before I knew what I was doing, brought the wad of tissues to

my nose. I breathed deeply, taking in his scent. It was intoxicating. The scent which had filled the room for days – straight from the source. I wanted to taste it. I wanted to swallow it down, to fill my entire body with my boss's...smell.

But I didn't. It took every inch of self-control that I had, but I moved it to the trashcan. The act of letting it go was so hard that it was almost painful; I wanted nothing more than to rub it all over my face, to dab it behind my ears like perfume.

Now all I had to do was stand up and walk away. All I had to do was leave the room, leave the incredible smell, leave my poor boss alone. All I had to do was leave.

And as soon as I did, I knew he'd fill another tissue thinking of me. Imagining me here, on my knees. Imagining that I hadn't left, that I'd leaned forward, unleashed his cock, taken it down my throat, and given him an alternative to finishing in a tissue.

God, I wanted it so bad.

My eyes widened as a thought struck me.

"S-sir?" I asked, and Ron tilted his head to the side inquisitively.

I swallowed hard.

"Sir," I continued. "I-I think we both know that as soon as I leave, you're just going to..."

I gestured at the bin. At the tissue I'd just picked up.

"...fill the bin again."

My boss narrowed his eyes, but didn't say anything.

"S-so you might as well use another tissue n-now," I stammered. "To save me a trip, y'know?"

Ron stared at me for a moment, my entire body twitching each time his eyes flicked down to my cleavage. Finally, with a sigh, he nodded, and reached out for the tissue box on his desk.

He glanced at me once more, and I gave him an encouraging nod. Miranda had told me to take care of his every need, I reminded myself. She'd been very clear about that. And if he wanted his wastepaper basket emptied, I wasn't really doing my job unless I ensured it was empty for more than an hour.

I was just doing my job.

I was just helping out my boss.

He needed me.

The thoughts ran through my head again and again, until my boss unzipped his pants, and my

thoughts just...stopped.

God fucking damn.

I'm not a virgin. Hell, I'm not even a stranger to porn. My favorite type is amateur couples, like the kind you find on Reddit. I like knowing that they're a real couple, really enjoying each other's bodies.

So I hope you won't think poorly of me when I say that I've seen plenty of cocks in my day.

But Ron's.

Fuck! Ron's...

It was...it was huge. Bigger than any of the guys I'd ever been with. Bigger, even, than any porn I could remember. It was long, thick, veiny, and hard as a rock. His balls were huge, too, hanging heavy beneath his dick.

And it was right there in front of me. Right there, for me to watch.

"Fuck," I gulped, before I could stop myself. "Oh, god..."

Ron shot me a half-smile; it was the happiest I'd seen him look in days. His eyes were locked on mine, and I knew he was seeing me. Seeing me see him.

Seeing me be very, very impressed by what I was seeing.

"G-go on, sir," I encouraged. "I mean, when you're ready."

Ron didn't say anything. Without a word, he wrapped his large hand around his even larger cock, and – eyes focused on me – slowly started stroking it.

My mouth opened, and I wouldn't have been surprised if I was drooling. I was staring, of course – maybe the polite thing to do would've been to look away, but I couldn't. I couldn't tear my eyes off the beast in my boss's pants. This was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen in my life.

Ron's hand slid up and down his cock, a steady rhythm of pleasure rippling through his body. Every part of me yearned to be the one bringing him that pleasure. I wanted to tear my dress off, to kneel in front of him, to suck him off until he came down my throat.

But I couldn't. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't do anything but stare at him. To stare at his huge hand as it pumped up and down his cock. To watch his balls bounce as he stroked himself.

"Mmm," I moaned softly, and Ron smiled again.

It could've been an hour that I knelt there, watching as my boss stroked his cock. It felt like seconds and forever, all at once.

I wasn't sure how long he'd been playing with himself, but eventually he let out a low moan, and pulled his hand away from his cock. The head of his cock was dripping wet, and it was shiny and glistening in the light. I let out a soft whimper.

I couldn't help it. My body was on fire.

Ron reached for a tissue, and I leaned forward in anticipation. He was going to cum. My boss's big, beautiful balls were going to unload his hot load into a tissue.

I bit my lip as wicked thoughts rushed into my head all at once. The idea of my hand being the one stroking his cock, pumping his cum out. The idea of swallowing his load. The idea of feeling it slide down my throat.

The idea of using me instead of a tissue. Of unloading onto my face, onto my dress. Stripping naked in front of him and letting him paint me with his seed.

I forced the thoughts out of my mind. I couldn't let him see what I was thinking. It wasn't professional.

Instead, I focused on the task at hand. I was here for a reason. To empty my boss's trashcan.

And to do that, he needed to empty his balls.

Ron's hand returned to his erection, and with a few firm strokes, he was cumming, filling the tissue with his seed.

With his smell.

Dropping the tissue onto the ground, he quickly grabbed another, and filled that one as well. I watched in awe as he proceeded to fill four tissues with his spunk, before using a fifth to clean up whatever the first four had missed.

By the time he was done, I was so wet that I could feel it dripping down my inner thigh. I needed to get out of there, to touch myself, to get off thinking about what I'd seen. But I needed to stay professional.

"G-good work, sir," I said with an encouraging smile. He handed me the five tissues, and I carefully placed them into the trash can I was holding. "I'll empty this out and bring it right back."

As I left my boss's office, I could only hope he didn't notice the tremble in my legs. The moment I was alone, I brought one of the freshly-soiled tissue to my mouth, tentatively poking out my tongue and tasting it. Before long, I'd all but licked the tissue clean, moving to the next one, then the next, rubbing myself as I did. By the time the fifth tissue was clean, my entire body was shaking with orgasm.