

## Closed Door Policy

by Pan

### Chapter 1

The room stank.

It was a smell that I recognized.

Somehow, I managed not to say anything. It was a struggle - with every breath, I knew I was breathing in a part of my boss that I never, ever thought I'd encounter. Ugh! I don't like the taste or smell at the best of times, and to be surrounded by it in a professional environment was...well, it was something out of this world.

Ron didn't even look at me the whole time I was in the room, which was probably for the best - no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't wipe the disgusted look off my face. It was just so...well, *gross*. As soon as I'd passed on the message, Ron gave a nod, and I fled from the room and made a beeline for the one restroom on our floor.

###

I couldn't believe it when the boss told me.

Not that she's my boss. Not directly. I'm Ron's secretary, and she's Ron's boss. So while she's *the* boss, she's not *my* boss, if that makes sense.

"It's a very delicate problem," Miranda told me. She'd been waiting at my desk when I'd come in on Monday morning; she'd declined my offer of a tea or coffee, and launched straight into it.

I nodded politely, a small part of me wondering why Ron didn't just tell me this himself. "I don't want to go into too much detail, but he's taking some testosterone supplements and has been warned by the doctor that it's going to have some pretty strong side-effects."

I've never had much cause to talk to Miranda, but of course I admire her. She started the company herself when she was just 21 years old, and now, a mere ten years later, we've got offices all over the state. She's a real go-getter, and she's never let her gender hold her back.

"Basically," she said, biting her lip slightly, "it's affecting his libido. And so Ron has asked me - and I've given him permission - to take care of matters inside the office."

My eyes widened as I realized what she was saying.

"I know," she smiled sympathetically. "It sounds weird. But he's told me what his doctor said. If he doesn't get off throughout the course of the day, it can be dangerous to his treatment. Normally in a case like this, he'd take medical leave, but..."

I nodded. We'd just landed our largest contract yet, and taking a few weeks off right now wasn't

an option for any of us.

“In practice,” she continued, “this shouldn’t have an effect on day-to-day business, but because the bathrooms here are shared, we’re going to implement a simple closed door policy. If Ron’s door is shut, don’t interrupt - for any reason. Does that make sense?”

I nodded again, even as my head reeled. Was Miranda really saying what I thought she was saying?

With a smile, she thanked me for my support on this tricky issue, and walked out the door. As she left, I admired the black business suit she was wearing. When I’d started at the job, I’d worn skirts, stockings - the kind of stuff that men typically expect of their young female secretaries - but after I’d seen the way Miranda dressed, I’d decided to emulate her as best I could.

No more skirts, no more bright colors - no more cleavage, which anyone would confirm was quite a departure from my usual style. No, it was all pants and pant-suits, and I’ve got to tell you - it had really changed the way people treated me.

Especially Miranda. Maybe that was why she’d chosen to pass on the message herself? We’d only met a few times since my dress-code change, but I swear I’ve felt a growing respect from her.

Or, just as likely, Ron was simply too shy to say anything.

When he came in half an hour later, he couldn’t even make eye-contact. He mumbled a hello, and as soon as I’d finished summarizing his meetings for the day, scurried into his office...and closed the door.

Ron’s a sweet guy, and an excellent boss. But he’s the most shy man I’ve ever met, especially around women. I’ve only met his wife the once, and I genuinely have no idea how they got together - she’s a brash bombshell of a woman. Hot as hell, and simply awful. She runs a chain of dry cleaners or something like that - I imagine their home life consists of Ron going home each night and getting his ear talked off while he gives her a foot massage.

That’s just a guess, of course - what do I know? Maybe they’re into BDSM, and Ron goes home each night and ties her up and spansks her.

As I stared in shock at the closed door, I couldn’t help but feel that a testosterone boost was exactly what Ron needed. Poor guy.

Right then and there, I vowed to make the situation as comfortable for him as I could. I’d do what Miranda said, of course, but if there was anything else I could do, I’d do it. He was a good guy, and he deserved all the support I could give him.

###

It was forty-five minutes before his door re-opened. I’d held all his calls, exactly as instructed. My mind was spinning. Forty-five minutes! I’d never had a boyfriend who could last more than

twenty.

Not that I'd ever think of Ron in that sense, of course, but I couldn't help be impressed.

When it finally opened, my boss looked...flustered. I wasn't surprised. We both knew exactly what he'd been doing, and we both *knew* that we both knew exactly what he'd been doing.

His eyes darted around, and he squeaked an apology.

"Of course," I said, smiling warmly. I was determined to make this as easy for him as I possibly could. "Do you want your messages?"

Ron nodded, but blanched when I stood up. His reaction took me by surprise, and I froze.

"We can do it out here," I eventually said, when it became obvious that my boss wasn't going to fill the silence.

His grateful nod reminded me of why I was doing this. Ron was a sweet guy. I really wanted this to be as easy for him as possible.

I was met with nothing but silence as I relayed the content of the calls he'd missed. When I was done, I expected a thanks, or a grateful nod. Y'know; *something*.

Instead, to my great surprise, he scurried back into his office...and closed the door once more.

My eyes widened and what he was doing sunk in. Had he...after we...

Wow.

I took a deep breath, and tried to swat back the judgmental thoughts. For all the time I'd worked there, Ron had been nothing but completely professional.

I'm an attractive girl. I've always known it. If the leers from strange men weren't enough of a reminder, all I needed to do was glance down. Even under the professional garb I wear to the office, my tits are impossible to hide.

But I swear, I've never seen Ron so much as glance at them, even when I used to wear my favorite cleavage tops. Most men struggle to make eye-contact...well, Ron has that trouble too, but it's not because he's staring at my breasts.

No, Ron was a good guy. This had nothing to do with me; it was a medical issue. It was exactly what Miranda had warned against - his new drugs meant that he didn't have a choice.

It wasn't his fault.

I was going to help him get through this.

###

The pattern repeated itself several times that day. After more than half an hour of door-closed time, Ron would pop out for just long enough to hear the messages he'd missed...and then disappear back into his office, and close the door again.

*It's a medical issue*, I had to keep reminding myself. *It has nothing to do with me.*

The fourth time it happened, I was starting to get a little frustrated. We had deadlines coming up, and Ron's condition was making this the least productive day I'd ever seen in this office.

I knew it wasn't my job to manage the manager, but I was at a total loss. Ron needed my help, and aside from 'not judging him', I had no idea what I could do.

It wasn't like I could go to Miranda and tell her that Ron was spending the whole day jerking off in his office. I mean, it was hardly news - she'd just told *me* that. Besides, what could she do? It was a medical issue.

The end of the day arrived sooner than I expected. I waited for Ron to come out, which took less time than I expected. Maybe he was finally running out of steam? Maybe he'd get it all out of his system today, and tomorrow we'd be back to business as usual.

Less than fifteen minutes since he'd closed it, Ron opened his door and emerged looking sweaty and nervous. I quickly relayed the last few messages and wished him a good night as I grabbed my coat.

He didn't respond, and when I turned back to see why...the door was closed once more.

###

The next day was mostly a repeat of the first. When I got into work, the door was closed, and again, I only saw Ron a few times, each time for long enough to give him his messages and watch him fail to make eye-contact.

As I read him the messages, I couldn't help but notice some subtle changes in the man. Was he... taller? Men are taller than women, so I guess it makes sense that testosterone would add some height. Or perhaps he was just slouching less than usual.

Without the usual stream of little tasks from my boss, I was able to get ahead on those jobs that keep on piling up. For the first time in months, I managed to hit Inbox Zero, and got our monthly reports down to Florida before the accounting team had to chase us up.

On Wednesday, Ron spent slightly less time with the door closed. I wasn't sure if he was adapting to the treatment, or if he was just getting quicker.

Then, just after lunch on Wednesday, we got an urgent call.

It was the client.

“I’m sorry,” I said sympathetically. “I’m afraid that Ron is on another call right now...-”

Before I could finish the thought, the client’s voice was screaming down the line, so loudly that I had to move the receiver away from my ear.

“Of course,” I said. “Yes. Yes, of course - I’ll get him for you straight away.”

Miranda had been very clear - when Ron’s door was closed, he was *not* to be interrupted.

But this client was more than 35% of our annual avenue. If she left us, I’d be fired. Hell, Ron would probably be fired. The entire branch could be shut down.

I wanted to help Ron, I really did. But the best thing I could do for him right now was ensure that the client was happy.

Shutting my eyes and taking a deep breath, I knocked firmly on the door to Ron’s office.

Then, when there was no response, I knocked again.

Opening the door, I called out.

“Sir...”

I’d never called Ron ‘sir’ before in my life, but this seemed like an appropriate time to start.

“Sir,” I repeated. “I’m coming in. Please, sir...make sure that you’re decent?”

###

As as I left Ron’s office and began running for the bathroom, I gulped down as much air as I could. Clean, fresh air. Air completely untainted by...

God, what had I expected? I have no idea what I’d expected. Almost three straight days of... well, no wonder the room stank.

It *stank*.

Now, don’t get me wrong. I’ve had boyfriends. It’s not a smell I’m unfamiliar with. I’ve never been particularly fond of it, truth be told, but I like men. I *really* like men.

And when you really like men in the way that *I* really like men, that smell is something you come to terms with.

My high-school boyfriend - Nico - was my first. And before me, he’d...well, he’d done basically what Ron had done. By himself, in his room, over and over in a day.

It had reeked. I mean, it *really* stank. I think his parents only let him get away with it out of awkwardness.

But even Nico's room, with its teenage hormones and endless bouts of self-pleasure...it hadn't even come *close* to the smell of Ron's office.

As soon as I got to the bathroom, I threw up. I kneeled down and delivered the contents of my stomach directly into the toilet bowl.

And even after I washed my mouth out with water, applied some perfume, AND brushed my teeth with my emergency desk-toothbrush, I still couldn't shake it. Even with my desk-fan on high, it still stuck around like...well, like a bad smell.

Ron's a good guy. He's a good boss, a good man. He's always been decent, and I knew how hard this was for him. I wanted to do everything I could to help...but, god.

No office could be allowed to smell like that.

I knew I had to do something.

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### Chapter 2

The next morning, I got in before Ron, and discreetly installed a pair of air fresheners in his office. A pair of 'Extra-Strength Potency' dispensers...basically the most powerful-sounding name I could find.

I ran into our cleaning lady while I was there, Mrs Witsen. She had just finished vacuuming Ron's office, and as I smiled "Good morning" at her, I noticed she looked slightly ill - Ron's office has no opening windows, and so the room still reeked.

It wasn't as bad as yesterday, I was relieved to discover. I guess he'd left the windows open all night, to help air out the smell, plus whatever Mrs Witsen had done.

They only took a minute to install before I was out of there. I didn't know if my new addition to his office would completely mask the smell, but I was sure that it couldn't hurt.

Weirdly enough, as I sat down at my desk, I found myself taking a big whiff of my clothes. *Just checking to make sure I don't smell*, I told myself.

Yeah. That was all it was.

It wasn't long before Ron arrived, avoided eye-contact, and immediately closed the door to his office. Rolling my eyes, I wondered why he couldn't just "take care of business" at home in the morning. Maybe his wife was refusing to help? Or maybe the medication was particularly strong in the morning, something like that.

Or hell, maybe he *had* taken care of it at home. Based on yesterday's frequency, he seemed to need to go *all the time*. Good thing Miranda had come up with the closed-door policy; if he'd been using our shared restroom, that would have pretty quickly caused a problem.

Again, it was about 45 minutes before Ron sheepishly opened his door. I took a deep breath, and entered the room to give him the messages that I'd taken while he was...while he'd had the door closed.

Entering the room, I was amazed to discover that the smell was somehow *worse* than it had been yesterday. It took all my self-control not to gag on the spot. All I wanted to do was run out of the room and deeply breathe the clean, air-conditioned air at my desk...but I had a job to do, and I knew I had to persevere.

I stood there, trying desperately not to breathe, as I relayed the messages. When I was done, Ron nodded, and I left the room.

He didn't need to tell me to close the door behind me.

That day was largely the same as the first. I couldn't tell you why, but I made a resolve to deliver all of Ron's messages in his office. Maybe it was to ensure that he didn't feel ostracized, like a freak - it was my job to help him get through this difficult time, after all.

Maybe it was to convince myself that the air fresheners had been a good idea, and hadn't just resulted in a combination of *two* terrible smells.

I don't know. And it didn't really matter. All that mattered was helping Ron.

Roughly once every forty minutes, Ron would CC me on an email, or send me a note directly. Whenever he did, I knew that he was...done. That it was safe to go in.

And so I'd knock on the door, wait for the all-clear, and then enter and recount his messages, maybe ask for guidance on whatever task I was working on.

It didn't take long - maybe two or three minutes - before Ron would go beet-red and start to sweat, and I'd take the unspoken hint and leave him to...take care of himself.

Forty minutes later, this pattern would repeat.

The more I went into Ron's office, the greater sympathy I had for him. Like, at least I was able to get stuff done when I wasn't delivering messages (not that delivering messages isn't, like, getting stuff done). My poor boss's productivity must have been completely shot - honestly, I was starting to get worried that he wouldn't be up to meeting our new client's needs.

No. I wouldn't let that happen. No matter what, I was going to help Ron get through this, whatever he was going through.

The more I went into Ron's office, the less the smell bothered me, too. I guess it just took some getting used to. By lunchtime, I was breathing normally in Ron's office.

By the time six o'clock rolled around, I was almost enjoying the smell.

Not, like, *enjoying* the smell. I didn't want to use it as perfume or anything like that. But - except for the weird way it mixed with the air fresheners - it really wasn't so bad. It was natural, you know?

I'd never enjoyed the smell of Nico's room, per se, but he was on the school's hockey team and sometimes we'd hang out after practice. After a few hours on the ice, Nico really built up a sweat, and he wasn't exactly the type to wear deodorant.

And I *loved* it. He smelled like a *man*, and that made me feel like a woman, y'know?

Um, not that Ron was making me feel like a woman, of course. It was just a nice smell. I mean, not *nice*, but not as bad as I'd found it the previous day.

It was natural, is all. It was a natural, manly smell, and I could definitely imagine worse things to



be surrounded by.

When I was sitting at my desk between visits, I almost missed it.

I was packing up, getting ready to go, when Miranda stopped by.

“Is Ron...”

“In his office,” I smiled back.

I was halfway out the door when I realized. God - without the exposure to it all day, Miranda was going to be *appalled* by the smell. I should have warned her! Or warned Ron. Or, or, or...

Sitting in my car, I forced myself to take several deep breaths, to calm myself down. The smell of Ron’s office must have permeated my clothes or something, because I found myself smelling him, smelling the pungent odor of his office.

And for reasons I can’t explain...it helped. It helped calm me down, helped remind me that Ron didn’t need me to defend him. He was a *man*.

I was there to help him. To serve him.

Like, as his secretary. You know what I mean.

He could more than handle Miranda; of that, I was certain.

###

I was surprised to find Miranda waiting at my desk when I got to work the next day. She’s normally in once or twice a week, but definitely not every day.

And I don’t think I’d ever before seen her three days in a row.

“Looks like we can’t get rid of you!” I joked, wincing as soon as the words left my mouth. God, what a dumb thing to say, especially to your boss.

I would never have said anything like that to Ron.

“I met with Ron last night,” she said, ignoring my attempt at humor - thank god. She was wearing a grey skirt and a chic green sweater - I couldn’t help but admire her legs as she spoke. “For almost two hours. Since you weren’t there, I tried to take notes. Are you able to type them up for me?”

“Of course,” I nodded. I was amazed that Ron had managed to go so long without...well. “Is there anything I should be aware of?”

Miranda paused, before leaning in.

“Ron trusts you, and so do I. This doesn’t leave this office, understand?”

“Of course.”

“We’re worried about keeping the new client. Ron’s...condition...means that he hasn’t been able to keep on top of everything.”

For some reason, Miranda’s attention drifted away for a moment, but she quickly collected herself and continued.

“You know what a big deal this contract is, and you know that Ron’s going to do all he can. Just...do everything you can to help him, okay?”

“Of course,” I said earnestly. “If you can think of anything further I can do, let me know.”

For a second, I thought I felt Miranda’s eyes flick down my body, but before I could be sure if I was imagining it, she continued.

“Of course,” she echoed back to me. “But you know how much we value initiative in this company. If you can think of anything that will help, I want you to go for it.”

“Yes ma’am,” I responded, blushing slightly as I did. ‘Ma’am’. Miranda was barely a decade older than me. “I’ll keep my brain peeled.”

Miranda shot me an odd look. By the time I realized what I’d said, she was gone.

God. My cheeks could not have been redder. I’d bookended that conversation with embarrassing exchanges. Way to impress the boss, hey?

For the rest of the morning, I tried to take Miranda’s words to heart. Anything I could think of that would help the company, that would help Ron, I did. I got so engrossed in my work, I totally forgot to take him his messages - it was lunchtime before I realized my mistake, leaping to my feet and practically running into Ron’s office.

“Oh my god! I’m so, so sorry.”

As quickly as I’d run into my boss’s office, I left again.

I’d forgotten to knock.

I’d been so worked up about getting Ron his messages, I’d completely forgotten to knock.

I’d broken the closed-door policy.

I hadn’t seen anything, thank god, but...I mean, it was pretty clear *what* I hadn’t seen.

And if not seeing it wasn’t enough, the smell.

The *smell*.

It was obvious that Ron had...just...

Or was in the middle of.

Either way, the smell was so much stronger than yesterday - almost strong enough to completely overpower those damn air fresheners. I should have come in early again just to remove them.

I waited a minute, to collect myself, then knocked, waiting for the all-clear before I entered.

“I’m so sorry about that, sir,” I said, trying to sound cool and collected. Trying to sound more like Miranda. “Won’t happen again. I have your messages.”

Despite the fact that the smell was so much more stronger than the day before, it still wasn’t bothering me. By the time I finished the messages, I was practically gulping it in.

“That’s all, sir,” I said, giving a weird little half-bow as I started to leave the room. What the hell was wrong with me? “Do let me know if there’s anything else you need.”

I closed the door behind me.

I skipped lunch that day. Ron needed my help. The company needed my help. Instead, I checked my emails for the first time that day.

That was when I noticed something unusual.

For the past two days, Ron’s email output had been sporadic. Like I said, I had been basically using email to know when he was...available. He’d send nothing for half an hour or more, then send two or three in a row. I’d been using those as a cue to know it was safe to deliver his messages...and then there’d be another half-hour gap.

That morning, I hadn’t been checking my inbox (I’d been going through the specs that the client had sent - my job involves some light proof-reading, and I knew this was time-sensitive) or delivering Ron’s messages.

And all morning, Ron had been steadily sending emails out.

Not to me - I guess he’d realized I was busy with the specs. But he CC’s me on anything important, so that I can know what he’s up to (and add appointments to his calendar, etc).

Looking more closely, I could see that he hadn’t been emailing *all* morning. Over the course of the day, he’d taken at least two or three half-hour breaks.

But it was a marked difference from yesterday, when the half-hour breaks had taken up the vast majority of his day.

I noted it as odd and went back to proof-reading. It’s such a boring job, it’s nice to have a puzzle

of some kind for your brain to chew on while you do.

I'd reached the last document when it hit me. I sat bolt upright, eyebrows raised.

Ron's inability to focus yesterday, and the day before. His need to...close his door, over and over and over again.

Had that been because of...me?

## Closed Door Policy

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### Chapter 3

When Ron came into work the next day, I was flitting around the front desk. Adjusting plants, straightening papers, just generally tidying up.

His eyes boggled at the sight of me, and I gave him a warm smile. “Good morning, sir,” I said cheerfully.

In response, Ron just lowered his head, shuffled into his office...and closed the door.

Look, maybe I shouldn't have been proud of that. Ron was a married man, after all. And while I was single, I'd never been the kind of girl who had any interest in a married man. Especially not one that I worked with.

And I still didn't, of course.

*Of course.*

But just because I wasn't interested in Ron that way didn't mean I...you know, didn't like the attention.

So when my boss's office door closed, a warm feeling filled me. I knew exactly what he was doing in there.

And I knew exactly what he was thinking of.

Full disclosure: I had dressed to impress that morning. I was wearing a black pencil skirt and crisp white shirt; at a glance I looked every inch the business professional. I'd even put on makeup.

It wasn't the pantsuits I'd taken to wearing lately. No, when I was choosing an outfit that morning, I'd deliberately chosen one that...complemented my body.

I was only twenty-four, but I'd learned a long time ago that my hips, my ass, my breasts...well, let's just say that my body wasn't the kind that made it easy to duck attention, y'know? I was proud of my figure, and while I normally dressed to hide it at work, that morning I'd...well, Ron was clearly checking me out either way.

Why not give him something to look at?

So I'd chosen to wear a pencil skirt, and a pair of heels to match. It hugged my curves perfectly, showing off my legs and making my butt look amazing. And when coupled with a tight white blouse, which – with the top buttons undone – showed off my cleavage beautifully...Ron had

certainly noticed me.

Of course, Ron had noticed me even when I'd been dressing as drably as possible. A flush hit my cheeks as I asked myself...had Ron noticed me before his condition?

How long had Ron been his administrative assistant had a body that a lot of women would kill for?

I bit my lip and forced myself to focus. We had a presentation for the new client coming up, and I was supposed to be helping Ron prepare for it.

I had to help Ron focus, not distract him.

Especially if distracting him would distract me...

I turned my attention back to the documents on my desk. For the first hour of the day, I put all my efforts into preparing the presentation, applying Miranda's notes to the slides, and protecting my boss from distracting phonecalls.

When the presentation was done, I chewed on my pen thoughtfully. Miranda had been very clear – I was to do whatever I could to help Ron. Whatever it took to ensure this presentation went well.

Whatever it took...

The phone rang, jolting me out of my reverie. I'd been allowing my mind to wander to what my boss was up to, behind his closed door. What he was thinking about...

Dumb. Dumb! He'd been in there for more than an hour; even if seeing me that morning had inspired him to...take care of himself...he would be long done.

Unless, of course, he went twice. Unless he'd been so entranced by my outfit that he'd had to go again, straight after the first, torrid fantasies of me running through his mind...

I shook my head. The phone.

"He's not available right now," I said in response to the urgent request for my boss, before tilting my head away from the receiver. Some people can shout down a line so hard it makes your ears hurt, y'know?

It wasn't the client, but a supplier. And whatever they wanted Ron for, it sounded urgent.

After rapping lightly on the office door, I opened it. "Sir?"

Ron looked up; he wasn't doing anything untoward, of course. That had just been an idle...I mean, I don't want to say 'fantasy'. I don't think of my boss that way, I really don't.

It had just been an idle musing. Ron's testosterone shots seemed to have increased his stamina,

and so of course it made sense that I'd wonder if he was able to go twice in a row.

Based on his performance over the past few days, he seemed to have an endless supply of... energy.

The room reeked, but the smell didn't bother me. I guess I'd just gotten used to it – or perhaps those air filters had finally kicked in. As I told my boss the nature of the call, I couldn't help but take in several deep breaths, inhaling the scent deeply, filling my nostrils, my lungs...

When Ron's nod told me I was free to go, I practically staggered out of the room. The poor man – in all the time I'd worked with him, my boss had never been anything but professional...but my choice of outfit had clearly had an impact on him.

He'd clearly been trying to maintain eye contact, but as I relayed the message, he'd been unable to stop himself from checking me out. His eyes had flicked down to my body, and I'd felt a blush rise to my cheeks as he looked me up and down.

I couldn't blame him.

My skirt rode high on my thighs, and as I'd been speaking I'd unconsciously undone another of my buttons, giving him a glimpse of the red lace of my bra. I'd tried to keep my voice calm, but as I spoke, a tremor had entered my voice, and I'd seen him blink rapidly, obviously trying to refocus his attention.

By the time I was done, I'd bitten my lip hard enough that I could taste blood.

I was doing my best to act normal, but my body was betraying me. My heart was pounding in my chest, and I felt a warmth between my legs.

I practically fled from the room, making a beeline straight for our shared restroom. Unlike my first encounter with the odor, however, I wasn't running to the small room to throw up.

Instead, I was desperately seeking privacy. The kind that Ron had required for the past few days.

As soon as I was alone, I clutched the wall, letting out a long groan. "Fuuuuuck."

I took a deep breath, then another.

This was wrong. This was all so wrong.

I was supposed to be helping Ron with the presentation. Not...not...not getting turned on by him. By his attention.

By how much he clearly wanted me.

I let out another sigh. I needed to get my head on straight. I was supposed to be working, not fantasizing about my boss. I was supposed to be focused on the presentation, not...touching

myself.

“Fuck!”

When had I pulled up my skirt, exposing my red lace panties? When had my hand slipped between my legs? When had I begun stroking myself, remembering my boss’s gaze, recalling perfectly how good it had felt?

My fingers continued to move, sliding along my slit, caressing my wetness. I couldn’t stop myself.

I wasn’t masturbating to the thought of my boss, or to the memory of his lustful stare. It was just...the attention. Who doesn’t like being wanted?

Especially when it’s a little naughty.

Ron had a wife. He was a happily married man. I was at least a decade his junior, and he wasn’t at all my type. But as I stroked myself, it was easy to forget all that.

No, not forget. Be turned on by the sheer wrongness of what was happening. By the taboo.

I’d dressed up for my boss that morning. I’d worn an outfit that I’d known would titillate him. And when it had, when my boss had been unable to keep his eyes off my curves, of course it had turned me on in return.

But not because it was Ron. Just because I’d accomplished my goal. That’s what it had been. That’s all it had been.

My fingers moved faster, my breathing grew shallow, and my skin flushed. I’d never so much as *considered* touching myself at work, but now I was getting close. I could feel it; I was going to come. I was going to orgasm, in the office restroom, straight after showing off my body to my boss.

I bit my lip hard, feeling the pain, feeling the pleasure. I plunged two fingers into myself, pumping them in and out, rubbing myself furiously.

When I came, I let out a long, loud moan. I couldn’t help myself. My entire body was trembling and I was shaking, but I couldn’t stop, filling the small room with the sounds of my arousal.

God, how long had it been? Too long. Too long without someone to touch me, to turn me on, to make me cum.

At least Ron had his wife. And his wife had him.

After giving myself a moment to recover, I pulled up my skirt, rebuttoned my blouse, and returned to my desk.

*Focus*, I told myself. *You’re here to serve Ron*. Miranda had been very clear – he needed my full



support. Everything I could offer. He didn't need me distracting him, then running away to get myself off.

I needed to do whatever I could to help Ron through this difficult time. Whatever was necessary.

It was almost twenty minutes before he next emailed me, asking me to track down some numbers and see if there'd been any communication about the client's third-quarter concerns. I tried to pour myself into the task, tried to act like a professional, tried to pretend that I hadn't just gotten off in my place of business.

But every few minutes, I'd find myself getting distracted, wondering if there was anything Ron needed. Water? A cup of coffee? A massage?

No. He'd been quite clear about his needs; he needed the international figures and a record of our client's requests.

After almost an hour, I'd managed to track everything down. I dutifully typed it into an email, but my finger hesitated before hitting send.

Yes, I could email it through to him. But that felt so...impersonal.

Wouldn't it be better hand-delivered? Wouldn't Ron appreciate the information more if he didn't have to sift through a lengthy missive to find it?

With a gentle rap on the door, I once more entered my boss's office.

If I'd had a different outfit, I swear I would have worn it. But I'm not in the habit of bringing a change of clothes into work, and so as I slipped into Ron's office, I saw his eyes immediately widen.

I swallowed, then bit my lip, feeling the pain as I did so. "Here are the stats you asked for, sir," I said, my voice a high squeak. "And a record of all communication regarding..."

I drifted off, distracted by Ron's attention. He wasn't even pretending to look anywhere but my breasts. I'd buttoned the blouse all the way up to my collar, but when you're as busty as I am, the top button is always going to be a challenge. My chest was straining against the white fabric, and I immediately wondered if a part of Ron's anatomy was straining against his clothing too.

My boss was staring at me intently, and my mind was blank.

I had to say something. Anything.

"R-regarding the, um. The, um."

I was struggling to speak as Ron's eyes slowly drifted south, moving past my generous hips until landing on my legs. Beneath the tight black skirt I was wearing nylon stockings. When you're as curvy as I am, your legs are never going to be your best feature, but I was still proud of my gams.

Ron seemed to like them, anyway.

“The, uh...”

As I tried to remember a single other word in the English language, I was overcome with a temptation to strip naked, to crawl under the desk and pleasure my boss. After all, wouldn't that save him time? He wouldn't have to stop work if I was the one taking care of his needs. And really, wasn't it my fault? I could have sent this as an email, but instead I'd barged in, showing off my body, distracting him.

I knew he had a medical condition. It had been selfish of me, really, to get him so riled up knowing what I knew. Getting him so riled up without getting him off. Without wrapping my hand around his hardness, my mouth, without...

I blinked twice. God, what was wrong with me? This was my *married boss*. We were in a professional environment, and here I was, acting like a horny teen.

I needed to snap out of it.

“Sir?” I said, my voice coming out more firmly. “I've handed you the data you requested. Are there any questions I can answer for you?”

In response, Ron returned his gaze to mine and shook his head. He didn't say a word, but there was a sadness in his eyes that spoke volumes.

I felt a rush of guilt. If I'd just emailed him what he asked for, he probably would have been able to keep working. But instead I'd interrupted him, distracted him. He'd lost not only the time spent talking to me, but probably the rest of the hour.

“Thank you, sir,” I said, rushing out of the room and returning to my desk.

As I lay my head on the desk, I wanted to die. What must he think of me? He comes into work with a medical condition, and I use it as an excuse to dress like a slut, popping into his office and then running out like a scared rabbit.

It was mortifying.

But as I glanced at the closed door, I couldn't help but smile. For the next half-hour, at least, I knew exactly what he thought of me. After the way he'd been staring at my body, I knew that he'd be touching himself, thinking of me in the highest terms. Perhaps I hadn't been the only one imagining myself under his desk, getting him off.

Maybe when he went home to his wife, he'd still be thinking of me. Of what I'd been wearing.

Of what he wanted to do to me.

I returned to work, the smile never leaving my face. I could at least make up for embarrassing myself by being the best worker I could be.