

## Closed Door Policy

by Pan

### 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.