

Closed Door Policy

by Pan

Chapter 4

When I got into work the next day, I was surprised to find two other cars parked in the lot. When you work in an office of two, that's quite unusual.

I immediately recognized Ron's, of course, but it took me a moment to place the other – it was Miranda's, a sporty little blue convertible.

Ron's office door was closed when I entered, and I briefly wondered if Miranda would be as bothered by the smell as I was at first, or if she too had gotten used to it.

It was almost an hour before Miranda exited the door, a huge smile on her face.

“Good morning,” I said, trying to match her smile. I'd never been sure what to call Miranda – “sir” obviously didn't feel right, and “miss” would've made me feel like I was a character in Downton Abbey. “Miranda” was too informal, while “Miss Cooper” was the opposite.

Generally speaking, I just tried to avoid saying her name at all. I don't think she'd noticed.

“Morning,” Miranda replied, her smile fading.

Oh, shit. What had I done? Had Ron told her what I'd worn the previous day?

Not, of course, that today's outfit was any better.

Let me explain. When I'd woken up, I'd told myself that I was going to dress like I used to. Like Miranda. Something professional. Something that hid my body as much as possible.

Something drab.

But I kept reminding myself...for the first two days of our new “closed-door policy”, I'd been dressed in the least exciting outfits you can imagine. And yet, whenever Ron saw me, he'd needed to keep the door closed for a full half-hour.

Clearly, my outfits weren't the problem. And if he enjoyed them...and I enjoyed him enjoying them...

It was a weak rationale, but I was already running late, and so rather than debate the matter for half an hour, I'd decided to just put on the first thing I found in my closet.

Of course, if I'd known Miranda was coming in, I definitely wouldn't have been wearing such a revealing outfit. I was dressed in a sleeveless, navy blue sweater dress. It was a flattering cut; it fit snugly across my chest, showing off my curves, and ended just above my knees.

Unlike the previous day, I wasn't wearing stockings. Or heels – just a pair of black flats. If I folded my arms below my breasts, they'd try to bulge out the top *and* sides.

Like I said, not the kind of thing I wanted my boss's boss to see me in.

"Is something wrong?" I stammeringly asked. Miranda barely even looked at me as she answered, and I couldn't work out if that was a good or bad sign.

"Yes," she sighed. "The presentation was a disaster."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes," she said, running her hand through her hair. I couldn't remember seeing it down before...frankly, it looked a bit of a mess. That was probably why she always kept it up; she must have had naturally frizzy hair. "It's fixable, but we really dropped the ball on this one."

I nodded, trying not to let my guilt show on my face. She'd been so clear with her instructions, and yesterday I'd...well, I couldn't help but feel like this failure was my fault.

"What can I do, ma'am?" I asked, cringing as the last word left my lips.

Miranda's mouth twisted into a frown, and she looked back at Ron's office in concern. "Just... take care of him today, okay? Check in on him regularly, see if there's anything he needs. We've booked another presentation next week, and we really need to pull together on this one."

"Of course," I nodded, far too aware of my bouncing breasts. God, what had I been thinking, wearing such an inappropriate outfit to work?

"You're a good egg," Miranda said, suddenly looking me in the eyes for the first time that morning. "Ron trusts you."

"T-thanks," I spluttered, my face burning. He trusted me. Meanwhile, I'd spent half of the previous night touching myself, imagining his hand in place of my own.

"I'll leave you to it," Miranda said, and then she turned and walked away, her red skirt swishing as she did.

I licked my lips, and turned to my computer. A quick glance at the calendar told me that the new presentation was booked for Wednesday morning. We had just under a week to fix our relationship with the client.

A relationship that I'd been at least partially responsible for damaging.

We could do this. I just had to focus, and help Ron do the same.

I glanced at Ron's office door, and let out a small sigh of disappointment. Helping Ron focus meant not interrupting him unless I absolutely had to.

No matter how much I might want to.

By the time lunchtime arrived, I was as proud of myself as I'd ever been. For the entire day, I'd stayed focused and on-task. Yesterday, for god knows what reason, I'd decided to impress Ron with my body.

Today, I'd resolved to impress him with my work ethic.

Not as immediately gratifying, of course, but far better for the company.

And what's more, it had been working. I mean, I don't know for sure that I'd impressed him, but I did know that he'd been working steadily all day. Emails had been going out, and he'd made a number of small requests – looking up stats, finding the latest version of reports, and contacting some local vendors to see if they had wiggle-room on pricing.

I'd promptly done everything he'd asked...by *email*, so as not to distract him.

With a sigh, I leaned back in my chair. I normally brought lunch with me to the office, but in my rush that morning I hadn't grabbed anything. Fortunately, there were a number of good delivery places near my work.

As I scrolled through the delivery app, I glanced at Ron's office door. Miranda had instructed me to make sure he had everything he needed, and working non-stop for eight hours would just lead to burnout.

He needed a break. And a meal.

Now, I could have emailed asking what he wanted to eat, but...have you ever tried to coordinate takeout via email? It can be an endless of back-and-forth, waiting for inboxes to refresh and decisions to be made.

Ordering lunch is firmly something that should be done in person. *Plus*, I thought with a wicked grin, *there's nothing wrong with taking his mind off work during the lunch-break.*

I knocked on the door and entered. As soon as I did, the heady smell of my boss filled the air, and for a moment my knees went weak. It was somehow different; like there was a second smell added to it. Something familiar, yet different...I couldn't place it.

“Good morning, sir,” I said, before shaking my head. “Afternoon, I mean. I'm going to order lunch, and I thought...”

Ron finally looked up from whatever email he'd been engrossed in, and I swear my entire body flushed. I forgot he hadn't yet seen me today, and I held my breath as his eyes appreciatively roamed over my outfit, drinking every inch of it in.

Neither of us said a word as his gaze traveled up and down my body, lingering on my cleavage, then my face, then my legs. I felt my cheeks burn as he took in my curves, my hips, what was

visible of my thighs. I could feel myself moisten at his assessment, and I swallowed hard. Part of me wished I'd worn something more conservative...while the rest of me wanted nothing more than to be naked for him.

Again, I reminded myself that Ron was married. And my boss. And a decade older than me. And only behaving like this because of a medical condition. But while I understood that intellectually, it was impossible for me not to get increasingly aroused as his eyes continued their slow, deliberate examination of my body. Of the outfit I'd worn for him.

All for him.

Finally, he raised his eyes back to mine, and I swallowed hard.

"I, um. I. I was wondering if...lunch?"

Ron nodded, and I quickly entered my passcode into my phone. I'd been standing there for so long, basking in his attention, deeply breathing the wonderful smell that filled his office, my screen had timed out.

I quickly opened the menu again and began reading the options. It was so hard to focus on my phone as Ron's eyes were still sporadically flickering down to my flesh, but after reading a few options, Ron nodded.

"I'll get that for you sir," I gasped. "Won't be long, sir. I h-hope you like it, s-sir."

In response to another nod from my boss, I left the room, collapsing against his door and breathing heavily. Ron's scent had permeated my nostrils, my lungs. I felt like it had filled my very soul.

As quickly as I could, I tapped the phone, putting the order in. As soon as it was done, I spread my legs. I didn't care that I was in the front office, that anyone could have come in and found me – after the intense experience I'd just shared with my boss, I needed to get off.

I needed to cum.

My fingers worked feverishly, and I squirmed, moaning softly as I pressed myself against my boss's office door, rubbing myself furiously. My entire body ached for my boss, and I needed relief.

The blue dress rode up, exposing the black panties that I'd decided to wear to work that day. If anyone had walked into our small office, they would've found the receptionist on the floor, one hand between her legs, groaning softly as she touched herself, knowing with full certainty that on the other side of the door, her boss was doing the same.

"Oh, god, *Ron*," I huffed. The door was thick enough that I knew he couldn't hear me, but as my fingers worked faster, it was easy to imagine the opposite. That my boss, touching himself in his office, could hear me crying his name with want. I could imagine his hand running up and down his erection, and I moaned louder, panting as I imagined bringing my own hands to my boss's

cock.

Miranda had told me to give him anything he needed, to take care of his every desire. She hadn't meant anything like this, of course, but it was all too easy to imagine myself opening the door, marching into Ron's office and telling him that he didn't need to jerk off any more, that I was here to take care of him.

I whimpered, and closed my eyes as I rubbed myself harder, imagining my boss's big, strong hands gripping my hair, pulling me to my knees. My body was hot and tight, my skin slick with sweat. I wanted to kneel in front of him, take his cock out, stroke him until he came all over me.

I moaned as I pictured myself sucking his cock, stroking it with my hands, feeling him explode all over my face. I wanted to taste him, to lick his cock clean, to feel his cum dripping down my throat.

"Oh, *Ron*," I cried out, biting my lip. "I want your cock so bad."

I wanted to take care of my boss. I wanted to take care of his every need. I wanted...I wanted...

My hips bucked, my thighs quivered, and I cried out, gasping for breath as my orgasm overcame me. "Ron, oh, Ron!" I cried out, my voice hoarse as I came, spasming against the door, gripping it tight.

I felt myself shuddering, trembling as my body shook with the intensity of my climax. I shuddered and panted, my body still twitching as I caught my breath.

My phone buzzed, and I opened my eyes to see that my order was due to arrive.

Slowly, I pulled myself off the door, leaning against it for support. Thank god it hadn't been a few minutes early, or the delivery-man would've had quite a sight.

I shivered at the thought. I'd never been an exhibitionist before – I mean, I guess I'd always liked attention – but the knowledge that my boss wanted me, that he was right now touching himself while thinking about me...apparently the thought was contagious.

Still, I was glad that I hadn't been caught. My body, my outfit...it was for Ron. It was all for Ron.