

## Home Office Meeting

*Hair, make-up? Fine, fine.* Cathy checked herself for the last time on the computer screen.

*Is the room tidy?* The room she used as her office since she began working from home, now three months ago, was as tidy as ever: a shelf with rows of neatly arranged law books, a plant, and some nice artwork on the wall.

Cathy smiled. *Good!* Although the entire state was in lockdown, it didn't mean she couldn't look and behave like a professional. That applied to her working environment, and that applied to herself, too. Even on workdays when she didn't have any online meetings, she still dressed exactly like she would've done at the office. She hadn't become head of the Corporate Law Department of one of the hottest and most successful startups of the last two years by being sloppy or looking like a tramp.

Today, she wore her ivory silk shirt from Michael Lo Sordo, together with her favorite Anne Klein pinstripe blazer and pencil skirt. She'd added delicate matching earrings and a pendant, and even a whiff of *Dior Fahrenheit*, which of course nobody in the online meeting would notice. She wore it just for herself, to feel good, to feel professional, and to be ready, mentally, for the coming negotiations.

Cathy turned on the video app.

Lawrence was already online. The founder and CEO of the young company looked like he had just come from the gym or a coffee bar, wearing a casual shirt and jeans. He wasn't even wearing a jacket.

Cathy always cringed a little when he met important clients looking like that. With that face and body, he could look like a million dollars, a real business man. He had deep blue eyes, unruly blond hair that somehow always seemed to be perfect, a friendly face with that strong jaw... So much potential, but her subtle suggestions fell on deaf ears. He would just grin when she started and wave her words away. In the end, he was the boss, and he could

do whatever he liked. Well, he had his standards, and she had hers.

“Hi, Cat. How are you doing? Are you ready to hammer out the deal with the Germans?”

“Hi, Lawrence, fine. How are you? I’m ready.”

Her boss smiled. “Good, let’s get the party started.”

The computer pinged. She lifted her eyebrows. “Ah, Frankfurt is online. Punctual as ever. Here we go.”

Lawrence accepted the request, and the faces of the German delegation appeared on screen. The meeting had begun.

With a satisfied smile, Cathy watched the Germans disappear. It had been a fruitful and profitable meeting. All the major points had been hammered out, and it was now just a matter of working out the details on paper and signing the contract. The Germans were tough negotiators, but fair, and she loved crossing swords with them.

“Cat, do you have a minute?”

Cathy looked up. There was something in Lawrence’s voice...

“I want to know, Cat, how are you doing?”

“I’m fine, Lawrence. I think it all went smoothly, don’t you? The investors will be happy.”

His mouth pursed. “Yes, but how are you really doing, Cat? You’ve been at home for the last three months. We all have. How are you coping? Don’t the walls close in on you? Don’t you miss the office?”

Without thinking, she opened her mouth to give an upbeat answer, but this was Lawrence. When she’d started working for him, they’d made an agreement. They would never lie to each other. So far, she hadn’t.

“It... It’s sometimes hard,” Cathy confessed after a moment. *Am I blushing? I’m not admitting to a defeat. It’s nothing to be ashamed of.*

“Hard, in what way?”

“You know...human contact. To make a connection. I’m starting to eye the guy from the groceries delivery service!” It was a joke, of course. Well, she made it sound like a joke. “And how are you doing, Lawrence,” she quickly asked. “Have you been out of the house?”

“Just to run. I haven’t seen anyone. It’s... You know, when it all started, I thought it would be back to normal in a few weeks. It’s been months now. That’s a pretty long time. Sometimes, I meet a female runner, and I just want to run after her... But social distancing...”

He looked in the camera with those darned deep blue eyes.

Cathy met his glance and leaned back a little. The chair was very comfortable. She played a bit with her pendant. “You haven’t seen anyone for three months?” They were flirting. *Shit, he’s so attractive. And I know he likes me, too. He’s been eyeing me since he hired me.*

“I’ve seen no one outside, let no one in my house since the lockdown. I’m taking no risks.”

*You must be so horny, right now.* Cathy licked her lips. She knew the feeling. “Me, too. And I’m getting pretty tired of it all.” *How much do you really want me, Lawrence? Let’s tease him a little.* She leaned back some more and put her feet on her desk. Her black Burberry heels were gigantic on the computer screen.

Lawrence raised an eyebrow. Was there a twinkle in his eyes? Did he want to play?

“You like to take risks, Cathy?”

Oh yes, he wanted to play. He was ready to play.

She smiled, dropped her feet, and leaned towards the screen, giving him the slightest of views down her cleavage. “Only when I know I can win.” *Just a little bit of teasing. Maybe I’m crazy, but I’ve been cooped up inside for months now. And nothing happened, just now. Just a bit on innocent banter.*

Cathy slipped out of her blazer and flung it somewhere out of sight. “It’s hot over here.”

They both knew they'd reached the point of no return. Either the flirtation ended right here and now, or... Well, it would lead wherever it would go.

Cathy looked at Lawrence. She felt reckless and brave. *I'm not going to call quits, are you?*

Lawrence looked right back at her.

She knew he wasn't going to quit either. *Okay, it's on. Your move. You didn't say no. Well...neither did I.*

"You aren't running a fever, are you?" Lawrence asked, one corner of his mouth quirking.

"I'm a bit light-headed..." she said, fanning myself.

"But you can't be sick; you haven't seen anyone in months."

"Maybe it's something else, then?" Cathy asked. Once more, she leaned back in the chair and rested her feet on the desktop. With her nimble toes, she slowly removed her high heels, right in front of the camera. The last shoe swung around on her toes like some stripper on a pole.

"Nice shoes, nice stockings," was Lawrence's comment.

"Thank you. I like to dress up in nice things."

"I've noticed. You look very nice."

Cathy sat up straight in her chair, putting her feet on the ground. "Do you think so, boss?"

He swallowed. He had a dry throat? *Good.*

"Uh-huh," Lawrence said.

"Sorry, what are you saying? You're hard to understand. Must be a bad connection."

"I said—" Lawrence clamped his lips shut.

Cathy was undoing a button of her shirt. Then released another. She looked straight into the camera. They'd passed the point of no return. They'd passed it with the motor

running at top speed and the headlights on. *Well, he looks a little bit like a bunny caught in the headlights...*

One by one, the buttons came undone. She pulled the silk free from her skirt. The shirt was hanging open right now but didn't reveal that much. Just a glimpse of naked skin and a hint of her pale green bra. Cathy rose slowly from her chair and kicked it backwards. She turned around until she stood with her back to the camera, and then she let her shirt slide a little, just enough to reveal her bare shoulders. She looked back and raised her eyebrows expectantly. *I showed you some, your turn.*

He understood her completely. Lawrence rose from his chair and slowly pulled his shirt over his head.

In spite of having stayed at home for three months, he sure hadn't let himself go: tight waist and a pack of abs, leading up to a muscled chest and broad shoulders. And those arms...

Shivers ran down Cathy's back. To have those huge, strong arms holding her...

Lawrence grinned. He knew how he looked.

*Well, you've earned a reward.*

Her body shook just a little. Her silk shirt tried to hold on to her skin, and failing that, dropped to the floor.

Cathy wriggled with her ass and slowly the pencil skirt followed suit.

With her arms crossed over her breasts, Cathy turned back to the camera once more.

She let Lawrence take in the sight of her standing in dark stockings, green suspenders, and panties. And what was she hiding under her arms?

"You're so beautiful," he whispered.

She nodded slowly. He wasn't bad to look at either. Not bad at all.

Without taking his gaze off her, he undid his belt and fly.

Boxers, with a clear bulge between his legs. But he didn't pull them down.

*Not yet.* Cathy grinned. She was crazy, and she knew it. But she wasn't the only one.

Her fingers found the fabric of her bra, and she pulled it down, revealing her breasts.

The fabric rubbed her erect nipples. *I'm such a slut, but I don't care. It feels good.*

His eyes widened, and he licked his lips once more. He wanted her. Damn yes, he clearly wanted her. Lawrence. Her boss.

The hot feeling inside her betrayed the fact she felt the same. *Shit, he's such a man.*

*To be fucked by him...*

In theory, she could prolong the tease, but in reality, she was just too damn hot and horny.

With some urgency, she pushed down her panties. She was ready.

A few steps forward, and she was back at the desk. Cathy stuck out her tongue, winked, and turned off the video app. Her screen went blank.

*One, two, three,* she counted in her mind. No, with her entire body.

The sound of a door slamming echoed somewhere in the house. Footsteps stomped in the hallway. The door of her study opened.

Lawrence entered, still wearing only his shorts. And he was clearly happy to see her. Very happy.

He grinned. "The guy from the grocery delivery service, Cat? Really?"

"Some tail running in the park, my dear?" she shot back with a grin as well.

He came to her and took her in his arms. "You drive a guy crazy; you know that?"

"Just keeping things interesting," she said before she kissed him. Her hands pulled down his shorts.

She had moved in with Lawrence only a few weeks before the lockdown. They didn't want anyone to know because having the CEO sleeping with one of his employees... Well, that wouldn't go down well with the investors. And then the lockdown had happened. They'd been living closely together for the last three months.

And it was wonderful.

Lawrence's big strong hands grabbed her ass and lifted her up without effort. He put her down on her desk, and instinctively, Cathy spread her legs.

"You smell great, Cat."

"Uh-huh, especially for you."

She wanted him as bad as he wanted her. She was on fire.

He entered her fully with an impatient thrust. Nothing subtle, nothing refined. Pure animal lust. Which was utterly fine.

Her legs locked behind his back; her nails dug into his flesh.

"Re... Remember... that we've...we've another meeting... in one hour's time!" Cathy managed to blurt before her lust completely overwhelmed her.

"Dully noted." Lawrence doubled his efforts with a cruel grin.

*Give me... Give me another three months...of lockdown*, Cathy silently begged. She really *loved* to work from home.

## About the Author

Jaap Boekestein is an award-winning Dutch writer of science fiction, fantasy, horror, thrillers and whatever takes his fancy. He usually writes his stories in trains, coffeehouses and in the 16<sup>th</sup> century taverns of his native The Hague, the Netherlands. Over the years he has made his living as a bouncer, working for a detective agency and the Justice Department. His English publications include stories in: *Cyãegha*, *Nonbianary Review*, *Strange Shifters*, *Lovecraft after Dark*, *Surreal Nightmares*, *Urban Temples of Cthulhu*, *Sirens Call*, *Mystery Weekly Magazine*, *Double Feature Magazine*, *After The Happily Ever After*, *Cliterature*, *No Safe Word*, *Sex & Sorcery 3* and *Brave Boy World: A Transman Anthology*.

See more of Jaap's work at <https://www.amazon.com/author/jaapboekestein.com>.