

Boring Day at the Office

(By: SoapyLisa)

I was sitting at my desk, trying to look busy but failing miserably. I was supposed to be working up a billing spreadsheet, but the lines on my computer screen kept blurring together, as my mind kept drifting to my plans for tonight. Over the weekend, I had purchased a new webcam, and was anxious to try it out. I wondered if I would have any luck finding someone to play with on a Monday night. Yes, I knew there would be plenty of guys willing to watch a girl play with herself, or jerk off for her...but my interest was for the opposite sex. A female, preferably young, tender, not as experienced as I in sexuality and voyeurism. Girls on the internet for cybersex are hard to come by anyway, but I was hoping, and sent out a little prayer that one would be available for me. ***RRRINGGG*** The phone jangled on its hook, breaking me out of my reverie. Sigh...well, better get back to work, time enough for play later...

As soon as five o'clock came, I was out the door of the office and heading home. Arriving at my lonely, dark house, I looked around and knew I had to do something to liven up the place, for the camera. I rummaged around in the drawers in the kitchen for some candles, but couldn't find any. I headed down the hall to the bedroom, hoping to find some in there, when I caught my reflection in the hall mirror. Yikes! I need to liven up myself! I detoured into the bathroom instead for a soak in the tub, before embarking on my adventure.

That's right, there were some candles, right by the tub. I had forgotten about those; it had been awhile since I'd taken an actual bath, instead of a shower. Hmm, I thought, maybe I should get myself into the mood before going online. I returned to the kitchen for some matches, then back into the bathroom and started the water, mixing a lot of hot with a little cold to create the perfect steamy temperature. I reached over the edge of the tub and lit the two candles, one long and tapered, the other short and stubby, soon smelling their heady floral aroma waft throughout the room. I flicked off the overhead light and stood in front of the full-length mirror hanging on the back of the door. With no man in my life, I was used to illiciting the more sensual side of myself, BY myself. I looked at the girl in the mirror: long dark tresses pulled up in the back, curls cascading around her oval face. White cotton oxford shirt, tucked into a long, slim tweed skirt. Nude colored stockings and black office pumps. A flash of gold from her ears, neck, and hands from her jewelry. I watched as the girl slowly bent to remove the high-heeled shoes from each foot, while she maintained eye contact with the girl in the mirror. She raised and began to slowly unbutton her shirt from the top, pausing a moment as each button undone caused the material to reveal more flesh underneath. A swell of breasts, a shadow between, lacy edges of the lingerie beneath beginning to show. Soon the girl was shirtless, and I could see she had been wearing underneath a black, lacy demi-bra. Even in the dim light, I thought I could see her nipples poking hard through the lace, yearning to be free.

The girl turned a little, and I could see her reach behind to unzip her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. She turned her head and looked at me

coily for a moment, then began to slowly slide her stockings down her thighs, past her knees, her calves, her ankles, then off, before turning to face me once more. Mmmmm, a matching lacy thong barely covered her private area. As if sensing my thoughts, the girl raised her arms and did a little pirouette in front of the mirror, showing off her perfect body from all sides. Tanned, long, and lean, her body was, yet curved in all the right places, from her breasts the size of navel oranges to her shapely hips and rounded derriere to the soft swell of her calves. I wish I could feel...I thought...then the girl ran her hands up and down her arms, across her chest, down her stomach and gripped her crotch, hard, wincing, and squeezing her eyes shut for a moment. My own groin twitched. Suddenly, the girl disappeared into a mist. I turned around and switched off the faucet.

Dipping in a toe, the water felt fine. Perfect, very hot. No wonder the steam had clouded up the mirror. I stepped carefully into the water, inching myself down bit by bit. A little squeal escaped my lips when I felt the hot water rush between my legs as I sat down. Ahhh...this is great. I sank against the back of the tub closing my eyes, relaxing as I felt the warmth work the tension out of my body. My mind drifted again to my plans for this evening. I thought about setting up the cam on top of my monitor, like most people do, but decided to do things a little differently. I would position mine next to the monitor, so that I could just flick my eyes to the left to look directly into my companions eyes. This way, it would also be easier to move the lens down a little to my hands, which would be doing other things besides typing. I wondered which medium would be best to find the girl I was looking for, and decided to try IRC. More people seem to be on there than anywhere. Getting excited, I opened my eyes, and splashed my legs in the water, lifting up my feet to give them a breath of air. I noticed my skin was pink from the almost scalding water. I sank further down into the water, and reveled in the half-pain, half-pleasure of my entire body being immersed in liquid. I reached up and grabbed the bar of pink Dove soap, I needed to hurry so I could begin my play.

Working up a soapy lather in my hands, I started with my neck, not scrubbing, but carefully caressing, as a lover would. My hands slipped over my shoulders and down my arms, then back up to my chest. I rubbed slippery circles around my breasts, enjoying the sensations my fingers made as they traced around my nipples. I smoothed my soapy hands down around the curves of my breasts, then down my stomach. It was very flat now...I wondered if I would ever know how it felt for that belly to be full with child. For that, I needed a man. Oh well, that's a fantasy for another day, I thought. My hands continued their journey, as Ire-lathered my hands with the scented Dove soap, I began soaping myself past my hips, down my thighs to my ankles and feet, then up to my groin. I drew up a knee and let my head drift back as I rubbed myself slowly. The candlelight flickered and I had a new idea... As my right hand continued to minister to my body, my left hand reached over and picked up the long tapered candle. I held it for a moment, watching the flame, before bringing it closer to my face. Suddenly I tipped the candle to the side and watched as in slow motion three drops of wax poured over its rim, falling through the air, before splashing against the swell between my breasts. The pain was delicious...the stinging sensation like I've never felt before. I looked down and saw the wax had splattered a little, and had already hardened. I could feel each point of skin that the candle wax was touching, now just feeling tight; the sting had already faded. Ooohhh! I grimaced in shock, I had let the candle tip again unknowingly in my fascination, this time the wax hit my left breast, a drop falling directly on the center of my nipple. My nipple was standing erect, covered in wax. I hardly noticed that my right hand was

continuing its ministrations, moving faster and faster, around and around. I let the candle burn a few minutes longer, collecting a nice pool around the wick, before again tilting it so the wax dripped and ran down my chest and onto my belly, which I held out of the water in anticipation. I watched my stomach muscles bunch as the hot molten wax streamed down my stomach before collecting into a hard pool in my belly button. Almost like cum, I thought, almost wishing it was cum instead of just wax. I decided to take this as far as I could, and lifted a leg over the edge of the tub. I watched the candle burn and waited for another pool of wax to form. I held myself up out of the water, and with my right hand, separated the lips of my womanhood, drawing them back. My body tingled and tensed up. I held the candle low, so near that I could feel the heat from its flame against my thigh. With my middle finger on my clit, suddenly I drew back its hood and tilted the candle, and closed my eyes as I felt the sharp sting hit my clit directly, before running down my crevice. I bucked and my body pulled back, trying to get away from the wax, but my mind was determined and tilted the candle again, in the same spot, and again, drop after drop of hot wax fell like lead. So hot, so hot, not only from without but from within... I imagined the wax molten lava, making the pain more intense. I felt my body tense, every muscle quivered and it was time for release. I dipped the candle again, and this time, as the wax streamed down my slit, my body convulsed, and exploded into orgasm. Somehow I sat the candle down and then placed both hands on my still upraised, wax covered pussy. I couldn't rub myself due to the thick coating of wax, and this only seemed to increase my pleasure. Over and over I came, my hole gasping inside its wax container. I shuddered and finally it was over.

I climbed out of the tub to sit on the edge, exhausted, burning up, feeling the sweat beading on my forehead. I blew out the candles and sat for a minute in darkness, before getting up to flip on the light. I stood before the mirror, and was shocked to see myself. There was so much hardened wax, I had really gotten carried away. I peeled a little off, and it came easily. My skin was red underneath. I removed the wax coating from my pussy and it throbbed a little. I took a deep breath, and realized I was ready. I let the water out of the tub and headed to the bedroom to put on something suitable for my girl.

What look should I go for, I wondered. I had a black teddy, a corset, a garter belt, but somehow that didn't seem right. A red satin nightie? No, not right either. After my bath, I needed something a little more comfortable, but decided against sweatpants and a tshirt, which would have been nice right now. Finally, I went with a white cotton tank top, the wife-beater kind, and I had one that was practically see through. It revealed the dark areolas of my nipples, and came to just above my navel. I dug around in the drawer and came up with a pair of white cotton thong panties that seemed to match. If I didn't shave myself, you could see the dark patch of hair through the material. Might have to let it grow back sometime, I thought. I looked at myself in the dresser mirror and removed my jewelry, and took the pins out of my hair. I'm quite proud of my hair; it's very long, and comes almost to the middle of my back. Shorter wisps frame my face, and perusing the whole package, now finished, I looked pretty good to myself. My tanned body was pink from the bath, with red marks still showing where the wax had been between the hem of my top and the band of my panties. My lips were slightly swollen, my hair a little disheveled, and I looked as if I had just been fucked.

Perfect. I turned and went back into the bathroom for the candles, and headed into my office.

After creating a nice mood with the candles and a few scarves thrown here and there in the camera's view for effect, I turned on the computer and positioned the camera the way I had imagined. I headed into a busy chat room on IRC, and posted a message to the room: "young, attractive female with webcam needed, males need not apply." To my surprise, I was immediately bombarded with hits. Most were older women, in their 30's however, and I was seeking someone much younger, and more innocent. One girl was Susann, she said she was 19, and lived in Norway, and was looking for an older girl to talk to. Being 10 years older than she, I struck up a conversation and soon realized, this was the one...