

Gotcha!

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I knew when the windows opened on my computer screen that I had him. I'd been trying to figure out how to get his attention for a while, but now I knew how -- he'd given me the answer. This was going to be kinky, and fun. Kev, I've got you.

I'd been after Kevin for a while, since Carl left the company, and since I saw Kevin take down the pictures of a girlfriend from his cube. Kevin and I are both about the same age, single, started for the company about the same time and had the same stock options. He ran the database side of our web presence, and I handled the server stuff.

I knew he wasn't gay -- besides the pictures in his cube. I'd watched Peter come on to him at a Friday beer bash, and watched Kev's reaction -- backing away. I thought that would give me a good chance. Maybe I'd been too forward at a beer bash a few weeks ago-- pushing him up against the wall with my breasts. He'd responded well, but somehow things didn't progress.

I don't know why I've got my sights set on Kev anyway. I mean, there are plenty of other guys in the company, and a few have shown interest in me. One of the desktop support dudes practically drools every time I walk by. I know I'm not skinny, but I still think I'm damn fine looking. A little on the Goth side, but hey, that's fashion.

I'd been trying to get some goodies on the eBay internet auction site, and just didn't seem to have the knack. Then I remembered who always seemed to be watching eBay -- Kevin.

"Hey Kev," I asked him one afternoon, "You have any hacks for tracking stuff on eBay?"

He looked up from his screen and gave me sort of a smile. I leaned over, putting my elbows on his desk to give him a better look at the tops of my tits. He took a good look, and a good breath, then turned back to his screen. "Ah, yeah. Want me to send it to you?" The look on his face and the way he blushed as he turned back to his computer told me he liked the view.

"Please. I'm not getting anywhere, and figured there had to be an easier way."

"Okay, but this is a pretty skanky hack I threw together, so no guarantees," he told me.

"Hey, I know how that works. If it helps, I'll buy you dinner. Deal?"

Gotcha!

He actually looked over to me and smiled. “Deal.” His hands danced on the mouse and keyboard. “You’ve got it. Get the latest Java engine from Connie.”

“Cool,” I told him, and headed back to my cube via Connie’s cubicle.

When I finally got to take a look at Kev’s hack, a few hours and a minor marketing fire-drill later, he hadn’t sent me all the files his hack needed. I walked over to his cube, but he’d split for the day.

I couldn’t get on his workstation, but.... I let myself into the server room and used the backup system to transfer the entire subdirectory I needed from his machine to mine. Then I went back to my cube to try again.

And my oh my, it worked much better. It displayed all the auctions dear Kev was watching, and there were a few. And every one of them was for the same kind of merchandise. Furs. June in Phoenix, and Kevin is looking at furs? Not just looking, but bidding, and buying. Definitely felt like a kink to me. Hey, I’d gone to Cornell as an undergrad -- I knew about winters, and remembered a few very nice “study sessions” involving furs, real and faux. God, I missed Carl.

I played another hunch. We were a startup, and folks were too busy to track personal use of the Net, let alone go after people for “inappropriate” use. But I knew our firewall kept very good logs. I’d used ‘em last week to crucify a personnel geek for spreading the “Hot Resume” virus.

A few minutes and a perl hack later, I had a string of jpeg tagged filenames that dear Kev had picked up in the last week. I didn’t have the images, and from what I could pilfer remotely from his workstation, some of them had been copied to his removable drive. While he’d picked up a lot of files, he’d only moved some of them off to the cartridge. Okay, those were his keepers.

I cobbled together another perl hack to scour the newsgroup spool for those files. I guessed they’d appear under the “alt.*” hierarchy. Bingo.

After I pulled the first one up on the screen, I looked around to make sure nobody else was around. Now I knew why Kev had his cube set up the way he did -- you couldn’t see what was on his screen unless you were all the way in his cube.

His keepers had either furs or tits in them, or both. I smiled. I definitely had tits. I could get furs. I could get Kevin. This was going to be fun.

I set up a couple of dummy eBay accounts. With Kev’s software, and especially knowing what he was bidding on, I shouldn’t have problems.

Gotcha!

I had fun, but I could tell Kev was bummed. He was loosing out on things, and in the last minute or so of the auction. We both lost out on a few things. I got a really nice fake fur bedspread for a buck over his max. That's what started it for me. I spent almost as much to get it professionally cleaned as I did to buy it, but the sensations were amazing, rolling around on it, getting wrapped up in it.

One evening I decided to wrap myself up in it really well. I put on one of my favorite vibrating toys, adjusting the straps to keep it in place, then rolled myself up in the spread, the control in one hand. I turned it on low, and had a long, slow one.

I was more than a little disoriented when the phone rang -- I'd been spaced out. I turned and twisted to get the phone, but only succeeded in getting wrapped up tighter, and nudging the control for my buzzing friend up to high. And oh God, there was something about being held tightly all around, squeezed, stimulated, and trying to get out that really blew my mind -- I hadn't come like that in a long, long time. I didn't get to the control until I'd come again, and I came strongly a third time before I managed to get unwrapped. Once unwrapped, it took me a while before I could move again. Whoever called didn't leave a message. I'd like to thank them for one hell of a ride.

There was one coat in particular that I knew Kev wanted. I knew the max his hack would bid on it. It was a very pretty looking full-length coat. What with that spread on my bed, and looking at all those pictures, I was getting hot for this stuff as well. We'd both lost out on a similar coat a few days earlier. I was going to get this one -- for us.

We were sitting in a staff meeting, listening to a personnel dork read slides to us, describing the changes in health plans for the next year. I kept glancing at Kev. Kev kept glancing at his watch. He wanted out. He wanted that coat. I wanted that coat. The auction would end in four minutes. I knew in two minutes my copy of his hack would outbid his by five dollars -- unless he'd upped his max in the half hour between the time I got the last copy of his files and the meeting started. But, my hack would also outbid any other offers that came in, up to five hundred bucks. Time passed. I could hear him sigh from the other side of the room as the magic moment arrived and passed.

When the meeting ended, he ran from the conference room. I'd almost gotten to my cube when I heard him yell, "Shit!" Everyone in the area heard him. I walked over to his cube. He pulled up another window on his screen as I came in.

"What's the matter, sweetie?" I asked, stepping behind him, resting my breasts on him and holding his shoulders.

He sighed. He started to move, but I held him where he was. "Relax, sweetie -- you're too wound up."

He sighed again. "You're right. I need to take a break from this shit. I'm taking it too seriously."

Gotcha!

Damn right, I thought to myself. He'd bought three or four pieces in the last few months from what I could piece together. I knew he'd sent two back recently, flaming the seller for not mentioning both were saturated with cigarette smoke. None were as good, I hoped, as the one I'd just gotten -- I hoped I'd gotten it. But for how much?

When I went back to my cube, I checked -- five bucks over his max. I sent off a quick email to the seller, using PayPal to pay for the coat, plus express shipping.

I "worked" from home two days later to be there for the delivery -- most of us had high speed internet connections. I owned a 3 bedroom townhouse near work. I knew Kev rented a similar place a mile or two away.

God, the coat was beautiful, full length, with a soft, full collar. I'd cranked up the air conditioning upstairs in anticipation, taking the place to 67 degrees (OBMetric: cool enough to crinkle your nipples).

It was a fake fur, off white, very soft and very dense. It contrasted with the deep chocolate color of the bedspread. It was almost new, with a faint perfumy odor to it. Very quickly I was naked and wrapped in it. God it felt great. I got my favorite vibrator out of my toy box, put in fresh batteries without bothering to check the ones that were in it, and rolled on the bed.

The sensations were so luscious and creamy. I don't know how many times I came, but it was quite a few, and every one was grand. I was ready to call Carl, out on the West Coast, and fly him out for the weekend, or however long it took for one of us to screw the other silly. My God, I needed someone on top of me, and inside me.

When I finally took a break, I went back to the computer and sent a note off to Kev, inviting him to dinner on Friday night, two nights from then. Miracle of miracles, I got an instant message from him ten minutes later accepting. I laughed, then went to jill off one more time in his honor. Well, maybe twice. Get plenty of rest, Kev -- you're going to need it.

Am I glad I had two days! I had a web to weave! And did I get some help on Thursday. We were standing around in the hallway arguing about load balancing when one of the gals from marketing walked by. She's skinny, with practically no tits, but quite the dresser -- she must spend a fortune on clothes. She also trails a cloud of perfume. And when she walked by Kev, I saw him close his eyes and take a deep breath, smiling oh so nicely. I smiled as well.

"Dianne, can I ask you a question?" I asked her in her office a bit later.

She gave me kind of a strange look. Usually she was asking me questions, like how to turn on her computer. No, she's bright, for a marketing geek.

"Sure, Sally, what?"

"What's the perfume you wear? It's really nice."

Gotcha!

She laughed. "Shalimar, by Guerlain. Needless Markup has it. Like some help with a new wardrobe?" She handed me a small applicator out of her purse.

I took a sniff; that was it. I nodded. I knew the marketing geeks made as much fun of what we wore as we did of them. But then they don't find themselves pulling cables or rebuilding a fried server on short notice. All they need is kneepads, right?

I chuckled, then thought twice about it. "Dianne, I just may take you up on that offer."

She raised her eyebrows and smiled. "I'll be glad to help. You should be running that group. A change of wardrobe would give you better visibility to the powers that be."

I was wearing a loose-fitting top. I grabbed the fabric underneath my breasts and pulled it back tight, showing off my cleavage.

She laughed. "Honey, with those and your brains, you'd be unstoppable!"

I laughed and headed back to my domain. I left work early enough to pick up the perfume. Shit, that stuff is expensive! Over a hundred bucks for the thing she carried in her purse! I also replaced my old terrycloth robe with something soft and sexy, and got a very nice nightie -- it was almost as much as the perfume, but felt really nice on my skin.

I got home in time to pick up the place enough so that the cleaning service I was having in Friday morning would be able to find the floors. I also added condoms and Astroglide to my shopping list for Friday. I'd gone off the pill when Carl left. Had that been a bad idea?

I managed to take a long bath and shave my legs. Afterwards, some perfume in the soft collar of that coat, rolling around on the bedspread -- wow!

Friday at work was fun. I wore my V-necked velour top with my Phi-Beta-Kappa key on its gold chain dangling between my twin treasures. At the bagel tray, Kevin was very appreciative of the view. When he stepped closer, I saw him pause momentarily, then take a breath through his nose. I'd put on some of the perfume. I smiled.

"What can I bring tonight?" he asked.

"White wine?" I suggested. I had plenty of toothbrushes from the kits they give you on First-Class flights to Japan and Europe.

"Okay. See you at seven?"

"I hope so," I told him.

On the way home, I picked up dinner. I'd ordered a bunch of take-out dishes from one of the best Chinese places in the area. What the hell -- what we didn't eat I'd have during the week.

Gotcha!

I set things up. The coat was in my bedroom closet upstairs. I decided not to put on any more perfume until the full assault. I put foil-wrapped condoms in each pocket of the coat. The cleaning crew had done an amazing job. I set dishes out on the table for dinner, programmed the CD changer, made sure dinner was warming in the oven.

I popped upstairs to check on something, and found myself holding that coat again, burying my face in the soft collar, the soft collar I'd put perfume on. If I didn't stop soon, I told myself, I'd have to change panties again. I let go of it and headed downstairs. I traded my usual slacks for velour pants that matched my top. It was really sensuous on the outside -- it had been one of Carl's favorite outfits, even though I didn't seem to stay in it for very long once we were alone. The seams and inside finish on the fabric tended to itch after a while.

Kev showed up a few minutes early. I gave him a quick hug and set dinner on the table. We talked shop mostly. We had a big presentation coming up -- our estimates of traffic growth told us we'd need to upgrade capacity in a few months, and had some long lead-time items to deal with.

We moved into the living room with the rest of the wine he'd brought. He looked like he'd come right from work, wearing the same shorts and loud shirt I'd seen him wearing earlier in the day. It was a cool inside -- I had the air conditioning cranked up.

When he asked, I pointed Kev at the downstairs bathroom. It was time to make my move. When he came back, I told him, "Wait here -- I've got a surprise for you."

He raised his eyebrows and smiled a little. His eyes had been wandering all over me. I went upstairs. My clothes were off by the time I got to my room. I sat on the toilet quickly, emptying my bladder as I put perfume on my breasts, and then some on my mound. I grabbed the coat, putting my face in the collar once more. I slipped it on, holding it closed around me, and headed down the stairs.

I wish I'd dimmed the living room lights before I went up. As I came down, I saw him on the couch, leaning forward, looking at the latest issue of Wired on the table. Then he saw me. His mouth fell open and he sat back. You could practically hear the "boing!" of his cock in his pants.

"Isn't it pretty," I said as I walked up to him. I straddled him as he sat back on the couch, letting the coat fall open so he could see what I didn't have on underneath. Then I leaned down on him, pulling his head to my left breast, surrounding him in the coat.

His mouth connecting with my nipple sent a jolt through me. He moaned as he sucked on me, and I moaned as well. God, I wanted him inside me. I held his head gently, saying, "Relax, Kev, I've got you. I've got you." Carl loved it when I took him this way.

I pulled back from him when I felt his arms getting weak around my waist. I was more worried that he was going to come in his shorts, rather than inside me. He definitely looked

Gotcha!

blissed out. I practically ripped his shorts and boxers off and got the condom on him. I took a little more care unbuttoning his shirt and getting that off.

Then I eased myself back down on him, taking him inside me, and surrounding him with the coat again. He latched on to my nipple, and his arms went around me. God, he felt so good inside me. But by the way he was moving, I knew he was going to come before I did.

As I rocked, I felt his body stiffen underneath me. Damn. I squeezed his head to me, moving him around, and ground down on him harder. He moaned and started shaking. I could feel him pulse into the condom, deep inside me. Damn. Well, that was only the first round.

I held him and rocked, rocked, rocked. He was moaning and barely holding on. I loved the way everything felt. I pulled his head away from my nipple and leaned down to kiss him. He had enough energy to kiss back. I managed to flip up part of the collar so I could feel it too. I love the feel of that stuff against my skin.

He was slipping out of me. I sat back a bit. I tried not to laugh, but he looked really well laid -- like how I wanted to look.

“Like my surprise, Kev? Couldn’t have done it without your help.”

He sighed and shivered a little.

“I’ve got a problem, though,” I told him.

He moved his head a little, and blinked a few times. “God, Sally -- that was incredible.”

I smiled. “Yeah, so how’d you like to go upstairs with me and get me off?”

He frowned a little, but smiled and nodded.

I pulled his head back into the collar of the coat. He moaned. “Kev, no problem -- I just need some help, that’s all. What do you say?”

He squeezed me, and from the way he was moving his head, he was after a nipple again. I slipped out of his grasp and stood up. He held me, his arms around the coat, burrowing his face into it. Surprisingly, he worked his way inside the coat and started kissing my belly, then started to move down -- very encouraging. I stepped back a bit, pulling him to his feet, and pulling him up to kiss me. I liked the way he ran his hands over me.

“I’ll do anything you say,” he told me between kisses.

“Let’s go upstairs, lover,” I whispered to him.

I led him upstairs by the hand, stopping him at the guest bathroom. “Why don’t you take a stop here, and join me down the hall.”

Gotcha!

In response, he slid both hands inside the coat, one going to a breast, and the other to my thigh, and pressed me against the hallway for another kiss. Then he ducked into the bathroom.

I turned on the bedroom lights dim, tossed the coat on the bed, and spread out on top of it on my back. I grabbed the little perfume sprayer and added some more to my breasts and my mound.

Kev came into the room and stopped a few feet from the bed, laughing softly.

I looked up at him and said, "Eat me until I scream."

He leaned forward, grabbing the coat under me. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath through his nose, moaning and smiling as he exhaled. Then he pulled me and the coat to the foot of the bed, so my legs started slipping off the edge.

I don't know who taught him, but she taught him well. He put my legs over his shoulders and dived in. He soon had me screaming, moaning, coming, and coming, and coming.

"Condoms?"

What was that? It took me a moment to drift back to earth. Kev was above me smiling. I felt much, much better. Then he went down to my left nipple. The shock helped. I held his head, and told him, "Gentle, please -- but don't stop."

I didn't think I'd have to worry about that. We'd moved back up on the bed. I held his head with one hand and grabbed the coat with the other, wrapping us in it. I felt his cock hot and hard on my leg. He'd wanted a condom, that was it.

He was still pretty energetic, squeezing me and sucking on me. I knew how to fix that. I held him, with one hand on the back of his head, holding him to me and moving his head a little as I rolled more on top of him. He moaned more. "I've got you," I whispered to him. After a minute or two, I had him under control. His arms were draped over me, barely hanging on. His hips had started to move against me. He was making soft noises, and his sucking had shifted gears.

I pulled away with a plop. He whimpered, eyes closed. I shook my head to clear it a little. I took one of the sleeves of the coat and brushed him lightly with it, making him moan and twitch. I got a condom out of the pocket.

He was hard and hot, and looked to be better equipped than Carl. His eyes opened and he gasped as I danced my short fingernails on the insides of his hips. I got the condom on him, and swung my hips over him.

"Ready, lover?" I asked, looking into his dazed eyes. I slid on to him, and his head went back and his eyes closed. I rocked around, feeling him fill me.

Gotcha!

I pulled the coat to us, putting part of it on top of him, putting part of the collar on his face. I leaned down and forward, reaching over his head. I grabbed a pillow and pulled it under his head, propping him up a bit. I sat up and one of my hands raced to my button while the other went for a nipple. I was very close. I felt his hands around my waist, and felt him pulling himself into me deeper as I rode him.

I was at the edge. I leaned forward and took his head, pulling him to my left breast again. He started moaning as he sucked, bucking underneath me, and carrying me over the edge. His rhythm shifted -- he was on the slow paradise strokes now. I helped, slow and strong, cradling his head again, feeling him push deep into me, pushing up against my cervix.

He started moaning more, and stiffening. I exaggerated my strokes, still coming around him. With a moan he started pulsing into me. I smiled, rocking on top of him, holding him to me.

“Gotcha!” I said softly.

FIN

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