

New Printer

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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.

Driving out of the school parking lot Friday afternoon, I decided. To hell with the District -- I was getting my own printer to use in my classroom. I'd been caught without handouts for students once too often. And I was tired of runs to Kinkos for copies during my prep period or lunch.

We'd finally gotten confirmation of their latest go-cheap District policy: when one of the school copiers dies, we call it into the District, and they schedule a service call "within two business days" -- but that was "within two business days" of *them* getting the request, and all requests go to a voicemail box, which is often full, and only checked once a day.

Effectively, if we have a copier die Wednesday morning and we call it in instantly, we *might* get someone out to look at it the following Monday... We had two copiers at a high school with twenty five hundred students, and they were both dead. The only questions I had were how much I wanted to spend, and where I was going to spend it. Amazon and other online venues were out, as I needed to have it for sure on Monday, with everything I needed for my classes printed up, which amounted to a few hundred pages; I'll print everything I need at home over the weekend. But I'm not making panic runs to a copy shop on my lunch or prep time any more!

I dislike Fry's, and many of the office-whatever stores. One office place proudly declared that they gave 10% discounts to teachers, but their prices were 20% over the other stores to start with.

Blah -- but there was a new place that had opened in a location that used to be one of the stereo chains. Let's try there, it was on the way home after all.

Pulled into the lot and parked. Not a lot of cars in the lot, but it hadn't been open more than a week. Headed on in.

Greeters inside the door, a gal and a guy. The gal, a cutie, came up to me. "Welcome! Have you shopped with us before?"

"Nope, first time in here," I replied.

"What can we help you with today?"

"I'm looking for a small printer for my office," I told her.

“Would you like to look around, or would you like to work with one of our specialists?”

I shook my head. I’d looked on Amazon. I thought I had an idea, but I wasn’t sure. “Let’s try one of your folks,” I told her. Particularly if they’re as pretty.

“Great! Please follow me.” She walked off, hips swaying, and I followed. Led me to a small room with a chair, a small table, and a whiteboard. “Someone will be with you in just a moment.” She closed the door behind her. Metal chair, no arms, cloth covered seat, not a folding chair. I sat.

A soft knock on the door, just like at the doctor’s office.

“Come in,” I called.

Wow -- in walked a beautiful young woman, five six, five eight or so, short brown hair and upturned nose, sparkling green eyes, and an incredible rack displayed in a soft v-neck short sleeved top over stretch denim pants.

“Hi! I’m Cindy, and I’ll be helping you with a printer! You are?” she held out a hand.

I blinked and held out my hand. She smelled as good as she looked. “Tony, glad to meet you.”

She was holding a clipboard. “Where are you going to be using this printer?”

“In my classroom -- I teach math and physics at Central High.”

“Oh that’s great! Do you need monochrome, or color?”

“Just monochrome, no color, and the print needs to be smear resistant for lab use, so laser wins out over inkjet.”

“True -- it sounds like laser is the way to go, and you’ve thought through this. What kind of print volume? Per task or per week?”

She was very pretty to look at, particularly the parts right at eye level. “That’s harder -- not a lot of volume, but when I need something, like today, I need thirty eight copies right now.”

“Okay, most of the current lasers are pretty fast. Do you like my breasts?”

“W... What?” I stammered, looking up from her bountiful chest to her eyes.

She was smiling. “Oh, I don’t mind you looking; I’m very proud of them. Do you like them?”

I sighed. “You should be -- they -- you are beautiful,” I told her.

She smiled more. “Let’s turn your chair a bit...” She put her clipboard on the table and leaned over me, so close I could feel the warmth radiating from her and smell her even better as she turned my

chair; I helped, lifting up a bit and turning it with her, turning at an angle to the table.

“That’s better,” she said, and then sat in my lap facing me! She swung her legs around me and around the back of the chair, her breasts now so close to my face. “Is that better? Do you need to print on both sides of the page?”

“It’s been a long week,” I sighed, inches away from heaven.

She wrapped her arms around my head, pulling the side of my head to her chest. “Then close your eyes for a bit and let me hold you. You can rest and relax for just a bit.”

She held me close, mashing me into her breasts, my lips on skin, the sound of her heart beating in my ear. She rocked gently, holding me, telling me I could relax.

“Double-sided printing?” she asked from far away some time later.

I kissed soft skin, opening my eyes and moving my head. She still held me close, my face between her breasts.

“Duplex, double-sided?” she asked again.

“Really useful,” I admitted, leaning closer to kiss skin again.

“Would you like to suck on my nipples?”

“Oh yes,” I sighed. I moved to kiss skin again and she held my head close once more, filling me with scent and the sound of her heart.”

“Would you like to know a secret about my nipples?” she asked.

“Yes,” I whispered, moving my arms more around her oh so huggable waist.

“I really like holding someone and having them hold me and suck my nipples. When that happens I have incredible, creamy, strong orgasms. So strong that both of us will come. So if you’re going to suck on my nipples, we should put a condom on you. Does that sound like a good idea?”

“Yes,” I whisper as she holds me so nicely.

“Okay, the hard part is you’re going to have to let go of me for just a moment though...”

I moved my hands up her back and held her closer, squeezing her gently.

She held me closer and sighed, “Oh, that feels so nice. My nipples are hungry for you...”

She kissed me on top of the head and stood up.

I sighed, my eyes still closed.

“Stand up for me for a moment,” she said, holding my hands and helping me stand.

As I stood, she bent down and quickly dropped my pants and boxers. She sat me down at the edge of the chair, spreading my legs and then running her fingers along my cock, balls, and inner thighs. I moaned, my head dropping back. “So we’re looking for a monochrome laser, reasonably quick, and with duplex printing if possible.” Soft talented fingers running over me, scooting my bottom closer to the front edge of the chair and rolling a condom on to me.

My eyes popped open with a gasp as I felt skin against skin -- I held her waist as she slid on to me, impaling herself. I moved my hands to her hips and pulled us closer, throwing my legs open as she wound her legs around me and the back of the chair, tilting her hips and joining us more.

Looking into her pretty green eyes...

“So you need a monochrome laser, duplex would be good. What are you connecting it to?” she asked.

I started to speak but she did something with her hips that made me gasp. She smiled more, looking into my eyes. “What are you connecting the printer to?”

“MacBook Pro,” I managed to tell her.

She nodded and rocked on me more. Her eyes drifted half closed for a moment and she shuddered. But then it was, “Wired or wireless?” as she looked into me, drawing me deeper into her eyes.

I moved my hands to her shoulders and pulled down, pulling us together. She moaned and swirled her hips.

“Wired, Ethernet or USB,” I whispered, still looking into her eyes.

She nodded, drawing me into her eyes. “Are you hungry for me, baby?” she growled.

As I moaned my reply she grabbed my head and pulled me to her. Her nipple was tight and delicious, her breast firm and warm as she filled me. I moved my hands to her hips, pulling her closer. She shuddered and held me.

She held me, whispering, telling me to suck. I sucked as I held her, moving one hand to the base of her spine, pulling us together from there as well as at her shoulder, sucking as she rocked and held me, moaning and whispering. Both my hands on her shoulders again, holding her, pulling us together. One of her hands behind my head, holding me so gently yet sending such sensation through me, her other hand between my shoulders or running over me. She shifted her hips and pulled with her legs wrapped around the back of the chair, getting us closer together.

So good, so fulfilling, sucking on her nipple, feeling her writhe and buck against me. She swayed and rocked in my lap, eliciting more sounds from us both. Her nipple so tight and delicious. I felt her quivering around me, her muscles doing magic things to me.

Oh getting close -- her vocalizations changed, the way she held me changed, and her internal muscles were fluttering around me, drawing me closer to the edge. Her voice in my ear, urging us on, urging us closer, her nipple so good. So good, so close, I moaned more. She held me, doing something with her hips that drew us both over the edge. I moaned as I came inside her, feeling her shudder around me as she cooed and squeezed us together.

So good running my hands over her back. She moved me to her other side; I took her nipple enthusiastically. She encouraged me with happy noises and with both hands holding my head. The way she rocked her hips had me getting harder again, and tilting my hips to better meet her. After a minute or so, her vocalizations changed. She held me tighter, moving my head around as she moaned and shuddered around me.

She moved me off her nipple and held me tightly with one ear against her chest, filling me with the sound of her racing heart. I squeezed her closer and she made contented sounds, rocking us a little.

She sighed, moving more in my arms, and pushing me out. With another squeeze and a kiss on the top of my head she unwrapped her legs and got up. I leaned back, letting my head fall back and my eyes close.

I lifted my head, feeling hands on me. She was kneeling between my legs, peeling off the condom and cleaning me with a towel.

She looked up to me with a big smile. "From what you've said, I'd recommend the Brother HL2270DW, which has duplex, or the Brother HL2170W, without duplex. We have the 2270 for \$149, and the 2170 for \$89. Oh, the 2270 also has BRScrip, which the 2170 lacks, if that's important to you." After wiping me off, she ran her fingers over me, making the room spin.

"Ah, the 2270 sounds good."

She stood up, sliding a hand behind my head and pulling me to a nipple. "Say goodbye?" she whispered.

I let my eyes close and took her nipple for a pleasurable but too brief time. She moved me briefly to the other side. As she started to step back, I moved my arms from around her waist to my hands holding her hips, and kissed her navel. She sighed and stepped closer, holding me between her breasts for a moment.

I watched her get dressed. "I'll go get a 2270 from the back and take it up front. I'll knock when it's ready."

I nodded. "Thank you," I managed to say.

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“Oh, thank you!” she growled, then turned and went out the door.

Big sigh. What a way to get a printer! I stood up slowly, pulling up my shorts and my pants. I tidied up a bit, with a few more sighs.

Another knock on the door.

“Yes?” I said, standing up again.

She came in, stepped into my arms, holding me with her head tilting to the side and her eyes closing. I took the hint, holding and kissing her.

She stepped back with another big smile. “Thank you so much! Let me walk you up to the desk.”

She took my arm in hers and walked me to the cashier. They had a 2270 on a cart, ready to go.

“Gail, this is Tony -- the printer is his,” she told the gal behind the counter. Then to me she added, “I hope you’ll come see us again!”

“Thank you for all your help,” was all I could say.

She walked off.

“How will you be paying for this today?” the cashier asked.

She looked cute too. I dug out my wallet and handed over a credit card. She rang up the sale. and I signed away. Credit card and wallet back in pocket, the cashier said, “Paul will help you out with that -- thanks again for your business and we hope you come back!”

“Thanks,” I told her.

A guy wheeled the printer out to my car and loaded it in the back. I shook his hand and thanked him.

Sitting in the car and putting on my sunglasses, I sighed again. What a trip!

When I got home, I couldn’t help it; I checked prices online. The 2270 was the same as Amazon wanted, and the 2170 was a few bucks more. I laughed; I’d go back!

FIN

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