

Office Secrets: Part II

A collaboration between [Succubus Simone](#) & [Growing Desires](#)

The moment I stepped back into the room, I knew.

The glow of my monitor reflected in his face, and the expression he wore was one I had seen a thousand times in different forms during my career in HR - shock, curiosity, and the faint panic of someone who knew they had just stepped somewhere they were not meant to.

Only this time it wasn't a misconduct report.

It was my life.

My secret.

Succubus Simone.

I leaned against the doorway and studied him for a moment before speaking. He hadn't noticed me yet; he was captivated by what was on the screen. For a split second I considered pretending nothing had happened. I could laugh it off, close the browser, and redirect us back to policy drafting like the consummate professional I had spent years becoming.

But the way he looked at the screen told me the truth. He had seen enough. Enough to connect the dots. Enough to recognize me. From the tension in the air and look on his face... I know he wants more.

"Well..." I said finally.

Just like that, he was brought back to reality. He clumsily tried to minimize the browser window in a hurry that made the situation even more obvious. Typical. Calm under pressure at work, but when it came to personal chaos he was as transparent as glass.

"This is unexpected" I continued.

He stared at me, frozen. The room filled with a silence that felt strangely electric. The colour had drained from his face. I almost felt bad for him.

Almost.

But another part of me, the part I kept carefully hidden behind years of professionalism, felt something else.

Relief.

For years I had balanced two lives. The efficient, composed HR executive, and the woman who, late at night sold carefully staged photographs to strangers on the internet. Not because I needed the money. Because it gave me control. Because it made me feel powerful.

And now the one person in the company who knew me best, had just discovered that version of me. I walked slowly across the room, watching his reaction. He looked like someone waiting for a disciplinary hearing. Which, considering our jobs, was almost funny.

"I guess the cat's out of the bag" I said calmly. I spun the chair around. He opened his mouth, closed it again, and then tried once more. His eyes wide with fear and confusion, which made me feel elated. Powerful. I knew I should stop, but the feeling coursing through my body, starting

from between my legs gave an incomparable high. It's like that part of me took over, that part commanded my body to straddle his legs. Even in the dimmed office lighting I saw the outline of his cock hardening in his trousers.

"What are we going to do now? ... You know the secret." I bent down to meet his eyes. Or, realistically, I knew it would be my breasts that meet his eye. "I guess this is a side of me I never expected to show you." His gaze was transfixed on my chest, I could see the longing in his eyes to have his face smothered between them. I knew he would stay stuck in the chair, some guys need commanding. They long for it. For a strong woman to tell them what to do. So I reached my hands out, and placed them softly, but firmly, onto his shoulders and pulled him forward. Forcing his head between my breasts. I say *forcing*, but he folded forward so willingly.

"I must admit... This feels very... *Naughty*". With a swift push, pressed him to the back of the chair and he gasped in the air that my chest had denied him. Only for a few seconds, but his heart must be racing, the adrenaline flowing, so even a moment without his breath could have felt like a lifetime.

I slid my leg over his thigh, so I was sitting side-saddle on his lap. "I guess you can learn how I deal with the stress of this job... To start, you are going to tell me your deepest fantasy". I cannot help it, hearing about fantasies is like ecstasy, I cannot help but smile. The way I see it, it's adult playtime. Unfortunately, many men and women are afraid to explore their fantasies. I, however, love hearing forbidden desires, taking away the taboo, and playing in the euphoria that follows. "The more taboo, the better..."

I barely even noticed my hand had moved from his shoulder, until I felt his cock. Almost automatically, I began rubbing his hard dick, feeling it twitch under my palm. My fingertips playing with the tip, noticing the dampness of his precum seep through his trousers.

"Oh, we're going to have so much fun."

Our faces were so close together, his eyes still wide, lost. I could feel his breath on my lips, as well as my own wetness between my thighs. "I... Uh". Finally, he speaks. "I... I thought it was a document you wanted me to read."

Not what I was expecting.

I need some air, to think clearly. I released him, hopping off his lap. "I did" I replied as I leaned against the desk beside the computer and folded my arms. His confusion was immediate.

"Well," I corrected myself lightly, "not that document", gesturing towards the screen.

For a moment neither of us spoke.

I watched him carefully, studying the tiny details. The shift in posture, the nervous energy in his hands, the way he kept avoiding eye contact. Except this wasn't a HR investigation, this was something far more personal.

"You're wondering if it's really me," I said.

His head snapped up. That answered that question. I sighed and rubbed my temple. Years of secrecy gone because I forgot to close a browser tab before he came over. Somewhere in the universe there was probably a cosmic joke about HR executives and personal risk management. But then again, did I really forget? I am renowned for my perfectionism, being cautious, which you have to be to navigate two opposing worlds. Keeping them separate requires meticulous

planning, and no room for mistakes. I think there was a part of me that wanted to get caught. The fog of arousal slowly started to subside, and in its place arose alarm bells. He still hasn't said anything. What if I wildly misread the situation? Doubt crept into my mind.

"Are you going to report me?" I asked plainly.

He looked horrified.

"No! Of course not!"

The answer came so quickly that it surprised both of us. Good. That meant I had judged him correctly over the years, and now. He wasn't the type.

"Think about the irony for a second," I continued, my voice softening slightly. "Two HR executives discovering one of them has a... secret online life."

He actually laughed then. A nervous, slightly disbelieving laugh. "Yeah," he admitted. "That would be a hell of a case file." For the first time since entering the room, the tension eased. I studied him again. He looked embarrassed more than anything else. And something else I couldn't quite place. Curiosity, perhaps.

Succubus Simone wasn't just a username, it was a persona I had built carefully, piece by piece, over years. No wonder it's confusing for someone to discover.

Confident.

Playful.

Untouchable.

Very different from the composed, polite, rigid woman people knew at work.

"Look," I said after a moment, gesturing toward the computer screen, "it's not what you probably think."

"That's exactly what people say when it is what someone thinks."

I raised an eyebrow. Fair point.

"It's controlled," I explained. "Anonymous. Carefully managed. I never show my face, never reveal personal details, and I keep everything separate from my real life."

"Except for leaving the tab open on your work computer," he said.

I winced. "Except for that."

Finally, he asked the question I knew was coming.

"Why?"

I smiled slightly. Not because it was funny. Because the answer was complicated.

"Do you remember the layoffs two years ago?" I asked.

He frowned slightly. "The first big round?"

I nodded. "That was around the time I started the account."

His eyebrows lifted in surprise. “Seriously?”

“Stress does strange things to people,” I said with a small shrug. “Some people start running marathons. Some start meditation... Or medication...” My voice drifted off.

“And you...”

“Started a secret internet persona. I miss the freedom. Don’t you? We’re stuck in our mundane jobs, doing meaningless things, is this what you wanted when you started? Where’s the fun? The online world gives me a freedom, permission in an uptight, boring world to be free.”

The silence stretched longer than either of us expected.

He was still sitting in my desk chair, shoulders tense, as if he were waiting for a verdict to be delivered. I moved past him, deliberately bending over, arching my back so my ass was in full-view of his eyeline and closed the browser window with a cool, calm “There. Problem contained.”

With a few more clicks the monitor was filled with the document we had been working on earlier. Twenty-three thousand words of policy language stared back at us. Completely mundane. Completely safe. And suddenly completely impossible to focus on.

I leaned against the desk and folded my arms again, studying him once more. His eyes kept flicking toward me like he was trying not to look directly at me. Which meant one of two things had just happened tonight. Either I had accidentally destroyed the professional dynamic we had spent years building... Or something new had just entered the space between us. The wet patch on his leg made me think the latter, however I wanted to know.

He leaned back in the chair, exhaling slowly. “That’s... honestly, this is not how I expected tonight to go.”

“Trust me,” I said with a quiet laugh. “It’s not what I expected either.”

He was looking at me. This time, it was no longer panic. It was something closer to fascination. I could see the questions building in his mind, each one forming behind his eyes before he decided whether it was appropriate to ask.

“So the photos on that page...”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Yes?”

“They were definitely you.”

“Very observant.”

He groaned and covered his face with his hands. I couldn’t help smiling. For years I had seen him handle complex negotiations without breaking a sweat. But now he looked completely out of his depth. I tilted my head, watching him.

“Are you uncomfortable?”

He dropped his hands and looked at me again.

“No,” he admitted after a moment. “Just surprised.”

“That’s fair.” Then he asked something that genuinely caught me off guard.

“Does anyone else know?”

“No,” I said. “You’re the first.” His eyes widened slightly.

“Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

I held his gaze for a moment. “Which means I’m trusting you.”

The words hung in the air. He straightened in the chair a little.

“You can.”

“I know.”

That was the strange part. I did know. After all the years working together, I trusted him more than almost anyone else in my professional life. He cleared his throat awkwardly.

“So... uh...”

I waited.

“Do you... Regret how this night has played out?”

I considered the question carefully.

“You saw more than I planned. I perhaps got a bit carried away” I admitted. His shoulders dropped, as if disappointed.

“But,” I continued, “I don’t think you were exactly complaining?”

His face turned red instantly. “I wasn’t... I mean... You didn’t...”

I laughed softly and held up a hand. “Relax. I’m teasing you.”

He exhaled in relief. But the moment had shifted again. I stood up from the desk and stretched, leaning back slightly so my chest was pushed out. Then I noticed the clock on the wall.

“We’ve spent twenty minutes discussing my secret identity instead of finishing that policy.”

He followed my gaze to the screen.

“Right.”

I smiled faintly. He didn’t seem to be responding in the way I had hoped, so I shouldn’t risk it.

“Perhaps it’s time to call it a night”

He hesitated. Once again his mouth opened as if he were going to say something. Then it closed. He nodded, and my heart sunk.

I turned and walked towards the door, accentuating the sway in my hips, knowing his gaze would be transfixed on my ass. Today was leg day at the gym, even if he didn’t desire to take it any further, I know my butt was looking extra perky in these leggings. As my hand reached out to grab the door handle, I felt his hands grasp my waist and the weight of his body push me towards the door. Oh my. Out of nowhere, I could feel his lips tracing the back of my neck and dick pulsating

between my cheeks. I push my hips back into him as a moan escapes my lips. I try to wiggle a little, to turn around however he has me pinned. The burning between my legs returns as the heat rapidly becomes a fire within the pit of my stomach. I release my hand from the door handle and he pins it to the door. I feel my pussy purring, getting wetter with every thrust into my rear. I want it... No, need his dick to be pounding inside me.

But no, he uses his legs to open mine, while his other hand makes its way down my waist, over my hips and lower stomach. I can feel his fingers slowly, painfully, glide down towards my pussy.