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they say what they were going to do
with these desks?"*

- AN EXCERPT

OFFICE FURNITURE

AN UNACCEPTABLE BEHAVIOR TALE

A STORY BY JSIN GRAHAM

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"Alison, did you get the email about the new accountants we're having transferred in from the Indianapolis office?"

"No. Let me check my junk mail folder..." she replied. "No, I don't see anything here either. When was it sent?" She replied looking up from her screen.

"I'll take the blame for that, I should have checked with you sooner. I believe Danny sent it about three weeks ago. I just assumed he would have cc'd you. I'll resend it so you'll have official record of it. But in short, we're getting three new accountants from the Indy office, to help with the backlog from that big marketing department audit."

"Talk about a nightmare, how could I forget. What's up?"

"Don't kill me, but we're getting two of them up here. They're going to share the big office in the corner. But those desks are well..."

"Say no more Christine. I'll put a rush order in to our company distributor. As long as they're the same make and color as the rest of the department, we should be able to get them in about three days."

"And that's why you're never allowed to leave this department Alison. We don't want them arriving from corporate and being seated at those old relics. First impressions are everything. Thanks again lady." She said as she walked back across the hall into her office.

Alison Tryst was the do-everything Finance Manager, in the Sales & Promotions Department at The Metronome Corp., North Region. A global telecommunications firm based out of Houston, TX. Thanks to reorganizations over the past two years, she had begrudgingly taken on more administrative duties. A decision made somewhat easier due to the relationship she had with her supervisor, Christine.

Looking back at her screen, Alison minimized her in-house messenger system and opened a seventh tab on her Chrome browser. Pulling up the company's account info on the *Superior Office Pieces* website, she began entering the necessary information just as a message popped up on her screen.

Mark Jackson: Ms. Tryst, have you had a chance to locate those missing data reports from last month?

Alison (that's me): I did. Emailed them over last week.

Mark Jackson: No, you didn't. I'm in my inbox now and don't see anything.

Rolling her eyes, she pulls up the email from her sent folder and prepares to send it over again, when another notification pops up, in the system.

Patricia Arthur: Alison, wyd?

Alison (that's me): Running reports. Ordering some new desks, and listening to Mark tell me what I didn't do. Wassup?

Patricia Arthur: I can't stand that big water head, hairy bastard.

Alison (that's me): WAIT!!!

She typed in the reply, and couldn't keep from laughing out loud before she caught herself. Entering in the last of the necessary information for the desk order, she pushed submit. Forwarded the confirmation to Christine once it arrived, and closed the tab.

Alison (that's me): you are a damn fool. I'm going to mess around and get fired fooling with you.

Patricia Arthur: oh whatever. You could change a shitty baby's diaper on Christine's forehead and she wouldn't say anything.

Alison (that's me): LMAO! Good bye Tricia. I can't deal with you right now.

Minimizing that window, Alison resent the email to Mark and replied to his message window with the date and time the information was sent originally. As he continued to refute her claim, there was a pause of about two minutes that caused her to assume he was looking at the attachments that she had resent.

Mark Jackson: Thank you for these Alison.

I'm sure I'm being called all kinds of bitches right now, she thought to herself. Good thing I don't care. Responding to new emails that were making their way in, she continued moving numbers all over the screen, as she went back to reaffirming why she's widely considered the most irreplaceable employee in the company.

As she continued to work, her vibrating cellphone pulled her attention away from the screen. After seeing who it was, she pushed ignore on the call, opting not to speak to her almost sister-in-law. The woman who no doubt, was griping about something stupid as usual. Less than thirty seconds later her office line began ringing.

"Good afternoon. The Metronome Corp., North Region. Alison speaking, how may I assist you?"

"Baby, it's me."

"Samuel?" she asked incredulously, while looking over at the caller ID. "Why are you calling me from Cece's house?"

"You wouldn't take my calls any other way. Never mind that though..."

As she sat on the phone shaking her head and looking down at the desk, the elevator door at the end of the hall opened. Occupied by her ex's nonsense, she was left completely oblivious to the individual who stepped off, and was heading in her direction. The visitor stopped short of introducing himself once he saw she was on the phone.

Sighing heavily at the latest empty claim, Alison began to tap on her forehead on what felt like the beginnings of a headache. Out of the corner of her eye, she finally noticed the presence of the man standing on the other side of the wall in front of her desk. Both surprised and embarrassed, she mouthed SORRY. Which was met with a friendly grin from the unfamiliar face.

"Ummm, Mr. Falls, can I call you back?" She hung up without a single fuck in the world to give to his opinion on the question. Curiosity had fully gotten the best of her.

"Ms...Tryst?" he asked, reading her name off a granite business card holder. "I'm here to see Ms. Ngozi. She said you all had some furniture that needed to be moved."

"Ummm yes, just a second." Alison picked up her phone and called Christine. Looking at the nametag sewn into the man's shirt. "Yes Christine, there's a Mr. Keith here to see you about the furniture you needed moved. Yes. Sure, no problem."

Hanging up the phone she looked over at the young man and relayed the message from her boss that she would be right out. He nodded and sat down on the leather bench in the receiving area. Leaving her pulse to quicken, her mind racing, and mouthwatering, in peace. On the other side of the wall. Where no one could see how hard of a time she was having, coping with the lust, this specimen of a man had drawn out of her. She looked over at her screen and maximized Patricia's messenger window.

Alison (that's me): what happened to Butch?

Patricia Arthur: I don't know. Ate his self to death. Why?

Alison (that's me): there's a guy that just came up here from maintenance that's looking at these old desks we need moved. Let's just say he does NOT look like Butch.

Patricia Arthur: I'm on the way.

Christine came out of her office and was met by "Keith", who stood to his feet extending his hand towards her as they exchanged pleasantries. As they walked to the corner office, Alison couldn't tell if the man was large or if her vision was thrown off by the small stature of her boss. But whatever the state of affairs, his back stole all her attention. He was like an upside-down triangle, but not in the overly muscular, steroid bred sense. He was solidly put together, with a young but not adolescent face. Bald, with the slightest bit of ink peeking out of the top of his collar on the left-hand side. And his hands...

Alison's cellphone started vibrating again, showing Cece's number once more. She ignored it with more disdain than before, because she knew it was her ex now. He had been attempting to contact her for months, ever since she got fed up with his lazy and complacent attitude. That plus the one time he messed over her money, was the last time in her mind. That relationship was beyond dead and she had no interest of revisiting it.

Turning back to her newfound curiosity, she looked into the company database at the engineer department. And the aforementioned "Butch" was in fact, no longer on the roster. VACANCY was listed to the right of Maintenance/Lead Building Engr II.

"Where's anti-Butch?" Patricia said as she stepped off the elevator.

"Shhhh! You're loud. They're back there in the empty office." She replied, pointing in their direction.

"So, give me the run down. Did I come up here for nothing or what? What's he look like?"

Alison held her head down, exhaled and looked over her glasses. Then gestured in the direction of the office. Patricia, pulled a pink Starburst out of the candy dish on the half wall by her friend's desk,

unwrapped it and slowly turned in that direction as Christine came out of the office with the young man behind her. She placed it in her mouth, smiled in their direction innocently then turned back to her girl.

“SHIT!” she mouthed slowly.

Alison acknowledged this subtly as Christine and Keith approached.

“Alison, this is Keith. He’s here at TMC on a 3-month contract basis while the powers that be figure out what they want to do with the building engineer department and the vacancy left by Mr. Robinson’s retirement.”

“Pleasure to formally meet you Keith,” she said, extending her hand.

“The pleasure is mines Ms. Tryst. Ms. Ngozi told me that you all have some new furniture arriving by the end of the week. Is there a preferred time you’d like to have this old furniture removed?” He said as he shook her hand.

“I’d say as soon as possible.”

“Let me, let you all get back to work. I’ll talk to you later Alison.” Patricia smiled innocently at Christine and Keith as she headed back towards the elevator bay and left the three of them to their actual work. When she pushed the down elevator button she thumbed in a text, as she entered and the doors closed. Alison’s phone vibrated and she saw Patricia’s name appear, but she knew better than to check it at that moment.

“Is this evening too soon? Preferably after six. Everyone should be gone by then, so the noise won’t be a distraction to anyone,” Alison asked.

“The sooner the better. I’m done for the day at four thirty. But HR told me I could do upwards of twenty overtime hours per week. I guess there’s a lot of stuff that needs attention.” Keith replied. “This evening at six it is.”

Christine who officially checked out once she saw that her right hand and Keith had begun discussing particulars on the furniture removal, dismissed herself. Alison wrote a quick note on a post-it to leave the vacant office unlocked when she left for the day, and stuck it on the side of her monitor. Once he nodded in her direction and walked away, she ignored the notification blinking on her computer screen and picked up her cell. The text from Patricia read:

“That boy can’t be no older than twenty-five, twenty-six. But bitch...them hands, those teeth and them shoulders. And did you see the way all of those shoulders tapered down into that waist? That’s a grown damn bull right there. I had to get out of there before I forgot where I was. Because mama wanna ride.”

Shaking her head, she put her phone back to sleep and responded to the myriad of work message notifications on her screen. Knowing she was thinking the exact same and then some.

two and a half hours later, 5:45pm

All of the lights on the seventeenth floor were off, with the last couple hours of daylight outside, supplying ample illumination throughout. The sun reflecting off the tinted windows from the building less than a hundred feet away, created an almost golden glow in the space made of floor to ceiling windows.

In the vacant office in the back corner, The Metronome Corporation's newest contract hire was pulling off his work shirt to reach his support harness underneath. After grossly underestimating the weight of the old wooden desks with his first attempt. All that he could think was that he was glad he brought his heavy-duty weight belt with him to work today.

Walking over to the window and looking out, he looked at what was just about the tail end of the rush hour traffic for the day down below on I-10. Scrolling through the music on his iPhone, he pushed play on one of Kirko Bangz's *Procrastination Kills* mixtapes, shook his head at the traffic and turned his attention back to the task at hand.

First he ushered the two, wheeled desk chairs outside of the office and out of his work path. Then he stood the couch up on its end on the hand truck and used two thick, heavy duty straps for extra leverage as he leaned it against his shoulder and wheeled it slowly out of the office.

After he laid it down on a wide load utility cart, he stretched both of his arms to the sky and slowly lowered them out to the side, letting the muscles in his back, shoulders, biceps and triceps release and relax, from the stress he had put on them in the mere ten minutes he had been at it. Walking back into the vacant office, Kirko was melodically telling some young woman to "Stop Bitchin", just as the elevator doors opened and Alison stepped off, carrying two empty boxes.

The sun coming through the blinds in the office framed him perfectly. And the fact that he was only wearing a wife beater and weight belt, aided in the view. She looked at the clock on the wall behind her desk and shook her head at the time. The new guy was early. But more importantly, she was late. As in, she had once again, unknowingly worked well beyond her scheduled time.

Keith had the body of an athlete, which wasn't uncommon in Texas. With a frame that clearly had been in a gym for quite some time. His shoulders almost didn't look real, they were so defined, bookending an infamously broad back that stuck out like wings before jetting inward and down to his waist. And the peeking of ink that was caught earlier in the day, turned out to be what looked like a stinger. The tail of which was a thick chain that disappeared into the top of the thin ribbed fabric that looked spray painted on him. Against her better judgment, Alison decided to call out to him...

"Keith?"

He peeked his head out of the office to see if he was hearing things, and was surprised to see she was still here. He left the door and ran over to his iPhone to turn the music off.

"Evening Ms. Tryst. I got up here at five thirty. Figured I'd get a jump start on things. Hope you don't mind."

"No, not at all. I just wanted to let you know I was here, so I didn't startle you."

"Right, right. I appreciate it." He replied with a smile. "I can hold off on this until you're done if you want. Don't want to disturb you."

"Oh you're fine. I just came back from dropping some old files off in the recycling center. I'm actually getting read-..." she was interrupted by her phone ringing.

She snuck a glimpse of his torso before looking down at the disturbance, only to fight the urge to throw it across the room due to the caller. Taking a harsh breath, she sent the call to voicemail and damn near rolled her eyes out of her head. Then sat down and swapped her heels for a pair of Under Armour running shoes. Totally forgetting to finish her previous statement.

Noticing every detail of what just happened, Keith waited until she got her second shoe halfway on before approaching her desk.

"You run Ms. Tryst?"

"Me, no. I just started not calling the treadmill the devil a few months ago. They're just comfortable." She said with a smile, looking down at her shoe. Trying not to get caught staring at the complete lack of air between his skin and the ribbed material laying like brushstroked art on his chest. Then there was the fact his zipper was basically staring her in the face.

"I totally understand that. Do you go through a lot of phones? I noticed you uhhh, pushed END pretty hard at that last call." He said with an innocent grin.

"Oh, sorry you saw that. The bad thing about cellphones...you can't slam the phone in people's ear for effect. It was my ex. No matter how many hints you provide, some people refuse to catch them."

Turning to the side, she tied her shoes and neatly placed her heels under the desk. Standing to her feet, the young, contracted building engineer stepped to the side and held his hand out in the direction of the elevator with a smile. Alison reciprocated his grin in kind as she grabbed her purse, curtsied and walked around the desk. Barely missing him as she passed, she caught the fleeting remnants of whatever cologne he put on this morning, mixed with the natural heat coming off his body from moving the furniture.

"We can be stupid sometimes, men that is. A lot of the time actually. Try not to hold it against all of us. You said he can't catch a hint...this is dumb forward and for that I apologize. But how long have you been giving it?"

In a matter of seconds which felt more like a couple minutes, she processed that question, and that of the question that it sounded like he asked...how long has IT, been?

"Four months. But that was a terrible mistake. We broke up seven months ago, however."

After she gave this response, she amazed herself at just how blunt she had been. A reserved woman by nature, Alison was not a school girl by any stretch of the imagination. However, she was often viewed that way by all that knew her. Far more apt to read a novel with the occasional sex scene in it, than to ever discuss it openly with anyone save for a significant other.

Keith initially didn't process the duality found in what he heard. For even though he found her extremely attractive—despite his young age, he was smart enough to know not to mess up a good job over a sexual harassment claim. So, when it clicked, he found himself extremely conflicted on how to respond.

The range of emotions she was feeling at this moment were running head on into one another now. The interaction with her ex earlier, frustrated her. His not receiving the hint over a seven month span that they were done, irritated her. By her own doing, remembering that she went against her better judgment and had sex with him four months ago, infuriated her. And the sight of this young virile man child, who was shorter than her ex, but on two occasions in one day—looked at her in a way that Samuel never did or could...that excited and intrigued her.

“Keith, may I see your hand?”

Confused he stood flat footed before her, with his hands outstretched and looked down at the woman curiously. She walked up to him and grabbed one of them, turning it over with his palm facing the sky. Marveling at the width and strength of it. Letting go, she looked down for a second as her eyes narrowed. Fuck it, she thought. Slowly walking around him, she headed towards the vacant office.

Over her shoulder she asked, “Did they say what they were going to do with the desks?”

“The report on my desk said that it was going to be picked up by a furniture refurbishing company next week...some...time. Why?” Licking his lips, he watched her as she walked away from him. Carnal thoughts pulling out the futon in his mind, making themselves comfortable.

When she crossed the threshold of the office, she ran her hand along the edge of the desk by the door. Disappearing seconds later. Walking around the large piece of furniture, Alison dropped her purse on the empty bookcase. In total silence she removed her skirt, blouse, shoes, and bra, then grabbed his work shirt off the desk and put it on. Breasts partially exposed, with nothing else on but a pair of black boy cut panties, she walked over to the window opposite the door and peered out.

“Seven months ago, I walked away from a lazy bastard, who refuses to accept reality. Four months ago, I slept with that same bastard, after having too good of a time at Happy Hour with my girls and way too many Cadillac margaritas. The way I see it I can...”

She never heard him coming, but his hands on her thighs sliding the bottom of *his* shirt up over her deceptively thick ass, confirmed he was far better with hints than her ex. He moved so smoothly, that the gasp she experienced at his sudden touch, gasped when the fabric between her legs was pulled to the side and what felt like a perpetual insertion of hardened inches of sheer lust slid inside of her warm wetness.

By the time she remembered to breathe again, the sun which had begun to set, provided a faint glimpse of his reflection. When she raised her head, his eyes were staring into the depths of her own. With only the painful satisfaction of his sheer size, forcing her to break their gaze when he pushed back in slowly to the base.

His bottom lip clenched between his teeth, Keith laid strong rhythmic strokes inside of her folds. Massaging the kinks out of disappointing memory after disappointing memory. Bursts of white light exploded across her brain every time she closed her eyes, while he masterfully listened to her body. Adjusting his stroke depth and force accordingly until her body adapted and shifted into autopilot.

Allison’s stance widened, her knees bent and her hips took over as her body relaxed. Adjusting to a size she hadn’t experienced in a long time. With an orgasm on the horizon she boldly began to buck

back against him, with an increased pace. Her ass slapping against him loudly, she begged him..."Mmmmm...make me cum daddy. I'm...so...close..."

Smiling wickedly, he reached around her body and gently gripped the front of her neck, while pushing down in the small of her back with his off hand and grabbing her waist. Pulling out to the tip and slowly grinding back inside of her in a circular motion. Keith slid his hand away from her neck and down her body, flinging the open shirt's fabric from the side of her body and gripped the other side of her waist.

Literally pulling her body off him, he forcefully pulled her warm wetness back down on him once. Repeated the maneuver a second time, causing her to cry out. And on the third pass, she cursed out loud when he followed it up with rapid fire thrusts in and out of her, making her knees buckle as she came harder than she ever had before.

With one hand reached past her head and against the window, he held her up with his other arm. Seventeen stories above the hustle and bustle of 9to5ers in the southwestern part of the great state of Texas. It was Alison's time to bite her lip now, as her legs started to tremble from the secondary wave of energy rolling thru her. The sinful slow wine of a stroke he shifted into, caught her off guard. Pushing a new feeling into her, that made her laugh uncomfortably and look over her shoulder.

The younger man smiled at her wickedly and slid out just as smoothly as he had entered. Smartly, Alison placed both of her hands on the window sill before turning around. Just in case her legs weren't ready for any subtle movements.

"Was that alright?" he asked.

She parted her lips to speak but no sound was produced. Clearing her throat, "to put it mildly, yes."

"Oh. No I was asking did you mind what happened. I know it was alright," he said with a wild twinkle in his eye and devilish grin kicked back across his lips.

"Cocky aren't we," she replied with mock offense. Turned on all over again by the confident and daring energy he exuded in this moment.

"Let go of the window sill," he responded.

"You know what?" Alison couldn't fight back the laugh. One that he returned coolly. She could tell from his facial expression that he was joking about knowing he put it down. At least partially. And his noticing something as random and subtle as her bracing herself, scored points with her. For what, she had no clue. Seeing as she made up in her mind after first seeing him, that absolutely nothing could happen between them. Well, nothing else, now.

"Penny for your thoughts Ms. Tryst," Keith slid in her direction as he stepped towards her. Hooking a finger inside of the waistband of her soaked panties.

The guilt from what just happened now fully gone, Alison looked at the white teeth, and broad shoulders of the man that just long stroked every ounce of her ex out of her mind. Filling up her walls like only one other ever had and amazingly was still hard. She had to fight to keep from staring at it

glistening in all its pleasure pushing splendor. Because both it and he were taunting her, testing her. And she could feel her resolve failing.

"This your normal thing," she worked up the nerve to ask.

He knew what she meant, but opted to play it differently. Leaning into her, he repositioned his body so that his erection eased in-between her thighs. The same thighs she parted just enough, to allow his length to slide further between...her clit relishing in the slow drag across the top of him.

Laying his lips against the edge of her ear he whispered, "normally I like to take my time and French kiss every sexy inch that exists between your hips. But since we just met..." he trailed off playfully.

Alison's eyes closed and her entire body sighed at his statement. She couldn't remember the last time she had a man who knew what he was doing, bless her with his lips. And Samuel was a very reluctant at best...partaker. So, this sexy hazelnut colored specimen, sent her thoughts all over the place just as he had her lustful need mere minutes ago.

"So, what now?" She asked.

"If your game, I'd like to see if we can break that desk over there. Worst case..." he said as he stepped back away from her and wrapped her hand around the base of his dick. Moving back and forth slowly. "I want to see if you're ready to call it an evening or not."

Alison was full on enthralled with what stood in front of her. Keith, was a sight to behold and then some. With an understated charisma and self-assuredness that she had never dealt with on a one on one level. This young bull was in fact cocky, but he possessed an air that softened the edge of his demeanor. And the dick in her hand, *this shit is magical*. It had to be. As she found herself stroking it slowly and looking right at it as she did so.

The young contracted building engineer, grinned and masked a slight laugh. But it was just enough to snap Alison back to her senses. When she shook out of her haze, she blushed at her own actions, but didn't stop herself. Looking up momentarily and making eye contact, she walked over to the desk slowly, never letting go of him.

Feeling completely emboldened by the energy and air of the moment, "I want to watch you fuck me this time."

Keith licked his lips and slowly pulled off his wife beater as she led the way. A scorpion's pincer lied across his sweat slicked abs on the right, while the other reached around his hip and settled on the front of his thigh. "I'm not making any promises, but I'm game to try."