



34. Torn Shirt Crisis

Late update I know but it took a lot of time to write the best update.

Nandini Pov:-

Holy shit! His dad is here just standing outside that door approximately 40 steps away from us.

I prayed to god that this room should be sound proof because just imagining that his dad heard us do it is so embarrassing and weird.

Manik smiled wickedly like hey I achieved something today smile and ducked me under his table and throwing my clothes on my face.

He pulled his pants on and walked to the door and opened it. I wore my clothes in the quickest way I can yet I sat there under his table listening to two pairs of footsteps.

I sat on my knees comfortably to listen to his dad and him.

'I went to visit your mom, she is ok but she says you are not being good to Nandini what's the matter??'

Oh no, Manik was going to tell his dad that we fought oh I wish he doesn't mention the reason I don't want him to mention them our reasons.

What will he say? Dad, we fought because I was being an ass and then she punished not to touch her while we had sex and she is hiding under my table mostly clothes I think.

I know he wouldn't say this.

I heard his Dad's voice "Why are you wearing a shirt? What were you doing? He said in a weird tone.

I pulled myself together and whispered to myself 'Making babies'.

"That Dad I .. was feeling hot so I removed My shirt, " he said stammering oh if I was his dad I could see through his lie.

I know her father could see his torn shirt on the floor I must be taking lying classes to my husband if he plans on getting naked and dirty in near future in this o ice.

I watched as his father walked towards my hiding place I prayed to all god's I wouldn't want him to see me here when we are hiding this so well.

He stopped and took his torn shirt from the marble floor as I closed my mouth with my hands to stop laughing.

"So Manik you felt hot and tore your shirt did you? ", I wanted to say 'No dear father in law I tore his shirt to seduce him a little more '.

I wish I could see Manik's face now.

'Yes Dad, leave that matter but why are you here? I mean its okay if you visit but without informing and all not your style '. I could hear him speaking in a low voice what is he scared of embarrassed because of his half nakedness.

"Whatever Manik, your mother will be discharged till night I don't like watching her on that hospital bed so I arranged for a doctor and nurse to be at our home " I heard some weakness and love in his wife , oh love for his wife I never heard Manik speaking about me to someone with so much love .

SECRET MARRIAGE ?? that's the reason we have to play hide and seek all this time

'Dad I and Nandini will drop by for dinner tomorrow I mean we'll cook or something don't bother to cook dad okay ? '. He is making plans about family dinners with me half naked under his desk wondering why is he so damn sensible.

But it means I have to cook tomorrow night what should I cook? I thought about the simplest starters to some Italian pasta. Should I cook something simple or heavy? what about dessert ? should I buy some ice cream? chocolate flavor or butterscotch? Manik like chocolate like me his dad likes gulab jamun though.

My internal struggles of cooking dinner were disturbed by his dad questioning my consent to come to dinner. I wish I could wave him from down here and tell him am coming.

But am sure he would be shocked with my nakedness and connect dots between Manik's shirt and our wildness in an enclosed o ice space.

'Dad she would love to come', Manik said and walked his dad to the door. Thank God he was leaving. I was glad I can sit on some chair and feel some air.

It's su ocating to be under an o ice table for long intervals.

I got up and peeked to see if Mr.Malhotra le or not, he was still there standing and doing something with his phone.

Man, can't he get out already? I respect him but now it's not the time to respect him it's time for me to get dressed.

He sat on the couch and spoke to manik about some new venture and then got up.

Thank you ayyappa , he is leaving now I prayed.

He stopped before exiting the door and said "Manik tell Nandini to come outside, I don't think sitting under a table is comfortable".

I blushed and before manik replied to him he le . Shit !!! His dad knew I was here under the table so embarrassing.

I got up and sat in his chair , manik looked at me in shock " I thought he didn't he is intelligent for an old man " .

"I know right , I have to cook tommorrow at your home and you must help me lf not you can sleep on floor the whole week " I said with humour and seriousness.

" It was bscause of you he found out who said you to tear it " he said in fake anger .

"I tore it because i felt like it okay " i giggled. He laughed looked at me oh he looked young when he laughed but he stopped and said " But we had a shirt crisis see I don't have any shirts and my dad found out what I was doing instead of working bad girl what shall I do to you ?" he said with a dominant voice.

I could stip and dance if he commanded me to because he looked like he wanted to control me and it made me feel wanton. " I have been a bad gfrl what will you do I asked ?"

" That I have few plans lets see "

He smiled and tugged me to himself I couled feel he was hard against by backside. It was bad that I felt desires for him but we were in his o ice .

He was not working but he was busy working me . He pushed me on his desk kissed me with force and I obliged by opening by mouth to let him in.

He pressed me to cool glass surface of table and pressed by ass forcing a moan out of me while kissing me hardly. One hand on my neck and other pressing my ass and holding my body against his body I was in heaven.

This was bad having sex in o ice but this sex was sex good.

He le my ass and pushed all the things from the desk and they fell on the floor the files scattering and pens clicking while papers flew without the paper weight that broke into pieces.

He didn't seem to care nor did I care and in a flash he tore my panties and tugged his pants and boxers down at the same time while using his super man reflexes he pulled the condom on his huge and hard erection and pushed my legs away only to plug deep into me .

I moaned he put his hand on my mouth to control my shouts and moans how could I this was heaven and it was deep and good. He moved fastly I could feel his sweat on my forehead but he moved in and out till I couldn't take anymore and I came with him inside me and I felt relieved.

Yet he didn't stop his punishing phase it was like he was speaking to insides of my body that I didn't know existed. I think he was punishing me for ignoring his texts and calls but I loved it and then he came making me feel giddy because I had a second orgasm.

" You tore my shirt and I tore your panties now we are equal " he said peeking my lips with tender care.

" This is e ect of shirt crisis huh ?" I asked pulling my dress down to cover my torn panties.

" I quite like the e ect of shirt crisis , you should tear my shirt more " manik said checking his watch.

" Will see now i got to go home and take a bath I smell like sex "

" Take care you will smell like that later a er am done with you tonight " .

" Promises , promises make sure to do that bye " .

I said and walked out to see his secretary knocking on his door. I think the mess on the floor and his shirt crisis will tell her who am I giggled at her shocked expression and walked.

I le his o ice dressed but my ironed dress was crushed and had creases am sure my hair looked fucked up too . I wiped my lips to ny hands on case any smudge is there .

I got a call from Soha saying I had to come Mukthi's home because her boyfriend came home.