

## Office Perks

I work for a very large, very expansive company. If I told you its name, you'd recognise it instantly. If I told you the name of the Chief Executive Officer, you'd know it without even needing to think. An international company with more offices and workers around the world than any one man could hope to count. Think 'Fortune 500', and you'll get the idea.

And, not only do I work for this wealthy, powerful company, but the particular office I work in – and lead – is right there at the top. Answerable only to Mr Big Boss-Man himself.

As far as I could tell, the office I worked in – Revenue Acclimatisation And Global Asset Formulation - was an echo of the company's younger years, conceived of when it'd been a much smaller and newer organisation. As the company had grown, the office had stuck around and somehow avoided being cut or assimilated elsewhere in the company's infrastructure.

What do we do here at Revenue Acclimatisation And Global Asset Formulation, I hear you ask?

Nothing.

Literally nothing.

When the former Office Manager of RAAGAF handed the reins over to me, a new company hire, he'd given me one titbit of advice that I hadn't understood at the time:

'Here's the keys to the kingdom, lad. Enjoy it, milk it, and don't fuck it up.'

Back then, the Office of RAAGAF had been just me.

And I'd learned very quickly what my predecessor had meant.

The office didn't actually do anything. There was no job that we needed to work. It was, simply put, a free pay-check every month. And a *sizeable* one at that. The Boss-Man seemed to assume my office interacted with other offices in the company or something, because he never once questioned why the company was paying for my office's existence. And the other offices, it seemed, thought I worked under and answered directly to the Boss-Man.

For a whole year, my work schedule was as follows; wake up, go to the office, jack off, take a nap, fuck around on the internet, go home. Rinse and repeat. Every month, I'd get a staggeringly large sum of money planted in my bank account.

Smooth sailing right? A job to ride my lazy ass all the way to the bank.

At the end of year two, I was beginning to get bored with the whole set-up. A guy can only watch so many videos online before he gets tired of it. The ridiculous amounts of free money I was getting was nice, don't get me wrong. But the boredom was killing me. I ended up jacking off so much in that office that even porn started to lose its appeal, and I'd had to search for more niche and interesting kinks in order to keep my libido going.

After year three, I decided to take a gamble. I went to see Boss-Man and asked him for more personnel to work under me at RAAGAF. I made up excuses about how the company was getting so large, was so successful under his leadership, that I couldn't do my job effectively without subordinates to aid me.

A risk. If he asked too many questions, he'd discover the truth – that me and my office did fuck-all. But, by that point, I already had enough money in the bank to live on comfortably for a *very* long time. And I could *not* handle the boredom any more.

Without even asking a single question, Boss-Man agreed to my request.

And, just like that, doors opened to me.

One of those niche kinks I'd developed thanks to all my free time at the office was Mind Control. And, thanks to extreme boredom and unlimited internet access, I'd had plenty of time to learn all about hypnosis – how it worked, how to do it, what it could be used for, its limits – everything.

When my first hire arrived, a blonde-haired bombshell from Scandinavia, I slipped

hypnosis into office orientation. Worked like a charm.

Within a week, she was sucking my cock. In a month, she was my own personal whore. A great fuck, that one.

Two more followed; an ambitious, petite Chinese girl and a short and busty Latina beauty. Both succumbing to my will without much trouble at all. And, just like that, my little office harem had begun. Three sexy women, all at my beck and call.

I'd been given the go-ahead to hire up to five workers.

And, skimming the pictures and online profiles of all my potential subordinates, I made sure only to select the best.

When I saw Helena, I knew I'd found employee number four.

A redhead from Germany with bright green eyes and a rack that belonged on a porn set more than it did in an office. Her social media accounts showed the young woman in long dresses and modest sweaters, enough make-up to be comely but by no means excessive. A nice hourglass figure was clearly visible, even with the multiple layers of clothing Helena liked to clad herself in.

She was, from her bios and comments, a professional career-driven woman. She wanted to make it big for herself, prove herself in a 'male-dominated' workforce.

No boyfriend. No kids or dependants.

And beautiful. Full, red lips. Intelligent eyes. High cheek-bones. The kind of obvious, self-assured beauty that most models and actresses possessed.

It'd be a sin *not* to hire this girl.

"Nice to meet you," I smiled, reaching out a hand.

Helena took it, shook. Her eyes moved around the office, taking in the sights of the other employees – beauties one and all.

I had the other girls working on fake spreadsheets. Usually, they'd all be naked right now, playing with themselves and with each other. But, for the time being, I needed to make my little kingdom at least *look* like a regular office space.

"If you'll follow me," I said, releasing Helena's hand, "I'll lead you to my personal office. We'll begin your orientation and have you working in no time."

If Helena had any suspicious or doubts about my intentions, she didn't show it. Wordlessly, a mask of professionalism on her face, she followed me to my office room. I took a seat behind my desk, she took the one opposite me. Faintly, music was playing. Classical, instrumental tunes. Relaxing music.

"Before we begin," I said, keeping my eyes on Helena's face, "is there anything you'd like to ask me?"

The girl pursed her lips, eyes roaming my office – silently taking it all in. When she turned those emerald green eyes on me again, her lips parted.

"What is it exactly that you do here?" Helena asked with a light German accent. "Revenue Acclimatisation And Global Asset Formulation. I've never heard of a office department named that before, and everyone else I've asked seems to be just as confused over this office's function as I."

"That, I'm afraid, is a question with a rather complicated answer. Once we're done with orientation, you'll have a much better idea of what'll be expected of you here. Until then, it'd be easier to just show you."

The girl nodded her head, eyes narrowed slightly.

"Orientation will require me to divulge several company secrets, as well as information that could be harmful to our assets should it land up in the hands of our competitors. For this reason, I'm going to have to ask you to please close your eyes and listen very carefully to my words. Please do not interrupt while I am talking, I'll answer any questions or comments you may have after I'm done speaking. For now, all you need to do is listen to my voice. Nod your head if you understand."

Helena nodded her head, eyebrow raised with curiosity.

"Very good. Any and all questions I ask from now until I am done speaking can be answered with a simple nod or shake of the head. I suggest you take a moment to relax and get comfortable. We may be here for a while."

The girl shifted slightly, got more comfortable in her seat.

"Well then," I smiled. "Let's begin."

"Oh *fuck*," Helena gasped.

"This," I said, grabbing hold of her round ass, "is your life from now on."

I thrust forward again – a hard, harsh thrust.

Helena whined in pleasure.

"This is your purpose for existing."

Another thrust. Powerful and ruthless, my cock slamming the girl's insides without restraint.

"This is why you're here."

Thrust. Gasp. Moan.

"This is what I'm paying you for."

"Please," the girl groaned. "Please!"

What she was pleading for, I couldn't quite tell. Did she want more? Did she want me to stop? Was 'please' just a word she moaned during sex without meaning? I didn't know and, if I'm honest, I didn't much care either.

Another slow, strong thrust – my cock spreading the girl's tightness wide open, hammering her deepest parts.

"You are an office whore," I breathed, pinching a round bottom and enjoying the soft squeal Helena made. "Just like all the other girls here. Your only job is to satisfy me and each other."

As I pulled my still hard cock out from inside her, the redhead whined in dissatisfaction.

I grabbed a fistful of her hair, used it to twist her around and push her onto my desk ass-first. She lay down, naked, staring up at me through hazy, horny eyes. The intelligence of those green irises was no-where to be found now. Just dumb, animal desire.

Her pale skin was damp with sweat, covered in little scratches and hand-prints and hickeys. Her pink nipples were hard, pointing up at my office ceiling. Her wet cunt drenched my desk, creamy white sloshing down in a tiny river over the desk's edge. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, breathing hard while her heart beat a rapid rhythm.

I leaned over her, reached into one of my desk drawers and pulled out thick roll of cash. With practiced ease, I pulled a few bills free from the roll, tossed them on Helena's naked, sweaty body.

"Payment for your services," I grinned down at her. "Consider it incentive to give it your all."

Truly, I didn't care if Helena 'gave it her all' or not. She could lay there motionless while I had my fun with her body, for all I cared. I just happened to enjoy the sight of a whore covered in cash while taking her superior's cock.

I spread her legs open, moved in between them.

As my cock pressed to her leaking cunt, a sliver of pleasure ran through Helena's body. A tremble of anticipation.

"Sir," the girl moaned, eyes unfocussed. "Please fu-"

I rammed into her.

A loud, erotic gasp filled my office. Loud enough that the girls outside the room would have heard it clearly, if they weren't all occupied with eating each other out.

Helena's body shuddered as I buried my cock inside her.

"Oh *god*," she practically screamed, eyes rolling in their sockets. "Oh mein gott!"

Yes!"

A loud one, Helena. I couldn't help but wonder if she was naturally so, or if it had something to do with the little trick I'd played with hypnosis. All pleasure she felt would be tripled in her mind.

Hypnosis, it was safe to say, was by far and away the most valuable skill I'd learned at this job.

Holding on to Helena's hips as I began thrusting again – faster this time, not the slow and strong thrusts I'd been using earlier. I stared down at the beauty in front of me; a career-driven woman who'd wanted nothing more in life than to succeed in the workplace.

Turns out, ambition like that makes for an easy subject to manipulate.

As Helena writhed and moaned and begged and screamed beneath me, I couldn't help but thank whichever perverted, horny God put me in this situation. Making ludicrous sums of money for doing nothing, fucking and enslaving beautiful women as it pleased me, entire days spent enjoying myself. It's not many people that look forward to going to work in the morning, and dread when the work-day comes to an end.

And I still had one more slot to fill. One more woman to add to my harem.

Who ever thought being an office manager could be so fulfilling?