

Wolf's Double Life

Megan Wolf strode through the building with purpose. A beautiful woman in her forties, clad in a professional woman's business suit. She walked with confidence; head held high, back straight and eyes that brokored no compromise. To work for Mrs Wolf was to know that perfection was not just demanded, but expected. Anything less was unacceptable.

The women in the office respected and looked up to the company's CEO. She worked them hard, pushed them beyond their limits and demanded excellence from them. A difficult boss, but one they couldn't help but begrudgingly admire.

The men, when they looked at Mrs Wolf, saw one of the sexiest women alive. A ball-buster and an unobtainable goddess, a woman married to her work – wasn't interested in sex or relationships or anything of the sort. She lived for the job, and no man would ever come between her and it. She was the source of fantasies and dreams, sure, but every man knew that their desires would never be returned.

Megan Wolf, they knew, was untameable. And only a fool would attempt it. A man had better chances of becoming an astronaut and going to the moon than they did of hooking up with the hott-bodied woman that was Wolf.

Besides, they all silently agreed, any man who somehow ended up in Mrs Wolf's bed was in for a rough time.

A woman like her, so demanding and domineering, confident and powerful? No way would she ever submit in bed. Any guy who found himself about to have sex with Wolf, they joked, should be sure they have plenty of lube to hand – because the person with the biggest dick in the room would always be her, and the only hole being fucked would belong to the 'lucky' guy.

With how dominating Mrs Wolf's presence and attitude were, it was impossible *not* to picture her being dominant in the bedroom.

That was, if she ever had sex at all.

Sexy as she was, it was difficult for most of the men who knew her to picture Mrs Wolf in sexual situations. She seemed altogether too serious for that, would never degrade or subjugate herself to such an animal act. Wolf was all business and no fun. The thought of her having sex? Impossible.

She, of course, knew the things her subordinates thought of her. How the men lusted after her. It was, she decided, an inevitability of looking the way she did. Firing them for their thoughts would not be an optimal way to run a business, so she permitted it. Though, the moment any of them made a move – turned their thoughts into action by hitting on her or making a lewd suggestion or asking her out – she ended their career on the spot.

Work was for work. No nonsense. As long as they did their job to her high standards, and they didn't get ideas above their station, she tolerated their wandering eyes and no-doubt illicit thoughts.

Here, at work, she made the rules. Here, in this office, she was God.

When she got home, late in the evening, Megan Wolf finally allowed herself to relax. She sat in her car, parked in the driveway, and took a moment to breathe. Much as she loved her job, it could be draining. And the nature of her position meant she could never show how weary and tired she got.

She slumped in the seat, closed her eyes for a few moments.

When she opened them, she spared herself a glance in the car's rear-view mirror. Her straight, black hair was neat and flawless. Her make-up perfect even after the long day at work. She looked fine, save for the tiredness behind her eyes. With a deep breath, she opened the car door, climbed out and stood back-straight once again – banishing all weariness from her posture and expression.

At home, even more than at work, she needed to show how in control she was. Raising her son, taking care of her home life, was far more important than her high-paying job. She needed to instil the right qualities into her son; confidence and bravery and command. And the only way to do so was to lead by example. She may be a little too hard on Hunter sometimes, but it was for his own good.

She strode to the house, let herself in.

And blinked in surprise upon seeing her son there in the large entryway, waiting for her.

"Hey Mom," Hunter said with a smile. "How was work?"

Wolf looked her son up and down. "Shouldn't you be doing your homework right now?" She asked, keeping her tone professional and no-nonsense. If her son was waiting here for her, likely it was because he wanted something from her. Money or the like.

Probably, he was the only student at the all-boys school she sent him to that didn't get a weekly allowance. All the others, born into extreme wealth, were given ridiculous amounts of money regularly by their parents – spending money to fuel luxurious lifestyles. Wolf would have none of that for *her* son. It was a lesson she was trying to teach him; if Hunter wanted money, he had to earn it himself. Life didn't give hand-outs, and neither did his mother.

"Don't feel like doing it today," Hunter yawned arrogantly, leaning against a wall. "Or ever, actually."

The audacity! Wolf stared at her son, didn't show the shock and outrage on her face. She made sure her expression appeared firm, her voice calm, when she spoke next.

"Life is full of things we don't like and don't want to do, Hunter. But we do them all the same. You not wanting to do your homework is irrelevant. You *will* do it, or you *will* be punished."

Her punishments were always harsh. They had to be. Half-measures were the sign of a weak leader. Better to be too hard than too soft when dishing out consequences. But what to do this time? Burn his favourite designer clothing? Destroy his computer and gaming consoles? Bar him from participating in his school's sporting events?

He was a young man now. And his punishment should fit his maturity.

Perhaps she should sell his garish sports car, then?

"No," her son smirked. "I don't think I will. In fact, I have something *much* better I want to do instead."

"Oh?" Wolf said, folding her arms and planting her trademark stern expression on her face. "And what might that be?"

Yes. She knew exactly how she was going to reprimand and punish him today. It was about time her son learned a valuable lesson about-

Hunter raised his hand, snapped his fingers.

"You," he said, with a sly smirk and leering eyes.

Megan dropped to her knees instantly, bowed down before her owner in an act of pure submission. Her forehead pressed to the cold floor, ass in the air. Her business suit felt tight around her body – uncomfortable and wrong. She shouldn't be wearing clothes, not around her master. But she didn't dare strip them off without him directly commanding it.

"There," Hunter said, smug confidence filled his voice. "That's much better. A bitch who knows her place, isn't that right Megan?"

"Yes Master," Megan answered immediately.

Whatever her owner said, it was her job to agree. Whatever commands her gave, it was her purpose to follow and obey. *This* was why she existed. To serve as her owner's doll, his toy.

"You know what I want," Hunter said. "Beg for it."

"Please," Megan gasped, forehead still on the ground. "Please master, let me suck

your cock. Face-fuck me and ruin my mouth with your man-meat. Gag me with your dick and blow your load down my throat. Please ruin me, master. *Please.*"

Megan knew what her owner wanted. Knew exactly what he'd do to her when he was done teasing. The special area between her legs – her owner's personal flashlight – grew wet at the thought of it. Him using her like that.

Hunter barked out a harsh laugh.

"I'll never get bored to this, I swear," he said to himself, pushing away from the wall he was leaning against. "You on your hands and knees like this, Mom. Begging me to have my way with you. The queen cunt herself, acting like a cheap, used whore."

He shook his head in amusement, walked over to Megan and began circling around her – a predator sizing up its prey.

"What are you?" Hunter asked.

"Nothing," Megan gave the answer her owner had drilled into her.

"Who do you obey?"

"My owner," Megan answered, feeling a shiver of arousal spread through her body at the words.

"Who is your owner?"

"You, master."

"And who am I, cunt?"

"My son," Megan said with a tremble. "My master."

"Take that stupid suit off," Hunter commanded. "Whores as stupid and useless as you don't *need* clothes."

As soon as the words were out of her owner's mouth, Megan moved to obey. She tugged off one piece of clothing after another – coat and blouse, tights and skirt and high-heeled shoes. Soon, all she had on was a matching set of bra and panties – drab white and beyond boring. Nothing anywhere near worthy of her owner's attention. She reached behind her back, undid the bra and let it fall to the floor, quickly removed her soiled panties and tossed them aside. And, once fully naked, she resumed her former position – on her knees with forehead pressed to the ground.

Her gargantuan tits hung down from her chest, pressed into the cold floor. Quickly, her nipples grew hard from the chilly contact.

"Look at you," Hunter breathed, stepping in front of Megan. "That whore body of yours. You always bitch and lecture about hard work, how you got where you are in life by 'working hard'. I call bullshit. Your only way *you* got where you are is by fucking your way there. Admit it, Mom. You slept your way to the top, didn't you?"

Some part of Megan knew the truth. That she'd *never* had sex with someone she worked with before, that she'd never used sex or her attractiveness to get a promotion. She also knew, however, that her owner didn't want to hear that.

"Yes, master," she lied. "I fucked my way to the top."

"I knew it!" Hunter laughed. "You're a fucking whore. Always have been. Isn't that right, *whore*?"

"Yes," Megan answered, pleasant tingles running up her spine. "I'm a whore."

Hunter lifted his foot, placed it on top of his mother's head and pushed her face lower against the ground. A spike of pain erupted from Megan's skull at the pressure, but that pain was quickly overshadowed by her submissive arousal. *This* was what she existed for. And she loved every moment of it.

"Lecturing me about hard work," Hunter spat. "When all the real work you've ever done was on your back. You're a disgrace."

"Yes master," Megan uttered, trying to keep both the pleasure from her voice.

The pain and pressure of her owner's foot on her head vanished as he took a step back, undid his belt-buckle and pulled down his trousers.

"Suck me off, whore," he commanded her. "It's about the only thing you're good for,

after all. And, when you're done, you can do my homework for me. It's waiting upstairs in your bedroom."

Megan moved to obey without hesitation, her mouth guided to her owner's cock like a magnet.

The moment the cock-head entered her mouth, Megan was overcome with a sensation of *rightness*. This was it. This was her place in the world. This was where she belonged.

As soon as she entered the in-home cinema room, Megan dropped to her knees with her hands outstretched – presenting her owner's completed homework to him. He barely spared her a glance, continued watching super-sized porn on the big screen.

It was a scene that involved a single woman taking on countless cocks. Even with three holes filled, and one in each hand, Megan could see several additional cocks waiting to be serviced.

Only when the scene ended did Hunter pay attention to Megan.

He stood, walked over to where she knelt on the ground.

"Stand up," he said, eyes roaming her naked body. "Hand it over."

She did as he bade her, passed him the homework. He flicked through it, a bored expression on his face. Finally, he set the work aside and stared into Megan's eyes.

"For every answer you get wrong," he told her calmly, "you'll get a slap. Understood?"

"Yes master."

"The English essay you did for me last week scored ninety-six percent. That's four percent missing. You understand what I have to do now, don't you?"

"Yes master," Megan said, bracing herself.

A moment later, her owner struck her. A firm slap across her face – hard enough to knock her to the ground. Pain flared in Megan's cheek before she hit the floor, pleasure following immediately after it.

"That's one," Hunter said. Megan could hear the smile in his voice.

Before she could get to her feet again, Megan's owner grasped her hips and pushed her onto hands and knees. A second later, the second slap came – loud and hard, striking Megan's round, wide ass.

The force of it rocked her entire body. She flinched, winced, moaned.

"Two," Hunter stated.

Another body-rocking, pain-laced slap.

"Three."

Hunter raised his hand one last time, held it high in the air. Megan could feel it hanging there, ready to swing at any moment. Her round buttocks trembled in anticipation, two red hand-prints already marring the pale skin. Fluid dribbled down between her legs, pussy overflowing with arousal.

Finally, Hunter's hand came down.

The slap echoed loudly through the in-home cinema, the room's autistic design lending itself to the painful collision and the grunting gasp that followed it. Megan's ass burned with the impact, flesh stinging and aching. And, with the pain, came a wave of matching pleasure. Blissful, orgasmic tingling running over her skin.

"I think," Hunter said, glancing up at the large cinema screen, "I'd like to make a porno. Not right now, of course. I'd have to hire a filming crew, make sure everything's set up and all that. But having a video of you up there on the big screen, something I could show all our guests. Now *that* sounds like fun. Don't you agree, pain-slut?"

Megan nodded her head enthusiastically. Anything her owner wanted, she wanted.

"Yes master."

"Good." Hunter smiled. "Good. Why don't you go upstairs and wait in my room for

me. I'll be up in a few minutes and we can get to *rehearsing* for your on-screen debut."

It wasn't the first time her owner had fucked her. He'd been doing *that* for a very long time now. Months and months, using every hole Megan had. He'd ravished her tits, defiled her mouth, deflowered her anus, splattered her face and body with cum more times than Megan could ever hope to count.

Yet, somehow, this time was different.

As he mounted her, Megan *felt* different. Perhaps it was the things he'd told her to say, or the warnings and threats he'd given her. If she messed up, he'd punish her. And not in the enjoyable way. The last thing she wanted to do was upset her owner.

"Tell the camera your name and who I am to you," Hunter growled, his huge cock pressed to Megan's opening.

There were no cameras. Not yet. This was just a rehearsal.

Still, Megan acted as if there were cameras around – as if there were people filming her. She pretended like she was being watched. Not just by a filming crew, but my millions of other people on the internet. By her subordinates at work.

"My name," she said, panting softly, "is Megan Wolf. And this is my son, Hunter."

He rubbed his cock up and down her slit.

"More," he growled.

"This is my son," Megan gasped, "and my owner. I am Hunter's cum-dumpster mother. I am his toy. I exist to–"

He penetrated her.

In one single thrust, he buried himself fully inside her – rammed his cock so hard into Megan that the only sound she could make was a long, loud gasp.

"More!" Hunter barked, eyes hot. "Tell them *everything*!"

"I belong to my son," Megan moaned as her owner began to thrust, fucking her tight hole without mercy. "I am his fleshlight. Ah! I am- I'm his whore!"

The bed creaked underneath them as it rocked back and forth.

Megan opened her mouth to speak again – her owner wanted to hear her talk about how much of a whore she was – but a hand around her throat blocked any words from escaping. Her eyes widened as Hunter's grip tightened.

"Whore," he grunted, riding her in a frenzied rush. "Slut!"

Megan could do nothing, just lay there and let her owner – her son – do whatever he wanted to her. That thought alone was enough to send her over the edge, begin her first wave of orgasms.

Mrs Wolf blinked herself awake. Her body, as always, ached as she rose from her bed in the early hours of the morning. A year ago, she hadn't had that problem – hadn't felt constantly exhausted like she did these days. It was age, she guessed. Her body slowly beginning to give up on her.

How many more years of work before she couldn't cut it any more? Before she had to throw in the towel?

It was a bitter, defeatist thought. Wolf purged it from her mind.

She could rest when she was dead, sleep when her work was done. Until then, she'd do her job and do it well. And, while doing so, make sure that everyone who worked under her did the same. Lead by example, she reminded herself. She couldn't *allow* herself to be tired or exhausted or sore.

She had a job to do, and she'd damn well *do* it.

And not only that, but she'd do it *well*.